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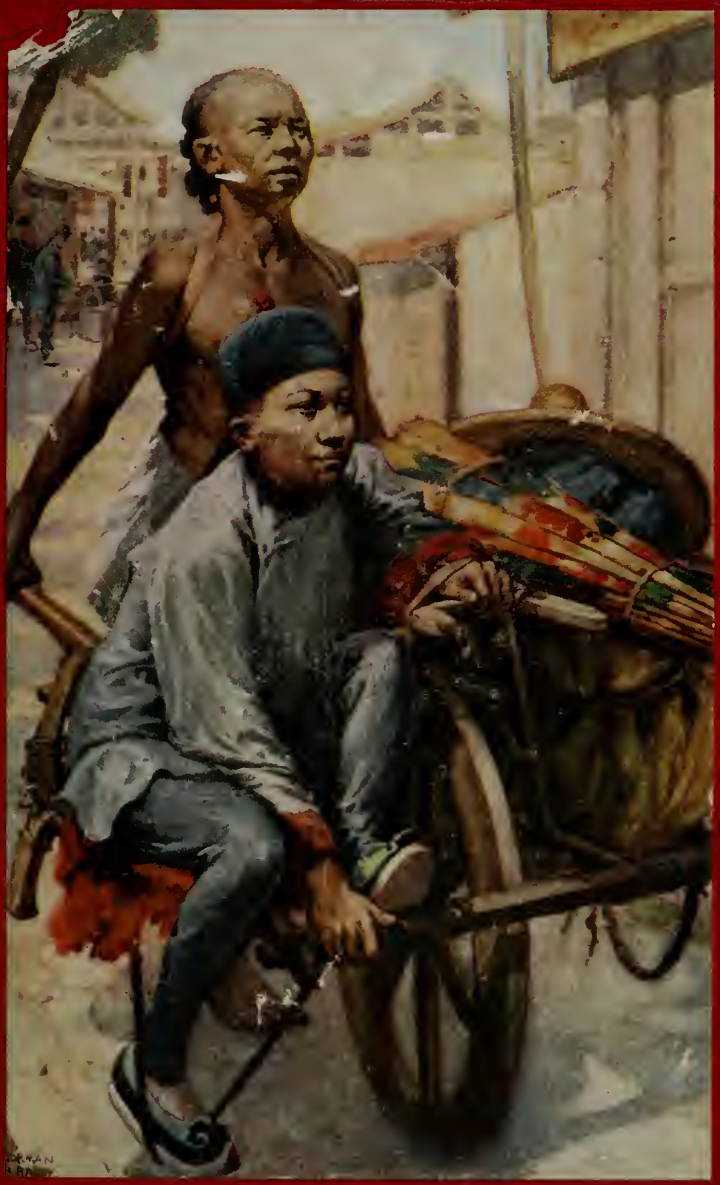

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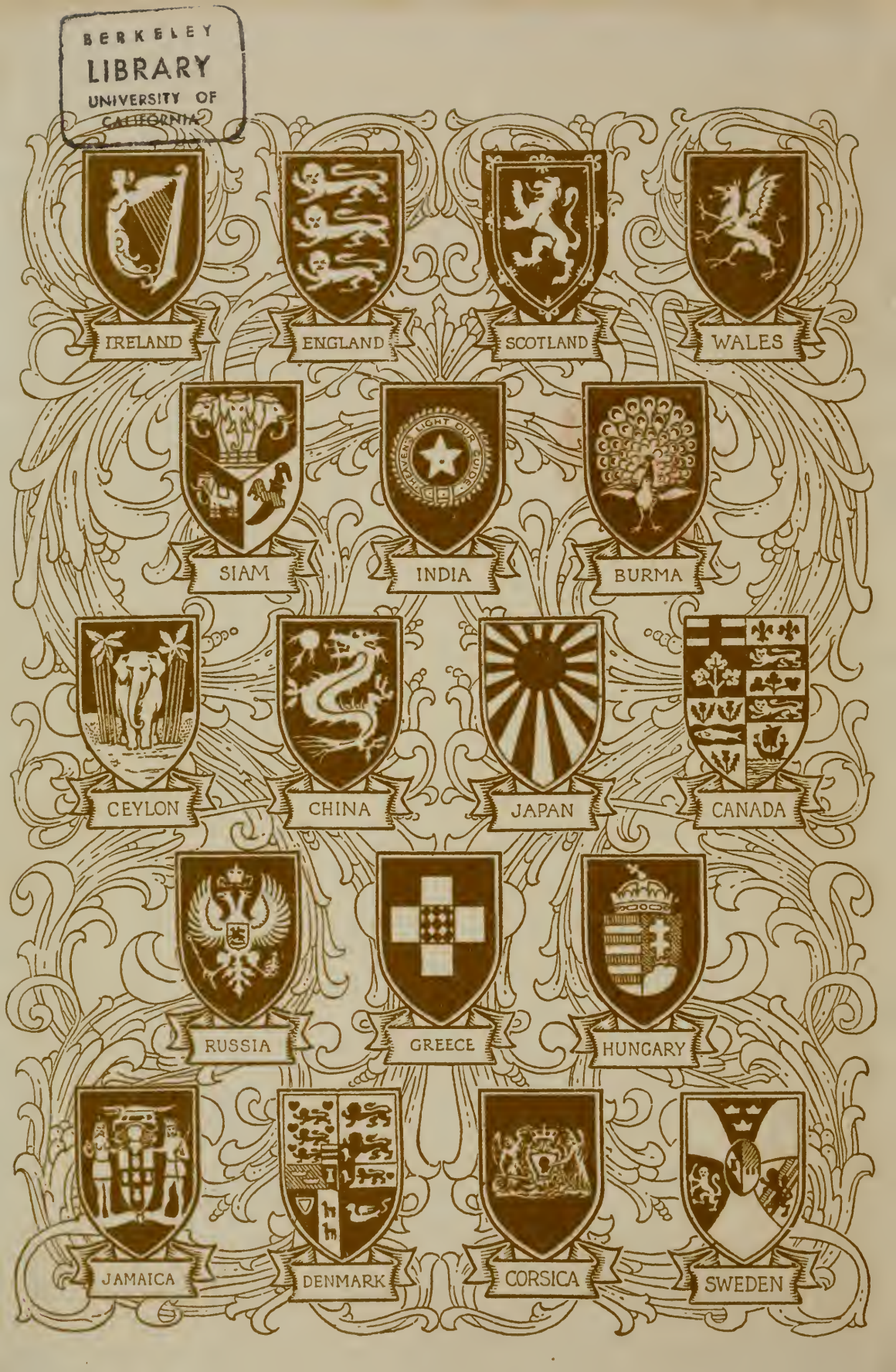

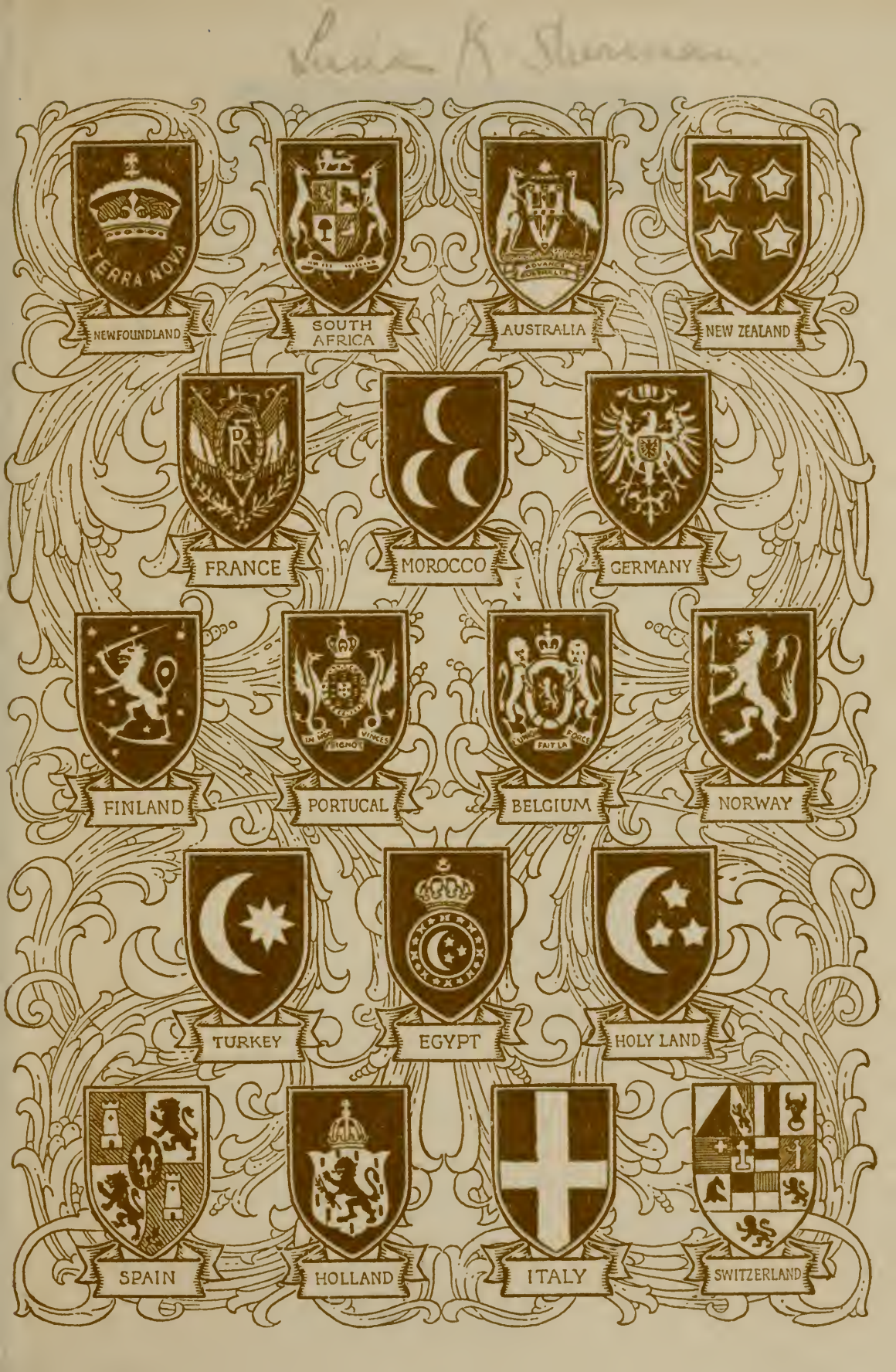
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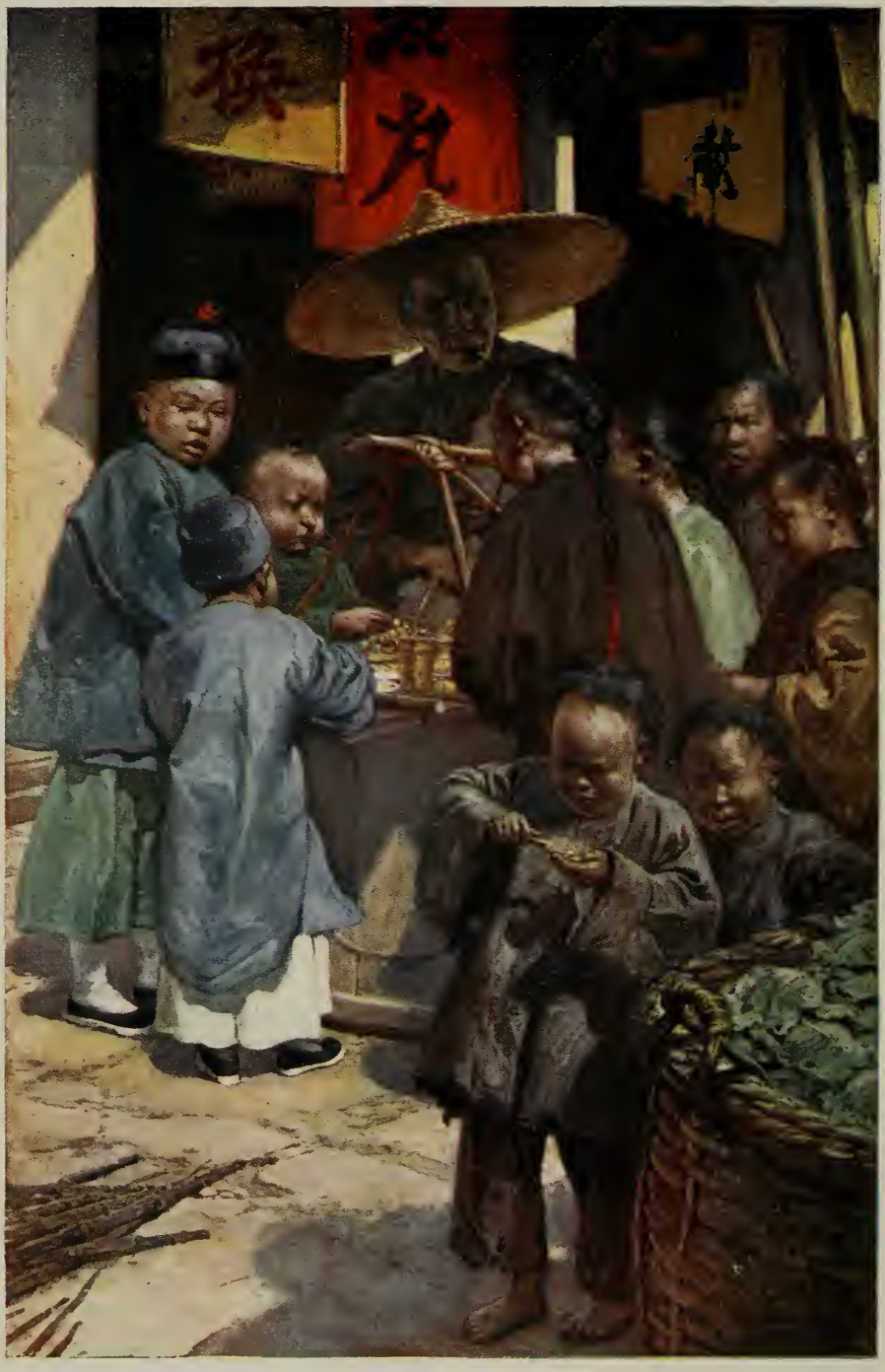

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CHINA

BY

LENA E. JOHNSTON

WITH TWELVE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
IN COLOUR

BY

NORMAN H. HARDY

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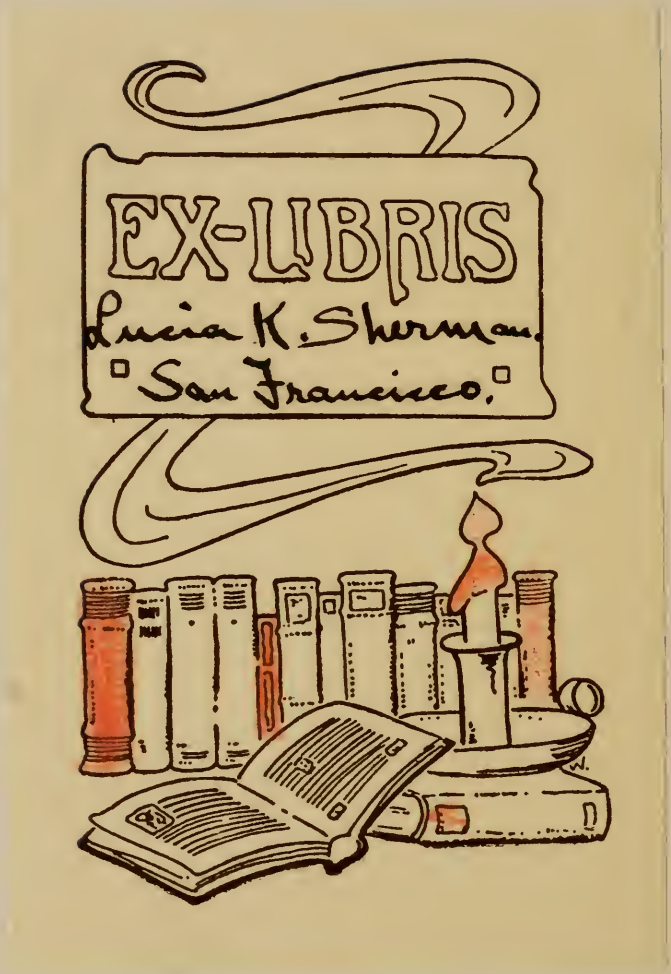
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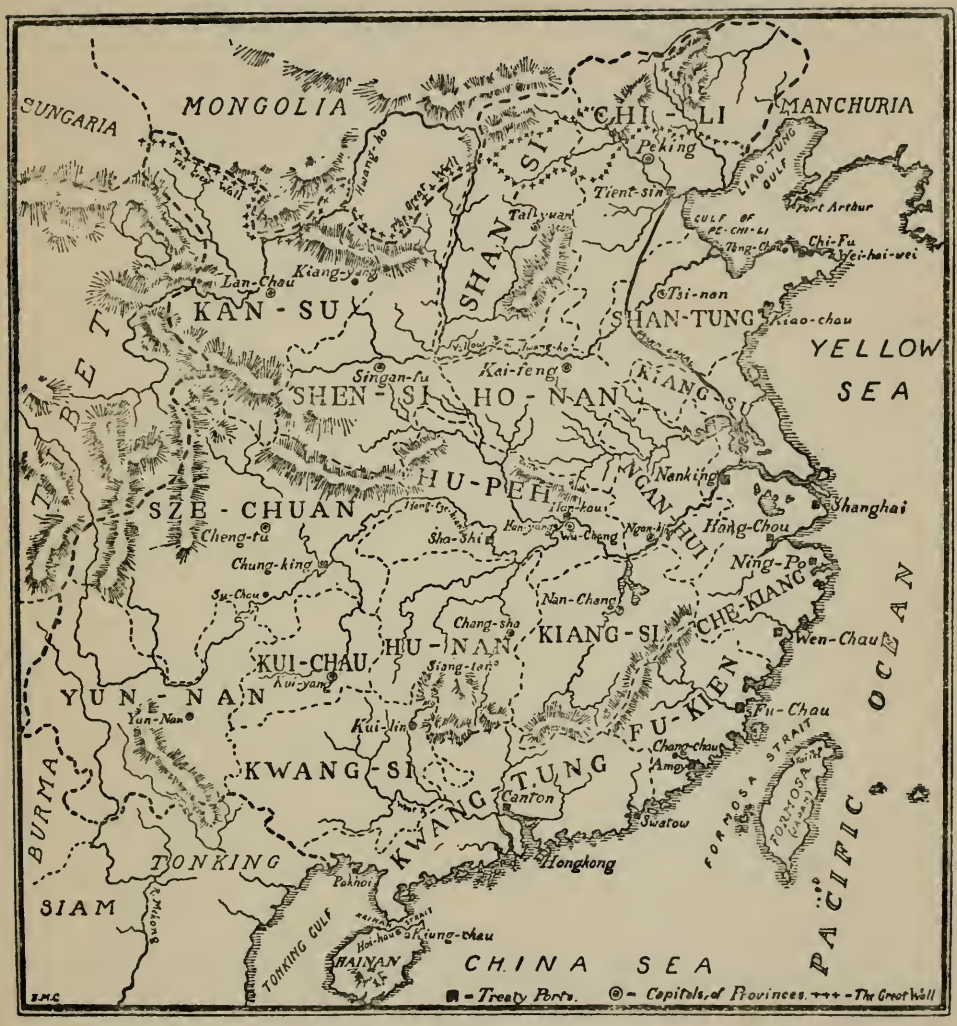

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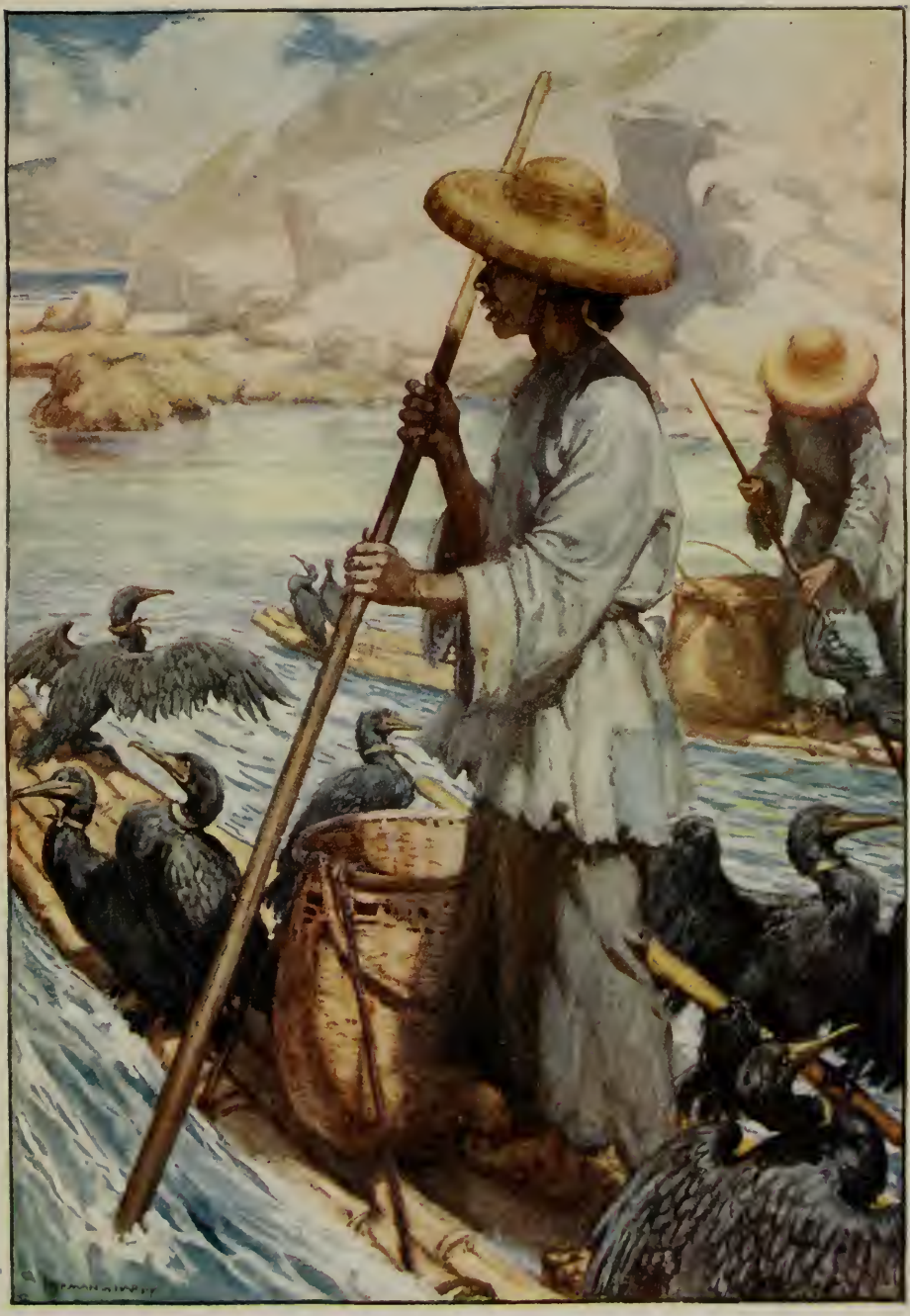


FISHING WITH CORMORANTS. PAGE 5

CHINA

CHAPTER I

THE COUNTRY

China is perhaps the most interesting country in the whole world. One reason for this is because it is so old. Many learned men like to look at ruins and places where great cities of long ago have been, such as are found in Rome and Greece. They try to find out from them how people lived in those far-off days. Some try to read the picture-writing on the monuments in Egypt, and after hard and toilsome study get some idea of the history of the olden times. In China you have the cities just as old, and still with people living in them; and the writings, dating from long before Christ, still read, and the old, old language still spoken by the people of to-day.

When Solomon was King in Jerusalem, and the Egyptians had built great palaces and cities by the Nile, and fought and written about their battles, and England was just a little wild island, with no one in it clever enough to write anything, or mighty enough to be written about, there were then already great men and large cities in China.

China

Let us suppose some brave traveller had lived in the days of Solomon, and gone about with the merchants he used to send to all countries. This traveller might have gone to Egypt with the grooms who bought horses and chariots, and seen there the lovely gardens, and clever Egyptians writing on the walls of temples their strange picture-writing. He might have gone to the country of the Hittites, and been astonished at the great walled cities there. He might even have come to England and got some bright tin from Cornwall; but there he would despise the naked wild folk living in caves or in the forests. Then he might have gone as far as China, and there he would find great cities, with busy merchants, and learned men writing books, with strange signs for words.

Now suppose this traveller appeared again this year, and travelled to the places he had visited before. He would learn that the great kingdom of Solomon was just a province of Turkey. He would not be able to find any of the mighty cities of the Hittites. In Egypt he would recognize the picture-writing he had seen carved on the walls, but there would be no one left who could read it. He would find it hard to believe that England was the same country he had visited before. But if he went to China he would begin to feel himself again, for there would be the strange signs written and people still able to read them, and the great cities and busy merchants would seem almost the same. The little round coins used by them are quite unchanged, and if he had put a few cash in his pocket on his earlier visit, he could have bought things to-day

with them. If he took a walk in the fields, the ploughs and harrows he saw, and the carts and the spades, would be the same. He would see to-day clumsy flat-bottomed boats, probably much like the old ship in which he had come on his first voyage so long before.

But that does not mean that China has not learned anything in the thousands of years between. The Chinese were the first people to make silk; and think how many grand folk of every country wear it now! They were the people who discovered how to make porcelain. Even kings had to use earthenware till Chinamen showed how fine transparent cups and bowls could be made. They had gunpowder, and knew how to print books long before Caxton. There were astronomers and poets and thinkers in old China, and more people learnt to read there than in any other country in old days.

One of our latest inventions is the taxi-cab; but a learned professor in Cambridge has found that in China a kind of taxi-cab was used about 1,600 years ago. Instead of marking up twopences every quarter of a mile, the Chinese machine struck a drum, and when ten short Chinese miles had been traversed, a bell was rung.

You may have read the story of Rip van Winkle, who went to sleep for a hundred years. China went to sleep for long years, or rather, got too sleepy to care to stir; but now she is waking, and when she gets to stirring it will be like the waking of Gulliver in Lilliput.

China is rich in rivers, mountains, and minerals, and it is said she has enough coal to last the world for a thousand years. The rivers carry goods of all kinds

in thousands of boats to all the inland cities. The two most important are the Yangtze-kiang and the Yellow River. The Yangtze River, which is one of the largest in the world, is nearly a mile wide away up at Chung-King, which is about a thousand miles from the coast. Before it gets to the sea it has to squeeze through narrow rocky gorges, and there it roars and tears along furiously. Boats go up and down even in these parts. Men stand in the prow, with poles firmly held in their hands, and with these save the boat from crashing against the rocks as it races headlong down the rapids.

The other great river comes hurrying from the mountains, carrying quantities of soft mud down to the level plains, and so it gets its name of Yellow River. It winds in and out among the towns and villages. Some of the mud drops to the bed of the river and raises it till each year it is higher, and every now and then in a rainy season it bursts its banks and floods the land for miles. Thousands of Chinese have been drowned by its waters, and so it gets another name, "China's Sorrow." When it reaches the coast, the dirty Yellow River has a long fight with the sea, which tries hard with splashing waves to clean it by washing the mud away down to the sands below. The river is the conqueror, for it pushes with its mud far out into the sea, which is made such a colour that it is called the Yellow Sea.

China is a very compact country. The eighteen provinces are arranged, one row along the sea-coast, and then the rest tightly fitted in to them to form almost

the letter **D**. Beyond them are Tibet, Mongolia, and Manchuria. The present rulers are Manchus, and some Chinese would like to have a real Chinese Emperor again.

In China there are more people than in any other part of the world. It is not only in the cities that people are to be found, but wherever you go you come across people. There are farmers in the fields; messengers and carriers flock along the roads; boatmen and fishermen swarm on the rivers. Villages are found everywhere, and each house has, perhaps, three or four families. Boats are used as houses, and so are caves, too, in some places. To get food these people must work hard, and happily the rivers and sea are full of fish. Many fish are caught in nets, but the Chinese have other ways of getting them.

Sometimes in Scotland, boys catch fish with their hands: feeling along under the edge of the bank, they tickle the trout in the stream, and then quickly jerk it on the grass. In China, men sometimes dive right into the water to catch fish in this way. Sometimes the noise and splashing they make bewilder the fish, so that they are easily caught.

The Chinese have ponds in which they put small fish to fatten for the market, just as we fatten chickens or pigs.

Sometimes in the South you may see a long raft with half a dozen black long-necked birds being taken for a row by a barelegged boatman. They more than pay for the trip, for they dive after and catch fish. A ring round their necks prevents them swallowing any but the very small ones; the rest they put into a basket for their owner. Otters are sometimes trained to do this too. A missionary writes that she saw one muzzled

belonging to a boatman on the Yangtze, and bought a fish which had been caught by it. The man said it earned enough to keep him and his family of four.

In most parts the land is as rich as the water. In South China the farmers can get three crops a year off their fields, two of the three being rice; but in the North, where the winters are bitterly cold and bread is eaten, wheat is grown.

To heat the houses brick ovens, called *kangs*, occupy most of the space, and people sit and eat and sleep on them. In the South there is no such oven, and the people wear two or three coats one over the other, so as to keep warm. The rich people have long coats, and the men sometimes wear leggings; but the women I have often seen with four coats on to keep their bodies warm, and just one pair of loose cotton trousers below.

When we read and hear about China, we must remember that customs differ very much in different parts of the country, and what is the habit in one district may be quite unknown in another. Every custom mentioned in this book is true of some place, but I suppose few are true of every place.

Take, for instance, ways of travelling. In the South no such thing as a wheel is ever seen, but in the North there are carts and wheelbarrows. Carts stand for hire in the streets of northern towns, as cabs do here; but what a difference there is between a cushioned cab, with springs and rubber tyres, bowling along a wooden pavement; and the hard, springless two-wheeled cart, on the floor of which you have to sit, and be thrown hither

and thither as the wheels bump in and out of the deep ruts in the road !

The wheelbarrows are made very differently from ours. The wheel is large and placed in the centre of the barrow, with a casing of wood over it. There is a sort of shelf at each side of this casing, on which are piled the goods to be carried. Very often the wheelbarrow carries passengers. In Shang-hai, on the level road leading to a factory there, they may be seen made with extra long sides, and as many as eight or ten mill-hands sitting back to back on each wheelbarrow. Sometimes a man will sit at one side and have his luggage packed at the other to balance him. The barrow-man has a strap from the handles over his shoulders to ease his arms of some of the weight. If there is a favourable wind, a sail is hoisted, and the traveller can get along at a good pace.

Another strange conveyance in North China is the mule-litter. This is a sort of covered stretcher, swung on long bamboo poles. At each end between the poles is a mule, and the mules carry the litter between them just as in the South the coolies carry the sedan-chair. This is much more comfortable than a cart or wheelbarrow, and the traveller can get along at the rate of four miles an hour. Why should you wish to go faster?

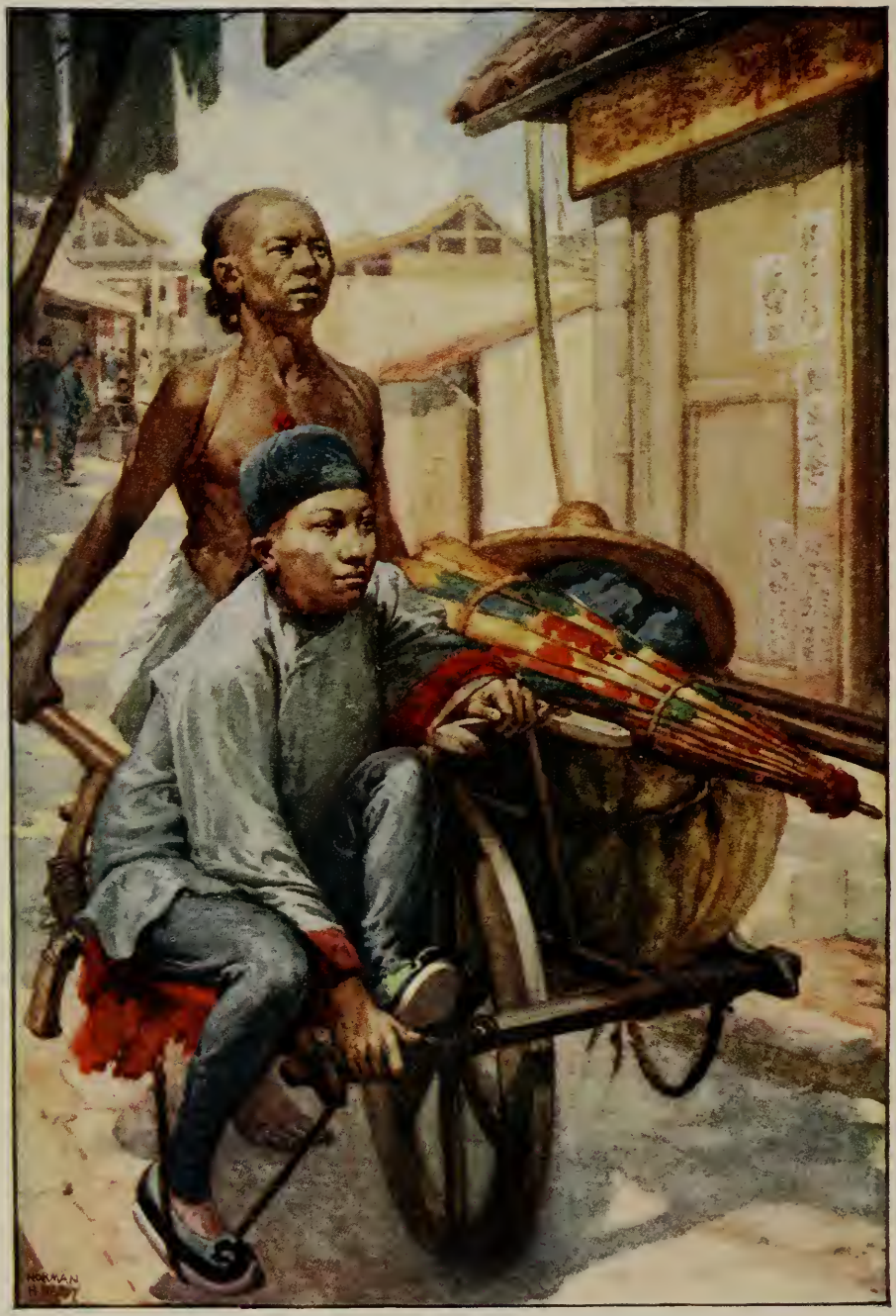
CHAPTER II

LANGUAGE

When a baby begins to talk, he can only say little words—"ta," for "thank you"; "mo," for "more." He sometimes says the same sound twice to make a word, as "ma-ma," "pa-pa," "ta-ta." The Chinese language is all of short words of one syllable, and they, too, often repeat the same sound. Learned men say that this simple language is like the primitive talk of a baby race.

In your English grammar you learn, "Verbs are inflected to express number, mood, and tense." Chinese verbs have no inflections. Someone may say to you, "Beh khi," and his words may mean, "I am going," or "They will go," or "He goes," or "She wishes to go." No noun has any plural, but if you wish to mention more than one of anything, a "classifier" must be used. In English we say "pairs of scissors," "head of cattle"; in Chinese they say "five sticks of spoon," "four balls of star."

For a machine their only word is *chia*, so that a carriage, a sewing-machine, a typewriter, and the works of a watch, are all *chia*. On the other hand, there are other directions in which they can make far finer distinctions than we can. For our word "aunt" they have words to distinguish between your mother's or your father's sisters, and whether they are older or younger. Little John Chinaman's *um* is his father's



A WHEELBARROW

older brother's wife, and his *ee* is his mother's younger sister, and so on.

Does it seem strange that so old a people as the Chinese should have a baby language? Baby learns as he grows older to use longer words and more words by hearing all the people round him use them. China was too much alone to hear the languages of other nations, and so it kept on using its first language, while other nations have forgotten or altered theirs.

Our English language is a mixture of many. The oldest words are the Saxon—simple and short—"like," "go," "good." But we have adopted words and parts of words from Greek and Latin, and most European tongues, and for new things new names are invented. We have "prefer," "depart," "virtuous," for the old "like," "go," "good." We may add an ending from Latin, or put a Greek beginning to a word, and when we had much to do with France it was fashionable to use French words; so from conquerors, invaders, traders, and courtiers we were always adding to our language. With the Chinese it was not so; they have kept to themselves. Their high mountains shut out strangers on one side, and when any came by sea they got no welcome. The Chinese were quite satisfied with what their own land produced, and despised foreigners.

Sometimes a language grows and changes just as it is used. The Chinese, however, had clever men who at a very early stage *wrote* the words, and no language is likely to change very much after it is written, especially as in China there were schools more than a thousand years before Christ, and so the books were read.

Besides which the writing was so strange that if a man made a new word he would have to invent a way to write it, he could not just spell it, as you will see presently. This all helped to fix the quaint language and keep it different from any other.

Chinese words were first written as pictures. Can you guess what these were meant for?

The first is for the "sun," next "mountain," "moon," "tree" or "wood," and the last is "child."

When people began to write more quickly the pictures changed more and more, till now they are not like pictures, only like signs, and are called characters. This is the way these same words are written now:

日 山 月 木 子

Pictures could easily be made for names of things that could be seen, but the Chinese had very clever ways of showing meanings by joining two or more characters together.

Sun and moon together mean—*bright.*

A man inside four walls means—*prisoner.*

Two trees together mean—*forest.*

Sun above ground means—*morning.*

These are just some simple characters, but there are supposed to be 50,000 altogether. Most of them are far too difficult for an ordinary person even to guess at the

meaning. However, if anyone knows 4,000 he can read most things, and would be considered quite well educated.

But here comes in the next difficulty. A foreigner, having learnt to read English, if he were careful and correct in his pronunciation, would be understood in this country; but if you had learnt to read and say 4,000 Chinese characters, it would be just as though you were speaking Latin to the people who heard you, for the written language is not spoken, although a few of the words sound the same. A book might be read and understood in every one of the eighteen provinces of China, and yet the same word be pronounced in a different way in each. This character  would be known to be *man* everywhere, but in Peking man is *jin;* in Swatow, *niang;* in Canton, *yan;* in Ning-po, *ning;* and in Amoy, *lang.*

The dialects differ very much in South China, but in the North and Centre, Mandarin is spoken very largely. All China is united by the written language, which is called Wen-li.

Now listen to the spoken words, so short, and with so much up and down in the sentences. Some sounds are quite English.

Baby's "ma" in China is his granny, but she is often more of a "ma" to him than his mother is. But you must say the word in the same imperious way that Master Baby does, or they may think you mean to scold, which is *mā.* Try to say these simple Chinese words. There is "table," *toh.* That seems easy.

No, you are saying *to*, a knife. Wrong again. That is *tó*, to fall. Ah! when you say your *t* aspirated, it is *t'o*, to demand. You try again and again, and say "cover," "peck," "fish," "peach," anything but "table." You may attempt *ki*, a branch, and before you go through the seven different ways of pronouncing the one sound, say seven quite different words, or fourteen if you give an occasional emphatic *k*. If you have a cold, and put in a nasal, you add another fourteen, and run through words which in English are as different as "remember," "weave," "creak," "perceive," "flag," "point," and so on, and all to the one sound. It seems as though Chinese—in this Amoy dialect, at least—would baffle anyone with ordinary English ears; but ears are wonderfully made, and can quickly learn to notice the tiny difference between high and low, quick and short, or slow and long sounds, rising and falling tones. The Chinese need to have these little tone variations, or how could they have enough words without having more syllables? In Canton there are nine tones, and in North China only four or five. Try to say some short English word in eight or nine different ways, and imagine it means as many different things, and you will have a little idea of South Chinese.

Because the language is so hard to pick up, it is generally only the missionaries and men in the Consular Service who take the trouble to learn it. "Pidgin English" is the queer language used by the others who have to speak much with Chinese who do not know English. In this lingo a "Number one top-side joss-

pidgin man" is a Bishop. Fever might be expressed as "B'long inside too muchee hot." If you heard a lady call her servant and say, "Go top-side catchee one piecee handkerchief," you would know she wanted her handkerchief brought downstairs. But you might be puzzled by a man giving orders to a Chinese carpenter, showing him a picture of a desk.

"Wanchee table all same so fashion, maskee chop. Number one good wood. S'pose brown no have got, white can do. B'long top-side leather. Too muchee bobbely no wanchee. Done finishee chop-chop. Savee?"

This means: "I should like you to make me a table like the one in the picture. No need to copy the maker's name. Best wood. If you have no brown, white will do. Leather top. I don't want much ornamentation. Finish it soon. Do you understand?"

CHAPTER III

BABYHOOD

A Chinese baby is just the same soft little thing as we have here in England, but instead of pretty white dresses he wears little trousers and coats of the most brilliant colours possible. His bib is a big stiff embroidered collar, and on his head he has a funny cap. Sometimes it is in the shape of a little house, so that he may always be said to be under his own roof; at other times merely a circle of embroidery, with a space in the centre to show the only part of his head that is not

shaved. He may have little gold images stitched round, or an embroidered beetle in the front, waving long trembling wire feelers, and at the side a little woollen or silk pigtail shaking to and fro, beckoning a baby brother to follow him into the family. Baby's little sister is almost sure to have a tail of her hair plaited over one ear to beckon in the same way, and her name may be "Call a Brother." She herself may not be very anxious that the little brother should come, for, if the parents are poor, she will very likely have to carry him about tied to her back, and see him have the best of everything that is going.

In summer very little tots are not troubled with many clothes. I remember a little English girl who longed for nothing so much as a pocket, and when she was five she had one in a new dress. A little Chinese girl and her brother have sometimes *only* a pocket. It looks like a little pinafore, and will hold lots of things, but never a handkerchief.

One thing baby is sure to wear is a silver chain of Life, fastened round his neck with a padlock, which is often beautifully engraved. He thinks more of the padlock than of the chain, aud bites it and shakes it with great delight.

In China there are rules for so many things, and these are a few of them.

Till one month old baby is carried, then he may be rocked in a cradle, and at four months he has a little chair. When he is a year old he is carried out of doors, turned round, and expected to walk in by himself.

At one month old he may have cake and tea, at four

months he is given pigs' feet to eat to help him to walk, and at one year rice. Hard-boiled eggs are sent to the neighbours, who must touch them, so that they may not quarrel with the child when he grows older.

A little girl has a red string tied round her hand to prevent her stealing or breaking things when she grows bigger. If a girl is awkward and clumsy, people say: "Did your mother forget to bind your hand when you were a baby?" She has a hard-boiled egg waved over her, in the hope that her head will grow a nice round shape, and the white is given to her to eat, so that she may be thrifty. Many other things are done to bring luck.

If baby falls, the mother runs to beat the floor, and sings a rhyme which means:

"One, two, three, four,
What are you hurting baby for?"

Sometimes she takes baby's wee toes and says:

"This little cow eats grass;
This little cow eats hay;
This little cow drinks water;
This little cow runs away;
This little cow does nothing,
Except lie down all day—
We'll whip her,"

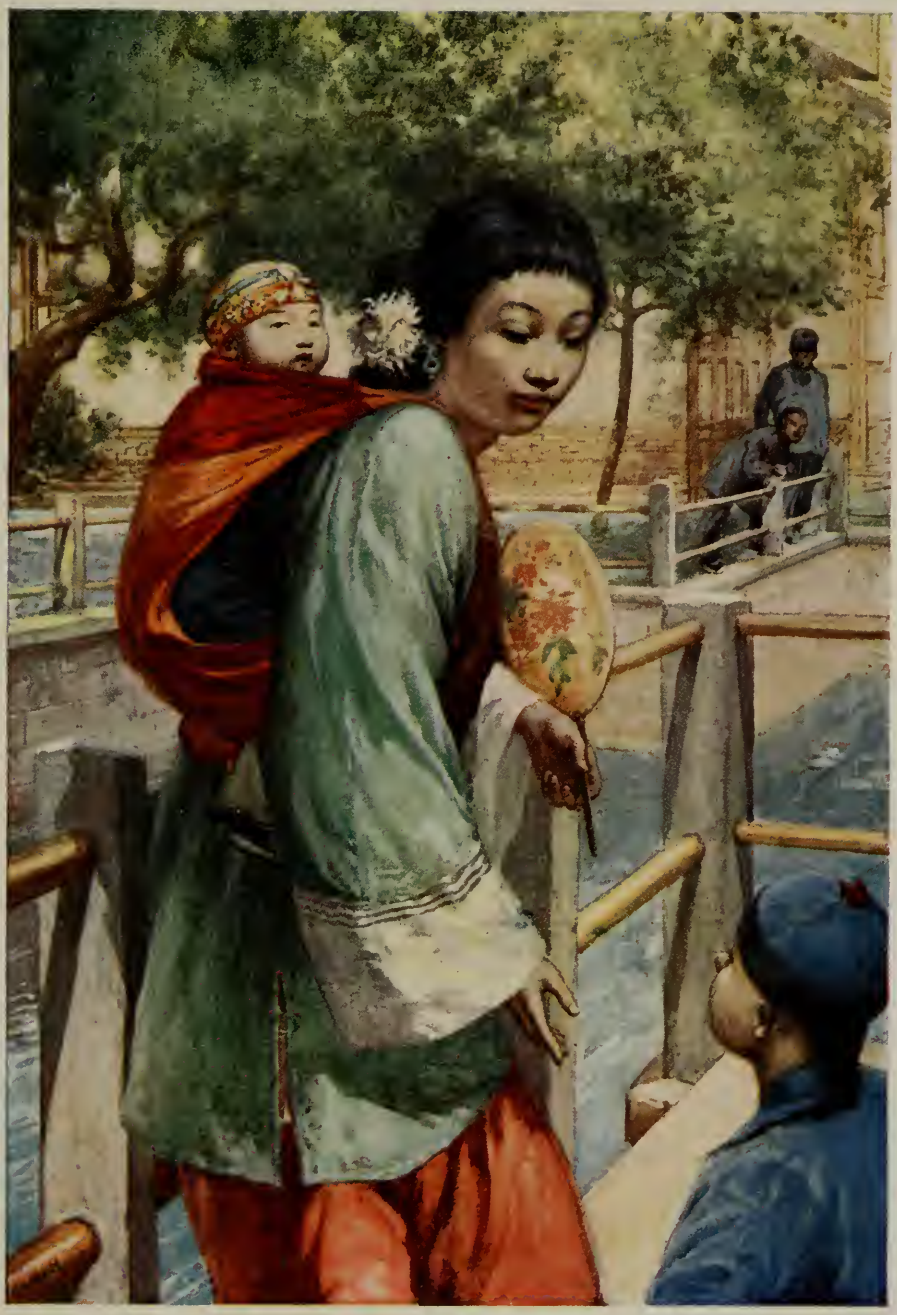
and then pats the little foot.

When baby's first birthday comes, the grandmother comes to stay for ten days or so. She brings a great bundle of clothes for baby, containing gay coats and trousers, a warm lined satin coat for winter, and a red hood, something like a sou'wester in shape, called a

" wind-hood." This hood has twelve little brass figures in front, and is embroidered in all sorts of colours. Other friends come too, bringing presents of turtles and peaches made of rice-flour. Turtles live a long time, so on birthdays one always sees huge turtles in flour of rice on the table. The child's parents must give away cakes, and provide a feast and a play for the company.

When a little girl has her first birthday, she is seated on a chair, with a book and a pair of cymbals suspended over her head. A flat bamboo tray is placed in the middle of the floor, and in it are put twelve things—among others, scissors, a book, cash, rice, turtles, and thread. The baby is popped down in the centre, and everybody watches to see what she will first pick up. If it is a needle, then she will be very clever at sewing ; if cash, she will be rich, and so on. Sometimes after this baby is carried to visit her grandmother, and she is greatly made of. When she returns home, two fowls, rice-cakes, and sugar-candy are sent with her. A boy would get a pig and silver money. On her second birthday her parents give away vermicelli to the neighbours, who return eggs and cash. Vermicelli represents long life.

It is only happy little babies, who are born in houses where they are wanted, who get so much attention. In many homes little girls are not wanted at all. Boys when they grow up can worship the grandparents and work for the parents, but a girl will be married into another family, and be of no more use in her own. A man sometimes comes to market with a basket of chickens at one end of his pole and a couple of babies in the basket at the other end, and he wants to sell



GIRL AND BABY

them all. Often the girl babies are killed to save the trouble of bringing them up. Besides, the parents believe that the spirit freed from the little girl body may be born again a little boy. In one of the famous books of China this is written:

> "If a boy is born in a downy bed,
> Let him be wrapped in purple and red;
> If a girl is born in coarse cloth wound,
> With a tile for a toy let her lie on the ground."

That is not fair play, is it?

When they grow old enough the little folk play games, as you do at home. They hold hands, and two play cat and mouse, running in and out under the hands of those forming the ring. Fox and geese is a favourite game.

One very pretty game is played in this way: All the little ones sit doubled up on the ground, and are little taro-plants. One is farmer, and pretends to water them. The taro-plants rise slowly till they are all standing full grown. Then, while the farmer sleeps, a thief comes and tries to steal them. The farmer wakes up and has a great chase.

They play at having feasts and funerals and keeping goats, and sometimes one will pretend to be an idol, and the others bow down before him.

CHAPTER IV

GIRLS

WHILE she is tiny the little girl may play about just as her little brothers do, but the sad day comes when her mother says her feet must be bound. Sometimes she is only four or five, but often she is left till she is seven. Little Gold-needle is set on a stool, and her mother, taking her dear little foot in one hand and a long strip of calico in the other, bends in the four small toes and bandages them very tightly under her foot, and as close to the heel as she can get them, leaving only the big toe straight. When both feet are tied up in this way, poor Gold-needle does not feel like running about, but sits near the door. Her little cheeks get white, and sometimes when no one is watching she sobs with the pain. She does not like her aunts and cousins to see her cry, for they will scold her, and the neighbours will call her bad names. At night her little feet are hot and burning, and she hangs them over the edge of the bed and cries softly because she can't sleep. If her father hears her, he will perhaps beat her ; but sometimes her mother takes the tight bandages off, and lets her put her poor sore feet in hot water for a little while before they are tied up again. She tries to be very brave, for her mother says she will only be fit for a slave unless her feet are "golden lilies."

Sometimes the showman comes to the courtyard, and

then Gold-needle forgets all her trouble for a while watching his performing animals, or in seeing Punch and Judy. If her father is kind-hearted, he will bring her some clay toys from the market, or some very funny dolls or a pig that grunts.

Most boys and girls in China have to work. Sometimes when they are quite tiny Hok-a and Gold-needle are sent out with a basket to gather fuel for the little earthen stove on which the rice is boiled. They have a basket and a little bamboo rake, and up the hills they climb and scrape up dead leaves, and pull the grass and ferns, and pick up little twigs, and carry them all back to the courtyard. When there is a great water-buffalo or a little brown ox, Hok-a takes the string which is fastened to the creature's nose, and leads it away to places where there is grass. Sometimes he has a ride on its back. If he is old enough, Hok-a may have to go with his father to work the water-wheel, and if Gold-needle is strong and has not had her feet bound yet, she goes too, and they tread together and turn the water-wheel. Gold-needle can pound the rice to take off the husks, and can help her mother to boil it, and scrape the sweet potatoes, or slice them thin for drying in the sun. She can learn to spin and weave, and cut out her own coats and trousers. Her mother teaches her to embroider, and then she draws her own patterns on her shoes, of butterflies or flowers, or a phœnix for good luck; and when the pedlar comes, she chooses pretty bright silks and works them smoothly.

During harvest, girls and boys, and mother too, often go out to the fields, and help to gather the rice. The

father and big boys cut it down, and the girls can tie it in bundles, and then they carry it to the big tub for threshing. There the father stands, and, holding a bundle of rice, shakes the grain into the tub, whacking the sheaf against a ladder inside the tub to get all the rice out. Then he throws the straw on one side.

When Gold-needle is about fifteen she hears the grown up people talk of her engagement, and she tries to find out all she can about it. Her father must be making arrangements with the "go-between" for her marriage, but she would not dare to ask him about it, as that would be very bad manners. Gradually it all leaks out. Her mother and aunts discuss the matter over their embroidery till she knows the whole story. The man to whom her father often sells seedlings and young pigs at the market wants a daughter-in-law, it seems. The "go-between" is a man who lives in the market-town, and has called to ask her name and exactly when she was born, so that it may be discovered whether the match is in every way suitable. All sorts of books must be consulted, and the stars and calendars. The boy's father is willing to give a good sum. Gold-needle is surprised to hear that her father said he must have 150 dollars for her. It seems so much money, and he has always said, "Of what use is a girl?" She can hear little or nothing about the son she is to marry. There are three, and one is married, so she supposes it must be the second son. Gold-needle is very anxious to know what kind of a mother-in-law she will have, as her temper will make a great difference to her happiness.

Gold-needle is delighted with the presents her unknown fiancé sends her—a piece of silk, ear-rings, and bracelets. Her father has to send presents in return.

For weeks the family is busy preparing the trousseau. There are to be twelve pairs of little shoes, each a different pattern. She has already a great number of hair ornaments. Some are little silver spears with a hand or a bird carved in green jade-stone at the top. Others are of brass, with patterns of fish or stags, or such-like, embossed on them. A few are of gold. These will show up well in her glossy black hair.

The wedding-coat is to come from the bridegroom, but she has made a lovely silk one to wear under it, and a white inner cotton coat with the five corners, which a bride must always have.

So Gold-needle, when the day comes, goes off with very real tears to the new home she knows so little about. She has to bow to the ground before her parents-in-law and before the ancestral tablets, and then her husband lifts her veil and sees her face for the first time. She hopes he thinks her pretty, and wonders whether he is kind. They are not supposed to speak to each other. The bride takes a tray of tea and hands it to the guests, and for three days must neither laugh nor cry.

After a month Gold-needle is allowed to go on a visit to her old home. How she enjoys it! She wears her best dresses, and is petted and made much of. Her girl friends come to see her, and she gossips a great deal about her married life. As a great secret she tells of how on the wedding-day she managed to sit on a

corner of the bridegroom's coat, and all her friends congratulate her, for this means she will get the rule of the household in time.

CHAPTER V

A LITTLE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

In the last chapter we saw how a little Chinese girl fared who was born in a happy home where she was really cared for. Now we must see what happens to the little girls who are not wanted.

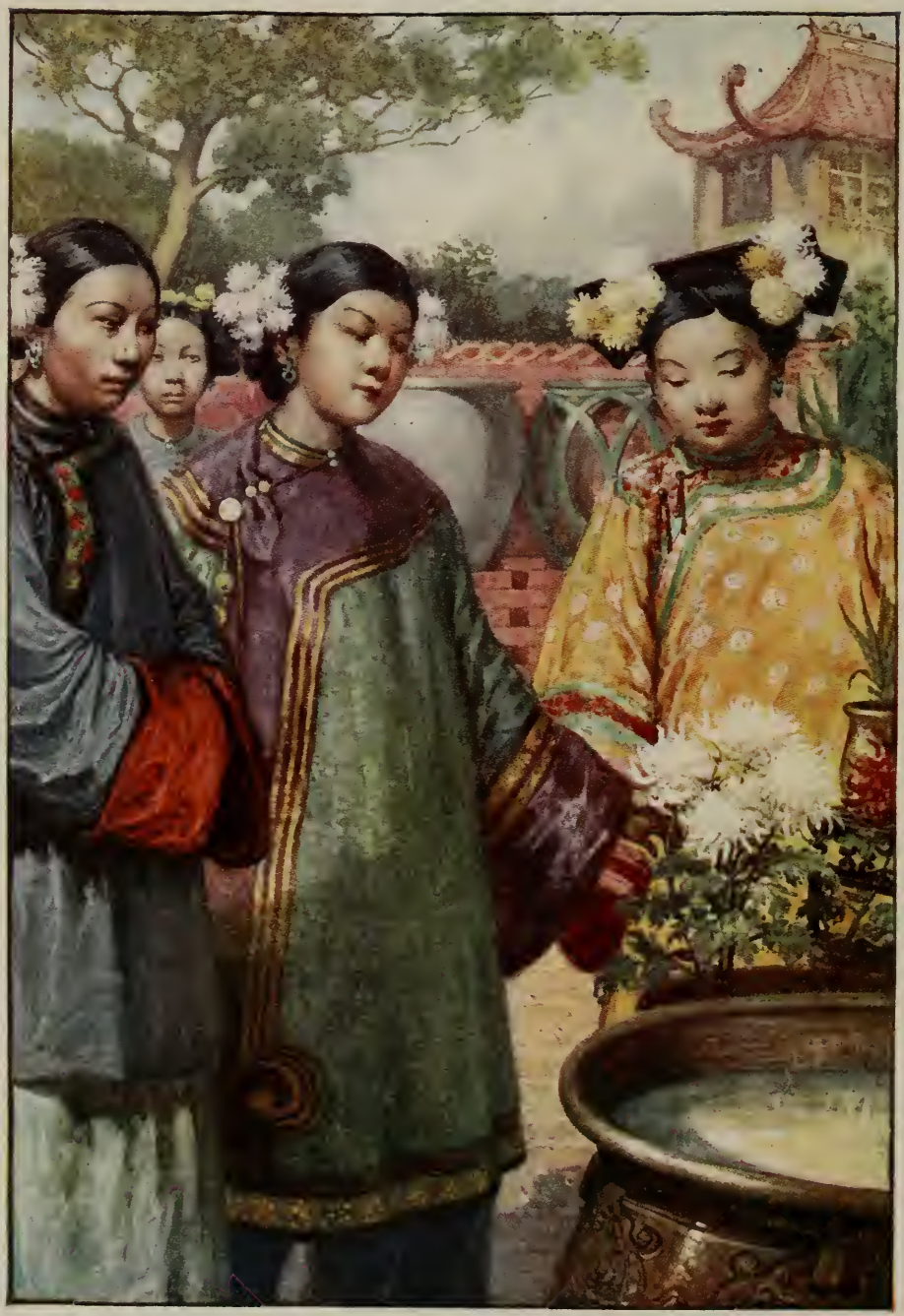
There was a man called Pu Hia who was one of a large family. The father had a farm of several fields, but the land lay between two villages, and there was always trouble. Once it was about some oysters which the men of one village claimed, and the men of the other village went and took. At another time it was about a cow that had been sold by one villager to a man in the other village. There had been a plan that if the cow had a calf it was to be sold, and part of the money was to belong to the first owner, and so with the calf's calf and the calf's calf's calf. There was difference of opinion as to how much money should be paid for the latest calf. It was so puzzling a case that the men went out with guns to settle it, and for months there was fighting whenever the weather was fine and there was no particular work to do in the fields. At last some

men were killed, and the Mandarin came down and fined both villages; but Pu's village was fined most money, because they had only lost one man, while the other village had lost two. Now, Pu's brothers had been in the thick of the fighting, and had a good share of the money to pay. To raise the money some of the fields had to be sold, and some of the brothers went to Singapore to try and make a fortune to buy them back. Pu stayed at home with the old father and his brothers' wives and children, and his own. The house was large, and built in the best part of the village. There were hills behind, and a river ran into an arm of the sea in front. There was a fine large wooden door, with double leaves, in the stone wall which went round the courtyard. In the yard a cow was tethered, and pigs and dogs, cats and fowls wandered about. There was a stack of dried grass and straw in one corner, and across another were bamboo poles (the Chinese clothes-ropes), and on these hung some clothes to dry. Round the court were doors, and opposite the yard entrance was the guest-room, the double doors of which were swung wide open. There were some fine carvings on the posts. Inside the house looked rather bare. Opposite the door, and against the wall, stood a high table for the idols and tablets, with a lower table in front of it, and arranged down each side of the room were little tables, each with a hard square wooden arm-chair at either side. Rooms opened off this hall. Since their family had lost money, Pu was looking about to see how he could save, and at that minute his little girl of three, Care, came into the yard with a cousin, and ran to her mother. She had

fallen down and hurt herself, and, as her mother began to brush the mud off, Pu thought, "That child is only an expense and a trouble; I may be able to do something with her."

A few weeks later Care was told she was to go out with her father. Her mother cried, and she cried when her father led her off. She was taken about five miles away to a small house across the river, and handed over to a woman who was not at all like her mother. This woman had several sons, and she had spent so much on a wife for the eldest that she wanted to pay less for the second. She heard that Pu wanted to sell his little girl, and so she bought her for five dollars. Pu bargained that Care was to be well treated, and when she was old enough, married to the second son, and they were to make a big feast at her wedding.

Care cried herself to sleep that night and for many nights. She was so little, and yet this mother-in-law kept telling her she must be of use. She had to fan the fire while the rice was boiling, and when her little arms got tired and she stopped, she got such a slap from the old lady that she cried. She was sent to lay the potato shavings in the sun, and while she was doing it she saw a shiny beetle and stopped to play with it; and oh! she got such a beating for that. At last she felt so ill and became so weak that her mother-in-law became frightened lest she should die, and that would be five dollars wasted, so she let her have a little more play, and Care would creep into a corner and sleep, for she felt so tired. As she grew older she had to sew and cook, and to husk the rice. To do this latter she had to jump



MANCHU GIRLS

up and down on one end of a long board, at the other end of which a hammer thumped into a stone basin, and broke the husks off the rice. She had to draw water from the well and carry heavy pails into the yard. She had to wash the clothes in the river, and hammer them between two stones to get them clean. Then she must hang them up to dry, and be careful not to put men's and women's coats on the same rod. She still got beaten if she were not quick, or if she broke anything.

One day her father came to see her, and asked if she were well; but, as the mother-in-law was there, she could not say much. When the old lady told him she was clumsy and slow, he just said: "If that is so, you must beat her, but not heavily—not heavily." Care just wished he knew how it hurt. She was about eleven years old, and used to meet some other girls at the well sometimes, and found a good many of them were "little daughters-in-law," too, and some of them were far worse off than she was. *Her* father did sometimes come and see that she was not ill, and say "not heavily," but some of the others had no one to care for them at all. One who was only ten threw herself down the well because she was so unhappy. She met little slave-girls besides. Some were quite merry, but others were so miserable she did not like to think about them.

One day when her father came he noticed that Care's feet had never been bound, and he was very angry. He called her dreadful names, and told the old lady she must not neglect the child like that, and make her look like a slave. So that evening she had her feet bound. Her mother-in-law was angry, because she knew she would

have to do a great deal of the housework herself for a little while, till Care was able to go about again ; and besides, she kept on scolding because of the way Pu had spoken to her. So the feet were bound roughly and tightly, and it hurt dreadfully because the bones were hard and the feet were strong from going about so much. Care could have screamed, but dared not. She suffered terribly, and yet her mother-in-law made her go about. She used to move from stool to stool or walk on her knees, for it was agony to put her feet on the ground.

She got very thin, and felt sick and wretched. One day she took some opium from her mother-in-law's pipe-bowl and swallowed it, to try and get away from all her misery ; but it was not enough to kill her, and she was only more sick, and got beaten besides. No one seemed to pity her. At last a neighbour came in one day, and told the old lady that if she did not take care the girl would die, and her spirit would haunt the house ; and after that she was allowed to rest a little more, and gradually she began to feel better.

When she was fourteen she was married. The mother-in-law did not want much expense, but, still, there was a feast, and Care had some new clothes, and for three days did not need to work.

Things were not so bad after that. Some more of the sons married, so there were more to help in the house. The mother-in-law died at last, and though Care had to cry and howl aloud with pretended sorrow, she could not help being very glad indeed.

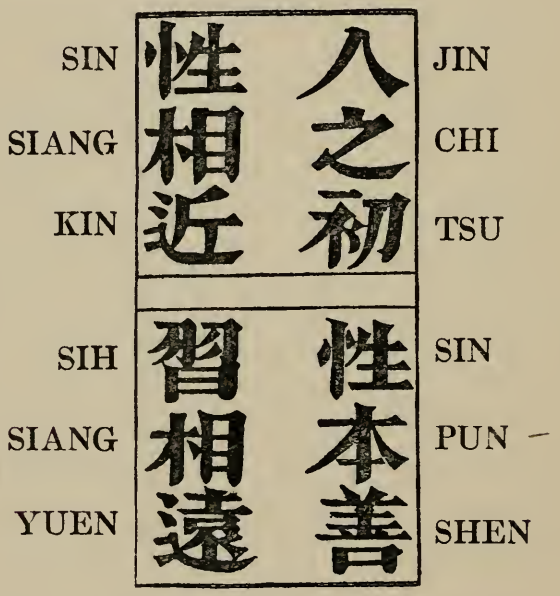
CHAPTER VI

BOYS

CHINESE boys do not all have to go to school, as English boys must, but those whose fathers can afford to send them do go. School fees are not very high, and it is just as well they should not be, for a boy may go to school for a long time and know almost nothing at the end of it.

Imagine young John Chinaman starting off to school for the first time. He wears a long coat down to his ankles, and a round cap, called a "basin hat," because of its shape. Below this his glossy black hair is plaited in a cue, which is lengthened with red cord till it reaches his heels. His father takes him to the master and tells him what a stupid boy his son is. You think the master would find that out soon enough, but John knows his father is only being polite—to the master, not to him. He gets a school name, such as "Son of Learning," or "Heaven's Wisdom," and usually drops the name by which he has been called at home. He may be glad to do so if it has been "Black Snake," "Tiger-mane," "Number Two," "Puppy-dog," "Girl," or such-like. John must bow low, knocking his head on the ground before the tablet in the school-room, on which the name of Confucius is written. Turning round, he sees the other pupils, boys of all ages, sitting with their books before them, each shouting out his own lesson. The room is small and rather dark, and the noise is tremendous, and if you came in

with John you perhaps have a headache already. That fat boy in the corner might be cheering at a football-match by the row he is making. You are amazed that the master has not shouted "Silence!" and almost wish he would cane some of the noisiest. As a matter of fact, he is quite pleased that John's father should see what fine busy scholars he has, and would be very angry if they were quiet. He hands the new pupil a little reader, called "The Three-Character Classic," because each line has three words only, and, pointing, to the characters, tells him their names.



You do not understand, and neither does John; but he repeats the sounds as he is told, and goes to his seat and shouts them till he thinks he knows them. Then he takes the book to his master, and, turning his back to him that he may not be supposed to be looking over,

he repeats the passage, swaying to and fro as he says it. If it is said correctly, he will be set a few more lines ; but it is only after the whole book is learnt by rote that any explanation is given. If it is not said correctly, the master will cane him, for he believes that nothing but a sound beating will give him a memory. In some parts of China a boy has to learn by heart for two years without understanding anything, for the book-words in those places are a different language altogether from spoken Chinese.

His Readers, even when he knows their meaning, are not very interesting. The one with which we saw him start is a long rhyme, and gives lists of virtues he must practise and subjects he will have to learn, a very dry outline of history, and, lastly, some stories of wonderful young people whom he is told to imitate. For example, two boys, who had to go to work every day gathering wood and driving cows, took books with them, and read in the forest, or rested the book on the horns of the cow, and read while riding on its back. One who had to study late at night tied his long pig-tail to the rafters, so that if he became sleepy and nodded he would be wakened by the sudden tug of his hair. Another pricked himself with an awl to keep awake. One student, who could not afford a lamp, caught glow-worms and put them in a bottle, and read by their light.

When he is older the pupil may read history, and poetry, and rules of politeness, but no geography, nor arithmetic, nor natural history. The only variety he gets is a writing lesson. He has a fine brush made of

bamboo and camel's hair, which he holds exactly upright as he copies the characters.

School-hours are very long, as lessons begin early, and do not stop till dark, except just for meals. I have been wakened when it was scarcely light by the shouting of sleepy schoolboys. There are very few holidays —no Saturdays or half Wednesdays, and, of course, no Sundays ; for it is only in lands where God is worshipped that people have a weekly holiday.

Sometimes at new or full moon there is a holiday, and always at New Year and special feasts. Even on ordinary days the boys manage to get some play. They have many games very like those you have here at home, for little John Chinaman is very much the same sort of boy as little John Bull. He is fond of tops and shuttlecock. A battledore is no use to him, but he turns up his little foot, with its thick paper-soled shoe, and sharply hits the shuttlecock with that. If his pigtail gets in the way, he tucks it inside his coat, or coils it round his head. Should the schoolmaster appear, however, he will quickly untwist it and stop running ; for Confucius has said that running is not dignified, and no student should do more than walk.

There is a kind of insect which the boys love to catch, for it makes a loud whirring noise with its wings, and sometimes two of them are set to fight each other, the boys watching eagerly to see whose insect will win.

They have a game something like marbles played with cash. You have seen the Chinese money — a little round copper coin, smaller than a halfpenny, with a square hole in the middle.

Mr. Headland tells how he saw the game played: "The boys all ran to an adjoining wall; each took a cash from his purse or pocket, and, pressing it against the wall, let it drop. The one whose cash rolled farthest away took it up and threw it against the wall in such a way as to make it bound back as far as possible.

"Each did this in turn. The one whose cash bounded farthest then took it up, and with his foot on the place whence he had taken it, he pitched or threw it in turn at the cash the others had dropped. Those he hit he took up. When he missed one, all who remained took up their cash and struck the wall again, going through the same process as before. The one who wins is the one who takes up most cash."

Boys play blind-man's buff, and they have the original of Diabolo, or Gambo, which people here played so much a little while ago.

Flying kites is a very popular amusement, and grandfathers, fathers, and sons will all go out to fly them. They are made in all sorts of shapes and sizes.

Chinese schools are changing in many places, and commands from the Government order that all sorts of useful things shall be taught nowadays. Some temples have been turned into schools, and modern maps hung on the walls, and new lesson-books have been bought, too; but the difficulty is to find teachers. If a foreigner is within reach, he will be asked to explain what the map or globe is for, and how sums can be done without counting with beads on an abacus. In some places

Japanese have become teachers, and Chinese boys who have been trained by the missionaries in their schools and colleges are in great demand as masters.

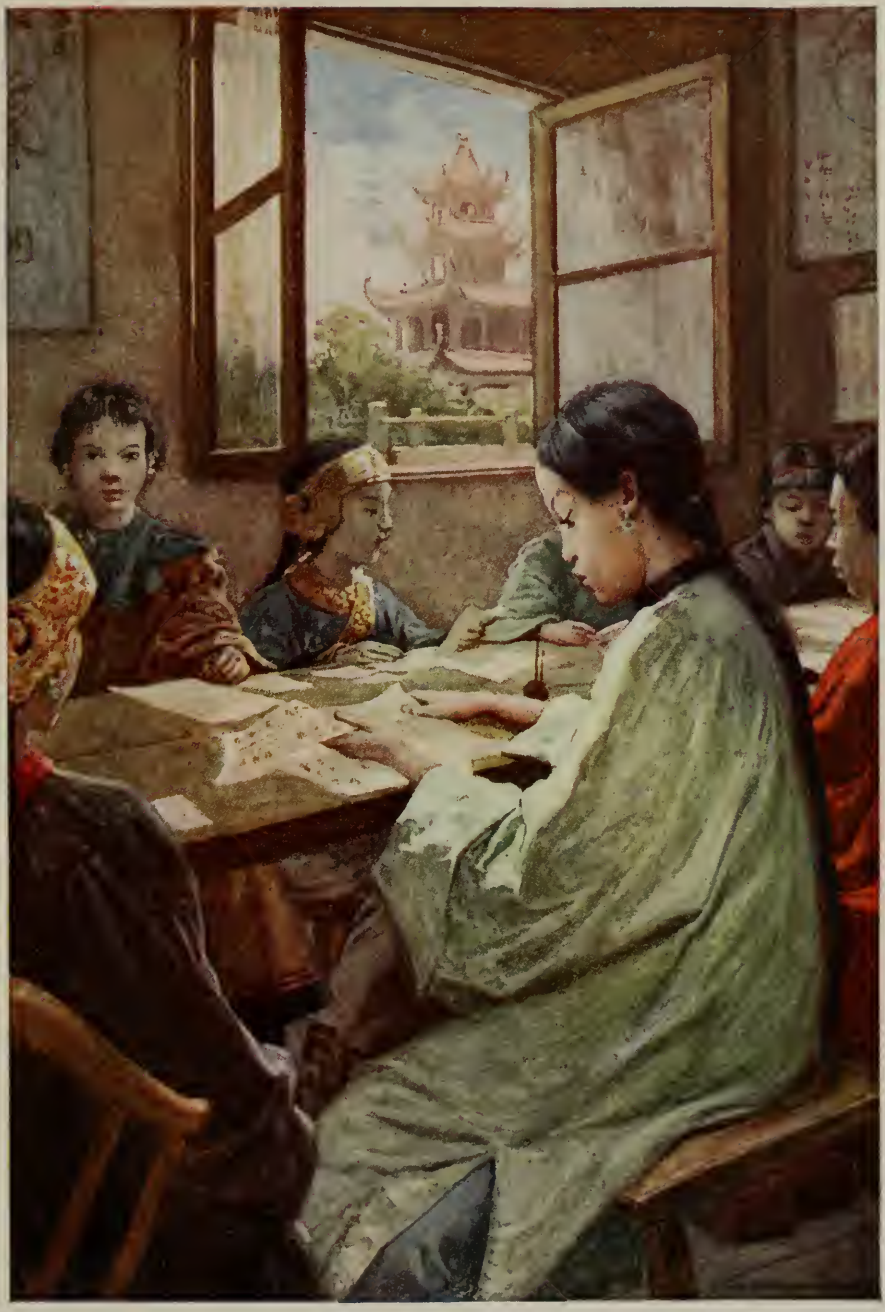
In some of these new schools cricket, or "ke-le-ket," is becoming very popular, and football-matches are played. Mandarins and others sometimes come to watch the game. I have seen Chinese boys play hockey, too.

CHAPTER VII

NEW YEAR'S DAY

At New Year time our little friends Hok-a and Gold-needle and their cousins always had plenty of fun. Their grandmother told them a story of why there was always so much feasting then. She said :

"They tell us that the people of long ago had a saying that on the last day of the twelfth month a great flood would drown everyone. When the people of that time heard this they were very sad, and thought, 'Now we are going to die, let us take the food we have and eat, and the clothes we have and dress up gaily.' So they took rice, and fried rice-cakes, and prepared strained rice and basins of vegetables, in order to take leave of their ancestors. [The 'ancestors' mean the spirits of their ancestors, who are supposed to live in wooden tablets kept on a table placed against the wall of the chief room.] When they had wor-



A SCHOOL

shipped the ancestors, all the family sat together round the table to eat, and put a little stove underneath because it was winter, and also because they shook with fright and needed a fire to warm themselves. On that night they shut the door very close, and put a prop against it. They lit up very brightly, and did not dare to go to sleep, but watched anxiously for the great flood to come.

"At daybreak they opened the door, and discovered that there was no flood. That was New Year's Day. They immediately ran out to visit their friends and relations, and found that none of them had been drowned either; so they all congratulated each other, and drank tea and wine. From that time there has always been feasting and visiting and congratulations at New Year."

Hok-a and Gold-needle have been looking forward to the holiday for a long time. All the people in the house have been busy for days. The dust and dirt of the year has been swept from the house into the street. The men have been hurrying about collecting any money that was owing to them, for no bills must be left over till New Year. Mother and aunts have been sitting by the door to catch the light to darn, and mend, and make, for everyone must have something fine to wear on New Year's Day. As it gets near the 28th and 29th of the twelfth month, the bustle and traffic wax fiercer and fiercer, and people push against one another, and crowd into the shops to lay in a stock of good things against the 29th; for even if there are thirty days in the month, the great day is spoken of as

the 29th. Such a cooking goes on the day before and such a frying of rice-flour cakes you never saw. Pigs and ducks and chickens and even poor little fish have a bad time of it just then, for at noon on the 29th tables are brought into the hall, and a great feast is laid out, and these must be among the offerings.

The great day arrives, and Hok-a and Gold-needle dress themselves in their new clothes. Hok-a has a blue coat, with a yellow silk waistcoat on the top of it, green silk leggings, and a green cap; while his little sister is gay in a pink coat and blue trousers trimmed with black, and some silver pins and flowers in her shining black hair.

By twelve o'clock all is ready. Fortunately, the food need only be half cooked, as the idols cannot tell whether it is done or not, and this feast is for them. The men and boys, in long blue or green gowns and their pigtails finished off with red cord tassels, are gathered in the hall, and prostrate themselves, begging the idols and the spirits of the ancestors to eat the food prepared for them. A basin of rice and another of vegetables, with a piece of meat, is carried to the bedroom for the Mother Bed Spirit to eat, as, if they don't feed her, she will revenge herself by tripping up the children. The Kitchen God, too, must have his share, and the fireplace is gaily decorated with flowers.

When they have finished worshipping, a lot of gilt paper-money is burnt, that the spirits may buy good things in the other world, and have a nice time. Then everything is carried out and cooked over again, and

all the family gather round for the feast of the year. Usually the men eat alone and the women afterwards, but on this day everyone has a place. Such fun they have, roasting cockles and parching beans! Everyone must give a stir to the bean-pan. A little stove is carried to the table, and wine is warmed over it, for all to have a taste. A great supply of celery has been laid in, and the stalks must be boiled and swallowed whole, to give long life. When the feast is finished, the grandfather hands a piece of money to each, so that they may have money the year through. Then a basin of rice and a bit of meat is given to the dog and cat—a treat they only get once a year. It is time to light up now. A bit of sugar-cane is stuck behind each door, and in each room food is placed for the spirits. There is so much noise and merriment that, for a wonder, the rats don't dare to peep out, so they say that "the rats are marrying and giving in marriage." Twelve bamboo lamps are lighted in the hall, and afterwards carried out to burn. Everybody gathers round to watch which goes out first, as each lantern stands for a month, and the first that turns black means a month of rain. If it is the first month the children are sad, for that is holiday-time. And it usually is the first, as it is carried out before the others.

Our little friend Hok-a has been saving up for weeks, so as to buy plenty of squibs and fireworks to let off on this day, just as English boys do for the 5th of November. His father has bought hundreds of them too, and so has everyone else in the place; the cracking of them is heard everywhere.

A great bonfire is kindled, and the children jump over it, singing:

> "Jump busily, jump away—the fire burns bright!
> Bring in gold and bring in silver.
> Now there's no place to store it away;
> Heap it under the kitchen grate!"

It is late before anyone gets to bed, for they think that the longer the children sit up, the longer the old people will live. Some dutiful boys and girls sit up all night long!

Next morning there is a great deal of visiting, and, I am sorry to say, a great deal of gambling. Nobody works, and everybody is supposed to be in good humour.

CHAPTER VIII

A CHAIR-RIDE IN THE COUNTRY

Our sedan-chairs are ready for us. These are really just bamboo arm-chairs with two long supple bamboo carrying poles, about 14 feet long, fastened to either side, and with a light flooring for the feet. An arch of split bamboo is fixed over the chair, and the roof, back, and sides are covered with blue cotton, made shower-proof. Little square windows are cut in the covering at the sides, with a flap of cotton hung over them, which can be let down as a curtain. These chairs of ours look much the worse for wear.

The bearers look rather shabby in their short loose

pants and coats of faded blue very untidily put on. Wouldn't you like to ask this one when he last used his wooden comb? He has a black cloth wound round his head, but stray hairs and bits of rough pigtail show here and there round it. Chair-bearers are looked down upon, and it is usually only the lowest class who will do this work.

The back man has tipped up the chair, so that you may step over the poles. Do not step over the little bar that joins the poles at the end, for that would count as an insult, almost equal to putting your foot on the bearer's neck. Both men are making up their minds how heavy you are, and very likely guess to within a few pounds. As soon as you sit down the men swing you up to their shoulders, and start off with great strides along the uneven road, with its rough granite paving-stones. They keep in step so well, and the thick poles are so springy, that the motion is just delicious.

How small the fields are! more like the little allotment gardens outside a town than like our big home fields, only instead of cabbages and turnips and potatoes there are dark-leaved taro plants in this wet place, and there, where it is dry, pineapples and tall millet and sugar-cane are growing in rows, and farther on little indigo bushes and sweet potatoes. Do you see the little mat-shed by the side of that plot, with its monster pumpkins? That is where the man stays who guards the crops, for someone must watch or else the thieves would have a grand time. The farmers club together and take turns in watching.

We meet all kinds of folk as we go along, many of

them carrying heavy baskets, slung from either end of a long pole made of split bamboo, balanced across their shoulders. Here are two men, and, swinging between them, is a fat pig hanging upside down, with its legs tied to a bamboo pole.

Now we overtake a young gaily-dressed woman. She is going home to visit her mother after being married a month, and behind her a wrinkled old dame, to see she comes to no harm. Both look as though they were on stilts, for they walk so stiffly on their tiny feet. Here comes a small boy leading a huge water-buffalo by the nose, or riding on its back.

The little path is narrow and slippery now, and, as we go hurrying past, the burden-bearers must give way to our chairs; so they stand close to the edge and balance carefully, or they would slip into the disgusting mud of the rice-fields at each side. These fields are fresh and green, and each has a tiny mud-dyke round it to make it into a little pond—for rice must be grown in water. Do you see those two men standing near the river and holding a rope in each hand fastened to a bucket between them? They let the bucket down into the water, and when filled, jerk it up and let the water pour into the mud channel, and so quite a little river runs down from field to field.

The bearers tell us a tiger was seen in that clump of sugar-cane last night, that he is growing very bold, and comes sometimes into the village and carries off a dog or a goat. The tigers in the Zoo are from these parts, but though we may look at them bravely when we see the iron bars between, we would not care to meet them

here. An old woman was carried off from her door-step, they say, not long ago.

A farmer, standing well over his ankles in the mud of the field, planting out rice seedlings, straightens his back for a minute to shout, "Where are you going?" Everyone has asked that question, and when they see the strange people in the chairs they want to know more—are we men or women? where do we come from? and so forth. Our bearers shout answers, and we hear that we are "Barbarians from the outer kingdom, just going about and looking, looking."

How funny the shadows of our front men are! It is nearly noon, and the sun is almost exactly above us, so the big round bamboo hats make circles on the ground as though there were no men at all under them, only a bit of coat flapping breaks the round sometimes.

Now the road begins to go uphill, and the huge bars of granite laid across the path make steps in the steepest parts. The poles bend and sway, while the men swing the chair up and down and call to each other, "Up we go!" "On we go!" Little fields are made on the sides of the hill by levelling the ground, for the Chinese will not lose any chance of growing something to eat if they can help it. Under the shelter of the rocks pretty little ferns grow, and there are large white wild-roses. The herons, with their pink legs, are left behind in the wet fields, and so is the little bird that calls all the time for his little brother, "Tee, tee, tee, tee-tee-tee."

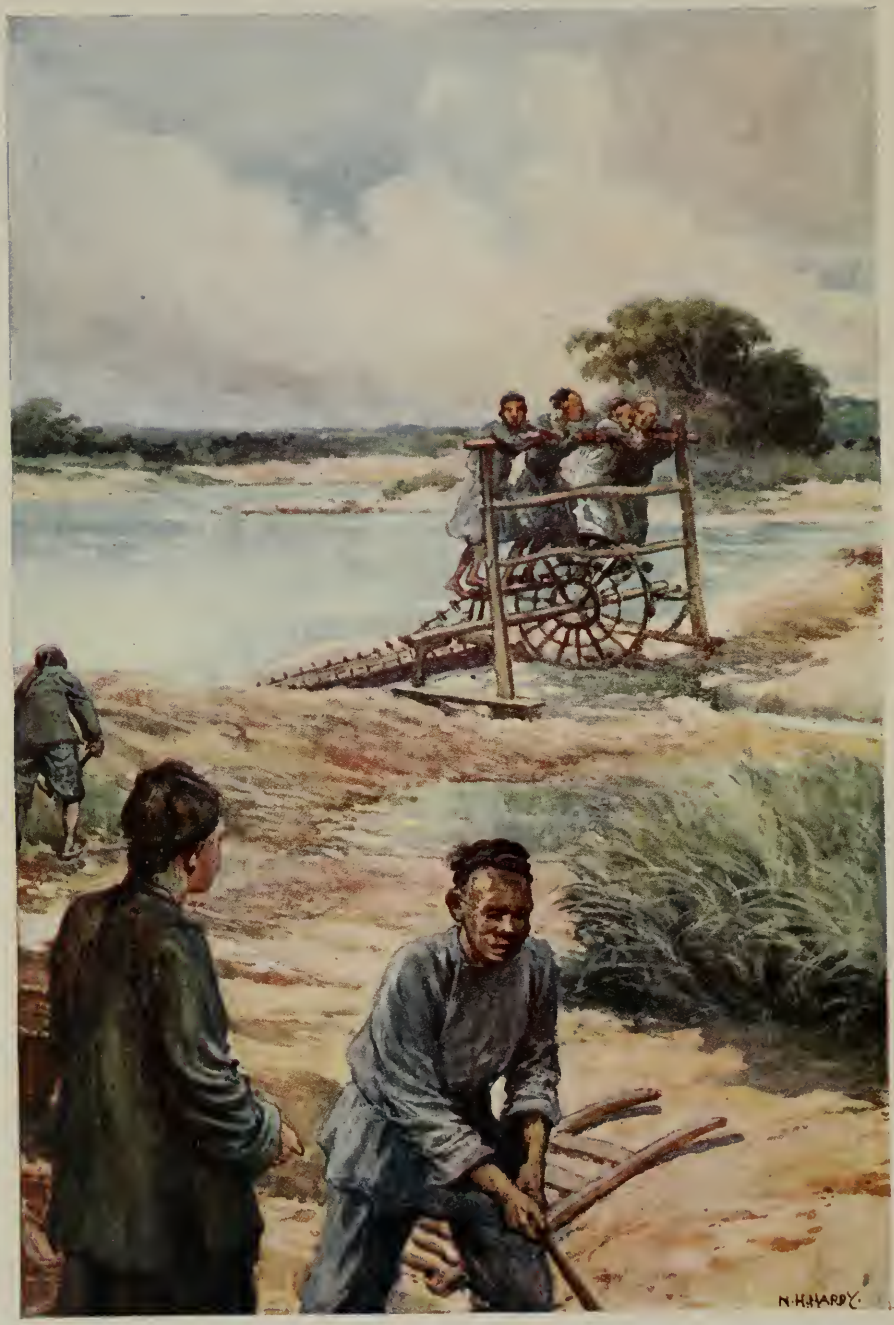
Under the pine-trees at the very top of the pass there is a temple, and the front part of it has been made use of by an old woman, who makes a good living by pro-

viding food and drink for travellers. The coolies swing our chairs suddenly down to their hands, and then to the ground, wipe their faces with a grimy cloth on their shoulders, and then go and sit doubled up on the narrow wooden benches by the long table, and shovel basins of hot rice noisily into their mouths. We are left meekly sitting in our chairs by the roadside till they are ready to go on for another long spell.

Now we go down the winding path on the other side of the mountain. The view of the valley below is fine, with great stretches of young rice, patch joining patch in a chain of bright green, with here an orange-grove, and there a field of sugar-cane, while villages seem to be scattered about everywhere, their brown-tiled roofs showing half hidden in dark banyan-trees. Far beyond, past where you see the gleam of the river as it winds in and out over the plain, you get a glimpse of the city—not of its houses, however, for they are only one-storied. What you see is the high battlemented city wall, and the tops of two old pagodas which show above it.

Have you noticed the strange round towers near some of the villages? In these parts the people often fight, and when there is any specially bad quarrel on hand the people move into the towers. They keep the fowls and cattle in the stalls below, and live in the rooms on the floors above. There are no windows, but narrow slits to the outside, and all the air and light comes from the open part in the centre.

Our bearers are stepping carefully down a flight of slippery stone steps, and by this sloping path we pass under the grey stone arch (built in memory of a widow



A WATERWHEEL

who spent her life in caring for her father-in-law and mother-in-law), till we come to the river at the foot, where we hire a barge for the rest of the journey. Arches of bent cane covered with matting make a sort of cabin of the centre of the boat, one half of which is screened off for the boatman's family. You may make yourself as comfortable as you can in the middle space, and get glimpses of the family inside, or else look out at the lovely bamboos fanning the river.

Across there, a strange little figure made of straw is planted in the muddy bank by some villager afraid of the wicked spirit whose name he would not dare to mention. We hear the creaking of many wooden water-wheels, and see them being turned by men and boys, treading steadily hour after hour to raise water in the wooden channel up the bank into the nearest rice-field, and from it to run in little ditches down to the farthest plot. Everyone seems busy, day in, day out the same, the only change being in the kind of work that has to be done.

We are not sorry when the town is reached, for this boat has a very hard floor, and we feel somewhat cramped and rather squeamish from the smell of the opium which the boatman's old mother is smoking behind the screen.

CHAPTER IX

A WALK IN TOWN

We have seen something of the country ; let us now take a walk through this typical town of South China. In olden days everywhere, as in China to-day, no great city could exist unless near some waterway, for where there are no railways and the roads are bad, water makes a splendid carrier. This city is on a river just where it runs into a great arm of the sea. Before we go ashore let us notice the innumerable boats, all with one part covered, in which the boatman's family lives. The women look strong and have natural feet. Many of them are working the oars. They do not mix with the townsfolk, and are not allowed to sleep on shore. The children tumble about in the bottom of the boat, and often fall overboard ; but as they have a rope tied to them, they are quickly hooked out of the water, and are not much the worse for the ducking. These boat people wash themselves and their clothes in the river, and then dip up some of the water for cooking and drinking ! Happily, no one thinks of drinking cold water, it is always boiled and a few tea-leaves added first.

Now let us land. This is a far cleaner city than many we might have visited, but the streets seem dark and like tunnels, for they are narrow, and bamboos are laid across from roof to roof, and an awning of mats on them gives shade from the glaring sun, but makes it

rather gloomy. The shops have only a few feet of frontage each, and do not display their goods to any great extent, which is, perhaps, as well ; for there is no glass, only a counter, and inside what looks like the pay-desk in a butcher's shop, only made of beautiful dark wood magnificently carved. There is outside each shop a dark wooden board hanging down, and having the trade name of the owner in gold and red letters. The merchant himself is very likely to be seen, dressed in a rich silk robe, and looking fat and pompous: for in China to be rich is to be fat ; no poor man can be, and nearly every rich man is, unless he is a very advanced opium-smoker. Rich and poor alike eat rice, but the poor man has very little and the rich man very much.

Shopping is made easy in this city, for each class of shop has its own street.

This is Coffin Lane, and in the open workshops we can see carpenters sawing great trunks of trees into the thick rounded coffins used by the Chinese. Turn to the left, and we go down Shoemaker Row, and see in every shop shoes, large and small. Some are black satin, some coarse cotton, others green or blue silk, with a pattern in black velvet laid on. The soles of all are thick and white, made of layer on layer of paper. All these are for men. Women embroider their own shoes at home. Do not think that it is only women who can embroider, for here are some men standing at frames working elaborate designs in all shades of soft silks. This tall man is working a very large square with a picture of some old fairy-tale. The faces, though so small, are wonderfully clever. In that street are the

lacquer workers, where trays, boxes, and even coffins, are carefully worked. Varnish is laid on, and polished again and again, till there is a veneer of lacquer, very smooth and rich, all over.

Let us turn in here for a moment. A number of workmen are busy with little gold and silver brooches and ornaments, forming patterns on them with tiny threads of filigree. Kingfishers' feathers in lovely shades of blue lie on the table, and the men cut off little pieces, and gum them into the spaces between the patterns. In the black hair of the women these ornaments look beautiful.

In a street some yards down we hear the clatter of wood, and going into a dark room, we see a wooden loom being worked by foot, and a shuttle thrown from hand to hand. This is the way the rich silk, for which China is famous, is made, just as it must have been made centuries ago.

Across the street are men bending over fine ivory, carving dainty patterns with very clumsy tools.

Do you hear the yelling behind you? Stand aside quickly, for there is the fire-brigade. About twenty men are running along, with helmets on their heads and loose red cotton coats and short trousers on, and hauling by a rope a heavy water-barrow with a pump attached. When they reach the place of the fire they fill the barrow with water from buckets, and pump it through a hose at the flames. Very few towns have even this primitive fire-brigade. At one time there was a fire in Amoy, and the men from a British man-of-war did great service by forming lines, and handing buckets of water along from

hand to hand. When the next fire broke out there, the Chinese said what a pity it was there was no man-of-war in the harbour, but made no attempt to copy what they had seen done.

Look at the people we pass. There is a proud student. He may have a degree or he may not. He is proud in any case, for he belongs to the *literati*, and always wears a long coat, often of silk, which he is careful to allow to sway lightly from side to side as he walks. An Englishman might walk quickly and let such a coat catch between his knees or get twisted with his swinging arm, but no student of Confucius would be so undignified. Here comes a poor old woman, bent with age. Her blue cotton coat is blown in the wind, and she has a black band of silk round her head, and a black sticky patch on her temple. She has that as a plaster to cure headache. Who are these?—a train of five or six hideous ragged men, each one holding on to the one before him. The first is a leper, with his sleeve drawn up to show his decaying arm; the others are blind, and all are diseased and dirty. They go into the shops and demand money, refusing to go till they get a handful of cash. Most of the merchants pay a tax to the king of the beggars to save themselves from having these men in their shops. There is a recognized class of beggars, despised and hated, but supported by these forced gifts. Besides lepers and blind and maimed, little children are sometimes sold to the beggars by parents who do not want the trouble of bringing them up. The beggar king then decides what should be done to them. The poor little things are sometimes twisted or blinded,

so as to make people pity them. One day I saw a baby of three or four sitting on a bit of matting at a corner where many people passed. She lifted a poor little blind face and held out a basin for cash, and cried in a high voice, without daring to stop for a minute, "Kam siong ah "—" Give charity, ah! give charity." They have not heard of the One who " had compassion," and so sadder things happen in these streets than I can write about.

We must walk on past the great gate of the Yamen, with huge dragons painted on the wall, and past the tall flagstaff which marks the house of a man with a degree, into the busier streets again. Fancy if our M.D.'s and M.A.'s each put up a flagstaff in the street! At this corner the man with the sweet-stall sits. Here comes our little friend Hok-a, fishing in his pocket for some cash. Will he have fruits dipped in syrup, or one of these little bamboo sticks with five sugary cherries on it, or some sugar-candy? No! he has paid a few precious cash, eight of which make a farthing, for what looks like a round green ruler. It is sugar-cane, and he bites off pieces and sucks the juice, throwing the rest away. This man carrying heavy baskets with basins of queer soup on the top of one of them is shaking a china spoon in an empty basin, as a muffin-man rings his bell at home. That fellow who is frying cakes needs no rattled spoon, for the smell of his stale fat reaches for yards down the road. It seems to attract the coolies, for numbers of them stop to buy.

"To the right!" "Look out, oh!" "Have a care!" the bearers of that closely-shut sedan are shouting as they hurry along. Stand back into that open shop till

they pass. Quick! How they jostle the people! They have turned the sharp street corner, overthrowing a tray of peanuts, for in these poorer streets the shop-keepers arrange their goods in baskets outside their shops, as greengrocers at home sometimes do. In the grand streets through which we went at first there is none of this.

We are glad to turn into the quiet part of the town where the foreigners live, away from the noise and smells of the busy city.

CHAPTER X

STORY OF PEARL'S MARRIAGE

THE following story was told me by an old woman to show how lucky it is to be rich :

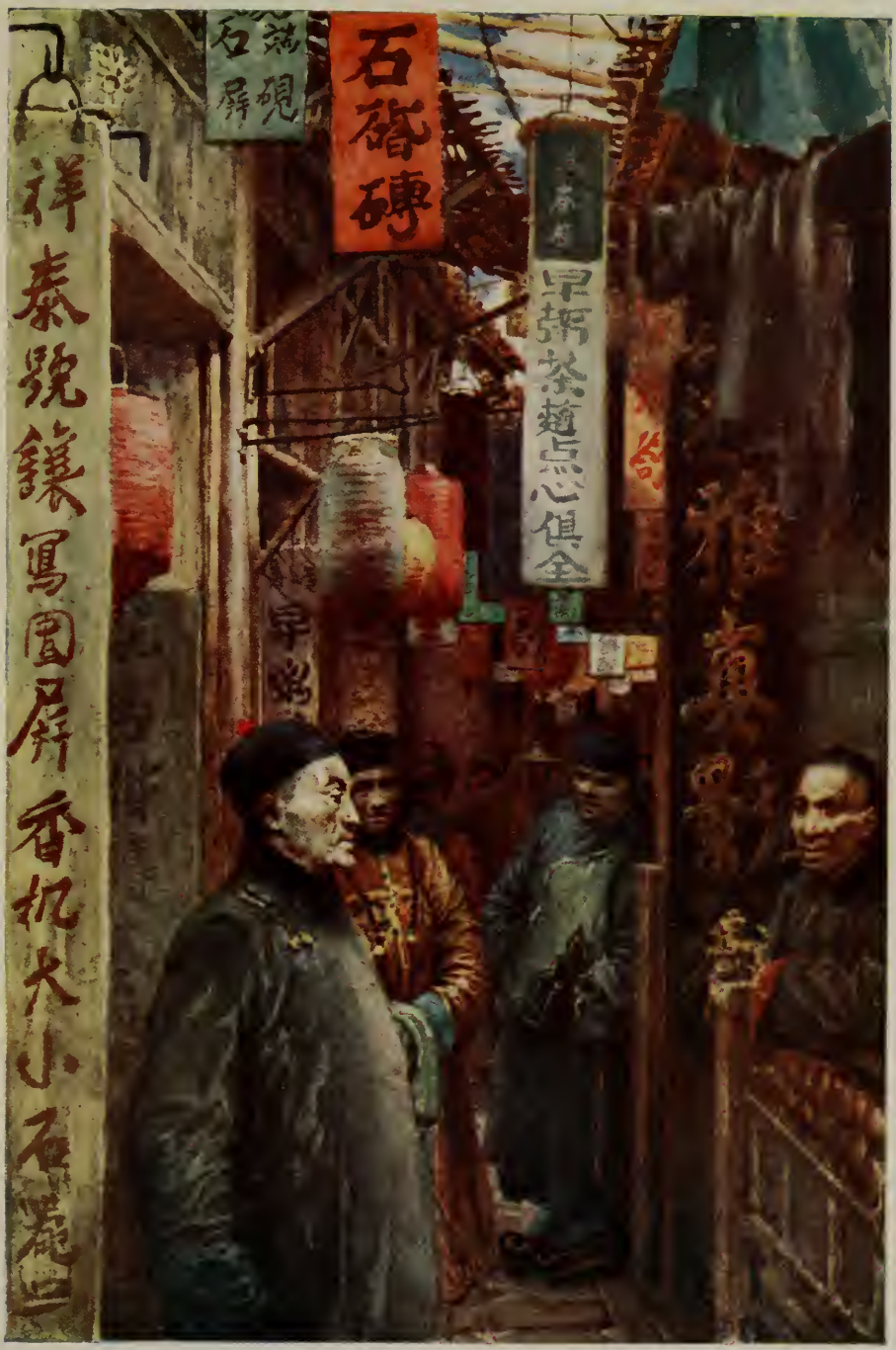
There was an old man of the Lim clan who wanted to marry a girl of sixteen. Pearl was beautiful. Her eyebrows had been plucked out, and arched lines drawn instead. Her lips were painted red, and her cheeks powdered. She was fat and round-faced, her hair thick and straight and black, her feet only two and a half inches long, and she was all a bride should be.

The "middle-woman," who arranges these things, went to the girl's father and told him a rich man, who was forty years old, wanted his daughter, and would give 1,000 dollars (£100) for her. The father was delighted, and soon a lucky day for the marriage was being sought for by the priest. But while the calculations were being

made, taking into account the animal of the year in which each was born, and whether fire, wood, or water was predominant, a rumour reached the home that the would-be husband was an old man. The little bride cried, and the father made up his mind to go and see for himself if this were true, and found, sure enough, that it was. However, a bribe of 100 dollars made him quite willing for the marriage, and he came home and said the bridegroom was middle-aged and very rich. The mother was not quite satisfied, and she went too to see, and again the cunning old man gave a bribe, and she came home and talked to the girl of the beautiful house to which she was going and of the riches and charm of the bridegroom.

The betrothal was arranged, and the little bride received handsome gold engagement bracelets from Mr. Lim, which the "middle-woman," weighing them in her hand, declared were worth 800 dollars at least.

While the bride was busy with her trousseau, embroidering tiny shoes and other things for herself, and making the pocket she would have to give to the groom, the neighbours came in, and insisted again that Mr. Lim was old and a bad match, and Pearl's fears were all aroused again. She wept and howled, and said she would kill herself rather than marry a man older than her father. At last she persuaded her two brothers to go and see him; but they were each given 100 dollars, and they promised to speak in favour of the marriage. So when they returned they comforted their sister, and said it was a good match, and the groom was young and handsome and very rich. It would be a good thing



A CITY STREET. PAGE 43.

to marry a Lim, for did not "the Lims and Tans divide the world?"

So Pearl was comforted, and worked away at her trousseau till the wedding-day. She went off, all dressed in her rich red satin and heavy head-dress, in the red chair sent for her, and made the correct wailing sound all the way to her new home. None of her own family came with her, for that would have seemed like prying on the wedding-feast. The "middle-woman" was there, and she dragged her out of the chair and to the hall, for she had to seem unwilling, though she was really very curious to see Mr. Lim. When the bowings and ceremonies were over and the bridegroom lifted her veil, she saw he was as old as the neighbours had said, and so she cried and wept, and refused to be comforted. Mr. Lim in despair ran to his coffer, and brought out handfuls of silver coins and threw them amongst the crowd, saying money was no use to him, as he could not win love. When the crowd began to scramble for them, Pearl tried to scrape some of the pieces with her feet under her skirt, and old Lim, when he saw this, whispered to her that she should have as much as she wanted, so she was comforted.

Soon after this Mr. Lim bought some grown-up sons and then bought wives for them, and so Pearl had all the honour of being a mother-in-law, with her sons and daughters to wait on her. Then she had grand-children, and her happiness was complete. Such happiness can money win! and such happiness is the kind some of the Chinese seem to value most.

CHAPTER XI

A DINNER-PARTY

Do the Chinese ever have parties? They do, and I think we might go to one of them.

Here comes an invitation on a sheet of red paper: "On the tenth day of the third moon a trifling entertainment will await the light of your countenance. From Tan High-Virtue, with compliments." To-day is April 22 by our calendar, and the seventh of the third moon by Chinese reckoning, so it will be in three days.

When you get an invitation, one of the first things you think of is, "What shall I wear?" Well, your white dress will look like mourning to them, and your blue muslin with its short sleeves would be thought indecent. Your pink silk will be just the thing. But I am not sure whether you should go, for there will be only men at the feast, as women do not sit down with them to meals. However, as we are just going in imagination, it can do no harm. Your brother will just wear his black suit. The cloth will be all right, though the cut will be thought very bad, for coats should be long to the ankles and trousers baggy. On the 10th another red sheet is sent, giving the hour. Mr. Tan's house is only three minutes' walk away, but we must go in chairs. He is a rich merchant, and, looking down on his house from our hill, he seems to have almost a village inside his gates, but that is because every large room has

to have its own roof, according to Chinese architecture. In the courtyard are camellias and azaleas in pots, and a large tree in the centre. As we go into the dining-room our host meets us, and, clasping his hands, bows. We do the same. He has two red things like new pencils in his hands, and after raising them to his head, he hands them to you, and another pair to each of the guests. Have the Chinese really "competition" parties? Not yet! These are chop-sticks. There are several square tables, and room at each for eight people. Now for the business of getting seated. The most honoured guest is asked by Mr. Tan to sit in the chair on his left, but he tries to sit in various less honourable places first, and only after nearly five minutes of compliments has he been persuaded that nothing else will satisfy his host. At last everyone knows where he is to sit, and the dinner can begin. There are a spoon, a saucer, and two bowls before you, one having some water, so that you may wash your mouth at any time.

It is the dessert we are having first—candied walnuts, pickled plums, water-melon seeds, candied peanuts, etc.

Then come the hot dishes—pork and chicken stews, shrimps in vinegar, sea-slugs and chicken in oil, kidneys and omelettes, hard-boiled eggs, birds'-nest soup, bamboo shoots and vermicelli, and every now and then, between these, little syrupy dumplings, sugar biscuits, or ginger-root. Everything is in small pieces, so that it can be lifted with the chop-sticks. Don't you wish you could hold your chop-sticks as neatly as your neighbour does? Put your thumb firmly over them both, and press the tips of your second and third fingers against the middle

of each. Then, you see, you can pick anything up between them by holding the lower one steady and moving the upper. If you can't succeed, you must starve rather than use your left hand to help your right. What do you think of the music? The band seems made up of the noisiest instruments invented.

As the dinner goes on, riddles are asked. "Two sisters all day stand apart, but at night they hold hands." That is the two sides of a Chinese door.

"A little house all fallen in, yet it holds five guests." This is a shoe.

"On the top of a mountain a tuft of reeds;
Below the mountain two bright lamps;
Below the lamps a grave-mound;
Below the mound a little ditch;
Within the ditch a great big fish;
Below the ditch a drum;
Below the drum two roads branch."

Do you recognize yourself?—hair, eyes, nose, mouth, tongue, body, and legs.

Still the feast goes on, one dish coming on after another. The host takes a dainty, such as a bit of sweet pork from a dish of fragrant oil, and passes it to you with his own chop-sticks. Don't look disgusted because he has just had them in his mouth! He and the guests drink to each other's health, and turn up the little wine-cup to show it is empty. The servants fill it again with more of the warm wine. Everyone makes as much noise as possible over his food, smacking his lips, sucking in his breath to show he is enjoying it, and making horrid sounds to show he has had enough. Each

guest must eat a little of everything or the host is insulted.

We have been answering riddles, or trying to look clever while other people answer them ; listening to music which is like a brass band, a nigger troupe, and Highland bagpipes all together ; playing games something like "How many fingers do I hold up?" and eating for more than three hours. At last plain boiled rice and hot tea are served, which is a sign the dinner is over.

Just look round the handsome room before we leave. There is carving at the door and windows, and here is a beautiful carved ebony table and cabinet ; but the chairs are all of the same square, uncomfortable shape. As a whole the rooms look very bare and cheerless, though the wood is fine, and there are some painted scrolls on the walls.

We get home to our cosy arm-chairs and soft cushions and carpets, and rather laugh at some of the customs we have seen. But the laugh is not only with us. Our friend Tan High-Virtue is probably laughing with his son over some of our mistakes. In a book I lately saw a bit out of a Chinaman's letter, telling what he thinks of English customs :

"You cannot civilize these foreign devils. They are beyond redemption. They will live for weeks and months without touching a mouthful of rice, but they will eat the flesh of bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities. That is why they smell so badly ; they smell like sheep themselves. Every day they take a bath to rid themselves of their disagreeable odours, but they do not succeed. Nor do they eat their meat cooked

in small pieces. It is carried into the room in large chunks, often half raw, and they cut, and slash, and tear it apart. They eat with knives and prongs. It makes a civilized being quite nervous. One fancies himself in the presence of sword-swallowers. They even sit down at the same table with women, and the latter are served first, reversing the order of nature."*

CHAPTER XII

SOME ANIMALS

The animals you would see most often in China are dogs. They are mostly the same size, but differ in colour. They may be black, or yellowish-brown, or white. When well cared for they are pretty, with thick hair and bushy tails curled over their backs. In England at dog-shows you see "chows," and these are just the Chinese breed very much improved. An English chow would not condescend to recognize his mangy, disreputable brother in a Chinese street. There they are unfed and uncared for, given only shelter, and for that they keep watch over their owners' houses, barking furiously at all intruders. If you threaten them with a stick, they will fly at you. The only thing to do to frighten them off is to throw a stone at them. If there is no stone, just stoop down and pretend you

* "New Forces in Old China." A. J. Brown.

have picked one up, and they will cower away. There is no dog licence to pay in China, and no dogs wear collars or muzzles, or such-like ornaments. They are never petted, and often kicked, and just have to pick up what food they can about the house and yard or in the streets.

Prowling about with them, looking for tit-bits, such as pieces of rotting vegetables or stale fish, are the pigs. They are much better off than the poor dogs, for twice a day you may hear the women come to the yard door and cry, "O-eh, o-eh!" and each pig knows the voice of its own mistress, and comes grunting in from the street to its basin of swill. Chinese pigs are black, so, though you know they *are* very dirty, they never *look* it. The tiny ones look quite nice, and sucking-pig is a dainty dish the Mandarins are very fond of. Every Chinaman eats a great deal of pork, so it pays to keep a pig ; and the grunter has as good a time in China as in Ireland, and often lives in the house.

Poking in and out amongst the chairs and tables in the poorer houses are fowls, as well as pigs. In Chin-chiu, in the South, there is a very curious kind, with no feathers, just covered with down like a chicken. While a chicken looks soft and pretty with its downy coat, these full-grown cocks and hens only look absurd. Imagine how funny it is to see a fussy hen and a proud cock strutting about dressed only in damp down! Chinese fowls do get fed sometimes, but they, for the most part, have to pick up a livelihood for themselves. This is very good for making them strong and independent, but it makes them also small and tough, and when you eat one for your dinner you wish that they

had had some more luxuries and indulgences. The eggs, too, are very small, and the Chinese think an egg much more tasty when it is not new-laid, which is perhaps true! Buried eggs are counted a great dainty. Would you care to eat eggs which had been buried for a hundred days?

While we are indoors we may as well notice the cat. Chinese cats are always small, always thin, and always mewing loudly; but when you realize that they are often tied all day by the neck to a chair, never fed, and only freed at night to catch mice or starve, you are not surprised that they are unhappy. They are never stroked or petted. Some American ladies in China had a cat, to which they gave milk every day. They allowed it to wander freely all over the house, and it grew larger and larger, and more and more plump. When the weather was very hot it would coil itself round the basin on the washhand-stand, for that was cool and pleasant, while in cold weather it would bask in the sun. But one unhappy day the ladies went home to America, leaving the cat in the care of a servant. Many Chinese had admired this cat, and felt its weight with surprise. Now their chance had come. What was the use of feeding a cat with milk and letting it live in luxury and no one get the benefit? So the cat disappeared, and some family had nice pussy-stew with their rice.

Not only dogs and cats, but even rats, are occasionally eaten. A family saw a fine fat rat drop from the rafters into their sitting-room. Plague was raging all around them, and they knew that rats carried it very often, yet, because that rat seemed such a plump one, they could

A COURTYARD. PAGE 55

not resist it. So it was cooked and eaten, but several of the family died of plague very soon after.

Have you ever seen the tigers at the Zoo? They come from Amoy, in South China, and there are plenty more where those came from. They generally eat wild cats and stray dogs, but once a tiger tastes human flesh, he likes it best, and a man-eating tiger is a terrible danger to a village.

Once a missionary was in a village, and was going to make a start for another place early in the morning. His servant got up before it was light to prepare for the journey. Suddenly a tiger appeared, and the man flew in at the door of the little house, and shut it quickly. The tiger flung its heavy body against the shaky old door, but the bolts held firm. Then it very cleverly ran round to the back-door, and pounded at that, only to find that it had been shut too. The tiger roared with anger and hunger, and a tiger's voice heard through a few rather old boards is not a pleasant sound. Till dawn that tiger acted sentinel round the little house, first at one door and then at the other; but daylight came at last, and he slunk away, to hide till night came again.

A Chinaman was walking homewards in the dusk along the narrow field-path that led to his village. He thought he saw a calf standing in his way, but when he got closer, he saw it was a tiger, and its gleaming eyes were upon him. If he had turned and run, the tiger would have sprung upon him; but he remembered reading that a man had saved his life by opening an umbrella in a tiger's face, so he did likewise, and shouted

as loud as he could. The tiger ran away, and he went on home and told his story. The villagers all laughed at him, but next morning they went out and saw the marks of the tiger and the man, in the soft mud.

One more tiger story, to show you how plucky and ingenious a Chinese boy can be.

Little Tek-a was hurrying home one evening, his bare feet pattering along the slippery path, his pole, with a burden at each end, balanced across his shoulders. Suddenly he heard a soft padding sound behind, and in a minute a tiger knocked him down, and holding the poor boy in its mouth as a cat holds a mouse, began pacing over the wet rice-fields with him. Tek-a had been shaken, but had not lost his senses. As he was being dragged along he put his hand into the thick mud, and, taking up a handful, smeared it on the tiger's eyes. The tiger stopped, and putting down its burden, began to clean itself as a cat does. Tek-a tried to crawl away, but he had not got far when the creature bounded after him, and caught him again. However, Tek-a tried his plan again, and taking up more mud, he smeared both eyes, and this time got safely away. His people took him to a mission hospital to have his wounds seen to.

The Chinese make traps to catch tigers. Some are of wood and some of stone, something like gigantic mouse-traps.

CHAPTER XIII

SOME WONDERFUL SIGHTS

THERE are two special wonders for which China is famous all over the world.

Everyone has heard of the Great Wall of North China. The old Romans tried to keep the Picts out of England by building a wall between the Forth and Clyde, but about 300 years before that, Emperor Shi had planned the same thing on a far larger scale. The first Roman wall was only about 60 or 70 miles long, and has almost disappeared; Shi's was 1,500 miles long, and is still standing. It is built for the most part along the top of a range of mountains, and is 15 to 30 feet high, and about as thick at the base as it is high. At intervals there are massive towers, so that it looks at a distance almost like rows of cottages with a great house here and there between them; but you must imagine the cottages filled with earth, so as to make a very solid and strong barrier. It would take a man two months, walking all day, to walk from end to end of that wall. One man calculated that if the material of the wall were taken there would be enough to make two walls round the earth at the Equator, each wall 6 feet high and 2 feet wide. Wretched farmers and coolies were forced to leave their homes to work at the building of this wonderful wall, and many never returned, so that the Chinese say it was the destruction of one generation

and the salvation of many. It was built to keep the Tartars out of the rich plains of China; but the Tartars did come 1,000 years later, and ruled China.

It is to these same Tartars that China owes its next great wonder—the Grand Canal, made by Kublai Khan. It is 800 miles long, and just as wonderful as the Great Wall, and far more useful. There are numbers of boat-people who live on its waters, carrying rice and tea from the rich fields of the South to the large cities of the North. For 600 years it has been the great road linking North and South China. There will soon be another road, for steel lines are being laid from Canton to Peking, and a much closer, stronger link will be made when trains run from end to end, taking people and goods at more than ten times the rate of the barges on the Canal.

Besides these two great world wonders, there are some other sights well worth seeing.

In looking at any view of a town in this country of ours, the churches are seen to rise high above the other buildings. In China it is the pagodas that you would notice first towering into the air. They are generally five or seven, or sometimes nine stories high, and are eight-sided. They look very picturesque, as each story is smaller than the one below, and the corners of the roofs of each are curved up and often ornamented. Many of them are hundreds of years old, and they are all supposed to be very useful in bringing good luck to a neighbourhood.

Outside the walls of Canton there is a very strange place, called the City of the Dead. It is the only clean

city in China. There are numbers of silent streets, with no one hurrying up and down, but plants in pots at intervals up the centre. At each side are rows of tiny one-roomed houses. In the front part of the room there is a table, with a tablet and incense and offerings; behind the table a curtain is hung. Standing silently by are plaster and paper attendants, almost life-size, and behind is the large coffin, sometimes beautifully lacquered at a cost of £50 or more. These coffins are all waiting burial, and are left for three months or a year or more. The only sound heard in this city of 500 houses is when every now and again the relatives go to mourn there.

In the chief town of every province there is an examination hall; but this name gives no idea of the strange and wonderful place which an examination hall is in China. Instead of a hall there are endless cells or large sentry-boxes, and each student used to be shut up in one of these to write his essays. The largest hall is perhaps the one in Nanking. There are four large towers, where guards kept watch day and night during the examination. Looking down from one of these, one sees a sea of roofs. There are streets and streets of cells, each just 4 feet by 3 feet, and not 6 feet high. Into this city of learning at three o'clock in the morning about 15,000 students used to pour once in three years, carrying food and candles with them—men of every age, from grandfather to grandson—each to sit for two days in his cell, not being allowed to move out. Some of the old men had tried to pass every year since they were grandsons themselves. The hot September sun blazed down, making the little cell an oven, in which the poor

student sat and was baked, his head aching from want of sleep and the effort of writing. It was not uncommon for a student to die with his pen in hand. Some went out of their minds with the worry and strain.

These examinations are now done away with, and the examination halls in many places are falling into ruin.

CHAPTER XIV

DOCTORS AND MEDICINE

To be a doctor in China it is necessary first to get a long coat, next a pair of huge spectacles, with very thick dark rims, and then to open a shop. For stock-in-trade there must be a few books on magic, and, if possible, a work on medicine that is said to have been written 2,000 years B.C. While Western doctors try to get the most recent medical book, in China this ancient treatise is still thought a great deal of. In conspicuous places in his shop, this wise, spectacled doctor will put one bottle containing a serpent, another with a few dried scorpions, and perhaps a third with a toad. Tigers' claws, hairs, and teeth, with rats and a centipede or two, will take prominent places on his shelves. He will know a little about the healing properties of a few herbs, and have them in his shop ; and if he is rich enough to have some *ginseng*, his shop will be very famous. *Ginseng* is looked upon as so rare and powerful

a medicine that only the Emperor is supposed to have the right to use it.

Patients who come to the doctor have all sorts of troubles. Here is a boy with toothache, which the doctor tells him is caused by a worm in the tooth. But to get at this worm he draws the tooth, so, worm or no worm, the boy gets relief. If he keeps the tooth and makes a powder of it, he will find it a useful tonic taken in tea.

Seeing that a tiger is strength itself, a patient weak after fever is advised to take some of its flesh to eat with his rice. For a young child an earthworm or the soft part of a cockroach makes very good medicine, and both are very easily found. There is a special kind of crab which is believed to be very strengthening; and a baby of ten months old who was very unwell had the whole of the flesh of one stuffed down its throat by the anxious father.

In more serious cases the doctor is called in to visit the invalid. He feels first the left pulse, because that will let him know the state of the heart. Then he feels the right pulse, that he may know the state of the lungs and liver. If this is not enough, he asks to see the tongue, and if that is not in a satisfactory state, he may pierce it with a needle. A long, stout needle is one of the most useful instruments he has! He will dig it ruthlessly into any part of the body that has a pain, and twists it about to let the inflammation out! Even the eye is not sacred to him.

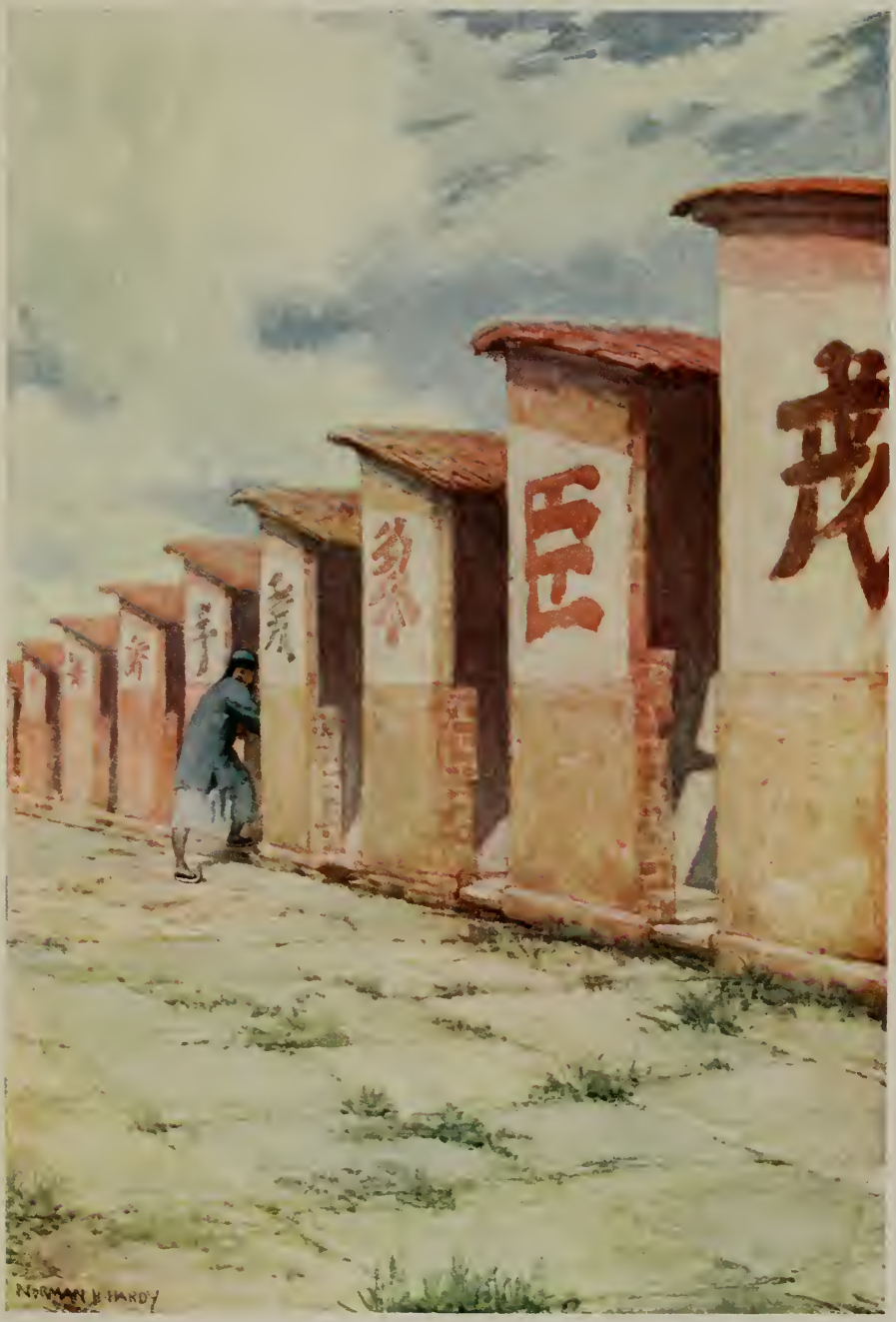
I have seen an old lady who was troubled with a pain in her eyes. She had tried many remedies, but at last

found one which she declared had cured her. She had caught green tree-frogs, and gulped them down alive. Three to five a day was the proper dose, she said, and in her case fifty had been enough—more than enough, one would have thought!

Almost every child gets smallpox, but it is not much feared, and there is no attempt to isolate a patient. Many people are pock-marked. Measles is much more dreaded, and generally proves more fatal. They know something of vaccination from a book translated into Chinese by an Englishman nearly 100 years ago, but it is only partly understood. On one occasion the servant of a doctor donned a long coat, and made a good deal of money by going round the country vaccinating with condensed milk! In places where there are mission hospitals numbers of women bring their babies to be properly vaccinated.

The most terrible disease from which the people suffer is plague. This started in the South, and each year spreads to a fresh district. It is most prevalent in winter and spring. When the weather gets really hot, it dies down. The Chinese take no precautions against it, unless wearing a charm or going about with a dead rat in the big loose sleeve can be called a precaution. The last of these is supposed to be very efficacious. "Poison cures poison" is one of their rules in medicine, and knowing that rats carry plague, they carry rats to keep off plague. The reasoning is truly Celestial!

The Protestant missionaries have opened about 130 hospitals in China, and in these, wonderful operations are performed, and thousands of sick people cured.



EXAMINATION HALL. PAGE 61.

Patients often come a distance of 100 miles to see the mission doctor, and the news of his skill spreads far and wide. Besides all this, in most of these hospitals there are young Chinamen, and in some, girls, learning something about the body and how to treat it. Many of these students become very clever doctors, and settle in various towns, teaching common sense and the benefits of Western methods, and showing Christian kindness in the places to which they go.

CHAPTER XV

RELIGIONS

THE Chinese are not a religious people, but they are very superstitious. Lucky days and lucky places, lucky colours and lucky signs, are all very important to them.

While an engagement is being spoken about, if someone happens to break a saucer or bowl, the engagement is broken off at once, as this is a most unlucky sign.

The English church in Canton had been freshly painted, but the colour chosen was reddish, so a deputation waited on the authorities to ask that it might be changed, as that colour was too much like flames, and might be the cause of fires in the town! The citizens were allowed to repaint the church at their own cost in some safer tint.

If there is an earthquake, the Chinese perhaps blame a telegraph-pole, and think it has disturbed the earth

dragon. At one time there was much illness in a city, and the people thought it must be caused by a weather-cock which had been put up on the British Consul's house. Really, the city was so dirty that the wonder was that *everyone* was not ill; but that weathercock had to be taken down.

An Englishman was taking a walk on the hills one day, and a crowd came up to watch him, for they thought his blue eyes were peering through the earth to look for minerals. A Chinaman believes there are spirits all round, and that most of them are wanting to harm him. "There is only a sheet of paper between them and us," he says; so when anything happens which he does not understand, he puts it down to them. A little child was ill, and his mother, thinking the illness was the work of some evil spirit, asked the priest to write a prayer just the length of the baby's back, and then pasted it on and read it aloud to make him well.

When the Chinese were afraid that the English and Germans and other foreigners were coming too much into China, making railways, building houses, and claiming land, they believed that by the help of the spirits of brave soldiers of the past they could conquer and drive out all strangers; so the society called Boxers used chants and queer words, and by waving arms and sticks believed they could receive the power of the old warrior spirits of fable and make themselves invulnerable, so that neither guns nor swords could hurt them. When asked if they dare stand up and be shot at, some did so, and, of course, were killed. They believed, besides, that any weapon they used would kill. Even a Mandarin who

had travelled in France and England told an Englishman that a little child, if it had the "Boxer spirit," could use a straw to kill his enemies as though it were a sword.

There are really three religions in China—Buddhism, Taoism, and Confucianism—and most people believe in all three. The temples are mostly Buddhist. In the schools Confucius is worshipped, and the Taoists are called in by most people when they are in difficulties or want to know which way good luck lies.

Some of the temples are very fine, and many of them are beautifully situated, and have lovely views. Come and visit this one. It is built on the side of a hill, and the grey building, with its carved front, and its roof all curves and points and decorated with grotesque squirming fishes, birds, and dragons, stands out well against the green and red creepers on the rocks round it. As we are looking, a priest comes with a tray and cups of tea. The cups are very small and have no handles, and the tea is almost colourless, but very refreshing, with no milk or sugar. As we put a few pence on the tray we look at the priest. He has been so polite that we do not like to criticize him, but his shaven head and colourless dress, his dirty nails, and stupid expression, are not attractive. We are standing in the court in front of the temple. Plays are acted here to amuse the idols, who are arranged in a line inside the sheltering roof. The priest points out with some pride, a bit of coloured glass stuck in the forehead of each, and says that at sunset the sun shining in gets an answering gleam from these. A woman enters, and is far more interested in seeing us than in offering the incense

and making the prayers she had intended. She has a question to ask the gods, and for answer she picks a stick out of the bundle of short bamboos. The priest reads the sentence on it, which is usually so indefinite that it may mean anything. Some boys are gambling in the corner there, just under that fierce black-faced idol.

The learned classes say the idols are for the common people, but even *they* do not always respect them. Some young men were practising the use of long chains as weapons, and it occurred to them that the idols would be capital dummies. They went to the temple and slung away with these, and the idols were badly damaged. The priest reported to the Mandarin, who only said, "The gods should take care of themselves." In times of drought processions in honour of the idols are often made; but if rain is not soon sent down by the gods, they are often taken out of the temple and set in the sun till their paint blisters, that they may understand the need for clouds and cool showers. On the other hand, one hears strange stories sometimes of devotion to the gods, and of wild, passionate prayers and vows offered to them, showing that men and women all over the world feel the need of help from One stronger than themselves. To please Buddha a nun in Central China cut off her right hand, and to win heaven a man walked 1,000 miles, stretching himself on the ground and saying a prayer every six steps.

Far more precious to a Chinaman than his idols are his ancestral tablets. There are generally a good number in every house. They are slips of wood about 8 inches long and 3 inches broad, of a dull brown

colour, and one end runs into a thicker piece of wood for a base. They stand sometimes singly, sometimes in rows three or four deep on a high, narrow table along one end of the entrance-hall which serves as a guest-room. They are sometimes larger, carved, and painted in red and gold, and each one bears the name of some dead relative. There are basins and chop-sticks for them as for each living person, and all in the house are expected to worship them.

When a rich man dies, his sons have to send after him into the spirit-world every sort of thing he could possibly want. This is done by burning models of these things. In one case of which I know there were three houses made, about the size of large dolls' houses. One was quite Chinese, with curving roof ; another was like the foreigner's house, with wide verandas ; and a third was a Yamen or Mandarin's house : for who could say which would be the kind required ? Furniture, clothing, and servants made in wood and paper were also burnt in great quantities, along with thousands of sheets of paper money. A poor man can buy a few sheets of paper on which are printed rough pictures of coats, scissors, pots, boots, hats, etc., and burn these for the use of his dead relations, because it is the best he can do ; but he feels it is not satisfactory, and often he will sell one of his children so as to get money enough for a good offering.

A rich man's grave is chosen with great care in a lucky spot on a hill-side, if possible with a wide view in front. In the South it is the shape of a horseshoe, and occupies a great space. In the North the graves

are often mounds planted with shrubs, sometimes square and sometimes built like little houses.

The pleasantest holiday a Chinese boy has is in April, when he goes with his father, brothers, uncles, and often his mother and aunts, in a big family picnic-party up the hills to worship at the grandfather's tomb. They carry baskets with rice and fruit, and often a chicken and pork. The grave is swept and the offerings spread on the flat stone in front. When all the ceremonies have been gone through and the spirits are supposed to have taken the "essence" out of the food, the family has a feast. Paper money is laid all about the graves, and the hill-sides in spring look like Hampstead Heath after a Bank Holiday.

CHAPTER XVI

A GREAT MAN OF LONG AGO

THERE is a great Chinaman of whom everyone has heard. I mean Confucius, who lived 500 years before Christ.

Confucius was a soldier's son. His father was a brave officer, but he died when Confucius was only three. His mother encouraged the boy to study, and as he was very industrious he got on well. Much of his time was spent in reading the ancient books. In later years he was asked: "How are you able to do so many things?" He answered: "I was born poor and

had to learn." Instead of playing he liked to practise the ancient ceremonies of which he read. He married at nineteen, and his mother died when he was twenty-three. He was then a teacher, and had some Government employment; but as the ancient custom was to mourn for three years, he retired at once into private life, and spent these three years in study. The more he studied, the more he found to admire in the writings of the ancients, and he determined to try to influence his countrymen to live in obedience to their teachings. He gathered many followers and spent much time teaching them. He laid great stress on rules of correct behaviour for all occasions, for he believed that if the outward manners were correct a man would keep right in all his conduct.

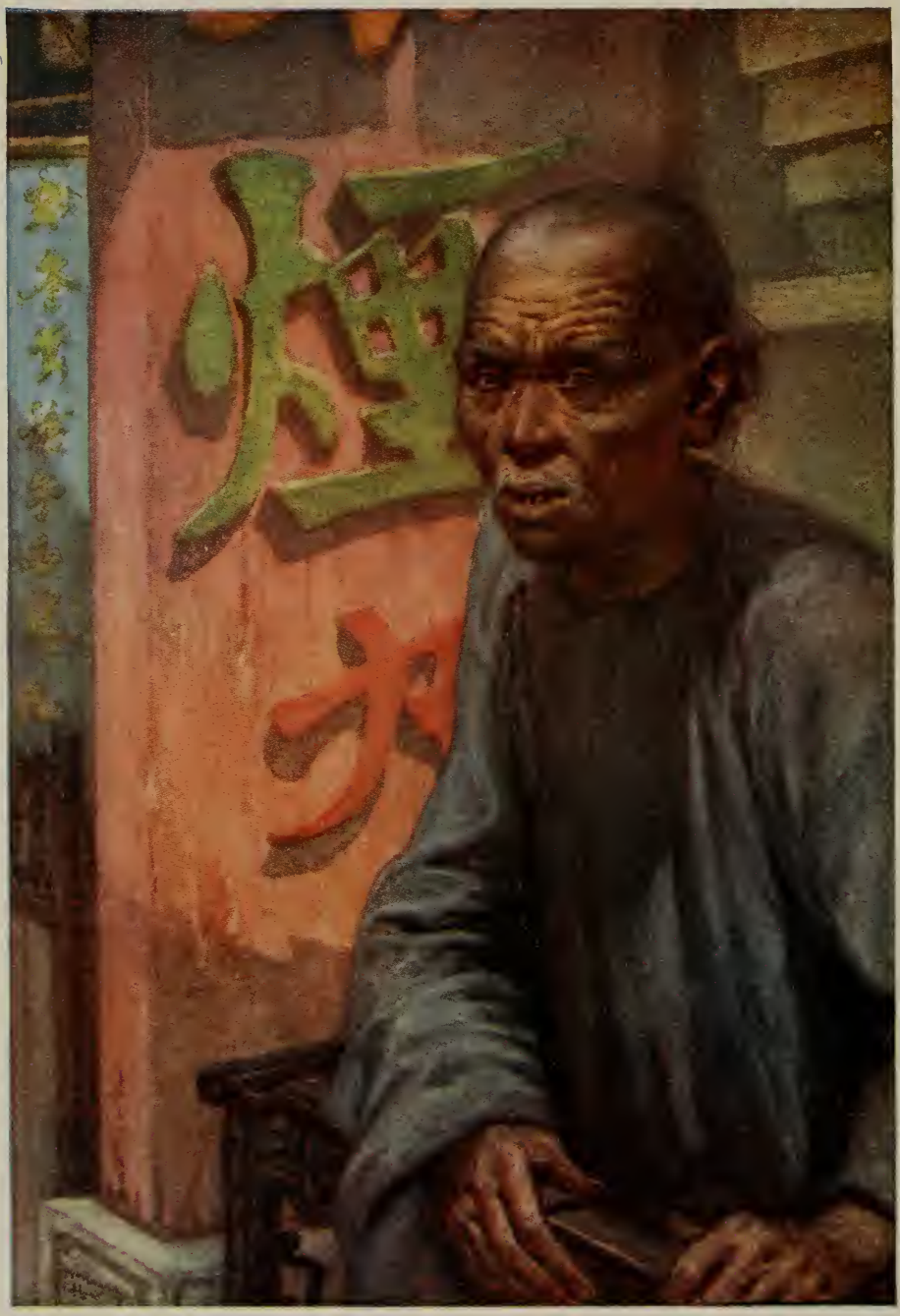
When he was fifty years old, Confucius was made governor of a city, which he ruled so splendidly that he was promoted to be Superintendent of Works and Minister of Crime for the whole State. Again he showed his genius, and we read that "dishonesty and dissoluteness were ashamed and hid their heads. Loyalty and good faith became the characteristics of the people." Other States heard of the prosperity of the dukedom under his rule, and strangers came to see and admire. Unfortunately, the Duke tired of the sage and his high ideas, and Confucius left the Court, grieved and disappointed. He wandered for years from province to province, surprised that none of the Dukes cared to govern by his rules, although the good effects of such government had been proved. Often he and his followers were ill-treated and sometimes in great want, but Confucius

was always patient and cheerful, and would play on his lute and sing to them.

In his old age he settled down again, and spent his time editing the ancient writings of which he was so fond. A story, which every Chinese schoolboy knows, is told by Dr. Wells Williams, of how Confucius met a priggish little boy called Toh. The sage was out driving when he came across a number of children playing by the roadside. Toh was with them, and Confucius asked him: "Why is it that you alone do not play?" The boy answered that play was of no use, and he might get his clothes torn, and they would be a trouble to mend; besides, to play would be a great deal of trouble for no reward. When he had spoken in this way, he began making a city out of bits of tile.

Confucius then asked him why he did not move out of the way of the carriage. Toh only said: "From ancient times till now it has always been considered proper for a carriage to turn out of the way of a city, not for a city to turn out for a carriage." Instead of boxing his ears, the sage got out of his carriage in order to have a talk with such a wonderful boy, and asked him to go for a ramble with him. Toh replied: "A stern father is at home, whom I am bound to serve; an affectionate mother is there, whom it is my duty to cherish; a worthy elder brother is at home, whom it is proper for me to obey, with a tender younger brother, whom I must teach; and an intelligent teacher is there, from whom I am required to learn. How have I leisure to go a-rambling with you?"

Confucius then invited Toh to come into his carriage



AN OLD COOLIE.

and have a game of chess; but he only got another snub, for Toh proceeded to show that any game was a waste of time, and if it were indulged in would lead to the ruin of the country. Confucius asked this young marvel many riddles. He answered them all most skilfully, and then put posers to Confucius. He asked how many stars there were in the sky, and Confucius told him to keep to things on the earth. Toh then asked how many houses there were on the earth. Poor Confucius said: "Come now, speak about something that is before our eyes; why must you converse about heaven and earth?" The impudent youngster then said: "Well, speak about what's before our eyes: how many hairs are there in your eyebrows?"

We are told that Confucius smiled, but did not answer, and, turning to his disciples, said: "This boy is to be feared."

I think you will agree that the sage was right, for the child seems to have been a little terror.

Confucius was over seventy when he died, and his grave is under a great mound of earth. Every year a few more shovels of earth are thrown on the heap, so that it is now like a small hill.

He turned the thoughts of the men of his time back to the simplicity and purity of the ancient writings, and taught that to study books, to be true and diligent, and to behave politely were the best things in life. His teaching has had a tremendous influence in China for all these 2,400 years.

As long as there is a Chinaman in the world the name of Confucius will be honoured.

CHAPTER XVII

A GREAT MAN OF TO-DAY: CHANG CHI-TUNG

Of the great man of the present day there is less to be said than of the wonderful old sage of long ago.

Chang Chi-tung passed his highest examination in 1863, and ever since has served in the Government of his country.

At the beginning of his career he believed all the wild stories told of English and other foreigners, and was full of prejudices against them. He first became famous because of a letter to the Emperor, in which he calls them "outer barbarians, ravenous as wolves," and writes furiously of the opium trade. He then begs the Emperor to war against them, and to burn all Christian churches, and "exterminate this wicked brood." An English lady writes that she said to a Chinese friend: "I think I must really get an interview with Chang Chi-tung and see him myself. What effect do you think that would have?" The answer was: "Oh, it could not make him hate foreigners more than he does now!"

Was it not wonderful that this man, who despised in his early years everything that was not Chinese, became later the protector of the foreigners and a reformer?

It all came of his absolute honesty in everything. In money matters he is a marvel among the Chinese

officials. Though he has had every chance of becoming rich, as other mandarins do, he is comparatively poor —because he uses all public funds for public purposes, and receives no bribes. Other great Viceroys have received valuable presents on their sixtieth and seventieth birthdays. Chang Chi-tung on the day before his birthday ordered his *yamen* gates to be locked, so that he did not even receive the congratulations which would have been offered to him.

He is fearlessly honest in his loyalty, and many times has written bold messages to the throne which he knew would not please, simply because they were true and for the good of his country.

It was his honesty which made him examine whether all the tales told him of foreigners were true. His early hatred was caused by ignorance, and when he came into touch with Westerners he was willing to study their manners and customs, their history and religion, with an open mind, and the result was that he changed his views, and was honest enough to say so. He wrote a book called by him "Learn," in which he shows that many of the tales told of Westerners are not true, and that they are by no means "barbarians," and he urges his own people to be willing to learn some things from them. When foreigners and Chinese Christians were being hounded to death, Chang, who had himself advised this treatment thirty years before, was one of the brave men who would allow no such doings in the provinces over which he ruled.

Don't we English admire a patriot—a man who loves his country better than his goods or his family or

his life? Viceroy Chang is a patriot to the backbone, and he inspires the men about him to be patriotic too. He teaches them also to be as honest as himself, though their honesty makes them hated by the other officials.

Chang Chi-tung has encouraged many new industries. He has a steel-factory and a cotton-mill. He has trained a modern army, and had a great deal to do with reforming the navy.

He is, besides, one of China's greatest scholars, and the book "Learn" which he wrote is in such perfect style and full of such fresh ideas that one million copies were circulated. In this book he says: "The first step in reform is to throw away your opium-pipes; the second step is to unbind the feet of your women; the third step is to abandon the follies of *fung-shui*."

To explain *fung-shui* let me tell you a story of the Viceroy himself, who, though he was so enlightened, did a strange thing. He was ill at one time, and the doctor came and gave him pills. Now, some time before this Chang Chi-tung had made a very fine wide road, and where it crossed a hill he made a deep cutting, so as to level it. When he was ill the doctor told him that his illness was caused by the road, and especially the cutting. It had disturbed the *fung-shui* of the neighbourhood and caused ill-luck. Wise and learned though the Viceroy was, he sent men to fill up the cutting again, although it spoilt his fine road.

Chang Chi-tung is now an old man, and his brave little body is nearly worn out; but his work for his loved China will live, and the memory of his fine example will last for many a long day.

CHAPTER XVIII

STORIES FROM CHINESE HISTORY

China has had some splendid rulers, and about many of them there are strange tales told.

Before the time of Abraham there was in the lands in the centre of China a great flood, which caused much loss and distress. The Emperor called to his Ministers.

"Grandees," he said, "we suffer much: the waters cover the hills on every side, they overtop the mountains, and seem to be rising even to the skies. Find us a man to remedy this evil."

So they sought and found a man, who laboured for years, but could not rid the land of the flood. The Emperor then had him executed that he might learn to be more skilful! The son of this unfortunate engineer, not fearing the fate of his father, then worked his best, deepening the channels of the rivers, making canals and dykes, and after long toil succeeded in draining the land. The people sing about him:

"Yes, all about the Southern Hill
Great Yu pursued his wondrous toil.
He drained the plain, the marsh he dried;
Our lord in fields laid out the soil."

Yu was rewarded by being made successor to the throne. He still worked for the good of the people, and, in order that even the poorest might have justice,

he hung a bell at his gate which anyone might ring. They say that, even if he were in his bath when the bell rang, he would rush out without stopping to put on his robes, or if at dinner, without waiting to finish his rice.

An ingenious subject of his made wine or spirits, and presented some to Yu, which he drank with great enjoyment; but he would not use it much, because he said kings would lose their thrones through being too fond of it. So, we see, there was a temperance lecturer as soon as there was a distillery.

It was from the Princes of the province of Chin that we get the name China. One of these was a great warrior, and conquered the Kings of the provinces round about, and styled himself Emperor Shi. He divided his realm and set Governors over each district, travelling round himself to see that no injustice was done. It was he who built the Great Wall, but it was also he who burnt the books of Confucius, and persecuted the scholars who studied them, and for this the Chinese hate and despise him.

The Chinese call themselves "Sons of Han," which is the name of the next dynasty, and the first Emperor who was a brave soldier was also a wise ruler. The story is told that, when he was firmly established on the throne, one of his Ministers suggested that he should open schools and encourage learning.

"Learning!" exclaimed the Emperor; "I have none of it myself, nor do I feel the need of it. I conquered the Empire on horseback." "But can you govern the

Empire on horseback? That is the question," replied the Minister. The Emperor listened to this wise advice and ordered that learning should be again instituted. But the books had been burnt and the scholars killed.

A great search was made, and though thousands of books had been destroyed and about 500 scholars killed, still there were some bamboo tablets found on which there were writings engraved with a stylet or written in varnish. Pupils of the old scholars were discovered who could repeat long chapters, and these were written down. There was brought to Court one old man of ninety. When the scholars were being hunted to death, he had put out his eyes and pretended to be an idiot, and so his life had been spared. He could remember whole books, and as he repeated page after page they wrote down the words till most of the writings of the ancients had been recovered.

So devoted to learning did the monarchs of the Han dynasty become, that they sent to the West to seek for more. The deputation brought back the religion of Buddism from India.

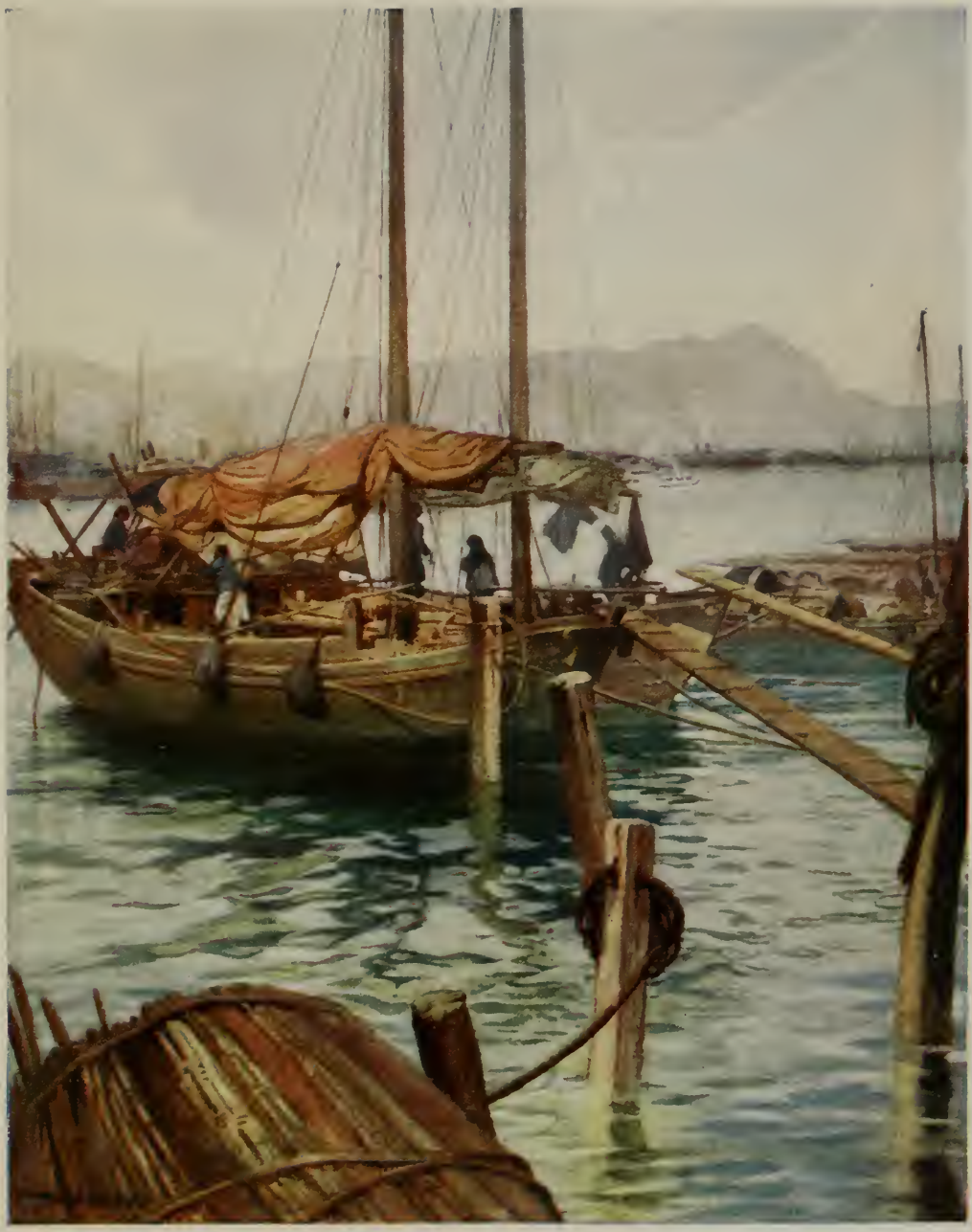
The next great dynasty was the Tang, and the Chinese are so proud of it that they call themselves often "Men of Tang." At this time the Empire reached nearly to the Caspian Sea. Rulers in India and Persia sent Ambassadors to the throne, and the Emperor Theodosius sent presents of rubies and emeralds. About this time Christianity was preached in China by the Nestorians. The Emperor gave it his approval,

and it spread in the country. For 500 years there were Christians to be found, but gradually they left the purity of their early faith and became like the heathen round them. There is a stone in Shensi which tells of how the faith was introduced, and this is all that is left of that early effort. Quite lately this stone has been moved by the officials to stand beside some other famous tablets. It took sixty or seventy men to carry it.

The learning which had revived under the Hans was encouraged by the Tangs, and examinations were introduced. In China comparatively few students study long enough to enter for an examination, and even to have *attempted* the first examination is a claim to honour. Only three in a hundred who enter pass, and of these only a few go on to study for the next degree, and in this only one in a hundred can succeed. Most students are satisfied with this, but a few work on, and of these 3 per cent. get the high title "Fit for Office."

In the examination a subject is given and the student has to write an essay, of which each letter must be beautifully formed, and each sentence like blank verse, and no page may have a single blot or alteration. From the days of the early Tangs till now, for generation after generation, for more than 1,000 years, such examinations have been held.

A Chinese Emperor who became fairly well known to Europe was Kublai Khan, a Mongol. He came with his armies from beyond the Great Wall, and was the first foreign ruler of China. Although he was a descendant of the rude Tartars, to keep out whom



HONG KONG HARBOUR

the wall was built, he adopted the civilization of the Chinese and encouraged their learned men. He made the Grand Canal and showed himself to be a very able ruler.

In his time two Italians, Nicolo and Matteo Polo, arrived at the capital, and were well received (in 1261). Kublai recognized them as coming from a land where there was even more civilization and knowledge of science than he had found in China. So he wrote a letter to the Pope, asking for 100 learned men to come and teach the arts of the West, and begged the strangers to take the letter home and deliver it for him. The Italians did not find it possible to get the 100 teachers asked for. They started back to China, and Marco Polo, the son of Nicolo, went with them. The journey took them four years, but when they reached the Chinese Court they were received with more honour than before. Marco pleased Kublai very much by studying the language and customs of the Court, and was sent as Envoy to several other countries, such as Tibet, Annam, and Bengal, and even to Japan. He was made Governor of a Chinese town for three years, and so knew China and Eastern Asia better than any European has before or since. Some time after returning to Italy he was made prisoner, and in Genoa wrote a book of his travels. No one believed they were anything but "traveller's tales" till many years later they were found to be wonderfully true, and then the stories of the golden East made many men want to find a way to it. It was in searching for a new way to the East that America was discovered.

It was during the reign of the Mings that Europeans first came in numbers to China. They were not well received, but one Italian priest, Father Ricci, found a way in through his knowledge of Euclid. Others followed, and taught astronomy and other things, and, under the favour of the Emperor, the Christian religion once more began to spread.

The Mings were famous for the books that were written during their reigns. There were 300,000 books in the royal library, and it occurred to the Emperor that he would like a sort of encyclopædia made of them. So nearly 3,000 men were set to work, and a book was produced of 22,877 volumes, and an index was made to it of sixty-six more volumes. Later another book of 200 volumes was prepared, and one about the geography of China in 500 volumes. We think thirty or forty volumes make a very large work, but in China it would just be a "pocket edition"!

One of the Emperors who was a great warrior and a splendid ruler was also a poet, and found time to write more than 30,000 verses. He died about the time of the French Revolution.

The tombs of the Mings are very fine, and there is a long avenue leading up to them, with stone images at each side, of priests, elephants, tigers, camels, etc., all more than life-size.

CHAPTER XIX

THE LATE DOWAGER EMPRESS

The present Emperor is a Manchu, but as he is only a little boy, it is hard to say what kind of a ruler he will be.

It was very curious how no two people could agree about what sort of a man the late Emperor was. In the same newspaper one day I saw both these accounts. "His piercing eye and dignified look betoken him to be a man endowed with high intellectual qualities." On the next page he was written of in this way: "His appearance indicated mental weakness and physical incapacity."

In any case, he was clever enough to see that Western nations could teach much to China. He had read about other lands, for he bought over a hundred books on travel, science, etc., most of which had been written or translated by missionaries. He had, besides, a copy of the New Testament. His favourite Minister was a young reformer who wanted China to adopt all foreign ways, just as suddenly and completely as Japan has done.

There is a story told of the Emperor that he dressed himself in English dress one day, and showed himself to the Dowager Empress, and asked how she liked it.

"Very nice indeed," she said; "but having admired yourself in the glass, I advise you to go to your

ancestral hall and compare yourself with the portraits of your ancestors in their proper costume, and judge which is more befitting for an Emperor."

He was too eager to make his country modern by issuing edicts to his people, commanding them to cut off their cues, open schools, and dress in Western fashion. The Ministers were afraid of rebellion, and so the young Emperor was shut up and allowed no say in the government.

The real ruler was his aunt, the Empress Dowager. She was brought to the Court when only sixteen years old, and her name was then Yehonala, but it was changed to Tsu-hsi. Every few years another name was added, and she was made richer by some thousands of dollars being added at the same time to her income. When she died, her name was Tsu-hsi Tuan-yu Kang-yi Chao-yu Chuang-cheng Shou-kung Chin-hsian Chung-hsi. She was the third woman to sit on the throne in China, and everyone is agreed that she was a very remarkable person. In the pictures of her she is seen to be fairly good-looking, but not the kind of old lady a naughty boy would like to go near. She looks as though she would enjoy giving him a piece of her mind, or something even more unpleasant. She was short, but, like our own Queen Victoria, she held herself so well that she almost looked tall. She had very pleasant manners, and one lady who was invited to the Palace says that she spoke very kindly, while she held the visitor's hand in both her own. But she was a woman who would allow nothing and nobody to stand in her way. If an official thwarted her, he was

executed; and because the Empress disliked her, a lady of the palace was thrown down a well.

When the German, Russian, English, and French nations each seized a port in China, Tsu-hsi was both angry and frightened, and said, with some truth, that the "Powers, like tigers, hustle each other in trying to be first in seizing our territories." She had a great opinion of the dignity of the throne which "governs ten thousand kingdoms and the four seas," and to whom all nations bring — or should bring — tribute. She believed more or less that China was the only really civilized land, and she spoke and thought of the other nations as "outer barbarians."

The fear and scorn and anger of the Empress made her wish to get rid of all strangers. She believed she could kill all the foreigners in China as she would kill any of her own subjects who were troublesome; so she encouraged the secret society called the Boxers, who wanted to drive out the foe. She issued an edict commanding the Governors to kill and destroy all the foreigners in their districts. Two brave Chinese dared to change some of the messages before they were sent, putting the word *protect* instead of *destroy*, and so there was no trouble in the centre and South. But the brave men paid for this with their lives. Four of the Viceroys, too, were firm, and kept the peace in the provinces they governed. The Boxers came to one town in the South and put up notices offering to teach their "drill" to any young men who would join them. The Governor at once put up notices side by side with these that he would give ten dollars for every Boxer's head. The

Boxers left the town in a hurry, and no more was heard of them there.

In the North, sad to say, the Empress had her way, and numbers of foreigners were killed. More than a hundred of these were missionaries. The Chinese Christians were also attacked because they were looked upon as following a *foreign* religion. They were taken by the Boxer soldiers and told that if they would offer incense to the idols they would be left in peace. Hundreds chose rather to die, and of these many were tortured. The Boxers could not understand what made these Christians so brave, and they cut out their hearts to try and find the secret there.

All the foreigners who could, fled to Peking, and took refuge in the Legation buildings, where the Ambassadors of the Powers lived. The Chinese tried to set these buildings on fire, and when this failed, fired on them with big guns. There were some 900 foreigners, of many nationalities, soldiers, sailors, Government people, missionaries, and even ladies and children, all shut up in the houses and gardens of the Legations. The Empress could see all this from the imperial city.

There was plenty of work for all the besieged folk. The ladies made over 50,000 bags, of tablecloths, sheets, carpets, curtains, and anything they could find, and filled them with sand, for the men to use in the fortifications which had to be made. The doctors looked after the sick and wounded, and every man had to be ready for any duty. There were, besides all these, nearly 3,000 Chinese Christians, who had come

for protection, and they, scholars and coolies alike, willingly did the roughest work as labourers and washermen.

Only a few weeks before everything had been going on quite in the ordinary way, and there had been a dance on the tennis-court. The hot summer sun blazed down for two months on the poor people shut up in such narrow bounds, with little food and less rest, and then, at last, relief came. The soldiers of the Powers arrived, and the Emperor, Dowager Empress, and Boxers fled far inland.

That year, 1900, was a bad one for China. The Empress had tried by treachery and murder to get rid of the "barbarians," and the only result seemed to be that they were there in larger numbers than before, and that a great sum of money had to be paid for the damage done to them.

There was another result. China began to wake up, and the reforms for which the Emperor had longed are now being introduced. China is getting a huge army drilled as European armies are, and the soldiers have modern guns and rifles.

The postal service is improving, and new post-offices are being opened at the rate of one a day. Railways are increasing every year. There are already 2,000 miles in working order, and month by month the number grows.

Besides the missionary, and the new Government schools which have been opened in so many places, many Chinamen are in England and America and Japan, studying just what our Oxford and Cambridge

men study, and in some cases getting on so well that they take first prizes.

Foot-binding is being discouraged, and girls' schools have been opened in Peking and other places. Best of all is the decision of the Chinese Government to rid the country of opium. Hundreds of pipes have been burnt and opium-dens closed, and the decree has gone forth "within ten years this harmful muck must be fully wiped away."

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