

profitable, to us all, as it afforded much time for conversation upon various subjects. The Mandarin was very pleasant; so were the others.

In the course of the meal he asked if we had brought passports. Having them in our pockets we showed them to him. He compared them with the notice which he had received of our coming, and laughingly remarked, "I see you are not myths but realities." He asked about our religion. We told him we had no temples nor temple gods now, but had churches where we met to worship the true God, and added, "as England had turned from idols to the living God, so will China." Fifty years hence, you will not use these temples for the worship of false gods, but will serve the One whom God has appointed to save us.

Dinner over, the Mandarin showed us some more precious old relics. Then we wished to go back to our work, but the Mandarin had several cases to try in Court and wanted us to stay, and see how he managed this part of his service.

One case was a family quarrel. The Mandarin gave them some good advice and dismissed them. The same was done with some young men who had committed some petty offence, but the third was an old thief who had been caught the day before. The Mandarin is both lawyer and judge. After examination the old man was proved guilty and ordered to be beaten. Two hideously dressed fellows hold him on the ground, while two others strip part of his body and commence. One—two—three—up to fifty blows. Then the other gives the same number. The taps seem light, but repeated several hundred times upon the same spot the flesh becomes blackened and blood flows. The victim cried with pain. It was sickening to me.

The Mandarin asks our opinion of his method of conducting court. The cart is ready, and we go back to the inn, where many are awaiting our return. We work by candle light until all the sick are attended to.

October 8. Early this morning we visit-

ed the East Mount. It is the highest of the Hsui, Hsien hills. Its temples, if not so extensive as those in the South Mount, are more ancient and artistic, and we might say, as everlasting as the rock out of which they are carved. Far back in the centuries pilgrims came to this shrine of the gods. Even now, pilgrims come from far and near to fall before these gods, which have eyes but cannot see and mouths but cannot speak.

Terrace after terrace ascends the height. From one to the other we go up stairs cut in the steep face of the precipitous rock. One figure, that of a man reclining, carved in the rock, deserves mention. The figure is full size, and comes the nearest to a work of art of anything we have ever seen in China. Every part of the body is so perfectly formed that we cannot but admire it.

One of the temples was the myriad spirit temple, or a representation of their fabled paradise. *The gods within run up into the thousands.* One of the priests, the head of these temples, asked me if we had any gods like them. "No," I said, "formerly we had." "Oh," said he, "After Jesus came you ceased to worship this kind." "True," we answered, "and now we come to tell you all of Jesus, so that some of you will turn from these false gods to the true God."

This place is indeed the centre of heathen power for a wide region, but their idols must fall. We came here to conquer. Our Master gives us the fullest fearlessness in attacking this fortress of heathenism. We have as little doubt about the final overthrow of all this idolatry as we have that God reigns. We come down from these temple heights to the blinded and suffering people awaiting us, with burning desires to bring them healing and salvation.

The crowds to-day are greater than ever. The doctor prescribed for *forty-eight*, and examined upwards of fifty more whose diseases were beyond human skill. Each day it is becoming easier to speak in Chinese, and with each day the presence and