

## A Circuit of the Globe

A. McLEAN.

xxxv.—*Chu Cheo and Lu Hoh.*

In company with Mr. Saw I started from Nankin on a visit to these two places. Chu Cheo is northwest from Nankin, and is forty miles distant. Lu Hoh is northeast from Nankin, and is thirty miles from it. Chu Cheo and Lu Hoh are forty miles apart. Mr. Williams went with us as far as Pukeo. He preaches here every week in the chapel rented by the mission. We were two hours in crossing the river. The Chinese are never in a hurry. Their parting words are, "Slowly, slowly, go." It would be as easy to hurry a Court of Chancery as to hurry a coolie. The animals were gotten aboard the ferry-boat with much difficulty. A rope was tied about the neck and two men pulled on it; another took hold of the tail; another still used the whip. They were forced to jump up about four feet and then to jump down into the hold of the junk. They were gotten ashore in the same way. It would be an easy matter to build a gangway. This would be a saving in time and trouble, to say nothing of the comfort of the animals. But their ancestors did it in this way, and any improvement is out of order. Truly, "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." When a dying man is driven out of doors to breathe his last on the street; when a drowning man is left to perish unless he can pay some one to rescue him, we need not be surprised if mules and donkeys fare as they do.

Chu Cheo is on the great high road between Nankin and Peking. Imperial couriers go this way when they bear messages from the Emperor to the Viceroy. This road was once fairly good, but it has been sadly neglected. No waggon could go over it now. We met caravans of donkeys carrying rice and wheat and oil and merchandise. We met wheelbarrows without number, and coolies carrying heavy loads, but we did not meet a cart or waggon drawn by horses or oxen or steam. The bridges are good but narrow. Night coming on, we put up at an inn. The place was well supplied with opium, but had neither rice nor tea. We went out to a tea house and got some supper. We slept in a large room with a score or more of human beings and pigs and donkeys and fleas. There was no lock on the door and no door to the establishment. We were weary and slept well. The lullabies of the donkeys were unnecessary. The fleas insisted on escorting us to the next

station, and were loth to leave us then. While in this hotel and on this trip, I felt that the shadow had gone on the sun dial several millenniums. We were in the Patriarchal age. The rude plows and harrows and harness, the methods of sowing seed and reaping the harvest, are such as were in use in the days of Abraham. The ox still treads out the corn, or it is beaten out by hand. The farmer throws it up into the air that the wind may drive away the chaff. The millstone is turned by an ass or by the wife. In large towns flint and steel are sold to kindle the fire. Men and women haul boats along the rivers and canals. The next day, a little before noon, we reached Chu Cheo. We took Mr. and Mrs. Hearnden and Mr. and Mrs. Hunt by surprise. Their welcome was not the less cordial on that account. This town has a population of 20,000, and is the center of a district having a population of 4,000,000. From this center the missionaries evangelize the outlying cities and villages in a district of 5,000 square miles.

That afternoon we left for Yu Ho Tsz, arriving at eight o'clock. Evangelist Shi and wife soon had some refreshments on the table. Mrs. Shi was the first convert at this village. Soon after her baptism she determined to build a chapel. Her neighbors heard of her purpose and came to her help. The chapel is a very neat building. It is large enough. She was then a widow. Since that time she married Mr. Shi. He was once a story-teller. He made a living by giving dramatic exhibitions of ancient scenes in Chinese history. Dr. Macklin led him to Christ and urged him to cut loose from all foreigners and earn his support among his own people. In so doing he would convince the Chinese that he did not make a confession of faith in Christ in order that he might eat the church's rice. He preaches in this chapel every day when he is at home. His work is known as far north as Peking. Travelers spend the night in the village. They hear the bell and stroll in to listen to the message. They hear an eloquent address from a Chinese. They carry a report of the place and the work to their homes. Early the next morning we went out to apprise the people that there would be a service in the chapel at eleven o'clock. We called on a man of some local celebrity. Once he was a terror to the community. He was so harsh and cruel that two wives committed suicide. He felt the disgrace so keenly that he made up his mind to dispose of his property, cut off his tail, enter a monastery and become a Buddhist monk. While in the village he

heard the gospel, became interested in it, and soon made the good confession. Now he is an earnest Christian. He has thirty tenants on his land. His desire is to lead them all to Christ. He told us he had been a great sinner, and had experienced a great deliverance. He had been forgiven much, and he loves much. I spoke and Mr. Hunt interpreted for me. Mr. Saw spoke on the same theme and applied the truth to the hearts and consciences of all present. After the service we were invited by Mr. Shi to sit down to dinner. Several neighbors were also invited. It took longer to get the guests seated than to eat the dinner. At one time I feared that they would never sit down. Each one wanted the lowest place. Each one sought to press the other into the seat of honor. At the table each one selected the choicest morsels and, with his own chopsticks, placed them in the bowl of his neighbor. This was all in accordance with Chinese etiquette. In some circles outside of China each one wants the highest seat and desires to have the choicest morsels on his own plate.

Dinner being over, we returned to Chu Cheo. The man from whom the mission rented the buildings in which the missionaries live and work, had invited us on our arrival, to a feast in his house that evening. When the food was ready to be served he came to call us. This man was a Confucianist. He had been a Taiping rebel. He was the only man in Chu Cheo that was willing to help our people when they first went to that place. The rest of the citizens would not rent their property, and wanted to chase them away. This man stood by them from the first day until now. He was imprisoned for his course. Because he was a police official and a man of influence, he was kept in confinement only a few weeks. He is now eighty years old. He has his coffin in his house ready. He shows it to his friends, and tells them proudly that it is a present from his sons. This is not an unusual thing in China. There is no way in which children can better show their love and regard for their parents than in presenting them with a suitable coffin. The feast was fit for a king. The viands were the best the market afforded. The cooking and the service were admirable. One thing was lacking. There were no ladies present. This, too, was in accordance with Chinese notions of propriety. The women of the mission were not invited. The women of the household ate their food in their own apartments. After the feast we had a service in the chapel.

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(Concluded.)

We spent the next forenoon with the workers, and saw and heard much of the work. The fame thereof has gone out through that whole region. People come from distant towns and villages for medicine for their diseases. We learned some things of special interest. At first the workers could not go out on the streets, or go out on a preaching tour lest some of "the baser sort" should attempt to fire their home. They have no fear on that score now. The presence of a woman is a great help. Men come and go like birds of passage; women come to make a home. The same is true of a child. The people gathered to see Mabel Hunt. They had seen "men devils" and "women devils," but they had never seen a "baby devil." Her parents were urged not to go to Chu Cheo. Mabel was a better protection than a battery of artillery. The Chinese said, "The gods must love these people, or they would not give them such a beautiful child." The officials heard of Mabel's birthday and made a great feast in honor of the occasion. Mr. Hunt talked to the magistrate and his assistant about the Christian religion. Mrs. Hunt presented the great lady with a copy of the New Testament. A house is now in course of erection. The ground was secured on a promise that it should be only one story high. The Confucian temple near by is a low building. It must not be overshadowed.

After dinner we started for Lu Hoh. We spent the night at an inn about one-third of the way. It was market-day and the village was thronged. We had some difficulty in finding a place to sleep. We were packed into a small storeroom. Men and donkeys filled all the space without. At one table some men gambled all night. They began before our arrival, and continued after our departure. In the evening we visited a tea-house and had a service. The villagers crowded about us to see and hear. They climbed upon the tables and wherever there was a place to stand. Mothers held up their babes that they might catch a glimpse of us. They listened attentively to what we had to say. On the way back we went to an opium den. We saw twenty smoking. It was a pathetic sight. We reached Lu Hoh the next afternoon. This is a solid business town. Many Mohammedans live

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IT RESTORES THE STOMACH  
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM