

CHAPTER XII

LESSONS IN LOVE-MAKING

IT WAS many days before Galahad was well enough to be about, but they were happy days for them both—real, old-fashioned “courtin’ days.” Jeanne gave herself to them with all the ardor of an affectionate nature. With her it was the perfect flowering of years of growth. She had always been love-making. The atmosphere of the Rouget home was one of mutual love and its free expression.

He, on the other hand, had to begin from the beginning. He came from a land where repression ruled. The emotions, with the exception of contempt and anger, which had full play, were not expected to manifest themselves. Affection between husband and wife was not good form. And if, perchance a young man began to be fond of his wife, the watchful mother-in-law often thought it good policy to abort the infant affection by the poison of suspicion and slander. Though secretly longing to see his mate more than any other in the household, the long-absented husband, upon his return home, must ignore her entirely while he manifests his delight at being once more with parents, brothers, and sisters. With no offense, he may speak of his wife as his “food maker” or his “stupid thorn,” and call his children “brats.”

It was, therefore, not surprising that Yung-fu was a bit awkward at love-making. China has not come to the point where girls and boys see much of each other; the women are guarded too jealously.

One day Jeanne had said teasingly, “I guess they didn’t kiss much in your family, did they?”

"I don't remember ever kissing any one in my life," he replied.

"Why, didn't your father ever kiss you, or your mother?"

"Father? He would as soon have thought of kissing our donkey as one of the children, and mother thought it silly."

"Silly or not, it's Biblical. 'Greet one another with a holy kiss,'" she quoted. "We were brought up to obey the Bible," she continued facetiously, giving him a bee's wing.

"I did not say it was silly," maintained the youth, returning the favor, "and I am quite prepared to obey the Scriptural injunction."

"You will do very well with practice," said Jeanne.

"And proper instruction," he added. "Shall I ask Miss Ballard to let me practice on her till I am proficient?"

"Try it, if you dare," was her challenge.

But he did not try it. Indeed, he was a very apt pupil, considering his twenty-five years' handicap. He was, however, completely happy to sit and hold her hand as they talked. Boy friends in China hold hands. He liked, too, to feel her face laid against his, with her soft hair brushing his forehead.

"Is any one happier than I?" he would ask.

"Yes," she would whisper.

"Who, pray?"

"*Wo*," she answered, using the first pronoun he had taught her.

He laughed. "You have given the wrong tone to it. When you say it that way it does not mean 'I,' but 'goose.'"

"Well, I'm your little goose," she admitted, snuggling closer.

One of the regular visitors to the hospital was the saintly pastor of the ivy-covered church in the village

south of the *château*. Pastor Lanier had known Jeanne's grandfather and so took an especial interest in the girl. He also sometimes sat and talked with the bright-faced Chinese lad, as with the others, and it was not long before he knew the romance so familiar to every one about the place. Jeanne went to his church on Sundays and had taken the communion there.

On one of the Sabbaths, she had remained after the service to see the pastor. She was somewhat nervous and waited until no one else was by, then suddenly asked, "Will you marry Mr. Yao and me, Pastor Lanier?"

"I should be only too glad to marry you, my dear, if the man were a Frenchman, or even an American," he had replied.

"But why not a Chinese?" she questioned soberly.

The pastor looked at this lily of France. "Are you sure this isn't the fascination of the Orient? The Orientals have a strange power over us Europeans. It's undoubtedly hypnotic. I felt it myself the other day as Mr. Yao was telling me of the history of his native province and of the marvelous works of that ancient people, its Grand Canal eight hundred miles long, and that Great Wall built two hundred years before Christ and existing intact to-day. As I was saying, the Oriental seems to cast a spell over us. Women are especially susceptible."

"I confess the spell is woven inextricably about me," she laughed, "but it is the spell of love."

"Are you sure that you won't wake up, after it is too late, to a lifelong regret?" he demanded. "Have you faced the possibility of your children being slant-eyed?"

"Yes, and of having pigtailed," she taunted, her sense of the ridiculous getting the better of her. When she saw that she had wounded him, she begged his pardon. "I have already awakened to the fact that life without

Galahad means nothing to me," Jeanne added more soberly. "Can a person wake up twice?"

"But, my dear, I fear you have not considered sufficiently that your children will be neither one thing nor another. They will be half-castes, Eurasians, despised by both races and not received as equals by either. I understand that the lot of the Eurasian in the Orient is a sad one. They are like men with a double personality, now dominated by this one and now by that. They lack some unifying factor in their characters and are always out of harmony with their environment."

"I am sure I don't understand all these learned arguments," said Jeanne, a bit bewildered and somewhat disturbed. "I haven't thought much about children yet, but —"

"That's what I feared," interrupted the old man kindly. "You haven't thought this thing through. You don't want to make the mistake of your life, do you?"

"I do not think I am making any mistake," said Jeanne quietly.

"But have you considered the distance away from France? In all probability you will never be able to return. In that far-off land you will have none of your friends. You will be an alien in thought and language and customs."

"I have considered that. However, I shall not be an alien to my husband."

"International marriages are generally unfortunate, and interracial marriages are, in my humble opinion, doomed to an unhappy ending."

"I do not see how ours can be, Pastor Lanier, when we love each other," said Jeanne earnestly.

"I do not doubt that you love him or that he loves you, but what do you know of his family, or his circumstances? How do you know that he will not take another wife, a Chinese woman, who will supplant

you in his affections? Such things are not uncommon."

"Oh, Galahad couldn't do that." Horror at the thought was overtaken by conviction of its impossibility. "He is a Christian."

"Well, Christians sometimes backslide. How long has he been a Christian?"

"For several years. It is part of our plan that you should baptize him before we are married."

"Right. I could never consent to marry you to a heathen. However, my dear girl, I am not going to consent at all until I have had a chance to talk this over with Mr. Yao."

It was with some misgivings that Jeanne consented to this arrangement. What if Pastor Lanier persuaded Galahad that it was his duty not to marry her? Would he say anything which would give Galahad the impression that he was speaking at Jeanne's request? She would see to that. She would assure him of her love and loyalty.

Pastor Lanier was not the only one who was exercised by this contemplated union. Miss Ballard was entertaining a few friends at dinner, one night. Among them was Dr. Benedict of the hospital staff, an English captain named Ingles, and MacGregor who had been over visiting Yung-fu and had been pressed to remain.

The discussion was started by Ingles. "I hear you have a Chinaman here who is going to marry a French girl."

"Yes," said Miss Ballard. "Captain MacGregor's interpreter."

"It ought to be stopped," said the Englishman, looking at MacGregor. "It ought to be forbidden by law. Ugh! think of it, a white woman marrying a dirty Chinese."

"That is where you are mistaken, Captain Ingles. Yao Yung-fu is not a dirty Chinese," answered MacGregor.

"They are all dirty. What do you think, Miss Ballard?"

"Well, Yung-fu is a nice boy, the nicest Chinaman I ever saw. He is quite different from the slirking, greasy laundrymen we have at home; but I should as soon think of marrying a Hottentot as of marrying him."

"Of course," broke in Dr. Benedict, "it is biologically all wrong. You can't go against nature and you ought not to try. Nature made the races different and she intended them to stay apart. Why, she even gave each race a distinct race odor to make us obnoxious to each other and so prevent miscegenation. It never works and it never will."

"That's what I say," assented Ingles. "It's a crime against nature."

"Just see what you get as a result," continued the surgeon, "the worst traits of both races accentuated. The product of these mixtures is always bad."

"What about Booker T. Washington?" asked MacGregor.

"It is only the exception which proves the rule," replied the doctor, undisturbed.

"Well," rejoined the Canadian, "if I wanted to argue the question, I believe I could bring forward a good many exceptions. For instance, I understand the present first lady of the States is a descendant of Pocohontas and glories in the fact of having Indian blood in her veins. And what about Frederick Douglass? Wasn't he part white? As far as racial intermixture being a biologic failure, I feel that that is a theory yet to be substantiated. Take the Russians; it is generally conceded that they have a liberal sprinkling of Mongolian blood. You could hardly call them a biologic failure; or the Magyars; or the Turks."

The debate threatened to get sidetracked on the decadence of the Turk. It was, however, admitted that he was as good a fighting man as the war had produced,

and fighting qualities in the minds of all counted just then.

"Don't you have a good many examples of these mixed marriages among the lower classes in the States?" asked Ingles.

"Yes, we do," replied Dr. Benedict, "and they are the best proof of nature's wrath against them."

"It is true," added their hostess, "that the 'yaller niggers,' as we call them down South, are the least dependable."

"Less dependable, and more tricky," said her chief. "Their moral sense seems hardly as good as the coal-black negroes. They are uppish and don't know their place, either."

"Of course, we don't want to forget," cautioned MacGregor, "that the mulattoes haven't cornered all the trickiness of the human race. Besides, we have to admit that the brightest leaders of the negro race have white blood in them. I could, however, admit all you have said and still believe that environment had more to do with the poor products of these mixed marriages than heredity. You noted that Captain Ingles said, 'among the lower classes,' and that's the real key. Pure white folks turn out bad sometimes in the second generation, and when you mate poor white trash with poor black trash you can't have much else than trash as a result. Think, too, of the homes, or the lack of them, and that effect on the children of mixed marriages. How often do we see the best of both races trying the experiment?"

"We don't and we won't, for it is against nature," maintained Dr. Benedict.

"And morals," added Ingles.

"It isn't a question with me of advocating interracial marriage on an extensive scale. Probably in a majority of cases it would prove a failure, especially since it is the less worthy elements who marry. I firmly believe,

however, that given a man and a woman of good character and culture, though of different race, capable of making a real home, the resulting product of their union will not be inferior to the parents but probably better. And I am not prepared to condemn two fine young folks like Yao and Miss Rouget, if they want to make the experiment. From what I know of him, he is the equal, if not the superior, of any young man whom this peasant girl would be likely to marry."

"But he is a Chinaman," said Miss Ballard. "Wouldn't it be repugnant to you to think of marrying a Chinese woman?"

"Well, I shouldn't prefer them, personally; but I have seen hundreds of Chinese ladies who, for beauty of face, mildness of manners, and true modesty, are the equal of any women in the world. Some missionaries have married Chinese. You have heard of Mackay of Formosa, and there have been others more recent."

"I am not familiar with your queer missionary folks. They are all rather odd, aren't they?" said Ingles.

"No odder than thousands of Englishmen who have left Eurasian children behind in India," retorted MacGregor.

"A fair shot, Ingles," laughed Dr. Benedict. "We will have to admit, perhaps, that biology plays less a part than social standards in making miscegenation distasteful. We hold the standards of our social group, or are held by them, and what the group says is not good form we eschew."

"You wouldn't dissuade this Chinaman of yours, then, from this—er sin, as you missionaries would put it?"

"I certainly would not be justified in putting the matter to him in any such light. If he asked my advice and I felt it unwise for either him or her, I might counsel him not to marry; but I respect the personality of that young man too highly to offer gratuitous advice."

"Respect the personality of a Chinese! I don't understand you," murmured Ingles.

"No, because you do not know the Chinese as I do."

"But how can you respect the personality of such inferior beings?"

"Inferior? Inferior to whom—to the Indians, to the negroes?"

"No, inferior to the white man."

"What makes you think the Chinese are inferior?" MacGregor spoke softly, almost deferentially.

"Why, everybody knows they are. If they weren't, they wouldn't be in the ditch."

"We have spent a good portion of our time for the last three years in the ditch. Is it any more disgraceful to be in the ditch than in the trench?" laughed MacGregor.

"The hewers of wood and the drawers of water are always the inferior units of society."

"That may be true, but you cannot thus indict a whole race. There are millions of men and women in China who never did a day's manual labor in their lives. They pride themselves on their soft, supple fingers, so skillful in wielding the brush, pen. The men's slender feet, as well as the women's bound feet, are signs of gentility. They are not menials in any sense, but a proud, intelligent, cultured body of people. They are the brains of those four hundred millions of human beings. At the other end of the line from our point of view, but more justly given the second place in the social scale by the Chinese, is the rural population. Eighty-five per cent of that great mass, workers in the soil, are as independent, unsubservient, self-reliant a body of farmers as you will find anywhere. Patient, industrious, frugal, sturdy, they are in no sense inferior beings."

"But they are so unprogressive," insisted the Englishman. "They have no science. They grub in the earth for a meager living and are content with a pittance."

"I will admit," frankly said the defender of the Chinese, "that they are just now behind the West in scientific discovery; but you doubtless know that they were among the first to use paper and knew how to employ movable type for printing six hundred years before Gutenberg hit on the trick."

"Yes, but what did they do with it?"

"Made current a literature more extensive than anything we white men of the same age knew. Five hundred years before the Christian era China was a land of letters. No, no—to call them inferior shows that we have not acquainted ourselves with the facts."

"Captain MacGregor, you are showing up our ignorance most shamelessly," said Miss Ballard.

"Please don't think me rude, but you have launched me on a subject about which I am more enthusiastic than about Anglo-Saxon supremacy. I know something about these foolish claims of Nordic superiority. The trouble with the advocates of such a smug theory is that they make sure they are all Nordic. There is a great mass of data which they either have not had time or inclination to examine. As for science, Dr. Benedict, perhaps you know that before science was born the Chinese put out the theory that matter was the result of two forces, one negative and one positive, playing upon each other. What a philosophic, or scientific forecast if you will, of the present theories of matter, the composition of the atom, with its discharges of negative electricity revolving about its core of positive electricity! Why, if it hadn't been for the science of the Chinese, our ancestors would never have gotten to America, and we to-day would not be here burning the incense of war upon the altar of Mars."

"How do you make that out?" asked Benedict and Ingles in chorus.

MacGregor paused and smiled into the interested faces

about the table. "Because the Chinese invented the mariner's compass and gunpowder."

"Have they ever invented anything since?" asked Captain Ingles, still unconvinced.

"I am not trying to maintain that the Chinese are an inventive people, but only claim they are not inferior in capacity to other races. Do you not admire their porcelains? Are they not a joy forever?"

"Indeed they are," assented the nurse, "and their silks and brocades too!"

"If I were giving a lecture (which I seem almost to have been doing, all apologies for monopolizing the conversation so) I could tell you something about their simple but effective system of clan and village government, about their trade and business guilds, about their pagodas, temples, and Great Wall. These things are not produced by an inferior race, I assure you. But enough."

"We are all obliged to you, Captain MacGregor," said Dr. Benedict. "You have certainly opened my eyes, if you have not convinced me of the wisdom of miscegenation."

"I did not want to convince you of that, Dr. Benedict, but only ask for fair judgment."

It was fortunate, perhaps, that Galahad was not permitted to hear this discussion of his *affaire de cœur*. He was a favorite about the hospital, but his purpose to marry a white girl was absolutely condemned by all—not one voice was raised to defend him. Perhaps if he had heard all the calamity howlers, the prophets of the wrath of nature, and the high priests of social intolerance, he might have paused. Perhaps he would not.

Dr. Lanier lost no time in carrying out his plan to see Yung-fu. The latter received him courteously. He had had several interesting conversations with the old minister and respected him both for his learning and his kindly spirit. There was some preliminary interchange

of ideas, then Dr. Lanier spoke of Jeanne. He emphasized the fact of her grandfather being a college graduate, and of how he would have wanted her to marry one of her own kind and station. It was all very gentle, as one would expect from a man of his disposition, but it was also unmistakable in its intent.

Yung-fu listened attentively. "Has Jeanne asked you to talk with me?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Yao; she approached me to ask that I should marry you. I told her that I could not consent until I had talked with you. I will be frank in saying that I tried to dissuade her, and now I hope to dissuade you from this step. She will be happier, I am sure, if she marries a white man, and you will be happier if you marry one of your own people."

"But what has color to do with it, Pastor Lanier? Didn't God make us all?"

"Yes, son, but He made us different."

"On the outside; but doesn't it say in your Scriptures that He 'made of one blood all nations of men'? Our own Sage says the same thing in the words, 'Within the four seas all are brothers'!"

"True, but in the next clause the Bible also says that God 'determined their appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation.' He evidently does not expect us to cross those bounds."

"But we do cross them for business, for religion, and for war — why not for love?"

"I don't know that I can explain it to you without being offensive. You will pardon me if I wound you. It would not be seemly for Jeanne, the granddaughter of a university graduate, to marry one who came as a coolie to France. It is unthinkable. Do you get my point?"

"I do, indeed, Pastor Lanier. You think me inferior because my skin is yellow. You consider that in marrying me Jeanne would be lowering herself. For her to stoop so low is unthinkable."

The older man was silent. He did not attempt to controvert Yung-fu. The latter, after a slight pause to allow for any correction, continued: "If it is a question of being personally unworthy of Jeanne, I am willing to admit it; I have told her so from the first. But if you are judging from the standpoint of family rank, I deny the inferiority. I am the one who am lowering my standards in marrying Jeanne."

Pastor Lanier opened his eyes in astonishment. "What?" he said, rather more sharply than was his wont.

"Yes," said Yung-fu, "her grandfather was a college graduate, you say. My grandfathers on both my father's and my mother's side held literary degrees from the Manchu dynasty. One of them was a poet of no mean ability and was decorated by the Emperor Hsien Fêng, who delighted in his poems. Two stone drums stand at the sides of our door and two flag poles stand at the entrance of our home. Only those who have been recognized can have such."

"Have you told Jeanne this?"

"No, I have not found it necessary to boast of my family. It is not good form among us Chinese. She is going to marry me for myself. My people are farmers, but they are also *literati*."

"They may be literary men, but in what does their culture consist—mere heathen literature." Such pride of learning was not usual in this man of humble spirit, nor was such blunt, unfeeling speech at home upon his lips.

"It is true," said Galahad, "that they have no knowledge of Western books, but neither have you Western scholars acquaintance with our classics. As to whether they are heathen, if they contain truth they can hardly be called by so contemptuous a name. Do not your own scholars study Latin and Greek writers in your schools and colleges, and were they not heathen also?"

"I never thought of that," admitted the minister. "You are right. I ought not to have spoken so hastily."

Dr. Lanier, in spite of himself, was coming to respect Yung-fu. He recognized the force of the latter's reply to his own rather uncalled-for glorifying of Western education. China's classics might be as exalted as those of Greece and Rome. The young man had no ordinary mind; indeed, it was a remarkably keen one. In dialectic the Chinese was logical; but, better, he was thoroughly honest, and Dr. Lanier had to admit he was a true gentleman. He had taken no unfair advantage of Jeanne, had not made capital of his family standing, which evidently was much higher than the pastor had suspected, nor had he filled the girl's mind with romantic stories of his native land.

He saw, moreover, that for Yung-fu, as well as for Jeanne, the question had been settled. No amount of pleading or argument would alter his decision. He shook hands with Galahad Chinese fashion, because the latter's arm was not yet well, and went to find Jeanne and tell her that he would perform the ceremony.

"Oh, I am so glad," she said. "Has Galahad been able to persuade you?"

"The fascination of the Orient is working in me too, I fear," replied the old man, smiling apologetically.

So it was agreed that on the following Thursday, if the patient was out of the hospital, the nuptials should be celebrated.

"If I were a Chinese girl, what sort of wedding should we have?" asked Jeanne one day of Galahad. He laughed.

"Well, I would come to your home riding in a red sedan chair, with a green one following. I would there enter the green chair and you the red one and you would follow me to my residence. On the road our attendants would arrange that, without seeing each other, we exchange handkerchiefs. Once at my home, the whole

family would gather in the courtyard while my uncle poured out upon the earth three libation cups of wine. Then, while you stood, all would prostrate themselves before Heaven and Earth in thankfulness for the new bride."

"Do you suppose your people will thank Heaven for me?" asked Jeanne.

"I hope so," replied Yung-fu, somewhat soberly. "Then we would enter the house and sit facing each other on the kang. Tiny cups of wine would be poured for us and we would sip the wine, then exchange cups. On the second day there would be numberless guests, and on the third we would go to the ancestral temple and worship my ancestors and later kotow before my parents."

"Shall I ever have to do that, Galahad?" asked Jeanne apprehensively.

"I don't see why you should," he answered.

It was a very simple service they had, really two services in one. Yung-fu was first baptized with the name of Galahad (this was, of course, Jeanne's idea), and then their mutual pledges were made. Captain MacGregor was present to give the bride away, who looked modest and sweet in a soft pink dress. Galahad had a new uniform, and, although he was pale and his arm was still bound, stood straight and walked with firm step. Miss Ballard was the bridesmaid, and a few of the people of the hospital and one or two wounded soldiers made up the party.

Jeanne was to stay at the hospital for the present and Galahad was to go to his battalion. Like many another war wedding party, they separated almost at the altar. It was a busy autumn and winter. The armistice was declared, but there was plenty of work for both Labor Corps and for Miss Ballard's hospital. Besides, Galahad was improving his time studying. The Y.M.C.A. classes were open to him, and MacGregor, who had been the

head of a boys' school in China, gave invaluable help and advice. Indeed, he took Yung-fu under his special tutelage, giving him all the time he could spare.

Frequent were the letters which passed back and forth between Jeanne and her husband, and twice he had made long-anticipated visits to the hospital. About the first of February, MacGregor had said: "I should not be surprised if we were sent back home in another month. Most of the men's time is up this spring."

"Will you be glad to get back to China again?" asked Galahad.

"Yes, I shall. It is home to me now," answered the captain.

"And to me, of course."

"You're going back rather differently than you came out," suggested MacGregor.

"I am going back the richest of the two hundred thousand Chinese who came to France."

"I believe you are. You are fortunate in having a girl who will go to the ends of the earth with you." The Scotchman spoke rather grimly. There had once been a prospective Mrs. MacGregor, but when she found he was planning to invest his life in a heathen land she had broken the engagement.

As the captain had predicted, the order came within a month that the 138th Battalion of the Chinese Labor Corps should be ready to sail for China within two weeks. Jeanne had gone back to the old home and had found a ready purchaser for the property which, with the exception of the shell crater in the front yard, was intact. Tabby, looking as fat as if hand-fed, went with the house. This sale supplied Jeanne with all the money she needed.

Yung-fu had saved nearly all his salary during the time he had been in France, and it now amounted to a neat little sum. He had been at a loss how to arrange for Jeanne's travel, as his contract demanded that he

continue with the battalion until they were discharged on Chinese soil. MacGregor, the self-appointed godfather and patron saint of the family, undertook to make all the arrangements so that Jeanne could travel second class on the same boats with her husband. She preferred this, for it allowed them to be together.

They sailed from Brest the sixth of March on the *Alaric*, an immense company with most of its number below decks, two thousand coolies in all.

Jeanne took her exercise on the second-class deck. One day she was having her regular constitutional when MacGregor saw her and, as he often did, went down to talk to her.

"By Jove! see that peach of a girl traveling second," said one of two young men in uniform, who were leaning over the rail of the upper deck. "I'll bet she's French."

"Don't you know who that is?" asked the other.

"No, but she can have me," was the reply.

"She doesn't want you, she's got a better man."

"Whom do you mean, that captain talking to her?"

"No, a Chinaman."

"You don't mean to tell me that that beauty is a Chinese coolie's bride?"

"Sure, here he comes now."

Yao joined the two on the lower deck, bowing to MacGregor and exchanging loving glances with his wife. "Are you warm enough, *ma chérie*?" he asked. "I brought your wrap."

"Thank you. That was thoughtful of you," she said, slipping it on as he held it.

"Pretty well set up chap, eh?" the knowing one suggested.

"By Jove! it's bill and coo, all right," said the first young fellow. "Wish I were taking back as nice a one to the old homestead."

"You didn't look in the right places for them," taunted his friend.

"Guess you're right," he answered, thoughtfully.

The journey across Canada was glorious and proved a real wedding tour. Jeanne had never seen such mountains, a dozen of them more than ten thousand feet high, snow-capped and glacier-sealed. To Galahad the trees were the amazing feature. He had never seen a forest in Shantung. Even the cedars in the temple inclosures or the "white fruit" trees, which were the tallest he knew, were dwarfed by these Douglas firs. And such stretches of country! Such distances! To travel all day through the lake region and another through rich farming country prepared them for that sense of the immensity of the New World which was begotten by the grandeur of the mountain scenery and the illimitable forests.

The Pacific trip, for they went by the northern route, was cold and stormy, and they were not able to get out much on deck. All were relieved when Kiaochow Bay, upon which Tsingtau is located, was reached.

Mrs. Altman, wife of the officer in charge of the Labor Corps' discharging station, was only too delighted to receive the beautiful girl into their home until the battalion had been paid off and the men sent to their villages. It was necessary for Yung-fu to remain until all was completed, and then he was no longer the employee of a foreign government, but once more a Chinese citizen on Chinese soil.

As it was so far to the village of Leafy Banks from Tsingtau, Galahad determined to take a Japanese steamer to Chefoo on the other side of the promontory. This would bring them to within a day and a half of home, which would make the journey less fatiguing for Jeanne.

Good-byes were said to MacGregor on the dock, and they stood together at the stern of the *Nippon* and waved until they could see him no longer. As he turned away, he said with a sigh, "God have pity on that lily among thorns."