

plains it all? Some say election, some evolution, and some environment, and some "Lord, thou knowest." We spent five days at Lin Hsein preaching and selling books. We were not in the least troubled by the people, who were very good-natured. Of course they called us "foreign devils," but it is not always easy to know whether that is done through impudence or ignorance.

The city god was worshipped while we were there. The god was carried in a sedan chair amid pomp of soldiery to the city temple, where incense was burnt before it. The officials took part in this performance, which is more a theatrical than anything else. We left Lin Hsein for Lung Shan on the 21st of November. We had a beautiful view of the city from the outside coming back. The city is surrounded by a solid wall of cut limestone, and fully thirty feet high. It is, indeed, beautiful for situation, lying, as it does, in a long and fertile valley which is enclosed on every side by mountains. To the north and south the mountains are quite near and very high. They were covered with snow when we were there. The mountains to the east and west of the city are at a good distance away, but still clearly visible. We reached Lung Shan without any mishap in the evening, and next day attended the fair. This was a religious fair, as that at Lin Hsein was a business one. The people had come from far and near to worship a goddess called the "Old Maid," which has her shrine on the summit of Lung Shan or the Dragon Mountain. We were a week at this fair and sold a great many books. The people were ready to hear, but were somewhat restless, as they were all the time on the move up and down the hill. We had a table upon which our books were spread, and there we stood. Though late in November, it was very hot when we had to stand in one place. I went to the summit to see the temples and the goddess. Going up, I was impressed with the fact that I had not before realized the great number of people who had gathered to worship this idol. The path to the summit—a steep and tortuous one—was not less than a mile long. If one stood anywhere along the path from the base to the summit, he found himself surrounded by a crowd. Supposing that the stream of human beings on the mountain side numbers five thousand, and that the personnel changes ten times a day, and that the fair lasts ten days (it actually lasts fifteen) we get a total of half a million souls that have come to pay homage to a lump of clay. If I were to ask anyone in the crowd what brought him there, he would reply forthwith, "I have come to do good." The most stupid can give that answer. If you ask "How are you to do good?" they answer with equal certainty and more confidence, "by burning incense, and worshipping the Old Lady." There is not one in a hundred of them who can tell anything about her. Her priests cannot. There is not one in a