

general impression which reports of Chinese customs, history and literature, have made on Europeans, has been that their national life is sapped by a universal spirit of suspicion, which, in its human relations, is allied with weakness, cowardice, and cruelty, and in the national religion has produced slavish superstition at the same time with moral levity and scepticism. The *shallowness* of character which invariably accompanies the absence of faithfulness and faith, has only been rendered more glaring and distressing by the enormous numbers and the laboriously minute civilization of the people. Suspiciousness in the groundwork of character dries up all the springs of moral power — not only annihilating that generous, social confidence which creates national unity, but that religious enthusiasm in which all movement begins. There is no living root of permanent civilization but faith; for without faith there is no courage, and no self-forgetfulness, no great impulses of any kind, not even great miseries and great sins, for a great fall must be a fall from a great height.

And now amid this vast world of petty and selfish external civilization, amidst a nation which has lost the scientific clue to its own ancient inventions, which had apparently lost its hold of national traditions, its love of liberty, its respect for purity of life, its honor for the military virtue of enduring hardness and submitting to discipline, and above all had lost its belief in anything higher than Buddhist incantations for the people, and a dry moral theory of the universe for the philosophers — amongst a nation seemingly plunged in license and the love of physical excitement, arises this strange tide of national impulse, bent on executing what is at least a