

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. They seemed to diffuse an atmosphere of pure genuine goodness which made itself felt at once. And we recognised immediately that we were not only with *good* 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 civilisation, they lived, and worked, and died; two, indeed, out of the three we met in those parts, have died since we left. When they left France, they left it for good; they had no hope of return; they went out for their whole lives.

These missionaries 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