



THE IDOL MAKER'S SHOP.

A few months ago you read the following rhyme which is a translation of a god maker's advertisement in China. Here you have it again with the picture of a god maker's shop.

To my Celestial friends and countrymen,
I am truly Achen Tea Chinchien,
Descendant of Comp Doi Rache Chinchien.
In the art of god-making he was never ashamed
A sculptor and carver so wonderfully famed.
That his skill and his power are every-where
named.

Skilled in studies both deep and severe
The idols he made for man's worship appear
On every hand
In all the land.
By just the right touches of chisel and knife
He kept our national religion in life;
Was honored by emperors and kings of the
East,
By rajahs and people from great men to least.
He worthily lived; but alas! he has died

To reap his reward with the happy dead.
Now humbly I offer my services free.
Like him well-skilled in the god-making line:
That I be not found in the human form rude.

I have travelled from hence at some vast expense;
I've studied and copied a number immense
Of choice human figures in best attitude;
Since trained by art-masters Nollekens and Bacon,
Never by patrons can I be forsaken.

As fitting an artist of sacred profession,
I have casts of twelve idols now in my possession
From twelve feet in height, and faultless in
shane.
Down to the smallest and loveliest ape,
Among these to foster religion's deep awe,
Are monsters more dreadful than any you saw;
These wonderful bargains bring crowds to my
gate.

Drawn hither to profit by terms moderate.

Listen, friends, who wish to buy:
Seven hundred dollars for an orang-outang
three feet high:

For eight hundred dollars a fighting one buy.
I offer, too, a sphinx for hundreds four.
The people see it, and bowing down, adore.
Six hundred fifty dollars for a bull with hump
and horns.

Court palace, or temple, alike he adorns.
I charge for big buffalo only eight hundred!
For ass braying, the same, now be my words
pondered.