

very kindly loaned me her Catholic Bible, of which she was a most conscientious student. I wanted to see in what ways it differed from our Protestant version, but found no difference therein which seemed, to my unorthodox mind, of any great consequence.

It was my good fortune to be lodged in a fairly comfortable, if always unclean, 3-berth cabin, with - as companions - an itinerant journalist and a missionary from Canton. The missionary and I quickly got upon excellent terms. He was about 70 years old and of patriarchal appearance, with beautiful silvery-white hair and beard, fine ascetic features, an ivory-white complexion, and the kindest of blue eyes. But internment in Canton had made him fragile and weak.

Many were the talks we had together, each getting hot under the collar with argument. I found him a truly saintly man, much given to prayer. It was a lesson in real piety to see him kneeling on our dirt-corrusted floor, bowed over our only chair, with head deeply bowed and arms outstretched in spiritual communion and supplication. The old man's favorite theme was Conversion. No one, according to him, could enter Heaven until they had been 'saved'. And he desperately wanted to convert and save me. As an example of heavenly grace he related, in his quaint, homespun New England accent, how he had been a terrible sinner in his youth, had smoked the blackest cigars, chomped the foulest tobacco, drunk the strongest liquor, sworn more loudly and worse than any one else in the village. There was no kind of wickedness, he confessed, that was too bad for him to do. "My, my, my", he would say, "I was that mean!"

At the age of 23 he had fallen in love. The girl loved him too, with all his faults, but her father definitely didn't. So they ran away and married. That was the turning-point of his life; he got converted, made it up with the father-in-law, and then, accompanied by this young wife, had sailed for China, intent on saving heathen souls in that far land. That was nearly forty years ago. They landed in Hongkong with only \$50. in their pockets, learned the Chinese language at Macao, then went on to Canton and started in a very small way the work which ultimately developed into a big Mission centre. How they, and the colleagues who later joined them, raised the funds to build, brick by brick, the houses now enclosed in their walled compound, was a very interesting story, but too long to tell here. I often wondered how this man, so gentle and modest in manner, could have had the grit to carry all this out. Shortly before we reached the American coast he shaved off his sparse silvery-white beard and then the secret of success was revealed, in one of the most stubborn, granite-like chins I have ever seen.

Like so many of his kind my venerable friend was a Fundamentalist, accepting every word of Holy Writ as literally and absolutely true. Among our missionaries on