To understand the history of this manufacture of myths, we must connect foreign influences with native. Of these foreign influences the Hindoo and Babylonian seem to be both indisputable when we carefully weigh the internal evidence of the myths themselves.

JOSEPH EDKINS.

Peking, Nov. 30, 1886.

CHINESE POETRY.

TOUCHED BY THOUGHT.

Old China once more hunts the stag!
Away, my pen! Come here, my steed!
Though fortune wavers, each can hope
His arm may earn the conqueror's meed.

Now haste to see our lord the King,
Now hurry with the King's commands;
Subdue the vacillating south,
Make vassals of the eastern lands!

Anon we thread the mountain heights;
Anon we spy the plains below;
The forest bird, the cliff-bound ape
Shriek wonder humankind to know.

Oh! Boundless, boundless, to the eye!
Oh! Terrible, awful, mountain chasms!
We boast not that we know not fear,
'Tis loyal hope that fills our bosoms.

Tradition tells of heroes two,
Whose word, once given, knew no price.
What man but prides him in a trust?
Or, trusted, weighs the chances twice?

This poem refers to Wei Chêng [Mayers' Manual, No. 834], the gallant and faithful supporter of the rising T'ang power. 'Stag' is figurative for 'Throne.' The expression dates from the saying:—'The Ts'in power has lost its stag, and the whole empire joins in the hunt' (which ended in favour of the Han). 'The South' refers to the doubtful submission of Annam, and 'the east' to the wavering feudatories of Shan Tung. The *songster is supposed to be crossing the wild* passes of Yun Nan on a confidential mission to Annam. The typical heroes of China, whose word was 'as good as gold,' are Ki Pu and Hon Ying, 3rd century B.C. Neither of these worthies are mentioned by Mayers.

VIEWING THE RUIN NEAR PEKING.

Southward I mount the Palace Rock,
And scan the jungle round,
'The famous steeple? The great King?
No traces to be found!
Alas ambition!' Musing thus,
I wheel my horse around.

A place was built by Prince Chao of Yen (Peking) for his instructor Tsow Yen [Mayers' Manual, No. 746], and close by, a lofty steeple containing stores of gold, to induce learned men to immigrate. The poet tourist Ch'ên Tsz-ang visits the spot a thousand years later, and finds nothing but a hillock overgrown with jungle. He turns sadly and thoughtfully away, disappointed with the want of visible continuity in Chinese history.

A FULL HEART.

Through Spring and Summer bloom the flowers,
So verdant and so gay!

Bright jewels in the gloomy wood!
What lovelier gems than they?
At last they fade in colour,
Wax limber in the stem!
Ah! who seeks now their youthful bloom,
Who drops a tear for them?

Who can coax back the setting orb?
So sinks our hey-day's sun.
Old age can only yearn; regret
Sweet youth for ever gone!
The flowers wilt in autumn,
The shrike croaks o'er their tomb:
So will it ever be with those
Born of a mortal womb.

This charming poem is also by Ch'ên Tsz-ang, and refers to the disappointed hopes of life, and the cheerless remembrances of old age.

THOUGHTS.

'The lonely goose soars from the sea,
Nor dares to settle down in peace,
Jealous he views the brilliant birds
Disporting on the verdant trees.
Saucily flaunting at their tips,
Shall they not soon some arrow draw?
'Tis gorgeous raiment piques the eye,
'Tis pride provokes the gods' stern law.'
Thus wots he, solitary there,
Safe from the huntsman's suasive snare.

'Some flowers in spring-time burst in bloom,
Others in autumn blossom forth:
Serene they live their own pure life,
Nor care they for factitious worth.
Thinkst thou the nosegay triumphs more
Eager each kiss of love to suck?
Nay! flowers have conscious pride like men,
Nor live that some may stoop to pluck.'

Thus nursing solitary thoughts
I wash my soul of greedy cares.
The goose whose teaching comfort brings
Doubtless his pupil's message bears.
Morning and evening thus I muse,
Yet who can know my virtuous mind?
Abysses separate the thoughts
Of noble and of baser kind.

This poem is by Chang Kiu-ling [Mayers, No. 4], and is a good specimen of the virtuous Chinese idea, which always expects payment, or at least notice, of its superiority. The 'gay birds' who are in office are Niu Sien-k'ê and Li Lin-fu [Mayers, No. 519, 356]. Chang is 'out,' and in the 'opposition;' and, whilst rusticating, says to himself: 'This virtue is all very well, but, hang it all, no one is even looking at me! But *never mind*! A time will come.' The 'goose' comes in very aptly, as even the poet seems to suspect that his way of hunting for glory is but a 'wild goose chase.'

E. H. PARKER.