

SOME ASPECTS
OF
CHINESE LIFE AND THOUGHT

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*BEING LECTURES DELIVERED UNDER THE
AUSPICES OF PEKING LANGUAGE SCHOOL*

1917-1918

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FOREWORD

During the evenings of this winter 1917-18 we have been shut off from much of the customary social life of our little cosmopolitan community, and our minds have been preoccupied with thoughts of war. When Mr. Pettus, Director of the North China Union Language School, proposed that we should foregather once a week and hear lectures on subjects of current interest in Chinese affairs, we accordingly welcomed his suggestion, and I am sure that the whole community of Peking will look back on these weekly gatherings as one of the pleasantest memories of our winter life.

The lectures were primarily intended for the British and American students of the Language School, but they immediately attracted a much wider and keenly interested circle, who found in our regular gatherings a ready opportunity for congenial intercourse. The speakers will not easily forget those very stimulating audiences of men and women who have distinguished themselves in every sphere of activity in China.

The lectures need no introduction and no commentary. They cover a wide range, and touch with knowledge and experience a large number of topics which interest every student of life and work and politics in China. Those of us who have spent many years in this country are sometimes inclined to feel that progress

is too slow, that the awakening of this great people has been too long delayed. It is cheering to hear the feet of the young men, to be reminded of all that is being done to educate and inspire the Chinese of to-day and to-morrow with new thought, new hopes, and new ideals. The work of the Language School shows a revolution in methods. It is teaching our young workers whether destined for educational, scientific, political, commercial or evangelistic work, the language of the people in a simple, practical way, which is already showing most encouraging results.

It is providing them in addition with a new horizon, a knowledge of the life and thought of the Chinese, of their needs and how to meet them, and is inculcating at the same time a broad tolerance and unity of effort which give great hope for the future.

I trust that these papers may prove as stimulating to others in China as they have been to us in Peking, and that they may form yet another link in the chain of Anglo-American friendship and co-operation which will play so great a part in the future of the world.

J. N. JORDAN.

British Legation, Peking.

March 26th, 1918.

Conservation of the Artistic Past of China

Paul S. Reinsch

I am not now thinking of the art and the monuments of China from the point of view of the curious traveller nor from that of the collector who seeks unusual and exquisite objects for his private enjoyment, but I have in mind the character of monumental and figurative art as a garment of national civilization, endowing the national body, the people, with self-respect and courage. No civilization indeed was ever fitted out with an integument more glorious in colour and form than was the Chinese at the height of its perfection. Though very different in quality, it recalls the Greek, through its pervading consciousness of the unity of art and life, and of the importance of artistic expression. Stripped of this garment, mankind would return to savagery. Carlyle's "*Sartor Resartus*" in its boldest character applies to China. The preservation of the form in which national action and ideals outwardly express themselves is essential to the maintenance of that action and of those ideals themselves.

Striking as is the simile of Carlyle, even it does not fully express the importance of the matter, for there is an organic connection between the artistic expression of national life and its inner forces. It is the visible expression of the historic self-consciousness of a nation and essential to its power and permanence. The historic sense exists in China, though in a manner different from the West. What makes the historic consciousness of such immense importance

as a constituent of the strength of Western nations is the fact that with them it is not merely a realization of the dependence of the present upon the past, but of a continuous development which leads from the remote ages of savagery through struggle and conquests within and without, to a constantly higher realization of national unity, at present, looking forward to still further conscious development in the future. The historic sense of China is turned entirely upon the past. As the Chinese families have their records covering generations and centuries, so indeed the annals of national life are also treasured. But they are treasured rather as a glorious memory of a perfection to which the actual no longer corresponds, than as a basis for present institutions and future policy and action. The republican and democratic movement in China would be greatly strengthened if instead of relying mainly upon theories and forms developed elsewhere, it should treat Chinese historic tradition as the point of departure. In Chinese custom, practice, and philosophy there is found a sufficient basis for a development of representative institutions. Though some attention has been paid to this by reformers, I believe that institutions might well be directly based upon these Chinese elements with only such reference to foreign practice as will point the way to further development.

What I have said about present political thought is a symptom of the danger in which China finds herself. The technical efficiency of the Western nations is so great that in a desire to emulate there is a danger that the treasures of Chinese tradition may be undervalued and it be forgotten that the Western nations are strong not because they have

certain methods and institutions, but because these methods and institutions are a natural outgrowth of historic forces at work within these nations; and that the greatest strength of the nations lies in the continuity of their national spirit by which all their methods and actions are informed.

As the most active men in the nation are naturally desirous for development towards modern methods of strength, the danger is that only those who have little originality will be left to cultivate traditional art, and that it may be looked upon as purely antiquarian lore.

There are of course also economic forces at work which are unfavourable to the continued development of Chinese art. Throughout the world the artistic handicrafts have been destroyed or reduced to very small proportions through machine processes, against the cheapness of which handicrafts cannot compete. However, China is in this matter in a rather more favourable situation than were the European countries, and India, for instance. A large demand has subsisted for artistic manufactures of the highest quality. The general increase in wealth affords support. China at present still has the inestimable treasure of trained workmanship, particularly in the manufacture of porcelain and of silks. If these art industries could only hold on, if their products could be made available in the West through efficient methods of distribution, they would receive a continued and increasing support, strong enough to assure their permanence.

At present the art which is most in danger of being lost is music. Any one who has examined the musical instruments at the Confucian Temple at Chufu or here in Peking, and who has heard even the present performances

thercon, which by the testimony of the Chinese are utterly defective, will recognize that Chinese music, when these instruments and their use were perfect, must have been full of marvellous and beautiful effects, foreign to the orchestration of the West. Even the faint echo of these splendours conveyed in the music at the present Confucian ceremonies, with the intonation of a major, followed by a surge of many-coloured sound, would have suggestions of great value to the modern musician. But the art of Chinese classical music is now very nearly lost, although it might be possible to resurrect it. It is no longer a living tradition embodied in the training and abilities of living people, but it has become dead.

The art of architecture is also threatened. The decay of religious feeling makes the construction—even the maintenance—of artistic temple buildings more and more difficult. In important new structures unfortunately the tendency is to adopt some of the ugliest forms of Western architecture. It is to be welcomed that the buildings of the China Medical Board, for instance, as well as collegiate structures in other parts of China, are being planned by architects whose effort is to maintain the essential features of Chinese architecture, adapting it to modern uses.

Throughout the field of Chinese art the greatest danger lies not only in the loss of ability to do, but of the capacity to understand. Art expertship is dying out, the knowledge of what constitutes the basis of higher excellencies and qualities is growing rare. The field of Chinese art and its significance are dependent upon an intimate symbolism which pervades all its manifestations, and which deepens the enjoyment derived from artistic objects. There is not

only the more specific symbolism of shape and form, such as the attributing of certain emblems to characters often portrayed, but the broader symbolism of space and colour. The Chinese builders have been past masters in the art of observing the relations between their structures among themselves and with the natural surroundings. The most remarkable example of this is seen in the disposition of the mausolea in the great imperial tomb enclosures. Every one of the Ming tombs has for its guardian and monument a mountain peak. A great many elements enter into Chinese symbolism,—hoary traditions of form exemplified by the bronzes of the Shan and Chow dynasties, emblems and forms associated with Taoism and Buddhism, allusions to historic events, especially of the time of the six kingdoms and the dynasties immediately before and after. The symbolism of a pure nature worship lies at the base of it all. Extremely few Chinese are able to give accurate information on these symbolic expressions with all their delicate overtones. In order to get a safe and adequate basis for the critical classification of the collection in the Peking Museum it would be necessary to gather together a great many experts in order that the judgment of one might be corrected by others. In judging any Chinese work of art, the estimate of any one man will scarcely ever contain the whole truth. There are so many angles from which even a monochrome vase may be regarded, that the authoritative artistic judgment will be the result of many individual opinions. This of itself indicates the complexity and richness of Chinese art.

We are of course apt to imagine that the conventions and canons of Chinese art were fixed at so distant a past

that such a thing as progressive development did not exist, and that particularly it would be impossible to take the present state of Chinese art as a starting point for further characteristic national development. It is true that the force of tradition has been almost overpowering in Chinese life. Yet for instance the development of porcelains and pottery from the Sung through the Ming period to the eighteenth century, only need be cited to prove the capacity of Chinese art to develop new forms, methods, and beauties. At the present time the most essential thing would seem to be to hold fast to the great traditions of Chinese art and only after the national life has been brought in contact with modern Western civilization in the more mechanical methods and arrangements, to attempt a development of Chinese artistic expression towards new forms. Should this artistic expression be entirely forsaken or reduced to the state of a dead tradition the loss to the world would be inestimable.

To contemplate the possibility of such a loss to the Chinese nation is most depressing. Without these influences to refine and fortify national life and impulse, there is danger that contact with the outward mechanism of Western civilization would leave China divested of all the finer elements and debased to a crass materialism. This loss of inner strength could by no means be compensated by an acquisition of outward facilities and conveniences.

We need only look at Chinese painting from the Sung down to the eighteenth century to realize that an art expression has here been created which has not only been great in the past but may lead to still more wonderful achievements in the future. The essential structure of

landscape has been analyzed by the Sung painters and their followers in a manner not equalled in the West, and approached only by such recent artists as Van Gogh and Cazin. The cubist form of analyzing landscapes was anticipated by the Sung painters in one of their incidental methods; similarly the most advanced technique of impressionism is found in many ancient Chinese pictures. Chinese portraiture has received but little attention; nevertheless in simplicity of outline and clearness of characterization Chinese portraits recall the best work of Holbein, and other early European painters. Upon the traditions of Chinese painting there may undoubtedly be built, without departing from its essential spirit, a great and expressive modern art.

I have time only to hint at some work that might be done to achieve a re-elevation of the importance of Chinese artistic tradition. If a Ruskin could come to China, he would reveal to the world—what we see partly here and there—the vision of a noble and harmonious conception of life expressed in art. If, as Chang Chih-tung wrote his book “*Learn*,” a Liang Chi-chiao could appeal to his compatriots with a pamphlet “*Preserve*,” he might awaken them to a sense of what is at stake. Organized methods of cherishing and developing the traditional art of China, are at hand in the Museum, a depository of criteria of judgment, to which there should be added a school of art and of classic studies, for the conservation and development of the great tradition. The preservation and protection of monuments as national property, the prevention of the export of mutilated parts, would also greatly help, and would easily enlist the support of the entire people. A

survey of the artistic and monumental treasures of China is greatly needed; for this the work of scientific expeditions such as those of M. Chavannes, M. Pelliot, Sir Aurel Stein, and others, should be continued, and carried out in the spirit of maintaining the unity of Chinese art. It is a wonderful field of discovery and study that is here beckoning.

I am gratified that the Peking Language School interprets its work in a broad sense as including more than the mere acquisition of the idiom. In giving attention also to the broader phases of Chinese civilization, its work will be the more successful.

As His Excellency the British Minister has said, the time is at hand when foreigners residing in China will take a far deeper and more intimate interest in all the phases of Chinese civilization than they have done before. There are two things, I believe, on which our opinion would be helpful to the Chinese in the present transitional period; namely, the understanding that Western civilization does not consist in its outward method and machinery, but that its strength is derived from its inner spirit, and the conviction that China cannot be great without treasuring her traditions in art and life.

The Western Frontiers of China

Archibald Rose C.I.E., F.R.G.S.

Lecture delivered before the members of the Peking Language School at the residence of Dr. Paul S. Reinsch, the American Minister.

When I was honoured by an invitation to address the members of the Language School I had some difficulty in deciding what line of thought would be most likely to interest you. All our energies and all our thoughts are so much influenced by the war that it is not easy just now to approach any subject with complete detachment. One tends to think always of one's own life in terms of the life led by our brothers and sisters near the fighting line. And so we are constantly wondering if we are pulling our weight in the boat. Most of us here to-night have to face the fact that our lives are pledged to China, for a spell at least, and it seems to me that we can only pull our weight if we are doing our utmost to know what China means—to know what forces are working within the body politic and moulding her destiny as a member of the brotherhood of nations.

You have set yourselves in earnest to the most important task in such an enquiry—you are learning the language of the people and so equipping yourselves to get in direct touch with their thoughts and their ambitions. We were given a key to one door of knowledge last week by Dr. Reinsch. We see other lines in the passing events recorded in the daily papers. And this afternoon I will try to bring

to your minds yet another phase, for I propose to tell you of conditions as I have seen them in the interior of China and especially upon the far western frontiers. We hear little direct news regarding those regions here in Peking, but they have counted for a great deal in forming the policies of this country in the past, and they are still a living force in the China of to-day.

I can give you only a brief glance of the results of three journeys, but every new experience helps one to understand a little better the China in which we live, the men and the conditions lying behind the Government offices here, the way that trade finds its natural channels, the collection of the taxes for the administration of the Government, and the gradual realization by the Chinese that that Government has a real responsibility in regard to its neighbours and its own people. We are living between two worlds, the old and the new. The transition is costing a heavy price but the new world is dawning in China as well as in the West and each one of us has a part to play in the process. The object of this course of lectures is to help us to play that part, to remind us of our common aims and ideals, and to send us out into the field of our endeavour with the best equipment possible.

My first long journey into the interior was taken in 1902, and I hardly think that the internal appearance of China has changed very much in the intervening years, though there has been a very marked development in many of the conditions of life, and even, I believe, in the minds of the people. They are growing conscious of a certain discontent, and they are seeking for a remedy. In 1902 I had instructions to proceed overland to Szechwan, a vague place

which I believed to lie somewhere in the west, but of which I had little further knowledge. By a happy chance I happened to be in this Legation on the day that my orders reached me and Colonel Brewster, the Commandant of the American Guard, nobly offered to arrange everything in the way of supplies. He fitted me out in the most practical way with camp kit and stores, and in three days' time I was off on my travels.

We started off by train towards Cheng-ting Fu. In those days the railway was run on such a leisurely friendly basis that, when my dog jumped out of the window, the train stopped to pick it up. Then we started again, but unfortunately the engine ran off the line and I was precipitated into the province of Chihli with all my bags and baggages. And so I began travelling in earnest in an unpretentious cart—which in turn upset me several times, but was more easily set right again. Then came long slow marches, sometimes in carts, sometimes in mule litters, past Tai-Yuan-Fu and through the loess defiles of Shansi till we came to the Yellow River. I found the provinces so jealous of one another that even the gauge of the wheel ruts changed as we crossed their borders and we had to change the axles of our carts to suit them. It was a long, monotonous journey but one began to absorb the atmosphere of China. We slept at night in the mule inns, crowded in with all the travellers and traders of the Great North Road; we paid our way, sometimes by clipping off lumps of silver which were carefully weighed out, sometimes by strings of cash, of which at one time we had an entire cart load. And we saw what famine could do, even in a rich province like Shansi, when the rain fails and when there is no efficient

transport available. People were dying by thousands and the wolves seemed to gain courage as the men grew hungry. One night we arrived very late and very weary at a little walled city, but they refused to open the gates and let us in, as the wolves had broken in at dusk the night before and had wrought awful havoc. Passports and protestations were useless, and we slept outside.

And so we came to Sianfu, where the Empress lay during the occupation of Peking the year before. Even there the people knew practically nothing of the Boxer trouble or the reason for the flight of the Empress. Newspapers were never received in the interior and all information about the world was obtained from the story-tellers, who came to the inns at night and recited wonderful legends, with grains of news here and there, but no way of telling the actual from the legendary. We sometimes cavil nowadays at the vernacular press, but, when I remember the entire absence of news and of interest in public affairs so short a time ago, I am impressed much more by the progress of the Chinese papers than by their youthful indiscretions. I often wonder indeed if the press is not the greatest force in modern China. The schools are helping very greatly, for the boys and girls take new ideas into their homes. The railways and steam launches are helping, for they have introduced a new mobility into the lives of the men and given them a new individual freedom. But the newspapers reach every one nowadays in some form or other and they are creating a public opinion. In that public opinion the greatest hope of China seems to rest. It was the force which saved England and we may hope that it will grow strong and keep on healthy lines in China.

But I have delayed too long on my journey and I must take you along the south bank of the Yellow River, change the carts for mules at the border, and so climb the mountains into Kansu, a country of brown plains and treeless mountains, with a cheery Mohammedan population. And so south into Szechwan. I should like to talk to you about that delightful province with its timbered homesteads, its irrigation system, its natural resources, its progressive independent people, and its fruitful harvest. But I must resist that temptation and get further afield. I have outlined this first journey into the interior of China proper, however, because it is useful to keep the normal China in mind as a basis of comparison.

Now I want you to think of a wilder, remoter China, of Yunnan and Turkestan. Not that they are far away from Szechwan in geographical miles, but because they have been differently treated by nature and are consequently on a different economic basis. That is largely the explanation of the rebellions and invasions and the constant inter-provincial struggles, which provide us with a laconic paragraph in the morning paper to the effect that the Yunnanese or the Kueichow troops have taken a town in Szechwan, or perhaps that the Szechwanese have won it back again.

We generally enter China from the East, but I am going to ask you to enter from the West, to go to Burma and travel from Rangoon up to Irrawady River to Bhamo. That is the starting point, the market, for men and merchandise destined for Yunnan and the Far West. Starting from Bhamo for Tengyueh you settle down to long daily stages at the head of a caravan of mules, swinging steadily along

over the mountain roads to the rhythm of a pair of sweet-toned gongs which dingdong through the silence of the forest. They are pleasant marches, those first few stages through the dense jungle, the road now overshadowed by great trees, now sweeping up to reveal broad prospects of mountain peaks that fade into the distant haze, now winding along the banks of rocky, orchid-bordered torrents.

Hidden in the mountains on both sides of the frontier road are villages of Kachins, a wild and warlike race which causes much anxiety to the Chinese and the peaceful Shans inhabiting the neighbouring valleys. The men are keen-looking fellows, who spend their days in sharpening their long two-handed swords—their nights in drinking and in harrying the marches. The burdens of life are borne by their women folk, who work on the land, hew wood, draw water, grind the grain for the family meal and carry the rest of it to market. Long trains of these women are met along the roads carrying on their backs great baskets of grain depending from a strap across their foreheads, whilst their hands are busy spinning strands of cotton yarn, or weaving a straw bracelet for their sweethearts, as they toil up the mountain slopes. They wear a short kilt, supported by numbers of loose rattan girdles, the lobes of their ears are pierced and dispended to carry long tubes of silver or rolls of red cloth. They are hospitable people, these Kachins, and offer one a ready welcome in their homes. Their spirit of hospitality indeed goes to the length of recognizing the complete responsibility of a host for his guest, probably as a result of perpetual blood feuds, which make a man's life a dangerous one directly he leaves his own village. I remember a case at one of the frontier meetings in which a

Chinese Kachin appeared as complainant against another Kachin who lived across the border. He had accepted an invitation to dinner, dined not wisely but too well and had fallen down a precipice on the way home. The result was a broken leg and he appeared before the judicial tent to sue his host for damages. The erring host paid up quite cheerfully and the international incident was amicably settled over the body of a sacrificial pig.

There is a physical reality about this frontier between Burma and China which impresses one very vividly as the caravan emerges from the last shady miles of the Burma road and looks down from a commanding peak over the two great territories of British India and China, stretching far away to the west and to the east. On the one side lies Burma, green and forest-clad as far as the eye can reach, the hills raising their wooded summits from a sea of white and billowing mists, whilst on the other side China stretches away to the sunrise, with hills that are bare of trees, rugged and weatherworn, with every crevice standing clear in the still sparkling air of the winter morning.

And then, as the day advances, we wander down into the northernmost of the Shan States that form the western boundary of China along much of this frontier line, following the course of the Taiping—the River of Peace,—well-named in its quiet sojourn through the country of the Shans.

The Chinese Shan States run in a series of well-watered valleys between the frontier and the Yunnanese plateau, with roads winding along broad grassy stretches above which magnificent banyan trees spread their giant arms and their deep shade. In an avenue of these trees Margary, the first of our Consuls to visit Tengyueh, was

murdered forty years ago and, as a result of his death, we have the Chefoo Convention, the Treaty under which the interior of China was first really opened up to foreign travel and foreign commerce. A few miles farther on, and under just such another clump of trees, Litton, another of our Consuls and a noble successor to Margary, was found dead in his sedan chair in 1906. During the two years that I was stationed on this frontier four white men were murdered by the tribesmen, and the country still bears a somewhat unhealthy reputation. The Chinese have not yet controlled the wild tribes on the hills, and the Shans are too weak to do more than stave off the immediate danger to their own property.

They are a highly-civilized, prosperous, and charming people, living in one of the most beautiful spots on the earth, holding their land on communal lines, and devoting most of their surplus income to the upkeep of their Buddhist shrines. One wonders how long they can survive, as the hill tribes press further south and turn hungry, anxious eyes on the smiling valleys below. British administration on one side of the border is settling the question to some extent by improving the lot of the tribesmen, educating them, teaching them agriculture and industries, and opening up roads by which their goods can be taken to market. They are also stimulating the Shans to some sense of their weakness and their responsibility, with the result that frontier conditions on the British side have improved immensely during the last few years. Weakness and careless prosperity is a perpetual temptation to hungry neighbours, and therefore a menace to the peace of all. That is one of the great lessons of all the western frontiers.

From the semitropical Shan valleys it is but a day's march to an entirely new world, a long steep climb through beds of lava and volcanic peaks to the great Yunnan plateau, at the edge of which, at an altitude of 5,400 feet, stand the walls of Tengyueh, a real mediæval city and the outpost of Chinese administration. Here there is a British Consul, a Commissioner of Customs, and a mission station, and I should like to take this opportunity to say how grateful I am to those outlying missions which I have come across in every part of the interior. They always welcome the traveller; they offer him the greatest luxuries in the world—clean sheets and clean towels—and I am convinced that the clean homes and self-sacrificing lives of these men and women are one of the greatest, because the most practical, object lessons to the Chinese of the real ideals of our Western civilization.

As to Yunnan, I hardly dare to start upon it, because there is so much that I want to tell you. It is a real sit-up-at-night subject. But I must try to give you just a glimpse. It is a joyous country to live in, the highland climate bright and sunny, fine open downs with bracken and fine trees over which one can gallop for miles, pheasants—even the lady Amherst and the silver pheasant—partridges, snipe, hares, stags, and leopards and in the rivers the good fish mahseer. Then there is Talifu with its mysterious lake and its snowcapped mountain, from which they cut the slabs of marble with pictures of Yunnan mountains and mists and torrents all painted by nature in the grain of the marble. And then the market, full of Tibetan tribesmen with great turquoises and corals and maroon-coloured clothes, who dash in on shaggy ponies and

camp in rough brown tents on the mountain sides. And the flowers, there never was such a country for flowers. Great rhododendrons, red and white, whole hillsides ablaze with azaleas, masses of red pyrus gleaming through the morning mists, primulas everywhere in the meadows, so that you pitch your camp in their midst and the ponies and mules and men all make their supper from them. That is on the upland plateau, the open country where it is very good to be alive; not a rich country by any means, too rugged and inaccessible to be a great success, agriculturally or industrially, but a great country for breeding men.

But I want you to think of the frontier. You will remember that the Himalayan ranges stretch right across the north of India; then, at their eastern corner they suddenly turn at a right angle and come south, down between China and Burma and almost to the sea in French Indo-China. In that right angle lies the home of the frontier tribes. The ridges come down straight and clear in well-defined lines, the Irrawady-Salween Divide being specially distinct, with its line of rugged limestone peaks. Near the point where Tibet and Burma and China meet, the three great rivers, the Yangtze, the Salween, and the Mekong, run within fifty miles of one another, wedged in the mountain chains. That mountain line is known to the geologists as the old Gondwana Land, and from its fossil remains they judge it the oldest portion of the earth, the first piece of dry land that emerged from the chaos of waters. It seems possible therefore that the tribes are old too, and that the Lisus and Lolos, the Was and Kachins are some of the earliest branches of the human family. Of course the anthropologists try to prove that they came from somewhere

else; they always want to prove that every one came from somewhere else, but there must have been a starting place. I dare say the Red Indians are really Lolos, as some of them allege, but anthropology is a very distracting subject and unsuitable for afternoon discussion.

The fact remains that these frontier tribes know all about the Flood and some of them give very curious details. They all agree however that only two people survived, and the Deucalion and Pyrrha of the frontier were a brother and sister who escaped in a gourd and proceeded to people the earth. I shall never forget the evening when the legend was first told to me. We were encamped on a little grassy glade in a wild corner of the mountains near to a Lisu village, and I had spent the afternoon in medical administrations of a simple but effective nature. Those who survived the treatment announced, presumably in token of their gratitude, their intention to give a dance. At nightfall my camp fire was piled up with huge pinelogs, and the beacon was so effective that people began to arrive from all sides, the men in white hempen jerkins, armed to the teeth with crossbows and dahs, the girls in short frocks of many colours and covered with beads and cowries and silver ornaments, a most picturesque crowd. For some time they sat round the fire and chanted legends, generally about the Flood and the beginnings of things, to an accompaniment of sweet-toned gourd pipes which were played by the young men. Then, as they warmed with the music and the wine from their bamboo tubes, they linked arms and danced, first swaying slowly to the music, then working themselves into a frenzy of excitement as they whirled round in the firelight. And then they vanished as suddenly

as they had come, and I was left alone with the darkness and the mountains and the stars.

It is a strange hard life for these people entirely shut away from the world and eking out a precarious existence on their jungle—clad hillsides. They go always in fear, either of their neighbour and the poisoned arrows of his crossbow, or of the *Nats*, the spirits of their nature worship. They recognize the Nats of the jungle and the flood, the mountain and the storm, and in their idea all the spirits are revengeful and evil, only to be propitiated by constant sacrifice. It is curious that all jungle dwellers seem to have this Nature terror: their whole lives are shadowed by the dense, sickly jungle and by some impending danger too strong or too intangible for them to grasp. It strikes one very forcibly as one comes from the quiet Buddhist atmosphere of the Shan States, and it struck me still more when, a few months afterwards, I found myself on the open deserts of Central Asia, where man is free and the sky is boundless and there is a general acceptance of one great God.

Let us turn then to the deserts and to the most western corner of China, Kashgaria, over which the Chinese have exercised some sort of hold since the first century B.C., and which was definitely annexed by that great empire-builder Ch'ien Lung. One can get to Turkestan by the first route which I have described this afternoon, branching up through Kansu and so on to Urumchi and down to Kashgar. But I would ask you to enter it from the south and thus to plunge immediately into the heart of Asia. I went up through Kashmir and so always northward till Kashgar was reached. It is a good route for those who

are keen on travel or on sport or on good scenery and fine mountains; very good to follow, though in the opposite direction, the route which was taken by Alexander the Great and his Macedonian levies as they came down the Jhelum valley to the capture of the Punjab; very good too to see the Gilgit road and the possibilities of the modern engineer in building a road along what is probably the most terrible mountain mass in the world. But when one has passed Gilgit the road is left behind and one finds one's way as best one can along rough mountain paths, still passable for a pony for several days. I remember one morning I had started before dawn and was riding quietly along a deep nullah, my pony picking his way carefully among the sand and stones, when, with a feeling that something unusual was happening, I chanced to look backward and saw something so wonderful that it comes back to me now almost as a living reality. The open end of the Nullah gave one a picture of that most impressive of mountains, Nanga Parbat, with its 26,000 feet of snow rising sheer from the plain. It so happened that the rising sun had caught its snowy peaks and there it stood a mass of golden glory whilst all the rest of the world lay wrapped in the purple shadow of the night.

I climbed on to the little principalities of Hunza and Nagar where the two rival Mirs, each claiming a direct descent from Alexander, hold sway over the frontier range in mediæval castles crowning rugged mountain peaks. In their castles, with the great fire place in the middle of the floor and the retainers all gathered under one roof for their meals, one imagines oneself staying with one of the old English kings. It is a wild land and, until the intervention

of the Indian Government a few years ago, these border princes were the terror of the caravan route which led from Samarcand to China. They sit in their castles now fretting with inaction, and I was interested to see the relics of old raids still adorning the castle walls, wonderful inlaid arms and armour from the west, rich silks and stuffs from China, whilst the Heir Apparent was playing with a beautiful illuminated missal from which he was carefully removing the leaves and testing their nutritive value.

Beyond Hunza one enters a country which is really difficult and dangerous. During the last marches to the frontier all but the lightest kit must be abandoned and one has to live on dried apricots as the only portable food. It is a slow and anxious progress along the cliff-side, scaling precipitous rock-faces with but a few inches of foothold, crossing logs which are balanced in the crevices, so frail and so inconsequent that an unsteady stone, a slipping plank, or a false step would send one thousands of feet down to the rocks of the river bed below. The way lies, too, across a glacier over which every step must be laboriously cut with an ice axe. The ice peaks are separated by deep cracks and chasms, and the crossing of the glacier is not an experience that one would willingly attempt a second time. After one final struggle of 1,000 feet, up a rock face that seemed to me as steep as a house, with the rubble giving way in places under one's feet, or the sudden tightening of the rope nearly jerking one into the air, and all to the accompaniment of load explosions from the glacier ice below, we really reached the top. There stretched the Pamir, grassy and level and open as far as the eye could reach. My Mohammedan guides prostrated themselves

and remained on their faces for nearly an hour. It seemed to me a suitable tribute to the occasion. I do not recommend the Kilik pass in August.

But there is a certain satisfaction in this climb to the roof of the world where, in a solitary wilderness 20,000 feet above sea level the three Empires of Britain, Russia, and China actually meet. From the frontier as far as Tashkurgan, stretches the Tagdumbash Pamir, a part of Sarikol, and its people are believed to be of Aryan origin. In the broken mountain country north of Tashkurgan one finds the Kirghiz, nomads too, but of a more Mongolian type with little hair upon their faces and long, narrow eyes. These races of Central Asia, however, are greatly mixed in blood, and one may find in the same tent a black bushy beard alongside a smooth-faced lad with flaxen hair and well-opened grey eyes. Kirghiz or Sarikoli or Turkoman, however, all bear the distinctive marks of the nomad above all difference of locality or race or creed. The guest is received into the tents of the Kirghiz Mohanmedans, welcomed as warmly at their fireside, and waited on as freely by their unveiled women as among the Buddhist Mongols of Northern Asia. They are a picturesque crowd as they sit round the argol fire waiting for their evening meal; the nomads in robes of every brilliant hue, orange, and purple, and crimson, and green; my Kanjutis from over the border in their white cloaks and caps, with bunches of yellow poppies or mauve primulas above their curls. All round us are the flocks and herds, shaggy black yaks and two-humped camels, the men and children rounding up the cattle, the women milking or cooking or weaving, and the sun throwing its last gleams

over the brown tents and the broad russet pastures in their setting of eternal snows. One is carried back to the days of Father Abraham and Father Isaac, to those far-off centuries when these Central Asian plateaux swarmed with countless wanderers, who were driven out at last by the resistless forces of drought and famine, and went forth to conquer the known world, to overwhelm the nations with the Tartar wave of the Dark Ages, and to leave their mark upon their peoples from Russia to Japan.

China's Farthest Outpost

China's hold upon her nomad population is of the lightest and, although a handful of men is maintained on the Pamirs at Tashkurgan, there is little sign of Chinese authority until one drops into the great plain of Central Asia, and finds at Kashgar a Chinese Taotai, a garrison, and a walled city on the regular Chinese model, set in that green oasis, where the line of irrigation brings wealth and prosperity and the most luscious fruits to a dense Mohammedan population on the very borders of the deserts of Takla Makan. Here we find the Chinese in their farthest outpost, their westernmost extremity, a position which they have lost and won time after time throughout the ages. Here they are installed as rulers of an alien race, surrounded by Mohammedans, a five months' journey from Peking, yet utterly unaffected by their strange surrounding and unusual conditions. They do not attempt to learn the language of the people, and remain entirely dependent upon their Turkish and Persian interpreters. They have even a separate city for themselves, a Chinese

Kashgar lying several miles from the Mohammedan town, both of them provided with fine walls and guard-towers and moats.

The Heart of Asia

From Kashgar lines of cultivation and traffic run eastward of China proper on either side of the great desert, the northern ones leading past Urumchi into Mongolia and Kansu, that to the south passing by the ancient civilizations of Kotan and the Lob basin. Changes of climate have deflected the line of the road since classic days, and even since the time of Marco Polo, but the great trade route is still open, the long lines of camels still swing through the dusk on their night marches across the desert, bearing their distant cargoes from Peking or Samarkand, from the oil wells of Baku, the tea districts of China and the Moscow cotton factories. Here in Kashgar one realizes what the Central Asian markets meant to the ancient world and what they mean to-day. Here are still the nomads of the high plateaux, the thronging Turkomans of the fertile oases, the old means of transport, the richly laden caravans, the mud-walled caravanserais, the very heart of Asia. And here at last one turns one's face westward, following that old path of conquest and progress and commerce across the desert, and over the Alai snows, through Samarkand and Bokhara, over the waters of the Oxus, through country still rich in memories of Alexander and Genghiz Khan and Tamerlane. And then at last to Geok Tepe, marking the last wave of conquest, Russia's final and decisive victory, till one reaches the Caspian, the

Caucasus, and Constantinople, and the long, slow marches of Asia give place at last to Europe.

That is the end of my story, and I hope that it will not discourage you from turning your face westwards when your travelling days arrive, for I do not doubt that some of you will have an opportunity of seeing the western marches, and that most of you will find some personal link with them if you remain in China. The life of every man and woman who goes into the interior is a full one. The people expect much of you, and those who have to play guide, philosopher and friend to so shrewd a people as the Chinese need the fullest equipment possible. They will consult you (especially if you are a man) as to the method of knitting socks and on the relative values of semi-diesel engines: they will test your judgment on the question of their digestions, their crops, their litigations and their grandmothers. They will expect you to draw up specifications for an electric lighting plant, to introduce a suitable crop for their waterless lands, to recommend a brand of portable pumps and to show them how to finance a cotton-mill. One can scarcely hope to become a specialist in all their various needs, but one can help. And I exhort you, whether your work be that of a missionary, an official or a business-man, do not despise the ways of trade. Remember rather that trade is a magic circle girdling the globe and bringing from one people to another the good things of the world. It is for trade that the farmer tries to improve his crops and so give his son a better education and his wife an electric bulb with which to light her home. When once you have seen the unhuman work of the poor coolies in the west, the terrible burdens carried

over long stages, the sleepless over-tired nights and the feverish days in the paddyfields, you long for the introduction of railways and pumps and every other "mechanical abomination," so long as it will set men free to do men's work.

China's Unknown Products

The Chinese are learning that they need many of our commodities and that such things help to a better and a fuller life. But they must be paid for, and they can only be paid for by the products of China. One result of the war has been to create a demand for many Chinese articles which were previously unknown in Europe and America. The value of many of these things has been discovered and recorded by missionaries and travellers and there is still a vast field of research before us. It is largely due to our missionaries that electric light and the printing press have found their way into the remotest corners of China. They have also helped greatly in introducing new crops and in preaching such needs as afforestation, sanitation, irrigation and education. So long as one has a general knowledge there are always specialists who will help. Both the Indian and American Departments of Agriculture have been most helpful to me whenever I have asked their advice on behalf of the Chinese, and nowadays there are British and American forestry experts at the Board of Agriculture in Peking who would certainly come to one's aid. There are many simple things which have recently been discovered by scientific research and which would improve conditions in every district in China. India, for instance, has discovered a new wheat, rust proof and

strong in strain, which increases the production per acre by 16 rupees and gives promise of an additional £5,000,000 a year to the agricultural wealth of India. Yunnan has an upland, dry-ground rice, which will thrive without water and which, if strengthened by hybridization, would no doubt prove a great food product for many dry regions. The country is full of soap-producing trees of one sort or another and yet it imports practically all its soap from abroad. The *nan-mu*, the wonderful wood which one sees in the pillars and furniture of the Palaces, is practically extinct as a living tree and the beautiful camphor tree is threatened with the same fate.

I hope that these few notes may prove suggestive as to the future that lies before you in the interior of China. For most of you the country is still a hope and an aspiration, but it is an undeveloped country, with a people who respond quickly to sympathy and a desire to help, and few who have tried it have found it disappointing. For those of us whose journeys are in the past—and I see some of them here—there still remains the memory of it all and “all experience is an arch where-through gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades for ever and for ever as I move.” I believe that for us our journeyings have been our happiest days. As we sit at our desks in Peking, memory still helps us to see real places and real men in the papers with which we deal from day to day, and we sometimes feel the wind blowing from the Pamir or catch a breath of artemisia from the passes.

A "Bird's-Eye View of China"

Dr. Arthur H. Smith

To be invited to speak to an audience like this in the British Legation is an honour. The last time I had that privilege was on the 19th of August in 1900, the Sunday following the raising of the siege in Peking. Lord Macaulay was rather proud of an inscription which he wrote for a monument at Scutari opposite Constantinople to the soldiers who died in the Crimean War, because there was "not an adjective in it."

The same might be said of the monument on the canal opposite to the gate of this Legation: "June 20th—August 14th 1900"—with a good deal to be read between the lines! And a short distance further on around a corner the significant motto on a battered wall: "Lest We Forget." In the middle "nineties" of the last century a few enterprising travellers made the discovery that 150 miles east of Tientsin where the sea and the land met, there was a beach, and that it would make a good summer resort. This was the beginning of Pei Tai Ho. Before that time foreigners in Peking had been in the habit of going to the temples in the Western Hills. These had their strong points, and so had the sea, and the contest between them as to their respective merits waxed as warm as the weather.

But in 1900 (when we all enjoyed the somewhat chaotic hospitality of the British Legation) it was a matter of general agreement that neither the Western Mountains, the

Eastern Sea, nor any other place was on the whole so healthful as Peking itself! So here we remained for six and fifty days.

To-day we are here representing two different countries, between whom—as often happens with near relatives—there has sometimes been no love lost.

For this our school textbooks of history have been in part responsible. Undue stress has been placed upon the eccentricities of King George III and Lord North, and not enough made of the strong opposition to them both in Parliament and among the people. I read the other day of an American schoolboy of the too common type who just *hated* England. But he happened to see an historical poem, in which occurred these two lines:

“And always from the top-most tower the flag of England flew.”

The grandeur of it overcame him, and he became as ardent an admirer as he had been a cordial hater.

For my part I never go into the British Legation without thinking of the great past which has made the British Empire what it is to-day.

We have here before us a large map of China to visualize our impressions of this land. I will, however, *not* say to all of you (but only to the newcomers) what I used to say to audiences in America: “I have hung up the map not because I suppose you to be ignorant of Chinese geography, but because I know you to be so!”

Last year, 1917, it was just 400 years since Western nations, as distinguished from individuals, came to China, the Portuguese first, then the Spanish and the Dutch, the British much later. (Americans did not appear until 1784,

the year following the end of the Revolutionary War.) When at the close of the first war between Great Britain and China the treaty of peace was under consideration at Nanking in the summer of 1842, there was nothing to prevent Britain from taking over the whole of China. *Why did she not do it?* It might have been a good thing for China if she had been taken over by somebody that could manage her, but it might not have been a good thing for Britain, but that is not now a live issue. The world owes a great debt to British administrators in China for the light which has been thrown upon China by officials in Hongkong, Ministers in Peking, and Consuls. Sir George Staunton, who was attached to Lord Amherst's Embassy of 1812, is said to have been the first British official to learn Chinese. His rendering of the Imperial Laws of China was almost the first Chinese work translated into English about a century ago, and it made a great impression favourable to China. Sir John F. Davis, Governor of Hongkong, wrote an extended work on China called "China and the Chinese" (a title sometime adopted by others since), a very readable and instructive work in two volumes, the value of which is permanent. Young beginners would do well to look into it. Sir John also translated Chinese plays, and Chinese poetry.

There was Sir Thomas Wade, who mastered the Chinese language sufficiently to prepare an elaborate series, the "Forty Exercises" (rightly named); the Eighteen Sections; the Ten Dialogues; the Hundred Lessons; the Documentary Series, and perhaps more.

These were later revised (and perhaps made less fearsome) by Sir Walter Hillier, who told the world "How

to Learn Chinese," and who incidentally prepared a compendious Dictionary of Pekingese (long out of print and soon to be reissued).

There was Thomas Taylor Meadows, a British Consul of two generations ago (who studied in Germany) the most philosophical of the many writers on China, whose chief book is "The Chinese and Their Rebellions," with an illuminating essay on civilization, of which he gave an excellent definition. Civilization is replacing physical forces by intellectual forces, and intellectual forces by moral forces. In brief, civilization is the triumph of mind over matter. He maintained that the civilization of China, typified by its learning and its literature, was far superior to that of Egypt (Bunsen to the contrary notwithstanding) with its vast temples, its towering pyramids, and its dreary sphinxes.

Mr. Wm. Frederick Mayers, Chinese Secretary of the British Legation forty and more years ago, prepared a unique volume called "The Chinese Reader's Manual," with sketches of many important characters in Chinese history, a valuable list of what he calls "categories" (the *two* this, and the *three* that, the *five* constant virtues, the *seven* affections, the *eight* fairies, &c., &c.), and a set of chronological tables. This book, long out of print, has been reissued and should be accessible to every student of Chinese.

Prof. Herbert A. Giles has written a long list of works on China, including his great Chinese Dictionary and Chinese Biographical Dictionary, the latter using much material which Mr. Mayers had collected.

Prof. Edwin H. Parker, another British consular sinologue, is also the author of numerous excellent books on

China, one of the latest being "Ancient Chinese Simplified," chapters describing all aspects of ancient Chinese life in different dynasties from the earliest times with sketch maps of the areas described. Sinologues are apt to be very intolerant of one another when they differ, which generally speaking was all the time.

The disputes between Mr. Giles and Mr. Parker in the old "China Review" added much to the gaiety of nations. [According to Mr. Parker Mr. Giles once wrote to him proposing that they should "bury the hatchet," adding: "Together we can stand against the world." Mr. Parker said that he replied: "I know we can, and we can do it without you!"] A Shanghai sinologue reviewed Mr. Parker's book just mentioned, under the ironic title: "Ancient China Bemuddled"!

Two British Legation physicians made important contributions to our knowledge of China. One of them, Dr. D. F. Rennie, was in Peking when the Legation was opened after the Treaty of Tientsin (October, 1860) and kept a most readable and illuminating diary of events otherwise unrecorded. The other, Dr. S. W. Bushell, has adorned the subject of Chinese Art, and his two volumes published at government expense and at a popular price have become a standard.

Mr. Walters, Prof. T. L. Bullock, and Mr. Playfair, all British consuls, have each added something of value to our knowledge of China.

Mr. Clennell's volume on the Historical Development of Religion in China is one of the latest contributions to this long list.

Mr. E. T. C. Werner has prepared an elaborate conspectus of Chinese conditions past and present from the point of view of Herbert Spencer's Sociology, in a large volume which forms a compendious and a valuable exhibit based upon a great mass of Chinese and foreign literature.

There never was a time in the history of China when there was so much attention paid to it as to-day. Never were there so many books on China, nor so many interesting and frequently informing articles. This means not only that China is becoming better known, but that the actual and still more the potential importance of China is increasingly recognized. We are in the habit of emphasizing the leading features of China's history which are nowhere else found in combination. These are comparative isolation, indefinite duration, slow development, superiority to environment, and an overwhelming preponderance of resident forces in China's evolution. No country that is or was owes so little to outside influences. Wide oceans, lofty mountains, impassable deserts, and a language incomprehensible to outsiders kept China from age to age to herself, and kept others out. Nothing at all resembling this is to be found elsewhere in human history, considering the *mass* of people concerned. Mr. Archibald Colquhoun has said that to understand China we must multiply indefinite duration by practically infinite numbers, for although the popular notion of "four hundred millions of Chinese" is almost certainly a gross exaggeration, when we take account of successive generations for centuries and millenniums, the impression is simply overwhelming.

The Chinese are not merely a *race* of human beings, but a group of more or less similar races pressed together, like brick tea in a mould, until the different parts once widely different are quite indistinguishable.

It used to be lightly observed that China was a case of "arrested development." Printing, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, were all taken as Chinese in origin, yet the Chinese gunpowder ended in firecrackers or ponderous jingalls, and their clumsy junks (patterned after the domestic duck and not like western craft after the deep-water fish) never except by accident got anywhere. But since 1900, and especially since 1911, we do not hear any longer that China is a case of "arrested development," though in recent years some of her developments would seem liable to arrest if any one could arrest them!

We are to be sure disappointed in China, but is China the only country in which we are disappointed? Whatever unfortunate conditions prevail I have an inextinguishable faith that China will yet take her place among the great nations of the earth, a place for which, as we must suppose, she has been preserved by Providence through these long ages. China offers a vast field for study. We should all, official, merchant, missionary, and traveller, gather and impart as much knowledge of this great country and this great people as we can. So according to our measure shall we contribute to the regeneration of China, and incidentally to the welfare of the world.

“Dips into Chinese Fiction”

Dr. G. T. Candlin

The subject I come to discuss with you may not be great but, at any rate, it is extensive. That is why I have called it *dips*. In the time at our disposal we can at best dip in here and there, taste, and run away. The members of the Language School in the lectures they have listened to, have no doubt been reminded at least once, that the Chinese people are a great literary people: in fact we all seem to have heard rumours to that effect. Our reading of it may have been strictly limited, but we freely concede, that in the departments of religion, philosophy, history, ethics and poetry, they have produced a vast body of literature of high quality which is almost beyond the power of the Western mind to explore thoroughly. Hence, the Sinologue. He was supposed to do it, but did not, and so proved how impossible to mere mortals the task is. My business is to satisfy you that if we turn our attention to the lighter side of literature and devote ourselves to the novel, their literary reputation is equally sustained. But why read Chinese novels? Well, there isn't any reason why you should, unless you want to. All those other departments are so important, so valuable, so necessary if you would live as supermen among this confiding people that it is your *painful duty* to acquire some knowledge of them. By all means perform your painful duty. As regards my field you can just please yourself. It is true the day has gone by for most of us when novel reading, in itself, is

considered sinful. But no one can say there is any obligation to read them. You just do it as Eve bit the apple (and I guarantee she took a big bite) because she wanted to. So that if any one faces me with Shylock's surly question "on what compulsion must I, tell me that"—why I am simply floored, and if I do manage to get up again and recover breath enough, I can only imitate Falstaff—"Give you a reason on compulsion, if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion!" Unless you get up all those other subjects I have mentioned, you run the risk of "leaving undone those things which you ought to have done." I can at best assure you that in any attention you may give to this one you do not in my judgment run any special risk of doing "those things which you ought not to have done." Ladies and gentlemen of the Language School, I but invite you to the recreation of the "rainy day" and the "Saturday afternoon." But, ladies and gentlemen, you have in the novel almost the only compositions in the Mandarin language which have not been prepared, like Sandford and Merton, for the improvement of good boys and girls. You have the most natural picture of Chinese life in its various phases. You can enter the Chinese home without putting them on their behaviour because a foreigner is present. It expresses best the common ideals and customs of the people. It shows you best how they apply in practice their religious and moral standards, what they really "pan out to" in daily living. It shows the average Chinese to be too often a feeble dependent creature, much governed by the women folk he ostensibly bullies and depreciates, polygamous, pleasure-loving, wine-drinking,

humorous, and scared more than all human kind at his ghosts. It also shows you that, sometimes, the Chinese is a man cast in most heroic mould, and for truth and honour and loyalty, as he conceives them, will dare and do like "faultless Launcelot." In no other way than by novel reading can you so well understand the all-shadowing background of superstition in the Chinese mind, or the wide difference between his conception of love and marriage and our own.

To give you an idea of the extent of the field to be explored. Your first impression is that you are in for a nice neat, compact little thing, though you have a very ugly feeling of being in most disreputable company. The attitude of the ordinary Confucian teacher toward the fictitious writings of his ancestors is a charming study in masculine prudery. It is really a high class article in the way of sentiment. It is such a lovely mixture of intellectual superiority, moral reprobation, fastidious delicacy, and hypocritical purity, as nearly withers you up. You are thoroughly ashamed of having supposed it possible that he ever was so weak as to betray the faintest interest in such low, trivial things. He is nearly as much scandalized as though you should make bold to ask him, does he love his wife. Nothing can equal it except the avidity with which he will read novels on the sly. If you muster courage to go through with this first stage and to be persevering in your inquiries, you will find that this highly proper individual knows more about novels than is consistent with his virtuous professions. He can, if he likes, give you a fair outline of the History of the Three Kingdoms, and the names of its noted characters, though they amount to

some seven hundred. He can detail no small number of the yarns in the History of the Contending States, give you the plot of the Western Rooms, incidents from the Dream of the Red Chamber, tales from the Diversions of a Studio, and the myths of the fabulous Western Expedition, and he at least knows the name of the Tale of the Guitar. You draw these things from him reluctantly, he evidently believing that it is much to his discredit to know anything about them. But there he comes to a sudden stop. You ask if these comprise the whole or the main works of fiction. "By no means," and he perhaps vaguely remembers the names of five or six others, some of which you must on no account read. You try another teacher, and another, and still another with the same result. But just as you are about to conclude that those are all that are worth notice, and that you have a manageable quantity to deal with, a sentence in the preface of a book or a stray observation sets you on a new track, you find that there are more and yet more books that no one you have met with has ever read, that no literary guide ever mentions, the names of which most people are ignorant of; by dint of following a hint here and pursuing a clue there, you realize that you are in a trackless wilderness of unknown extent and of unexplored growth. There is no one publishing centre in China that corresponds to London; its Paternoster Row is distributed loosely through the Empire, but a very forest of timber must be tumbling about in lumber rooms in the shape of wood blocks on which novels are stereotyped. So that we must dismiss from our minds the idea that Chinese fiction is a very limited quantity. There is any amount if you can get at it, but, bless you,

it is like rummaging in an old secondhand bookshop. The owner turns you in, bidding you pick out what you like; you select this and that from the dusty piled-up heaps, but finally leave in disgust, unable to cope with the confusion, yet covetously longing to know all that's there. The quantity in existence may be inferred from a single fact. Chinese fiction, like Roman Catholic Theology, has an Index Expurgatorius. In Wylie's Notes on Chinese Literature the list of prohibited novels published by this censorate contains the names of one hundred and thirty-seven different works. If such be the mere parings, the excrementitia of their novel literature, what must be the bulk of the whole body? A great deal of it is worthless enough; imitations are numerous; every really clever and popular novel has been plagiarized to satiety; but how much there is that has real merit it is impossible to say. A certain number of these books are known as "works of genius." We have got as far as ten of these in our researches, which we think is all, but are by no means certain. We give a list of fourteen of the most famous of Chinese novels, the names of which for convenience we have put into English as follows:

1. History of the Three Kingdoms.
2. Annals of the Water-Margins.
3. The Western Excursion.
4. The Tale of the Western Room.
5. The Tale of the Guitar.
6. The Dream of the Red Chamber.
7. Diversions of a Studio.
8. The Contending States of the Eastern Chou.
9. A Fortunate Union.

10. The Pear of Precious Beauty.
11. The Jade Sceptre.
12. Story of P'ing San and Leng Yen.
13. Exorcising the Devils.
14. History of the Apotheosis of Spirits.

These are all fairly well known, written with considerable force of imagination and literary skill. We shall not be able to deal at large with them all, but propose, for want of a better judge, to act as literary taster to our readers and to try to give them an idea of the principal ones, what they are about, their various excellences of style, and what are the chief characteristics of Chinese fiction, these being taken as examples and criteria of judgment.

I divide Chinese fiction into three great branches each having its separate value and characteristics, the line of distinction between them being fairly well marked, the Theatrical, the Mythical, and the Sentimental Novel. They tend of course to run into each other. There is history in the Mythical novel, there is myth in abundance in the historical novel. History again is story, the story of mankind, of nations. The sentimental novel is also a story, a love story. In Western language that is what we mean mainly by a novel.

Let us take our first dip by giving you a taste from each of the three historical novels on our list.

First, the States of the Eastern Chou. We now have the United States. China in the Chou Dynasty had the divided States, the chief of which were known as the Ch'i Hsiung (七雄), or the seven martial States. The Chinese regard it as something like authentic history. It is not a book for conscientious reading. The parts of it which alone can

pretend to be serious history constitute such a crowd of names of persons, names of places, and dates, which with an elaborate show of order are jumbled into a state of hopeless confusion, that if your intellect withstands the strain, you are assured against a lunatic asylum for the rest of your days. But having in mind the delicacy of the cerebral organization in man, I would not advise our readers to risk it. You are familiar with the confusion which arises in the unstudious mind from reading the book of Chronicles, finding the events and dates of the Kingdoms of Judah and Israel recorded contemporaneously. The writer hops to and fro from Israel to Judah with an alacrity which you cannot imitate, and you find yourself every now and then in Israel when you ought to be in Judah, hobnobbing with Jehoshaphat when you ought to be walking with Ahab in Naboth's vineyard. But that is lucidity itself compared with this. This is as though a man should undertake to write the history of the Saxon Heptarchy, carrying the whole seven kingdoms along on his back in one continuous narrative, and keeping the other six in your mind as he speaks of each one. Only, guessing at it, I should think there are thirty or forty of them instead of seven. *The sole redeeming merit of the book is its lies.* The author himself, or else one of his editors, warns you what to expect. In the introduction to the work he tells you that "all other light literature, such as the Shui Hu, the Shih Yu, and the Feng Shen Yen Yi, are a pack of falsehoods, the San Kuo Tzü alone having a measure of truth in it, but the Lieh Kuo is different, being true in every detail and in every sentence," that as "he is unable to record the whole truth, where should he have time to add

make-ups, and though on this account it is less readable, yet its thoroughly reliable character is its recommendation." *Sancta simplicitas*. And then we have amongst court chronicles and battle scenes, unilluminated by a spark of fire or life, such an endless series of absurd, superstitious legends as were never launched on the world before or since. They are all detailed in a tone of pious severity, but that does not hinder them from being so extravagant, miraculous, and scandalous, that Herodotus would blush to own them. It is the most magnificent collection of historic yarns which China, as prolific in these as it is in proverbs, can boast. These, and these alone, if you skip judiciously, make the book readable.

Second dip. In the Annals of the Water Margins we come to a book much like the Three Kingdoms but of a lower strain. It contains less history and more personal narrative. Its style is phenomenal. Coarse, direct, graphic, intense; each word is like a fierce stroke from a graver's tool. If you have any notion that Mandarin Chinese is unexpressive, read this book. Here is the rude strength of the mountain quarryman, who cleaves deep into the heart of the rock; wild, fierce, sincere, Dante himself is not more terse and vivid. In the one quality of power, rugged, relentless, gloomy, like a storm-beat precipice, there is no book in Chinese to equal it, and no book in any language to surpass it. It is all pictures, struck with sharp, rough, but masterful strokes, and all the pictures are silhouettes.

In one respect this book is the very opposite of the Three Kingdoms. That rings all through with the clarion note of loyalty; this echoes only the harsh and menacing tone of rebellion. It represents the sinister side of the

shield,—discontented China. Its plot is laid in the time of Hui Tsung, one of the Sung emperors, and it is occupied in detailing the exploits of one hundred and eight famous outlaws whose stronghold was Liang San amongst the "Water Marshes." The stern, implacable demand of the undaunted rebel spirit for a justice which the law is too feeble and too corrupt to give, is enforced with terrible emphasis, and as in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," or Schiller's "Robbers," we get a deep insight into cruelties and oppressions done in an age when right is defenceless and authority takes the side of the wrongdoer. This book illustrates one somewhat repulsive side of Chinese humour. The fact is not generally known in the Western world, but nearly every one who has been long resident in China is aware that he is known among the natives around him by a name which he neither derived from his parents nor received at the baptismal font, one quite unclassical and generally unflattering. You can usually get to know other people's but not your own. Nobody can nickname like the Chinese. Their genius in this direction is preternatural. In this novel we have a fine display of it. "The Little Whirlwind," "Jade Unicorn," "The Leopard-Headed," "The Devil's Neighbour," "Hail-Fire," and "The Black Whirlwind" are but a few of them. The book is the work of a powerful mind, though it is hung over with menace and gloom. Unscrupulous, defiant, stern as the fates, but true in covenant and brave in conflict, these men and women are not of the smiling, temperate, human sort; they are terrible: beings of the cave and the mountain den. On account of its subject the book is a forbidden one, but in China that is no hindrance to your getting it if you want it.

Let us take our next dip from the San Kuo Tzu or History of the Three Kingdoms, a novel of novels, which if it were the only work of fiction that the Chinese had ever produced, it would be impossible to deny their claim to be an imaginative people. It is of fine proportions, one hundred and twenty chapters, the reputed author Lo Kuan Chung, a great genius gone down to oblivion with nothing left us but a name and this product of his pen. The story is semi-historical, that is about as historical as the Waverley novels, with which it may be compared, and the events cover nearly a century of time. As Shakespeare borrowed his historical facts from Hollingshead, so this author is indebted to an earlier but very dull work by Ch'en Hsou. Williams in the Middle Kingdom confuses the two. The work has been embellished with very racy notes by Mao Sheng Shan, a brilliant literateur, and to these again are added most extensive introductions to each several chapter by Chin Sheng Tan as much a prince among literary critics as Chu Hsi was a "prince of commentators." These two great writers and scholars have set the stamp of their approval on the work. Their names take the place of the author's on the title page. Thus in reading text or notes or introductory passages you are amongst the best models of Chinese style. If asked what book the Chinese furnished us the best example of the power of the Chinese language we should say the San Kuo Tzü. For simplicity, force, and fertility of imagination it is unsurpassed in any language. The author has done his work with inimitable skill. While his diction is charged with the richest metaphor it is chosen so simply that in spite of his use of Wenli particles the Chinese characterize it as a book in the Mandarin dialect.

He has interspersed it with numerous rhymes of no very high order, more stilted and less poetic than the prose, but serving admirably the double purpose of mnemonics to assist the memory, and morals to apply the lessons. He is a writer brilliant and perspicuous as Macaulay, simple as John Bunyan.

Let us try to interest our readers in him by offering, with apologies for its clumsiness, a prose translation of the little poem with which he introduces himself:

“The ceaseless stream of time, how its waters roll
ever eastward.

The gifted and the brave are engulfed in its curling
wave;

And right and wrong, and success and defeat, are gone
with a turn of the head.

While as of old the green hills remain,

In a trice the sun reddens to even.

We old men, white headed, at leisure; we spend our
days as fishers and fuel gatherers on our little
island in the stream.

We regard only the Autumn moon and the breezes of
Spring;

With a pot of common wine we gleefully meet together,
And the past and the present, with all their concerns
are but food for a pleasant tale.”

The story opens with the fall of the Han Dynasty. At the accession of the Emperor Ling disorders break out, and gloomy omens presage distress. The scene passes to the neighbourhood of Ping Yuan in Shantung, where three mysterious brothers appear at the head of rebel hordes, who gather in strength myriadfold. The monarch is feeble,

his empire is ruled by eunuchs, but speeding through the kingdom are requisitions for volunteers to arm and oppose the "Yellow Cap" rebels. The spirit of loyalty is at work, and now the heroes of the story, the three immortal brothers, appear on the scene. Liu Pei is of royal lineage, but poor and unknown. He is twenty-eight years of age as he stands sighing before the placard summoning loyal subjects to battle and Chang Fei's abrupt greeting falls on his ears: "If a big fellow like you will not help his country, why do you sigh so deeply?" They adjourn to an inn, and while at their wine Kuan Yün Chang enters wheeling a barrow. He joins their conference, and they declare their purpose to risk their all in upholding the house of Han. Liu Pei is a dealer in shoes and plaiter of mats; Kuan Yün Chang, a refugee; Chang Fei, a seller of wine and a butcher of pigs. The famous Covenant of the Peach Orchard is conceived in the happiest spirit of romance and forms one of the most striking of the many episodes with which the book abounds.

Let us take a short passage, once more with apologies for the translation, and here first our readers shall have a picture of a Chinese hero:

"He stood nine feet in height, and his beard was two feet long. His face was like a double date, and his lips as rouge. With eyes like a red phoenix, and brows where silk-worms might nestle; stern and lofty was his countenance, and his bearing awful and menacing."

This is the original of the countless images scattered all over China. You see one every time you enter a Kuan Ti temple, for this man is the Mars of China.

But now for the Covenant. The peaches, he is careful to tell us, are in full bloom.

“ Next day in the peach orchard they prepared a black ox and a white horse for sacrifice, with all other things needful, and the three men burnt incense and after repeated obeisances pronounced their oath which read: “ Liu Pei, Kuan Yü and Chang Fei, though of different families, yet as we have joined in brotherhood with heart and strength to succour distress and support the weak, to show loyalty to the kingdom and to secure peace to the common people, care not to have been born at the same time, we would only that we might die together. May Imperial Heaven and our Royal Mother Earth search truly our hearts and him who proves traitor to this vow or forgets this grace may heaven and men combine to slay.”

The oath ended; they did obeisance to Hsüen Te as elder brother, to Kuan Yü as next in rank, and to Chang Fei as youngest. Then when they had finished their sacrifice to heaven, they slew another ox, brought in the wine, and gathered the braves of their district (more than three hundred in number) to the peach orchard, where they drank to intoxication.

Next morning they were up betimes and off to the front of battle. With true epic instinct, and with a fire and force of spirit to which all material is plastic, the author proceeds to unroll the panorama of events. Tung Cho's usurpation and the wiles of the maiden Tiao Chan, Lü Pu's masculine beauty and invincible skill in battle, Ts'ao Tsao, matchless in guile, kingly in state-craft, and his path in warfare untraceable; Sun Chien, strong and inexpugnable; the piteous state of the fugitive child prince; on through treachery, bloodshed, and ambuscade; the ceaseless shock of spears and ring of bucklers with the twang of strong bow

strings and the hiss of poisoned arrows. Slowly and dubiously the three brothers and their small band rise to power, till the unfathomable Chu Ko Liang is wooed from his retreat to become the Moltke of a rude, wild age, and espousing their side, unites magical resources with military strategy to make their cause victorious. He can call the rain, and whistle the wind, and shape wonderful automata to serve as battle steeds. He can read the secrets of men's breasts and fathom even Ts'ao Tsao's plans. All over the land the turmoil sweeps, the tide of battle rolling now east, now west, and now south, as Chu Ko goes to subdue the Man Tzü. A scene of wild confusion, change, and strife; battle everywhere; in palace and camp, in valley defiles, among mountain fastnesses; on land, on water; among the countless boats of Wu; and through it all the one golden thread of loyalty; the "argument" which gives unity to the story is never lost sight of; and through it all the mighty three, true as steel in triumph and reverse, hold on their steadfast way. At last the storm sinks through sheer exhaustion, and ends not in complete victory, for Kuan Yün Chang has been trepanned in battle and put to death by Sun Chien, and Chu Ko Liang's victorious career has, been checked by Ssü Ma I. But Hsüen Te is king of Han, and a settled compromise is reached in the formation of the Three Kingdoms.

This writer is great. He loves his characters, they are living, distinct; each has his individuality, and separate portraiture; Ts'ao Tsao, subtle, treacherous; Kuan Yün Chang, brave, generous; Chang Fei, rash, coarse, but true; Hsüan Te, thoughtful, kingly; they are men, loving, hating, striving, boastful, magnanimous, often doing

generous deeds, always their hearts throbbing with strong human passion. Then how he has contrived to image all the life and all the manners of the age, so that the China of bygone days glows on its pages; so that, as his witty commentator says of the *San Kuo Tzü*, it is "Wu Shuo pu yu," "nothing that it has not got." How fond he is of incidents and genealogies; with what loving tenderness or reiterated mention he dwells on this and on that: Hsia Hou Tun swallowing his own eye; Yu Ch'i's priestcraft; Hua To's magic in surgery; Kuan Ming's harp; Yün Ch'ang's sword; Liu Pu's spear; and the famous horse Red Hare that would "go a thousand li in a day, and cross water and mount hills as though on even ground!"

The *San Kuo Tzü* may be characterized in one comparison. It is the *Iliad* of China. This was first pointed out by Sir John Davis. Many of the qualities of old Homer are in it—consummate dramatic art (which alone redeems the Greek epic from insufferable dullness); supreme love of battle; extravagant admiration of bravery and feats of arms; wide and universal sympathy, which puts him in touch with all his characters; fondness for detail and copiousness, which leads him to pour into it the most miscellaneous facts, lists, names; skill in blending the supernatural with the ordinary course of events (for the *San Kuo Tzü* has its machinery as much as the *Iliad*); consuming patriotism that makes everything interesting which affects his country. Like the *Iliad*, it makes its heroes utter bragging speeches on the battle-field, and do single-handed deeds of "derringdo." Like the *Iliad* it mingles strategy with force, and makes the sage the companion of the hero. Like the *Iliad* it is the darling of the nation's heart because it has best imaged

forth what they most love and admire. For it is immensely popular in China. Your jinricksha coolie, if you are lucky in him, can probably tell you more of this book than I can. It is drawn upon copiously for the rude plays, which the people passionately love; its incidents are repeated in endless recitals in the teashops; its heroes are glorified in the national imagination; one was a king; another is still a god; and the burning passion of a nation's life has poured itself into this tale of a glorious past. Strangely enough not its author, but its lively annotator, like Homer, was blind. I cannot pretend to a knowledge of the subject and the critical capacity which would enable me to compare Lo Kuan Chung's book with Homer's, and to judge their relative merits, nor could you so divest yourself of preconceived ideas as to take the Iliad in one hand and this in the other, and give an unbiased judgment. Here is none of the fineness and delicacy of the old Greek spirit, and the work is in prose, not verse, yet it must be remembered that this prose, like all the best writings of the Chinese, notably the Four Books, is highly rhythmical. And notwithstanding its prose style, it is virtually an epic. Where it should stand in the list, I would not venture to say, but it is the work of a most gifted artist; and whether we recognize the fact or not, it deserves as truly to rank with the world's great books, as the Iliad, the Aeneid, the Jerusalem, the Orlando Farioso, the Niebelungen Lied or Paradise Lost.

Dip number four is into the Mythical Novels, of which I have four on my list,—the Exorcizing of Demons, the Diversions of a Studio, the Apotheosis of Spirits, and the Western Excursion. This is a very important branch

of Chinese fiction, and is the fountainhead to which you must go if you would explain the folklore of the East. And it is only by knowing that, that you can get at the roots of that inextricably twisted jungle forest of superstition, which chokes and shadows the Chinese mind.

We will take the Hsi Yu, the Western Excursion, as type of the mythical novel.

Every one knows of the journey of Hsüen Tsang to India to seek the Buddhist canons. It was a journey full of danger, hardship, and marvel. The author of our story is said to have made a similar journey in Mongol times. However that may be, he has used Hsüen Tsang's pilgrimage as the foundation on which to build a superstructure containing all the most noted myths of Buddhist and Taoist belief. It is at the same time an extended allegory of a very subtle character, running into spiritual meanings of the second and even the third degree. Hsüen Tsang is supposed to be the brother of one of the T'ang emperors, who has become a priest, who made a pious vow to go to India and fetch the Holy Books. But as there always is difficulty in a good man's path, he soon finds that this is no holiday excursion, but quite another matter. As he begins to turn his steps westward, his way is obstructed by the most unexampled hindrances. There are giants that want to eat him up, and sorceresses that would fain betray him. He is put to it most sorely, for all the nether regions seem astir to prevent his progress. But on the other hand the Celestial powers are propitious, and by dint of giving him some most marvellous travelling companions, and frequent interferences by the Goddess of Mercy herself, he is kept scatheless. Even the Imperial Sovereign of the skies, the

great Yü Huang, is deeply interested in these bustling affairs. The first thing he knows, he is caught up and swept off on the wings of a whirlwind by a beautiful enchantress, who would have him as the companion of her bower, and his protectors have the most unheard-of trouble to get him out of her clutches. He finds a betrayed maiden weeping sore in the forest, buried up to her waist in the earth, rescues her by the aid of his travelling companion, and takes her with him to the nearest convent full of pity for her distress. But this lovely maiden is a complete fraud, as like Armida in fact as you can expect any one woman to be like another. Sun Shing Che, his right hand man, is at his prayers at midnight, when she steals on him and assails him with the most seductive arts. But he is a deep, suspicious customer and has been all along persuaded there is something wrong with her. He is not to be cajoled, but in the twinkling of an eye he finds her transformed into an Amazon of fearful might, vomiting smoke and fire, and wielding a magic sword of preternatural sharpness; in fact you soon begin to see that this is the Pilgrim's Progress and the Fairy Queen all in one.

This Sun Shing Che is himself a most wonderful being. The author has so far anticipated the Darwinian Theory, or rather Bishop Wilberforce's jocular description of it, as to derive his origin from a monkey. He has been immortalized by the gods, and in virtue of necromantic skill, he is gifted with extraordinary powers of levitation, by means of which, like Puck, he can "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." He has another trifling accomplishment in the way of being able to transform himself at will into the form and faculty of any member

of the animal or insect kingdom. He has had escapades in the heavenly regions, such as stealing the golden peaches of Paradise, and letting loose the steeds of the immortals. A burly, humorous, infinitely mischievous kind of Puck, he is a champion to one's mind; wielding an iron staff with golden bands which he got out of the sea dragon's cave in the ocean; which was originally several thousand catties in weight, but which he judiciously reduced by a few hundred catties, so as to make it handy. When he finds it inconvenient to carry, it can be diminished to the magnitude of a needle, which he sticks in his ear. With a travelling companion like this, and two or three others, notably one who fights with a rake, the devout pilgrim has a good prospect of getting through. Many, however, are the risks they run, and most various the inducements held out to them to abandon the object of their pilgrimage. Here is a specimen of their adventures:

They are treading their way westward through green hills and shining waters, where they behold an endless luxuriance of vegetation, and where flowers of every hue abound. But the way is long, and evening draws on apace, so the chief pilgrim puts the somewhat human inquiry. "Where shall we go to rest for the night?" The reply of Shing Che is in the most approved style of pious devotion, but not comforting to flesh and blood: "My father, he who has left home and become a priest, must dine on the wind and lodge in the water, lie down under the moon and sleep in the frost; everywhere is his home; why, then, ask where shall we rest?"

This is all very well for our lightsome Puck, but Pa Chieh, who is the burden bearer and carries the pilgrims'

baggage (which is not inconsiderable) regards the division of labour as unequal; and at any rate would like some more matter of fact arrangement for the night. At a blow from Sun Shing Che's staff Hsüen Tsang's horse has started forward at a great pace, so that from the brow of the hill Hsüen Tsang espies in the distance a grove of cypress trees, beneath the shade of which is a large enclosure, which they decide to make for as a place of rest. On approaching it they find that it is all that heart could wish, in fact a spacious establishment of some magnificence, as near a palace as they can wish to come at in those regions. As there is no sign of inhabitants Shing Che makes his way inside, and finds that it offers very attractive quarters. While he is looking around on black varnished tables and gilded pillars a large scroll meets his eye on which the motto is certainly inviting.

“Gentle willows hung with floss, and on the bridge
the level sun at eve.

In snowy flakes the scattered bloom has filled the
court with spring.”

While he is examining this, a lady about middle life, but of very charming appearance, steps into the court from an inner room with the inquiry, “Who is it that has ventured to intrude upon the household of a widow?” In truth according to Eastern etiquette he is in an embarrassing situation. But the lady is most affable, and as he explains their condition, cordially invites them in to rest for the night. They all enter, and Pa Chieh, who is by no means beyond human infirmities, has more than one sly glance at the lady, whose attractions are thus described in rhyme:

“The clouds of hair upon her brow aslant like phoenix’ wings,
And set with many a precious pearl her pendant earrings.

No artifice of paint she needs her natural charms to aid,
Yet gay and winsome is she still as any youngest maid.”

The natural way of opening acquaintance is by describing their respective circumstances, and on her part the widow lady tells them that she has been left in possession of riches in abundance, her husband’s parents having died as well as her husband, leaving her in charge of three beautiful daughters with three very pretty names—Truth, Love, and Pity. There is nothing like a Chinese novel for a surprise, and my private opinion is that the holy pilgrims were taken at a disadvantage of an unwarrantable kind, when the lovely widow made a plump proposal to them, not simply on her own behalf but also on the part of her three daughters and in a very business-like way pointed out the advantages the four pilgrims would derive from a quadruple marriage, which would secure to each of them a charming wife and store of wealth for the rest of their days. In fact, they cannot do better in her view than finish their journey here and be “happy ever afterwards.” Inducements are manifold. She has mountain lands for trees and fruit, and broad fields for grain and flooded fields for rice, and of each kind more than five thousand acres. She has horses and oxen, pigs and sheep beyond all count, and farmsteads some sixty or seventy on her vast domain. The grain of a dozen years is rotting in granary for want of eating, and mountains of silks and satins are getting moth-eaten for want of wear. As for silver and gold,

if the four pilgrims should turn prodigals they could not contrive to spend it in a lifetime. Prosperous Job himself was but a portionless beggar compared with her. To say nothing of herself and her lovely daughters and though she is becomingly modest about her own attractions, they are not only the most surpassingly beautiful, but the most completely accomplished of living maidens. All this Hsüen Tsang hears unmoved, except by anger, not suspecting her guile, but enraged that she should so tempt him from his heavenly purpose. Then ensues a poetie contest between the lady and himself, which no ingenuity we can command will prevail to twist into presentable English verse. The respective advantages of a life of worldly ease, and of celibate devotion, are propounded by the two champions, and at the conclusion of the wordy contest the lady finding her persuasion futile, angrily retires, slamming the door on them and leaving them seated in the hall disconsolate and unprovided for. During this scene the covetous Pa Chieh has taken another view of the situation. He would have been glad to close with the widow's terms, but seeing that may not be, he steals round to the back and secures a private interview in which he seeks to arrange a marriage on his own account. Certain difficulties arise mainly on account of his lack of masculine attractions, for as Sun Shing Che wears a monkey's form, so he wears a pig's, and his long face and big ears are objectionable. But the lady is not altogether uncompliant. She is at once so far mollified as to provide for the entertainment of the travellers, and in the meantime, through the prescience of Sun Shing Che, Pa Chieh's clandestine interview is made known to his chief. They thereupon, after sundry passages between them, insist

upon his retiring within the household in the character of a son-in-law, the other three remaining merely as guests in the guest chamber.

But now a new difficulty of a knotty kind starts up. The widow is apparently willing to give him one of her three daughters to wife, but for the life of her cannot decide which is to be the favoured one. If she weds him to Truth, Love will feel aggrieved, and if to Love or to Pity, Truth will naturally feel neglected. In this dilemma, or rather trilemma, a very cunning expedient occurs. She proposes to blindfold him with a handkerchief and then turn the three girls in on him and let him have whichever he can catch. Perhaps it was a supreme test of faith, though not of discretion for Pa Chieh, who was quite willing to do wittingly what many a man has had to do in real life unwittingly, play at blindman's buff for a wife. Yet as all three were consummately beautiful and accomplished, his chances could be said to be so bad.

But alas! this was only another of those best laid schemes destined to "gang agley." "The bandage was tied over his eyes, he found himself groping in darkness, the tinkling sound of female trinkets all around him, the odour of musk within his nostrils; like fairy forms they fluttered about him but he could no more grasp one than he could clutch a shadow. "Right and left, to and fro, he groped and fumbled, more female forms than he could count were round him but in vain he sought to hold them, one way and another he ran, till he was too giddy to stand, and could only stumble hopelessly about. Eastward it was a pillar he embraced, westward he ran against a wooden partition, forwards against the leaves of the door, backwards

into the wall, bumping and banging, head and heels, until with swollen tongue and bruised head, he could only sit down panting."

Thus reduced to a state of mingled exhaustion and imbecility, he was fain to seek a parley, for as he expressed it they "were much too slippery for him." Then his mother-in-law by anticipation loosened his bandage and gently broke to him the intelligence that it was not their slipperiness but their extreme modesty which had prevented a capture, each of them being generously wishful to forego her claims in favour of one of her sisters. In fine, it was the old story, so true often of real life, that a lady is extremely difficult to catch when she is unwilling to be caught. Upon this he becomes very importunate, and urges his suit in a most indiscriminate manner for either one of her daughters, or for the mother herself, or for all three, or all four. This is beyond all conscience, but as an escape from their perplexity the widow proposes a new criterion of choice. Each of her daughters wears a certain gown, an inner vest, embroidered in jewels and gold. He is to be allowed to try on one of these and in case he can get it on, he is to marry the lady who owns it. He consents, only modestly stipulating that he shall have a try with all three, and succeed according to his deserts. There is no difficulty as to size, for as most people know all garments whatever in China would be roomy enough for Goliath. The good lady brings one in, and he finds that one enough, for no sooner has he got it on, just as he is tying the cord round his waist, than it transforms itself to strong bands of rope wound round every limb. He rolls over in excruciating pain and

as he does so the curtain of enchantment falls and the beauties and the palace disappear.

Next morning his three companions wake up also to find the scene changed. "As the east shone white they opened their eyes and raised their heads, only to see that the great mansion and lofty hall, the carved beams and ornamental pillars, had all disappeared, and they had been sleeping all night on the ground under the cypress grove."

But where was their errant companion, the eager bridegroom of the adventure? After a short search he was found bound fast to a tree and yelling with pain; they cut him down bruised and crestfallen, to pursue the journey sadder but wiser, and subject to many a gibe from his mischievous companions."

We have now only the sentimental novels to deal with. Of these there are seven on our list, but their characteristics must be summarized. The best known amongst them, either to foreigners or natives, is the *Dream of the Red Loft*. We are not ourselves enamoured of it; there are some pretty sentimental songs in it, but a weary lot of tiresome repetition of trivial details. Its recommendation to foreigners is that it is full of conversations in first rate Pekingese; but if aristocratic life in China is anything like this picture of it—dressy, vain, empty, proud, idle, sentimental, licentious,—it is a wretched existence.

The *Fortunate Union* is a very surprising story, and affords the most graphic representation of the wiles and tricks of the unscrupulous Celestial to be found anywhere. The *Western Room* and the *Guitar* are the work of great artists. They are called novels but are dramas of the operatic kind, the dialogue only being prose.

Dip number five is into the Sentimental Novels. By a sentimental novel we understand one the subject of which is love, but as marriage laws in China differ from those in England, our notions on this head get a rude shock. In a certain sense the Chinese novelist may be said to enjoy a great advantage over his brother artist of the West. When for instance, as in one of these stories, a remarkably smart Chinese girl, who is sued by an unwelcome lover, has cleverly contrived to juggle the engagement document, which a treacherous uncle has compelled her to write, and to put the name and age of her cousin, who is plain-looking, to take her place on the wedding day, so that the unwelcome suitor is successfully married to another girl; you would expect that to be the end of the matter, and that the author had nothing for it but to bring in the right bridegroom, marry the heroine according to her heart's wish, and make them "happy ever afterward." But the Celestial novelist is in no such straits; because the villain of the piece, though a good deal disgusted at being so tricked, need not in the least change his purpose. Having one wife, in a country where there are no laws against bigamy, does not preclude his having another, and thus his author is at full liberty to conceive a whole series of ingenious schemes to amuse us with the story of their frustration.

Or again, where a young man is already engaged, and strangely enough a young lady disguised as a youth proposes to him on her own account, and he on his part is honest enough to tell her of his engagement, you would think that enough to discourage the maiden. By no means. She readily signifies her willingness to accept the position of number two, and though we might think this somewhat

lowered her dignity, we see the disparity of ethical standards when the author represents this as a supreme act of nobleness. Chinese heroines are, by the way, fond of assuming the masculine disguise.

We learn from these stories that the supreme height of ambition is to become a Chuang Yuen, that is, the first on the list for the Han Lin, which is the highest degree in the Government examinations. There is only one every two years, so its possessor is covered with unheard-of glory. He has plucked the "red cinnamon spray" and is the man the Emperor himself "delights to honour." He is courted, caressed, famous, wealth showers in on him, beauty languishes at his feet, and he can have as many sweethearts as he likes, and marry them all when he pleases.

Our next dip brings up the Guitar, a particular favourite which ought to be put into English. For simplicity, naturalness, and pathos, it is exquisite. How T'sai Po Chieh's father would have him go to the capital to get his degree, while his fond mother would keep him at home, and the wife, just past the honeymoon, is divided between love and duty, but consents for him to go. How he is away long and there is no news, and famine comes, and they have nothing to eat, and the daughter goes sadly on distribution days to receive the pittance which the government is doling out to the famishing. How there is no grain in the granary and the little given to her is stolen from her on her way home. How her mother suspects her of eating good food in secret and giving them bad, whereas she has eaten her meals alone because she had nothing but chaff to eat while they were complaining of better food. How father dies, then mother, and she is alone and helpless,

but cuts off her hair and sells it on the street to buy a coffin, and scoops out the grave with her own hand, carries the earth to cover them in her apron, then worn out with hunger and exertion, she goes off to sleep. Then the spirit of the mountain region comes to her in her dream, whispers good cheer, and tells her heavenly guards attend her, and she is bidden to take her guitar and beg her way to the capital, where she shall find her husband. All the pathos of desertion is in it; it is a thing woven out of tenderness and sorrow.

Meanwhile the other side of the picture is skilfully contrasted with this. The husband, the Chuang Yuen of his year, feted, feasted, courted, and a great general, Niu, will have him as husband to his only child. His refusal is set aside by the Emperor himself and against his will he is married to the matchless beauty; but in the bridal chamber he is haunted by the thought of his absent parents and wife. The motives of the actors are different from those by which we should be swayed and the hero's course of conduct different from that which a noble Englishman would pursue in a similar situation; but we must take the author's reading of the customs and sentiments of his race, and then we shall see that he has combined his scenes and characters with surpassing skill. Here is a pretty dialogue. The hero is at the acme of his success and is musing, remembering his first wife and duty while in the presence of his second wife and pleasure.

“Bride—

I have heard before that you are a most skilful musician. But why come away where the sounds of silk and bamboo spend themselves on vacancy unheard by other ears than

your own? I count this a lucky day on which I have heard you practising. May I not make bold to ask that you will play me one more tune?

Bridegroom—

You would listen to the lute, lady? What tune would you like me to play you? What say you to the "Pheasant's Morning Flight?"

Bride—

No, do not play that. That is the song of one who was wifeless.

Bridegroom—

Then what do you say to the "Solitary Bird, the Widowed Swan?"

Bride—

What! Just when husband and wife have been newly married, you would sing of loneliness and widowhood?

Bridegroom—

Well, then, for want of anything else, I will play "Prince Chao's Complaint."

Bride—

Now, of all times, when we are at the height of married bliss, you would sing of grief in a palace? Oh, sir, all the beauties of summer are around us. Play me the tune "The Wind through the Pines."

Bridegroom—

Very well. As it suits you. (He plays)

Bride—

Stop, stop! You are mistaken. How is it that you play "Thoughts of Home"?

Bridegroom—

Hold a minute! I will play again.

Bride—

Oh dear! You are wrong again. Now you are playing
“The Crane’s Lament.”

Bridegroom—

Indeed I have played wrongly.

Bride—

Sir, how is it that you contrive to play wrongly every
time? It must be that you are making fun of me on purpose.

Bridegroom—

How should I have such an intention? It is this lute
string that I cannot use.

Bride—

Why cannot you use it?

Bridegroom—

I have only accustomed myself to play with the old
string. This is a new one and I am not familiar with it.

Bride—

What has become of the old string?

Bridegroom—

The old string has been cast aside long since.

Bride—

Why did you cast it aside?

Bridegroom—

For no other reason that that I had the new string and
had to cast aside the old one.

Bride—

But now, why not reject the new string and use the
old one?

Bridegroom—

Lady, do you suppose I do not think of the old one?
Only this new string I cannot cast away.

Bride—

Well, then, if you cannot cast away the new string, why think of the old one? Ah, yes I have it. Your heart is elsewhere and therefore all this idle talk.

Bridegroom—

Lady, the old chord is like to break,
And the new chord I cannot use;
'Tis hard the old chord again to take,
And as hard the new chord to lose.
I'll try once more,
I'll try once more
And once more the notes I confuse.

Bride—

Sir, your heart has changed.

Bridegroom—

My heart has known no change,
But strangely this cool day,
As soon as one tune strikes your ear,
'Tis changed by the wind to a different lay.

It comes out all right after all; the suffering heroine finds her way to the capital, the stern general relents and acknowledges her claims, special honours are bestowed all round by the Emperor in recognition of their several virtues, and the only drawback is that the husband has two wives on his hands instead of one, which he bears with equanimity.

But I must conclude these wanderings in the field of Chinese Romance. I will do so by asking you to join with me in the conclusion that our friend the Chinese is not lacking in imaginative faculties. One cannot help respecting a nation so rich in literary treasure, cannot help feeling

a likeness of nature, which it is well for us to feel, and recognizing how strangely similar in the inmost essence of its life one great nation is to another. For those of us who live here, the period since the Boxer outbreak, and especially since the first Chinese revolution, has astonishingly changed our conception of the people's character, our inmost thoughts of China and the Chinese have also been first thrown into "convulsions" and then "revolutionized." But at the time when I came to China the conventional idea of the Chinese which obtained in England and America was that he was altogether a whimsical kind of being, not partaking of the ordinary qualities of human nature, full of absurdities, paradoxes, and endless topsyturvyism of thought and action. It was commonly supposed that he did almost everything in the opposite way to ourselves with the implicit assumption that ours was the right way, and that he was a very funny fellow for building his houses so that the roof does not rest on the walls, having his compass point to the south instead of the north, reading his book from the wrong end, although he begins on the right, and having his lines run perpendicularly instead of horizontally, all the words of one syllable and taking up exactly as much room, though there was a great deal more of one than of another, having his coffin and grave clothes prepared soon after marriage, wearing his garters not to keep his stockings up but to keep his trousers down. In this is a double error. It tends to remove the Chinese from the category of rational beings, and to place him in a false light of our own invention. In some quarters this determination to see the Chinese always in a comic light strangely persists still, and it is none too consistent with logic to give as a considered judgment the

decision that the greatest of Chinese characteristics is reasonableness, yet continue in portraying them as a vast mirth-provoking anomaly. On the other hand, those of us who have been long enough residents in Cathay are apt to see, at any rate in the common people, a most prosy, commonplace and uninteresting people. We are too apt to give them credit for being interested in little else than "cash" and "chow chow;" in spite of ourselves we cannot conceive them in an ideal aspect, or credit them with any delicacy of feeling or fineness of taste.

Yet these people also are richly endowed with that mysterious, creative power of imagination, which gives to genius its light, and to love its glory. Across their hearts also have swept the rush of enthusiasm for brave deeds, and the sweetness of kind thoughts, trembling tenderness, discursive fancy, soft breathings of pity, and the rain of tears.

It has lifted them as it has lifted us above the dust, has made them fellow-heritors of the gifts of time, and taught them to build, out of the rude and sordid conditions of their actual life, an ideal world, wide and spacious, and filled with forms of nobleness and beauty.

Chinese Religions

Charles L. Ogilvie

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Any man who will stand up and attempt in one hour to handle such a subject as this may well be thought to have more temerity than good sense, but I have two excuses to offer. The first is, the subject was given to me in this way, and second, in this series of lectures you have become accustomed to bird's-eye views, and so will not object seriously to taking another bird's-eye view this evening of Chinese Religions. But in order that our thought may have direction, I want to put the subject in the form of a question that is commonly asked of those who are about to start for the foreign mission field as missionaries, and inasmuch as this course of lectures is intended chiefly for the good of the language students, such a method is decidedly apropos. Probably most of the missionaries-to-be in this audience have had it said to them: "What are you going out there for? Have you anything to take to the Chinese that they do not already possess? What can you offer them in a religious way that they do not now have?" The inference, of course, is that the prospective missionary has nothing to offer and that he had better stay at home. This evening we will try to answer these questions, so we can state the theme in this way:—

What can the Christian Religion give to China that China does not already possess?

In order to reply we must first examine what China has. And taking the religions in a historical order we will first examine Taoism.

Taoism

It is not easy to sum up in a few words a system that is over two thousand years old with all the multiplied developments that have taken place within it. Yet we will not be doing Taoism an injustice if we point out the main lines of thought. Taoism first of all is a philosophy and is largely based as we know in the first instance on Lao tzu's Tao Te Ching, although the roots of Taoism undoubtedly go back beyond Lao tzu. In the Tao Te Ching, Lao tzu endeavours to describe the great force which he called Tao. His description is very similar to what we in the West are accustomed to in the definitions of the Absolute. Tao is practically undefinable. Yet it is a real force underlying the universe, more important than Shang Ti. Lao tzu felt the need of more faith in his generation, that men should get away from the superficiais and become acquainted with the fundamentals, that men should be rooted in this great power called Tao in order to get strength.

But Lao tzu did not describe Tao simply that we might know what it is. He intended that it should be operative in life and that by becoming subject to it, men might possess Te or Virtue, hence his book is called the Tao Te Ching. Now in his explication of Virtue he is hard to follow. He calls the Virtue that proceeds from Tao the Higher Virtue and that which is ordinarily known as Virtue, the Lower Virtue. There is one sentence which

contrasts these two very clearly. It is 上德不德, 是以有德, 下德不失德, 是以無德. There are many interpretations of this sentence, and whether my understanding of it is in agreement with what the old philosopher meant I cannot say, but here it is: The Higher Virtue is not like the superficial, outward virtue that is common among men, consequently, this Higher Virtue is real virtue; for two reasons, one because it is from Tao and another because it is not false like ordinary human virtue. The ordinary virtue because it cannot lose itself, that is, because it does not recognize itself to be false, remains false, therefore it is not virtue. In connection with this subject Lao tzu says many things that seem contradictory to us. He advises people to discard all their notions about benevolence and kindness because these things only help to keep up the delusion. The more sages there are, the more robbers, and the more law, the more disorder. Lao tzu evidently was speaking ironically in order to induce people to put away their Pharisaism and become genuinely good.

The nexus between Tao and Te is found in two characters 無爲, or non-assertion as it is often translated. This does not mean mere passivity for he urges us to act the non-action. This would mean to put one's self into such a position that Tao can work in one. If we were speaking in Christian terms we would say, "Yield yourselves unto God." This is a great thought and Lao tzu undoubtedly felt it with great force. Unfortunately he was not able to give it to others as clearly as he felt it. He speaks like one emerging from a dream. He knows he has seen something, and the experience through which he passed has left its impress upon his soul, but when he tries

to describe it to others he becomes confused. He knows the thing is there but he can't quite get hold of the thread.

The philosophy of Taoism is one of its best parts and as represented by the great trio who stand at the head of the line,—Lao tzu, Lieh tzu, and Chuang tzu—it has had a great influence in China.

But then, Taoism is more than philosophy. It is Magic. Beginning with Huai Nan Tzu it left the safe though difficult road that Lao tzu had laid down, and went bounding away into a limbo of fantasy. The figure that best exemplifies this type of Taoism is the great Chang Tao Ling, the maker of the Great Pill, the first Taoist pope, who, yielding himself to the Pill instead of to Tao, passed into the paradise of immortals. In the hands of Han Fei Tzu it contributed to the centralizing movement under Ch'in Shih Huang, but even here its magic was potent, for the great emperor sent an expedition of young people to find the islands in the eastern sea where the genii live. From then on through the time of the Three Kingdoms and the Six Dynasties Taoism was powerful. Buddhism we know had come into China during the first century, but owing to the restriction which was placed upon Chinese becoming priests the movement had not gained much momentum. It was not until the fourth century that Buddhism began to flourish and compete for first place with Taoism. As time went on first one and then the other occupied a leading place, due largely to imperial favour. If the emperor or a succession of emperors were under the influence of Taoists, Taoism naturally flourished; and when they were under the influence of Buddhists, Buddhism flourished. But the former was no match for the latter and now in our day, we

are not particularly interested in the magic of Taoism. It prospers where ignorance reigns, but only there.

Taoism may also be called ethical. In its two little books, Kan Ying P'ien (Rewards and Punishments) and Yin Chih Wen (Secret Blessings) it still exercises a tremendous influence for good in China. The circulation of these two books is considered a great merit, hence money is contributed to keep them in circulation. Although the Book of Secret Blessings is not large, having only about five hundred words, yet it must be regarded as a great book, for it is as good as gold. In this department, therefore, Taoism reaches a high line.

There is one thing more to be said about Taoism. It is a religion. But when we say this, we do not say very much, for it is an imitation religion. It got its temples from Buddhism, and most of its religious forms. It aped the Buddhist trinity, putting Taoist characters inside, P'an Ku, Lao tzu and Chang Tao Ling are known as the San Ch'ing (三清), the last named having been styled the 玉皇上帝 or Gemmy Emperor. Anyone who cares to go outside the Ch'i Hua Men to the Tung Yueh Miao, can see this individual sitting in all his royal splendour as the Great and Perfect Ruler of T'ai Shan (東嶽天齊大帝). Aside from its religious imitations, Taoism is animistic, and as such does not commend itself to us.

Confucianism

What is Confucianism? This seems to be a problem in many quarters. We hear opinions expressed that are quite contradictory and may wonder why it is. This difficulty is due altogether to a confusion of terms. If we want to know

what Confucius said and did, all we have to do is to examine the records. If Confucianism therefore is understood to mean what Confucius said and did, we know in a moment what Confucianism is. But if the term Confucianism is used in a larger sense then we must realize that it includes what is pre-Confucian, what is Confucian and what is post-Confucian. If we therefore will take care to define our terms there need be no difficulty.

Confucianism in the larger sense is based on the Classics, of which there are many. Confucius himself is supposed to have written only one book, namely the Ch'un Ch'iu or Spring and Autumn. This was based on a book called the Annals of Lu and is a historical record of the events which took place between 722 B. C. and 481 B. C. On this book Confucius based his hope of fame. There are those who claim that Confucius wrote most of the I Ching, but this theory does not find general acceptance. Aside from the book which Confucius wrote he also edited several; namely, the I Ching (Book of Changes), Shih Ching (Book of Poetry), Shu Ching (Book of History), Li Chi (Book of Ceremonies), Yueh Ching (Book of Music), which was lost in the Han Dynasty, and possibly the Hsiao Ching (Book of Filial Piety), though this last book may have been edited by a disciple. We have also the books which his disciples wrote, known as the Four Books:—Lun Yü (Analects), Ta Hsüeh (Great Learning), Chung Yung (Doctrine of the Mean) and Mencius. Before the list is complete we have to add the Chou Li (Rites of Chou), I Li (Canon of Rites), Kung Yang Commentary on the Ch'un Ch'iu, Ku Liang Commentary on the Ch'un Chui and a book called the Er Ya, which is somewhat of a dictionary. Altogether we have

here fifteen books. If we strike out the *Ta Hsüeh* and *Chung Yung*, the remaining thirteen are known, and have been known, since the Sung Dynasty, as the Thirteen Classics. They are supposed to have been engraved on the stone tablets which surround the Hall of Classics in Peking. On the basis then of these books we base our judgment of Confucianism.

We can say first of all that Confucianism is a system of Economics. We need not spend any time with this phase of the subject, but simply remark in passing that as a system of economics it compares favourably with present day systems. Those who care to go into this phase of the subject are referred to Dr. Ch'en Huan Chang's thesis, entitled "The Economic Principles of Confucius and His School" where he discusses the subject minutely.

Confucianism is also Legislative. Confucius was an official himself and had much to say about government, and what is true of him in particular is also true of the Classics in general. In the *Li Chi* we find Confucius' ideal of government. It is given in two characters, which are 大同, or Great Similarity, Great Harmony, Grand Course or Grand Union as it is variously translated. The period of Yao and Shun in Chinese history is held up by Confucius as the model for all generations. It matters very little whether we think of the *Ta T'ung* as being in the future or in the past. Much is made of this by some, but it is irrelevant. Inasmuch as it is impossible for man to go backwards in his development, whatever is held up to him as a goal towards which to strive must of necessity have a future significance. If, living in this time of *Hsiao K'ang* (小康), or Small Tranquillity, we have the example of Yao

and Shun held up to us, then the *Ta T'ung* of the past will become the *Ta T'ung* of the future as we strive to reach the goal. Righteousness and propriety will characterize the acts of the rulers and the country will be brought into a state of peace.

The third aspect of Confucianism is Ethical. Ethics impinge upon the individual primarily. We can think of the individual in three relations; first in relation to himself, second in relation to the family, and third in relation to the state. In relation to himself it is a question of character, and the model which Confucius holds up is that of the 君子, or "princely man." He is to possess the five constants (五常), which are benevolence, justice, propriety, knowledge and truth (仁義禮智信), or better still the eight virtues, filial piety, brotherly kindness, loyalty, truth, propriety, justice, generosity, and modesty (孝悌忠信禮義廉恥), though some of these have reference to the other relations. The "princely man" as depicted by Confucius is certainly an admirable character, though had we time we could point out one or two spots that need attention.

In relation to the family, that is, towards his parents, the individual must be filial (孝). And in relation to the state he must be loyal (忠). It is said by some that these two characters *Hsiao* (孝) and *Chung* (忠) sum up Confucianism, and in this order, with the family first. In Japan the order is reversed and the Japanese are trained to regard *Chung* as the more important of the two. Consequently, when a man is confronted with a problem which brings these two into antagonism he must choose loyalty to his emperor rather than devotion to his parents. But with Confucianism the idea of the family seems to be the

stronger. In the Hsiao Ching we read, "The filial piety with which the superior man serves his parents may be transferred as loyalty to the ruler." And in the Ta Hsüeh it says, "To rightly govern the state, it is necessary first to regulate one's own family." The development of China and Japan seems to demonstrate the truth of the above contrast. In the case of Japan, emphasis upon the importance of the state has brought about a highly organized government that is supreme, whereas in the case of China such a government is yet to appear.

It is along the line of ethics that we can be liberal in our praise of Confucianism. These ethical ideas have been so driven into the warp and woof of Chinese society that they are taken for granted by the multitude. In connection with Mohammedanism in China we see the great power of Confucianism. It has succeeded in modifying Islam to such an extent, that Moslems in other countries are accustomed to look with scorn upon a Chinese Moslem as not being up to the mark.

Now when we come to look at Confucianism as a Religion, we meet the old question, Is Confucianism really a religion? Well, it depends altogether upon what one is talking about. If we mean by Confucianism, Confucius' own ideas, then Confucianism is not religious and the system cannot be called a religion, for Confucius plainly ignored the subject. But if we use Confucianism in the larger sense then it is a religion. What shall we say? State Religion or Confucianism? Either is acceptable. If we say State Religion, then Confucianism will be inside, and if we say Confucianism, then the State Religion will be inside. As a matter of fact the State Religion existed

before Confucius' time, yet Confucius edited the books in which this State Religion is found and he is worshipped as one of the chief objects in it.

Beginning at the top we can say that this religion means the worship of Shang Ti by the emperor. This is the principal religious duty of His Majesty that was, and of the President that is, though in addition, visits were paid to other temples besides the Temple of Heaven, and at the spring and autumn festivals the proper ceremonies were celebrated at the Confucian temple.

The officials were supposed to worship at the altars known as the She Chi T'an (Spirits of the Land and Grains), to pay their respects to the tutelary deity of the city and do honour to the multitude of canonized worthies.

Ordinary people found their religious duties centering in ancestor worship, the worship of Heaven and Earth on certain occasions, as well as the worship of Confucius and all the others. Ancestor worship is undoubtedly the main line, and when one says that Chinese religion, meaning Confucianism, is ancestor worship, he is not far wrong. Even in the case of Shang Ti, it is possible to think of that divinity as the ancestor of the ordinary individual worshipping him. We next come to

Buddhism

He who finds it difficult to say off hand what Confucianism is will find it much more difficult to say what Buddhism is, because it is so complicated. It is impossible without a considerable explanation to give a fair idea of Buddhism.

As for Sakyamuni, which is the name used for Gotama among the Chinese, we have a young man who had pretty much his own way in early life with more than the average chance to find pleasure, deciding at the age of twenty-nine to renounce a life of ease and live the life of an ascetic. For six years he pursued this course and becoming enlightened at the age of thirty-five, he spent the rest of his long life—eighty years in all—in teaching his doctrine to others.

The strength of his character must be judged by the extent of his influence, and on this basis Gotama must rank as one of the world's greatest and best men.

In order to understand his teachings we must first get a mental picture of the background. India then, as now, was a place where suffering abounded. The Brahman theory of life, in its attempt to get away from this suffering simply added to the load. They believed that each individual possessed an indestructible soul which passed through the process of rebirth from one form into another until by some means it became swallowed up in the All-soul. This theory did not please Gotama. He considered the doctrine of the soul as most baneful and in denying its existence in that form he also denied the existence of the All-soul. In his opinion what people called the soul was nothing more than a multitude of mental states. We might say a "bundle of sense perceptions," and in so doing we show how far ahead of his day Gotama was. We start then with the five skandhas or aggregates that go to make up what we know as the soul. The first is Material Properties, of which there are twenty-seven varieties; the second Sensations of which there are six classes; the third Abstract ideas, of which there are six

classes; the fourth Tendencies, of which there are fifty-two divisions, and the fifth Reason. These taken together make man.

We have referred to the doctrine of rebirth. Gotama could not avoid that. The feeling that man shall live again is so strong in the human heart that it could not be overlooked, hence the doctrine of transmigration had to find a place in Buddhism. The relation of one birth to another, however, is determined by *Karma*, and here we meet one of the most important of Buddhist conceptions. Karma means "deeds." For a man to have his course determined by Karma means that all his own deeds and all the deeds of those who have preceded him form a long chain of cause and effect which controls him completely. But then you say, I thought there was no soul, and if there is no soul, why all this talk about transmigration? It is Karma that is responsible. When the "Combination of Aggregates" passes away, that is, in ordinary language, when a soul dies, another "Combination of Aggregates" is brought into being and sent spinning through this world. (No matter how high the philosopher may get in his mental flights, he has to come down occasionally to earth. Men do have an aggravating way of dying and that fact has to be noticed more or less.) But we need do no more than register a pin-point and pass on, for Karma brings that particular bundle of life into being again and another human being begins his wild scramble over the days. But then, how can such a weary process be continued? Who wants to keep coming back again and again, and what gives Karma its momentum? *Trishna*, meaning thirst, or desire, is the guilty one. *Trishna* is the propelling power that

keeps the mill going? How to destroy *Trishna* becomes the problem of life. We begin then on our constructive process, a constructive process of destruction, as the Irishman would say.

We must first learn the Four Noble Truths. The first is that Sorrow is inherent in individuality. The main idea in individuality is separateness. All the sorrow in the world comes from this insistence upon separateness. Birth, death, sickness are all connected with the individual and are all full of sorrow. Trying to gain something that is beyond our grasp, forced to relinquish something that we prize, struggling and straining, losing and despairing, all these things bring sorrow. The second truth is known as Accumulation. It is a continuation of the first. Individuality plus growth in life brings an accumulation of sorrow, troubles multiplied. This leads to the third truth, which is Destruction, that is, the only way by which one can be free is to destroy the root of all sorrow. As soon as thirst is destroyed, peace will follow, and the result will be Nirvana. The fourth truth is called the Way, that is, the way to be free, the way to Nirvana. And this Way is called the Noble Eightfold Path.

To walk on this path means that one will have Right Views (no delusions at all), Right Aims (or purposes), Right Words: Right Behaviour, Right Mode of Livelihood, (that is, getting a living in such a way that you do not injure any living thing), Right Exertion, Right Mindfulness (or watchfulness), and Right Meditation. This is the way to Nirvana. But we are not yet through with the figures. We must not get tired of figures if we want to understand Buddhism; in fact, one of the ways to remember

the course is to add the figures together and hold only one number in mind; for example, if we put the five and the four, and the eight and the ten together we get twenty-seven, and for the time being twenty-seven will stand for Buddhism. We still have to add the ten, that is, the Ten Fetters. Before one can plant his feet securely on the Eightfold Noble Path the Ten Fetters must be broken.

The first fetter is Delusion, that is, delusion as to self. You think your name is Smith and that there is no one like you in the world, that you are an entity in yourself, sufficient unto yourself, and able to pay the grocer. And what Smith thinks, Jones, Brown and all the rest think; in fact, the whole world suffers under this delusion of self. It must be gotten rid of if we are to get on. The second fetter is Doubt, doubt as to the efficacy of the Buddha's method. If you wish to be free and are willing to follow the course marked out, you can be free, but if you have any doubt in your mind as to the ability of the Buddhist method, then you are bound hand and foot by the second fetter and there is no hope for you. The third fetter is Dependence on works. The reference here is chiefly to the Brahman rites, which hung like so many dead weights on the necks of the faithful in Gotama's day.

These three fetters are grouped. He who has broken them has accomplished the first stage in the journey. He has entered the stream, or has been "converted," and shall only return once to the world.

The fourth fetter is Sensuality and the fifth Hatred. These constitute the second and third stages, and he who has finished the third stage is an Arhat or holy one, and will never return to this world. There still remain,

however, five more fetters to break before the Arhat reaches Nirvana. The sixth is Love of Life on Earth, the seventh Love of Life in Heaven, the eighth Pride, the ninth Self-righteousness, and the tenth Ignorance. This completes the fourth stage and entitles one to enter Nirvana.

Nirvana means "going out" as when one extinguishes a light, and it refers to the extinguishing of all desires. It is described with a fullness that leaves no doubt as to the desirability of attaining to it. It is a sinless calm state of mind. In the west, the term Nirvana has been thought of as the equivalent of annihilation. From our point of view, it seems very difficult to understand how one can start without a soul and go to a place where there is no consciousness without meeting annihilation somewhere on the road. We will have to rest content with the Buddhist explanation, that though it is a cessation of individual existence, yet it is not extinction. Another false idea has also become associated with Nirvana, and that is that the term signifies a future state. That is not the case. It is to be understood as a state of mind which can be reached in this present life. So much for the Buddhism of Gotama, or the Hinayana Buddhism.

That which we have been discussing is nothing more than a moral culture dependent upon one's own efforts. The example of the Buddha is all that we have to work with; he can be of no more service than that. But in the Mahayana Buddhism we have quite a different setting. This form of Buddhism arose during the first century of the Christian era due apparently to the effort of Asvaghosa. The differences between the two forms of Buddhism are so fundamental that many have thought there must be a connection between the

new movement and Christianity. This cannot be proved historically, in fact, the general feeling is that whatever influences contributed to produce the change were from India. But with such changes, how could they keep Buddha inside, one may ask. It was essential that the connection with the historical Buddha should be intact, but inasmuch as the new teaching was quite different from the teaching of Sakyamuni, it would be very difficult to maintain that connection without some good reason. That reason was found on the basis of "where there's a will, there's a way." Gotama in a previous existence was made responsible for the Mahayana teaching and thus the new school as well as the old school was rooted in Buddha.

There are four points in which there is a vast difference between the two. In Mahayana Buddhism we have the eternal deity, the great Buddha that is over all the other Buddhas. According to this school Gotama was only one manifestation. There are the five celestial Buddhas. The first three came before Gotama, he was the fourth and there is one yet to come, Matreiya, or Milufo, as the Chinese call him. The celestial counterpart of Gotama is Amitabha, the Buddha of eternal light who dwells in the western heaven. He is sometimes called Adi-Buddha, which means one Buddha. This Amitabha or Adi-Buddha has become supreme among the Buddhas, or to put it in another way envelops them all. This of course is quite contrary to the teaching of Gotama.

The second difference is in the appearance of the Bodhisattvas "the heavenly enlightened." A Bodhisattva is one who has earned a right to enter Nirvana, but because of his concern for the sufferings of men is willing to

renounce Nirvana for the time being and respond to man's cries for help. He is a savior of men. You will remember that the goal of the Hinayana was the Arhat who worked for his own salvation, but in the Bodhisattva we have the idea of working for others added. According to this school, Gotama was a Bodhisattva when he came to the earth for the last time. As the books have it, Gotama declared to all the world, that he would not again be born; this was to be the last time. He had come to qualify as a Buddha. When he left these shades, as he had already passed into Nirvana, he ceased to be accessible to men. Whoever enters Nirvana says farewell to all usefulness in this world. It is difficult to understand, however, if this be true, why it is that prayers are offered to Sakyamuni in every Buddhist temple. Probably it is a case of we want what we want.

The third difference is the substitution of faith for works. The Arhat worked for himself and endeavored to get a perfect character. The Bodhisattva works for others, consequently, the worshipper no longer relies upon his own efforts but seeks for salvation through the meritorious acts of the Bodhisattva, or P'usa as it is in Chinese.

The fourth point is Paradise. Although the conception of Nirvana is not forgotten entirely, yet it loses its attractiveness in comparison with the western heaven where Amitabha dwells. The corresponding doctrine of hell or many hells also appeared to balance things up. This is a very rough outline of the two large divisions of Buddhism but it may serve as a convenient frame for the memory.

There is one more religion to consider and that is Mohammedanism. What is it? Judaism, Paganism and Christianity, or as someone has described it, Judaism plus

Mohammed. We do not need to spend any time with Mohammed as there is nothing special to say about him. In Mohammedan teachings, however, we come to something that is concrete and easy for the mind to hold. This is a great advantage. Had Taoism and Buddhism in their initial stages been as easy for the ordinary man to grasp, we would have seen quite a different development in those two religions.

To be a good Moslem one is supposed to believe certain things and act accordingly. Their system of religion is divided into the two parts, faith and practice (Iman and Din). Every true follower of the prophet must believe six things. The first is One God, who is a unit. He is all powerful and at the same time merciful. The second point is belief in Angels, of which there are three classes, good and bad angels, and an intermediate class called Jinn. Then there are the Books. In all there are supposed to have been one hundred and four, some coming through Adam, some through Enoch, and some through others, but all from heaven. Of the total number only four remain: the Torah, or Law, of Moses; the Zabur, or Psalms, of David; the Injil, or Gospel, of Jesus, and the Koran of Mohammed. The last named has superseded the other three, so there is really only one book. The fourth point is belief in Prophets. All the prophets were not of equal grade. The leading six are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus and Mohammed. Mohammed coming last takes precedence. Aside from these six there are also many other lesser prophets. Then follows the doctrine of Resurrection or the Last Day, when the believers will be separated from the unbelievers, having Mohammed as their

effective intercessor. Allah will punish the unbelievers by sending them to hell and will reward the believers by ushering them into the garden of Paradise. The last point and in some ways the most important is their belief in Predestination, the predestination of everything good and bad. It is interesting to see how some of the Chinese Moslems wrestle with this doctrine in order to make it square up with Chinese thought. In one of their books called the *Ssu Tien Yao Hui* (四典要會), the writer makes the *ch'ien ting* (前定) correspond to the Chinese *t'ien li* (天理). Just as the Chinese have no difficulty in adjusting man's freedom with the will of heaven, so there should be no difficulty in adjusting the relationship between the Moslem predestination and man's free will. I fear that not many Chinese who are not Mohammedans would assent to the view that evil is to be associated with the will of heaven. The trouble with the Mohammedan doctrine is that it says too much.

In addition to the things to be believed there are also five meritorious acts to be performed, called by the Chinese *Wu kung* (五功). The first is the Confession of the Creed, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." This must be uttered audibly and with the understanding at least once during life and must be held to as a matter of belief until death. Then they must pray five times every day at the stated hours, though in this there seems to be more or less accommodation. We know of Moslems who do all their praying at one time, the volume of prayer being sufficient to square accounts. The third meritorious act is Fasting. Once every year in the month of Ramadan the faithful are supposed to abstain from food and drink, as

well as other things, from sunrise to sunset. The time of the year is not always the same owing to the nature of the Moslem calendar, and for this reason there are often many difficulties connected with fasting in unfavourable seasons. Fasting is not a bad thing for the discipline of one's soul, but owing to the custom which they have of feasting after sundown on each day, we are led to think that the stomach and pocket-book are not similarly benefitted. It is said that they spend more money for food during the fast month than at any other time.

Then we have Alms as the fourth act. According to Chinese Mohammedan regulations, Zakat, or legal alms, is called a heavenly duty. All who have fourteen taels as an income are supposed to give $1/40$ as a tithe. More can be given if the person so desires, but this amount is compulsory. In Moslem countries where the government was interested there was not much chance of escaping this duty, whether one recognized it as such or not, but in countries where the government is not Mohammedan, the giving of money is more or less a matter of conscience. This undoubtedly affects the total receipts.

The last act of merit is the Pilgrimage to Mecca. The Chinese books are careful to say, "if you have money enough to pay the bill." To make the pilgrimage is of unusual merit, but not many Chinese on the whole are equal to it, so there is a sort of consolation pilgrimage arranged. The early morning service in the mosque before sunrise, being in winter at least the most inconvenient of all to attend, serves as a substitute for the trip to Mecca. It is possible, however, to send another in one's stead, which is reckoned to the merit of the one who pays the bills, rather than to the one who goes.

He who holds firmly to the six doctrines and performs faithfully as many of the five acts as he can is a good Moslem. Now as to the influence of this religion in China, while we cannot say that it has done or can do very much to interest others in its ways, yet among its own followers it has developed a sense of unity that does not exist elsewhere among the Chinese. All one has to do in meeting a Moslem is to hold up the forefinger, signifying unity, and he will be recognized as one of them unless he disclaims the honour. This sense of unity is also accompanied by a devotion that is not found in the other religions. There is quite a difference between the religious temperature of the Chinese Moslems and the religious temperature of Buddhists, Taoists or Confucianists.

This gives us the four religions of China in a few words. We must all realize that any system that has persisted for a long time and that is highly regarded by many people must have merit. All these religions arose to meet a need. And in a measure at least they all succeeded. They were all born of a good desire. We must say this even of Mohammedanism, whose Jihad (holy war) has done so much to discredit the sincerity of the prophet. Up to the time when Mohammed took the sword and thereby went astray, I think we are justified in thinking of him as a man with a good desire, who was labouring for the good of his fellows and was willing to suffer for the cause.

What have we then as the religious material which China possesses? We have one supreme God in all the religions. To be sure, three are polytheistic and only one is monotheistic, yet the conception of a supreme God is common to all. Then we have a way of salvation in all

four religions. Prayer is a vital part in at least two of the religions and possibly three. Two have faith as necessary to salvation, and two have a high standard of morality. In addition to all these, we have a universal love in Buddhism that reaches even to the animals. Such a display may well cause the superficial thinker to ask, What can you Christians possibly do for China? That brings us to the answer, but before giving it we must set forth a few general considerations.

The first consideration is that truth is universal. Taoist truth, or Confucianist truth, or Buddhist truth, or Mohammedan truth is just as much truth as Christian truth. What is true may be called truth regardless of the particular tag that may be attached. To say that any statement that may be made which has the Christian tag on it is true, simply because it bears the tag, is ridiculous. It should be true if it bears the Christian tag but unfortunately that is not always the case.

The second consideration is that admiration and affection are the same the world over. These emotions are common to humanity, and we do not talk of Chinese affection and Indian affection as if these varieties were different from English or American affection. There may be a great difference in the objects toward which this admiration expresses itself, or for which the affection burns, but there is no difference in the emotion. This is very evident when we stop to examine the problem. There are warm-hearted followers of Buddha who are willing to die for him. Buddhist priests often willingly undergo suffering in the name of their religion, that for consecration puts many a Christian to shame. The followers of Mohammed in some

of the sects often spend the whole night in exhausting prayer, using simply one phrase "la-ilaha," breathing out with the negative "la," their impurity, and breathing in with the name "Allah," purity. Shall we say that this is not downright sincerity? We would be foolish if we thought it. It is just as genuine as devotion could be, even though it be misguided.

Another thought that is important is, the religious needs of men are the same the world over. How to get on with one's self and how to get on with other people sum up man's religious needs. Various methods may be used to meet these needs, but the needs are the same the world over.

The last consideration which we should notice is that the influence exerted by good men is the same in essence even though it may differ in degree. When Buddha influences a man towards goodness, it is good, and when Mohammed influences a man towards goodness, it is good. The influence is exactly the same in kind when Confucius leads a man towards goodness as it is when Jesus Christ does the same. The difference is not in kind but in degree.

We must keep these considerations constantly in mind and accustom ourselves to move on a broad plane where local colourings and provincial biases do not obtain.

We leave the general considerations with these few words and set ourselves to the task of answering our question.

In facing the religious needs which well up in life, every human being is more or less conscious of the fact that he is lacking in two things, knowledge and power. We push Christianity into the ring and we say, how do these five

religions line up in relation to these two things? Well, of the last mentioned religion we lay down this fundamental plank namely; that Christianity is essentially a Religion of Knowledge. It is customary to think of Christianity more as a religion of faith, and it is often gibbeted by its opponents as having very little to do with knowledge. But on the contrary it is in knowledge that Christianity leaves all the other religions far behind. In its facts about man, his nature and destiny, it speaks with an authority that is compulsive. As to this world, its meaning and constitution, Christianity speaks with no uncertain voice. But it is not in relation to these two subjects that the superiority par excellence of Christianity is apparent. Man and the world are subject to observation, and a keen observer in China may find out almost as much about man as his Christian brother in America knows, or even more. Similarly an Indian may by his acute observations find out more than his English brother knows about either man or the world. So we can for the moment dismiss these two departments as of no immediate consequence. When it comes, however, to the subject of God, then with the teachings of Christ as our guide we walk on a plane where none of the other religions can take us. Here we see and hear things that man never could imagine by his own reasonings. It is right at this point that we find out what is wrong with the Chinese religions. They do not know God. No amount of guessing can make up for the lack of knowledge. Consequently, the four religious systems that I have mentioned are all out of joint and unbalanced.

The Christian, it is true, says, "I believe," and we are accustomed to think of this belief as the fundamental

thing in Christianity, but let us take notice of the fact that the Christian must be able to say "I know" before he can say "I believe." We know certain things, and for that reason believe other things, and only for that reason. For example, we know that Jesus Christ came into this world, we also know that he died and that he rose again. These are historical facts. And because of these historical facts we have what is called faith. Because we know that Jesus Christ came, we believe that God came in Him; because we know that He died, we believe that "the chastisement of our peace is upon Him;" and because we know that he rose from the dead we believe that we shall also rise. Knowledge and faith are the same thing in two different realms. In the realm of the knowable we have knowledge and in the realm of the unknowable we have faith. As our knowledge increases, it pushes its borders farther and farther out, but wherever it ends, there faith joins on. To say that we believe without examination what can be known, is puerile, and to say that we know what cannot be known is preposterous. Christianity in the realm of the knowable is based on history, or knowledge, that cannot be gainsaid. The knowledge is given to a knowing subject in order that he may have something on which to stand. Because of this foundation he dares to believe things about the unknowable. There must be nothing in his faith that cannot be adjusted to what he knows. If there is anything, then his faith has nothing to support it. Faith must always be ready to be tested in the realm of knowledge, and the duty of knowledge, while recognizing its limits is to hold fast to what it possesses.

Now we come to the other thought, which is, Christianity is essentially a Religion of Power. This is the great test. What can a religion, be it Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, or any other religion, do? That's what we want to know. Has it power? Then it has life, and the measure of its power is the measure of its life.

It is exceedingly important that we note at this point that a mere collection of doctrines is not sufficient to make a living religion. Some people talk about doctrines and teachings as if they were everything. It takes more than "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair" to make a man. You gather together a good collection of teachings, put them in order, group them around some individual and you have your religion. Yes, to be sure; just the same as when you gather together several handfuls of clay into a lump, put a hat on its head and have a man. The Greek philosopher, Philostratus, tried it once. He took as his model Apollonius of Tyana, borrowed liberally from Christianity and finally finished his religion, which was to take the place of the Christian religion. Why should it not? Did it not have all the elements? Yes, all the elements except life. He might just as well have taken a large collection of chemicals and put them together hoping to get a living being. All he had accomplished was the making of an idol, just as much an idol as the dummies we see in the temples.

Then there is another statement that needs emphasis in this connection. The power that is in Christianity does not lie in the imagination of the Christian, nor in any subjective moods that he may cultivate, but it lies in the presence of Jesus Christ in the human soul. Here are five men kneeling. One is a Buddhist praying to his Buddha,

one is a Taoist praying to his Gemmy Emperor, one is a Confucianist praying to his ancestors, and one is a Moham-
 medan praying toward his Kibla, and one is a Christian
 praying to God. Now some people would have us believe
 that if these five men all use the same amount of energy
 and earnestness in their supplications to their various
 divinities, they will all obtain the same result. The
 Buddhist receives what his Buddha can give; the Taoist
 receives what his Gemmy Emperor can give; the Confucian-
 ist receives what his ancestors can give, the Moslem
 receives what his Allah can give, and the Christian receives
 what his God can give. It is not because a man decides to
 believe that he has power that he has it. No amount of
 sincerity in his supplications will net him anything if he is
 not connected with the source of power. The source of the
 Christian's power, if he has any, is Jesus Christ in him,
 not simply his belief that Jesus Christ is there, for he may
 be mistaken. If Jesus Christ is there, there is power, and
 if he is not there, there is not power. Here then is the
 secret of daily renewal, not the subjective operations of the
 human will but the Divine operations of the hidden Christ.

The difference between the great religions of China
 and Christianity is not so much in their adherents, for
 there is a good deal of ordinary clay in all of us, but in
 their leaders. As between Lao tzu, Confucius, Buddha,
 Mohammed, and Jesus Christ there is as much difference
 as between an incandescent lamp and the sun.

We have answered the question with which we started,
 but we can sum it up in one sentence. We come to China to
 bring Jesus Christ to this people. In Him they will find
 the knowledge that can separate them from their sin; in
 Him they will find that recreating power that can turn
 mortal clay into a Godlike man.

When We Came to China

The period covered by the title of this lecture is that during which communication between East and West was re-opened and abundantly multiplied, especially by sea, but also by land. Travel and exploration had received an enormous impetus from the Crusades, which exercised a great influence over the freer and more adventurous spirits of Europe for many generations, an influence that lasted right into the period when steam made travel an everyday incident devoid of all adventure. Expressed in European historical terms, we may say that our period extends from the date of the fourth and fifth Crusades, A.D. 1195 and 1198 to that of the steamboat, which, brought into being by Claude Comte de Jouffroy, made its first appearance on the Saône in 1783. Expressed in terms of eastern travel, we may say that it stretches from the days of Benjamin of Tudela, who visited the Far East in the third quarter of the twelfth century, to the time of the Macartney Embassy to Peking in 1793, with a possible extension to the date of the Treaty of Nanking, 1842.

The first European traveller to mention China in writing was the Spanish Jew, Benjamin of Tudela, who came to the Far East in the years between A.D. 1160 and 1175. He did not get as far as China but only to the East Indies, and what he tells us of China is mere hearsay. After Benjamin of Tudela we have a regular series of travellers: Marco Polo, whose pages, a classic of Cathay, are a storehouse of information about China at the end of

the thirteenth century; Ibn Batuta, "the traveller not of an age but of Islam," whose brief but interesting visit to China took place in 1345; the Portuguese traveller, Raphaël Perestrello, the first Western trader to reach China by sea, he having been sent from Malacca by Albuquerque and arriving in 1516; and an almost unbroken stream of visitors, many of whom wrote elaborate accounts of their travels, right down to the date of the Macartney Embassy. From this time there has been a steady coming and going of Occidental visitors to China, the latest of whom are just landing or going aboard at Shanghai.

Professor Jacks, in an interesting chapter on Moral Progress,¹ says, "Next to conceit I reckon forgetfulness as the greatest enemy of moral progress. I suppose Rudyard Kipling had something of this in mind when he wrote,

'Lord God of Hosts be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget.'"

He is speaking of the common overestimate of the moral progress we have made in Europe, and part of my object here is to remind ourselves exactly how recently it is that we have travelled far on the road of progress, and how little until recently the Chinese people lagged behind us. We can reach this end in many ways, but perhaps the most appropriate for us here is to try to look upon China as our predecessors saw it. To do this we must know two things: what sort of countries they left behind, and what sort of country they found China to be. To understand the first, we must look the facts of European history in the face, and to understand the second we must read the accounts the great

¹"Progress and History," Edited by F. S. Marvin, Chap. VI.

travellers have given us of China as they found it. And we must read them intelligently. When we read, for example, the pages of Marco Polo, we must not read them solely with our knowledge of China as she is to-day, or of Europe or the United States as they are to-day, in our minds. We must read them with a picture in our minds of the countries that Marco Polo had left behind, and if we do so we shall realize better the air of wonderment, of marvel, of genuine amazement, with which he described his continuous succession of surprises in this country. A sufficient commentary on the stories he had to tell is the fact that he very soon acquired the nickname "Mr. Millions." He had such wonderful things to narrate that the inhabitants of benighted Europe could not comprehend them, and put him down almost at once as a lying traveller. Yet we now know that in the main he spoke the truth. He lapsed in a cipher or two now and again, but details of that kind do not affect the main truth of his narrative; and indeed the general truth of his narrative has been so fully established that we ought to give him the benefit of the doubt in things uncertain. Marco Polo, it will be remembered, was a Venetian, and when he visited China Venice was one of the great cities of Europe. Hence it is safe to conclude that when he expresses admiration and wonder at anything he sees in China this admiration and wonder are those of a man who has seen the best that the European world has to shew. He never once describes a thing as wonderful "considering." His admiration is unqualified.

The same holds true of most other travellers to the Far East. The illiterate traveller does not as a rule write

books. It is the polished man, the man of the world, who has seen all that is worth seeing in his own country, which may be taken as typical of the countries of Europe, that writes descriptions of the strange things of Cathay, and he does so because he finds them notable by the side of the things he has known in his native country. The Jesuit priest, the Russian geographer, the Scotch doctor, the British ambassador or his secretary, makes notes not only of the things that strike him as an advance upon those to which he has been accustomed in his own country, and countries springing from the same civilization, but also of those that he finds different in kind from those he has known from his youth up.

Our starting point, then, in any attempt to evaluate the accounts of the earlier European travellers in China must be the background of their own minds, must be mediæval Europe in short. Most of these men were city men, they were not country bumpkins. They knew city life at its best. What was city life at its best, when the first European travellers came to China? Many writers have told us, but none has put the thing more succinctly than Frederic Harrison in "The Mediæval City," where he describes with all their details the generally prevailing conditions:

The tone of the Middle Ages in the matter of dirt was a form of mental disease. Cooped up in castles and walled cities, with narrow courts and sunless alleys, they would pass day and night in the same clothes, within the same airless, gloomy, windowless and pestiferous chambers, they would go to bed without night clothes, and sleep under uncleansed sheepskins and frieze rugs; they would wear the same leather, fur and woollen garments for a lifetime, and even for successive generations; they ate their meals without forks, and covered up the orts with rushes; they flung their refuse out of the window into the street or piled it up in the back-

yard ; the streets were narrow, unpaved crooked lanes through which, under the very palace turrets, men and beasts tramped knee-deep in noisome mire. This was at intervals varied with foetid rivulets and open cesspools ; every church was crammed with rotting corpses and surrounded with graveyards, sodden with cadaveric liquids, and strewn with disinterred bones. Round these charnel houses and pestiferous churches were piled old decaying wooden houses, their sole air being these deadly exhalations, and their sole water supply being these polluted streams or wells dug in this reeking soil. Even in the palaces and castles of the rich the same bestial habits prevailed. Prisoners rotted in noisome dungeons under the banqueting hall ; corpses were buried under the floor of the private chapel ; scores of soldiers and attendants slept in gangs for months together in the same hall or guard-room where they ate and drank, played and fought. It is one of those problems that still remain for historians to solve—how the race ever survived the insanitary conditions of the Middle Ages, and still more how it was ever continued ; what was the normal death-rate and the normal birth-rate of cities ?¹

Now, it may be supposed that Marco Polo, coming from Venice, would not be overcome by the charms of many places in China. Those of you who have houseboated in the Yangtze delta have seen scores of little towns that suggested mediæval Venice. Marco Polo is quite charmed by Hangchow. He knew it when it was hardly at its best, yet he speaks of it most enthusiastically. He cannot find words adequate to express his admiration, and it may fairly be assumed that he was not deliberately depreciating, by implication, his own city of Venice. He speaks most appreciatively of the fine mansions, of the wonderful gardens, of the pleasure boats, of the charming ladies, of the vast industry, of the natural disposition of the people—kindly and pacific, of the perfect candour and reasonbleness

¹Frederic Harrison : "The Meaning of History," p. 248.

of their commercial dealings, and of the quiet and urbane way in which they take their amusements. As a contrast against Mr. Frederic Harrison's picture of a mediæval town in Europe we may quote Marco Polo's description of the streets of Hangchow:

The streets of Hangchow are all paved with stones and bricks, and so likewise are all the principal roads leading from thence through the province of Manji, by means of which passengers can travel to every part without soiling their feet; but as the couriers of His Majesty, who go on horseback with great speed, cannot make use of the pavement, a part of the road, on one side, is on their account left unpaved. The main street of the city, of which we have before spoken as leading from one extremity to the other, is paved with stone and brick to the width of ten paces on each side, the intermediate part being filled up with small gravel, and provided with arched drains for carrying off the rainwater that falls into the neighbouring canals, so that it remains always dry. On this gravel it is that the carriages are continually passing and repassing. They are of a long shape, covered at the top, have curtains and cushions of silk, and are capable of holding six persons. Both men and women who feel disposed to take their pleasure are in the daily practice of hiring them for that purpose, and accordingly at every hour you may see vast numbers of them driven along the middle part of the street. Some of them proceed to visit certain gardens where the company is introduced, by those who have the management of the place, to shady recesses contrived by the gardeners for that purpose; and here the men indulge themselves all day in the society of their ladies, returning home, when it becomes late, in the manner they came.¹

It you want to contrast a mediæval city that you actually know with the one that Mr. Frederic Harrison has sketched so graphically, look about you. Peking is a mediæval Chinese city. During the last twenty years it has immensely improved, its roads are better, it has now a regular supply

¹"The Travels of Marco Polo," Marsden's edition, Chapter LXVIII.

of water, it has electric light, telephones and that abomination of desolation the motor car; but think of the conception of the city: its encircling hills, its grand plan, its magnificent distances, its broad streets, its abundant foliage and its generally admirable arrangement. Think of it at a time when its *hutungs* were not contorted by illegitimate encroachments, when the towers at the great gates were still solid, when dilapidation had not begun, and the many modern atrocities had not been introduced.

Extending throughout the length and breadth of Peking, though now in a seriously dilapidated condition, there is a complete network of main and subsidiary sewers, revealed from time to time by operations connected with the digging of foundations for new buildings, and there is little reason to doubt that this sewerage network dates from the times of Khublai Khan. The main sewers are big enough for a man to walk along in a slightly stooping position, and are such as were not built in Europe until a much later date. It is very doubtful whether any European mediæval city could compare with the capital of China, whether for admirable choice of position, general convenience of plan, suitability for being the populous capital of a great empire, or in any other way. We may compare it even with "new" London, bearing in mind that a great part of London was destroyed by fire four centuries after the present Peking was built, and that this "new" London was supposed to be, and undoubtedly was, a vast improvement on the old. Keep in mind the narrow streets, the irregularities, the general lack of plan displayed by the new London within a very short time of its being new; and we shall conclude that undoubtedly the advantage lay with

Peking. Macaulay has described for us the London of the year 1685 in the famous third chapter of his "History":

In Covent Garden a filthy and noisy market was held close to the dwellings of the great. Fruit women screamed, carters fought, cabbage stalks and rotten apples accumulated in heaps at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire and of the Bishop of Durham.

The centre of Lincoln's Inn Fields was an open space where the rabble congregated every evening, within a few yards of Cardigan House and Winchester House, to hear mountebanks harangue, to see bears dance and to set dogs at oxen. Rubbish was shot in every part of the area. Horses were exercised there. The beggars were as noisy and importunate as in the worst governed cities of the Continent. A Lincoln's Inn mumper was a proverb . . . Saint James's Square was a receptacle for all the offal and cinders, for all the dead cats and dead dogs of Westminster. At one time a cudgel player kept the ring there. At another time an impudent squatter settled himself there, and built a shed for rubbish under the windows of the gilded saloons in which the first magnates of the realm, Norfolk, Ormond, Kent, and Pembroke, gave banquets and balls . . . The drainage was so bad that in rainy weather the gutters soon became torrents. Several facetious poets have commemorated the fury with which these black rivulets roared down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill, bearing to Fleet Ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth from the stalls of butchers and greengrocers. This flood was profusely thrown to right and left by coaches and carts. To keep as far from the carriage road as possible was therefore the wish of every pedestrian . . . The houses were not numbered. There would indeed have been little advantage in numbering them; for of the coachmen, chairmen, porters, and errand boys of London, a very small proportion could read. It was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were therefore distinguished by painted or sculptured signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets. The walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an endless succession of Saracen's Heads, Royal Oaks, Blue Bears, and Golden Lambs, which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the common people . . . The machinery for keeping the peace was utterly contemptible. There was an act of Common Council which provided that more than a thousand watchmen should be constantly on the alert in the city, from sunset to sunrise, and

that every inhabitant should take his turn of duty. But this Act was negligently executed. Few of those who were summoned left their houses; and those few generally found it more agreeable to tiddle in alehouses than to pace the streets.... It ought to be noticed that, in the last year of the reign of Charles the Second, began a great change in the police of London, a change which has perhaps added as much to the happiness of the body of the people as revolutions of much greater fame. An ingenious projector, named Edward Heming, obtained letters patent conveying to him, for a term of years, the exclusive right of lighting up London. He undertook for a moderate consideration to place a light before every tenth door on moonless nights from Michaelmas to Lady Day, and from six to twelve of the clock. Those who now see the capital all the year round, from dusk to dawn, blazing with splendour besides which the illuminations for La Hogue and Blenheim would have looked pale, may perhaps smile to think of Heming's lanterns, which glimmered feebly before one house in ten during a small part of one night in three. But such was not the feeling of his contemporaries. His scheme was enthusiastically applauded and furiously attacked. The friends of improvement extolled him as the greatest of all the benefactors of his city. What, they asked, were the boasted inventions of Archimedes, when compared with the achievement of the man who had turned the nocturnal shades into noon-day? In spite of these eloquent eulogies the cause of darkness was not left undefended. There were tools in that age who opposed the introduction of what was called the new light as strenuously as fools in our age have opposed the introduction of vaccination and railroads, as strenuously as the fools of an age anterior to the dawn of history doubtless opposed the introduction of the plough and of alphabetical writing. Many years after the date of Heming's patent there were extensive districts in which no lamp was seen.

We may easily imagine what, in such times, must have been the state of the quarters of London which were peopled by the outcasts of society. Amongst those quarters one had attained a scandalous pre-eminence. On the confines of the City and the Temple had been founded, in the thirteenth century, a House of Carmelite Friars, distinguished by their white hoods. The precincts of this house had, before the Reformation, been a sanctuary for criminals, and still retained the privilege of protecting debtors from arrest. Insolvents consequently were to be found in every dwelling, from cellar to

garret. Of these a large proportion were knaves and libertines, and were followed to their asylum by women more abandoned than themselves. The civil power was unable to keep order in a district swarming with such inhabitants; and thus Whitefriars became the favourite resort of all who wished to be emancipated from the restraints of the law. Though the immunities legally belonging to the place extended only to cases of debt, cheats, false witnesses, forgers and highwaymen found refuge there. For amidst a rabble so desperate no peace officer's life was in safety. At the cry of "Rescue," bullies with swords and cudgels, and termagant hags with spits and broom-sticks, poured forth by hundreds; and the intruder was fortunate if he escaped back into Fleet Street, hustled, stripped and pumped upon. Even the warrant of the Chief Justice of England could not be executed without the help of a company of musketeers. Such relics of the barbarism of the darkest ages were to be found within a short walk of the Chambers where Somers was studying history and law, of the Chapel where Tillotson was preaching, of the coffee house where Dryden was passing judgement on poems and plays, and of the halls where the Royal Society was examining the astronomical system of Isaac Newton.¹

The general state of society in East and West was much the same, and the surroundings in which that society lived were also much the same. Read the plays of Shakespeare, the "Memoirs" of Benvenuto Cellini, any good historical novel of life in the Reformation period, such as "The Cloister and the Hearth" or the historical work of Dumas and Hugo, and you find the China of our period depicted almost exactly. Read Balzac's "*Contes Drolatiques*," for instance, and see how this hero was hidden in a chest whilst that was thrown over the city wall; read in Cellini's "Memoirs" how he "delicately nicked" a rival in the neck with a dagger, in a by-street on a night when there was no moon; read how Shakespeare's heroes, or some of them, were smuggled out of the house in baskets of dirty

¹ Macaulay: "The History of England," Chapter III.

clothes; read in plays even later than Shakespeare's how lovers held sweet converse from one window to another on the opposite side of the narrow street, murmuring sweet nothings that they did not want the public to hear; and you will read of a society living in surroundings not materially different from those in which travellers to China found themselves between the twelfth and the nineteenth centuries. As far as material conditions are concerned there is little to choose between East and West, and this held good even as late as the date of Macartney's Embassy. One of the most observant members of that Embassy has given us an account of China as he saw it. Sir John Barrow knew both the best and the worst sides of English life, for he had been a poor Lancashire boy, who by self-instruction and persistent endeavour rose to a foremost place in the life of his time. He was a great, perhaps the greatest, promoter of Arctic discovery in his day, and the chief founder of the Royal Geographical Society. We may therefore give full weight to his words when he describes Chinese life. We have already quoted Macaulay's description of London and suggested a comparison with Peking; we may therefore appropriately quote some passages from Barrow's description of Peking, which show that even so late as his time there was a good deal that was admirable and that was comparable with contemporary London:

The police of the capital of China, as we afterwards found, is so well regulated, that the safety and tranquillity of the inhabitants are seldom disturbed. At the end of every cross street, and at certain distances in it, are a kind of cross-bars, with sentry boxes, at each of which is placed a soldier, and few of these streets are without a guard-house. Besides, the proprietor or inhabitant of every tenth house, like the ancient tythingmen of England, takes it in turn to keep the peace, and be responsible for the good

conduct of his nine neighbours. If any riotous company should assemble, or any disturbances happen within his district, he is to give immediate information thereof to the nearest guard-house. The soldiers also go their rounds, and instead of crying the hour like our watchmen, strike upon a short tube of bamboo, which gives a dull hollow noise, that for several nights prevents us from sleeping until we are accustomed to the monotonous sound

Although Peking cannot boast, like ancient Rome, or modern London, of the convenience of common sewers¹ to carry off the dirt and dregs that must necessarily accumulate in large cities, yet it enjoys an important advantage, which is rarely found in capitals out of Europe: no kind of filth or nastiness, creating offensive smells, is thrown out into the streets

We passed through the broad streets of this capital from one extremity to the other without the least molestation, or, indeed, the least notice. We could not forbear remarking the extraordinary contrast, that the two greatest cities in the world exhibited at this hour of the day. In the public streets of Peking, after five or six o'clock in the evening, scarcely a human creature is seen to move, but they abound with dogs and swine. All its inhabitants, having finished the business of the day, are now retired to their respective homes to eat their rice, and, agreeably with the custom of their great Emperor, which to them is a law, to lie down with the setting sun; at which time in London, the crowd is so great, from Hyde Park Corner to Mile End, as to interrupt the passage. In Peking, from the moment the day begins to dawn, the buzz and bustle of the populace is like that of a swarm of bees; whilst, on the contrary, the streets of London at an early hour in the morning are nearly deserted. At eight in the evening, even in summer, the Gates of Peking are shut, and the keys sent to the Governor, after which they cannot be opened on any consideration.²

In connection with the second of the foregoing extracts, Barrow goes on to remind us that only a century earlier the doctors of Madrid had been most violently opposed to an order that would have made that city clean

¹ Evidently Barrow did not know of the sewerage system to which reference has already been made.

² Barrow: "Travels in China," pp. 98, 100, 419.

and sanitary, and they succeeded in so stirring up the inhabitants that the order had to be withdrawn.

If from the material surroundings of the people we turn to the people themselves, what do we find? We all remember learning French, and doubtless we all remember that everything about which a Frenchman wished to talk had a far-away, other worldliness that made French deadly dull. Languages are taught differently now, but when most of us went to school the method was the stereotyped one that had been in use for centuries. Not only was the method stereotyped, but the actual exercises were stereotyped, the vocabulary used was stereotyped. We all remember learning about *le gantier, le teinturier, le serrurier, et le cordonnier*, and wondering what on earth they all were, for in our own cities and towns we never saw glovers, or locksmiths, or dyers or shoemakers. When we wanted gloves or locks or boots we went to some such place as Whiteley's, or Harrod's or Wanamaker's or Montgomery Ward's, where they lost on every transaction and it was only the very large number of transactions they had, together with the free cup of tea, that made a profit for them; and when we wanted anything dyed we sent it to some far off town in Scotland. The China to which we came in the centuries from the Crusades to the early days of the P. and O., was just the France of our French books. It was still the land where the individual trader, the individual artisan, the individual as an individual, followed within the limits of the law his individual bent. The locksmith still made locks, not having been driven out of business, ruined perhaps, along with his friends the glover and the "bespoke boot and shoe maker," by big impersonal soulless inhuman

concerns, that sold both locks and gloves, with boots and shoes, and even pianos and pince-nez; nor had the dyer ceased to be distinguishable either in East or West by the hand "subdued to what it worked in." One of the first things the visitor to China noticed, or rather he did not notice it because he was so accustomed to seeing it in Europe, was the dyer's scaffolding on which dyed cloth was hung or stretched to dry. As the visitor went along the streets he still saw, as he had seen in Europe, the shops of the locksmith at which only locks were sold, and the shoe shops at which only shoes were sold. The only unusual shop he saw was the coffin shop, and this, not having been seen in Europe, is mentioned by every visitor. Marco Polo mentions it; it frequently figures in the early missionary narratives; and it is mentioned by Barrow.

It was still the day of the individual artisan in Europe, and travellers found it to be just so in China; but as in Europe so in China, the individual tradesman found that if he was not to be imposed upon and if he was to advance his interests against unscrupulous malpractitioners he must join with his fellows of the same craft to defend his vested interests. Hence guilds were formed, and we find that every one of the great guilds of Europe had its counterpart in China. Mr. Morse has written most interestingly on the subject of Chinese guilds, and a complete study of the subject would reveal innumerable points of similarity between the guilds of Europe and those of China. The great livery companies are but a survival of the guilds and neither in Europe nor in China have guilds outlived their usefulness. The rules of the Guild of Silk Weavers and Dyers at Wenchow Mr. Morse quotes as typical. The membership

is restricted; apprentices are restricted in number and obliged to follow a certain order in learning their trade, weaving first and dyeing afterwards; masters might have no more than one member of their own family learning the craft at one time; no instruction should be given to one not duly apprenticed, the term of apprenticeship is five years, with two following years as journeyman; an apprentice might break his indentures but in that case he was not allowed in the future to enter the craft; and so on.

In the last century or so the guild has given way to the Chamber of Commerce in Europe and it is giving way to some extent in China to-day; but there are socialists who look to the revival of guild craftsmanship for the salvation of Europe and the world, and it may be that before the guild has by any means disappeared from China it will be encouraged to prolong its activities by the revival of the guild system in Europe.

Whilst on the subject of guilds we may note that there has been for many generations a Beggars' Guild in China, but travellers have left it unmentioned because they were so accustomed to much the same thing in Europe. In "The Cloister and the Hearth"¹ Charles Reade has given us one chapter devoted to the subject of beggars. We see them at all the tricks of their trade, with their fake sores, their imitation amputations, their simulated leprosy, and all the rest. Erasmus only died in 1536, and it is his reputed father who recites all these forms of trickery for us.

We might at this point turn aside to consider what sort of country China was from the artistic point of view

¹ Charles Reade: "The Cloister and the Hearth," Vol. II, Chap. I.

when first we came to it, and, beginning with painting, institute comparisons between East and West. But the subject is too vast, and we shall content ourselves with remarking that whilst there are those who hold that the Chinese painters have not on the whole produced work of as fine a quality as their fellows of the West, yet it is admitted that Chinese landscape painting, even when we first came to China, had advanced to a point that has even yet only very rarely, if ever, been reached in the West. Setting painting aside, however, we may bear in mind that the West had never produced, when we came to China, the wonderful porcelains, enamels and lacquers that we found when we came here, and have not yet ceased to admire. We in Peking never cease to envy the Chinese that sense of the beautiful and the fitting, that artistic insight, that chose the site of this capital; and at the Ming Tombs we have been overcome as we have seen the vast amphitheatre in which they are placed, and have remembered that, at the time this last resting place of the Imperial House was chosen, the everlasting hills about them were thickly clad with forest growth.

Against the art development of the Chinese may be set the scientific development of the West; but the balance is indubitably on the side of the Chinese. Between Archimedes and Bacon there was practically no advance in science that added to the comfort of mankind in the West, no discovery that ameliorated the lot of the people. There was a good deal of astrology which, had it been applied in the right direction, might have led to discoveries of the first importance; but, as it happens, the direction was not the right one. It may for practical purposes be said that up to

the end of the seventeenth century there was nothing to choose between Europe and Asia from the point of view of scientific achievement. The blood had been circulating a good many millenniums through human and other veins before the fact was demonstrated by Harvey in 1628. Gravitational force had also been at work quite a considerable time before Newton pioneered the enquiries into its nature. It has been said that if all the scientific knowledge of the world up to the death of Newton were put together more than half of it would have been acquired during Newton's own lifetime, and that of the newly acquired knowledge he himself was responsible for a good half. Newton died in 1727. So that travellers to China from Europe did not notice any remarkable backwardness in things scientific, even so late as 1816, when Amherst's Embassy came; and if you read Hunter's "Fankwae at Canton," which covers the nineteenth century up to the time of the Treaty of Nanking, you do not discover any very deep sighing for the deprivation of scientific achievements endured by the "Fankwae." As a matter of fact, scientific knowledge was not by any means generally diffused in Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century; and it is not much more widely diffused now, even though the spread of the conveniences made possible by it, such as telephones and lightning conductors, is fairly general. If you ask the average Englishman what were the two great events that happened in 1665 and 1666 respectively he will tell you of the Great Plague and of the Fire of London. This is a tribute to his school-book learning, but a sad reflection on the makers of school textbooks and on his teachers. He ought to have said the invention of the

infinitesimal calculus and the first formulation of the theory of gravitation.

As an indication of the state that science had reached in the first quarter of the nineteenth century we may recall the fact that Sir John Davis, in his "Chinese Miscellanies" gives the first chapter to a description of a "Calculating Machine" which is none other than the Chinese *suan p'an*, and which he compares in detail with the one used in Russia and the similar method in use in ancient Rome. In the same chapter he refers to one of Babbage's "Calculating Machines" then under process of construction. Sir Robert Peel remarked that about the only thing that Babbage's calculating machines could not calculate was how long they would be before they were completed.

We may now turn to another aspect of China as we found her when first we came to her. Consciously or unconsciously, there is amongst us a sort of conventional recognition and patronizing palliation of the fact that at the time when we came to China science, especially its applied forms, as in industry and the arts, was not very advanced. I have tried to shew already that until very recently there was nothing much to choose between Europe and China in this respect. Along with this conscious or unconscious assumption that it was natural that China should be behind-hand in scientific matters, there is also an assumption that China was ages behind-hand in political, social and administrative ideals and machinery. This is, however, a misinterpretation of the facts, very largely due to the continued existence amongst us foreigners here of the privilege of extraterritoriality. I do not for a moment question its necessity, from the very day of its first assertion,

but in justice to China it is necessary for us to understand exactly what was the position when we came. When first we came, there can be no question, there was nothing whatever to choose between the law and administration of the West and those of China. In the earlier period, the European visitor or traveller had nothing of which to complain. Marco Polo, describing justice as administered before the time of Khublai Khan, says that "the smallest act of oppression, or injury of any kind, committed by one man against another, was punished in an exemplary manner, without respect of persons." Such was the character of justice that when shops, filled with merchandise happened to be left open, nobody dared to enter them, or to rob them of the smallest article. In Polo's time "travellers of all descriptions might pass through every part of the kingdom, by night and by day, freely and without apprehension of danger." Ibn Batuta notes that "*La Chine est la plus sûre ainsi que la meilleure de toutes les régions de la terre pour celui qui voyage. On peut parcourir tout seul l'espace de neuf mois de marche sans avoir rien à craindre, même si l'on est chargé de trésors.*"¹

An interesting testimony to the admirable character of Chinese administration, and especially to the nature of Chinese justice in those days comes from one who had occasion to experience in his own person what they meant. Sir John Davis tells us that:

Amongst the early and desperate adventurers from Portugal, the exploits of Ferdinand Mendes Pinto, have, by help of some exaggeration, handed down his name as one of the principals. Having

¹ "Voyages d'Ibn Batoutah" (Defrémery et Sanguinetti), Tome IV, p. 267.

arrived with a crew of other desperadoes at Ningpo, he learned from some Chinese that to the north-east there was an island containing the tombs of seventeen Chinese kings, full of treasure. Pinto and his companions succeeded in finding the place, and in plundering the tombs, in which they found a quantity of silver: being attacked, they were obliged to retire with only part of the booty; and a gale having overtaken them upon their return, in the neighbourhood of Nanking, only fourteen Portuguese escaped with their lives: these were taken by the Chinese, and after some maltreatment were sent to Nanking, and condemned to be whipped, and to lose each man a thumb.¹ They were next conducted to Peking, and on his way thither Pinto had occasion to admire the manners of the Chinese, their love of justice, and the good order and industry that prevailed amongst them. Arrived at Peking, they were at length condemned to one year's hard labour; but, before the time expired, they were set at liberty by the Tartars who were then invading the country.²

We may note that in spite of some "maltreatment," of the losing by each man of a thumb, and of the sentence of a year's hard labour, Pinto still "admired the manner of the Chinese," and "their love of justice." It is a fair assumption that Pinto was comparing the treatment he would have received in his own country with what he was actually receiving in China, and the balance is sufficiently in favour of China to lead him to "admire." It is not easy for us of the twentieth century to understand the comparative positions of Europe and China so far as the administration of justice in the sixteenth century was concerned; but Pinto surely would know what he might have expected in any of the countries of Europe if he had attempted to violate the tombs of the Royal House. He came from Europe, which still recognized the virtues of the Inquisition, which may

¹ According to one account Pinto and his companions were only "whipped and barely escaped being each deprived of a thumb."

² Sir John Davies: "The Chinese," edition of 1836, p. 22.

have had admirable motives but was not in actual practice very inviting; nor was it an intentionally cruel organ. Speaking of it in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Lord Acton says:

At Venice, where the Holy Office had a branch, there were 1,562 trials in the sixteenth century, 1,469 in the seventeenth, 541 in the eighteenth. But executions were frequent only in Rome. There, in many recorded cases, the victim was strangled before burning. It is doubtful whether death by fire was adopted as the most cruel; for boiling had been tried at Utrecht, and the sight was so awful that the Bishop who was present stopped the proceedings. Roman experts regard it as a distinctive mark of the new tribunal that it allowed culprits who could not be caught and punished in the proper way, to be killed without ceremony by anybody who met them. This practice was not unprecedented, but it had fallen into disuse during the profane Renaissance, and its revival was a portentous event, for it prompted the frequent murders and massacres which stain the story of the Counter-Reformation with crimes committed for the love of God. The laws have not been repealed, but the system continued in its force for no more than a century; and before the death of Urban VIII the fires of Rome were quenched. At that time persecution unto death was not extinct in England: the last instance in France was in 1762, and in Spain still later.¹

Lest it should be thought that the justice administered by the Holy Office of the Inquisition was behind the times in the saving grace of merciful humanity it is worth noting that the criminal law of England, at least quite as humane as that of any contemporary continental state, was even so late as the first half of the eighteenth century, "cruelly rigorous and degrading."

Such offences as breaking down the mound of a fishpond, or cutting down a cherry tree in an orchard, or stealing property or money to the value of forty shillings, were punishable by death, and the extreme penalty was often inflicted. Sometimes the judge and

¹ Lord Acton: "Lectures on Modern History," p. 113.

jury rebelled against carrying out the law in trifling cases, but this was done by evading it. The jury returned the value that had been stolen as under the fatal sum, whereas it was often far above it.¹

Not the least useful consideration in estimating the contemporary sentiment on these severities, to call them by no worse a name, is the fact that Paley, in his "Moral Philosophy," enters upon a vindication of them; and equally significant is the fact that Oliver Goldsmith recognizes their existence when he puts into the mouth of the Vicar of Wakefield the words:

Nor can I avoid questioning the validity of the right, which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of so slight a nature When by indiscriminate penal laws the nation holds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of morality.²

In order to bring the European situation down to the date at which the Treaty of Nanking apparently assumed with question that the Chinese criminal code, or its practical application, was vastly inferior to the theory and practice of Europe, we may note that Blackstone, whose period covers every quarter of the eighteenth century, remarks that:

It is a melancholy truth that, amongst the variety of actions which men are daily liable to commit, no less than one hundred and sixty have been declared by act of parliament to be felonious without benefit of clergy; or, in other words, to be worthy of instant death.³

These one hundred and sixty capital offences included the appearance of persons armed, or with their faces

¹ Townsend, Workman and Eayrs: "A New History of Methodism," Vol. I., p. 92.

² Goldsmith: "Vicar of Wakefield," chap. XXVII.

³ Blackstone: "Commentaries" IV, 18. (Edition of 1769.)

blackened, or otherwise disguised, in a forest, or a warren—this, by the way, is not a game law—or on a highroad, or on a common or on a down, or on a place where rabbits are kept. The law under which “wager of battle” still formed part of the judicial machinery of England was not repealed until 1818, it having been actually resorted to in 1817. As late as 1827 Parliament re-enacted the punishment of death for such acts as sacrilege, stealing the value of five pounds in a dwelling house, and stealing horses, sheep or other cattle. Capital punishment for letter stealing was not abolished until 1835, or for attempts to kill until 1861.

On the Chinese side we need not bring evidence quite so extended, for it happens that what applies to one century during Western intercourse with China applies to another, so far as the period under our consideration is concerned. From the time of Marco Polo to the Treaty of Nanking there was practically no change, certainly none of important principle, in the laws of China, and thus what applied at, say, the end of the twelfth century applied equally at the end of the eighteenth century, with very slight modification. The text of the law was perhaps not the same, but its spirit was, and there had been only one important re-codification. This had taken place in the reign of Yung Lu, of the Mings, and his code was slightly modified by the incoming Ch'ings, who issued a new version in June, 1647. This is not the place in which to enter into an elaborate examination of the Code. All we can do is to take responsible opinion upon it, and that, fortunately, we have the opportunity of doing. Sir George Staunton, writing in 1810, refers to the popular Chinese estimation of the Code, thus: “All they seem to desire is its just and impartial execution, independent of

caprice and uninfluenced by corruption.” It is a fairly safe assumption that a barbarous code, one that outraged those sentiments of humanity common to all human flesh and blood, would not have been so desired by the people at large. That the Code did not outrage humane sentiments is also evident from another passage of Staunton, which says:

By far the most remarkable thing in this Code is its great reasonableness, clearness and consistency, the business-like brevity and directness of the various provisions, and the plainness and moderation with which they are expressed. There is nothing here . . . but a calm, concise distinct series of enactments, savouring throughout of practical judgement and European good sense, and if not always conformable to our improved notions of expediency, in general approaching them more nearly than the codes of most other nations . . . In everything relating to political freedom or individual independence it is indeed woefully defective; but for the suppression of disorder and the gentle coercion of a vast population it appears to be equally mild and efficacious.¹

We may reflect that a writer in a country where Nonconformists were so effectively excluded from the universities until the last quarter of the nineteenth century that they had long before established their own university, where at the very time Sir George was writing the number of electors numbered only two for every hundred of the population, and where there was on newspapers a crushing tax “the distinct and avowed object of which” was “to prevent the growth of . . . newspapers advocating any manner of popular reform,” had been wiser to omit the reference to “political freedom or individual independence.” Sir George Staunton is not alone in his high estimate of the Chinese Code. He is strongly supported by Sir Chaloner Alabaster who, writing from first-hand knowledge, and with a trained and

¹ Staunton : “The Penal Code of China.”

matured judgement, states definitely that, "in general then the Chinese system may be characterized as less Draconian than our own."¹

So much for the theory, what about the practice? We have noticed above that in England, when the laws were still very severe, "Draconian" we might almost call them, they were evaded by humane juries. Similar leniency was the rule in China. Sir George Staunton, who knew both the theory and the practical working of the Chinese Penal Code, records that in its compilation, "another object that seems to have been very generally consulted is that of as much as possible combining the opposite advantages of severity in denunciation and leniency in execution."² Again, "A more careful inspection will lead to a discovery of so many grounds of mitigation, so many exceptions in favour of particular classes, and in consideration of particular circumstances, that the penal system is found in fact almost to abandon that part [the apparently severe part] of its outward and apparent character."³ This generally lenient administration of a code that on examination is only nominally severe lasted until the Revolution. The following extracts from Professor Giles amply support this view:

Mention is made in the code of the so-called "lingering death," according to which first one arm is chopped off, then the other; the two legs follow in the same way; two slits are made on the breast, and the heart is torn out; decapitation finishes the proceedings. It is worthy of note that, although many foreigners have been present from time to time at public executions, occasionally when the

¹ Sir Chaloner Alabaster: "Notes and Commentaries on Chinese Law," p. lxviii.

² Staunton: "The Penal Code of China," p. xxvii.

³ Staunton: "The Penal Code of China," p. xxvi.

“lingering death” has been announced, not one has established it as a fact beyond a doubt that such a process has ever been carried out. Not only that; it is also well known that condemned criminals are allowed to purchase for themselves, or through their friends if they have any, spirits or opium with which to fortify their courage at the last moment. There is indeed a tradition that stupefying drinks are served out by the officials to the batches of malefactors as they pass to the execution ground at Peking. It would still remain to find executioners capable of performing in cold blood such a disgusting operation as the “lingering death” is supposed to be. The ordinary Chinaman is not a fiend; he does not gloat in his peaceful moments, when not under the influence of extreme excitement, over bloodshed and cruelty. The generally lenient spirit in which the Penal Code of China was conceived is either widely unknown or very often ignored. For instance, during the excessive summer heats certain punishments are mitigated, and others remitted altogether. Prompt surrender and acknowledgement of an offence, before it is otherwise discovered, entitles the offender, with some exceptions, to a full and free pardon; as also does restitution of stolen property to its owner by a repentant thief; whilst a criminal guilty of two or more offences can be punished only to the extent of the principal charge. . . .

Life is remarkably safe in China. No man can be executed until his name has been submitted to the Emperor, which of course means to his ministers at the capital. The Chinese, however, being, as has been so often stated, an eminently practical people, understand that certain cases admit of no delay; and to prevent the inevitable lynching of such criminals as kidnappers, rebels and others, caught red-handed, high officials are entrusted with the power of life and death, which they can put into immediate operation, always taking upon themselves full responsibility for their acts. The essential is to allay any excitement of the populace and to preserve the public peace. In the general administration of the law great latitude is allowed, and injustice is rarely inflicted by a too literal interpretation of the Code. Stealing is of course a crime, yet no Chinese magistrate would dream of punishing a hungry man for simple theft of food, even if such a case were ever brought into court.¹

It is unnecessary to multiply evidence, as could easily be done, all pointing in the same direction. What has

¹ Giles: “The Civilization of China,” pp. 43 *et seqq.*

been brought forward is surely adequate to shew that up to the time of Amherst's embassy at any rate there was not a great deal to choose between European and Chinese law, when theoretical and practical considerations are fully weighed; and it is therefore at first sight a little difficult to account for the anxiety of the British authorities to make extraterritoriality an element in the Treaty of Nanking. As a matter of fact, they were not as anxious as they seemed; but even if they had been, they were fully justified in the stand they took. The fact is that by, and before, 1842 the European and the Chinese sentiment were moving in different directions. Europe was just waking up to the real meaning of political and legal equality, and China was forgetting it as fast as she could. Yet to say this is to libel China. The basic truth was the fact that the ruling dynasty was beginning to feel the reins slipping from its grasp, and to fear that the influence of the foreigner would be in the main thrown against it, and therefore the foreigner must be thwarted at every turn; the slipping of the reins from the hands of the ruling dynasty was also provoking, or at least permitting, the country to get into a state of semi-rebellion. So long as the dynasty had ruled in the main justly and with real authority, the people had been contented; when the hands of the dynasty lost their grasp, discontent began to make itself manifest, as we may see in the Taiping Rebellion and the long series of internal troubles that harassed the dynasty until the Revolution in 1911.

There are many other aspects of Chinese life as it was when we first came to it, to which one might, if one had time, refer. Nothing could be more interesting than a

comparison of Chinese home industries with those of Europe before the advent of steam; nor could anything be more fruitful than a thorough study of social and communal life in all its manifestations, as we find it, for example in Chinese charities and philanthropies; nor again could anything be more suggestive than a comparison of Chinese commercial methods with those of Europe before the enormous development of means of communication enabled the great capitalist organizations to have representation in all the capitals of the world; nor, yet again, could we investigate a more fascinating topic than the simple one of the conveyance of mails, in Europe and in China, before the days of railways, the penny post and the Chinese Post Office. For these, however, we have not time, and must content ourselves with glancing in conclusion at the simple fact that the Chinese administration, the working machinery of government, must have had something inherently good in it, or it could not have survived practically unchanged during so many centuries, the very centuries indeed when only the slowest progress was being made, morally, intellectually and politically, in Europe. That erratic genius, Thomas Taylor Meadows, has indicated many points in which Chinese civilization was ahead of European, even in his day, but he has gone to the root of the whole matter in his examination of the principles upon which the whole Government machinery of old China was built. He has pointed out that there were three philosophic principles at the base of the Chinese political fabric. "The first is that a fundamental unity underlies the multitude of phenomenal variety; the second, that in the midst of all change there is an eternal, harmonious order; and the

third, that man is endowed at his birth with a nature that is perfectly good." It follows from these principles that the practical task of preserving order and peace in the nation, and of preserving the nation itself, requires the recognition of three postulates: "(i) That the nation must be governed by moral agency in preference to physical force; (ii) that the services of the wisest and ablest men in the nation are indispensable to its good government; (iii) that the people have the right to depose a sovereign who, either from active wickedness or vicious indolence, gives cause to oppressive and tyrannical rule." These postulates have been recognized from the earliest times; they have been the foundation of all the practical political wisdom the Chinese have possessed, and it has not been little; and they have the merit, surely a great one, that as a rule they have worked, and worked well. Times like the present are exceptional. We often see references in the newspapers to the flocking of outlaws and potential outlaws to Shanghai and other foreign controlled areas, and we take it that this fact is ample demonstration of the better conditions that prevail in such districts. This may be granted, and yet we may, indeed in fairness to the whole of Chinese history, we must, remember that it was not always so.

A contemporary writer, commenting on the British evacuation of Chusan in 1846, remarks on the general satisfaction that it appears to have given the inhabitants of that island to return to the government of their own Mandarins :

The absence of any marked feelings of regret on the part of the inhabitants generally at their return to Chinese rule, and the positive joy at the prospect cherished by large numbers, are facts of interest at the present juncture, and give birth to many reflexions on the

real nature of their own Government. Although relieved from all taxation, and possessing opportunities of gain without fear of extortion under the British, they prefer their own Mandarins with all their faults. The reason is plain, and extorts an encomium on their internal organization, which has been reluctantly and tardily accorded to them. The Government of China is probably the best pure despotism that ever existed. There is an influence of public opinion, a strong national feeling, that will survive the downfall of the Manchu, as of former dynasties. The petitions of the people of Ningpo and Amoy after the late war, on behalf of their deposed Mandarins, the prevalent desire of the people of Chusan to revert to their native rule, and the cohesion of the nation for so long a period, prove that, amid many anomalies and imperfections, their system of government contains much that is essentially good; and that the people are ordinarily better ruled than we should have thought possible in a nation destitute of a free representative government, and unenlightened by the spirit of Christianity. Under a different state of things, the people of Chusan would have hailed the continuance of British rule as a deliverance from the oppressive yoke of native rulers.¹

This remarkable expression of opinion, dating back three quarters of a century, may be read in conjunction with the following comparison of Chinese and Western administrative machinery, it being understood that when we came to China the similarities were much more numerous, and one phrase in the comparison, had it been made then, would have needed omission or perhaps even reversal:

The revenue returnable from each administrative area in China, town, county, or province, is assessed at a certain fixed sum, which, more or less, is the minimum which must be accounted for, and in practice this minimum constitutes the maximum sum which is returned: what is this but the system which, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, furnished the bloated fortunes of the farmer-

¹The Rev. George Smith: "Narrative of an Exploratory Visit to the Consular Cities of China in the Years 1844, 1845 and 1846" (1847), p. 278.

generals of France? The administration of justice in China creates no charge upon the official revenues, but maintains itself from fees and exactions: Judge Jeffreys is infamous in history, but he furnished no exception to the practice of his day in swelling the revenues of his King and his country from the fees and fines of his court, and in augmenting his official income from the same source. Every Chinese official takes for himself, without question, the interest on his official balances; so did the English Paymasters of the Forces up to the time of Pitt, and probably for many years after his time; certainly until after Fox was appointed to the post. Even modern America, with the foundations of its government freed from all feudal sub-structure, in some of its legitimate and legalized practices, furnishes a moderate example of what in China is immoderate. Up to a very few years ago, the office of the Sheriff of the county of New York was maintained on principles inherited from the England of the eighteenth century; he received a salary (\$5,000) and fees (averaging \$60,000), and himself paid the salaries of his deputies, and provided for the expenses of his office: this is the Chinese system, except that, in China, the fees are taken and the work not done. The American consular system, up to the year of grace 1906, furnished another illustration: the income, perfectly legitimate and legal, of the Consul to Mesopotamia, let us say, would consist of a salary, \$3,000, and fees ranging from \$1,000 to \$10,000. These instances are adduced, not in any way to belittle the (what we, with our twentieth century views, call) administrative corruption of the Chinese Empire, but to bring home to the Western mind the underlying principle upon which the Chinese system is based.¹

It may be that we should have had to delete the words, "except that, in China, the fees are taken and the work is not done," a century and a half ago; it is possible even that Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World* might quite accurately have said, "This is the European system, except that in Europe the fees are taken and the work is not done." In any case we have surely seen sufficient to make us perhaps

¹ Morse: "The Trade and Administration of the Chinese Empire," p. 81.

a little more chary in our condemnation of Chinese government and administration, past, present or to come, for we have reminded ourselves that the days are not very far distant when in the administrative and governmental spheres there was less to choose between Europe and China than there is between fifty years of Europe and a cycle of Cathay.

The Tsinanfu Institute

J. S. Whitewright

The work of the Tsinanfu Institute is a continuation of that commenced in Tsingchoufu in 1887 and is intended to influence on social, educational and evangelistic lines all sections of the community, but more specially people of the educated classes. Through its agencies it endeavours to enlighten and educate, to do away with misconceptions with regard to the civilization of the West, to explain the true nature of the Christian Faith and its results on individual and national life.

The Institute seeks to enlighten in all that makes for the progress and welfare of China, and to assist in bringing East and West together in friendly and helpful understanding. The work has been described by observers as "an attempt to awaken and educate the minds of men and women to a sense of the greatness of the universe, the oneness of mankind, the relationship of their own country to other countries, the proportionate wealth of different countries in physical products and the proportionate measure in which these products are being utilized, the mental and moral status of the different races of mankind, and a presentation of some of the causes which have operated for the uplift and degradation of mankind."

That the Institute has to some extent succeeded in attracting and interesting the Chinese people is evident from the fact that over 3,400,000 visits have been paid to it since it was opened in 1905.

The educational museum of the Institute, which has been described as containing "exhibits of civilization," is open daily free of charge, the visits during good weather being from six hundred to over a thousand every day. On special occasions there have been over five thousand visitors in one day. In the various sections are exhibited natural history specimens, geographical globes and models, historical charts and diagrams, models and diagrams giving elementary instruction in physiography, geology and astronomy, models illustrating means of transport and communication, apparatus illustrating practical application of science, specimens of manufactures, models and diagrams on hygiene and prevention of disease—especially those diseases most prevalent in China, illustrations of the various races of mankind, also models and pictures of churches, asylums, hospitals and other institutions which are the direct products of Christianity.

The other buildings of the Institute consist of two Lecture Halls, the larger seating five hundred, which is mainly used for lectures to students and others, the smaller in the centre of the buildings is used several times daily for evangelistic addresses; Reading Room and Library; Reception Rooms for social work; Workshops and Assistants' rooms.

The sections on Hygiene and Prevention of Disease, illustrated by models of disease-bearing insects, diagrams and letterpress, have attracted much attention, and there is reason to believe that they have been specially useful in stimulating thought and inquiry on these matters. It is not an uncommon thing to see people taking notes of the letterpress and diagrams. Models of afforestation have attracted keen attention and a recent model illustrating the

suggestions made by Western engineers for the regulation of the Yellow River also attracts great interest. The letterpress descriptions of the various exhibits are carefully read by large numbers, especially of the student class, and we believe that the teaching conveyed materially helps towards educating public opinion in right directions.

The special feature in the history of the Institute during 1917 is its amalgamation with the Shantung Christian University as its Extension Department. After the decision to move the Arts College from Weihsien and the Theological College from Tsingchoufu to the provincial capital it was arranged that the Institute become an integral part of the University, and in the autumn of 1917, on the removal of these colleges, the arrangement came into force. The University now consists of four departments—Arts and Science, Medicine, Theology and Extension Departments.

Though the new arrangement has been in operation for a few months only, effective assistance has been given by professors, both foreign and Chinese, in the educational, evangelistic and social work of the Institute. Lectures given by several of the professors have been much appreciated by large audiences and efficient help has been rendered by senior students in classes and in other ways.

Special interest has been shown by Chinese educational authorities. Representatives of educational boards have paid repeated visits and inquired carefully into the work carried on. Large numbers of students from the government colleges in the neighbourhood have visited the Institute as in former years.

Lectures on subjects of special value to Chinese have been continued during the spring and winter months, at

least one lecture being given every week. Among the subjects were the value of Afforestation, Hygiene, Education in Western Countries, the Panama Canal, Boy Scouts, the History and Work of the Red Cross Society, etc., etc. Some of these lectures were repeated to different audiences throughout the city and suburbs.

In former years occasional lectures were given to women. This year it was decided to give a monthly lecture to women and girls, special invitations being sent to the government schools for girls. The first of this series on the Red Cross Society was attentively listened to by an audience of over three hundred. Some account of the efforts of ladies of the allied nations in China was given and specimens of work done by these foreign ladies were shown. These, together with demonstrations of bandaging by nurses attached to the University Hospital, aroused a good deal of interest. Lectures on the Red Cross Society have been given eight times in the city and suburbs.

Classes are held immediately after the lectures in the Institute for the benefit of any who desire further conversation on the subject of the lecture or who wish religious instruction.

In spite of adverse conditions the trade of Tsinanfu has grown rapidly during the last few years and special efforts have been made to get into closer touch with the mercantile community. Over two thousand visits were paid by members of the Chinese staff to shops, banks and other places of business, not fewer than six thousand people being met during these visits. In nearly all cases the assistants were received cordially. A number of receptions for the benefit of merchants and their employees was held, the attendances varying from fifty to three hundred at a time.

At these receptions the guests were received in the main building, shown round the Institute in groups, and after refreshment a lecture was given, usually illustrated by lantern and cinematograph. We have been much indebted to friends for the loan of films of an educational character which have proved of great value on these occasions as well as for regular lecture work.

The Institute is situated near the Mohammedan quarter and every day there have been visitors from among our Mohammedan neighbours with whom relations tend steadily to improve. A visit paid by Dr. Zwemer, the celebrated Arabic scholar and missionary, to the leading Mohammedans and an address given them in the lecture hall were much appreciated.

That the work of the Institute continues to influence all sections of the community is shown by the record of the different classes of visitors. Parties of police have been brought by their officers for special visits, paying particular attention to the exhibits in the Hygiene section. Visits were paid on two occasions by a large party of military officers who had been called in from different parts of the province. On the second occasion ninety men attended a reception and lecture given for their benefit. As they were about to leave the commanding officer made a cordial speech saying that he hoped they would be better soldiers for what they had heard. Political conditions have lessened intercourse with officials but some acting officials as well as friends of the old régime have been visited in their homes. The total number of visits paid by men of the official class during the year amounted to 2,031, visits from ladies of the same class numbered 1,779. A reception was recently held

for the purpose of bringing together the principals and teachers of the government schools and the professors of the Shantung Christian University with the hope of inaugurating friendly relations between the University and government institution. A club which has been formed among the Chinese members of the University staff which meets in the Institute has, as one of its objects, the furthering of good relations with government colleges.

The separate department for students of the government colleges, consisting of recreation room, reading room, classroom, has been well used. Over 15,000 visits have been recorded for the year in this department.

The reading rooms, of which there are four in the Institute and branches, have been in daily use. Numbers of books have also been bought by visitors, pamphlets on hygiene being in greater demand than formerly. Over 9,000 copies of Gospels were purchased, in most cases by pilgrims to the temples in the vicinity. These pilgrims, who visit the institution in large numbers, represent some of the best elements in Chinese life. Special arrangements were made during the great spring fair as in former years for the instruction of these people, many of whom show an inquiring spirit.

A number of additions have been made to the educational exhibits of the museum, the most important of these being a large case containing models illustrating the work of the Red Cross Society. This case contains over two hundred separate models, illustrating the beneficent efforts of Red Cross workers from the firing line to the convalescent home. This case attracts more attention than any other in the institute, it being no uncommon thing to see twenty to

thirty people at a time standing round it. This case was placed in the institute in memory of a British soldier who in former years rendered service to the work of the institution.

Additions made to the exhibits in the commercial section have been of value. A number of the leading companies in China have exhibition cases on view which are not only of educational value but of advantage to commerce.

Among the visitors of other nationalities than the Chinese were British, American, Danish, Belgian, French, Italian, Russian, Swedish, Serbian. Two hundred and twenty-five visits were paid by representatives of these nationalities. The greatest number of visits by foreigners came from the Japanese, the visitors representing all classes of the people. Numbers of the soldiers stationed on the railway have come from time to time and have been marked by their excellent behaviour. A party of twenty-four students from Osaka who were travelling in North China paid a prolonged visit. Much interest has been shown by these Japanese visitors who numbered during the year 4,736.

The number of visitors amounted to 383,808, of whom over 40,000 were women. Including attendances at lectures the total number was considerably over 400,000, the largest in the history of the Institute.

The work of the branch in the west suburb has been developed by the placing of a reading room and a small recreation room in the front court. These have been well used. In the evenings, in addition to the regular evangelistic work, a special weekly lecture, similar to those above mentioned, has been held. This has been much appreciated by the people of the neighbourhood, the little lecture hall

which seats a hundred and thirty having all seats occupied, occasionally all standing room being filled as well.

The branch institute for soldiers, situated near the garrison, has been well used by the men, the recreation room, reading room and lecture hall being open daily free of charge to all soldiers, civilians of the neighbourhood being also allowed the use of the buildings. On Wednesdays, which is now the soldiers' weekly holiday, the visits have been from fifty to three hundred in a day. Addresses have been given to soldiers throughout the year which were for the most part attentively listened to by the men. An encouraging feature of the work of this department has been the steady improvement in the conduct of the soldiers who use this branch. Year by year their behaviour is markedly better; in their relations to those who work this branch the attitude of the garrison as a whole is gratifying. The conduct of the men has been distinctly good and they show appreciation for what is attempted on their behalf.

The difficulties and responsibilities of the work have been, on account of depletion of staff and financial stringency, greater than ever before in the history of the institute and its branches, but looking back on the year it is, on the whole, perhaps the best year we have ever had. The Chinese members of the staff have done specially good work and particular mention should be made of the efficient service of Mr. Liang En, B.Sc., who, on the completion of a university course in America, joined the staff at the beginning of the year.

The aim of the institute in all its departments is to help China and the Chinese people in the path of enlightenment and progress by showing the principles on which alone

true progress can be made and maintained. To this end addresses are given daily in the central hall showing what Christianity has done and is doing for the world. 1,644 such addresses were given during the year, which have been heard not only by people from the neighbourhood, but by visitors from other parts of this province and other provinces. The teaching given in all departments is of a positive and not of a negative character, full recognition being given to all that is good in Chinese institutions.

The events of the past three years have given greater emphasis than ever before in the world's history to the fact that material and intellectual advancement may be accompanied by deep moral debasement. Some among the Chinese are learning the lesson that neither material and intellectual advancement nor changes in form of government can save China, but that this can only be accomplished by the renovation of life and character brought about by the influence of religion, not nominally believed in but obeyed and practised. To help towards the understanding of these truths is the chief aim and purpose of all that is attempted in the work of the Institute.

The Problem of River Conservancy in Chihli

H. Van der Veen, C. E.

Anyone who has been asked to say something about the Conservancy questions of this vast country, must have found it difficult to select a subject, not because there are so few but on the contrary because there are so many interesting problems worth studying, as for instance the Yellow River, the Siang River near Changsha, and the Tung Ting Lake, the Hwai River, the West River, the Grand Canal, the rivers in Chihli and many others, too numerous for me to mention them all, that it is really difficult to make a choice. However, when I was on this occasion honoured with the request to deliver a lecture, this difficulty did not present itself because the catastrophe of last summer has put every other problem in the background. And so I will tell you now something about this particular question.

You see here before you a map shewing the water-courses of Chihli with all their tributaries. The lines almost connecting the places of origin of the branches of the main rivers represent the watershed, that is, the boundary of the catchment basin of each river. The entire river system is divided into five such basins, which are respectively drained by the Pei Ho, the Yung Ting Ho, the Ta Ching Ho, the Dze Ya Ho and the South Grand Canal or rather the Wei Ho. These catchment basins together aggregate 80,000 square miles, of which about 50,000 are mountainous.

Owing to the climatic conditions in these regions the rivers give only very little water during the greater part of

the year, whilst during the rainy season, that is, during the months of July, August, and September, heavy rainfalls may occur within very short periods, resulting in sudden freshets which recede as quickly as they come, leaving the river again almost dry as soon as the rain has stopped. The volume of water brought down on such occasions is considerable and would require for each river a large outlet. Unfortunately these do not exist. There is, as a matter of fact, only one outlet and that a very small one; namely, the Hai Ho. To give you an idea how insufficient this river is, let me tell you that its maximum capacity is 30,000 cubic feet per second, and that the Hun Ho alone brings down as much as about 200,000 cubic feet during freshets, and if we add to this quantity the discharge of the other rivers it is not surprising that inundations are regular occurrences. If there had existed natural storage basins, where the water could have been held back for some time, it would not have been so bad, but there are no such reservoirs, so that all the water that comes down in excess of the volume disposed of by the Hai Ho has to go elsewhere and the river has no alternative but to leave its bed and overflow the country. Every year such inundations take place usually only along one or two rivers at the same time but occasionally, by unfortunate chance, as for example last year, simultaneously along all the rivers.

Now the inadequate outlet may be the explanation for floods immediately above Tientsin and even have a bad influence on the river higher up, but cannot be the only cause of floods along the upper reaches, so there must be another explanation to account for those disasters. As a matter of fact such inundations are the result of the

unsatisfactory state of the rivers themselves. That they are in such a bad condition is due to the enormous amount of silt which the freshets bring down from the mountains. All the rivers in this province take their rise in the hills west of the Peking-Hankow railway line and as these are all covered by the so-called yellow earth or loess, which even fills the valleys, a material that is very easily washed away by water, the rivers carry down enormous quantities of this soil. As long as the current is strong enough to keep all the material which it took away from the hillsides in suspension, no harm is done, but on the plain the slope is much more gentle than on the hills, consequently the current weakens and drops the burden which it can no longer carry. In this way the river bed gets raised gradually to such an extent that it is no longer able to contain the amount of water which it receives during freshets, and inundations are the inevitable result, whereby not seldom the river takes an entirely new course. This is a process to which all rivers are liable more or less, and it entirely depends upon the nature of the soil in the hills where the rivers take their rise whether the plain-building, as it is called, is very marked or not.

Owing to the peculiar loess formation of which I spoke just now, plain-building is in this instance very conspicuous, I think more than anywhere else in the world. As it is, it cannot be stopped, but will end only when the hills have been washed clean or such a slope has been created that the current is nowhere too weak to keep all the soil, which the river brings down, in suspension.

Rather a hopeless prospect, is it not? Not very promising, at any rate. But if we consider, moreover, that

the water, heavily laden with silt, and requiring a strong current to carry it down, is already hampered by an insufficient slope, it must be clear that an insufficient outlet, which causes an extra reduction in the velocity, makes matters still worse.

This tells in a few words why inundations take place so frequently. That under such conditions a phenomenal rainfall, such as was experienced last summer, must cause an inundation of practically the whole plain is certainly no wonder.

Now the question is, Is it possible to remove the causes which brought those conditions about, and if so what has to be done? Yes, it is possible; for although this most deplorable state of affairs is the natural result of the excessive silt and an insufficient outlet, neither the one nor the other is natural, and both can therefore be removed, for they are due to unskilful, and at the same time perhaps reckless, interference by man.

I will explain how this is. - As I have said already, the geological features of the mountains account for the fact that the rivers in this province bring down more silt than perhaps any other river. But nevertheless, if the hills had been covered with forests instead of being bare, the water would not have been able to carry out its process of erosion of the hillsides and the rivers would not have brought down more silt than is caused by scouring of the river banks. Now all these hills were once covered with vegetation. But as the people in the hills wanted land for cultivation and those in the plain, increasing in number, wanted more wood for timber or fuel, the forests that once covered the mountains became thinner and thinner until at the present

time practically no trace of them is left, and the unprotected soil is left to the mercy of the rainfall and the winds. Thus during torrential showers, which sometimes occur during the summer months, the water, rushing down the hillsides unhindered by vegetation or roots of plants and gaining in velocity and power, carries with it such an enormous quantity of soil that when the torrents arrive in the valleys below they rather resemble liquid mud than water.

It is evident, therefore, that re-afforestation of these barren hills will do away with the silt evil, for not only will the soil be protected against the direct attack of the falling rain, but it will also be better able to withstand the force of the water which runs down, since it will be kept together by the roots of plants and trees. Further, a great part of the precipitation will be absorbed by the vegetation, so that the amount eventually reaching the valley will be smaller and at the same time will come down slowly and be spread over a longer period, and not, as is now the case, in fierce torrents a few hours after the rainfall, as the roots of the trees and the plants that keep the soil together form a kind of sponge which acts as reservoir and which will continue to feed the river long after the times of freshets are past.

We now come to the second principal cause of the deterioration of the rivers, and that is the insufficient outlet. I have already said that this is due to human interference. And so it is, for nothing but the so famous Grand Canal is to blame. This sounds like a serious accusation, does it not? Well, I will explain how it happened. As the question is rather complicated, for the influence of the

Canal on the various rivers differs very considerably, I will go a little more into detail and will, so far as time permits, deal with each river separately.

Before the Canal was constructed the Hai Ho served, as far as I can ascertain, only as outlet for the Pei Ho, the Hun Ho, and the Ta Ching Ho. But when the transportation of tribute rice to the capital became a question of such vital importance that it was considered necessary to make a waterway connecting Peking with the South, great changes were brought about. And as it was done without due appreciation of the importance of free and unhindered courses for the various rivers that had to be used, or, if this appreciation existed then, at any rate, without sufficient hydraulic knowledge to provide adequate means for offsetting any obstruction caused, the entire drainage system became upset.

The canal was made as follows. So far as was possible river courses were followed. Thus, for example, the Canal from Tungchow to Tientsin is nothing but the Pei Ho. South of Tientsin the canal was constructed by connecting the Pei Ho with the Fu Yang Ho and this again with the Wei Ho, following the course of the two last named rivers as far as possible without deviating too much from the general southerly direction of the canal. This of itself would not have done much harm, but instead of letting the Fu Yang Ho and the Wei Ho retain their outlets to the sea, the former was entirely diverted and connected with the Ta Ching Ho, by what is now called the Dze Ya Ho, whilst the Wei Ho was forced to follow the Canal as far as Tientsin, so that from that moment the Hai Ho had to cope with the flood waters of all the rivers. Certainly a few

outlets were made to deal with the freshets in the Wei Ho, but as the Canal was only constructed for the purpose of navigation and not with any consideration for drainage or other requirements, its dimensions were naturally far below the capacity necessary to deal with freshets effectively, so that generally the canal banks had already burst before flood escapes could give sufficient relief.

Just look on the map and you will see at once in what an unfavourable position the country along the upper reaches of the Wei Ho was placed. Not only is there no other escape for the flood waters than the Hai Ho but the Canal itself is absolutely insufficient. In a way this is good, for if the Canal had had a larger capacity, Tientsin would be far worse off than it is now. Also the Fu Yang Ho and the Pu Ta Ho districts are in a very bad plight; they have not got a sufficient outlet either, for the Dze Ya Ho is only a small river; but even if it had been larger it would only have conveyed the water as far as Tientsin, and as it cannot escape quickly enough from there, that district would always have been inundated instead of the country farther away.

You see how the Chinese, with the knowledge of engineering which they possessed a thousand years ago, were forced to divert the entire Wei Ho into the Canal, because otherwise there would not have been enough water available during the dry season, when the river brings very little. As the Canal was just given sufficient capacity to cope with the minimum discharge it is needless to say that the drainage of the country westward was sacrificed.

The construction of a canal at right angles to the general direction of the watercourses of a country is a very

difficult problem and cannot be undertaken without the most disastrous consequences unless it is done with full understanding and appreciation of the difficulties that have to be faced, and at the same time with the engineering knowledge required to overcome them. This the Chinese had not, and even to-day they are not much further advanced, although now at least they begin to understand that such a thing as hydraulic engineering exists. Is it not strange that, in a country like this, where the welfare of the greater part of the population depends on the condition of its rivers, so very little about this particular branch of engineering is known? I think it is due to the fact that, although there have been Chinese engineers who possessed some elementary knowledge of hydraulics, as many of their great works still in existence bear out, with the death of such men their knowledge died with them and did not serve, as is the case with us, as a foundation for the study of a later generation. In other words hydraulics was never taken up as a science and was consequently never taught. Thus the knowledge of river engineering remained largely individual and never rose to the status of a science born from the experience of others. Then again there is the firm belief that water is subject to the influence of numerous gods who in the shape of snakes, turtles, frogs, etc., etc., sometimes show themselves to us mortals, as the Chinese pretend, instead of being ruled by natural laws, which makes it more difficult still for river engineering to become a science. There are many works, the Grand Canal amongst them, which are great in conception but invariably their execution is incomplete and often in serious conflict with hydraulics.

But this is between brackets; we will now see what influence the Canal had on the other rivers.

As I have already said, the so-called North Grand Canal, from Tungchow to Tientsin, is properly called the Pei Ho. When first used as a canal it was found that the river did not carry enough water in the dry season to render navigation possible, so that it was necessary to procure an additional supply. This was done simply by leading into the Pei Ho another river called the Chao Ho, now only known as one of the main tributaries of the Pei Ho, but as a matter of fact originally forming part of the catchment area of the Peitang Ho. The consequences of such a step, whereby the natural drainage system was suddenly thrown out of balance, could not but be very serious unless adequate precautions had been taken; but this was not done. The Chinese have never known anything else but building dykes, and when a break takes place they content themselves by repairing it or by building a new dyke further away from the river, that is all. Every break, however, carries more consequences with it than the inundation of the country, because below the break the river will silt up and so in this case the condition grew gradually worse, causing renewed dykebreaks; and this happened more and more frequently. At last some flood-escapes were made, to deal more effectively with the freshets, but as they were all constructed with a high sill, which practically only allows the water nearest to the surface to escape, whilst the water near the bottom, which contains naturally more silt, was held back most of the soil carried down by the freshets remained in the river, and was dropped somewhere below the overflow, so that although temporarily some relief was procured, the capacity of the river was not

improved in the long run but went instead from bad to worse. And not only did the river become more shallow, but it adopted also a more winding course. Apparently this was just the very thing that was desired, for when the river once made, during a strong freshet, a short cut of one mile long, shortening the route by nine miles, it was restored again to its original bed because the current was too strong for shipping. Even the Hai Ho, although it had to serve as outlet for all the rivers, was kept as small as possible in order to prevent the water escaping too quickly during the dry season. So it had gone on for several centuries until at last, a few years ago, the river sought a new course by leaving the old bed at a place about forty li above Tungchow. The water follows now a tributary of the Peitang Ho. A part reaches the sea *via* that river, but the greater part spreads over the country and either evaporates or reaches some other outlet. An attempt has been made to bring the river back again to its old bed but it was a useless attempt, for the old river had been ill-treated too long to be of any further use. The little water that is now flowing through the Pei Ho comes from a small watercourse which enters the main river near Tungchow. If it were not for that there would have been no water at all. Here you have all that is left of what at one time was the main drain of a catchment area of 9,000 square miles.

And now we come to the most notorious of all the rivers in this province; namely, the Hun Ho, or Yung Ting Ho, which is the official name and means "Everlasting Unchanging River." It sounds rather funny when one knows that this river is anything but stable, but it happened in this way. Many times the river changed its course until at last the authorities, believing they had found a radical

solution which would for all time put an end to its wandering, gave it this beautiful name.

Why is it that this river is worse than the others? In principle it does not differ at all, but the point is that on account of its size and the comparatively short distance from the hills to the sea, the amount of silt carried down and the force of the freshets are much more keenly felt than in the case of the other waterways. Moreover the course of the Hun Ho leads through a rich district and passes close to the capital and the most important trade centre of the North so that the river enjoyed every one's attention, which led to much being done to avoid the nuisance of inundations and the effect of the silt which threatened the very existence of every waterway with which it came in contact. The other rivers bring down much soil and cause inundations just as well; the name Sha Ho, which one hears continually when visiting the various watercourses crossed by the Peking-Hankow Railway line, is a sure proof that much silt is carried down. But those rivers are too far away to receive much attention and have had no patrons who were influential enough to draw the attention of the higher officials to their shortcomings and thus have remained as they were and have continued their course unhindered. After all, this has been to their advantage, for the Hun Ho, which was very much interfered with but in an unskilful way, is now in such a bad condition that it is more dangerous than if it had been left alone or handled in a proper way. In destruction-bringing capacity the Hun Ho is now only surpassed by the Yellow River.

As I have already mentioned, the natural tendency of the rivers in this province is to raise the plain because they

bring down more silt than the current along the lower courses is able to carry. This plain-raising can only take place, however, if the river is free to go where it likes, but as this is often not welcome to those whose homes are affected it is only natural that man has tried to restrict the process to a certain area only and commenced to confine the river between dykes. But in the case of the Hun Ho man was not content with having restricted the plain-building to a certain strip of land but he went even so far as to prevent the river from continuing this process as far as its mouth, that is, as far as the sea, and this is where the fatal mistake was made, a mistake of which the bitter fruits are tasted yearly, but this last summer in particular.

In the upper reaches of the Hun Ho the gradient is steep and consequently the current is strong enough to keep all the material brought down from the hills in suspension, but as the slope becomes more gentle, gradually decreasing from 1:250 to 1:500 above the Peking-Hankow line to 1:4000 and even 1:10,000 farther downwards, the velocity decreases also, with the result that a great part of the soil hitherto carried is dropped, the heavier material, like gravel and sand, first, the lighter silt, afterwards. This naturally causes the river-bed to rise, and this has already taken such proportions that the bed is at many places over twenty feet higher than the surrounding country. That under such conditions dykebreaks are far more likely to occur and are far more serious than if not so much silt had been deposited is evident. And yet this silting has been wilfully accelerated by restricting the outlet; if this had not been interfered with, or better still had been improved, the process of silting would have been retarded and

dykebreaks would not have taken place so frequently nor have been so severe.

As it is now, the water which rushes down during freshets cannot escape quickly enough and consequently rises higher and higher until at last the floodwater, having to find an outlet somehow, does so by bursting the dykes, ruining millions worth of crops and property.

Again the Grand Canal is the indirect cause of all the trouble, for in order to prevent the silt entering this waterway, which in those times was considered of the utmost importance, the Hun Ho was not allowed to flow unhindered to the sea, as it has to pass the Canal, but was led to various low lands then existing where the water was stored up and from where it could only run off through a small outlet. In the course of time, however, all those places became filled in, so that as a last resource the dykes enclosing the river near its present junction with the Pei Ho were built about fifty li apart, thus forming a large reservoir covering about 200 square miles. In this reservoir an enormous amount of water could be stored up without causing the water level to rise too much. At the same time it acted as a clearing basin in which a great part of the silt was deposited so that the water eventually entering the Grand Canal carried comparatively little silt. In this way it was possible to keep the Canal in good order at least for as long as the reservoir existed; but this could only be temporary. Now the entire area, once a storage basin, has been transformed into a strip of very fertile land from twenty to thirty feet higher than the country around. What will happen now? Not only have the freshets no longer any room for expansion and are therefore more

dangerous with regard to dykebreaks, but if on the contrary the dykes should not break, something far worse will take place, for then the full force of the onrush of water will reach the delta and will make for itself an outlet large enough to carry the entire quantity farther down. And as this channel-forming involves the removal by scour of enormous quantities of soil the result will be most disastrous. For what will happen? The delta being much higher than the Pei Ho, the water coming from there will simply rush in; lower down, however, in the Pei Ho, and subsequently the Hai Ho, the slope is much more gentle so that the current will slacken speed and the greater part of the soil removed from the delta will have to be dropped. This will cause such a rise of the river bed that the capacity of the Hai Ho will be considerably reduced and this reduction may even be so much that navigation will be seriously hampered, if not rendered entirely impossible.

So far, it has been possible to maintain in the river from Tientsin to the sea depth sufficient for navigation, but it should not be forgotten that this depth is only maintained by artificial means. The natural tendency is for rivers to establish an uniform gradient, that is to say, a gradient that, if the soil of the river bed were of the same character throughout, would have through the whole of its course practically the same slope. In the case of the Hun Ho this uniform gradient-building has, in the interest of the Grand Canal, been artificially retarded and in the delta has practically been put backward: whilst the little gradient-building that has been done in the Hai Ho has been made of none effect by dredging. However, the process can never be permanently stopped, and wherever the slope of a river is

too steep erosion will take place, whilst where the slope is too gentle, the silt taken away from elsewhere will be deposited, no matter what may be done to prevent this. This rule is invariable and will be enforced by nature as long as the ideal state, that is, an uniform gradient of the river from its source to its mouth, has not been realized. Thus the Hai Ho, since it is a continuation of the Yung Ting Ho, only slightly modified by the four other rivers, is bound to raise its bed at the natural rate as soon as the artificial means that have retarded the process cease to exist. This moment has arrived, for not only has the clearing basin that temporarily interrupted the making of an uniform gradient been transformed into an elevated plain, but it forms now a part of the slope of the river and is, as such, too high to be maintained or to allow the bed of the Hai Ho, which is in close proximity and something like thirty to forty feet lower, to remain at its present low elevation much longer. The ultimate result will be that the bed of the river along its course through the high plain will be lowered, and the bed of the river lower down, that is, the Hai Ho, will be raised. It has been possible up to now, favoured by very fortunate circumstances, that is to say, fortunate for shipping, to cope with this evil by dredging, but it will become more difficult each year, and if the Hun Ho should break its way through the delta, which is bound to happen at some time or other, for instance when the dykes hold out just long enough to make the freshet reach the delta with full force, then there will come down all of a sudden such a deluge of mud, that it would appear as if nature were trying to make up in one season for the arrest in the elevation of the river bed, during the many centuries

in which man intervened. That this means the end of Tientsin as a port is evident. At the same time the rivers would have practically no outlet at all so that the country would be in a permanent state of inundation, Tientsin included.

Last year the Hun Ho did block the Hai Ho up and it is only thanks to the immense lake made by the flood waters of the Ta Ching Ho, Dze Ya Ho, and Wei Ho, which is still supplying the Hai Ho with clear water, that the river has been scoured out again to its former depth and even more. But at what a price? Appalling misery all over and a direct loss which is estimated at far over one hundred million dollars.

I mentioned just now that thanks to favourable circumstances it was possible to cope with the silt evil in the Hai Ho by dredging. Do you know in what those circumstances consist? In inundations of the country along the Hun Ho causing a loss of about two million dollars on an average per year. Owing to such inundations the Hai Ho receives comparatively little silt as the bulk has been left behind on the inundated fields.

The Chinese, foreseeing what would happen if the Hun Ho delta got filled up, tried to provide other means to deal with the freshets. To effect this, two flood escapes were made in the right bank of the Yung Ting Ho, one at Lu Kou Chiao, the other fifty li lower down. If these overflows had conducted the water to an entirely separate outlet of the drainage area the solution would have been a very good one, but as the Ta Ching Ho, to which the weirs lead, empties also in the Hai Ho it is evident that, since this river is too small, the effect can only be partial. As it is,

this solution is nothing more than relieving one district by endangering another. Where otherwise inundations would have only taken place in the country bordering the Hun Ho, they now take place in the Ta Ching Ho area as well. In a report which I made in 1915 dealing with the same question, I said, "It is possible that these flood escapes will give relief to the Yung Ting Ho without endangering the Ta Ching Ho as this river has two large reservoirs, the Pao-tingfu Lake and the Ta Ching Ho Lake, but if some day all the rivers which empty into those lakes should also be in flood, which is quite possible, this would result in a serious catastrophe." This last year has but too well proved this to be true.

However, as far as regards the object for which they were made, that is, to safeguard the interest of the canal, these flood escapes were well chosen, but again, as I said previously, without due regard to other interests.

The only river which is in a fairly good condition is the Ta Ching Ho, which is mainly due to two lakes, the Pao-tingfu Lake and the Ta Ching Ho Lake, which form a reservoir of considerable capacity, so that freshets are in the lower courses not much felt.

You have heard a short description of the five main rivers in this province, which I hope has been sufficiently clear to demonstrate that by improving or rather by procuring new outlets and by a rigid re-afforestation these watercourses will no longer be a curse as they seem to be now, but a blessing, and that is what every river really should and will be if it is handled in the right way.

Where those outlets exactly will be can of course only be decided after a careful study. Probably the Yung Ting

Ho and Pei Ho will have to debouch into the sea more to the North, the Dze Ya Ho may be given its old outlet again near Chikow, whereas the Wei Ho will have to empty its waters into the sea farther southward.

It is a project which will undoubtedly cost a great deal of money; but if one considers the enormous advantages which such an improvement will bring, the initial outlay is only of secondary importance, and is insignificant when compared with the benefits that will be derived therefrom.

Lhasa and Tibet

E. C. Wilton

The address I propose to give you this evening will be on "Lhasa and Tibet."

First of all I will tell you something of the way from India through Tibet to Lhasa—it took me fourteen months to get there, and I returned to the Indian frontier in nine days.

After our arrival at Lhasa, I will give you a description of two or three of the most famous sights, *e.g.*, Cathedral, Palace of the Dalai Lama, the Monasteries. And finally a brief account of Lamaism, the form of Buddhism peculiar to the Tibetans; together with a few words about the people themselves.

The time at our disposal to-night is necessarily limited, and I would crave your indulgence in advance, if, in my effort to cover as much ground as possible, I do not linger as long as you may wish over interesting features of this extraordinary country and its inhabitants.

The names Tibet and Lhasa have been for so many centuries associated with mystery, not only in China but in Europe also, that the news of the penetration of the Younghusband Mission into the Holy City itself was received with something very like regret that yet another locked door had been opened and another veil rent aside. Alas, too! the stories of Mahatmas and their magic were revealed as nothing but myths to the outside world. Nevertheless, Tibet still possesses for me the charm of mystery and I for

one, am unwilling to deny that, among these primitive people, cut off and isolated from the rest of humanity by stupendous mountain ranges and vast tracts of desert, there may be not some touch with the supernatural which lies buried beneath the fuller cares and responsibilities that Western Civilisation carries with it.

There are four general approaches to Lhasa from the outer world—from China on the east—Mongolia on the north—from North India on the west—and from Bengal on the south. And it was along the last of these that the Younghusband Mission advanced in 1903–1904. The call to join the staff came to me first in Szechwan while preparing for a journey to the Chien Ch'ang Valley, and within five weeks I was at Darjeeling hastening to join Younghusband who had preceded me thence and was encamped ten or eleven marches away across the Tibetan frontier at Khambajong, a bare treeless plateau 15,000 feet high. From Darjeeling I dropped down to the waters of the Teesta and crossed the mountainous and semi-tropical state of Sikkim. I won't detain you with a description of travel through its jungles during the rains—the rainfall is over 200 inches. In spite of the broken roads, the pouring wet, and the bloodthirsty little leeches lurking in every clump of grass, there was always a comfortable rest-house, and a roaring log fire, to say nothing of a nice little dinner, at the end of the day's journey, and I have seldom met kinder and more hospitable folk than the Lepchas, the shy primitive inhabitants of Sikkim. They are born naturalists and have a name for every flower and tree, and every insect and bird that abound in their forests and along their streams. The Lepchas—I am sorry to say—are a dying

race, crushed out of existence by the advance of the more vigorous Nepalese and Tibetan.

From the northern end of Sikkim, Khambejong is reached by a lonely ice-bound pass 17,000 feet across the Himalayas, and the great ice-peak of Kinchenjunga—the abode of the gods—stands like a giant sentinel between Tibet and the plains of India.

For various reasons which I will not go into now, Younghusband decided to move towards Lhasa by a more easterly route and left me in the camp with a company of Sikhs as a decoy to attract the attention of the Tibetans—there were 3,000 to 4,000 of them posted at strategic points around. Meanwhile he returned to India and arranged for an advance from Darjeeling into the Chumbi Valley. The Tibetans, watching our little camp, complained bitterly afterwards that they had been completely fooled, and he was able to march in without the slightest opposition save for a protest from the valley magistrate, who fired off a long speech and then remained to lunch which he left in a jovial and happy frame of mind. We then withdrew from Khamba and without molestation rejoined Younghusband in the Chumbi Valley lying in the northern masses of the Himalayas. It is over a hundred miles from Darjeeling to the Chumbi Valley, beginning with a drop from 8,000 to 800 feet, then across a pass of 14,200 feet until the central plateau of about 15,000 feet is reached beyond the valley. The hills on either side of the Chumbi Valley come down steeply and are covered with juniper and pines, and midway runs the almost torrential Ammo river with silver firs thick down to the water's edge. The inhabitants are known as Tomos, of Tibetan stock, and well to do, being the carriers

between Tibet and India. The charming valley winds upward until a sharp climb brings you to the foot of the Tang Pass which rises gently beneath the ice-bound crags of the most beautiful of Himalayan peaks—Chomolhari—the goddess of the snows. At the top of the pass lies the wretched little hamlet of Tuna, cowering beneath the hills from the never ceasing blasts along the open frozen wastes of this Himalayan plateau, many hundreds of feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. And here I spent ten winter weeks in a tent, living very simply on biscuit and fresh mutton, two daily tots of lime juice, and one of whiskey, and an occasional bite of chocolate.

The only fuel we had—for Tuna is of course above tree level—was the wormwood scrub bushes (we soon exhausted these) and dried yak dung or argol which we picked up on the plain around. I do not recommend argol as an ideal fuel in the least, but if you do not mind the acrid, blinding smoke, and get the knack of plying bellows so as to keep it alight, it does for cooking. We had nothing much in the way of sauces to flavour our food except the good old Worcester sauce. Wasn't it Voltaire who said of England, 'A land with a hundred religions and one sauce'? However, if we had had a hundred sauces it wouldn't have made any difference, as the smoke flavoured everything so strongly as to kill all condiments. But we got used to that; in fact, I quite missed the flavour later on when I got back to civilisation—I didn't mind missing it. The Tibetan shepherds had been warned by their lamas on pain of death not to sell us any supplies, so when we wanted fresh meat some men would go and bring in a small flock for which liberal payment was made. The shepherds would protest.

Having protested, they were quite happy, and begged not to be paid in hard rupees, but to be given a note of hand to be subsequently cashed and spent in the bazaar at Darjeeling. They knew a thing or two, those shepherds, and among other things they knew their officials.

However, with a chief who is one of the greatest living travellers in Asia, there were opportunities for side trips, and by good fortune, I stumbled on one of these, into the unknown valley of Khangbu where there are hot springs, and large yak farms. Crossing an icefield for two days and climbing a pass difficult even for my yaks to find a footing, I passed down a grim gloomy ravine which might have led to a frozen Hell, but passed instead into a delightful valley with rich pasture in summer and watered by small streams now frozen solid save here and there where the hot springs made pools of open water from which bunches of mallard rose within easy shot. The Tibetan is marvellously adept at building rough stone walls, and in a very short time the half scared villagers had enclosed a hot spring and fashioned a rude but luxurious bath. Very friendly they became and brought quantities of yak milk and barley meal and took me into the hills around to see the yak farms and made me free of their stone-built, flat-roofed houses, evil-smelling, dark, and comfortless. The hills run 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the valley and abound in the blue wild sheep—the burriel.

Beyond Tuna, the country is uninteresting and nothing but a bare brown plain 15,000 feet, above the sea, dotted with patches of scrub and flanked by broken hills, and the monotony relieved only here and there by an expanse of blue lakes. Between the track and the waters of the lake, lie wide frozen swamps, the home in summer of

innumerable wild fowl, ruddy sheld-rake, geese, teal, mallard, etc., not at all shy.

Beyond the lakes are traces of large populous villages, now only a wilderness of great pebbles dropped from the ancient walls and houses marking relics of a lost people. There are many reasons to account for this—smallpox, want of irrigation, Mongol invasion, closing of trade routes to Sikkim. About midway between Darjeeling and Lhasa is the town of Gyantse where we halted for three months, encamped in a meadow, beautiful with purple iris, and fringed with willows on the banks of a small stream. Gyantse to-day is a mart open to British trade and the residence of the British trade agent. From Gyantse it is a hundred miles to the Sangpo or Brahmaputra River.

After leaving the town, the track passes through the wild gorges of Gubshi to the foot of the Karola Rass 16,000 feet, the slopes of which were dotted with the blue Tibetan poppy, blue gentians in profusion, and a species of small sunflower. The season for the Tibetan flora was yet early, but the vivid patches of flowers were very welcome to the eye in this gloomy pass walled in by gigantic mountains with snow-covered slopes and icy peaks. Leaving the pass, the road winds along the picturesque shores of the Yamdok Tso (lake). Here and there a dull grey monastery building shews on the hillside overlooking its waters, and the most romantic of these is the Samding Convent presided over at that time by a female Bodisat, a little girl of twelve. The Convent is familiarly known as that of the sow Abbess. The story goes, that in the Mongol invasion a Mongol army arrived at the Convent intent on plunder and pillage, but found nothing but a huge sow in charge of a herd of swine.

That night the Mongol prince was warned in a dream that the Abbess had transformed herself and her attendants into pigs and that the place was enchanted. So he withdrew, leaving the Convent untouched.

There is another story connected with this Convent. Over a hundred years ago, an Englishman, sent by the Indian Government to deliver presents to the Ta Shi Lama, passed by this lake and lay in the village near the Convent sick for many days. Here he was nursed and well-cared for under the Abbess's orders. A hundred years is a long time to remember a favour—to be exact it was 111 years—but the kindness of the Abbess had not been forgotten. After we had camped on the shores of the lake, Young-husband sent me with assurances that no harm would be done to the Convent. Accompanied by a couple of Indian troopers and a Tibetan servant, I rode from the camp to the Convent, a white patch, seven miles away in the purple distance of the hills. Here and there along the lake were half ruined castles, square red-brown towers of stone with sombre mosses and orange and black lichens on their old worn surfaces. There was no sound of life except the hoarse cry of an occasional raven, and the clink of our ponies' shod heels against the stones. The valley seemed enchanted, and a thunder-cloud entangled against the blue of the sky burst over us in a brief but terrific hailstorm. Long before we reached the Convent doors my Tibetan servant was uneasy and muttering prayers against spells. The approach was deserted and no sign of life anywhere. Leaving the ponies in charge of the two Gurkhars, I went inside; but neither ridicule nor persuasion would induce my Tibetan to

place foot beyond the entrance of the outer temple. So I went on alone to look for someone within the halls piled with massive golden butter lamps, gilded images, bronze bowls filled with sacred grain, and holy water, and silken embroidered banners. Pulling aside a heavy woollen curtain I stepped into a vaulted shrine lit only by a single butter lamp, and beyond into an inner chamber, so dark that I could only feel my way along very slowly through the heavy darkness and the oppressive silence. Suddenly, I heard a faint sound, and I remember a curious, odd idea passed my brain that it was the patter of a child's naked foot. It came nearer and nearer. I think my hair was on end; at any rate I know my heart was going like a sledge hammer, and I gripped my revolver tightly. Something brushed against my knee and putting down my hand, I felt the touch of hair. It was a mastiff, a huge, purblind old dog, very friendly and pleased to smell something human in the deserted Convent. But there was not a soul about, so there was nothing for it but to leave. Some months afterwards, a message of grateful acknowledgment was received from the Abbess.

Between the Yamdok Tso and Sangpo is a steep pass, and we crossed the river in two antiquated wooden barges, a couple of Berthon rafts, and various skin coracles.

It is forty miles beyond to Lhasa along the right bank of the Kyichu, an affluent of the Brahmaputra. The city lies in the centre of a plain about fifteen by three or four miles known as the Plain of Milk, upon which strike the spurs of vast snow-capped mountains. The first glimpse of the sacred city is dramatic in its suddenness. Nature has interposed a long curtain of rock

stretching from the Potala Peak, on which towers the Palace of the Dalai Lama, to the Iron Hill screening the city itself effectually from all view on the side of our approach. The stone curtain is pierced in its centre by the western gate, and from the ridge above it a vast panorama flashes before your sight. On the left is the Potala, bearing a mass of lofty buildings and crowned on its summit by five golden pavilions. On the right is the Iron Hill, which at this angle is foreshortened into a huge pinnacle. Between the two peaks, the town is visible, a white line a mile away among the trees, and in the centre the glittering roof of the Jokkhang dazzles the eye. Beyond the town lies a well-wooded fertile plain through which winds the River of Delight. The three great monasteries of Debung, Sera, and Gahden lie outside the city.

The city of Lhasa itself contains about 15,000 inhabitants, of whom 9,000 are women. The remaining 6,000 are made up of about 3,000 Tibetan laymen, and about 3,000 foreigners, such as Chinese, Nepalese, Kashmirs and Mahommedans, Mongol and Bhutanese.

The city is surrounded by the Ling-kor or Sacred Road frequented by devout Lamaists, for ever twirling their prayer wheels, and murmuring the mystic formula "Om! ma-ni pad-me Hum!" (Oh! the jewel in the lotus!)

The houses are two and three storied. The streets are dirty and undrained, but in the suburbs are wild stretches of woodland, acres of marshy grass ringed by high trees, and lazy streams of clear brown water, over which the hanging branches almost meet on the other side.

In the centre of the town is the cathedral, the Holy of Holies of Tibet, known as the Jokkhang and the House of

the Lord. In December, thousands of pilgrims arrive at Lhasa for the New Year's festival—the visit in state to the Jokkhang by the Dalai Lama attended by 20,000 monks. It is then that the wild Kams and the nomad tribesmen of eastern Tibet obtain remission not only for past, but also for future sins.

The Jokkhang was originally built by Strongstan Campo, the Constantine of Tibet, in the 7th century A.D., to house the sacred image of Buddha presented to him at the time of his conversion and marriage to a Chinese princess. The roof is flat, and at three corners are gilded pavilions in the shape of a pagoda. The entrance faces west and is neither grand nor imposing. Before the doors is a flagged pavement worn into deep grooves, not only by the feet, but also by the hands and heads of thousands and thousands of pilgrims. A devout pilgrim will not only bump his head on the ground, but will prostrate himself full length on the pavement, rising and throwing himself down again and again. Frequently as many as a thousand of these prostrations are made. The interior is gloomy and dingy and full of dark passages. In one of those is the shrine of the Water Dragon, covering a flagstone, said to conceal the springs of the marshy lake on which Lhasa was built. The legend connected with the building of the Jokkhang is that the wife of Srong threw a ring into the middle of the marsh to find a lucky site. A chorten sprang where the ring fell. The lake was filled up and the Jokkhang built. If the flagstone be removed, the city will be overwhelmed with floods. The chief Shrine, or Holy of Holies, contains the Sacred Image of Buddha at the age of sixteen. The image

and pedestal are thickly encrusted with turquoises, coral, emeralds, pearls, and other gems, a statue celebrated throughout the Lamaist world, the object of veneration by the faithful for centuries. The impression left on my memory is of an inane countenance, devoid of expression and coarse rather than refined.

Mr. Percival Landon, the author of a picturesque book "Lhasa," says:—"The features are smooth and almost childish. . . . Here is nothing of the saddened smile of one who has known too much of the world and has renounced it as vanity. Here instead is the quiet happiness and quick capacity for pleasure of the boy who had never yet known either pain, disease, or death. It is Gautama as a pure and eager prince, without a thought of care for the day. This beautiful statue is the sum and climax of Tibet. It would be difficult to surpass the exquisite workmanship of everything connected with this amazing image."

Colonel Waddell, a well-known writer on Lamaism, says:—"A repellent image about a man's size, with goggle eyes and a coarse sensual face, and of very rude workmanship. In the lurid light and suffocating atmosphere of smoking rancid butter lamps it seemed more like a foul felon in his prison or a glaring demon, than an effigy of the pure and simple Buddha. It only wanted the orgies of some bloody sacrifice to complete the likeness to the she-devil "Kali."

When experts disagree, who is to decide? Who, indeed?

Ascending the staircase we came to the Shrine of Kali, the great Queen, in a shape too repulsive for words. But in

an adjoining room was the Goddess in her most pleasing form. This is the image which the Tibetans used to tell us bore such a striking likeness to the late Queen Victoria, whose features were quite familiar to them by the Queen's head on the Indian rupee. The resemblance is indeed more real than fancied. Little white-brown mice were running over and about this image, the only one in the Jokkhang so distinguished; they were real mice too, as I put out my hand and let two or three run over it. Inside the temple is also a colossal image of Maitreya, the Buddha that is to come.

The Potala is divided into four divisions exclusive of the offices and dwellings at the foot. First, there is the temple holding about 500 monks; second, the halls of reception and audience; third the Dalai Lama's private apartments, and lastly, the private Treasury. The Treasury is, or was at the time of our visit, very rich, containing large quantities of gold dust, gold bars, and silver coins, offerings of pious pilgrims. It would be, I think, well under the mark to estimate the amount of treasure at that time at a million dollars. The roofs are covered thickly with gold leaf and when the sun strikes them they seem to blaze with fire.

The Dalai Lama so called in 1640 by the Mongol Gushi Khan means "Vast as Ocean." The Tibetan title for this pontiff is Gyawal Rimpoche, Gem of Victory. He never dies, but on departing this life his breath is incarnate in the body of an infant. The infant is chosen out of a selection of babies who by some miraculous sign, such as recognising a rosary, a ring, and article of clothing or something belonging to the late Dalai Lama have

substantiated a claim to become a candidate. The choice is narrowed down to four. Four fish-shaped tablets are publicly placed in a golden urn, the gift of the great Manchu Emperor Kienlung. The name inscribed on the first drawn is hailed as the Dalai Lama.

Let me tell you what used to go behind the screen, and you will appreciate the excellence of this method of selection. The selection of the infants was left entirely in the hands of the Tibetans—only the final putting in of the tablets was superintended by the Tibetan Regent and the Chinese Amban. The actual drawing was done by a Tibetan. How came it then that the baby selected was always the one the Amban wanted? The explanation is absurdly simple. The four tablets were all inscribed with the same name—that of this baby. When the Dalai Lama is a minor, the power lies in the hands of the Regent, and at the period of selection, it always suited the Tibetan Regent to be complaisant and fall in with the views of the Amban. Later on he might or might not run counter to him—that depended on circumstances.

There are two principal oracles at Lhasa, one the State oracle styled “Defender of the Faith,” the other is the more common oracle, consulted by the ordinary people, and the wizard is the descendant of the ancient high priest of the Ponbo religion. (I shall have a word to say about this religion later on.) The coming of the British to Lhasa was of course the exciting topic at the capital and there was a great run on the oracles. We were told that the State oracle had foretold the arrival at Lhasa, and that the popular oracle had said:—“The British are like the bubbles on boiling water, here for a moment and gone the next,”

which may fairly be interpreted to have meant, that we would arrive at Lhasa, and go away after a short stay.

The three great monasteries which figure so largely as the most important part of the Tibetan Hierarchy are Debung, Sera, and Gahden. Debung is the largest of the three and contains ordinarily 8,000, but sometimes 11,000 monks and Lamas. Sera has about 5,000 or 6,000 and Gahden about 3,000. They are governed by an abbot and divided into four sections each under a steward. Discipline within the walls is very severe and if you had seen the type of monks, you would agree with me it was necessary. It is misleading to call every monk a lama. Lama means "superior one," and it is doubtful if the average of lamas in these three monasteries, and the others in Lhasa, is above five per cent. Elsewhere—except at Shigates—the average perhaps falls to one per cent.

Any reference to Tibet and its people would be quite incomplete without some sort of an attempt at an explanation of the Tibetan religion. Naturally open to religious influences, Lamaism entirely envelops the Tibetan in every hour of his life from birth till death.

The popular explanation of their conversion to Lamaism is that in the olden times Tibet was a country of ravines, mountains, torrents and huge lakes. Buddha visited the land and found the inhabitants were monkeys, and promised them fertile lands if they became good Buddhists. The waters were drained off by underground channels through the Himalayas into the river Ganges. So much for the popular account.

The historical account is that the warrior king of Tibet, Srongtsan Gampo, came under the religious influence of his

two wives—a Nepalese and a Chinese princess. Buddhism was introduced from India at a time when Ponbo or Shamanism or Devil Worship was dominant in Tibet. After his death, Buddhism decayed and was persecuted but revived again later. It should be here noted that the Buddhism introduced by King Srong was not the pure Buddhism taught by its founder Gautama, whose doctrine had become encrusted with Hindu beliefs, and four hundred years before its introduction into Tibet was already divided into the doctrines of the Lesser and Greater Vehicles. It was the Buddhism of the Greater Vehicle which was introduced into Tibet, and it now became further saturated with the popular belief, Ponbo, which flourishes in eastern and southeastern Tibet to this day, and is, I think, similar to much of the ritual and observances of Taoism.

In the middle of the 13th century, Kublai Khan, the great Mongol conqueror of China, was converted to Lamaism. Towards the end of the 14th century, the famous Tsongkhapa introduced drastic reforms into the Lama Church, and his followers, known as Yellow Caps, in contra-distinction to the other sect, Red Caps, became the dominant sect. To-day all three sects flourish side by side, the Yellow Caps, the Red Caps, and the Ponbos.

The great festival of Tsongkhapa when butter lamps burn in extravagant profusion throughout the length and breadth of Tibet coincides with the Chinese feast of lanterns, and was only the revival of a very much earlier mid-winter festival praying to the sun.

The number of people professing the Lamaist faith does not exceed eight to ten millions, including under half a million Russian subjects living in Siberia—the Buriats and Kalmuks.

I think it was Sir Isaac Newton who expressed an opinion that Prayer went to Heaven by vibration. The Tibetan prayer wheels—small ones twirled by hand, large ones turned by water power—and the prayer flags fluttering to every breath of the wind—known as wind horses, convey daily millions and millions of prayers through the air by vibration.

The Tibetan form of Buddhism is absolutely saturated with the rites and beliefs of the early religion Pon-bo, or devil worship. Religion is after all a way of looking at life, and the Tibetan regards himself as surrounded by the lures and persecutions of demons and spirits. His lamp through life is his prayer wheel, and his earthly guide the Lama. His hope is to be born again in better surroundings and ultimately transcend into a Bodhisat and be absorbed into Buddha. The two last do not trouble his mind, as they are too sublime and far distant for everyday thought. He is a great believer in charms and amulets. Every commune has its own particular set of spirits. Let me give you but one illustration and tell you how to avoid ague or malaria. When you think you see a rainbow, the illusion is caused by innumerable small folk—sprites—sliding down to the water. They twang guitars and live only on smells. Beware of drinking water there, for if you do, you will get fever.

The dress of both sexes is a very full, high collared gown, known as the Chuba, and girt about with a woollen girdle. The Chuba is sheep-skin in winter, otherwise woollen. They wear boots of raw yak hide, Wellingtons gartered. The Tibetans are small eaters and have no regular meals. The staple food in central Tibet is parched barley meal (tsamba) washed down by tea. The meal is worked up

into the consistency of dough with a little water, and then swallowed. Tea drinking is a passion. Boiling water is poured on brick tea, rancid butter and salt are added, the whole being mixed in a churn. The beverage is served hot and looks like cocoa. The taste at first is a shock to the palate, but after a few trials you can drink it without turning more than two or three hairs.

The Tibetans have many curious customs, but the time at our disposal will only permit us to take a glance at two or three of them.

The most interesting, perhaps, is *polyandry*, i.e., one wife and two or three husbands. The general elevation of Central Tibet is 15,000 feet, and in the plains of India, *polygamy* is practised. One writer has deduced therefrom the ingenious theory that marriage is regulated by barometric pressure. However this may be, polyandry can be explained by the fact that the area of arable land is scanty and very limited, and unable to support any but a very small population. Family fields are therefore not divided up, but the two or three brothers share a single wife. The arrangement—odd as it may appear—works quite well in practice, and the wife invariably controls the household. For instance, she it is who decides that John is to stay at home and till the fields, while Thomas goes to Darjeeling to trade, and Robert herds the yaks in the mountain pastures.

The women, too, smear their faces with dark brown cutch or varnish, as a protection for their complexions against the bitter winter winds and snow. But, of course, it is said that they have made themselves unattractive so as not to distract the monks from their devotions.

The dead are not buried but are generally exposed to be devoured by wild animals and vultures.

The method of salutation is quaint. A Tibetan meeting you will remove his cap and, holding his left ear, protrude his tongue as far as he can. This signifies that his head is unprotected from attack, and that he listens to your words without venturing a reply.

In conclusion, I will just give you a few words on the character of the Tibetans. But I would first of all ask you to remember that your point of view as a stranger in a strange country, is very largely determined by your point of contact with its inhabitants. Let me quote three authorities on the subject—Turner, a British officer who travelled in Tibet in 1792, writes:—“Humane, kind, gentle disposition, unassuming, moderate in their passions.” Père Desgodins, a French missionary who has spent a life-time among the Tibetans:—“Fawners, ungrateful, treacherous, cruel, vindictive.”

A Tibetan author gives us at any rate frank judgment on his own countrymen. He declares that the Tibetan character has been formed from the original descent of the Tibetan from the King of Monkeys, and a female Hobgoblin. From their father they inherited religious feeling, kind heart, intelligence and application; from their mother, cruelty, avarice, craving for animal food, and fondness for gossip.

It has been repeatedly said that the Tibetan of to-day is a degenerate creature, dragged down by his degrading religion of Lamaism. It may be so, but for all that he is a simple, garrulous, hospitable man, not averse to getting something out of you. My own limited experience of the Tibetan, formed from three journeys in that country, is that—taking into consideration his environment, his loneliness and isolation—he is much the same as anybody else.

The Catholic Church in China, in the past and to-day

Ph. Clément

I have been asked to make known to you briefly the history of the Catholic Church in China in the past and as it stands to-day. Although the Catholic Church, as her name implies, embraces all nations and her faithful are to be found among all nationalities throughout the world, nevertheless, it is true to state with an American Catholic priest, Rev. Fr. Walsh, who recently came on a visit to China with the intention of preparing the way for the arrival of Catholic missionaries from America; it is true, I say, to state that a great number of Catholic missionaries in China are French or French-speaking, and that for this reason, the greater part of the publications concerning Catholic Missions in China are in French, and therefore are not easily read by the English-speaking residents of China.

I am told that I am quite free to say all that I think necessary to explain the history of the Catholic Church in China in the past and present. I thank those who have had the kindness of giving me this liberty and I am also most grateful to you for permitting me to entertain you on this subject. But, I have one great regret, which is, that I am not able, in expressing my gratitude for your amiable hospitality, to speak fluently your language, the language of England and the United States; that language of which "Joseph de Maistre" longed that it might be spoken one

day by the Catholic Church throughout the world, side by side with the French language.

Jesus Christ, before ascending into heaven, said to His apostles: "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15). Thus with simplicity and courage the apostles went forth into the then known world. One of them, St. Thomas, he who had been so slow to believe in the resurrection of his Master, went farther than the other apostles in his travels of evangelization. We have sufficient proofs which permit us to affirm that he went as far as India, to preach there the faith of Christ and that "he enriched the honour of his apostleship by the crown of martyrdom."

About this time the whole world was expecting some great event to happen, a kind of renovation, which made itself felt even in China, the tradition of which Virgil is the echo.

It would seem that it was these expectations that the Emperor Yung Ping followed, when about the year sixty-four of the Christian era, he sent emissaries to India to seek a new religion. "In the tenth year of Yung Ping," remark the Annals of the Celestial Empire (sixty-seven A.D.), "these emissaries were sent into Central India and procured a statue of Buddha and books written in Sanscrit, which they brought to the town of Loyang (Kaifengfu)." The Chinese Ambassadors having been mistaken, it is from this period that the introduction of Buddhism into China dates.

Will you allow me, ladies and gentlemen, to draw your attention to a book which I read in preparing this lecture? It is entitled "Le Christianisme en Chine" and

comprises four volumes; it is a work which has taken a considerable amount of time and research. The author is Mr. Huc, the same missionary who about the year 1846 made the celebrated journey through Tartary and Tibet, the account of which at that time was so renowned. This work relates a quantity of interesting information which seems to be very little known; about the time prior to the evangelization of China in the 17th century, it points out very clearly that, in spite of the unsettled times and the difficulty of communication, the Roman pontiffs were constantly engaged during centuries in procuring for the far-off regions of the East the realization of the message of Christ to His apostles, "Go ye and teach all nations."

I will only mention, by the way, the famous stele of Sianfu, a facsimile of which was lately offered to the Vatican by a generous American. Its discovery in 1625 made a great move both in China and in Europe. Although there is every reason to believe that it is a Nestorian inscription, nevertheless from facts and doctrine expounded on it, it attests that from ancient times, 635 A.D., the name of Jesus had been proclaimed in this land separated from the rest of mankind.

This discovery took place precisely at a moment when there was inaugurated in China a brilliant and fruitful Apostleship, and when many in China and Europe were tempted to believe that China had been entirely separated from all contact with the peoples of the West.

In the Middle Ages, from the 11th to the 13th century, Europe was aroused by the conversion to Christianity of a famous prince of Asia, which was partly true and partly a

legend; all travellers were interested in this story; he was designated under the name of *John the Priest*. It was this individual who wrote a letter so ostentatiously extravagant to the Emperor of Constantinople. In 1177 Pope Alexander III wrote to him: "One cannot hope to find one's salvation in the profession of Christianity, unless he conforms his acts and his words to the Catholic Faith."

One of the consequences of the Crusades, that grand movement which stirred Europe from the 11th to the 13th century was to bring the East and the West more in contact with each other. It was also the time of an enormous expansion of the Tartar Empire under Genghiz-Khan and his successors.

In 1245, at the Council of Lyons, Pope Innocent IV cited, among the motives which had decided him to assemble the council, the urgent necessity of finding a means to defend Europe against the Tartars; then he sent four Dominican Friars and three Franciscan monks to work at the evangelization of the Tartars. Some years later King Louis of France (St. Louis) sent other Franciscans both as missionaries and ambassadors, at the head of whom was Rubruck. There are numberless details in the chronicles of those times about the voyage of these missionary ambassadors. I desire only to retain the episode of Rubruck received in audience by the Tartar Emperor Sartak. Clothed in his rich sacerdotal vestment, holding in his hands a beautiful Bible which he had received from King St. Louis and a costly book of Psalms that the queen had given him as a present, he entered solemnly into the presence of King Sartak singing the *Salve Regina* as, in ages past, Saint Augustine, and his monks, sent by Pope

Gregory the Great, landed on the soil of Great Britain singing *Alleluia*.

In order to undertake, at that time, the long and difficult voyage from Rome or France to Tartary, it was necessary to be willing to endure all kinds of fatigues and dangers. That is why Pope Innocent IV thought of forming a body of missionaries whose members, drawn from the two societies of St. Francis and St. Dominic, would always be ready to undertake the remotest and most perilous voyages to extend the kingdom of Jesus Christ. They were called "The Society of the travelling Brothers for Jesus Christ: *Peregrinantium propter Christum.*"

There were, at that time, letters written and embassies sent to, or received from, the Tartar Emperor and the Sovereign Pontiff or the king of France.

Among the most authorized witnesses of the relations between the West and the Far East, China or Cathay, as it was called at that time and for several centuries, are the Venetians Nicolas et Matthæo Polo, who had come to Tartary from Constantinople in three and a half years, for trading purposes, and returned in the capacity of ambassadors of the Great Tartar Khan to the Sovereign Pontiff. They came back to Tartary with their son and nephew Marco Polo, and after a residence of seventeen years, they went back to their country again as ambassadors from Khublai to the Sovereign Pontiff.

The history of Marco Polo's voyages were to Europe as the discovery of a new world, a revelation of the manners and customs of new peoples which greatly contributed toward inflaming imaginations about the end of the Middle

Ages, and perhaps also toward provoking the great geographical discoveries of the following centuries.

After the apostleship of the Dominican Andrew of Lonjumeau (André de Lonjumeau) and of the Franciscans Jean de Plan-Carpin and William of Rubruquis (Guillaume de Rubruquis), Jean de Monte-Corvin reached Peking (Kambalu) in 1307. He became the first archbishop of that place with seven suffragans. He converted over 30,000 heathen. The second bishop of Kambalu, Nicolas, was sent by Pope John XXII with thirty-two missionaries; he was carrying a letter from the Pope to the Great Khan of the Tartars, and an encyclical letter "to all the Tartar people *universo populo Tartarorum.*"

It is to be noticed that in 1338, the great Khan of the Tartars and Chinese again sent to the Sovereign Pontiff a deputation composed of sixteen persons headed by a Franciscan, named Andrew. It happened shortly after, that the Mongolian invasion of Tamerlane, on one side, and the settling of the Mohammedan power on the borders of Asia and Europe, on the other side, closed for a time the overland route from Europe to Asia, which missionaries of the Middle Ages and Venetian merchants had followed.

It is interesting to see the impressions of Christopher Columbus when he undertakes the voyage which was to result in the discovery of America. A letter from Paulo Toscanelli, written in 1474, which, according to historians, had a great influence on Christopher Columbus and helped him to realize his designs, spoke of "The great Khan who habitually resides in Cathay and whose predecessors, 200 years ago, sent ambassadors to the Pope to ask for masters to teach them our faith."

At the beginning of the Journal of his travels, addressed to the king and queen of Spain, Christopher Columbus recalls that passage almost textually. Then he says: "For these motives, Your Majesties have decided to send me, Christopher Columbus, to the said regions . . . in order to see that prince and that people, to study their nature and character and discover the means to be taken to convert them to our holy religion."

Columbus, who wanted to find a route by the west and the sea, to the places towards which, up to that time, people had travelled by the east and by land, did not reach Cathay, but he discovered America. In his letters, however, he seems to be disappointed not to have found the marvels of which Marco Polo and other travellers had spoken.

But he had not given up his dream, and on the 7th July, 1503, he wrote from Jamaica to the king and queen of Spain: "It is already long since the emperor of Cathay asked for wise and instructed men to teach him the Christian faith; who is the one who will be entrusted with that mission? If our Lord Jesus Christ brings me back to Spain, I pledge myself to transport him there safe and sound with God's help." I wanted to note down this wish and that dream of Christopher Columbus's noble heart, by which were manifested the sentiments for far distant apostleship which at that time were agitating the Catholic world.

What Christopher Columbus had dreamed, St. Francis Xavier tried to realize. One of the first, most holy, and most illustrious among the disciples of St. Ignatius of Loyola, he renewed the marvels of Apostolic times. In the course of his voyages in India and Japan, in his preachings,

sufferings, and poverty, in the midst of his consolations and successes, he is constantly desirous, as his letters testify, to be able to penetrate into China; and it was for him a supreme trial to die, in 1552, in the island of Sancian, in sight of the coast of China, that land to which all the desires of his heart were directed.

What St. Francis Xavier could not begin, his brethren in religion, Father Ricci and others, whose names are illustrious in the history of Catholic apostleship, did undertake and gave rise to the most sanguine hopes.

The great thought of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus was to aim at the head, to work for obtaining the conversion to the Catholic faith of the Emperor and his court, of the mandarins and the scholars in the hope that afterwards the conversion of the people would easily follow.

Nevertheless the first conquest of Father Ricci, on Chinese land, was the baptism of a poor sick man, forsaken under the walls of the Kiao-king city, and received by him.

It is of that missionary school, of which Father Ricci was the first member, that Chateaubriand said: "Missionaries setting sail for China armed themselves with a telescope and a pair of compasses. They appeared before the court environed by arts. Unrolling maps, turning globes, making spheres, they taught the astonished mandarins the true course of the stars and the true name of Him who directs them in their orbits."

After Father Ricci, the most celebrated among these learned missionaries and artists were Father Schall, Father Verbiest, Bro. Attiret, and others who, though less

illustrious, yet have deserved well of the Catholic Church in China.

At the same time that they were reforming the calendar and, occasionally, curing the emperors' fevers, these missionaries were preaching the Gospel, as much as they were able, and were making new Christians. In the reviving Church whose centre was Peking and which extended to the neighbouring provinces, there were, in 1627, 13,000 converts, and in 1637 there were 40,000. Among the most illustrious neophytes of that time we must mention Drs. Paul, Leo, and Michael, either scholars, mandarins, or even ministers of the Emperor, whose prestige was, at that time, of great service to the honour of the Catholic faith.

The presence of the missionaries at court did not, however, prevent persecutions, the Emperors were seen ordering or permitting the persecutions at the time when they had daily intercourse with the missionaries, men of science or artists accredited at court. Several of them, even after great favours, suffered cruelly, and when in 1724 a terrible persecution broke out, all the missionaries were condemned without pity to be reconducted to Canton. At that time there were more than 300 churches and more than 300,000 Christians left without pastors. The beautiful French Church of Peking, constructed by order of the Emperor Kang-hsi and richly ornamented by the munificence of King Louis XIV, the ancient Petang, situated like the present Petang in the imperial city, was transformed into a sort of hospital for the sick and the plague stricken.

Short and incomplete as is the review that I am obliged to make of the historic Catholic Missions in China, I must say a word about the famous discussions concerning the

rites. On the cult of Confucius, the cult of the ancestors, on the designation of the name of God, and other questions, differences of opinion arose among Catholic missionaries and caused a great deal of comment in China and in Europe; some seeing above all the advantage of smoothing the obstacles to the conversion of the Chinese, others, more anxious to preserve the integrity of the doctrine. In a form equally impregnated with charity, justice, and truth, an apologist of the Society of Jesus, Mr. Cretineau-Joly, wrote: "It is here we must declare that charity and zeal of science misled the Jesuits." Although I think, with the Catholic Church, that they were mistaken, let me express the homage of my admiration for the grandeur of the end they proposed and for their ardent and persevering ambition to conquer China for the faith of Christ.

It was Pope Benedict XIV who by his constitution "Ex quo singulari," terminated definitely in 1742 those long and complicated discussions, and thus was verified once more that which from the time of Saint Augustine was the rule of Catholic faith and discipline: "Rome has spoken, the cause is finished." At that period the horizon darkened. The 18th century witnessed the progress of Philosophism throughout Europe. Moreover, towards its close, the French Revolution, that had long been preparing, broke out at last, and the effects of both were felt in the missions of China. The Society of Jesus, suppressed for a moment, was replaced by another religious family in the capital of China at the request of the king of France, and by the will of the Head of the Church. Then followed persecutions, a lack of missionaries and of means, a consequence of the events in Europe: the day of the Passion awaiting the day of the Resurrection.

The history of the Church in Peking is not the history of the Church throughout China, yet it gives an abridged idea of it. In 1848, Monseigneur Verolles, passing by Peking, stated that of all the glorious past, so full of life, of the Catholic Church in Peking, nothing remained but "the cross (on the Church of Nan-tang, near the gate Shuen-chih-men), dominating that infidel Babylon and surmounting a Church in ruins."

It was about this time that Monsieur de Lagrené made an effort to procure a little liberty for the Catholic religion in China. The same intention was pursued in the treaties of Tientsin and Peking, in the Berthemy and Gerard conventions. And at the same time Catholic life having revived in Europe, many missionaries arrived in that China, which at last began to open its doors and in spite of frequent surprises, persecutions, and local annoyances that have never ceased completely has become, nevertheless, more hospitable.

Some numbers will give an idea of the progress of the Catholic missions during the last thirty years. In 1886, three centuries after the revival of the Catholic Missions, in all China there were only 500,000 Catholics; ten years later, in 1896, the number had increased 15%, and later in 1906, 30%, and during the last eleven years the increase has been 100/100. There are actually, according to the last statistics, 1,859,833 Catholics.

It is a considerable progress vis-à-vis the past, but little relatively, when the immense throng of pagans is considered, and more than once, at the remembrance of the great message given by Christ, "Go ye and teach all nations"; at the thought of His sufferings and His death on

the cross to redeem all men, the heart of the missionary is filled with emotion akin to that of St. Paul "at the sight of the city of Athens delivered up to idolatry." There are at present in China forty-eight Apostolic Vicariates, one Diocese, one Apostolic Prefecture and one Independent Mission. There are fifty-one Bishops; and according to the last statistics 2,297 priests, 1,432 Europeans and 865 Chinese; the number of the latter increases notably every year. Among the missionaries some are religious, others are seculars; the religious belong to twelve different societies and the foreign priests belong to ten different nationalities.

An American author stated recently in an article in a review, that in spite of the diversity of religious societies to which the Catholic missionaries belong, "the particular society is rarely named and the only name the Chinese throughout the country hear, is the name of the Religion or of the Church of the Lord of heaven, the name of the one Roman Church." There are at present 570 young men in the Grand Seminaries, making their immediate preparation for the Priesthood, and 1,924 in the little Seminaries.

During the last year there was an increase of 69,687 Christians and this number will certainly be exceeded during the current year according to announcements.

There are in all 9,026 Catholic churches or chapels on Chinese territory. The missionaries are aided by many auxiliaries, viz., the Marist Brothers, a congregation exclusively devoted to teaching, and many communities of European religious women, such as the Sisters of Charity who arrived first in 1848, and were followed by other communities equally devoted and active, for example the Franciscan missionaries of Mary and others, who have

Chinese Sisters among them. There are also several communities of Chinese Sisters who do efficient work in the interior among the sick and in teaching.

I cannot say more; an annual publication "Les Missions de Chine" gives all desirable information on various subjects. The American priest, whose name I mentioned above, said recently, to characterize the work of the Catholic Church in China: "The Catholic Church has schools, no doubt, but she desires above all to have, not scholars, but converts. She occupies herself first of all with works of mercy among the poor and in that she follows the example of her Master;" and preaching in a Church in Tientsin, he said, following the same order of ideas, that Christ replying to the messengers of St. John the Baptist gave, as a proof of His divine mission, these words: "The poor are evangelized."

What are our Christians worth? We have only to read the epistles of St. Paul to realize that there have long been imperfections among the Christians, and nevertheless the Apostle uses the most delicate and tender terms to express his affection for the children engendered by him in the faith to form Christ in them. On the whole the Christians, old and new, love to practice their religion. A priest who is an architect charged with the construction of a beautiful church which the Christians are building themselves in the old Christian settlement of Suan-hwa-fu, at Chwang-shu-tze, said to me that their great devotion and pious generosity was equal to that of which the chroniclers of the Middle Ages tell regarding the construction of the beautiful cathedrals in those ages of faith.

What are our Christians worth? They love their faith and are ready to die for it, when there is an occasion. Not

a long time ago, in 1900, in the 26th year of Kwang-sü, as they say, the year of the Boxer uprising, numbers of Christians who could have saved themselves by apostatizing, chose rather to die than to be unfaithful. To be convinced, one has only to visit the Church built to commemorate the victims of the Boxers, near the old historic cemetery at Chala; there are 6,000 names, of which about ten are the names of foreigners, all the rest are the names of Chinese Christians.

Tertullian said in the days of the primitive Church, "The blood of martyrs is a Christian seed." It is always so. The blood of the victims shed here and elsewhere in that crisis of 1900, and that of all the martyrs of other times, European priests and Chinese Christians, has given a precious testimony, like that of the martyrs of the first centuries of the Church in Europe, and permit us to hope that the labours of the missionaries will be blessed by God and after having sown their seed with tears, they will one day reap with joy!

