

necessitates the removal of the bridge and the use of a ferry.

It appears that the monkey is prayed to for rain in Honan. We saw several temples where the monkey was an auxiliary figure. On this curious custom, Smith of Pang Chuang remarks, "In the famous Chinese novel, 'Travels to the West,' one of the principal characters was originally a monkey hatched from a stone, and by slow degrees of evolution developed into a man. In some places this imaginary being is worshipped as a rain God. No instance could put into a clearer light than this, the total lack in China of any dividing line between the real and the fictitious. To a western mind, causes and effects are correlatives. What may be the intuitions of cause and effect in the mind of a Chinese who prays to a non-existent monkey to induce a fall of rain, we are not able to conjecture."

In the region north of Chang Te, we heard of patients who had been to the China Island Mission opium refuge at the *fu*, but who, having been cured had gone back to the habit, which is, alas, too frequently the case.

By the road side we saw a little mound in the side of which was a hole, adorned with a red cloth, indicating the seat of some spirit, the fox fairy very commonly worshipped here. The people near-by fully believed in it. Prayer to it would be answered. "Is it efficacious?" "Why would anyone have hung up that red cloth if it were not," was the reply.

In Hsün Hsien city a few years ago, some children were playing in the dirt and scraped out a hole. Soon after a passer by observing it, concluded it was the home of a spirit, and communicating his views to others, induced them to array this hole with red cloth, and now all believe in it. Probably the above fox hole had a similar origin. Foreign children, indulging their propensity for digging and burrowing might thus give birth to many spirits.

Before reaching Chang Te, we ascend a gravelly ridge of considerable height, on the top of which the priests of the inevitable mountain temple run a food shop for travellers.

We are soon in sight of Chang Te but we must first cross the An Zang river, and sure enough it is the same old spot where Dr. McClure and I moored our boat when I visited Chang Te for the first time two years ago! What a flood of recollections arose in our minds! The people in the village seemed to recognize me. We went in to the same old inn that we occupied that memorable twelve days. The landlord has changed and so has the interior of the inn. Some rooms have been rebuilt, and on the whole it is much more commodious than it used to be.

Owing to the high wind and dust we did not go at once in the street to preach. In the evening we went to call at the C. I. M. refuge not far away. We found no patients and for months there had not been any.

A native circus troupe, male and female, was stopping at the same inn. I have never seen these before. They had a considerable number of horses. They were waiting here until the date of a temple (church!) opening, when their performances on horseback and the pole would be the main attraction. They are a little in advance of our modern church bazaars, &c.

Next day we went into the city and preached both morning and afternoon. We had attentive audiences everywhere during our two days stay. Every visit to this city makes us more anxious to advance to it as a permanent station, but our plan is to visit frequently and never stay long until we feel strong enough to rent a place in it.

If firmly established at Chu Wang and Hsin Chen, we can then venture on a large step forward. Where the people in the great city get used to our coming and going they will soon lose their fears of us. Beginning to comprehend that our designs are for their good they will rent or sell. No doubt the Lord has surprises in store for us, surprises of grace.

On the street we saw a man cured of hair lip by Dr. Lin, native student of Dr. McKenzie, now in charge of the hospital. This man once ran for viceroy, and his successful operation shows that a few natives are now competent to practice foreign medicine.

The magistrate had out a proclamation appointing three days prayer for snow and forbidding also the slaughter of animals. This is the jugglery of China. The Gods will be appeased by a three days cessation of taking life, such taking of life according to their theory being always wrong, according to the religious canons. Some twelve days after this a little snow had fallen but the wheat is suffering greatly from want of moisture, which in winter here is snow, and unless snow or rain comes the wheat cannot possibly be good.

In the evening, rockets in considerable abundance were sent up and I went into the city to see the hustle. The drum tower in the centre of the city, standing almost over the cross roads, was lighted up and I followed the crowd up into it. Only the street running North and South showed any light. On all sides we looked down on the roofs of the city, black, silent. All the stir seemed confined to those streets running North and South through the heart of the city. The shops still had their shutters up.

The circus people fired off a great quantity of crackers and rockets on their own account in the inn yard. They had also constructed a temporary shrine of mats which was placed facing the court-yard. This shrine is meant for the worship of heaven and earth, which is conducted at least once a year at the New Year.

Many natives say this is the same as worshipping God, that heaven is God. They seem to have some notion of a supreme being, but that is so hazy, that, use any term you choose for God,