

midst of the procession men dragged along on tables the sacrificial fowls. The hungry gods were entertained to-day with what were esteemed the very choicest delicacies. Splendid idoi shrines are carried by; on fantastically ornamented wagons sit children with rouged faces. But now comes the Holy Thing of the Middle Kingdom—a gigantic dragon, from 50 to 60 feet long. His greenish body, covered with silver scales, winds through the streets; the fearful head of the monster, with the long, red tongue in the wide-opened mouth, keeps turning from one side to the other over the throngs. Thus does "the good principle" diffuse all his blessing over the smiling children of the Middle. "The good principle" appears in terrible guise. Should it emerge in bright day, without warning, in a German town, there would be howling and chattering of teeth. The old Greeks endeavor to represent the archetypes of perfect beauty. The Chinese have attained to the archetype of perfect ugliness.

"Slowly does the train move on. And everywhere that the image of the dragon appears, there do innumerable human countenances turn themselves towards it and innumerable hands stretch themselves after it. How entirely has the Prince of Darkness bound this people in his fetters! How vain have the Chinese become in their imaginations, and their foolish heart is darkened. Esteeming themselves to be wise, they have become fools, and have changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the image of a loathsome worm."

Herr Vosskamp, describing his return to Canton, says:

"On the deck of the steamer two groups have formed. In one things are going on at a lively rate. Two young American girls are engaged with some gentlemen in a loud conversation. They appear to belong to the race of 'globetrotters,' who consider it the mission of their life to traverse every sea, to hurry through every land, to climb every mountain, and then to return home with the proud consciousness of having seen all that is to be seen. The other group consists of fellow-laborers. We have quickly made acquaintance. That old and venerable man has labored long in Burmah. He was going to America to procure help for his work. That young girl in the background is the daughter of a deceased missionary in Canton. She is returning to her father's field of labor. A young pastor from America, accompanied by his aged mother, has associated himself with them. He would like to carry on missionary work among the Chinese who live in his community at home, and is going to Canton to gain some knowledge of the speech and manners of the people.

"In a bay of the river a strange spectacle presents itself. A large black steamship, enveloped in smoke, lies on the water. Thick and stifling vapor globes itself around the ship's sides. Soon the wind drives the masses of smoke apart, and then they pour yet more voluminously out of the portholes. Several hours before, in the night, the Wah-Yun, filled with petroleum, and plying regularly between Canton and Hong-Kong, had gone up in flames, and from three to four thousand Chinese are supposed to have perished in the flames or in the smoke. Few on our ship dreamed what a scene of unimaginable calamity we were gliding by. What anguish and despair among the passengers in the night! What a tumult of wild imprecations! What death agonies in the burning ship!—and now she lay before us a scene of desolation and death, still and lifeless."

I have given elsewhere, in a few lines, a portrayal of a Cagie chief unlike his class. Here, in brief, is a portrayal of one like his class:

"This week I have had an unusual visit. Umkankonyeko, the former captain of Konigsberg, came here to see me. He has become fat and stout, wholly indifferent, his heartlike grease; the world and the flesh have taken entire possession of him. He has thirty children alive; how many are dead he does not know. He has not peace, and to the cross of the Lord, where alone it is to be found, he will not come. Once I had good hope of him; now none! Ah, it is hard for a missionary to see how people willingly harden themselves and hurry recklessly forward to eternal destruction."

The *Neuesten Nachrichte aus dem Morgenlande*, in a very appreciative description of the work in Palestine of the Church Missionary Society, remarks with just satisfaction that of the 1,616 native Protestant Christians and 431 native communicants given in the last annual report, a goodly percentage has come from purely German institutions. Indeed, the German element has always been strong in the English work here, as might have been expected under the long presidency of a German bishop, the faithful Gobat.

The *Nachrichten* has an article written from Bethlehem, from which we give this extract: