

nine o'clock the big class of eighty fellows assembled in excellent season. Williams took his seat with the rest—beside Welles, the captain of the baseball team, with whom his relations were closer alphabetically than otherwise, and waited for the professor. The bell rang. Note-books were made ready, fountain pens shaken, and pencils sharpened. All were prepared for Doctor Roth. He was rarely late, but it was felt that on this special occasion his extra work in preparing the review might have kept him back. The talk that had subsided promptly at the hour was resumed.

Five minutes passed, and there was a little scuffling as the door opened—merely to let in a late comer. He was jeered and sent out again to see if he could spy the teacher. This was a class that none wanted to miss. He came back and reported no sign. Soon it was fifteen minutes past the hour.

Over in a corner of the room there was a group of fellows who had laid their heads together in consultation. Presently they began to chant these words: 'We want Williams to lecture. We want Williams to lecture. We want Williams—'

A burst of cheers and laughter and shouts drowned the rest. Students turned in their seats to look at Williams, and Williams promptly turned red. The man on Williams' right—Towne—said to him, 'Give 'em a speech, Williams.'

Williams grinned—it was a thing that necessity had taught him to do—but shook his head. At the same time, however, a wild notion rushed into his brain.

'Do it, Williams,' said Welles, the baseball captain, on his left. He said it in the same low, steady tone of voice which Williams had heard him use to his men on the field. 'Give 'em a review. You know as much as old Roth.'

The lumberman's son looked into the other's eyes a second. The baseball captain never flinched. He would have risen to the occasion if he and not Williams had been called on. To the astonishment of all, including Williams, Williams rose in his seat and said something. It was quite lost in the din.

'Platform, platform!' shouted some one.

Williams moved to the platform amid remarks and cheers which would have daunted a less determined man. His big red fists were clenched, his ears were almost purple from embarrassment, and when he faced the class-room from behind the desk, he had to sit down in the professor's chair because his knees were so weak. As the row subsided, he caught sight of Welles. The baseball captain was watching him—watching him as he would a green player at a critical moment in the game. Williams licked his lips and began.

He went straight to the point. He said that in the absence of the professor he was going to review History K. No one interrupted him, because every one wanted History K reviewed, and every one knew that Williams could do it. There was, moreover, something besides mere selfish interest that made them listen to the big man behind the desk.

Williams reviewed the course, rapidly, concisely, and, in the main, thoroughly. Pencils and pens raced across paper. Once a boy raised his hand to have a word repeated, and when Williams repeated it, the boy said, 'Thank you, sir,' and no one—not even Williams—noticed. The baseball captain worked like the rest of them.

At ten minutes before the hour Williams stopped, rose in his place, and said, 'And now for the examination on next Wednesday. The paper will probably consist—'

'I will finish that, if you please, Williams,' said the professor from the doorway.

'I am much obliged to you. That sounded like an excellent review, although I heard only the last of it. I owe the class an apology and to you my thanks.' Whereupon he took the platform and Williams his seat once more.

This explains why Williams came to be known as 'Teacher Bill,' and how it happened that a man who apparently had no connection with his fellows suddenly

found himself not only an authority on American history, but also an admired and cherished friend. Welles, the captain, saw that there was no further misunderstanding about Williams.

## CHINA AND CHRISTIANITY

### PROGRESS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

During the revolution in China little has been heard of the Catholic missionaries, whose position at the present time cannot be otherwise than very serious in some parts of the country. In the past Catholic missionaries and their flocks suffered severely at the hands of the Boxers and other fanatical sections of the populace, and it can hardly be expected that they will escape attack at the present juncture from the irresponsible and uncontrollable adherents of the revolutionary party, notwithstanding the determination of the leaders not to give any cause for intervention to the European Powers. The history of the efforts of the Catholic Church to bring the vast population of China within her fold is of unusual interest at the present time. So far back as 1289 (says a writer in the *Catholic Times*) John of Montecorvino, a Franciscan, reached Peking, built a church, and founded a Bishopric. In 1307 he was created Archbishop and Primate of the Far East by Pope Clement V., and in 1370 Urban V. appointed a new Archbishop in the person of William de Prato, who was accompanied by twelve Franciscans. Nearly two centuries later St. Francis Xavier was proceeding from Japan to China when he died at a small island off the Canton coast. Not long afterwards two members of the same Order, Fathers Ruggieri and Pasio, obtained permission to settle at Chao-K'ing. This was in 1582.

In the following year they were joined by a Jesuit of extraordinary talents, Matthew Ricci. He was a man of extensive learning. In mathematics he was specially versed. By his knowledge he made an impression on all who came into contact with him. But as a foreigner he was held in suspicion as well as his brother Jesuits. Amidst the gravest difficulties he went to Peking, was courteously received by the Emperor, converted the Prime Minister, Su Kwang-Ki, founded a novitiate in the capital for Chinese whom he had won to the faith, established a seminary at Macao, and as Superior of the Jesuit missionaries in China paved the way for the development of their work. A large number of imperial princes and high officials were received into the Church, and within twenty years of Ricci's death there were thirteen thousand Christians in China.

When the Manchu Tartars took possession of Peking and the Ming dynasty came to an end, one of the men to whom the first Manchu Emperor paid most deference was a German Jesuit named Adam Schall, who, with James Rho, a colleague, was a member of the Astronomical Board. The Emperor treated the Jesuit as an intimate friend, built a splendid church for him in Peking, ordered, at his request, that Christians throughout the Empire should be free from molestation, and even entered on a course of instruction himself with a view to embracing the Catholic faith. He died, however, at an early age without being received into the Church. Owing to the intrigues of a Mussulman astronomer, Father Schall fell into disfavor at Court, and an anti-Christian movement was set on foot, but as soon as K'ang-hi, a prince of enlightened views, came to the throne the Jesuits again became influential. Two of a band sent out by Louis XIV. of France in 1685, Fathers Gerbillon and Bouvet, were appointed general advisers to the Emperor, and the outlook for the Catholic missions became very bright. There were then

Three Hundred Thousand Christians in the Chinese Empire. A beautiful cathedral church was built in the palace grounds, and the important question whether China was to become officially Christian was freely discussed. It was proposed that the practice of ancestral rites should be permitted to Chi-