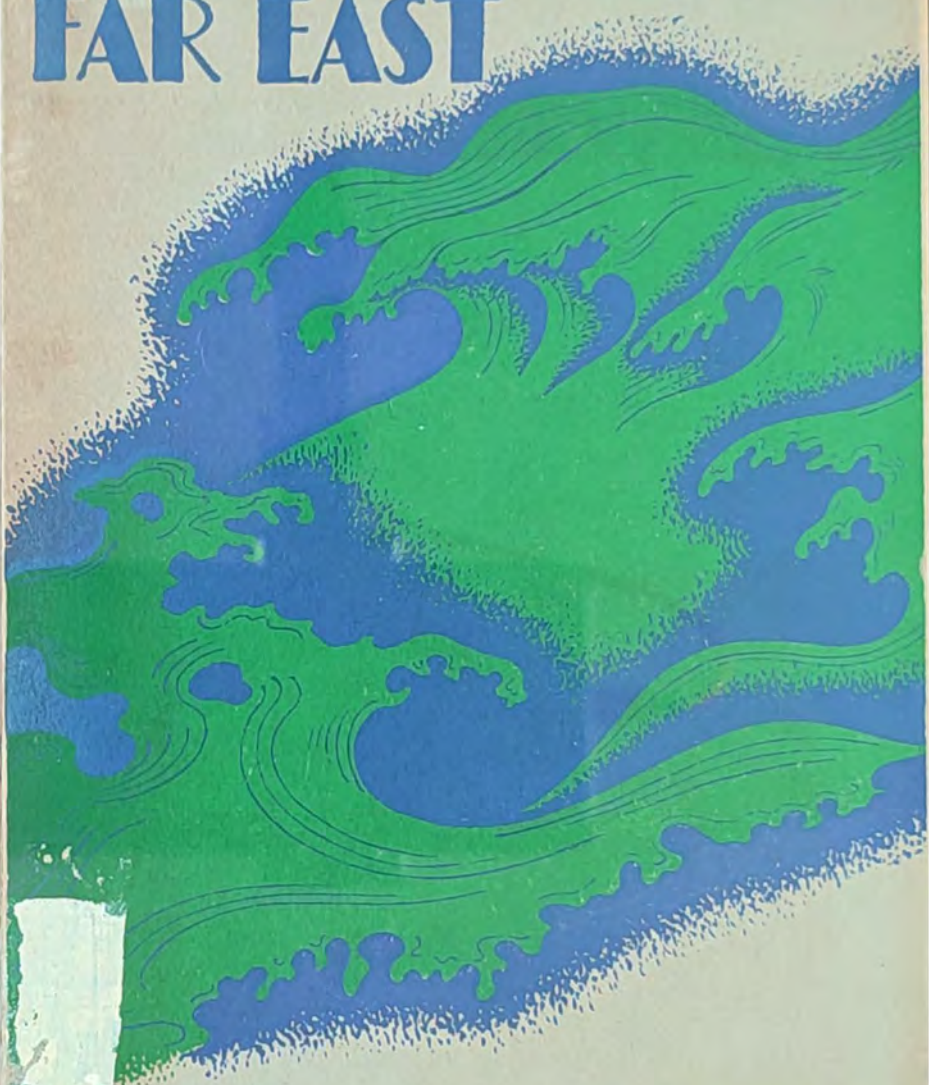


# WORLD TIDES IN THE FAR EAST



BY **BASIL MATHEWS**

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BASIL MATHEWS

AUTHOR OF

*A Life of Jesus, The Clash of Colour*  
*The Clash of World Forces*  
etc.

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### COVER DESIGN

THE design on the cover is based on that of a wave screen by the Japanese artist, Korin. This screen is now one of the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. A reproduction of it may be seen in *The Art of Japan* by Louis N. Ledoux (Japan Society, New York).

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## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

A NEWSPAPER reporter who grumbled at being instructed to write up a great catastrophe in a thousand words was told by his editor that if he would open his Bible and start at the beginning, he would find the narrative of the Creation told in even smaller space. That story has often cheered me when in despair through repeated failures to compress into this little book any adequate picture of the contemporary world drama. Actually the number of words written is at least three times as great as the total which, at last, has been admitted between these covers. This reduction has been achieved, as the reader will discover, not so much through compression, which results in crowded confusion, as through elimination in order to throw the lively reality into relief. Any one who has seen a Chinese or Japanese painting will know what economy of line and elimination of the inessential can achieve. This has been my aim, however inadequately realized. The bibliography will point the reader to many books in which he will discover the detailed record of the past and present life of the Far East.

For the patient, frank, often drastic, but always constructive criticism of friends on the editorial committee of the United Council for Missionary Education that has worked repeatedly over the manuscript, I am deeply grateful. Without the

sustained creative co-operation of Miss W. G. Wilson, the editorial secretary with special responsibility for this book, the volume could never have come into being. At every stage, through the three years since it was first projected, she has brought unflagging zest, labour, and imaginative insight to stimulate the creation of the book, without visibly losing patience under the stress of many delays and difficulties.

My strongest wish is that the book may swiftly be made out of date by a rapid movement of the Far Eastern drama toward the co-operative rebuilding of life to which its argument is directed.

BASIL MATHEWS

S.S. AURANIA

*August 19th, 1933*

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# WORLD TIDES IN THE FAR EAST

## CHAPTER I

### THE SPRINGS OF THE FAR EASTERN CONFLICT

I REMEMBER reading, as a boy, Jules Verne's novel that described a stupendous gun sunk deep into the earth from whose mouth a man was to be shot in a projectile to the moon. The inventor's plan was ruined because the terrific repercussion actually jerked the earth itself off its true axis. That is what the big guns of British warships in the "Opium War" and of the American warship under Commodore Perry did for the Far East. They jerked the oldest and most enduring civilization on the planet, that of China and of her cultural daughter, Japan, clean out of its immemorial orbit. In the short lifetime of men still in the prime of life, a transformation has happened in the Far East, for which we may use all the language of extravagance and still find our strongest adjectives dull and inadequate for the violent movement and dazzling colour, the boundless extent and the radical character of this unique revolution. It has not merely cracked the crust of ancient custom, it is pulverising the past. Without even the beginning of the "blue prints" of a new structure, the rival prophets of new utopias are fighting for foothold amid the dust and debris.

This transformation in the Far East is due to three tidal movements which fill the world with the tumult of their conflicting waves. The first

is the insistent, driving, domineering flow of western civilization. The second tide is swept forward by a volcanic submarine upheaval of national self-determination ; and the third tide is formed by the oceanic currents of Bolshevism. The fact that these three tides surge in a maelstrom of tormented foam in the Far East is the reason why it has now become and is destined to remain a focus of the world's tense interest.

Externally, the world sees Japan and China at grips over Manchuria, with Russia in the background, waiting and preparing a master-blow. And that is, politically, the situation. The real battle-line is quite different. What we see is, in essence, not so much international antagonism as a unique conflict of values of almost terrible fascination. It is not only a war of new values on old—of invention *versus* tradition, or of democratic nationalism *versus* mediæval feudalism. It is the clash also of modern with modern. Communism and nationalism, for instance, are rivals. Each claims to be the basis of a new civilization that it wants to erect on the ruins of the old, although all it may really bring about is new chaos.

Paradoxically enough, the clash, as we shall see, is to be found also within each of these new "religions." In Bolshevism, the passion for social justice for the exploited worker is at odds with its grim philosophy of materialistic determinism in a godless world. Nationalism has its inner conflict between the values which say—"My nation, right or wrong," and those saying "I will live for those high gifts in my nation which can make her of greatest service in the world family." Again, the economic expansion of mechanistic civilization

is torn between the rival values of exploitation for the sake of personal gain and the production of the material goods that the peoples of the world need in ever greater quantity for their well-being.

In this book we shall try to wrestle with the perilous but enticing complexities of that conflict waged to-day under our eyes, a conflict in which each one of us is inextricably involved.

# I

The central danger-zone of that conflict which threatens the peace not only of the East, but of the world, lies in Manchuria. It does so, because, by a strange fate, it is geographically the point at which Japan, the Asiatic spearhead of mechanistic civilization, meets Russia, the nursery of Bolshevism, in a frontier area of China, where we find the most ancient living civilization surcharged with modern nationalism. Thus our three tides surge together in Manchuria in a whirlpool.

Manchuria,<sup>1</sup> as large as France and Germany combined, is essentially a central agricultural plain, bracketed by great curves of mountain range. Like a vast arc, the frontiers of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics cover her north-western, northern and eastern frontiers. Japan, lying like a curved scimitar in the Pacific, faces her south-eastern borders and rules by seizure and by treaty Korea and the Liaotung Peninsula, which jut out from Manchuria into the Yellow Sea. She owns also the South Manchurian railway, which drives right up into that central plain.

The harsh rigours of intense cold in the winter

<sup>1</sup> See map on end papers.

alternate with hot summers to give Manchuria her forbidding continental climate. This has a determining effect on her population. For her agriculture can only prosper at the hands of a hardy, skilled peasant people, capable of sustained, rapid, intensive work on the soil in the short, hot summer ; and with the hardihood to transport the crops along frozen roads and river-ice to the railhead or the port in the biting, long winter. The staple agricultural products are rice and the soya bean, that astonishing food which is disguised in the Far East in far more than " fifty-seven varieties," and which has a place in almost every meal of almost every Japanese, as well as being the farmers' favourite fertilizer. Coal and iron in large and accessible deposits make Manchuria especially attractive to an industrial nation hungry for the raw materials of engineering, ship-building and munitions.

Out of a population of, roughly, thirty millions, more than twenty-eight millions are Chinese. Of the remainder, some eight hundred thousand are Korean, that is, subjects of the Japanese empire. It is unlikely that the three hundred thousand Japanese will greatly increase. For the Japanese are wedded to the temperate zone and have an apparently unconquerable distaste for extremes of climate. Their standard of living also is higher than the Manchurian peasantry can support, and all peoples dislike to move from comfort to relative discomfort.

Scores of thousands of nomad Mongols are also found in western Manchuria. These elusive people, in their proud, liberty-loving splendour of tent-culture, have an attractive loathing for filling up government forms whether for census returns or taxation. The Mongols have the distinction of

being the only people that has sustained long and close connection with China, even to the point of governing her in the days of Kublai Khan, without being absorbed into her cultural life. They are nomads who reject with derision the idea that their civilization is a primitive stage on the road to the higher life of the city and the nation-state. They have a courtesy, a social order, a precise and sensitive scale of spiritual, ethical and æsthetic values. They hold, surely with some truth, that the city dweller, chained to his immovable house and furnishings, his office desk or counter, is a pedestrian slave cut off from the glories of the living world of adventure in the open spaces between God's naked earth and sky. The world, when it took to the ocean routes in the sixteenth century, left the Mongols high and dry; but to-day, when the car and the aeroplane and the railway begin to draw men back to land routes, the nomads of those marvellous Siberian and Mongolian steppes may again become central to the world's civilization.

The smallest group in the population of Manchuria is composed of a hundred and ten thousand Russians, of whom the majority are in the city of Mukden. They are, so to speak, a raft-load of bourgeoisie and intelligentsia of the old Russia; but they are now rapidly losing their nostalgia for the *ancien régime* and adjusting their outlook to the mystery of the future.

There are numerous railways in Manchuria; but the vital lines for our study here look like a rather warped T-square.<sup>1</sup> The cross-bar of the T is the Chinese Eastern Railway built by Tsarist Russia. It cuts the arc of the semi-circle of the Siberian line

<sup>1</sup> See map on end papers.

to Vladivostok, thus saving six hundred miles. This railway concession the crafty de Witte of the St Petersburg Foreign Office wrung from the only less artful Li Hung Chang as a reward to Russia for securing the money with which China could wipe off the indemnity she had to pay to Japan after her defeat in 1894-5. That railway is an eloquent symbol of Russia's urge toward a warm-water oceanic port. The second railway, the upright of the T, is the South Manchurian Railway. Japan rules over it, with the land immediately on either side of it and part of Mukden, which is its terminus, as one of the fruits of her victory over Russia in 1905. A shorter but not unimportant line is Chinese, and runs diagonally from Peiping to Mukden. Four other Chinese lines have been built with competitive nationalistic and commercial aims in view between 1928 and 1931, to the disquiet of the Japanese government.

## II

Why do the policies of Moscow, Tokyo and Nanking come to head-on collision in Manchuria? Let us take Moscow first.

The eyes of Russian rulers were first turned east by a super-Robin Hood named Talmak. Exiled into Siberia by the Tsar, Talmak conquered large areas of it and sent back wonderful stories of wealth in furs and in gold. He offered to the Tsar this new addition to his empire in return for the cancellation of his own exile. Their agreement started the Russian empire on its eastward trend, and like a snowball it has gathered mass and momentum as it has rolled towards the Pacific Ocean.

Russia, baulked of access to the Mediterranean by the Crimean War, pushed troops into Manchuria on pretexts related to her railways and then ever southward until in the 1890's she was in Korea, which was then a kingdom dependent upon China. China had no effective power to hold the Russians back. As can be seen, however, from a glance at the map, Korea in the hands of a powerful, ambitious western empire, aiming at a port in the Pacific Ocean, is a dagger menacing the heart of Japan. So Japan fought China in 1894-5, not so much through hatred of China, as to keep Russia from ruling in Korea.

Out of that victory Japan won Formosa and a lease of the Liaotung Peninsula and a money-indemnity from China. The great powers—Russia, France and Germany (whose Kaiser at that hour discovered and proclaimed to the world “the yellow peril”)—forced Japan by diplomatic pressure to relinquish the Liaotung Peninsula, an indignity that she never forgot or forgave, especially as Russia took the prize. Russia also gave to China French money with which to pay the indemnity demanded by Japan. Russia, during and following the Boxer Rising of 1900, infiltrated more and more troops into Manchuria. It became clear that she meant to make another effort to control Manchuria and thus link St Petersburg with a port in the Yellow Sea. This would have placed her, a gigantic and predatory neighbour, on the very doorstep of Japan. Japan, by one of the strange ironies of history, used the money given to China by Russia to pay the Japanese indemnity, to build the navy and equip the army with which in 1905 she defeated Russia.

The historic meaning of that sensational triumph

is that it initiated deliberate powerful resistance to western imperialism which then threatened to extend over the entire world. The European races already dominated nine-tenths of the earth's habitable surface and four-fifths of its population. China and Japan, with Siam, alone remained free; Britain, however, had already taken Burma and Hongkong from China; France had grasped Indo-China; the Portuguese had Macao; Russia had her huge paw upon Manchuria. "The white peril" was an immediate and overwhelming menace. Japan's grim tenacity, swift mechanization and daring statecraft ended for ever the advance of western imperialism in the East.

The famous Liaotung Peninsula was now again under Japanese rule, giving her the splendid port of Dairen, which has become the mouth of Manchuria and the Singapore of the North Pacific. On the Pacific coast of Asia it is the one great ice-free, all-the-year-round port north of Shanghai. Now that Japan had lost her "phobia" of Russia, her hostility ceased. In a few years the two nations made numerous friendly arrangements for allotting their spheres of influence in Manchuria. They became allies in the Great War.

The Russian Revolution of 1917, however, changed the situation again. Japan's old fear of Russia returned with a new virulence and in a fresh form. She saw that in Bolshevik communism aiming at world dominion, Japanese capitalistic industrialism faced an enemy with whom there could be no real truce. She maintained in eastern Asiatic Siberia and northern Manchuria the armed forces which she and the allied powers had put in to protect their interests in the last year of the war.

At the Washington Conference in 1922 she agreed to withdraw those troops. But she had not shaken off what the psychologists call a "fixation" with Russia as the object.

The question, what has China to do with Manchuria, hardly needs an answer. It is written in history and on the soil to-day. Imperial dynasties running back through ten centuries have held Manchuria as part of their Chinese dominions. The argument advanced by Japanese and their apologists that, because Chang Tso-lin, the Chinese governor of Manchuria, in 1922 renounced his allegiance to the Chinese government, he *ipso facto* declared the independence of Manchuria from China is, of course, foreign to the truth. To Chang this meant an act of civil war within China, like that of any other war lord. He consistently refused dictation from Japan, working simultaneously against Russia and Japan for a free Chinese Manchuria.

Chang's son, who succeeded him in 1928, accepted the new national flag of the Chinese Kuomintang government. As their Commander-in-Chief of the N.E. Frontier Army he worked in Manchuria to maintain the sovereign rights of China. Under him four new Chinese railways were built in Manchuria. New harbour and river conservancy work was initiated; coal-mining, agricultural experiment stations, mills for soya bean and wheat, and steamship and junk traffic were developed.

Manchuria is, and always will be, overwhelmingly Chinese in its population and therefore in its way of life. The Japanese General Staff in Manchuria who set up in 1932 "Manchukuo"—which simply means "Manchu Country"—made use of a disaffected Chinese minority as a façade of "self-

determination " behind which an essentially Japanese organization functions. It is not Chinese. Its policy and its programme, as the Lytton Report<sup>1</sup> proves to demonstration, is controlled by Japanese.

What, then, of the place of Japan in Manchuria ? What excuse can she present for her *coup d'état* of September 1931, when she seized three cities and large territory in forty-eight hours after long secret preparation ? Her interests, which are of very high importance, are political and economic.

Japan feels that Manchuria in the hands of Russia would be a peril of the first order to her own stability and even her independence. Her desire is to see a strong and independent Manchuria actuated by motives of friendship towards Japan. So far, China has found it impossible either to sustain adequate order in Manchuria against the chaotic forces of banditry and the lasting rivalry of war-lords, or to hold back Russia. Japan looks to China and sees some seventy million Chinese under "Red" rulers, who control some two hundred thousand soldiers in areas across the very heart of China.<sup>2</sup> Unless order prevails soon in China under the nationalist government, her four hundred millions may all become organized under Soviet rule. Such a rule, controlling a fifth of the manhood of the world, would make short work of capitalist Japan. Bolshevik Russia has taken over from Tsarist Russia the longing for a "warm-water" ocean port on the Pacific. Japan has suffered repeated examples of Russia's implacable will to dominate Manchuria

<sup>1</sup> Appeal by the Chinese Government : Report of the Commission of Enquiry, C. 663, M. 320.

<sup>2</sup> For an account of Communism in China, see Chap. IV, section II.

and Korea and to threaten her own life. Japan therefore has not shaken off her "fixation" in regard to Russia. Imagine Britain facing a Europe in chaos, with "Red" rulers in authority over areas scattered from Vienna to Ostend!

Japan's argument for her second armed intervention—that in Shanghai—was, in the main, that China in her practice of trade boycott entered on activity that was indistinguishable from war. Her trade with China exceeds by far that of any other country. The policy of the anti-Japanese National Salvation Society not only includes the enforced prohibition of the sale of Japanese goods, but goes to the extreme of actual repudiation of contracts, of the stoppage of all transactions between Chinese and Japanese, and of the strike of all Chinese in Japanese service. The Chinese ban extended beyond goods made in Japan to those made in mills in Shanghai owned by Japanese. The Japanese Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai estimated that the loss there in 1932 exceeded eighteen million pounds, while over eight hundred thousand tons of Japanese goods were "frozen" in warehouses.

Japan claims that her attack on Shanghai in February 1932 was a declaration that this Chinese boycott amounted to warfare. Whether Japan's method of meeting the situation by arguments of shell, bomb and machine-gun is psychologically sound, is open to question.

Another outstanding argument is used by the Japanese to justify their aggression in Manchuria in particular. The argument runs like this: "We, the Japanese, seeing Manchuria at the beginning of this century entirely under Russian military control,

took Manchuria from Russia at enormous cost of blood and treasure [a hundred thousand Japanese died in the 1904-5 war]. We handed it back to China with the exception of the Leased Territory and of the South Manchurian Railway. Since then we have developed Manchuria's foreign trade rapidly, and we have established and run a fine and efficient railway system that is of untold benefit to the millions of Chinese farmers there. We have built schools and hospitals within the railway zone, where the population is eighty per cent Chinese. We have developed mines, factories and agriculture that employ hundreds of thousands of Chinese, who receive higher pay and work under better conditions than if they served Chinese firms. Millions of Chinese have migrated from Shantung, Shansi and other provinces of China, where they have been starving under the gross militaristic oppression of war-lords, and have settled in the Manchurian area where Japanese order prevails."

Japan's further argument, based on her interest in Manchuria, arises from her need for raw materials and markets. In the short period of sixty years between 1872 and 1932 her population has more than doubled (it is now sixty-six million), and it increases every year by fully nine hundred thousand. To-day her population is about four hundred and forty persons per square mile, whereas Great Britain has four hundred and sixty-eight. But the actual position in Japan is more stringent for, owing to the mountainous character of the islands, there are two thousand eight hundred Japanese per square mile of arable land, as compared with two thousand one hundred and seventy in Britain. In Japan practically all the arable land is tilled and the limit

of intensive agriculture has almost been reached, while the cost of agricultural production is high owing to the large use of imported fertilizers. As a result of the growth of population, as much as fifteen per cent of Japan's total imports are now foodstuffs. These must be paid for by exports to the world's markets. They can only be paid for by manufactured goods, and for these Japan must import raw materials.

The importance of China to Japan in this respect is shown by the fact that China (including Hongkong) takes nearly twenty-five per cent of Japan's total exports, while about another eighteen per cent is handled by Chinese merchants in other parts of Asia. Japan sends to China vast quantities of refined sugar, coal, and cotton tissues. In return Japan imports from China (not including Manchuria) twenty-five per cent of her beans and peas, fifty-three per cent of oil-cake, twenty-five per cent of vegetable fibres. Over two billion yen of Japanese capital are invested in China, mainly in Manchuria and Shanghai. There are thirty Japanese banks in China. Fifty per cent of the total spindles in Chinese mills are owned by Japanese. Although Japan's economic dependence on China is thus greater than that of China upon Japan, the prosperity of each is bound up with harmonious and increasing trade relations with the other.

Japan has intense feelings of sentimental patriotic association with Manchuria. An eminent French publicist even calls this "the religion of Manchuria." Japan, as we have already seen, has fought two wars there to save it—she says—from Russian domination. She has possessions there—railways, mines, factories, banks, wealth totalling over a million

yen. On these her economic stability in part rests. Manchuria is thought of by the Japanese, to use the word of their foreign minister, Count Uchida, as their "life-line." They are extremely sensitive as to their relation with Manchuria, and swift to resent any question as to their attitude and action there.

How thoroughly, with what intensity, can those of the West sympathize with such sensitiveness! There are nations in the West who have left, not two hundred thousand, but a million dead on the soil of a continent in a Great War. There are nations among us who are still to-day paying with their costliest treasure for that war. Western nations are denied the essentials of social reconstruction and the higher education of their boys and girls in order to meet the cost of that war. The sums they are paying and have paid run not into millions but into billions of yen. All the ghastly balance sheet is tragic loss, save one thing. They have built up inch by painful inch the beginnings of a corporate world machinery and of habits of international co-operation for sustaining peace, for settling disputes and for making impossible in the future any other such war. We have before us the goal of a new world order in which the controlling forces will no longer be separatist ambition, imperialist aggrandisement, and the subjection of the weak to the tyranny and exploitation of the strong; but co-operation in the happy and constructive ambition of bringing "rival tribute" to the world's market of harmonious production and the strengthening of the weak to walk by themselves. This international co-operation in our interdependent world is imperfectly symbolized in the League

of Nations, that still incomplete structure of peace. That instrument for making effective the ordinary man's hatred of war alone stands between us and a coming war that would, indeed, plunge men into inconceivable horrors of slaughter, pestilence, famine and chaos. When the Great War ended, the allies had in preparation for the campaign of the following year thousands of aeroplanes with which to shatter cities; scores of thousands of new cannon; enough tanks to carry over two hundred thousand men forward irresistibly day after day with all the munitions and food they would require; poison gases of a malignity beyond belief.

Ever since that day, in Europe, Asia and America, chemists and engineers have been straining every nerve in the service of human extermination, perfecting efficient instruments of universal suicide. In any next war valour, discipline, self-sacrifice, physique will avail nothing. A ruthless group, however cowardly and neurotic as individuals, will be able, when in control of the machine, to mow down myriads of the flower of the human race; and to destroy them, not with clean, swift death by sword or bullet, but with poison and pestilence.

Any man, then, or any nation, or any international group that undermines the still fragile structure of international co-operation, which has in it the beginnings of a world temple and fortress of peace, shoulders a hideous responsibility beyond the power of human speech to express. For that structure is to us all—to all men of all nations—our "life-line."

Japan's action, if carried through to its conclusion, would surely destroy that structure. She has indeed suffered and is suffering a terrible strain

upon her national spirit. No one who has learned to reverence her past and share glorious hopes of her future will fail to sympathize with her. But her military machine in the hands of its fascist enthusiasts has broken treaty obligations. It has broken by deeds the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact, denied and defied the principles of the "Open Door" in China and of China's sovereign integrity, to which she has given repeated adherence in solemn treaties deliberately signed. Has the world then, as it sees its life-line thus menaced, no cause to be sensitive ?

All that the League of Nations stands for is in real fact Japan's own true life-line. For all that she needs and all that China needs for their full growth can be secured through international processes. If, however, Japan does persist in pursuing her isolated course, she will be herself in the long run, by the inescapable working of the cosmic moral law, the cause of her own downfall. She would thus produce one more in the dreary and tragic sequence of disasters which nations have brought upon themselves, by carrying to immoral extremes and under changed conditions the very principles and processes on which their initial triumphs were based. It is impossible, however, to escape the conviction that the precise opposite will come to pass. Japan's ancient and sober nationalism and her international good sense will lead her into the superb leadership that is her true destiny: the leadership that will build in the East, in co-operation with her sister China, strong pillars of understanding which will at last make the temple of peace secure upon the earth.

## CHAPTER II

### THE RHYTHM OF CHINA

Two teams of Chinese schoolboys are playing a fast and furious game of net-ball in the courtyard of an ancient temple. From the walls serene images of the Buddha gaze over the boys' heads, contemplating the Absolute.

In the shadow of a Confucian village temple, whose tablets have been defaced and whose roof shelters piled rifles, scores of grey-clad "Red" soldiers celebrate their success in eluding a military drive by troops of the nationalist government. Their officer is recently back from Moscow and tells them of Marx's slogan: "Workers of the world, unite: you have nothing to lose but your chains."

A Chinese aristocrat scholar sits in his study reading, in that ancient lovely script which is one of the supreme creations of the genius of the human race, a poem written by the troubadour Li Po, the most universal of China's lyric poets. Twelve hundred years ago, when the Moslem forces were invading France, he wrote:

*The yellow dusk winds round the city wall :  
The crows are drawn to nest,  
Silently down the west  
They hasten home, and from the branches call.  
A woman sits and weaves, with fingers deft,  
Her story of the flower-lit stream,  
Threading the jasper gauze in dream,*

*Till, like faint smoke it dies ; and she, bereft,  
Recalls the parting words that died  
Under the casement, some far eventide,  
And stays the disappointed loom,  
While from the little lonely room  
Into the lonely night she peers,  
And, like the rain, unheeded fall her tears.<sup>1</sup>*

A breeze blows aside the curtain from this scholar's window as he reads. Looking out into the street he sees a laughing group of Chinese shop-girls hurrying along to the "pictures" to watch Maurice Chevalier in *The Love Parade*.

Such pictures could be multiplied in every part of China to-day. In each of them we see two contrasted attitudes to life, two differing goals envisaged.

Here, in our first picture, "the wild joys of living" challenge the conviction of Gautama Buddha that the goal of life is to be set free from the illusion of material life and from the suffering that it entails.

Our second picture reveals the temple built to perpetuate the wisdom of Confucius. For him the goal was harmony, through courtesy to the living and through reverence for ancestors, expressing the essential loyalties of human relationships. His now half-ruined temple is sheltering men whose goal is the dictatorship of the proletariat through the bitter violence of class war. The enemy whose discomfiture these soldiers celebrate is an army fighting, not for the Confucian harmony, but with

<sup>1</sup> Translated by L. Cranmer-Byng in *A Lute of Jade* (Wisdom of the East). Quoted from *Asia*, June, 1933.

passionate devotion towards the modern nation—aggressive, militant, defiant.

Again, in our third picture, the resigned, home-building young womanhood of oldtime weeping by her loom for her lost love is contrasted with the adventurous, individualist modern girl, rattling along from this thrill to that sensation, lured on by her gospel of "having a good time."

Perhaps a cynic might discover one of the few points of common agreement between the ancient values and those of our modern day of blundering policies and unadventurous political programmes in the poem which Su Tung-po wrote on the birth of his son in the eleventh century, at the time when William the Conqueror was climbing to the English throne :

*Families, when a child is born  
Want it to be intelligent.  
I, through intelligence,  
Having wrecked my whole life,  
Only hope the baby will prove  
Ignorant and stupid.  
Then he will crown a tranquil life  
By becoming a Cabinet Minister.<sup>1</sup>*

## I

Those who try to read the story of the thousands of years of Chinese history in the record of its dynasties rest their eyes on fallacious guides. The military dictators, who, conquering China, used it as the background of conquest from the Yangtze to the Danube, are no more and no less the history

<sup>1</sup> *A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems* : translated by Arthur Waley. (Constable & Co.)

of China than the Jungfrau is Switzerland. They, like that mountain, have a great place, and from them, as from it, flow streams of influence. In those emperors we do see the cause and the effect of shattering wars, of servitude and majesty, of famine and plenty, of patronage of the liberal arts or their decline.

But the real history of China is one that only a Cantonese Dickens or a Peking Balzac could write. It could be painted, not by a Velasquez, whose forte is the portraiture of striking, haughty and intensely dignified persons, but by one of the Dutch masters, who give us the very genius and atmosphere of the "interior"—the common life of the family. For China has never really been governed from above by laws. Traditions that have more than the force of law, interpreted and pronounced by the grandfathers of the family or the elders of the clan, have enforced themselves. The rich soil of the Yangtse Valley, which has for centuries supported so many millions of Chinese peasants, has been carried down by the full waters through thousands of years and deposited on that vast plain. So the customary ways of the Chinese people are the silt of the people's experience of life, the deposited common sense of the nation. Again and again powerful conquerors came from without and held sway over China, but they never changed the frontiers of the Chinese family or shook the unblinking rule of the grandfather and the mother-in-law. The Manchu despots, invading from the north, imposed the queue upon the head of China's manhood as a symbol of subjection from the time of Queen Elizabeth till after the death of Queen Victoria; but they never

influenced what was within the Chinese head. On the contrary, the Manchu became completely subject to Chinese culture. So its majestic rhythm beats its deliberate way across the centuries.

What are the prevailing tones in its harmony ? Loyalty to the family into which a man is born ; loyalty to the guild in which, by his birth, he is called to work as a boy by the side of his father, and then as master craftsman ; loyalty to the government through the local official, responsible to the governor of the county, reporting to the viceroy appointed by the emperor.

Let us seek in a Chinese "interior" the sources of her life. We cannot do better than ask the guidance of Nora Waln, born of a Philadelphia Quaker family, whose experience in living as "daughter of affection" in a Chinese family gives her book, *The House of Exile*, its unique value. The description that follows owes everything to this book.

The vermilion gates open and the gateman bows us in with smiles. We are of the family ; so the greeting comes to us : "Happiness springs up of itself in a united family." We enter ; the gates are closed. They are the only entrance or exit through the grey wall that surrounds the homestead, which covers acres of ground.

Within the homestead live eighty men and women, boys and girls, ruled over by the Elder. He is the oldest representative of the family, the Honoured One, who plans the marriages of his granddaughters and grandsons ; or goes forth in dignity through the "To and From the World Gates" to preside in the village at the Council of the Guild of Craftsmen of which he is the head. When the

Elder dies he leaves no will, for he owns nothing. All belongs to the family which never dies.

The heart of the building is the Hall of Ancestors. It is not a solemn and cold vault of death, but a home of the elders. All important events are told to the ancestors. Their spirits await with happy expectancy the news of a fresh birth in the family, whose welfare and continuance is their chief concern. In the Library Court, in addition to the books, are chests that hold the archives of the family. In one chest is the letter that Kublai Khan sent to a member of the family in South China calling him northward to this part of the country in order to give his special skill in the planning of the extension of the Grand Canal. That was nearly seven hundred years ago; but the original family is still consulted on high occasions; and the people of the village still add to the name of our family the name of the city hundreds of miles away from which that ancestor came in the thirteenth century. It was he who began the building of this house. On the first stone that he laid he had these words carved :

Glazed brick, white mortar, and blue roof-tiles do not make a house beautiful; carved rosewood, gold cloth and clear green jade do not furnish a house with grace. A man of cultivated mind makes a house of mud and wattle beautiful; a woman, even with a pock-marked face, if refined of heart, fills a house with grace.

And the moral of the seven hundred years in which that house has grown as the shell of the unbroken continuous life of the family is that

Man and woman in perfect harmony are like the music of the harp and lute.

Time is kept in this house by candles burning before the bronze Bird of Dawn. The candles are made and lighted by the gatekeeper, whose ancestors for eleven generations have measured time thus in this house and whose grandson to-day has inherited their intuition and skill. The seasons go by the sun. Our family knows the calendar by which the West runs the world ; but the farmers' calendar has no relation to it, and its times are called by its characteristics—as "Spring Divided in the Middle," when the Elder in his ceremonial ploughing coat cuts three furrows to open the ploughing season ; till the "Time of Clear and Bright Air," when it is decreed that the earth shall no longer be tortured nor man labour for three days of glorious festival, when, among multitudes of pleasures, the musicians of the family play on reed flutes at the graves of the ancestors "for the pleasure of the souls" ; and so on through the year.

The rhythm of life is sustained by a controlled ceremonial that is significant of life in all its elements. For instance, the maidens on going to visit the Lady of First Authority kneel to her with the salute named "flowers bent by the nourishing rain" ; or accept a cup of tea with the bow called "sapling swept by the wind."

The Chinese home we have just visited is one of wealth and refinement, and readers of Pearl Buck's books, for instance, may contrast with it the millions of tiny huts in which live China's peasant-farmers. Yet, different as these homes are in their outward setting, the notes of the same harmony prevail in them all, and their life moves to a similar rhythm. It is appalling to try to grasp what an impression of barbarity the jerky, incon-

sequent brusqueness of the West must make upon a spirit to whom all this is essential in the art of life.

## II

This book could be filled ten times over with detailed records of the significant things done every day of the year according to the rites which Confucius himself edited two thousand five hundred years ago. In China the family has done and still does for the individual all and more than all that is done for the individual in the West by the insurance company, the building society, the lending library, and the education, unemployment relief and old-age pension departments of governments. Similarly, the guild is to the individual Chinese more than the trade union, the chamber of commerce, the apprentice system and the technical school are to the western craftsman. This solidarity and sense of harmony within a group community runs into relations with the state. The one state official whom the mass of the country and townspeople ever meet is called the "father and mother" official; and he has, as such, survived all the revolutions so far.

There never has been in China, since the Han dynasty crushed the feudal lords in the third century before Christ, any closed aristocracy or any privileged path to power by birth or by wealth. The only aristocracy has been that of the scholar-rulers. Their ranks have always been open to the son of any village tiller of the soil or craftsman's boy, who could win his way through the examination halls to public office and so could found a family in which the traditions of the *literati* took root.

The essence of their education was in the Classics of Confucius (551-479 B.C.). He found, and made more coherent, an even then ancient moral tradition. He breathed new life into the "Wisdom of the Whiskered Men"—the Ju—a college of scholars who, five hundred years earlier still, when Solomon ruled Israel and Rome was beginning, taught China the "Great Rule of Life." At the heart of it are the loyalties that bind human beings in the social obligations of the subject and his sovereign; the child and his parent; the wife and her husband; the older and younger brother; the friends. These were worked out in profound terms of social philosophy.

Heaven—silent, inscrutable, but all-powerful—wedded to earth, gives birth to all life. Even the emperor was in a larger family; he was at once the "father of his people" and the "son of heaven." His authority to rule lay not in birth, but in virtue. Virtue for the emperor had two sides. He was to be obedient to heaven, his parent on the one side; and, on the other, a model parent to his people. If the emperor failed in virtue, thus incurring the just anger of heaven, his authority was at an end and rebellion became justified.

How, however, was the emperor to shed the light of his virtue over the hundreds of millions of his subjects? This could only be done through his counsellors—the superior or noble-men, wise, benevolent, living for the common good. What made them "superior"? It was knowledge and cool, objective judgment; the practice of the Doctrine of the Mean, being neither carried away by flaming enthusiasm nor cast down by despair; being influenced neither by favouritism nor by prejudice.

What, then, was the common man to do? Learn from the sages what was right and carry it into action. Incapable of judging between right and wrong, the ordinary citizen's duty was correct conduct. "Manners makyth man." These loyalties, then, were the very nerve and sinew and blood-stream of the body of the people. And it was in this knowledge, enshrined in the *Classics*, that the scholars were examined.

Confucius has had what Mr E. Manico Gull<sup>1</sup> suggestively calls "an old-worldly influence." This, however, does not mean that he stood for things as they were. In essence he was (as the great thinker, Dr Hu Shih, who is often called "the modern Confucius," says) a statesman and a reformer. He was called to a high post in government; but harsh opposition balked his work for reform, and so he dedicated his life to the education of the youth of his own day. Politics and morals were one and the same thing to him. He often proposed novel ideas and fathered them on one of the ancients in order to secure their acceptance.

We see, then, the essential old China with its ninety per cent of peasants spread across the wide plains and in the folds of the mountains in unnumbered villages, each supporting its own life by agriculture and handicraft, governing its own affairs, settling its own disputes, controlled by habitual ways of life passed down through countless generations and mellowed with a culture that came from the *literati*, the "noble-men" of the land. Alongside this village life, which was and is dominant in China, were large towns and some great cities where the guilds of craftsmen ruled

<sup>1</sup> *Facets of the Chinese Question.*

the groups of working people by ancient tradition in ways parallel to the customs of the peasants. Man was everywhere the worker, often the beast of burden, living in incessant labour with no aid of the machine, but labouring, nevertheless, for his own folk at a leisurely pace, nor owing any mechanical wage-servitude to a harsh, impersonal factory.

The strength of that China can never be fully grasped if we ignore the incessant streams of loyalty and of wealth that pour back to the ancestral homes of the Chinese from their emigrants. The Far Eastern tropics owe a large degree of their development to the frugal, vigorous, tenacious Chinese, whose prosperity and progressive strength in wealth and in population often menace the future of the more languorous native peoples. They are, generally speaking, contented citizens under the foreign power that governs the land they live in; but their cultural and emotional loyalty is to the ancestral home.

The traditional western picture of the Chinese as inscrutably subtle is not true of the mass of the people. The *literati*, and indeed the far wider ranges within the scope of Confucius' ideal of the superior or "noble" man, discipline themselves with stoical strength and silky courtesy to hold their feelings in control. But the Chinese at his work, coolies competing for hire, a crowd listening to a communist or nationalist demagogue calling out angrily against the capitalist or the imperialist or both, the seething mass around a street quarrel or accident, will convince any observer that no western people is swifter in emotional response. Sometimes one is led to the conviction that their

quest of the art of life is the result of the need for steadying the fiery, restive steed of their emotional drive.

The Chinese see life rather as an art than as a business. So we shall be likely to see deeper into the soul of China through her art than is true of any other nation in the world, save possibly, as we shall see in the next chapter, of her cultural daughter, Japan.

The West acts generally on the belief that if you have truth and a technique for conveying truth, the problem of educating a people is solved. China at least has known for millennia that this is not so. It knows that life is not so much a business based on knowledge as an art based on intuition: a trained intuition that is loyal to spiritual and moral values. Efficiency as a ladder to personal success is the western goal. Virtue, and above all, the virtue of benevolence, as a stepping-stone to harmony is the goal for Confucius.

The story of art in human life presents no parallel to that of China with its continuity without any complete break from at least three thousand years before Christ. Those early centuries give us, of course, no colossal creations like the pyramids of Egypt, or the palaces of Nineveh and Babylon. But Chinese individual artists, in the bronze sacrificial vessels and the pottery that they made for purposes of worship, were making the most astonishing discoveries of harmony in line and mass. This creative freedom, burning with conviction and imaginative fire, was indeed only possible where—as in China—no great despotic central ruler (like one of the Egyptian Pharaohs or the Mesopotamian emperors) could crush out individual intuition by

commanding the creation of some artistically meaningless futility, such as a pyramid, to commemorate his own imperial effulgence. Indeed, in those early Chinese bronzes the standard of value is neither luxury nor glory, nor even technical finish, marvellous as that often is, but the expression of living rhythm.

An influence that simultaneously extended the range and cramped the style entered with the spread of Buddhism from the fifth century A.D. First, however, the Chinese showed the most significant of all their qualities—one that is vital to our view of the present crisis and the future of the Far East. They took the Buddhist art that came to them from Central Asia in half Greek, half Indian forms, and immediately it became Chinese. Their sculptured figures of the Buddha were often amazingly successful in their expression of serene contemplation detached from the world of illusion. Supremely beautiful, and sometimes, as in the immense cave-sculptures, even more impressive through their colossal size and eerie environment, they yet tended to limit creative imagination by their concentration on this single figure of the Buddha with its very limited scope for expression. Buddhism made its mark on Chinese art also in the fine and far more varied and liberal work of the fresco paintings on the walls of Buddhist temples.

The spirit of the East and of the West comes into most illuminating contrast when we look at a Chinese water-colour on silk (which is the characteristic medium of Chinese art) side by side with a Greek statue. Place, for instance, one of the seventh-century landscapes, or the interior by Chou

Fang painted early in the ninth century and called "Listening to Music," side by side with the Apollo Belvedere. The restless Greek artist, avid in his insatiable western curiosity and his desire to reproduce in the work of art itself all that is in his model, gives us not simply his impression of athletic youth, but, with a scientific precision wedded to technical perfection, the individual youth himself that he may make his direct impression upon us. The Chinese artist, on the other hand, rejects with sensitive economy of strokes everything that is not essential to create in the spirit of the onlooker the impression that is living in his own mind. The spiritual life of the Chinese can be seen through this marvellous interpretative medium of landscape painting in water-colour on silk developed toward perfection a thousand years before that of Europe.

When the Chinese scholar thinks of life as an art, he includes all its activities and all its tools, even the process in which at this moment I am engaged, that of writing. Writing, for instance, for thousands of years, was one test of fitness to govern. Writing means painting with swift, disciplined brush-strokes rhythmically constructed characters, each of which has come down through centuries as a symbol for an idea. In many cases the characters are actually symbolic of the things that the lines represent: "peace" is a woman under a roof; "incomprehensible mystery" is made up of the symbols for "young" and "woman." "In the West," says Mr Arthur Waley, "writing is a convenience; in the East it is almost a religion."

Life, then, is behaviour practised as an art in rhythmic harmony with other men and with nature. Confucius, searching for a norm of all

behaviour, finds it in *li*, which is propriety or courtesy; that is the action, harmoniously appropriate to the occasion, that will make for good feeling and right relationships. Right action, sound habits, sensitive behaviour are of the essence of life.

## III

Confucius, however, was by no means allowed to have it all his own way. Lao-tsze (about 550 B.C.) developed his philosophy of inaction, which appears to be a direct contradiction of all that has been said. Paradoxically, yet logically, Lao-tsze said that because Nature works incessantly in sustained creative activity it is man's duty to let that "streaming, ever-changing energy of the universe" (to use Mr Laurence Binyon's phrase) do its work without our intervention. He really makes, by this appeal to the moving life-force of the cosmos, a most thoroughgoing attack on our twentieth-century mechanistic civilization two thousand four hundred years before it emerged. Lao-tsze's argument is that the greater the number of inventions and weapons, the greater the trouble in the state. Therefore the wise man says: "I practise non-action and the people reform themselves. I pursue quietude and the folk become good. I innovate no policy and the people get wealth. I desire nothing and the people practise simplicity."

The explanation of this paradox of *wu wei* lies in the initial idea that Nature is at work. She does things and sets up her own standards. If we start fussy activity, we are more likely to hinder than to help. It is impossible to capture in any net of words this doctrine of Lao-tsze, known to the

Chinese as *Tao*—which being interpreted means *The Way* or *The Path*. He felt this himself, declaring :

*Those who speak do not know ;  
Those who know do not speak.*

Chinese landscape painting opens a window for us into this Taoist spirit in relation to public service. Confucius, as we have seen, set down in firm moral precept a stoic discipline of dutiful service to the community through public office, and this became a goal of life for ambitious and idealistic youth in every village in the empire. The contrary element in human nature expressed itself in the Taoist reaction towards quiet contemplation of the activity of Nature. Landscape painting stepped in just here as the supreme "escape" for the man tied to his task. It was not a religious or ascetic hermit life that the Taoists (Way-ists) sought, but the spiritual food of fellowship with the hills and the sea.

How Lao-tsze would have leapt to the recognition of Wordsworth when he wrote :

*. . . I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.*

Unable and unwilling to sustain the high sense of public duty that Confucius taught, the Taoists

led—if talking and living the gospel of inactivity can be called leadership—a reaction against state service. “Why go place-hunting in Nanking?” they cynically inquired. Living very simply, and even shedding the scholarship that the strenuous Confucius enjoined, they lived in a spirit alluringly described by Tao Ch’ien (A.D. 365-427), the most lyrical of their poets:

*What boots it to wear out the soul with anxious thoughts?  
I want not wealth; I want not power;  
Heaven is beyond my hopes.  
Then let me stroll through the bright hours as they pass,  
In the garden among my flowers;  
Or I will mount the hill and sing my song,  
Or weave my verse beside the limpid brook. . . .  
My spirit free from care.*<sup>1</sup>

It is hard for us who feel sympathy with those who wove the poet’s clothes, made his sandals, grew his vegetables, built his house and so on, to agree as fully as we should wish with this ideal of the passive life, which may be called meditation, but is a near neighbour to laziness. Nevertheless, can we not all feel, at any rate at times, the call to submit to the pulse and power of nature, to allow ourselves to be carried on its quiet eternal stream?

The essential teaching of *wu wei*—inaction—hung in enormous symbols above the throne of the last of the Manchu rulers at the beginning of this century in Peking. It hung there when a civilization springing with energy from precisely the contradictory principle was about to break in upon Chinese life. That western civilization has issued from the conviction that to harness and guide the

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in *Asia*, June, 1933.

forces of nature is the gateway to invincible power and the door into new and entrancing lands of enjoyment, a vast extension of life. A western inventor like Edison or Marconi, a western manufacturer like Henry Ford, a western scientist conquering yellow fever in Panama or sleeping sickness in Africa, would laugh to derision this gospel of "Let Nature take her course." But there is even to-day, in all this upheaval in the Far East, a silent "something" in the Chinese people that waits and watches and waits. Their sages seem to ask whether, after all, this insistent domineering mechanistic drive is not committing suicide by its own excess and whether—after all, and when all is said—the world will not find in Confucius' principle of harmony through loyalties and Lao-tsze's *Way of Inaction* a necessary element in the foundations of a new civilization. For China to scrap all of that marvellous pervasive cultural unity, just because it does not fit the idiosyncracies of our restless, largely rootless, and transient mechanistic civilization would be lunacy.

To western civilization to-day the state, the nation, large-scale industry and commerce are the essential hallmarks. To China, the state and even the nation have been the vaguest of ideas. She has been a vast, almost uniform, culture that has held flexibly together the community of family, clan and guild groups. The western business man who has some gift of insight blended with his commercial technique, will find a fascinating study in the new experiments now being made in China to carry the ancient loyalties into the modern world. One of these is the Chambers of Commerce, which are far closer to the workers than those in the West and

carry some of the spirit of the guild into the wider relationship. If China can hold on to her ancient institutions long enough to graft into them the finest elements of western energetic initiative and exploration, the world may wake up in surprise to find her in a novel and splendid sense "The Middle Kingdom": the world's central laboratory in which a civilization will come into being with deep roots in the eternal loyalties of the family and craftsmanship for service, and spreading branches of new growth bearing flower and fruit for the nations and giving the protection of its shade to those in need.

If, for example, mass production and national and international planning are now bringing us to the dawn of the Leisure State, then the essence of our modern problem is to learn the art of life; and it may be that the only people in the world who have wrested the real secret of leisure for the greater life are the Chinese.

"The values of the East and the West do not clash," as L. Adams Beck declares in *The Story of Oriental Philosophy*. "They are supplementary and interchangeable; and it will be well for the world when this is fully realized, and there is free circulation of thought. The faith of a nation is her soul. Her literature is her intellect. Nations who do not meet on these grounds cannot understand one another, and understanding is the most vital need of the present day."

Seeing the shortcomings of the ways of life of East and West, and regarding their essential virtues as complementary and not really contradictory, we may look to a new goal. Still hidden from us, there is in keeping for man within the divine foresight a deeper principle of unity. In it we shall gather the

values of both the Orient and the Occident into a living conception of progress. We shall move with stronger conviction and enthusiasm to the service of that Kingdom in which men work to free those who are in prison, feed the hungry, clothe the naked and heal the sick, finding in so doing "the peace that passes understanding," and their motive for activity not in acquisition but in the fact that "God is Love."

## CHAPTER III

### THE UNFINISHED QUEST OF JAPAN

#### I

A VESSEL set sail westward from a large island in the Pacific Ocean with her bows towards the continent of Asia. She was leaving a group of islands inhabited by warring tribes so primitive that they had no written language. On board was a group of men going as an embassy to the court of an empire sustained by the most highly cultured civilization in the world. This envoy from the group of Japanese tribes was seeking the brilliant capital of the Han dynasty, from which radiated across China and beyond its frontiers the most brilliant culture that had ever dazzled Asia, and even Europe. In those days a Roman matron could buy in the bazaar for her child an ivory Chinese toy more beautiful than any that Roman craftsmen could carve, and Chinese jade has been found in the ruins of Troy.

The date when these Japanese visitors crossed to China was A.D. 57; about five years after the British prince Caractacus, chieftain over other tribes without a written language, had been carried from his island home at the other end of the Euro-Asiatic continent to be led through Rome under the arrogant glance of Nero. The British chief was at the chariot wheel of a triumphant general

of the empire that then dominated the western world as the Han dynasty ruled in the east.

When the Japanese visitors landed in China they were smitten with wonder touched with awe. And well might they be. For they had come into this world of learning and lovely craftsmanship from tribal villages where harsh fabrics were crudely woven in huts, where potters made simple earthenware crocks, and life was regulated by no coherent moral standard of values or idea of the universe.

Their desire was to carry the seeds of that ancient, yet living, Chinese culture back to their own island home. For this purpose these Japanese visitors were equipped with two great qualities that mark their race to-day. The first was the most endearing and enduring of all their characteristics—a sensitive responsiveness to loveliness in nature and in art. For their pantheistic nature worship was rooted, not in fear, as is usual with tribal animists, but in grateful joy. It may well be that this harks back to the Stone Age, when inhabitants of Siberian wastes, migrating southward from the harsh rigours of the continental winter, helped to populate the islands of Japan. There, blending with the warmer-blooded folk who had migrated north-eastward from southern China, and possibly from the Malay archipelago, they could not but hail with delight the novel mildness and the splendours of the island spring. This may well be at the heart of the Japanese racial responsiveness to colour and form in bud and flower and line and movement, in the flight of a bird and the curving swirl of a fish.

The second gift that they carried, and which they still possess, was that power of selective imitation and syncretic adaptation which, in the

long run, makes a new creation out of borrowed ideas. Rich in these gifts they carried back with them not only bronze bowls and graven swords, silks and filigree, the marvellous bronze Han mirrors and porcelain, with its harmonious curves and colours, but weavers, silk cultivators, and other craftsmen to teach them how to make similar things. The Japanese also took back with them then and on later similar voyages the priceless scrolls of wisdom of Confucius, Lao-tsze, Mencius, and Gautama Buddha.

All that those early Japanese sailors knew of their islands was the southern part. Some of the hundreds of tribes had already been welded into a unity there by an invading chief, Jimmu-Tenno—Jimmu the emperor—whose figure looms vaguely through a mist of legend. His lineage is traced to the Sun Goddess who sent him to Japan to conquer it. His rule never went north of where Kyoto now stands. The Japanese paid tribute to the emperor of China, somewhat in the way that the Saxon kings of southern England paid *danegeld*.

Their native worship, which has grown into what is called Shinto, was (and has fundamentally remained) a sense of joy in the rhythmic energy of Nature and the beauty of created life, combined with a worship of procreation itself. Earthly life is in itself enough; the sense of infinity or of eternal life is so distant as to be uninteresting in contrast with "the joys of living." Virtue is in essence cleanness of spirit secured by ceremonial washing; physical uncleanness is the nearest approach to "a sense of sin." Shinto is non-moral; to be "good" is to live a normal, healthy, natural life. With practically no theology, Shinto has concentrated

upon its ritual. Adopted by the imperial house, this cult has rewarded the emperors by becoming in many ways a marvellous emotional medium for arousing the people's enthusiasm for the throne to the level of a positive religion. In the days of our visitors to China in the first century, however, this was in its infancy.

It was a strange adventure, this project of clothing a people that had no civilization, no moral code, and no ancient tradition with the raiment of Confucian loyalties and state service. For Japan set to work at once to adopt not only the moral principles, but also the political structure of China. Oddly enough, the clothes fitted with uncanny precision, and the Chinese Confucian raiment of filial piety, leading up to loyalty to the emperor, was draped upon the Japanese body. But Chinese civilization was already an adult in its prime vigour; the Japanese were children launching at that hour into the swift growth and the constant change of adolescence, and it was unlikely that their borrowed clothing would always fit to such perfection. They began a strange epoch in which their own native ideals and ways of life simultaneously blended and clashed with the imported systems from the mainland. The turmoil was intensified by the fact that the coming of the written word into Japanese life opened dazzling and illimitable vistas of new and hitherto undreamed-of ideas and emotions. Poetry, philosophy and ethics, law and art and architecture came in like a tide.

Most momentous of all, the scriptures of Buddhism were to transform the very substance of Japanese thought about the universe and human life and

worship ; although, simultaneously, the Japanese spirit was to give to Buddhism some of the most alluring re-moulding that that malleable faith has experienced.

The pilgrim who seeks to discover what Buddhism has done for the people of Japan, and—an affair in some ways even more remarkable—what the spirit of Japan has done with Buddhism, will find his best guide in the sculptures and paintings of the land. He will get an even more vivid and sharply focused picture of the Japanese spirit if he will set the works of those artists alongside those of their Buddhist confrères of India and China. Buddhism brought to the rather hard, at times almost metallic, self-confidence of the Japanese and to their pre-occupation with the lovely exterior of things, a sense of awe in the presence of the majesty of the Unknowable and a sense of wonder at the spiritual beauty that lies hidden beneath the surface of things. Buddhism helped the Japanese to escape from what Mr Arthur Symonds once called “the bondage of exteriority,” to which we of all nations are slaves.

Early Buddhism says that man’s future hangs on his own actions ; if he is to be saved, he himself must be the saviour ; enlightenment comes through strenuous spiritual exercise. The Japanese soul, however, had a poignant and pathetic longing for something more intimate, more personal, more creatively redemptive than the gradual climb through æons of time into the cold mists of Nirvana. Out of that spiritual intuition of the race arose the dominance of the cult of Amida in Japan. Amida, foreshadowed in India in the second century after Christ, is a legendary figure who at the very gateway

of enlightenment turned back saying that he would not enter Nirvana unless all men could be saved by faith in him. To invoke the name of Amida Buddha in simple faith will open the gate of the western paradise, the Pure Land, where enlightenment will be found. Through this and later developments the doctrine of salvation by faith rather than by works spread and captured the imagination as well as satisfying the longings of millions. The expression of loving kindness and tender mercy on the face of sculptures of the Amida Buddha is in marked contrast to the detached serenity, oblivious of human suffering, on the face of the Buddha before this influence developed.

This envoy from Japan to the Han imperial court was the earliest specific contact of which we have record. But discoveries of ancient pottery, rings, swords, and filigree show that this recorded visit was only one early dramatic moment in a continuing process by which the rich civilization of continental China was to leaven the life of the primitive islanders. The words that I heard Mr Matsuoka, delegate to the League of Nations, say repeatedly to the Japan Society in Boston are true in the deepest and fullest sense: "China is the mother of our culture."

The parallelism between the Japanese islands and the British Isles is inexhaustibly interesting. Each is a group of large islands with a continent on one side and on the other a vast stretch of ocean—for them, at one time, the end of the world. Into both the British and the Japanese archipelagos many peoples seeped, so that the racial mixture, whether British or Japanese, is intimately blended of strangely varied types. In Japan, for instance,

Malay elements from Borneo, Java, the Philippines and the Celebes mingle with a strong Ural-Altaic stream from the northern Asiatic mainland, a stock that includes the Finns, Huns, and Mongols; while the adventurous, self-willed peoples of south China, the Cantonese, who provide almost all China's revolutionary and emigrant elements, have been in Japan since, at least, the end of the neolithic age.

The Japanese and British alike were, at the beginning of the Christian era, tribal animists among whom first this and then that more powerful chieftain was trying to become overlord. For both these primitive peoples the neighbouring continent was the home of a rich culture that spread through an immense empire and beyond its frontiers. For the British it was the Greek culture using the Roman roads; for the Japanese it was the Han culture spread from the Pacific to the frontiers of India by the Chinese scholar-official and his entourage. Again, the Japanese and the British, as each has grafted into its life some fresh growth of culture, have had all the appearance of being subdued to the new invasion. Yet always in both peoples some indomitable sap of character has flowed through the new growth, giving to its flower and fruit some fresh and unique expression. As we shall see, Japanese culture owes everything to Confucian ethics, Buddhist spiritual atmosphere and metaphysics, and Chinese script, pictorial art and handicrafts. But some strange, invincible strain in the blood has impregnated it all so that it is unmistakably Japanese.

When, about A.D. 430 (nearly four hundred years after the first recorded embassy) the now united

Japanese people invited the learned Chinese scribe, Wani, to teach the heir-apparent, we witness the official adoption by Japan of the Chinese written language. About that time whole villages of Chinese were brought to Japan as artisans, weavers, potters, painters, silkworm farmers and scribes. So we see the first deliberate Japanese absorption of an alien culture, an action to be strangely repeated nearly fifteen centuries later when Japan turned to the West for those scientific, industrial, military and naval techniques with which she set out on her present pilgrimage toward the lordship of Asia and the western Pacific Ocean.

## II

We might exhaust our space and our patience in trying to get a complete scheme of Japanese life in our aim of understanding its spirit. It may be in the end more illuminating to narrow our vision to some one characteristic product. Just as you may see a wide landscape through a small window, so the *haiku*—the tiny lyric epigrams of Japan—can open to us the secret of the Japanese spirit. A *haiku* is a poem of seventeen syllables in three lines, respectively of five, seven and five syllables. The total number of words must not exceed ten. With exquisite economy the poem suggests infinitely more than it says, leaving to the reader as much imaginative exploration as it has demanded of the author; but rewarding the brooding spirit as a drop of water may reveal a world of teeming life under the microscope. Terseness and restraint blend with subtlety and surprise, for the best *haiku* end with a dainty thrill of astonishment; as, for instance:

*A fallen petal  
Rises to its branch :  
Ah, a butterfly !<sup>1</sup>*

Every aspect of life, solemn or comic, fantastic or devout, universal or domestic, comes within the scope of the *haiku* poet. Originating in the fifteenth century and flowering fully in the eighteenth, *haiku* have been written by mystics and revolutionaries, romancers and philosophers, painters and pilgrims. The war with Russia created a harvest of them. Into the tiny frame of the *haiku* the Japanese have essayed to focus all experience.

What we are trying to express would be clearer if the reader would write down the following *haiku* on, say, a visiting card, and brood over it at intervals during a week :

*A mountain temple . . .  
The bell, at daybreak,  
Scatters afar the crows.*

Every word there is a radiant centre of suggestion, first in itself and then in relation to the rest. Each reader will see what others miss. I see the dark mountain with the Buddhist temple on its slope, silhouetted against the swift dawn that awakens the drowsy priest. Taking his great hammer, he swings it against the bronze bell whose sudden boom, arousing the peasant to worship and to work in the cool freshness of the morning, startles the crows in their quest of food, and I watch their flight till they are moving specks afar off.

A man's spirit, lingering over these few words, finds in them first this lovely picture, and then

<sup>1</sup> From *Japanese Impressions*, by P. L. Couchoud, trans. by Frances Rumsey. (John Lane, The Bodley Head.)

suggestions of all human experience. The mountain links him to all nature. The temple bell calls to that contemplation through which the Buddha found the salvation of escape from suffering through release from desire. But the bell and the dawn call not only us, but the whole working world to labour as well as to worship; and the eye following the flight of the scattered birds leads the mind to link the earth and the sky and all humanity with this sharply focused local scene.

No people on earth has, surely, so strangely intimate a sense of conscious life in nature, whether plant or animal, as has the Japanese nation. In their *haiku* we enter into the very consciousness of new-born mice nuzzling blindly for their parent's succour, the lost deer calling for her mate, the pilgrimage of the trout in the running stream, the lotus rooted in mud climbing from dim depths of water to open on the surface at rest in sunshine, like man's thought emerging from suffering and desire into Nirvana. This swift symbolism in the *haiku* is often so exquisite and unexpected as to make a man catch his breath. Especially is this true in its expression of the limitless Buddhist tenderness with its gleams of light in a dark world:

*Blind with memories  
I mounted to the ruins :  
And all was eglantines in flower.*

or its sense of the transitory character of fame :

*Behold the tomb  
Of the hero Kaneshira :  
Now only pale green rice !*

In the *haiku* we get glimpse after glimpse of the Japanese spirit, with its sense of oneness with

nature, its economy of expression, its pre-occupation with the realistic actualities of life and death, all balanced by its feeling for those deeper realities beyond, which the everyday things of nature symbolize—the plum-blossom, the gnarled old tree, or the cloud breaking into rain. We discover, too, the virile, persistent strength of the Japanese, their uncanny patience blended with sensitive intuition in capturing beauty in concrete forms.

A view through the *haiku* window into the spirit of Japan will be still more sharply focused if we look for a moment at the personality of the man who gave that lyric form its ardent insight, lifting it from a *jeu d'esprit* to pure art and even now and then to the peaks of religious mysticism. Living from 1644-1694, Basho shared with Pascal, his contemporary on the other side of the world, the restless quest for the beauty and the tragic significance of man's play with destiny.

The turning-point of Basho's life, as with that of Tennyson, was the loss when a young man of a friend round whom every tendril of his spirit had clung. A new insight came to him in his later thirties. He dived into the mystical learning of the tolerant but exalted Zen sect of Buddhism. Poetry became for him an organ of conversion through illumination. On the wings of his poems he reached the ecstasy of pure contemplation. His daily life showed forth grace, noble simplicity and intuitive taste. Walking with two disciples, carrying only his writing brush and ink, paper and a few books, he lived a pure and happy life, sleeping in wayside huts or in the homes of those who wished for his company. Indeed, he was a lovely illustration of his teaching that to be a poet a man's

life must be a poem. "Do not compose too much. You will lose what springs from nature; let your *haiku* rise from your heart."

Basho died at the age of fifty surrounded by disciples, after reciting the Scripture of the Goddess of Pity. His gift to the world was a cleansed and exalted standard of values in life and letters, rooted in the certainty that "the things that are seen are temporal, and the things that are not seen are eternal"; but that through the seen we may catch the meaning of the eternal, as in the simplest of all his immortal pictures with its symbolism of time in eternity, of the transience of man's fussy life in the quietude of the infinite:

*An ancient pond,  
And, when a frog dives,  
A sudden sound in the silence.*

Many of the *haiku* are accompanied by a picture drawn with as restrained an economy of strokes of the brush as is the poem itself. This gift of elimination of everything except the quintessential is a mark of all Japanese art, and is another case—ment opened upon their character.

### III

As we follow the entrancing developments of Japanese art, whether it be in painting or in house decoration, in costume, flower arrangement or the tea ceremony, we can follow the development of the soul of Japan in ways hidden from the political historians of mere battle and treaty. What a fascinating blend of contradictions it reveals! The power to live within the very heart of nature

is not surpassed in the world, nor has it any rival outside China. The soul of grace wedded to speed is in the flight of that bird, where the still picture creates the illusion of swift motion. Photography reveals to-day that Japanese artists centuries ago rendered with scientific precision the curve of wings in flight that no western eye has ever been swift enough to capture.

The fierce zest of battle has not in the world been caught with a more grim and lively intensity than in the famous thirteenth-century Japanese scroll—*The Burning of the Sanjo Palace*. This priceless picture, which is only sixteen and a half inches high, is twenty-two feet eleven inches long. It is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and is seven hundred years old. It is not simply the only one of its kind in the western world, but is as powerful a battle picture as any national art can show.

Its interest for us, in our quest of the spirit and culture of Japan, is that it thrills you at once with the terror and agony of the shrieking women and the slaughtered courtiers under the sword of the rebel or in the roaring flame of the palace, and with the blazing joy, the grim gloating zest of the triumphant rebel-warriors. There are several hundred figures in it, their raiment a gleam of daring colours. Every tiny body and feature is drawn with hair-thin lines by the swift, unhesitating strokes of some creative anonymous genius, who combined to a superb degree the vision to conceive hundreds of sharply individualized persons swept by one emotion and moving to one end, with the technique to express that vision immortally. Go with a magnifying glass over face after face

and you will find each an individual, true to its type of aristocrat, knight, or plebeian; but one and all aflame with the joy of victorious fight. No faintest gleam of mercy or chivalry tempers the white-hot fury of their unbridled lust of what is, indeed, not so much battle as massacre.

Walk to the other side of that room in the Boston Museum and through a door. You are in a marvellous haunt of peace, a simple temple of contemplation and of pity. Wonder and mercy glow quietly there. It is a reproduction of a Japanese Buddhist temple. Within are a few lovely Buddhist statues. Here is the Buddha on the Lotus of Contemplation, wrapt in eternal meditation. There is Kwannon, the Spirit of Mercy, with her outstretched hands, strangely reminiscent of a Raphael Madonna. Yonder is Amida, opening to your spirit, tortured with desire or with suffering, the gate of Buddhism's tranquil paradise. The conquest of one's torment or fret of spirit by the spirit of peace in this temple is irresistible.

Can the world contain more drastically contradictory attitudes than shine from that battle picture and in this temple? The two goals of life presented seem in absolute opposition. The values that they typify appear to cancel each other. Yet both come to us out of Japan.

Would it not be true to suggest that in the fierce joy of the thirteenth-century massacre we see one side of the raw reality of man, the prey of his crude instincts? Here we have the radical, instinctive passion of fight and animal hunger enthralling and hypnotizing the deluded eyes of the natural man. In the temple we share the highest reach of man's

spiritual intuition, which gropes toward an absolute reality to be attained through release from the passions which the other picture represents. Between the two stands the stoic figure of Confucius, counselling the middle way, the golden mean, the discipline of the five loyalties ; the way of life that will train the superior man, the noble man, to control his instincts in the disciplined harmony of the art of life.

Japan, in this world-wide effort to make man master of himself and of his environment, created the code of *bushido*—"military-knight-way" is the literal translation of the word. It began to arise about the time of our picture with the growth of the *samurai*, the fighting knights. The need of a common standard of knightly behaviour beset them—as it did Europe, where chivalry came into being. Buddhism in Japan (as Christianity in Europe) tempered the arrogance of the knight and gave him composure in face of catastrophe and a smile in face of death. Shinto tempered the selfish greed of the warrior with a great loyalty to the emperor ; and Confucius held him with reverence for and loyalty to the idealized standards of ancestral memory ; while, again, primitive nature worship intensified his love of his country. Bushido was a standard for women as well as for men ; calling from them similar disciplines in their different sphere of life. The ultimate height of its vision lay in the belief that "the best won victory is that obtained without shedding of blood."

The samurai never numbered more than two million men. They lived under a feudal system that received its death-blow as late as 1870, after

Japan was opened to the western world, when they were formally abolished as a class with special privileges and duties. Bushido represented the struggle of a group dedicated in life or death to a sustained and lofty discipline that had an extraordinary influence on the moral standards of the people. It led to an exaggerated sensitiveness, a touchiness and a conceit at times, just as western chivalry did; but it created universal standards of courtesy, of courage, of loyalty and endurance that hold the nation erect like the hidden sinew and bone in a man's body. Its spirit has come to a strange and over-self-conscious expression in the mood of nationalist ecstasy which has projected Japan into her present Asiatic adventure. To the Japanese tradition of Shinto and then of Bushido, with its brilliant physical vitality, the classic masters of Chinese art and ethics have combined with their Buddhist priests, their cultured poets, and their philosophers to add the expression of ideas and the quality of mercy which tempers with tenderness the ruthless strength of the warrior or the satirist.

What, then, is our conclusion? Is it not that in Japan we witness a still unfinished quest that began when that early embassy nineteen centuries ago sought the court of imperial China: the quest of a perfection that will shape into characteristic Japanese forms the contribution of East and West?

## CHAPTER IV

### CHINA'S NEW SECULAR RELIGIONS

#### I

SEARCHING carefully through the compartments of the Brussels-to-Paris midnight express I found one where I could hope to be able to lie full length and sleep. The only other traveller in that compartment was a young Chinese in his early twenties. The East, I recalled, had the precious gift of silence. Sleep was sure. But somehow the enthusiasm in the face of that youth as he read pamphlet after pamphlet—obviously in Chinese—"murdered sleep." The flame showing in his eloquent features mastered me. I had to quench my growing curiosity as to the burning focus of his intense interest; and to quench it not by the drug of sleep, but by the food and drink of discovering what fed that flame.

He was, it seemed, as his faltering French and mine achieved some intelligibility (for he knew no English), a student from south China, learning engineering in the University of Lyons. The pamphlets he was reading were written by Sun Yat-sen,<sup>1</sup> the prophet, priest and king of Chinese nationalism. They embodied, he told me, the

<sup>1</sup> The authoritative life of Sun Yat-sen, by Bishop Restarick (Oxford University Press, 1931) makes it certain that a number of earlier narratives, such as the record of his father being a Christian, are not accurate, although Sun himself had allowed them to be published.

principles on which the Chinese people could and would become one self-conscious, self-governing, independent nation. Every young man must equip himself to help China to that glorious end. That was why he was in France studying how to be an efficient engineer. For China needed roads, bridges, railways, reservoirs, controlled rivers.

That Chinese student opened a window for me. I saw in him a force new, so far as I know, in the history of man: the energy of youth around the world aflame with a religion—in his case nationalism—whose horizon lies entirely within this world. In that youth in the train I saw the many millions of young men and women in China, as in Japan and Korea, Manchuria and the Philippine Islands, for whom “my nation is my God.”

The influences that have stirred up this new religion of nationalism in the youth of China were described at length in the author's *The Clash of World Forces*. Shortly, the facts are these. When the industrialized European powers, hungry for raw materials and for fresh careers for their sons and uses for their wealth, had carved up the continent of Africa, they turned their attention to the one great Asiatic market still uncontrolled by them. China saw on her own soil foreign law courts, police, soldiers, custom officers and postal authorities. War indemnities were piled on her reluctant shoulders, paralysing her internal finances already anæmic through corruption and rebellion. The partition of China seemed as inevitable as had been that of Africa. But the jealousy of the powers saved China. Joseph Chamberlain suggested, as from the British government, that the powers, instead of quarrelling over China's partition, should agree

to respect her integrity and guarantee an "open door" for trade for all. Secretary John Hay embodied this idea in a definite memorandum circulated to the powers from Washington, and it was agreed to by them in 1899.

Meanwhile the Chinese revolutionists in the south, whom Sun Yat-sen had been stimulating, suddenly and unexpectedly succeeded, late in 1911, in seizing power. The Manchu dynasty quietly disappeared like a child's sand castle sapped by the tide, and a republic was declared. But no strong central government functioned. The virile ruthlessness of Yuan Shih-kai elbowed the idealist democrat, Sun Yat-sen, out of the presidency of the new republic. Yuan, however, was just not sufficiently a Cromwell or a Bismarck to achieve his goal, which was the creation of a new military dynasty with himself as its great emperor. All he did was to create that terrible pest, the *tuchuns* (war lords). The officers in his army, promoted from the ranks, became military governors of the provinces. These crude, generally half-educated, uncultured upstarts, unexpectedly presented with almost unlimited power to raise taxes, maintained preposterous armies and swiftly became local barons. They lacked nothing of feudalism save its loyalties and its sense of *noblesse oblige*. So the present chaotic period started. The peasantry, already by sheer pressure of population hanging on the very edge of the precipice of starvation, have stuck doggedly to the ancestral soil so long as the barest livelihood has been left to them. But when and where the landlord, the tax collector, the looting of semi-brigand troops, aided by flood and pestilence, have driven them desperate, they have taken to brigandage.

Yuan died in 1916, and Sun organized a *Kuomintang* (nationalist) government in Canton, which dragged on an anæmic existence. Any land in the world save China would have fallen into hopeless chaos. But the real government of China, as we have seen, has always been that of the clan elders. The common people, held together by family loyalty, bent their shoulders and went on with their hard life.

Cold-shouldered by the western powers, Sun Yat-sen found an apparent friend in Moscow. Sun, who called himself a Christian socialist, and always rejected communism, wrote his nationalist *Manifesto* and his *Three Principles of the People* as the programme of his Party. An organization of the *Kuomintang* was created on similar lines to the Communist Party, with nationalist loyalty to China as its war-cry.

Sun died in 1925 with his dreams unfulfilled. But dead he was almost deified and became far more potent than in his life. By 1927 a sweeping northward military drive under Chiang Kai-shek had placed the nationalists in power in Nanking, the ancient pre-Manchu capital of China. By the end of 1928 the nationalist government was for the first time master of the Yangtse valley and most of the south. Whoever can sustain his hold on the Yangtse valley from Shanghai and Nanking to the mountains of west China will ultimately control the whole country; for here is the centre of trade and transport, national and international. That is the goal on which the present government concentrates.

Examination of the school text-books of China for the past thirty years shows that the sequence of "humiliations," as they call them, has taken an

increasing part in intensifying nationalism and anti-foreign attitudes. The principal "humiliations" are the war of 1894-5 when Japan beat China, the events following the Boxer occupation of Peking in 1901, when allied troops from several European nations and from America marched into the capital; the treaty which followed the defeat of Russia in 1905, when China had no word in the results, although the conflict was fought out in Manchuria; the "Twenty-one Demands" made by Japan on China in 1915; the Versailles settlement of 1919, which suggested giving Shantung (which Germany had taken from China) to Japan; the 1925 shootings of Chinese rioters by foreign police in Shanghai and Canton; and the culminating attacks by Japan in Manchuria and Shanghai in 1931 and 1932.

There is no single "humiliation" which Chinese nationalists feel so keenly and continuously as that of "extra-territoriality." This arose in the early days of the entrance of western traders and officials into China and has continued for the most part ever since. It is "a form of privilege or exemption consisting of a limitation of territorial sovereignty with regard to certain persons and certain places, which, under international law, enjoy the privilege of remaining outside the jurisdiction of the state in whose territory they are situated."<sup>1</sup>

In 1929 the Chinese government promulgated a mandate, providing for the abolition of extra-territoriality as from January 1st, 1930, which began—"The abolition of extra-territorial privileges of foreign nationals in China has been unanimously desired and persistently urged by the Chinese people." By the end of 1930 the nationals of nine

<sup>1</sup> Ball, *Foreign Relations of China*, p. 285.

treaty powers, including Soviet Russia, Germany, and Austria, were amenable to China's jurisdiction. The governments of Great Britain and the United States have not yet, to quote Mr C. T. Wang, at that time Minister for Foreign Affairs, "yielded such a solution as is desired by the National government. The National government appreciates the very warm sympathy already shown by these powers, especially Great Britain, in its endeavours to consummate China's legitimate aspirations. It is, however, to be sincerely regretted that they are not prepared at this juncture to meet the unanimous and ardent wishes of the Chinese government and people."

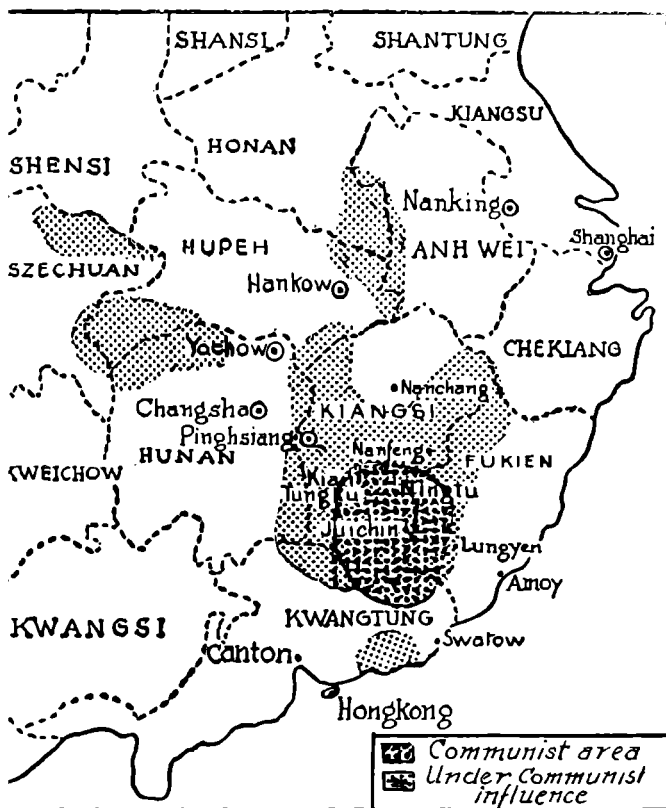
The British government has now signified that it will agree to the abolition of extra-territoriality, except for a term of years in Shanghai and Tientsin. This condition is doubtless being insisted upon so as to allow time for the Chinese system of justice to become modernized.

## II

If we look from Nanking across the vast spaces of China and ask why the nationalist government fails to control it, we see the war lords to the north and the Cantonese to the south, both refusing allegiance. But by far the greatest foe is the rule of the "Reds," who in scattered areas, but with well-organized centres, govern in China to-day more than the total population of Germany.

The birth of communism in China occurred under the student movement organized in Peking University in 1919, out of which came the rejuvenescence movement. Among the lavish crop of

periodicals that sprang up, one differed from all the others in that it deliberately rejected patriotism and concentrated its enthusiasm on Marxist doc-



trines. It was edited by a professor in the National University at Peking—Chen Tu-hsiu. Chen was a man of bitter spirit and violent temper. He moved to Shanghai, where with others in 1920 he formed a Marxist group.

On July 25th, 1919, Moscow sent a manifesto to the Chinese nation and government renouncing all extra-territorial privileges and other concessions.<sup>1</sup> The soviets, it declared, are "the only allies and brothers of the Chinese in their struggle for freedom." Two communist daily papers were floated in Shanghai; Chinese students were sent to the Far Eastern Institute at Moscow, and with others trained in communism became propagandist agents in many provinces of China.

The Chinese Communist Party was officially formed at a conference summoned by the Chen Tu-hsiu group. A student, Chang Tai-lai, then studying in France, returned to China to organize the Young Men's Socialist Union, which became the League of Chinese Communist Youth. Far East proletarians from different lands were convened in conference at Moscow by the Comintern (the international organization council of the Communist Party). They discussed the idea of affiliating the Communists in China with the Kuomintang.<sup>2</sup> The idea was that communism would spread better if it used the nationalist organization as a cover. President Sun Yat-sen rejected this at once. He, as a Christian, hated the "class struggle" idea; he had no sympathy with "the dictatorship of the proletariat." He refused to ally the Kuomintang with any party. Every Chinese, communist or not, who believed in the principles of the Kuomintang could join as an individual.

The Soviet government, anxious for recognition by the governments of China and Japan, sent Monsieur Joffe to secure this. In January 1923 he had a memorable interview with Sun Yat-sen. As

<sup>1</sup> See p. 63.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 62.

a result a statement was published saying that Sun and Joffe agreed that neither communism nor soviet organization was suitable for China and that they would co-operate to help to rebuild China. So Borodin, a brilliant organizer, with a group of advisers, civil and military, was sent from Moscow to Sun in the autumn of 1923. They undertook to reorganize the Kuomintang and its propaganda and the Cantonese army. Russia was pledged to abstain from Bolshevik propaganda in China, and Borodin assured Dr Sun that his communists, admitted into the Kuomintang, would abstain from working for the proletarian revolution. In 1924, however, the Communist Party in China had reached a membership of two thousand ; while the "Red" trade unions numbered sixty thousand.

The missionary enthusiasm of the indomitable Chen Tu-hsiu was unflagging. He planned that individual communists should join the Kuomintang party in numbers great enough to capture it from within, and thus govern China. Groups were formed all over China. There was a regional division and each region had six sub-divisions. Some of the local groups were purely geographical ; some were groups of old comrades who, for example, had studied together in Moscow ; others were occupational, *i.e.*, groups of military men, farmers, civil servants, and so on.

Sun Yat-sen took alarm. He insisted that no communist should be a leader in the Kuomintang and that no committee of the Kuomintang should have more than half its members communists. The Communist International at Moscow retorted with proposals to reorganize the Kuomintang, giving more liberty to communists ; to dismiss

military leaders hostile to communism (which would, for instance, have nipped in the bud the career of Chiang Kai-shek, the most powerful opponent of communism in China to-day); to arm twenty thousand communists and fifty thousand workers and farmers. Sun Yat-sen went north on a visit of conciliation to the war lords so that they should face communism as allies; but he died while at Peking in 1925.

Dramatic events now led to a tense trial of strength. Chiang Kai-shek, head of the Whampoo Military College, which Borodin had organized, took control of the army in 1925 and prepared for a great northward drive against the militarist war lords. He swung northward, reached the Yangtse Valley, which is the strategic and economic heart of China; occupied Hankow, Wuchang and Hanyang—the three great neighbouring cities of steel and other manufactures, the Sheffield or Pittsburg of China; and moved east down the river to Shanghai, to which other forces were moving to his help. The communists stopped the work at the arsenal in Canton to create a shortage of munitions and exercised pressure to slow down Chiang's movements. Chiang, however, captured Nanking and Shanghai.

The communists made a propaganda drive northward in the wake of Chiang's army with great success. For they were able, especially in the provinces of Hunan and Hupeh, to increase enormously their hold on the peasants. These poor peasant-farmers, between the devil of the war lord and the deep sea of brigandage, are ripe for agrarian revolution over vast areas of China. They are the real cause of the Red success. By

1927 at least ten million Chinese peasant farmers were under Red direction; three million men were in labour unions indistinguishable from Bolsheviks, while the Communist Youth Movement had over sixty thousand members, and the official Communist Party itself ninety thousand registered members.

Communist conspiracies within and Bolshevik operations without now menaced the integrity and authority of the nationalist government. The communists within were aiming at control that would have made the nationalist government a wing of the U.S.S.R. This stupendous stroke would have brought the soviet rule into power from the Pacific Ocean to the Black Sea and from Petrograd to Canton. So the central executive of the Kuomintang in April 1927 passed a "Purge the Party" resolution. They condemned communism and ordered the "purification" of the army and the civil service. The Nationalist Party, they said, "aims to emancipate the Chinese people as a whole. It does not wish, therefore, that only one class should dominate. Especially it does not desire the dictatorship of the proletariat. . . . Dr Sun admitted the communists into the party as collaborators and the Russians as friends. If the communists wish to dominate and the Russians desire to ill-treat us, that means the end of their activity." Borodin and the other Russian advisers were sent home to Moscow. The Kuomintang thus re-established its unity and integrity.

Unfortunately for the nationalist government, communist elements were working like leaven already in the army. In the city of Nanchang were troops under two generals supposed to be national-

ist, but who were really communist. They revolted there in the very month when the Kuomintang purged itself of communists; upset the provincial government, and looted, burned and massacred the civilian population. Chiang Kai-shek's forces drove southward from Nanking against them; and they fled south and established themselves in the province of Kwangtung, which still has a very large communist population.<sup>1</sup>

This started a regular communist policy of setting up in China local "islands" of Soviet rule. When the Red Army has "occupied" a district with its capital city, rich men's possessions are seized, all who resist are killed and their houses may be burned. Terrorism breaks down resistance. An assembly of soldiers, workers and farmers is called. From this all the local literati and gentry are excluded. This proletarian assembly elects "Peoples' Commissars" for the interior, for fighting anti-revolutionaries, for finance, military affairs, rural economy, education, hygiene, post and telegraph, communications, labour, and peasant control. Of course, not all this machinery begins to function at once.

All existing taxes are abolished and replaced by a progressive duty based on revenue from the soil. This is paid in kind, a proportion of the harvest being handed over. The greater part of the finance comes from levies and "fines" on the gentry, business men and even retailers and small craftsmen, who are thus gradually being squeezed out of existence. In some places labour and agricultural banks are founded which issue notes with pictures of Lenin and Karl Marx on them.

<sup>1</sup> See map, p. 65.

The loyal peasant farmers are armed. The lands and properties of the large proprietors are confiscated and divided up among the peasants. Temples, monasteries and churches are seized by the Soviet. All title-deeds of land are cancelled. Attempts at improvement of agriculture are sometimes made, including irrigation and co-operative enterprises. By forbidding the export of rice and other crops from the area the "Reds" try to keep down prices. This makes their rule tolerated by the city population. Marxian communism is not popular in China. Most of the enthusiasm is for the agrarian revolution; and the peasant's keenness, as it was when Lenin initiated the Russian revolution of 1917, is for the possession of his strip of land. This is the negation of communism, for the motive behind it is that most intense form of private ownership—that of the peasant farmer. Small peasant proprietorship will simply strengthen private property by reducing the abuses of landlords. Nor are the peasants yet conscious of a common cause with the city communists or with the enthusiastic communist intellectuals among the students in the universities.

In 1927 a ghastly massacre was staged in Canton. A German communist sent by Moscow, and a Chinese communist, prepared an insurrection and within a few hours were masters of the city. For three days a terrible orgy of loot and slaughter made parts of Canton into a shambles. At least fifteen thousand were killed; and over ten million pounds' worth of property was destroyed. Official documents seized proved that the affair was planned by official agents of the Soviet government. The Russian consul's permits were cancelled, and the

nationalist government retaliated with a "terror" which is said to have slain more "Reds" than the number of deaths which the communist slaughter had accomplished.

The world congress of the Communist International in August 1928 at Moscow addressed a stirring call to "the workers and all labouring people of China." This first praised the heroism of the martyr-comrades who died in the Canton insurrection, and then declared that "under the cross-fire of the imperialist artillery and the mad terror of the Chinese government, you are reorganizing your ranks, mobilizing forces, enlisting new elements for the preparation of the forthcoming onslaught upon the positions still in the hands of the enemy."<sup>1</sup> It summed up its Chinese policy in terms which prevail to-day :

The principal object of the communist party and of the sovietized districts is to start an agrarian revolution and to organize the Red detachments which will be transformed gradually into a Red national army.

Simultaneously, the Communist Party of China, meeting in Moscow for its sixth congress, adopted a ten-plank programme: to destroy imperialist power; to confiscate the capital of banks and foreign commerce; to overthrow the nationalist government; to unify a self-governing China; to organize the soviet workers, farmers and soldiers; to establish an eight-hour day and social insurance; to confiscate the land from proprietors; to improve soldiers' living conditions; to replace existing taxes

<sup>1</sup> V. A. Yakhoutoff, *Russia and the Soviet Union in the Far East*, p. 422.

with a progressive tax ; to ally with the proletariat of the world and the U.S.S.R.

This ambitious Bolshevik programme was greatly helped from 1929 to 1931 by the clash of the nationalists with the north, the hiving off from the nationalists of disgruntled southern leaders, and division within the nationalist government. A year's intense work organized a large Red army that was able, by the grim measures described above,<sup>1</sup> to sovietize wide areas. Its main triumphs, as has been said, were among the peasants.

This Red army is an army of peasants, not of the proletariat. It is an army of agrarian rebels, not of communists. The latest figures that have any authority give its total at about two hundred thousand effective troops. They are well disciplined and well paid ; they are also, in general, better officered than the nationalist army, because many, especially in the higher ranks, have been trained by the highly expert technical leaders in the numerous military colleges of the U.S.S.R. To this army multitudes of bandits have come, and thousands of deserters from the nationalist army, and from the war lords of the north. For the Red generals, by their stern exaction of vast sums from the rich Chinese, can and do give their soldiers regularly larger pay than the nationalist government promises and frequently fails to pay. This naturally appeals also to the wretched, starving peasant farmers, harrowed by civil war, desperate through flood and drought. The Soviet troops know that remorseless punishment will follow lack of discipline or indiscriminate loot or "squeeze." Therefore their rule, though ruthless, often pro-

<sup>1</sup> See p. 70.

duces better order than existed before. In some areas they do not press Bolshevik intolerance to religion ; so that the Christians are not molested.

What holds the Red army together and makes it really powerful is not enthusiasm for Marxian ideas, but the promise to each peasant that he shall hold a parcel of land indefinitely on payment of a tax graded to squeeze the rich out of existence ; and, in some parts, the contrast between the ordered, well-paid, relative security of life in it and under its rule and the bandit-ridden chaos that reigns in so many parts of China.

To recruit the Red army in China with trained youth and to provide it with allies, the red militia, the young vanguard, and the boy scouts have been organized. Its greatest difficulty, so far, is to secure adequate munitions owing to the Reds having no sea-port under their control.

To attempt to attack a communist army is extraordinarily difficult. If government troops invade an area, the communist detachments will hide their arms, and till the fields as placid peasants. When the government troops, fooled by the placidity of the countryside, are off their guard, the communists attack them or move off to another area.

The nationalist government made a military drive against the communist forces early in 1931. It aimed first at the highly sovietized area of Kiangsi.<sup>1</sup> The nationalist general, after an initial success, was lured on far from his base, his forces were surrounded and he was killed. In February, the minister of war took the field to destroy the Red army. In the mountainous regions the com-

<sup>1</sup> See map, p. 65.

munist armies melted at his approach and reformed at their leisure. It was like trying to wrestle with a cloud. In June, the commander-in-chief, General Chiang Kai-shek, took charge with three hundred thousand troops, who drove the Reds back to their political headquarters, encircled them, captured the city, destroyed their military schools, banks and offices, and three days later captured a neighbouring soviet city. The communists fled. Meanwhile, Chiang Kai-shek's political organization committee began to reorganize and rehabilitate the areas. In September 1931 Chiang had them encircled with every prospect of annihilating the Red forces. Suddenly the Japanese made their surprise blow in Manchuria. The nationalist government had to recall its troops to face the new peril. The Reds launched a counter offensive and recovered most of their lost territories. In the summer and autumn of 1932 Chiang Kai-shek took the field again. He regained large areas; but since then the communists have retaken most of them, and have also consolidated new areas.

Chiang Kai-shek and T. V. Soong<sup>1</sup> are surely right in their conviction that for the nationalists to continue to fight the Red army is relatively ineffective as contrasted with the enforcement of order, justice, and economic betterment within the areas for which the nationalist government is responsible. Communism feeds on chaos and is strengthened by attack. It can only be destroyed by providing something better. That is as true for the western world as for the East.

What, then, is the organization of this varied

<sup>1</sup> See p. 145.

missionary force of Bolshevism in China? At Moscow the oriental secretariat of the Third International runs the work of spreading Bolshevism in the East through the Far Eastern Bureau which was at Shanghai, and may be there still, driven underground. This bureau directs the Communist Party of the Far East which is, in turn, represented in the Comintern (at Moscow) by six delegates. Moscow is continually shuffling influential agents to and from Shanghai to stir up interest and report back to the Communist Party. Under the bureau at Shanghai is the central committee of the Communist Party in China. It directs the political, military, administrative (*i.e.* the government of sovietized areas) and labour movement activities. It has twelve departments, which ensure the activity of individual members. It also controls five regional committees for Manchuria, North China, South China, the Yangtse Valley, and Kiangnan. The last two are the most important. These regional committees have under them provincial committees which supervise district committees, as well as factories, schools, camps and so on.

Among the organizations the Alliance of "Leftist" Authors and the League of Communist Youth are unusually interesting. Beginning among students, the youth organization now agitates and educates among all types of young workers. It is strongest in the industrial cities and its members meet secretly behind booksellers' shops and so on. The "Leftist" authors look for leadership to a well-known Chinese novelist living in Japan since the Canton *coup d'état* of 1927. He has drawn at least fifty authors of varying popularity and power

into his alliance. One of their strongest lines is the production in Chinese of Russian communist literature, much of it by way of Japan. They also publish three periodicals.

### III

In China, then, we have a situation unique in the world of Bolshevism. Everywhere else communists, as a political party, agitate secretly toward revolution, only using armed force when the day of revolution is come. The Communist Party in China, however, has its army in the field, defending its own established rule within the areas where it is effective. In those areas it has its own laws, administration, banks, and paper currency. But alongside it is the nationalist rule with its control of the best ports of China and of the richest central area, the Yangtse Valley, from which thousands of years ago the first imperial dynasty imposed its power over all China.

What of the future? Will China go wholly communist? Already somewhere near a fifth of its population is under Red rule. Will it all become part of the U.S.S.R.?

Opinions differ. Some trained observers point out that already disillusionment is setting in. With the squeezing out of the better farmer, the sovietized countryside has lost its backbone of men of industrious agricultural initiative. The pragmatic Chinese habit of adjusting life by harmonious personal agreements within the clan clashes with the harsh impersonal discipline of the Red army or Communist party rule. Communism collides with family loyalties. It thus hurls itself against some-

thing bred in the very bone of the Chinese people through millennia. Under decent conditions Bolshevism in China would have no chance at all of success.

The reply by others is that the conditions in China are chaotic and are superlatively helpful to Bolshevism. The social upheaval created by mechanistic civilization, the passion for new ideas brought in with the revolution and disappointed in the republic, the crushing tyranny of competing war lords, the shock to self-esteem of the powerful imperialist invaders from the West, all strengthen a new strong, self-confident claimant with powerful backing, like Bolshevism. The Chinese nation, in spite of its unparalleled poise and virility, is staggering, bewildered, baffled, blinded, through a blizzard of suffering. Nationalism has not yet succeeded. Bolshevism alone seems to many to offer a clear programme, an enthusiastic lead, a firm rigorous control, the ruthless sword for abuses.

For these reasons the communists of China with their able, far-sighted, zealous and wealthy backing from Moscow, and the whole discipline and *élan* of world communism to hold them to their task, have still the power to achieve far greater things than have yet come upon their horizon. The single-track Siberian railway is being doubled to the Chinese frontier. If the scattered sovietized districts in China, stretching as they already do discontinuously from the south-east toward the north-west, should become continuous and form a corridor into Siberia, linked with Moscow by the railway, the military situation of Bolshevik China would be strong. If the nationalist government fails to grip the situation, we may in ten years'

time or less have a China where Bolshevism and Japan may face one another in a terrific wrestle, each mobilizing vast Chinese forces for the downfall of the other.

The nationalist government has its experience, its military plans, its grip of the wealthy areas and ports, its programme for developing public works, and re-establishing peace and order. But on its southern flank hangs a jealous, distrustful south headed by Canton ; on the north lie the embattled and impossible war lords ; beyond them in Manchuria are the disciplined troops of imperial Japan. The tides of nationalism, communism, imperialism all strive for mastery over China. Yet not one of them—with its present standard of values—can carry China to the desired harbourage where the ancient and lovely values of her past will meet the highest and noblest gifts of the new age and issue in an ordered, progressive, harmonious life in a world community of nations.

## CHAPTER V

### THE SECULAR RELIGIONS OF JAPAN

How has the tide of nationalism swept forward to its present high-water mark in Japan ? For national and imperial loyalty is undoubtedly more powerful in its sweep in Japan than in any other land in the world. It is, indeed, difficult for a western mind to enter fully into this almost ecstatic devotion. The only book in which the westerner, unable to read Japanese, can watch the burning flame of this loyalty is *The National Ideals of the Japanese People*, by Yutaka Hibino. Written for the use of school-boys and students by a retired college principal of high distinction, it gives us the expression of loyalty as interpreted by a Japanese educationist for Japanese youth.

After a lyrical description of Japan's "dazzling beauty and endless peace," Mr Hibino says :

Though infinitely small in area the knightly valour of her sons astounds the whole world. . . . The people serve their Emperor with greater affection than the child accords to its mother, with greater fear than the trembling son feels for his stern father. Our Emperor, rich in divine virtue, wisdom and valour, ever rules his subjects with affectionate solicitude.

After a lofty passage on the fact that "No matter how great the ascendancy, no matter how exceptional the valour, courage and power alone without character are not to be commended, nor can they be long maintained," the pæan to Japan goes on :

For a thousand years unchanged this spirit has been displayed in filial piety, connubial felicity, mutual trust, love of humanity, in frugality, and in loyal service. From frozen north to torrid south the subjects obey the Emperor, nor have they ever yet suffered defeat or felt fatigue in his cause.

In such teachings as these we see how the ancient primitive Shinto cult of Japan has been brought to a white heat of patriotic loyalty as intense as any that the world has ever seen. The reverence for the emperor has taken on a religious exaltation never surpassed in the history of Rome itself. The fact that, not only in the historic isolation of the East in the past, but amid the strenuous struggle of the nations of all the world to-day, the Japanese alone among eastern peoples have a record of unbroken and sensational triumph by land and sea, gives them a quickened certainty of the blessing of Heaven on their imperial destiny.

## I

A new and unique note in Japanese patriotism has reverberated, however, in the years since 1930. To describe it no word is more appropriate than "Fascism," but even that is an inadequate description. By fascism we mean not only opposition to party parliamentary government, but the corporate idea of the nation-state as an organic, living personality to whose absolute service the whole life of all citizens and of all groups in the nation must be entirely devoted, without any question of democratic vote or any right of representation.

How has this note been sounded? The world depression bound the artisan and the peasant-

farmer in a fellowship of starvation. The bushel of rice that the farmer sold for a pound in 1928 brought him seven shillings in 1932. The silk that he cultivated as his real profit on which he lived had brought about £170 a bale in 1928 and with difficulty found a market at £40 in 1932. The value of his land fell precipitously till it was barely one-half, while taxes were as much as five hundred per cent above pre-war levels. The peasants in parts of Japan in 1932 were either starving or eating fish refuse, cattle feed and grass roots. Murderous fights between peasants and land-owners rent the countryside. Daughters were sold to white slavery agents.

Most of the soldiers are peasants. They are on terms of good understanding with their officers, who are themselves mostly of poor families. So the army became lambent with anger against the financiers, the industrialists, and the politicians. Fury with the cynicism of parliamentary government grew. It spread from the artisans and peasants to the salaried employees of big businesses, civil servants, intellectuals and middle-class business and professional men. They hated the existing regime. They did not want either communism or capitalism; but if it must be one or the other, communism would be the choice.

The double cry of "the emperor" and "the nation" fired the passion of the people. It opened the hidden, long-suppressed springs of those ancient Japanese loyalties on which their historic character is built. The religious reverence for the emperor blended with the incorruptible loyalties of bushido, that joyful and heroic sacrifice of life, in an exaltation of devotion to the service of the nation. These feelings, having the force of real religion, gushed

up and swept away the mean and selfish intrigues that were sacrificing the nation's good. Nipponism, or in the phrase borrowed from Confucian loyalties, *Kodo*—the Kingly Way—began to call passionately for the resurgence of Japanese culture, in art, in poetry, in all the traditional ways of life. The old "isolation" of Japan reasserted itself in an ultra-nationalistic patriotism against internationalism and the League of Nations collaboration. The passion for the interests of the community and of the nation expressed itself in a socialist (but anti-communist) ideal. But the socialism is distinctly more hazy than the militarism. The goal envisaged is the wellbeing of all classes of the Japanese people and the glory of the nation as a whole, under a dictatorship sanctioned by the emperor. It also expands into an idealized imperialism which sees Japan as "the Guardian of Asia," standing as armed champion of the East against western economic and military imperialism and racial pride.

How, however, could such a programme capture and curb parliament? Popular anger with China started it. The aggressive railway building in Manchuria of young Chang, the dictator, in 1928<sup>1</sup> was used to the full by the Japanese military authorities to inflame opinion against China. The Chinese boycott<sup>2</sup> left a tenth of Japan's merchant ships rusting at anchor. The Japanese government tried at a railway conference with China to settle these issues; but the Chinese took a stiff attitude. A series of provocative incidents in Manchuria and Korea were used as propaganda controlled by the Japanese military group to inflame Japanese public opinion. Then the Japanese military, acting on

<sup>1</sup> See p. 15.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 17.

their own responsibility, made the long prepared lightning stroke in Manchuria of September 18th-21st, 1931. They seized the strategic points of south Manchuria.

At this point a flaming fury against the old political families blazed up in a most strange way. Precisely at the moment of these events in Manchuria, England went off the gold standard. Japanese merchants in China faced the double hurdle of the Chinese boycott and the intensified competition of British merchants off the gold standard. Their trade was strangled. The Minseito government was unseated; a Seiyukai government was put in its place. The new government went off the gold standard. Half a dozen banking houses control most of the industry and commerce of Japan. Nowhere else in the world are finance and capitalism concentrated in so few hands. Wealthy firms made about twelve million pounds in profit on dealing in dollars through this pre-arranged departure from the gold standard; and the nation lost what they gained. Fascism finally swept to power in Japan on the conviction that the Minseito party played to fill the pockets of a few industrialist plutocrats and the Seiyukai party to swell the fortunes of a few financiers; while peasants, artisans, shop-keepers and professional men starved.

Young officers and cadets planned to assassinate half a dozen great financiers and politicians. The plot was discovered. They not only escaped without severe punishment, but when, within ten weeks, General Sadao Araki was made minister of war, he commanded some of these very officers to be made members of the cabinet.

There is about General Araki nothing of the

dramatic attitudes of a Mussolini or the ruthless gestures of a Mustapha Kemal. His parents were poor, but of samurai (or bushido) background. At the time of the war with China (1894-5) he was inflamed with passion by the way Russia, France and Germany tricked Japan out of her gains in that war, and he decided upon an army career. His uncle presented him with the old samurai sword when he took his commission as second lieutenant. The old saying, "The sword is the soul of the samurai" is a favourite with him.

Araki felt the need for a new moral principle for the army in the Japanese state face to face with a world problem. His prophetic passion led to his being made president of the military college. There he expanded his faith in Japan's mission with religious intensity and a vivid versatility. He became the idol of the army, and eventually minister of war. Some fifty-five years old, Araki is small, alert, unpretentious in his ways, housed in a simple office. Nevertheless, after sitting in obstinate silence through a long discussion in the Cabinet Council, with an air of thinking of other things, he will stand up and declare his convictions, in opposition at times to all his colleagues, and impose his will. He looks as though carved in granite, with high cheek bones, a decisive chin, and thick lips under a heavy moustache; but with a smile often breaking out at the corners of his mouth and in the wrinkles of his eyes. Concentrated energy in his movements, invincible will in his voice, and that smile, suggest the causes of the rule he exercises and the devotion that he inspires. Behind General Araki stand not only the greater part of the army, but four million veteran soldiers.

Within four months of Araki's appointment, nearly three-quarters of a million members were enrolled in ninety organizations really fascist in policy, although not often so in name.

Araki himself is identified with the Kokuhonsha (National Foundation Society). Its membership is made up of officers in the army and navy, judges and civil servants. It has great influence among reservists and young men's societies and does vigorous propaganda among them. The Kokusuikai (Essence of National Culture Association) with fifty thousand, appeals to leading traders and merchants, and the Kenkokukai (Empire Foundation Society) with twenty thousand, appeals to students and intellectuals. There are now two hundred, at least, of these societies. Their number does not stand for divisiveness, but is due to the need to appeal to and link together men with different occupations and interests. Some are more intense in their passionate appeal to the glorious traditions of old imperial and samurai Japan, like the Jimmukai, named after the semi-legendary emperor of two thousand years ago, which has the hot-heads of the young military and naval officers; or the Nippon Seisan To with a membership of over a hundred thousand radical socialists, and its fiery wing, the Black Dragon Society (Kokuryukai). This is a significant bridge between the intellectuals and the million.

The hottest groups of the fascists have won many of the best men from the old communist societies. By stealing the thunder of both socialism and imperialism, fascism appeals simultaneously to social discontent and to patriotism. Characteristic slogans of these societies are: "Replace the capitalist state

by a national administration based on loyalty," and "Give freedom to the Asiatic peoples on the foundation of race equality."

Drastic revolutionary programmes are proposed, including the concentration of army, navy and air force in one department under a dictator responsible only to the emperor; repudiation of the League of Nations and the creation of a Pan-Asia League of Nations against the West; state and city control of electricity, gas, water, coal, oil, wood, shipping, railway, air service, telegraph and telephone, with government monopolies of rice, wheat, iron and a score of other vital products; abolition of financial dynasties and class distinctions; and the state control of all hospitals, schools, journalism, theatres, cinemas and so on.

The card-castle of party jealousies collapsed in May 1932, when young army and navy cadets and officers in uniform assassinated Premier Inukai. Araki gripped the assassination cult with an iron hand. He reminded the army that loyalty to the throne forbids all political or any other action without imperial command.

A new government was set up in the summer of 1932 which ended party government without setting up a purely fascist regime. A compromise was reached by the creation of a super-party coalition. The army was put in control of foreign affairs and secured a large vote of money for additional expenditure on the Manchurian campaign. The late General Muto was made Japan's supreme representative in Manchuria, for the army, for administration and for diplomacy; that is, army dictatorship was made absolute in Manchuria. The stucco state of Manchukuo was recognized by Japan, and a treaty

made with it giving Japan the right to station in it such troops as may be needed to maintain "the national security of both countries."

Mr Adachi organized a new party, the National League, that aims at a fascist regime in the full sense. Until that is achieved, the army leaders have to effect a continuous sequence of compromises with the capitalists which, to some degree, cramps the freedom of their uncompromising imperialism. The argument of young Japanese traditionalists, recruited from old samurai families, follows this line: "We back up the army because we believe that it will dominate the future. We neither desire the ideal of world peace nor believe in its power. We do not recognize the authority of the League of Nations; we have no thought of accepting its decisions. It has no power even to make us withdraw from our Pacific Island mandates or to organize an economic blockade. If any nation whatever is prepared to intervene, we await her without dismay. Japan never has been and never will be vanquished."

Mr Mitsuru Toyama, founder of the Nippon Seisan To, has outlined his policy in a talk with the French publicist, Madame Andrée Viollis<sup>1</sup> in the following way :

We love and admire the army, but we do not envisage a purely military dictatorship. Given power we should organize a government to bring the masses and the emperor into relationship. Communism has no future among us because of the profound anchorage in the people's hearts of loyalty to the emperor and unqualified patriotism; but the new administration may be inspired by the communist principles of primitive Japan.

<sup>1</sup> *Le Japon et son Empire*. Paris 1933

One exalted personality among all these leaders is Baron Hiranuma, vice-president of the privy council, and with access to the emperor on all important affairs. He is the president of the Imperialist Association, immensely rich, founded by magistrates and officers. It is through this association that General Araki makes his pronouncements to the nation. Its programme is moderate, even negative; but supremely patriotic. Baron Hiranuma's policy, like that of this vast organization, fears the super-social elements of many fascists. "We must return (he argues) to the golden age when neither bureaucrats, nor deputies, nor merchants separated the peasants and workers from their political and religious chief, the emperor, the source of national life. The peasants and artisans, grouped in communities, must live naturally according to the ancient morale of the country, that is, the worship of ancestors, respect for the family, total sacrifice for the sovereign."

But whither does pure nationalism lead? As the Hon. Yukio Ozaki, ex-Mayor of Tokyo, and ex-Minister of Education and of Justice to the imperial government of Japan, says:

Narrow nationalism is the source of the present troubles, not only in Manchuria, but all over the world.

In case, however, the West should therefore lay the blame for this solely upon Japan in the Far Eastern crisis, he goes on to say:

Nowadays we are often blamed for being militarist, but it was the occidental nations who made us militarists. While we were addicted to things artistic and beautiful, they did not give us a place even among third-rate powers. It was only after we adopted the naval and

military systems of England and Germany, and had won wars against two of the biggest nations of the world, that Americans and Europeans accepted us on an equal footing. Thus all kinds of good things, as well as bad things, were taught by the occidentals. We are grateful for the good things they taught, and blame ourselves for the bad things we learnt. But common people do not discriminate; and it is much easier to learn bad things than good things. Now that we have an efficient army and navy, a great many Japanese want to put into practice what they were taught by occidentals in olden times. They do not understand the great change of mentality in Europe and America since the world war; they still believe in the doctrine of might prevalent in the pre-war period. They imagine that all peace treaties and the League Covenant are only camouflage to deceive simple folk.

Unfortunately, this liberal-minded leader has but little following in his own country, although his judgment is sought and respected among international leaders the world over.

## II

One cause of the springing into prominence of fascism in Japan is identical with its rise in Italy—the dread of communism. The Communist Party was officially formed in Japan in December 1926. The financial crisis of 1927 gave them the chance of propaganda by speech and pen, and many “cells” were formed in factories. In 1928 the government took alarm, mass arrests were made, fierce sentences were imposed. The movement was driven underground, but it persists secretly with great strength. *The Red Flag* and *The Anti-Imperialist Journal* are published surreptitiously in ever-increasing numbers; although even to be caught reading one

lays a man open to imprisonment. It has become a crime even to think "dangerous thoughts" in Japan, as it has in one or two European lands.

The greatest communist activity to-day, by all accounts, is among students, professors, secondary school teachers and lawyers. In a significant admission, Mr Koyama, Minister of Justice in the Saito Cabinet, said on 9th May 1932 :

There is a recrudescence of anti-militarism due to the events in Manchuria and Shanghai. Many Communists, profiting by the opportunity, have let loose an active propaganda in the army.

So keen a research expert as Madame Andrée Viollis said in 1933 that in spite of—or perhaps because of—the increasingly severe repression by the government, communist influence shows no signs of diminution. In 1932 six thousand nine hundred arrests for "crimes of thought" were made—the highest number ever recorded. The majority of those arrested were students with no prospect of employment. How far has this intellectual communism penetrated the masses? That is difficult to estimate. The evidence is that, in spite of the fact that anti-militarist doctrines are unpopular in times of nationalism, communist ideas are working their way underground and into some new areas.

Communism has aroused a downright panic of fear for the very existence of the state. This has led to the condemnation, often indiscriminately, of many grades of radicalism that were far from being communist. The label "dangerous thoughts" was used promiscuously. The eye and the hand of Moscow were discovered in places innocent of

either. Groups of workers gathered for their own education or for the defence of their common interests were dissolved. Sometimes comic incidents happened, like that of the doctor who was led willy-nilly to the police headquarters because he had received a book from Europe entitled *The Evolution of Diabetic Treatment*, which was read by a naïve and hurried officer as "revolution." Torture has certainly been used frequently to extort confession.

As a matter of fact, multitudes who have called themselves communists have, in their heart of hearts, cherished two powerful emotions that are really inconsistent with pure Marxian communism. They burn with the desire to extend Japan's national influence, and their loyalty to the emperor is a flame. Fascism therefore has captured millions of the socially discontented. It promises national expansion with social revolution. They can see the national expansion going on under their eyes. But they will have to wait long for social revolution from General Araki or his followers.

Is communist enthusiasm dead then? By no means. The social revolution is being proclaimed by a new leadership whose characteristic leader is Akamatsu. The labour movement in Japan, he vehemently asserts, has vacillated between two futile poles: the moderate ideas of the Second International which is fatuous because only tepid intellectuals follow it; and the extremist ideas of Bolshevism, the Third International, which are impossible, because action is paralyzed by pitiless laws harshly administered. In any case, Bolshevism has never galvanized the Japanese farmer-peasants with their superstitious fetish-worship of the emperor,

a veneration for the army, and a naïve patriotism. What then? The peasant is electrified (says Akamatsu) by the nationalist appeal for the control of Manchuria where their fathers fell in battle, and which they are sure is essential to their economic future. So he calls for a socialist state to embrace Japan and Manchuria, with the emperor at the head but not governing, with parliament suppressed, with an oligarchic dictatorship in power with a military majority, and a cabinet of competent technicians to carry the policy of the dictators into effect.

The pronouncements of its leaders are not always a true index of a nation's ideals. Competent observers of Japanese life know that the military imperialism which the world sees is not the creed of all Japanese patriots. Particularly among the educated classes there is a strong leaven of liberal opinion, although at present it is hardly vocal. There is already a suggestion that the militarists have reached their peak; and these more moderate Japanese may be destined to play a large part in the reconstruction of their nation.

Toyohiko Kagawa, one of Japan's leading personalities, has summed up his feeling for his country in words which point the way not only of Japan but of us all to true patriotism:

I stand all the time for Christian internationalism, for the Christian internationale. I love Japan very much, and for that reason I am serving the nation. But I never forget that I am a citizen of the Kingdom of Heaven first. I belong to God first, and then I belong to Japan.

## CHAPTER VI

### "THE TIMES THAT SHAKE MEN'S SOULS"

OUR eyes have, so far, been concentrated on tidal forces that are seeping into and breaking to pieces the old life of the Far East. We have watched mechanistic industrialism, Nationalism and Bolshevism pounding and sucking at the foundations of a social order and cultural attitudes, first in Japan and then in China, that have in the previous thousand years seen no such change as is now upon them. The Far East, however, large and absorbing as it is, is only one of the coasts that are being lashed by those tides.

Let us try to climb to a ridge of contemplation from which we can get some glimpse of this fascinating human scene as a whole. For, as we shall see, we cannot in an interdependent world solve any problem in any area apart from a consideration of the form that it takes in other continents.

#### I

Tom Paine, the eighteenth century deist, in his pamphlet, *The Crisis*, said, "These are the times that shake men's souls." He was speaking of strife and the wonder of the unknown future with which the American revolution then stirred the western world. Voltaire had thrown the corrosive acid of his cynical scepticism on a Christian religion that

was chained to a largely nationalist ecclesiasticism and tied up with property, legalism, and royal despotism. Rousseau had thrust the leaven of romanticism and of modern democracy into the life of western Europe and of North America. Now the American colonists were fighting for self-government. Were not, men asked, the foundations of ordered society being shaken ?

If such events made Tom Paine talk, and talk truly, of men's souls being shaken, what language could he frame to describe the simultaneous tides of revolution that have swept and are still moving with transforming force around the whole earth ?

A student graduating from a university to-day has within his own lifetime witnessed more catastrophic and revolutionary history than he can read in his history books. Of the five dynastic empires which ruled when the student was born—the German, the Austro-Hungarian, Turkish, Russian, and Chinese empires—none remains. Tom Paine saw the throne of the ancient dynasty of France collapse. But our young graduate has heard the thrones of the Hohenzollerns of Germany and the Hapsburgs of Austria-Hungary crash ; has seen the Romanoffs of Russia shot like vermin, and the Manchus of China disappear ; while the heir of many despotic Sultans, the proud Caliph—the head of all the Moslems on earth—found an ignominious exile among the oases of Arabia. These political revolutions, which have torn into pieces five empires ruling half the human race, are sensational beyond historic parallel. Even they, however, are dwarfed by the less spectacular, yet more radical revolutions—social and economic, moral,

spiritual and intellectual—that are changing the structure of human society around the earth.

We are in the great central square of Moscow. Thousands upon thousands of boys and girls of the Komsomol, the Communist Youth Movement, are assembled to celebrate the anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution. Bugles sound. The children chant with thrilling resonance: "We are building a new world." Again and again the bugles sound and the voices ring out, charged with an ecstatic passion of certainty: "We are building a new world. *We are building a new world.*"

One of a group of Americans witnessing this scene is talking with a Russian schoolmaster and discovers that his shoes are almost soleless and that he has no prospect of being able to secure any new ones, or an overcoat against the bitter winter that lies ahead. Commiserating with him, and expecting some grumbling at the failure of the Five Year Plan to provide at least the minimum of raiment, the western visitor receives the response—"Some one must be prepared to shiver and freeze when we are building a new world."

Starting with the tragic fact of the political despotism of Russia, and the economic exploitation of her industrial proletariat and her hundred million peasants, Bolshevism has initiated an adventure towards world-wide revolution. As the first step toward a garden suburb may be slum clearance so—says the communist—the first step toward "building a new world" is revolution. Starting from a philosophy of pure materialism and a dogma of determinism, it sets out with Messianic passion and conviction to achieve its ends. The elements of social justice in these ends are integral to the

teaching of Jesus Christ. The Christian Church in Russia, however, cannot be said to have pursued them.

The static world of Asia could never have been open to the lure or sting of the Bolshevik call to a new world order had its ancient habits not been shaken already by the all-conquering machine. The technical triumphs of science daily cut deeper into the sensitive cultural life of Asia and into the fabric of tribal community life that has held the peoples of Africa together through the ages. The railway train and the motor car rushing through every land bring new needs and awaken fresh desires, open wider horizons, shake old habits and loyalties. The shadow of the aeroplane is crossing the tracks on which the slow caravans of camels have monopolized transport since before the days of Abraham. The cable and the radio flash the news of the world into every remotest valley. The cinema flickers its disturbing stories in the eyes of illiterate millions. Transformations are thus wrought in the customary lives of half the human race.

The machine is altering the life of the West, but it is actually revolutionizing the life of the East. Why should this be so? The reply is that the machine is a child of the West and thus simply intensifies and exaggerates the West's restless initiative. But in the East it meets its contradiction. For the first time it has been able, in our day, to outflank and bridge the mighty wall made up of the Himalayas, the Hindu Kush, the Altai, and the Khingan ranges. That barrier has through the ages held apart two contradictory civilizations until each, in isolation, has passed

maturity and is in need of revitalizing with the new blood of challenging values. On the north-western side Greek civilization, Jewish moral ideas, Roman organizing genius, and the Christian ideal of human personality have through three thousand years created western civilization: restless, adventurous, inventive, achieving external conquest, yet at war within itself. On the east and south of that mountain wall, however, the Hindu and Buddhist belief that the material order is an illusion and that salvation comes by escape from that illusion has made the belief in the conquest of nature, which is at the heart of western civilization, appear fatuous. The Confucian ethic and æsthetic conviction that life is an art, have reinforced this philosophy in the Far East, creating a civilization unaggressive as to external peoples, and having a certain peace and poise within itself.

So these two types of civilization, eastern and western, have grown to separate strength. To-day each of them has begun to decay. Our industrial civilization is falling to pieces of its own excess. Eastern civilizations have been in peril of becoming sodden with their own inertia. And in this day they have come to grips for the first time.

In the past man everywhere, but above all in the East, has been governed by tradition growing out of the continuous experience of the race. The fundamental change made by physical science and its machines is that it has broken and is corroding those traditions and, at the same time, is creating a highly complex set of new conditions in the family, the nation and the world with no guidance in coping with them.

The reason why we awake every morning to find

the latest world conference, whether on disarmament or economics, in semi-paralytic exasperation at the impossibility of reaching constructive agreed conclusions is that the goal in each man's mind is national, whereas the facts are planetary. The interdependence of our markets, our production, our monetary exchanges, our social needs, our political evolution, even our ideas, is absolute. The illusion of distance blinds us to the fact of inescapable interlocking. Men still think that Wall Street and the London Stock Exchange, the Shanghai and Tokyo Chambers of Commerce, the Johannesburg gold and diamond market and the Argentine, Chicago, and Moscow grain markets are thousands of miles from one another. The fact is that the long distance telephone, cable and radio have put them all in one building under one roof. Farmers in Minnesota or Ontario go bankrupt because American tractors on the Siberian plains of Soviet Russia are reaping wheat to transport to South America—wheat which can only be paid for if the Argentine sells beef to Britain, whose power to buy it depends on selling her manufactures to them all. Unemployed Lancashire operatives walk the streets by the ten thousand because Japanese girl contract-labour and intensive mass production place cotton clothes, of which the raw material was bought in India, on Negro backs in Africa at a very low cost, through the hands of Chinese merchants in the Arab port of Aden.

The profit-motive and the business man's mentality, working on a national scale in an international world, are producing world-wide economic distress and even disintegration, whereas the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, ruling in individual lives

and released by them in world economics, would, with our modern technical knowledge and tools of exchange, result in a world recovery of incalculable splendour. For it would open the doors of interchange to all nations.

These tools in the hands of man now mean, also, that for the first time in his history famine need have no place, and plagues and epidemics can be conquered. "General Typhus" no longer destroys armies. Surgery is without pain. All the music, all the art and architecture, all the landscapes, all the peoples of the world, the very voices and gestures of great leaders, can be brought to our ear and eye by the gramophone, the wireless, and the cinema. Freed from the limitations of muscular effort by electricity and petrol, man is presented with a new vitality. He is really freed, if he will, to the joy of an unexpected beauty and to seek a fuller manhood in spiritual terms. He is also freed for the first time to the possibility of a world fellowship of man through actual contact.

With all those powers in our hands, we feel the very foundations of ordered life sagging under us. That is the tragic paradox of to-day. We are haunted by the threatened torments of a new and still more atrocious war. We have the contradiction of glut with starvation—farmers ruined by glorious harvests and manufacturers broken through their possession of goods, because we produce for profit and not for service. Our inner peace is poisoned: we have neither assurance nor serenity. A citizen who reads his daily paper has a series of shocks from every land in the world (even if he only reads the Stock Exchange quotations); but he has no unified world outlook. Those who have no

work, rot and rust through inaction ; they suffer atrophy of the whole man. Millions of those who do work are simply tools. They have no spontaneous action ; no effort of intelligence or will is asked. The joy of the craftsman is slain. He is amputated of all his capacities save those of a chronometer. Even the scholar, the statesman, the publicist can no longer achieve the great simplicities. The insistent clamour of a myriad new items every day is too much for any brain. The reason why there are few prophets is that the incessant flow of new knowledge of a myriad irrelevant facts forbids the spaces of silence and solitude in which the spirit that has taken its fill of the realities of daily life can alone find illumination on their meaning. " Be still and know that I am God " is a word of profoundest psychological truth. But how can I " be still," with the telephone buzzing, the wireless bawling, and the flotilla of war aeroplanes roaring over my head?

Why have we come to this pass ? Is it not that we have committed the unpardonable sin of allowing the motive of personal acquisition, whether of wealth or of pleasure, to control the use of the machine, instead of the motive of serving man ? Must we not indeed press remorselessly a stage further back ? Can we ever conquer the machine save by insisting that it serve God and God's purposes in man's life ? If that is true, then we cannot solve our problem of a unified world order except in pursuit of a supernatural goal and under the authority of a divine law. We live under the cloud of a sense of impending economic ruin and of inevitable war for lack of a power greater than and beyond our own.

In all this negation of joy, mechanistic industrial civilization and Bolshevism are essentially at one. Indeed, there is a real sense in which Bolshevism, in its concentration on mechanistic industrialization, has already begun to forget the real goal of communism. Ford and Stalin both work on the principle that the abundance of things to satisfy physical needs will increase prosperity and happiness. The world is now beginning to tread gloomily away from that mirage through the valley of disillusionment. We begin to discover that the abundance of products in itself and for itself works toward universal ruin ; and, even if the products were distributed, abundance would, in itself and of itself, work the boredom of satiety. If we look around the world for vitality and joy, we do not discover it in the slaves of the machine. Nor do we find joy in those who thought they were the masters of the machine—men who now are committing suicide because the machine has failed to sustain their accustomed provision of wealth, which was the only value that was real to them. We oddly, yet in fact naturally enough, find vitality and joy in the poor saints, from Francis of Assisi to Kagawa of Kobe.

Beside the missionary passion of Bolshevism and the confident forward rush of the engineering and mechanical scientist, we must set the third great secular movement of to-day, nationalism.

Look where you will over the world, from the Philippines to Italy, across Japan, with its modern Fascist military nationalism, to China, with its youth rallying to the flag of the Republic ; India, with its personification of its ideal nationhood in the Mahatma Gandhi ; Persia, with its poets singing

the nation in place of the maiden and its new truculence toward the West under the leadership of the Shah Pehlevi; Turkey, with its obedience to the harshly nationalistic and materialistic dictation of Mustapha Kemal; Germany with its astonishing Nazi movement lifting Hitler into the chancellorship: everywhere we see nationalism as a new religion capturing the life-service of youth. And in every one of those countries, save in Italy alone, Bolshevism is wrestling with nationalism for the loyalty of youth.

These movements, coursing across the world, have, up till recently, captured principally the industrials and the student. The most momentous new feature in the landscape is that they are now breaking in on the vast green proletariat of the world—its peasant population. Their numbers exceed the grasp of our imagination. Nine-tenths of the population of Africa and Asia are living and working in villages. The movement of Latin America into the centre of the world's commerce depends upon its rural workers on the ranch and the plantation. The tides of the world's new forces are flowing across the hitherto remote peasant life. The last dykes of the old world's static life are down, and the tides are roaring through the darkness.

On the labour of this green proletariat we are all dependent, every day of our lives, whether for cocoa, rice or coffee, sugar or cotton, silks or spices, the oils without which our whole transport would instantly cease to run, or the rubber on which our millions of cars carry our civilization in comfort to and fro.

We call them illiterate, superstitious and under-

nourished. And so they are. We present their dumb appeal to the pity and the charity of the world. And that appeal is a true one. But whoever lives alongside them in any land will discover persistent, active longings for beauty, wedded to gifts of craftsmanship as well as penetrating spiritual insight. These compel, not our pity, but our joyful reverence. For those with eyes to see, beauty often shines in the lines of their mud huts, the curves of their simple pottery, in the patterns of their primitive basket-work, the colours of their handwoven fabrics and their leather work, and in the gestures of their dances. Genius speaks with moving simplicity in the majesty and humour of their folk-tales and nature lore. Their spiritual vision, feeble and crude as it may seem to us to be, reaches out after the Eternal Spirit of God, if haply it may feel after Him and find Him. All that gift of the peasant peoples is waiting to be brought in to enrich the nervy despair of the world's over-industrialized and over-intellectualized life. And every leader of great movements in the world, from Stalin to Gandhi, is now bidding for the support of the peasant.

## II

When we have gazed across the world at this turbulent and chaotic human scene, what is for us the essential significance of the kaleidoscopic and incessant changes? I suggest for your consideration four things.

First, that what we are witnessing is not simply due to the decadence of worn-out systems, but mainly to the upthrust of vigorous life: in a word,

new creation. Shoots of irresistible vitality are breaking through the arid crust of ancient civilizations. Secondly, that the conundrum set by the break-up of the old order and the chaotic insurgence of new forces is, in essence, a new problem in human relations. The existing forms of human relationships in the family, the caste, and the tribe, in the clan and the city, in the factory system, in the nation, are all in the melting pot, while right human relations between nations and races have still to be discovered by insight and experiment. Thirdly, that the essential issue within all these ranges of human relationship and in the creation of new relationships lies in finding some absolute authority by which to decide between tormenting conflicts of loyalty. Such conflict is involved, for instance, for a communist when his nation is in peril; for a nationalist when his nation's good threatens world peace or his nation's law commands him to acts which he believes to be against the will of God; and for the employee when he has to choose between losing a position and searing his conscience. Fourthly, that behind those conflicts of loyalty we discern the clash of standards of value.

How can we not only discover but apply triumphantly the eternal standards of value that can govern all human relations everywhere? This brings us back to the fact that these relationships must be woven of the single threads of individual human personalities. Here we are brought from our world wide international crises to the one crisis that has been present since the dawn of human life, and that will never cease: the eternal crisis of each individual human soul face to face with destiny. That crisis is eternal because it is upon every human

being in all ages, irrespective of race or class, sex or culture.

We have been thinking of peoples in the mass and talking of world movements that sway their lives as the breeze sways a field of wheat. We speak glibly of four hundred million Chinese or of three hundred million Indians ; and we debate the impact upon them of mechanistic civilization, or of nationalistic passion, or of Bolshevism. But we have a false perspective of human life on this planet unless we hold steadily in our mind all the time that those masses are made up of individual, immortal souls like yours and mine, for each of whom the vital issue of eternal life and death is in his rendezvous with God.

Here, again, our problem is one of relations ; but not simply of human relations. It is the relation of the individual human soul to the Eternal, the spiritual source of all life. Every man and woman in the world to-day shares with all their fellow-men certain fundamental spiritual and moral needs. You and I may phrase those needs differently. At heart, however, they seem to me to be three : first, to escape from our own futility—in a word, we need power ; secondly, to conquer the two-fold tyranny of external circumstance and of the inner compulsions of our selfish, sinful hearts—in a word, we need freedom ; and thirdly, to find fulfilment of all that God has given us each the capacity to be—in a word, we need growth.

Our perspective would, however, be equally false if we swung to this other extreme and held that all that matters is this relation of God and the individual. For the individual and the community are inseparable and incessantly interact creatively

on each other. These movements of Bolshevism, nationalism and so on are, indeed, a part of the crisis of decision for each individual; and each decision is an essential part of the movement.

Our mechanistic western civilization when it corrodes, for instance, the spiritual and social cohesion of African tribal life, leaves the individual African boy or man an isolated, naked unit in an arid, empty place. He becomes a gritty grain of sterile dust instead of a part of the fruitful soil of his native land. So his lonely African soul faces destiny without guide or compass in a terrible desert place; and that loneliness is directly due to the sweep of western civilization which has destroyed the tribal community in which, from the dawn of history, the African's personality has found its congenial soil. The action of a world force on his tribal life shapes the African's problem as an individual; and his individual life decision in face of that problem helps to create a new world force.

Bolshevism subdues the soul of the individual to the tyranny of the hive. Carried forward by the surging movement of the human herd, man is swept along in a life where his attitudes are predetermined, and where there is, at least in the communist ideal, no struggle of the soul. The goal envisaged by the mechanistic civilization in which we live, and the ends to which Bolshevism is directed, are in both cases concerned with the physical being of man. Their horizon in both cases is limited to here and now. The one is careless, the other contemptuous, of man's soul.

One root cause of our whole paralysis lies in that decay of the individual. Fascism and nationalism with their worship of the state; communism, on

its knees before the mass-man and the machine ; industrialism with its human-cogs in its insensate mechanism, all have the small merits and the huge evil of the hive ; the pestilent sectional efficiency of soul-destroying uniformity. Rebellion against herd-tyranny is a prime essential of escape from our impending disasters. And such rebellion inevitably needs that the individual must have some goal beyond that of the herd, some support, some irresistible spring of action beyond the hive or the ant-hill. Above all, he needs some certainty that what happens to his body is irrelevant compared with what happens to his soul ; he must, indeed, be certain that he is a soul. Again, then, we are driven to the conviction that lost man can only find his way in the light of a sun that is above his world, and guide himself by stars that do not revolve with his little earth. He must know the will of God and himself find his joy and fulfilment in obeying it before he can even learn to build world trade or found world peace.

Within and behind external changes, we have noted that the eternal significance lies in a conflict of ultimate goals, a clash of values. The armageddon of ideas and ideals is not only between the new and the old, but also between the differing ideals presented in this new day by communism, fascism, and democratic nationalism. Indeed, the complexity goes deeper still, for there is a conflict of values within each force itself. Within Bolshevism, for instance, lies hidden a goal of social justice congruous with the prophecies of Isaiah and the Sermon on the Mount, alongside a belief in materialistic determinism that denies the very being and contradicts the nature of the God who

inspired Isaiah and gave Jesus to man. The same conflict of values is within nationalism. The varied beauty of differing expressions of the human spirit shines in the cultures and the institutions of the scattered nations. That is one of the world's most entrancing qualities. Yet, alongside it, within the heart of contemporary nationalism in Europe, Asia and the Americas, harsh, selfish, intolerant arrogance and defiance set the nation and its state above God.

The existing order all over the world is visibly crumbling. It will be succeeded by some dark though possibly scientific barbarism, unless some power can rally man on a world scale to a new loyalty. For humanity to enjoy harmonious, progressive, world order we must have some living, universal root from which it will grow. This principle must be so simple as to be able to find soil within the humblest; so powerfully vital that it is capable of giving life to all who will accept its values; so true to the very substance of the universe that it carries the authority of final reality. Where can it be found?

## CHAPTER VII

### "TO WHOM SHALL WE TURN?"

#### I

WE have agreed that what is needed is not the buttressing up of the old order of things either in the East or in the West. That is not desirable even if it were possible; nor is it possible even though we wished it. What is needed is a new creation. We must, then, look for a power that can work like leaven within the human spirit, regardless of race or nation or class or culture. Where shall we find it?

It is odd that to-day there are still intelligent men who believe that secular, scientific education is such a power. Any man who has come through the last war and has some glimpse of the hellish preparations for the next, and who still looks to science uncontrolled by spiritual forces to save the world, is a hypnotized victim of a new and terrible form of credulous and superstitious fetish worship.

In a day when "things are in the saddle and ride mankind," all those who are sure that the goal of man is not really in possessing things, must stand together to strengthen each other in the battle for the supremacy of the spiritual. And, indeed, most men and women of any faith will agree with what Principal Mackenzie of Bombay put so vividly at the International Missionary Council at Jerusalem:

I would rather have a man who bows down before a daub of red paint or a stone, than an educated man who has nothing but materialism and is satisfied with it.

Can the spiritual, however, mould our human life—really change it? Man, feeling the earthquake rock the very soil under his feet and shake the structure of civilization about his ears, asks: "What must I do to be saved?" And the reply—if it is to win his loyalty—must be not only true, but capable of bringing about a real change in men's characters and in the character of communities, or nations. Is there any such truth available to man to-day?

We need at the outset to ask: "What do I mean by 'being lost'? From what and to what am I saved?"

If a man, face to face with his own life and with the universe in which he acts, is haunted by personal futility in the struggles within his own divided personality and by the inability to realize his own ideals; by a sense of bleak loneliness in face of the uncaring self-absorption of humanity around him and of the unknown forces of the universe; if nothing beyond or within himself gives unity and freedom, power and fellowship to his life—then he is "lost." If mankind as a community has no sense of a goal to which it is moving and if it is being driven by forces beyond its social control toward economic disaster and social chaos, and on through war to general barbarism—then it is "lost." Is not that where we are to-day?

Supposing, however, that a Voice were to tell man that the creative power which makes and moves the universe is personal, is God, and really cares for man. Supposing that this Reality broke through

the veil that hides the Eternal from our eyes and discovered Himself to us in flesh and blood, thus proving that the loneliness is an illusion. Supposing that God in man actually on this little planet of ours conquered the futility, the lack of a goal, the certainty of impending doom, and proved in actual life that man can be changed, individually and in his community life. If that Voice spoke, if Reality revealed Himself to us in flesh and blood, then the man who was lost and who avails himself of that Power will be saved, and the humanity that was lost can, on the same terms, find corporate entrance into the Kingdom of God. Such truth would be indeed a Gospel of Good News to carry urgently to all the earth.

To dramatize what we are trying here to say (taking one instance out of many that spring to memory), let us look at that rugged, virile man on the slopes of Mount Carmel after a terrific spiritual combat that had ended in carnage. Hunted by the forces of the state, hounded on by a flouted and infuriated queen, worn out in nerve and spirit by his intense activity, utterly exhausted in body, he pushes on into the desert, and asks God to take away his life. He feels that he is futile, useless, alone; a spent force facing impossible odds. He is lost. More than that, his message to his nation is lost. No one will heed it.

It is a personal crisis. But it is more, it is a world crisis. For that man was the one effective, incarnate advocate and defence, the one living prophet of a new and daring conviction which was (and is) more vital and revolutionary for the world's future than any idea that ever came from Athens or Rome: the belief that God is one and is moral.

No nation in the world believed that ; and in his own nation its persistence, humanly speaking, depended on the fight that Elijah was at that time making. Humanly speaking, he was bound to fail, and with his failure the whole world would have been incalculably poorer.

Then "an angel touched him." The creative power, so to speak, drew aside the veil and touched his life. That Power first cared for his material needs ; then gave him an immortal demonstration that power is not in earthquake or in tempest, but in "the still small voice" of God, and concluded by revealing that, so far from being lost or alone, he could count on an impatient fellowship of seven thousand in his own nation who waited to follow his lead. What saved the day was the new revealed assurance that the creative power in the universe cares for man.

## II

If we turn to the existing faiths of mankind and ask whether in any of them man can really find this assurance, which means salvation to him as an individual and in his community life, what reply do we get ?

Salvation as envisaged by the existing religions comes either through obedience to law, or through living processes of changed humanity that we sum up in the word redemption. Judaism and Islam both stand for obedience to law—the expressed will of an almighty personal God—as the way of salvation. Both hold the vital essential truth that God is, and that He is good. Judaism is on an infinitely loftier moral plane than Islam ; it seems

anchored, however, to the cultural way of life and of the law, and to the race through which it was revealed. Few would assert its world adequacy to save man in face of the world forces that we have surveyed. Islam, in spite of all the reforming movements within it, is tragically shackled to the cruelties and grossness of the later life of its founder. There is in it no power for recreating individuals and integrating them to a community whose harmonious and progressive relationships should at least be a model from which a new world order can spring.

Turning from the religions of obedience to law to the religions of redemption, we discover two great extremes. Christianity emerges in Palestine and flows for many centuries mainly westward. Hinduism, with its lovely offspring, Buddhism, arises in India and Ceylon, and flows ever eastward. Both Hinduism and Buddhism are committed inescapably to the belief that all "phenomenal" life is illusion; that our life is a series of restless evanescent waves on the surface of the unchanging ocean of the Absolute. We are chained by our desires to the world of illusion and to the suffering that it entails. The goal lies in escape from this illusion, through the cessation of desire, into the unconditioned Absolute which Buddhism calls Nirvana.

Yet the Buddhist Abbot, Tai Shu, says (1925)<sup>1</sup> that :

Buddhism alone can save the present world. The present impossible position, when nation wars against nation, race against race, class against class, and every individual against every other, is the logical outcome of

<sup>1</sup> *China Her Own Interpreter.*

the law of struggle, and the law of struggle is born of the exaltation of the animal desire for comfort and power. . . . Our only hope is in the religion of the Enlightened One, which can lead man into the way of true enlightenment through knowledge of the Law of Karma, and move men's hearts and make goodness prosper in the world.

Both Buddhism and Hinduism are rooted in pessimism, having as their goal the escape from suffering into unconsciousness. To both of them God is unknown and unknowable ; He is empty of meaning. He (or It) does nothing for man. As Tulsi Das, a sixteenth-century Hindu poet and mystic, said, "The worship of the impersonal laid no hold on my heart." So in them there is neither the moral impulse to conquer nor the assurance of power to do so. The master word is "escape." If that were a true picture of the universe, then any attempt to grapple with the world situation would be a farce. Confucius, as we have seen,<sup>1</sup> was essentially a humanist. He never claimed to bring a religious faith to man, and we shall question him in vain for the secret of spiritual power.

What then of the claims of Christianity to save lost mankind ? It is, unlike the other religions, rooted in historical realism. It springs from an actual event in time. There and then, in its view, the Divine broke in upon the human scene in a unique personality : "God has spoken to us in a Son." In Him all that makes man "lost" is conquered. This is not escape from desire, but triumph over self. Christianity sees matter not as an evil illusion, but as a tool to be used. It sees free personality in fellowship as the very centre of the

<sup>1</sup> See Chapter II.

universe. The life of the Spirit acts like leaven in the flour working a moral conquest, transforming the character of the individual and of the community in which it works. In a word, it is new birth.

Simply to assert the uniqueness and adequacy of the conquering power of Christ, however, does not solve our contemporary problem. There are to-day in the world many millions of us who are sure that Christianity is true to the meaning of the universe and is relevant to all the needs of every man and has in it the creative power to build a new world community. We believe that in Jesus Christ we see "the human face of God"; and because of what He has done for us and in us, that He is a sufficient, final, absolute Saviour for all men. Wherever He can stand for Himself with men, He compels their reverence, by what He is, by His beauty and strength, His courage and power, His humility and dignity, His lovingkindness and heroic sacrifice. Tragically, however, He has become associated with our "satanic" western civilization, with its exploitation and imperialism. The alloy of heathenism has worked its way into the heart of our contemporary consciousness even in Christianity. It is not simply that the old ethical stoicism of the Roman empire was woven into the substance of the thought and practice of the mediaeval church, and so has come down to us; or that the Roman sense of authoritarianism and insistence on private property and law have overlaid the Christian gospel of freedom and friendship. Those things are true; but even in our own days, the gospel of economic success and of the supreme importance of material progress has thrust both the principles of the Sermon on the Mount and the actual practice of

Jesus' own life ever further and further into the background.

Here we see the first adventure of the new generation. It is called neither to endorse nor to scoff at existing formulæ, but to explore with courage, realism and intellectual integrity what standard of values is true and will work to-day. We have to penetrate for ourselves to the meaning of Christ's words and of His work, and above all of Himself. We have to demonstrate in convincing, heart-stirring word and life in what His power consists ; what answer He makes to our guess-work, and how He can break open the prison-gates of our servitudes ; what His radiant and adventurous peace may work in the life of man tormented by the world's unrest ; what harmonious unity and power He brings to our disordered and divided spirits ; what beauty He reveals in life and can create out of the slag-heaps of our unlovely industrialism.

We do not, however, need to hold up action pending an intellectual exploration into His meaning. We shall, indeed, discover His secret best in adventurous planning and action. "Those who do My will shall know. . . ." There are some shining verities in Christ's life and teaching which will give us more than enough to fill a life-time with perilous pioneering. Take, for instance, the Prodigal Son story. The essence of that picture is, surely, that the heart of God is in quest of His sons and wills them in communion with Himself and in comradeship with each other. In other words, that the joy and glory of God are realized and the saving of lost man achieved in right and lovely living relationships. To set to work on that simple

immortal verity is to start on the world mission of Christianity. If that truth is to be applied, as it must be if it is valid, to the factory, the chain-store, the Foreign Office, and the stock exchange; to tariffs and municipal politics, race relationships, school text-books on history—yes, and to the life of the Church itself, then there is a call to be made on our most daring, constructive initiative and business executive action. Personalities thus transformed by Christ into this new relationship with God and one another are a new revolutionary community which is the Church.

It is easy to say and to show that the Church across the world is in so many of its parts feeble and divided, anæmic and distraught. Yet it is even truer to say to-day that there is no part of the world in which we fail to find the Christian community, like the vine in springtime, "pushing forth her tender shoot." A new, reviving spiritual life is working in groups in every continent. It is issuing in progressive initiative under the ægis of the Kingdom of God Movement in Japan and the Five Year Movement in China; in the "Round Table"<sup>1</sup> ferment and the caste movement towards Christianity in India; in the vigorous leaven in the western world of vitality breaking out in fresh and unconventional forms. There is more than enough to shatter the pessimism or the cynicism of those who, either sadly or gladly, predict the decadence of the Christian community. Above all, there is the fact that at no time in the world's history until to-day has the actual personality of Jesus been

<sup>1</sup> Those familiar with the methods of Dr Stanley Jones will recognize that this phrase is not used in the political sense, but to typify his method of commending Christ to Indians.

recognized across all the continents by men of all creeds and races as the supreme expression of good in human personality.

III

Jesus came to bring the good news of the Kingdom of God. The cause of the Kingdom of God is not to be confused with that of any civilization or social order. By definition, and in living reality, the principle of unity of that Kingdom and its goal are to be found, not in man himself, but in God. Communism and industrial capitalism take the economic motive of the desire for personal physical wellbeing as the core, and conceive as their goal the spread of such comfort to all as a matter of social justice ; in a word, they remain enslaved to the essential principle that has created the present order and is now destroying it. But the Christian revolution asks for a transformation of the very bases of civilization by a reversal of the hierarchy of values. Personality and not possession, fellowship of the spirit and not the mere sharing of manufactured goods, are its goal.

The branches cannot bear fruit unless drawing life from the vine, and the proof of that unity with the vine lies in the bunches of grapes. On the other hand, the actual growth of the Kingdom of God cannot be controlled or developed by any strategy, nor even by any sacrifice of gifts. All that can be done is to use every possible skill and give all devotion. Ultimately, it is the recipient soil that decides whether the seed shall grow. Yeast can never leaven clay : it needs the responsive vitality of the flour.

To rediscover the end of life as Jesus Christ

revealed it, and in the light of that goal to discover what is God's will for us in this modern world in which He has set us, is no easy adventure. The income, the very food, clothes and roof-tree of all of us, and of those for whom we care more than we do for ourselves, are bound up with the existing order. It, therefore, demands a sacrificial act of the will to express, in life as well as in words, such condemnation of the pagan elements of that order as will help to end it. Furthermore, we are so saturated with the spirit of the civilization in which we have been shaped that it is only by a supreme effort of imagination that we can, as we go back to the words and deeds of Christ, see where He challenges and combats that social and economic order. Indeed, He combats as well much in our very Christianity, alloyed as its pure gold is with the lead and tin of the gospels of commercial success, social prestige, and the will to power.

We have powerful and fascinating new allies in this adventure of rediscovering the values of Christ for the world of to-day and establishing them integrally in its life. In Asia and in Africa a new generation of young Christians is rising, as well as of young thinkers belonging to other faiths, or to no faith, yet passionately interested in Christ's approach to life. Indeed, some of the characteristic attitudes of Benares or Nanking or Tokyo may easily be shown to have more natural affinity with the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount than many of the governing principles characteristic of London or Johannesburg, Sydney or New York. We may, therefore, well look to these young thinkers as colleagues in a world-wide comradeship of youth in quest of God's will for us all.

As David Livingstone said of Africa, so we can say of the mind of Christ—"the end of the exploration is only the beginning of the enterprise." To make the drastic practical applications of the will of God that true Christianity will demand to personal life and to industry, to commerce and international industrial relations will call for heroic planning and action.

The whole activity and speech of our Lord's life flow from the certainty that man's life is only radiant, abundant and eternal when he returns as a prodigal son to the Father and shows his sonship to the Father by loving his brother. If that is so—and it is difficult to read less than that in the Gospel narrative—the Christian life is above all a personal relationship, divine and human, that does, in fact, transform men. "Reflecting as a mirror the glory, they are changed into the same image." That changed individual is the essential necessity in the architecture of a new world order. In so far as any selfishness or any fear controls my life, I am not Christian. In so far as any attitude governing industry or commerce, national or international life is selfish or ruled by fear, it is not Christian. Capitalism or communism, nationalism or fascism, must, like every individual, be judged all the time in this shining light of divine friendship.

Christ came to bring to men a supreme good, in accepting which the individual and the community must be saved. If as men and nations we acted on the belief that love really casts out fear (and nothing but the love of God can do that), we should achieve peace, which is not the absence of war, but the fruit of love and justice working in adventurous co-operation. If love really casts out selfishness,

we should not live in a lunatic world where warehouses are crammed with the goods that men need while millions starve and freeze outside. If the spirit can rule the body for the glory of God, men would not be hag-ridden by lust and drunkenness.

The Christian's duty in respect of nationalism is to transcend it ; not, however, from outside, but from within. To recreate our nation as it is into the nation that God wills it to be, and for its gift to the world of nations, is a greater goal than any superior cosmopolitanism that has no loyalty to man because it has none to home. Our ultimate loyalty is a spiritual one, to the Kingdom of God ; but that loyalty must begin to be incarnate and concrete and passionate in the home and the nation before it can be real in relation to mankind.

If the values that we see in Christ governed the use and the invention of the tools that science is ready to put into our hands, we should not be making poison-gas, tanks, bombing aeroplanes, submarines and machine-guns. We should concentrate on the perfection of medicine and surgery and their spread throughout the world ; on the irrigation of deserts to grow crops for the famine-stricken in India and China, the engineering of roads and bridges over which foods and medicines could be carried to multitudes dying of drought and disease, and the control of rivers such as those that to-day sweep uncounted thousands of our Chinese fellow-men to death. We should so mobilize the forces of goodwill and so relate the men of spiritual vision and of political and economic capacity to the affairs of mankind that the elementary material needs of all men would be met by a sharing of the gifts of God among all classes and

nations in an interdependent world. We should work to strengthen, purify and make more efficient organizations like the League of Nations that mankind is bringing into being to carry into action its longing for peace and active co-operation for the good of mankind. We should enter on a new discovery of beauty, and make the loveliness of God's world in nature and in all the arts available to delight the soul of all peoples. We should, above all, and as the inspiration of all ideal action, give our lives and use all the tools that are to our hand for spreading among all men the truth of this good news of the Kingdom of God, for lack of and disobedience to which the world is hovering on the edge of the precipice of hell.

Communism challenges our accepted social and industrial traditions. So do trenchant, persuasive prophets of scepticism like Bertrand Russell. They declare for what they hold to be a higher social good, and are ready with a concrete programme. The standards of Christ really challenge those traditions even more drastically; but the Christian community on the whole fails to give a strong fresh lead. As Nicolas Berdyaev<sup>1</sup> says: "The only thing to pit against integral communism, materialistic communism, is integral Christianity. . . . The whole future of Christian societies depends on whether Christianity, or rather Christians, decisively leave off supporting capitalism and social injustice: or whether the Christian world sets to work, in the name of God and of Christ, to put into practice that justice which the communists are now introducing in the name of a godless collectivity, an earthly paradise."

<sup>1</sup> *The Russian Revolution*, Essay II, The Religion of Communism.

Let us look at one or two concrete instances out of many that could be defined. If we could see side by side the boys of one of our great historic schools, with all their privileges of body and mind, and boys from the East End of London deprived of their chances of proper educational development by the necessity of earning their daily bread, should we not feel the terrible condemnation of the words, "it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea?" If we felt our responsibility for such conditions, we should not rest until we had uprooted the causes in our social system of such inequality of opportunity, and the distortion of lives made in the image of God. It is fatally easy to acquiesce in conditions which, if we stop to think, we know to be contrary to the mind of Christ. Here we can gain much from the inspiration of Christians in the Far East, such as Dr Kagawa, who look fearlessly at our so-called Christian civilization, which is so familiar to us that we often fail to recognize and condemn its pagan elements. In an address delivered in Great Britain, for instance, in 1933, Dr T. C. Chao, one of China's leading Christians, said, "We know that when abundant wealth and dire poverty stare at each other with a gulf fixed between them, God cannot be there. All God's children must have a decent living."

Jesus' teaching on money and poverty surely has a far more thoroughgoing transformation to make in our ideas and practice in regard to unequal incomes and the spending of money. Is there, for instance, a maximum standard of living beyond which a Christian should not live, at any rate

while others are under-privileged? Again, with regard to marriage and the family, many sincere young people feel that our attitude is too often to maintain a tradition because it is a tradition, rather than because it has any living significance in face of the pressing problems with which present-day conditions confront them. Under the intellectual challenge of thoroughgoing humanists, we need to seek once again, as members of a Christian community, the guidance of Christ Himself on a matter of such vital concern.

If, then, youth will have the imaginative daring and develop the disciplined will to rediscover the meaning of Christ's message and person for mankind to-day, and will then go out into all the world so to proclaim that Good News and live by it that men will inescapably be faced by the need for decision as to what end they will pursue, we shall be led to a new vision of Christianity. We believe that the life of each of us individually and of man in fellowship—in the family, the city, the nation, the world community—can be transformed by the life-giving, enduring power of Christ and can be raised to the plane of the Kingdom of God. If this is true, then incomparably the most important work in the world is to share the gift of God in Christ with all mankind.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE TIDES OF GOD

RECENTLY a Chinese communist girl, the niece of a well-known Christian educationist, was in her prison-cell on the eve of her execution for being a Bolshevik. Surrounded by relatives in tears, hers was the only calm face in the group. "You are weeping for me," she said. "You should weep for yourselves. I am dying for a Cause. . . . You will go on living—for what?"

The question that startled them is relevant enough to any one of us as we face these titanic forces that wrench asunder the structure of life in the Far East and in the world at large.

Either we do or we do not believe that in Christ God's infinite power and goodness break through into the human scene. If we do not so believe, and if we care at all what comes to the life of man, we must urgently seek some other power that will save mankind from the impending and irreparable disaster that is upon us. If, however, we do so believe, all other tasks are relatively trivial, compared with the release of this power of God in Christ into human life. Indeed, all tasks are part of that task. The scientist and the statesman, the teacher and the parent, the engineer, the artisan, the tiller of the soil, and the artist in whatever medium, are all involved in this adventure of life.

## I

The Japanese mind is to-day inevitably thinking internationally and socially. The Japanese daily paper, which goes into every village every day, has presented to every Japanese man and woman and youth the hectic issues debated at Washington, Versailles and Geneva; and any presentation of Christianity that is to be effective with the realistic younger generation must take account of these issues. More difficult still, it must have some decisive word to say as to the spirit that should govern a man and a nation in face of the often apparently conflicting loyalties of the nation and humanity and God. Probably no Christian group in the world or across the centuries has ever been more severely tested on this issue than has the Japanese Christian community since 1931. Thank heaven its leaders have a wonderful and decisive certainty on international affairs and many of them have heroically expressed it.

A Christian medical professor in Cheeloo University, in the northern province of Shantung, Dr F. H. Mosse, gives a vivid picture of the conflict going on also in the hearts of young China :

I wish I could depict something of the travail of spirit through which young China is passing. We see it every day in our own students. . . . They are full of passionate ideals and ready for almost any sacrifice, but they are torn this way and that by conflicting emotions, and often loyalty to their religion and loyalty to their country seem in sharp opposition.

Anyone who has felt at first hand the agonizing tension between China and Japan in relation to the Shanghai conflict,<sup>1</sup> will be quick to recognize

<sup>1</sup> See p. 17.

that the visit to Shanghai in April 1932 of four Japanese Christian leaders of high standing is a living proof of the fact that in Christ men bridge the deepest and widest chasms. Mr Ebisawa, who headed this group, expressed to the Christian Chinese group whom they met their sense of responsibility before God, and their conviction that until the Prince of Peace stands between the two countries, the Kingdom of God will not come in the Orient. He went on :

I am convinced that our primary duty as Christians is to push forward to Christianize the two countries that the principles of love and goodwill may govern the whole of each nation ; secondly, to work for the disarmament of all nations in united efforts with the Christians in other lands.

From China, in November of the same year, a delegation of Christian leaders went, as occasionally happens, to the annual meeting of the National Christian Council of Japan in Tokyo. At those meetings Mr Chang Fu-liang, rural secretary of the National Christian Council of China, said :

By the constant interchange of messages of sympathy and goodwill during the last twelve months or so between our National Christian Councils and by the courageous stand taken by some Japanese Christians, the Christians in our two countries have come closer together in the fellowship of prayer and sorrow, although our respective countries seem to drift farther apart.

In a letter sent by Toyohiko Kagawa to Chinese Christians regarding Japan's attitude towards China, he wrote :

Dear Brothers and Sisters, I want to ask your pardon for my nation. Because of what we are doing I cannot

preach in the name of Christ. . . . Pardon us ; pardon me especially, because our Christian forces were not strong enough to get the victory over the militarists. But the day will come when we shall be strong enough to do this, and when both nations will be harmonious and peaceful in the name of Christ.

Since then, Dr Kagawa has never ceased to declare that, for Japan herself, the writing is upon the wall if she tries by imperialism to impose her will upon the world.

The swift onrush of the industrial revolution in Japan, and on its heels the full spate of communist propaganda, involve the Japanese Christians in conflicting loyalties. The fact that Kagawa, the leading Christian personality in Japan, is also one of the world's outstanding labour leaders, has helped to focus the Christian conscience there on problems of capital and labour in a nation where capitalism is intensely concentrated and communism deep-rooted and intelligent. Whereas in Kagawa's early days as a Christian labour leader, the police came to his meetings and noted him as a revolutionary and those who attended as dangerous radicals, to-day the police tend to urge youth into his meetings as an antidote to the "Dangerous Thoughts" movement of Marxian communism with its materialist class war doctrine. Kagawa has not modified his drastic Christian social programme ; it is the landscape of Bolshevik revolution that has changed the political and social perspective.

In Japan there are some thirty Christian organizations, many of them exercising considerable influence in the nation, and all giving a definite leadership on different aspects of the social problem. The quality of Japanese Christianity in

respect of the social programme may be gauged from Dr Inazo Nitobe's statement that in Japan "the labour parties were practically led by Christians." The National Christian Council of Japan, representing Christian Churches and mission boards in all parts of the land and including all classes of people, has agreed upon a definite minimum Christian social programme :

Setting up as our ideal a Christian social order in which God is revered as Father and humanity is inter-related as brothers, we purpose to realize the love, justice and fraternal oneness manifested by Christ.

We are opposed to every kind of materialistic education and materialistic system of thought. We reject all social reconstruction based on class struggle and revolutionary methods. We are likewise opposed to reactionary oppression. Moreover, taking measures for the extension of Christian education we pray that many leaders will arise from among us who will pour their lives into the solution of social problems.

We maintain that making the life of Christ a living force within organized society is the only salvation for the present distress. We believe that wealth is a God-given trust and that it should be offered up for Him and for men.

'And they then proceed to enumerate the fourteen points of their programme.<sup>1</sup>

The dominant domestic social issues, outside the purely industrial problem, are those of social purity and temperance. In both of these fields Japanese Christian women have exercised a courageous and decisive leadership. It is now illegal to sell drink to minors. When the earthquake at Tokyo wiped out the Yoshiwara, the area dedicated to prostitution under state licence, the Christian forces pressed

<sup>1</sup> *Japan Mission Year Book*, 1929, pp. 127-128.

a powerful plea upon the government to prevent its being rebuilt. The movement failed; but the conscience of the nation was so disturbed, and so many saw this prosperous traffic to amass wealth out of the degradation and disease of girls and women as an infamy, that already in as many as eleven prefectures of Japan it is abolished.

The strength of the Japanese Christian community to-day does not lie in its corporate Christian fellowship. It may be that it never will lie there; for religion in Japan—whether Shinto, Buddhist or Confucian—has never stood for corporate worship, but for worship before the altar by the individual, or for the cult by the family. The vitality of Christianity in Japan lies far more in its strong lay leaders, men who are professors in the imperial university or provincial universities or who are in government positions. The sources of the growth of Christianity in Japan are to be found even more in the passionate self-dedication of, for instance, the Sapporo Band and the Kumamoto Band. These are relatively small groups of outstanding young men who, on giving their lives to Christ some forty years ago, dedicated themselves with something of the old samurai intensity to His service and the spread of His Kingdom. The red-blooded, virile strength that they gave has been felt in the pulse of all the Churches. Strong men have followed them. But the need is greater than ever now. To provide its lay leadership and its pastoral leadership, the Japanese Church needs supremely a sturdy, efficient, educational system, intellectually equipped to the highest degree, for it must provide men capable of facing the giants of the state secular system.

Thrilled and strengthened by the world comradeship of Christians from every continent who met on the Mount of Olives at Easter in 1928 to plan for world advance, the sturdy group of Japanese Christian leaders returned to face the simultaneous onslaught of Marxism, communism, militarism and money-making. What could the Japanese Churches do in face of so great a challenge to the values that they lived to express? Most of them, organized for years in their denominational Church Councils, have, through their denominational leadership, become linked together in a National Christian Council, which, in turn, is one of the creative units federated in the International Missionary Council. On the Churches then, and especially their National Christian Council, fell the responsibility of an initiation in face of national need.

They dared to plan a great aggressive initiative—the Kingdom of God Movement. Its central principle was and is “to make the movement church-centric, nourishing the Church life itself and establishing a vital relation between the Churches and their communities.”

The Church leaders decided in 1929 on a three years' plan, with one great objective to be concentrated upon in each year. The first year (1930) was dedicated to the expansion of the Good News of the Kingdom, by word of mouth, in meetings and in conference, by literature, and by schools training laymen in evangelism. The second year was given to the education of peasant-farmers as Christian leaders in their own village communities, the farmers' wives and daughters sharing in embroidery Gospel schools. Kagawa again led in this stimulating experiment. In this way the Kingdom

of God Movement pressed into many areas hitherto untouched by Christianity, and left in those areas men of leadership with a clear and definite, simple outline of the faith for which they stand. Since 1928 the number of rural centres occupied by the Christian Church has grown from one hundred and eight to four hundred and twenty-two.

The Christianizing of economics was the central theme of 1932, the third year of the Kingdom of God Movement. Of course the end of each year did not see the cessation of the work undertaken in that year, but the grafting on to it of a new emphasis.

One splendid experimental tool was created in a weekly newspaper for the Movement which rapidly won and sustains a subscribed circulation of thirty-five thousand copies a week. Little pamphlets to sell at a very low price were written on such subjects as *Meditations on the Cross*, by Kagawa; *Marx and Jesus*; *The Perplexed Mind and the Kingdom of God*. Over a million copies of one after another were sold. The superb initiative of newspaper evangelism which had been working for years in Japan,<sup>1</sup> harnessed its forces to the enterprise. This work of correspondence with scores of thousands of inquirers, whose interest is aroused by newspaper articles and paragraphs, is now directed from some thirty-three centres up and down the Japanese empire.

A full-time Japanese secretary was attached to the Movement, who concentrates his activity upon the rural co-operative schools. The movement still has as its mainstay the backing of the National

<sup>1</sup> *The Press and the Gospel*, by Murray Walton, tells the story of this fascinating work.

Christian Council with the quiet, powerful, reconciling, organizing talent of its secretary, A. Ebisawa. Kagawa has in this work been into every province of every island of Japan, and it is well known that his time is given to it without any financial reward.

Ex-President Ebina of Doshisha University, after a distinguished national service of ten years in that position, has helped to raise the status of the whole Kingdom of God Movement by addressing meetings of students all over the empire, students who are deeply influenced by his blend of intellectual power and spiritual enthusiasm. A blind philosopher of high standing, Professor Iwahashi, has aided greatly by travelling throughout Japan preaching and addressing meetings. Burning with a white flame of intellectual integrity and religious sincerity, he exercises great influence in addition by his personal fortitude. The fact that a blind man, whose distinguished services in his university have earned him a title to repose, faces the difficulties and discomfort of travel to tell the Good News of the Kingdom of God, has stirred people all over Japan deeply.

When the three years planned for the Kingdom of God Movement were completed at the end of 1932, an outcry arose from the country people against the very idea of stopping it. They said: "We have been neglected for a century; now things are just beginning to move. . . . You must go on."

Their enthusiasm revealed that the habit of co-operating for advance in the Kingdom of God Movement had opened a new life for the little country churches hitherto often struggling in comparative isolation. These groups, together with the towns, came together in local committees. By

the autumn of 1933 over ninety such committees were organized and nearly nine hundred local churches of many denominations were represented upon them. Over a thousand towns had been visited in which a total of over three thousand churches co-operated in holding a total of over three thousand five hundred meetings, at which the attendance exceeded seven hundred thousand. These local committees are to be self-governing and self-supporting.

Kagawa will give half his time to the Movement, but will give that time in places that he has not previously visited on its behalf. This is psychologically interesting; for he is thus being used for the purposes where his power reaches genius—the inspiration and stimulus of people who are already Christian, and the presentation in compelling and appealing sincerity and realism of what Christianity really means in word and deed. His life and heroic self-giving, his burning conviction and dashing courage, his passion for the poor and his radiant personal devotion to Christ, together with his superlative gift of popular writing that makes everything he produces a “best-seller” among all classes of the Japanese people, all combine to make his leadership and co-operation in the Movement of priceless value. He himself, however, would be the first to proclaim the truth that the whole Movement depends for its poise and sustained momentum upon the quiet self-effacing efficiency of his colleague, Ebisawa, and the group he has gathered round him.

During the work of the Kingdom of God Movement up to the autumn of 1933, over thirty-seven thousand people sent in signed statements express-

ing their wish to be enrolled in Bible Classes to go further in their search for truth ; and more than twenty-seven thousand men have attended training conferences in town and in village in order to equip themselves for more efficient honorary service in the life of the Church and the community.

So the Kingdom of God Movement in Japan has united the Japanese Church and the western missionaries in a vigorous and happy initiative against mammonism, materialism, and militarism. There is the *élan* of victory both in its leadership and in its rank and file. The Japanese leaders and missionaries of different denominations have met together for years in a sustained co-operative enterprise of common planning and united prayer. At least a hundred thousand Japanese have heard the good news of the Kingdom of God for the first time from the lips of their own people and in terms appropriate to their own personal, social and national perplexities. This has given the Japanese Church a fresh sense of its own power and of the conquering vitality of the Christian message and its relevance to the life of every man. A new peasant-farmer Christian leadership has begun to emerge, and that in a land where the peasants are more and more coming into a class-conscious attack on the social and economic problems of the day. Teachers in Christian schools see their wonderful opportunity to train a young, courageous, well-equipped leadership for the nation and for the Christian community itself. Lay Japanese leadership in all this activity has caught a fresh sense of responsibility.

The following story from Hokkaido could be paralleled by many others :

Not long ago I visited a silver mine in an out of the way place in the mountains, where I found one of the mine officials, a graduate in engineering and an earnest worker of our Church, who had started work among the workers at the mine quite on his own initiative. He had a regular service in his house for such as would come each Sunday, and with his wife's help a Sunday School in the afternoon. Every evening that he was not engaged at the mine, he was at home to any who cared to come in for Bible study with him. In this way he had collected a little congregation of enquirers, some of whom had learned quite well the rudiments of the Christian faith.<sup>1</sup>

A whole book could be filled with the story of how, on the one side, local churches and, on the other, the National Christian Council are exercising leadership in their perplexed nation. With communism on the one side and fascism on the other, the Christians of Japan are pressing forward on the one task that is far more patriotic than the hectic emotionalism of militaristic hot-heads and far more international than that of the international communists: the task of releasing into human lives the Power that transforms motive and creates character.

A Japanese student in my classes at Boston University wrote :

The Kingdom of God Movement in Japan is not a show or a propaganda. This is a heroic practice of the Gospel. We Christians have to throw away our selfishness, and practise Jesus' teaching through our daily life. This is our Christian task. Indeed, the Kingdom of God does not come on this earth without our redemptive blood shed for other people. The way of love works. The way of the Cross works. Oh, our Father, wake up

<sup>1</sup> *The Advancing Company* (C.M.S. Story of the Year).

Christians who are puzzled and lead them to follow the steps of Jesus.

## II

Meanwhile the problems of Japanese Christianity are dwarfed by the indescribable sufferings through which the Christian community in China has been passing. If ever anywhere in Christian history the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse—war, famine, pestilence and death—could be seen galloping over the earth, it has been in China during these years, especially since 1926.

It was into this situation that Dr Cheng Ching-yi, the Moderator of the Church of Christ in China and Chairman of the National Christian Council, returned with his group of colleagues from the Jerusalem Meeting of the International Missionary Council in 1928. To that group, as to the Japanese,<sup>1</sup> "Jerusalem 1928" brought new visions and clearer plans, together with the reinforcement that comes from the living experience of a world fellowship.

The son of a Christian pastor, young Cheng chose the ministry for his life work. He swiftly moved to national Christian leadership. The author heard him electrify the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh in 1910 in a seven-minute speech in which he made appeal for the Church in China to govern, propagate and support herself in co-operation with her missionary colleagues. He had written and re-written that speech time after time and rehearsed it again and again to be quite sure that he could make all his points and sum them

<sup>1</sup> See p. 132.

up before the seven-minute bell rang. As a result, he, the youngest of the score of representatives of the "younger" churches at that conference of twelve hundred delegates, made one of the very few speeches in that meeting which mark a milestone in the story of the world mission of Christianity.

Ever since then, Dr Cheng has exercised that combined gift of momentum and poise, of inspiration and industry, so characteristic of the cultivated Chinese spirit. In 1928 he rallied his forces against colossal persecution and terrorism. The Church in the trenches is, he held, in an unhealthy position and one that denies its own source and goal. Two things, he argued, are needed; first, to regain inner spiritual confidence through a renewed faith in God and then to launch out into definite, planned and concerted attack.

*Lord, revive Thy Church,  
Beginning from me,*

is the motto over the platform of every meeting held to push forward this work. Plans were made, first, to cultivate among Christian Chinese a deeper knowledge of Christ, a more intimate fellowship with Him and a more courageous following of Him in all the relationships of life; and, secondly, to carry forward a vigorous programme of evangelism in the hope that within five years the number of Christians might be doubled. It had taken the Christian Church in China a hundred and twenty years to reach its membership total. What audacity that the National Christian Council should deliberately propose to try to double the number within five

years, at a time when nationalism and communism, reducing China to chaos, found their only point of unity in a common hatred of Christianity! Mad or not, it did one electric and splendid thing: it slew "defeatism."

The National Christian Council of China organized a series of regional conferences to plan advance, at which Cheng set forth his project with the backing of Dr John R. Mott, as chairman of the International Missionary Council, who by his presence and counsel gave the national movement the backing of the world forces of Christianity and some element of financial and organizational help.

The Chinese approach was quite different from that of Japan. Instead of specializing progressively on a new line each year, six parallel lines of simultaneous advance were planned. Dr Kagawa came from Japan to share in the leadership of retreats for a renewal of faith in God, and this at a time when relations were already severely strained as between Japan and China. The fact that he, together with Sherwood Eddy and Stanley Jones, gave valiant help in the movement of evangelism ensured at once that the social conscience in industry, in international attitudes, and in the approach to youth were correlated with evangelism, and that the processes were educational. The results were astonishing. Quarrels in the Church were reconciled, debts were paid and numerous social wrongs were righted by people to whom the evangelistic message came home. In a factory, for instance, one man set to work to talk individually with fellow-workmen and to gather them into Bible groups, with the result that forty men from that factory became Christians.

A stimulating and living survey of religious education was made which brought to a head superlatively good work already in process in China. It gives a great programme for concerted grappling with the foundation work on which the whole future of China depends—the building of character in the new generation.

In launching into their work of advancing Christian culture in the home, the Five Year Movement penetrated to the very core of all Chinese life—loyalty to the family. It thrusts the leaven of Christianity into the Christian community in China in the place where it is secure from all the violence of persecution and the poisons of materialism. An interesting step has been taken in sending Miss Kuan, one of the National Christian Council secretaries, to America for two years' study. Miss Kuan, having put in four fruitful years of work on this problem in China, knows exactly what the needs are. In America her training is carrying her through an agricultural college and courses in religious education and in home economics. The granddaughter of a sainted Christian pastor, she herself knows from within the authentic spirit of the Christian home.

Christianity is beginning already to use wireless as a tool of religious education. The physics department at Cheeloo Christian University in the province of Shantung is broadcasting on a wave length of two hundred metres, and we have the unheard-of phenomenon of Chinese peasant boys, the sons of farmers, learning to make crystal sets with which their fathers, most of whom

<sup>1</sup> *Religious Education in the Chinese Church.* (See also *Christian Education in Japan*).

cannot read, can listen in to the university programme.

One of the most dramatic and heaven-sent movements in this connection is the "literacy movement." Dr James Yen, a convinced Christian, whose brilliant university record in America combined with his distinguished Chinese ancestry to offer a great diplomatic career, put these dazzling prospects aside to work with the Chinese Labour corps in France during the war. Dying of sheer homesickness, these poor coolie-peasants could not even tell him where their village homes were in China. They had been brought up in a village and transported over the seas to this strange and horrible war: that was all they knew. Their abysmal, almost unimaginable, ignorance appalled him. He discovered in France the teeming peasant China that he had never realized there at home. He cudgelled his brains for ways of opening the minds and spirits of the coolies to new life. The colossal difficulty of learning Chinese characters is proverbial the world over. Yen, however, struck on the simple but startling idea of seeking out the absolute minimum number of characters needed by a peasant for expressing the simple essential facts and ideas. He worked enthusiastically on this, experimenting with his men in France. He got the thirty thousand Chinese characters down to a thousand. He found that a young adult who set himself to the task could, within some months, learn to read freely material in this simple form. He has since then thrown his splendid energies in association with others into perfecting and spreading this effort. Already the astonishing number of over a million adult illiterates have been taught to read. To have

a Christian rural community that can read and has a literature with which to feed the spirit would be a superlative gain not simply within the Christian Church, but beyond it into all regions of Chinese life. That is the first goal of this movement.

James Yen's gift to China in dedicating a Christian cultured personality to the service of the lowest is but one of numerous splendid examples that could be named to-day ; such as the work of T. Z. Koo in grappling with the octopus of the opium traffic, or that of David Yui in wearing himself out in the Christian service of the students of his land, in spite of offers of government service that would have spelt opulence and ease. It is significant of the gift of such men to the wider world that when the Student Volunteer Movement in America wanted a man to present at their great quadrennial conference the meaning of Christianity, it was to the Chinese T. Z. Koo that they turned ; and that the World's Alliance of Y.M.C.A.'s, linking over fifty lands, asked him to be their world secretary.

To grasp the ideas, see the practical plans and focus sharply the goal of the Christian country life movement as worked out by Mr Chang Fu-liang, rural secretary of the National Christian Council of China, gets one to the heart of the problem of a new China, rooted in the human realities of the past and the present, and reaching to the divine possibilities of the future.

If Christianity or any other power is to help China it must get down to the elementary tragic reality that creates its civil war, labour strikes, banditry, spread of communism, and infanticide : the fact that, partly through lack of proper communications, the food supply is wholly inadequate

to the number of mouths to fill. It is not so far a cry as it appears at first sight from the Sermon on the Mount and the healing work of Jesus Christ to the creation of a force of rural pastors in China, each of whom knows the simple ways of fighting malaria and hookworm that make the Chinese farmer listless and fatalistic ; who can see that his peasant friends get disease-free silkworm eggs and a rooster whose third generation offspring will produce two hundred and fifty eggs a year in contrast with the sixty of the average native hen ; also improved seeds and entirely new crops. Similarly, he and his wife can transform the homes of the people by simple knowledge of the health of babies and children and elementary hygiene which—while it is a commonplace of the West—is wholly new to Oriental village folk.

A Chinese peasant probably has hardly a half of his year occupied in the fields. Through that leisure, the pastor who links himself with the mass literacy movement can get his grown men and women as well as the youths to learn to read and even write, so that the gloomy illiteracy which gives a man no distraction in his leisure time, save gambling, opium-smoking and law suits, is changed to a literacy that opens up whole new worlds of interest through the daily news of the world's life and the power to drink from the springs of new life in his New Testament. For "man does not live by bread alone," and to improve living conditions in a village may degrade men if they do not at the same time get back to the secret of life. If China is to wipe out banditry or war lords or communism, it will not be by force of arms, but by the creation of a Christian peasantry that will realize in actual life

the proverbial saying by which the village people sum up their idea of the good life: "peaceful habitation and healthy occupation." We thus see that the work that lies to the hand of the Christian Church in China is not that of simply calling them together for two hours on one day a week for worship, but of integrating that worship in a full-blooded all-round service of the whole community on every side of its life; and by so doing, laying brick upon brick in the building of a new China in a new world.

The rich leadership of the Soong family in the new policy of the nationalist government is one of the greatest gifts of Christianity to China and the world of to-morrow. All the members of this family are Christians. One daughter married Sun Yat-sen and shared the strenuous struggles of the later years of his fight to build up a new republic in China. Another daughter married in 1927 the Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, on whom vast influence for the future rests. She is described as "a very lovely woman, of most sweet disposition, an ever-growing influence in her husband's life, to whom one may well attribute his conversion to Christianity"<sup>1</sup> in 1931.

The most influential of all the family is the son, T. V. Soong, familiarly known as "T. V." In 1925, before the nationalist government made its northward military drive under Chiang Kai-shek, he became minister of finance at Canton, a position that he holds in the government now. Tall and reserved, with winning manners, a tremendous worker, accessible and direct, he has won world repute as a financier, a statesman, and a man.

<sup>1</sup> *The Asiatic Review*, July 1933.

"T. V." will go down to history as the earliest first-class executive to introduce what may be called the business conception of politics into Chinese governmental life. To him more than to any other one person is due the new policy of the Nanking government, which can be defined as concentration on developing ordered government in the Yangtse Valley as the rich strategic centre from which at last China can be ruled; refusal to be drawn into further civil wars with communism or with war lords; rigid economy, and administrative reforms; aided by international technical groups of experts whose intervention makes not the slightest infringement upon the sovereignty of China.

T. V. Soong has helped to bring into being the China Committee of the League of Nations. Under its guidance European officials belonging to the League of Nations, and ex-officers like Sir Arthur Salter, are helping the Nationalist government in Nanking to reorganize the part of China that is absolutely within its effective control, in particular the middle and lower valley of the Yangtse River. Within this large area, itself greater than France, the mileage of good roads has vastly increased and is used now by over fifty thousand motor cars; electric light and power are rapidly extending; aeroplane services are pushing out still farther. Dutch and Polish engineers, French, British, Jugo-slav, Italian and Swiss experts and officials supplied by the League are at work there. Under conditions absolutely without danger to the political sovereignty of the republic, the help of the world's finest experts is being brought to the task of rebuilding ordered life in China. It is thus through the vision, will-power, and executive genius

of these convinced Christian Chinese leaders that steps have been taken which may well, twenty years hence, be looked back to as of more vital importance to the future of the Far East and of the world than the sensational military adventures which occupy the headlines of the world's press.

It is easy to write in general terms of vast tides of revolution and of what powerful Christians and the Christian Church are doing or should do to meet them. We miss everything, however, unless simultaneously we have in our minds some vivid pictures of what these things mean in the concrete day to day experience of the Church.

I have before me, as I write, a series of pictures that could be paralleled by thousands upon thousands of others in the Far East. They are from the pen of a young missionary who went in the wake of Chiang Kai-shek's army as it thrust into Hupeh Province (in the middle Yangtse valley beyond Hankow), in the great attempt to throw out the Reds.<sup>1</sup> The countryside through which he passed resembled a continuous battlefield. The mission hospital at one place was severely damaged. The wall of the compound was demolished to make room for an earth-and-brick fighting barrier, while the hospital wall was loop-holed for rifle fire. The church was in use as a stable for army horses. The government school and some beautiful temples were destroyed. The terrified people were as busy as ants building an earth wall twenty-five feet high round the town against bandits.

In a small town twelve miles farther on, every wall was found covered with communist denunciations of the nationalist government and the proclamation

<sup>1</sup> See p. 74.

of absolute equality. On the church the words—"Church of Christ in China"—had been wiped out and the words—"All religion is mere superstition"—painted up. A gathering of Christian Chinese leaders in one centre for conference brought records of repeated raids, disasters, hair's-breadth escapes, sudden night alarms, and the looting of their few belongings. There, in the battered dispensary, the evangelists poured out their experiences to the missionary, and gained heart once more from fellowship with him and with each other. In another town this observer found that though no missionary had been there for eight years, the preacher had maintained in all the chaos a healthy church with an attendance of over fifty and a communion service of some twenty-five members. In another place the bandits had not left a single roof. The church had been burned four years before. "Four times I have rebuilt my house," said the leader of the Christians there; but he was no longer able to roof more than a bare three rooms. On going over the church roll, the missionary had to write again and again—"Shot by bandits," "Died from exposure," "Missing, fate unknown." "On one day," the Christian Chinese leader said, "we buried over a hundred people of our town," killed by the bandits. He spoke well of the Reds. They were well uniformed and disciplined, and when he explained that he kept a small chemist's shop and tended the poor, they did not molest him. In another small town the missionary found a group of thirty Christians meeting in the house of a zealous brickmaker named Hsu Teng-fu. This man has won his fellow-townsmen and women from opium smoking and prostitution, and he includes a

literacy class with his evangelism. One service was held in the house of a reformed prostitute. It is like a picture out of the Acts of the Apostles.

The fact that in little towns harried by bandits and amid the battlefields of nationalists and communists, some of these defenceless infant churches should not only have held on, should not only be virile and enthusiastic, but should actually come to new birth, when entirely unvisited by either foreign missionary or church leader for several years on end, is surely proof enough that they are rooted deep in Chinese soil and are finding strength from spiritual sources.

Let us look at another picture in this same perspective of chaos—the I Fang School in Changsha. The principal of I Fang is Miss Pao Swen Tseng. Her ancestry goes straight back four thousand years. The most famous of her ancestors was the philosopher Tseng, who in the sixth century B.C. was a disciple of Confucius himself and was his most profound interpreter. Born in an ancient and dignified Chinese home, at thirteen she was recognized as a classical Chinese scholar.

She desired to add western education to her eastern culture and, because her grandmother was one of the first great Chinese ladies to have liberal ideas, she was able to travel a thousand miles to the coast in search of it. The modern government school had a tone that she disliked. She moved to the Mary Vaughan High School (of the Church Missionary Society) at Hangchow. The head mistress, Miss Louise Barnes, became her helper, adviser and friend. The chaos of China, contrasted with its ancient greatness and with the wisdom of the sages, tormented her. She was sure, with an

unalterable conviction, that somehow she herself must find a key to the problem. In despair she started to study the Christian faith. Gradually she reached the certainty that here was the consummation of the long, rich heritage of Chinese culture and the inspiration and dynamic that it lacked. Her country was falling into chaos for lack of an education based on a faith that would give moral integrity to its citizens. She sailed for England with Miss Barnes, who resigned her post in order to help Pao Swen to achieve the training that she needed in the conviction that to help to equip one Chinese leader was the greatest thing that she could do for China. In London she took her degree in science with honours in botany, got training and experience in teaching, and after five years and a half sailed for China in 1917.

Her home city, Changsha, was the storm centre between the northern and southern forces. Undaunted, she took a house and with Miss Barnes opened at the age of twenty-five her school with the title "The Garden of Fragrance" and with, as its motto, the two words in which, two thousand five hundred years ago, her philosopher-ancestor summed up the teaching of Confucius—"Loyalty and sympathy."

When Chiang Kai-shek made his powerful northward drive against the war lords in 1926, Changsha was in the very path of the nationalist army. The newspapers, fired with the anti-Christian and anti-foreign nationalist passion, attacked Miss Tseng and she was driven from Changsha. But her students rallied together, appointed officers, called the teachers, and on their own initiative carried on the school till at last she could return.

But in 1927 the Reds got the upper hand in Changsha. A communist group of seventy armed members of the "Farmers' Trade Union" came to claim the school as headquarters and gave the girls two hours in which to clear out. They packed, closed the school with speeches and prayers, and marched out singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." On the doorstep they stopped to cry out "The spirit of this school shall never die!" Miss Tseng, escaping secretly, slipped away in a small boat with her cousin, Mr Beauson Tseng, down the river. The furniture was burned and looted; the building damaged. A year later students pleaded with her to head them in making a new school. This was carried on until 1930, when the communist army captured Changsha again. Once more the school was scattered. But the unquenchable courage and will to follow the vision remained and three students sailed to England to prepare to teach in the school whenever it could re-open. In the autumn of 1932 it was again opened, and is bravely carrying on. I Fang stands for the supreme need of China, spiritual and moral and intellectual values, the love of truth and goodness and beauty incarnate in human beings as individuals and in their community life.<sup>1</sup>

The goal, as Miss Tseng now sees it, is to shape Chinese educational policy so that it shall be truly national and international, transmitting the fine fruit of Chinese culture not only to the new generation in China, but to the world, while accepting freely the precious elements of the world's insight into beauty and truth and goodness. Inheriting the ancient culture and civilization of

<sup>1</sup> See bibliography, p. 156.

the East, she feels that the grafting upon it of the classical and Christian inheritance of the West must not be left to haphazard chance. Her school is a garden in which skilled and sensitive hands gather the priceless flowers of the East and West into a bouquet of Christian fragrance.

The advance of the Christian community in China and Japan has led us into a series of descriptions of varied and widely spread efforts, each involving scattered activity over immense areas in obscure places. It is here, in these often anonymous bits of work well done, as it always has been in all time, that victory is won.

For instance, if we ask why Pao Swen Tseng is equipped and has the will to give her superb gifts of personality and background to building the womanhood of a new China, it is surely because Louise Barnes was ready to surrender her position and be a seed of corn sown in the ground, losing her life that the harvest might grow. If we ask how came a Kagawa, the unwanted, illegitimate baby of a geisha girl and a wealthy dissolute father, to become the flaming apostle and inspired organizer of the Christian revolution in Japan, we find the answer in the undramatic fact that a certain missionary and his wife made it known that their door was always open on Sunday afternoons to lonely students.

The Church, which is His Body, requires the active co-operation of all its members—those of the country and those foreigners who serve in it—if it is to grow to its full stature in China and Japan. And this co-operation to-day is futile if it is merely a leisurely amiability. The situation is

crucial in its revolutionary demands. If our faith calls from us less heroic and vigorous initiative than nationalism and bolshevism arouse in their devotees, then Christianity will surely go into eclipse. The voice of the condemned communist girl haunts us: "I am dying for a Cause . . . you will go on living—for what?"

The world-tides of the secular religions of mechanism and Marxism, of nationalism, democratic or fascist, of imperialism, and of militarism are, as we have seen, pounding upon all the shores in the Asiatic world and most catastrophically on the Asiatic coasts of the Pacific Ocean. The Christian community, as we have also seen, so far from being dismayed and disheartened, is everywhere taking a new and courageous initiative. Its initiative is no futile effort to dam back the tides nor to conserve the old order, but to let God's tides of goodness and loving-kindness, of wrath with evil and war and with all hardness of heart, flow in on those eastern peoples and on all lands, conserving the eternal values in all the old and the new and carrying them on toward the universal Kingdom of God.

The steady heroic rhythm of the true Christian Church pulses in a letter that Dr Cheng Ching-yi wrote recently to a Japanese friend of his and of Kagawa: "Do not," he said, "allow the present strained relationship between your country and mine prevent us Christian people from continuing to love each other and remembering each other's work in our time of quietness before Him who is love itself. Let the love of Christ constrain us to move forward for more permanent and lasting peace in the world. In this time of distress and

crisis may you and your fellow-Christians in Japan be divinely guided to know what to do or say to the glory of God. Pray for us too. If there is anything that would work for better understanding and closer fellowship between the Christian people of these two countries, we are eager to take advantage of such opportunities."

The reason why the Christian Church is not and never can be dismayed is that it has the resources of an eternal, almighty Father. Those resources are waiting to be released in the world in a triumphant flood of justice and mercy.

Standing one day in a great dry dock, I looked up at the colossal bulk of an ocean liner which towered above my head. Its stupendous weight seemed immovable. A hundred thousand men could not have made it budge an inch. Soon afterwards, however, a man touched certain electric switches. The sluices opened. The tide poured in. In a few hours that liner floated like thistledown; and a captain on her bridge was able, through control of her engines, to take her across the ocean bearing precious cargo to a desired harbour.

Just so are God's tides available to flow in around these colossal issues, humanly immovable, and float them so that man's organization and personal character can, by the light of the eternal stars, guide the precious freight of the Far Eastern peoples—and indeed of all of us—across the ocean of our times to the harbour of His Kingdom.

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OWUCHANG

HUNAN

KIANGSI

KWEICHOW

YUNNAN

KWANGSI

KWANGTUNG

CANTON

FUKIEN

TATWAN

I N D I A

BURMA

I N D O - C H I N A

S I A M

HAINAN

SOUTH CHINA SEA

HEILUNKIANG

MANCHURIA

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RYUKYU ISLANDS

PACIFIC OCEAN

KARAFUTO

HOKKAIDO

YOKO

OSAKA

KYUSHU

SHIKOKU

STOKYO

THE FAR EAST

CHINA SHOWN THUS

JAPAN SHOWN THUS

RAILWAYS SHOWN THUS

