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TWO TECHS ABROAD.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

TORPEDOING A "FIRE WELL."—Continued.

As dinner proceeded Lee Wung talked more and more freely, speaking in English, not perfectly, but well enough to be understood.

"I like America," he said to us, "But you have so much restlessness! You need little Buddha, little Kung-fut-zee (Confucius) to make repose in your mind. I study all about Christ, Moses, Mohammed. I study Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus. I study all you American and English doctrine—Calvin, Luther, Wesley, Edwards.

"When I visit London two year ago I go hear Spurgeon once, and I hear Talmage in New York—Brooklyn. I laugh. All great nonsense. Kung-fut-zee say same thing, too, just about, long ago. Our priests say same. All say what we must do tree thousand year after. No change. Get worse all time. Doctrine never do any good. I laugh.

"You send four hundred missionaries here! Missionary come say, you are all wrong, all heathen, all go to bad together, unless we tell you better way. So they pleach doctrine to us. But we as wise as you.

"But I laugh. I say to our scholars let missionary come. No do much harm. Same old story. Same old doctrine. Dese Western people have *chi*, restlessness. Must do something; they send missionary."

Wright glanced at me with a scandalized expression.

"What is your belief?" he at length asked. "Oh, not very much belief," Lee Wung replied, smiling and turning to take a lighted cigar from the servant who stood at his right hand. "I study Shop-en-how."

Wright and I understood that he referred to the German pessimist philosopher, Schopenhauer, but Frost, as it turned out later in conversation, thought he meant some Chinese skeptic.

"I study all your Western science," continued Lee Wung, setting back and watching the curling rings of smoke from his cigar. "I believe Shop-en-how quite right. He say living not worth the trouble of it. I think that, too. Biology tells us earth grow old, like old man, ble, dried up, 'played out,' you say. Sun do not keep him very warm now. Get colder all the while. By and by no life here at all. All die out.

"China old, 'played out,' now. People poor, sick, no hope, diseased, live on opium, don't rise. China never rise again. What's use have money? So I say have good time. Take life easy. Spend all the money I can. Have good time. All die out pretty soon. What's the use of your money? Never be better. Get worse all time."

These pessimistic doctrines which Lee Wung had picked up in Europe and America tended to render him careless of the lives of the thousands of people whose lot is involved with his. Having no faith that their condition can ever be improved, he smiled when a hundred thousand of

them perished, and said they were better dead than living.

This impassivity Frost regarded as downright wickedness. Wright called it Schopenhauer, and declared that Lee Wung's desire to make money to spend in Parisian luxury was but another side of the same evil philosophy—a philosophy of death instead of life and progress.

Notwithstanding his disapproval of our "restlessness," Lee Wung insisted that we should set off early next morning to see his salt-mines on the river Min. The young mandarin at breakfast explained to us that he wished to increase the revenues on all his possessions, and

therefore employed foreign engineers and appliances, but must do so in a quiet way lest he should arouse prejudice.

He made his points with clearness and sagacity surprising in one of such effeminate habits and bad principles. In conclusion he directed Frost to give Wright and myself each a draft on Shanghai for a thousand taels—a little over one thousand dollars—for three months' service in advance.

We went with Frost up the River Min, and reached the six villages where the brine wells are located late that afternoon. At a Chinese inn near by we were furnished each with a room



Easter Song

Clear in the soft warm sunshine,
The Easter hymns are ringing,
The low note of a spring bird
Chimes with the children's singing
"To Thee
The praise!"

The lilies snowy whiteness
Shines out to grace the day
May the children's hearts be always
As pure and fair as they.
"To Thee
The praise!"

I.R. Ooig