

new town named Pei-lin-tzŭ, where we had heard a Roman Catholic Mission was established. We were unfortunate, however, in finding that M. Card, the priest in charge, was not at home. So we turned southward again to Pa-yen-su-su, another mission station, where we found both its own director and M. Card from Pei-lin-tzŭ. It was indeed a pleasure to see these men, and to have that warm, heartfelt greeting which one European will give to another, of whatever nationality, in the most distant corners of the world. Except the French consul who had been sent to inquire into the outrage on Père Conraux in the previous year, no European had ever before visited these distant mission stations, and we, on our part, had not met a European for several months now, so the delight of this meeting may be well imagined. But, apart from that, we were very deeply impressed by the men themselves. Few men, indeed, have ever made a deeper impression on me than did these simple missionaries. They were standing, transparent types of all that is best in man. There was around them an atmosphere of pure genuine goodness which made itself felt at once. We recognized immediately that we were not only with *good* men, but with *real* men. What they possessed was no weak sentimentality or flashy enthusiasm, but solid human worth. Far away from their friends, from all civilization, they live and work and die; they have died, two out of the three we met in those parts, since we left. When they leave France, they leave it for good; they have no hope of return; they go out for their whole lives. They may not make many converts, but they do good. No man, Chinaman or European, who came in contact for five minutes with M. Raguit, M. Card, or M. Riffard, whom we afterwards met, could help feeling the better for it. Their strong yet gentle and simple natures, developed by the hardships of their surroundings and the loftiness of their ideals, and untainted by the contact with worldly praise and glamour, impressed itself on us at once,