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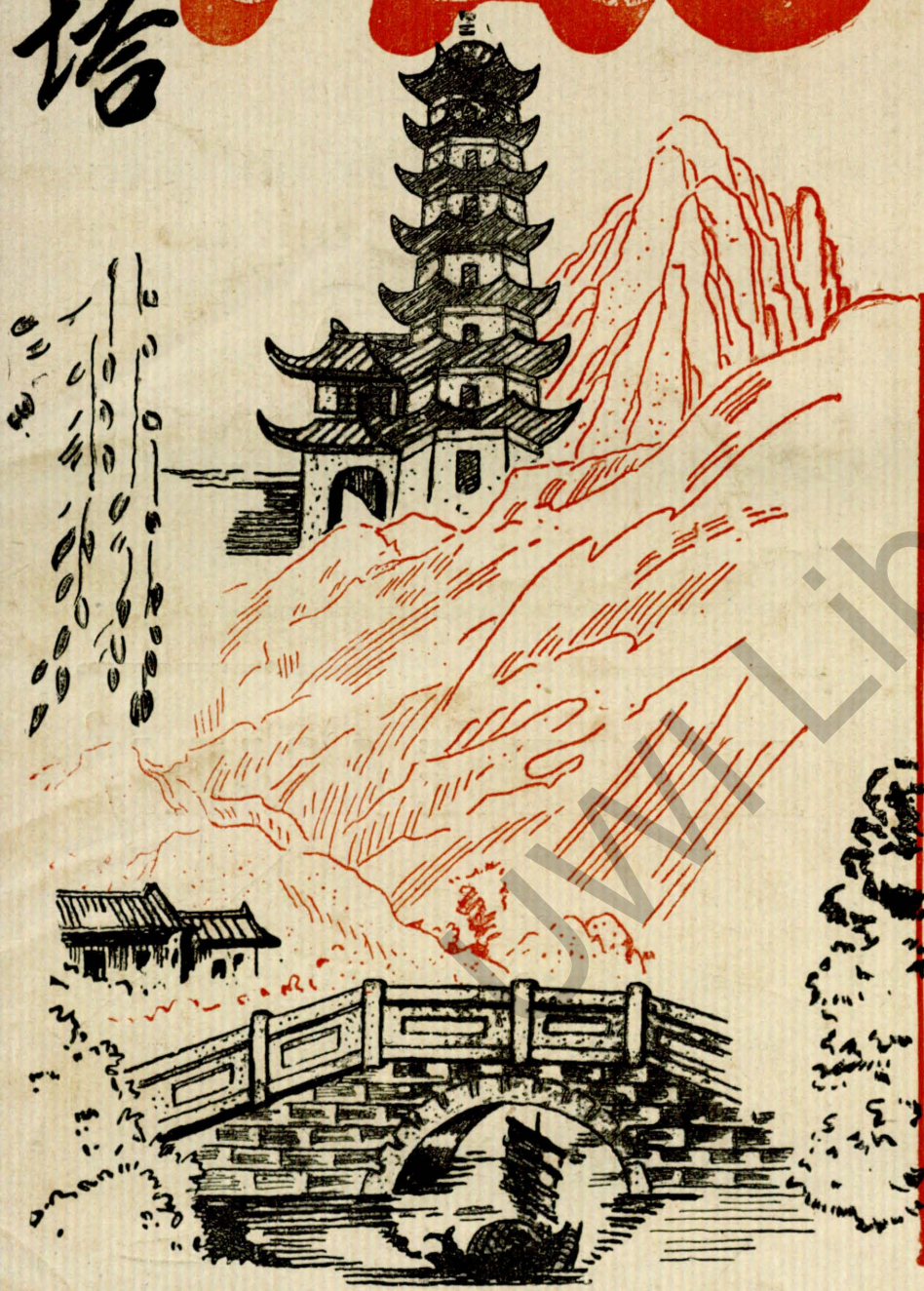
The

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# PAGODA

A FORTNIGHTLY MAGAZINE

PRICE THREEPENCE



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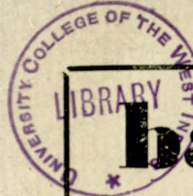
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By Gay

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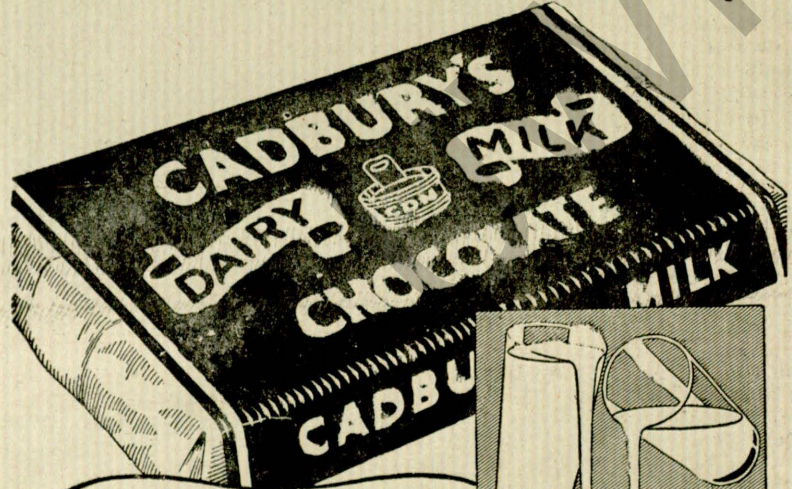


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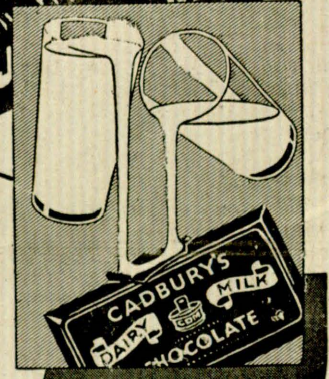
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THE FIVE CLASSICS IN CHINA

By Shao Chang Lee.

From THE CHINA MAGAZINE

IN China there is no one single classic book but a series of classic books. Besides the classic book of Confucianism, there are the classic books of Buddhism, Taoism and of various folk-cults, such as the Kuan-yin cult and the Kuan-ti cult. A classic book is called CHING, a word meaning (1) "that which is constant, unchangeable," and (2) "the divine law" or "a standard work of piety and ethics." We shall speak briefly of the CHING of Confucianism.

Before the second century B.C. there was no Chinese book we know of, which was specially dedicated to religious use or consecrated by reverence. In 136 B.C. Wu Ti, the seventh emperor of the Han dynasty, finding the teachings of Confucius (551-478 B.C.), and his school most helpful to him in formulating and carrying out his programme of civilization and in achieving national and cultural unity, commanded a large group of learned scholars to compile and edit the works attributed to Confucius and his disciples. After several years of literary labour, these scholars produced the first set of scriptures of Confucianism known as WU CHING or Five Classics.

The Five Classics consist of five books, namely (1) The Book of Songs (Shih Ching), (2) The Book of Historical Documents (Shu Ching), (3) The Book of Changes (Yi Ching), (4) The Record of Rites (Li Chi), and (5) The Spring and Autumn Annals. (Chun Chiu).

The Book of Songs is an anthology of ancient temple songs, court songs and folk-songs. Tradition says that it was compiled by Confucius, who selected 305 pieces out of 3,000 hymns, songs, and ballads current in his time. This book presents to us not only an unsurpassed work of ancient Chinese metrical composition of unknown poets and bards but also a panorama of the religious beliefs and practices as well as the social custom of the ancient Chinese people.

The Book of Historical Documents (Shu Ching) is said to be one of Confucius' frequent themes of discourse with his students. In it are found the supposed speeches and declarations of the ancient sage rulers, the councils of their ministers, the descriptions of various regions, of expeditions and wars, and of the plan for the establishment of a good government. We learn that the book was lost in the third century B.C., but 28 sections were reproduced from memory in the 2nd. century B.C. by an aged scholar named Fu Sheng; later 16 more sections of the book were recovered from the site of the house where Confucius once lived by K'ung An-kuo, a lineal descendant of the sage and a pupil of Fu Sheng.

The Book of Historical Documents was a kind of wisdom book to the rulers and their ministers of ancient China, but the wisdom was of earthly kind, which the pious souls of ancient days believed to be not infallible. The pious sought to acquire a higher wisdom by means of divination, which together with sacrifice gradually became the leading feature in the religious life of the rulers and the people of ancient days. In those ancient days apparently nothing could be done without first divining the wishes of the gods or ancestral spirits and obtaining their oracles.

THE most popular book of divination and oracles was the Book of Changes (Yi Ching). Originally this book consisted of a set of 64 linear figures known as "Hexagrams." A "Hexagram" was composed of any two of the eight "Trigrams" (Pa Kuo), each of which symbolized some object.

Attached to each Hexagram are explanatory notes and expository comments. The notes are said to have been written by the illustrious King Wen Wang and his son the Duke of Chou of the 11th century B.C. The authorship of the comments is attributed to Confucius. The notes are made in symbolic phraseology, which only mystics can understand. The comments, however, are written in plainer language. It is the comments which have changed the Book of Changes from a primitive book of divination and oracles into a book of ethical and philosophic importance.

The Record of Rites (Li Chi) is a collection of treatises on the rules of propriety, ritual exercises, methodology of education, and of narratives relating to the life and work of Confucius. The collection is said to be the work of two classical scholars Tai Te and his cousin Tai Sheng of the second and first centuries B.C., who are respectively known as the Elder and Younger Tai.

The Spring and Autumn Annals (Chun Chiu) is the fifth and last of the Five Classics. It is a brief chronological record of events covering a period of about two hundred and forty years beginning at 722 B.C. and is said to be compiled by Confucius. It contains the briefest possible notices of births, marriages, wars, inter-state conferences, of the kingly acts of the Son of Heaven and of the natural calamities and natural phenomena. The aim of Confucius in compiling this chronicle is said to infuse the rules of propriety once again with the spirit in which they had been designed.

The Spring and Autumn Annals could never have become a masterpiece of classical literature had it not been extended by Tso Chiu-ming, a distinguished scholar of the 4th and 3rd century B.C. into a glowing narrative of the events recorded by Confucius. In this extended work we find exciting accounts of wars between the feudal states, of treaty-making, of weddings and other celebrations. Scattered over the account are many proverbs, maxims, thought-provoking phrases and quotations from ancient works.

The Five Classics reveal to us the unique mental attitude and the imaginary faculty of the ancient Chinese idealists and moralists who have faithfully followed the way of Confucius and left to posterity their fundamental religious beliefs and ethical ideals.

THE important religious role which the Five Classics have played is the propagation of the concept of God and of spiritual beings. As far back as we can go the Chinese appeared to believe in a Supreme Being, a God, who stand out as a clear and vivid personality separated from the rest of spiritual beings as well as from man by the uniqueness of his character. The Supreme Being is known by various names such as

Shengtí, (meaning the "Supreme Ruler above") and "Ten (meaning Heaven). Shangti is at first conceived of as a personal diety, who, as the Book of Songs tells us, is directly in relationship with all human affairs in the light of and on the basis of fundamental moral principles. The Book of Songs says that God once commissioned to a swallow to give birth to a king; at another time left a toe print on the earth and led a woman to step on it in order that she might become pregnant, and, on another occasion, comforted a woman by helping her to give birth to a child with great ease. God is said to have looked around to seek a right ruler for the people and to have patiently waited for five years for a king to repent from evil. His relationship to the ruler and the people appears to be like that of Jehovah to Moses.

We are informed that "Wen Wan ascends and descends on the left and right hand of God," that the People "load the stands with offerings, the stands both of wood and of earthenware," that as soon as the fragrance ascends, God well pleased, "smells the sweet savor," and that when they worship God, they Sing: Let us be reverent, let us be reverent! The way of Heaven is clear. Let us not say that God is aloft from us. Daily He inspects us wherever we are. Great is God, Ruling this world with majesty. Do I not night and day Revere the majesty of God So as to preserve His favour?

The Book of Songs also Records that in time of distress the ancient people would murmur, saying, O vast and distant Heaven, Who is called our parent, That, without crime or offense, We should suffer from disorders thus great! The people are now in peril. They look to Heaven but all is dark... O there is the great God Who is here whom He hates?

CONFUCIUS advises men "not to murmur against God nor to grumble against men." He says: "I do not murmur against Heaven nor grumble against men. Humbly I learn and highly I aim. There is Heaven that knows me."

From the Book of Historical Documents (Shu Ching) we learn that good and evil do not wrongly befall men but God sends down misery or happiness according to their conduct, "that the way of God is just: on the good doer He sends down all blessings, and on the evil doer, all miseries;" that God has no partial affections: "only to those who are reverent does He show affection," that "it is virtue that moves God" that "there is no distance to which He does not reach"; and that "heaven and earth are the parents of all creatures, and of all creatures man is the most highly endowed."

The God of the Five Classics is surrounded by a host of ministering spirits called Shen, to whom the people pay worship on special occasions. Of them Confucius

(Continued on page 8)

# ESSAY ON CONTENTMENT

By S. H. C.

I suppose that at one time or another all dog owners have been through it, so they know just how it is when a dog wants to gain admission to the house. I imagine sometimes that the conversation between master and pup must go like this.

"Hey Bud, how's about letting me in."

"Aw scat! G'wan back to your own doghouse!"

"Aw, be a pal, the climate's rugged out here."

"Noooo!"

"Come on, let me in — drat these fleas!"

"Uh-huh, talking about fleas—some dope I'd be letting you in."

"I was only kidding, I haven't any fleas—really."

"I'll bet you've no tail — nor no bark either!"

"Look, I'll make a bargain. If I get in, I'll stay put in one corner. Not a move outa me until morning. Oke?"

"Well, awright!"

So, you poor mutt, you let the other poor mutt in. Maybe you're feeling mighty tired; you stretch, you yawn, you think of lying between the cool sheets, and you stretch luxuriously once more, in anticipation of the thrill of hitting the hay.

You mak a quick switch over into your nightshirt. Fleet seconds pass and you are more soundly asleep than a rotting log in a swamp.

"Owooooo! Say Boss, are you asleep?"

"ZZZ-zzz-zzz-zzz!"

"Owoooo! Hey, Sleep-drunk! I tried but I can't stick it any longer, I'm asphixiating! Lemme out!"

"ZZZ-zzz-z ..... huh? What the heck!"

"Hey, this is positively your last chance—LEMME OUT!"

So just so's you can get a good night's sleep and that he pursue his life of unalloyed bliss, you rise like a man drugged from your warm, comfortable bed. Your feet shuffle across the cold floor, feeling for your slippers, your hands move in a trance at first in the wrong direction, and then across to the light switch. You draw your bathrobe around you like a man on his last legs, and as you totter out, you heap imprecations vile upon every scion of dogdom, from the current issue right into the dim and unpredictable future.

PEOPLE will Laugh. What a silly little thing they'll think. It cannot, reason things out, poor tyke. Why, it hadn't the intelligence of a human being. It is simply acting on blind instinct. It cannot like a man, choose what it really wants, strives mightily for it, and, having achieved his goal, relaxes in perfect contentment.

Poor little thing! Ha, that's the laugh brother. That's where the pups have the laugh. Look around you and see their justification.

The clerk in his cheap but neat and tidy suits, pushes his pen in a daily grind from eight to four. At night he passes his hands wearily over his eyes and treats his poor missus to an account of the day's sorrows. And not to be outdone, she counters by letting him in on the household secrets which are mainly noted down in terms of unpaid bills. They are about ready to weep on each other's shoulder and his summary of events mirrors her own thoughts:

"You know dear, if only I could get a raise. Or, if we could win the Sweepstake. But to be practical — all I really want now is a pound a week more. And they can manage it too. We're making pots of money. I know, that's my job to know this. A single pound—to them it would be a drop in the bucket, to me it would be a windfall. The dull pattern of life would end. We could put this money by and one day buy ourselves a house — or better still — build our own."

Then she puts the question which had been burning a hole in his brain for the past month or so, ever since the idea first occurred to him. It was a question which he knew he'd be afraid to pop:

"Why don't you ask for it, dear?"

One day he finally summons up the courage and asks the boss. He is almost hurled off his feet when the boss admits that they were thinking of it, in the light of the good services he was giving the firm, and that they would act right now.

Contentment? What do you think!

Well here's what he thinks. "What a doggoned fool I was. Why didn't I think of throwing my stupid fears aside and ask for it six weeks ago. I'd be six quid to the good now. Imagine

they were thinking of the 'loyal unstinted services' I gave to the firm and all it's worth to the measly beggars is a quid a week. Capitalism, bah! Slavedrivers that's what they are. If I'd only known I'd have asked for thirty bob, or even two quid. That would not have been at all unfair. Now I can't go back to them for another year, so I guess I'll have to be satisfied with the crumbs for a while.

"And what can a man do with a pound. They may just as well not bothered to extend their generosity that far. Lot of good it will do me. One pound — two ten bob notes — one for the bicycle license and the other for the radio. One measly pound — a single instalment on the furniture payments. Valued at the current rate of exchange, your loyal, unstinted services are worth just twenty bob a week. Bah!"

OF course when he gets home, the poor missus is delirious with joy. She being the more practical of the two has already spent it, and wisely. She will get extended credit out of the grocers, and from the clothing stores. Later on is made for worry, not just now.

Brother when it comes to contentment which is no more than happiness with one's lot in life, when it comes to enjoying what is mine, and being happy about other people having what is rightfully theirs, when it comes to wishing a fellow well on his successes and meaning it—may I be equal to it.

And brother, put this into your pipe and smoke it too — when it comes to real contentment, give me the thump of a dog's tail as he sits at the feet of his master, muzzling his smooth brown head against his trousers.

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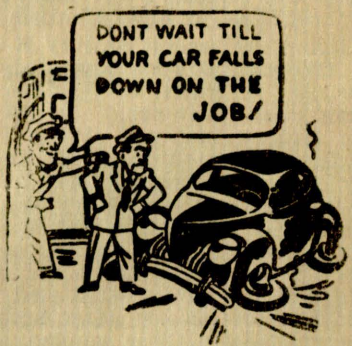
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# MOVEMENTS OF NOTE

By I. C. Evre Ting

A FEW joyful homecomings highlighted the events of the last fortnight. Most of them were from Hongkong and indications are that chartered planes will be bringing in many more in the near future. All were looking well and seemed to have enjoyed immensely the few years' sojourn in China. Particularly happy must be those who have been broadened by the experience of travelling and are back close to their loved ones, not exactly those of kin, but those resuming the threads of an interrupted romance.

UNEXPECTED item in the news was the nuptial of our "bomb-shell" whose marriage last Sunday was known only to a few close friends. Anyway it was a red letter day for the old Capital where she is so well-known and popular. The marriage of the genial, bespectacled member of our diplomatic corp was even more a surprise. With another wedding of a popular member of our younger set taking place in the States the month of July seems to be taking the place of June.

THE hot days and nights the past two weeks were record breakers. Perhaps that was the reason for such great crowds at the Movies. I confess it is the first time I have enjoyed going to a picture early and enjoying the 10 degrees or more lower temperature in the air-conditioned theatre. What this island needs is a few more air-conditioned theatres with continuous showing every day starting from 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The heat brings on unusual things and at the Club, believe it or not, par-lour games were popular, particularly a game called "Hearts".

THE warm weather also seems to be a season of parties. Some folks often have dates for house-

warming parties and birthday parties clashing and find it difficult to be present at both on time.

OUR young tennis star hit the headlines big this week by winning one of his earlier round matches in the All-Jamaica and causing one of the big upsets of the tournament. He has advanced one rung up the ladder and by next year I hope he gets even nearer the finals.

OUR one-time energetic Youth Circle organizer is on a one-man campaign to introduce more colour in tennis. Perhaps by next week we shall see some more folks with brightly coloured shorts on the courts. Anyway he has gone back to tennis in a big way. The first day he went on the court he brought down a tennis post, which necessitated putting up a "Keep Off" sign for a couple days while it was being replaced with a new one.

THERE is going to be a 'basket party' next week. On the invitation a reminder is given to bring your basket of food. There is a lot in that little reminder. It strikes me if everybody takes a basket of food there will be more eating than dancing or anything else. Those who are on a diet are warned not to attend, what with all the tempting and fancy victuals which the young ladies are sure to conjure up, it will most certainly build up your blood pressure.

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PERSONALIA

Mrs. Ernest Shim and her daughter, Agnes, left here on Thursday, July 14 for Aruba. They are gone on a holiday trip and will spend three weeks visiting Trinidad and other islands in the Caribbean. A farewell party in their honour was given by the staff of Messrs. Mann Chun Tong on Saturday, July 9 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lue Shing on the Lyndhurst Road.

The marriage of Miss Gloria Joyce Chin of Trout Hall to Mr. H. S. Loh, Chancellor of the Chinese Consulate, took place on Monday morning, July 18, at the Kingston Parish Church. The bride was given in marriage by her uncle Mr. Clarence Young. Chief bridesmaid was Miss Janet Young and the bestman was Mr. Simpson Chin. A reception was held later in the afternoon at No. 21 Waterloo Road, Kingston, where the couples are now residing.

The marriage of Miss Daphne Hosang of Spanish Town to Dr. Jack Frederick Chacko took place on Sunday, July 17 at the Cathedral in Spanish Town. Miss Hosang, was her sister's only attendant and Mr. Simon Yuen was

the bestman. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother.

The engagement of Miss Sheila Leung to Mr. David Lyew of Spanish Town was recently announced at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Simon Yuen. Miss Leung, who arrived here from Hongkong about a year ago, is the sister of Mrs. Simon Yuen.

Mr. and Mrs. James Chung of New Green, Mandeville recently announced the marriage of their daughter, Vera, to Mr. Kenneth Lew of St. Ann's Bay. The wedding will take place at an early date.

Mrs. Hubert Chen left her on Saturday, July 23 for Mishicot, Wisconsin. She goes to attend the wedding of her son, Keith, and Miss Audrey Seihr which will take place on Saturday, July 23.

Mrs. Mary Ann Lyn left for Vancouver, Canada on Tuesday, July 19 to visit her daughter Mrs. F. Hall (nee Blossom Acquee) and her two grand-children. Members of the C.C.A.A. gave a party in her honour on Sunday, July 17 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone Chang at Worthington Avenue. She was also the guest of honour at a dinner party given by Mr. W. A. Chen on Monday, July 18.

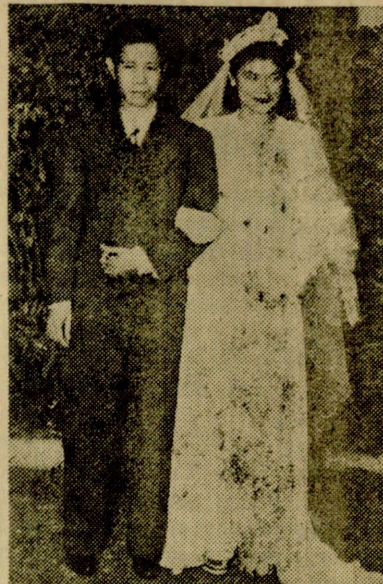
Miss Myrtle (Babs) Chang left

here for New York on Tuesday, July 12 for a short holiday visit to friends there.

A large number of passengers arrived from Hongkong during the past fortnight. Mr. Owen Chang, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Chang arrived on Thursday, July 7. He has been studying for the past year at Lingnan University in Canton. On Sunday, July 17, Mr. and Mrs. Wong Chew Onn welcomed their children who arrived here by plane from Hongkong. They are Hyacinth, Elsie, Henry, Samuel and Joyce. Also arriving by the same plane were Mrs. Cyril B. Chin and her daughter, Ivy; Mr. Russell Ho Shue, and Miss Cynthia Ho Shue, children of Mr. and Mrs. Ho Len Shue; and Mr. Herman Lim Hing, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lim Hing of Kingston. They all left here for Hongkong in 1946.

Messrs. Lloyd and Sydney Chang, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chang of Spanish Town returned to the Island on Sunday, July 10 Lloyd received his B.Sc. in Agriculture from the University of California last month, and Sydney went over last month to attend the graduation exercises.

Mr. Reginald Lyn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Lyn of Mandeville, returned here on Monday, July 11 for the Summer holidays.



Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lyn (nee Laura Hosang) who were married Sunday, July 3 at the Holy Trinity Cathedral.

He is studying dentistry at McGill University, Montreal.

The Chinese Free Mason Society will hold a Garden Party at the Chinese Public School on Sunday, July 31. The many attractions will include a lantern parade and the dragon dance.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Hoo announced the birth of a daughter on Wednesday, July 6.

(Continued on page 18)

PANORAMA

INSTITUTE EXHIBITION

A joint Exhibition of paintings and drawings by Gloria Escoffery of Jamaica, and photographs by photographers of British Guiana has been on show at the Art Gallery of the Institute of Jamaica during the past few weeks, comprising a variety of material for the visitor to view.

Gloria Escoffery's work strikes the casual observer as being very colourful (in regard to the paintings) and very realistic, even if not beautiful in many instances. Houses may said to be her speciality in the pictures on show at this exhibition, and to those of us who are familiar with the varied types of structures to be found in this Island, and to whom houses make special appeal, will find much pleasure in noting how perfectly this youthful artist seems to have captured the spirit of such dwellings. This, to my mind, has been the outstanding feature of the whole show. Miss Escoffery's charcoal sketches are worthy of comment also for the same reason, perhaps; she has the ability to make very real the expressions in the faces and attitudes of the figures she puts on paper. As the writer who creates live people in however drab or amateur a setting may well be said to have conquered half the secret of creative writing, so may this young artist be said to have conquered one of the most fundamental and vital points in this form of art.

The photographs are worth seeing. They picture a variety of scenes and industries in British Guianese life that are full of interest. The studies of Carib Indians by P. S. Peberdy are very good, in particular that of one named "Aged Dignity." A. R. Yhap's city and church buildings are remarkably fine; so too is that of the Kaieteur Falls by H. Ho.

The estates included in the film are Monymusk and Frome, and a visit was also paid Tower Isle Hotel and Montego Bay by the Unit. In the three reel film some dialogue is included in the script and it is anticipated that it may be used for educational purposes. Mr. Villiers expressed the opinion that Jamaica was ideal for motion picture work and he referred particularly to the scenery and climate here. This film should help to educate all who see it eventually on the nature of the Island, and of course, on the life on a sugar estate and the industrial process of sugar manufacture.

ANNUAL DOG SHOW

The annual Dog Show which took place a couple of weeks ago was the usual big success that it always is. This year it was held at the Local Forces Club Grounds which area was enlivened with music by the Jamaica Military Band, and flags and other gay decorations. There were 115 entrants all of which have been considered to be of a high standard and a number of prizes were awarded in each class.

The Show was opened by Brigadier Page, D.S.O.; O.B.E., and the prizes were handed out

by Mrs. Page, in the unavoidable absence of Lady Huggins. The Committee which worked so hard to make a success of this, the seventh of its kind in Jamaica, are to be congratulated on their efforts which brought about such excellent results.

JAMAICA LIBRARIES

Very surely, and none too slowly either, the Jamaica Library Service is progressing and spreading itself over the entire Island. In the near past Parish Libraries have been opened in Westmoreland and at Creighton in St. Andrew; that in Spanish Town has been celebrating with a week's variety of functions its first anniversary.

The accounts of all those that were started in the past are favourable and promising for the future, and each community takes a vital interest in these libraries which are able, on a small or large scale as funds and supplies of books permit, to provide them with good reading matter. Under the able general guidance of Mr. A. S. A. Bryant, Director of Jamaica Library Service, individual librarians are able to handle their tasks in a favourable manner.

Completing the week's celebrations arranged by the Spanish Town library was the inaugural meeting of the Jamaica Library Association with Mr. H. Holdsworth, Librarian of the University College Library as Chairman, and Mr. Bryant as Speaker.

FILM ON SUGAR

A short time ago the producer and director of Verity Films, London, Messrs. Jack Greenwood and David Villiers respectively, arrived in Jamaica on a mission for Tate and Lyle of London, that of filming the Island's sugar industry as a documentary film. Other members of the Film Unit arrived later and it was stated last week that the film had been completed.

The love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women from the contrary.

PROGRESS OF CHINESE FILM INDUSTRY

Rapid progress is being made by the Chinese motion picture industry in spite of severe handicaps. The Chinese Press have described the screening of a new film, "The Soul of China", as a "masterpiece", adding that it is a perfect revelation of how the motion picture industry in China is advancing. The film is based on the life of Wen Tien-hsiang, a great patriot during the Sung Dynasty. The picture depicts the downfall of the Sung Dynasty to the Yuan Dynasty Mongols around 1279.

INDIAN LEADER

A visit of ten days has recently been paid to the East Indians in Jamaica by Mr. Parshomtam Das Saggi, founder and president of the Indian Nationals Overseas Congress and Editor of the "Indian Outlook," as part of a world-wide trip which has already lasted three years.

Mr. Saggi's headquarters is in London, and he has visited parts of the Far East, Europe, Great Britain, the United States and in more recent times, the Caribbean area, having come here direct from Trinidad. The purpose of his visits is to ascertain the sort of lives his fellow-countrymen are living in various countries where they have settled, for the three main objects of the society he founded are (1) to safeguard the best interests of the four million Indians living away from India, (2) to promote better relations between Indians at home and abroad and, (3) to help create better understanding, amity and goodwill between Indians and the people of their adopted homelands.

During his stay in Jamaica Mr. Saggi was the guest of the East Indian Progressive Society, and was introduced to the people by Dr. J. L. Varma, President of the Society. Mr. Saggi gave many lectures during his brief time here; to the Press Association he spoke on "The Press in the Caribbean"; to the Friends' Centre on "My Experiments with Non-Violence" and at the Webster Memorial Hall on "India's Role in International Affairs."

Observer.

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## THE PAGODA

Editor: Chas. T. Chang.

THE PAGODA is a fortnightly magazine. All correspondence regarding subscriptions and advertising should be addressed to the Editor, 108D Barry Street, or P.O. Box 305, Kingston.

Contributors are invited to send in their MSS at any time. Articles should not exceed 1,000 words.

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### Religious Freedom

The religious trends abroad in the world today are becoming more clearly defined. This fact has been brought forcibly to the minds of the Christian Churches throughout the world owing to the swift spread of Communism and the danger that this implies to the religious life of every country that it draws within its influence. In Czechoslovakia the situation has now become tense and bitter through the persecution of the Roman Church by the Government.

Early this month an unprecedented meeting in England comprised of 55 delegates of the non-Catholic denominations of 44 countries was held under the title of the World Council of Churches. The need for such unusual and universal action on the part of the Churches was very well summed up by the Control Committee's statement which says in parts:

"Revolutionary movements are on foot and their end no man can foresee. The Churches themselves must bear no small part of the blame for the resentments among the under-privileged masses of the world since their own efforts to realise the brotherhood of man have been so weak.

"But justice in human society is not to be won by totalitarian methods. The totalitarian doctrine is a false doctrine. It teaches that in order to gain social or political ends everything is permitted . . . .

"Religious freedom is the condition and guardian of all true freedom . . . . We urge all Christians to stand firm in their faith, to uphold Christian principles in practical life and to secure Christian teaching for their children . . . ."

The favourable conditions on which it has had the opportunity of boring its ways so successfully since the close of the War has

enabled Communism to lay a firm hold on many sections in the world and their recent overthrow of the Chinese Nationalist Government is a new menace of large proportions. The time may well soon arrive when religious freedom in China and, indeed, all the countries of the Far Eastern hemisphere will be at an end, and the Godless teaching of the Communists holds sway.

Many of these places have not yet been reached by Christianity, but the worshippers at the shrines of Mohammed and Buddha are not far removed from the great truth of Christian teaching, and to them their faiths are an innate and vital parts of their lives. To attempt to deprive them of their religious freedom will be to ignite a fire that cannot easily be quenched. Men have died before for the preservation of their faith and with the Churches awakened to their danger the war against the Godless teaching of Communism must triumph.

## THE FIVE CLASSICS IN CHINA

(Continued from page 3)

says: "How abundantly do the spiritual beings display their virtues. We look for them but do not see them; we listen to but do not hear them; yet they enter into all things, and there is nothing without them. They cause all the people under heaven to fast and purify themselves and array themselves in their richest dresses when they pay worship to them. Then, like overflowing water, they seem to be over the heads, and on the right and left of their worshippers."

Confucius advises men "to attend to what the people consider plainly as being righteous and pay respect to the spiritual beings but keep at a distance from them."

In the Record of Rites it is written, "The service to God in the suburbs is the highest act of worship." In the Chung Yung we read that "ceremonies performed at the altar in the suburbs are for serving God." Mencius says, "Though a man be bad, yet if he fasts, and cleanses himself, he may serve God."

IN the course of time the notion of God has undergone radical changes. God was no more conceived of as a personal deity but was regarded as the First Cause, the Supreme Ultimate, the Great Originator, who is so great that it is beyond the comprehension of ordinary intellect. But though He is not comprehensible, His ministering spirits the Shen are approachable.

The Shen are said to dwell in heaven while the spirits of our ancestors and loved ones dwell on earth and are known as Kuei. To the Kuei we are to pay rever-

ence. Confucius says: "The greatest expression of filial piety is to serve and honour the dead as if they were still alive."

Closely related to these religious beliefs are four political tenets found in the Five Classics. The first is: "Under heaven one family." That is to say "Under God there is but one human family," second, "The people are the foundation of the state," third, "The sovereign should rule in accordance with the 'Mandate of Heaven' or the Will of God, and fourth, the government exists only for the welfare of the people.

The religious beliefs and political tenets together with such ethical ideals as filial devotion, brotherly love, loyalty, honesty, truthfulness, righteousness, justice, and forbearance towards others as expounded in the Five Classics have exerted a strong and profound influence upon the Chinese people and their neighbours since the first century B.C. They have molded all Chinese institutions and social customs and have guided the religious and ethical thinking and writing of the men of letters and have silently controlled and elevated the daily life of the people.

The important religious and cultural role which the Five Classics have played in the long history of China is concretely shown by such religious edifices as the Temple of Heaven and the Altar of Heaven, which are considered to be the grandest and most im-

(Continued on page 18)

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## MY PILGRIMAGE TO GREAT BRITAIN

By Dr. Chang Fu-Liang

The author of this article is the General Secretary of the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives. He made a tour last year of Co-operative Industries and Societies in Britain under the auspices of British United Aid to China, and here gives a few impressions gained during his tour.

From CHINA REVIEW, London

THE languid humid heat of summer, during which rice plants grew almost perceptibly to the naked eye, is a thing of the past. The hectic, busy days of harvesting and threshing are over and the rice is now stored safely in bins and straw piled high under the trees in the farmyard. Autumn in all its evening splendour is here and the farmers are getting ready for their annual pilgrimage to the holy mountains. In the province of Hunan the people go to the famous South Holy Mountains at Hengshan from which pious pilgrims from all parts of the Province come and gather at the foothill; and as they ascend the Holy Mountains, they kneel down once in every three steps. In the Province of Kiangsi the people go to Hsi Shan, the Western Hills where is situated the Wan Shon Kung, which is translated as the Palace of ten thousand ages, the temple of the Tzu Hsu, the patron saint of the province. Farmers in groups of tens and twenties from a distance of one hundred miles trek their way to the Western Hills. Here at the Temple they pay homage to their patron saint, who, they believe, gives the harvest to the farmer, health to man and animal, and peace and safety to the village. They light their incense sticks from the altar fire in front of the Tzu Hsi's image. They keep their incense alight all the way home. As soon as they reach their village homes, they forget all the hardships and weariness of their pilgrimage. They call together their relatives, friends and fellow-villagers and bid them light an incense stick from the one brought from the Western Hills, so that they all may share the blessings of the pilgrimage. The blessings they pray for are the blessing of calm wind and plentiful rainfall, the blessings of good health to the family, including the domestic animals and the blessings of peace and safety to the village community.

At the invitation of British United Aid to China I have recently made my pilgrimage to Great Britain, where I have lit my incense stick from the two altar fires of British endeavour. I visited your Houses of Parliament — the mother of the world parliamentary form of government. How badly we need the lesson it has given to the world! Above the majestic buildings of Parliament is Big Ben which is something more than a clock and more than the sound of striking bells. It is a symbol and a voice reminding us of a chosen way of life. It says:

1. People above ruler, country above party, civil above military, and taxation with representation

2. Obedience to law, equality before law, trial by jury and habeas corpus.

3. Freedom of speech and freedom of worship.

4. Orderly debate and majority rule.

While in Britain I had the pleasure of visiting the Toad Lane Store of the Rochdale Pioneers. It is now kept as a Museum of the British Co-operative Movement commemorating the foundation of the movement. Here is the cradle of the co-operative movement throughout the world, with its membership in every country and its co-operative activities in production, manufacturing, consumption, marketing, transportation, housing, etc., enriching the lives of tens of millions of people, yet recalling the early days of hardship and suffering endured by the factory workers in Britain caused by the introduction of steam and power machinery in 1840, known as the "Hungry Forties."

ONE marvels at how a group of ordinary workers, largely weavers in Rochdale worked out a set of principles on the co-operative society which embodies two rare and often conflicting

ideas, namely, high idealism and hard business. And how they stuck to these principles in conducting the business at the Toad Lane Store throughout all these difficult years. The store opened for business in 1844, a fair year followed by two good years of reasonably good trade and employment — the only profitable years for business during the period between 1836 and 1849 (mainly a period of general depression and unrest). Had the Toad Lane Store opened its business in any other time during this period, it might have gone under like many other co-operative undertakings at the time. The wisdom of the Rochdale pioneers started a movement that has changed and is changing the way of life of an ever-increasing number of the world population.

As I lingered at the Toad Lane Store I envisaged in my mind's eye the handwriting left on the wall by the Rochdale pioneers.

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4. Dividend on purchases.
5. Cash trading.
6. Supply of pure products.
7. Provision for education.
8. Religious and political neutrality.

CHINA has been an unorganized democracy since time immemorial. The fact that the right to revolt was well established in Chinese history by the teachings of Confucius and Mencius has wielded a restraining influence on the people. Founders of dynasties and officials in high government council have generally come from the ranks of the common people. In fact, each dynasty represents an administration of a government which takes up from a few decades to several centuries. The inter-dynasty period lasting from a few years to several generations corresponds to the "election year." Since the end of the Manchu Dynasty in 1911 we have tried to organize our country into a republic. The rising of war lords who struggled for mastery of China is our historical pattern of the "general election." But unfortunately China has not been allowed to work out her own "election" to a logical conclusion. The predatory attempts of one neighbour marked the beginning of the Second World War. The present internal strife is part of the world situation which she is unable to settle by herself. (Continued on page 18)

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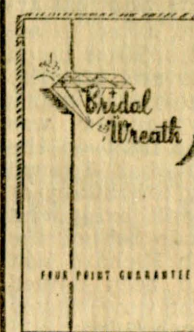
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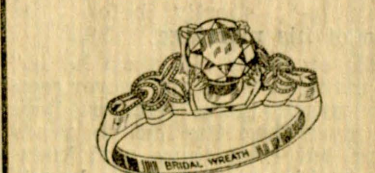


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# BEHIND THE GATES

By H. V. Ormsby Marshall

A Short Story

THE taxi drew up in front of the high black iron gates at the foot of a low incline around which wound a roadway to a house that was beyond view.

The occupant of the car, a young man in his early twenties, alighted briskly, and, with a look of expectancy on his face he made his way towards the gates. When he had reached and examined them his expression changed to one of keen disappointment for he found them to be severely locked. He glanced up to where, above the framework the name of the place stood out clearly against a background of blue sky.

"I can't be mistaken," he said to himself, "for the name is the same. 'Seclusion' is not a common name, nor one that the average person would be likely to retain if the place had been sold."

Turning back to the taxi he addressed the driver.

"I wonder if you can tell me if a Mr. Edward Massey still resides here?" he asked. "There's not a soul in sight and I'm not certain being a new arrival here."

The chauffeur doffed his cap respectfully and shook his head. "I'm afraid I can't 'elp yu, Sir," he replied.

"I've got to find out somehow. The gates are closely fastened and no one is about. It hardly looks inhabited. What would you suggest?"

The chauffeur considered the matter for a moment then said: "Maybe we could fin' out about it at de 'otel, Sir. Dere's one nearer de town."

"That's a good idea," Richard cried, jumping into the car again.

THE hotel was about a mile from the place and on arrival there Richard asked to see the manager and ordered lunch for the taxi driver and himself. In response to the young man's questioning the manager was able to throw some light on the matter by stating that Edward Massey, an elderly inhabitant of the vicinity was still living and resided in his abode behind the locked gates which Richard had just seen. It had been named "Seclusion" from the time Massey had bought it some thirty odd years ago, shortly before the time of his marriage.

"An eccentric old chap he is," the manager went on, "never seen him myself being resident here not more than the last six years or so, but even those who knew him in his youth say he hasn't passed through those portals for the past twenty-six years, ever since his young wife ran off and left him; nor does he allow anyone to enter."

"Indeed! Then how does he manage to transact his business?" "He's got a good old caretaker

who runs the whole show for him; decent old chap he is too. Massey's more or less dead to the world now, and the world's dead to him. But he's got a tidy property and savings. Jason will come in for everything in the long run . . . the caretaker, you know, when the old man dies."

"Well, thanks a heap for your information," Richard said, as he moved away to dismiss the taxi driver after he had partaken of his lunch.

"I shall have to remain over for the night," he explained to the man, "and owing to the short distance involved I shall have no need of you again at present. I shall wire you when to return for me."

Richard had realized, after his conversation with the hotel manager, that he must give himself time in which to conceive some means whereby he could reach Edward Massey, for Jason never put in an appearance until his dues became payable at the end of each month. To have remained to see him would have meant another fortnight and Richard had no intention of waiting so long.

SOON after breakfast on the following morning he set out and arrived once again at the closed gates from which high, heavy barb wire fencing trailed in both directions. A light wind that stirred his fair hair was the only sign of movement anywhere. It was a scene of great beauty and peacefulness, Richard reflected, and different to anywhere he had yet visited. Yet, strangely, he felt a part of it all, as though he had known it all his life.

He followed the passage of the tangled wire fence for some distance where it spread itself farther and farther to embrace several acres of pasture land. Suddenly Richard noticed a large tree growing by the fence, with one of its heavy limbs stretched across it. With a low whoop of delight he stooped and rolled back the legs of his grey flannel trousers to above his knees, and began clambering up the stout trunk. A few moments later he had achieved his purpose by making his way cautiously along the limb and lowering himself with the aid of a high jump to the ground.

He continued on his way around the hillside, until he came within sight of the house. It was an upstairs building and it lay just below the level of the hilltop. A garden that was massed with flowering shrubs almost entirely encircled the structure, and as Richard passed around it had opened the small wicket gate to let himself in, he could see no sign of anyone. It was not until he had almost reached the wide

stone piazza that stretched the full length of the house in front, passing over a path carpeted with heavy grass, that he suddenly came almost face to face with an old man seated in a chair on the piazza. There was no doubt in his mind as he did so, that he had come upon the person of his quest at last.

"Excuse me Sir, good morning, I presume you are Mr. Edward Massey?"

RICHARD stood respectfully in front of the old man who gazed at him in complete amazement without answering for some moments, and then, with apparent effort, he got to his feet, letting fall to the ground the book he had been reading. His eyes never wavered from Richard's face and then the colour began to ebb quickly from his face.

"How the devil did you get in here?" he demanded in a harsh though unsteady voice. "I am Edward Massey all right, but who the devil are you?"

Richard, noting the tense attitude of the old man decided to come to the point immediately. "I succeeded in effecting an entrance by the aid of an overhanging tree limb," he confessed frankly. "You see, I had to reach you somehow . . ."

"How dare you break in on me like this!"

There was a brief, tense silence eased at length by Richard's voice.

"I am . . . your son," he said, in explanation. "I had to see you."

Edward Massey took a short step nearer to his unexpected caller his face livid with rage. A second later he had whipped a revolver from his pocket.

"My son . . . are you?" he shouted, "how dare you say that? Get out of here this instant or I'll kill you, do you hear? I always said I'd kill anyone who ever dared to come here again. Get . . . out . . ."

"I admit that my unceremonious appearance must be a great shock to you Sir," Richard hastened to say, "You hardly expected ever to see me here I know."

"My son, did you say? I never had a son . . ."

"I'm afraid you had, Sir, however distasteful I may be to you, and whether you knew it or not. You would have known it had you opened any of my mother's letters to you the first five or more years of my life. What did you do with them?"

"What did I do . . . with them?" the old man repeated dazedly. "I burned them unopened if you must know . . . every one of them . . ."

"I guessed as much, so how could you know I existed? You never knew that your wife . . . my mother . . . was to bear you the child you had craved to have for three years of married life when you thought fit to turn her out of her home and your life. You never knew that she bore you a son . . . the son you had longed for so intensely . . . less than seven months after your cursed jealousy . . . your ungovernable temper had ruined my mother's life . . . and your own."

"What brings you here after all these years?" Edward Massey retorted scathingly, "Do you expect me to believe your story?"

"I have come," Richard replied quickly, "on . . . mission for my mother. On her deathbed she asked me to perform it."

"So she is dead, is she?" Richard looked at the old man contemptuously.

"Yes, she is dead, God bless her soul. And she entrusted me to find you if still living, and to find this place if it still was in existence."

"Of course . . . she would . . ."

"I know what you're thinking. You believe that I've come to claim my inheritance don't you?" Richard blazed, "I don't need your money. I have more than enough of my own . . . My mother died loving you, God knows how or why . . . she was faithful to you to the day of her death. Her faithfulness existed only in your own jealous mind."

"In my mind, did you say, when I saw them making love to each other under my very nose?"

"I repeat Sir, that your unnatural mind conjured the whole story because you had a strange complex regarding my mother. You married her and locked her up in this place and named it 'Seclusion.' It certainly was seclusion for her. You shut her away from every vestige of normal intercourse with the outside world. The first human being who intruded on your precincts — a stranger, a traveller, you accused of making love to your wife and turned her out accordingly."

"If she had loved me she would have been content here with me alone. She was beautiful . . ."

"And so you were afraid . . . distrustful . . . but she was as beautiful spiritually as physically, and desired nothing other than a normal existence. You made her unhappy . . . frightened. You were unreasonable, unjust. When she knew she was with child she was afraid to tell you for she knew she would be still more jealously guarded. At the unexpected arrival of a stranger who sought only a brief period of accommodation you accused her of many untrue things. To her he was only a brief and

old lady want cry, him say a smoke bun him yeye.

When you see ole lady run, no ax wha' de matter, run too.

Hard on the old body, but full of innocent wit, and it's true to life.

Wud mus' die, but man mus' live.

In Trinidad they say, "Words must die that people may live."

Wha' woodpecker say in a him belly hard fe answer.

That is, what the woodpecker thinks is hard to guess.

Applicable to many humans as well, despite the saying that the face is an index to the mind.

Wood a wood, but mahoe a no mahogany.

All things are not what they seem.

Sweet wud blaze, but him no keep fine.

No special comment is necessary.

'Ooman tongue, was'-was', an' tamarind tree de three wus ting.

The switches for juvenile offenders are made from the tamarind tree.

'Oman mout' an' fowl a one.

Because both are equally ungrateful. I once heard

Distress mek 'ooman ketch dang flea two times.

That is, distress and nervousness are the causes of work being done badly.

"More haste, less speed" is the English equivalent, with much the same meaning.

PLUTO.

Perfect 'ooman an' white John Crow 'carce (scarce.)

The white crow appears on the scene chiefly to announce to the ordinary crows that the carcass is really dead, and so they can start eating it after he takes out the eyes as his share of the booty.

Drizzle drizzle fabour contentious 'ooman.

Fabour means favour, or resembles. "Drizzle drizzle" refers to light intermittent showers that are more annoying than useful. This fact is the cause why much showers are sometimes described as "Women Rains."

'Ooman an' wood nebbber quarrel.

That is, Woman like to get all the wood they can to burn. I have heard of one woman who threw her husband's walking stick to the flames when short of fire wood.

## Jamaican Proverbs

Their Meaning and Significance

Work no evil, i' a de yeye dat coward.

That is, A piece of work looks more difficult than it really is.

Compare with the English version adapted from the Latin writer Tacitus thus: "The eyes are the first to be conquered."

Big wud bruk nobody 'kin.

The English version with much the same meaning is: "Hard words break no bones."

Big wud bruk no man jawbone.

It also occurs as "Big wud no tear neyger jawbone." In Ireland they say, "A kind word never broke anyone's mouth."

Wud a 'mout' no load 'pon head.

That is, mere words do not amount to much.

Man mus' die, but wud nebbber die.

Compare this commonsense saying with the Bible reference, namely: "The work of the Lord endureth forever." —St. Peter 1:25.

Old lady want cry, him say a smoke bun him yeye.

When you see ole lady run, no ax wha' de matter, run too.

Hard on the old body, but full of innocent wit, and it's true to life.

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That is, Woman like to get all the wood they can to burn. I have heard of one woman who threw her husband's walking stick to the flames when short of fire wood.

happy diversion to a life that had become monotonous."

"This is a most interesting tale, but unfortunately it is anything but new to me," Edward Massey interrupted derisively.

"It is new to you from my mother's viewpoint for which, in your immense selfishness and jealousy you cared nothing," Richard answered, "but fortunately all people are not like you. My mother made friends who gave her succour in her need, and after I was born in America to which country she went as early as possible to her, she worked for us both all her life."

"So this is your tale and you expect me to believe it and to take you to my heart as I would my son?" he said. "I tell you I want proof, and there is none forthcoming."

EDWARD Massey had risen from his chair as he spoke and scrutinised Richard's countenance closely.

"Not a trace of a look to me!" he declared contemptuously, "yet you come here and tell me you're my son and lay claim to . . ."

"I have laid claim to nothing, Sir!" cried Richard hotly, "but if it's proof you're wanting that I'm your son you will find it in this envelope. It is this that my mother entrusted me to bring to you."

With this statement Richard thrust an envelope into his father's unwilling hands. Slowly the old man opened it and took out a single sheet of paper on which a few lines had been inscribed in his wife's handwriting. Adjusting his spectacles he endeavoured to read what had been written.

"You will not believe Richard's story I know, but if you will look behind his left ear you will find the little lump that you used to call the birth mark of your family. You told me that to your certain knowledge the past three generations had been born with this peculiar lump and you wondered if any child of ours we may ever have would have it too. Richard — our son — has got it, although you did not have faith in me. Your wife Edith."

The sheet of paper fluttered to the ground from Edward Massey's nerveless fingers. He moved towards Richard with a tense, eager expression in his eyes.

"Let me see . . . let me feel . . ." he demanded.

Richard obediently bent over so that his ear would come within easy range of his finger's trembling fingers.

There was a sudden cry.

"It is true . . . it is true . . . you are indeed my son. So she was true to me all the time . . . but she is dead . . . dead why didn't she send you back to me before she died?" he demanded.

"I should never have left her if she had," Richard replied.

"But you will stay now . . . now that you have come. This place is your home . . . your inheritance."

THERE was something pathetic in the old man's bearing.

Only the remembrance that his mother had sent him back to him enabled Richard to feel touched by it, however, when he recalled to mind the lifetime of suffering which his mother had endured.

"I will not stay . . . not now," he replied at length. "I could never stay here like this. I would have to unlock the gates and let life in . . . at will. It is unwise to try to keep it out as the years should have taught you, Sir. I would not be happy here although it is all so beautiful, so peaceful. I am going back to the life my mother taught me to live and conquer."

Edward Massey did not speak for some moments after his son had made this moving statement, but at last he put out his hand gropingly to him.

"You are right, my boy. It has been a mistake. But if you will come back to me soon the gates will be open wide to receive you."

End.

1st Little Girl—What kind of chewing gum do you like best — winter green or licorice?

2nd Little Girl—I really like licorice best but mamma has told me never to taste anything with liquor in it.

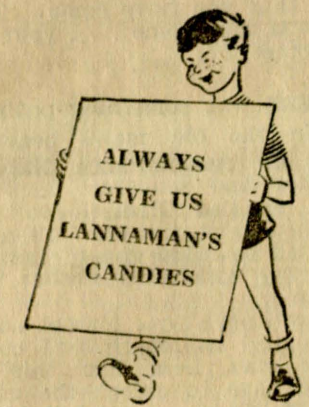
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GIVE US  
LANNAMAN'S  
CANDIES

Children prefer the many delectable flavours of crunchy candies by —



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Celebration...  
Choose  
**Tia  
Maria**  
The coffee liqueur  
21/- per bottle.  
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The Eagle Star Insurance Company, London  
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Place ALL for Insurance with us at the  
LOWEST Cost with MAXIMUM Protection  
Strength — Reputation — Service

**AMERICA**

"A wise old owl lived in an oak;  
The more he saw the less he spoke;  
The less he spoke the more he heard;  
Why can't we all be like that bird?"

Edmond Hersey Richards:  
"A Wise Old Owl."

**DENMARK**

"In childhood's dark and lengthy night  
there burn small blinking stars  
like traces left by Memory's  
might  
when the heart is frozen and  
far . . . ."

Tove Ditlevsen:  
"The Blinking Lights."

**FRANCE**

"Constantly choose rather to  
want less,  
Than to have more."

Thomas A. Kempis.

**WALES**

"How strike a balance with  
the head and heart?  
Age plods with lead leg the old  
road  
While hogging Youth fevers and  
scorches the new track.  
How hotfoot it with the shanks  
of Age in Youth's  
Quick shortcuts? How graft the  
weathered head  
With the unshut heart, leaving  
the essence free?  
And which reaches, the old road  
in the ruck?"

John Prichard:  
"Poem."

**POT POURRI  
OF  
THOUGHT**

**CHINA**

"Green, green,  
The grass by the river-bank.  
Thick, thick,  
The willow trees in the garden.  
Sad, sad,  
The lady in the tower.  
White, white,  
Sitting at the casement window.  
Fair, fair,  
Her red-powdered face.  
Small, small,  
She puts out her pale hand.  
Once she was a dancing-house  
girl,  
Now she is a wandering man's  
wife.  
The wandering man went, but did  
not return . . . ."

Anon: 1st Century B.C.  
"Seventeen Old Poems."

**ENGLAND**

"Ask me no more where Love  
bestows,  
When June is past, the fading  
rose;  
For in your beauty's orient deep  
These flowers, as in their causes,  
sleep . . . .  
Ask me no more if east or west  
The phoenix builds her spicy  
nest;  
For unto you at last she flies,  
And in your fragrant bosom dies."

Thomas Carew:  
"A Song."

**JAMAICA**

"White horses—coming into sight,  
Baiting winds are distending  
The waves with thee.  
White horses—capturing light,  
Breaking on the shore  
Gone from sight."

Wesley Levey:  
"White Horses."

**URUGUAY**

"All is peace in the house. A  
balmy sky  
Blesses the work, distributes per-  
spiration . . . .  
Mothers, daughters, aunts sing,  
as in a circle . . . ."

Herrera y Reissig:  
"The Siesta."

**RUSSIA**

"Shall I live always  
Sitting at home?  
Wasting my youth here,  
Never to roam? . . . .  
Are the hawk's pinions  
Unfettered never?  
Is ev'ry journey  
Barred him forever? . . . .  
I shall go out of doors:  
The road calls to a land,  
And there I shall live  
As God may command!"

Alexey Koltsov:  
"A Hawk's Thoughts."

**GREECE**

"Themistocles said: 'The  
Athenians govern the Greeks;  
I govern the Athenians;  
You, my wife, govern me;  
Your son governs you.'"

Plutarch.

**WE HAVE DIRECT FACILITIES FOR TRANS-  
FERRING HONGKONG DOLLARS OR STER-  
LING BY MAIL, CABLE OR DRAFT TO HONG-  
KONG. NO PERMIT REQUIRED. TRANS-  
FERS MAY ALSO BE MADE DIRECT TO CHINA  
UPON AUTHORITY OF THE JAMAICA DE-  
FENCE (FINANCE) BOARD. WE SHALL BE  
PLEASED TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR RE-  
QUIREMENTS. YOUR PATRONAGE IS IN-  
VITED.**

**THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA**  
Established 1832.

**PERSONS  
PLACES  
THINGS**

By Old Joe

**PERSONS**

**EVERARD SOMERVILLE** Mur-  
ray, Collector General of Jamaica  
from 1st November, 1930 to Oc-  
tober 1931 was a little over 52  
years old, when he died after a  
brilliant career in the Jamaica  
Civil Service. Born on the 10th  
March 1879, he entered the Pub-  
lic Service on the 1st. April 1897  
as Assistant Clerk of the Courts  
in St. Elizabeth. In 1889 he  
acted as Deputy Clerk of the  
Courts for that parish, and two  
years later in a similar capacity  
in the parish of Manchester. On  
the 20th. August 1901 he was  
transferred to the Revenue De-  
partment as a Junior Revenue  
Clerk, and a year later he acted  
as Landing Waiter at Black River.  
Thereafter Mr. Murray's pro-  
motions and transfers included  
Senior Revenue Clerk at May Pen  
January 1904 to 1907; acting As-  
sistant Collector of Taxes for  
varying periods at Linstead,  
Spanish Town and Montego Bay  
till on the 1st. April 1908 when  
he was transferred to the Col-  
lectorate at Halfway Tree; and  
finally Kingston, first as Junior  
Collector of Taxes then as acting  
Collector. In 1911 he was second-  
ed for duty in the Stamp Office,  
acting as Deputy Stamp Commis-  
sioner.

When in 1920 Government de-  
cided to set up the Income Tax  
Department he was appointed  
Chief Clerk in that office. This  
was on the 15th. January; and  
four months later he was pro-  
moted Inspector of Income Tax.  
During his connection with that  
Department he rendered such  
valuable assistance that he won  
the high esteem not only of Mr.  
Rickmann, who was the first head  
of the Income Tax Department,  
but also of the Government.

On the 1st. June, 1925 Mr.  
Murray acted as Supervisor of  
Revenue offices, and on the 1st.  
November of the same year as  
Valuation Commissioner. He was  
promoted Supervisor of Revenue  
on the 1st. April 1928, and on the  
8th June, 1929, when Mr. Barton  
was seconded for duty in Trin-  
idad, Mr. Murray was appointed  
to act as Collector-General,  
Stamp Commissioner and Com-  
ptroller of Widows and Orphans'  
Pensions. As Acting Collector-  
General he sat in the Legislative  
Council as an ex-Officio member,  
and it was then that the Elected  
Members had the opportunity of  
coming into closer contact with  
the man who, though quiet and  
unassuming, was nevertheless a  
very capable Public Officer.

As soon as it was known that  
Mr. Barton would not be return-  
ing to Jamaica, Sir Edward  
Stubbs, Governor at the time,  
recommended to the Secretary of

State for the Colonies that Mr.  
Murray should be confirmed in  
the post of Collector-General,  
with effect as from November  
1930. Thus it was that a capable  
Jamaican had risen from the  
Junior rank of the Revenue De-  
partment to be its head. The  
news of this appointment was re-  
ceived with the utmost satisfac-  
tion. The general public felt as-  
sured that in Mr. Murray they  
had a conscientious and capable  
Public Officer and an administra-  
tor of capacity and ability. A  
few months before he had been  
appointed Chairman of the Com-  
mission to "Enquire into the Or-  
ganization and Administration  
of the Jamaica Agricultural So-  
ciety." The Commission was  
preparing its report when its  
chairman took ill and died.

**PLACES**

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH  
EXTENSION**  
(Continued from last issue)

I continue the story of the on-  
ward march of missionaries of  
the newly formed Congregational  
Church of Jamaica to take the  
gospel to the emancipated slaves,  
in showing how the Counties of  
Surrey and Middlesex were in-  
vaded by these warriors of the  
Mission Field. Moving deeper,  
into the hill country Robert Jones  
opened another cause on Main  
Ridge, and in 1840 Thomas Clark  
was sent out to take over. A  
Church was formed there at the  
end of the same year, which be-  
came known as Mount Zion.  
Jones felt substantial progress  
had been made because in his re-  
port he refers to this "moral  
wilderness" becoming "the garden  
of the Lord". Franklin opened  
Surrey Chapel at Morant Bay in  
1840 with 54 members. Moving  
into Blue Mountain Valley he se-  
cured a property named Prospect  
Pen for a new station. Robert  
Dickson was sent out, and made  
enough progress for this to be-  
come a separate station and resi-  
dence of the missionary. By 1845  
another station was opened at  
Port Morant.

On the northside, Vine retired  
from First Hill in 1843, and the  
changes in supervision seemed  
to have had its effect on this  
station, for in 1846 it is reported  
to be in low condition. In these  
early years the L. M. S. was in  
favour of closing down the work  
at these stations in the north,  
but the missionaries on the field  
decided to carry on, a decision  
which was to prove a wise one in  
later years, as those churches, al-  
though rather isolated from the  
rest of the mission, have main-  
tained a witness largely un-  
touched by other denominations.

In Kingston, Wooldridge owing  
to failing health moved to Porus  
in 1840 and died six months later.  
George Wilkinson was sent out  
to replace him and in 1843 the  
corner stone of the new church  
was laid. Since this occasion  
coincided with the visit of the  
Home Secretary of the L. M. S.,  
J. J. Freeman, he was asked to  
lay the corner stone. The church  
for many years after was known  
as Freeman Chapel. The build-  
ing was opened on the 5th. April,  
1844.

(To be continued)

**THINGS**

**TOPICS OF THE DAY**  
**RICE AS A FOOD CROP**

As an article of diet rice is ex-  
tensively used in Jamaica. It is  
found on the table of the rich,  
and the humblest peasant takes  
plain rice or rice and peas. In  
Kingston, particularly, among the  
middle class people — rice and  
peas, (nicknamed Jamaica coat-  
of-arms), is a famous Sunday  
dish. It is of interest therefore  
to know something about a food  
crop that is so generally used and  
eaten in a variety of ways. As  
the world's most important crop,  
it furnishes food for a billion  
persons, at a value of about  
£12,000,000,000, or nearly thrice  
the trade value of the great trade  
crop, cotton. Where this grass  
was first domesticated can never  
be known, but at the dawn of  
Sanskrit history it was an old  
crop in India. Southeastern Asia,  
or perhaps South China may have  
been its cradle. Today the average  
may run to over 200,000 acres  
in the tropics. The total crop  
may weigh over 180,000,000  
pounds. The orient produces  
some 95 per cent of the rice. Con-  
cerning varieties, these are num-  
berless. Japan, India and the  
Philippine Islands have each  
about 1,000 distinguishable kinds,  
while Ceylon has from 200 to 500  
or more. Allowing for the sur-  
prisingly few duplications between  
one country and another, it is  
safe to say there are from 5,000  
to 7,000 distinct sorts of this great  
ereal.

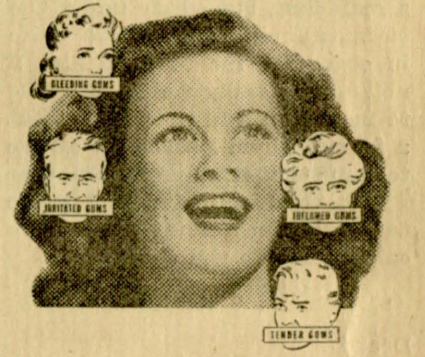
Of types there are really only  
three, the wetland, the upland,  
and the perennial. Attempts  
have been made to classify the  
varieties by seed characters. The  
Bureau of Agriculture of the  
Philippines has catalogued sev-  
eral hundred varieties, giving  
synonymous names, cultural data,  
and the like. Grown intensively  
for probably more than 4,000  
years, it is not surprising that  
ORYZA SATIVA has varied  
tremendously; remarkable it is,  
though, that practically every  
variety comes absolutely true to  
seed. It is strange that the rice-  
eating peoples have never till  
recently exchanged varieties with  
one another; for instance, a cer-  
tain valley in Luzon may have  
long been growing forty kinds,  
and ten miles away another valley  
sorts, yet there are probably not  
may have the same number of  
five varieties common to both  
valleys.

(To be continued).

**CHINA'S MOST DREADED  
DISEASE.**

Tuberculosis remains the most  
dreaded disease in China, having  
claimed three times as many vic-  
tims as China lost during eight  
years' conflict with Japan. While  
China lost 3,100,000 in the hos-  
tilities her tuberculosis victims  
during the same period numbered  
10,800,000. These figures were  
given at the opening of a health  
exhibition by the Bureau of Pub-  
lic Health in Shanghai recently.

**PYORRHEA**  
Is the Natural Enemy  
of Beautiful,  
Healthy Teeth



**4 Out Of 5  
May Be Victims!**

If gums bleed—even a little—  
when you brush your teeth—  
take heed! Tender, bleeding  
gums are often the first warning  
signal of dread Pyorrhoea, enemy  
of sound, attractive teeth. 4 out  
of 5 may get Pyorrhoea, with its  
unsightly shrinking gums and  
loosening teeth, which must be  
pulled.

So don't take chances. First,  
see your dentist regularly. Then,  
at home, massage your gums  
and brush your teeth twice a day  
with Forhan's Toothpaste, the  
only toothpaste that contains  
Dr. R. J. Forhan's anti-pyorrhoea  
astringent.

Your gums will be firmer,  
more invigorated . . . your teeth  
will gleam with natural luster.  
In recent clinical tests, 95% of  
Pyorrhoea-threatened cases im-  
proved with Forhan's in 30 days.  
So buy a tube of Forhan's today.

"Brush your teeth with it"



**EWAN D. MACDOUGALL LTD.,  
AGENTS,—20 Church St., Kgn.**

# TALKING IT OVER

with Elizabeth Martin

Dear Miss Martin,

The other day a young man was very kind to me and helped me to avoid an accident that might have taken my life. I know that it is not correct for a girl to write a man first, but surely under the circumstances it would be quite in order for me to drop him a note. My family would also like to meet him and thank him. But a friend, whom I asked for advice tells me that it would appear that I was "rushing" him, if I wrote to thank him and invited him, to call. What do you think?

L.

Dear L.

Under ordinary circumstances it would not be correct for you to write first, but as this young man has done you a service, you have every excuse for writing a friendly note thanking him for what he has done.

If your letter is worded in a common sense manner there is little likelihood of your being misunderstood. When issuing the invitation to call, just be careful to avoid the Mae West impression, and give him to understand that you are inviting him to meet your family, and I feel sure that no harm will be done.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I have only been married a year, and when we were first married I was very much in love with my husband, and could hardly bear to have him out of my sight. Now, I feel very casual towards him. I still have a very great affection for him, but I am certainly not half as thrilled with his presence as I used to be.

He is still very much in love with me, and I'm so afraid that this change of feeling on my part may spoil our life together and make him unhappy. I would hate to hurt his feelings for he is a real darling in many ways. Do you think it is because I really did not care for him enough in the first place?

Mrs. J.

Dear Mrs. J.

So many young people are confused on the point of real love. They seem to think that if they really love a person their marriage will be one long honeymoon and an everlasting thrill. Try to remember that passion plays a great part in our courting days, and in many cases we are apt to mistake it for love. It has a place in courtship it is true, but should be kept in its right perspective, for passion without affection, respect, understanding, and loyalty, can only lead to disaster.

Don't be alarmed that you no longer feel exquisitely thrilled at your husband's presence, it merely means that your courtship days are over and you are now settling down to true marriage with a deeper, steadier and more lasting love than you knew before. You say that you are anxious not to hurt him or make him unhappy, that shows that you have now developed, what you probably never felt for him before, and that is tenderness, the sweetest of all emotions. So long as you feel like that about him there is no fear for your happiness.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

My mother maintains that when a fellow comes to take me out to a party or to the pictures, he should not honk his horn at the gate, but should come in and call for me in a mannerly way. But no other fellows do it when they call for their dates, so why should I expect him to?

Mother also says that he should help me in and out of the car. Now this seems to me to be carrying things too far. I am quite capable of getting in and out of a car by myself, besides I consider it very old-fashioned to expect to be waited on hand and foot. What do you think?

E. B.

Dear E. B.

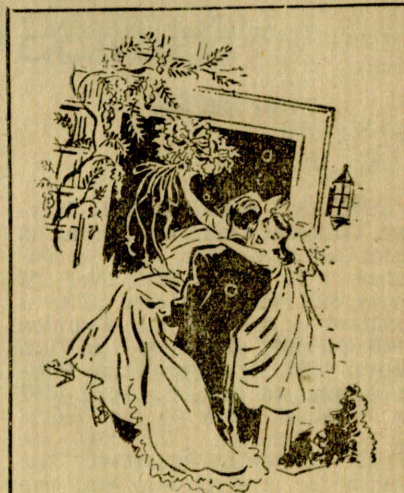
No one is asking you to be the old-fashioned swooning type of

female, in these modern times, but a little spot of good manners is never out of place. By encouraging this lad to neglect these small courtesies, you are keeping him back from taking his place as a polished member of society. These small actions, which you consider so old-fashioned, are the keys to popularity, love, and the esteem of all those with whom the young fellow comes in contact.

A thoughtful young man would not wait until it is almost time for the movie to begin, before honking at your gate. He would allow a few minutes in which he could come in and have a word or two with your parents. He would also learn to hand you into or out of the car, not because you need help, but as a sign of his respect. So take a tip and never discourage courtesy in any lad you may meet. It will be useless when you are married to one of them to expect him to turn round and wait on you hand and foot, and although you despise the idea now, there may come a day when you will yearn for it.

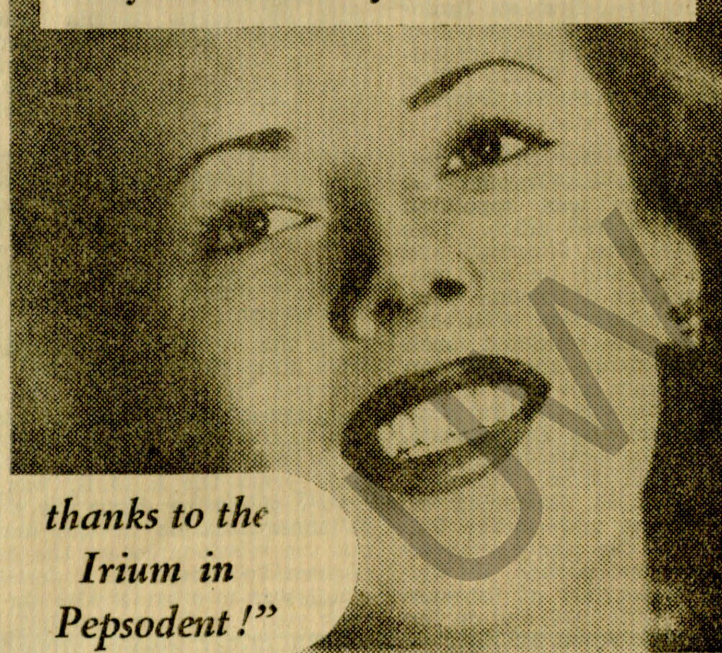
E. M.

The mind improves by change of alignment. A diversity of reading pleases the imagination, as much as the diversity of sounds pleases the ear.



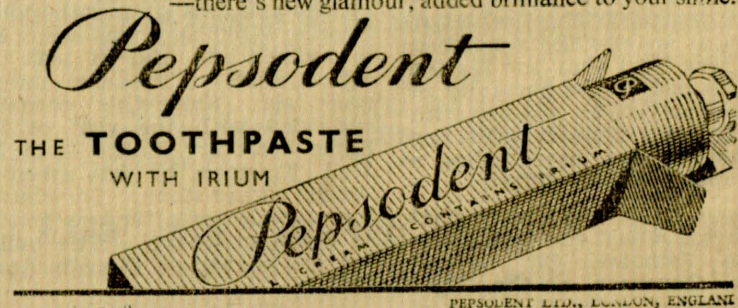
HAVE YOUR WEDDING PICTURE TAKEN AT DANIEL PHOTO STUDIO 32a West Parade

"My teeth really ARE whiter—



thanks to the Irium in Pepsodent!"

Yes, Pepsodent is the only toothpaste that contains Irium. And there's no more effective teeth cleansing substance than Irium known to dental science! You can see the difference when the Irium in Pepsodent removes the dulling stains and harmful film from your teeth—there's new glamour, added brilliance to your smile.



THE TOOTH PASTE WITH IRIUM

PEPSODENT LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND

## IN PARENTHESIS

A successful man is usually an average man who either had a chance, or took a chance.

Our grandmothers thought there was a destiny which shaped our ends. But the modern girls place more faith in girdles.

Taken from a freshman test paper: "A morality play is one in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins, and other supernatural characters."

Cpl. "It looks like rain."  
Sgt. "Not here in California."  
Cpl. "But look at those clouds up there."  
Sgt. "Oh, don't worry about them. They're just empties coming back from Florida."

A newspaper editor, with some space to fill, set up the Ten Commandments and ran them without editorial comment.

Soon after the paper was off the press, he got a letter from a subscriber which said: "Cancel my subscription; you're getting too personal."

Two little girls were busily discussing their families. "Why does your Grandmother read the Bible so much?" asked one. "I think," said the other, "she's cramming for her finals."

Young Wife: "I want a cigar for my husband."  
Tobacconist: "Fairly strong?"  
Young Wife: "Yes, please, The last one broke in his pocket."

A local small fry had been vaccinated, and after the operation the doctor prepared to bandage the sore arm, but the boy objected.

"Put it on the other arm, Doctor."

"Why no," said the physician, "I want to put the bandage on your sore arm so the boys at school won't hit it."

"Put it on the other arm, Doc." reiterated the small boy. "You don't know the fellows at our school."

"Now here's a medicine good for a man or a beast."

"Give me two bottles — one for my husband, one for the dog."

Mary had a little swing  
It wasn't hard to find  
For everywhere that Mary went  
The swing was right behind.

"Where's the barber who work-

ed on the next chair?" asked the old customer as he was getting a shave.

"Hadn't you heard about Bill?" said the barber. "It was a very sad case. He grew nervous and despondent over poor business, and one day when a customer said he didn't care for a massage he suddenly went out of his mind and slashed the customer's throat. He is in the asylum for the criminal insane now. Will you be having a massage, sir?"

"Sure, go ahead!" said the customer.

"Where did you go on your honeymoon?"  
"Jack, darling, where did we go?"

As he stepped off the boat, the missionary received an enthusiastic welcome from the natives. "Do your people know anything about religion?" he asked the Chief. "Well," was the thoughtful reply, "we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here."

"Motoring is surely a great thing. I used to be fat and sluggish before the motoring craze, but now I'm spry and energetic."  
"I didn't know you motored."  
"I don't. I dodge."

Soon we'll know what the prodigal sun did to the fatted calf.

For some time the passengers in Danish airliners have been receiving chewing gum labelled "To prevent unpleasant pressure in your ears during starts and landings," says a correspondent from Copenhagen.

The other day a passenger appealed to the stewardess: "Help me get this stuff out of my ears. It doesn't help anyway."

"Do you think a kiss can leave anyone breathless?" I know so. A friend of mine was kissing a woman when her husband came home and my friend has been breathless ever since.

"To think," exclaimed the enthusiastic young husband, "That by the time we get all this furniture paid for we shall have genuine antiques!"

"I'm buying something to keep my boy friend interested in me. They're having a sale on 54 gauge," she confided.

"Nylons?" asked the Doctor.  
"No," replied. "Shotguns."

Every real need is stilled, and every vice is stimulated by satisfaction.



# GOLDEN SHELL MOTOR OIL

NOW DOES 4 JOBS AT ONCE  
**COOLS-CLEANS-SEALS and OILS**  
HOW LONG IS IT SINCE THE OIL IN YOUR CAR WAS CHANGED? BE ON THE SAFE SIDE AND STOP AT THE SIGN OF SHELL.

THE SHELL COMPANY (WEST INDIES) LIMITED.

## MUST BE SOLD

Going At Give Away Terms  
Our Stocks of High Quality  
**FISK TYRES & TUBES**  
**FULLY GUARANTEED**

### SPECIAL OFFER

ONE EXTRA TYRE FREE WITH EVERY FOUR TYRES PURCHASED AND PRO RATA

(Even better offers on certain TYRES)

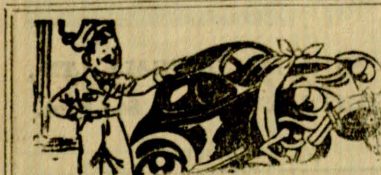
### SIZES IN STOCK

- 6.00x16
- 5.50x17
- 5.50x18
- 4.50x17
- 6.50x15

and many others . . .

**E. M. MARTIN [Succs.] Ltd.**

74 Harbour St. — Phone 2860.



**SINCLAIR'S GARAGE**  
31½ Hanover St., Kgn. Phone 3883  
There are no "ifs" or "buts" about it—good service prevents many breakdowns!  
**OUR NEW SHOWROOM CARRY A LARGE STOCK OF SPARE PARTS AND SUPPLIES FOR ALL MAKES OF CARS.**

# REFRESHING WINDS

By Gay

THE bus rocked and moaned through the night. Bertha huddled in a corner seat, her wrinkled hands locked in a tense knot in her lap. She reached up once to rub the temples where her hair was snow-white. Well, no, it wasn't actually her head that ached. The place that ached most could not be soothed with human fingers.

She pressed her thin lined face against the cool pane of the window, listening to the sound of the motor. You can't run away — you can't run away — you can't run away, the churning wheels moaned. All right, Bertha answered the challenge, I can't actually run away, but give me a little time. Just a little time to face this new feeling of — she shuddered, hating to name it, even to herself. Uselessness. That was its name and she must face it. She looked out at the passing dark object of the town; she glanced at the other passengers on the bus, and she wondered what she was doing here at all, a part of a group in motion. For it seemed to Bertha that yester-

day at exactly half-past five she had ceased to exist as part of a moving world. She had become utterly, completely useless.

She knew when it began. It began the day her oldest son married and went up North to live, and then again the day her second son decided to take the job in Central America, and just two years ago when her grown granddaughter, who had been living with Bertha, found an apartment with a group of young girls her own age.

Her family's need of her had been severed as completely as a surgeon's knife could cut away some portion of your anatomy. And it was this that had caused her decision to return to her old work of book-keeping.

A commercial agency accepted her application. She obtained work, not right away, but with an excellent firm when it finally came. It was good to feel the activity of her hands, to hear her name on the lips of someone who depended on her, to feel a

niche in the world which she alone could fill.

And then, little by little, she had felt it. A word here and there about age, a close scrutiny by the new personnel manager, the casual mention of more speed being necessary for efficient work. Then, yesterday, at exactly half-past five, the personnel manager had called her to his office. They were replacing her with a younger woman. Women as old as Bertha Tilden were — useless. Oh, he worded it quite tactfully, but that was his meaning.

She flattened her nose against the bus window, trying to see out in the dark night. The bus was moving, but Bertha Tilden's life stood still.

She was aware of tittering. She heard a few raucous comments, and laughter. She turned and looked at the passengers. All eyes were focused on one particular seat of the bus. Bertha leaned forward. A woman, apparently the worse for too much alcohol, had slid down in the seat and with every lurching of the bus, her slight frame sunk a little closer to the floor.

"Must have been good stuff," a man's voice said, and this was met with hilarity by his neighbours.

"Just a few too many, I'd say — haw!"

"Whoops! That one almost got her."

Bertha looked at the woman. Her arms flopped against the seat, her head rolled back, her hat slipped to one side and wisps of hair fell across her face. As she slid deeper into the seat, her coat fell aside and her dress was drawn up to her knees. The bus jerked to a stop and threw the woman's head forward. She opened her eyes for a moment, then closed them again.

"An earthquake couldn't snap her out of a jag like that!" someone jeered, which was cause for more hilarity.

BERTHA stared at the woman's face. It was not a bad face, rather even featured. But Bertha was seeing the small lines around the mouth, the strands of gray hair that mingled with the black, the deep furrow between the eyes that somehow reminded her of pain. Of her own pain. Of all the pain in the world. And it reminded her of a human's attempt, through one means or another, to escape the pain.

Without further thought, Bertha rose and walked over to the woman. She gently straightened the woman's posture, pulled down her skirts and settled her coat neatly across her knees. She took off the woman's hat and began straightening black-and-gray hair into place. The woman opened her eyes, briefly, mut-

(Continued on page 18)

# FAR EAST BOOKS

## HISTORY OF CHINESE SOCIETY By Karl A. Wittfogel

This is a milestone in America's claim to a high place in Sinology although the authors are German and Chinese. The social history of the Liao Empire (907-1125) covers the area of modern Manchuria, Mongolia and northeastern China Proper, dealing with its economic, cultural, political and military institutions as well as its peoples, both Chinese and nomadic founders, the Ch'i-tan. Since 1939 Western and Chinese scholars have been at work under the Chinese History Project of Columbia University on the Twenty-four Dynastic Histories and this is the first volume of the study. The American Philosophical Society and the American Institute of Pacific Relations co-operated in this publication.

Out of the past, nearly a thousand years ago, the authors bring us the story of the Liaos with its geography, population, agriculture, industry, communications, commerce, currency, social organizations, family life, religion, natural calamities, wars, and court life.

There are direct translations from the Chinese text of important events as well as those showing intimate side lights on the life of those distant days. We read that "the emperor looked at the lanterns in the market places. He bought wine at a cost of a hundred taels of silver and ordered the courtiers to buy wine. They drank without restraint for three nights."

Both the Oriental and Western Bibliography is imposing and there are numerous illustrations. Certainly the publishers are modest when they say that this is an impressive contribution to our knowledge of Eastern civilization.

John Goethe in  
The China Monthly.

## CHINA CHANGED MY MIND By David Morris

David Morris was a British conscientious objector, who volunteered to go out to China, and drive an ambulance over the Burma Road for the Friends Ambulance Unit.

In this book he relates his experiences, and, at the end, he flies to India to report to the recruiting officer.

Although the jacket of the book says that "it is the interior of China—with its clear air and dirty villages — its kindness, its

irritations, its wisdom" which led him to change his mind, the book does not make this process at all clear. Actually had David Morris known something about Chinese history and philosophy, he might have realized that the Chinese people had always leaned towards the pacifist idea, and that Lao-tzu had taught: "If a man does not fight, none can fight with him," but long and bitter experience had shown that this theory did not work out in practice. However deeply you may long for peace, others will attack you if you are not strong enough to defend yourself. Such an understanding might have better explained why he left off being a conscientious objector (and justified the title of the book) rather than the trivial incident of his losing his temper in a quarrel with some men on the road.

There are some good descriptions of the trip along the Burma Road, which are of value to remind us of that great adventure, and of Kunming and Kwei-yang in wartime.

The author shows flashes of insight about what he actually saw, and perhaps had he seen more, and had more background, he might not have made some of his facile and unfounded generalizations about conditions in China.

Judith Burling and  
Arthur Hart Burling.

## WAYS OF CONFUCIUS AND OF CHRIST

By Dom Pierre-Celestin  
Lou Tseng-Tsiang  
Translated from the French  
by Michael Derrick

The son of a Chinese Protestant catechist was launched on an important diplomatic and political career, and found himself led into the Roman Catholic Church. Then in 1943, in a Benedictine Abbey in Belgium, Dom Lou put on paper the thoughts and memories that make up this most interesting volume. They cover his career as representative of his country in the capitals of Europe, as Minister for Foreign Affairs in Peking. They tell us of his part in the Versailles Conference, and of his refusal to sign the Treaty, which he considered unjust to China. They record at length, and with his own spiritual pilgrimage as Confucianist and Christian.

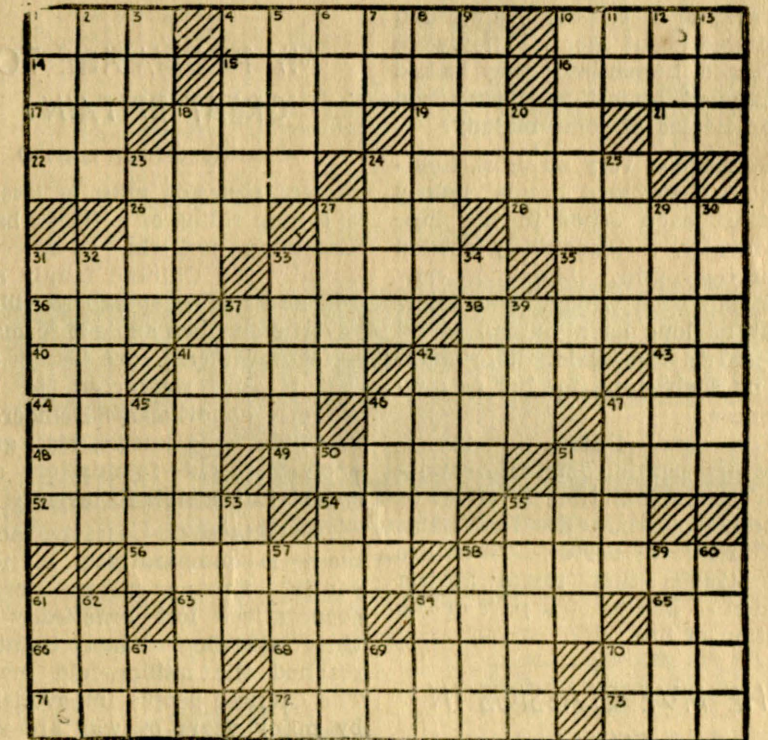
Dom Lou writes affectionately of the Christian father who, in 1884, sent his son to a School of

Foreign Languages in Shanghai. His introduction to the Diplomatic Service he owed to M. Shu King-Shen, Minister in St. Petersburg, in the nineties. M. Shu directed his junior's attention to the contribution of Christianity to European culture, and the long history of the Roman Church, its unity of doctrine and of government, attracted Dom Lou to its fold.

The story of his public career has many memories of humiliation as representative of his country. In the direct, and often moving, record of his religious life, the writer shows what the Christian Faith has meant for one deeply rooted in Confucian ethics, and asserts his belief in what Christianity can mean for China and her people.

E. L. P. In China Review.

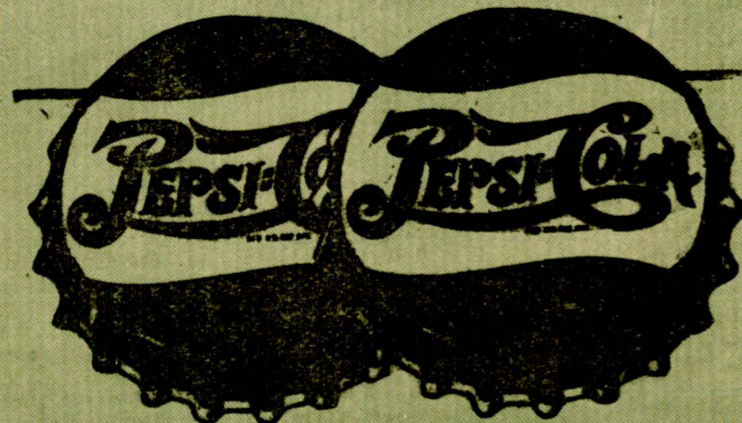
## CROSSWORD PUZZLE



- |  |  |   |
|--|--|---|
| HORIZONTAL   | 47—Lair  | 12—Beverage   |
| 1—A lump   | 48—Nostril   | 13—Son of Noah  |
| 4—Between what king of Israel and Asa was there war all their days? (1 Kl. 15) | 49—Paradises   | 18—To lose freshness  |
| 10—As well   | 51—To ascend   | 20—Greek letter   |
| 14—Fourth caliph   | 52—To glide  | 23—Morning (poet.)  |
| 15—Disclose  | 54—The turmeric  | 24—Heavy fall   |
| 16—Aboard ship   | 55—Pronoun   | 25—Wild-animal couch  |
| 17—A note in the scale   | 56—Charm   | 27—Affectedly precise   |
| 18—To beware of  | 58—Tenth month of the Jewish year? (Est. 2:16)                                 | 29—Cubic metric units   |
| 19—Sly glance  | 61—What land was the home of a "perfect and upright" man? (Job 1:1)            | 30—Ancient ascetic  |
| 21—First person singular   | 63—Type of collar  | 31—With what was Christ crowned in derision?                              |
| 22—Coarsely grounded maize   | 64—Sunken fences   | 32—Wireless antenna   |
| 24—Pertaining to the mails   | 65—Sun god   | 33—Menu-card  |
| 26—Advanced in years   | 66—Bonds   | 34—Serfs  |
| 27—Hawaiian food   | 68—Seesaw  | 37—Is possessed of forever"   |
| 28—To cast down  | 70—One of the chief Babylonian gods? (Isa. 46:1)                               | 39—"For riches are— forever"  |
| 31—Acid  | 71—Newts   | 41—Careless   |
| 33—Immature  | 72—Swirled   | 42—Apparatus for heating liquids  |
| 35—Harness parts   | 73—Lamprey   | 45—Pedant   |
| 36—Female chicken  | VERTICAL   | 46—Prophet  |
| 37—Threadlike filaments  | 1—To what place did David flee from Saul? (1 Sam 27:4)                         | 47—Silver coin  |
| 38—"Thorns and . . . . are in the way of the forward" (Pr. 22:5)               | 2—Medley   | 50—Hummed   |
| 40—Correlative of either   | 3—Prefix: two  | 51—Vertebrae  |
| 41—"Strive not with a man without cause, if we have done thee no . . . . ."    | 4—A mark   | 53—Consume  |
| 42—Son of Seth   | 5—Eagle's nest (var.)  | 55—Heed   |
| 43—Action in law   | 6—Salutation   | 58—Personal pronoun   |
| 44—Most mature   | 7—Symbol for selenium  | 59—A plant  |
| 46—Let it stand  | 8—Resembling sea-salt  | 60—Assembly room  |
|  | 9—Malt drinks  | 61—Shoshonean Indian  |
|  | 10—What thief did the governor release instead of Christ by multitude request? | 62—The second month of the Jewish calendar. (1 Kl. 6:1)                   |
|  | 11—Bone  | 64—Mountain aborigine   |
|  |  | 67—And (L.)   |
|  |  | 69—What did the children of Reuben and Gad call their altar? (Josh 22:34) |
|  |  | 70—Substantive verb   |

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### REFRESHING WINDS

(Continued from page 16)

tered something under her breath, and closed her eyes again. Bertha replaced her hat, covering her hair, neatly. Then she sat down next to the woman, so that as the bus jerked, she served as a bulwark for the woman's sagging form.

And suddenly, the bus was still. The laughter had faded. The comments ceased. Bertha glanced around at the faces of the passengers. They all seemed to be staring at her. Something had changed about them. They were softened, humanized; they looked reclaimed, almost as if they had been healed of some malady.

Bertha sat very straight, holding her wrinkled hands lightly against each other in her lap. Gradually, a tranquillity settled over her mind. She knew now she had been wrong. She knew that as long as a human being existed in the world, there could be no such thing for her as uselessness.

The small things, the inconspicuous helpful acts, the countless gifts of our time or effort or kindness — these are the things that make us useful. These are the things that make Bertha Tilden — and us — a part of the motion of life.

### THE FIVE CLASSICS IN CHINA

(Continued from page 9)

spiring sights of old Peking. They are surrounded by stately sypress trees in the midst of a walled park over three miles round. The Altar of Heaven "consists of three circular terraces with marble balustrades and triple staircases at the four cardinal points to ascend to the upper terrace, which is ninety feet wide, the base being 210 feet across. The platform is laid with marble stones in nine concentric circles and everything is arranged in multiples of the number nine" (Bushell, Chinese Art, I, 43).

The circular form and the number nine symbolize "Heaven." The blue colour of the triple-roof of the Temple of Heaven symbolizes "purity." Other important edifices found in all parts of China are the imposing Confucian Temples and ancestral Halls with adjoining school buildings. The numerous bronze, vessels and jade emblems of exquisite workmanship, the richly embroidered ceremonial robes, the elaborate rituals and the plaintive music, all of which are used in connection with the performance of worship indicate further the significant role which the sacred Five Classics book has played.

In closing we say that the Wu Ching or Five Classics constitute the first set of Scriptures of Confucianism, but it should be point-

ed out that Confucianism is not straightly a religion in the Western sense of the word, for Confucius has never been worshipped as a prophet much less as a representative of God on earth. Confucius is revered only as a sage and a teacher, who teaches man how to give himself to the duties due to his fellowmen and how to serve the spiritual beings. After two thousand years he still remains as the chief moral guide of his people, teaching them to get wisdom, to acquire learning, to be reasonable and to walk humbly so as to learn from them something that is good and true as well as beautiful.

### MY PILGRIMAGE TO GREAT BRITAIN

(Continued from page 9)

present situation must be likened to a man riding on a tiger's back, who knows not what to do. Internally the Chinese family system and her decentralized village government, two ancient forms of self-government, are being adjusted and reinforced to the modern conditions. Democracy in China, who knows, may grow upon her old foundation and sprout into a new form.

The Chinese Co-operative movement is comparatively a newcomer. Its agricultural credit cooperatives lost practically all their meaning, when inflation reached the million-fold mark. The Chinese people impoverished by many years of war are very poor and their purchasing power is practically nil. Yet they have a great deal of forced leisure and there is plenty of surplus manpower in the country. The immediate problem is to help them produce things, increase their income and raise their standard of living. Production and marketing may help the people most at the present stage of development. At any rate, whatever form of co-operation the people themselves feel most needed this should be first introduced. It will undoubtedly be branched in the course of time into other forms of co-operation.

### PERSONALIA

(Continued from page 6)

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Chin Tung of Port Antonio announced the birth of a son on Monday, July 18.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wong also announced the birth of a son on Monday, July 18.

Members of the Chinese Christian Guild will have a basket party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Headley Hosang, 3 Mapletoft Avenue, Springfield-on-Sea,

on Wednesday, July 27, beginning at 7.30 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. C. Chai of Enterprise Grocery, Old Hope Road, gave a dinner for their infant son on Sunday, July 17.

The C.A.C. Cricket team scored an easy victory over Kensington in a Cup match played on Sunday, July 10. Kensington made 65 runs all out while C.A.C. made 75 for 5 wickets.

The cricket team were the guests of Mr. Hubert Tai, honorary secretary of the C.A.C. and Mrs. Tai at a luncheon at their home at Marine Villa on Sunday, July 17.

In the table tennis tournament, the C.A.C. Senior team scored one win and one loss in the past fortnight. They defeated Excelsior team by 4-3 and lost to Progressive by 5-2.

In the Junior Division, the

Answer To Cross Word Puzzle

G	O	B	B	A	A	S	H	A	B	O	T	H
A	L	I	R	E	V	E	A	L	A	S	E	A
T	I	W	A	R	E	L	E	E	R	A	M	
H	O	M	I	N	Y	P	O	S	T	A	L	
O	L	D	P	O	I	A	B	A	S	E		
T	A	R	T	C	R	U	D	E	B	I	T	S
H	E	N	H	A	I	R	S	N	A	R	E	S
O	R	H	A	R	M	E	N	O	S	R	E	
R	I	P	E	S	T	S	T	E	T	D	E	N
N	A	R	E	E	D	E	N	S	R	I	S	E
S	L	I	D	E	R	E	A	H	I	M		
G	L	A	M	O	R	T	E	B	E	T	H	
U	Z	E	T	O	N	A	H	A	S	R	A	
T	I	E	S	T	E	E	T	E	R	B	E	L
E	F	T	S	E	D	D	I	E	D	E	F	

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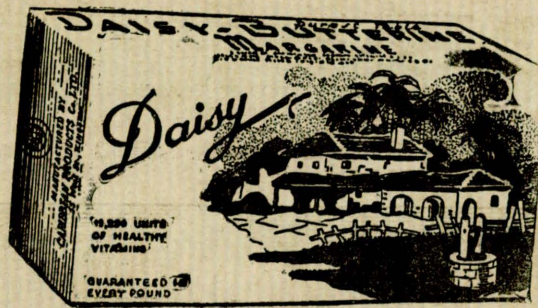
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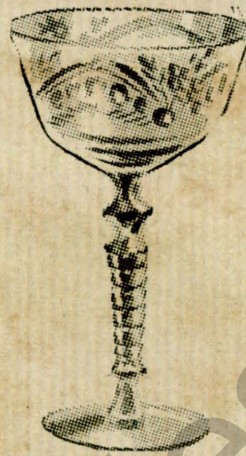
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