

Books

EYES EAST, by Most Rev. Paul Yu-Pin. Saint Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, New Jersey. 1945. Pp. 181. Price: \$2.00.

"A book of China, by a Chinese, for China."

Nothing could better sum up this book than a paraphrase of Lincoln's immortal words on government—words, incidentally, quoted quite frequently by the author. "A book of China, by a Chinese, for China."

Most Rev. Paul Yu-Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking and Apostolic Administrator of Kianting, China, is one of the few native-born sons of China raised to the honor of the episcopate. Of his book, so happily subtitled "Selected Pronouncements," it could be said, with equal truth, that in it a Catholic speaks incisively, instructively, eloquently of China; or that a Chinese speaks understandingly, appreciatively, devotedly of the Church.

The book is long overdue. Too many of the citizens of the United States think of a nation that claims one quarter of the population of the globe in terms of rice paddies, jade ornaments, the Ming dynasty, and bandits. Too many Catholics limit their knowledge of China to sermons heard on Mission Sunday and to stories "Sister told us about China" brought home from school by the children. So rich is *Eyes East*, in Chinese geographical facts, political history, social achievements, democratic aims, and national opportunities and in such readily assimilatory form is it written that there is no skimming it for the same reason that one cannot skim cream; every dip is rich in nutrient and cream-like. The Bishop's diction is pleasant, smooth-flowing and consistent.

There is many a challenge, too, wrapped up in serene, flawless phrasing. Of education in China, the Bishop states: "While education was not universal in the sense that everyone was educated, it was certainly democratic in the sense that anyone could be educated." One would have to think up something better than a "so what" in answer to that, if defending our public school systems. Of China's location, there is a blandness in the author's query: "Is it the Far East? . . . To Americans is not China the Far West? . . . But tomorrow you will not board a ship in San Francisco to sail west; you will climb into a plane and fly straight over the North Pole and on to China. It will be the Far North. But I have it on good authority that the trip to China will take no more than twenty-five hours. Thus, finally, China is not the Far North. We must again change our ideas. China is the *Near North*, just a bit more than a day's trip away." This is quite typical of the gentle, but inexorably logical way in which the author, as fluent as he is well informed, radically changes your ideas about his not only too little understood, but his too much misunderstood, country.

Throughout the book runs the plea

Peace I Give Unto You

(Continued from page 274)

her window. "They sound so happy and carefree," she thought. She sat up on the side of the bed, rubbing a hand wearily across her forehead. She suddenly felt an urgent desire to talk with Father Johnson. She got up, dressed and went into the kitchen, where her mother was busy preparing breakfast.

"Feeling better, honey?" she asked.

"Yes, I believe so, Mother."

"Feel as though you could eat some breakfast?"

"I'll just take a cup of coffee. Mother. . . ."

"Yes, dear."

"I think I'll walk over and have a talk with Father Johnson."

"I'm afraid you're not strong enough to go out."

"I feel well enough. It isn't far, you know, and I won't be gone long."

Father Johnson sat relaxed in one of the large mahogany chairs in the parlor. He presented a sharp contrast to the young woman who sat opposite him, stiff and uncomfortable and tense.

"I received a telegram yesterday, Father," she said in a low voice.

The young priest leaned forward, eager to catch Mariann's every word, showing his deep concern.

"Bob is missing in action." Her voice trembled ever so slightly as she went on. "I was pretty despondent for awhile last night, and I guess I still am. I feel as though this is the end of everything for me. All day yesterday I felt depressed—almost as if I knew something had happened even before I was really certain. When the message came last night, it was almost

that China be christianized—never that it be westernized. In Chapter XII, entitled "Wanted: A Founder," religious communities will find a new challenge, a unique form of service, requiring a high degree of community unselfishness. Bishop Yu-Pin casts a broad net, and, in the chapter "Offering a Career-Vocation," appeals to engineers, doctors, professors, nurses, social-service workers, journalists to help by the apostolate of their professions or avocations in the spiritual reconstruction of China. In the Bishop's own words: "Theirs is the wonderful apostolate of radiating Catholicity in their own environments. . . . Unless our career men and women possess a deep spiritual life, they will never aid in bringing about the spiritual reconstruction without which China is doomed to ruin."

A book as strong as it is smooth, as authoritative as it is informing, as inspirational as it is interesting, *Eyes East* should have a wide circulation among Catholics, both clerical and lay.

more than I could stand. I fainted, and Mother found me when she came over, as she usually does in the evenings. She called the doctor, and they put me to bed. This morning I felt that I needed to talk with you; so here I am."

"Mariann, you remember the things I told you before. You must trust in God. You must have faith! I feel that God will protect Bob. The fact that he is missing doesn't mean that the worst has happened. I know it's a shock, and you are upset, naturally. But it isn't the end, and you can't, and mustn't, feel that it is. It's just another trial, another experience that, added to the others, will make you a stronger, wiser person in the end."

As he talked on Mariann could feel the heaviness around her heart getting lighter and lighter.

"Now, my dear, you must look ahead into the future. Always look ahead; don't be afraid. I feel that Bob will be back. But if he doesn't get back, you still must go on. Bob thought of you always as a sensible and courageous girl. He had faith in you, and you mustn't break faith with him."

As she walked home, Mariann thought of her last day with Bob. He had been granted a short furlough. Just a few minutes before he stepped up on the train, he had put his hand under her chin, and tilted her face so he could look directly in to her eyes. "Darlin', I don't know when I will see you again, the journey I'm facing is long and might be an endless one; but my love for you is also endless. If anything keeps me from getting back, you must go on. Don't be sad; don't give up. Remember that I have everlasting faith in you."

She smiled into his serious brown eyes. "Yes, my dearest, I understand."

As she watched the train move off, her heart swelled with love and pride. It was good knowing he had everlasting faith in her. The tears she had held in check came to the surface, and swiftly she had brushed them away, blinking again and again. It was then that Mariann resolved to live up to her husband's ideal of her, to be worthy of his love and great faith.

And now as she passed familiar faces along the familiar streets of her hometown, she straightened her shoulders and lifted her head high, recalling a passage from the Bible which she had often read: "Peace I leave with you, peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid."