

Vivian's face. He avoided Anthony's anxious eyes, and said, hastily, "Don't let us discuss that now. Innocentia is very young—we hardly know yet what may be best for her, or what she may wish."

"Mr. Vivian, have you in any way changed your feelings or intentions with regard to me," said Anthony, and as he spoke he put his hand to his head with a movement of pain.

"You may be very certain that I have not changed in my regard for you, Anthony," said Mr. Vivian. "You are as dear to me as if you were indeed my son, and I desire most earnestly to promote your happiness, if I can, but you know we cannot always count on the vicissitudes of life. Anthony, you look worn-out. I am sure your head aches; you have had too much excitement and conversation, you must be quiet now."

"I do not think talking would have hurt me, if this had not been altogether such a disappointing day," said poor Anthony, turning round, and burying his face in the pillow. "I thought when I watched the sun rise that I should see Innocentia before it set, and now I do not know when you will let me see her, and you seem to be putting the prospect of our marriage so much further off than you did that happy night when you yourself let your darling bid me stay with her always."

"Dear Anthony," said Vivian, sadly, "I can but ask you to believe that I am doing the best I can for you in every way. Your head burns," he added, as he laid his hand on the young man's forehead. "I am sure you must be perfectly quiet now, with only Nurse in the room with you, who certainly is not an exciting individual. The return of the pain shows that there is still risk of a relapse unless you are very careful."

"I wish I could go to sleep, and forget everything," said Anthony, with the impatience of pain and fever; "I have nothing very pleasant to think of."

"That is hardly the case," said Vivian; "think of poor Richard Dacre departing in hope and peace, which, under God, he owed to you alone. I should be glad, Anthony, if out of all my past life I could extract such a blessed recollection as that."

"Yes, you are right," said Anthony, "I was wrong and ungrateful to forget that happiness even for a moment; it ought to be more to me than earthly joy."

(To be continued.)

BUDDHIST MONASTERY IN CHINA.

The Monastery of the Bubbling Well on Kushan, or Drum Mountain, six miles south of Foochow, stands 1,700 feet up the hill-side, and a craggy peak towers yet another thousand feet above it. The immediate approach to the monastery is by a wide and well-kept road densely shaded by large trees. To a European, its general appearance from the road, or from the cliffs around it, is not prepossessing. It resembles the granaries, stables, and sheds of a model farm more than anything else. About a square acre and a half is covered with buildings, the various shrines and halls being placed compactly along the four sides, while the larger temples and the mess-room occupy the central space.

The entrance is by a wide wooden archway, on each side of which stand two hideous figures known as Budhiha's door-keepers. Opposite the gate, and occupying the centre of the large square, are two large temples, among the handsomest (as Chinese taste goes) and most complete of Buddhist buildings in all China. The smaller temples and shrines opening from the surrounding clusters are very numerous, and are dedicated to all the more important spirits in the Buddhist pantheon. Of these the highest place is given to the local deities who shed down prosperity on the city of Foochow.

One may remark, in passing, that their faculties seem to be growing rusty; for in the course of fifteen months there have been two immense floods in which the loss of life and destruction of property are incalculable, and one of which carried away a large part of that wonderful construction, the "Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages;" also two extensive conflagrations destroying several thousand houses; a typhoon, and the cholera. This list of calamities shows that the governmental arrangements of said local deities need reorganising.

Among the various rooms that surround these large temples are kitchen and store-rooms, which are worth seeing because of the great scale on which it is necessary to prepare rice and vegetables for the daily sustenance of upwards of two hundred vegetarians; a printing-room for issuing Buddhist books, in which with much labour so small a result is attained as the production of one hundred pages daily; a reception hall "for distinguished guests;" the abbot's rooms, appropriately dingy and dirty; bath rooms, very foul, for the compulsory ablutions of the monks at least once in five days; the "hall of law," where the precepts of Buddha are taught to neophytes; the "hall of contemplation," to which these worthies retire to think themselves, by the negation of thought, into eternal intellectuality; the library and hall of "the five hundred honours;" a shrine for the preservation of a tooth of Buddha, which is without doubt a good-sized section of an elephant's tusk; and lastly, styes and pens for the preservation, till their happy release from the burden of life, of an astounding number of decrepit beasts—pigs, goats and fowls being in the majority. These last are offerings from faithful Buddhists who hope to inherit everlasting happiness, or at least to escape from everlasting perdition, by rescuing them from the hands of the unhallowed mortals who destroy animal life and grieve the soul of Buddha. Let no one say he has seen the most ancient of those venerable chickens whose very aspect destroys the appetite, till he has seen the menagerie of a Buddhist monastery. Here one may learn what a gift for torture some men exhibit in what they are pleased to call their mercy. Such melancholy mute appeals from dumb animals to a sympathising spectator are to be seen nowhere else. One can believe that death is not a curse, but a blessing, when he sees in this light the misery of old age.

One of the most curious arrangements of the monastery is

the ceaseless ringing of an immense bronze bell. It would be useless to attempt to explain the purpose of this bell-ringing without writing a treatise about it. The sound is believed in some occult fashion to pacify, harmonise, and regulate all the spirit-influences (Fung-shuey: wind and water) that affect the buildings and their occupants. The vibrations must circulate through all the veins of surrounding nature, preserving peace, health, and general good luck. The monks declare that the reverberations of the bell never cease, and that were there even a momentary silence, the spirit threads of these spirit influences would be severed, and calamity would ensue. On this account, day and night, year in and year out, one of their number must be there to give the stroke—blows at intervals of about forty seconds being sufficient to make one reverberation mingle with the subsidence of its predecessor.

Outside the monastery the walks on hill and dale, on crag and cliff, through fern-cope and wooded dells, in caves and grottoes, by natural and artificial streams and fountains, are very beautiful. Walking alone in the brushwood while my friends were gathering ferns, it was my hap to see at my feet a huge snake whose coil as it lay in the grass must have measured thirty inches across. It is needless to say I rapidly beat a retreat. We afterwards learned that this, like the dilapidated domestic brutes within the monastery, was an importation. One of the faithful in the west of the province had bought it for sixteen dollars, and put himself to the expense of sending it to Kushan. Its weight is seventy-five pounds, and its teeth are said to be extracted. Still, it is no slight cause of terror to the monks, who doubtless would like to make short work with it if so doing would not peril their salvation. If the buyer of the boa expected to attain heavenly bliss through this faith, toil, and expense, he should at least have reflected on the possibility of his sending some one else out of the world more speedily than is kind.

Our main object in visiting Kushan was to see Buddhist worship in its best aspects. At 3.30 p.m. the monks were summoned to prayer by the beating of the hollow trunk of a tree shaped to the likeness of a dragon. This same trunk had suffered considerably through the united efforts of time and the cudgel, and threatened to give in altogether after a little more flagellation. Less than a hundred members of the fraternity put in an appearance at the sound of the church-going dragon, for if they attend at the service held before daybreak they are excused in the afternoon. All wore the sacred yellow hood over the robe, the abbot being arrayed in red robe and shoes. Before entering the great temple each man bowed in silence for a few moments before the shrine of the local deities.

The temple, judged by Western ideas of taste, is tawdry, and the attempt at elaboration overdone. A profusion of shrines, rich carving, numberless pendent lanterns of every shape and many sizes; images, candles, flowers, suggest abundance of wealth and little aesthetics.

There are no seats for worshippers, but rows of kneeling-stools about ten inches high. Of large altars there are two, the smaller separating the monks who stood facing each other on each side of it. A drum was struck amid the solemn silence to give the signal for commencing.

To give any adequate description of the hour's service seems to me impossible. Let the reader endeavour to exercise his imagination, and conceive the spectacle of a hundred shaven-headed Chinamen in yellow robes, standing in rows with closed eyes and clasped hands, chanting monotonously, sometimes rapidly and sometimes slowly; six choristers, three on each side of the prostrate abbot, one beating a drum, a second a big bell, a third a very small bell, giving one blow to every syllable pronounced by themselves and the congregation; now kneeling and now standing, now facing one another and now turning to the high altar,—the whole performance closing with a procession between the kneeling-stools and round and round the temple, chanting the one word "Omto" (Praise to Buddha) precisely one thousand times. If the reader can imagine this before his mind, and the gorgeous decorations, and the great gilt idols, and the candles on the altars, and the smell of incense, he has a fair idea of what are the externals of Buddhist worship in their most complete form, in China at the present day.

That which strikes a visitor most is the marvellous resemblance between the whole of it and Romish worship. The high altar and smaller shrines, and gaudy colours, lighted candles and smoking incense, intoned prayers and chants in "a tongue not understood of the people," the shaven celibates, the acolytes and choristers, the priest in embroidered cope, the many images (one of which is surprisingly like the image of the Virgin carrying the infant Jesus, and is called "the Holy Mother"), the constant genuflections, the tinkling of a bell as the signal for prostration, sprinkling of consecrated water, the sacrifice of holy rice (to birds waiting for it outside), the procession and long continued ejaculation of Omto (resembling the "Hail Mary"), the use of strings of beads to reckon the repetitions,—all recall most vividly the services of the Romish Church, and assist to confirm the conviction that Romanism is only paganism slightly Christianised. Add to what we witnessed during the service such other points of similarity as vows of celibacy, monastic seclusion, fasting, forbidden meats, masses for the dead, worship of relics, canonisation of saints, the doctrine of purgatory from which prayers and ceremonies afford deliverance, use of a dead language, and pretension to miracles,—and the resemblance could not possibly be more complete. Is it any wonder that Premare wrote from China to the pope that "the devil had imitated Mother Church to scandalise her," or that the Abbé Huc, the slave of his unhappy faith, says of Buddhism that it "has an admixture of truth with Holy Church."

Service over, we adjourned to the refectory to see the brethren demolish the vast piles of rice and vegetables, and then, amid the dim shadows of evening and through the melancholy pine forest, we ran down the hill-side, and made our way with difficulty through the paddy-fields to our boat.

EDWIN J. DUKES.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

MR. SPIERS, a children's evangelist, is having great success in Scotland.

THE Board of Publication of the Reformed (Dutch) Church has resumed business.

AN exhibition of paintings by lady artists, in a London gallery, contains 800 contributions.

A MEMORIAL to the Duke of Wellington has recently been erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

ADMIRAL EVANS, who commanded the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic, died recently in England.

BIBLE distributors in Russia find a widespread and growing demand for the word of God in whole or in part.

THE spring has been even more mild in England than here. On the 6th of March fruit trees were in blossom.

MESSRS. Moody and Sankey's work in New Haven is taking hold not only of the citizens but of the students of Yale College.

MR. SPURGEON has returned to his pulpit with recruited health. He is in the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate in London.

DR. BONAR estimates that about 7,000 persons have joined the churches of Scotland since, and as the result of Mr. Moody's labors there.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury says that the training ships on the Thames have rescued over 2,000 boys from the streets of London in the last nine years.

CANADIAN fresh fish, packed in ice, are among the London imports. Newfoundland salmon are sold at English ports for twenty cents a pound.

DR. JOSEFFY, a converted Jewish Rabbi, is to be sent by the English Presbyterians on a mission to his countrymen in Osemovitz Bukovina, Austria.

THE Pan Handle Railway in Western Pennsylvania allows no freight trains to pass over its road on Sunday except those with live stock or perishable matter.

THE Presbytery of Newcastle, England, is discussing the propriety of admitting to the communion persons employed in bar-rooms—especially on the Lord's day.

POPE PIUS IX., during his "imprisonment," did not suffer solitary confinement, as his splendid palace prison, the Vatican, was occupied by 2,437 persons.

THE London Missionary Society has over a thousand Christian congregations in Madagascar, and 45,000 children are taught in their mission schools.

THE tin foil on which a verse of "God save the Queen" was recorded by the phonograph, was sent to England and reproduced there exactly as it was sung by a lady in New York city.

A REMARKABLE revival of religion is in progress in the North Carolina State Penitentiary, largely owing to the influence of the Sunday school established by the Raleigh Y.M.C.A.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society is about printing a translation of the New Testament in the language of the Hereroes, a prosperous people in South Africa, anxious to learn, who number nearly half a million, and have recently been placed under British protection.

DIAMONDS belonging to the Princess of Wales and the English Indian treasury, said to be worth five millions of dollars, have arrived at the Paris Exhibition building. These gems are watched by eight policemen during the day, and by sixteen at night.

LADY BURDETT-COUTTS, the wealthy English philanthropist, is intending to erect homes for the poor in London capable of accommodating 10,000 persons, where the highest rent will be 4s. 6d. or less than \$1.25 a week—an example worth imitating in our large cities.

FEARFUL accounts reach England of the horrors of the Chinese famine. Children are being boiled and eaten by the starving people; and a Baptist missionary, writing to a Shanghai newspaper, says he saw men carrying little girls of eight or nine years in baskets for sale.

CORE'S "Tobacco Plant" estimates that the tobacco annually consumed in the world amounts to about two thousand millions of pounds, and that if the leaves were made into a roll two inches in diameter, we should have a "tobacco serpent" which, following the direction of the equator, would wind around the earth thirty times.

AN entire Russian sanitary corps of twelve doctors has been swept away by typhus fever, and the mortality among the remainder of the medical staff has been so great that many of the sick and wounded are left without attendance. The hospitals are filled with the sick, and 2,000 soldiers ill with typhus are billeted upon various houses in Adrianople.

LORD ROSEBERRY gave to his bride, Miss Hannah de Rothschild, in addition to the family diamonds, a parure, consisting of a countess's coronet, a necklace of three rows of single stones, earrings and two bracelets—one set in three hoops being attached by a heart in diamonds. By this marriage a Jewess is for the first time elevated to the British peerage.

RUSSIA and China may soon be in conflict. The Chinese armies are pouring into Central Asia to recover what they consider the long-lost provinces of the Empire, and have summoned the Russians to withdraw their garrison from Kuldicha, in Kashgar. Some of the Chinese officers who have been serving in the Prussian army have been ordered home. This news comes from Berlin.

THE Cocoa Public Houses, established as an antidote to the drinking houses, continue to prove successful in Liverpool. Their recent annual report showed that they had earned a dividend of ten per cent. besides an additional ten per cent. set aside from the profits for depreciation. Those interested in them, seeing the readiness with which the working-men patronize them, are beginning to think that they have heretofore been driven into the drinking-houses for want of a better place to go to.