

## NINGPO AND THE BUDDHIST TEMPLES.

On a glorious afternoon, at the close of April, 1879, we drove along the broad, handsome quays of Shanghai till we reached the China Merchant Company's wharf, where we found the *Kiang Teen* about to start for Ningpo. She is an American steamer, with good accommodation for first-class passengers, and abundant space for an unlimited number of Chinamen, to whom close packing is no objection provided the fares are sufficiently low. My own cabin was roomy and luxurious, but with the first glimpse of dawn I was astir, and gladly accepted an invitation from the genial captain to share his early chocolate and take possession of a snug corner on the bridge commanding a perfect view of the Ningpo River, which we entered at daybreak, passing the Chinhai Fort, a picturesque old castle on a small hill, with a foreground of quaint junks. Thence for about sixteen miles we steamed slowly up the stream, the morning mists rising dreamily from the river and from the low, damp rice-lands and canals, and giving strange relief to the many dark hillocks which here mark ancestral graves, groups of which, in tens, twenties, hundreds, lie thickly strewn in every direction. They number, perhaps, tens of thousands, and usurp a most unfair proportion of the flat, alluvial land, which yields such rich green crops wherever the farmer ventures to cultivate. Throughout this district nearly all graves are marked by simple mounds, the picturesque horse-shoe form so common in Southern China being here unknown.

As we approached the fine old walled city of Ningpo, the principal objects which revealed themselves were buildings much larger than ordinary dwelling-houses, and having very high, pitched, thatched roofs. Of these we counted three hundred and eighty. These are ice-houses, in which, during the winter months, the ice is stored for fish-curing. It is collected day by day in layers only about half an inch thick and pounded into a solid mass. About 7 A. M. the great steamer was moored alongside the wharf. Our first hour was devoted to the shops of the wood-carvers, exquisite carving in white wood being the industry for which Ningpo is most justly

celebrated. The finest of this work commands a price which, even in Europe or America, would be considered high, but the second-class carvings sell at very low figures. Picture-frames and brackets seem to be the favorite objects of manufacture. We saw one cabinet on which endless patient skill had been expended. To our eyes, however, accustomed to the rich tone of Canton black wood furniture, this pale wood was rather an unpleasant material.

Having secured bearers, and open chairs of wicker-work in preference to the closely covered, upright ones in common use, we were next carried about two miles through the city, crossing the river by a ferry, and at last reaching the English church mission, where we received most cordial welcome from the late Bishop Russell and his wife, who were most hospitable. Here, in the heart of the heathen city, and on a site which, but a few years ago, was devoted to accumulations of foulest refuse, now stands the pleasant home, with its bright little garden, fragrant with roses and orange-blossoms, and enlivened by a charming group of tiny Chinese children, with quaintly shaven heads, and in their pretty native dresses of every vivid hue. These are children of some of the native clergy and teachers, whose very small salary makes it a real boon when one of their little ones here finds a temporary home and wise and loving care. On either side of the bishop's house were his schools—that for boys in the care of a clergyman of the Church of England, while the girls' school was in the charge of an English lady, with Chinese assistants. The children, of all ages, were lodged in the school, and a brighter, more intelligent assemblage could nowhere be found. Every effort is made to save the girls from the cruel torture of foot-binding, but such is the force of a distorted public opinion that the poor children themselves, though unable to restrain the tears caused by positive suffering, often insist on enduring the pain, rather than sacrifice their vanity and incur the risk of being despised in the matrimonial market as large-footed plebeians. Facing the house was the neat church, where, on several days of the week, one of the native clergy sits for

hours, instructing such of his heathen countrymen as care to come quietly and hear his message, while the regular services are attended by a large and most reverent congregation. There are three other churches belonging to this mission in different parts of the city, and small chapels at various points in the neighborhood, the whole forming a Christian body, small indeed when compared with the vast pagan population around, but no mean harvest when viewed as the fruit of one devoted life; for, without detracting one jot from the credit due to his fellow-workers, it must be recorded that Bishop Russell has been the soul of the whole movement.

We spent a pleasant morning in Bishop Russell's home, and Miss L.— took me to see all her Chinese girls busily at work, some reading, some writing, others with large, picturesque wheels winding the silk spun by their own silk-worms, which are fed on the mulberry leaves grown in the garden. All looked bright and intelligent, and strikingly clean and tidy, their neatly dressed, glossy black hair reflecting the sunlight. The style of hair-dressing fashionable in Ningpo is not encouraged among the school-girls, and it is certainly very peculiar, and curiously unlike that of any other district in China. A woman having rolled up her own hair quite simply, purchases two enormous wings of black hair made up on wire, which she attaches to the back of her head. She also purchases a small neat fold of hair, with which she conceals the fastening. There is no attempt at deception in the wearing of this false hair; it is simply a head-dress which could not possibly be made of growing hair.

After lunch the Bishop kindly undertook to show us some of the city lions: so we once more betook us to our chairs, he escorting us on his pony. Our first visit was to the temple of the City Defenders, a large, national temple, where the municipal authorities offer solemn worship at stated festivals. Here, as in most of the military temples we visited, the objects of adoration are several huge idols of the Tartar type, with very long black mustaches. There were the usual altars, with bronze vessels for flowers, incense and candles, the quaintly carved mythological stone animals, the furnace in which are daily burnt all papers collected in the streets, and over all the coating of dirt, which, except at the great New Year purification, seems so invariable an adjunct of all Chinese temples, striking the traveler the more forcibly from contrast with the exquisite cleanliness of those in Japan. That furnace for the burning of all scraps of paper

points to the strange reverence for learning which characterizes this people. As the Mahomedan carefully commits to the flame any paper on which the name of the Almighty might chance to be inscribed, that he may thus save it from possible profanation, so the Chinese honor all papers, that by so doing they may preserve any quotation from the writings of Confucius, or other classical authority, from being trampled under foot. It is therefore an act of merit either to go in person or by deputy, carrying a large basket, and therein to collect every paper which chance or house-sweeping may have deposited in the streets, and then carry these to the temple to be burnt.

We next went to the great Pagoda, a very tall white tower, but poor and naked looking, its galleries having been destroyed by fire. Either this very building, or a similar one on the same site, was built a thousand years ago. It is fourteen stories high and shows seven tiers of windows. We climbed to the top, and had an extensive view of the city, which is flat and wanting in distinct features—a flat country all around, with hills in the far distance. Descending thence, we continued our journey through the city, passing innumerable objects of artistic interest, combined with an indescribable amount of dirt. The simplest shopping expedition, to me so wearisome in other lands, here became a delight; the shop itself, with its huge, quaint sign-board, and gorgeously decked domestic shrine, and still more the glimpses of home-life in the inner court, were each a study to rejoice an artist. Only the too rapid succession of such subjects is bewildering. You are carried through the narrowest streets you can imagine, thronged with a most picturesque crowd of men and women, rich and poor, children, beggars, and street hawkers; quaint sign-boards of every sort are hung out from the shops, or rise fifteen or eighteen feet from a carved stand at the door. The shops themselves rarely have a frontage of more than ten feet, all open to the street, whence you can watch each skillful workman deftly manufacturing his wares. For here the show-room is the workshop, and the curious gaze of the passer-by in no way disturbs the artisan, who calmly proceeds with his work. We noted the exquisitely fine ivory carving, and among the articles of manufacture, strange masks and garments for the theaters; jewelry in which the gay plumage of the kingfisher is used instead of enamel; ornaments of green jade, more precious than diamonds to the ladies of the Celestial land and well-nigh as costly; fans, artificial flow-

ers, large paper umbrellas, and all manner of pretty Chinese lanterns (such as hang outside every shop or house). All kinds of cakes and sugar-plums, and savory soups and stews and biscuits are being prepared at the ovens in the open street, and there consumed by hungry passers-by. Here are street barbers hard at work, and there itinerant fish-mongers selling large cuttle-fish, and other creatures repulsive in our eyes. There is an extensive demand for a large, flat eel, so silvery white as to resemble a polished sword. We pass by flower-stalls and fruit-stalls, we see coopering and tailoring, laundry work and watch making, and shops full of handsome coffins, which dutiful children present to their living parents. Smooth-shaven men in garments of amazing cleanliness, and with glossy pig-tails down to their heels, welcome us to curio shops, where beautiful or curious objects of every sort tempt us as the same things seen in England or America never could do. We halted for some time in a street wholly devoted to the sale of carved wood furniture, and, while the good Bishop, as was his wont, engaged a group of shopmen in conversation, I explored the innermost recesses of one of the principal shops, examining especially the curious, large bedsteads, which answer all the purposes of a dressing-room, having drawers beneath the bed, and all necessary arrangements for washing and hair-dressing, so arranged as to be shut in by an outer inclosure of beautiful carved work. I have often seen these, in the sleeping-rooms of Chinese ladies, with rich hangings of colored silk and embroidery. Passing on thence, and glancing at the shops of the money-changers, and at many shops devoted only to the sale of sham silver taels, *i. e.*, large lumps of money made of paper coated with tin-foil, to be given as burnt-offerings in the temples, we came to a fine Roman Catholic church. The next place which we visited, was the beautiful Fokien temple, the approaches to which were crowded by a dense mass of people, thronging to witness a theatrical performance for the amusement of the idols.

The following day being Sunday, we attended service in the native church. In the course of long wanderings I had heard our beautiful liturgy recited in many strange tongues, to me unknown, but this was my first experience of it in Chinese, to my ear the most uncouth of all. A native clergyman preached with much earnestness, and apparently with much eloquence. His long plait of black hair hung over his surplice almost to his feet. There was a full and attentive congregation, of whom about fifty stayed for the Holy

Communion; and I was told that there was quite as large an attendance at the other three native churches.

In the cool of the day we strolled out for a walk on the city wall, the one point in every Chinese city where walking is pleasant, it being removed above the crowds and filth of the densely peopled streets. The walls of Ningpo were to me especially attractive—they are quiet and old and gray, and in many places thickly covered with fragrant jessamine and wild honeysuckle. The Chinese people cannot understand what pleasure can be derived from an idle saunter, or indeed, from walking at all, and you will rarely meet a human being, except here and there a group of very untidy Tartar soldiers at their post. There is much waste ground just inside the walls of Ningpo, and in the spring-time this is green and beautiful. The path reminded me of an English lane, but the tangled roses and honeysuckle grew more luxuriantly than our wild flowers are wont to do. They veil some of the countless graves, which here as elsewhere form so prominent a feature, but their fragrance cannot conceal the horrible smells which here and there assail us, and which are wafted from the Baby towers, two of which we had to pass. These are square towers with small windows, about twelve feet from the ground, and are built to receive the bodies of such babies as die too young to have souls, and therefore do not require coffins. We passed several temples. One of these was sacred to the patron god of actors, who, though they pursue a sorely despised profession, are nevertheless a numerous body, and here have their own guild, which always combines the purposes of club, theater, and temple. We looked into one temple which was undergoing repairs, and in which all the *Boussahs* or images had little strips of pink paper pasted over their eyes. The priest explained that these are prayers to the gods to retire from the temple till it is ready to receive them again. In the meantime, the images are only images, and are not sacred. Next we halted at one of the innumerable ancestral halls, which represent so large a phase of the religious life of China. For here is offered that worship which is thought to soothe the spirits of each departed ancestor, and here are presented offerings of savory meats, on the fragrance of which the hungry dead are supposed to feast; here, too, are solemnly burnt paper effigies of horses, houses, garments and money, the smoke of which, it is believed, ascends gratefully to the unseen world, there to assume the real and useful forms which here they only represent. It



CHINESE SHOE MERCHANT.

is a strange development of that filial reverence inculcated by Confucius, and which leads to no kindness or respect from sons to their living parents, but to a slavish dread of the dead, whose power to avenge any slight or neglect is so firmly believed in that no amount of pains and expense is spared in striving to propitiate them. This is the one article of faith common to all sects, and is inculcated alike by the Buddhist and Taoist priests, who herein find their most profitable source of revenue. Many are the masses that must be offered for the dead, and offerings made to or for them, whenever sickness or trouble, befalling the living, leads these to suspect that they have in any way offended them. This system of ancestral worship permeates the entire life of China, and makes the living literally slaves of the dead. Naturally, it is the greatest hinderance to the spread of Christianity, for strong indeed must be the convictions which can lead a Chinaman to conquer his own superstitious dread of the evils to be expected from his vengeful ancestors, and even if his own mind can rise superior to this deep-rooted belief, still he knows that in abandoning this worship, he must necessarily incur, not only the indignation of his own relatives, but the scorn and aversion of his countrymen, who believe that the neglected spirits will go forth, dealing troubles and woes on every side; spirits thus forsaken by their descendants

become beggars in the unseen world, wholly dependent upon the charitable offerings which the devout periodically make by burning large sums of paper-money to be transmitted to Purgatory for their benefit.

Our first halt the next day was at an old Buddhist temple, which interested me particularly, because, on the cloud canopy of the great gilt image of Buddha, were represented seven dragons' heads, and this was the first indication I had seen of any suggestion of that legend of the seven-headed serpent, which holds so conspicuous a place in the Buddhism of ancient India and Ceylon, where it is generally represented uprearing itself as a protecting canopy above the Buddha. At the back of this shrine we found the usual altar to the goddess of mercy, who is here represented standing on the head of a gigantic serpent, while attendants float around her on clouds—a singular counterpart of the ordinary representations of the Blessed Virgin, and one which recalled to my memory a curious little chapel we visited in a remote district of Ceylon, where the semi-Catholicized people had erected an altar to Buddha on one side and to the Madonna on the other! Passing onward, we stopped at a paper-hanger's to examine a curious picture of the Buddhist Pantheon, representing heaven, with all its multitudinous gods placed in their proper gradation. Strange, indeed, it is to find these many lords and gods incorporated with Buddhism, which in its early purity so utterly repudiated them all. In this city there



A PASSENGER BARROW.



WIDOW'S ARCH.

seems to be scarcely a house which has not a domestic altar for the god of wealth, in addition to the shrines for the kitchen god, the door god, and the family ancestors.

We passed on to the lakes, the name given to a small sheet of water in the midst of many temples. We explored two of these, one military, sacred to a deified hero, the other to the god of wealth, who is always represented as a most jovial person, seated on a couch, and immensely fat, which is the Chinese idea of prosperity. This temple was in perfect order, and evidently was in high favor. Great theatricals were held here a few days before our visit, attended by many thousand persons. On this day all was quiet, and we found only a family of women, feeding their fat silk-worms with fresh mulberry leaves, in the rooms behind the temple. On we went, through intricate streets, crossing most picturesque canal-bridges, with quaint little shrines, and totally regardless of ever-changing and most horrible odors, till we reached the temple, which was the special object of our search. It is sacred to all the gods of time,—the gods of the year, the months, the days, and the hours. All are represented with long black mustaches. The central one is seated under the triple scarlet umbrella, richly embroidered in gold and colors, which now, as in ancient days, is the highest emblem of authority. The amount of detail in one of these innumerable temples is wonderful—the multitude of small carved

figures, the profusion of gilding and rich color, the various objects used in the service of the temple. One shrine, I think that of the seventh month, was almost hidden by the number of theatrical crowns hung before it, while countless strips of straw were tied to the railing. These are all *ex votos* from women who come here to pray for additions to their families. The object we had come to see was a representation of the Buddhist hells, which occupies the side court on the left hand. It was closed for repairs, but, at the Bishop's request, the attendant priests kindly opened it and revealed that strangest of incongruities, representations of spiritual beings, revealing the lath and plaster of which they are constructed, and the paint-pots to which they owe their splendor. It is one of the most striking peculiarities of the Chinese, that in their public buildings, as in their own homes, there is no system of keeping things in repair; nowhere is the theory of the stitch in time so wholly ignored. In a mandarin's home, as in these temples, no expense is spared in the first instance; but thenceforward dirt is allowed to accumulate, and decay to work quiet destruction, unchecked for years, till the whole is in a state of ruin. Then great efforts are made to raise large funds, and the whole is thoroughly repaired, and reappears in all the glory of new carving, with much gold and gaudy coloring. It is need-

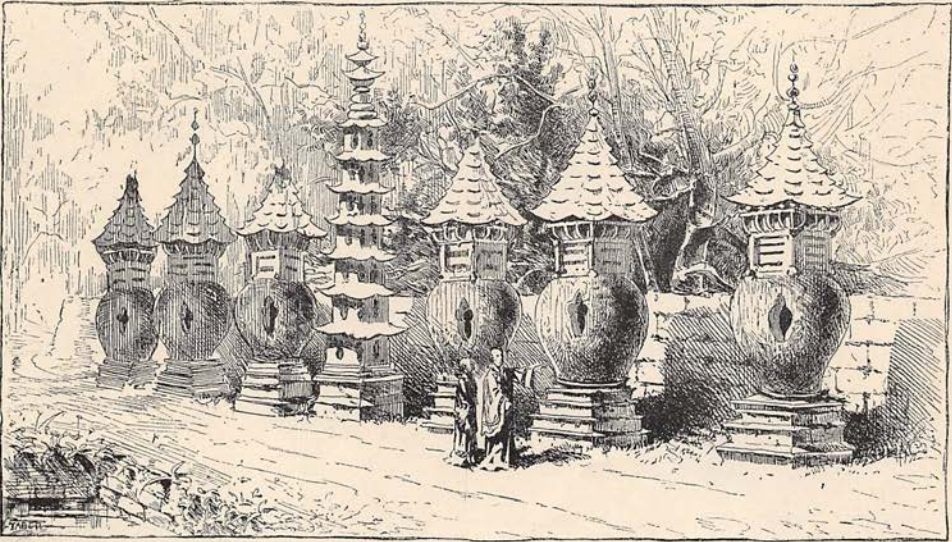


ARCH IN HONOR OF A CHINESE VIRGIN.

less to say that the chamber of horrors in which we now found ourselves was in every respect as repulsive as might be expected from artists whose ideas of punishment are derived from the tortures commonly used in Chinese courts of justice. The various penalties for every conceivable form of sin are represented by different groups of dolls, supposed to be human culprits enduring every form of torture which the ingenuity of the devils can

fourth at the corresponding distance on the right. Lower grades were arranged in order all along the wall, and still humbler sages occupied the outer courts, to which, on payment of given sums, even modern disciples can gain admission.

On leaving this temple we made a long expedition across the city to the West Gate, outside of which, on the very brink of the river, stood a large group of those curious



RECEPTACLES FOR ASHES FROM THE VESSELS OF INCENSE.

devises. The whole is presided over by a large, repulsive figure in white, with blood streaming from eyes and nostrils, who is ever on the watch to seize the souls of the dying. Her beauty was being enhanced by a fresh coat of paint. There was no lack of material fire and devils with pitchforks, and I thought with humiliation how nearly akin to the atrocities here represented are the pictures which I have seen used by the largest division of the Christian Church, both here and in Japan, for the edification of its converts.

Our next visit was to the old Confucian temple, which stood by itself in forsaken-looking grounds, overgrown with tall grass. In front was a sheet of water, with a quaint bridge. The temple was in the usual state of semi-decay, but handsome in its severe simplicity. Like all other Confucian temples, it contained no image of any sort, the sole object of worship being the scarlet and gold tablet, which bore the name of Confucius. On the left hand were ranged the tablets of his most honored disciples, placed sideways; at the same distance on the right were those who attained to the next degree of wisdom; the third grade were on the left, farther off; the

structures called widows' arches, which are erected by permission of the Emperor, and sometimes at very great expense, to the memory of such women as, having lost a husband in early life, have remained true to his memory; or else to virgins, whose betrothed having died, have continued unwedded to the end of their days. I had seen many fine specimens of these monuments placed singly about the country, some of them so exquisitely carved as to resemble lace-work in stone, but here were such a number placed close together that their pictorial effect was altogether destroyed.

Of the many temples which we visited none interested me more than one in which the Bishop had for many years made his humble home. This, and the adjacent courts were now rented from the gods by a Chinese tea-merchant, and we saw the baskets, boxes and ovens, where a few days later five hundred busy workers would be engaged in firing and packing, and other processes of tea preparation. On this day they were only preparing pounded indigo and gypsum in large flat baskets, to give that bloom without which tea is not marketable

in England or America. We had watched this process frequently in other tea-firing hong.

Close to this temple is a very celebrated one to the Thunder god, whose image occupies the central court. Another worshipful group represents the ancestor of thunder, supported on either side by his descendants, thunder and lightning, the latter holding cymbals. Immense crowds assemble here annually

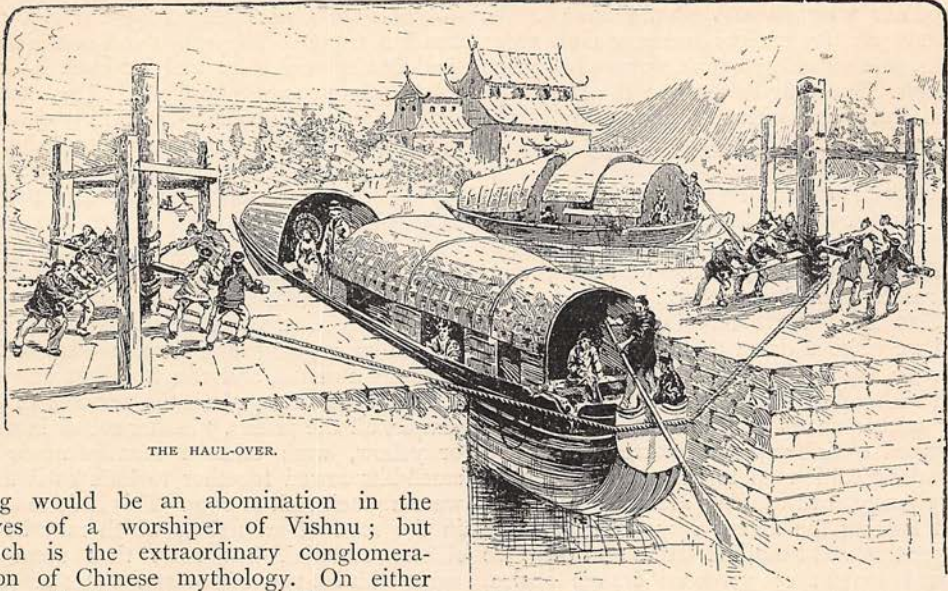
ox is offered, and then broken, and the worshippers scramble for the fragments with which to fertilize their fields. This temple was temporarily occupied as barracks by the City Guard, and their cannon were ranged all round the court without the slightest deference to the gods or the unlucky priests, who saw their flocks dispersed and their revenues lost. This guard was a force of



THE THREE PURE ONES.

to pray for the preservation of their homes, but as the temple itself has more than once been struck by lightning, such guardianship is suggestive of the broken reed. The people are, however, very considerate for the difficulties of their deities. When the rebels captured Ningpo, the old priest of this temple fled to Mr. Russell's house for protection, which, of course, was gladly given. But the Bishop could not resist asking what the gods were doing that they did not protect their priest. The poor old man replied that they had all returned to Heaven in great alarm. In the entrance court are ranged the gods of the seasons, and here, at the spring festival, a clay

about one hundred and fifty men, specially trained by English officers to assist the civic authorities to dislodge the rebel troops. They are said to have done excellent service. The officers' quarters in this temple were certainly unique, as without removing the shrines, they had converted the various chapels into most comfortable bed-rooms and sitting-rooms. Thus, a light, sunny dining-room, with luxurious arm-chairs and sofas, was presided over by a fine full-sized Goddess of Mercy, which is simply an Indian Vishnu with eight arms. Her lotus throne rests on wheels, and, strangest of all, from beneath this peep out about a dozen small pigs, carved and colored. The



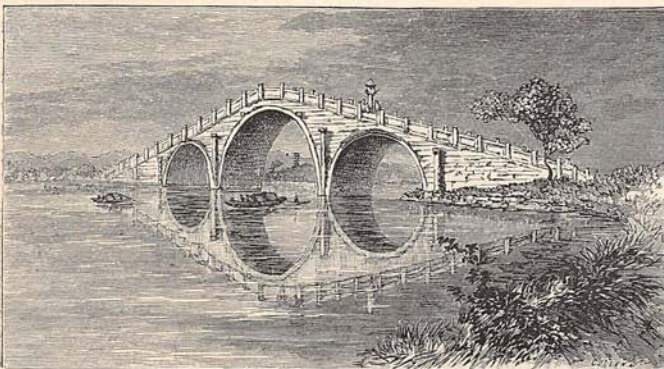
THE HAUL-OVER.

pig would be an abomination in the eyes of a worshiper of Vishnu; but such is the extraordinary conglomeration of Chinese mythology. On either side of this figure stand Chinese and Indian gods, and rows of large, gilt statues are ranged on each side of the room. In the bath-room is a splendid shrine to "the Lord of Heaven and of Earth," and in another room a shrine with a very beautiful image of a goddess with a child in her arms. But, as this is meant for the worship of women only, it is concealed by a large mirror. This temple is surrounded by fine old trees, and the air is fragrant with the scent of the Pride of India, a tree somewhat like the English ash, but bearing blossoms which in appearance and scent resemble the lilac.

I had planned my visit to Ningpo at this season in order to see the wonderful masses of azaleas, which cover the neighboring hills in many places so densely as to lend them strong local coloring, making the term *rainbow-tinted* the simple expression of a fact. I

found, however, that, arriving at the end of April, I was just a little too late, the flowers having been at their prime about a fortnight earlier. The point we selected to visit was a large Buddhist monastery, known as the Tien Dong or Heavenly Boy, and distant about twenty miles. Of these the first fifteen are done by water, the last five by land. Our conveyance was a house-boat of the simplest sort, an ordinary native boat with roof, forming a sleeping-room and a tiny kitchen. Having gone a short distance by river, we were next to turn into one of the innumerable canals which intersect the whole country; but, as these are on a higher level than the river, there is a singular contrivance by which boats are raised to the canal or lowered thence to the river. A sort of lock, just wide enough to admit one boat at a

time, connects the two by a mud slope, the summit of which is higher than either river or canal; and on the massive stone wall on either side are placed windlasses, which, being turned simultaneously, draw up a strong rope, which is passed behind the boat, and thus raise it to the summit of the incline, whence it is allowed to slide down into the canal. As hundreds of boats sometimes pass to and fro in a day, the amount of physical labor in-



TYN-CHEE, NEAR NINGPO.



volved must be immense. Once afloat on the canal our progress was simple enough. We rowed past an endless succession of green fields, intersected by canals, spanned by stone bridges. The only features in the landscape were graves and widows' arches, some of the latter really very fine—but the graves were singularly hideous; neither the horse-shoe grave of the south, nor the simple mound of the north, but ugly little stone houses, some of them covered all over with straw matting.

Thus we quietly glided on till dark, when we reached the foot of the hills and anchored at Siao Bah. Next morning was May-day, and we woke at dawn to find abundant May dew on the fields of pink clover and banks rich with golden celandine. We had brought our wicker chairs on the boat, and, having engaged chair-bearers, we started on our five miles' expedition up to the monastery, by a very pretty road winding around green hills, and making the ascent very gradually. The vegetation was beautiful. Here and there we passed masses of gorgeous orange azalea, each head from eight to fifteen inches in circumference, and many having forty to fifty blossoms on a head. Higher up we found lilac azaleas, and a few of a delicate rose-color; also a beautiful shrub bearing masses of lilac blossom, which in the distance we mistook for azalea, but which, on closer inspection, we failed to recognize, the flowers being more wax-like and the leaves small and smooth. Our path lay sometimes through fields, sometimes through clumps of bamboo, then along avenues of fir-trees. The road for the whole distance is a paved causeway, and as we approached within about a mile of the monastery we observed a carved lotus-blossom on every twenty-ninth stone. Passing by a row of curious red and gray pillars, in which are stored the ashes from the vessels of incense, we reached the fine old monastery, with faded red walls and heavy roofs of gray thatch—all most harmonious in color, and with background of richly wooded hills, and a quiet pool in the foreground. Passing through a large outer temple containing an immense image of the fat, laughing god of Wealth, we entered an inner court, whence a flight of steps led us to the great temple, which is very fine indeed. It is a large hall, supported by great red pillars. As you enter, you face three immense gilt images of Buddhas with canopy of gold clouds. Each image is fully forty feet high, and rests on a pedestal which adds at least ten feet more. Between them are two smaller images of standing disciples, and two of the Queen of Heaven on lotus throne. All these are gilt, as are also large statues of the gods of heaven

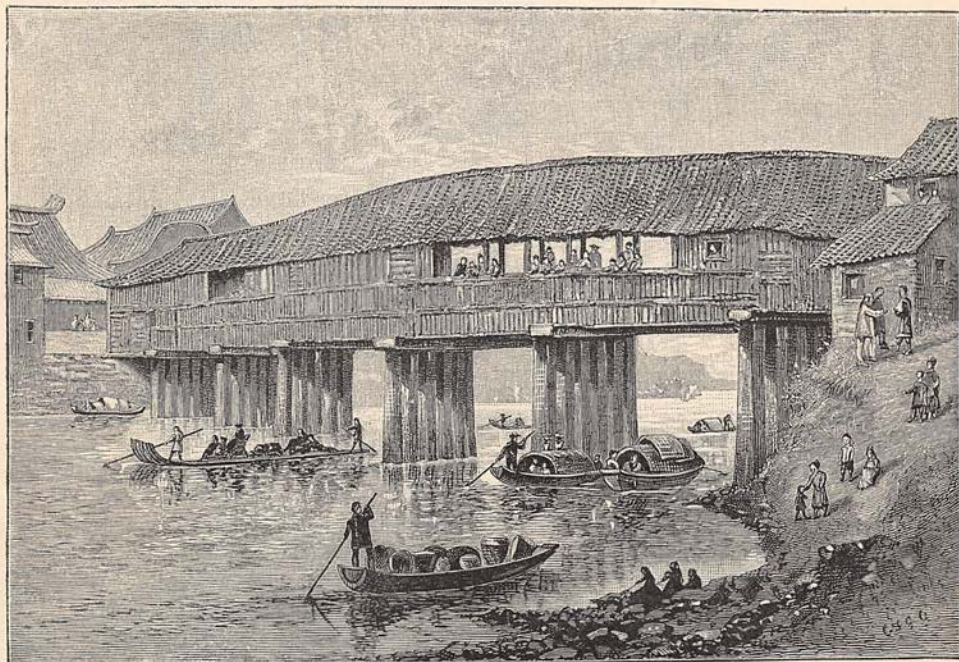
and earth. This group is really beautiful—by far the finest thing I have seen in any heathen temple. The expression of the three Buddhas is very calm and benevolent—one might almost say worshipful. The central figure was partly veiled by yellow curtains with blue dragons, hanging between great red pillars, which sounds gaudy, but was not so. On each side of the temple is a row of large gilt images of the disciples, also very fine; and all adjuncts, such as the great drum, the bell, and the sacrificial vessels, are in good taste and fine of their kind.

It was 9 A. M. when we arrived, and a full service was going on; litanies were being solemnly chanted, and the Buddhist services read. While engaged in the services of the temple, all the priests, whether robed in gray or yellow, wore crimson mantles made of small bits sewed together to look as if they were a patchwork of rags. This is done even in the robe of an abbot, which may be of richest material, but must thus seem to agree with his vow of poverty. After prayers, breakfast was served in the great refectory. The abbot, though too old to attend the services of the chief temple, continues to preside at meals, sitting at a small table apart. Just behind his chair, hanging on a nail, we remarked something like a salad fork and spoon, representing two wooden hands. A servitor brought this to the abbot after the first grace was chanted, and he thereon placed a few grains of rice from his own bowl. These the young man, first raising them toward the sun, deposited on a stone pillar outside, as an offering to the small gods—*i. e.*, such minor gods as may exist unrecognized by men. A second grace is then said, after which the hungry brethren devour their bowls of rice and vegetables in perfect silence, and, of course, with the aid of chopsticks. There were one hundred monks at this monastery, some of whom were bright, intelligent-looking men, while others were of a low, bad type, and plainly betrayed what is well-known to be the case, that many were refugees from justice, who had shaved their heads and adopted the yellow robe simply to escape from the law. They are not compelled to remain at one place, but are at liberty to come and go as they please, without reference to the abbot. They are, however, obliged when traveling to carry a document proving them to be true priests or monks, and their claim to the hospitality of any one temple must not be overstrained. We began to think that, as our coolies had not arrived with our provisions, we might as well have a monastic meal. There was no difficulty about this, as there were many Chinese visitors at the monastery,

and consequently much food was being prepared. A bright-looking young priest took us to a guest-room where an equally bright-looking boy brought us a capital dinner in several courses, all of which were entirely of vegetables; some of the preparations of corn-husk and other things tasted so exceedingly like meat or preserved fish that we found it almost impossible to believe that they were not animal food, though we knew that to pre-

abundance, so rapidly does their glory bloom and fade. But there was an abundance of the magnificent orange variety and many sorts of brilliant young leaves.

Retiring to the monastery, we found our own bedding spread on two comfortable bedsteads in a quiet upstairs room, overlooking the gray roofs of the temples and monastic buildings, and commanding a fine view of the hills all around and the valley below. Many people



BRIDGE AT KONGKE'O.

pare such here would be an unpardonable sin. First we were offered a tray of sweets, cakes, and pea-nuts. Then a large bowl of rice and three bowls of different soups, and then nine plates of other things. We both ate a hearty meal, the food being excellent and ourselves hungry. Miss L—— directed her “boy” to pay whatever was due, and was told that the charge for a whole table at which six persons could eat abundantly, was two hundred cash—*i. e.* twenty cents! We paid sixteen cents, which was evidently satisfactory, and the pretty boy who waited on us grinned with delight when I gave him five cents! Can I give you a better proof that we had reached a spot where foreigners are almost unknown?

Still craving to see those sheets of scarlet azaleas, which we were told had, but a few days previously, caused the hills to glow with color, we started to explore the neighborhood, but failed to see them in any

gathered around us, and began asking Miss L—— to tell them about “the doctrine,” meaning Christianity, which she did—and some of the principal women asked her to go to their room for a long, quiet talk. These people were members of wealthy families, who had come to the monastery for the express purpose of having special services for the benefit of their deceased ancestors. There were three distinct families, and each was paying sixty dollars a day (besides their expenses for lodging), and had already been staying there about a week. Great indeed are the expenses entailed on the living by the dead. In no land can the loss of a kinsman be more seriously felt. To begin with, there are heavy funeral expenses. The body must be dressed in fine new clothes, and another good suit must be burnt, as also his boots and shoes, most of his wardrobe, his bed and bedding, and the things most essential to his comfort when living, for he is sup-



BEGGAR-BOATS.

posed to require all these in the unseen world; and though paper representations are useful later, the real articles are needed for the original outfit. Then a handsome coffin is essential, and the priests must be largely paid for funeral services at the house of the deceased, and again for their services in ascertaining the lucky day for burial—while a professor of *fung shui* must also be paid, to choose the exact spot where they may safely prepare the grave so that the dead may be shielded from the evil influences which proceed from the north, and encompassed by all the good which breathes from the south. From the 10th to the 17th day after death, the priests, whether Taoist or Buddhist, hold services in the house, to protect the living from the inroads of hosts of spirits who are supposed to crowd in, in the wake of their new friend, and as all relatives and friends of the family must be entertained, as well as the priests, this is another heavy item of expense. In short, many families are often permanently impoverished, by the drain to which they are thus subjected, and which, in the form of masses for the departed and offerings at his grave or before his tablet, are certain to recur again and again. To omit them would be to incur the anger of the spiteful dead, who are now in a position to avenge themselves on the living, by inflicting all manner of sickness and suffering. Besides, if the priests know that there is any possibility of extracting money from a family by playing on their feelings, they pretend to have had revelations from the spirit-world, showing the unfortunate dead to be tortured in purgatory,

and that the only means by which he can be extricated is by a fresh course of costly services in the house. The price to be paid for these is fixed at the highest sum which they judge it possible to extract—say a thousand dollars, and though the family may remonstrate, and endeavor to make a better bargain, it generally ends in their raising every possible coin, and even selling their jewels to procure the necessary sum which shall free their dead from suffering, and also secure his protection and good-will. The sums thus expended in connection with the worship of the dead are almost incredible. I heard a calculation once made by one well entitled to know what he spoke of, to the effect that fully thirty million dollars are annually expended in China at the three great festivals in honor of the dead; while, in addition to the above, by calculating the average expenditure of each family at a dollar and a half a year, he computed that fully a hundred and fifty million dollars are annually spent in quieting the spirits. If a tithe of these sums could be devoted to the relief of the loathsome and miserable beggars who, unhappily for themselves, still rank among the living, what a difference there would be in the streets of every Chinese town!

It was bright moonlight when, on our return, we reached our boat, which lay moored in a pretty reach of the river with hills all around. We started at once for the eastern lake, Tongwoo, and, though the clear moonlight on the waters was very attractive, we were so tired we betook us to our really comfortable beds. About mid-

night we reached the entrance to the lake, into which boats must be raised by windlass up a very steep "haul-over." We found the village silent as death, and great was the wrath of the locksmen at being disturbed. They turned out, growling hideously, but a present of seventy cash beyond the eighty cash due to them (the whole sum being equal to about a quarter of a dollar), restored them to beaming good-humor. Once afloat on the lake, we were able to hoist sail and speed on our way toward a village, where we anchored for the night beside a row of very pretty trees which grew right out of the water. We were awakened at day-break by the blowing of horns on passenger-boats, and, looking forth, we beheld a blue crowd at the village open-air market, from which we got fresh fish and eggs. (Every crowd in China—men, women, and children—is emphatically blue, owing to the cheapness of indigo dye.)

After breakfast we landed and ascended a green hill behind the village, commanding a fine general view of the lakes. A considerable crowd gathered around us of rather an unpleasant sort, many of them reiterating that Miss L—— was a child-stealer, and that we were both "red-bridled"—a common epithet to describe all foreigners, but to which she replied by pointing to her own raven hair. Some of the women, however, were civil, and asked us to go to their houses to drink tea, but we preferred to climb a higher hill, passing through masses of white roses. On our descent the crowd again gathered densely around us, and some of the children threw stones at us; so I was not sorry to get safely back to the boat.

We sculled against the wind (to the head of the lake), a nasty, sickening motion, and, landing at a large and unusually filthy village, walked right across it, escorted by a very disagreeable mob, till we came to the house of the native catechist, a fine old man, one of Bishop Russell's converts, who determined to devote the evening of his days to endeavoring to spread the truth in these dark places. A little band of six Christians are all he can number as yet, and now the old man has had a touch of paralysis, which threatens to stop his work; but who can prophesy how widely this little root of good may ramify? I felt special interest in our visit to this infant church, remembering how short a time it is since not only in the district of Ningpo, but throughout the length and breadth of China, the Protestant missions had failed to make one convert. Now, though the name of Christian is still a term of reproach, there are in China upward of fifteen thousand regular

communicants, belonging to all denominations of the Reformed Church. The old catechist, who was greatly rejoiced to see us, welcomed us to his humble home; we sat in a tiny room fitted with benches, in which he holds his little meetings. About half a dozen women (not Christians) had the courage, or curiosity, to come in for a talk with Miss L——, while I tried to make friends with one or two girls, who were evidently horribly frightened at us, the propensities of the barbarian women for child-stealing being a favorite theme of the people. Such a mob had followed us to the house that I felt thankful that the bolts of the door were secure, and that the window was guarded by strong iron bars. As it was, the light was darkened by a pyramid of hideous faces which stared in upon us, as if we were strange animals in a cage. Our walk back to the boat was not pleasant, the children howling at us; but Miss L——'s perfect knowledge of the language and its curious idioms enabled her to enlist the sympathies of some of the more respectable members of the community. She appealed to one old patriarch by the length of his mustaches. "Sir," she said, "your mustaches are of great length! Can you not desire these children to cease from molesting us?" The appeal was successful, and we were allowed to proceed in comparative peace, though the temptation to send a shower of stones as our boat pushed off was irresistible. This did not seem a promising field for a clergyman to undertake, but the Bishop told me that, having now established similar beginnings in most of the villages in the lake district, he purposed, very shortly, building a central church at which these tiny scattered congregations might meet, and so strengthen one another.

A favoring breeze enabled us to sail all the way down the lake, and (having been windlassed across the haul-over) even down the canals. The latter, however, was most tedious work, as we had to pass under fifteen bridges, taking down, not only our sail, but the heavy mast, every time, and as it occupied the front of the boat we were kept close prisoners. The sun had set before we reached the Ningpo haul-over, and as there were an immense number of boats waiting their turn to be lowered into the river, we left ours to its fate, and, hiring chair-bearers, soon found ourselves back in the Bishop's hospitable home.

After one day's rest we again started to explore the so-called Snowy Valley, famous for its beauty, but chiefly for its wealth of azaleas. This time a third lady accompanied us. We had two house-boats,

and started in the evening, in the mellow light of a full moon, which made the river beautiful. Toward morning we reached Kongke'o, about twenty miles from Ningpo, and anchored just above an extraordinary bridge supported on single upright stones. It was covered in and thatched, and had shops at either end. The people here were extremely civil, thanks to the humanizing influence of the American mission, which has had a station here for some years, and a neat church. After early breakfast we started in chairs, with six luggage coolies and two servants, on a further expedition of twenty miles to the Snowy Valley. Our route lay through a pretty country, chiefly agricultural. The people were planting their rice, which being first sown in one thick mass, is thence transplanted, when a few inches high, to the large fields. I can fancy no more unpleasant task than rice-culture in all its stages, as it involves standing up to the knees in soft mud, and usually inhaling a damp miasma. But to the mere spectator the exquisite green of growing rice is a delight to the eye unequalled by any other crop, and the curious methods of irrigation are also a source of interest. The commonest is an endless chain of buckets, or a simple water-wheel, made to raise the water by means of a windlass turned by bullocks, these being driven by quite small and most picturesque children. Poorer people have to resort to the more toilsome method of standing, one on each side of the canal, and thence swinging the water on their fields in large, closely-woven baskets. Again we passed by fields of pink clover and banks of yellow buttercups, and were sorely tantalized by the abundance of a scarlet berry, in appearance exactly like a luscious strawberry, but tasting only like sand. There were masses of wild roses, and the trees in some places were festooned with fragrant jessamine. We halted at two temples, each with excellent wood-carving. In one there were about fifty most delicately carved large panels, each of which was a really artistic picture in wood. We halted for luncheon on a grassy knoll under a group of pleasant shady trees; but of course a crowd came to gaze at us,—not uncivilly, however. Ascending the valley, we were rejoiced at finding large quantities of true white hawthorn of the greatest beauty. There were also masses of the rich orange azalea, but the crimson was fading and the lilac all dead. Our destination was the Shih-doze monastery, that is, "The Head of Snow," a very old gray-and-red building in a ruinous condition. The temple was dilapidated and the images were hideous. Only eight priests remained, and altogether it struck us unfavorably

after the well-appointed monastery we had last visited. We secured a most rickety, tumble-down bed-room, in which, however, there were chairs and a table, and wooden boards on trestles to act as bedsteads, and as we had brought our own bedding, brass wash-basin, and food, we soon made ourselves comfortable, while the flowers we had gathered by the way answered all purposes of decoration. Within a quarter of a mile of the monastery there was a fine waterfall, over sheer crags, and here we spent some hours reveling in the banks of azalea. We were awakened about two A. M. by the tolling of a very rich-toned bell, followed by the beating of the great temple drum. It sounded very solemn in the stillness of the night, and when the chanting began, interest overcame weariness, and, remembering that it was the feast of the full moon, we determined to go down. So, making our way through the monastic kitchen and along tumble-down passages, we slipped quietly into the temple, where the eight priests were holding services in full dress, having the mantle fastened on the left breast by a large ring and hook of jade (or an imitation thereof). One beat the scarlet skull-shaped drum, one knelt apart, the other six walked round and round in a sunwise circle, repeating some sacred sentence. Then all knelt and prostrated themselves again and again most solemnly. The only light in the temple was that one which is ever burning before the altar, and which revealed the great images so dimly that we forgot their ugliness in the weirdness and impressiveness of the scene. As we stood in the deep shadow of a pillar our presence was not detected till the procession passed us in leaving the temple. All the priests were most friendly. We lingered awhile in the glorious moonlight, listening to the chorus of legions of frogs, and then returned to sleep awhile.

On the following day we had a charming excursion farther up the valley, first halting at Ingden, *i. e.*, Shady Dell, a very pretty waterfall in a deep, rocky gorge, and next at a picturesque ruined bridge literally covered by a veil of creeping roses. Here we lay on cool grass beneath dark fir-trees, with the river flowing past us, and enjoyed our luncheon notwithstanding the steady gaze of many spectators, who speedily assembled to see the strange sight of three barbarian women. Farther up the valley we came to another very fine fall, with a single-arch bridge spanning the stream just above it. Everywhere we found masses of white roses, hawthorn, golden azalea, and lingering patches of scarlet.

We met many large parties of men returning from the upper hills with large baskets of

bamboo-shoots, generally about eighteen inches long by four thick. Some had large bundles of much younger shoots, resembling overgrown asparagus. We had some of the latter for supper and found them fresh and tender. At daybreak we started on our return, having determined to vary our route by going down the river on a raft. We were carried the first five miles in our chairs, and were interested to see what a number of people were engaged in rearing silk-worms. The men cut off large branches of the mulberry trees, and the women pick the leaves, wasting the half-ripe fruit which grows along the stem. The fruit, however, is insipid even when ripe. One advantage in this land of drought is that the leaves do not require the careful drying that is necessary in damper climates. At the river we found a multitude of rafts, each formed of about eight or ten bamboos fastened together and turned up at one end. Those returning empty up-stream were some-

times laid one on the other, three deep, so as to be worked by only two men, and these were so raised as to make a good seat. Our journey down was beautiful, with fine views of the river and the hills; but it was also very slow, as the crusty old raftsman had outwitted us by bringing only his small son instead of a second man. The water was very low, and though we could float in about four inches, we frequently stuck or dragged over the mud. Crowds of other rafts bore us company.

It was about 4 p. m. when we reached Kongke'o where we had left the house-boats, and I proceeded to make a rapid sketch of the curious old bridge. The boatmen worked steadily through the night, and in the morning we woke to find ourselves anchored off the north gate of Ningpo. We walked quietly back to the mission in the cool of the early morning, and were comfortably dressed before the family was well awake.

*Constance F. Gordon Cumming.*



LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

SWEET my maidens, weep with me,  
For my knight so fair to see  
In the orchard lieth slain.  
I have kissed him as I used,  
But his stubborn lips refused  
To give back my kiss again.

Sun, gaze well upon him there:  
He never looked at you, I swear,  
For my face was all his sun.  
Moon in vain may cast her spell,  
For the witch that ruled him well  
Was myself—no other one.

How long is't since he was slain?  
Ere the night began to wane?  
Or the red o'erruled the gray?  
Maidens, haste, for I am sure  
My faint heart will not endure  
Dawning of another day.

Come, my maidens, weave his shroud;  
Make it soft as any cloud—  
Make it fair and sweet for him.  
Weave my tears in as ye go—  
He will like it better so;  
I cannot see, my eyes are dim.

And my kisses, broideries  
He will praise, weave in likewise;  
Write his name with a golden hair.  
When the daylight groweth thin  
Ye shall lay us both therein;  
Sweeter rest did never win  
Knight-at-arms and lady fair.

*Violet Hunt.*