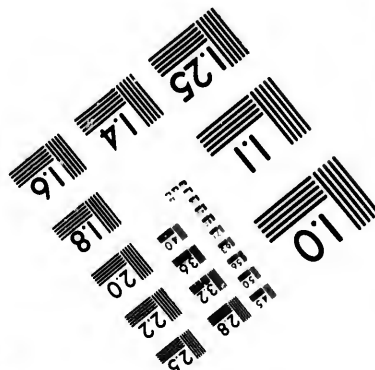
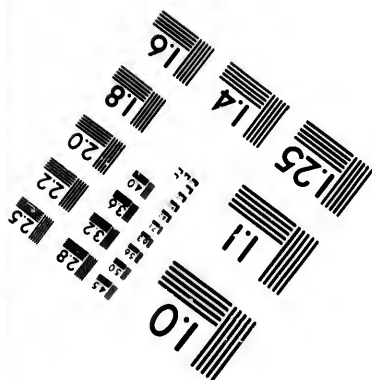
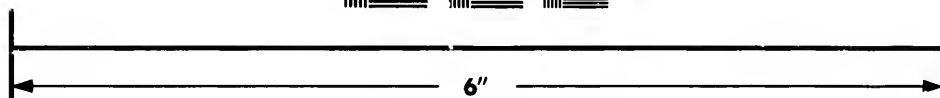
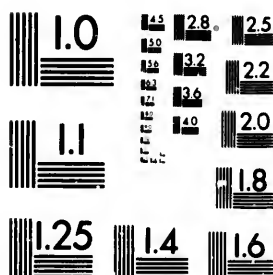


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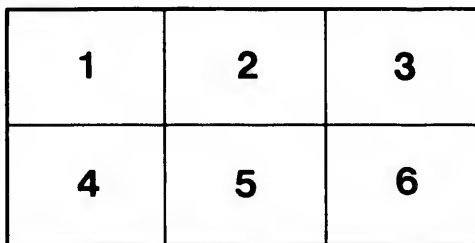
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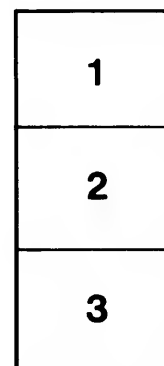
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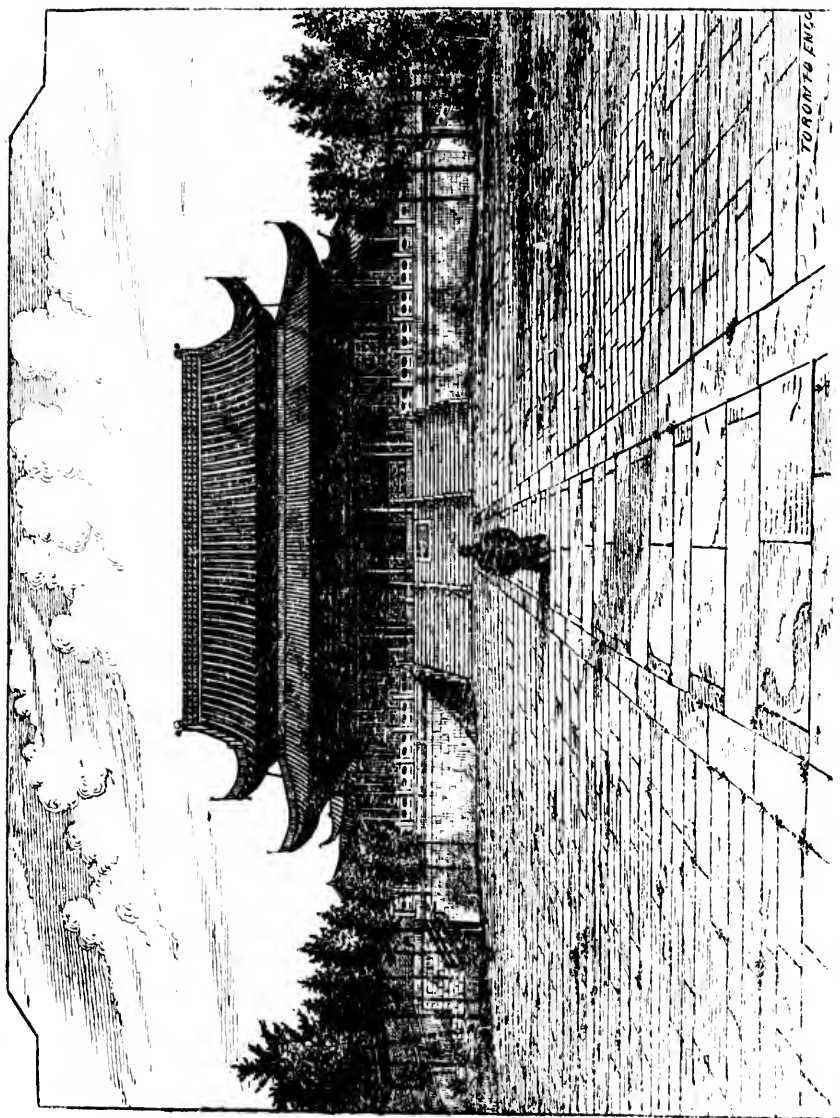
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CONFUCIAN TEMPLE AT NANKING.

# THE TEMPLE AND THE SAGE.

BY

V. C. HART, D.D.

*Author of "Western China," Etc.*

"Sin in a virtuous man is like an eclipse of the sun and moon; all men gaze at it, and it passes away; the virtuous man mends, and the world stands in admiration of his fall."

"Grieve not that men know you not, but be grieved that you are ignorant of men."

—CONFUCIUS.

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CONFUCIAN TEMPLE AT NANKING.



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TO THE  
HONORABLE WILLARD IVES,

THE

PATRON AND FRIEND OF MY YOUTH,

TO WHOSE ADVICE AND ENCOURAGEMENT THE AUTHOR

OWES MUCH OF HIS SUCCESS IN LIFE,

THESE PAGES

ARE TENDERLY DEDICATED.

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## PREFACE.

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C HINA has three great religions: Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. Buddhism, from India, was admitted the first century of the Christian era.

The three religions are often professed by the same individual. Religious toleration is universal, and little bitterness is manifested among the rival devotees of the three Churches. This is not owing to liberality, but want of earnestness and conscientious convictions.

Kung-Foo-Tsz, Latinized Confucius, is pre-eminently the philosopher, teacher, and leader of China. He is not only the patron saint, but the deified hero of all the people. His descendants are a distinct and honored class. The most famous temple of China is built over his grave.

This man, who has swayed the thought of a nation for eighty generations, was born five hundred and fifty-one years before Christ, during the time of Lao-Tsz and Buddha. He lost his father at the tender age of three; but his mother trained him with great care, and he is

said to have early manifested an aptitude for learning, and great reverence for the lore and religious customs of his country. At the time Confucius lived China was divided into many petty States, and morals were at a very low ebb. He was appointed to an important official position early in life. He held many public trusts; but, owing to misrule and disorders, he retired to private life, and left his native State. He became a public teacher, and earnestly inculcated the same ethics as he sought to govern his own life by.

After many vicissitudes abroad, and in his native State of Loo, he again resigned his trust. He contended with poverty and sickness, and suffered keenly the neglect of rulers and statesmen. In his retreat he wrote and taught and edited the sacred classics.

We do not offer this little volume as an exposition of the teachings of the great Sage, nor as a history of Confuciarism, but merely as a pointer to some of the salient features of the Sage, and the religious thoughts of the people, which have crystallized around his system of philosophy.

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# CONFUCIANISM.

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## CHAPTER I.

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### The Temple and the Sage.

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**M**OST school children have read and heard something about the great Sage called Confucius. Many may be able to state where and when he was born ; some might be able to tell us the doctrines he taught, the number of disciples he had, how he lived, and how he died.

If they have not these prominent facts at their fingers' ends, they at least know this much, he was a great philosopher, the greatest that ever lived among the Chinese, and that his philosophy is taught by some millions of teachers to scores of millions of black-eyed Chinese.

His tablet—a painted board—large or small, as the case may be, standing upon a pedestal, with his name written in gilt characters upon the centre of the board, is worshipped by every school-boy in the Empire, and in two thousand great temples by all of the mandarins of China.

His classics are the Chinaman's Bible, and his teachings are as familiar to millions of the common people as the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments are to Christian people.

With some general idea of the character of this eminent man, of the historical niche he fills in the world's history, and the religious awe in which the Chinese hold him and his writings, we are the better prepared to enter one of his temples, behold the wonderful symbols, significant of all his teachings, to examine the strange liturgy used in his worship, and then look in upon his devoted worshippers as they offer up the great sacrifice. This present chapter will be devoted to a study of the temple, and should its perusal afford interest and instruction to those who watch the progress of events in the land of Seres, my object will be attained, and I shall feel amply repaid for many hours of research into quaint places and queer books.

Nanking is honored in having two fine Confucian temples, one of which deserves more than a passing notice. It is often pleasant to turn aside from the beaten highway, enter some enchanting mountain vale or glen, and trace the rippling stream which flows through its shaded gorges to its fountain head, awhile lingering in pleasant nooks, to study in solemn silence wonders of nature. The reader will pardon a brief digression from our main subject, while we look upon this particular temple, giving something of its history and a faithful description of the same, which

may answer for all of the Confucian temples of the world.

As the traveller approaches Nanking from the south-west or east, long before the massive city wall is descried, a romantic hill comes into view, which runs from the thickly populated streets upon the south, to the city of the dead upon the north.

This little hill, half a mile within the city walls, is crowned with massive buildings which are half hidden by firs and pines.

The central structure is double-roofed and covered with yellow porcelain tiles. The ridges are raised six or more feet above the roofs and constructed of large porcelain bricks. There must be near four hundred feet of such ridge walls upon the roof. These yellow porcelain bricks are each of different design, exhibiting all of the known animals, and portraying, according to the fancy of the artist, all of the fabulous monsters known to Chinese mythology.

The entablature over the pillars is of cedar and richly carved, detailing many historical scenes, such as related to the life of Confucius and his disciples.

If we study our picture upon a fine day, having the Min tombs for a distant background, the gray walls upon the west, and the great city stretching southward, we have a view hard to surpass in interest. The hill itself which divides the city into eastern and western parts, is full of historic interest. From its heights trembling priests have watched their sacred altars, while wild flames have devoured



hundreds of temples in full sight. Through many centuries it stamped its name of Yi upon the city. It was not until the time of China's great Emperor *Hung Wu*, A.D. 1368, that it attained its perfect grandeur.

He lived in full view of its splendid monastic halls, and I have no doubt, as he was embittered against Buddhism, that he favored the scheme of the unprincipled prime minister Liu-ki; a Taoist by faith, who would turn the noble structure and the magnificent site to the use of the Taoists. The buildings were not grand enough for the minister, they did not frown with sufficient scorn upon the 480 monasteries scattered over the city. It was given out that miracles had been wrought, and that a pair of bronze shears weighing a ton or more had fallen from Heaven, and alighted at the identical place where the lofty temple for the Pearly Emperor of Heaven should be built. They may be seen by the antiquarian to-day. A priest of wonderful tricks was raised up to collect money from the people, who did his work so well that ample funds were soon gathered in for the great enterprise. In a short time the temple called Chao-tien-Kung reared its glittering roof majestically above every temple. For nearly five hundred years great and sacred was this spot, and resplendent sat the Pearly Emperor on his gilded throne. It was in 1853 when the Tai Pin rebels poured a motley host of half-starved long-haired dare-devils into the streets of Nanking, four hundred and eighty beautiful temples and thousands of great idols fed the flames, and among the number

was this famous structure. The great Tsenko-Fan, who became viceroy after the rebellion, took possession of the site for a Confucian temple, and in 1866 commenced to erect for the Sage a temple which should eclipse any of the order in the Empire.

The temple, with other sacred buildings connected with it, including the beautiful courts, covers an area of not less than eighteen acres, being 1,100 feet deep and 275 feet wide. The literary chancellor resides upon the east side, and near to his residence is a college of high grade, and a temple consecrated to the god of literature.

If this wonderful mosaic is dissected, we find that the temples, gateways, ponds, courts, pavilions, walls, steps, altars, terraces, and even to the trees, are symbols of the Master's doctrine, or designed from patterns handed down from China's greatest antiquity.

Upon the south a magnificent wall of stone and brick thirty feet high screens the Sage from a vulgar world. It is adorned with four mammoth characters, which read, "The palace wall of a myriad measures" (the measure was eight cubits). This is a hyperbolic expression denoting the greatness of Confucius's teachings, founded, perhaps, upon a saying of Yiu Yuan, a disciple of the philosopher, who, in admiration of his doctrines, sighed and said, "I looked up to them, and they seemed to become higher; I tried to penetrate them, and they seemed to become firmer."

## CHAPTER II.

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### The Temple and the Sage.

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THE magnificent wall described in the former chapter is an attempt to represent with brick and stone the solidity and grandeur of Confucius's doctrine.

Within the lofty enclosure is a small park, and a deep, semicircular pond, curbed with beautifully worked stones. This, in pattern, is the same as the college grounds during the Chao dynasty, 700 B.C., and referred to in the book of poetry written during those halcyon days, as follows:

"Pleasant is the semi-circular pool, we will gather the cress which grows about it." Upon the east and west sides of this classic court massive gateways, of three arches each, tower above the imposing walls, which are of polished gray bricks, minutely carved and fretted. Four immense gilded characters are written over each lintel; those on the eastern gate, extol the Sage in such language as this: "His virtues were equal to those of Heaven and Earth." The western gate has a less hyperbolic expression, but sufficiently aspiring to feed the vanity of all

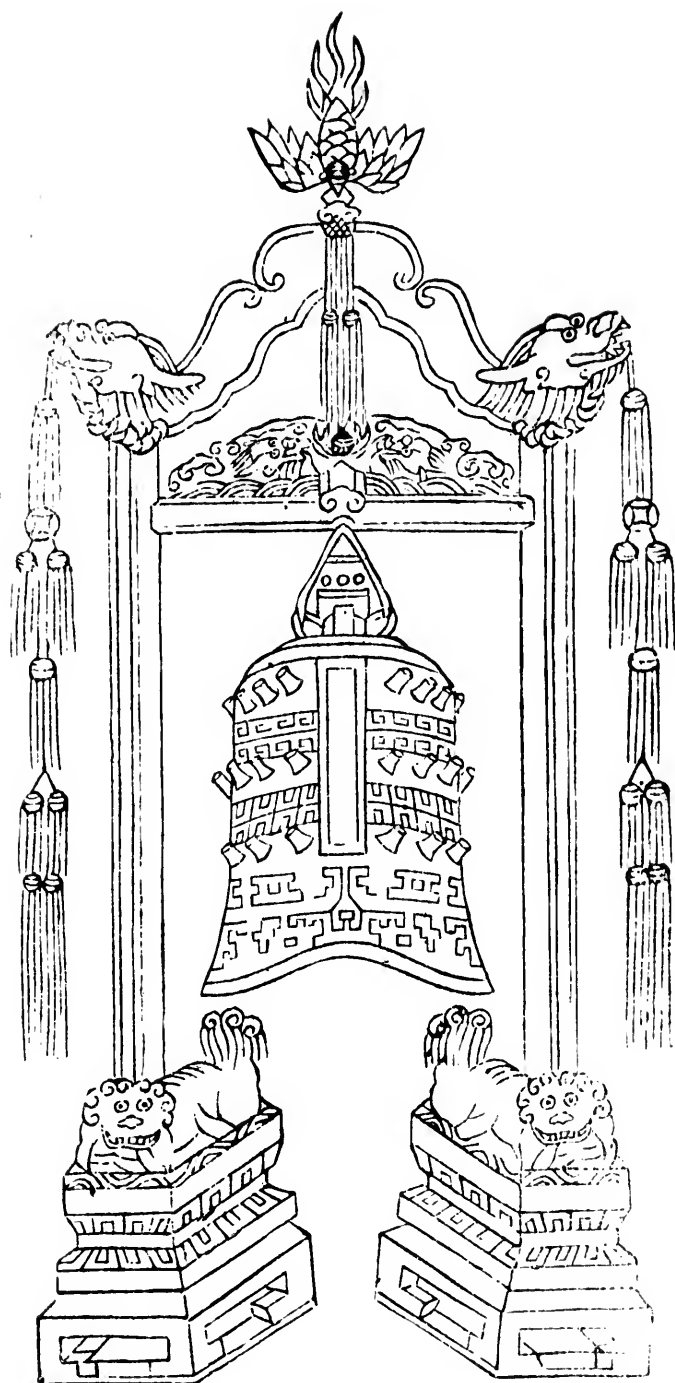
Chinese scholars, being as follows: "His teachings permeate the past and the present" We find in these sayings, which are common all over China, the gist of the philosopher's claims to universal supremacy as a teacher. Heaven itself is not greater than the ascended master; he fills the whole past and present.

These sacred gates are seldom opened. Twice in three years the corroded bolts were drawn; when there were seventy-two newly honored graduates, with two literary chancellors, admitted through their portals. These happy scholars, dressed in ancient college costume, marched around the classic pool to the music of fifes and flutes, encored by sundry explosions of fire-crackers. Back of this court, which, when I visited it, was a tangled mass of wild grasses and flowering plants, is another much larger and finer one. We ascend it by means of polished marble steps, passing through a handsomely gilded gateway. But who is to enter those sealed portals? Ordinary mortals such as we poor visitors? Nay, none but the Emperor, I am informed. If the son of Heaven, the Emperor, were to visit the temple of the Sage, he would be treated as a guest equal in dignity to the master of this palace, but other mortals must come as suppliants. When the magnificent tablet to Confucius, and those to China's worthies, were brought into the temple grounds, they and their official bearers passed through this gateway. Since that solemn act, it has remained bolted and locked.

We enter from the east by the Chi-Kin gate, and stand in a grand square court, ornamented with trees and shrubs, and paved with marble slabs. Upon the east are wardrobes where the officiating civil mandarins don the old court dress upon occasions of worship. Upon the west a row of low buildings, where military mandarins repair for dress. The east is the side of honor, and no military officer, however high his rank, would be presumptuous enough in the presence of Confucius to take the place of a civil officer. Within the court we find the porch and the fountain, the sacrificial house, and the kitchen dedicated to the Sage.

There is a triple gateway which opens into the next or grand court which faces the double-domed temple. It is called the Spear Gate, and the central door is never opened except to the Emperor. The side doors would be opened for a Chang Yuan Senior Hanlin wrangler, who has taken his degree in Peking, he being a native of Nanking. Literary ability is imperial in China, and before it military prowess falls empty in the dust. We enter by a side door, called the gate of "Golden Sound." The great drum sends forth its sonorous peals from this point upon occasions of worship. The door on the west is called the "Gem Resounding." The grand bell hangs by it, ready to emit its silvery tones.

We pass around the building by means of a stone balcony, and enter by the way of the great bell. Our eyes now take in a scene never to be forgotten,



BELL USED BY THE ORCHESTRA.

as we are in the presence of Confucius's temple. Three hundred feet across a magnificently paved court it rears its yellow canopy, being built upon a high platform of hewn stone, and so lofty that it entirely obscures the temple dedicated to his ancestors, which is upon a high hill. The court before us is called the "Vermilion Porch," of immense size, and paved with ancient slabs of white or variegated marble. Upon the left of the Spear Gate is a beautiful porcelain pagoda, where the libations are poured out, and where the silk roll and written prayers are burnt after the sacrifice.

Upon either side leading up to the great marble terrace are low buildings, containing small board tablets dedicated to the memory of former worthies and scholars, arranged in chronological order.

We must now ascend by the triple marble steps to the Moon Terrace, which is in pattern exactly the same as that used in China as far back as the days of Hezekiah. Let us bow low and tread softly as we approach the temple of Great Perfection, for on either side are the honored tablets to one hundred and forty-four of China's most gifted philosophers. No marble bust speaks to the student of to-day, the great past has no voice in the temple or museum; all, or nearly all, relics have passed away, never to be recovered. These little tablets bear the names of scholars selected from millions, and present the learning and talent of one-fourth of the human race for a period of 2,450 years. As the marble busts in

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the Pincio of Rome or in the National Museum of Naples bring vividly before us the talent and learning of the Ancient Western World, so do these bits of gilded boards present to Eastern Asia the glory of a great past. How far the *literati* of to-day are influenced by classic history, and how much moved by details of virtuous deeds of former worthies, is a subject which is veiled from our inspection.

No one, having a faint outline of the political and literary history of the vast period, covered by their tablets, can stand a thoughtless spectator in their presence. Upon either side, beginning with the seventeenth century (1692 A.D.), as we advance toward the enthroned Sage, we pass humble tablets, resting in dusty rows upon raised shelves. They are here by imperial decrees, and in many instances are the tardy recognition of noble worth. All honor to men who contended with poverty, who sacrificed health and worldly pleasures in the pursuit of knowledge, who served their country faithfully, scorned, envied and hated by unprincipled courtiers and courtesans, yet remained privately virtuous, publicly honest and faithful to the state. They were honored and dishonored, advanced to high positions for their integrity, and degraded for their inflexible hostility to court intrigues and rampant vices in high places. Here is one who, after eminent services to the State, was allowed to die in want; here one banished for his criticism upon the State, another beheaded, others tortured and hacked to pieces for their unflinching



adherence to truth. There, among less noted, is the tablet to Fang-hsian-yu, a prince, who could not conscientiously remain in the service of the Emperor after he had cruelly tortured and put to death his aged father. He made the following manly and memorable reply to the Emperor, who was urging him to draft certain decrees, "Put me to death, if you like; I cannot draft your decrees." He was put to the torture, but to no purpose. He died a heroic death, and sleeps quietly under Pearl Hill, near to the south gate of Nanking, a reproof to the venial and truckling officials of to-day. I espy among the dusty rows the name of Luh-Siu, a name revered wherever known. This prince staked his life with the fortunes of the losing Emperor. He was a great scholar and a brave warrior, whose last act was equal in bravery to that of any of the Greek heroes.

When all was lost, and the young Emperor was about to be captured by the Mongols, he forced his wife and children to throw themselves into the sea. He then repaired to the ship which carried the Emperor, and said to him: "Public affairs have come to this crisis, it is your majesty's duty to your country to die." Then he took the young monarch upon his back and plunged into the sea.

### CHAPTER III.

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#### The Temple and the Sage.

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MANY heroes in one way and another have laid down their lives for conscientious scruples, and justly merited the places of honor which later generations have accorded them.

In view of the countless tomes, the fruit of so much literary industry covering all branches of knowledge known to the Chinese, in view of their eminent services to the State and tried loyalty, in view of the nobleness of their characters, these few *worthies* have been enthroned near to their beloved Master.

Let us be very charitable while we gaze upon these crumbling worm-eaten tablets, trying to stand erect under their heavy load of dust, for they surely help to keep alive a faint spirit of emulation in the breasts of degenerate sons. With Carlyle we may befittingly say, "How beautiful to see thereby, as through a long vista, into the remote time; to have, as it were, an actual section of almost the earliest past brought safe into the present, and set before your eyes."

The Moon-terrace, situated in front of the temple,

is reached by climbing a score of marble steps. It is one hundred and fifty feet long and seventy-five feet broad, faced and covered with hewn stones, and railed off from the court with beautifully carved stone slabs and pillars. This terrace is made especially useful during the vernal and autumnal sacrifices, when the framework, which is bare upon other occasions, is covered with highly-colored cotton cloth, and illuminated with countless lanterns. It is then that may be seen the grand orchestra in all its glory, out-rivalling that of any Greek or Roman theatre. Under the canopy, flashing with the swaying lights and scintillating torches, are one hundred and fifty musicians and pantomimers, swaying in perfect harmony to lutes, drums, bells, cymbals, and many other instruments, which blend their seductive strains with the low chants within the temple.

The great central stairs leading to the terrace, which exactly face the great tablet to Confucius, are in three divisions; the central one is covered by a monstrous dragon, carved upon the face of a solid slab of white marble. No person having any respect for the Sage would think of ascending by the middle stairs.

The temple is upon the same elevation as the terrace, and is of the same length, and ninety feet deep.

One of the most imposing edifices of China devoted to religious worship, now beckons us within its lofty portals.

A city that can boast examination halls of sufficient

capacity to accommodate 28,000 students at one place and at one time, ought not to be behind in its devotion to its great Exemplar, the peerless scholar of antiquity. The lower front of the temple consists of five pairs of massive folding-doors, over which you may read the startling sentence, "The Holy and Divine (Confucius) equal with Heaven." The reader, as he peruses such sentences as the above, must, by some transformation of mind, divest himself of his Westernism, of his matter-of-fact way of viewing things, and for the time being gaze through crystal goggles half as large as the face. He must remember that there is no such thing as scientific truth in the Chinaman's vocabulary. He revels in exaggerated figures of speech, and when describing mental or moral worth, he uses for comparison the grandest objects of nature.

To the ordinary Chinaman, Heaven is the illimitable or boundless above, to the scholar the dual forces of nature—the Yin and Yang—the inscrutable and spotless, are Heaven. With such sophistical reasoning in the Chung Yung, Confucius makes out that the possessor of sincerity is the coequal of Heaven and Earth. He says, "The possessor of sincerity not merely completes or perfects himself, but his correspondents, *i. e.*, men and things, and is thus the equal of Heaven and Earth." Further, he says, "Is there any being or thing beyond the individual (the Sage) on which he depends? His benevolence, how active, like an abyss, O what depths, like Heaven, O how vast."

The porter tugs at the ponderous doors upon the left centre, and at last swings them upon their groaning sockets, and we barbarians enter and stand for awhile in mute admiration of the temple's majestic proportions. The silence becomes almost painful; not even the cooing of doves, nor the chattering of magpies upon the roof are heard in the mighty hall; my echoing footsteps mock me, no visage meets my glances, no likeness of anything on earth or under the earth, unless perchance the contorted dragons emblazoned upon the lofty vaulted canopy represent some monsters yet unknown to zoology.

In the centre of the hall facing the south stands a grand throne; it is occupied by the most elaborately carved tablet I have yet seen; it is twelve feet high and six wide. Upon the centre of the tablet we read: "The most holy teacher, Confucius." Upon the frontice of the caldachino is a prodigiously large oblong tablet, fourteen by eight feet, with a sky blue ground, covered with gold dragons, and four large gilt characters. They tell us that he was "The most illustrious teacher of all times." To the right we are directed to an equally large and beautiful motto-board having this sentence: "He is the equal of Heaven and Earth." To the left is a crimson-colored board, which declares that "He is the greatest born among men." I stand for a few moments entranced by the effect of these four sentences, sentences written in two thousand temples,

sentences conveying the united testimony of 300,000,000 of our race, as to the relative position of their Sage. Every dynasty from near the time of Christ has lavished praise upon their idolized master, and heaped up laudations, until the present dynasty exhausted the Chinese language in the sentences we have quoted.

In four much smaller thrones, or *caldachinos*, we find arranged after the rules of etiquette sixteen tablets, four of which are in memory of Yin-tsz, Tsen-tsz, Sz-tsz, and Mung-tsz, which are accorded higher honors than the others, because they represent sagehood, while the others are called worthies. Here we may imagine the great master as seated in the midst of his most illustrious and ardent disciples, the disciples looking up from their lowly places eager to catch every word falling from his lips.

The four associate Sages deserve a passing remark. The Sage Yin was born about 519 B.C., and was sent when a mere lad to be educated by Confucius. None of the philosopher's pupils loved learning as he. It is recorded that when only twenty-nine years old his hair turned gray, and three years later he died, "perished in his summer day." Confucius said of him, "He loved to learn; he did not transfer his anger; he did not repeat a fault. Unfortunately his appointed time was short, and he died. Now there is none like him, I have not heard of any who loved learning as he."

He was very poor, lived in a filthy lane, he used a

bamboo joint for his cup, and his elbow for a pillow. He did not repine, he could have secured office in the government, but would not accept ; he preferred the society of his master. Confucius wept sorely at his death, and giving way to despair, he declared Heaven had ruined him. For eighteen hundred years he has received homage at the Master's side. A picture like this, although not set in diamonds or gold, sparkles and shines out of the dim past, revealing to us two beautiful characters ; one the man of age, sedate and kingly in demeanor, the other a mere youth, ardent [and loving ; they walked the then unbeaten path of learning hand in hand. What a land, what an age, to produce such men as gathered around Laotoz and Confucius !

Heaven to the philosophic Confucianist is equal to Spencer's Force. An Inscrutable Power back of Nature, unrevealed and unknowable.

## CHAPTER IV.

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### The Temple and the Sage.

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FILIAL piety was the glory of the Confucian, as of all later ages. Tsengtsz, the second in honor, was born 506 B.C. His father, judged by ordinary standards, weighed more selfishness to the pound than most of the ancients. Tseng was fifteen years old when he became a pupil of Confucius. He was slow, but solid in his learning, and eventually obtained great eminence as a scholar. He very early illustrated his unselfish and loving character. While a mere youth, his father ordered him to weed the cucumber patch; while doing so, I presume, he used the ordinary attention of a boy of ten; the result was one of the vines was broken off. His father, stick in hand, came upon the lad, and nearly beat him to death.

As soon as the young philosopher was able to move, he repaired to his father's apartment, and expressed his anxiety lest he might have hurt himself in administering the lesson. Few boys could have gone further in making amends for an accident, but Tseng hunted up his guitar and played a soothing air to set his father's mind at ease.



Confucius thought that his disciple went too far upon this occasion.

It is said that to his mother he was still more devoted; there existed between them such perfect sympathy and oneness of thought and feeling that their lives were hardly separable.

Once, when he was out upon the hills gathering fire-wood, she became anxious about him, and in her anxiety bit her own arm. The pain was immediately communicated to the heart of her son, who hastened home with his burden. We do not wonder at what happened in after-life when he had taken a wife into his mother's home. Upon an occasion the mother-in-law ordered the young wife to cook her a pear, and she did it so poorly that Tsengtsz divorced her. No doubt Confucius applauded this as an act of solid merit.

You may bow low before the name Mung-tsz, which is written upon the fourth tablet, for he is the first Sage after Confucius. He was born 371 B.C., nearly two hundred years later than his master. In some respects he was the compeer of Confucius, whom he revered inordinately. His thoughts were more incisive, his criticisms upon those in high places were unsparing. But his disquisitions were so philosophical and clear that his opponents were convinced and subdued. He was a great political economist, and his enunciations swayed the actions of princes and kings. He was far beyond his age as a profound thinker and moralist. He was a con-

temporary of Plato, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Zeno, and other great men; and as Dr. Legge has well said, 'When we place Mencius among them, he can look them in the face. He does not need to hide a diminished head.'

His mother was a princely woman and had the sole direction of his education, as his father died when he was of tender age. It is said she changed her residence twice for his benefit. At first they lived by a cemetery, and the young lad took to imitating the wailers and the funeral ceremonies to such an extent that she became alarmed, and removed to a home in the market-place. He now imitated the salesmen, butchers, and hawkers of trinkets to such an extent that she became more alarmed than ever, and she moved again, but the move was from the frying-pan into the fire. At last she sought a place near the public school. He had found his proper environment, and henceforth he imitated the scholars most furiously.

His mother—the model woman of China—foresaw his calling and destiny. Like many other boys who have turned out famous men in the end, he sometimes neglected his books, and looked upon his tasks as needless. This wise mother did not give him a holiday and condone his faults, but brought him to his senses by an object-lesson which he never forgot.

One day he returned from school in a careless mood, and stood watching his devoted mother

weaving. She asked him what progress he was making in his studies, he replied indifferently, "Well enough." Mrs. Mung took up a knife and cut through the beautiful web. This startled him, and he asked the cause.

Now came the lecture. She said that she had done what he was doing, that the cutting of the web was like his neglect of his studies. The lecture did not need repeating, yet she seems to have kept him from some indiscretions in later life, such as the trifling act of divorcing his wife, because he found her sitting flat upon the floor, when he had hastily entered her boudoir. His mother stood between the unoffending wife and the irate philosopher, and again administered a lesson in propriety. This second great luminary in the Chinaman's Heaven owed much of his greatness to his widowed mother. The day is coming when such women as the mother of Mencius and Agatha of later years shall help to form a galaxy of Chinese heroines which shall find a prominent place in the coming art gallery of Cathay.

Volumes might be written about the great sages and philosophers here represented, but we must forbear. We will, instead, invite you to look at the one Chinese Colossus. While the mid-day light is admitted but feebly from the outside world upon the sacred shrine, revealing indistinctly the richly carved and gilded tablet, so the light coming down through twenty-four centuries reveals but partially the Confucius of Lu. Out of the hazy atmosphere

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which envelops every historical character of that distant period, rises the grandest figure of Eastern Asia. Well may we wonder from whence comes the almost supernatural power which has held spell-bound countless millions of our race. "All that we do springs out of mystery, Spirit, invisible force," might well be said of him. If we look upon him as a contemporary, we fail to find him the shining peak towering up into the blue ether beyond the gaze of ordinary mortals, for the powers revealed in his every day intercourse with men, were no greater than in many others who left little to impress future generations. We may say of him, "Only like a little cloud image, or Armida's palace, air-built, does the actual body itself, spring forth from the great mystic deep." It is written, "Not what I have, but what I do is my kingdom." This is true in part, but it is not the whole truth; there is an unexerted power, a force back of the actions of some great men, which passes on beyond what they do, and when the fame of their works is remembered no more, the spirit of their life lingers above the glowing horizon.

It may be called character, or genius, whatever you like; there is a promethean fire which radiates character, where works cannot find an entrance. When I read Mencius, I say, "O wonderful man;" as a mere thinker he was surely the equal of Confucius. When I read the writings of Confucius, something behind words, style and thoughts awes me to silence and bids me to do him homage.

I dare not flatter myself that I have any particular new words to say of the Sage not known to the ordinary student of Chinese literature, for many pens far abler than mine have faithfully described the salient lineaments of China's greatest scholar. But while I stand before his tablet, I cannot forego the pleasure of giving him a fresh introduction to my friends. I do not expect to give my readers an accurate estimate of his character, although it is written in the Book of Poetry, and quoted to Mencius by the king of Tse, "What others have in their minds I am able to measure by reflection." From his expressed views, dogmas, and life, it is impossible to gain an accurate measure and fit him into the world temple.

## CHAPTER V.

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### The Temple and the Sage.

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AT this distance in time no one can measure Confucius; his relative importance to the world is seen alone in the effect of his teachings. To the Chinaman he towers above every other mortal, as we have already observed. At an audience of officials, in his day, one observed to the great officers of the courts, "Tsz-Kung is greater than Confucius." When the remark was reported to Tsz-Kung, he said, "Let me use the comparison of a house and its walls. My wall only reaches to the shoulders; one may look over it and see whatever is good in the house. My master's wall is several measures high; he who finds not the door does not see the beauties of the ancestral hall, nor a hundred officers of rich array." Later on, in the palmy days of Mencius, a conversation is reported of Tsai-Wo: "I look upon Confucius as morally above Yao and Shun."\* Tsz-Kung chimes in, "From the birth of mankind till now there has never been one like our master."

\* Two Emperors who lived nearly two thousand years before Confucius.

Yin-Yo adds, "Is it only among men that it is so? There is the Ki-Lin, among quadrupeds; the Fung-Hwang, among birds; the Tai mountains, among mountains and hills; seas and rivers, among pools. They are the same in kind. So the Sages, among mankind, are also the same in kind, but they stand out from their companions, and rise above the common level. From the birth of mankind till now there never has been one so replete, so perfect as Confucius."

Mencius says the disciples lingered about the grave of Confucius for full three years after his death. After their mourning was completed, and they had their baggage in readiness to return to their respective homes, they went in procession to bid good-bye to the disciple beloved, whose affection for his master was so great that he could not leave the sacred spot. The meeting was the most memorable, perhaps, on record among any band of devoted disciples; they broke down completely, and poured forth their griefs until their voices failed. They went to their homes, but Tsz-Kung built a house near by the grave, and spent another three years in meditation by his master's tomb.

Upon one occasion several disciples desired to render the same homage to one of their number as they accorded to Confucius, and they tried to coerce Tseng to join with them. He replied that it could not be done, and uttered the famous passage, "What has been washed in the waters of the Kiang and

Han, and bleached in the autumn sun, O how glittering! Nothing can be added to it."

Every noted character in China is enveloped in clouds, with silver linings, the background of which is distorted. Marvels and portents waited upon the advent of every man who has reached any position in the State. It is not strange that we find many marvels told of Confucius and his parents. We can notice but a few of the references made by Chinese writers. According to the classics, his father was endowed with almost superhuman physical strength. He was the Samson of China, and on one occasion showed his marvellous powers during the siege of Pi-Yang, when the irate soldiery barred the city gates in his face. He was district magistrate, but thought it not beneath his dignity to leap from his horse and hurl the massive gates from their sockets.

If Confucius was not a giant in strength, he was in stature, being nine feet and six inches in height. The founder of the Shang dynasty was nine feet high, and the founder of the Chao was ten feet, and as late as the days of Mencius the noble Tsao-Kao reached the comfortable height of nine feet and four inches. Confucius was otherwise distinguished. He had a square dyke-like rim upon the crown of his head, and an enormous upturned nose.

It would be worse than folly to relate all that has been said of the wonderful man whom we are trying to portray. It is sufficient for us to know that his honors have steadily increased, and that his hold



upon all classes of the people has grown firmer for twenty centuries, until so far as China is concerned, he fills the very throne of Heaven. His utterances are considered the eternal verities, his maxims more treasured than all the gems of Asia; no appeal can go behind his statements; what he said is the end of all controversy. What he said of ancestral worship, of the family, of the State, or of any topic which came within the scope of his masterly genius, has become family and State heir-looms.

What we gather up of his checkered life must, of necessity, be fragmentary and unsatisfactory, but there is enough to impress us with his great worth as a statesman and philosopher. His star shone in times of commotion, and when virtue and ancient nobility had well nigh disappeared.

What little moral life had been kept alive by the example and teachings of a few Emperors and philosophers, was fast ebbing away. He says, "The highmindedness of antiquity showed itself in disregard of small things; the highmindedness of the present day shows itself in wild license. The stupidity of antiquity showed itself in straightforwardness; the stupidity of the present day shows itself in sheer deceit."

He looked upon himself as a providential man with a grand purpose, with a mission to his fellow-men. He said of himself, "Heaven produced the virtue that is in me." He was not satisfied with himself or any other human being. "A Sage it is

not mine to see ; could I see a princely man (or man of virtue) that would be sufficient. A good man I have not seen. Could I see one persevering (in goodness) I would be satisfied. I have not seen a person who loved humanity, or one who hated that which is selfish."\* He confesses that he himself, although in letters equal to other men, as a superior man carrying into practice what he professes, "I have not yet attained to." Still he thought Heaven had consigned to him an extraordinary mission, and that the mantle of sagehood in a manner had fallen upon him. He says, "After the death of King Wen, was not the cause of truth lodged in me ? If Heaven had desired to let this cause of truth perish, then I a future mortal should not have got such a relation to that cause." Once the master broke forth, saying, "Alas, no one knows me ! I do not murmur against Heaven, I do not blame men, but there is Heaven ! That knows me."

He subjected himself to close self-examination, he probed his heart to the core ; he believed with all his heart in sincerity, or he could not have said, "The superior man must be watchful over himself when alone. When internal examination discovers nothing

\* He was in no sense a pessimist, he held the most exalted views of human nature, and the grandest possibilities for man when properly instructed. No more hopeful man ever taught his fellowmen. His whole philosophy pointed to a perfect Utopia here upon earth.

wrong, what is there to be anxious about, what is there to fear?"

His discourse on righteousness, upon truth and sincerity, give him a place by the side of the best teachers of any age, but he falls infinitely below his standard in practice. At times he seems to be in the region of inspiration, and again falls to the level of worldly selfishness. His utterances about humanity would make love world-embracing, again he would seem to confine it to family and friends. He comes very near to the Golden Rule, and then fetters it in practice.

He breathes out his broad catholicity in a passage like this: "The man of perfect virtue, wishing to establish himself, seeks also to establish others; wishing to be enlarged himself, he seeks also to enlarge others."

His perception of social relations was very clear, and he raised the social platform higher than any of his illustrious predecessors, and the ethical radii was enlarged and clarified.

As a scholar, his fame rests more upon oral instruction and example than upon his writings. As a philosopher, he was more ethical than religious, yet his religious notions were reverent without the mysticism common to his age and country.

## CHAPTER VI.

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### The Temple and the Sage.

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NO philosopher ever had a profounder respect for man and his rights than Confucius. By regulating his relations in the home, in communities, and in the State, he fancied that the earth could be made an Eden.\*

Many scholars have pronounced his philosophy atheistical in its tendency, because he said so little of religion, and so much of education. It is very evident he did not have much sympathy with the prevailing religion of his day. He did not understand a philosophy that confined itself to ascetics and mystic doctrines, and which did not touch, except indirectly, upon the every-day duties of man. His philosophy was intensely practical, and his work mainly to ameliorate the moral and mental well-being of his nation. How much he

\*The ruler, the father, the husband and the elder brother represent the class of the employers ; the servant, the son, the wife and the younger brother represent the order of the employed ; the duty of the former is to reign, the office of the latter is to obey.

thought upon spiritual subjects, we cannot positively say. Only an occasional glimpse is had of the inner workings of his spiritual nature, but what we see is by no means unworthy of the great teacher. Surrounded as he was by rulers and princes who had broken away from the tutelage of primitive times, and each striving to gain some ascendancy in the state, and often at the expense of the masses, it is no wonder he should press home such political ethical dogmas as seemed at variance with the accepted notions of statesmen and religionists. If he were alive in our day, no doubt, he would be a sturdy supporter of the working classes, and an enemy of grasping monopolies. It is not to the spiritual side of his nature that we look for greatest development, but to the moral and intellectual. The trend of his thinking was upon such lines which come sooner or later to every great soul. The religious inheritance of a great past and the solemn questions not infrequently awoke within him aspirations after spiritual truth, and he cherished the firm belief that in his own philosophy, could be found the path back to virtue and true religion. He was in a sense a polytheist; like his forefathers, he thought it not out of harmony to pay religious homage to spirits as well as to heaven or Shangti. His life and words declare he had a profound reverence for spirits and prayer. There were times, it is true, when he evaded religious topics, and refused to look at any problems which touched upon the future. Again in different moods, he was not

only willing, but delighted to discourse upon the gods and a hereafter. He said in one of his ecstatic moods: "How abundantly do spiritual beings display the power that belongs to them: we look for them, but see them not; yet they are everywhere. They make all the people in the empire to fast and purify themselves, and array themselves in richest dress, in order to attend their sacrifices. Like overflowing water, they seem to be over the heads and on the right and left of their worshippers."

The book of Poetry says, "The influence of spirits cannot be reckoned upon, or calculated when they will come." Again, when showing how the institutions of a ruler are rooted or grounded in his own character, he says, "He presents himself with them before the spiritual beings and no doubt about them arises." While his philosophy and that of the great teachers before his day, was monotheistic in its tendency, the worship of spirits and demons and the practice of sortilege was not considered inconsistent. The heavens teemed with spirits great and small, every star sparkling in the blue ether had a myriad of spiritual voices. Every deep recess and mountain of the globe echoed with the faint calls of demons. Heaven controlled all, all was in harmony with his decrees. Once when he was very sick, Tsz-Lu asked if he should pray for him, he said, should prayer be offered? Tsz-Lu replied, it might. In the prayers it is said, prayer had been made to the gods of the upper and lower worlds. The master said, "My praying has been for a long time."

Just what Confucius meant by this is doubtful. It might have reference to his general attitude toward the gods ; or it might mean, I have been praying for a long time for my recovery. The whole conversation shows upon part of pupil and teacher a firm conviction that prayer was potent, that disasters of every nature, as well as sickness, might be removed by fasting and prayer.

In the light of to-day, it seems sad that such a mind, and a soul so noble in its aspirations, should have lived and died without the clearer light of a Divine revelation. He built with the material he had, he formed his character in the dim spiritual light of his land, and if defective at many points, as a whole, it is fuller orbéd and brighter than any coming down to us from heathen Greece and Rome. There is nothing impure found in his philosophy, every utterance comes bearing unmistakable evidence of a purer nature ; there were clouds, but a steady light was shed about him, that gave him a more just appreciation of man's nobility of character than possessed by Buddha or Pythagoras. He saw a glorious present for man, but did not project his speculations beyond this present, he shrank from the task of inquiring into the problem of his hereafter.

He was a born statesman, but too squarely built for his times. He had a deeper insight into character, and a more just appreciation of the restraints necessary for the good government of a people than any of his cotemporaries, and it was fully two centuries before his teachings were acted upon by offi-

cers and rulers. No doubt there was much prejudice against the straightforwardness of his teachings, as in all ages there has been a constant struggle against the truth. But, at last, his wisdom and the loftiness of his teachings were recognized, and both have been so fully accepted by the people that they are the fetich to which every Chinaman bows. His instructions were so thoroughly received, and the principles he taught so fully accepted, that they have formed the very groundwork of the social and political empire for more than twenty centuries.

During all the convulsions of this long period, every swing of the political pendulum has been confined within the arc of his ethical teachings. We ask, How is it China has remained an empire, and her people homogeneous for so many centuries? We reply, Simply, because the standard given them by Confucius was so pure, and so thoroughly accepted as the rule of practice, that her integrity has been maintained.

With all of his great attainments, music was not neglected. He had a full appreciation of its gentle suasion upon the minds of a people, and believed that its use in army, upon field of battle, in palace and in hut, in all the departments of public and private life, would mould the people into consentaneous accord. It is recorded that once upon a journey he heard such ravishing notes, that for full three weeks he had no relish for his food. This was instrumental music, of course, for if it had been vocal music, and such as may be heard to-day, I am



sure he would have loathed music for three months. He was fond of prostrations and rites, especially such as had been handed down from remotest time. The opportunity came at last, when he was fifty years old, to put into practice all that he had gathered from ancient writings. He was the magistrate of Lu. This State soon became the envy and dread of all the other States. "His precepts had been fairly put in practice, and, like Solomon, his influence in after ages was increased by the fact of acknowledged success." It is said that he was fond of amusements, and even hunted, but he shot all of his birds upon the wing. He must have been very skilful with the bow to have accomplished much in that way. He was an adept at angling, and most likely during some of his vacations, he might have been found sedately seated upon a stone bridge in Lu, casting the fly, for he disdained the use of the net. He was peculiar in his tastes, and it took a good cook and house-boy to keep him in good humor. His food must be properly seasoned, and his mat must be straight. All great men have their peculiarities, and I am not sure that he was more idiosyncratical than was Benjamin Franklin.

Where shall we place him in the galaxy of heathen philosophers? He is too-many-sided to sit by the side of Pythagoras, too great a moralist to be alongside of Buddha. We will, for convenience, place him in the centre: and there is no fear but his common-sense and erudition will make him a pleasant and profitable companion for all.

As a teacher, he rises to the sublimest heights; as a moralist, he leads heathen philosophy. But the great aim of his life was to reform man by instruction; by perfecting his knowledge, he fancied he could perfect the man. I must differ with the Rev. George Matheson, who says: "He pointed his countrymen to a moral, instead of an intellectual, pathway for reaching the knowledge of transcendental things. Viewed in this light, he was to his own age very much what Mr. Carlyle was to the generation which first beheld him; indeed, we have always been impressed with a strong parallel between them. Both had a reverence for the manifestation of force or power; both sought to recognize that power in union with virtue and moral aspiration."

If ever teacher laid stress upon intellectual culture, and saw through it the one hope for his people, that man was Confucius. The man of knowledge was the princely man, in perfecting his knowledge his virtues were established. His teachings stirred the intellect to its lowest depths, but left the conscience unmoved. We are safe in saying, no other man ever left his image upon a race so perfectly as he did upon his. One has well said: "The relation of the Christian code to the Chinese morality is the relation of the picture to its frame. China has the frame of morals, but has no picture to place within it; it wants an ideal to give beauty to its conception. Christianity can supply that ideal. It reveals the precepts of all virtue concentrated in a single life."

The picture now within the frame is Confucius, and no literati can see much beyond the picture as he has been able to trace it in a philosophy which is all but incomprehensible to him. To him more heads have bowed and done reverence than to any other mere mortal. More than one-fourth of the race draws its inspiration from this teacher. All of the glory of former sages seemed to gather about, and centre in him, and has been reflected on through every generation to the present. In a sense, the intellect of China matured in him, the race-glory culminated in the "Mountain of Ni."

We cannot, we dare not, treat with disrespect the honored one of an empire. He sealed a nation, the imprint is deep and clear, and not upon plastic wax, but upon flint; in intellect and moral character we trace the lineament of his great soul.

The problem of the age will be the redemption of China's Confucianized millions to Jesus Christ. For these many centuries his virtues have been extolled, but his faults patterned; his sincerity and truthfulness lauded, but his insincerities and mild deceptions reverently followed. His broad catholicity, benevolence, and love have been themes for praise; but his narrowness, selfishness, and self-righteousness humbly imitated. With his people the letter has been life, but the spirit death. His faults have been enlarged a thousand-fold in the lives of his followers, while his virtues have shrivelled in the shade of their fallen natures.

## CHAPTER VII.

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### The Liturgy.

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IT is hardly necessary to say a liturgy presupposes an object of worship, and a system of religious doctrines, and not ethics merely. The more complex in construction, the more elevated in sentiment, the stronger its proof of representing a high state of culture and moral excellence. This we see clearly illustrated in the case of the Jewish liturgy. At first a few prayers and readings; as the intellectual culture of the people advanced, and the religious sentiments and feelings became exalted, the ritual was expanded, embellished, and spiritualized. Every people advanced beyond a state of barbarism has had some kind of a religious cult and ritual. The ancient Egyptians had their great burial service, which took the spirit into Sheol with set prayers. The Hindoo and Brahmin had their set prayers and hymns. Buddhists have had in India, China and Japan most elaborate and ornate services, to be performed either by reading or memoriter. The early Christian Church had four distinct liturgies, the early Greek Church adopted three set forms of worship,

and the ancient Coptic Christians had at one time as many as twelve different formulæ of worship. The student of the religious literature of China very soon discovers that Confucianism and ancestral worship are rich in liturgical services, in fact, they are most complex and highly embellished. The purest classical expressions, like pearls from the lips of sages, have been strung on this golden skein. In its beauty of expression, and choice selections from the whole range of literature, might be compared to the whole fabric,

“The work as of a kingly palace gate,  
With frontice-piece of diamond and gold.”

The homage paid to Confucius in the temples dedicated to his service, conforms in every particular to the elaborate service found in the book of temple rites. It is not natural to suppose that a people should adhere to a public service, so intricate and painfully exact in performance, consisting of sacrifices, prayers, prostrations and hymns of praise, with no higher aim than to honor the memory of a great scholar. It would be presumption in us to attempt an answer to the questions which naturally arise concerning a service so old and solemn as the one used in connection with the stated worship of Confucius. It has grown to its present perfection through numberless additions for the past two thousand years. There may be students of Chinese literature who regard this liturgical service as desti-

tute of religious bearing, and pointless as the three hundred rules of ceremony, or the three thousand rules of dignity mentioned in the "Doctrine of the Mean." There are others who claim to find in these forms of worship much more than would be allowed by the worshippers. While the idea of expiation for sin, and the Eucharist, may be dimly shadowed forth in the animal sacrifices and the wine and water used by the officiating mandarin, there is nothing in the liturgy itself or the literature of China to substantiate such assumption. Sin, as something to be atoned for by another, or which could be atoned for by the worshipper, does not find place in Confucian philosophy.

There has been a great diversity of opinion among western scholars as to the status of Confucianism, some considering it in the light of a philosophy merely, or rather a politico-ethical system, containing a high standard of morality, but with scarcely sufficient religious element to lift it above materialism; another and more generous view has classed it with the great religious systems of the world. The Chinese, themselves being judges, would place it at the head of all religions.

Before sentence is passed, it might be well to determine what beliefs constitute a religion. The more orthodox would say, a religion demands a feeling of reverence toward a Creator and Ruler, with acts of worship toward which that feeling leads. It has been said by one that religion is "A sense of

absolute dependence." Plato says, "Becoming as like God as possible." Schelling, "Union of the infinite with the finite." Spinoza, "Merging of men in the universal substance through intelligent love." The newest definitions from certain sources would admit Confucianism to high standing among the world religions. Spencer tells us that "Religion belongs to the sphere of the feelings, is grounded in the emotional nature of man. It does not consist in the body of intellectual dogmas out of which religious systems are constructed, but it essentially consists in the feelings that are awakened in mankind toward an inscrutable power variously and imperfectly conceived as the Infinite Being, the Spirit of the universe, the Source of all things." The great apostle of Positivism, Mr. Harrison, says, "There are always in some sort these three elements—belief, worship, conduct."

From the foregoing definitions can we admit Confucianism to the family of religions? It may not have quite as clear conceptions of a Divine Being as Buddhism or Taoism, but infinitely more than Positivism or Evolutionism. Suppose we take the three words, belief, worship, and conduct—all are ready to admit that Confucianism has a faith, and that worship and conduct as the Chinaman understands such are not wanting. We may safely accord it the place the Empire has given it, and consider it *par excellence* the one universal religion of the people. A religion that enfolds in its flowing robes both Taoism

and Buddhism, and extends to its followers the privilege of belonging to a dozen sects, so long as the rites to ancestors and Confucius are not neglected. I cannot look upon the ritual as a service wholly confined to the worship of Confucius, although he be the central figure, or the medium through which the prayers are made. Back of his teachings, as I have already made mention, and which is accepted by the most enlightened scholars of China, is a recognized cause, a Disposer of all events whom Confucius called Heaven. By virtue of his perfection, he is considered by his followers as linked in some mysterious manner to this cause, and deserving of equal honors. Did he not say in the "Doctrine of the Mean," "The sage is able to assist the transforming and nourishing powers of heaven and earth, and that he may with heaven and earth form a trinity?" Confucian philosophy, like that of Spencer's, leads man to acknowledge an unknowable cause, a silent power. Confucius says, "Does Heaven speak?" The four seasons pursue their courses, and all things are produced. Does Heaven say anything? If we take the character Tien, which means either the material heavens or the Power above, we find it is made up of Ta, great, and Yih, one, above it—literally, Great One. There is an older form of the character, which has merely a ball like the sun above great, which to the infant race of China could not have expressed more than the great ball, or sun.

This character Tien has come to mean the Hea-



venly Power, and which the Chinese declare to be greater than all gods. Three great powers are recognized—Heaven, Earth and Man—which constitute a trinity. Back of matter is an ever-active force controlling all events. Mencius is far bolder than his Evolutionist brethren of to-day, and startles us with the pregnant declaration, that, "He who has exhausted his own mental force will know his own nature; consequently, knowing his own nature, he will know Heaven." "To conserve one's mental being and nourish the nature (or life), therefore, is to serve Heaven." Confucius says, "Heaven gave us this nature, and a life in conformity with this (perfect) nature is called the path (perfect way)." There are three words in the Chinese language forever upon the lips of scholars and religionists, which in their highest significance none but the perfect man can fully comprehend. They are *Tao-Teh-Tien*—of moral rectitude or right reason, perfect virtue, and heaven. None but the perfect man can walk in the path of moral rectitude, that path leads the sincere man to *Teh*, perfect virtue. If we are curious enough to dissect this wonderful character, *Teh*, we shall find it formed of three words or characters, which separately mean: straight, going, and the mind or heart. We have, then, literally the mind made perfect. Then the mental and moral man is elevated to his highest sphere. Such attainment unlocks to him the decrees and gifts of *Tien*—Heaven. Man is exalted in his nature, and in the

perfecting of it he attains sagehood, a being to the Chinese perfect in wisdom and holiness; and by virtue of such perfection he is co-ordinate with Heaven.

The most perfect representative of *Teh*—virtue—that ever lived was Confucius, and the being made equal to heaven in perfection is worthy of universal worship. Something like the above may be the rationation by which the scholar reaches the astounding conclusion that the worship of Confucius is the worship of heaven, or *vice versa*.

Contemporary with the sage was Lao Tsz, the founder of Taoist philosophy. In his philosophy Tao is the equal of Tien in the Confucian, and more. The path of moral rectitude is Logos, the Divine Being. Man does not in his system hold the relation to the Eternal Energy as in the Confucian. His system was evolutionistic in spirit, and the eighty-one manifestations of Tao represent so many progressive epochs. These two systems were antagonistic, as might be expected. That of Laotsz made the eternal Tao, the invincible, unknowable force of nature, the All, and man's relation in the universe infinitely subordinate. The Confucian exalted the perfect man—the sage—to the co-ordinate of Heaven. Religious philosophy touched its high-water mark in the speculations of these profound thinkers. From the nameless Tao, the all mystery of the one, we have the present polytheistic Taoists; from the other we have humanity enthroned as God, and receiving

homage from an empire. No doubt Confucianism is greatly atheistic in its tendency, but there still lingers in the atmosphere of the system an idea of a supramundane being who presides over the destinies of men. It has much in common with Comte's Realism, and not so far removed from Evolutionism as would seem at first sight. If we combine the two we have Confucianism very fairly represented, humanity deified, and an Unknowable Energy.

What has been written may clear the way a little to a better understanding of the doctrines expressed in the ritual, and the significance of the great sacrifice.

## CHAPTER VIII.

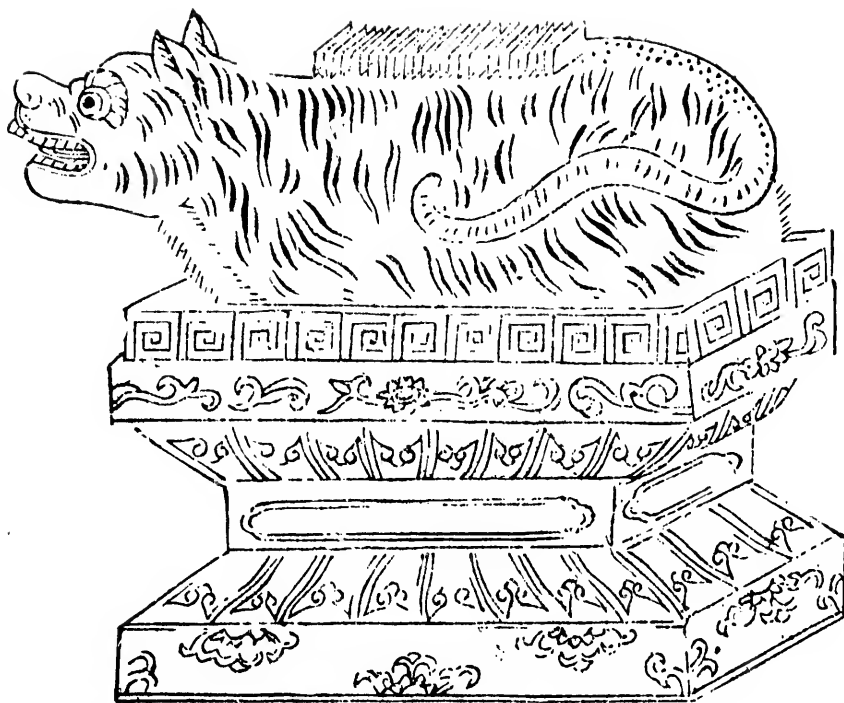
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### The Liturgy.

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THE Liturgy is unequalled for complexity, and is in some of its parts, perhaps, the oldest extant. The orchestra in its make-up is almost, if not exactly, the same as in the golden era of music, far back in the days of the great Chao Kung, who was contemporary with Samuel, flourishing from the best accounts, a couple of hundred years before Apollo's great poet with lyre in hand wandered in the cool glades of Ios, "The blind old man who dwells in Chios' rocky isles."

At that early date, incredible though it may seem, sacrifices in which a ritual was used, were offered to the Five Rulers (gods of planets), a custom, if we may trust Chinese authorities, which prevailed B.C. 2225. Such service was performed either by king, prince, or minister, and consisted largely of animal sacrifices, sortilege, music, prostrations, and dress. Nearly the same kind of musical instruments then existed, and were religiously preserved to the days of Confucius, and are now beaten, thrummed and blown in his honor twice each year. Robes of



MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

the same pattern, sacrificial vessels of the same material and shape, and praise songs not materially changed, are still reverently preserved and periodically used. While I gazed upon the grand orchestra, which nearly filled all the available space of the Moon-terrace, and listened to the symphony of many instruments, and the low prolonged notes of precentor and singers, it was no great stretch of the imagination to fancy myself in the plain of Dura, surrounded by nobles, and a vast company of worshippers, led by the king's grand band, and among the strains mingled those of the "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music."

Although Mencius, three hundred years before Christ, had enrolled Confucius among the Sages, designating him one of a trinity, we have no evidence that he was actually worshipped for more than a century afterwards. The three great blessings bestowed upon the Empire by these three Sages are graphically described in a passage from the Tang-Wen-Chang. "In ancient times Yu restrained the great floods, and gave peace to all under heaven. Chao Kung subdued the savages of the West and expelled the ferocious animals, and the people had rest. Kungtsz (Confucius) wrote the Spring and Autumn (annals of kings) and rebellious officers and robber sons were frightened." Tradition points to a period when much of China was flooded, and the honor of regulating the desolating waters is accorded to the fabulous Emperor Yu. The next step was to

subdue the land and give rest to the civilized portions; this was accomplished by Chao. The third epoch was that of the triumph of literature, and accomplished by Confucius. By his writings, good government had its advent. Three stages led toward that Utopia which was the dream of the great teacher. First, the Empire was made habitable; second, savages and wild beasts were brought into subjection; third, good government was secured.

It was B.C. 195 that the Emperor Kaoti was returning in triumph from an incursion into rebellious territories: by chance the imperial cortege passed through Lu, the native state of Confucius, and as the grave of the scholar was neared, either from former vow or the inspiration of the moment, a halt was made, and what was called the Tai-Lao, great sacrifice, consisting of an ox, sheep, and pig, was offered. Thus by imperial example originated that worship which has grown into the present magnificent service.

Up to this time fortune had not specially smiled upon the Sage, for it was but a few years previous to this that the monster Chi destroyed all of classic literature that could be found, and the best scholars of China were sacrificed in hecatombs to appease his jealousy.

The fact that the Emperor had bowed at the philosopher's grave, and rendered to him the highest honors accorded to any god, was sufficient to attract the whole realm toward the sacred place, and hence-

forth we find the circle of his glory expanding, so that in a short period the whole Empire reverently accepted him as the one worthy of universal homage. From the above date to the year 1 A.D., learning made rapid strides towards recovery. Besides recovering its former condition, it displayed much energy in new fields. At this early date, competitive examinations were instituted, a custom which has prevailed without interruption until the present; paper and ink were manufactured, and in the year 1 Confucius was titled, and his family honored. It now became popular to make pilgrimages to the home and grave of the Sage.

In the year 50, the Emperor Minti with all of his ministers went in procession to the Imperial College, and made an offering of a dog and wine to Confucius. It was not singular to make an offering of a dog, however strange and repulsive such an act might seem to us; to the Chinese it symbolized perfect faithfulness. Confucius's fame was now equal to that of the founder of the state of Lu, and destined very soon to eclipse his glory and attract all honor to himself.

It was in the year 75 that the same monarch, with his grandees and son, repaired to the ancestral hall of Confucius to study the classics, and there he enrolled seventy-two of the Sage's disciples as worthy of worship. In the year 110 A.D., the Emperor Angti made a tour of inspection, and went as far as the home of the Sage at Chuili, made suitable sacri-



fice, and conferred upon his family the title of duke. The year 149 the Emperor Wangti issued a solemn decree that marble slabs be put up in the temples to define the sacrifices and the government of ceremonies. The sacrifices to Confucius should henceforth be uniform in time and offerings, money should be furnished from the imperial exchequer for each service, which should be in the spring and autumn, enough to purchase a dog, or sheep, pig, with wine and rice. As early as 170 the Emperor Lingti made a decree that Confucius should be raised to the same dignity as the tutelary gods of the State. The next Emperor, eight years after, had portraits of Confucius and his seventy-two deified disciples painted and hung in the palace gate. The study of the classics had now become popular, and Yintsz, Confucius's most beloved disciple, was made his associate, and sacrifices were offered in the Palace of Learning at Peking.

It was in the fifth century that the common people turned toward the Sage, and would have enrolled him as their favored god if they had been permitted to do so by the State. Even women frequented his temple at Nanking and besought his favor upon their behalf. This breach of etiquette was requited by the issuing of a decree strictly forbidding women to visit his temple. In 476, Wuti, who was afterwards a zealous Buddhist, decreed that in connection with the solstitial sacrifices there should be music, praise songs and pantomime or dancing, as in ancient times. A decided advance was made about 508; it

was then, for the first time, that colleges and temples were erected to Confucius in the different walled cities of China. Such a step was a radical departure, as heretofore his worship had been confined to the capital and his native State. The small stream had become a mighty river; the indigent scholar and despised official now eclipses in the number of his devotees any deified hero of ancient times.

At first wooden images of Confucius and his associates were set up in the temples, but in the tenth century clay figures were substituted. The founder of the Min dynasty, 1368, made great changes; a back track was taken, the great sacrifice was proscribed, and performed in honor of the Emperor. Clay figures were substituted with the present wood tablets. Titles were abolished, and he was called, simply, the "Ancient Teacher Confucius," but the number of musicians and minuet movers were increased.

This could not continue. Upon the advent of the present Tartar dynasty a revolution set in, and unheard-of honors were conferred upon the Sage. The decrees have been rigidly enforced, and temples have been built all over the Empire.

The services have been somewhat changed; formerly one prostration of four kotows or head-knockings made one worship, of which there were seven at each sacrifice, *i.e.*, seven prostrations and twenty-eight kotows. At present there are twenty-one prostrations of three kotows each, or sixty-three kotows

at each full service. It has been no inconsiderable task to find titles for the scholar. Nine times his countrymen have sat in solemn conclave over the vexed subject. By some fortuitous circumstances the year one saw the Sage deified by imperial mandate. He now became "Duke Ni, the Diffuser of Transforming Doctrines." The second, in the fifth century, and as follows: "Father Ni, the Sage of Literature;" the next, about the same era, and reads thus: "Prince of the Kingdom of Tsao;" he was also titled "Father Ni, the ancient Wise man." Then he was known as the "Former Sage," "Transformer of Literature," "Royal Transformer of Literature." The present dynasty has capped the climax—words are now exhausted—"The Perfect Sage, the ancient scholar Confucius."

We have seen that a man not honored in his own day, but rather neglected, dying enshrined in the hearts of a few humble followers, has risen step by step in the eyes of his countrymen, and the sphere of his doctrines increased through more than twenty different dynasties, until to-day the highest honors, the most elaborate worship is accorded him by one-fourth of the world. The names and honors of his contemporaries in other countries are nearly or quite forgotten, the institutions which they helped to found passed beyond reclaim, their great thoughts awaken in their countrymen no response, but here honors are increased as the years roll by, the institutions he helped to create are as perfect as 2200 years ago,

and the great living thoughts that burdened the philosopher are interwoven into the every-day mental food of Eastern Asiatics.

From the time the little mite of a fellow, bundled in frocks and pants, waddles to the village school, until he takes the highest degrees in the provincial or imperial colleges, even through the whole cycle of his existence, he thinks of, and endeavors to act out Confucius among his admiring comrades. There is no name so dear to him; to all appearance he lives, moves, and has his being of thought along the path trodden by his master. The higher his station may be in civic life, the more he is bound by ancient customs and conventionalities to pattern after him.

The newly-appointed Viceroy, ere he assumes the duties of his high station, marches in solemn procession to the temple of the Sage, makes his offering and pours out his libation.

In the growth of the liturgy other honored names have disappeared, and the one name and person attracted as a magnet universal praise.

The whole field of literature has freely surrendered its classic gems to coronate him the intellectual king.

Prose and poetry have vied to weave a garland of sufficient beauty for their victorious guardian saint.

## CHAPTER IX.

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### The Liturgy.

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WHILE there are a great number of prostrations and mute actions connected with the rendering of the regular liturgical service, the music is considered a chief attraction. However low the present musical attainments of the Chinese may be, they have great faith in these peculiar instruments which represent every resonant sound known to them, and look back with much pride to those days when men's hearts were softened, and the most ferocious beasts were tamed by the strains extracted from just such clumsy instruments as are pointed out to me upon the Moon-terrace.

The lutes and lyres are immense, and when a professional sits down to either, the most delicate tones are produced. There are men who devote all their time and talents to the rendering of a few plaintive pieces upon them.

One has said that, "Eight centuries before the existence of the son of Antiope, and of the famous singer of Thrace, it is recorded that the inimitable

Kwei said to the Emperor Chun, 'When I touch the stones, which compose my *King*, and make them send forth a sound, the animals range themselves around me and leap for joy.'

The ancient music, according to Chinese writers of every age, "could call down spirits from the ethereal regions; raise up the manes of departed beings; inspire men with the love of virtue, and lead them to the practice of their duty." There are a number of praise songs which have been used at different times to extol the virtues of Confucius which I must omit. The two which are given represent the attitude of the worshippers to the great teacher, and show very conclusively that from the Emperor down there is the most servile obedience to their Sage.

We shall see that the worshippers have perfect faith in the virtue of their musical service, even to the extent of bringing the spirit of Confucius down to the feast prepared for him. I have no doubt that the scholars of China firmly believe that in some mysterious manner he is really present during the time of worship.

The following song, which is sometimes used, was accepted by a special decree in 1647. It was, no doubt, in use many centuries before that date, but not in the Canon by Imperial mandate.

It consists of six verses of thirty-two characters each. The first verse is called Hsien, and is acted and chanted by the whole orchestra, after the spirit of Confucius has been invoked by the officiating scholar:

## HSIEN.

O how great was the perfect Sage !  
Exalted were his virtues, merits vast ;  
Thou the diffuser of literature and reformer of morals,  
To thee all kings shall come and do reverence.  
Thy precepts are everywhere the standard,  
And they do illumine this Imperial palace ;  
Here are sacrificial vessels of purest kind,  
And the awe-inspiring drum and bell.

## LING.

Enlightener of the Emperor and his people,  
The pattern handed down from former sages ;  
Exalted mountain, O how lofty !  
How can we attain such heights ?  
The ceremonies are perfect and music harmonious,  
The sacrificial vessels are perfectly pure.  
And are in accord with antiquity's pattern,  
Even after usage the thrice-poured wine.

## ANG.

O how perfect the holy teacher !  
Of illustrious endowments, gifts of Heaven ;  
A wooden-tongued bell for all ages,  
And perfect example to officials.  
Clear is the wine and of purest kind,  
Look upon the holders of the feathery plumes ;  
Let great peace endure forever,  
And superior men be raised to high stations.

## KING.

He was a moral king, O how great !  
The true course of all things by him was declared ;  
Upward we gaze, and lo, he is before us,  
His spirit is present in this place.

The wine is poured into the golden jars,  
 It is both clear and sweet ;  
 Now we the offering make, the sacrifice is complete,  
 Yet how dare we rejoice in the service done.

## HSIEN.

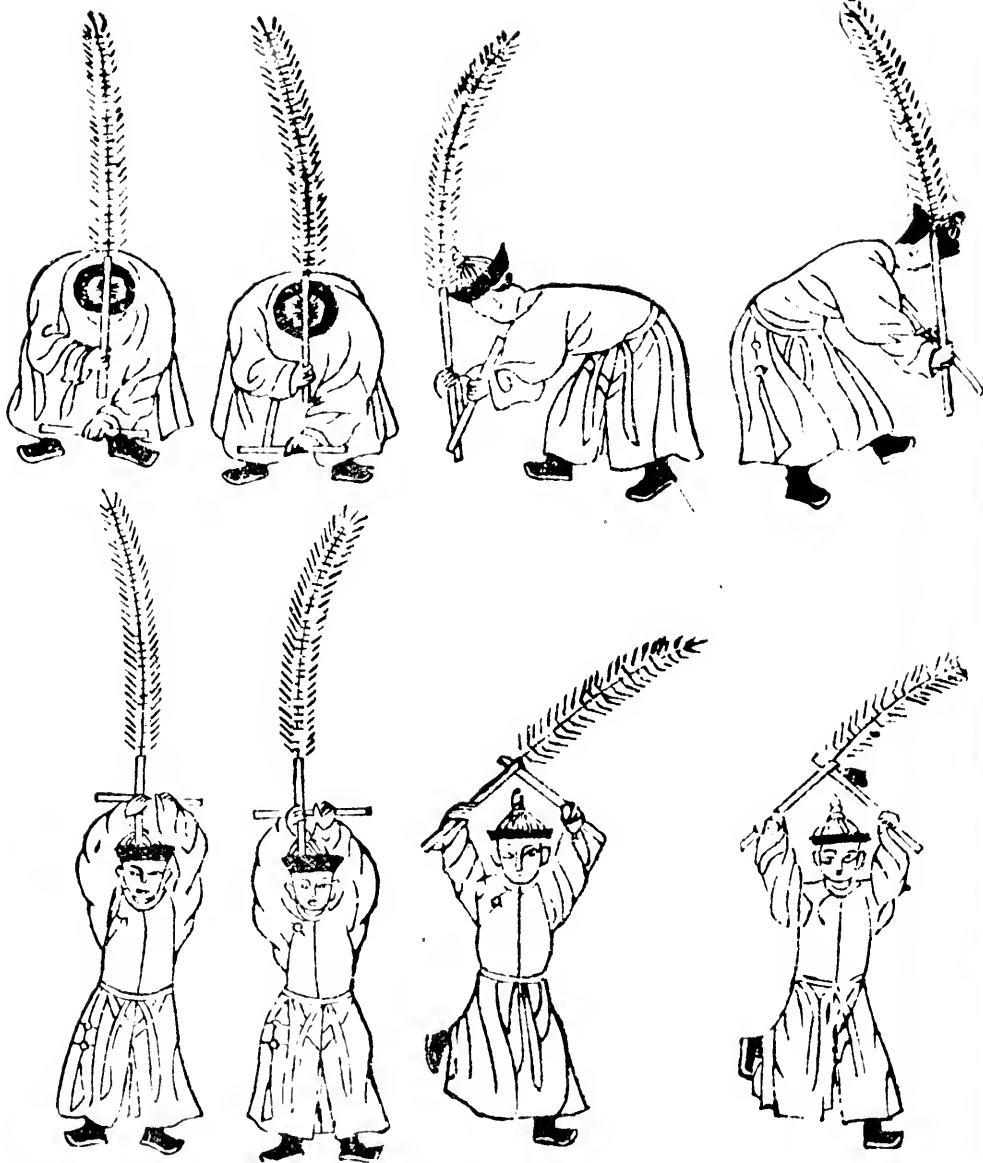
O precious fountain, deep and limpid pool,  
 Oh ! exalted one, how very dreadful ;  
 Pleased thou art with our offerings Sage of transforming  
     doctrines,  
 In like manner are the ten *Wise Ones*,  
 Beat now the golden drums and resound the bells,  
 Declare the feast brought to an end ;  
 The skein of service is now complete,  
 To thee thou great Exemplar of Yao and Shun.

## HSIEN.


How resplendent is this palace of learning,  
 The whole world comes to render thee homage ;  
 Thou fashioner and guide of elder sons,  
 I (Emperor) am a person of no importance.  
 But consider thou my many noble scholars,  
 Who serve with such great merit ;  
 Let my reign be one of great peace,  
 Tributes once in three years and vassals once in five may come.

The song used in every Confucian temple throughout China is nearly the same as the above in construction, but differs widely in its quotations from the ancient classics. It is performed in Nanking twice each year—spring and fall—by an orchestra of thirty-six singers, thirty-six musicians, and thirty-six harlequins or actors.






HARLEQUINS.



While the great sacrifice goes on, this remarkable song, consisting of one hundred and ninety-two characters, is played, sung, and acted at intervals. China's classic lore has surrendered its choicest gems to enrich this song, and her musical talent has exhausted its domain to meet the requirements of the occasion. Praise songs existed more than three thousand years ago, and were performed with instrumental music upon state occasions. Confucius said, "I returned from Wei to Lu and the music was reformed, and the imperial panegyrics were rectified, so that each had its proper place."



The moral influence of music was held in high estimate by the ancients, its educational effects were considered to be very great. The Master told his disciples that a man destitute of philanthropic feelings had nothing to do with music. He had great reverence for the simple strains of antiquity. Simplicity was his watchword.

"The men of ancient times in matters of etiquette and music were plain, while at the present day in music and etiquette they are fine gentlemen ; I follow the ancients in such things."

The admiring sons of the Sage have followed his instructions, and have kept to the good old orthodox ways. Instruments of the same pattern as were thrummed in China when the early shepherds of Chaldea played to their flocks, are found in Confucian temples. The same strains which delighted the philosopher when on earth, are now used to enchant

his spirit from above. While he indulges mortals for a brief moment with his presence at his feast, strains of music fill his temple, then his soul is dismissed to the unknowable Heaven, wafted by music, Heaven's great gift to man.

At Nanking we have a most beautiful and valuable collection of instruments.

The marshal's baton is of satin figured with costly velvet. There are fifteen kinds of instruments, three bells, one very large, two drums, the magnificent *Ku* crowned with a phoenix. There are immense lutes and lyres, of numberless strings. There are six wind instruments, some of them very curious. Besides, there are cymbals, and two peculiar instruments to start and stop the orchestra.

The rendering of so much music, and the acting of the 192 characters by the dancers, who hold pheasant feathers, and small reeds with six orifices each, is, without doubt, about as complex a service as the human mind is able to execute.

In the execution of the following song, 384 different positions are taken by the dancers or harlequins, while one character is sung two positions are assumed. Whose imagination but that of a Chinaman's could invent such a number of mute actions?

#### PRAISE SONG.

CHAO.

Oh ! how great was Confucius,  
Pre-eminent in wisdom and first in knowledge !  
With heaven and earth he forms a trinity ;

He is the teacher of all mankind ;  
He was the fulfilment of a lucky omen, a unicorn to take  
away evil.  
Let the golden chords in harmony resound,  
And sun and moon take up the strains,  
For he is pure as Heaven and Earth.

## SIEN.

We forever cherish his illustrious merits,  
Which are like to symphonies of gems and gold.  
Among mortals never was one like him born,  
Oh ! how wonderful the Great Perfection !  
The ancient chargers and sacrificial tables are here,  
For spring and autumn feasts ;  
Here is purest wine already poured out,  
And its fragrance now ascends.

## CHIH.

The rites are now performed without a fault,  
And we again ascend to the hall and offer the sacrifice ;  
Drums and bells in harmony sound !  
Faultless are the wine jars and vessels of clay.  
Oh, how dreadful, yet how condescending !  
Praise to his eminence and accomplishments ;  
His ceremonies were transforming and his music uncorrupt,  
And in them are manifest his high merit.

## SU.

Of old, yea in ancient days,  
Our forefathers gave us the example.  
Skin caps and sacrificial viands,  
How harmonious was their music !  
Only as heaven could instruct the people,  
Just so in time opportune was given the Sage,  
The social relations to set in order,  
Even to this time he is a resounding bell.

## YI.

The ancient wise men had the saying,  
Blessed are those who sacrifice after the pattern.  
His college halls are in all places,  
Who shall dare to be irreverent ?  
The ceremonies are finished, we proclaim and remove the  
sacrifices ;  
Be not careless, defile them not.  
Our music is the gift of heaven,  
And our pulse is from the plain of Chung Yuon.

## TEH.

He is like the mountains Fu and Yi so lofty ;  
Like the majestic rivers Chu and Sz.  
Toward him we aim and would reach his virtues,  
And would have his illimitable ever-flowing and enriching  
graces.  
Oh ! how refulgent are the offerings,  
How very, very bright,  
To him the transformer of mankind,  
To him the nurturer of all our colleges !

## CHAPTER X.

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### The Sacrifice.

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SACRIFICE among the Chinese dates from the beginning of their institutions. It was and has ever been one of the chief pillars of State. A brief inquiry into its origin and development cannot fail to interest the student of comparative religions.

Since the dissevered branches or roots of mankind were planted in different sections of the world, if such be the fact, each branch has developed its original stock of religious ideas, according to certain spiritual lines of thought, more or less in harmony with each other, maintaining in a great measure in after growth a likeness to the primitive ideal.

The philologist is not startled to find in the different languages of the earth words to express more or less clearly similar spiritual ideas, neither the ethnologist to find from Thibet to Patagonia, from China to Peru and Mexico, almost identical religious customs, in some more, and in others less perfectly developed.

In China, happily, we are not compelled to trust

to rock-fragments, demolished towers and altars, or to religious hymns difficult of translation, for our guidance to the innermost sanctum of their religious life. We have, at our hand, classics authenticated and well understood, and innumerable living costumes, which take us in pleasing companionship back to the age of Terah.

Their spiritual inheritance is traced in these as clearly as the geologist unfolds the successive growths of the earth's crust.

The Chinese look back to the sources of their sacred institutions with profound awe. A people who consider it a crime to mutilate the written page, may safely be left to guard most scrupulously the text of the laws which, for more than a hundred generations, has been for government and people a prized palladium. The holy documents to which the people appeal are, on the whole, reverent and pure. The wheat may be buried in much chaff, the golden sands may be exceedingly small, but there is wheat and gold, there are germinal truths in age-worn texts, which have been handed down with as much care as the Vedic hymns.

A great savant has said, "No doubt the solid rock of the human heart must be the same everywhere; some of the pillars even, and the ancient vaults, may be the same everywhere, wherever there is religion, faith, or worship."

Although there have been declensions and fearful moral cataclysms since China's golden era, we are

safe in saying that the present civil and religious pillars were founded 2200 B.C. All later developments have been in harmony with well-defined lines which were drawn before the days of Confucius.

We find described in those ancient records the same distinctive traits of character, identical political and social ideas, the same exalted notions of state and family government, and inordinate reverence for the dead. Is it possible that four thousand years ago there lived a people in China possessing the same manners and morals, and the same exclusive spirit as to-day? A passage in the Liki, which is the Chinaman's Leviticus, bears conclusive evidence of the fact; it speaks to us as from the mouth of the last generation, instead of ninety generations ago. "Will the prince forsake his kingdom? Will he not say, How can I forsake the tutelary gods? The great officer will say, How can I forsake my ancestral hall? The scholar will say, How can I leave the graves of my forefathers? The prince will die for the State gods, the great official will lay down his life for his people, the scholar will die for his graves." To-day's customs are exactly parallel to the sentiments contained in this quotation.

#### ITS ORIGIN.

It were worse than fruitless to attempt the discovery when and whence the State sacrifices; both history and tradition are silent touching these rites.



Like many other religious customs among this singular people, they bear the stamp of originality. Just the stock of spiritual truth possessed by the founders of Chinese civilization, no one can speak with authority ; but one thing is sure, rites existed at the dawn of their civilization, and not greatly differing from those found among monarchies of Western Asia.

It is difficult to properly appreciate the present condition of the people without constant reference to their early condition ; it is also impossible to interpret the obscure utterances of the past, except by present ideas and customs. The classics—such as the Shu, Shi, Liki and Yi—are saturated with statements of this and similar religious ceremonies, but they are destitute of logical connection and philosophical harmony.

The ancient texts have been commented on by many native writers, their meaning elucidated as far as possible ; but no one has been bold enough to attempt the explanation of their origin. Nothing satisfactory can be found in these ancient books, and there are no monuments of antiquity, no traditions, no customs which point to any outside source for their original religious customs. While we have abundant proof of such rights existing at the foundation of civilized life in Eastern Asia, we have not any evidence to show that they were direct from the descendants of Noah. We have, perhaps, the same right to presume they came through such source as similar rights in Egypt, Peru and Mexico.

Chinese history does not pretend to conduct us beyond the time of Yao, 2250 B.C. An impenetrable cloud veils all before that period. To be sure, we have long epochs, and mythological rulers fitted into those dreamy kalpas, but no one, not even the Rationalists, put any value upon these fancies of remote times. China, unlike Egypt and Assyria, is destitute of stone monuments, not having any older than 850 B.C., and these only valuable as describing a hunting scene.

One of the oldest references to a religious service is found in the Shu. It states that when Shun was called to take the throne by his predecessor Yao, "That he examined the gem-adorned revolving sphere, and the jewelled transverse (tube), that he might procure the favor of the Seven Directors"—sun, moon and five planets. After this he made a special offering to the Supreme Ruler (highest ruler in the political pantheon), and made a sacrifice to the Six Honored Ones; he also made offerings to the hills and streams and visited the temples of all the Gods.

Here we have the germs of what John Fisk would call cosmic and anthropomorphic theism. At the dawn of this ancient civilization, star and planet deities were sacrificed to, ghosts inhabiting hills and streams were propitiated, and ancestors worshipped. After the lapse of four thousand years, the same kind of sacrifices are offered and for the same purposes.

The tendency, however, has been to withdraw the

honors once given to the objects of nature, and the indwelling divinities, and direct them more and more to Laotsz and Hu Hwang Shangti, who to the Rationalists and the great mass of the people are immeasurably greater than other spiritual beings. The anthropomorphic tendency, as seen in ancestral worship, has not been less active. There has been a gradual relaxing of homage to the rulers of pre-historic times, with an increase of honors to Confucius. When we reach the innermost thoughts of the people, we find the native religious elements revolve around these two personalities as representative deities.

To comprehend the relation the right of sacrifice holds in the political system, it may be necessary to direct our attention for a time to the objects worshipped. China, as Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Greece and Rome, has a pantheon of deities as diverse in characteristics as the imaginations of man. Some have attempted to prove from the ancient classics and the present State religion that the ancient Chinaman was a monotheist. Whatever he may have been previous to historic times, surely it is hard to convince the most casual reader and observer that such was the case.

## CHAPTER XI.

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### Heaven.

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WE are not to speak of the deities introduced by Buddhism, or the numberless gods added to the hosts of antiquity, but those which, from the dawn of Chinese civilization, have received stated attention with sacrifice.

The first object sacrificed to was, without doubt, Tien, or Heaven, which we claim to be identical with Shangti. These two terms are of common occurrence in the classics, and express in the largest measure possible to the Chinese mind, Supreme Being. The words of Charles Kingsley may not be altogether inapplicable to the youthful race cradled upon the banks of the Yellow River: "Those simple-hearted forefathers of ours looked around upon the earth, and said within themselves, 'Where is the All-Father, if All-Father there be? Not in the earth, for it will perish; nor in the sun, moon and stars, for they will perish too. Where is he who abideth forever?'

"Then they lifted up their eyes, and saw, as they

thought, beyond sun and moon and stars, all which changes and will change—the clear blue sky, the boundless firmament of heaven. ‘That never changed; that was always the same. The clouds and storms rolled far below it, and all the bustle of the noisy world; but the sky was still as bright and calm as ever. The All-Father must be there, unchangeable in the unchanging heaven; bright and pure and boundless, like the heavens; and, like the heavens, too, silent and far off.’”

Tien has the idea of vastness and omnipotence, while Shangti conveys the idea to judge, to rule, majestic as a potentate. These terms convey to the Chinese mind an indefinite knowledge of a being possessed of attributes similar to those of Jehovah. Nowhere are they addressed or spoken of as Creator, except in a secondary sense. They are the most glorious products of creation, and *primes inter pares* at the head of rulers. The creation itself is a series of evolutions. From the apex less universal primordial spirit, proceeded Taiki, the great apex or *primus mobile*. From this hovering spirit came forth the Liangyi-dual powers of nature. Thence came the four forms called *Sz-Siang*, from which sprung the Pa-kwa—eight elements, out of which were evolved the sun, moon, stars, heaven, earth and man.

Although Tien and Shangti hold the highest position in the pantheon, other deities are endowed with similar powers. If we examine scores of passages in the Chinese classics in which the word Tien, or

Heaven, occurs, we find that Heaven and the Emperor of China are correlated as father and son.

Suppose we take up the Shu—there are thirty-nine passages in which the term Shangti is used; we find that, except in one or two instances, they refer to China's Emperor, who is Heaven's vicegerent on earth. In Chinese philosophy, Heaven and earth are considered counterparts. The empire to the ancient Chinaman was the whole world, and square, bounded on all sides by vast seas. The Emperor was absolutely responsible for its good government. The Emperor was assisted by a certain number of boards and ministers. Shangti, as exponent of Heaven, ruled by exactly the same number of boards and ministers. Thus the government of Heaven was a transcript of that of the earth. Spiritual things were interpreted by the earthly.

Deity, then, to the Chinaman is an emperor, ruling the celestial world as the Emperor does this. His government exceeds, naturally, in glory the earthly, as the sun, moon and stars are more glorious than the earth. The good found on earth has its root or origin in heaven, the evil from the bowels of the earth.

These ideas are not foreign to the speculations of men like Plato and Swedenborg, who find correspondences or symbolical resemblances in everything in the natural world to that of the spiritual.

The rulers of the invisible world are sacrificed to by the Emperor of China, by means of the assessor-

ship of their federal head, Hao-Tseh, who alone is able by his relationship to link the earthly to the heavenly.

From beginning to end Chinese civilization is saturated with the spirit of ancestral worship, with two distinct lines, one for the throne, and one for the people. The King of Chao (1000 B.C.) sings, "I have brought my offerings, a ram, and an ox, may Heaven accept them. Do I not day and night revere the majesty of Heaven?"

The evening before the winter solstice, the Emperor took his seat in the State car which was drawn by an elephant, escorted by a vast concourse of grantees, princes, and musicians to the Temple of Heaven. He first went to the Palace of Fasting, where he prepared himself by meditation for his sacred duty. This act would draw the spirits from above to the solemn feast. To assist him, he gazed upon a bronze image made in the form of a Taoist priest. At midnight, the sacrificial animals were burnt; while the fires glared upon the midnight darkness, and the smoke of incense ascended, the Emperor, led as a child by the master of ceremonies, went through the forms of worship of which he was wholly ignorant.

The sacrifice to Heaven was not confined absolutely to a particular time; a change of emperors, the occasion of his marriage, suitable offerings were presented at the altar. Sometimes after a great victory captives were freely sacrificed; in time of famine, pesti-

lence, or anything of national importance, offerings were made.

## THE EARTH.

The rites in reference to the worship of the earth were as binding and as sacred as to Heaven. They were conducted in a similar manner and generally upon the same day and by the same person, the Emperor, who has always assumed the relation of Pontifex Maximus, went in person to propitiate the ruling powers above and below. He, as Son of Heaven, was responsible for the evils which might afflict the earth during his reign.

The earth was worshipped at the square altar (the altar being in the form of the earth) situated upon the north side of the city. Do not think that this great sacrifice was made to the earth itself, by no means, but to Prince Tsih, the prime minister of the Emperor Shun, who taught the infant race the art of agriculture. The same objects were offered as to Heaven or Shangti.

As we enter the intricate mazes of this religious system, we find as representatives of the upper and lower world, two rulers of co-ordinate power, the second of whom we know to be the great progenitor of the family or Chen, 2250 B.C., and the first. May we not say with Canon McLatchie, "Shangti, the representative of Heaven, is none other than Fu-Hsi?" If this be so and I have no reason to doubt the statement, from foundation to capstone, the religion



of China is ancestral worship in some form. All of the elements, and all of the affairs of the universe are guided and controlled by the spirits and ghosts of departed sages.

#### FORMER EMPERORS.

Upon the first day of the New Year, the Emperor repaired to the great temple dedicated to monarchs and kings. All of the representative rulers of the nation were here remembered by tablets, and received the same kind of homage and sacrifices as Heaven and earth.

#### ANCESTORS.

This may not be considered a great sacrifice like that to the three objects we have already mentioned, still it is so ancient and universal that I have concluded to make mention of it here. From remotest times the Chinese worshipped and sacrificed to their dead. Unfilial, indeed, would be the son who should refuse to sacrifice before the tablets and at the graves of his ancestors. Away back at the dawn of Chinese civilization, the people were enthusiastic in this service. At a very early date effigies of the departed were set up in the house or ancestral hall, later clay images, then the present tablet. Every family of consequence has a hall, elaborate and costly, according to the wealth of the clan, where the tablet to the founders and the heads of each family and sacrificial vessels are protected. Four times each

year sacrifices were made by the head or heads of the clan, and upon festal occasions the halls were swept and the graves beautified. The hold it has upon the national life is simply amazing; it is the greatest obstacle missionaries have to contend with; its vitality as a custom is greater than that of all religious customs combined; other forms of idolatry may be dispensed with, but this never.

It is required that the descendant who is qualified to make the sacrifice shall fast and purify himself, think intently upon the forms and virtues of the departed, that at the time of sacrifice he may worship the departed as though present.

#### FOUR SEASONS.

For thirty centuries the thrones of China have been bound by certain regulations called Yueh Ling-monthly observances. For exactness they excel anything found among any other heathen people; they were and are as much a part of the national polity as the Levitical observances were to the Jews. Who among this people first mapped out the starry heaven, defined the sun's course through the constellations, separated the seasons from each other by the sun's flight through the zodiac, and who gave to each moon its particular relation to the heavenly bodies, is more than the wisest Chinaman can tell. Should the regulations of one month be broken, confusion and disaster would fall upon the Empire.



THE THREE KINGS.

The four seasons have each a ruling spirit, a deified emperor and an associate minister. Besides the four emperors, there is a fifth who rules eighteen days during each of the seasons. While the Chinese New Year varies from year to year, the beginning of spring, summer, autumn and winter never vary. When the sun is in conjunction with a certain star, spring is declared opened, and the god of winter yields up his throne to the god of spring. So on through the seasons, the stars index the changes of the heavenly government. Thus each season partakes of the character of its ruler. Near the temple to Mars, in the north of Nan-king, may be found a small temple to the *Sang-Wang*—three kings—three immense sitting statues occupy a prominent place. Two of the figures are partially clothed with leaves, the third is dressed with beautiful garments, and has a square crown upon his head.

The central god holds the famous Pa Kwa in his hand, which gave to China more than Arabic blessing, for from its mysterious combinations language and knowledge in every department have originated. This figure I am told is Fu Hsi, the head of the race. He was deified in primitive times and made emperor of spring. His throne is in the planet Jupiter. His associate is *Mao-Mung*, his grandson. At his left sits a grave dignified being called Shin-Nung, the Chinese Esculapius, who holds a receptacle for medicine in both hands. His throne is in the planet Mars. He rules over summer. To the right sits the



beautifully clothed figure called Hsien-Yuon, Yellow Emperor, who ruled China 2597 B.C. He clothed and civilized the people. He occupies the zenith or centre of the universe, and rules eighteen days out of each season.

This is said to have been originated by Fu Hsi 2952 B.C., from marks he found upon a dragon, horse and the tortoise.

The rulers of autumn and winter are not in the temple, but receive equal homage with those mentioned. The one ruling autumn resides in the planet Venus; the one governing winter has his throne in the planet Mercury.

## CHAPTER XII.

### The Sacrifice.

NOT unlike the ancient Greek Nāiads who presided over rivers, springs, wells and fountains, there were with the Chinese deities whose functions were to superintend not only these, but the atmosphere as well.

Heat and cold, as the ruling gods of the atmosphere, received attention along with the more important ones.

The source of heat and cold was not understood, but somehow the ancient Chinaman made the dual principles of nature responsible for the heat of summer and cold of winter; the Yang was the source of heat, and Yin of cold. The god of heat was sacrificed to in the middle of spring, when he was supposed to assume his sway. This god received homage at mid-day at the south or eastern part of the city. The god of cold was propitiated during the eighth moon, north of the city, and at night. I have not been able to find any names for these deities other than heat and cold.

## SUN WORSHIP.

China was not behind other primitive races in its homage to the sun. The same reasons which led the Assyrian to fall prostrate before Shemesh, and the Indian to sing of the glories of Varuna, and the Andaman Islanders to worship the bright orb, induced the semi-savages of North China to exult in his gorgeous risings and settings. There are sun-myths in abundance, but none which would throw any clearer light upon those earlier periods. Anything, of course, which corroborates the testimony of other nations upon this or any other religious custom cannot be devoid of interest. It is no unusual occurrence to meet with tracts upon the walls of shops, or inns, or temples, which have cuts of the sun-god, and poetical effusions, retailing marvellous cures to those who have sacrificed to the bright *luminary*.

China has not produced many muses to weave her religious ideas into poetic form. The genuine literary man slaves over musty prose and pedantic essays, such as may lead him to the head of the list when under shadow of the annual or triennial tripos. His imagination seldom revels with cloud-genii and star-spirits; such fantasies are relegated to the ignorant religionist, whose idea of nature are as childish to him as those of the North American Indian. It is stated in the gravest manner possible, that in ancient times there were ten suns, nine of these were shot from the heavens by Hao-yi with bow and arrows.

At that time there was no night, and the people were scorched.

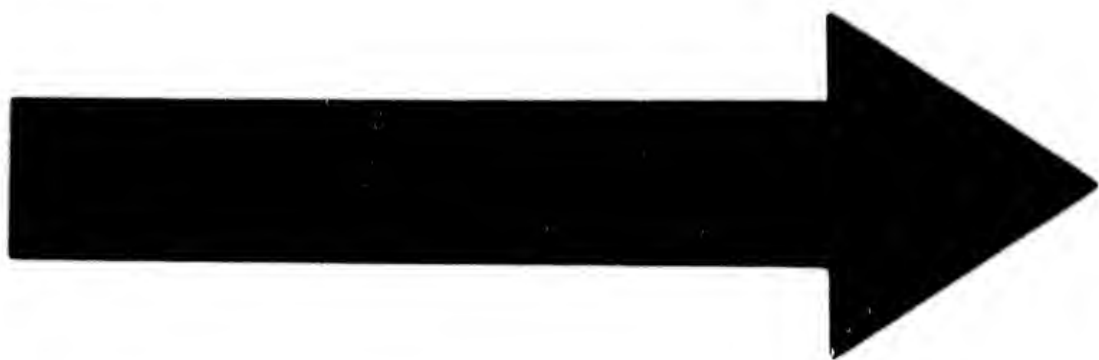
The sun was worshipped at stated times by the Emperor at an altar called Wang-Kung, near to his residence. At this distance in time it is impossible to say how much attention was given to this interesting feature of nature worship. The little sheet tracts I have met with representing sun-worship often have different images, as an emperor with diadem and halo around the head, or a crowned personage holding a child which has a circle in its hands which contains a cock; again, a tract may be seen having three great circles at the top. The goddess of Mercy is seated in the central circle, at the left is the sun-god with a halo about his head which is enclosed in a larger circle.

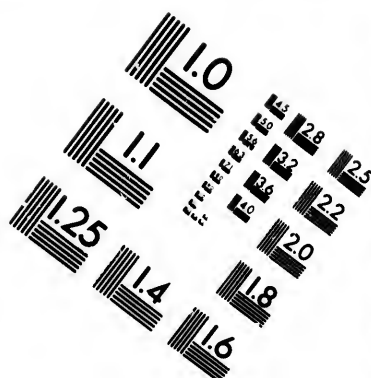
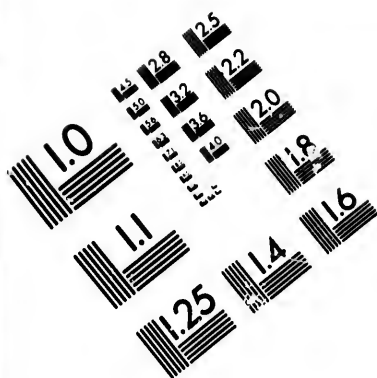
A person of less dignity stands near, holding an orb which flashes jets of light. The moon-goddess is in the right-hand circle, and holds a blank ball. I have seen the sun-god represented among clouds, clad in armor, holding a sword in each hand, crown upon head, ruddy face, and in full flight. The god and goddess are found in the temple of the *Three Kings*, and worshipped at stated times.

The sun is worshipped the first day of the second month, and again upon the nineteenth day of the eleventh month. His birthday falls upon the nineteenth day of the third month.

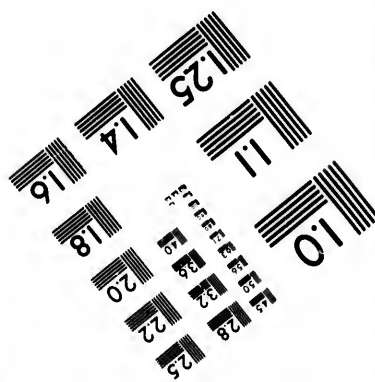
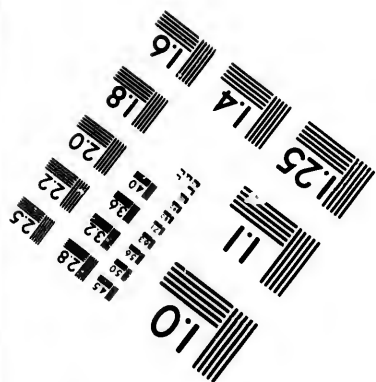
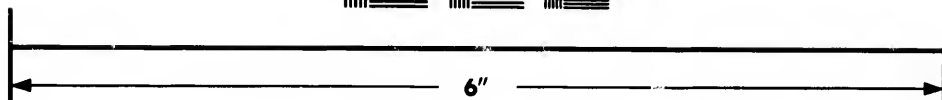
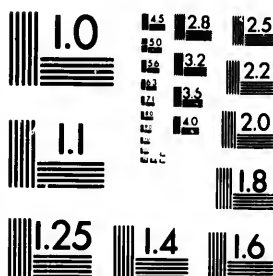
We are told the moon-goddess was the wife of an ancient emperor, she took the medicine of immortality







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SUN-GOD,

and was translated to the moon. She receives homage the middle of the eighth month.

#### SACRIFICE TO THE MOON.

The sun receives general homage three times each year; the worship is very simple, incense being the chief offering; the service is performed by males alone. The moon is sacrificed to once each year, the offerings are numerous, and made by women, assisted by men.

It is woman's homage to the Queen of Night, and is done with the whole heart. No time or expense is spared in preparation. Weeks before the joyful occasion the fancy shops groan with mammoth pagodas of incense; with fairy castles and palaces wrought of bamboo and many-colored tissue paper, and unnumbered devices made out of slim sticks of incense bound compactly with bright tinted paper.

While the moon received homage thousands of years ago, the present elaborate form of worship merely dates from the Tang dynasty, 713 A.D.

Upon the evening of the fifteenth day of the eighth moon, when at her full, just as she appears above the horizon, three hundred millions of people gather about their simple altars. Each house, even if a matted shed, if woman be there, has its extemporized altar and offerings in an open place, where the moonbeams may greet them. The rich make a great display of lanterns and decorated pagodas,

brightly illuminated. A giant rabbit made from mud, gaudily painted, is often carried in procession through the streets. A wire protruding from its mouth bears a paper, upon which is painted a full moon. The evening I witnessed this singular and most interesting service was one of dazzling splendor, such as China is noted for at this season of the year. The moon rose above a fleecy bank of clouds, which were tinged with rosy hues, gradually shading into blackness.

It was eight o'clock when she shone with bewitching grace over the great city of Nanking, not the faintest breeze rustled the great mulberry leaves; all was silent as though for the first time the bright goddess had appeared to mortal sight to awe man and beast into religious silence. The smoke from thousands of little altars, laden with incense, in garden, roadside and temple court, wreathed houses and trees in a film half ether and half cloud, just enough of semblance to enrich and beautify every object touched by the magic beams of the goddess. Soon the fields, door-yards and courts, were aglow with tapers, as one by one, male and female, went forth and prostrated themselves before their rudely constructed altars. To satisfy curiosity, I descended into an adjoining garden, and visited the altar in the centre of a turnip patch.

One of Devoe's oil cases greeted my vision, with a rough mat spread over it. Upon the mat were arranged two pewter candlesticks, between which was

a small receptacle, into which was thrust a bunch of incense sticks, bound together by several strips of brightly tinted paper. The incense and burning tapers lighted up a space five yards in diameter, and clearly revealed the plan of construction and every article of sacrifice. In front of the altar was a vessel laden with wheaten cakes, flat and immaculately round, to resemble the moon; there lay in another vessel a number of opened pomegranates, whose pink seeds fairly glistened under the glowing incense. A piece of lotus root eighteen inches long upon the case, some samshu in wine cups, and a set of chopsticks completed the feast-table spread for Wo Chen.\*

The poor inmates of the mat shanty stood near their offerings, which, although not costly, represented as much affection as the laden altars of the rich, who spend hundreds of dollars to propitiate Luna to shine bright beams of blessing upon their homes.

The sun-god is a colossal image, draped with gaudy robes and mitred. In his concealed hands he bears a circle which encloses a cock. To the left there is a youthful-appearing guard who bears a flaming globe. The moon-goddess, if anything, is more tastily dressed; her head is decorated with pendent pearls, her covered hands support a white rabbit, a circle is connected to the image by means of spiral clouds. The circle represents the moon, and it is partially filled with trees and a temple.

\* Moon-goddess.

The sun-god governs the east and south, and the moon-goddess the north and west. To worship the sun go to the east, the moon to the west. Life comes from the east, the home of the gods; the dead go to the west, the elysium for the departed spirits. The east is more honored than the west, the east side of the house is most sacred. Temples, graves and houses, as far as possible, face the south or east.

The homage paid to the sun is spasmodic at the present time, no holy fire burns upon his altar, and few votaries wax eloquent in his praise. The holy enthusiasm which stirred the hearts of religionists in India and Persia never thrilled the phlegmatic nature of the Chinaman. It may not be proved that sun-worship was universal throughout the Empire, but it must have been largely the religion of the northern and central parts. If the language be an index, and the unchanging symbols tell us anything, they tell us that at the very dawn of national life, back of *Pusa*,† back of *Shen*,‡ back of *Ti*,§ back of *Tien*,|| in the silent workings of nature, there was spirit life, the *dual forces* of which were manifested through the sun and moon.

† A Buddha.      ‡ Spirit.      § Ruler.      || Heaven.



## CHAPTER XIII.

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### The Sacrifice.

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#### WORSHIP OF THE STARS.

NO doubt the very earliest worship paid to the stars, as to the sun and moon, was merely the extension of Fetichism. They were looked upon as objects of surpassing glory, and not remote from the earth. Even as late as the thirteenth century of the Christian era, China's greatest philosopher estimated the distance of the sun from the earth to be merely four thousand miles. Surrounded by the sparkling gems of night, which, seen in an Asiatic sky so near, and weird, no wonder the ancient Chinaman looked upon them as incarnating superhuman energies, some blissful, others baneful. He very soon began to separate good and bad stars. Another step, which was as natural as any in the series, was to assign different stars to deified emperors or illustrious ancestors. Every sage was given his particular star for residence, where he might enjoy the fruition of his perfect earth-life.

The idols worshipped in temples are supposed to

have their higher dual spiritual life in some star or planet. The literary man points proudly to the quarter of the starry vault where reside his divinities. Sages, heroes, emperors, and mighty officers are thought to watch from their bright thrones the affairs of us poor mortals, visiting us with blessings or disasters, as they may be inclined. The place where the stars were worshipped was called Yiu-tsung. Among the Taoists these star divinities were divided into nineteen Boards, of which there were three hundred and sixty-eight gods.

#### GODS OF RAIN AND DROUTH.

The weather deities are not of least importance. The dragon heads the list. A city of any considerable size is sure to have one or more temples dedicated to the king of dragons. There are four great dragons which are located at the four quarters of the world, and one at the zenith. The one in the north is termed the *black dragon*; in the west, *white*; in the south, *red*; in the zenith, *yellow*. The dragon who presides over the east is called the *green dragon*, and from his position is entitled to the most regard. The west, east, north and zenith dragons are sacrificed to for rain. The zenith dragon is called the "King Dragon," and the temples are dedicated to him. Besides these dragon-gods there are associate divinities, who preside over rain, snow, wind and clouds, and the city-god, which is the Rhadamanthus of the Greeks.

There are lesser deities which hold posts as intermediaries, who look well after frost, hail, and thunder.

It is no small task for the officials to keep the gods in good humor, and thus protect the Empire from floods and drouth. They are often at their wits' end, and are obliged to call in the aid of the arch-sorcerer of the world, called the "Master of Heaven," the Taoist pope. He is supposed to have authority over all spirits, demons, and baneful influences. The dragons, together with the gods of rain, wind and clouds, are sacrificed to twice each year in the dragon temple, and at as many times as the state of the weather may demand.

In some of the temples tablets are used to represent the several deities, in others images, generally to the number of twenty-four. The sacrifice is not what is termed the *great sacrifice*, simply a goat and pig with sundry small articles. An extraordinary occasion would call for the offering up of an ox. In case of flood or drouth, a fast is proclaimed, and the higher officials of the district assemble at the Dragon temple for worship. If praying for rain, the prayers will be offered with increased fervency until showers descend. Some months since I visited a singular service at the Dragon temple of Nanking. The temple was found destitute of images, except some very small ones, placed there by a Buddhist priest, who had been hired to keep the place in order. Near the centre was found a small baldichino containing a beautifully

carved tablet dedicated to the "King Dragon." Here were assembled from all parts of the city a brilliant array of officials ; among the number were the provincial treasurer, grain commissioners, two magistrates, sheriffs, and lesser lights. They had already prayed eight days and were becoming alarmed at the obstinancy of the dragon, for withholding the much coveted showers. When the assembly broke up one of the officials entered into a conversation with the writer, during which he asked if I could tell when it would rain. He was much surprised when I said, "To-morrow there will be rain or snow." How could I tell? I pointed out to him the low clouds, and called his attention to the condition of the atmosphere. It turned out as I supposed ; snow fell before morning, and an abundance of rain the next day. So a prophet was among them. It may seem very strange to us that high officials at this late date should be so servile to ancient customs, and stoop to such acts of gross idolatry. It may be more surprising when I say it would be impossible to hold any representative station as an officer in China without directly or by proxy observing all such religious rites. The Mohammedan officials leave their religious scruples among their relatives, while abroad upon the Emperor's business.

The common people would rise in arms against any official who might have the temerity to treat with contempt any of the ancient usages. A very few years ago the noted Viceroy of Shangtung and Chili,

Li-Hung Chang, was called upon to bow before a lizard, and to entreat the dragon to send rain. What can be expected from a government bound hand and foot by such superstitious customs?

## A DRAGON MYTH.

The Chinese say temples were first erected to the dragon in the reign of Tai-Tsung, 629 A.D. It came about in this way. In the midnight slumbers of his Imperial Highness, in the palace at Kin-Ho, the dragon appeared to him, bearing a petition. He said to the dreaming monarch, "I have sinned a grievous sin, because of the vast amount of rain I have let fall upon the earth. For this reason Shangti, the Celestial Emperor, has sent an order to your prime minister to slay me to-morrow just past noon. I beseech your 'Terrestrial Highness' to speak to the minister that I be not slain." The Emperor promised to withhold the hand of his minister and save his life. The next day the Emperor kept his minister by him engaged in a game of chess until past noon. Just then the minister fell into a deep slumber, and his spirit, obeying the mandate of the Celestial Emperor—Shangti—went forth and slew the old dragon. The dragon's spirit descended into sheol, where he instituted a suit against the Emperor Tai-Tsung for breaking his promise.

The Emperor fell sick, and to all appearances died, his spirit, which had left the body, was in sheol with



RAIN-GODS.

the spirit of the dragon, who demanded restitution for his life. The ruler of sheol was called upon to act as umpire. His decision was, the Emperor's spirit should return to its body, and further in behalf of the dragon, the Emperor should build a temple to him and set up his image to be worshipped.

## PRAYER FOR RAIN.

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BY VICEROY CHANG, OF CANTON (1886).

*Translated by Dr. Chalmers, of Canton.*

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To the Spirit of the *South Sea* :

- 1 "Whose domain stretches over the four-gulfed sea,  
Whose blessings extend to the hundred Yueh !
- 2 Thirty thousand miles own thy sway in majesty and glory  
bright as a mirror ;  
Ninety teeming towns share thy gifts of substance and  
clothing, scattered from clouds.
- 3 When thou givest the rain-drops transformed from moon-  
light the manifold creatures all revive ;  
When thou sendest the ripple of morn and eventide, the  
parched fishes straightway rise.  
But now—
- 4 The autumn sun blazes and burns ;  
Our people's crops languish and die.
- 5 Questioning the Hyads, they know not their time ;  
Looking to the Ocean, he heaves a deep sigh.
- 6 The weeds rise up and the sweat flows down, while the  
people's gathered sheaves are rare ;  
The plough is sped and the sickle put in, but Government's  
saving measures are spent.

- 7 This air of blight comes doubtless through a wicked and  
perverse administration ;  
The officer in charge hides not from thy rebuking and  
punishing inspection.
- 8 With care he seeks a favorable decree for his little people ;  
At last he begs an effectual blessing through thy great grace.
- 9 Our world is but just delivered from dire alarms and war ;  
His majesty is evermore beset by incessant griefs and toils.
- 10 Last year there were ruinous floods, this time it is ruinous  
drought. Why is this Ling-nan doubly punished ?  
In the north there is ceaseless sunshine.  
Why is the Middle Land alone distressed ?
- 11 This can hardly agree with the fitness of things. Methinks  
it should powerfully work on the pity of Shen ;
- 12 Till he quietly turns round nature to the rainy side, sweep-  
ing away the Imp of Drought, till he quickly causes  
enriching showers  
On the thirsty land, irrigating again the withered plants.  
Oh ! Alas !
- 13 Our victims that are prepared for floating or sinking will  
happily be accepted as the sincere worshipper's service.  
The song that is sung of watering and blessing will surely  
be fulfilled according to the honest husbandman's hope.  
Mayest thou enjoy the offerings !"



## CHAPTER XIV.

### The Sacrifice.

#### FOUR CARDINAL POINTS.

BESIDES the deities mentioned in my former articles, which receive regular homage, are the gods of the *four quarters*. These lesser divinities dwell in mountains, forests, streams, valleys, hills and mounds. Five very important gods have special charge of five sacred peaks found in Shang-Tung, Hu-Nan, Shen-Si, Cui-Li and Ho-Nan. There are also a great number of sacred peaks, which former emperors visited triennially, and made the great offering. If the Emperor cannot go in person he delegates some high official to represent him at the ancient altars made sacred by a thousand libations.

Any forest, the rendezvous of monsters, which would be liable to injure the people, or the scene of any miraculous power, good or bad, must receive the same attention as the sacred mountains.

The great streams subject to erratic action, whirlpools, rocky points dangerous to shipping, must be propitiated by sacrifice of some kind. Valleys where

demons lodge, or where good spirits manifest their blessed influences, are visited by high officials, to quell the turbulent spirits, and propitiate the favor of the good ones. All of the gods of the earth are under the supervision of the Son of Heaven—the Emperor—and must be looked after.

#### KINDS OF SACRIFICE.

The sacrifice was of two kinds, propitiatory and eucharistic. The chief incentives to worship among the Chinese are fear and desire of gain. The idea of salvation from sin is wholly foreign to their religious systems. It could hardly be expected that a people destitute of any traditions concerning the fall of man, and who regard good and evil as the accidents of training, should have any rite similar to the expiatory rites of the Jews.

The Chinese live in mortal fear of all the powers visible and invisible which are over them, and make it the serious business of their lives to see that they are placated.

The more powerful for good or evil the beings to be propitiated and thanked, the more costly the service must be. He believes that such invisible spirits as concern themselves in his life may be bribed with presents or offerings. Every sacrifice must be performed strictly according to the rites, or no blessing will follow. If a wicked man should sacrifice as dictated, he would be blessed. The service has nothing to do with moral character; provided the

necessary rules be observed, nothing further is demanded.

The offerings were of three kinds: *Tui-Lao*, *Shan-Lao*, and *San-Sen*. The first consisted of a horse or bullock, a goat and a pig, with fruits and vegetables. The second, simply a goat, pig, and cock, a carp and minor articles; sometimes a dog was offered. The third, a pig's head, carp, rice, and small articles. The first was anciently offered by the Emperor or prince to Heaven and earth and to the tutelary gods. Offerings could be made at any time. Should the Emperor go forth upon a journey, the book of Rites says, he first sacrificed to Shangti and the State gods, and his own ancestors. It is written, "When the Son of Heaven shall go forth to war, he shall sacrifice to Shangti, make an offering to the State gods, and worship his ancestors; and, before going into battle, he shall worship the god *Ma*, or Mars. After the battle, an offering of the slain was made to *Ma*. Prisoners were taken to the capital, and sacrificed to Shangti, to the State gods, and to the Emperor's ancestors. The present Mars is called Fuh-Tsen. Sacrifices were generally offered outside of the city gates upon round and square altars, the round for Heaven, sun, moon and stars, the square for the earth.

#### VICTIMS AND VESSELS.

None but well-favored creatures, and of certain colors, could be offered. The horns of the bullock

sacrificed to heaven should not be larger than an acorn, and soft like the silken cocoon; that for the ancestral temple might have horns long enough for a handgrasp. Bullocks for other services might have horns a foot in length. No animal with young should be offered to heaven.

The gods were to be feasted, and the animals must be well-favored. The bullock should have a large foot; the pigs must be fat, bristles stiff; the sheep must have soft wool; the dog should be sleek; the pheasant wide-toed; the hare fat, and eyes like the one in the moon. The horse and dog were also sacrificed in ancient times, but not now.

The vessels were costly, or cheap, according to the rank of the worshippers. Gold and jade vessels are spoken of in the classics, but those in general use were of much cheaper material. They were not to be borrowed, and when worn out should be buried. They could not be put to any profane use, or removed from their own halls. The thrones of the State gods were upon the right, and those of the ancestral temple upon the left.

#### SANCTITY OF THE INSTITUTION.

While the institution is held as sacred, there is very little solemnity observed by the rank and file of worshippers. The Chinese see very little significance in the victims, altar, and libations. They are not typical. No great soul-stirring idea sways the

hearts of the kneeling presenters and officials. These rites are observed as a matter of course, because they form part of an ancient patrimony. They are not retrospective, neither typical of any future blessing. No guilt to be removed, no nation to be redeemed—merely customs grown sacred by age. Before offerings were made, the worshippers had recourse to sortilege by means of the tortoise shells and millfoil.

The Liki says: "Wise kings, whenever they worshipped the gods of Heaven and earth, always resorted to divination; they dared not profane Shangti, they dared not displease the sun and moon." Confucius regarded this rite as first in importance.

In founding an estate, the prince or representative of the house, should first erect the ancestral hall. The Emperor, in founding a capital and court, must first provide for his predecessors and ancestors, then erect his palaces. The departed were considered more worthy and of far greater importance than the living. Confucius says, "One oblation is of more value than the recitation of the three hundred poems, the oblation not to be compared with an offering, and no service equal to the sacrifice to Shangti." Carelessness in the service could not be tolerated. If the robes were worn out they must be burned, and when the tortoise slips were worn thin they must be buried. The Liki mentions sundry directions for the great official; one was, that he should not remove the sacrificial vessels when he went

abroad. In the land of his sojourn he should erect an altar and mourn for his country. For three moons he must dress in coarse garments, white skirts, and white cap. He could not wear his embroidered collar, leathern shoes and white dog-fur. He must ride upon a long-maned, uncombed horse. He should not eat sacrificed meats, and should not say, I am guiltless. Serving-maids could not wait by his couch. The manner of observing the feasts varied from dynasty to dynasty. At certain periods the sacrificial victims were cooked and eaten, well seasoned with plenteous potions of strong wine. Then they were offered uncooked, and at the end of the sacrifice the victims were cut up into small pieces and distributed, as at the present time. At certain sacrifices queens and princesses assisted. The mother of the Emperor Kiang of Yuan attended upon the Emperor at a certain sacrifice, to move the tender mercies of Shangti, when he petitioned Heaven for a son. The woman could sacrifice to a departed husband, as the younger brother to the elder. The chief clansman stood between the living and the dead, as a high priest. The higher we rise in the social life the broader the relationship, until we reach the throne of the Son of Heaven, who represents the whole family of man under Heaven, and, as the father for the family, is able to be an assessor with the departed for all men. He is the only one able to appease Heaven, and serve all of the gods. This upward gradation, ever widening, connects

society upon an immutable basis in the perfect blending of the earthly and spiritual relationships.

The day for sacrifice was written over the treasury door, public notices were communicated to the representative officials, and the decree of the imperial ancestor was formally made known. The Emperor prepared himself for the solemn occasion by fasting and purification. The people held themselves in reverential awe, mourners ceased their wailing, and mourning garments were laid aside. The roads were cleansed, and torches placed along the way where the procession was expected to pass. The king's robes were in the image of Heaven, sun, moon, and stars. He wore a crown having twelve strings of pendants according to the months of Heaven. He rode in a chariot painted in all the primary colors. The sacrificial animals were purified for three months. The Emperor could have seven temples, one altar, and one terrace. One of these temples is called Tiao, and dedicated to the remotest ancestor of his race. The sacrifice to heaven was called Fan-Chai. It was a burnt-offering.

## CHAPTER XV.

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### The Sacrifice.

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#### SACRIFICE TO CONFUCIUS.

THE semi-annual festivals in honor of Confucius occur during the second and eighth moons. A few days before the joyful occasions the officers delegated to put the temples and courts in order pay them a flying visit. The temples and grounds are given a thorough cleansing, the first for half a year. The magistrate, whose duty it is to furnish the sacrificial victims, presents his *yamen-runners*\* with a few cash, and gives explicit orders that they secure, and take to the literary chancellors a bullock, with goats, and pigs, as required.

The *yamen-runners*, instead of purchasing the desired quadrupeds, proceed in a body to the market and demand from the butchers, in the name of the officials, the required animals. The money received from the official is religiously divided among these hungry human wolves. The bullock will be just as small and lean as the butchers dare to send, and the

\* Servants in the employ of officials.



other animals small and scrubby. The musical instruments are dusted and hurried forward to their proper locations. The musicians are out in force for rehearsal. The many-tinted lanterns, and of various designs, are closely hung, and immense flambeaux made from twisted and braided bamboo splints are fastened to pillars and posts.

Mothers, dressed in brightest colored silks and satins, lead forth their little sons and daughters-in-law to view the temples and courts the day before the feast.

It is the only share the poor women of China have in this national sacrifice. Woman owes nothing to Confucius. He never spoke a word in her favor; he left her in the same condition she had been for ages. The Five Relations inculcated by Confucian philosophy—(1) Ruler and subject, (2) father and son, (3) husband and wife, (4) elder brother and younger, (5) friend and friend—have forever dethroned woman from her high sphere of life. The second and third relations make her an irresponsible being. Her life at a very tender age is transferred by betrothal to a strange family. To serve that family as filial piety requires, means explicit obedience, even to surrender body, mind and soul to infamy, ignorance, and every kind of superstition, if so required, and she is without any adequate redress.

Late in the afternoon the Literary Chancellor, who resides near the temple, repairs to the sacrificial pavilion. He orders three sticks of incense to be

stuck in the ground before the bullock, after which he prostrates himself before the victim. It is thought that by this simple ceremony a spiritual influence takes possession of the animal, and when offered up, the communicated spirit will enter the soul of an infant. This infant is fated to become a great literary man.

The sacrifice must be made before daylight. It is considered of far more honor to worship at this early hour than by day. The chief officer of the city should lead the service. He is entirely ignorant of it, and is led by the master of ceremonies from point to point.

#### THE VISIT.

At two o'clock a.m., my companion, Rev. Mr. Leaman, brought to my room his old square lantern, and announced the hour for our departure. Within five minutes we were upon the highway, softly treading over the unevenly brick-paved walk. The dogs from the nearest cottages gave ominous growls as we passed, otherwise oppressive silence reigned under a starless heaven. The great city was quiet as the graveyards upon our immediate left, no torch, no flickering taper, save the one in our lantern could be seen. We picked our way by thorny hedges, by heaps of broken, half-decayed bricks, across tattered and broken bridges, by malarial ponds and reeking cesspools, by the Potter's field, and thriving gardens fattened by the many cesspools which we managed

to escape by watching our steps by the glimmer of our dying glow-worm. In a few moments the temple of the great sage rose as a small island from the sea of thick darkness.

It was not until our footsteps gained the level of the temple, that the muffled hum of a thousand voices greeted our ears. We walked slowly along the south end of the high temple wall, until we came to the common, before the gate to the magnificent avenue which leads to the side entrances to the temple court. For the first we came in contact with a single living being since we left our home. Here, inextricably mixed, were ponies, mules, sedan-chairs, smoking retainers, and upon the outskirts finely dressed gentleman who were intent upon making their way to the Confucian court. Our taper was extinguished, and in another moment we were carried along by the strong flow of humanity into the vast court.

As a bevy of mandarins arrived, torch-bearers met them, and swung their blazing brands right and left and in front, and on either side of them, as they were led to their proper apartments. Each official puts on a sacrificial robe ere he takes his stand before the great steps in front of the temple. The Moon-terrace was the most brilliant spectacle imaginable. Its whole length, one hundred and fifty feet, was radiant with flashing torches and a thousand lanterns. The musicians, dressed in ancient costume, sauntered carelessly among giant lutes and

harps, many of them bearing flutes, pipes, and reed-organs. The harlequins, dressed most fantastically, rallied here and there upon the broad terrace, bearing aloft light reeds and long pheasant feathers, just as their ancestors had done three thousand years ago.

A great throng filled the vast court, terrace and temple, and swayed aimlessly hither and thither as the smaller officials came or retired. All who took part in the service wore robes of ancient pattern. The managers, called Tsan-li-sen, stood at their several posts, upon the terrace, and from those points they gave direction to the complex service with wonderful dexterity. The side temples were first visited, and the tablets to philosophers and scholars were solemnly worshipped, then the beautiful temple dedicated to Confucius's family was entered by the presenter and mandarins, who offered up a pig, goat, and other eatables. The liquid notes of the whistlers, and the shrill cries of the chief managers, who stood upon the open terrace, rose clear above the din of struggling crowds within and without.

Hundreds of people rushed after the mandarins at every change in the service. The doors were blocked by noisy young men and undergraduates, who seemed bent on having as much fun out of the service as possible. Where we stood, only the flashing of torches occasionally revealed our faces and costumes. We were closely sandwiched between the boys or young men near the great doors opening into Confucius's hall.

Our presence was, however, known to hundreds, but little attention was given to us except by the few near by. The worship at the side temple was brief, and not very reverent. The spectators could not enter the temple in the rear of the one dedicated to the Sage. While the sacrifice proceeded crowds pushed and surged through the wide doors, intent upon seeing every performance. Within, all was weird and imposing. The sacrifices lay before the several altars, and the smoking tapers revealed the red and yellow tablets in the gilded shrines. The prayers, written upon yellow paper, lay upon the elevated stand to the west of the central altar.

One of the managers bowed before it, and, in a shrill voice, with great rapidity, chanted the prayer for the occasion. The official all the while kneeled at the altar, where he had been placed by the master of ceremonies.

A great uproar in front of Confucius's temple was the signal for a general stampede; the worship at that point was, of course, the chief attraction of the *fête*. The crowds fell back, and, as of one mind, rushed through corridors and open verandas to the front of the great terrace. We followed, and, with no little elbowing, found a most eligible place to view the ceremony near the great doors which opened directly upon the sacrifices. The high officials, civil and military, to the number of twenty or thirty, were drawn up on either side of the central marble steps. The viceroy, or his legate, is the proper

person to officiate ; upon this occasion he was represented by the provincial treasurer.

Each mandarin stood in position according to rank. The vast court in the rear of the glittering phalanx of officials was almost deserted, and save the movements of a few torch-bearers, all was quiet. The crowd was cowed into solemn reverence in the presence of so many dignitaries.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### The Sacrifice.

#### CONCLUSION.

TOWERING above the phalanx of officials, mentioned in the preceding chapter, upon the great marble terrace stood seventy-two singers and harlequins, arranged in perfect order, and still back of these and upon both wings, awaited the spectators in breathless silence. The Tsan-li-sen, eight or more in number, as managers extraordinary, directed every movement. At the proper moment a shrill voice came from the darkness, and instantly the great doors in front of the sacrificial victims swung upon their sockets. Before the next word of command was given, there was an opportunity for the writer to enter the temple and examine the animals, which were on a large tray before the great altar in front of Confucius. The ox, which was very poor and old, and had long twisted horns—quite contrary to directions given in the Book of Rites—rested in a kneeling posture, with the head thrust between its fore-legs. It was undressed, unlike the pig and goat on

either side, which were closely shaven ready to be cut up. In front of the triple-tray containing the victims, upon a long, narrow table, were arranged in sacrificial dishes, a great variety of vegetables, cereals and fruits, viz., celery, beans of different kinds, grasses, the water-shield, rice-gruel, dates, plums, thorn-apples, hazel-nuts, filberts, pomegranates, oranges, pears, and condiments. Besides, I noticed in bowls the blood of the sacrificial animals.

While the last touches were given to the arrangements within the dimly-lighted temple, low monotonous strains rose from the orchestra and were wafted gently into the sanctuary of China's sage. The chief manager, amid profound silence advanced to the balustrade upon the left of the grand stairway, between the officials and the orchestra. The lutes, harps, drums, cymbals, pipes and bells ceased to reverberate, as he cried as only an Asiatic can, "Let the central temple doors be thrice opened and shut." This done, he next cried, "Offer up the hair and blood." After this solemn act—which I watched very closely—there was a song of invocation to the god Confucius by the orchestra. All of the musical instruments blended in harmony with the low chants of the dancers, as the following words rose clear from many trained voices, "Oh, how great was Confucius, pre-eminent in wisdom and first in knowledge." The appointed official was now led by one of the managers up the side stairway into the temple. By direction he bowed before the sage's tablet, and



held before it for a time sticks of smoking incense. This was the first great act of the worship, and he returned from whence he came.

“The harmony of nature may be broken,  
But the sun and moon remain undiminished,  
The air itself is transformed as it comes and goes,  
But the virtues of sages and philosophers are immortal.”

The master of ceremonies now put the whole company of obese mandarins through a smart knee-drill of three prostrations and nine head-knockings. While this was going on, the great song to Confucius was played and acted by the orchestra. The second time the chief manager directed the same official to be led into the temple. This service consisted in making the ancient offering of a roll of silk. I was told confidentially some days after, by the young literati who had charge of this part of the service, that there was a great fraud perpetrated in this act, for there were barely two or three feet of silk, scarcely enough for a cap for the Sage, while there should have been enough for a grand robe. Being a little emboldened by this confession, I asked the bright young man, “if the bullock died a natural death or was sacrificed.” He replied that it was killed, for the officials were interested in its flesh, for each one received a portion for dinner the next day. The same official is led up a third time, after another knee-drill. He bows in silence before the great tablet while the presenter chants a prayer, as follows:

“As thou hast said, O Confucius, ‘The great beams, and even the mountains of Tai may crumble away.’ Yet, through the successive dynasties of Han, Sung and Min, even to this hour the doctrines of Confucius have increased in splendor, and the ancestors of the King have been more and more honored. The master’s precepts are revered in family and village schools, and in college halls. Rivers and mountains oppose not his sway. The books of Poems, Rites, Spring and Autumn, to this very hour of *Mao* (4 a.m.) we are rigorously teaching. We humbly offer up this prayer with all things here prepared. We worship thee with the sweet fumes of incense.” When the prayer was ended, three cups of water were handed to the official, who made an offering of them. He returned to the ranks, and the same kind of prostrations and knockings were renewed. For the fourth and fifth times the official was led up and the cups of water presented. The sixth and seventh times the consecrated wine was drunk and the spirit of Confucius dismissed to his abode on high. Prostrations were renewed at the foot of the terrace. The reciter of prayers, the manager of the silk, and the one who offered the libations, went together to the porcelain furnace-pagoda with their respective elements, and offered them up by fire to Confucius. The great *fête* was declared at an end. From some thousands of temples, bullocks, goats and pigs had been simultaneously offered. China, from the great wall to the Indies, and from the Pacific to

Thibet, had watched over the tablet of a scholar, and renewed her idolatrous devotion to *genius*.

The officers disrobed, and, before the first glimmer of daylight, were borne away upon the shoulders of their faithful retainers.

The victims were carried amid shouts and derisive laughter and obscene bandying to the kitchen of the god. Here they were cut into small pieces, to be sent to the different officials of the city. Literary men crowded about the butchers and begged for small bits of the consecrated animals. No pen can describe the fearful want of reverence everywhere exhibited the moment the service was ended. Reverence is a long robe, which is put on and off at will. Heart reverence is unknown in the Middle Kingdom. Spiritual devotion is meaningless, except as a means to an end. Hearts sterile as the Sha-Moh gather around the sacrifices, stand by the dying, follow the funeral course; even the dripping tears speak of nothing tender or of agony everflowing. Idolatry is flinty, it hardens every devotee. It is frigid, and stiffens with frost every warm and tender religious sentiment. Nothing good can come out of *false* worship.

The last act in this nocturnal drama was the picture of two humble missionaries as they step from darkness into the fading glare of dying torches by the marble stairway. As we did so, the swaying crowd sent up a deafening howl of "*Foreign devils!*" The din of tramping thousands upon the marble-flagged

courtyard, and the blood-curdling oaths of screeching underlings were drowned by the mighty shout that went up when, as one man, they cried, "*Beat the devils!*"

We drop the curtain, but in so doing send up an emphatic prayer that He, who now rides forth for the world's conquest, may give speedy victory to His few brave and earnest soldiers, battling against principalities and powers in the greatest heathen Empire of the world.

#### RESULTS OF HIS TEACHINGS.

(a) Confucius sanctioned and confirmed sky-worshipping, or, as we may say, Astrolatric Fetishism.

(b) He re-enunciated the ethical teachings of his nation, and made into a living code the almost desuetude maxims of the ancients.

(c) He was the first teacher of his country to formally define the law of reciprocity. He said, "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."

(d) He exalted the family and strengthened the authority of the State.

(e) Reforms followed in the State where his system was tried.

(f) The whole Empire has been affected and directed by his philosophy.

## DEFECTS OF HIS TEACHINGS.

(a) While he recognized in Heaven an all-pervading force, he also recognized other co-ordinate powers. A Divine Being, as Creator, he did not know.

(b) The subjects of psychology and eschatology were studiously avoided.

(c) The presence and heinousness of sin is not touched upon.

(d) Rewards and awards are wholly in this life, in the form of additional blessings to the good, and dire calamities to the evil.

(e) Suffering and death, as a matter of course, are unexplained.

(f) No mediator known, no expiation taught.

(g) Prayer as understood by us is foreign to his system.

(h) Polygamy and divorce are sanctioned.

(i) The system of social life as taught makes woman a mere chattel, and children cannot exercise any will contrary to their parents. Subjects are mere menials in relation to their superiors.

(j) Filial piety embraces all the practical ethics of the system, and it leads to the deification of emperors by their successors, and parents by their children.

(k) It is a scheme opposed to progress. Its trust is in antiquity. It holds out no incentive to unlock the mysteries of the world. It does not hold out any hope, and does not proffer comfort to suffering humanity.

(l) It encourages self-inflation, and deifies genius.

Its trust is  
to unlock the  
old out any  
to suffering

ies genius.

