MISCELLANEOUS.

MISSIONARY WORK IN THE INTERIOR OF CHINA.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. PETER RIJNHART.

September 16, 1897.

Your kind letters and books came duly to hand, for all of which receive my thanks. We read them all with great interest, especially the Gospel of Buddha. We find in our work amongst the Buddhists here that though the books they have contain such excellent teaching, there are only a handful (from among the priesthood) who to any extent live up to that teaching. In fact we find the same here as we do at home, where Christians with the Bible in the hand go even completely contrary to its sublime teaching. Among our friends we count three or four living Buddhas, reincarnations who receive worship of man. One of them, Cho éni Kambo, was greatly interested in us having the words of him whom they call Shach Kya Munni in our language.

I would have written before this, but your letter came while we were attending the large numbers of wounded belonging to the imperial troops, just after the suppression of the rebellion. In the bustle connected with this work your letter became misplaced, but then we had the books. Only lately it turned up, and I am sending these lines to thank you. We made a trip in the brigand district south of the Koko lake, and I think the following notes of our journey will interest you. We may not agree as regards doctrine, yet we may be interested in each other's thoughts and work.

Long had I yearned to be able to get the south of the Kokonor to give the Gospel to some of the numerous Tibetan brigands there. But for lack of funds, not being able to buy the animals needed to carry tents, books, that is, Tibetan scriptures, provisions, etc., I had been obliged to wait and pray for an opportunity when I should be able to carry out my plans without having to incur the expense of extra animals so very much needed for any extensive work amongst the nomads around and west of the lake. And I welcomed with great joy an invitation to go and operate on an old man's eye who was blind with cataract, and whose encampment, five or six days' journey from here, was right in the district inhabited by the robbers we wanted to reach—and for fear of whom only heavily armed parties dared to cross that part. As far as I know, no European ever came there, much less a missionary with the word of life for those in darkness and in the shades of death.

I was therefore the more delighted as the man whose father we were to attend to was to supply the animals to carry the things we wanted to take, and bring us back here in twenty days. In having him as our guide gives us a certain safety, being a robber amongst robbers; nevertheless we do well to take any firearms we
have, as rifles and revolvers, less to shoot with than to show off to any bands we
might chance to come across, as if to say, "We are ready for you." On the 12th
of August we start, taking besides Gospels, tent, pots, and for food dried dough-
strings, roasted barley meal, butter, and pressed tea leaves. Our party consists of
our patient's son; a Panaka Tibetan; a lama; his bookkeeper; our servant, a Tib-
etan from Ladak; my wife, who wants to get acquainted with the women there,
and myself, carrying Charles, our little boy, forty-two days old, while Topsy, our
dog, runs between the horses' feet as excited as if she knew where we were going
and what important services she is to perform for us at night. A journey in these
regions differs from travelling at home in a railway carriage in which one enjoys
while travelling so much comfort. It even differs greatly from travel in China
which is in many respects very comfortable in one's hired boat or cart, mule, litt-
er, or sedan chair. Every night one is brought (overland travel) to an inn where
for a few sapaeks one gets a room, bedstead, food, etc. Here this is not so; the
journey is made on horseback—in the saddle from daylight till 4 p. m.—and the
only things one looks for at that time is a place with good grass, near fresh water,
where some days previous cows have grazed, so that the cow dung, now dry, may
serve as fuel. This found, the yaks are unloaded, the tent put up, a fire of dry ma-
nure made, and the pot placed above it on three stones.

Then on a journey here no food can be bought, so that provisions have to be
taken in large quantities (in encampments one can always buy meat and milk).
Now add to such inconveniences the constant strain upon one's nerves while trav-
eling through passes, gullies, and glens for fear of being pounced upon by a band
of robbers, and you have a faint idea of the whole. And this is travelling in the
steppes of Northeast Tibet.

On the morning of the second day one of our Tibetan's yaks died, in spite of
the long-continued incantations of the lama, which he uttered while stroking the
back and sides of the yak with his sword. Five long stages we made, four along
the seashore. During those days we off and on came in contact with Panaka. On
the fifth day we arrived at the encampment—without meeting any robbers I should
not say, because we saw some all the time, even travelling with them—but at any
rate without any assault from them.

This encampment consists of seven tents, while further along the shore there
are many more. In this camp there are horses, cows (or yaks), sheep, goats, dogs,
and dirty men, women, and children, the latter three more dirty here than in any
other part we have been.

The tents are made of a stuff made of wool manufactured by the natives. This
cloth is stretched over ropes which are held up by poles. Seen from a distance,
they appear like huge spiders. In the centre of the cloth a strip is left open to
give an exit to the smoke ascending from the temporary furnace just below it which
divides the tent into two parts. On the right-hand side is the place of honor. Here
guests are received, and at night the men sleep there, while the women, the chil-
dren, some kids, lambs, and in this case also a little deer, occupy the other side.
Their possessions, as small bags of barley, bales of wool, are placed all around the
sides and back of the tent on stones.

The inhabitants of those tents, as I remarked above, are dirty—very. They
are a healthy, strong set of people, comparing very favorably with the Chinese, a
race destroyed by vices such as opium-smoking, drinking, etc. The man's clothing
consists of a short garment of cotton with wide lambskin collar, over which they
wear a longer sheepskin gown, reaching to the knees, a pair of pants and top boots.
There are some that have the Chinese queue, others have not; a felt hat trimmed with lambskin covers their heads. The women wear a long sheepskin reaching near the ground, a pair of top boots, and a hat similar to those of the men only lower. Their hair is divided and braided into about fifty tiny braids. The needs of this people are few. Each man a matchlock, sword, flint and steel, knife and chopsticks, and each man a basin of wood. Each family has a tent, some sheep, cows, horses, etc.

On the whole they are a jolly lot, laughing and joking is very common amongst them, though their encampments are innocent of any musical instruments excepting drum and cymbals, used in reading their Bibles. The men go armed to the hills with the flocks and herds, while the women at home are occupied in making cheese, butter, and they also press out and dry in the sun the manure cakes for burning; but even after this dirty work they seldom wash their hands, only wiping them on the grass, and shortly after, with those dirty fingers, milk the cows or mix their barley meal, butter, and tea without a thought as to its being dirty. Their children are never washed, but soon after they are born are rubbed all over with butter and put to roast in the sun.

On the third day after arrival I was fortunate in removing the entire lens in operating for cataract, and there are hopes of restored sight in the eye operated on. Every evening after the animals return from the pasture many Panaka gather around our fire, and while they smoke our servant's tobacco out of his pipe in turns we talk with them as we are able, giving Gospels to such as can read, and those that are able to do this seem more abundant than north of the lake.

I estimate low if I say I think that one in every tent of ten or twelve inhabitants can read.

Many lamas frequent our fire, and as we tell them of Jesus our heart yearns for their souls. One evening while talking to some priests one of them asked: What department does this Jesu Masika (Tibetan for Jesus Christ) control? Buddhism has many deities, each one having his own faction. Upon telling him that Jesus governs the world—heaven, sun, moon, stars, even our very lives—they seemed greatly astonished, and doubtless wondered if that was so, where their gods would come in. Among others, we gave books to a party of thirteen priests, who, well laden, returned from obtaining contributions. Two days later the report reached us they had been attacked and robbed, perhaps by the very men who brought us the report. In all, we distributed over two hundred Gospels to priests and laymen, about one for each tent in this district. The books were gladly received and read by those who obtained them, and I estimate that by the books alone over two thousand persons have been reached who never as much as heard of the existence of any other religion than Buddhism. One strange feature about this part is the absolute absence of prayer-flags, and prayer-wheels.

Tanhar, N. E. Tibetan Frontier.

[The Rev. Peter Rijnhart, a native of Holland and a Protestant of the Dutch Reformed Church, started for China some years ago with the ardent desire of preaching Christianity to the Tibetans. He reached the frontier, but was not admitted into the country. He is not sent by any special church or missionary society, but depends entirely on voluntary offerings of such people as are interested in him and in his missionary zeal. His friend Mr. Charles T. Paul, 14 Alexander Street, Toronto, Canada, is always glad to receive contributions for the courageous missionary. Mr. Rijnhart's letter is so interesting that we take pleasure in publishing it.—Ed.]
THE GOD OF IRON.

The God who made the iron grow, 
He wanteth men of iron, 
Who in all things their manhood show. 
He scorneth slave and tyrant. 
He wanteth men of iron will, 
Men genuine and real, 
Whose glowing hearts yet throb and thrill 
With love of the ideal.
Again and again does she strive to secure
This prize of all prizes, but who can allure
With smiles howe'er potent or will of what might
A sunbeam to break from the path of its light.

She soberly watches it play on the floor
Till with tears her blue eyes are at last running o'er.
But her quivering lips soon break into a smile
That outrivals the sunbeam, as free from all guile.
And she bends her bright head in a transport of bliss
And imprints on the sunbeam a sweet baby kiss.

Ah, little one, thou hast a secret revealed,
The best way to conquer, sometimes is to yield.
Though sunbeams can never be brought by our will,
To leave the straight path of reflection, yet still
We may enter their warmth, we may live in their light,
And see them dispel the dark shadows of night.

The sunlight of truth unto mortals does yield
A ray from the All of Truth still unrevealed.
You must enter its light, it will not come to you,
For truth never can to itself be untrue.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

The Complete Poetical Works of Theodore Tilton. In one volume. With a
Preface on Ballad-making, and an Appendix on Old Norse Myths and Fables (London, Fisher Unwin; Oxford, Blackwell; Paris, Brentano, 1897).

Mr. Tilton has brought together into this beautiful volume, constituting a ne varietur edition, his complete poetical works. Our readers will find here in their correct and authentic form many poems which have often been unfaithfully quoted and reproduced. We read again here with the increased interest which they merit, poems which have been published from 1867 to the present day, either in volumes or in pamphlets under the titles "The Sexton's Tales," "Thou and I," "Swabian Stories," "Great Town," "The Chameleon's Dish," "Heart's Ease," etc. Mr. Tilton has enriched his book by a remarkable preface in which he emphasises the merits of the rhymed ballad which is so appropriate to the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic genius, and in which he has discussed with competence the problems that touch the future of poetry in so far as they are the necessary manifestation of the collective soul of each race. He also points out here, and this is not the least novel part of his book, the important rôle which devolves upon Americans in the future destiny of the English language. An appendix replete with erudition completes the volume. Its subject is a study of the gods of the Vikings and of the old Norse mythology constituting a rapid excursion into the proto-history of the nations from which English is derived. The poems themselves are instinct with a noble and pure inspiration. Humor is united with fancy, seriousness with grace. Penetrating criticism will reveal here the inward history of a high mind and the testimony of a personal evolution which is also the general evolution of our time.

L. A.