

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

THE CHINESE MASSACRES

Zillah sprang to her feet. She was clad in the white robe of a priestess of Astarte. One who believed that Hiram had entered the estate of the gods would have declared that Astarte had herself entered the person of this woman. Her look was superhuman. An unearthly passion burned in her eyes. Her whole frame seemed to glow with the radiation of her soul, as a lantern globe with the light that is centred in, but not contained by, it. Her attitude, as she retreated a few steps to the rear of the little room, was majesty itself. Her jewelled hand held a dagger at her breast. She pressed it until the blood trickled beneath its gleaming edge, but, in the ecstasy of her mental mood, she was evidently unconscious of pain.

The man raised his hands in entreaty against the intended deed. He stepped towards her. She retreated farther, and stopped his approach by the very spell of her gesture as she raised her left hand and bade him stand. He tried to speak, but she silenced him by her words:—

"Go! tell the priests that I offer myself to my Adonai Hiram, whose spirit calls me."

A look of agonizing terror came upon the intruder. He hastily threw back his outer garment, and pointed, speechless with excitement, to his own breast. Upon his white chiton glowed a ring of crimson.

Zillah's dagger fell from her hand.

"The circle!" she cried, and dropped into a swoon.

A slight scream as of an echo to Zillah's cry rang from the adjoining apartment of Layah. It was a tone of mingled determination and pain, shrill, brief, and followed by the sound of one falling to the ground.

Silently the man waited. At length Zillah raised her head. She gazed around her in a daze.

"He is not here, my lord! my Hiram!"

Seeing the man she added: "O cruel dream!" and reached for the dagger that lay on the ground beside her.

The man seized it first. The action fully roused her to the reality of her position.

For a moment the two stared at each other in mutual perplexity. They were parts of an enigma which neither understood, though each held a portion of the clew.

Zillah was the first to break the silence.

"What is your message to me by the mark of the circle?"

"You know its meaning better than I," rejoined the stranger, bowing in profound respect.

"Am I to go with you?"

"I am to do your bidding, my lady."

The man made obeisance, touching the ground with his forehead. "My life is pledged to bring you to him who wrought the symbol on my breast."

And he?

"Marduk, of Tyre."

"I know none such. Is he not Hanno, the priest?"

"I only know him as Marduk, the merchant of Tyre."

"Tall, with shaved head, and eyes full of subtle wisdom?"

"No. Of my own stature, with hair black as the raven's, of open face. His beard conceals a scar of a wound received in fight."

"A scar! Is he a man? Is he not a god?"

"More god like than any god of the Phœnicians, yet a man indeed."

Zillah sat motionless, her head pressed against her hand in deep thought.

"I cannot understand it," she said at length. "Mystery! mystery! Oh, I do not know—I cannot see!" and she stared into the shadows as one walking in sleep.

"Nor I, my lady. I only know that I am here to obey you. Command me!"

"And I will obey the sign," said Zillah. "Let me look upon it again. 'Tis a circle, surely; and 'tis blood-red. I must follow it."

"And follow me?"

"Yes—to him! to him!"

"Let me leave you, then, my lady. You will know my face or my voice; for I must let no eyes but yours look upon the symbol. To-night I will be beside the pavilion. Another will accompany me whom you may trust, for we both serve a man we love; one to whom we have vowed secrecy and service."

"Before what god have you vowed?"

"Before no god, but by all that is meant by man's honour. And, by all that is meant"—he paused before he added—"by all that is meant by the sanctity of womanhood. I swear by the life I have saved this hour—and I know of nothing more sacred, since what I have witnessed—I swear that no harm shall come to you. If mistake has happened in the person of her I seek, or in him you seek, I swear by your own life to return with you to your father's house. Can I do more?"

"I will follow the mark of the circle wherever it may lead," said Zillah.

The stranger withdrew from the apartment. The priests met him without. They led him to the clerk of the temple, before whom he took the oath that the sacrifice of Astarte had been rendered.

Zillah sought the adjacent apartment of Layah. Upon the ground lay the prostrate form of the girl. A pool of blood told the story of her sacrifice, not to Astarte, but to friendship, to that love of woman for woman, holier than the debauched heathenism of the world ever conceived or tried to express through its rituals.

Zillah flung herself upon the body: "It is too much! too much! O my Layah! my sister! my mother! speak to me!" She kissed the silent lips, that seemed to smile at the touch, and gave into hers the last lingering warmth that had been life.

Scarcely knowing what she did, she took up the dead girl's veil and ran from the apartment: not through her own, but directly into the court. With stumbling feet she sought her pavilion.

"There goes her handmaid," said a priest.

"A graceful shape, which the veil cannot hide. The new priestess will come out soon," said another.

(To be continued.)

CHINESE MATRIMONY

Is a subject of much interest. How it is associated with flower culture is told in the attractive advertisement of Peter Henderson & Co. in another column. Ladies will be especially interested in this advertisement—and what interests the ladies will certainly be worth the attention of the men.

Among the documents circulated throughout China, stirring the people up to massacre the Christians, is a Chinese pamphlet of forty-eight pages, which was published in 1861, and is still freely circulated. It is published anonymously by "The Scholars and People of the South-Eastern Provinces," the author describing himself as "The heart-broken man." It makes a display of immense erudition, giving a list of one hundred and thirteen titles of works, real or imaginary, as its authorities. Some of the lighter charges which will bear translation are as follows: "When any one enters the church the missionary gives four ounces of silver and a pill. The recipient becomes maddened, destroys the ancestral tablets, and worships an unclothed image. . . . When a convert is to be buried, the relatives are all excluded, the eyes secretly removed and ointment applied, which is called 'sealing the eyes for the westward journey.' If any opposition is made, it is treated as apostasy, and numbers of people are sent to the house to offer every kind of insult. . . . The reason for taking the eyes is that one hundred pounds of Chinese lead can be transmuted into eight pounds of silver, and the remaining ninety-two pounds resold at the original price. Foreigners' eyes are of no efficacy, so this is only practised upon Chinese converts. The brains, hearts, and livers of infants, and other organs of boys and girls, are also taken. These and other practices are not fully detailed, but the object of them plainly is to befool our people, and under cover of religion to exterminate them. . . . Opium is produced in the West, . . . but foreigners do not themselves consume it. They teach Chinamen to buy it at a high price. In course of time the body and vital energies are dried up, fatal disease is induced, and many perish."

Another specimen of this kind of literature is to be found in the placards recently issued in Hunan, such as the handbill entitled, "Don't become a Devil!" which begins—

"At present there is the Catholic devil religion,

Which comes in the dark and secretly scatters devil books.

It transforms good men into devils;

By medicine dazes women so that they become infamous. . . .

Let us join heart and hand to abolish it.

When you meet men of the devil religion beat them,

When you find their books burn them."

A still more malicious placard has been widely distributed. It makes use of a play upon words founded on the similarity in sound between "Chu," Lord, and "Chu" in another tone which means a pig. There is a figure of a cross with a pig nailed on it, and round it are men and women kneeling in worship. Below these are a number of obscene figures, and the placard is bordered by inscriptions setting forth the usual vile charges against foreigners. All this is printed from wood blocks in three or four colours.

These placards and pamphlets naturally produce riot and murder in many places. Where missionaries have been long going about among the people, these things fail of their effect, because the people know too well to believe in these charges. But in other districts they are like fire among gunpowder.

These papers all emanate from one source, and the sincerity of the Chinese Government in checking the riots can now be easily tested. The printing and publication of these things is systematically carried on in the "Benevolent Halls" in the city of Chang-sha, in the province of Hunan, by a retired official of high rank, whose surname and name, Chow Han, have been supplied to the authorities. Moreover, in a letter to the governor of the province of Hu-peh, he has claimed credit and sole responsibility for these things. He is of such influence that at his request the governor of Hu-peh at once released five men, relatives of Chow Han, who had been arrested for circulating these papers. His words are: "With regard to the anti-heresy publications, let me state that they are, all of them, printed and disseminated by myself, in concert with the officials and gentry, both civil and military, who have the management of affairs connected with the Benevolent Halls. . . . If, indeed, it be wrong to attack this depraved heresy, then I am, so far as the matter of fabricating words and creating disturbances is concerned, the chief culprit. In all reason you ought to report me to the throne, deprive me of my official rank, and arrest me as a criminal. . . . I will respectfully await my punishment in the provincial capital. I will certainly not run away. . . . I swear that I will with my own body requite the beneficence of Yau, Shun, Yu, T'ang, Wen, Wu, Cheukung, Kung and Meng, together with the beneficence of his majesty the Emperor, the Empress Dowager, and all the Ancestors of the Great Dynasty."

If the Government now arrest, degrade, and punish Chow Han, they will show their sincere desire to secure peace. If not, all their proclamations and edicts, threats of severity, and even the beheading of a few misguided wretches, who are only tools in the hands of more powerful and craftier men are simply so much dust thrown in the eyes of foreign diplomats. It may be that they feel too weak to punish the real criminals, but in that case they should announce that they can no longer protect foreigners resident in China.

Meantime, the circulation of this pernicious stuff goes merrily on. By last accounts (of date Hong-kong, November 26) many copies of a collection of these vile placards and pictures, now bound in a "handsome volume," has been

given to each candidate at the last examinations at Chang-sha in Hunan, to all dealers visiting the city, and to all booksellers, with instructions to give copies to all who ask for them.

The whole situation reminds one of the experiences of the early Church in the Roman Empire. What the issue will be none can foretell. Persecution, more or less widespread, probably awaits the native Church in many places. The position of foreigners, whether missionaries or others, may be improved, or they may be involved in still greater difficulties. Meantime, mission work goes on as usual at nearly all mission centres. And always the Lord reigns—Rev. J. C. Gibson, Swatow.

THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNATH

Some account of the well-known temple was lately given by the *Missionary Herald*. Its erection, at the cost of half a million, occupied fourteen years. It stands in an enclosure, nearly in the form of a square, marked off by a massive stone wall twenty feet high by 652 feet long and 630 broad. Within the enclosure are found some one hundred and twenty smaller temples dedicated to the principal objects of modern Hindu worship, so that each pilgrim, of whatever sect, finds his own favourite god or goddess represented. The high conical tower rising above the others, "like an elaborately-carved sugar loaf," 192 feet high, and surmounted by the mystic wheel of Vishnu, is the shrine of Juggernath, where he sits in jewelled state, with his brother Balabhadra and sister Subhadra. The images are rude logs, clumsily fashioned into the form of the human bust, from the waist up. On the occasion of the Car and Bathing Festivals, golden hands are fastened to the stumps which project from the shoulders of the idols.

It is matter for thankfulness, says the Rev. W. Miller, that there has been a gradual decrease from 200,000 to 25,000 in the number attending the Car Festival. Though the mortality attending the pilgrimage to Pooree has proportionately diminished, yet it is sad to think that it still involves the yearly sacrifice of 10,000 lives, to say nothing of the countless other evils which follow in its train.

It is impossible to conceive of a greater calamity coming upon a people than that represented by that idolatrous system. How true the utterance of the devoted missionary, Charles Lacey, of Cuttack: "Pooree is the mouth of hell, whence horrid wickedness and blasphemous misery go forth to the uttermost parts of the land." Thank God! the destruction of the temple would seem not to be far distant. It has long been in a most dangerous state. Recently the Government has issued orders to the superintendent to commence the repairs within a week, or the damaged portion (the shrine of Juggernath) would be closed to the public. Alarmed by this threatened action of the Government, the priests and worshippers of the idols have resolved, they say, to adopt prompt measures to repair the structure. Committees have been formed, and an appeal has been made to the Hindu community throughout India for funds to the extent of 300,000 rupees. In the appeal it is stated "that the noble shrine will cease to exist in the immediate future unless prompt and energetic measures are adopted to prevent the catastrophe." Even should the sum asked for be subscribed, it is supposed that the progress of destruction has gone far beyond the possibility of it being arrested. Surely every Christian will pray that the process of disintegration may rapidly go on until not one stone shall be left upon another.

THE CHINAMEN IN THE ROCKIES.

The Rev. C. W. Gordon, of Banff, writes as follows of the work among the Chinese in the Rocky Mountains, under the auspices of Mr. Thomas Paton. Mr. Paton, before coming to Canada, was engaged in China as agent of the National Bible Society of Scotland.

The work progresses slowly, as indeed we must expect. The Chinese are scattered through the mountains in little bands from fifteen or twenty to sixty, etc., and organized work under a single missionary must be exceedingly difficult to secure and maintain. Schools have been established and are being carried on at three or four points. The different camps are regularly visited by our missionary, who speaks to the Chinese, distributes among them Christian Chinese literature (Gospels, etc.), and tries to win their confidence towards himself and towards the cause of Christianity. This latter is no easy matter in a country where the Chinese are often shamefully abused by nominal so-called Christians. The opposition of even intelligent Christian (?) people to the whole mission has to be overcome. And this is especially the case among the labouring classes with whom the Chinese come in conflict. Then, too, many of our leading contributors to Foreign Missions seem to prefer sending money to the Chinese in China rather than to the Chinese in Canada, and among not a few of our Church leaders I fear there are some luke-warm sentiments in regard to the whole work. The support of the Western Synod in the midst of these peculiar difficulties is especially grateful. And I do hope we may be patient for results and not be disappointed if returns are not prompt and large. I am glad to be able to report in addition to the ten members in full communion an enquiry class of six in Revelstoke. About these little can be said, and great caution must ever be exercised in regard to the Chinaman (as indeed with the Canadians) when interest and religion run in the same or parallel lines.

SURE foundation cannot be laid than the real merit which is the solid base for the monumental success of Hood's Sarsaparilla.