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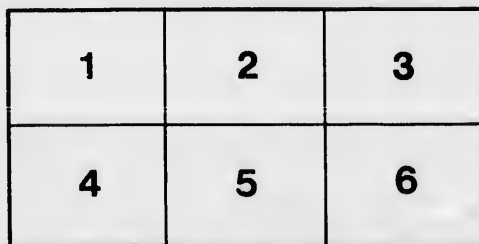
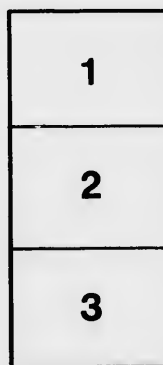
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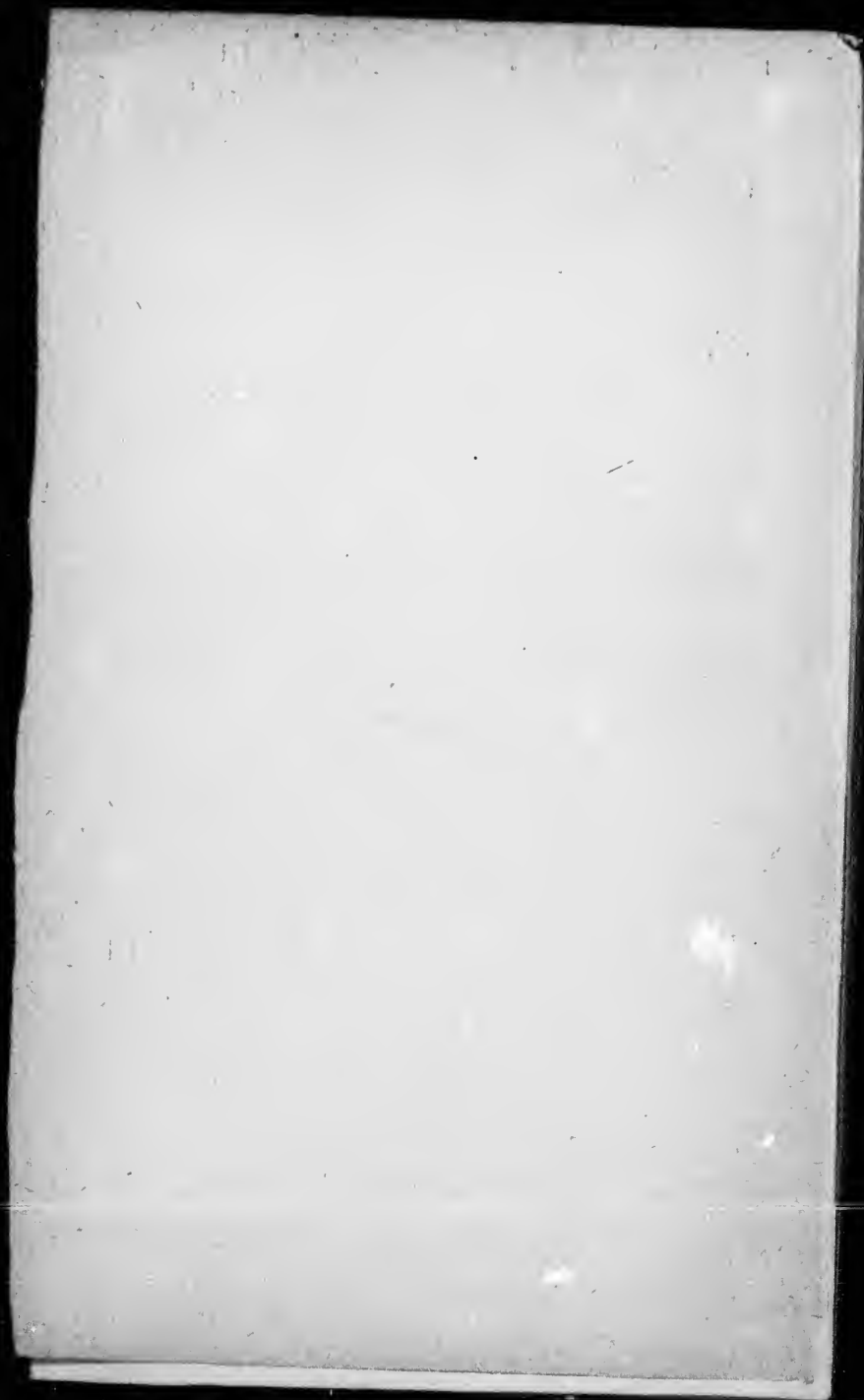
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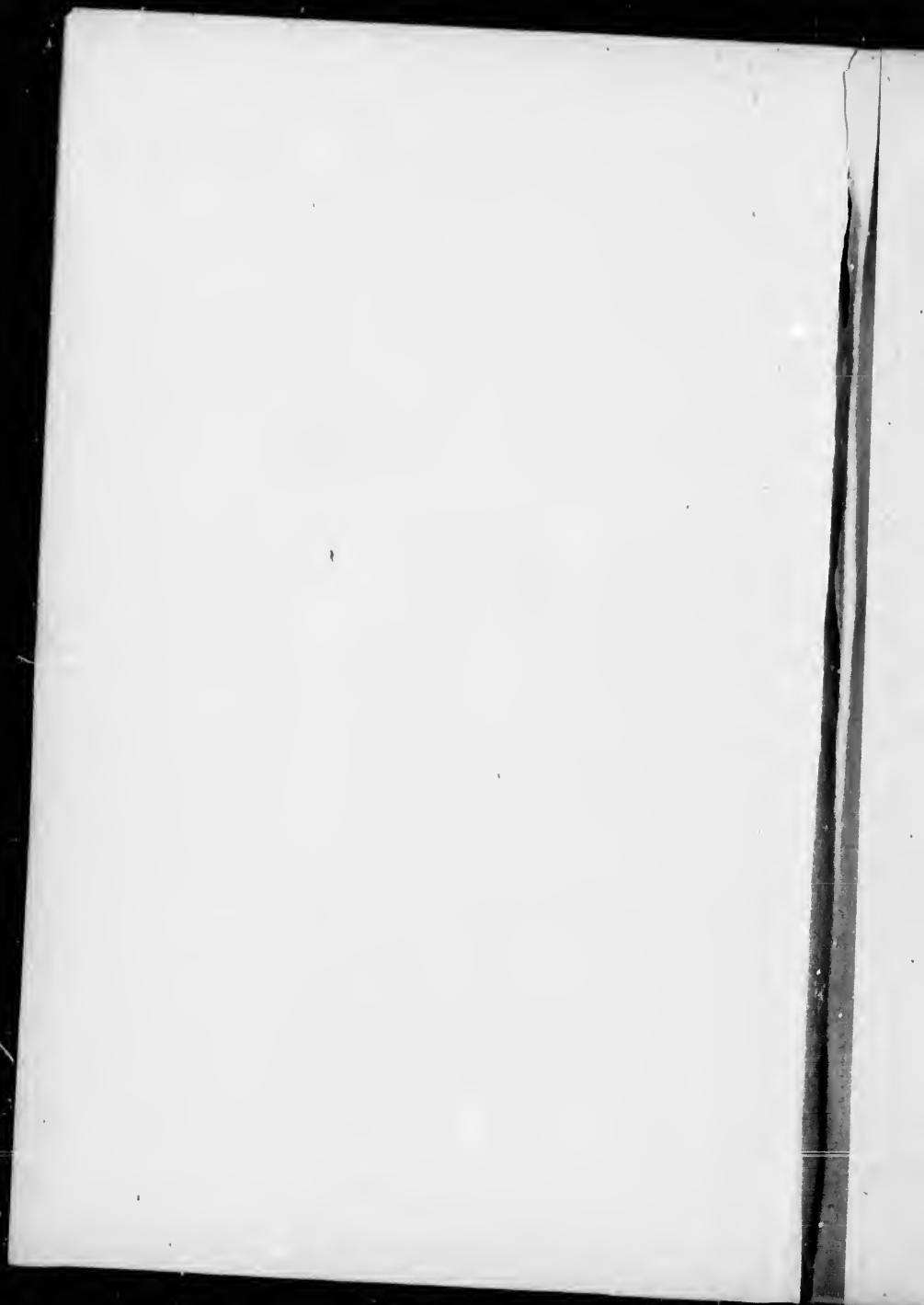


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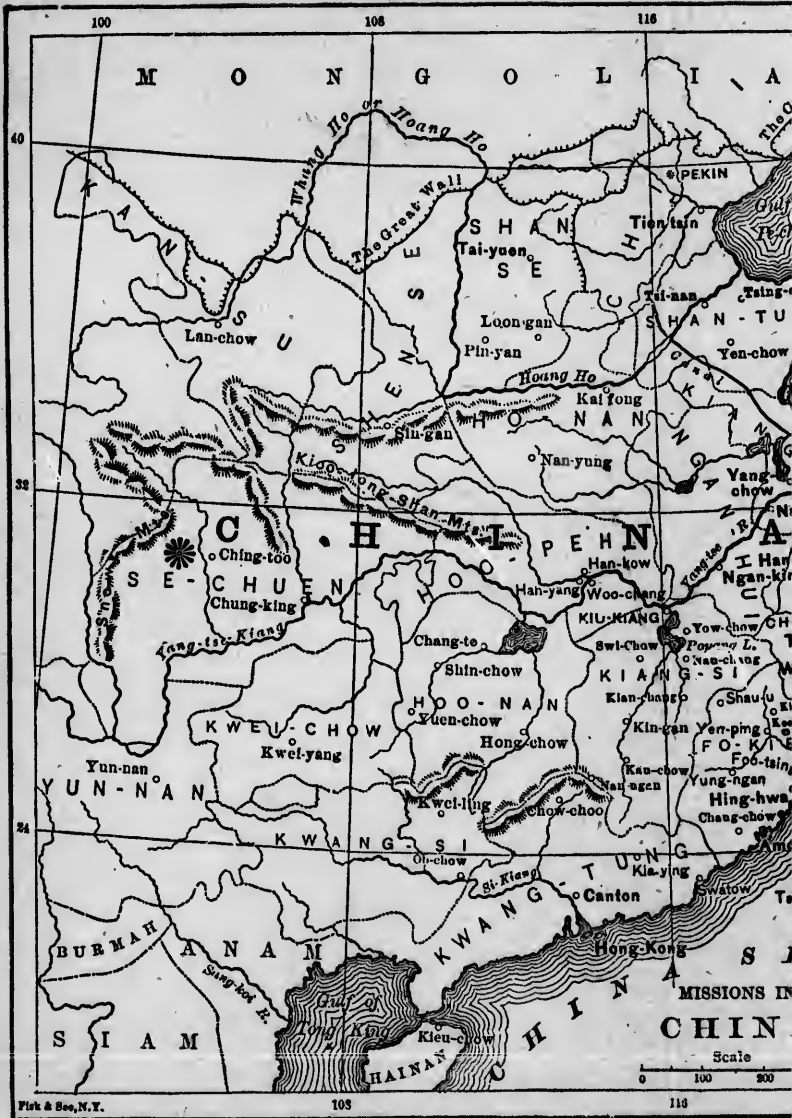
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☼ Headquarters of the Work of the Missionary Society of the Church of Christ



MISSIONS IN CHINA

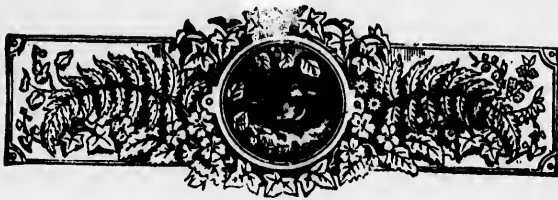
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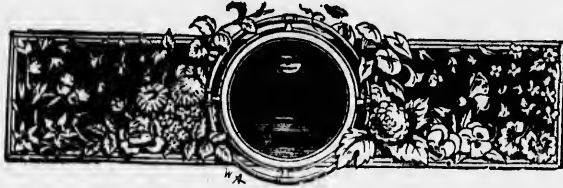
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CHINA.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

1. Q. What are some of the names by which China is known ?

Cathay, the Middle Kingdom, the Flowery Land, the Celestial Empire and the Land of Sinim.

2. Q. How ancient are its records ?

They reach farther back than the time of Abraham.

3. Q. How many people are there in the Empire ?

The number is variously estimated from three hundred and fifty millions to four hundred millions.

4. Q. Can you illustrate this great number, so that we can understand it better ?

If all the people in the world should march in a single line, every fourth person would be a Chinese.

5. Q. What is China proper ?

That part of the empire which was conquered by

the Manchus or Tartars in 1664. It is divided into eighteen provinces, and lying between nearly the same degrees of latitude as the United States, it has the same varieties of climate, agricultural and horticultural productions.

6. Q. What are two great public works of China ?

The Grand Canal and the Great Wall.

7. Q. When was the Great Wall built, and for what purpose ?

It was built 220 B.C., as a defence for the northern frontier. It is now of little use except as a geographical boundary. It is built of earth and stone with solid masonry. It is from 15 to 30 feet high, 15 feet wide at the top, and is 1,250 miles long.

8. Q. What is the climate of China ?

In the North the winters are very cold and the summers hot; in Central China, the winters are mild with a great deal of rain, and in some places much miasma in the summer and autumn; in the South they have a long summer, and seldom need fires in the winter.

9. Q. Do the Chinese use stoves for warmth ?

In Central China they use only foot and hand stoves. In the north they have the *kang*, or raised mason-work bed, which is warmed by burning straw or faggots inside of it.

10. Q. Of what do the Chinese build their houses ?

Of wood, stone, burnt or unburnt bricks and adobe. Houses of the better class are built around a court-yard on which the doors and windows open. They are roofed with tiles, thatch or earth. The poorer houses have only earth floors.

11. Q. Do they have glass windows?

Not often. Their windows are usually of paper pasted over lattice-work.

12. Q. What is the ordinary food of the Chinese?

In the South, rice, salt fish and vegetables. In North China they eat wheat, Indian corn, millet and sorghum, sweet potatoes, etc. Meat is a luxury.

13. Q. What gives employment to multitudes of men, women and children?

The culture of the silk worm.

14. Q. Mention some of the customs of the people which are directly opposed to those of Europeans.

We shake a friend's hand; the Chinaman shakes his own hands. We uncover the head as a mark of respect; they keep the head covered. Our mourning dress is black; theirs is white.

Here young people prefer to do their own courting; there the parents, with the help of go-betweens, select the husbands and wives for their children, and these often do not see each other until the wedding day.

15. Q. What is the position of women in China ?

They are not so oppressed and degraded as in some other heathen countries, but they have almost no legal rights. The birth of a daughter is regarded as a calamity, and daughters are, as a rule, allowed to grow up without education. Not one woman out of ten thousand knows how to read.

16. Q. What are their employments ?

They cook the food, make the clothing, and often help on the threshing floors, and sometimes work in the fields and carry burdens. The rich do almost nothing except amuse themselves with visiting, embroidery, petty games and theatricals. They have little pleasure in this life or hope for the future.

17. Q. Is there polygamy in China ?

It is allowed by law, but is not common, especially among the lower classes.

18. Q. What effect has Christianity had upon its female converts ?

It purifies and elevates their character, develops their minds, awakens a desire for an education, and many of them have become zealous and efficient helpers in the work of evangelization.

19. Q. Is infanticide practised in China ?

It is not universal, but there are parts of China where it is very common.

20. Q. Describe the process of foot binding.

This is never begun until the girls have learned to walk, generally not before five or six years of age. A cotton bandage two or three inches wide is wound tightly about the foot in every direction. This bandage is tightened until the foot is considered small enough. The foot is then in the shape of an acute-angled triangle, with the four smaller toes bent under the foot. They are usually from four to five inches long, sometimes much shorter.

21. Q. What are the principal exports from China?

Tea, silk, medicines and fire-crackers, and straw braid.

22. Q. Are intoxicating liquors used in China?

Yes, they are found in all parts of the Empire; but opium smoking is much the more common vice.

23. Q. What is the effect of opium smoking?

It ruins its victims in mind, body and estate.

24. Q. To what extent is it used?

It has been said that one-quarter of the adult male population are addicted to it.

25. Q. What is meant by the Opium War?

The war of 1840, which began in this way: English merchants had for years been bringing opium into China. The mandarins (officials) found that it was injuring and impoverishing the people, and tried in every way to stop the trade. At length, a

mandarin in Canton, called Lin, compelled the English merchants to give up all the opium they had on hand. Twenty thousand two hundred and ninety-one chests were given up, and the Chinese destroyed them all, thus showing their earnestness in suppressing the traffic. In consequence of this, the English declared war against China. The Chinese were defeated and had to pay to Great Britain, for the expenses of the war, \$21,000,000, and opium was forced upon them.

26. Q. What *good* results followed this war ?

The ports of Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo and Shanghai were by treaty opened to trade and consequently to missionaries.

27. Q. Are these the only ports now open to foreigners ?

No. In 1861, after another war with England and France, ten more ports were opened.

28. Q. What is the name of the present Emperor of China ?

Kwongsu.

29. Q. When did he ascend the throne ?

In January, 1875, at the age of five years.

30. Q. To what dynasty does he belong ?

He is the ninth Emperor of the Tartar dynasty of Ts'ing.

31. Q. When did the Tartars come into power ?

When they conquered the Chinese in 1644.

32. Q. How did the plaited queue originate ?

It was imposed upon the Chinese as a badge of subjection by their conquerors, the Tartars.

33. Q. Why are they so unwilling to cut off the queue in this country.

Because, if they return to China, as they all hope to do, they will be regarded as rebels.

34. Q. What was the Ming dynasty ?

It was the dynasty preceding the present one. The tombs of the Ming Emperors, a few days' journey from Peking, are exceedingly interesting. Great stone images of camels, elephants, etc., stand on each side of the avenue which leads to them.

35. Q. Who were the Taipings ?

A set of rebels who wished to put down the Tartars and place the Chinese again upon the throne. They did not shave the hair from the front part of the head as the Manchus and the Chinese at present do, and so were called Long-haired Rebels. For many years they devastated the country, destroying city after city, and butchering thousands upon thousands of the people.

36. Q. Who was their leader ?

A man from the Province of Kwangse, calling himself Teen Wong, or Heavenly King.

37. Q. What do we know of him ?

He had learned something of Jesus Christ and the Christian religion from a missionary in Canton. These ideas he mingled with his own strange fancies, and blasphemously called himself the younger brother of Christ.

38. Q. Who helped to subdue the Taipings ?

General Gordon, often called Chinese Gordon.

39. Q. When was the rebellion quelled ?

In the year 1864, after the fall of Nanking. The famous Porcelain Tower, nine stories high, was then destroyed.

40. Q. Was the art of printing early known in China ?

Yes. It was understood nine hundred years before it was in Europe.

41. Q. What curious way have the Chinese of reckoning ages, etc. ?

If a child is born on the last day of 1890, on the first day of 1892 they would say, he is *three* years old, because he has lived in three years, while really he is only *one* year old. For this reason the little Emperor may only have been three years old instead of five at his accession.

42. Q. How old is the language of China ?

It is the most ancient language now spoken, and with the exception of Hebrew is probably the oldest of all languages.

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43. Q. What distinctions and peculiarities has it ?

The language in which the classics are written must be seen in order to be understood. It appeals to the eye, not to the ear. Each separate character is a word. Books written in the classic language can be read and understood by scholars all over China, Japan, Manchuria, Mongolia, Korea and Thibet.

44. Q. Are there many dialects in Chinese ?

Yes, in the south-eastern provinces the dialects change every few hundred miles.

45. Q. What is the Mandarin dialect ?

It is the spoken language of the northern and western provinces of China, and with local variations is understood by more than 200,000,000 of people. It is written in the same character as the classical language.

46. Q. Is Mandarin the language of the literati, or educated classes only ?

No. In the regions where it is spoken it is the language of all classes. It is used as the court dialect and by officials throughout the Empire.

47. Q. In what languages or dialects of China are Christian books and the Bible translated or written ?

In the classic language, in Mandarin, and in most of the other dialects.

48. Q. What are the three principal religions of China?

Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism.*

49. Q. What form of religion, which is included in Confucianism, has more power over all classes of Chinese than any other?

Ancestral worship.

50. Q. Define it.

"It includes not only the direct worship of the dead, but all that is done to avert calamities which departed spirits are supposed to bring upon the living as a punishment for inattention to their necessities."

51. Q. What singular thing grew out of this?

At the death of an Emperor, even if he is very young, his successor must be younger than he, because he must worship his predecessor, and this sort of worship is never rendered by the elder to the younger. The late Emperor Tung Chi died young, without children. Prince Kong, an able statesman, was the right one to succeed him, but because he was older than the late king, little Kwongsu, more distantly related, was made Emperor, and the Empire was placed under a regency of two dowager Empresses, one of whom has since died.

* Pronounced like "ow" in how.

52. Q. Who was the great Chinese Sage ?

Kung. His title was Fu-ts, meaning teacher or sage. The Roman Catholic missionaries latinized Kung Fu-ts making it Confucius.

53. Q. Where and when was Confucius born ?

In the Shantung Province, 551 B.C.

54. Q. With whom was he contemporary ?

With the prophet Daniel.

55. Q. Tell something of his life.

He was a poor boy, who always regarded his mother with affectionate reverence. At the age of twenty-two he taught history and the writings of the ancients. He studied much and became famous as a teacher. Disciples flocked to him from all regions.

56. Q. What did he teach about the worship of the gods ?

He neither commanded nor forbade idol worship. He said, "Reverence the gods, but keep at a distance from them."

57. Q. Did he profess to teach anything about the future ?

Not definitely. He said, "Not understanding life, how can we understand death ?"

58. Q. Give his form of the golden rule.

"What you do not wish done to yourself, do not do to others."

59. Q. When did Buddha, the founder of Buddhism, live ?

At the beginning of the sixth century, B.C.

60. Q. How did Buddhism come into China ?

The Emperor Mingti (A.D. 61) had a dream, which led him to send to India for books and teachers.

61. Q. What was the result ?

In the course of years over three thousand Buddhist missionaries went to China, and Buddhism spread throughout the Empire.

62. Q. What is one of the greatest doctrines of the Buddhists ?

Transmigration of souls, or the passing of a soul from one body or state to another.

63. Q. Do true Buddhists eat meat ?

No; and they fear to kill an animal, as they might destroy some soul who inhabits it.

64. Q. What is Taoism ?

A system of magical rites and charms. It has a great many gods; as the god of wealth, god of war, of thunder, of small-pox, etc., etc.

65. Q. What is really the religion of most of the Chinese ?

Every Chinaman considers himself a Confucianist ; but a man can be a Confucianist, a Taoist, and a Buddhist at the same time. The three are not considered as opposed to each other. Idol temples and shrines are to be seen everywhere. Idolatrous rites and superstitions enslave the minds of the people. Two idol shrines at least (one the kitchen god and one to deceased ancestors) are found in every family.

MISSIONS.

66. Q. When did the Roman Catholics enter China ?
In the thirteenth century.

67. Q. Who was the most successful of their missionaries ?

Matteo Ricci (pronounced *Reechie*).

68. Q. How many priests, colleges and convents do they report now ?

Six hundred European priests, about as many Chinese priests, and seventy colleges and convents.

69. Q. Who was the first Protestant missionary to China ?

Dr. Robert Morrison, sent out in 1807, by the London Missionary Society.

70. Q. What was his great work ?

The first Protestant translation of the Bible into Chinese.

71. Q. Has the Methodist Church any missions there ?

Yes, the Wesleyan Methodists of England and the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States have large and important mission stations.

72. Q. What is the Methodist Church of Canada doing ?

For a number of years the General Missionary Society has been working among the Chinese of British Columbia. In Victoria, Vancouver and New Westminster the work has been very successful, and a membership of 190 is reported.

73. Q. To whom does the Chinese Rescue Home, Victoria, belong ?

To the Woman's Missionary Society. It is doing a most Christ-like work, rescuing young Chinese girls who have been literally bought and sold for immoral purposes.

74. Q. In what part of China has the Methodist Church established a mission ?

In the Province of Tz-Chuen, West China, with headquarters in the City of Chen-tu.

75. Q. What is the population of the province ?

Between fifty and sixty millions.

76. Q. Who were the first missionaries ?

In 1891 Revs. Dr. Hart and Geo. E. Hartwell, B.D., were sent out for the evangelistic department, and Drs. Kilborn and Stevenson for the medical work.

77. Q. Why are missionary physicians very useful in China ?

On account of the ignorance of the native doctors, and the fact that when the people have been healed they are more ready to accept the gospel.

78. Q. How do our medical missionaries propose to carry on the work ?

As soon as possible a hospital is to be established in Chen-tu, with dispensaries at different points throughout the province.

79. Q. Do the Chinese officials show any interest in missionary work ?

More in the medical work than in any other.

80. Q. How many converts do all the thirty-three societies working in China number ?

At this time (1892) about 40,000.

81. Q. How many Protestant converts were there in 1843 ?

Six.

82. Q. From what classes of society do most of our converts come ?

With few exceptions, from the middle and lower classes.

83. Q. How do the Chinese, as a race, compare with the Japanese ?

They are less versatile, and less vivacious, but they are not less intellectual, and have perhaps more stability of character.

84. Q. How has China been regarded by surrounding nations ?

Japan, Korea, Manchuria, Thibet and others have

from time immemorial looked up to China as their superior and their instructor.

85. Q. What then may we hope when the "land of Sinim" shall become Christian?

Should China become even nominally Christian, probably all the smaller surrounding nations would follow her example.



TERRACE FOR THE GROWTH OF RICE.
Chinese Civilization Illustrated in Agriculture.

CANADIAN METHODISM

AND

MEDICAL MISSIONS IN WEST CHINA

Thirty-three Facts arranged by DAVID W. STEVENSON, M.D.,
Chen-tu, China.

1. God had only one Son, and He so loved us that He gave Him to the world as a Medical Missionary.—MARK 1 : 27-45.
2. "Great multitudes followed Him and He healed them all."—MATT. 12 : 15. Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.—MATT. 8 : 17.
3. Gracey states, that "Every third person who lives and breathes upon this earth, who toils under the sun, sleeps under God's stars, or sighs and suffers beneath the heavens, is a Chinese."
4. At least every fourth child born into the world looks in the face a Chinese mother, while twice the population of Canada departs from the land of Sinim annually without a knowledge of the Gospel.

5. Yet those people, long before America was discovered, invented gunpowder, porcelain, and the mariner's compass; made paper and type; built huge canals and the great wall, while many dressed in native silks.
6. Think of it: eighteen magnificent provinces, each as large as Great Britain, 1,500 great walled cities, some 7,000 towns, and over 100,000 villages are open to the preaching of the glorious Gospel.
7. Medical missions have, with God's blessing, opened Siam, Korea, Jeypore, Cashmere and large portions of Burmah and China.
8. When Dr. Allen, merely standing within the closed doors of Korea, was called to Min Yong Ik, the nephew of the king, he found thirteen native surgeons trying to staunch his wounds by filling them with wax.
9. Standing aside for the young missionary, they looked on with amazement, while he tied the femoral artery and sewed up the gaping wounds. Such was the confidence in Dr. Allen that he was sent by the Korean Government, in 1888, as Head Ambassador to form a treaty with the U. S. Government.
10. The *Missionary Review* states, "That no mission in the world, perhaps, can show a more notable record than that of the Canadian Presbyterian Church in China. The credit of these results is due, under God, to Dr. McKay, one of those remarkable men who are born missionaries."

11. A man in Formosa travelled a week in a boat to get his injured leg attended to by Dr. McKay. The roads in this island have been strewn with thousands of teeth pulled by this missionary, while his wife, a Chinese woman, teaches in a girl's school and nurses in the hospital.

12. When the "Kron Princess Maria" bore out of Dover Roads the vanguard of modern missions, in 1793, the men were William Carey, the consecrated cobbler preacher, and John Thomas, the physician.

13. They labored hard for six years in India without a single convert. But Dr. Thomas, while binding up the injured arm of a carpenter, who fell from their mission house, was able to tell the story of a carpenter who redeemed the world. This, their first convert, lived for twenty years and wrote several beautiful hymns.

14. Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, sent out by the London Missionary Society in 1805, was a practising physician. But China was closed till 1860, so he spent most of his time translating the Scriptures, etc.

15. Dr. Peter Parker, who went out in 1835, almost opened China to the Gospel at the point of his lancet. His great eye hospital became noted the world over.

16. Dr. Kerr has followed him, and during his connection with the Canton Hospital over 610,000 people have been relieved, 22,139 operations performed,

and 7,399 vaccinations. "This hospital is safer than a gunboat, in troublesome times," said a British consul.

17. Leonora Howard, M.D., the feeble but plucky daughter of a Canadian physician, was sent in 1877 by American Methodists to Peking. Lady Li, the wife of the Viceroy, the officer next to the Emperor, was taken seriously ill. As a last resort, Dr. Howard was sent for, who, in consultation with Dr. McKenzie, saved her life. In thankfulness His Excellency has built two large hospitals there.

18. Miss Howard had graduated at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and President Engell's name was on her diploma. This man was chosen by the U. S. Government as a commissioner to form a more favorable treaty with China, and the *New York Herald* stated the successful termination was largely due to Dr. Howard's influence with the Viceroy.

19. Miss Kitt, M.D., of Tsing Chien Fu, has had 400 women waiting before her doorstep at four in the morning. Many had to be turned away. One said, "This is the fourth time I have come, having been turned away three times. My home is sixteen miles from the city, and I have to hire a wheelbarrow."

20. Dr. Y. May King was the first Chinese woman to study medicine. She took the honors of her class in the Woman's Medical College of New York. She

returns as a Methodist missionary. Surely the Lord is coming to Darkest China with healing in His wings.

21. As a part of the British nation, we are largely responsible for the opium curse, which is now pouring its death-dealing streams through all the avenues of trade. England spent, from 1856-61, in a cruel war, \$32,270,000 in forcing China to buy her opium. Now when a Chinaman has the toothache or dyspepsia he takes opium. Oh! for more consecrated lives like the noble, generous soldier, "Chinese" Gordon, who put down their great Taiping Rebellion. His memory is precious there to-day.

22. On the clearest of Canadian nights, look for one hour at all the stars visible to the naked eye. During that same hour nearly twice their number in the proud land of the Celestials will sink into Christless graves forever beyond our reach.

23. The Missionary Committee of the Canadian Methodist Church have, in humble dependence upon God, and with confidence in the sympathy and cooperation of our people, established a mission in the great Province of Tz-Chuen.

24. As the centre of operations the capital, a city of 400,000, named Chen-tu, has been selected. The married missionaries are paid \$800, the single \$500. The staff of workers as now constituted is two evangelists and two medical men. It may seem as if the medical feature is given undue prominence.

But Chinese missionaries will hope the same proportion may be kept up.

25. A missionary in Turkey lost four children for lack of medical aid. The fourth was carried 240 miles over mountains to a doctor, who said, "too late." The child died on its way home and was carried for four days dead in its mother's arms. To read of these things is terrible; what must it be to suffer them?

26. Tz-Chuen borders on Thibet (the last and only unopened heathen door), as well as on six other of the most unenlightened provinces of China. This province has a telegraph line, salt and coal mines and iron works. It produces apples, potatoes, corn, hemp, cherries, plums, strawberries, cabbages, spinach, turnips, and sugar cane.—See Rev. V. C. Hart's work on Western China.

27. In the wide west there must be 60,000,000 people who never saw a missionary. In this one province alone there are 130 great walled cities without a single missionary. The agonizing cry still goes up, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?"

28. The Chinese know nothing of surgery, anatomy, physiology, or a medical diploma. But they give pint doses of herbal, beetle, and tiger claw mixtures. The skins of serpents, frogs caught at high noon on the fifth day of the fifth moon, are

dried, powdered and administered alone or in combination with other solutions.

29. The superstitions, social sins and diseases of China can be better treated, bodily and spiritually, by the medical missionary. Fevers, agues, leprosy, dyspepsia and smallpox are frightfully common; while half the population have skin, ear, and eye diseases. Some of the causes are uncleanness, shaving the ears, smoky rooms, and forced continued crying when mourning for the dead; of especial interest to the writer, since he spent last year as house surgeon to one of the largest eye and ear infirmaries in the world.

30. We spend one hundred times as much on tobacco as on the heathen, and more on chewing gum than for foreign missions. The excess of money sunk in an ordinary Methodist burial ground would build us a Memorial Hospital in China for 150 patients and support it till the end of time. The Lord measures a man's gift not by what is given, but by what is retained.

31. Milton, the county seat for Halton Co., may contain 1,450 people. As a representative Ontario town, it has six churches and a Salvation hall. Two of these churches (Presbyterian) are rendered idle through union! But the Presbyterians have during the past year built a church with seating capacity of 650 and costing \$13,000, while the Methodists have built during the same time one capable

of seating 950 and costing \$18,000. The old adjoining church holds 500 and is used for class-rooms, etc.

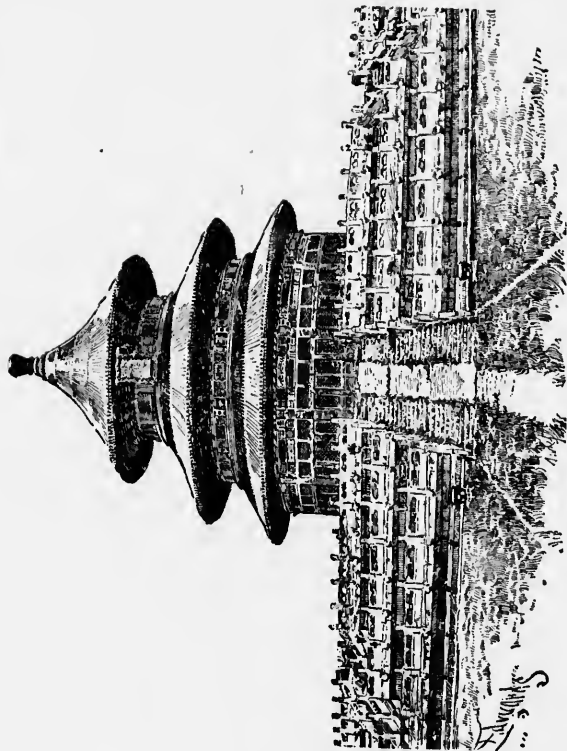
32. In this same town there are four doctors and two dentists. These gentlemen are well educated and thoroughly equipped, and they seem to be fairly busy. Shall we not pray the Lord of the Harvest to baptize our towns with the spirit of missions?

33. Ponder over it! Toronto has 330 doctors, while Ontario has more than 2,500. There are more people in China to each doctor than contained in three Ontarios. If the Parent Board as well as the Woman's give each ten doctors to west China in the next five years, we may start a medical college, and have one doctor for every five great walled cities. Yet the money spent each year would not equal the value of a Canadian locomotive.

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COVERED ALTAR TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING.

WORSHIP OF THE EMPEROR AND CONFUCIUS.

BY MR. A. SAUNDERS.

SINCE coming to T'ai-yuen-fu, now nearly three years, I have wished to see the officials worshipping the emperor and Confucius on the morning of the Chinese New Year, and only this year has that wish been gratified.

Some little time before dawn on New Year's (Chinese) morning, we found our way to the Imperial Temple called the Ten Thousand Year Palace. Arriving before the proceedings commenced, we were able to go inside and look around. The temple is composed of two large courts. There are three large gateways leading into the outer court; the officials coming to the ceremony enter by the two side gates, no one being allowed to enter by the centre, it being the one by which the emperor would enter, should he be there. Passing through this outer court, we ascend to this hall by a paved, sloping path, and here also are three entrances, and the same rule about entering is observed as

before. I may say here that we outsiders, not taking part in the ceremonies, can enter by the centre gateway. The inner court is about the same size as the outer, but is divided into two by the inner half being higher than the outer by about five feet. This higher position is reached by a paved slope as before, and at the far end of this court is the principal room, called the audience hall. This hall, we are told, is an exact representation of the emperor's audience hall at Peking.

At the north end of the hall, on a platform, is a large chair, representing the throne. The chair, or rather the throne, is empty, as the emperor, of course, is at Peking; but in front, placed on an ordinary square table, is a tablet, made of some kind of wood, bearing the following inscription: "Ten thousand years, ten thousand times ten thousand years." This is said of the emperor, and, I should say, is equivalent to the expression, "Long live the king." As the emperor is only human, and cannot be everywhere at once, this tablet is his representative in all places outside of Peking. In front was a table, on which candles were burning. Having satisfied our curiosity as to the interior, we went outside to await the ceremony. We had not long to wait, for in a very few minutes we heard the cry, "The governor of the province has come," and the rule is that on his arrival the proceedings commence. The governor of the province leads the way, and followed by officials of all ranks he goes into the

inner court, taking up his position about forty yards distant from the tablet, and in the lower half of the inner court. The other officials take their positions according to their rank, behind the governor of the province; mats are placed before them, and then the master of ceremonies calls out, "Kneel," when they all go down on both knees. The master of ceremonies then calls out, "Knock your heads on the ground," and they do so three times; then the call comes, "Rise," and they all stand as before. This is done three times, making in all nine knocks of the head on the ground; then they all scamper off as if they were very glad the business was over, for you must bear in mind that all this is done to a foreigner, not a Chinaman, the emperor being a Manchurian.

While the officials are on the balcony separating the inner court from the outer, congratulating each other, for it is New Year's morning, and regaling themselves with cups of tea, we hurry off to the Confucian temple, some little distance away, in order to get a look inside before the officials arrive, because it is only on such occasions that the doors are open. The Confucian temple is also composed of two parts, the inner one being exactly like that at the emperor's temple, and the main building also at the north end. On entering this main building we are astonished to find that the tablet to Confucius is in every way far superior to the one to the emperor, and on inquiring of a native who accompanied us, he tells us that it is because even the

emperor himself worships Confucius. The tablet is in a glass case, and behind it stands an image, and on the tablet the following inscription: "Tablet of the Most Holy Ancient Sage Confucius." This is the only tablet at the north end of the hall, but on the east and west sides are, first of all, four large tablets to the four chief disciples of Confucius, two on either side, then twelve other smaller tablets, also to disciples of Confucius, six on either side.

The officials take up their positions as before, at the same distance from the Confucian tablet as from the emperor's, and go through exactly the same ceremony, knocking their heads the same number of times, the only difference being that at the worship of Confucius fire-crackers are fired off. I suppose this was because Confucius is dead, and the crackers were fired off to keep away evil spirits from injuring the spirit of Confucius while he was being worshipped. There were no offerings at this worship of Confucius, but I believe there were some offerings presented a few days ago.

You will see from the above the emptiness of China's worship. Here were the rulers of the people bowing down to one tablet representing a living man, and another representing one long since dead. Confucianism is Christ's greatest foe in China. Buddhism and Taoism are as nothing compared to the iron foe, Confucianism. Confucius is seated on the throne of Christ in China to-day.

CHINESE IDEAS OF BUSINESS.

BY JOHN A. STOOKE.

Most people have heard it stated that the Chinese are a nation of shopkeepers, and this is verily true. Buying, bartering, exchanging, and selling seem to be the order of every day; for in China, alas! there is no Sabbath.

Ch'ien, Ch'ien, Ch'ien (money, money, money), is the Chinese god. It is the one subject, and their poor dark hearts are full of it. Speak to a Chinaman about his soul ever so earnestly, he will probably look at you for a little while, and assent to everything you say; but the first moment at his disposal he will be at his beloved subject. Where was this bought? How much did you give? etc., etc. Two or three days ago I was in company with a senior C. I. M. missionary in the native street, talking about the Saviour of sinners. In a moment, one of our congregation touched my arm, saying, "Teacher! How much did you give for those boots you have on?" Having told him the cost of these (English)

shoes, the word was quickly passed round that they were dear, because they had cost "five precious dollars." Looking at the long list of everyday proverbs, we should say that the ideal Chinaman is born with a genius for trade.

It is most laughable to read the various sign-boards hanging in straight rows outside the shop doors. For instance, outside a vile, filthy opium-den, passers-by are informed that it is the "Delightful abode of virtue and happiness." Should you wish to purchase a new hat, you won't be long in finding the "Everlasting increase hat-shop," where head-gear is made of tribute satin, etc. If medicine, or birds'-nests, are required, the "Hall of perpetual spring" is just the place to patronize; for it is added, "medicines are compounded according to the ancients." Should you be so far on the down grade as to require tobacco, there may be found the "Three fairies' tobacco-shop," where the "vapory vista of the brilliant spring is retailed to perfection." Time fails to speak of the "Righteous prosperity shop," for china-ware, or the "Infinite prosperity old established cotton shop," or even of the "Delightful harmony establishment" where pongees and satins may be purchased. And last, but not least, the hotel for the weary traveller, called the "Ten thousand happinesses inn." Of course, readers will understand all these fine, flowery sentences to mean simply nothing.—*Bombay Guardian.*

A FEW OF THE EVILS OF OPIUM.

BY MISS T. J. SCOTT, IN "CHINA'S MILLIONS."

The following is the translation of a letter written by Mr. Ts'u, a Chinese Christian, who was a helper in our hall here for some time previous to February of last year, when he returned to his home at Gan-k'ing. I may say he was asked to write his views of "the evils of opium" among his own countrymen and has simply and truthfully done so. What he has written very correctly describes extreme cases, of which there are thousands in our own province. The wealthier class, having better food and clothing, may not waste away so rapidly. Some of the latter though, consume enormous quantities of the drug and present helpless spectacles, their money not tending to lessen the terrible craving. We see daily persons corresponding to Mr. Ts'u's description of an opium-smoker.

The evils that the Chinese people have suffered through the use of opium are exceedingly many. Before the victim has come to have a craving for the drug, he takes a mouthful or two now and again

for pleasure's sake, thinking it is manly to do so ; or he may fancy opium can cure his diseases and give strength to his enfeebled body. Thus fancying that he will increase his strength, he takes a mouthful or two to-day, and three or four mouthfuls to-morrow, and ere long the craving has seized him.

Opium thus used cannot strengthen his body, but on the contrary destroys his physical powers, and in the course of time, the face becomes bleached and thin, the body weak and powerless, and nothing is left but skin and bones. His walking powers become enfeebled ; his evenings are spent in opium-smoking, and as a result he cannot rise until late in the day. Teachers who are given to opium-smoking cannot fully apply themselves to their studies ; shopmen cannot rise early to prosecute their duties ; and artisans have not strength for their work. Thus no provision can be made for the future, and money that has already been accumulated soon becomes scattered.

When this point has been reached, their condition is a pitiable one. They will sell their land and houses, that they may have money to buy opium to satisfy craving. But by-and-by this money goes, and they sell their daughters, it may be, as slaves or priestesses, and their sons as priests. Having exhausted this money they will then sell their wives, all to get money to satisfy the awful craving. They are now void of all shame, and having disposed of all they possess, they next seek to borrow of friends and re-

latives. In this respect they succeed for a few times, but there being no end to their borrowing, and no likelihood of their repaying, their relatives commence to revile and hate them, and pay no heed to their demands. Having reached this point, friendless and penniless, they now take the clothes from their bodies and sell them, that money may be had to buy opium. When this has been squandered, what words can describe their utter misery and destitution—friendless, penniless, clothesless, while within remains that dreadful craving! The entire body shakes, the eyes water, the hands and feet tremble, and the heart is greatly troubled. Sleeping, sitting, standing, walking, alike fail to give relief, and they scream like frightened animals! Bystanders disregard their miseries, and say that such people ought thus to suffer. If they should now seek to break off opium, they find they cannot do so. When they have not the means to continue eating the drug, in despair they become street beggars, and spend their nights in decayed houses or temples. Winter draws near and they have neither clothes for their bodies, boots for their feet, nor hats for their heads, and have to cover their naked bodies with straw mats, which also serve for bedding at night. They are both exceedingly hungry and cold, while again returns the terrible craving, so that in utter misery they buy the dregs of opium from those who are better off, and placing them in boiling water, drink

it to allay their craving. Thus they spend their lives in impoverishment and misery.

Their bodies are like those of dirty and loathsome beasts, and should they pass along the streets, the dogs all follow, barking incessantly and desiring to bite them. Before such there is nothing but hell. Thus may be seen what wretchedness this is to the Chinese.

Again there is another terrible evil. Should a wife be at variance with her husband; should two brothers have a strife; should one be in distress, whether great or small, they will buy a few cents worth of raw opium, and having eaten it, death probably ensues in a few hours.

Thus it may be seen that the evils of opium are very many, and very great, so that tongue cannot tell what sorrows the Chinese endure through the use of opium.

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CHINESE MANDARIN.

WHO WILL OPEN THE DOOR FOR LING TE ?

BY CLARA M. CUSHMAN.

I am a stupid little Chinese girl.

Some days I am so naughty my grandma says I shall probably be a monkey after I die.

This scares me and gives me a big pain in my heart. I am sure I was born on an unlucky day. They tell me my mother cried a great many tears because I was a girl, and my grandma and father were very cross and angry.

I go into the temple and pray the old god to make me over into a boy. Alas! It is of no use.

Sometimes I pray the god to help me to be good so I can be a boy after I die, but I cannot see that he helps me at all. I still have my naughty days.

They named me Ling Te, which means "Lead along a brother," but when another baby came she was a girl too. I heard my father say, "We are too poor to keep another girl." Mother said, "I have had such a hard time I wish I had died when I was a baby; the poor little thing had better die."

She cried a great many tears. Father took the baby away and I never saw her.

After a few years a little brother did come, and that was indeed a joyful day !

I stood by and watched them tie the clothes around his little arms and legs. Day after day he lay upon the brick bed, looking towards Heaven, making the back of his head so flat and nice.

I brushed away the flies and thought how proud we should all be to have him grow up and be a Mandarin and wear a button on his hat and ride a big, black, shiny mule ! Of course we shall find a wife for him, and then we shall have a slave, at last, of our own. I say, however, in my heart's centre, " I will be very good to her."

When he was a month old we gave a big feast, and a barber shaved off every bit of his hair. Oh, how pretty his little white head was ! His black eyes looked as bright as buttons. They untied his body and it was so funny to see his little hands and feet fly around !

Our guests brought money in big red envelopes and gave him many presents, too.

Grandma gave him a red cap all covered with brass images and looking-glasses, because the evil spirits get scared and run away when they see themselves in a glass. They put a chain around his neck and bracelets on his arms to keep the bad spirits away from his heart.

When I said, "Grandma, why do you put a cat's head on his shoes ?" she said, "Why, you small idiot, don't you know cats walk safely and never

stumble or fall, and I wish the boy may go safely through life and always have a smooth road like the cat's."

Soon after this grandmother brought bandages nine feet long, and I heard her say to my mother, "You must bind Ling Te's feet." Mother said, "Oh, I dread it, for she will fuss and cry and keep us awake at nights."

"You must surely do it," said grandma, in her stern way. "Why, how do you expect to get a mother-in-law for her if her feet are not bound?"

This scared me, for I have heard some girls say it is terrible not to have a mother-in-law. I ran away.

I had to come home at night. Grandma was angry and said, "If you run away again, I will send the foreign demons after you; they will dig out your eyes and your heart, and take off your skin, and take you off to America, and after you die you will be a donkey for them to ride." This scared me, of course, and she began to turn my toes under, and wind the long bandages around my feet.

Tighter and tighter she drew them, and when I could not bear it, and began to struggle and scream and kick, she called my father and mother to hold me. I could not sleep that night for the pain.

I can never tell how my feet ached; after a few days they were so sore and lame I could not walk. Once my mother said, softly and sweetly, "Poor

child," and that seemed to make me feel a little better.

Now my feet are dead, and do not ache so badly, and I can walk on my heels pretty well.

I used to see my grandma stitching on some fine clothes and I said, "Grandma, who are those clothes for?"

"For me."

"Why do you make them so fine?"

"Because they are my grave clothes."

"Why! Are you going to die?"

"Yes."

"Very soon?"

"Who knows? Don't talk about it!"

"Why do you put in so much cotton?"

"Because the grave is so cold." When she told me how cold folks are when they die, her old face looked so sad I could not look at her, and it made me shiver. I hope I shall not die!

One day I heard father say, "My venerable mother is getting feeble. I must sell a donkey and buy her a coffin. I know she will feel better if she sees it all ready for her."

The next day our little black donkey was gone, but a fine big coffin came and was placed in the hall. When they lifted up the heavy cover I looked inside. It was painted black, and looked big enough for all of us!

We looked in it a long time, and said this and

that, but grandma only looked once and then hobbled away.

I ran after her, and said, "Why, grandma, don't you like your coffin?"

She did not answer me. I heard her say, "Oh, Buddha! Oh, Buddha! It looks so black and lonely! How can I lie there all alone?" I saw it made her afraid to think of being put in the coffin.

One day my mother put a long brass pin in grandma's hair. "What is it for?" I asked.

"To rap at the gate of heaven with," said she.

All these things made me wonder about death, but when I asked anybody about it, they said, "I don't know," or else they got cross and said, "Don't talk about that; it is not polite."

During the sixth moon, Wen Shan, one of our neighbor's girls, came back from the Pekin School. She looked so queer to us! They had taken the bandages from her feet, and she walked like a boy, and her feet were nearly as big as a boy's.

I laughed at her because she had followed the foreign demons and had a girl's head, and a boy's feet, but often my poor feet ached so that I wished in my heart, that I had boy's feet too.

At first we all made sport of Wen Shan, because she had been off to the Mission School, but she was so gentle and kind, we got ashamed to make her feel sad. One day I said, "Why don't you get angry and call names as you used to do?"

"Because Jesus said, 'Love your enemies.'"

"Jesus? Who is Jesus? Is he your teacher?"

Then she told me a beautiful story about her Jesus. I did not believe it, but I liked to hear it all the same.

We all liked to look at her doll, and the pretty things that came from America, in a box for the School. No one in our village ever saw such pretty things. Everybody went to see her home after she trimmed it up with the bright pictures and cards. She called them "Christmas cards." She says Christmas is Jesus' birthday and the nicest day in all the year. We girls wish we could have Christmas in our village! She says the verses on the cards are Bible verses, and the Bible, she says, is the book the true God has given us, to help us to be good, and please Him, so that we can go to Heaven when we die.

When I told grandma, she said, "Ask Wen Shan to bring her Bible Book over here and read to me, and I want to hear about her Jesus God, too."

When Wen Shan came I could see that grandma loved to hear her talk about Jesus. Wen Shan seems to love her Jesus, but we are afraid of our gods, and sometimes I think her God must be nicer than ours.

No woman in our village can read. It is a wonderful thing to hear her read as well as the Mandarins! One day she read where Jesus said he was going away to prepare a great many mansions, and he promised to come again for his friends.

Grandma said, "That is very nice for the foreigners."

But Wen Shan said, "He is Heaven's Lord—our Heavenly Father; we are all His children. He loves Chinese just as well as he does Americans."

"Do you think there is a heaven for *me*, too?" said grandma, and her voice shook so it made me feel very queer in my heart.

"Yes, surely there is."

"But I am nothing but a poor stupid old woman, and I am afraid He won't want me in His fine mansions," said grandma.

After this I noticed grandma did not burn any more incense to the gods, and sometimes it seemed to me she was talking with someone I could not see.

When the cold weather came she began to cough and grow weak, and one day I heard them say, "She cannot live long." My mother bathed her, and put on her fine clothes, and the priests came from the temple and beat their drums and gongs to scare away the demons, that they say watch for the dying. Poor old grandma opened her eyes and looked so scared I could not look at her!

Mother put the brass ring in her hair, and she shut her fingers around it tight.

All at once she said, "Send Ling Te to that Jesus School." Then she went off to sleep. About midnight she opened her eyes and smiled so gladly! But she did not seem to see us.

"Oh, Look ! Look !" "The door is open." "Oh, how beautiful !" Yes, it is *my* mansion !"

"So big !" "There is room for all of us—I'll go first and wait for you."

Then she folded her hands and went to sleep and they put her in the black coffin and fastened down the cover with pegs.

I found the old brass pin on the floor ; I was so sorry for grandma, until I remembered she said the gate was wide open, so I thought she would not need to rap.

After the funeral mother talked a great deal to me about going to the Jesus School. One day, when my father could not hear, she said, "I want to know more about Jesus. I can never read His Bible Book, but you can go, my daughter, and learn, and then you can tell me."

I was very anxious to go, for the cold weather made my feet sore, and I cried every time I changed the bandages. At last my father said, "Oh, well she is nothing but a girl—let her go. I shall save rice by it." So one day I started out on the little white donkey for the Jesus School. My heart felt big and shaky but I was glad to go.

It was a long ride to Tsunhua. When we reached there the gate-keeper led us to Miss Hale. She took us into her beautiful room and let us see the iron tailor sew, and we heard the organ make its beautiful noise, and then she showed us the Girls' School.

I began to see that *I* had reached Heaven, and looked around for grandma.

The girls looked very happy, skipping around on their big feet, and I was glad to be there, too. But when my father talked to Miss Hale about leaving me, her face grew very sad and she said, "I cannot take her; my school is full! I have already turned away seven girls to-day."

"Why," said I, "you must be mistaken; Grandma said there was room for all of us."

She put her arms around me and said, "Poor child, I am so sorry, but there truly is no room for you. I have asked the kind friends in America to send money to put up more rooms, for it costs one hundred dollars to build a room and thirty dollars a year to support a girl. If they will send it, then I can take you."

This was a far-away hope and did not comfort me much.

My happy heart was turned to iron, and my words and tears were all frozen up together. My father led me away out through the gate.

I did not think the keeper would really shut it in my face but he did. *He shut the gate of Heaven in my face* and I had not even seen my grandma!

Now I am thinking all the time about those happy girls *inside* while I am shut *outside*. I often see a hungry look on my mother's face, and she says to me, "Oh, my daughter; I did hope I was going to know about Jesus."

54 WHO WILL OPEN THE DOOR FOR LING TE?

I don't know how to pray to Jesus—I wish I did—but every night I say, "*Please, Jesus, ask your friends in America that have money, to send money over here to China—enough to make a place for this stupid child, for, oh, dear Jesus, it makes me feel so bad to be shut out.*"

This little story was written after receiving a letter from Miss L. G. Hale, of Tsunhua, China, saying, "*I have turned away eight girls to-day.*"

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ROBERT MORRISON,

MISSIONARY AND TRANSLATOR.

Searching one day, in the closing year of the eighteenth century, among the manuscripts of the British Museum, the Rev. W. Moseley, LL.D., unexpectedly came upon a volume written in the strange characters of China. It had been brought by Sir Hans Sloane, sixty years before, from Canton, perhaps as an Oriental curiosity. Dr. Moseley, with the assistance of others, found it contained a harmony of the four gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of St. Paul, and a chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, all in the then almost unknown language of China. Who the translator was, where he had lived, and what was his object, is still unknown. Dr. Moseley, not a little pleased with his discovery, wrote a memoir about it, which has come to mark an epoch in the history of the religious conquest of China. He argued impressively that it was right, and must therefore be possible, to give the Chinese the whole of the Bible in their own tongue. It was a trumpet call to duty, which soon met with a noble response. This work has long since been done, and

done splendidly; but eighty-nine years ago such a scheme as Mr. Moseley had the Christian audacity to propose, seemed fully as wild and visionary as any of which the world had ever heard. The work had been pointed out very clearly as needing to be attempted; but who was the bold and scholarly man who would risk his very life—as we shall see he must do—in the execution of so gigantic a task?

A pious member of the Kirk of Scotland, born at Dumfermline, a farmer and a master-maker of lasts and boot-trees, he moved southward to Morpeth, where he wooed and wed a bonnie lass from the country near there. Soon he rose to be an elder. This godly couple had eight children born to them, and of the youngest son, Robert Morrison, we have now the story to tell.

This Morpeth boy was rather slow at school, but seemed to be quite eager to learn, and had great powers of memory. In his thirteenth year it was found that he could repeat the whole of the 119th Psalm, in the old Scottish metrical version, and he had it so firmly fixed in his brain that no change in the order made any difficulty for him. By-and-by he learned his father's trade, and when the home was moved with the business from quiet, dreamy Morpeth to the busy, dingy town of Newcastle, we find him very diligent in business, serving the Lord, and studying after the racket was over, when sleep would have done him more good. He suffered from this time, and for the most of his days, from severe

headaches, with fits of heavy drowsiness, which make his success as a scholar and translator more remarkable.

Profound sincerity and truthfulness were, from the first, leading features in the character of the future China missionary. During the early years of his life in Newcastle, and from the evil influence of young companions, he fell into loose habits for a time, grew profane, and once became intoxicated. But the grace of God was with him even in this dark hour, and he was soon overwhelmed with the bitterest remorse, followed by sincere repentance and the joy of a new and higher life beginning to break through the dead husks of dry formality. He thus records in a manly and sincere style his experience: "Sin became a burden. It was then that I experienced a change of life, and, I trust, a change of heart, too. I broke off from my former careless companions, and gave myself to reading, to meditation and to prayer. It pleased God to reveal His Son to me, and at that time I experienced much of the 'kindness of youth, and the love of espousals;' and though the flush of affection wore off, I trust my love to and knowledge of the Saviour have increased."

A "prayer society" met in his father's workshop every Monday. Young Robert was regularly in his place on those occasions, and often took part in leading the devotions of this pious band. It is interesting to note that, in 1799, he had borrowed a mission-

ary magazine, the reading of which had some influence in determining his career. Even while at his work of last-making, he had always the Bible or some useful book spread out before him.

Morrison was a diligent lay worker before he became a missionary. Faithfully he followed his Master's command to "visit the sick," while he lived among the poor of Newcastle. This work prepared him for efforts among the sick Chinese, and it may with truth be said that out of this germ blossomed that glorious product of modern religious zeal, the Medical Mission.

Soon we find him taking ship for London. He entered Hoxton Academy breathing hopes and fears. His Latin was not much more than a smattering; his Greek was still less. Before the term closed, he was one of the brightest classical scholars in the Academy. He remained there until he embarked for China as an agent of the London Missionary Society.

His diary is not usually very interesting. It abounds in personal heart searchings and aspirations after greater holiness, and in scripture phrases which are apt to become monotonous; but here and there we find the man's character blossoming forth in terse utterances. In one place, very early in his diary, he pithily lays it down as an axiom, "that it is best never to do but one thing at a time." One's sympathies for the studious lad, with his slender means, is strongly drawn out when we read, as in

an entry of 1803, "This day I entered with Mr. Laidler to learn Latin. I paid ten shillings and sixpence, the entrance money, and am to pay one guinea per quarter. I know not what may be the end; God only knows. It is my desire, if He please to spare me in the world, to serve the Gospel of Christ as He shall give me opportunity."

Before leaving his native land, Morrison was anxious to acquire all the practical knowledge possible. He gave some attention to medicine, and diligently visited St. Bartholomew's Hospital; he also walked to the Observatory at Greenwich daily, where he studied astronomy with Hutton. During the walk each way, he had generally an open book in his hand.

So eager was Morrison to begin work on the Chinese language that he gladly availed himself while in London, of the services of a Chinaman residing there, Yong Sam Tak, who afterwards joined him in the East. The embryo missionary was soon busy at work under his Celestial guide, and diligently copied out the Chinese Harmony of the gospels already mentioned. This was of some service afterwards to him in the mission field, but much of his other studies in the language proved to be of little practical value. Indeed, this seems to be the experience of those who attempt to study a living Oriental language away from the conditions in which it grows up, and in which it is to be daily exercised.

While working very hard at these new studies—

new not only to him, but to Englishmen generally—he writes to his father: “The work before me, my dear father, is very arduous, but my hope is in the arm of God. If I take the Chinese I am with as a specimen of their disposition, it is a very bad one. He is obstinate, jealous, and averse to speak of the things of God. He says, ‘My country no ‘customed to talky of God’s business.’” Certainly Yong Sam did not belie his country in this statement.

This shrewd, thoroughly *national* Chinaman, one day while bending over the sheaf of tissue “tea-paper” which did duty for a copy book, asked his astonished pupil if Jesus were a man or a woman, adding that he had seen the figure of a woman like Him in his own country. This must now seem, to anyone acquainted with China, a very intelligent way of putting his difficulty. There is a semi-Buddhist spirit of mercy widely represented in Chinese and Japanese sacred art. This being is sometimes pictured as a male, more frequently as a female; but always beautiful and tender, lovable, helpful to the sorrowful and suffering, the very nearest conception in a heathen mind to that of the Divine Saviour of mankind.

During those London studies, a curious incident occurred, more intelligible now, perhaps, than it was to either Robert Morrison or his biographer. Yong Sam had one day written some characters on a piece of paper as an exercise, and had given them to his pupil to commit to memory. Morrison did so, and

then very innocently threw the useless scrap to the flames. The fire flared up, and so did Yong Sam Tak, as only an angry Chinaman can. For three days the learned gentleman sulked, and refused to give a single lesson. When the Chinese studies were resumed, a "new departure" had to be made, and poor Morrison had now to paint his hieroglyphs on a plate of tin; so that in place of burning them he could wipe them out when they had been mastered. Morrison was quite shocked to find that his Celestial possessed so touchy a spirit. If the two hundred odd millions who speak this tongue were to be carefully examined, however, a very nearly unanimous and perfectly sincere opinion would be obtained, that Yong Sam had really shown very superior virtue under a trial most severe to a reverent mind. When letters are burned, they are supposed to carry their message to the ghostly tenants of the other world. What was written we are not told; but at all events Yong Sam was transgressing the laws of his country in teaching his language to a barbarian, and there was the barbarian actually telling his spirit ancestors of it.

Greatly changed are the circumstances of a voyage to China in these happier days. Our missionary left Gravesend for New York (at which port he hoped to get a vessel going to China) on January 28th, 1807, and arrived on the 20th of April,—nearly three months. We get a brief but very interesting glimpse of him, in the setting of his

harder and coarser times, as he leaves the borders of a Christian civilization to carry the torch of Divine truth into pagan darkness. After all matters had at last been arranged in the New York shipping office, the owner wheeled round from his desk, and, with a smile of superior sagacity, said: "And so, Mr. Morrison, you expect to make an impression on the idolatry of the Great Chinese Empire?" "No, sir," said Mr. Morrison, with greater sternness than he usually showed, "I expect God will."

When he arrived in China but little could be done openly to advance his object, as the Chinese were liable to the penalty of death for teaching their language to a foreigner; but he succeeded in getting instructions somehow.

Morrison must have gone through an enormous amount of work in the earliest years of his life in China. Lest he should arrest attention and defeat his main purpose, he let his hair and nails grow long, and wore a queue, or pig-tail. He ate his food with chop-sticks, and walked about clad in a Chinese frock. Long before this, a Jesuit missionary, Le Comte, had wisely come to a conclusion which Morrison's experience compelled him also to adopt. "I am persuaded," said he, to Comte, "that to be a missionary, the garment, diet, manner of living, and exterior customs ought to be subservient to the great design he proposes to himself, to convert the world." Morrison at last fell into a trying illness from close confinement, while the continued strain of working

with a Chinese pen brought on a severe pain in his side, and he gave up his Chinese ways, and returned to "barbarian" usages once more.

It had been expected by Morrison that the Chinese language would be a hard nut to crack, but new difficulties sprang up that had not been foreseen. He began to find that the West End, so to say, of Canton, could not understand the dialect of its Whitechapel. He declared that he thought this was affectation, but it is now quite evident that there are several languages—not to mention the many dialects—spoken in China. Again he writes: "There is a great difficulty that now occurs to me. Neither the Mandarin tongue nor fine writing is understood by the great bulk of the people. The number of poor people is immense; and the poor must have the gospel preached to and written for them."

While Morrison was strenuously wrestling with the problems of Paganism and devoting himself throughout all to the better mastery of the language, he lived in two small rooms, along with three Chinese lads, whom he tried to teach. They seemed to have been most unpromising specimens of the race, and indeed it was not then possible to get respectable Chinamen as servants. One of them in a most ruffianly way attacked him when alone, tore his coat, and so abused him that he had to shout for assistance. Sadly he came to the not unnatural conclusion, as we find in his diary: "That which is most

desirable is impracticable, namely, to live with Chinese, have their society at all times, hear their conversation, adopt their dress; in short, in everything that is not of a moral or religious nature, to become a Chinese." At this time his exclusion from Chinese society was extreme, and his sermons were generally preached to one individual, or, at most, to two or three.

Near the mouth of the Canton River, and some eighty odd miles from the British Island of Hong Kong, there lies on a somewhat horseshoe-shaped promontory, with a bay of great loveliness forming its inner curve, the old Portuguese settlement of Macao. It was, till recently, held on a peculiar tenure from the Chinese, but actual sovereignty has been conceded to the King of Portugal. The Chinese now form the majority of the population; but the town, with citadel and ruined cathedral, is like a fossil bit of old Europe embedded in modern China. It was there that Morrison was to enter upon another stage of his career, fuller of incident than any he had yet experienced.

Even there Chinese opposition became acute and dangerous. The people were growing more and more suspicious as to the motives of this strange man, who had not come to make money in the ordinary way. They became really hostile, and his life was in daily danger. "My crime," he tersely says, "is wishing to learn the language." He tells us, also, that even the Chinese officials there were disposed to be

troublesome to foreigners generally, and were in the habit of suddenly entering into their houses without any previous intimation of their approach. His case was especially difficult, for without abundant native intercourse, it was almost impossible to get the proper sources of information. He writes again: "This shrewd and discerning people are absurd and unreasonable enough to consider it criminal for foreigners to know their language or possess their books." He was afraid to venture out at all; but the close confinement with so much hard study in a sub-tropical climate began to tell severely upon his health, and probably left its effects. At last he succeeded, with two Chinese friends, in getting a breath of air on quiet moonlight nights.

It does not appear that religious opposition was at the bottom of the series of ingenious obstacles that Morrison and the early missionaries in China had to encounter. Rather it seemed that the Chinese authorities and merchants feared that the foreign powers, certainly including England, meant aggression of some kind, or, perhaps, commercial monopoly. It was now, however, found possible to get some little progress made in translating the Word of God, and in fixing terms to be used in giving certainty to the main teachings of Christianity. This latter, indeed, proved to be a very serious undertaking, nor is it yet quite satisfactorily accomplished.

A colleague was appointed to join him in his soli-

tary struggle. Mr. Milne, a scholarly man, who was sent from the London Missionary Society, first (in 1813) came to that quiet bit of old Portugal, Macao, which then held the place which its great British rival, Hong Kong, now holds as the key to the commerce of Canton. In Macao, religious intolerance was rampant, for it was then, and for a long time before that, a stronghold of Jesuit intrigue. This new Protestant missionary might, if he would, go to preach in pagan Canton; but he might not remain to study in the good Catholic town of Macao. So being driven from Macao, by command of the Governor, to Canton he went, for it was now possible to live there.

Mr. Milne was not long in making himself master of what was then known of the Chinese tongue. So Morrison and he divided the work which had to be done on the Old Testament between them, set to their task in real earnest, and before many years had passed, the translation into intelligible and fairly accurate Chinese had actually been published and circulated in China. The once "impossible" had been honestly accomplished. The difficulties of the Chinese language had, at last, been conquered, and against tremendous odds, by these valiant soldiers of the Cross. It must be remembered that at this time there was no permission to visit or missionize the interior, and the work was at first sternly restricted to the coast and the river population. This was almost the only way that the seed could be sown.

Constant and grinding work told upon the health of Dr. Morrison, so that he was compelled, though with heartfelt regret, to plan a return to England for a time. But with whom could he entrust the delicate affairs of so young a mission, in circumstances so momentous as the times presented? A Chinese Christian named Liang A-fah, no doubt after much prayer and thought, had been set apart as an evangelist. To him was confided the management of affairs; and amidst the severest troubles and persecution, which occurred several years afterwards, he proved himself in every way worthy of the great confidence placed in him by his spiritual father, Dr. Morrison.

Liang A-fah, among other proofs of Christian zeal and activity, wrote a Chinese tract, called "Good Words to Admonish the Age." It does not appear that admonition was exactly what the age was craving for just then, and the fact came into prominence very distinctly and very disagreeably in this way.

Nearly every kind of official eminence and political success in China is based upon education, tested by a grand Imperial system of examinations as a first step towards the taking of degrees. Indeed, the system is not unlike that pursued by the London University. The examinations are open practically to all who wish to present themselves, nor do the students require to have been resident at any

particular school or university. They may have been entirely self-taught for all that is asked on this point. Now, it happened that in the year 1833 not less than 24,000 of these students—young lads, most of them, from various parts of the country—had come to Canton to be tested by examination in the usual way. Good Liang A-fah, zealous to utilize such a glorious opportunity of addressing what might justly be termed the cream of the people, men of intelligence and culture who would, many of them, soon occupy the highest positions of honor and responsibility the State could confer, circulated among them 2,500 copies of his innocent little "Good Words," which, alas, nearly proved very costly to him.

Just about the time that Lord Napier was appointed British Consul in China—with Dr. Morrison, by the way, as secretary and interpreter, at a salary of £1,300—a bitter and violent outcry was raised, as had once or twice been done before, against "traitorous" Chinamen lending assistance to foreigners in learning the language. A senseless proclamation was therefore issued by the Mandarins against those who get up the "evil and obscene books of the outside barbarians," or, as we should say, unorthodox books. It referred pretty plainly to certain evil-doers who pretended to "admonish the age," and as Lord Napier (with Morrison's official help, no doubt) had issued an appeal to the Chinese,

it spoke of the help that it was thought natives must necessarily have rendered, as traitorous. Orders were given to search for the offenders, and poor Liang A-fah and his press assistants were naturally suspected. Dr. Wells Williams thus relates what took place: "Two of the latter were seized, one of whom was beaten with forty stripes upon his face for refusing to divulge; the other made a full disclosure, and the police next day repaired to his shop and seized three printers, with four hundred volumes and blocks; the men were subsequently released by paying about eight hundred dollars." A quantity of type used for printing the Chinese Bible, of which Dr. Morrison had presented His Majesty George IV. with a copy, when in England, and many fine cut blocks were destroyed. The boys' school was quite broken up, and Liang A-fah sought safety in flight to Macao, relentlessly pursued by the Chinese police. He ultimately found a safe retreat at Singapore, where, under British rule and protection, he could work to his heart's content among his Chinese countrymen who resided there, as they still do, in great numbers.

The police succeeded in capturing three of A-fah's relatives at his native village, and in accordance with national laws or customs, they were promptly dealt with, and his house closed up with official stamp and seal. It is thought if A-fah had fallen into official hands, he would have paid the penalty

with his life. The poor Chinese sufferer for his faith afterwards wrote: "I call to mind that all who preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus must suffer persecution; and though I cannot equal the patience of Paul or Job, I desire to imitate the ancient saints, and keep my heart in peace."

Dr. Morrison was called to his reward August 1, 1834, after some months of declining health.

His last sermon was on the first three verses of the fourteenth chapter of John, and entitled, "Heaven, the Believer's Home;" but when the sermon was written he was too feeble to preach it. He continued, however, until the last to call his servants and dependents regularly for a service in Chinese. On his last Sabbath of his life on earth, he assembled about a dozen for prayer. He exhorted the little band with much fervor, though in extreme weakness, and before another Sabbath dawned upon the far heathen land, the soul of Robert Morrison was with his God.

Just a few days before his death he had received an appointment as Secretary of the English Legation. But his work was done, and he was called to a higher station in the court of the King of kings, to whose service his life had been given.

Dr. Morrison has justly been counted one of the most efficient and successful of Protestant missionaries. Yet few that labored so long among the heathen witnessed so little fruit in the way of con-

versions to Christianity. Only two or three converts were made in his entire work of more than twenty-five years. But he wrought for the future, and the testimony of all who have studied the movements of the Christian world against the powers of darkness is, that he wrought wisely.

PO HENG AND THE IDOLS.

BY REV. S. B. PARTRIDGE.

Three years ago (April, 1877), I was visiting our out-stations, about forty-five miles west from Swatow. On arriving at the Kui Su chapel one Saturday afternoon, I found a young man, a stranger, engaged in reading the New Testament. The next morning I had to go five miles further, where I spent the day. Returning in the afternoon, I found the young man still engaged with his book. I had some conversation with him, and answered questions he had to ask about the passages he had been reading. The Testament was evidently a new book in which he was becoming much interested; and he asked permission to go to Swatow and study with the class there at his own expense. Soon after my return from the out-stations, he joined the class. From the first, he seemed prepared to receive the truth, and in a few months requested baptism and admission to the Church. After a careful and very satisfactory examination, he was received.

This young man was Po Heng (pronounced Paw Heng), whose history I afterwards learned from his own lips.

In his early childhood, the family to which he belonged consisted of father, mother, one daughter, and five sons. The father was a kind-hearted but simple-minded man, who was unable to keep his family from want.

When Po Heng was about ten years old, his mother became what, in China, we call an interpreter of the gods. In this country we should say she was a spirit-medium. She believed some spirit had taken possession of her, and she could not escape its influence. For some time her husband tried to dissuade her from becoming an interpreter of the gods; but she insisted that she could not avoid it. He ceased arguing the matter, after urging her to be fair in her dealings with those who should come to consult her, and never to exact exorbitant fees.

She seems to have been sincere in her belief that she was under the influence of some spirit, and to have been honest in thinking that the spirit spoke through her. Since that time she has read the New Testament accounts of persons possessed by demons, and in reading has exclaimed: "I understand that. It was just so with me."

She had a group of images made. The idols themselves may be seen in the Missionary Rooms in Tremont Temple, Boston.

The goddess Sien-ko-nie represented the spirit under whose control she considered herself to be, and was the direct object of worship. After these idols were given to me, I removed a small block of

wood from the middle of the back of the goddess, and took out a cluster of trinkets hammered out of solid silver. There was a miniature foot-rule, a pair of scissors, something that looked like a lotus-flower, and several pieces that did not seem to represent anything in particular. These were the *vitals* of the goddess, and were supposed to add materially to her efficacy. She is seated on a stork, which is, with the Chinese, the symbol of longevity, but in her case was supposed to be her means of locomotion, when, on the twenty-fourth day of the twelfth month of each year, she, with other local deities, ascended to the world of spirits and reported to those higher in authority. In her right hand she holds a two-edged sword, and in her left a cup painted red on the inside to represent blood. The sword and cup may be intended to symbolize the act of gashing the tongue and writing mottoes with the blood, mentioned on another page. This image is about twenty inches in height.

She has four attendants. The first image on her left and the second on her right are male attendants, called Kim Tong (golden lads). The first bears a mirror, which in some way is supposed to reflect the mind of the goddess. The first figure on her right and the second on her left are female attendants, called Gek Nung (gemmeous lasses). The first bears the seal of the goddess, which is a symbol of authority. The other two are holding scrolls, which are simply in honor of their superior, and the charac-

ters may be freely translated, "The most merciful goddess."

The Chinese believe that in the world of spirits there are officials and common spirits, just as in their own country there are officials and common people; and that the spirits in official positions have attendants, just as do earthly magistrates, the number of their attendants being determined by their rank.

There are three common methods of learning the will or pleasure of the gods. One is by means of an interpreter, who goes into a trance, just as a spirit-medium does, and replies to the questions of the worshipper. Not many of these interpreters are as sincere as was Po Heng's mother. The great majority enter upon the business for the sake of the fees.

Another method is by means of pieces of bamboo-root, which are flat on one side and convex on the other. The worshipper, after burning incense-sticks and making his requests, drops these blocks on the floor before the idol. If they fall with one convex and one flat surface up, the answer is supposed to be favorable; if otherwise, that is, with both convex or both flat surfaces up, the answer is supposed to be unfavorable. I should feel better satisfied with this method, if I had not noticed that the worshippers continued to drop the blocks until their position indicated a favorable reply.

A third method is by means of slips of bamboo,

which are numbered, the numbers corresponding to those of a list of mottoes on a placard hung in the temple. These slips are placed in a cylindrical box, and shaken until one is thrown out. The motto whose number corresponds with the number on the slip is supposed to be the reply to the worshipper's petition.

This goddess and Po Heng's mother, who interpreted the replies of the goddess, soon became famous; and, as gifts were brought by the worshippers, who came by hundreds, the family was able in a few years to build a large and substantial house.

When Po Heng was fifteen years old, the father died; and about that time his mother said the goddess told her she must send her sons away, or some great calamity would befall them. The daughter had been betrothed, according to the usual custom. But the mother would not heed the spirit, as she was not willing to part with her sons. About five years later, Po Heng's grandmother, who lived in the family, one brother, his own wife, and the wives of two of his brothers—in all five persons—died within a few weeks' time. The mother, now fearing the vengeance of the spirit, at once made arrangements to separate her four remaining sons. Po Heng and one brother were adopted by well-to-do people in a neighboring village. another was employed in a city some miles distant, and the fourth remained at home with his mother.

About the time that Po Heng's mother became an interpreter of the goddess, a young woman, who was a wandering interpreter of the gods, happened to call at their house, and was adopted into the family. She had a home with them for several years, and afterwards visited them at intervals. About three years ago, this woman in her wanderings went to

Kui Su, and called on a family, one of whose members, a young man, was a Christian, who talked with her about the teachings of Jesus, and told her of our chapel in that place.

When she next visited her adopted mother, Po Heng was there, and she said to him: "They have a new god to worship over at Kui Su. I thought I was walking in the right way, but that seems a good way too; and, as it wouldn't be proper for me to go the chapel, I wish you would go and learn about the doctrine taught there." So Po Heng went over, the distance being twelve or fifteen miles; but finding no one at the chapel, he went again, and that was the time I met him. And thus it was that he was directed into the way of life.

As soon as Po Heng began to believe he began to preach, one of his earliest hearers being his mother, who soon gave two Bible-women a home for several weeks in her house. When she began to pray she said the spirit that had had complete possession of her for twenty years seemed no longer to have control over her. She is a woman of more than ordinary ability, but seems to suffer from palsy, induced, perhaps, by what she has passed through. She used to gash her tongue with a knife, and write with the blood mottoes, which were eagerly sought as potent charms. Three times she "walked the fiery road"; that is, walked barefooted over a path of burning coals. Several times she washed her face and neck in boiling oil; once she climbed a ladder, the rounds of which were seventy knives; and once she dived into an eddy in the river near her village, where several persons had been drowned, and was supposed to have captured the evil spirit dwelling in the depths and causing the deaths of those who were drowned.

She gained a wide reputation for these acts, committed in a state of frenzy under the supposed influence of the spirit, which she did not believe she could resist. But, after hearing the gospel as preached by her son, and being taught to pray by the Bible-women, she became, through the efficacy of prayer, able to resist the power that had so long enslaved her.

Soon after Po Heng became a believer, I accepted his invitation to accompany him on a visit to his mother. In a room on one side of an open court, I saw a group of idols occupying a position of honor which they had held for twenty years. Thousands of men and women, from towns and villages far and near, had bowed in worship before this potent goddess. Offerings of baked meats, vegetables, and fruits in immense quantities had been presented, and incense-sticks innumerable had been burned before her. Gifts and money to the amount of eighty or one hundred dollars had been presented annually to the interpreter, who knew so perfectly the will of Sien-ko-nie.

After a few months, Po Heng told me his mother had given up her faith in the idols, and was willing they should be thrown out of the house. I asked him to give them to me, and he readily complied; but, as it was near the latter part of the year, he thought it best not to remove them from the house, until the first month of the new year.

At the beginning of each year, the Chinese idolaters bow before their idols, and vow that, if successful during the year, they will in the twelfth month bring offerings of incense-sticks, baked meats, fruits, etc. Scores of people had at the beginning of the year made such vows before this idol; and, if in the twelfth month they should come

to pay their vows, and find the object of their worship cast out, they would doubtless make a disturbance, and cause the family much distress.

But, at the beginning of the new year, he gathered them up, put them into a basket, and carried them to the boat, in which he expected to take passage for Swatow. The boatman, however, had in some way learned that he was carrying away the long-venerated idols, and would not allow him to take them on board. If he would desecrate the gods, they would not share in the transaction, nor would they run the risk of taking him as a passenger, believing, as they did, that they would never reach Swatow, less than twenty miles distant. So Po Heng was compelled to take a small boat, and row for himself. And thus these images came into my possession.

In renouncing the idols, this interpreter of the goddess relinquished the fees which she had been accustomed to receive, and which were sufficient to provide not only the necessaries of life, but luxuries also. Po Heng had been receiving from the family into which he had been adopted the rice used by his own family; but when he gave up idolatry, and became a follower of Jesus, he was told that he would no longer receive this allowance.

Some weeks after the idols had been carried away, I again went with Po Heng to his mother's house. After the evening meal, we all met in the room which had been despoiled of the idols. The perfume of the incense still lingered there, but there were no visible evidences of idolatrous worship. In the place of the idols' shrine, there was a table, on which were Christian books. A hymn was sung, a passage of Scripture was read, and

then we bowed in prayer to the one true God who created the heavens.

Po Heng's mother was baptized last summer, and is now the companion of one of the Bible-women. Her daughter, Po Iong, is an efficient Bible-woman. Po Heng is one of our most trustworthy preachers. His daughter was recently baptized. His wife—for he was married again after the death of his first wife—seems to be a sincere believer, but has not yet united with the Church. His three brothers are on friendly terms with Christians. One of them was a confirmed gambler; but, after Po Heng's conversion, he gave up gambling, very much to the surprise of the neighbors, for the Chinese believe that the habit of gambling cannot be broken up.

Three years ago, this group of idols was revered by thousands of men and women living in the towns near their shrine. To-day, they are objects of curiosity in this land, where even the children would scorn the thought of bowing before them.

Three years ago, Po Heng's mother and all her children were worshippers of idols,—servants of Satan. To-day, nearly all the members of her family are interested in the teachings of Christ; and several of them are not only worshippers of the true God, but are actively engaged as Christian workers.

... "God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

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