

famed cities and like the holy men (fakirs), very dirty.

#### THE SACRED BULL.

Seems to be the only creature of grace, dignity and independence there. He walks about the streets fat and sleek, eats what comes in his way at the shops, etc., and is molested by nobody. As the Coolies move out of the way of the Brahmins, so the Brahmins in turn make way for the sacred animals which are found in numbers in the sacred cities."

#### LETTER FROM REV. D. MCGILLIVRAY.

Some of our young readers know that Rev. D. McGillivray is one of our missionaries who went to China some months since. And in this letter which appears in the *Canada Presbyterian* he tells of some things that he saw. He writes from a village with a very curious name, *Pang Chia Chwang*.

He says that this is the name of a little village in the north-west corner of Shantung Province. "To this place, which is 440 miles overland from Chefoo, I came, by cart and by barrow in order to join Mr. and Mrs. Goforth here. We are here about six day's journey from Honan, but this place is the nearest we could at once get to in order to study the language, and see the mission work done by the American Church.

This village is very small, but it is in the centre of a good district, with 60,000 people within a radius of six miles of it. The work here began with famine relief ten or twelve years ago, when millions of Chinese died by starvation.

I had a nice trip across the province, coming occasionally to places where there were missionaries, and as they rarely see any foreigner but themselves, they would detain me for a few days; and in this way I was about a month going 440 miles. Of course a two-wheeled Chinese cart does not go more than thirty-five miles a day; and in order to do that you must start an hour or two before daylight. The barrow which I used for 200 miles of course goes

slower still, but otherwise is an easier way of riding than by cart. There was a good deal of snow on the ground and lots of ice. The inns are not luxurious; my barrows were always wheeled right into the best room, and occupied one side, while I slept on the kang opposite, generally with my merry men. Chinese food is not bad for journeys if you are well. Those who like porridge can have it three times a day.

For half the journey I had a guide in the person of a foreigner, a missionary, and the rest of the time I blundered along myself. As Dr. Kellogg said of himself in India, I must speak or starve. One time my man put my butter into a bowl, and before I noticed what was up, he had it boiled in water and brought it back a most tempting gravy soup. At another time I asked for old bottles to eat, but they considerately brought me baked cakes instead.

The country just now looks very desolate, and there is nothing to relieve the eye, the wheat is showing above the ground,—in some districts the wheat is cropped short by the wretched people, and these sprouts boiled and eaten in order to stave off starvation. There is little wonder if thousands are always pinched and thousands always dying in this grim struggle for existence. Life is a dreadfully earnest thing in China. Such a thing as loud hearty laughter I have not yet heard. Cash and food are the staple of every conversation. At the gates of Chinanfu I met thousands of women and children returning from the temple compound, where they had been fed by public charity.

The evils of foot-binding are everywhere manifest here, although the practice is not so strict here as in South China; but even here all women with any desire to be respectable have bound feet; and the slow and hobbling gait is painful to look upon.

The spiritual needs of this Province are very great, and it is better off by far than Honan. Here are about twenty millions of people and about fifty missionaries, men and women,—sixty miles is the average distance between the stations on the way.