MORAL TALES OF THE TREATISE ON RESPONSE AND RETRIBUTION.*

(With Illustrations by Chinese Artists.)

[CONCLUDED.]

THE NORTHERN CONSTELLATION.

P'ang Hêng-Hsiu organized with his friends an association the purpose of which was to worship the Northern Constellation. He observed all necessary religious disciplines and recited the sutras with reverence. One day, however, he became so intoxicated that he forgot himself. He stripped off his garments and slept facing the north. Waking up in the night he showed his disrespect toward the constellation, when suddenly, he heard a series of thunderclaps in the northwestern quarter, and lo! the gate of heaven was thrown wide open. Awed by this unexpected turn of affairs, P'ang hastily put on his clothing and was at the point of paying due homage to the Lord, when a god with dark face and dragon-like whiskers, carrying a golden rod in his hand, came down from above. He severely censured P'ang for his offence, saying: "You have organized a religious society yourself and are well aware of the sacred laws. Therefore, your violation of them becomes doubly punishable."

P'ang humbly begged for divine mercy, excusing his deportment by the temporary derangement of his mind.

The god said, "The reason why men of good behavior are free from blame, is that they never relax their moral vigilance at any moment. Remember the story of Ch'ü Pai-Yü who at night passed by the royal palace, yet he dismounted from his carriage as was customary to do in the daytime, and paid proper reverence to the Imperial house. People are still praising his unparalleled sincerity.

*These little stories have been translated in part directly from the Chinese originals by Mr. Teitaro Suzuki, and partly through the French version of Stanislas Julien.
Even in darkness men must not unbridle themselves and yield to their wanton passions. We will let you go at present, but you will have to suffer for your offence later on in life by receiving some civil punishment.”

Ever since, P'ang shut himself up in his house and did not dare go outside lest some misfortune should befall him. But how could a poor mortal escape heavenly ordained punishment? One day he received an invitation from one of his honorable relatives who had just been promoted to an eminent official position at the capital. He accepted gladly and went to the capital. While there, he went
out and in at pleasure. Once he passed by an Imperial shrine, and, not knowing the official regulations, kept on riding apace. Thereupon, the guard of the shrine arrested him for the offence, and the judge sentenced him to one hundred stripes. P'ang then came to realize the significance of the divine prophecy.

[The Northern Constellation, called in Chinese "the bushel" and in Western countries "Ursa Major," is sacred to Ti Chün, (the Lord Superior), and any intentional irreverence shown to it is regarded as disrespect toward the good Lord himself. Our illustration shows a messenger of Ti Chün stepping forth from the gate of heaven to warn the trespasser.]

RESPECT WOMANHOOD.

There was a shrine to the water-goddess in the village of Ch'ing Ch'i, and her image that was placed there was so nicely carved that it looked like a real goddess of splendid beauty. The villagers made her the guardian of the district and paid her great respect.

It was the second month of the year when the pear-blossoms on the grounds were very pretty, that a party of young students was passing by and admired the flowers. One of them lifted the curtain that was hung before the image of the goddess and exclaimed: "How lovely she is! If she were alive I would make her my mistress!"

His friends were shocked, but he laughed at their scruples, saying that spirits and gods have no reality; that it is well enough for the people to believe in and fear them, because such superstition made them the more amenable. He then composed a libelous poem and wrote it on the wall, but his friends did not say anything more, knowing the uselessness of their advice.

After this they all went to the examination hall, and stayed at the Wên Chang Dormitory. One evening the Lord Wên Chang* appeared to them in a dream, and they were greatly afraid to be in the presence of his august majesty. He had a roll on his table and declared to them: "As you know well, any student who is guilty of trifling with women is excluded from the list. Even a plain, ordinary woman should be respected by you; and how much more this is true of a holy goddess, you all must know. According to a report I have received, it seems there is one of your number who has insulted the goddess of Ch'ing Ch'i." Having ascertained the name

*Wen-Chang means "Scripture Glory" and he bears the title Ti-Chün, "Lord Superior." He is worshiped all over China as the god of written revelation and is the patron of all educational institutions.
of the offender, the Lord cancelled it from the list, adding that this was done because the man was guilty of wronging a woman.

When the students met the following morning, they learned that each had had the same dream during the night. Yet the offender himself was obdurate and said: "What has the Lord of Literature to do with such trifles? What harm can an image of clay do to me?"

He entered an examination cell, and having written down his seven essays with unusual vigor and brilliancy, felt assured of his final success. But when the night was far advanced, there appeared before him the Goddess of Water with her attendants. She censured
him for both his grave offence and impenitence, and then ordered her maids to strike him with their sticks until the student lost his mind and destroyed all of his papers. When he was carried out of the cell in the morning, he was unconscious and died soon.

[The accompanying picture illustrates the examination hall where every candidate is seated in a separate cell. The row in the corner is inscribed with the words, "Heaven-Character Number," which means "number one." In explanation we have to state that one way of counting in Chinese is according to the words of the Thousand Characters Book, Chieu Tzu Wen, which begins with the words Tien ti hsüan huang. This book is used as a primer in Chinese schools and every partly educated Chinaman knows it by heart. It contains the thousand most important characters used in daily life and no two characters are alike. Thus, tien (heaven) means "one," ti (earth) means "two," hsüan (dark) means "three," huang (yellow) means "four," etc.]

THE SPIRIT OF THE HEARTH.

In the days of the Ming dynasty [1368-1628 A. D.] during the years called Kia-Tsing [1522-1567 A. D.] there lived in the province of Kiang-Shih a man named Yu Kong. His posthumous name was Tu, and his honorary title Liang-Chin. He was gifted with unusual capacity and had acquired a scholarship as thorough as it was varied. At the age of sixteen he received the Bachelor’s degree, and had always been first in all examinations. But when he had reached the age of thirty, he found himself in such straits that he was obliged to give lessons for a livelihood. He joined several Bachelors who had studied at the same college and commenced with them to offer sacrifices to Wen-Chang Ti-Chün, "the Lord Superior of Scripture Glory." He carefully guarded written paper,* and set at liberty captive birds; he refrained from enjoying the pleasures of sense, from the killing of animals, and from the sins of the tongue. Although he had faithfully observed these rules of conduct for many years, he failed seven times successively in competitive examination for the second degree.

He married and had five sons; the fourth fell ill and died a premature death. His third son, a child of rare intelligence and charming features, had two black spots under the sole of his left

* According to Chinese views it is impious to throw away paper on which characters are inscribed, because words, both printed and written, are deemed to partake of the spiritual nature of the Tao; and this notion is not altogether foreign to the Western idea that the Logos or "word" is the incarnation of God. There is a class of Taoist monks who devote themselves to the task of collecting and burning all scraps of inscribed papers to spare their writing the sorry fate of defilement.
foot. He was an especial favorite with his parents, but one day when he was eight years old, while playing in the street he lost his way and no one knew what had become of him. Yu Kong had four daughters, but only one lived, and his wife lost her sight from mourning for her children. Although he worked incessantly year after year, his misery only increased from day to day. So he examined himself, and finding he had committed no great sin, became resigned, although not without murmuring, to Heaven's chastening hand.

When he had passed the age of forty, every year at the end of the twelfth moon he wrote a prayer on yellow paper and burned it before the Spirit of the Hearth, beseeching him to carry his vows to heaven. This practice he continued for several years without having the slightest response.

When he was forty-seven, he spent the last evening of the year in the company of his blind wife and only daughter. Gathered together in a room very scantily furnished, the three tried to console one another in their afflictions, when all at once a knock was heard at the door. Yu Kong took the lamp and went to see who it was, and lo, there stood a man whose beard and hair were partly whitened by age. The stranger was clad in black and wore a square cap. He entered with a bow and sat down. "My family name is Chang," he said to Yu Kong, "I have come hither a long distance because I have heard your sighs and complaints, and wish to comfort you in your distress."

Yu Kong was filled with wonder and paid him every mark of respectful deference. "All my life," he said to Chang, "I have consecrated to study and the pursuit of virtue, and yet up to this day have never been able to obtain any advancement. Death has robbed me of nearly all my children, my wife has lost her sight, and we can hardly earn enough to keep us from hunger and cold. Moreover," he added, "I have never ceased importuning the Spirit of the Hearth and burning before him written prayers."

"For many years," Chang replied, "I have taken an interest in the affairs of your house, and I am sorry that with your evil thoughts you have filled the measure to overflowing. Concerned only to acquire empty renown you send to heaven unacceptable prayers, filled with murmuring and accusations. I fear that your visitation is not yet at an end."

Yu Kong was frightened. "I have heard," he said with emotion, "that in the other world even the smallest virtues are written in a book. I have sworn to do good, and for a long time have care-
fully followed the rules which are laid down for men. Can you then say that I have worked for mere vainglory?"

"My friend," Chang answered, "among those precepts there is one which bids you respect written characters. Yet your pupils and fellow students often use the leaves of ancient books to redress the walls of their rooms and to make envelopes; some indeed, even use them to wipe off their tables. Then they excuse themselves by saying that although they soil the paper, they burn it immediately afterwards. This happens daily under your eyes and you say not a word to prevent it. Indeed when you yourself find a scrap of written paper in the street you take it home and throw it in the fire. While you suffer others to trespass, tell me please what good does it do that you act rightly? It is true, too, that every month you set animals at liberty that have been doomed to death; but in this you blindly follow the crowd and act only according to the counsel of others. It would even seem that you remain undecided and irresolute if others do not first set the example. Good feeling and compassion have never been spontaneous in your heart. You have kids and lobsters served on your table, without considering that they, too, are endowed with the breath of life. As to the sins of the tongue, you shine by reason of your readiness of speech and force of argument and never fail to silence all who dispute with you, but you are insistent to the fact that thereby you wound others' feelings and lose their friendship. Often too, carried away by the heat of discussion, you take advantage of your superiority and taunt your opponents with biting sarcasm. You pierce them with the bitter darts of your tongue and thus draw down upon you the anger of the gods. You are unaware of the number of your offences which are recorded in the spiritual world, and yet you picture yourself the most virtuous of men. Who is there who pretends to deceive me? Do you think any one can impose upon Heaven?

"It is true that you commit no actual crimes; but when you meet a beautiful woman in another's home and cannot banish her from your thoughts, you have already committed adultery with her in your heart. Consider a moment! Would you have sufficient control over yourself to imitate the sage Lu Nan-Tze if you were placed in a similar position? When he once found himself obliged to pass the night in a house whose only other occupant was a woman, he lighted a lamp and read aloud until morning to avoid exposing her to unjust suspicions.* You say that you have thus kept yourself

* See Mayers, Chinese Reader's Manual, Nos. 429 and 403. This incident is commonly told of Kwang Yü, deified as Kwang Ti, the Chinese god of war.
pure and unspotted throughout your life, and believe that you can without fear present yourself before Heaven and Earth, before demons and spirits! You are deceiving yourself. If this is the way you have followed the precepts which you have sworn to observe, what need is there to speak of others?

"I have presented to Heaven the supplications which you have burned before my altar. The Supreme Master has charged a spirit to keep careful account of your good and evil deeds, and for several years he has not found a single virtue worth recording. When you are alone and given over to yourself, I see nothing in your heart but thoughts of avarice, of envy, of selfishness; thoughts of pride, of scorn and of ambition; and thoughts of hate and ingratitude towards your benefactors and your friends. These thoughts grow on you; so plentifully they swarm in the depths of your heart that I could not enumerate them all. The gods have already recorded a vast number of them and the punishment of Heaven is increasing daily. Since you have not even time to escape the calamities which threaten you, what use to pray for happiness!"

At these words Yu Kong was panic-stricken. He prostrated himself upon the earth and burst into a torrent of tears.

"Oh Lord!" he groaned, "I know that thou art a god since thou knowest things which are hidden. Have mercy upon me and save me!"

"My friend," Chang replied, "you study the works of the ancients, you are instructed in your duties, and the love of truth has always been a delight to you. When you hear a noble word, you are for the moment carried away with zeal and emulation, while if you witness a good action, your heart leaps for very joy. But as soon as these things are out of your sight and hearing, you forget them at once. Faith has not planted her roots deeply in your heart, and therefore your good principles have no solid foundation. Then, too, the good words and actions of your whole life have never been anything but empty show. Have you ever done a single thing that betrayed a noble motive? And yet, when your heart is full of wrong thoughts which surround and bind you on all sides, you dare ask Heaven for the rewards which only virtue can claim. You are like a man who would sow only thistles and thorns in his field and expect a rich harvest of good fruit. Would not that be the height of folly!

"From this time forward, arm yourself with courage, and banish all impure and unworthy thoughts that may present themselves

Cf. ibid., No. 297, where the common version of Lu Nan-Tze's adventure as told by Mayers, differs somewhat from our story.
to your mind. You must first bring forth a crop of pure and noble
thoughts, and after that you may direct your efforts to the accom-
plishment of good. If an opportunity comes to do a good action
which is within the limits of your strength, hasten to do it with a
firm and resolute heart, without calculating whether it is large or
small, difficult or easy, or whether it will bring you any advantage.
If this good act is above your strength, use the same zeal and effort
in order to show your sincere intention. Your first duty is patience
without limit, your second, tireless perseverance. Above all, keep
yourself from indifference and avoid self-deception. When you have
followed these rules of conduct for a long time you will reap untold
benefits.

"Within your home you have served me with a pure and reve-
rential heart and it is for this reason that I have come with the espe-
cial purpose of bringing you instructions. If you make haste to carry
them out with all your might you may yet appease Heaven and cause
it to change its decision."

While speaking the stranger entered farther within the house.
Yu Kong rose eagerly and followed. But on approaching the
hearth, the weird visitor vanished. Then Yu Kong realized that it
was the Spirit of the Hearth who presides over the destiny of men.
He at once burned incense in his honor and prostrated himself in
grateful acknowledgment.

The next day which was the first day of the first month of the
year, he directed prayers and praise to Heaven. He avoided his
former errors and began to do well with a sincere heart. He
changed his literary name to Tseng-I Tao-Jen which means "the
Taoist bent on the purification of his heart," and then wrote out a
vow to banish all blameworthy thoughts.

The first day he was besieged by a thousand conflicting thoughts;
now he fell into doubt, and again into indifference and inaction. He
allowed hours and days to pass fruitlessly and it was not long before
he returned to the path in which he had before lost his way. At last
he prostrated himself before the altar of the great Kwan Yin*
whom he worshiped in his home, and shed tears of blood.

*Kwan Yin, or in full Kwan-Shih-Yin Tze-Tsai, is the Buddha of mercy,
a divinity which is peculiarly Chinese, having incorporated features of the
founder of Buddhism but being represented as a goddess. She is the most
popular deity in China and is in many respects comparable to the Virgin
Mary in Roman Catholic countries. Her name in Tibet is Tara; her Chinese
name is an abbreviation of the Sanskrit Avalokitesvara which means the Is-
vara, or sovereign Lord, and avaloki, on-looking, i. e., considerate.

In the Saddharma-pundarika, Chapter XXIV, (S. B. E. XXI, p. 410 et
seq.), she is referred to as a preacher of the Good Law, and this chapter is
recited daily both morning and evening in Buddhist temples.
"I vow," he said, "that my only desire is to have none but worthy thoughts, to keep myself pure and unspotted, and to use every effort to advance towards perfection. If I relax a hair's breadth may I fall into the depths of hell."

Every day he rose very early and invoked one hundred times in sincerity and faith the holy name of Ta-Tzé Ta-Plê (the Most Benevolent and Most Compassionate One) that he might obtain divine aid. From that moment he controlled his thoughts, words, and actions as if spirits were constantly at his side. He dared not permit himself the slightest wavering.

Whenever anything occurred to him that might be of use to man or beast, he did not consider whether it was a great or a small thing, whether he had time or was too busily engaged, or whether he had or had not sufficient ability and means to perform it. He hastened to undertake it with enthusiasm, and stopped only after its complete accomplishment. He did good as often as he found opportunity and spread benefits in secret far and wide. He performed every duty faithfully and applied himself to study untiringly. He practiced humility, bore insults, and endeavored to influence to well-doing all the men that he met. The days were not long enough for his good works. On the last day of each month he made a list on yellow paper of all his acts and words during the thirty preceding days and burned it before the Spirit of the Hearth.

Yu Kong soon ripened in the practice of noble deeds. While he was up and doing every one of his acts was followed by a thousand good results, and when he rested no blameworthy thought troubled the serenity of his soul. So he continued for three years.

When Yu Kong reached the age of fifty, in the second year of the reign of Wan Li (1574 A. D.), Chang Kiang-Lin who held the office of First Minister of State, sought an instructor for his son, and with one voice, every one recommended Yu Kong for the place. The minister himself went to invite him, and brought him and his family to the capital.

Chang, who appreciated Yu Kong's strength of character, induced him to enter the imperial college, and in the year Ping-Tzéé (1576 A. D.) he competed for and obtained the degree of Licentiate and the next year was raised to the rank of Tsin-Ssé (Doctor).

One day while still sojourning in the capital, he went to visit a eunuch whose name was Yang Kong. Yang introduced his five adopted sons whom he had purchased in different parts of the realm to be a comfort to him in his old age; and there was among them
a youth of sixteen years, whose face seemed somehow familiar to Yu Kong. So he asked him where he was born.

"I am from the district of Kiang-Shih," the youth replied. "When I was a child I became lost by heedlessly embarking with a cargo of grain. The name of my family and also of my native village are very dim in my memory."

Yu Kong was surprised and deeply moved. Begging the youth to uncover his left foot he recognized the two black spots and cried out, "You are my son!"

Yang Kong rejoiced at the good fortune of this happy meeting and allowed the father to take his son home. The blind mother embraced her son tenderly and shed tears of sorrow and joy. The boy wept too and pressing his mother's face between his hands, gently touched her eyes with his tongue and instantly she recovered her sight.* Yu Kong's happiness was now complete, and in spite of the tears with which his eyes were still moist, his face beamed with joy.

From this time Yu Kong gave up his situation and took leave of Chan Kiang-Lin to return to his native village. The minister, however, affected by the nobility of his tutor's character, would not permit him to leave until after he had presented him with many rich gifts.

Having reached his native country, Yu Kong continued his good deeds with increased zeal. His son married, and had in his turn, seven sons, all of whom lived to inherit the talents and renown of their grandfather.

Yu Kong wrote a book in which he told the history of his life before and after his happy conversion, and gave the book to his grandsons to learn from his experiences. He lived to the age of eighty-eight years, and every one looked upon his long life as the just reward for his noble deeds by which he had changed the decision of Heaven in his favor.

THE IMPIOUS MAGISTRATE.

Wang An-shih, a high magistrate of the Sung dynasty (960-1278 A. D.), was a learned scholar but recklessly irreverent, and so introduced radical innovations in his administration. People complained, officers demurred, and the emperor expressed surprise; but he would say, "Heavenly omens should not be heeded, human dis-

*According to a very ancient belief spittle is possessed of magic power. We read in the Gospel that Jesus used it for healing both the deaf (Mark vii. 33) and the blind (John ix. 6).
content need not be minded, and there is no sense in following the ancestral laws." He and his son, who assisted him in his office, even attempted to revive the ancient cruel custom of corporal punishment; but before the law was passed, the son died, and Wang Anshih built a Buddhist temple on the site of his son's residence.

While the magistrate was performing the customary Buddhist rite, he thought he faintly perceived in the flame of a burning candle the image of his son, bound hand and foot in a cangue,* crying: "Our attempt to revive corporal mutilation angered Heaven, and I have no chance of getting out of this infernal torture."

* The Chinese pillory.
Later An-shih fell in disgrace: he lost his position and died miserably in exile.

Now it happened that soon afterwards, one of An-shih's relatives was taken ill and swooned, and when he recovered, he said that he had been ushered into a special department in hell, where hung the sign: "Wickedness and Crime Eternally prohibited," and there he saw a noble-looking man in a cangue, who had gray hair and large eyes. Though he did not mention the name of this unfortunate person, every one around knew that it was Wang An-shih of whom he spoke. When An-shih's daughter inquired what could be done, the sick man simply said: "All that is necessary is to accumulate merits, and nothing more."

[Our illustration shows the vision in which the the magistrate's son is seen to suffer. The inscription above the door reads, translated verbatim, "Eternally Prohibited Depravities and Crimes," which means that here is the department for punishing evil doers of this class.

It is interesting to see how closely this Chinese picture of the maws of hell, which is quite typical, resembles a great number of Christian illustrations of the same subject down to the age of the Reformation. Cf. Carus, History of the Devil, pp. 144, 181, and 185.]

VISIT TO HELL.

Chüan Ju-Yü of Pu-Hai was a poor man, but he was never tired of doing every good and charitable work in his power. He also employed himself indefatigably, although he was often in poor health, in copying many good books to be distributed among his neighbors. When he was asked why he exerted himself so much in spite of his physical weakness, he replied that he was not trying to seek any reward, but simply wanted to give relief to his mind, which could not be kept idle for one moment.

One day he went to sea, and encountering a strong gale, found himself stranded on a lonely island. The scenery was very beautiful and he was full of joy, when suddenly there appeared to him a Taoist scholar who said: "The world delights in hypocrisy, but the Lord on High praises sincerity. You have hitherto done good work in distributing sound moral tractates, and this not for the sake of courting a good opinion of yourself from others, but simply from pure unaffected good-will. So much the more praiseworthy are your deeds in the eyes of our Lord. Many scholars are clever enough, yet they do not employ their talents for the true cause; they abuse them in writing immoral, seditious books; but they are now suffering in the infernal regions the consequences brought on them by
their own acts. I shall take you there and let you see by way of contrast how much better your fate is."

Then they went through space to that strangest of lands. The Taoist explained everything they saw there. All kinds of torture were being applied to those immoral writers, who, while in the world, stirred up man's beastly nature and allured many good people to an early downfall. The stranger also showed him a stately-looking man in the palace, who had been a good, upright officer when on earth, punishing every crime that tended to disturb social and political peace, and was now superintending this department in the world below.
When the visit was over, the Taoist sholar brought Ch'üan back to the same island, where he secured a sailboat and finally succeeded in reaching his home. Ever since, he is wont to tell his neighbors how horrible the scene was which he had seen on his visit to hell.

[The peculiar attraction of this story is in its parallelism to Dante's Inferno. The Chinese characters over the entrance of hell are, Feng Tu Cheng, which means verbatim “The Inferno's Fortified Castle.” The last two characters, taken as one word, form the common term for capital, and so we might translate it briefly by "The Capital of Hell.”

In the upper right hand corner we see King Yama, the sovereign of the under world, seated on a throne with one of his attendants.]

THE STORM DRAGON.

Shen of Tai-Ts'ang was wealthy, but a brutal and inhumane man who treated his fellow-citizens shamefully, and especially exhibited his bad character in damaging their instruments and machines, or any utensils which were used by workers in tilling the soil, manufacturing, fishing, hunting, and other occupations of life.

Once when he was building a guest hall in his house, he hired Liu of a neighboring village, well known as a skilled sculptor, to carve some figures on pillars and beams; but when the artist had finished his work Shen refused to pay him the stipulated sum. The sculptor remonstrated and the dispute was finally settled by a lawsuit against Shen, who for this reason began to scheme for revenge.

Some time later, the Buddhist priests in a southern metropolis intended to have the statues of the five hundred Arhats carved for their temple, and having heard of Liu's fame, invited him to compete for the task. Shen thought his opportunity had come. So he hired a man to join Liu's party. While on the way, this villain, following the instructions of Shen, spoiled the instruments of the sculptor and absconded without being discovered. When Liu on his arrival could use none of his tools he was unable to compete with the native sculptors, whereby he lost his employment and became quite destitute.

Since Shen continued in his evil practices, his daughter-in-law warned him that unless he reformed, Heaven would certainly visit the family with misfortune; but Shen resented her words and drove her from his home charging her with impudence, and disobedience. Before she was more than a mile or so away from the house, there came a sudden terrific outburst of thunder and lightning, and she hid herself in the woods near by. Then she saw a scarlet dragon
come out of the black clouds and enter Shen's residence. The building was completely wrecked, everything inside destroyed and every living thing instantly killed. No member of the family escaped, except the daughter-in-law who had been driven out. Heaven favored her and she lived a long and prosperous life.

[Our illustration exhibits the typical Chinese conception of thunder and lightning. The thunder demon holds a mallet in either hand and is surrounded by a circle of drums and flames. Lightning is represented as a woman from whose hands flow streams of flame. The scarlet dragon is the storm sweeping over the country leaving destruction in its wake.]
A CHINESE HOME MISSION PUBLISHING COMPANY.

There are Bible societies in Europe and America, the contributors to which deem it meritorious to publish and propagate the canonical books of Christianity; and in China we meet with analogous sentiments which prompt people to spread abroad religious books proclaiming the moral principles of their faith. The Chinese think to gain merit by writing, copying, or publishing such books as the Kan Ying P'ien, and our illustration represents a publishing office maintained either by some pious man who is possessed of sufficient
Wealth, or an association inspired by the same motive. It is the picture of a Chinese Home Mission Publishing Company.

We see in the lower left-hand corner two engravers busily employed in writing characters upon engraving blocks. At the further end of the table stands a pile of tracts, *Yü Hai Tze Hang*, which treat of the "Voyage of Mercy over the Ocean of Desire," a Buddhist Pilgrim's Progress. A man is engaged in storing away another tract, the *Hsing T'ien Yüh Ching*, which discusses the subject "how with a heavenly nature we may adjust ourselves to circumstances."

At the right-hand table where the three men are printing with brushes, we see another tract, the *Kung Kuo Ko*, which means "the Table of Merits and Demerits"—a curious little book which is incorporated as an appendix to the Chinese copy of the *Kan Ying P'iên* in our possession. It contains a list of all good and evil deeds, and marks their value in figures in a system similar to that in use in our schools. Stopping a fight counts + 3; inducing people to abstain from eating flesh for one year counts + 20; gossiping with evil tongue, — 3; to return favors, + 20; to keep a promise seems to be considered as a matter of course, for it counts but + 1; to abstain from taking things that do not belong to us, counts also but + 1: sincerity, or, as the book expresses it, "to speak as one thinks," counts + 1 per day; betrayal of a neighbor's secrets counts — 50. At the end of the book there are blanks for lists of both meritorious and demeritorious deeds, for the sums total on both sides, and for the statement of the balance.

The pile of tracts which is just being carried to the shelves is a volume of the same book, as may be recognized by the first word *kung*, "merits."

The stacks in the background contain the following books: on the left upper shelf are three rows of the *Kan Ying P'ien*; on the left middle shelf is the *Yin Chih Wên*, or "Book of Secret Virtue," a translation of which we expect to publish in due time; on the left lower shelf we read the title *Ti Chiin Hsiao King*, "The Imperial Lord's Book of Filial Piety," a work of Taoist ethics, probably written in the same strain as the *Kan Ying P'ien*; on the right upper shelf is the "Canonical Book (King) of the Pearly Emperor": on the right middle shelf we see a Buddhist book called "The Diamond Cutter," *Chin Kang King*, a well-known treatise published in English translation among the *Sacred Books of the East*; and on the lowest right-hand shelf is to be found the *Ta Chih King*, or "Book of Great Thoughts."