

A Chinese "Bethesda?"

After a considerable climb up steps cut out of the solid rock, we next emerged into a small temple, likewise cut out of the solid rock; in it, and reclining on a shelf of rock, lay the figure of a man cut out of black stone. Those who visited this place were supposed to seek either the prevention or the cure of various ills to which human flesh (and especially Chinese flesh) is heir. This very desirable result was to be secured by leaving a sufficient quantity of cash lying upon that particular part of the god's body which the worshipper wished cured or protected in himself or herself. Needless to say there was a considerable quantity of "cash" lying about—especially as a sly and vicious-looking priest stood at hand with a club, ringing his gong, demanding prostration, and refusing access to a higher temple until the dole of cash rang upon the stone floor. He even dared to demand that we offer the customary worship to his god, but after being informed that we had no such custom he subsided into silence and did not further trouble us.

The Temple of Spirits.

Another place of interest was the temple of ten thousand spirits. Here a lot of hideous images, like those first mentioned, were ranged around the wall on the floor. Above them, fastened over all the walls, beams and roof, were a multitude of small images about a foot in length. Without seeing them, you could not imagine a fraction of the grotesque and ugly forms represented. Festooned with cobwebs and surrounded with dirt and dirty worshippers, they produced upon us their only legitimate fitting result—disgust.

Time and space forbid to tell of the varied gambling and other devices of the priests to secure revenues to maintain themselves in their filthy indolence. In two or three temples the lower half of the door was barred across, and a few feet within was suspended a large "edition" of a copper "cash." It was about as large as a dinner plate, and had a hole about three inches square in the centre. In proportion as one succeeded in throwing his money through this hole it insured wealth—for the priest.

Only one other place I must mention. It was a colossal image of Buddha. Though in a sitting posture, it is sixty feet high, and is for the most part cut out of the solid rock on the face of a cliff. I noted that the fingers are about six feet long and other parts in proportion. The other three sides of the lofty temple which encloses the image are built of brick, and one almost wonders how the Chinese ever man-

aged to put in place the heavy timbers which support the roof.

NEW ZEALAND BEAUTIES.

Not Natives but Nature's. Dr. and Mrs. Annand have had a brief and much needed change from the constant moist and enervating heat of the New Hebrides and the wearing work and care of their large Institution, and have spent some weeks in Australia and New Zealand, for repairs. Mrs. Annand writes of the latter to a friend, 9 June:

"We reached home and work again about seven weeks ago, stronger after the rest and change.

Our tour through New Zealand was a very pleasant one. The climate there is fine and bracing. Snow fell upon the mountains twice during our stay.

We saw some very grand and beautiful scenery. I wish my descriptive powers were good so that I could take you a trip in fancy.

Dunedin is beautiful, parts of it being built on terraces. The morning we landed I thought I had never seen so beautiful a place, every thing so clean and trees and grass so fresh and fair.

We spent a week at Queenstown, Lake Wakatipu; and the day after we arrived there we climbed to the top of Ben Lomond. The mountain is 5,700 feet high and the view from its summit is said to be the finest in the Southern Hemisphere.

The climb took us nearly five hours, but rich was the reward. Just opposite were the rugged mountain tops with their snow-clad peaks. Among them, like a setting of sapphire gems, lay the beautiful blue lake and the many baby lakelets; while far away below stretched the lovely Kawarau valley with its green and fertile fields, an emerald sea.

We travelled three hundred miles by coach. Some of the time we were passing through parts of the country where there are no telegraph lines, and carrier pigeons are used instead. They are taken in the coaches and the drivers send them off to inform the hotel keepers how many guests they may prepare for.

Some parts of the country are of surpassing beauty, the deep gorges draped from summit to base with the most lovely ferns.

We visited the hot lakes and springs and enjoyed some of the baths very much. We saw some of the Maoris cooking their food in the hot ground and boiling their tea in tin cans placed in boiling springs. It seemed strange to see them doing this while only a few feet away the water cress was growing. Some of the geysers were very fine.