

sionaries are to be found. In every inland city and town where no other foreigner has ever set foot, a building, however modest, bears the sign of the cross. Inured to hardships impossible to be described, eating the food of the lowest class of Chinese, sleeping upon the same hard planks, with cotton quilt and wooden pillow, that serve the natives, cut off from all educated society, entirely separated from the outside world, oblivious of the events that are agitating the nations, and only gaining a knowledge of current topics from an infrequent letter or Chinese newspaper, these priests some of them once men of rank and title in Europe, plod on their way without a single murmur. Practicing self-dénial, utterly forgetful of self, the Catholic missionaries in China stand forth to the world as models of unswerving devotion to the work of disseminating the gospel of Christ. Even though their efforts to proselyte the Chinese may not be successful, when taken as a whole, they are never daunted. To them failure is an unknown word. Going about doing good among a race wrapped up in the idea of attaining money and whose ideas are imbued with superstitious notions transmitted to them for ages, their task is a difficult one. A Chinaman, pure and simple, has no idea of gratitude. Whatever is done for him by a foreigner, or even by one of his own race, is looked upon as an action to accomplish some desired end for the doer's benefit. The Fathers, with the exception of those attached to the Lazarist establishment at Shanghai, all don Chinese garments, shave their heads and wear queues. In conforming strictly to Chinese manners and prejudices lies the grand secret of their success in obtaining so many converts. It may be asked by what means do the missionaries obtain funds? At Shanghai a large portion of the French