To Father Jim

YOU knew and loved so well the places, the people, the scenes described in this little volume.

This is to remind you—almost accusingly, since you will walk with us no more—that there are those of us in China and in the homeland for whom, until Eternity, nothing can ever be quite the same again.
THE DRAGON AT CLOSE RANGE

by

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CHEKIANG, CHINA.

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FOREWORD

Canadian Literature

By Henry Somerville, M.A.

This book has been modestly advertised as a "first contribution to Canadian missionary literature". It is recommendation enough to bespeak a kindly welcome from Catholic readers in Canada. A country which gives tariff protection to its manufactures and subsidies to its coal and has preferences for its tobacco, should surely be able to indulge a little favoritism towards its native literature. A young country is handicapped in its literary production by its youth; it is doubly handicapped by proximity to a much larger country, with the same language, able to swamp the market. Yet a country, if it is to count as a nation, and not merely as territory for economic exploitation, needs a literature more than it needs any of its bolstered industries. Coal and tobacco can be imported if need be and the labor and capital diverted from those fields can be applied to others. But there is no substitute for a national literature. We may share in the heritage of a wider community than our own, in the classics of Greece and Rome and especially in the unsurpassed treasures which are English Literature, but there remain certain tasks of culture that we can perform only for ourselves. Writing is the least universal of the arts, it is the expression of a limited group consciousness, not only because of the differences of language, but because its subject matter is the experiences of limited human units. Even if we had some universal language in Latin or Esperanto, the Canadian could not adequately communicate his mind to the Turk. The two races inhabit different thought-worlds. The Canadian thought-
world is not quite the same as the English, not quite the same as the American, though it has many affinities with each. A literature, as Newman said, is the voice of a particular nation. Our own writers, using our particular idiom, interpreting our particular experiences, are indispensable to our growth as a nation, not in a statistical sense, which is no sense at all, but in the spiritual sense which is the only real sense.

Any contribution to native literature, therefore, is to be indulgently received. But to recommend it on this ground is open to misconstruction. There is a suspicion of its nakedness being wrapped in the national flag because it has too little attractiveness of its own. And to speak of "missionary" literature is perhaps also to add to the suggestion of apologetic. Now this book of Monsignor McGrath's has certainly no need to be apologetic. It is a piece of extraordinarily good writing. It can be called emphatically an enrichment of the national literature. And it is authentically literature produced by Canada, not in the mere sense that it was written by a Canadian (Msgr. McGrath, we believe, is a Newfoundlander) or written in Canada (for it was written in China), but in the sense that its style is one which tends to be cultivated under present Canadian conditions and which in this case, we imagine, has been adopted to appeal to the popular taste.

When the present Prefect Apostolic of Lishui became a priest the newspapers of this country, and this continent, lost a most brilliant reporter. The style of writing here exemplified may not be the loftiest, but it is the most popular, it is the style that appeals to the majority of readers and therefore commands the front pages and the high salaries. The qualities of this style are liveliness, ease, boldness, pictorialness and humor. The language is familiar, colloquial, even slangy. The aim is more to present concrete images than to communicate abstract ideas.
When it is well done the style is so piquant that it pleases even those of classic tastes, for it is fresh and intensely alive. It is seldom well done. A writer who has the gift under commercialized newspaper conditions is driven to write himself out in a few years, even a few months. Thereafter he lives on his name, but is a mere caricature of his better and earlier self. His forced humor becomes vulgarity, his familiarity descends to flippancy and his descriptions lose all value because they become sheer fabrications, inserted because it is thought the words will read well, though they have no correspondence with the object alleged to be described, and therefore no truth.

Msgr. McGrath has been fortunate in the assignment he received as a reporter. He went all the way to China, far off the beaten track, and had crowds of virginal subjects for his thumbnail sketches and he was never under the temptation of padding, for the shorter his articles on missionary topics the more chance of Catholic editors receiving them hospitably.

The discerning reader who knows something of the craft of writing can easily imagine how the missionary in China came to try his hand at this literary genre which has hardly as yet received the hallmark of the academies. He wanted to attract reluctant attention, to arrest the multitude, to overcome the tendency of readers to skip missionary appeals. Therefore he used the artifices of the tabloid press and the publicity experts. He made himself a consummate master of the technique. If Directors of Schools of Journalism get hold of this book they will use its cameos as models for their neophytes. The discerning reader can guess also that Msgr. McGrath's work must often have been done under arduous conditions, when travelling and with accommodation that did not provide for literary occupations. For example, there is a story beginning "Up by candlelight at 4 a.m." which insinuates the lack of amenities:
Up by candlelight at 4 a.m. As we said Mass we couldn't but contrast this awful shed with the many churches and chapels we know so well at home. Below in the kitchen the old lady was preparing our breakfast of rice and a special treat of beancurd (no ordinary dish for the poor), and as there was no chimney the smoke just poured up through the open hole leading to the chapel (sic) above. Got away by 6.30.

At noon we stopped for dinner at Daw Joe, the half-way house of today's trip and the only place en route which boasts of a restaurant. Honest to goodness, you should see that restaurant! Today's special was rice and tea. If you are so fastidious or so wealthy as to be able to afford meat for your daily meal then you must just run down to the butcher shop for a few ounces of pork—when they have it—bring it back and cook it yourself. The mud stove is available for the use of the passing traveller who drops in for a meal.

So, while we recited the Office, the boy scoured the town for a piece of pork, but in vain. He was successful, however, in securing some peanuts for dessert. Not everybody can have peanuts for dessert. In fact the crowd of hungry-eyed boys who surrounded us as we began to eat looked as if they had never before seen a half pound of these delectable dainties on the table at one time.

Msgr. McGrath's study of popular journalistic features is sometimes evident in his lines as well as between them. He has one article headed "Now I'll Tell One" apropos a visit of Mr. Ripley to China at the time of writing. Monsignor would have enjoyed a Ripley visit to his own location up country and the following paragraph shows how accurately the missionary catches the note of the cartoonist:

"Had Mr. Ripley come here we could have shown him a few things, human-faced crabs; towns with lifeboats instead of fire stations, because the greatest danger is from flood; a photograph of an old man (now dead) whose finger nails were two feet long, and a place along the river bank where a chapel was burned down by a flood. Perhaps our readers can figure that out for themselves".

The quotations we have given from Msgr. McGrath are good, but they have been selected merely to illustrate particular
points, not to give away his juiciest plums. The prize for the richest fun we might give to "A Chinese Banquet". As a thrilling epic we would select "The Red Siege of Kanchow". Rudyard Kipling is not more tersely enthralling. In an anthology of the world's best short stories we would put "The Good Thief of Chusan". The human interest stories, quaint and touching, are too numerous to specify.

However, we would do a grave injustice to Msgr. McGrath himself if we left any impression of him as a mere literary craftsman. He is a theologian and some of his pages on theology reach sublimity. But above all he is the missionary, and in his lightest as in his gravest moods the cry that comes from his heart, so that the reader can almost hear it, is the cry of the great Apostle of the East, St. Francis Xavier: *Da mihi animas*. Give me souls!
FOR the first year or so in China, camera and typewriter are the most overworked part of your equipment. After that, you begin to wonder what has become of all those strange and striking things that once screamed at you to be photographed and written about. They are still there, of course. You just can't see them any more. Your first impressions have proven as evanescent as your first reactions were violent. Once a wide-eyed, eager observer, you have become as unseeing as a bronze Buddha.

That explains why we see so few books from the pens of those who ought to know something about China, veteran Missionaries and "Old China Hands" (beloved of Lin Yu-tang) whose casual and usually reluctant recital of their experiences so often holds the young rookie spellbound.

"Gee, if that man would only write a book!"

But that man doesn't. He claims that it would be futile now, for him to try. The desire to write and even the power to see things "Occidentally" seem to be in inverse proportion to one's knowledge of the subject when the subject happens to be China. If Westerner there be in these parts who has survived long enough to gain a comprehensive knowledge of this country and this people, it is safe to say that his one-time urge to tell the world about them has long since atrophied.

Somewhat chastening for those of us who do venture into print is the ensuing realization that you must write your book on China while blissful ignorance of China endures or you will never write it at all. Well, here goes for our effort, before the folly of eventual wisdom bids us be silent for evermore.

WM. C. MCGRATH.

Shanghai, January 6th., 1938.
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People of the North American Continent are not rabidly nationalistic. The healthy pioneer spirit, the great open spaces, the genuine neighbourliness between Canada and the United States and the blessed freedom from Europe's haunting fears—these factors contribute, no doubt, to our placid "live and let live" policy towards all the world.

Our prejudices are just the result of a "normal", uncultivated sort of ignorance of people and things remote and inaccessible. In that sense we are, unconsciously, prejudiced against the Chinese people, in spite of our ever-growing goodwill towards China. We don't know them. Ask "the man in the street" in Canada what he knows about the Chinese. "Well," he will reply, "they work in laundries or restaurants, give you a good meal for 50 cents. They are a law-abiding people. Get jailed once in a while for a game of fan-tan, but don't go around committing murders. But I can't tell one from another. They sure all look alike to me."

There's a fair-minded man for you! He is not consciously prejudiced. But his knowledge of Chinese culture is—to say the least—inadequate. They all look alike to him, as they did to the bewildered British Tommy on sentry duty here in Shanghai.

"Well, who passed here?" enquired his Commanding Officer.

"Thirty Chinese, Sir. Or maybe it was the same Chinaman, thirty times."

I once asked a Chinese University student in Canada what he thought of Canadians.

"I like them," he said, "but find it hard to tell one from another."

But we are learning more about China. The Orient is World news these days. Men don't have to bite dogs any more. China can crash the front pages almost any old time. Now, more than ever, since the gallant stand of the Chinese army around Shanghai, while "all the world wondered".

Our growing knowledge is not devoid of its note of apprehension. We're not quite as sure of ourselves as we used to be.
We’re wondering—and talking—about the stability of our own civilization. We’re discovering new things, disquieting possibilities. Drop into the club, or the hotel, these November evenings. What are men talking about? Growing International hostilities. Mediterranean problems. War clouds over Spain and the Far East and always that dread possibility of World conflagration.

"Nobody can possibly visualise what’s going to happen," they say.

Yes, the Orient is beginning to intrigue and fascinate us. We hear that Japan is selling bottled beer in Germany for less than the Germans pay for empty bottles. And selling cotton goods in England for less than the raw material costs in Lancashire; and rayon silk for 10 cents a yard at special sales on Main Street, anywhere.

And in China? The Great Dragon is stirring after his sleep of the centuries; not yet fully awake, but beginning to stretch himself; becoming pleasantly aware of a sense of power. Four hundred million people! Two and one-half millions under arms! Universal conscription in force! Hundreds of fighting planes! A potential army of fifty million men! They could lose 10,000 men a day and keep up a fight forever.

And what of the White Man, the once invincible White Man! He is becoming afraid of himself. Piling up armaments that bid fair to blast himself and his civilization sky-high. Talking of world war which will be civilization’s suicide, the while he rests uneasily apprehensive of an Abyssinian aftermath and another "dawn coming up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay".

For many years now the Oriental has been looking on. Ever since the World War he has witnessed a progressive decline of the White Man’s power, because of International jealousy and mutual distrust.

THE ORIENT LOOKED ON

One-hundred-and-seventy-thousand coolies looked on in that world war. They saw how White men prayed and swore and
slaughtered one another. With Oriental eyes, they saw Christians become barbarians and the sights they saw weren't pretty. And some of them came back to China and told the story of how those Christians loved one another.

**THEY LOOKED ON WHEN RUSSIA WENT MAD**

They saw pitiful White Russians who had crossed Siberia, fleeing before famine and death and the ghastly Red Terror. Half starved, half mad, men, women and children straggled into Harbin and Tientsin. Disowned by the Soviets, they knew no foreign protection. They pushed on—to Shanghai—some of these White outcasts. Penniless, starving, almost in rags, they stood on the sidewalks of the Foreign Concession and begged coppers of Chinese passers-by. White men! And almost in the gutter!

There were even more pathetic refugees from Russia's attempt to uproot humanity. White Russian girls, helpless victims of a social cataclysm, more sinned against than sinning, saved themselves from starvation by the only means left open to them. That was twenty years ago in the wild wake of revolution. Even to-day in Shanghai the term "Russian girl" retains a significance that reflects unwarranted discredit upon our brave and law-abiding Russian community.

The Oriental watched, mildly interested, while Missionaries came in almost every ship that docked. "We come", they said, "to preach a Gospel of peace, peace on earth to men of good-will." There were cultured and refined men and women of many Christian denominations. They went to the remotest parts of war-torn China and opened schools and cared for the sick and braved death from typhoid and cholera and Communist bandits. And not all escaped. Many succumbed to disease; among them one of the best friends I ever had in the world, who now sleeps on a lonely hillside in Chekiang.

**AND THE CHINESE LOOKED ON**

"These," they said, "are good people. These men and women come thousands of miles across the ocean to help the people of
China. They follow a leader called Christ. Perhaps there would be peace and happiness in foreign lands today if they all followed Him."

My friends, the pathetic tragedy of it all! For in foreign lands they had not hearkened to the gentle Prince of Peace. In lands called Christian strong men were despairing. In lands called Christian mothers starved and little children grew wan and pale.

Food there was aplenty, but not for them! Food to be destroyed. God's precious gifts of bounteous harvest thrown back into the face of a kindly Providence! Burning coffee, burning wheat, slaughtered cattle! While millions cried for bread and there was none to break it unto them. And the men who grew wealthy were the men who made the guns and the shells and the poison gas and the liquid fire. Vulture-like munition makers saw their dividends skyrocket higher and higher, like the piles of shells they made to break the bodies of babes in their mothers' arms.

This baffling inconsistency between Christianity in theory and Christendom in practice has been a source of bewilderment to many sincere souls in quest of truth. It is, unquestionably, one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of Mission work to-day.

"You people preach peace", our Chinese friends may well say, "but you practise war. In China, for centuries, the scholar was respected and the soldier despised. But your so-called Christian countries have driven us into schooling ourselves in the art of Western war."

Does this seeming inconsistency betray some unforgivable insincerity on the part of Christianity? Most assuredly not! Is such a terrible indictment to be laid at the feet of the gentle Prince of Peace? Emphatically no! There has, alas, come to be an essential distinction between Christianity and Christendom. Christianity preaches peace. Christendom prepares for war. The pitiful paradox is that Christendom is Christian no longer. The "Powers That Be" have elected to debar Christ and His Christianity from the Council Halls of men. This bruised and
battered old world of ours flounders on towards seemingly inescapable chaos. There are still those fruitless and interminable Conferences, with their resolutions and committees and subcommittees, but, withal, daily more of distrust, more of fearsome apprehension in the minds and hearts of men.

A Christian world, forsooth! How much was there of "Love your neighbour as yourself" in the iniquitous and damnable Treaty of Versailles? What vestige of Christian charity survives amid the treasons, stratagems and spoils of those who so smugly arrogate to themselves the Divine prerogative of giving peace on earth to men of good will? They have relegated Christianity to the discard. They have seen fit to do without God. And only God in His Heaven knows the heritage of blood and tears they may one day bequeath to children yet unborn.

Peacemakers of the world!
Infants, "crying in the night!"
Infants, "crying for the light
And with no language but a cry!"

"One simple man", writes Emil Ludwig, "might still prevent the coming war." The coming war! What a message of despair! Well, there was a "Simple Man" Who could have prevented the "coming war". He lived 1900 years ago. He was known as the Son of a carpenter. He could prevent it still. But it is idle to pretend now that all men in High Places will turn to Him. However, you and I, dear friends, must refuse to subscribe to this fatal psychology of the inevitability of world disaster. The things we fear, these are the things that come upon us. The world may yet be saved, but it will not be by the Political Leaders of Christendom. Rather, by the irresistible will for peace on the part of simple men who still hate war with all their hearts and souls. By the realization that if this old world of our is to survive then the forces of hatred and distrust must give way to the gentle Law of Love. Love saved the world before, when Gloria in Excelsis rang through the Heavens two thousand years ago. Love alone can save it again, the love of a "Simple Man" known as
Jesus of Nazareth. Who laid down His life for you and me, His friends.

Here in Shanghai we have just passed through a cholera epidemic. The Council wisely advocated inoculation. Not all availed of it. Some said they didn't believe in inoculation. What would your opinion be of a man who refused to take the cholera serum, contracted the disease and then proclaimed to all and sundry that inoculation had failed? A rather ridiculous statement, in view of the fact that he hadn't even given it a trial. But not more ridiculous, not more unfair, than the statement of the world that Christianity has failed, when it hasn't been given an honest chance to succeed. To the hearts of hundreds of millions of men Christian love of God and Christian love of one's fellow man have brought abiding peace and a purpose that reaches unto eternity. To the world, too, it would bring the peace that all men crave, were Christian principles to supplant political expediency, and gentle charity, rather than frenzied jealousy, to become the norm of relations between man and man.

Christianity has not been "tried and found wanting".

In Chesterton's words, it has been "found difficult and left untried."

What, then, are we to conclude?

The Son of Han has looked upon the West. He has witnessed material progress that astounds and bewilders him. He has seen the insincerity of political policies that dishearten and disgust him. He has seen unselfishness in the lives of Missionaries here in China, and he is impressed by their spirit of Christianity in action.

Will we not, then, give him a chance to accept this Christianity which the Western World rejects as a cure for its serious ills? Is that our argument, that alone? Is it upon that consideration that we rest our case for the Foreign Missions. No. It is a reasonable statement of the case, but is it enough? In other words, must you and I, in this Year of Grace, 1937, weigh
the intrinsic pros and cons before we may give our approval to the work of the Foreign Missions?

Many, even among Christian people have "figured this business out for themselves", as if it had never been "figured out" before. And they have turned thumbs down. They tell me that we are wasting our time here in China, that we have China enough at home. They do not all register their disapproval as delightfully as the lady on shipboard who once happened to be my partner in a game of bridge. She had been enjoying a run of tough luck. You know how it is. Nothing going right and a partner who was "just too terrible". So, when I innocently trumped her ace (one's bridge game does suffer after years in the "bush") it was really the last straw. For the benefit of all in the immediate vicinity she proceeded to let me know that we were the sort of people who went to China "to make bad Christians out of good pagans", that Missionaries, anyway, always made her feel seasick and, oh dear, she thought she'd go to bed.

Well, one cannot blame the good lady altogether. Many of us have met Missionaries who had an effect far more dire that that of merely inducing a little nausea, or passing dizziness. Some of them have made us want to commit murder. You know the kind. Those utterly tactless people who track you down on board ship; those pestilential creatures who, Bible in hand, ferret you out in the smoking car, just in the middle of a good cigar, and go right to work on your long-neglected soul. If only they would lay aside their Bible and their "religion" for a while and brush up on Dale Carnegie! They rant ad nauseam about a religious system of "dons" and "shall nots", all thoroughly drenched with the indispensable gloom; all as cheerless and depressing as the wail of an autumn wind. They are the original "killjoy" artists, who have done much to make religion distasteful to ordinary human beings. They have chosen the "Dies Irae" as life's only theme song, as if a "Benedicite" had never been sung. We hold no brief for their dismal systems. We protest that a religion without joy is not religion at all. We cannot find it in us to condone—much less to defend—all the inane and stupid and utterly
man-made prohibitions that have been foisted upon poor long-suffering humanity in the Name of Him Who ate and drank with publicans and sinners and Who was the most gentle and tolerant and understanding of men.

But we digress. We were saying that Missionaries do not have to waste any time worrying about the advisability or otherwise of the work of the Foreign Missions. As far as we are concerned, the issue was settled 1900 years ago. It is, for us, no longer an open question. It was decided by One Who said: "Going, therefore, teach ye all Nations," "Preach the Gospel to every creature."

These words awaken no responsive chord in the hearts of many good people, but—let me say it in all sincerity—to me and to thousands of Missionary Priests and Sisters the world over they constitute the ringing command of Christ the King. If those there be who would characterise all mission endeavour as a sort of glorified "Charge of the Light Brigade", let me remind them that if, in their eyes, "Someone has blundered", it is no benighted human visionary, but Christ, the Eternal Son of God. For us it suffices that the Commander-in-Chief has spoken. "Ours not to reason why." We respect the honest conviction of those who feel, even irascibly at times, that it would be better if we all "cleared out of China tomorrow". We trust they will appreciate our answer as to why we choose to remain.

The Church, my dear friends, has ever had her Foreign Legion. And China, and India and Africa have their Flanders Fields, where crosses stretch, row upon row. And those who sleep there have not died, but entered upon Life Eternal.

"The traders go for treasure that the worm will take by stealth
And death will come, to cheat them of the whole;
But these win prize eternal, seeking out another wealth,
They have guessed the blinding value of a soul.
They are pioneering miners and they quest the purest gold,
They are merchants seeking naught but pearls unpriced;
In the fields of every region they're a laughing, lonely legion,
Oh, they'd blaze a trail to anywhere for maddening love of Christ".

—"Benen", in "The Far East".
Play, Fiddle, Play

It's only Lishui, China, lost among the mountains of Chekiang, but you can have your choice, "Träumerei" or "Nocturne in E Flat"—and on a foreign violin. We know because we heard both at a recent school concert. They have a piano, too, the only one in town.

This little lad is only "trying his hand". On the Chinese one-string fiddle he is quite a virtuoso. And—de gustibus—he much prefers his own instrument.
Is Chekiang Safe for Canadians?

It was a lady friend in Toronto who tendered the first piece of advice. "For Heaven's sake carry a gun when you get over there and be sure to get in the first shot when you meet those Chinese bandits."

Well, those Chinese bandits have been giving us a bit of trouble these days. Even now, as I am pounding out this article, they are fighting with the soldiers less than twenty miles from here. We have no guns and nobody is alarmed because we are in a walled city well garrisoned with soldiers. My Newfoundland friend was more vehement. "Hang of a lot of use talking to you, I know. You will go back to China among those cut-throats. You will run the risk of being captured. And when you are they'll be calling on me and Jim here to dig down and help pay a ransom. Well, I may as well tell you now that 'twill be no use."

WARNED AGAINST DANGERS

I smiled at his advice and his heartless threat, knowing that if such a dire calamity ever came to pass both he and Jim would be among the first to "dig down" to save me from a fate I so richly deserved. They'd growl a bit, of course. "Didn't we tell that blinkety blank fool that this was going to happen?"

You see, it's that way with people at home. They hate to see their friends leave for China, not necessarily because they love China the less—they don't love it very much—but because they love their friends the more. They don't think much about China at all until one of those friends, "fairly sane otherwise, you know," takes "this fool notion" to convert the benighted heathen. To them China is just a remote, wild, dangerous, hopeless place where deadly epidemics vie with treacherous brigands in a relentless conspiracy against his life. Of course the home newspapers don't help much. Bandits, floods, famines, disasters! Small wonder
that home folk at times become pathological—almost defeatist—in their reactions towards tortured China. “You’ll all be captured. Those Chinese aren’t worth the risk.”

NOBODY CAPTURED

I said they were fighting—those bandits. Fr. Boudreau’s latest letter, just in, conveys the news. He’s been “on the run” a bit of late. “Just got back from Chiulung, to which place I had to take flight again Monday night. The soldiers and Reds had it out at a place called Tanteochu, just twelve miles from here. They fought until well on into the night. All the people evacuated the town.”

But we’re not “all being captured.” Far from it! Not a Priest or Sister in our whole district has been captured since we came here, in 1925. Most of the time it is very peaceful, as it will be again when this latest scare blows over. Amazingly few Missionaries, as a matter of fact, do manage to get captured. The number of Catholic Priests in the hands of bandits right now is three, out of the more than four thousand in China. Which leads to the question: “Is Chekiang safe for Canadians? What are our chances of being captured by those roving mountain bands?”

Is Chekiang safe? Somewhat safer than Canada, judging by the statistics of the years that have slipped by since our arrival in China. In the homeland several priest-friends of ours have been beaten up by thugs. Others have been killed in motor accidents, hunting accidents, or drowned. We have lost but one Priest during our eleven years in China, Father James McGillivray, of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, who died of malignant malaria in August 1935. Our friends think we are in danger all the time. They do not seem to realize that death, in so many forms, is ever lurking on the highways and pleasant lakes and cool summer resorts of Ontario and British Columbia and Nova Scotia, and that hardly a mail arrives here but tells the story of its ghastly toll.
GREATER PERILS AT HOME

If you want a horrible example, take Fitzroy Harbor. Peaceful Fitzroy Harbor, a quiet Sunday afternoon, a Priest seated on his verandah, at peace with the world! Till a maniac at large in a high-powered car drives up with the avowed purpose of "getting" Father Ernie Bambrick, crushes him against his own verandah and sends him to hospital for months.

There are perils aplenty on the Missions, we will agree, but China is far from having a monopoly on disease and danger. We are trained to take precautions against both, because eternal vigilance is the price of life itself when epidemics rage and the thermometer hovers around a hundred and ten. Some of the precautions are not "pleasant" exactly. You mightn't care to quaff hot tea or boiled water throughout the dog days in Chekiang, change your clothes about five times a day and live in an eternal bath of perspiration from June till September. But just try some of those cooling drinks, if you can find them, and you predispose yourself to any and all of the summer ills that China is heir to. Drink boiled water, of course. And be sure that your mosquito net is tucked tightly around your bed at night. And take your quinine like a man, and your typhoid and cholera injections and, as you value your life, keep away from everything raw in the vegetable line.

TOO MANY COLD DRINKS

It would be difficult to convince some of our American cousins of the wisdom of some of these precautions. But there would be fewer deaths from heat prostration in the U.S.A. if hot tea were to take the place of ice cream sodas. Don't laugh. I know it will not come to pass, such a change at home. But what would you think of the man who repeatedly kept pouring cold water on his red hot stove? In this case it is ice cold water into a red hot and long suffering human system. And the "prostrations" are not always from the heat, but from the violent
reaction. No, these precautions are not pleasant, exactly. They are well described by the unknown author of "The Call of the West":

"I'm weary of curry and rice, all
Commingled with highly-spiced dope,
I'm weary of bathing with Lysol
And washing with carbolic soap.
I'm tired of itch-skin diseases,
Mosquitoes and vermin and flies;
I'm fed up with tropical breezes
And sunshine that dazzles my eyes."

Three-mile-an-hour Sedan.
And he goes on to say how much he would give to be able—

"To eat without fear of infection,
To sleep without using a net;
And throw away all my collection
Of iodine, quinine, et cet." (See page 185).

But, unpleasant or otherwise, our very awareness of danger provides an element of safety that is too often lacking in those who flirt with death at home. Just as it is the sickly people who never die, so it is those who are in no danger who are always getting killed. So far, anyway, there are no maniacs driving high-powered cars over the highways of our section of Chekiang. The hunted and harried pedestrian may yet find a last stronghold on the millions of miles of cobblestone paths of China where he is in no danger of being bowled over by anything swifter or more high-powered than a three-mile-an-hour sedan—chair.

As for the actual bandit situation over here, we may tell you that we are "safe enough" in the larger cities. In the thousands of little villages lost among the mountains of Chekiang there is always danger of a surprise attack as long as bands of marauders are at large. But they are not always at large. We are often free of them for years. At present, we are told, the number of so-called Red bandits is not more than four hundred men. But there are not soldiers enough in China effectively to police every mountain village so that a bandit horde would never dare come near. Especially is this the case in our district which, from end to end, consists of range after range of mountains with sufficient growth of "brush" and trees to afford an ideal hiding place. In the larger towns it is different.

**BANDITS AVOID CITIES**

Those marauders are not one bit anxious to mix in with the soldiers in open battle, much less to try to attack a walled city, whose garrison outnumbers them often four or more to one. Lishui, Tsingtien, Lungchuan are all walled towns. But when danger threatens outside in the "bush" the local garrisons are
reinforced to make sure that the bandits keep their distance. And while the latter are armed with revolvers and usually very short of ammunition, the soldiers have the latest equipment, machine guns included, and have an unlimited supply of ammunition to draw on. In the Dublin Easter Rebellion of 1916, seven hundred Irishmen held out for weeks against 20,000 British soldiers, and while our local boys lack the valor of the fighting Irish the same must be said of the marauders who roam the district and are not particularly anxious to risk their skins in pitched battle. Strategically this small number hasn’t a chance of taking a walled city.

ALWAYS "ON THE RUN"

What about the outside districts? Well, there are thousands of villages in our section of Chekiang. In how many of these villages can, say, 300 men be at one time, especially as they are always "on the run" from the soldiers? And how long dare they stay in any village or small town? Just until the soldiers arrive to drive them out. It is true that in these outside places neither side is "spoiling" for a fight. The attitude of the soldiers is often that of a policeman towards a loafer on the corner. "Move on, Jack." And the bandits move on. Chinese, you know, are not fighters. In his book, "My Country and My People", Lin Yutang compares this prudence on their part to the folly of the Western people who with "gin-manufactured courage raise their heads above a trench to stop bullets for a newspaper-manufactured cause." Neither soldier nor bandit is particularly anxious to die. When the bandits are known to be in any vicinity the Priests never dare go near there on any Mission work. They remain at home. And so, unless they be foolhardy, there is no particular reason why they should go out of their way to deliver themselves into the hands of a prowling band who hardly dare remain a day in the same place.

This is about as much as we can say. We cannot assure you that there is not the remotest possibility that anybody will ever
be captured. That would be overstating the case. But here that chance is a pretty slim one. When Father Boudreau had his first narrow escape it was because he waited too long in Pi-Wu. He had been warned five hours previously of the proximity of the bandits but went peacefully to bed at 9 p.m. Then, when they actually entered the village, he slipped out the back door. He wasn't captured, but next time I hope he doesn't wait so long. After all, God helps those who help themselves, prudently, in this as in other matters.

**BUT SUPPOSE YOU ARE CAPTURED?**

Well, suppose! Is it then a question of "all is lost"? Not at all. The Rev. Mr. Bosshardt was released unconditionally in April 1936 by the notorious Ho Lung after having been in bandit hands since 1934. The Missionary must use his head and his knowledge of Chinese mentality, and the importance attached to "face" even with so-called Chinese Reds. They can be flattered and jollied along and may become either friendly or hostile, according to the tactics you employ, as the following instances will show:

The Reds entered a little village not long ago and were parading down the street. As they passed one man's house his wife became hysterical and screamed at him. "The Red bandits! The Red bandits! Flee for your life." But the husband knew he was in a tight place, used his head, and, incidentally, saved it. "How dare you talk like that, you stupid old crone?" he bellowed back, making sure that the soldiers heard him. "How dare you insult the honorable soldiers of the great Red Army? Let our unworthy home be honored by their presence as we ask them to partake of our humble fare."

The soldiers entered, even before the terrified wife could obey her husband's command. They partook of the meal, chatting amiably with their host. Just as dinner was ended the Red leader spoke:
"How much did you pay for that wife of yours?"

"A hundred dollars," the husband replied.

"Well, here's two hundred. Go get yourself another."

He pulled his revolver and shot the wife dead. It pays to be polite over here.

NOT NICE PEOPLE

You see, the Reds are not nice people, exactly. To them human life is about as precious as the life of a mongrel cur. When they catch one of the unfortunate bus drivers or station masters along the road (they have captured only three to date out of hundreds) they usually cut them in three pieces, sidewise. A little while ago they sent the body of one of them back to his father, in a coffin. It was his only son and the poor old man said he wanted to get in the coffin and die with him. They hate the bus drivers and the new roads and all connected with them, because new roads mean transportation and ready movement of troops. They tell the people that they kill the road men because the latter confiscated the people’s lands without compensation—which they did.

THE DEVIL’S ADVICE

The bandits who captured Father Bravo periodically consulted the devil in a pagan temple. He often heard them asking questions and heard the answers. One day, after they had performed their superstitious ceremonies and asked their questions, he heard a voice saying: "Don't kill that Priest because if you do there will only be more Christians and you don't want more Christians." In this way the evil one bore witness to the fact that the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. Father Bravo was released, unharmed.

Then take the case of Father Bush, of Maryknoll. A friendly bandit stood by him as the soldiers were coming near the hiding
place, shot the bandit leader and helped him to escape. Father Burns, too, ultimately escaped after nine months in bandit hands.

On the other hand another priest, who shall be unnamed, was hacked to pieces by his captors, and another member of his community told me that it was the prevailing opinion that Fr. ______ had been very imprudent in continually abusing the bandits. He was a bit hot-tempered they said. Well, it doesn't always pay.

So, speaking from the point of view of friends at home, even if one should be captured by the bandits it does not mean that all is lost. Few of us are worthy of the crown of martyrdom.

No doubt some people will feel that it would be better not to speak so plainly. If you even hint at dangers, they will say, you may deter some young men from coming to China. But aren't such young men, if any, far better deterred? We think they should know the true state of affairs before giving their lives to the work of the Missions. If they are of the type to be deterred or held back because there are bandits in China it would really be better for them to remain at home. For bandits there always have been in this country where the situation in so many places is always "hopeless but not serious", and bandits there will be in China during our stay in the Celestial Republic and long after we are dead and gone.

Meanwhile, we have our work to do and the solemn obligation of fidelity to our great missionary vocation and we must never forget that God is in China as well as at home and not a hair of our heads will be harmed against the will of Our Father in Heaven. If it be His will that we should be privileged to suffer a little more and thus come nearer to the suffering Christ, then joyfully should we accept it, for we have no other will but His. But for the vast majority of us, bandits notwithstanding, missionary life will consist of the more humdrum and less melodramatic commonplaces of daily life among a peaceful people. That is God's will for the most of us and that is why we are all so happy in China in spite of war's alarms.
The Eternal Sampan

"THE fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
   The furrow followed free,"

But he wasn't "the first that ever burst
   Into that silent sea".

River boats have been negotiating our Chuchow River for some 5,000 years or more. And the 300 B.C. models probably had the same streamlining as those that ply the rivers of China to-day.

This boat (see opposite page) was just one of hundreds ahead of us on this particular day, but the crazy-quilt foresail caught our eye, and also the antics of the lone boatman. He was trying to cook a meal and at the same time keep the boat headed upstream to avail to the full of the fair wind. Every time he stirred the rice she went into a tail spin, and here he is seen bringing her out of it. The rear oar is still dragging on the top of the water.

Ahead may be seen the typical Chekiang mountains and the sails of other river craft. We spend quite a lot of time in these sampans. The trip from Lishui to Lungchuan, for example, a distance of 80 miles, takes five days and four nights. But they are fairly comfortable, and the bamboo covering is 100 per cent rainproof.
She Went Into a Tail Spin.
“Coolie Chow”

Too bad the Toronto Exhibition is so far away. We should be so glad to enter some of the Lishui sweet potatoes. For size, at any rate, we feel sure we could crowd the P.E.I. Cobblers off the First Prize List.

The boy in the picture—Ong Lee—is one of Fr. Vanadam’s champion Gregorian singers, and he also gives us the odd tip on the pronunciation of Chinese. But that doesn’t make him any the less proud of the home-town products.

For the new missionary, before he becomes accustomed to such delicacies as fried bamboo, preserved three-year-old eggs (as black as your hat) and rice in its various forms, the sweet potatoes are veritable life-savers. But they are never served at a regular Chinese banquet because they are too common, just “coolie chow”, and that wouldn’t do for special occasions.

Besides the sweet potatoes, there are many local vegetables and fruits in season. Some very fine peaches and oranges grow right in the backyard.
Oranges—Right in the Backyard.

And Breakfast Cakes at the Front Door.
A Rendezvous With Death

FATHER Serra, with servant and straw-sandalled baggage carrier, is here shown starting out on his last Mission journey. Shortly afterwards he left for his home in Spain, to enjoy a well-earned holiday after eleven strenuous years of Missionary work.

On more than one occasion Father Serra had fearlessly braved and successfully eluded the mountain bandits of Chekiang, but he was not so fortunate at home. Somewhere near Barcelona he fell victim to the barbarity of the Red bandits of Spain. We still await full and official details, but from a very reliable source we learn that our returned Missionary was first brutally tortured and then burned alive.

The ghastly facts are more appallingly eloquent than any comment of ours.
The "Overland Limited"

The "Overland Limited" shown in picture provides one of the common means of travel in our district. In this way, by chair, you can usually make twenty miles a day quite comfortably.

Rice must surely contain all known vitamins, and then some. The endurance of these carriers is almost beyond belief. If that common commodity were only controlled by some big manufacturing company, Dr. Hardup, eminent something-or-other of Harbin and points south, could be induced to prove that it is the panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

If you want real floating power, just climb aboard. The bamboo poles are long and springy, and each chair is equipped with human shock absorbers. At first the idea of travelling this way is positively revolting. You feel that it is an outrage on the dignity of human beings. But then you soon discover that it is mistaken kindness to withhold from these carriers the "business" that provides their only means of livelihood. It is the same with the rickshaw men.

When you are planning a trip to Lishui, let us know. We can arrange to show you many a scenic route among the Chekiang mountains and give you many a thrill as the carriers step gingerly along some of the narrow goat paths hundreds of feet above the river.
The Lishui Ferry

WHAT people you meet on the Lishui ferry, even to the ubiquitous travelling salesman! He is dressed this morning in the latest foreign style, razor-edge trousers, fedora at the correct angle and positively effervescing camaraderie.

"And ne'er the twain do meet," did you say? They are meeting right now, this fine spring morning on the Lishui ferry. For beside our immaculately attired friend a farmer is leaning over the side of the boat and holding the horns of his water buffalo as it swims its way across. The ferryman is growling because the buffalo is a little weak on the breast stroke.

The salesman's grand manner is obviously not spontaneous. It smacks of a little high-powered volume, "Personality in Salesmanship". Look, he's going to try it out on us.

"Ah, the Foreign gentleman. And how do you like China?"

The old "come on". He doesn't care how we like China.

"Would you be interested in . . . . .?"

"No, thanks, not this morning."
"Ah, but my line of French cosmetics!" He rolls his eyes—"c'est le dernier cri". Not so bad, we thought, for the Lishui ferry. It wasn't until afterwards that we heard he had spent ten years in Paris.

Judging by the stock in the downtown stores, Miss Young China is becoming decidedly interested.

A go-getter salesman! Let him try his stuff on the old lady with the straw hat. We'll bank on her sales resistance even on this fine morning when it's good to be alive. We have been waiting for some time, camera in hand, for her to register an expression. Ah, that's fine! Hope you like it.

"Cows' Breakfasts" at Two Cents Apiece, and Never Out of Style.

Yes, let him tell her! Styles in hats may come and go, but her good old "cow's breakfast" goes on forever. A little the worse for wear, perhaps! Six years ago she bought it for 20 Dong Pah, and that's two Canadian cents. And she'll get her money's worth out of it before she dies.
Old lady crossing ferry! Going somewhere. A little out of tune with the new China growing up around her. Thinks the young people are going to the dogs with their large unbound feet and foreign dress and lipstick and rouge. "Now in my day . . . . . . ,"

She's been shrewd enough in "her day". At least she's managed to be alive at sixty, floods, famines, bandits notwithstanding. It was tough going. The wolf was never far away. At times his head and front paws were on the doorstep. Yes, she could tell you a few things.

Alive at sixty! She, and so many millions like her, will still be alive, intensely and forever, when the great Arcturus is no more.
**Little Lishui Lady**

THIS little girl attends the school at Lishui conducted by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario. The Sisters also have charge of the dispensary, where hundreds come daily for free medical treatment.

Before coming to the school, our little friend worked in the local match factory. Her job was to put the matches in the boxes. She could work like greased lightning with those little fingers, but three cents a day was the best she could make.

Her mother, a widow, makes the famous match boxes in her spare time at the 30 cents for 10,000 rate, which works out at about one cent for 333 boxes. And this isn't just a sob story we're trying to make up for "copy". It is a state of affairs that the pagans take quite as a matter of course. Four cents, or three cents or two cents a day, as the case may be "is better than nothing, isn't it?" And every copper counts where life is a very grim struggle for survival.

The rest of her story is a little out of the ordinary. Her father, an opium smoker, died in prison about three months ago, and it was when mother and child came in tears to ask us help buy a coffin that we first became aware of their plight.

She's very happy with the Sisters and doesn't want to go home when vacation time comes round.
Way Sing

Way Sing was his name, a little pagan orphan boy, stranger to childhood's joys, a pitiful child derelict on China's uncharted sea of human misery.

Eleven years old, his father and mother lost or dead, he had been eking out a bare existence by begging from door to door. At night he slept on his bed of straw in an old abandoned temple.

This winter was an unusually cold one in this part of China. Snow on the roads, thick ice on the muddy pools. In the Mission residence we piled firewood into the little stove to keep Chekiang's penetrating dampness from the marrow of our bones. For let me tell you, because I know, it is worse than Winnipeg's famous dry cold that touches forty below.

But Way Sing never saw a stove. And the cold found him in his temple-shelter, asleep on his bed of straw. He awoke one morning to find both feet frozen solid. Immediate attention would have saved them. But what did he know of such things! Attention, immediate or otherwise, had never come his way.

He kept on going as best he could. Both feet turned black and still he crawled from door to door. Pagan neighbours took pity on him, collected some Dong Pah (Chinese coppers) and sent him in a rickshaw to the dispensary. It was gangrene, of course. Take a look at the foot in the picture above.

But it was a happy day for Way Sing in spite of his suffering; happy because the charitable, competent care of the Sisters alleviated his pain. No child at home could possibly have survived, but such is the resistance of the Chinese and so amazing
their reaction to foreign medicine that Way Sing emerged from his ordeal with only the loss of both feet.

He had been “tough” before his arrival at the mission. Tough he had to be in the grim struggle against starvation that is the lot of so many child beggars in China. To show his gratitude he elected himself to keep order in the dispensary as some of the patients had been slightly refractory and his outbursts of language were quite sufficient for most emergencies. With the Priests and Sisters Way Sing became meek and gentle as a lamb.
Fishing with Cormorants

We had often seen pictures of Chinese cormorants, just as we had often been told that in China they ate sharks' fins at banquets. Having satisfied ourselves as to the taste of this latter delicacy we were hoping to be able to run across a raft (literally) of these birds in action and we were not disappointed.

One day while returning downstream from Lungchuan one of those monster birds "broke water" about five feet from the side of the sampan. He looked for all the world like an oversized loon, except that he had a vicious looking salmon-gaff bill. The boatman pointed to two rafts a few hundred yards ahead where the fishermen were quietly poling their way along. It was to one of these rafts that the bird belonged.

We hurried to catch them, but the faster we went the faster they went. The boatman hollered and that "panicked 'em" for sure. They tore for the bank, left rafts and cormorants stranded and were climbing up the hill when our man assured them that we weren't soldiers, but simply "foreign gentlemen" who would like to see some of their birds in action. Thus reassured, they boarded the rafts again and one of them, with the hope of a little "cumshaw", was prepared to go through all sorts of manoeuvres.

The fishing wasn't particularly good this day and the birds seemed to know it. He struck them on the head with his pole...
to make them go below, but they were forever trying to board the raft.

These cormorants are large and powerful birds and their hooked upper bill spells disaster for any luckless fish in range. The owner of the raft doesn’t scruple about muzzling the bird that treads the water. He ties a ring around their necks before they are ordered below to prevent them from swallowing the fish. When the fishing is good they tell us the birds get a great kick out of it and a regular bedlam ensues once diving operations begin. After a reasonably good catch the rings are removed and the birds may “fish for themselves”.

As a rule the cormorants have little difficulty handling the average run of fish, but the way they go to work on the big fellow is a pretty piece of technique. Mr. Cormorant can out-distance any of the denizens of China’s thousands of rivers, so escape by flight is out of the question. Once the doomed fish is aware of the fact that the winged assassin is on his tail he can only loop and nosedive and tail spin in a futile effort to protect his eyes. For the cormorant is all business. One more big fish is just part of the day’s work for him, so he quietly awaits his best chance to peck out the eyes of his otherwise unmanageable prey.

After that it’s easy. The blinded fish just swims around in dizzy, aimless circles while the cormorant delivers a few vicious
and well-timed flying tackles. Then he quietly conducts his victim to the surface and streaks for another.

Much of the cormorant fishing is done at night, when the fish are lured within striking distance by means of fires lighted on the bamboo raft. A trained bird, our boatman informed us, costs about Mex. $30.
Banquet Etiquette

WHO said it was hard to use the chopsticks? Father McNabb, of St. Thomas, Ont., who arrived in China in November, 1932, shows just how it is done.

In the picture there are four bowls — rice, chopped meat (which means chopped pork because there isn't any other kind as a rule), dervoo, or beancurd and chopped vegetable.

In China the number of bowls has quite a social significance. If Mrs. Wong decides to throw a party, there will be no question of "How much a plate?" There are no plates, or knives or forks, either. It will all be a matter of "bowls".

"Well, Wan Lung, and how was the party up at Wong's last night?"

"Boy, was that a swell party? Twenty-two bowls."

Among the delicacies in the extra bowls will be such things as bamboo sprouts (honest-to-goodness young bamboo trees cut after they are about a foot high), hearts of water lilies, preserved black eggs (the more ancient the vintage the better), tiger fish, mushrooms, and the inevitable shark's fins.

I was always curious about this shark's fins business, having heard of it so often even in Canada. Hence when we attended our first banquet I was curious to examine them, knowing my sharks from days of old. Yes, they're real. And no banquet is considered much without them. They provide that indefinable something. "What, no sharks' fins"?
At the present time the Joneses of Lishui have that worried-housewife look because the precious fins are on the "black list". They come from Japan, and all Japanese "goods" are taboo. We don't know how our friend got his, but it's really none of our business who is his bootlegger during these anxious days. We could only nibble at them, anyway, for the sake of politeness.

Of course, the average Chinese, farmer, coolie, boatman, small tradesman, cannot indulge such expensive tastes. If he can be assured of three squares a day, made up of rice and vegetables, he is happy. The story of the centuries-old struggle for existence of every son of Han has even been woven into the texture of the written language. Take the Chinese character for HAPPINESS or CONTENTMENT, for example. It is made up of three smaller characters, as follows: ROOF, HEART, FULL BOWL.

It means that the heart of man is contented if he has but two things: a roof over his head and enough to eat. But the history of China's perennial famines bears melancholy witness to the fact that in all ages even these modest desires were far too Utopian for many of her people.
The Ten Courts of Hell

There's one in almost every large pagan town, a wicked-looking Chamber of Horrors, where almost every conceivable refinement of torture is realistically depicted in "idols made of mud". They call it "The Ten Courts of Hell", and it is prominently displayed in the pagan temple.

But the gods have fallen on evil days. Idols, victims, instruments of torture, all lie covered with dust, and the crumbling remains of those gruesome scenes just waste their terrors on the empty air. Some of them, temples and all, have been incontrollably destroyed to make way for the new motor roads. Still other temples serve as soldiers' barracks, or law courts or telephone exchanges. Just so much junk in the eyes of the new and progressive "Young China"! For paganism, as a religion, is as officially dead as officialdom can make it die. Even dragon processions and dragon boat festivals are legally taboo.

On this particular day, in Lungchuan, we were able to take a few pictures. The caretaker, whose fear of the wrath of the gods has long since departed, cheerfully dragged leering devils and writhing victims from their gloomy recesses to a spot where an amateur photographer could hope for some results.

What will you have, dear reader? Men impaled upon pitchforks or being devoured by serpents! Helpless victims flayed alive or roasted over a slow fire! Or how about a victim sawn in two, lengthwise!

But those gruesome tableaux no longer terrify, and à propos of the official death of pagan "religion", may we ask a question?

Which sort of person would you be more likely to convince of the mercy and goodness of God:
A—A man who believes in the possibility of being eternally sawn in two in hell?

B—A man who believes in nothing?

There are many people in China to-day who believe in nothing, who have learned from the "enlightened" West to believe in nothing. And while we all hold as little brief for mere superstition as for blood and thunder methods of winning human hearts and souls, we should a thousand times prefer to deal with an unspoiled and unsophisticated and thoroughly superstitious pagan than with a product of the modern "Oh yeah" school of what passes for thought.

At least he is open to some sort of conviction, the man who is in dread of being sawn in two. Where there is even a merely servile and superstitious fear there is some vestige of humility, and God's approach to such a soul is not shut off by an impervious shell of pride and self-sufficient egotism. But once a man does actually saw off the top of a human skull, for example, and make the "discovery" that there is no soul and there is no God, there isn't much that we can do about it. There isn't much that God in His Heaven will do about it while such a mentality endures.

Happily the great bulk of China's four hundred millions are still unspoiled by Western "thought". True, their paganism, as a religion, is being shattered before their eyes. Equally true is it that the moderns are giving them nothing to take its place. Do moderns, anywhere, ever give anything worth while to replace what they are forever attempting to destroy? It affords a great opportunity for us all to fill at least part of the great void with the soul-satisfying truths of Christianity.
An Apple a Day

It was in my honor that the apples were served at this Chinese banquet so I thought it was distinctly up to me to register appreciation. After all, what greater tribute to the salubrious qualities of the fruit that brought so much woe into this vale of tears than to assure our host that to eat them was to ensure freedom from every known malady that flesh was heir to!

"An apple a day", I ventured "keeps the doctor away."

As soon as I had made the remark I saw it didn't go across. My host passed it on to the guests and there was a whispered discussion, many serious comments. "How much" he enquired discreetly "does an apple cost in the spiritual father's honorable country?"

I told him. "About ten cents Chinese money."

Again the comments! They all nodded knowingly. Strange people, these foreigners! That, you could plainly see, was the gist of their thoughts. I asked my host point blank why my bright remark had fallen so flat.

"You see" he explained, "my friends were just saying that in China you can have the doctor at least a dozen times a year for the money you would spend to keep him away in America and they think it is poor business."

And here I was, even—up till then—thinking of a good follow-up, the old one about the doctor and the lawyer who were interested in the same young lady and how the lawyer, on the eve of his two weeks vacation, presented the fair damsel with fourteen apples. But it seemed better to skip it and stick to my shark's fins.
Dental Ballyhoo

You may be sure they never tuned in on Amos an' Andy! The four hundred million, we mean. For the most of them once a year is just once too often to "see their dentist", and as for FILM—well, the more sophisticated know that it is just something that goes in cameras. They simply don't know their tooth paste, these simple Celestials, and the modern ballyhoo artist would be moved to tears over an ignorance in this regard that is "simply appalling".

Something, no doubt, should be done about it. The only fly in the ointment, however, is the fact that the Chinese as a whole have far sounder and more beautiful teeth than their American cousins. Ignorance of tooth paste notwithstanding, they have, as a matter of fact, the most perfect teeth we have ever seen.

Here you have millions of people using water for a dentifrice and who literally pass round the old family tooth brush that hangs on the wall. They are not hounded and harried (as yet, anyway) by ubiquitous and inescapable forced-draught American advertising. Pity the poor unenlightened Chinese, as blissfully and serenely unaware of "pink tooth brush" and "that danger line" as of the fact that "three out of every five" have something or other, or that there are in life those "unspeakably" sad occasions when even the best of friends won't tell. Of course, three out of five had it ten years ago, and, if we are to believe the ads., three out of five (the same three, we wonder!) have it still, so the consumption of tooth paste by the ton doesn't seem to have changed the situation.

In China you find those even, pearly, perfect teeth in the most unlooked for settings imaginable. A poor tan tan carrier deposits your baggage, and you give him a satisfactory tip. You are greeted by that million-dollar smile, revealing a set of teeth that would be the envy of Hollywood.
"Full many a humble coolie man
Is born to grin unseen

Whose smile would panic the tooth paste fan
In the ‘come on’ magazine."

This fact—that Chinese have such perfect teeth—prompted two Missionary dentists to make a special study of the question, and you have probably seen their “findings”. Artificial dentifrices, we are told, have little or nothing to do with the process of arresting decay. It’s diet, they say, that is responsible for it all, and they add that there is in the natural Chinese food some element lacking in the artificial modern foods in America. I know the last time we visited our “foreign” dentist he advised oranges. Would it be that the modern dental profession is “discovering” a secret that has been in practice, if not set down in actual theory, in China for the past few thousand years? Certainly the patriarchs of old were one with the Chinese in this respect.

What if all this ballyhoo about scientific dental preparations were but the delusions of one more ignoble experiment, doomed to succumb to the march of science, as its predecessor succumbed to reawakening sanity! We can imagine a footnote in some future history of America covering the period of the twentieth century. “In this era (1900-1950) large scale manufacturers, chiefly Jews, amassed untold wealth by panicking an over-credulous and gullible public into constant dread of disease, and inducing them to part with hard-earned dollars to avert purely imaginary disasters. It was the age of slogans. The utter collapse of the tooth paste ‘industry’ followed upon the discovery in China that dental decay could be entirely prevented by proper food.”

Meanwhile the great American public has its tooth paste, but the Chinese have the teeth.
Let's Go Fishin'!

"Lord, give me grace to catch a fish,
So great that even I,
When telling of it afterwards,
May have no need to lie."

*The Angle's Prayer*

"Oh, yes, Jaw Kung,
plenty of fish
in the river, allright, but THE
BIG ONES ALWAYS GET
AWAY".

"Jaw Kung" is Father Mc-
Gillivray. The
speaker is our
old catechist.
And if one
touch of nature
can make the whole world kin, that benevolent old gentleman
seemed then and there like a long-lost brother.

THE BIG ONES ALWAYS GET AWAY! And this is
China! Was he really a prosaic old Chinese catechist or a
fisherman from the Restigouche or the Margaree or points East
down to Salmonier, Nfld.? Had he been reading wisecracks
somewhere? Surely he was trying to be funny this morning,
uttering that hoary old anglers' alibi.

But no! Not a bit of it! He is as solemn as an owl. What
he says may be funny, but it is certainly lost on himself. BIG
ONES! Let him try to tell us something about big ones! What
about those 10, 15, 20, 30, 40—well!—those 7 and 8-pound salmon
that we, personally, had seen give a last dying splurge for freedom
just as the landing net was about to close over their gills?

But old Wong the catechist is as matter-of-fact as a judge.
He just wants to tell us that there are monster fish somewhere in
that river that flows by our door, but that to date all efforts to
land the big fellows have failed ever since small boy Confucius
toted his first little "can" of worms.

"And how big, Mr. Wong?"

"Oh, isseh dengeh (this long)." He stretched his arms wide.
About 40 pounds, we figured.

"And why can't they catch them?"

"Oh, it isn't so easy. They're too dee-aw-be (sly). The
foreigners, perhaps, might know a way." He was being polite
now.

The foreigners, as a matter of fact, did know a way. But
first show us the fish. Big forty pounders! Can't you see them?
Down in the clear cool depths, heading lazily upstream, lying
quiet in the shade of a bamboo grove! On either side the towering
mountains of Chekiang. A preposterous setting—for any self-
respecting fish.

At that, it may be true. In Hangchow, in the "Sacred Pool",
we had seen hundreds and hundreds of big fish. They were in
a railed enclosure about 40 by 60 and five feet deep. What
they were no Western fisherman could ever hope to tell. There
were green, blue, yellow, black and white varieties, and they
ranged from three to fifty pounds, that's sure. An attendant
was feeding them something that looked like soggy bread, and
they were so tame that they came right to the surface to eat out
of his hand—almost. And if you think that's just a Chinese
fish-story, ask anybody who has ever visited any of the numerous
sacred pools in China or Japan.

Yes, old Wong's story might be true, at that! These big
fellows had to come from somewhere, didn't they? Why not the
Here's the evidence, if you think this is just a fish story. The photo has been retouched, we'll admit, because the engraver insisted that the fish were too indistinct below the water to make a good picture. If you look closely, you will see some that escaped the artist's brush.
Chuchow river? Why not, indeed! Perhaps even now—oh, well, doesn't hope ever spring eternal in the angler's breast?

Father McNabb's eyes were radiant. First time we ever suspected he was a fisherman. And while old Wong unfolded his tale, even Father Venadam forgot his scales and modes and quilismas for the nonce. He entered wholeheartedly into the idea of "making a day of it". "I'll tell you what we'll do, boys. Hire a sampan, take a lunch, and head about ten or fifteen li upstream. We can come home easily enough with the current."

The old catechist entered right into the spirit of the "adventure". By this time he had produced his own fishing tackle, and sorry looking stuff it was. Two tiny hooks made downtown by the village blacksmith; a plain bamboo rod same as those that grow right in our backyard, and about ten feet of thin anaemic looking line. It didn't help his story at all. Surely he had never tried to land an honest-to-goodness fish with that dismal outfit! Alas for home sweet home and rods and reels and casts and lines lying now abandoned in attic trunks! We could have shown the old boy a thing or two if only we had brought that gear along.

"Use a little flour dough for bait," he was saying, "or some fresh green cabbage. *Tsay tse ting hau*" (the cabbage is the cat's whiskers). Flour! Cabbage! So the fish in China must be vegetarians, too! "But remember," he added, "it isn't easy to catch the big ones in the river. If you really want to be sure of some good fishing, I know a place just over the hill there"—he was pointing to the mountain across the river.

Ah! So that was it! He knew a place! Perhaps that old gag was Chinese, too! Just because we had heard it at home wherever we had cast a line certainly didn't prove that it wasn't invented in China, about the same time as gunpowder or the mother-in-law joke. He knew a place. Yes, of course! They all do until you get there.

That night a boatman arrived at the Mission Residence to bargain for the hire of his boat and his own services for a day.
He wanted about six times the usual amount at first but Father Kam came to the rescue and a fair price was agreed upon. We were to embark next morning at the "Little Water Gate".

PART TWO

If I were you I wouldn't read any further. New readers may BEGIN here. No, suppose we all begin here. Forget all about the first part and then you won't be looking for fish, and the story won't be such an awful flop. That's it! Let's make it a nice quiet little story about a day's outing on the Chuchow River. Just the highlights! Who wants fish?

Stopped about five li upstream at a beauty spot on shore. One of the party, a Father McNabb, says something about trying for fish. No harm to try, we suppose, but whoever heard of fish in this river!

Father McNabb baits hook with some dough he found wrapped in a cabbage leaf on board (however that got there). Father Venadam declares that only a sucker would fall for that stuff. Fr. McNabb now changes bait, using piece of cabbage leaf. Results: the same.

All kinds of rafts passing downstream. Many from Shiao May, in Father Venini's parish about 200 li distant. It takes a wood-cutting gang about a year from the time they wield the axe till they have rafted and marketed their wood downstream. But that's nothing. There are places in Africa where it takes seven years for a raft of wood to reach its destination. Fish not biting—yet.

Many wild ducks! Several have been "fishing" (don't be funny) in a rapids nearby, and one of them is unable to fly as a raft comes near, even though there is a slight wind. Fr. McNabb wants to know don't ducks eat fish. "I'm coming back to that place some day," he says. Fr. Venadam is now offering a dollar apiece (Mex.) for every fish in the river, alive or dead. The boatman's little boy jumps into shallow water to chase the duck
which is still "battering" but unable to get to wing. However, he can dive and does.

There are thousands of ducks all along this river. And, if you get a permit, you can have a gun made to order at the blacksmith's (where the hooks were made). "What hooks?" you ask. (Send stamped, self-addressed envelope. On no account read first part of this story now.) The boatman tells us that the gun will cost three dollars. It will be a muzzle-loading blunderbus, and we don't know whether they use gun-caps or the old touch-hole system. The local boys, however, very occasionally do bring a wild bird to the Mission for sale.

The boatman is now lighting the fire to cook his rice. We have some real coffee and a few extras provided by the good Sisters. "This is the life" is the general feeling. "Where's Father McNabb?" . . . "Out on that rock, fishing". . . . He says wait a minute because the bobber sank once and it was a fish and "a nice one, too. Must have been a big one because he GOT AWAY."

All Kinds of Rafts Downstream (page 58).
They do it in the West

"THEY do it in the West,
And of course it must be best
So I think I'll introduce it into China."

There's the story of the man who joined the crowd watching a steam shovel excavate the foundation of Al Smith's Empire State Building and afterwards boasted to his friends that he had helped watch all the excavating. That was his contribution to modern engineering. But because he belonged to a land where skyscrapers dot the skyline that man felt tremendously superior to an African savage who could build a sunproof straw hut or an Eskimo who could make a tidy job of an air-conditioned igloo. Left to himself that worthy gentleman who lived in a thirty story modern apartment couldn't build a comfortable dog kennel. His was the smugness of a vicarious superiority complex. New York's famed skyline made him, personally, feel immensely superior to 400 million Chinese because so many of them live in tiled mud-walled houses, even of their own making. Of course, in his mind, there could be no possible doubt that the possession of so many skyscrapers would entitle a country to claim a very advanced civilization.

That's the trouble! So many people at home revel in silly prejudices and bask in the reflected glory of modern achievement that they assume that everything Western, themselves included, must be superior. They even feel that Western conventions are founded on the very nature of things and think, for example, that the Chinese are so funny because the women wear the trousers and people shake their own hands, and—imagine!—they don't even use knives or forks.

Take this business of handshaking! People at home take it as much for granted as eating or drinking. They do not stop to ask themselves if it might at all have been possible that the people of Winnipeg or Halifax or Ottawa or Toronto might have adopted the custom of rubbing noses instead.
As a matter of fact, even with our own ancestors, handshaking was not always part and parcel of an ordinary greeting. We might almost say that the custom has become something of an anachronism. Time was when it meant a great deal. In days of old, when knights were suspicious, there really was something very reassuring, something satisfyingly "disarming" about a cordial handshake. A man couldn't very well shake your hand and at the same time run you through with his trusty blade.

But alas for days that are gone! That argument doesn't hold any longer, at least for Chicago and points south. If we were to suggest for to-day a form of greeting carrying with it the idea of mutual trust and good fellowship once inspired by a hearty handshake, we should say "stick 'em up", high in the air, every time we met a friend.

Then there's Chinese medicine, always good for a laugh from the boys. "Why they use deer horns for tonic and tigers' teeth to give you the Kru-schen feeling and frogs' skins and snakes' hips and Heaven only knows what else."

True, the Chinese art of healing is a strange mixture of superstition and medical skill. Even when there's no superstition the skill isn't always there. Personally, I should far prefer to die in peace than submit to the indescribable pandemonium which ensues when the devil-ejector and his five piece band invade the home of a dying man. In Lishui during epidemic time it goes on continually and sleep for us is out of the question when strings of fire crackers are exploding and long-
distance trumpets are blaring in the house just over the garden wall. But that's just a racket, even though the poor people have a pathetic faith in these quacks and pay dearly for the performance.

And they do use deer horn tonic. The deer that is carried in procession annually through our Lishui streets—and thousands of other deer through other streets—is strangled before the eyes of the spectators in a regular religious ceremony. That is superstition. But his horns are sold to the local drug stores and made into high-priced pills. That is probably good medicine. At least the Chinese prescription of frogs' skins for dropsy and tigers' teeth for general debility has been vindicated by Professor Maas, of the University of Southern California. He tells us that Chinese frog skins contain bufo-talin, bufo-toxin and bufo-gin. Now aren't you convinced! Happily, he adds, for your benefit and mine, that bufo-gin is an effective cure for dropsy. Well, we always knew that too much water wasn't good for the system but not even a Federal Prohibition officer would suspect bufo-gin in the dried and wizened skin of a Chinese frog! How about our American frogs! We suggest that science follow up this discovery. Maybe that was why so many American citizens "croaked" during the days of bad "licker" at home.

As for the tigers' teeth when you have that all-in feeling, the professor finds it rich in calcium phosphate, the same "tonic" prescribed for the same disease by physicians in Europe and America.

Not for nothing have the Chinese enjoyed five thousand years of civilization and experience in the art of healing.
A sort of *entente cordiale* is developing between ourselves and the Middle School here, and it began with our presence at the annual school field day. I hope Fr. Venadam will describe that event for you in detail because he and I were present as guests of honor, seated with the dignitaries on a shaded, elevated platform, smoking cigarettes and sipping tea.

It happened that a whole stack of small prizes were stored near where we sat; pens, pencils, note books, ping-pong balls, etc. "What a pity we didn't think of bringing a few prizes ourselves," I whispered to Fr. Venadam. He agreed, and that afternoon found us downtown selecting flashlights, fountain pens, sports socks, palmolive soap, note books, and—save for the soap—other things dear to the schoolboy heart.

Also, in case you don't know, you can buy tennis rackets, safety razors and blades, running shoes, twenty-five different kinds of cigarettes and cosmetics enough to paint the town red. And what you can't buy, in the wearable line, can be made to order very quickly: hats, caps, shoes, soutanes—anything.

We sent the prizes down that evening, and received a very nice note of thanks. A few days later came an invitation and five tickets to the school play. The newcomers get all the breaks. Fr. McNabb and Fr. McGillivray had been here but two days, and here was the first time we had been invited to such a performance.

The appointed evening found us being ushered to a bench about half way up the hall. The place was crowded, and a Chinese orchestra was playing as we entered, and we deemed it quite in order that Fr. Venadam, our Gregorian Chant Professor, should be elected musical critic. I don't know enough about the individual instruments to give a detailed description, and besides, the rest of us hadn't acquired sufficient taste for Chinese music to do justice to its finer points. Of course, I could tell you what
the ensemble suggested—to me—but perhaps you'd better ask the professor.

The programme varied as the evening wore on. It began at 7 o'clock, and—to get a little ahead of my story—11.30 still found us right in there, a little groggy, perhaps, but nevertheless "on our feet". There were speeches, mostly about Japan; a short two-act play, in which the Chinese soldiers won, and several violin solos (foreign violin) with piano accompaniment. The violinist is fairly good. He plays "Nocturne in E Flat" acceptably, and makes a fairly good job of "Träumerei". His playing, I need hardly say, was, for us, the big surprise of the evening. At the end of each act a referee's whistle blew, and the screen was pulled across front stage. Several times I thought the whistle had been mislaid.

The piano-violin numbers just didn't go with the crowd, and they made no bones about it. No doubt they understood just as much of the foreign music as fifty per cent of an average Massey Hall, Toronto, audience understands of Rachmaninoff or De Pachmann or Elman—in his esoteric moods. But they felt no particular urge to let genteel applause dissipate any suspicion of Philistine ancestry. I couldn't understand all their comments but some of them sounded suspiciously like "take dat guy off". The piano, by the way, is the only one in town.

The accompanist has a lot to learn. She is, I am told, one of the lady teachers, but her idea of accompanying is to play the solos in unison, more or less, with the violin. Of course, it spoiled the thing utterly. Two smaller pupils then gave a violin-piano duet, a typical little thing, "Dance of the Dewdrops" or "Frolic of the Goblins" or something. It wasn't bad at all. We noted with satisfaction that the little fellow at the piano thumped out his little chords instead of chasing around after the melody. This number might have been rendered by small pupils anywhere. I was just going to make an awful break and say Mt. St. Vincent, or Mt. St. Bernard, or The Pines, or St. Mary's Academy, or the Mercy Convent, or Loretto Abbey.
At this stage the lights were darkened, one by one; quite a tedious process because it meant climbing ladders and putting large "feed bags" over the kerosene mantle lamps. We had a shrewd suspicion that there was a torch dance in the offing, and, sure enough, it arrived. During its performance one of the torches fell with a clatter, and then we knew it wasn't fairies. Up to this point Fr. McGillivray had been showing no great signs of strain, but when he remarked that it was never worth their while to darken the stage "for that", I knew he was beginning to crack. It was the first four hours that were the hardest.

Now came the pièce de résistance, the act of an individual vaudeville star, perfect mimic, perfect actor, most of whose stuff was lost on us because of our lack of knowledge of Chinese. He was a wise cracker. Anybody could see that. The applause was simply uproarious. Every time he said "TOO-O-O-O-RIST" (tourist) it brought the house down. All eyes would turn in our direction, and we concluded that tourists in general were being given a one-way ride that night.

Of course we laughed, too. Not always at the right time, perhaps, because on a few occasions we were a little over-anxious to display our intelligence and beat the gun at the wrong moment.

The show was insufferably long, but it would have been impolite to leave. About five numbers from the end the crowd began to thin out, and then, for the first time, the remainder of the audience became aware of the presence of five dark-robed foreigners in their midst. It was just too bad for the actors after that. We were the show. The singers sang and the players played. It seemed almost de rigeur that the entire faculty be represented in some number or other. But the crowd had discovered us. They could hear songs any time.

We found ourselves confronted by hundreds of pairs of eyes. Necks were craned in our direction from every angle of the hall, and those in front were now standing up to get a good look-see. I ask you, was our face red? Was our nonchalance being put to the test? And not a United Cigar Store within ten thousand
miles. All we could do was light a Red Lion and feign a fierce, compelling interest in the now desperate efforts of the beleaguered entertainers.

At this point Fr. McGillivray pulled himself together for a last stand, and from then on my admiration for him mounted steadily. Never did he bat an eye as his gaze roved over the crowd. Toe to toe, stare for stare, he slugged it out with all in range. Some of his stage whispers were such as to tax our poker-faces to their uttermost limit. As for himself, Helen Will Moody in her most disdainful moments never gave a better display than the man from Glace Bay, N.S., in that dire hour.

Came the end—at last. We braced ourselves for the final effort to run the gauntlet of curious fans, and were soon swallowed up in merciful darkness outside. Home, 11.45. Bread and coffee; a lingering cigarette; end of a perfect day.

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R. I. P.

Fr. McGillivray here mentioned, the "Father Jim" to whom this volume is dedicated, died at Lishui since the first edition of this book was published.

May his soul rest in peace!
A Chinese Banquet

WELL, boys, that's that! Fr. "Chook" MacDonald looked at Fr. King, and Fr. Gignac (a veteran by now) smiled across at me, and as we rose to "sit around" for another bowl of tea, we agreed that a Chinese banquet was a whole lot easier to take than we had been led to believe. For it was the end of our first official banquet in China, and our perfect host, Mr. Ching, was preparing to take us around to see the workers in his match factory, where at the present moment over 1,000 people are employed.

A few days previously we had received an invitation, a large, long piece of red paper on which our names were written in Chinese characters. Fr. Kam replied for us, simply writing the name again under its place on the invitation. As the time drew near, it was not without misgiving that we prepared for the feast, for we had been told much about the strange dishes and the rigid etiquette, about which, as yet, we really knew very little. For many a year, in the course of my talks to the school children in Canada and Newfoundland, I had told them that "in China, sooner or later, you will be invited to a banquet", and that there were as many as twenty courses, and that you ate bamboo and water-melon seeds and sharks' fins, and so on. Now my "theories" were to be put to the test. We were on our way.

At the gate we were met by a servant, who escorted us to the dining-room, where our host, Mr. Ching, took the last place, seating himself with the catechist, Mr. Wong. Tea and cigarettes were served, and we accompanied Mr. Ching to look over the magnificent grounds of his large factory. Here beauty and utility are certainly combined, because the place is laid out like a beautiful park. Homes for his workers are in course of erection everywhere, because four years ago Fr. Kam gave him a copy of the Encyclical "Rerum Novarum", and he at once decided to put into operation, as far as possible, the Catholic doctrine on Capital and Labor. Mr. Ching is a pagan, but what a lesson some of the so-called Christian capitalists could learn from him!
On our return to the dining-room, Mr. Ching called our names—Ma-Kung, Ching-Kung, Van-Kung, and so on, and as each one took his place, our host himself poured out a glass of hot Chinese wine. Much to our relief, knives and forks and spoons had been provided for those who could not yet juggle the chopsticks. And the signal to start was given when each one was invited to hold his "implement", be it fork or chopstick, over the dish in the centre of the table. The first course was bacon, in small thin strips, and it was quite good. By the side of each plate the waiter had put a quantity of shelled peanuts and watermelon seeds, and this afforded something to chew on when one was waiting and watching for the next move.

After the first course, our host took his wine bowl and made a motion as if he were proposing the health of his guests. He bowed and spoke something in Chinese—"here's looking at you"—and we all took our bowls and sipped the wine. If you don't like Chinese wine, here's where you must watch your step, because this process is repeated after every single course, and the faithful "boy" is ever at your side, ready to fill the bowl as soon as it shows any sign of diminution. Not to take the wine, or only appear to take it, is to insult your host, so you must at least take a sip. "What a tough break!" some of our United States friends will say.

At the beginning we tried to count and remember the courses. After the eleventh or so we couldn't agree as to the number that had gone and what they were, as it was too hard to keep "track" of them. But we saw that Fr. Venadam had been quietly placing water-melon seeds beside his plate, one after each course, so we had to rely on him for exact information. He says there were "umpteen", but here are as many as I can remember, and in order: Bacon, fried kidney, meat pattie that looked like a leg of chicken and had a fake "bone" for appearance sake, tiger fish, clam and clam soup, sponge cake, water lily hearts, small, round, and very sweet (don't say "sweethearts", anybody) and chicken soup. At this stage of the game we heard from Fr.
'Chook' MacDonald, who had been struggling manfully with distasteful concoctions. The chicken soup was real. And the boys all knew it. And I never saw anything work quite as fast as that right hand of his, carrying a spoon. Sharks' fins—yes, there they were, at last, expensive now because they come from Japan, and Japanese stuff is still boycotted—a sweet sort of sago soup; small crabs, onion meat pattie (horrors!), and finally a large dish of macaroni. On the side were oranges and sticks of sugar cane.

At the end of the banquet, and several times while we were eating, Mr. Ching assured us that we were being slowly starved to death, that the food was poor and badly cooked, and so on. We did our best to assure him that never before in life had we partaken of anything just quite as exquisite. It was all part of the game, the etiquette, and we were learning, slowly. I had brought a little tip for the caterers, six Chinese dollars wrapped up in red paper, red being the color for everything connected with such an event. At a given signal from Fr. Kam, just before the end of the meal I slipped it under the serviette, making no fuss about it at all. As we were seated in the chairs around the room for another bowl of tea, the waiters came in to clear the table. They removed everything, even the serviettes, but nobody saw the red paper, not by a long shot. There it stood, lonely and forlorn, until nearly all the dishes were removed, and I feared it would soon stick out like a sore thumb, much to everybody's embarrassment. Suddenly an "indignant" waiter chanced to spy it, and with many protests and profuse bowing, came over to assure me that something or other was the case. I looked very wise and threw an appealing glance across the room in Fr. Kam's direction, just to make sure. Then, making my most sweeping and gracious bow, I assured him as best I could that not one of us was worthy to make even such a wretched offering, and that we should be eternally grateful if he would confer upon us the unspeakable honor of accepting the trash that red paper contained. All that I would have said and should have said, but my Chinese is a little weak as yet, and I left him to infer what he could from my gestures, and "tut, tuts", and "please don't
mention it, old fellow". Anyway, the paper disappeared even faster than the chicken soup.

And now, dear friends, all you who ever have worried over your social engagements, let me tell you that we are soon to give a return banquet, and that I am to play the host. I am worried.

CHEERY VETERANS

Rev. J. Prost, C.M., 26 years in China.  
Rev. L. Marques, C.M., 33 years in China.
Our Shanghai Home

"Sapaysa Loo"! "Sapaysa Loo"!

You may have been only a few days in China. You may not yet have picked up two words of honest-to-goodness Chinese. It may even be your first rickshaw ride. But if you are lost in the jumble of Shanghai's bewildering "down-town" just say "Sapaysa Loo" to your rickshaw coolie and he will head like a homing pigeon for the Procure des Lazaristes, 44 Rue Chapsal. "Sapaysa" is the Chinese attempt at Chapsal and "Loo" means street.

The Procure is really our Shanghai home. There we have long enjoyed the kindly hospitality of the Lazarist Fathers and from time to time it is our privilege to meet veteran missionaries from every part of China.

As befits the home of missionaries the Procure is devoid of anything that savors of luxury. The rooms are simply but adequately furnished. The substantial brick building was formerly a private home and an extension has been added to make room for the constant stream of visitors from everywhere. You will find newcomers from Europe and America, recent arrivals en route to their up-country missions; busy men from the interior "in town" for a few days to attend to necessary business and enjoy a welcome change from Chinese "chow". One day there may be five or six guests at dinner, the next day thirty. But all are made to feel at home. There is always that comfortable feeling of freedom where one is not being excessively "entertained".

Affability, simplicity, good cheer, these are the characteristics of the genial fathers of Rue Chapsal and their Lazarist confrères from all over China. Many of them have undergone years of hardships that would try the mettle of the most courageous soul. But you would never suspect it, for nowhere will you find a group of men more jolly than these bearded veterans who had
borne the burden and the heat of the day in China long before American missionaries came to lighten their heavy load. "Un saint triste, c'est un triste saint." That, surely, is their motto. And to their gaiety they join an unaffected simplicity which is perhaps the secret of their charm.

Many of these missionaries have passed twenty, thirty, some even forty or more years in China. His Excellency Bishop Faveau has been a missionary for over fifty years and was Monsignor Fraser's pastor in Taichow long before the latter returned to Canada to establish our Scarboro Mission Society.

In the Mission Fields we Canadians are as yet comparatively untried. We have not earned our spurs. But we carry with us to China the reverence of every Canadian for the hallowed names of Jogues, Lalemant, Brebeuf, Garnier, whose martyr blood has sanctified our native soil. Here in China we have learned to look with respect and admiration at the proud record of other heroic sons of France, kindred spirits of Jogues and his great company. Here we have found gifted men who long since abandoned the prospect of brilliant careers at home. Through decades and scores of fruitful years they have endured searching trials of body and soul to extend God's Church in this their adopted land. Ours the privilege now to take our place in the ranks beside those seasoned veterans. Their noble example will ever be our inspiration.
Very Rev. Emile Moulis, C.M., Procurator General of Lazarist Missions in China and Superior at Rue Chapsal.
On High Adventures

A smell of wood smoke is drifting aft as the boy prepares the rice for dinner. The boatman, with the help of his very inadequate-looking small son, is dragging the boat over a wicked-looking rapids. The smoky smell is that birch bark kind, so delightfully reminiscent of camp days. This might, indeed, to all appearances, be just a camping or fishing trip. The river, dancing and sparkling in the morning sun, and with many likely-looking (but, oh, how hopeless!) salmon pools, makes the illusion almost complete. In reality, Fr. Beal and I are starting out from Lishui to make the mission trip to Yanchinuen, one of the most remote stations in the district. The first lap of the journey is a two and a half days' boat trip to Sungyang.

How about coming along? A few weeks of the bracing mountain air of Chekiang will put you right on your feet again. You may find it hard to use the chopsticks, but we carry a knife and fork for emergency, and there's bully beef in the lunch box.
So pack up your troubles. Hang the "absent on vacation" sign over the office and climb aboard. We promise you some inside stuff on the real China, the China you don't see from the deck of the Belgenland or the Empress of Britain.

We will give you the "highlights" of the trip, with occasional glimpses of the magnificent mountain scenery of Chekiang, such as you see in the opposite picture.

**The First Day Out**

THIS evening our boat is parked beside the river bank. It is the first day out from headquarters at Lishui. The boatman has chosen a spot where many other boats have pulled up for the night because he then feels safer from the devil and from possible attack by marauders. Fires are lighted on all the boats. The men are having a well-earned evening meal. It has been a heavy day on the river on account of very low water. Shortly before pulling into shore our boat led the parade you see on page 78 and this is the way the Chinese boatmen negotiate the rapids all the year round. How would you like to plunge into the water in mid-winter and haul a sampan over the rocks? The stamina of these men is astonishing.

The boatman's little boy, who has been in and out of the water all day, tells us this evening that he has the "hot cold, hot cold" sickness. If your little lad of thirteen had malaria (that's what it is) you would hardly advise this particular occupation, but he has been rowing and poling and pulling away all day and will be at it again to-morrow. We give him a few capsules of quinine out of the precious little medical kit and note that his temperature is 102.

We are the subject of the boatmen's conversation all along the line.

"Oh, yes, these are the Priests from the Catholic Mission. They left home and travelled 30,000 li to come to China. They
are good people because when we are sick they help us at the dispensary. Only a few weeks ago the Sisters cured my little girl after the Chinese doctors had given her up"... and so on, into the night, while we curl up on the boards and dream "home, sweet home".

The Little Boatman

"WELL, can you beat that! Is that the same kid we gave the quinine tablets to last night, the kid with the temperature of 102?"

"The very same! And just watch him use that bamboo pole all day!"

"Good Heavens! What do you think they'd be doing with a child back home if he had malaria? How old is that youngster?
"Thirteen, and he's preparing to follow in his father's footsteps. In fact he's already no mean boatman. Ask him how he feels this morning."

"Hey—(what's his name, anyway?)"

"Hay Shoo—Sea Water."

"Hey, Sea Water, how are you this morning?"

"To-day not hot, not cold. Sickness all gone. That foreign medicine is wonderful." He smiles happily.

Of course, he'll need lots of quinine for a while. But he'll be none the worse for the cold water. Those Chinese have remarkable powers of resistance and their reaction to foreign medicine is really amazing, twice as good as yours or mine.

A fair wind to-day so we ought to make good time, possibly far enough to get in striking distance of Sungyang to-morrow. There's a church and mission residence there so we're assured of a good welcome. Say, but doesn't Hay Shoo look happy now as he sits beside that oar and steers the boat.

"Yes, that's the Chinese boatman's idea of perfect joy; a fair wind and no effort as the boat skims along. Let him make the most of it because there are plenty more rapids between here and Sungyang."
The stamina of these men is astonishing. How would you like to plunge into the water in mid-winter and haul a sampan over the rocks? (page 75).
Inch by Inch.

The Crew of Boat Parked in Background Lend a Hand to Their Neighbour.
A "Foreigner" Makes a Break

BALANCE of trip to Sungyang the usual routine boat trip in these parts. Uneventful. We are now travelling the Overland Route, by sedan chair, and have stopped at the mission chapel of Suichang, a dilapidated old shack in the care of an old Christian woman who herself seems to have fallen on evil days.

It is the typical Chinese house, mud floor, mud walls. The chickens, ducks, pigs and the dog roam all over the place at will and junk of every description is piled high, bamboo ropes, innumerable oil cans, baskets of rice and corn and sweet potatoes. Fr. Beal tells me that it was here, three years ago, that a robber forced his way in and stole his whole Mass kit during the night.

Made an awful break to-day. At one of the rest houses, where we stopped for the inevitable tea and little cakes, fed one of the cakes to the dog. This evening the catechist called Fr.
Beal aside and asked him, diplomatically, to "tip me off". I was the talk of the countryside and the rumours of my criminal extravagance had reached even this far.

"Those Canadian foreign gentlemen are most unreasonable," said the boys. "We can't see what possible excuse they have for such conduct. Just imagine taking the food which might be given to the chair carrier or the tan-tan men and feeding it to a worthless dog."

Over here the dog doesn't count for much. Nobody ever thinks of having a dog for a pet. The household dog is just a scavenger and there are always the "running dogs", that is, dogs without a regular home, mangy, emaciated, half-savage creatures that travel in packs like wolves.

Early to bed this evening in our "loft". Must make an early start to-morrow.

![Evening Calm.](image-url)
Peanuts for Dessert

Up by candlelight at 4 a.m. As we said Mass we couldn't but contrast this awful shed with the many churches and chapels we know so well at home. Below in the kitchen the old lady was preparing our breakfast of rice and a special treat of beancurd (no ordinary dish for the poor), and as there was no chimney the smoke just poured up through the open hole leading to the chapel (sic) above. Got away by 6.30.

At noon we stopped for dinner at Daw Joe, the half-way house of to-day's trip and the only place en route which boasts of a restaurant. Honest to goodness, you should see that restaurant! To-day's special was rice and tea. If you are so fastidious or so wealthy as to be able to afford meat for your daily meal then you must just run down to the butcher shop for a few ounces of pork—when they have it—bring it back and cook it yourself. The mud stove is available for the use of the passing traveller who drops in for a meal.

So, while we recited the Office, the boy scoured the town for a piece of pork, but in vain. He was successful, however, in securing some peanuts for dessert. Not everybody can have peanuts for dessert. In fact the crowd of hungry-eyed boys who surrounded us as we began to eat looked as if they had never before seen a half pound of these delectable dainties on the table at one time.

The children in these remote mountainous regions are very attractive, almost incurably shy and as wild as mountain deer. One attempt to engage them in conversation and they scamper away in all directions. However, we found a way. Those Canadian foreign gentlemen ordered a treat of peanuts for the gang and this time their action was greeted with smiles and remarks of approval by the "elders" in the crowd. Among a thousand and one other things, they wanted to know how we could put that fork in our mouths without stabbing ourselves. The finder
of the camera is another great source of attraction. They shriek with delight at the miniature movie show provided when they see somebody moving across the lens.

This evening we descended a long mountainside and there in the dusk before us lay Wusan, our objective for to-day, 80 li from the starting point. Eighty li is about 27 miles, quite a distance to be carried on the shoulders of two seemingly tireless human beings. The outline of an elaborate pagan temple was barely visible, but there is no church and not a single Christian in this town of about 10,000 people. In fact, over here we are surrounded by such towns where the name of God is unknown. In
Fr. Boudreau's district of Pi Wu Ka alone there are 157 towns and villages and in very few of them is there even a catechumen. So please don't imagine there isn't plenty of work for all the men that Canada can send us.

At the Wusan inn. At 6.30—just twelve hours from starting time—we pulled up beside the door of the dingiest looking dive I ever set eyes on. That, the chair carriers told us, was the inn.

Somewhere in the murky depths inside, as we peered from the doorstep, there were tin saucer oil lamps lighted and "guests" were having their evening rice. The old lady proprietress was making her rounds to light the remainder of her lamps but when she saw us she stopped dead in her tracks. Her expression changed, first to amazement and then (as she saw we were prospective customers) to delight. She proceeded at once, with her paper lighter (matches are too dear) to place a glowing incense stick before the little shrine of Buddha over the "mantelpiece". It was a thank-offering for this unexpected windfall, our cortège totalling eight in all.

She has poise, this old Chinese landlady, proprietress of what we could only call the "Black Hole of Calcutta" in China. Her religious duty accomplished, she approached us with a "well! and what can we do for the foreign gentlemen?" sort of air. If she could kindly procure for such unworthy intruders just one basin of hot water those disreputable foreigners would be forever in her debt.

"Tut, tut. The very idea." It was utterly preposterous to think that gentlemen of such rank should deign to visit her wretched hovel and partake of the trash she called food. We felt like saying: "You said it, lady," but we relapsed into the customary Chinese assurance of our utter unworthiness.

Just now there is a big row going on. The chair carriers are raising an awful rumpus, declare that they cannot go on tomorrow, that the road is too long and Koo Loo Ling (Sorrowful Mountain Road) is too high and they are absolutely tired out and
unable to walk another step, that is, of course, unless the foreign gentlemen should be able to offer just a little more money. At first my heart went out to the poor fellows. I thought they had a genuine case, in spite of the fact that we always climb all hills and let them carry us over the level stretches. But Fr. Beal—a veteran by now—assured me that it was just the old gag to wheedle a few more dollars out of those foreign millionaires. Get you where you can’t very well get on without them and then present their demands.

A big crowd has collected to hear what it is all about. They are just exercising their inalienable prerogative. The Chinese are insatiably curious. The catechist is holding forth and explaining the case at length. The Seng Vu (Spiritual fathers) he explains, were already giving the chair carriers very much more
than they would get from any Chinese. The chair carriers had already agreed to carry the Spiritual fathers to their destination and return. Now when they get them way out here, a million miles from nowhere, they ask for more money.

"Friends, Chinese and countrymen, I ask you. Is that just? Is that reasonable?"

"No," yelled the boys. "The foreign gentlemen are too good. The carriers 'haven't a leg to stand on'", or words to that effect. Our Mark Anthony had got in his work and, impressed by this popular verdict in our favour, they agreed without more ado to carry us on the original terms.

After supper a policeman called to look us over and make sure we weren't Communists. The gang asked us all sorts of questions about America. How high were the buildings? How did they get ladders long enough to put the tiles on top of the Empire State building? (Fr. Beal showed them a postcard view.) Were there motor cars in America, and aeroplanes, and did the people smoke opium? And when people were sick did they call in the devil doctor to drive out the devil and his sickness?

We stood a treat of cigarettes all round and produced our very small medical kit to fix up a few sores. Suddenly everybody discovered some sort of ailment and we were besieged. Did the best we could, but we absolutely must keep some quinine, aspirin and iodine for emergency. And so to bed, on boards and straw! Good night, everybody.
Among Friendly Folks

TO-DAY we are due to cross Koo Loo Ling. It must be a tough old mountain if we are to judge by the comments of our friends in the Chinese inn last night. After we had stood a treat of cigarettes all round and fixed up a few bruises and sores, the boys opened up a little in general conversation and, among other things, assured us that the foreign gentlemen were going to "eat much bitterness" on to-day's journey; that nobody ever crossed Koo Loo Ling for ordinary business; only for important affairs. Well, ours was an important affair.

And this Yanchinuen, our destination! It seems to be very isolated and remote. We are coming to the end even of the cobblestone paths and are crossing fields and beaches left dry along the river bed.

"Where are the honorable gentlemen going?" Almost everybody who passes asks the same question.

"To Yanchinuen," our carriers reply, not without a trace of pride, as if it were an unheard-of achievement to carry even an empty chair over Koo Loo Ling.

"Ai Yah! Ai Yah!" (Chinese exclamation for great surprise.) Evidently people don't go to Yanchinuen very often.

Friday evening.

Well, we're here, in Yanchinuen; been stumbling over rocks and dried-up beds of the stream for the past two hours in the darkness with the help of a little Chinese lantern which the catechist borrowed from a "neighbour"* along the way. The great "Sorrowful Mountain Road" was a bit of a disappointment after all the advance notices. It was just a sheer climb of an hour and a quarter.

* This district has since been overrun by Communist bandits, who were in turn finally driven out by Government soldiers. Yanchinuen (of all poverty-stricken places) was pillaged three times during 1937. Our kindly pagan "neighbour" was captured and, with a promise of liberation if he confessed, tortured until he revealed the hiding-place of his lifetime savings of one thousand silver dollars. He was then callously murdered and his body thrown to the dogs, as an object lesson to the terrified people of the surrounding countryside.
We simply fell in love with one little place on the way where we stopped for dinner. The people were kindliness and hospitality itself, and in the children there wasn't a trace of that shyness and suspicion we have noticed in so many other places. They gave us the very best they had for dinner and served us before the other members of the family, four of them husky young men who had just come in from the corn "fields". Here they have no fields. They plant the corn on the side of the mountain and all along the way you can see corn growing right up to the very mountain peaks. When we had taken a picture I asked the lady of the house how we would be able to send her a copy if it turned out all right. She said that next year when the catechist was coming on his mission tour he could bring it along. There wasn't any other way. Of course it was the first time any of them had seen a camera.

We are now in the house of one of the Yanchinuen Christians and as the carrier who has our little supply of "foreign goods", chiefly tinned bully beef, is about three miles behind, with a sprained ankle and waiting for the villagers to go out and bring him in, we are due for a bowl-of-rice supper. We'll have to wait till the morning, till we see the place, to tell you about it. All we know to-night is that there must be about a thousand dogs around because the pandemonium they raised as we groped our way through the narrow streets raised echoes that went reverberating far down the valley. In the daytime the Chinese mongrel dog is just a yellow-liverd, cowardly cur, but when he's on guard at night it's just as well to keep your distance. We crossed ten streams during the last 30 li and last time Fr. Beal made it, when the water was high, he had to wade them all up to his waist, because there is neither boat nor bridge available at any time.

Some day, we tell ourselves, there will be a young Priest from Canada stationed in that little village, among those unspoiled, unsophisticated, friendly people. Might it not be that he would win this whole little community for Christ! And wouldn't such a conquest be well worth the sacrifice of home and loved ones?
THE DRAGON AT CLOSE RANGE

In the Children No Trace of Shyness or Suspicion (page 88).
Huang T'an, Where Father Amyot Spends His Time Dodging Bandits
(page 95).
A Mountain Retreat

So this is Yanchinuen. We got our first glimpse of it this morning. Towering mountains, bracing air and groups of the poorest of the poor mud houses clustered around the sharply rising hills. Wonder what keeps the village from being swept away when the mountain stream that bisects it is swollen by steady rains!

Nature intended Yanchinuen just to be the bed of a mountain stream, and if people do insist on living here they must climb thousands of feet daily to attend to their gardening on the
mountain slopes. A check-up on the available food supply reveals some interesting information.

1. There is no rice available for our carriers. They have been told politely that if they expect to indulge in such a luxury there is plenty to be bought at a place 90 li distant (30 miles).

2. There are four eggs available in the village and we immediately buy the whole supply. The catechist tells us that by dint of a little wire-pulling and because of the high rank of the
visitors it might be possible to buy two chickens that are roaming
the streets just now.

3. There is a young duck swimming in one of the little pools. We
have our eye on him in case it comes to the worst.

4. You can drink water right out of the stream, without boiling. That's
something! It's the first time since I came to China that I could do
so because there is hardly a spot in Chekiang, even in the most
mountainous districts, where one can do so without danger of
typhoid, or worse.

Everybody is in rags. Never did we see such poverty. The
children who crowd around the doors and marvel at the banquet
spread before us—rice and beancurd and eggs—are clothed in
tatters. A Chinese mongrel dog is cultivating us very faithfully
ever since we threw him a scrap of hard bread this morning but
we have to watch our step and can slip him the odd morsel from
the table only when nobody is looking. It would be an intolerable
scandal if the food of the children were given to the dogs. It
isn't the only parable that rings true over here.

If there should be another world war we know where we'll
go. To Yanchinuen. Neither death rays nor Lewisite nor the
deadliest of those poison gasses will ever disturb the serenity of
this recess among the impossible mountains.⁴⁷

To-night Fr. Beal preached and heard Confessions. The
twenty Christians were happy to have the Priest in their midst
and afterwards, in the little guest room—just one of the mud
floor and mud wall adjuncts to the chapel—they told us stories
of their daily struggle for existence. Needless to say, they asked
us much about the great world outside. They are so cheerful,
these poor people! The thought of them and their poverty and
that grim, relentless struggle which is their life, leaves one just
bewildered. Here they are born and here they live and die, and
most of them will die strangers to the God Who created them.

* We've changed our mind since the Second Edition. Even remote
places in China are no longer safe from roving bombing planes, as the
war has shown.
Let it go at that. You know as much about it as we do. We might ask, perhaps, if you would prefer to take their chances for eternity in preference to that of the "Christian" millionaire at home who lives in luxury while the poor are starving at his door. Such questions will come to one's mind.

We Leave Yanchinuen

For three days these far-away Christians have enjoyed the privilege of Mass and Holy Communion and now we are on our way home. The children came part of the way to bid us good-bye. They were sorry to see us leave because for at least once or twice in their drab little lives they had a hilarious time. We actually treated them to almost all the peanuts they could eat. In fact we bought up the whole supply in town and there will be no more till they are carried from some 80 li distant. And after the banquet we played a game consisting of hiding Dong Pah (Chinese coppers), finders keepers.

Almost the whole village turned out for this performance. They don't know yet why anybody could be so silly as to give money away, but the kids sure got a tremendous kick out of it. There really isn't any childhood for the children of Yanchinuen.

The spiritual fruits of our visit to this little Mission outpost were one Baptism, one Confirmation and thirty Communions. And before we left, a delegation of Christians came to us with a petition for a resident Priest. They are so far, they told us, from headquarters. In time of sickness it is so hard to send for the Priest and so hard for the Priest to make the journey. Ask Fr. Beal how hard it is. Three days' walk over the mountains, with ten streams to be waded as one nears the end of the journey.

Well, there may be a resident Priest some day. But it will be about the hardest spot in our district. Perhaps the future pastor or assistant at Yanchinuen is even now reading these lines. And when that time comes he will have to subsist for the most
part on corn and sweet potatoes. At that, Yanchinuen isn't much better than Huang T'an, where Fr. Amyot spends his time dodging bandits [see page 90].

This is the home of one of our boys who is studying for the priesthood. The Mission, of course, pays all his expenses, and this morning, before we left, his mother knelt for our blessing and with tears in her eyes thanked us for all we were doing for her son. A Christian mother is a Christian mother the world over, and her most cherished desire is to live to see her son celebrate the Holy Sacrifice.

To-night we are stopped at Shiao Van, where the people received us so kindly on our previous visit. This pagan family has given us the best room in the house while they are to sleep on the mud floor of the kitchen. The catechist is now preaching to the great crowd that has assembled to see the unusual visitors.

**Bringing Tidings of Great Joy**

We wish you could have been with us last evening, in the little "guest room" at Shiao Van, in the house of a pagan. After supper most of the men of the town came to see who these foreign visitors were and what they had to say for themselves. After the usual courtesies had been exchanged and we had offered them some foreign tobacco with which to fill their pipes (a very gracious gesture from their point of view) they wanted to know if we would be good enough to explain what was our honorable business.

The catechist did explain, and well. We wish we could tell you all he said. As a matter of fact you know most of it already, since it was largely an explanation of Christian doctrine. He also told them why these foreign Priests had left their fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers so many thousands of miles away and had come to China to teach them how to escape from the power of the devil.
I watched the crowd as he was speaking. One venerable-looking old fellow was nodding approval very vigorously. "Isn't that remarkable?" he asked at this point. "You know," he added, "those foreign people must love their fathers and mothers just as we do. And yet they leave them and come over here."

They were a bit sceptical about escaping the power of the devil. It didn't seem possible. If he left them in comparative peace on earth and didn't kill their sons or burn down their houses it seemed inevitable that they should pay for it after death. Besides, they said, it was the first time that they had ever heard that the souls of men didn't return after death to enter into cows or oxen.

But the doctrine did sound reasonable. On that they agreed. And beautiful! Imagine a place where they could have peace forever and where the devil had no power! They certainly wouldn't mind working hard all their lives if they could look forward to that after death. This life, they said, was a pretty tough grind. No matter how hard you worked, you were never sure of escaping floods or bandits.

We thought of their comments this morning. Long before daybreak the men of the house were astir and on their way to the mountain tops to gather in the corn. They will work all day and every day. They told us last evening how they longed for a place where they could have peace. For, even now, friends and even relatives of theirs are drifting all over the countryside, refugees from Red marauders, sleeping in abandoned temples and dying in their thousands of hunger and cold. It may be their turn next. Who knows?

Yet those poor creatures are on their way to eternity. And the God Whom they do not know died that they might be with Him forever. The love of their poor human hearts is the one thing in creation which He craves; the only thing it is not His to command. And the unspeakable mystery is that He asks you and me to be His helpers and co-workers in reclaiming those
souls for Whom His Sacred Heart has bled. What in life matters beside this, to give of our very best that those souls may be His forever!

It was with a feeling of sadness that we left Shiao Van and began the trek along the cobblestone mountain road that leads to "home". There is still no Priest available for these poor people, nor for the thousands of other little villages lost among our mountains of Chekiang. If there were——
FOLKS at home are very fond of asking: "Now, what sort of Christians do the Chinese make?" We always dreaded that question. If you said: "Oh, good, bad and indifferent, about the same as any other people," you always felt that your cross-examiner would expound on the folly of wasting so much effort on Mission work. You wanted, terribly, to be able to answer:

"Christians! The Chinese make the best Christians in the world. Nothing quite like them has ever been known." That, of course, you couldn't say.

You felt eternally apologetic. You felt as if some terrific statement were necessary to bolster up your case. If it could be shown that Chinese Christians were not made of much sterner stuff than the rest of humanity, then there was always lurking in the background that awful pronouncement which settled the matter forever:

"I tell you, young man, we have China enough right here at home."

Well, what sort of Christians do the Chinese make? Since no two of China's four hundred million people are exactly alike it would be hard to answer that question with any sweeping generalization. If we were to ask you what sort of Christian your next door neighbour at home happens to be it would be impossible for you to give a correct answer. If we were to ask what sort of Christian you are it would be rather difficult for you to tell. This much I do know. I have often watched a poor Chinese beggar come clattering into the Mission Compound on all fours and the thought has struck me. "All things considered, perhaps he is a better man in the sight of God than you are. If the situation had been reversed. If he had your chances, and you his, who knows what marvellous things he
might have accomplished for souls in his native land!" From those to whom so much has been given much will be expected by God. At times it is a disquieting thought.

Supposing we give you a few incidents to show what some of our ordinary Chinese Christians have done. As you read each one just ask yourself—"Would Christians at home do this?" You will see that Chinese people are prepared to make sacrifices for the sake of their faith in the course of their ordinary daily lives, just as many Chinese Priests and heroic Christians have made the supreme sacrifice in times of persecution.

1. In Father Venadam's choir there was a boy named Eu Ding. He was the soloist at Benediction and possessed a voice of rare beauty. During summer vacation that boy walked fifteen li (five miles) every Sunday afternoon in the broiling heat to be present at Benediction because he knew there would be very few to sing.

2. In Lishui there is an old lady whom we call "The Lady of the Chair". She is a cripple. As a pagan she came to the dispensary and the Sisters did whatever they could for her. Two years ago she was converted and now, on every Sunday and Feast Day, she walks nearly a mile to Mass, using a chair to support herself all the way. In Church she is obliged to bring her chair right up to the Communion rail. She is as cheerful a person as you could ever hope to meet. Would you be, if you were similarly afflicted?

3. From several little villages adjoining Lishui some forty or fifty catechumens come every Sunday to hear Mass and instructions. The distance varies from twenty to forty li. By the time they have returned home some of them have covered twenty miles on foot.

4. Some time ago Fr. Strang in Tsingtien received an urgent sick call from Huang T'an. Just as he was about to set out on the three-day hike over the mountains a Christian boy arrived at
the Mission, tired and out of breath. The sick person had died a day after the call had been sent out and this boy made the three day trip in two days to save the Priest the trouble of going when it was too late.

We could quote incidents without number to show the sacrifices that Chinese Christians do make in the course of their daily lives. And in pagan surroundings such as ours it takes heroic virtue for some of them to keep up the practices of their religion.

The Lady of the Chair.
The Good Thief of Chusan

The Archipelago of Chusan may well be called the Thousand Islands of China. The water is not as clear as that of our lordly St. Lawrence and typhoons have swept the islands bare of trees, but there is a striking resemblance in many ways. Father Amyot and I, of the Canadian Mission in Lishui, have just had occasion to pay a visit to Chusan.

Forty-two years ago a lady of the nobility in England gave up wealth and family and a life of social prestige and came to God's abandoned ones in China. Lady Berkeley she was then; Lady Berkeley she is still, but living in the obscurity of the little fishing village of Tinghai, and garbed in the simple robe of a Sister of Charity. With her is Sister Anne, of a wealthy English family, who was disowned by her people when she became a convert about twenty years ago. She has spent sixteen years in China. Her brother is also in China, working as a Protestant Missionary. Occasionally brother and sister meet.

Pirates infest the countless islands of Chusan. I asked Sister Berkeley if she wasn’t a bit anxious at times. "Oh, no"", she replied, "the pirates don't bother us. They know that we often nurse their sick and wounded back to health and they are grateful." It seems that word has gone round through the whole pirate domain that the Sisters are not to be molested. It is the same in Wenchow, near our own district of Lishui. You recall the story of how one of the boatmen approached the bandit chief last year when three of the Grey Sisters from Pembroke were on their way up the river and offered to sell three foreign Sisters. The chief refused his offer with scorn and told him that the Sisters were to be left in peace. But to return to our story.

A year ago, during a terrible epidemic, the chief of the pirates in the Chusan district was brought to the hospital of the Sisters of Charity at Tinghai. He was a giant of a man, over six feet tall, broad and muscular. It was soon discovered that he could
The Empress of Lishui.

Be It Ever so Humble!
not live and Sister Anne broke the news to him. He accepted it stoically but with a tinge of regret that he would be obliged to give up his life as a bold buccaneer. "You know, Mo, Mo," (their name for the Sisters) "it is a great life. You always have enough to eat, even meat and vegetables as well as rice, and you don't have to work all day long in the rice paddies."

"But don't you know it is wrong to steal from people?" Sister Anne asked him. "You have been a very bad man all your life."

"Mo, Mo," he replied, "I never knew it was wrong. All my people were pirates for generations. My father often took me with him on his expeditions and taught me how to be successful. I never knew any other trade and nobody before ever told me I was doing wrong." A glance at his muscular frame would convince you why none but the Sisters might even now take such a liberty. "And you know," he added, "I never allowed my men to harm the Sisters. You have been good to us. You always treated us kindly and when my men were let out of prison you gave them a meal and three Ko each to buy rice and cigarettes. You are strange people from a far-off country who come to help the people of China, and if we harmed you we would be bad indeed."

Daily he grew weaker and daily Sister Anne spoke to him of the love of God and of Christ Who died on the Cross to save all men. The crucifix impressed him tremendously. At the sight of it, this hardened old pirate was moved almost to tears. "I want to be baptized," he repeated many a time, "because you tell me that this God wants me. Mo, Mo, the people who killed Him were worse than us, weren't they?"

One could not but think of another Clovis. This pirate of Chusan might have rallied his men in defence of that gentle Saviour on the Cross. "You know," he continued, "the pagan gods are terrible. But this is beautiful. A God who died for me, a God who wants me. Nobody ever wanted me before."
As he grew weaker the Sister decided that Baptism should be no longer deferred. Truly, God's ways are wonderful. As the end drew near this man, who was once the terror of the islands, became as gentle as a child. "Mo, Mo," he kept on repeating, "this is beautiful; this is beautiful. He died between two just such as I have always been; and He wants me, He wants me..." He kept the crucifix with him to the end and as the soul of the good thief of Chusan went to meet its Maker, words were spoken once more as they were two thousand years ago, this time unheard by earthly ears. "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."
Ocean-going Junks, Ningpo. Note Eyes, for the Purpose of Driving Away the Dragon.

They Showed Us Round the Ship.
Angels of Mercy

At this very moment, while you are reading this article, thousands of Missionary Sisters the world over are wearing out their lives in the service of the poor and diseased and afflicted of every land and clime. Wholly, utterly, without reserve, these Angels of Mercy have consecrated themselves to the welfare of stricken humanity.

In hospitals, dispensaries, leper asylums, wherever suffering abounds, there you will find the Missionary Sisters, gentle, refined, totally self-sacrificing women, completely forgetful of self that they may give themselves wholly to others.

No matter how humanly repugnant may be their surroundings they look with eyes of faith beyond the filth and rags and deformity to see in every human soul the image and likeness of the God Whom they love with all the love of their own pure hearts.

For love it is that has brought them to the Mission field, a love which the world does not know and will ever fail to understand; a love that fills their own souls to overflowing and whose divine sweetness they would fain share with unfortunate pagans to whom the secret of their unfailing happiness is unknown.

Those of us who are privileged to witness the work of the Missionary Sisters know well how they win the hearts of the
pagan people and dispose them to lend a willing ear to the saving truths of our holy faith. Almost daily, in the poorest of the poor pagan Chinese homes to which we ourselves would be denied access, they pour the saving waters of Baptism on some dying pagan child. Many thousands of such little souls pray unceasingly before the Throne of God for their beloved Mo Mo (Sisters) who left their own home and loved ones on earth to win for them an eternal home in Heaven.

How blessed, how beautiful their life in pagan land! Its even serenity is founded on more than mere renunciation. Its abiding tranquility comes not merely from the immolation of human love, even upon the altar of Love Divine. For no life can
blossom unto fulfilment that is rooted in even the most heroic of mere negations. The secret of the happiness of the Missionary Sister is not that she has left all for Christ's sake, but that in leaving all she has found a hundredfold more, with a resultant peace of soul that the world can neither give nor take away. Having severed human ties forever, she has found the all-satisfying love of God which alone can still the restless yearnings of the human heart. She has renounced the God-given beauty of human love only to possess the Divine.

A simple "Credo", her's, yet serenely adequate unto eternity. To love her Heavenly Spouse with her whole heart and her whole soul and with all her strength and all her mind; for His sake to love her brothers and sisters in Christ, with special tenderness for those—and in China their name is legion—whose lifelong portion is suffering that but for her might well be despair. Spending herself cheerfully in the service of God's afflicted she will bring every possible happiness into their lives as she passes on her gentle way.

We thank God for the Missionary Sister, the living embodiment of our most cherished and exalted ideals of noble womanhood. Because of her, Heaven seems nearer, for she brings it very close to earth.
Little Pagan Maid

Oh, little pagan maid of seven years and eyes of blue;
   Eyes that are dancing, mischievous and bright, and, oh, so true.
Something within me leaps for very joy when I meet you,
And you look up at me and smile and say—“Seng Vu”.

You seem so out of place along this street—I’m glad you do.
You are a little ray of sunshine sent, a drop of dew.
You in your gay pajamaed calico of startling hue,
Bobbed hair and saucy nose and smiling lips and wee, red shoe.

Each day I say a little prayer to God, dear child, for you.
You who indeed belong to fairyland beyond the blue.
I hope some day we’ll meet in Heaven’s street, when life is through,
And you with smiling face look up at me, and say—“SENG VU”.

—Rev. H. Sharkey.
MONOTONY is a word not found in the vocabulary of a Mission Sister; there is no place for it. The daily round of duties never wears the garb of routine because every day brings something new. One precious occupation confided to nearly all Sisters in foreign lands is the care of the sick—young and old—at home, in dispensaries, temples and streets. This work is one which calls for the tenderest charity, sympathy and patience—yet leaves no entrance for weariness or routine.

Practically all our time is devoted to the sick, and, of late, sick-calls have become quite numerous. It is while out amongst the people that we get an insight into life—I mean, life as the Chinese see it. During any hour of the day you may find us in rickshaws, rumbling over cobblestone streets to the homes of those who need us. Owing to the small number of Christian families, it is not surprising that most of our calls are to the homes of pagans. And it is here especially that we find how much has yet to be done before the Reign of Christ begins in China.

A short time ago we received an urgent request to visit a home nearby, and we immediately set out to the stricken patient. As we neared the house, weird sounds of human voices and brass or tin pans reached our ears. On entering, we found a young boy in a very serious condition. All Chinese medicine had been applied, but to no avail. As the child grew worse, the distracted parents had recourse (as all pagans do) to the spirits to cure their son. It was in the midst of this pagan ceremony that we arrived. Placed before the gods was a table on which fourteen small bowls had been set. Each contained some fond delicacy—a gift to appease the anger of the gods. It was around this table that the elders of the family grouped to try, I presume, by their wailing and petitioning, to coax the spirits to dine. The boy, who was afflicted with spinal meningitis, was also subject to the pagan
Marcella Accompanies the Sisters on Their Sick Calls.
Lishui Contrasts

Christian Girl in First Communion Dress.

Pagan Boy Dressed and Painted for Devil Procession.
customs. Resting comfortably on his chest was a living, white cock, painted pink for the occasion. The presence of this object was to entice the spirit of evil which was supposed to be in the boy, into the bird and, in return, the spirit of life in the fowl would take up its abode in the patient. This superstitious ceremony had been going on for three days without any result. Then a little bit of white powder hidden away in our medicine kit was brought to the front, and, strange to say, it succeeded where all the spirits had failed. That afternoon he took a turn for the better, and with each visit his chances for complete recovery increased. Now he is back to work with his father. He always has a smile of gratitude for us, as he firmly believes that we enticed the spirits of evil out of him. We heard later that he had swallowed a paper picture of a god, and that the god, in rage at such debasement, had taken his revenge by upsetting the spirit of the boy. This is one case—but there are hundreds of similar ones.

A victim of the same dreaded disease was another boy of twelve years, and we were called to him, too. Here again, superstitious practices were well in force. The sick child was lying on a bamboo mat in a small, dark room. The parents, and relatives to the sixth or tenth degree, surrounded him, each calling, in his or her own weird fashion, the spirits of their ancestors to intercede for the afflicted descendant. A pagan monk was on the scene, too. What his gestures were all about I am sure I could not tell you, but I suppose they were part of the ceremony. He was certainly not giving much consolation. The little fellow was in a very low condition, and it took time and care to tide him over the crisis, and even then, constant attention for several weeks before the danger had been entirely warded off. Twice daily we visited him where he lay in a room full of earthenware crocks and baskets of dead fish. Perhaps his surroundings account for the length of time he was recuperating. However, he did recover completely, and in gratitude his father presented us with gifts—two chickens, four dozen eggs, three dozen oranges and Chinese nuts. Since then the once-sick boy
THE ORDINARIES OF CHEKIANG PROVINCE, CHINA.


Co-consecrators were Bishop Hou of Taichow and Bishop Defebvre of Ningpo.
Sick Call Upstream.

Dispensary Case, Not So Serious.
is seen in church frequently. Who knows—maybe in time he will join the ranks of the catechumens and later on be admitted to the Church.

Meningitis gave us many similar calls, but we were not always successful. Death claimed many as its victims. When the news of the recovery of the above-mentioned patients spread around, our calls increased daily. Late one afternoon we made our way through the narrow city-streets, while a distracted father kept urging the coolies to move faster. When we were only a few doors from the house to which we were hurrying, a strange feeling came over us—why—we were soon to find out. On arriving at the door, we had only to look. There in front of us was a huge camphor-wood coffin (and it was not empty—so one of our senses told us). Paper flowers were in profusion, paper hangings, lanterns and joss sticks paid silent tribute to the dead master. Such an array—yet the dust and faded flowers could tell a tale of having hung there some few months at least. The lanterns gave little light, only a dusty sunbeam, which stole in from I don't know where, showed us the door leading to the patient. In feeling our way in the darkness we, unawares, rested our hands on one end of the coffin. It, in itself, was nothing, but inside, as we knew, was the lifeless body of a pagan, a man who knew not God, a man whose life was lived in the impenetrable shadow of darkest paganism, a man who met his God for the first time as his Judge. But, here our thoughts must return, for who are we to be judging, or trying to conceive what happens in the world beyond! It was not a coffin we came to see, but a sick child. A little boy of some six or seven years lay in a critical condition, another victim of spinal meningitis. We did what we could, but the little half-starved frame had not the strength to fight its battle for life, and death found it a ready prey.

Hardly had meningitis closed the door which was trapping so many victims, when cholera raised the screen and was there before us, ready to follow suit. We tried to keep ahead of it with
the serum, but in many cases it got a pace ahead of us. One case in particular was that of a little girl of four years. She had been sick a week before we were called to see her, and by this time the plague had run its course. The little one was surely nearer to Heaven than earth; this fact was evident enough at first sight. What else could one expect? Where were the little cot, the soft mattress or downy baby clothes, necessities of a little tot at home, but not even dreamed of here? Where were the dainties to tempt baby's appetite—where were all the little things a sick child craves for? Wherever all these are hidden, it is certainly not in China. In a small, dark house of mud structure, where sunlight never entered, our patient lay dying. Her bed was only a bare board set on two benches; her coverlet, an old blue padded coat. We knew well that she would not live through the night, so we gave the serum and promised to return later in the day. Returning from the other calls scheduled for the day, we again visited her. This time the child was lying on the floor in an outside room. She was dying, and the parents were aware of the fact. Rather than have her die in the house, she was taken to their outside hut, as death is considered a terrible evil which must be kept as far away as possible. There was only one thing left for us to do, yet how much it was going to mean to the little soul so soon to wing its flight heavenward. We secretly baptized her and then had to leave her in the hands of pagan parents, who would soon call on the spirits. Little they knew that not the powers of earth or hell combined could tear their little one from God.

Not far from this home another baby lay struggling between earth and Heaven. On the previous day, one of the Sisters had baptized it, but as it still clung to life, we went to see it. There was not the slightest hope, yet to pacify the parents, we gave it some medicine. When lifting the child, its coat loosened, and there, in a pool of blood on its chest, was a dead frog. The father noticed our surprise and immediately removed it. So far as we can make out, the frog, in dying on the little one, would give its spirit to the child and his health and life return. The frog must
The Daily Lesson.

Grey Sisters Community, Lishui.
Three Little Maids from School.

We Should Like to Steal a Ride in Sisters’ Rickshaw.
have bled to death on the little patient, as a small hole had been cut on the child’s chest to receive the supposed life-giving blood. Early next day, this little soul sped away to begin life in Heaven. Nor were these two the only ones to steal away in the glory of baptismal innocence. Many, under similar pagan customs and surrounded by the severest poverty, slumbered starward and beyond; a rich reward for their short life of pain and want here awaited them there.

Not only children, but grown-ups, too, fell victims of this disease which they fear so much. Usually, after a good fight and constant care, there is some chance of recovery. In fact, we record only three deaths among the adults as a result of cholera this year.

Sometimes we have real rush calls, and when a Chinese gets a-hurrying—well—there must be a reason. This day it was serious. A woman had taken poison and was, when we arrived, in an agonizing position. A Chinese doctor had preceded us, but being sure of death, he would not treat the patient, as there might be loss of “face”. We spent three hours trying to remove the poison from her system, and it was no easy task. She was frantic with pain, yet we remarked that at intervals she stared at a young girl and at the same time screamed furiously. The girl in turn answered with a hysterical cry and rushed from the room. Outside, all was in confusion. A crowd had gathered for a “look see”, and, as usual, each had a “hear say”. Above the drumming voices of the crowd, that of the girl rose and fell alternately in high-pitched tones with that of the gruff voice of a seemingly angry man. Several times the girl came crying and stood close to us, only to be recalled by a young man. Then the noise outside increased. From some of the women present we learned that the patient and the young girl were mother and daughter. Both had been quarreling, and as the daughter triumphed, the distracted mother took poison—nothing less than nitric acid. Indeed, the mother was suffering physical pain, but it did not exceed the mental anguish of her repentant daughter.
Incessantly she kept asking if her mother would live, and as we could not reassure her, she would plead with us to increase our efforts. Well she knew that, in the eyes of her country people, she was the object of derision and subject to the dictates of an angry father. The mother lived until evening; we were not there to witness her death, nor did we care to be present. What happened to the daughter we never heard, but no doubt she paid dearly for her ill-chosen words. Quite frequently we are called to similar cases, but the poison consumed is seldom as deadly as the above-mentioned.

Seeing the conditions in which these poor people eke out their meagre existence, we often wonder what keeps them living at all. Pulled up to shore, quite close to our Convent, is a small bamboo-covered sampan—there are many, in fact, but this one is of special interest to us. Small as it is, it is the home of a family of three. At present it harbours a sick mother and child. On our first visit the woman huddled on a bed of straw at one end of the boat, while her husband, in an awkward but tender manner, did his best to keep her comfortable. At his mother's feet, a small boy slept. The mother is quite sick, yet there is no danger so far. In her present state, however, it is hard to say what the result may be. Her life on a sampan is not so pleasant, no indeed; like that of all other women in China, it is one of strenuous labour. She must help her husband in rowing and handling the little craft, up and down the river—walking several times in a day's journey through water two or three feet deep, pulling or pushing the boat as they go. Their only means of earning a livelihood is to transfer baggage from one village to another, and there is not much money in it, either. If she gets over this, her husband promises that he will give her a long rest before commencing again, and when she does begin it will be with less vigour. The little lad was not seriously ill; a few capsules of quinine helped to ward off, for the time being, the fits of chills and fever, symptoms of the too-common disease, malaria.
A Dog's Life

DO you think China a tough place for a Missionary? You don't know the half of it, says Bobby, our thoroughbred setter, assigned to what he considers the disgraceful role of watch dog in the Lishui Mission Compound of the Grey Sisters.

"Watching" isn't Bobby's long suit. He'd far prefer the tang of the crisp November air on the partridge barrens. But alas and alack! His beloved partridge barrens are many thousands of miles away and he simply hasn't got even steerage fare home.

"Don't talk to me about China," he says. "Those crazy fire-crackers are the only things you ever hear resembling the sound of a gun, and as for birds, nothing but those miserable chickens running all over the place. Yes, it's a dog's life."
Lishui Symphony.

A Shrewd Bargain.
Mr. Joseph Loh Pa Hong

GENERAL Manager, Chinese Electric Power Co.,
General Manager, Chapei Electricity and Waterworks,
Chinese Member of French Municipal Council, Shanghai,
Managing Director, Inland Waterworks Co., Nanking,
General Manager, Ta Tung Steam Navigation Co.,
President, Sacred Heart Hospital, Shanghai,
President of Catholic Action for China.

These are but some of the offices of Mr. Joseph Loh Pa Hong, outstanding Chinese Catholic layman, known throughout the world as “China’s Apostle of Charity”, “The Ozanam of Shanghai”, or more often as “The St. Vincent de Paul of China”.

Mr. Loh Pa Hong has been thrice decorated by the Holy Father. He is a Commander of the Order of St. Sylvester, Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great and Papal Chamberlain, Knight of the Cape and Sword.

He has also received decorations from two Governments: that of Commander of the Order of Leopold II from Belgium and of Knight of the Legion of Honor from France.

As may be well imagined, it isn’t easy to secure a prolonged interview with Mr. Loh. Sheer pressure of work leaves him very little spare time. Yet, in spite of his arduous duties, he serves Mass and receives Communion daily, and you will find him at Benediction almost every afternoon at the little chapel of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in the General Hospital, Shanghai. It was during breakfast at his own Sacred Heart Hospital that we found our best opportunity of asking him a few questions about his outstanding works of charity in Shanghai. Mr. Loh is extremely reticent about his own achievements. He has done so much, and in so many divergent fields of charitable endeavour, that I doubt if he himself could recall offhand one half of what he has accomplished for the poor and afflicted of China. He hasn’t much time to reflect
on what he has accomplished. He just goes on doing more and more and is content to let his good works be recorded in the Book of Life.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE

We asked Mr. Loh how he managed to find time for his great works of charity in view of his onerous responsibilities in other directions. He replied that his work for the poor and the conversion of pagans was his "real business in life", while his other works were only means to that end. "And as for me", he continued, "please do not imagine that I have done all the great things you have heard. I have done nothing. It is God Who has done everything. After all, what can any human being do, unaided by Providence? Just nothing."

And that about sums up the character of the man and the secret of his phenomenal success. Trust in Providence! A filial devotion to his beloved St. Joseph, to whom he has recourse with unwavering faith whenever difficulties seem insurmountable. And St. Joseph has never failed him. That he will tell you, while the Sisters of the various institutions he has founded recount story after story of how St. Joseph has repeatedly come to the rescue.

"He has never failed us yet" Mr. Loh affirms, as quoted in "Catholic Shanghai", "and we've run up against some mighty dark days, too. No assets salted away in the bank and producing revenue with which to finance this huge, living venture of Charity. Just a complete reliance on the financing genius of the Saint. If money runs low and a crisis looms, we take up the problem with our heavenly manager; and, somehow or other, the needed operating funds turn up. Big Chinese business men, pagans for the most part, come through regularly with substantial donations; and so we run along for another month or so. After all, it's the surest way, this letting St. Joseph handle the business end of the deal."
Among the many institutions Mr. Loh has founded in Shanghai, four are outstanding as monuments to the faith and zeal of this great Apostle of Charity. They are:

1. The Sacred Heart Hospital, Yangtszepoo, conducted by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary.

2. Mercy Hospital at Pei-Chiao, staffed by the Maryknoll Sisters and the first institution of its kind in China to be devoted entirely to mental and nervous diseases.

3. An Industrial School for 1000 girls where Fine Arts, Home Economics, Literature and Medicine are the principal courses.


When you remember that not one of these institutions is endowed, but that all depend upon Mr. Loh's personal money (by now, by no means adequate for their upkeep) and the financial assistance he secures, largely from pagan friends, this miracle of modern faith in Providence becomes all the more amazing. Here is what an appreciative visitor has to say after having seen St. Joseph's Hospice:

"An enormous mass of irregular buildings smeared over with whitewash and piled up, one upon another, for several square blocks—vast but friendly havens of peace for the outcasts of Chinese society; deformed cripples and wasted consumptives, shrieking imbeciles and abandoned babies, laughing boys at their lessons and doddering old crones with their longstemmed pipes, palsied mummies yellow with opium and blind little girls tapping their way among the flowers."

THE PARADE OF THE STRICKEN

"Two thousand of them at one time! And when death sweeps up one corner of the ward, it is instantly filled with other wrecks from the street. Grimy bodies twisted and
Mr. Joseph Loh Pa Hong, in Costume of Papal Knight of the Cape and Sword.
misshapen or ulcerous with sores or simply withered up with age, drag along toward the open gates or are dumped off there . . . piteously, ceaselessly . . . the parade of the stricken."

MINISTERING ANGELS

"City of the Poor, they call it down there in the heart of the swirling Chinese city. It is more than that. Their long, white-starched crowns bobbing up and down like wings, twenty Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, both foreign and native, flit back and forth, from one ward to another, from dispensary to death chamber—bandaging, feeding, consoling; and their presence gives an unearthly significance to this tremendous salvaging of broken human bodies. Pu Yu Tang is, in fact, an objective personification of Catholic charity at its noblest."
CATHOLIC ACTION

As yet we have made no mention of what is perhaps Mr. Loh's greatest work, the Society for Catholic Action which he founded in 1911. Anticipating by many years the Church's recent clarion call for such endeavour on the part of the laity, Mr. Loh and his devoted associates have proven themselves most zealous and indefatigable missionaries. Their wonderful example has been a source of great edification to the pagan populace of Shanghai. More effective by far than the most eloquent of sermons has been the Christlike work of this Society. Well-disposed people have come to see for themselves not only how those Christians love one another, but how they love the most wretched and abandoned of pagans as well.

It was in 1911 that Mr. Loh conceived the idea of founding a Society devoted to charitable work and whose motto was to be

"Brought in Baskets, Eight at a Time."
"to suffer and to obey". It calls for three years of novitiate. Daily the members make meditation, examination of conscience and spiritual reading. One day in six months is set aside for complete recollection while there is an annual retreat of five days. At present the membership is 90 men and 30 women. The severe rule was approved by the late Bishop Prosper Paris, S.J.

ACTIVITIES

Direct evangelization, works of charity and teaching comprise the principal activities of the Society. "Catholic Shanghai" thus recounts some of the results of its activities. "Dou-Ka-Hong, a large town about ten miles from Shanghai, had no Christians ten years ago. Members of Catholic Action opened a dispensary and began to make progress. War blotted out their efforts for four years. They began again and now have 200 Christians and 2,000 children attending school. Ten years ago, another town, Kashai, had only a handful of Christians. To-day they number 1,500. Twenty-five pagan foundling homes are regularly visited at which over 10,000 Baptisms a year are administered. Last year, when the Province of Shantung was visited by a disastrous flood, Catholic Action members hurried to the relief of the flood victims and while there administered many Baptisms. Their total number of Baptisms for that year was 40,000.

"THE HEAVENLY BUSINESS MANAGER"

The Catholic Action Society of Tong-Ka-Dou actually supports daily 120 Religious and over 6000 poor people of every class, 3,200 of whom are located at St. Joseph's Hospice which is directed by the Sisters of Charity. Such a huge enterprise supposes an absolute confidence in Divine Providence because these multiple charitable activities are not endowed. How are they maintained? Mr. Loh has interested Chinese officials, European business men and rich Chinese pagans in his work.
He prefers the last because he asks of his heavenly business manager, St. Joseph, a good death for those who practise the beatitude of giving. Nor does St. Joseph remain deaf to his appeal, for seven rich benefactors have received Baptism from the hand of Mr. Loh on their deathbed.

MORE RESULTS

These special graces are not exceptional. At another time, during the civil war, twenty condemned men received Baptism from him. Still another time six out of seven of his friends were gained for Paradise. More than once an unknown donor has come forward with just the large, precise sum needed to meet some financial crisis of his charitable enterprises.

AN ANNIVERSARY GIFT

On January 6, 1937, the Catholic Action Society of Tong-Ka-Dou celebrated its 25th anniversary. It had the happiness of offering to the Divine Missionary a harvest of more than 300,000 Baptisms, and who can estimate the millions of dollars that have passed through their hands for works or mercy!

In all these multifarious corporal and spiritual works of mercy Mr. Loh is ably assisted by his son, Francis, whose zeal has earned the recognition of the Holy Father in the award of the diploma and medal "Bene Merenti".
The Devil Procession

My Chinese servant, or "boy" as he is called in these parts, has learned to be on the alert for likely looking photographic subjects. When anything of interest appears he lets me know. So, when last year's "devil procession" was in course of preparation and the local performers were going through rehearsal, he rushed into my room in a state of great excitement.

"To-day Chinese all paint faces. In a few days have big devil parade through the town. Perhaps Mo Chu Kaw would like to take a picture."

Well, we dispatched him to the parade headquarters, to seek permission. Word came back that they were unwilling to grant it. So that seemed to end the matter. However, a few days later, before the day of the big parade, we were told that we could take the pictures if we would present each individual
in the troupe with a large 12 by 16 inch portrait, the same size as that taken by the town photographer. There were some fifty whose make-up appealed to us, so it was too expensive a proposition. We made a counter bargain in true Chinese style, offering each one a 4 by 5 print from my own camera, but there seemed to be nothing doing. They were holding out for the large pictures. But, knowing our Chinese, we didn't give up hope.

Next day the procession was on. To our agreeable surprise, at about 10 a.m. the Mission Compound was invaded by what looked like a band of Indians on the warpath. They had decided to accept our offer, turned up in full force before the parade, and posed most obligingly. There was some difficulty about the children, but in the afternoon, when the procession was actually passing our door, the leader was good enough to hold things up and permit the little fellows to step inside. There
isn't much prejudice in the pagan Chinese. They were all smiles and politeness, especially when we offered the little boys some refreshments. After about twenty minutes the bugles blared again and the weird procession resumed its way through town.

We sent our films to Shanghai for development and printing, so it was a few weeks before the promised prints arrived for the awe-inspiring "devils", who by now had resumed their prosaic occupations of tinsmiths and tailors and tan-tan men. The difficult process of identification we left to our knowing "boy" who saw to it that each received his photo print. There was much laughing and noisy comment as each one saw himself in full war paint. But they were satisfied that the foreign gentlemen had kept their word, and the originals of some of the pictures you see in these pages are proudly exhibited in many Chinese homes and workshops in Lishui. This year, when we were no longer interested in the photographic aspect of the procession, the crowd stopped outside the Mission door and the children, expecting another treat of oranges and candy and watermelon seeds, paraded into the house. They seemed to think that a visit to the Catholic Mission was an annual feature of the affair.
Few of these people have any clear conception of what it is all about. I asked some of them if it really was the devil whom they adored in this particular procession. They said no. According to one of the "devils", who smiled disarmingly through his war paint, the whole procession was in honour of a local hero who had saved the lives of the townspeople by committing suicide in a poisoned well just as the water carriers (whom he could not dissuade by any other means) were about to bring in the town supply. But, apart from this occasion, there are times when the idols are openly carried in procession. The Chinese will tell you then that they adore a "Kwei", a spirit. Invariably it is an evil spirit, and their worship takes the form of an attempt to placate him, whether he be the god of the river or the god of fire or any of the other multitudinous gods, whose chief avocation seems to consist in taking revenge on poor unfortunates for real or fancied wrongs.
The Red Siege of Kanchow

At the Procure, Shanghai, we had an interesting visitor to-day; a man who is sentenced to death and isn't worrying about it in the least. Fr. Meyrat, of the Mission of Kanchow, is the man in question, and the sentence may never be carried out. Suppose we tell you all about it, for it is a very wonderful story.

His Excellency Bishop O'Shea and Fr. Meyrat are heroes of the memorable siege of Kanchow by the Reds during 34 days of this year. And both are marked men should the Communists ever get control. Fr. Meyrat is just returning from a short holiday at home. He smiled when we suggested that his nerves must have been in bad shape after such an ordeal, with the fate of the city hanging in the balance and with the Bishop and himself singled out for certain death should it fall. "Nerves," he replied, with real good humor. "My nerves were killed long ago." We don't wonder, considering that he has spent 33 years in China and the last five or six of them in Communist-infested Kiangsi.

You have heard, of course, the whole world has heard, of the memorable siege of Kanchow. But Fr. Meyrat supplied us with details I never saw in any account of the siege. It is now universally admitted, and by none more gratefully than the notables and business men of Kanchow itself, that it was the heroism of these two men that saved the city from certain destruction.

Did you ever wonder why the Communists made a practice of liberating all prisoners as soon as they captured a town? It is because in their desperate hand-to-hand fighting they always force this rabble crew to the front to demoralize their adversaries and then they bring their crack troops into play. And when a town is taken, this crowd is free to loot and rape and murder at will for a three-day period, after which strict discipline is enforced. It was from this that the Catholic Missionaries saved Kanchow.
With practically all of that section of Kiangsi under their control, the Reds made a desperate bid for the key-city of Kanchow. And the gallant Garrison Commander fought like the hero that he was with the city walls crumbling around him and his ammunition perilously near exhaustion. Appeal after appeal he sent to Nanking. And again and again the high-sounding answer came out of the ether: “Fight to the last man.” It might easily have been another case of a “Chinese Gordon” and his tragic end were it not for the fact that this man turned his radio equipment and codes over to the Mission with the request that if the foreigners insisted on staying and courting certain death an appeal from them might get results. “They won’t listen to me,” he said.

It did get results, after twelve telegrams had been despatched and, of course, duly intercepted by the Reds, who had secured the code from renegade soldiers. It took the relieving force two weeks to reach the city. Meanwhile, Russian-directed artillery and 48 machine guns were playing on the city walls. Realizing that it was a desperate race against time, the Reds fought like demons. Time and again they tried to force an entrance through the breaches made in the walls. But inner sand-bag defences had been thrown up and machine-gun fire from the defenders piled them high as they were driven to the attack.

In the thick of it all the Red Commander sent a special message to the Mission. It was to the effect that when they took the town the Bishop and Fr. Meyrat wouldn’t have to worry about ransom money, as just one bullet was being reserved for each of them. They knew perfectly well that but for the foreigners they would by now have been in possession of Kanchow. The fact that a relief force was on the way inspired the gallant Hunanese to fight to the last breath.

After the twelfth day it had become necessary to drop ammunition by aeroplane, as there was no more in the town. Daily, planes arrived from Canton. They bombed the Red defences. They flew low and raked the Red lines with machine gun fire. Sometimes huge bundles of machine gun bullets would
drop through the roof of some of the Mission buildings, but that was a mere trifle. One hole, more or less, in the roof wouldn't have made much difference had Chu Teh and his horde just got their clutches on Kanchow. The great climax was a three-day pitched battle under the city walls after the relieving force had arrived. The Reds took a terrific beating and Kanchow was saved, and the defences have now been so reconstructed that it will never again be in danger.

Just one instance will show the nature of the fighting. Fr. Meyrat was one day standing beside the Commanding Officer just inside the wall where the fighting was severe. No soldier was allowed to leave his post without orders under penalty of death. Suddenly a huge Hunanese leaped down beside them, stood for a moment and asked for a cigarette. "Are you hurt?" the officer asked as he significantly unloosened his revolver. For answer the man nodded towards his stomach, which he was holding with his hands. A hand-grenade had practically disembowelled him, and he fell dead almost as he spoke.

We asked Fr. Meyrat all kinds of questions. Were they really Reds or just one of China's many mere rebel hordes? He told us that all the documents bore the sign and seal of the Chinese branch of the Third International; that the artillery was directed by Red Russian officers, and that their wireless was in daily touch with Moscow. Happily for the Mission, they were short of artillery shells and had to use them only to batter down the walls.

One day the Reds announced that on the following noon they would send a little token of greeting to the three principal places in town, the Mayor's Residence, the Garrison Headquarters, and the Catholic Mission. Precisely at the appointed hour a shell was accurately placed in each spot designated. When the fire started in the Mission had been extinguished and the debris cleared away, Fr. Meyrat found a brass ring from the shell. On it was inscribed: "Rochester, U.S.A., 1929." A pleasant little reminder of home for the American Mission and a gentle touch of irony on the part of the attacking force.
We also wanted to know how it was that the notorious Communist leader, Chu Teh, had been able to elude capture for so long in spite of the fact that the Government had offered $100,000 for him, dead or alive. Knowing the “amenability” of Chinese in such matters, we were surprised that some of his men, even of his personal bodyguard, had not decided to collect part of that reward. The answer was that Chu Teh had a bodyguard of 500 armed, fanatical women. Viragos, Fr. Meyrat very mildly called them.

And that explains everything. The average Chinese, above all the average half-paid and half-starved Chinese soldier, might cheerfully sell his soul for considerably less than a hundred thousand dollars. But if die he must in the quest for such a fortune, he draws the line at falling into the hands of 500 armed and fanatical Amazons who would rend him limb from limb. Others have felt the same way.

“When you’re wounded and lie on Afghanistan’s plains
And the women come out to cup up what remains,
Just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
And go to your Gawd like a soldier.”

Chu Teh will probably remain “at large”, rewards notwithstanding.

Fr. Meyrat is now on his way back to his Mission. He hopes to be able to persuade Bishop O’Shea to take a well-earned rest. His Excellency has received from the Holy Father a special recognition of his bravery and the wonderful service rendered the cause of Catholic Missions, and the whole world knows by now that never was recognition more nobly won.

Belgium and Mercier! Warsaw and Ratti! Kanchow and O’Shea! We feel that as the Holy Father prepared a fitting tribute for his heroic son, his own thoughts must have turned back to a not too distant day when the devil’s hordes were thundering at the gates of Warsaw even as they thundered at the crumbling gates of Kanchow. Poland was saved as was Kanchow, and God is still in His Heaven, and the gates of hell will not prevail as long as there are God’s heroes who refuse to be dismayed.
Lishui Songsters

WHEN bigger and better air services make it possible for visitors from the home land to spend the odd week-end at Lishui, you will, of course, want to hear Fr. Venadam's famous choir.

Have you plenty of time? Then take out the old stratosphere balloon, climb straight up and let the earth dawdle along below at a thousand an hour. "You must go higher," somebody says. "Then go higher. This is our story, isn't it, and the sky's the limit." After ten hours, climb down and here you are.

Or are you in a hurry? Then use the old strato plane, turn on a thousand of your own to add to old mother earth's clumsy barrel roll, and make the trip in five hours flat. There's good
fishin' down by the—oh, but we're forgetting. This was supposed to be an article on Fr. Venadam's choir, and he tells us he hopes to be still wielding the baton when such things are possible.

Of course, you will stay over Sunday, and the singing at Mass and Benediction, which reminds you so much of the Paulist choir and Pius Xth Institute of Music, will really be rendered by just some of the home-town boys who attend school for a while and then leave to be butchers, bakers and candlestick makers.

That's the sad part of it, really. At least, Professor Venadam says so. "Just as we get one gang trained down to the fine point, about 50 per cent leave, and the new raw recruits just mess things up awfully for a while." And when we tell him, "Why, that's easy," he says, "Yes! Well, just take a few of them out and teach 'em the 'Gloria' and 'Credo' and...." And nobody does because we don't really know anything much harder unless it might be to attempt to learn all the Chinese dialects in this district.

"Are they good?" you ask. Well, a few evenings ago we were seated on the verandah trying to get the temperature down around 100 after a Chinese summer day. The choir was practising in the classroom that looks so much like a barn, and Fr. McNabb says, "Is that the little Victrola or the choir?" You see, Fr. Venadam is strong on those Gregorian Chant records. "Let them hear the ideal tone," he tells us—"and they'll reproduce it alright. What do they care where their soft palate is located or when to pipe down on the nasal resonance!" Somebody or other must have some other kind of system that the professor doesn't like. He studied all that stuff at some big place down in New York, so, of course, who are we to talk back! Anyway, as I was saying, that evening we could hardly tell which was the Victrola and which was the choir. That's how good they are.
The Old Camphor Tree

This old camphor tree just outside Lishui could hold its own with the famous B. C. firs or California redwoods. According to the local rice farmers it is a thousand years old.

A few years ago, so the story goes, a coolie lowered himself down the hollow trunk and found a thousand silver dollars which had been hidden there some time in the past, to be safe from bandit depredations.

These century-old camphors are the glory of the Chinese countryside, but, unfortunately, they are being ruthlessly destroyed to make way for modern motor highways.
Missionary Reflections
Guest Manners Language

YOU are visiting the Mayor or the Chief of Police or the General in charge of the local garrison. Over the tea cups, and in an atmosphere of real camaraderie, you are assured, among other things, that you are conferring an unspeakable honor on your host; that it is utterly preposterous to think that a person of your exalted rank should deign to pay this particular courtesy call.

By way of reply you lay it on pretty heavily yourself. You assure your host that it is you who are really honored beyond your wildest dreams; that this is a moment in your life which is really worth living for. Of course, you do not mean exactly what you say. Neither does the General. You know he doesn’t. He knows that you know that he doesn’t. But that cramps nobody’s style. You are not expected to mean all you say when you are speaking “Guest Manners Language”. It is all a glorious round of make-believe, just the old bear oil that has lubricated China’s social contacts for the past five thousand years.

Is it so different, for that matter, on the North American Continent, where a spade is more often called a spade and plain blunt men pride themselves on their Jeffersonian simplicity? Some day, by way of social experiment, just try calling things and people as you see them. Start with your own social set and see how long it takes you to become a pariah. Begin by telling Mrs. Smith what you think of her singing and give her your honest-to-goodness opinion of her little angel Willie. Go on from there. If anybody looks like a ham, to you, just tell him so. Be direct. Shun that hypocritical indirectness of the “heathen Chinee”. You will very soon discover that if the Chinese do happen to lay it on a little more thickly, the difference is in the degree of flattery rather than in the kind. Long ago, when our doughty ancestors were swinging clubs, the
sons of Han discovered that nobody wants the truth; that the fool’s paradise is the social home of mankind. Centuries later the same discovery was made by local photographers the world over. But not till many of them had been hounded out of town by the Ladies’ Aid Society for handing out pictures of people as they really were.

"My dear Mrs. Jones, how perfectly adorable you do look to-day. You know, we were just speaking of you. This is such a delightful surprise." Thus the astute and "tactful" Mrs. Brown to her unexpected—and unwelcome—caller. Mrs. Jones smiles sweetly at the warmth of the greeting, but it would have put an extra crinkle or two in her permanent wave had she overheard the conversation that preceded her unexpected entrance.

"Charmed to meet you! Delighted to know you! Enchanté de faire votre connaissance!" The same in every lingo! We begin to suspect that the Chinese aren’t really so different after all.
The Treadmill

By utilizing their slender resources to the full and by careful fertilization and crop rotation the Chinese have managed to ensure continued fertility of the same tracts of land for many thousands of years. In this process of soil conservation the "treadmill" shown above has played a very important part, and during rice planting time, scenes like this are very familiar throughout the countryside of Chekiang.

As a result of wanton abuse of lavish natural resources at home, farmers in Western Canada and the Western States have, in a very much shorter time, converted fertile fields into arid deserts. Hence the dust storms, the rusting machinery, the bleached bones of cattle strewn over many such fields at home; mute testimony to Mother Nature's terrible retribution.
Where Does the Day Begin?

THURSDAY, 6 p.m., and all well. That means that in Canada, almost from coast to coast, it is early morning of the same Thursday. When you take your dinner this evening—say at 6 p.m.—we shall be just about getting started for to-morrow's "day's work" over here. We are from 12 to 16 hours (approximately) ahead of Canada in time, depending upon the place in Canada you select.

We don't wonder why some of our friends "just can't figure out" this time business. For a long while it had us all guessing, especially as we lost a day to gain a day (if that helps any) crossing the Pacific. We went to bed one night on board the "Empress of Canada"—Tuesday night—and when we awoke "next" morning it was Thursday. And for a while we just couldn't figure it out ourselves.

Let us see. Suppose you are to take a trip from Halifax to Vancouver, coming nearer all the time to Lishui, Chekiang. As you draw nearer in distance you would naturally expect that the time on your watch would be coming nearer to the time on mine. But just the opposite is the case. Clear as mud, isn't it? You leave on the "Ocean Limited" some fine morning and you are then 12 hours behind us. When you reach Toronto you are 13 hours behind, and by the time you reach Vancouver you are 16 hours behind. Yet Vancouver is some 4,000 miles nearer than Halifax. What is it all about, anyway?

The whole business, dear readers, hinges on the question: "Where does the day begin?" If it begins at Halifax as you are setting out, then you are not behind us at all in point of time. But the sun which ushered the day into Halifax was "somewhere over the Atlantic" hours before. Perhaps day began out there. Who knows? Perhaps it began down in Newfoundland. It is something like the hen and egg query. Which came first? Just
as we must finally reach either a hen which didn't come from an egg or an egg which didn't come from a hen, so, either by calculation or conventional agreement, we must reach some point or other, some longitudinal strip where day begins, some place of which it can be said, "Day begins here, so govern your clocks and watches accordingly." Is there any such place? We shall see.

Let us move to Toronto, as it is fairly central in Canada. Let us suppose that at this moment there is reposing on the fair waters of Lake Ontario an aeroplane capable of making the same speed as the sun round the earth (pardon me, the earth round the sun). Some fine morning at 6 a.m. the pilot decides to go for a little spin as far as Lishui, Chekiang, China. It is about 10,000 miles, and as he can reel off a little better than 1,000 miles an hour, it will take him 10 hours to make the trip.

At 6 a.m., then, he heads for the west and streaks ahead of the rising sun. Let him stop his watch if he wants to keep the correct time. As long as he keeps neck and neck with Old Sol it will always be 6 a.m. Ten hours later he comes to rest upon the waters of the river beside the Mission Residence here, and only then will the sun begin to gain on him. Now it should be very simple. He left Toronto at 6 a.m. Ten hours later he arrives in Lishui to find that it is still 6 a.m. Hence, very obviously, Toronto is 10 hours ahead of Lishui. But not so fast.

We keep the pilot for a few days, and then some fine morning load him up with sharks' fins, bamboo sprouts, deer tonic and other Lishui delicacies to take to the folks back home. We accompany him to the river, and at 6 a.m. he continues his journey, saying that he will keep on going round the world and reach Toronto the other way. Very well. It is 15,000 miles that way, a mere fifteen hours. He is still racing ahead of Old Sol, and it is still 6 a.m. when he lands near the Sunnyside breakwater 15 hours later. Hence, equally simply and obviously, Lishui is 15 hours ahead of Toronto. A minute ago we "proved" the opposite. What to do?
The bitter believe-it-or-not fact is that it is not 10, not 15, but 13 hours, and Toronto is not ahead but behind us in point of time. Apart from that, our little aeroplane calculation is O.K.

We asked a little while ago, "Is there such a place?"—a place where convention has decided that day begins. There is, and it is in the Pacific Ocean, and it is called the International Date line and it runs along a line almost identical with the 180th meridian, curving off to the west to avoid some islands in the Behring Sea. And it is when we cross this line that we lose a day (coming this way), because it is Monday on one side of it and Tuesday on the other. (Ask any seafaring man for detailed explanation, if you care that much.) The line dodges land as far as is possible because it would be awkward to have it Sunday on one side of the street and Monday on the other.

Now, to conclude, we are west of that date line. Hence the sun which "begins the day" strikes us before it strikes Canada. We are about four hours west of it, and the sun which shines on Lishui, after starting the day at the International date line, does not shine in through Halifax harbour for about 12 hours more. One hour later it lights up the tower of the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, and a further trip of three hours sees Old Sol glistening on the tops of the big B.C. firs in Stanley Park, Vancouver. Twenty-four hours after starting, it approaches the "other side" of the date line, hence the difference.
Chekiang Springtime

WHAT a thrill to rent a "wheel" for ten cents an hour (Mex.) and then to sail along the countryside like this! No wonder these happy Missionaries wear a smile.

How would you like to come on a trip with us? Winding roads, sparkling rivers, hillsides of bamboo, and pleasant country folk. It's all yours when you rent—or own—a bicycle.

"It's just like old times" said a Missionary visiting us. "Why I can feel those muscles getting in condition already. Boy, what a life! I can't believe it." That's what comes of a trip into the country and a cup of good old Chinese tea.
The Goose Parade

WAVING his long slender rod like a magic wand and uttering the Chinese equivalent of our "Gee . . . Haw", the herder directs the movements of huge flocks of geese or ducks, whose vanguard is often far out of reach of his menacing bamboo.

At a word, accompanied by a flick of the "wand" they will "right turn", "left turn" or climb the bank of a stream. It is most interesting to watch them go through their manoeuvres. Scenes like this are very familiar throughout the country districts of Chekiang.
Here's What Happens to Some of Your Dough.
What Do YOU Think?
ONLY after this picture was taken did we learn that the water buffalo will sometimes attack foreigners. Well, take a good look at this portrait because there aren't going to be any more at point blank range. He doesn't look particularly pleased, at that. Being a slow thinker, he can't make up his mind about that flying tackle. Pardon my haste, Mr. Buffalo. See you later!
His Weary Way
Home and Foreign Missions

SOME people are never quite clear on certain features of what is often termed "this Mission business, anyway". There is a certain amount of bewilderment and the situation is rarely clarified by such statements as:

1. "The work of the Foreign Missions is certainly the most important work of the Church. After all, if Catholics in Western Canada have lost the faith they have done so through their own fault, whereas the Chinese have 'never had a chance'."

Or, on the contrary,

2. "It is most unreasonable to talk about sending men and money to China when so much remains to be done right in our own Canadian West. The time to attend to Foreign Missions is when we have solved our problems at home."

We sincerely hope that you disagree with both statements. For there is no "most important work" in the Church in the sense that all should concentrate their efforts upon that particular work to the exclusion of all other works of God. If you were to listen to some zealots of either cause argue their case you would infer that all Priests in the world should be immediately placed either upon Home or Foreign Mission territory. There would not seem to be room for some in each field. As for the "fallen-away Catholics" and their degree of culpability, the so-called argument is a two-edged sword. It cuts both ways. You can use it according to your point of view. You can say, for example:

"Fallen-away Catholics have had their chance and thrown it away. Give at least a similar chance to the poor Chinese, since there aren't enough Priests to go around." Or again you can remark:

"Since the fallen-away Catholic is more culpable than one who 'never had a chance', his condition is more hopeless and
hence he has a greater claim on our charity. So try to save these stray sheep and leave the Chinese to the Mercy of God."

Hence Statement No. 1 is very misleading. As if there existed any free creature who "never had a chance"!

But Statement No. 2 comes right out with a delightful rapier thrust which gives the coup de grâce to all Foreign Mission endeavour. Attend to Foreign Missions, it says, only when we have solved our problems at home. And we cannot refrain from asking: "When, kind friend, will we have solved all our problems at home?" And from answering, "Surely not before the crack of doom." After which, no doubt, Foreign Mission work should begin.

The thing that most wearies and saddens all true friends of both Home and Foreign Missions is the idea which seems to persist in the minds of some otherwise well-informed people that it is necessary to defend the one by attacking the other. Honestly, we should fear for the success of our own work in this portion of the Lord's Vineyard in China were we disposed to look upon the great Mission work in the West with any feeling other than one of pride and enthusiasm; with anything on our lips or in our hearts but a prayer that God may bless and sustain the zealous efforts of those Missionaries in Western Canada whose work is as "heroic" (if you insist upon the word) as anything we know in China.

Some are called by God to the Foreign Field; others to the Field at Home. In God's sight they are not two fields, but one, and even if you are disposed to stress the differences you will feel that in the heart of every true Catholic there is room for a little sympathy for both. For that matter, what is this difference, anyway? Is it slant eyes or yellow skin or the thousands of miles of Pacific that roll between? Are these things of consequence in the Sight of the Eternal God Whose Image is borne by every human soul?

It is "only natural" that work at home should appeal more strongly to many people than work among pagans in a foreign
land. But we must try to rise above what is "only natural", else there will be no Mission work of any kind, either in Canada or in China. If it were a question of motives that were only natural, none of those heroic young Priests would be wearing their lives out in seeking the stray sheep on the vast Western prairies. Charity is something more than natural. It is supernatural. It is the driving force of the Missions at home and abroad. It is that Divine fire which "begins at home" but which, if it "ends there", must surely die.

As for the merely natural feeling at home in regard to the Chinese people, we know it only too well. It is one, unfortunately, of prejudice which is as ineradicable as it is unfounded. And we cannot say that anyone is very much to blame. People just don't know the Chinese. But even those who would refuse to let a Chinese laundryman past the storm door must realize that there is even in that man, whom they distrust so unreasonably, something more than slant eyes and a penchant for tricks that are vain. They know that a Chinese soul isn't "yellow" any more than the soul of a Celt or a Nordic "superman". They know, if they are Christians, that the gentle Saviour died for Chinese souls as well as for yours and mine.

No, dear friends, the Kingdom of God knows no racial divisions. Canada and China are not two fields, but one. The soul of an innocent Chinese child at this moment is more closely united to you as a fellow member of the Mystical Body of Christ than is the soul of your own friend or brother who may have fallen victim to the tragedy of mortal sin. It is, after all, only eternal values that will endure.

May God ever bless that great Christ-like work of the Western Missions. We ask it in the same prayer with which we pray that He bless His work in China, too. May He inspire kind friends at home to regard Mission work both in Canada and in China as but one united effort to reclaim for the Sacred Heart forever the souls for whom it bled.
Buddhist Monk.
China Goes Modern!

Aeroplanes, by the Hundred!

Boy Scouts, by the Million!
Motor Roads Throughout the Country!

Often Necessitating Heavy Blasting.
The Lishui Amphibian

ROAD building in the mountainous Province of Chekiang was a feat in itself, but it will be a far greater one to span its many rivers with bridges. Till such a time, the scene depicted in the above picture will be daily repeated.

Only strong steel bridges can withstand the flood waters cascading from the mountains and at this time, when road building is still in its infancy, the Chinese can ill afford such luxuries.

In the background can be seen the road leading to the water's edge. Here the passengers change to a boat and are poled to the other side while the bus is ferried across on a huge raft.
"Way Lee! Way Lee!"

We were sitting around in the "katting" or guest room. It was just after supper and the boys were relaxing to the strains of music from the little portable victrola. Suddenly Father King entered, a little excited, it seemed; a trifle pale around the "gills", at least so we imagined.

"What was that, that strange weird noise outside? I never heard anything like that before, although in Ningpo I thought I had heard about all the sounds of China."

We listened. There it was, sure enough. A wail, like the cry of a lost soul, repeated, it seemed, by a chorus of people in answer to some high-pitched incantation coming from another and shriller voice.

"Let's go outside," I said to Father Amyot. "I want to hear this thing at close range, if possible."

It seemed to be just over the backyard fence. It was weird. What a difference between reading about those things in books and then suddenly finding yourself less than 50 yards from where the soul of a dying pagan was being called back to its body by the professional soul-caller.

To Father Amyot and the other older men it was not so strange. And as we listened he unfolded to us the story of what was going on out there in the darkness, where another pagan soul was soon to meet its God.

When a person is dying the pagans believe that his soul has just gone a little way from his body, but is still within hailing distance. But not everybody may presume to attempt to call the soul back. There is a special "medium", sometimes several of them, in the district, and he is hastily summoned before the spirit has gone too far "into the night". The neighbours flock in, just as they would to a wake at home, and when the soul-caller begins his litany of heart-rending appeals to the departing
soul, they all join in the chorus: "Way Lee! Way Lee!"—Come back, come back.

For long hours the dreary chorus goes on, accompanied by the wail of the mourners. No consolation other than this indescribable pandemonium is vouchsafed to the poor dying man. No Priest is there to speak to him of the God Whom he will soon know for the first time, in judgment. No Viaticum to prepare his soul for that last dread journey into eternity.

As I lay on my pillow that night the sound of the mournful dirge still came clearly to my ears. Gradually it seemed to change, and as I slowly succumbed to "tired Nature's sweet restorer", the rising and falling inflection became like the distant moaning of the sea. It seemed that somewhere—out in the darkness—a person was crying for help, and the only answer was that same ceaseless moan.

Today the cries have ceased. Things go on as usual. But somewhere in eternity another pagan soul begins a life that will never end. How truly unsearchable are the ways of God!
Fishin'

There's a brook that I remember, 'twas the prettiest about,
Deep and clear and nicely shaded, full of lively speckled trout
And we used to go there fishin' in the days of long ago,
With our worms and rods and tackle, Jim and Bill and Frank and Joe.
And we'd take our lunches with us so we'd have the whole day there,
Just a-sittin' and a-dreamin', not a worry or a care;
Till we'd feel a kind o' tuggin' at the rod within our hand,
And we'd give a whoop of triumph as we brought our catch to land.

Well, the brook is still a-babblin' under branches red and gold,
But the old gang ain't there these times as they were in days of old.
For one day, as we sat fishin' on an afternoon in Fall,
A strange shadow fell between us and we heard the Master call.
Yes, the years have slipped by quickly and the gang has dropped to four,
And poor Frank he won't go fishin' with the old gang any more;
For the Communists they shot him when they raided Chuchufu,
And my cheeks are damp and glistening and it ain't the evening dew.

Father Joe is down in Honan, Father Jim is here with me,
And we sometimes hear from Billy, all alone in Kiangsi.
He has fled unto the hilltops, just escaped a band of Reds,
And we're 'spectin' every moment to be hearin' he is dead.
While the old brook babbles softly at our favorite rendezvous,
And there, other lads are fishin' as we youngsters used to do.
And perhaps they'll hear the same call as our old gang heard it then,
For a lad can do no better than go fishin' souls of men.

—Rev. H. Sharkey.
The Matchbox Maker

"STITCH, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the song of the shirt."

Make it "paste, paste, paste" and add "cold" to the poverty, hunger and dirt, and you have the Song of the Matchbox Maker, the Matchbox Maker of Lishui.

For from November till March the winter winds sing a chilling and mournful dirge through the open latticework that forms the wall of so many Chinese houses, especially the houses of the poor. And only the poor make matchboxes, only the poorest of the poor, and as you see them from day to day, see the mountains of little boxes piled outside their door, and think of the pittance they are to receive for their many hours of monotonous labour, you cannot but exclaim to yourself:

"Oh, God, that 'rice' should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap."

What industry is there in Canada that could begin to give you an idea of the proportionate cheapness of flesh and blood and human labour? None, thank God. At home, "hand made" is usually the hall mark of quality, the tradesman's excuse for demanding a better price. Here, everything is hand made. And one of the first surprises we received in China was to note the wondrous skill of Chinese craftsmen, silversmiths, wood carvers, needleworkers, carpenters and workmen of every description.

Of course, those trades are such as to enable the workmen to earn a decent living, according to the standard of living over here, which, needless to say, is not as high as that in Canada. The matchbox making is taken up only by those who have no other work, very often by those who are too old to work at a regular trade. Old women take it up as they would their knitting.
Paste, paste, paste, all day long, and when they have made 300 boxes (333 to be exact), they will be paid, I am told, the equivalent of one Canadian cent.

The price paid for the "finished product" is Mex. $1.20 for 10,000. Now, Mex. $1.20 at the present rate of exchange is something less than 30 cents Canadian. The match factory supplies the wood, cut to size, and also the labels and little strips of blue paper, but the glue must be supplied by the boxmaker. This glue is made from rice, a sort of rice gruel. If you can add a little flour, you have a fine paste, but how can you add a little
flour when it takes 333 boxes to make one cent? Flour costs money over here.

When we were visiting the Christians here some time ago, we happened to be in the house of one old Christian lady just as she was returning from work at the factory. She was delighted to see us. "Seng Vu Chi'ih Tso?" she asked anxiously (the spiritual father will take tea), and before we could demur, she already had "the kettle on". The stove was made from an old five-gallon oil tin, same as are used on sampans on the river.

Her son was a candy-maker and invited us to sample some of his "fudge", which wasn't half bad at all. We asked her how much she had made that day, and she told us "Twenty Dong Pah". She seemed quite pleased about it, and told us that she used this money to buy a few little luxuries, as her sons supported her. Luxuries! God help us! Twenty "Dong Pah" is about two cents Canadian. Two cents a day. About 650 boxes.

I asked how much a person could make at the business, the fastest matchbox maker in town, for example. "800 boxes a day," I was told, "was about the best anyone could do." Some of the older people could only turn out 130, and at 333 for one Canadian cent, you can figure out their "profits" for yourself.

Is it any wonder that an occasional alms brings joy into the lives of those poor, those really deserving people! And when the Grey Sisters visit their humble homes and cure their ills and give them medicine that costs a fortune (from their point of view) and demand nothing for it but that they try to be a little more faithful to their religious observances—they thank God for those strange foreign women who have come thousands of miles across the sea "to help the people of China". It is thus, too, that pagans throughout the district so often come face to face with the charity of Christ, something which at first they cannot recognize, cannot fathom, because there has been so little of kindliness in their lives. Such things prepare the way for God's grace, without which all our efforts would be unavailing to win even a single soul from the darkness of paganism.
Best War Stories

I. Champion Outfielder

(Fiction)

Noon hour traffic-jam on Nanking Road. A plane appears overhead. Horrors, a bomb is on its way. There, in plain view of the terrified throng, it comes hurtling downwards. Panic-stricken, rooted to the spot, all gaze in horror as they await their impending doom.

But hold! What’s this! What’s this! A man elbows his way through the crowd and calmly jockeys himself into position directly beneath the winged messenger of death. What a moment! Women scream and strong men grow pale. Squarely bracing himself, our hero calmly extends his arms and catches the 500 pounds of sudden death before it can hit the pavement.

A huge and concerted sigh of relief goes up. All eyes are turned towards the wonder-man. "Well, boys," he murmurs, "that sure was a close one!" Gingerly he deposits his deadly armful. He dusts his hands, adjusts his fedora and proceeds to lose himself among the admiring throng.

In all seriousness, this story was told me by several Chinese friends who are still vainly seeking the name and whereabouts of the unknown hero.

Personally, I should love to have him stationed on the roof of our Shanghai Procure, just about directly over my bed. Hardly a night goes by but people, somewhere in the Settlement, are being killed by shells or shrapnel from anti-aircraft guns. It should be mere child’s play for our hero to handle these stray missives, much as a juggler handles his ping-pong balls.
II. Moon Over the Whangpoo (Fact)

Evening, and the muddy Whangpoo rolling lazily to the sea. On board the U.S.S. Augusta, moored just off the Bund, a talkie is being shown. It is an air picture, Dawn Patrol, or Hell's Angels or something. Roar of engines and rattle of machine-gun fire, as pilots indulge in a tail chasing merry-go-round.

"Ah, what was that! Aeroplanes, eh!"

Nearby, His Imperial Japanese Majesty's Flagship, Idzumo (Shanghailanders call her "Izzy", for short) picks up the roar on its sensitive sound-detectors. Searchlights play on fleecy clouds. Red tracer-bullets dot the night sky and a veritable barrage of anti-aircraft fire from the Japanese war vessel greets the supposed nocturnal marauders.

Suddenly silence. The scene has changed. On board the Augusta the talkie war is over and our hero in back on the farm. Pastoral scene. Surpassing beauty. Tall trees waving in the summer breeze; little lambs bleating as they gambol o'er the lawn; cows chewing the eternal cud, with that stupid, provocative contentment we mortals so rarely attain. Enter, the heroine:

"My darling, my dar-r-r-ling, it's been long, so-o-o long."

Firing has now ceased. Peace reigns and battle-scarred old Izzy again settles quietly at her precarious anchorage. Feeling sheepish, no doubt at wasting so much thunder on the empty air.

Ol' Man Whangpoo, too, must sure "know somethin'", but he "don't say nothin'". And even the man in the moon has his tongue in his cheek—at least it seems so—as the sleepy ol' river just keeps on rollin' along.
Now I'll Tell One

Mr. Ripley visited China not so very long ago. We were half hoping he would come on down the coast from Shanghai and take a sampan up the river from Wenchow. The distance is 90 miles upstream and with good weather, which means good water in the river, he could have made it in three days, 30 miles a day. That might have been an item for "Believe It or Not".

However, it might also have taken three weeks, because when that Wenchow River goes on a rampage there's no sampan between here and Peiping that can make headway against its swollen current. But that's not what I started out to say.

Had Mr. Ripley come here we could have shown him a few things, human-faced crabs; towns with lifeboats instead of fire stations, because the greatest danger is from flood; a photograph of an old man (now dead) whose finger nails were two feet long, and a place along the river bank where a chapel was burned down by a flood. Perhaps our readers can figure that one out for themselves.

The human-faced crab certainly has us all guessing. On its back there is, in bold relief, a perfect reproduction of a Chinese face. It is almost a caricature, like the kind of Chinese face you see in the newspaper cartoons, but there is no mistaking it for anything else. The Chinese theory is that a certain famous philosopher was once drowned in the river and that his face remains to this day on the back of all the crabs. If that is true, as the old joke has it, that man was certainly not two-faced or he would never have been wearing the one he had.

We can't photograph the thing because there is no contrast. It is all brown crab, face and all. But we have a few of them kept in alcohol to send to some of our friends, and I bet they'll gasp when they see them. American friends, perhaps, might
In spite of brisk and fairly regular exchange of shell fire between the Japanese on the Shanghai side and the Chinese forces in Pootung across the Whangpoo River (not to speak of the bombing on “Bloody Saturday”), Shanghai’s famous skyline has not suffered from the ravages of war. This section of the Bund, fortunately, is not in the direct line of fire during these exchanges but the danger from shrapnel has rendered it a fairly deserted spot these days (November, 1937). Doors and windows of all the larger buildings are heavily sand-bagged, giving the waterfront a decidedly warlike appearance, which is accentuated by the presence of a formidable fleet of foreign warships in the narrow river.

At this point the river is not more than a quarter of a mile wide, and daring “hit and run” Chinese machine gunners appear from time to time on Pootung Point, which has been blown almost to smithereens by Japanese naval guns at point blank range. Further inland on the Pootung side mobile or cleverly camouflaged “mystery” batteries have so far defied all efforts on the part of the Japanese to silence them completely.

The unpleasant consequence of these periodic exchanges of gunfire is that occasional shells go wide of their mark and land in otherwise peaceful sections of the International Settlement. (For further details see “Troubled Shanghai”, page 186).
appreciate them not so much for their intrinsic value as for the spirit in which they're sent.

And you know that little notice on the top of your menu card on the dining car, "No meal served for less than 25 cents for each person." Now nobody ever suspected that it was possible to have a meal served on any of the diners I have ever seen for 25 cents. But we could have taken Mr. Ripley—perhaps somebody else did—to a train where for 25 cents—a little less, to be exact—he could have had the following meal:

Soup; steak smothered in onions; foreign potatoes; toast and coffee. Figure out for yourselves what that would cost you on the C.N. or C.P. Fr. Amyot (of Ottawa—now stationed in our most remote Mission station among the mountains of Chekiang) and I enjoyed that very meal on the Shanghai-Hangchow railway and the price was Mex. $1.80 for the two. Mex. $1.80 at present rate of exchange is 45 cents Canadian, less than 25 cents each. It took a long time, to find it, that meal that never was served on any Canadian diner. And that, I had almost forgotten, includes the tip, too.
DE GUSTIBUS...
Turn About.

Summer Garb.
Western Paganism in the East

At home we occasionally meet "fallen-away" Catholics who have far more real hatred for the Church than any unspoiled pagan I have ever met in China. Unspoiled, I mean, by Western influence. *Corruptio Optimi Pessima!* It doesn't seem difficult to demonstrate from history that nothing can become quite as bad as something which has once been very good; no fall can be quite as thorough and irreparable as a fall from the pedestal to the gutter. In how many ways, alas, has this not been proven since the Angel of Light became the Prince of Darkness and Lucifer fell like lightning from Heaven!

*Corruptio Optimi!* We have lived to see what never world saw before; paganism corrupted by Christendom's decay, the darkness of the shadow of death made darker by death itself, where there should have been life abundant. And what spiritual death seems more utterly incapable of resurrection than that of a one-time Christian civilization which has sinned against the light! What yet, we ask ourselves, has God's unwearying Mercy in store?

It remained for the decadent West to out-pagan paganism. Already responsible pagan Chinese have been heard to raise their voices in protest against the output of filth from American movie "factories". Think of it! For centuries human nature has reached its lowest ebb at junction points where "the twain do meet"—Yokohama, Singapore, Macao, Shanghai and other such cities "where there ain't no Ten Commandments". But even this is not the worst. The greatest menace to civilization at home and the greatest hindrance to our Mission work in China is the godless, irreligious Public School System of America.

With the menace of the Public School System in the homeland we are not here concerned. Alarmed at the growth of immorality in High Schools and of Communism in American Universities
many educators are already crying out for a return of religion to the Public School. But we are more immediately concerned when the American Public School System extends its pernicious influence to China.

Not content with banning the name of God from the minds and hearts of innocent children at home it has stretched its obnoxious tentacles across the Broad Pacific. Some years ago Mission Colleges and Schools were closed all over China and the "credit" for that blow struck at Christianity can be given to the American University. Happily, conditions are improving of late but the improvement is due to the fair-mindedness of the Chinese authorities who have recognised the good accomplished by Missions and Mission Schools in China.

It is notorious that the anti-Christian movement in China has been largely directed and "inspired" by Chinese who have studied abroad. According to Dr. T. C. Chao, of Yenching University, "Those who are leading the anti-Christian movement ARE ALMOST ALL MEN WHO HAVE STUDIED IN AMERICA." Those young men set forth in quest of education and enlightenment and through the American University they discovered the literary and philosophical gods of the West. Darwin, Huxley, Shaw and Wells; Tolstoi, Bergson, Spencer and Bertrand Arthur William Russell, F.R.S. Russell, least dangerous perhaps when he sticks to his pragmatism and plays his philosophy by ear, has enjoyed tremendous popularity in China since his series of lectures in 1920 in Peiping.

The very mildest impression that a fair-minded Chinese student could carry back from America would be that religion is at least utterly unnecessary. In most cases they have come to regard it as worse than unnecessary; as distinctly harmful, as a drug or opiate to the people. The whole American University System is a monument to that fallacy. And due to the swiftly changing events that followed the foundation of the Chinese Republic, it was not long before the Chinese educated abroad
were in a position to convert their made-in-America ideas into swift and decisive action. Young China has learned, and is still learning, from America.

However, in our arraignment of others, let us not imagine that we are free from blame. The children of darkness are still wiser in their generation than the children of light, but they are also more zealous and industrious. The enthusiasm with which the Reds of Moscow are striving to enforce Communism on the world is something which should make us hang our heads in shame. What they will do for Lenin many of us will not dare for Christ. Often we rest too complacently upon the assurance of the Divine assistance to the Church, as if Christ intended that to be a refugium for apathy and indifference.

In America the minds of those young students were sufficiently "cultivated" to afford a fertile field for the seeds of anti-Christian Communism. Marx, Lenin and Trotsky form Russia's contribution to the galaxy of Young China's gods, and their works, as well as those of the other writers mentioned above, have been translated into Chinese and are being widely read to-day. Chinese students read and read and read. The percentage of illiteracy is still very high, but the educated are the rulers of the country and in their hands lies the moulding of China's future destiny.

Let us admit it: our heads have been buried in the sand. How much interest have Catholics in America ever taken in the thousands of Chinese students attending the universities? What is being done to-day for the 3,000 students there? Will history repeat itself? Will they be ignored, as their predecessors were ignored? If so, they will return to China hostile to Christianity and their hostility may be translated into further laws to restrict and oppress the Church. It is we, and not they, who are to blame. The Church possesses the true enlightenment they came to the West to seek, but our indifference in this regard has been supine.
The Other Side of the Picture

There seems to be a growing feeling that the manner in which some of the Lives of the Saints were written might admit of a little improvement. The portrayal is so thoroughly idealistic! Every evidence of human frailty has been religiously, almost fanatically, suppressed; with the net result, as far as you and I and the rest of struggling humanity are concerned, that we find some such books about as spiritually helpful as "Alice in Wonderland".

Please don't misunderstand. We're not going realist all of a sudden. Neither are we advocating any Lytton Strachey School of biographical "debunkers". In an age when that misanthropic "art" has become the obsession of many a soured literateur we thank God more fervently than ever for those spiritual heroes who have woven idealism into the very texture of their daily lives. But we should love to have been told that their spirituality and their sublime heroism exacted of them something more than that effortless ease depicted in certain books professing to tell the story of their lives. It would bring them closer to us instead of taking them farther away. To the average mortal who has attained the use of reason, and lives in no fool's paradise as to what sanctity demands of human nature, it would occasion encouragement rather than shock to know that all the Saints might have exclaimed with Saint Augustine: "There goes myself except for the grace of God."

Weren't you consoled, for example, when you read that the Little Flower often found it so desperately hard to keep awake during meditation! She made no bones about telling the fact. And would you be more than mildly horrified to learn that another certain young person, afterwards a canonized saint, once threw a carving knife at the Reverend Mother! It is comforting to realize that people who fall asleep at meditation may get to Heaven after all. And while none of us, personally, ever threw
carving knives at Reverend Mothers, the story brings the rather satisfying conviction that people whose tempers are naturally violent in their early days can overcome their defect and rise to heights of sanctity. Don't you think it helps a little to know such things? Or are you shocked to death? You shouldn't be, really, to learn that God's grace can make a saint out of a spoiled child.

Something has gone similarly awry in regard to stories of Missionary life. There is nobody very much to blame. The situation was more or less inevitable. It is the result of the newspaperman's law of supply and demand which even Catholic papers may not transgress. It is the old "man-bite-the-dog" story over again. There never was, and there never will be, any demand on the part of the reading public for what is prosaic and commonplace and humdrum. They far prefer to be told that "Whole Village Embraces Christianity"—"Lone Missionary Converts 5,000 People"—and that occasionally (due to the depression, no doubt) "Cannibal Tribe Pleads for Missionary!"

All of which is perfectly true. And far be it from us to suspect any but the loftiest of motives even on the part of the "tribe". "Whole Villages" do embrace Christianity, but the point is that it is by no means the usual thing. We know far more villages that are not the least bit interested. Priests do baptize consoling numbers of pagans, thank God, but very often the great harvest of souls vouchsafed to one Missionary has been won by the heroic sacrifice and hidden suffering of a predecessor who has sown in tears. For the rare Priest who baptizes thousands annually there are many unknown soldiers of Christ who must keep plodding away at the slow and laborious and humanly thankless task of making gradual conversions among a people often indifferent. If you feel that it should be otherwise, you have only to read the life of Christ. The great Father Westerwoudt spent twenty years in Borneo without baptizing a single soul, and went almost convert-less to his grave.
Now what is the result of the recurring appearance of such "typical" news items at home? It is that thousands of people who would be on their knees before the Tabernacle if they knew the real nature of the mission struggle have been lulled into a sense of false complacency. Continued stories of mission triumphs with hardly a word of drab and discouraging mission failures have made our people feel that the Priests and Sisters in China and India and Africa have the situation "well in hand". "What need have they of our prayers?" unthinking people ask. "Well in hand!" God help us! The truth is that in China the real battle for souls has hardly begun. And without the help of prayer, our own prayers and yours, we shall be as helpless in the greater struggle impending as the Chinese "dare to die" sword brigade against the machine guns and tanks and heavy artillery of modern Japan. By all means tell our people of the Church's triumphs! By all means encourage them after their wonderful sacrifices on behalf of Missions the world over! But do not feel that they cannot stand an occasional revelation as to what is distinctly "the other side of the picture".
The Call of the West

The following poem was not written by a Missionary, but, presumably, by some homesick adventurer. But it will give our readers an idea of the human side of the discomforts which the Missionary cheerfully endures and their contrast with what he has left behind—at home.

I'm sick of the Chink and the Tartar;
   I'm sick of the Jap and Malay;
And far away spots on the chart are
   No place for yours truly to stay.

I've had enough undersized chicken,
   And milk that comes out of a can;
The East is no region to stick in
   For this one particular man.

I'm weary of curry and rice, all
   Commingled with highly-spiced dope;
I'm weary of bathing with Lysol
   And washing with carbolic soap.

I'm tired of itch skin diseases,
   Mosquitoes and vermin and flies;
I'm fed up with tropical breezes
   And sunshine that dazzles my eyes.

Oh, Lord, for a wind with a tingle,
   An atmosphere zestful and keen;
Oh, Lord, once again just to mingle
   With crowds that are white folks and clean.

To eat without fear of infection,
   To sleep without using a net,
And throw away all my collection
   Of iodine, quinine, et cet.

To know all the noise and the glamour,
   The hurry and fret of the West,
I'd trade all the Orient glamour
   That damned, lying poets suggest.

They sing of the East as "enthralling",
   And that's why I started to roam;
But I hear the Occident calling—
   Oh, Lord, but I want to go HOME.
Grimly silent amid the thunder of shot and shell, these foreign warships on the Whangpoo serve as a stern reminder that lives of foreigners are to be protected.

Troubled Shanghai

It is 1 a.m., or maybe 2 or 3 or 4. You are awakened from a sleep that has become habitually fitful these anxious days. Chinese planes are overhead again and the anti-aircraft guns from the Japanese war vessels on the Whangpoo are barking steadily. Through your window you can see a regular fireworks display as searchlights and red tracer bullets illumine the night sky. Sleepily, apprehensively, your mind goes back to the opening day of this undeclared war, the "Bloody Saturday" when one huge bomb intended for the "Idzumo" landed on a wharf in the Hongkew District, another right beside the Cathay Hotel on the Bund, and when, a few hours later, a Chinese plane that had been disabled by the Japanese let part of its deadly cargo fall right in the thick of a 5 o'clock traffic jam. Over 1500 in all were killed that day and 900 wounded, and scenes were enacted that people don't like to talk about any more. The
thought of it all flits through your mind as the roar of the aeroplane engines becomes unpleasantly loud. You pray that no direct hits will be scored while those heavily-laden bombers are droning overhead. The windows rattle and the bed shakes slightly as bombs explode nearly two miles away. For about an hour it lasts, sometimes less, and as the roar of the guns becomes more intermittent and the drone of the engines dies away in the distance you compose yourself for another attempt at much-needed sleep. There isn't much glamor in these "Shanghai Nights", let me tell you. And the great Oriental Metropolis will have to find another name. It is no longer the New York or the Paris of the Orient or the Paradise of Adventurers or anybody's Paradise. Shanghai and its immediate environs for the past few months have become just a little bit of hell.

Strange, though, the fascination of aerial combat! In the daytime, and very occasionally in the early part of the night, we go up on the roof of the Procure to watch the display. We have seen bombs released from the Japanese planes and watched the rising cloud of smoke and debris as they hit their mark. On two occasions planes fell in flames, seemingly very near the Settlement. When Chinese planes are in the air, almost invariably at night, a veritable hail of shrapnel falls in different parts of the Settlement and occasionally unexploded anti-aircraft shells bury themselves in somebody's backyard—or kitchen. One fell on the lawn near Fr. MacDonald's Church of Christ the King. Another fell—and exploded—just across the street from here, near the Compound of the Sisters of Charity's Maison Centrale. Still another landed in the Convent at Zikawei, three miles from the Whangpoo, and a Little Sister of the Poor found a shell in the rice bin one day when she went to prepare the dinner. "And" she added naively and quite as a matter of course, "I went and told Mother Superior." Somehow, in spite of war and shrapnel and refugees that story tickled my funny-bone.
Thousands of people, mostly women and children, have been evacuated to Manila or Hongkong. Many, weary of Shanghai's incessant troubles, occurring with monotonous regularity every five years, have shaken the dust of the city off their feet forever and left for their respective homelands. Can't say that I blame them altogether. It isn't exactly love of such troubles that keeps us here but the fact that we have a job to do. Shortly after arriving here, two weeks ago, I decided to phone up several of my friends. Invariably it was the Chinese boy who answered the phone. In some cases it was "Everybody have go Hongkong." Mostly it was "Missee have go Hongkong, Master belong office." And a phone call to the office elicited the reply that business had gone to Hongkong too, or even further.

This hole on Avenue Edward VII was made by two bombs dropped on August 14, 1937 by a Chinese plane that had been disabled in combat. On the fateful "Bloody Saturday" over 1500 were killed and 900 wounded in Shanghai.
There are rumours aplenty. They vie with prophecies. And, as usual in such cases, it is *Quot homines, tot sententiae*. People have lined up more or less definitely into two schools of thought, the unreasoning optimist who believes what he wants to believe and the dark pessimist whom our friend Bishop MacDonald used to like to describe as a blind man looking in a dark closet for a black hat that wasn't there. Except that these days over here it is the optimists who are looking for the black hats that aren't and may never be there.

"In a few weeks we'll be back to normal, just as soon as fighting moves away from the Settlement and boats start calling again."

"You know, there's no telling how long this thing will last around here."

"Say, you haven't seen anything yet. The real danger is from epidemics, cholera and typhoid and meningitis and small-pox." We wondered if he couldn't scare up a few more. "How many Chinese troops are there around us? Just 300,000. And how many troops to defend the Settlement? About 10,000. Well, figure it out yourself."

"I tell you, sir, Shanghai is finished. It will never recover."

Take your choice of the rumors. The pessimists win, as far as numbers are concerned, and all seem agreed that Shanghai is facing the gravest crisis in its history.

But there is a bright side to the picture, a very bright side that is lost on those whose only interests in Shanghai are and always have been commercial. For in spite of the fact that we know many excellent people and have made many fine friends in this great city, it must be admitted that there are foreign adventurers here whom the Chinese have no particular reason to love and of whom Christianity has no reason to feel proud. One friend of mine remarked that this war was a visitation on Shanghai because of its wickedness. Shanghai has always been very definitely "East of Suez".
But the bright side! We have seen it for ourselves. Amid the welter of human misery there have suddenly arisen ministering Angels of Mercy, Sisters of almost every community devoting themselves, as ever, to the alleviation of suffering. Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, driven from their own homes in Sacred Heart Hospital, Yangtszepoo or the General Hospital (where a shell exploded right in the operating room) have been received, almost as refugees themselves, by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. From their new home they go forth daily to the improvised hospitals and refugee camps and already hundreds of Baptisms of dying adults and children have been administered by these zealous and intrepid women. In Nantao, where, as one Sister put it "we gather up shrapnel in baskets" and the threat of a Japanese bombardment is very real, the Little Sisters of the Poor still remain at their posts, caring for their helpless charges, still walk from door to door begging from the sympathetic Chinese people the pittance that keeps them alive and makes their heroic work possible. We thought we were quite brave two weeks ago, running the gauntlet from Hangchow to Shanghai by motor car, through towns that had been bombed by the Japanese, and were bombed again a few days later. But one week ago four little Sisters left here by night, under the guidance of Fr. Jacquinot, of 1932 fame, on their way to Lanchi to take charge of a so-called hospital, three pagodas donated by the Government where as yet they have neither medicine nor equipment, where there are already hundreds of seriously wounded soldiers and where the Sisters are obliged to live in hovels. Somehow, I felt a strange thrill that night at the thought of those Sisters moving forward in the darkness and the danger to pass through the Chinese lines at a time when so many other women had left the comparative safety of the Foreign Settlements. Who will say that God has not already drawn much good out of the awful evil of this cruel war!
What Might Have Been

At the present moment we know of three or four young men who are thinking of joining our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs to devote their lives to the work of the Foreign Missions. A struggle is going on in their souls. (Was ever vocation to the Foreign Missions decided without a struggle against poor weak human nature?) They have to fight first of all against themselves. The devil, too, is busy, because if he can prevent it, they will not win pagan souls for Christ.

Many heroic young souls have won this double victory, against themselves and against the obstacles the devil raises to discourage them. And yet they have been vanquished. How is it possible? you ask. They have been dissuaded at the last by the advice of well-meaning friends. They could not go on fighting for ever, it seems. In their struggles they found few to encourage them, but many to take sides against them and wear down their gallant resistance. And they succumbed, at the last. And the work God had asked them to accomplish for Him in fields afar will be recorded in the Annals of Eternity only as the sad story of what might have been.

Dear friends, we are not trying to find fault, to place blame. We realize only too well just what it often means to father and mother and friends—to father and mother above all—to hear from the lips of their boy that he wants to be a foreign Missionary. It demands of them a sacrifice hard for flesh and blood to bear. And nobody knows it better or feels it more keenly than the boy himself. He is thinking more of them than of himself because he knows that upon them the greatest force of the blow will fall.

Only once in my life did I feel like a murderer. It was while on campaign work in Canada when I visited the home of just such a young man who wanted to come to our Seminary. I was introduced to his mother and the look in her face as she met
me is something I can never forget. She had been putting up a brave little struggle—poor human mother—to keep her boy at home. And she felt that I had come to take him, that my influence would be the last straw to break down the power of her mother-love.

And then I said to myself—and to her—that no Priest, no man, could demand of her or of her boy the sacrifice she feared. Only Christ Himself, who knew the value of the immortal souls of men; only the Man of Sorrows whose weary, thorn-crowned head had rested on Calvary's Cross; only He whose own heartbroken mother had stood beneath that very Cross could ask of her what He was asking now.

Dear fathers and mothers, if the time ever comes when God demands that sacrifice of you, remember that He asks it for immortal souls who otherwise may never see salvation. In eternity they will be jewels in your crown of happiness as you sit at the feet of Christ forever. Then will you thank God that you did not refuse the Cross He offered you as a pledge of your boy's eternal salvation and your own.

"Alas for those who die without fulfilling their mission, who were called to be holy and who lived in sin, who were called to worship Christ and plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world. The world goes on from age to age, but the Holy Angels and Blessed Saints are forever crying 'Alas, Alas' and 'Woe, woe', over the loss of vocations, the disappointment of hopes, the scorn of God's love and the ruin of souls."
As we write these lines a terrific thunderstorm is raging, the first real one since this year’s band reached China. We have often heard heavier thunder at home, but never felt a house shake as this one is shaking now. Each successive thunderclap threatens to bring it tumbling down about our heads like a house of cards.

Rain, in driving sheets, is lashing furiously against the window pane. The elements seem suddenly to have discovered a hostile presence in our little house that is built of stones and mud. They are straining every nerve to encompass its downfall. This is an atmosphere I always loved, ever since childhood days, when just such storms served to accentuate the cosiness and safety of a certain little home twelve thousand miles away. But to-day there is an added fascination, for it does not require a great stretch of imagination to see the fury of the demons in the fury of the storm. We have rescued a soul from their clutches, snatched a victim from their cruel grasp on the very brink of eternal ruin. To-day in our little city of Lishui, to-day while the thunder roars and the lightning stabs and the angry rain lashes on the window pane, a life is slowly ebbing away. A man is dying at peace with God after a lifetime of paganism; dying a Christian, his soul resplendent in its white baptismal robe, because the charity of the Grey Sisters won his heart and prepared his soul for God’s saving grace; because God’s Angels of Mercy came to him in his darkest hour. His conversion is one of the most consoling answers to prayer that God has vouchsafed to bestow upon us since we came to China.

The story really begins with the advent two years ago of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception to Lishui and the cure of a very sick girl three days after their arrival. Hardly were they settled down in their new home when news came to them that a girl was dying in a house not far away. Three Chinese doctors had pronounced her case hopeless; had left her to the mercy of the gods and the well-nigh fatal devices of well-meaning relatives and friends. The Sisters found her nearing the crisis of typhoid fever, with a temperature of 104. She was in mortal terror of them, and shrank away when they tried to place the thermometer under her tongue. When they arrived, well-meaning friends were forcing the poor girl to eat a meal of
"West to the sinking sun,
Where the junk sails lift
To the homeless drift
And the East and the West are one."
"He Just Keeps Rollin' Along".
meat, sweet potatoes and rice—at the crisis of typhoid fever. For three days the Sisters nursed her tenderly through the critical stage of the disease. As they left the house Saturday evening they told the mother to let her rest, and said they would return Monday morning. Next morning after Mass, as they were leaving the Church, they espied the girl before the door, seated in a rickshaw, almost delirious with fever and excitement, and surrounded by a curious throng of people. The mother explained to them that they thought it better that the Sisters should see her, so they brought her along. Just what the Sisters feared came to pass. After her ride back home over the rough cobblestones she had a hemorrhage, and it seemed that all their efforts would be unavailing to save her now. But God was with them in their efforts on this first case of theirs in this pagan land. And the girl recovered. The news spread throughout the length and breadth of the district, and ever since that day people have been brought to the dispensary in sedan chairs from as far as 100 li away (about 35 miles).

After her recovery, the girl came to Mass nearly every Sunday. A few weeks ago she stopped coming, so Father Kam and I went down to see the family to find out, quietly, what had happened. Her father had insisted that she stay home oftener on Sundays to help him with his work, and the girl was very much disappointed. He received us very politely, served tea and cigarettes, and chatted with Father Kam even about religion. At the time we remarked that the man looked very delicate, tubercular. It is that same man, the girl’s father, who is dying to-day.

A few days ago he was taken with several violent hemorrhages. In spite of the girl’s insistence on calling the Sisters, it was the Chinese doctors who were called. Only after three hemorrhages, which they had vainly tried to stop, did she prevail on him to have the Sisters come to the house. They diagnosed the case as the last stage of tuberculosis, with hemorrhage from the lungs. His condition was critical owing to the loss of so
much blood. For several days they visited the house, each time checking the hemorrhage. They felt they could only prolong his life for a few more days, as he was beyond medical aid. As they left Friday evening they asked him to send a report first thing Saturday morning. They warned him that the Chinese remedies he had been taking could do him no possible good.

Saturday morning no word came. The Chinese doctors had returned to the scene, jealous of the success of the Sisters, and had warned the poor man that their medicine was doing him harm. He had once been an opium smoker, but had overcome that dread habit, and now the doctors told him that the Sisters were giving him injections of morphine, and that if he continued their treatment and recovered, he would only be a drug addict for the rest of his days. In vain did the wife and daughter insist that it was only the Sisters who could do him any good. The man listened to the doctors’ warning and allowed them to apply their remedies once more. This “saved their face” before the people. Late Saturday afternoon, however, there was another violent hemorrhage, which seemed to foretell the end. Once more they failed him, and once more the daughter wanted to get the Sisters. The man was terrified. But he felt that it was too late to appeal to the Sisters now. He had played them false, had ignored all their warnings and gone back to the native medicine.

“It’s too late now,” he said. “They won’t come. Father Kam is angry, and the Sisters are angry.” The poor man did not know what charity meant, did not know that there was no such thing as human resentment on the part of those gentle followers of the Master he was so soon to know. Quietly word was sent from the house, and great was the surprise and joy of the sick man a short time later when the Sisters entered the room. He had expected they would have acted like any pagan doctor under such circumstances. Instead, he found himself once more face to face with the most gentle and considerate kindness, and a strange something stirred in the very depths of that poor
pagan soul. Who were those strange women from a far-off country, who did not believe in the power of the gods, who went about doing good everywhere, and who treated him as if he were one of their very own? He did not know it, but at that blessed moment a greater crisis was at hand. The evil spirits that clustered around that bed of death saw and were troubled.

When Father Kam visited the sick man he was amazed at the change that had come over him. He found him disposed as never before to listen to a quiet exposition of the love of God and the value of his immortal soul. He wondered at the eager intensity with which he asked for Baptism. God's grace had only been awaiting a propitious moment, and as the saving waters were poured on the head of the dying man, from beneath the ugly palimpsest of paganism the image of God once more stood revealed. The man was trembling, but it was not the weakness of death. A new life was his, a life that was to endure throughout eternity. Another victory had been won for Christ, another soul reclaimed for Him who died for our salvation.

Dear readers, it is at such moments that we thank God for China. If in the annals of eternity no deed should stand recorded but the eternal salvation of that immortal soul, then indeed could we feel that our work in China had not been in vain. From the first that case had been placed in God's hands. At Mass each morning, in the Rosary each evening, we had asked God to grant that this sickness might not be unto the death of the soul. And God had heard our prayer. Compared with the miracle which took place in the darkness of that poor pagan home, how trifling and insignificant are the grandest works of man on earth! Compared with the sublime privilege of thus co-operating with Christ in the grandest work in life, how small are the sacrifices and privations of the Missionary in foreign lands! Pray that there may be many such pagan souls led to the loving Heart of our Divine Saviour. Pray for His Missionaries, both Priests and Sisters, that He may sustain them in their efforts for the souls for whom He died.
"My Country . . . My People."
The Glory of the Missions

A Chinese proverb has it that "a journey of ten thousand miles starts off with a single step". It would be quite a task to answer individually all the letters that have come to me from those at the Seminary, so I will address this one to you all, and it will serve to bring to you my sincerest good wishes for a very happy summer vacation. At the close of another year of Seminary life for you I feel the urge to pen some of the thoughts that come to me as I reflect on the happy associations of days spent amongst you. As we gather together here in Lishui we often recall persons and events that figured in our lives at China Mission Seminary. One by one the students pass in review, and it cheers us all to hear that our "little family" has now grown appreciably in size and that the same old spirit still animates all its members.

Over here we are waiting for them, more aware now of just what awaits them when they have said goodbye, one by one, to happy Seminary associations, and have left behind them a tradition that will continue to be our pride. And as we think of them all we cannot but utter a prayer that the Sacred Heart will ever unite them, and unite us all, in that precious bond of charity whose golden links will reach from Scarboro to Vancouver and Chekiang. After all, boys, there is really no separation worthy of the name. For those who are living members of the Mystical Body of Christ there is neither height nor depth nor dreary stretches of ocean waste. We are all one in Him and all very close to one another, closer indeed than members of the same family at home who may have fallen victims to the only real tragedy in life, the tragedy of sin that could separate them from Him Who is All in All to every one of us.

Of late we seem to have at times another conception of China, one that might have been hidden in the background during our moments of heroism and chivalry of younger days when our only
thought was to save souls for Christ. That is still our only desire, but already, in spite of the loneliness and occasional disappointments of China, we have come to feel that the very darkness and gloom and forbidding atmosphere of the paganism that surrounds us, must needs drive us—there seems to be no better word—ever closer to His Sacred Heart. That, after all, is the reward of China, the reward a hundredfold in this life, that Christ must come to mean more to us possibly than ever before. And whether it be His Will to bestow upon our efforts success or that apparent failure which is often the portion of those He loves best—well, that is in His hands.

I can never forget the first impression I received when our boat was steaming up the river to Wenchow. For the first time we got a glimpse of the towering mountains and the winding river, and realized that somewhere in beyond that great range of hills, scattered in different little pagan towns, were the boys who but a few short years before had been companions in class and on the recreation field, and had passed cheerfully, happily, through the few Seminary years that separated them from China. At first it seemed an overpowering thought. Those boys, together developing their spiritual, intellectual and physical powers; a few swift years of life at its human best and then—this; scattered away in remote little places amid the towering hills of China. It was a picture of life for all of us. A few short years at the Seminary and then China till the end. My dear boys, do you think creation ever held up a nobler picture for the scrutiny of God on High? Everything that life holds, cheerfully given up for Him! Even were never one single soul reclaimed from the darkness of paganism and ushered into the bright light of God’s love, then this would be success indeed, the greatest and noblest success of which poor human nature, aided by God’s unfailing grace, is capable on earth. That is the glory of the Missions, the glory of renunciation for the sake of love. So greatly does God prize just such a sweet surrender of our will to Him that He deems all the evil in the world, past, present and future, not too great a price to pay.
Have I made myself clear? Perhaps not. But you can picture to yourselves, can't you, a perpetual stream of human creatures flowing into Heaven since creation's dawn. That might have been. Were there no free will and had God destined for us even a lesser Heaven, it would have been indeed. But He decreed otherwise. Judge for yourselves how precious in His sight must be the voluntary offering of free souls when the awful price paid was something He did not deem too great. I do not mean only the awful price paid on Calvary. I mean the price the world—willy nilly—has paid ever since the creation of man and will continue to pay till the end of time. All the evils in the world to-day, all the injustices of history, the suffering, the murders, the massacres—these things might never have been. And at the end who knows what part of the human race will have used that gift of free will to give themselves to Him? Yet was all this deemed better than the eternal salvation of men who could not turn away from God. Think then, my dear boys, of how precious in His sight must be the immolation you are going to make of yourselves, the giving up of everything, the offering of your young lives solely for His sake and to bring something of His love into the hearts of men. That, if I have made it at all clear, is the very essence of what it means to be a Missionary. It somewhat shatters, perhaps, the old conception, so often, and, to my mind, so unwisely repeated, that of millions of pagan souls falling into hell and that of heroic young men standing in the gap to save them. We do not know how many pagan souls go into hell. We are not required to know. I never could see why it should be deemed necessary to make a tyrant out of our loving Father in Heaven in order to spur us to the best that was in us. The whole point is that those souls do not know Him, cannot love Him until they do, cannot render Him the service of free creatures which He prizes most of all things in creation. That is our work, to try to bring His love into their souls, to give back to Him in this way the souls for whom He died—because only in this life are they free to accept or reject Him, only in this life can they begin to render to Him the service that is His.
You have heard people urge, on the other hand, that God is merciful and that He will condemn no man without his having had a chance. You have heard, and you will hear, people urge it as an objection against your Missionary vocation that many of those pagans may get to Heaven anyway, through invincible ignorance, so what is the use of trying to save them. God help us. Must we do one of two things, either make God a tyrant and consign them all to hell (as if we could possibly know) or save them through invincible ignorance and thus—as it were—penalize God for His very mercy? Even if they should be saved as pagans, it is not the way God wants them to be saved. *He wants their love, as He wants our love, and that longing of His Sacred Heart should be enough for us.*

My dear boys, I have wandered far afield, perhaps, but I know you will understand. We must have a real conception of our sublime vocation and not be deterred or dissuaded or, above all, misled, by the false attitudes even of well-meaning friends. Never let your understanding of your great vocation be marred by the thought either of mock heroics or mere humanitarianism. Keep God always—if you will pardon the phrase—"in the picture", and remember that the great driving force behind all Missionary work and Missionary sacrifice is nothing other than the love of God, His love for you and His burning desire for the love of the hearts of men. No Missionary vocation, that is a real one, and that will stand the wear and tear of the inevitable disillusionment of China, can be built upon any other foundation. Thus will you learn not to regard objective results and success as synonymous terms.
The Tragedy of Paganism

How would YOU answer these questions?

1. Of the 250,000 pagans who died in China this week, how many are lost?

2. Do you think any of them may have gone to Heaven?

3. If you did think so, would you abandon all efforts to help the Missions?

4. Does God want us to satisfy ourselves on such questions before we can make up our minds to help the Missions?

5. What do you think of the argument: “Well, if there is any chance of salvation for them without Christianity, I certainly can't see why we waste so much effort, so much money and so many fine lives”?

It is almost ancient history now, this question of the “heresy” of Mrs. Pearl Buck and her difficulties with the Presbyterian Fundamentalists. Most current questions are ancient history by the time we are enabled to comment on them. But Mrs. Buck’s liberal statement of the case (just another of the Church’s platitudes ushered in as a modern discovery) caused quite a stir over here; almost as great a stir as her arraignment of some of the Missionaries of her own persuasion.

For Mrs. Buck finds she cannot subscribe to the Fundamentalist Doctrine. She finds it hard to believe that a pagan, by the very fact that he is a pagan, cannot possibly have any chance of salvation. And her reluctance to believe such things is heralded the world over as a new discovery of religious liberalism. Hardly a Priest has since been interviewed by a reporter but the question has been put to him: “What does the Catholic Church think of the possibility of salvation of the savage in darkest Africa or the head hunter in Borneo or the abandoned Chinese pagan baby?” The “amazing discovery” has been made that the Church has always taught that each man will be judged
according to the light he has received; that no man will be con-
demned without a chance.

"Forgive me," says M. H. Halton of the "Toronto Star" to
the distinguished Jesuit, Father Woodlock, "if I revive the old
bromide about the unbaptized savage; but how does the Catholic
Church account for the soul of the savage anyhow?" To which
Fr. Woodlock replies, as any Priest would have replied, that
"the savage child who dies unbaptized cannot be punished for
his ignorance." The savage child who dies unbaptized cannot,
of course, get to Heaven, but—well, we better stop right here
because it will lead us too far afield. It is with another point
that we are concerned, one that we also discovered in the
"Toronto Star" under the Observer column. It crystallizes the
whole issue. Under an article entitled "The Heresy of Pearl
Buck" the "Star Observer" poses a question: "Does this view
(that some pagans may get to Heaven) cut the nerve of Foreign
Missions, as good people protested forty years ago when this
broader view began to make a stir?"

There you have it, something we had long expected to find.
Evidently there were "good people" forty years ago who postu-
lated one hundred per cent. damnation of pagans as the price
of their own hard-earned money for mission support. If it could
be shown—dreadful thought—that a solitary pagan might pos-
sibly be saved without Christianity, then the whole superstructure
of mission endeavour at home would collapse like a house of
cards. They would have every pagan's fate a foregone conclusion
from the moment of his entrance into this vale of tears. He was
simply to fall into line, take his place in that dreary march past
of the countless legions of the damned. To our first question,
then, namely, "Of the 250,000 pagans who died in China this
week, how many are lost?" the answer for the Presbyterian
Fundamentalist would be childishly easy. Simply "250,000".

The temptation to go into this question, as fully and as
intrinsically as one may, is almost irresistible. But it would be a
digression. Besides, the conclusion would be, when all was said
and done, that it was simply an inscrutable mystery of Divine Providence. The point with which we wish to concern ourselves in the rest of this article is that it is utterly unnecessary to try to satisfy ourselves as to how many pagans are lost before we can leave home for China or give a ten-dollar donation to a Mission Burse Fund, or help the Missions in whatever way God wants us to help. A fortiori it is unnecessary to satisfy ourselves that they are all damned eternally. Most emphatically is it not the case that our willingness to help the Missions must be based upon the dismal conviction that every single pagan who ever lived must, if he remain a pagan in life, be banished from the sight of God forever. We have not time in this article to go fully into that phase of the question. The whole point is that, however obscure may be our knowledge as to what happens to pagans after death, there is nothing in the least obscure about what God wants us to do for them while they are alive. Mission work is essentially concerned with live rather than with dead pagans, or the fate of dead pagans, or what we think is the fate of dead pagans.

It all leads to the question, "What is the real tragedy of paganism?" Is it the fact that since this time yesterday 35,000 pagan Chinese have passed into eternity? Is that the tragedy of paganism? Most assuredly not. The real tragedy was enacted before their eyes were closed in death. What happens after death is but the result of the dismal tragedy that is pagan life. Whatever be the tragedy of paganism—and that we shall presently show—it is very clear as to what is the tragedy of Fundamentalist Presbyterianism. It is the repulsive doctrine that our efforts on behalf of pagans must be in inverse proportion to our conception of the Mercy of God. Only when we have satisfied ourselves that God is an absolute tyrant must we soar to our greatest heights of missionary endeavour. As long as His loving Mercy might decree some way of giving a chance to a pagan who had never heard of Christianity we must be sceptical about Christ's command to "teach all nations" or "preach the Gospel to every creature". Once satisfied as to the hundred per cent
damnation theory, the brave young Missionary Horatius, more merciful than God Himself, will step forth to stem that awful tide of helpless, hopeless human misery forever rolling towards the shores of eternal woe. What, then, is the tragedy of paganism? For answer turn to your Butler’s Catechism, or whatever catechism you know, and find there the answer to the question as to why God made us. The only tragedy, in life or in death, in time or in eternity, is to have failed to fulfil the sublime purpose for which we were called forth from nothingness. The answer is, in these or other words:

“To know, love and serve Him here on earth and afterwards to see and enjoy Him for ever in Heaven.” It is most decidedly with the “here on earth” part of the answer that the Missionary is most concerned in his efforts for the pagans. God wants them to know and love Him. From them, as well as from ourselves, God yearns for the love of poor human hearts. That He must be denied this love two thousand years after Gethsemane and Calvary, and denied it by two-thirds of the human race, that is the grim tragedy of paganism. To be themselves bereft of the love of God, which alone can satisfy the ceaseless cravings of their poor human hearts, that is the tragedy that blights unhappy pagan souls. Like helpless, abandoned derelicts they drift aimlessly on the storm-tossed sea of life. If, at the end, their real destiny unfulfilled, some of them should be caught by God’s Mercy and tossed up on the shores of a safe eternity, surely nobody would use that very Mercy as an argument for abandoning efforts to rescue those who still struggle and perish far out at sea. And if you were as close to paganism as we are every day of our lives, you would realize that there is plenty of ground for pessimism as to the number who will be faithful to the undoubted chance God will give them at some period of their lives. To realize this we need only consider the number who are unfaithful to the tremendous graces bestowed upon every member of the Mystical Body of Christ. In life’s stormy and ever uncertain passage towards the eternal shore even the shelter and safety of Peter’s Bark avail not to save some souls from eternal
destruction. What, then, of those who must brave the treacher­
ous tempests of life's stormy sea with only a frail and water­
logged raft on which to make that dread passage towards eter­
nity! Oh, no! One need be no blind optimist in order to
defend the Mercy of God. One need not overstate the case and
pretend that paganism is anything but the hideous slavery of
Satan that it is. But neither must one acquiesce in the insult to
God whereby He is supposed not only not to provide even that
frail and dangerous raft, but to hang a millstone round every
pagan's neck lest he might by chance escape the lurking dangers
that beset life's stormy sea.

Why is this so? you ask. God could have saved all souls.
As far as human minds may dare pry into the inscrutable secrets
of Providence the answer is that the salvation of those souls who
will freely choose God is more precious in His sight than that
of a whole creation which was not free to accept or reject Him,
a creation in which there would be no free will. The fact is—
and eternity will be too short in which to thank God for it—that
we, by our poor human efforts, can reclaim countless souls from
paganism and give them back to the Heart of the gentle Man of
Sorrows Who died that they might love Him forever. Thus it
is that if we fail to do our part in helping the Missions, whether
that part be to leave all and follow Him, or to work with those
who help by prayer and sacrifice at home, then undoubtedly and
forever will the Sacred Heart be deprived of the love of souls
for whom It bled. Do not ask why it is so. Thank God for the
unspeakable privilege of being His co-worker in the grandest
work in life.

Our duty in this regard is something not to be lightly
esteemed. It is a very serious affair. Upon our efforts will
depend whether or not many of those souls will come to know
and love Him, but also—let us never forget it—upon our fidelity
may depend our own very salvation. We are no mere spectators
in this great march-past of humanity. We cannot stand aside
speculating as to the eternal fate of pagans, the while we waste
our own little chance and our own little lives trying to delve into the unsearchable ways of God. We have but one life to live, and time will not pass our way again. Meanwhile there is nothing in the least vague or obscure about Christ's command, and His call to the Mission Field is the most desperately serious thing that can ever make itself heard in any young man's soul. When the rich young man "turned away sad" from the call of the Gentle Master it was for that young man's own salvation that Christ expressed the most concern. His comments have been interpreted by some spiritual writers as casting doubt upon that young man's salvation. Be that as it may; be the eternal fate of pagans as it may, it will avail you or me nothing to add to the tragedy of paganism the saddest and most irrevocable tragedy of Christianity, that in which a young soul destined by God to great things for eternity, turns sadly away to face the great empty outer darkness. Whether the vast majority of pagans—and that means the majority of the human race—be lost or saved, our duty is crystal clear. It is simply to obey the command of Christ to teach all nations; it is to give of the best that is in us even unto death, that souls on earth may know Him and in Heaven may live forever in the ravishing raptures of His Eternal Love.

ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM IN SINIS!
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All the text of this book was set by Linotype Operators Liu Kwei Sung and Zee Chang Sung pictured above, neither of whom can read or speak a single word of English.