The Memoirs of Jin Luxian

Volume One: Learning and Relearning
1916–1982

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With an Introduction by Anthony E. Clark
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Youth

My name is Jin Luxian.

I was born in Shanghai’s Nanshi District\(^1\) on 20 June 1916. In 1916 World War One was raging in Europe, without any sign of a clear outcome between the two sides. China’s government declared war on Germany and Austria and, to assist the allies, many young people were sent to France to provide additional labour power in the support areas, as all available Frenchmen were at the front. The then leader of China’s Beiyang clique, Yuan Shikai, signed the treacherous ‘Twenty-One Demands’ treaty with Japan to meet the demands of Japanese militarists and to further his own ambitions. Japan planned to colonise China and seized the opportunity to occupy the Jiaozhou Peninsula. Yuan Shikai’s attempt to revive imperial rule met with the opposition of all Chinese, with the result that as the self-proclaimed Hongxian Emperor he became panic-stricken and met with an early death. After Yuan Shikai’s death his subordinate generals used the support of various foreign powers to seize political control and natural resources, setting up a series of semi-independent and internecine states, bringing the people to the depths of disaster. When in 1919 the victorious allies (the United States, France and Britain) organised the Paris Peace Conference, they decided to pass Germany’s confiscated colonial possessions in Shandong Province to Japan, causing unprecedented anger among the Chinese, leading to the May Fourth Movement and forcing the Beiyang clique delegation to refuse to sign the Treaty of Versailles.

I was born at a time when the people of our country were suffering from the chaos of civil disorder and foreign occupation, so during my youth there was no National Day and only national disgrace.

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1. The Chinese city, formerly walled, to the south of the Bund and the foreign concessions.
The day after my birth was the saint’s day of the young saint Aloysius Gonzaga so I was christened Louis in French, while my father gave me the name Luyi in Chinese. Later, when I was in middle school, the class supervisor said that Luyi was meaningless in Chinese and changed my name to Luxian (which has a similar pronunciation to Luyi in Shanghai dialect). I have used this latter name throughout my life.

My father was silent at home; he went to work in the morning and came home in the evening. On Sundays he stayed at home reading, preferring novels, especially detective stories. He smoked incessantly and only rarely talked to his two sons. When I look back, it seems as if he never spoke to us at all. He had an illness that prevented him from taking communion more than once a year, because of the requirement to purify the body by not taking food or drink from midnight on the day before mass. My father was a most generous man. I remember that before Chinese New Year he would sort through the IOUs people had given him and say to my mother: “This person and that person have still not paid, let’s not ask them to pay us back.” He then burnt the IOUs. My mother always agreed with him.

Many visitors came to our house, especially from my paternal aunt’s family. Among them I remember Zhang Dengtang (aka Thaddeus Tsang) who became a priest and his younger brother Zhang Dengyin who came often. After my family went bankrupt and my parents died, I once met the latter in the street and called out to him warmly, but he ignored me. I suffered from this slight for many years, thus learning a lesson in the cold ways of the world.

I’ve never seen my family tree, but suspect that my ancestors were peasants for generations back, that they were poor people without any social status and thus never had a family tree. I am very hazy about my ancestors and just remember my grandfather.

A village elder showed me the ring of seven tombs and told me: “Jin Family Village had seven brothers named Jin. A few hundred years ago they came to this wasteland, established boundaries, married, raised children and grandchildren, all staying in one place until it became a village of Christians where most people had the family name Jin. So it was called Jin Family Village.” Strangely enough, when the seven tombs were dug up during the ‘Cultural Revolution’, one of the tombs was found to be empty.

In the middle of the village was a small stream that bisected it: the two sides being named Xinan (south of the stream) and Xibei (north of the stream). Our ancestral home was in Xinan and the church was in Xibei.
Everyone in the village was Catholic, but I have no idea when they had converted. Even the village elders could not say for sure, having no reliable records. The Jin Family Village church had at one time been a cathedral. A Korean named Andrew Kim Taegon (Jin Dajian) went to Macau to study for the priesthood. He set out for Korea from Macau with the French priest Jean Joseph Ferréol (the first Bishop of Korea), passing through Shanghai. On 17 August 1845 Andrew Kim was ordained by Bishop Ferréol at the Jin Family Village church. He said his first mass at Huang Tang church and then returned to Korea via Beijing, losing his life after two years at the age of 26. On 6 May 1984, Pope John-Paul II, on a visit to Seoul, canonised Andrew Kim and his 102 fellow martyrs. Andrew Kim is the pride of the Korean Catholic Church and this glory is reflected on Jin Family Village.

The first priest of Jin Family Village was named Joseph Jin. He was the first priest in the Jiangnan region to be sent to Italy for higher formation; the second priest was named Jin Wenqi, who was ordained in 1931. He was sent to be vicar in Zhang Jing and met his death at the hands of the Japanese invaders in December 1937. The third priest was I myself; the fourth was Jin Heting, who has already died; the fifth was Jin Zhenqi; the sixth was Jin Chongwei, who was a member of the Salesian order and worked for the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith (*Propaganda Fide*) in Rome until his death in July 2009.

My grandfather was named Jin Xinheng and christened Paul. He was a devout Catholic, born in 1844. When he was a child the armies of the Taiping rebels, also known as the Chang Mao (long hair) on account of their troops' distinctive hairstyle, sacked Shanghai. Grandpa always said that he was press-ganged by the Taipings and had to work for them in the logistics corps. He named his first son Jin Xinde (virtue of faith); the second, who became my father, Jin Wangde (virtue of hope). He had hoped to father a third son so that he could have sons named faith (*xin*), hope (*wang*) and love (*ai*), but he had to settle for two. Later on my grandfather moved to Shanghai as an apprentice and opened his own grocery store on the corner of Edward VII Avenue (today's Yan'an East Road) and Henan Road. His grocery store sold beef and mutton, imported wines and spirits, imported canned foods, butter, milk products, etc. and specialised in supplying the foreign community. He also traded in cattle and used the money he earned to build and rent out houses. He was a good businessman. In 1925 he had a stroke and fell to the ground dead—he was 77 years old.
My father was born in 1885 and named Wangde, with the style name Zhongchao (second supernatural virtue, i.e. hope) and the saint's name Luke. My mother was one year older than my father. She was born in 1884 and named Zhang Yunzhen and christened Lucia. Her hometown was Zhangjialou in Pudong, about two kilometres away from Jin Family Village. My maternal grandfather was Zhang Zhitang, also known as Lianghai. As a young man he came to Shanghai a total stranger and became a comprador to the British Chamber of Commerce and to Shun Chang Co., Ltd. Later on he went bankrupt speculating in foreign exchange (he had bought a position in Russian roubles before the October Rebellion in 1917 and lost everything). My mother was the eldest of two sisters, the younger being named Zhang Wangzhen, who, after graduating from Changde Girls Middle School, entered the Society of Helpers of the Holy Souls and became a nun. The Helpers of the Holy Souls is a very strict French order. On joining the order one has to pay a lot of money, which my father provided for her.

My grandmother died early on and my grandfather married a woman named Cao to look after him in his old age. She gave birth to two sons and four daughters, of whom one son died in childhood.

After my father graduated from St. Ignatius College, he became a schoolmaster, but later on joined a foreign firm. My father's Chinese, French and English were all excellent; he was a rare commodity in those days. The British company Hutchison hired him to work in Nanjing as a Chinese manager or comprador. When he returned home to tell his father that he was going to work in Nanjing, his father was not pleased, saying: "When the filial son's parents are still alive, he doesn't stray far from home." The Confucian rule was that children should pay daily visits to their parents to ask after their health and to show their respect. My father insisted on going because of the large salary offered in Nanjing. My grandfather said that if my father went, then he would disown him. My father went anyway, so my grandfather left all his money to my uncle Jin Xinde.

When my parents had been married for a year they had a boy, but he died after only a few months. My father wanted other children, but had to wait nine years for the second, who was my elder sister. My father thought that she had been sent by God to comfort her parents and so named her Mary. My elder sister was very clever and went to board at Xuhui Girls Middle School at the age of only ten. She was loved by her teachers and by her fellow students and also by me.
When my sister was three years old, my mother became pregnant again with me. But I arrived at a bad time, since after giving birth to me, my mother fell gravely ill and nearly died. My mother insisted on returning to Shanghai, saying that if she had to die she wanted to die at home. Although my father was doing very well in Nanjing, he didn't want to make my mother unhappy and had no choice but to resign his position, causing bad blood between him and his foreign employers. My parents returned to Shanghai, but never had such an easy life again. On first returning to Shanghai my father could not find a good job and, while I was crawling on the floor babbling, the mood at home was gloomy. According to what I have been told, when my father was asked to hold me he would pay no attention, saying that I had brought him bad luck. Of course he later on accepted me. Because my mother was sick and could not feed me, we hired a nurse. The nurse liked me very much and after I was weaned came to visit every year, getting clothes, money and even jewellery from my mother. Later when our business failed and we lost our home she was no longer able to come and see me. I still remember that she was taller than my mother and the same age as her.

When I was two years old my younger brother came into this world at the right moment as my father had already found a very good job with the Belgian Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, which had set up an office in Shanghai and hired him at a very good salary. My whole family especially loved my younger brother. He was born in mid-November, close to the Feast of St. Stanislaus, so he took that as his Christian name. His Chinese name, given by my father, was Dayi. We didn't fix our names according to the prescribed names in the family tree. In contrast my cousins were named Guangsheng, Rensheng, Zhisheng and Lisheng. My father stuck to Christian names, calling me Luyi (Louis) and my brother Dayi (Stanislaus).

My father smoked tobacco, preferring large Havana cigars. He also grew a moustache that flew up on either side of his mouth like the number eight (八) in Chinese. He wore both Western suits and Chinese gowns, but his trousers were always Western style and for those days he was very Westernised. My father had many friends. I remember his best friend, a man named Chen Yide. When he learnt of Chen Yide's death my father cried, which was the first time I had seen him do so. After a gap of 80 years, Chen Yide's granddaughter was kind enough to bring me a photograph of their ancestor, after learning of his friendship with my father. I was deeply moved by her kindness.
I have a full memory of my childhood, even recalling my brother’s birth. My mother cradled him while he slept and asked me to sleep at her feet, about which I was not at all happy. I still remember my mother used a string to restrain me, with the other end in her hand. If I strayed too far, she pulled on the string to bring me back.

When I was born our home was in the Chinese city next to the City God Temple in a street named Fangbang Road. Our lane was called Lin De Li (Linde Terrace) and was close to the Little East Gate. In those days the busiest street in Shanghai was Nanjing East Road, after which it was Little East Gate and then Gong Guan Road (now known as Jinling Road), then North Sichuan Road. Huaihai Road had not yet become fashionable.

After a while my family moved to San Pai Lou in Tou Sha Chang where we lived in a little alley, in a *shikumen,* known as Shan De Li (Shande Terrace). There were three families there—we lived in No. 2. In No. 1 was the Ye family whose father was an itinerant salesman, while in No. 3 there lived a family named Wang from Anhui Province: he was a dealer in tea. I remember our house there with nostalgia because it was the only habitation in my whole life that I could call my home. When I was twelve my father’s business failed and he fell ill and died soon after. Thus we lost the house. We were then compelled to live under the roofs of others and even at times had nowhere to stay. After that I entered the seminary, took instruction from my superiors and never had my own home—to this very day. During that time I even made my home in prison for 27 years and since then the Church has been my home. I remember that the house in Shan De Li had a small sky-lit courtyard where we could grow a few bonsai trees. It was also a space in which we could play. We played with marbles and kicked shuttlecocks. Behind the courtyard was a very square reception room, next to it a living room. Above the reception room was a small dining room. Above the living room was my father’s study. My sister slept in the wing-room below. When I was old enough a bed was put above the reception room for me and I got a room to myself—my own universe. In the evening I could read many books, which in truth meant novels.

In the passage above, I have written of my warm feelings for No. 2 Shan De Li. In 1951, when I returned to China, I went back there to have a look. In 1982 when I was permitted to return to Shanghai, I went there once again. Nothing

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2. A traditional style of housing that recreated the Chinese courtyard-style house in a constrained urban setting.
had changed; even the owner remembered me. In 2004 I went back one more
time and found a building site where they planned to build a high-rise. Shan De
Li had disappeared before my eyes, but its image remains stored in my heart.

In my childhood the place we visited most often was the old church and the
school which was right next to the church. The church was in the Chinese city
of Shanghai next to the City God Temple. To go to school at the church we had
to go past the City God Temple, around which there was always a very lively
scene with small shops or market stalls. My brother and I frequently went to
the places that sold snacks such as grilled squid, sugar candies, etc. In those
days the City God Temple was the playground of the ordinary people. Today
the same area has become an expensive and high-class tourist destination.

The old church was really old. According to tradition it had been erected
by Xu Guangqi’s granddaughter. It was 400 years old, a real heritage building.
The church was built in palace style, which could also be termed temple style. I
liked that church a lot. Just as the church was old, so were the resident priests.
I remember one named Ni who was 80 years old: his given name was Ximan
(Simon). He sat throughout the mass, even during the consecration of the
gifts. His successor was Jin Matao, also 80 years old. The old church had been
through many turbulent times. When the Qing dynasty banned Christianity
it had become a Taoist temple dedicated to Guandi, the god of war. After the
Liberation in 1949 it was used as a school. The school moved away, but the old
church has still not been returned to the Catholic Church. Let’s hope this policy
will change one day. In the Shanghai diocese several priests, including Bishop
Aloysius Tsang (Zhang Jiashu) and myself, were all baptised in this church,
which is of great historical significance.

My mother did not have much education, only studying at home with tutors.
She never attended a regular school. She was a devout Catholic, taking us every
day to attend mass. At home she directed us to say the rosary and our evening
prayers. In those days we had two servants, but my mother would still cook
supper for my father herself in the evening (he didn’t come home for lunch). I
remember that when she had some free time she would sew cotton shoes for
her children or patch up our soles. I still remember when once my brother
and I damaged shoes that she had just mended a few days earlier, she lost her
temper and said: “I am not going to make shoes for you anymore; let’s get
leather shoes for you to wear.” After that we never again wore cotton slippers
made by her. I remember that every day a woman came to do my mother’s hair
(we called her ‘hair-comb auntie’). I used to stand and watch. In those days
hair was washed in a shampoo made by boiling water with the wood chips left by carpenters. What a contrast to today's foundation, powders, scents and the like—so many cosmetics.

My mother was hospitable. Whenever people came from the village she would welcome them warmly, always asking them to stay a few nights. On their departure she would always give them money or clothes. My brother and I always loved it when visitors came. Whenever guests came we would run and jump. My mother would say that we had got 'guest fever'. I remember once when my brother was chasing me I tripped up and struck the corner of the bed with great loss of blood, leaving a scar. Luckily the scar was hidden by my hair and didn't damage my looks. Whenever I would fight with my brother, my mother would say: “They are still immature; it'll be better when they grow up.”

She always forgave us and never beat us.
I was born in Shanghai, but because of my family background, have always spoken with a Pudong accent. As soon as I open my mouth people know that I am from Pudong. I should explain that Shanghai is divided into two districts by the Huangpu River—the east bank is known as Pudong and the west as Puxi. After the First Opium War (1839–42), Shanghai was opened to foreign residents. When the foreigners came they established their presence in the concession areas in Puxi, so that bank of the river developed very fast. Pudong remained agricultural, its residents mainly peasant farmers, its produce mainly paddy and cotton. The river acted as the divide between the two worlds: to the west, the Paris of the Orient; to the east, backward villages. When I was small and the Lantern Festival came around (on the 15th day of the Lunar New Year), I would run down our alley with my lantern, singing songs expressing wishes for a good harvest taught to me by my mother. We prayed for good harvests of both rice and cotton—reflecting the desires of the Pudong farmers.

In those days only a slip of land in Pudong called Lujiazui (opposite the Bund) was built-up at all. Here were found the British–American Tobacco Factory and some textile mills—that was all. There was no ferry across the river. If we wanted to go to Pudong, we had to crowd into a tiny sampan with about 20 people aboard and be rowed across the river. On the other side there were no paved roads, just a few narrow mud tracks known as yang chang (sheep’s gut) roads. Naturally there were no motor vehicles, nor any horse carts, not even any rickshaws (which were pulled by humans)—there were only single-wheeled barrows on which three people could sit on each side while the driver puffed and grunted as he pushed the barrow slowly forwards.

Jin Family Village was about six kilometres from the river. Everyone in the village was a farmer, 80% with the surname Jin, the other 20% named Tang. The village didn’t even have a shop. To buy things the villagers were dependent
on itinerant peddlers who carried basic items such as oil, soy sauce, vinegar and salt as well as needles and thread. When the peddlers came they rang bells and shouted out calls that brought people out to buy things. Some people used eggs as currency. To buy anything significant people had to go a couple of kilometres to Yangjing township, so it seems that our village was quite underdeveloped. The people worked in the fields during the day and at night spun cotton or flax. Others wove a cloth that was very durable, using simple looms. After the foreigners came they brought in cotton piece goods and there was no longer a market for the country cloth.

For lighting there was of course no electricity, not even paraffin, nothing but rapeseed oil lamps, where the wick floated on a round plate, giving out very little light. In the novel *Rulin Waishi* (The Scholars),¹ a man, just before his death, sticks out two fingers to let his wife know that using two wicks was too wasteful—one was enough. In those days material life was pretty simple in Pudong, but the Catholic Church was very developed, with churches every couple of kilometres and next to them presbyteries known as *yang fang*. Our village church had been the cathedral and next to the modern church was a smaller church that we called ‘old church’. It was the old church that had been the cathedral, while the bigger church had been built later, when the bishop still lived in Jin Family Village. Several times when it had been damaged, the faithful had raised funds to have it rebuilt. In those days every church had nuns or consecrated virgins looking after it. There were no Chinese religious orders so chaste women took an oath of virginity to serve the Church. The priests had to look after several parishes, for example the Jin Family Village priest was responsible for about ten parishes including Xiaotangkou, Yangsiqiao, Yanjiqiao, Jiegouwan, Tangjiahong, Nanhuang, etc. The priests toured the parishes and the consecrated virgins managed everything. The consecrated virgins served the Church with total commitment, taking no salary, working as volunteers, doing handicrafts to support themselves; sacrificing their lives for the Church. They have made a huge contribution to the Shanghai diocese and the Church should never forget them.

In those days Pudong parishioners had good reason to be proud of themselves. Pudong produced many priests and even more nuns. Pudong’s parishioners considered, even in the 1920s, that they could form their own diocese. They joined together to write a letter to Rome to petition the Pope to form a

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¹. 儒林外史 (*Rulin Waishi*), or *The Scholars*, by 吴敬梓 (*Wu Jingzi*), completed 1750.
Pudong diocese, with a Pudong priest as bishop. This issue irritated the then French Bishop of Shanghai, so he ensured that the letter never received a reply from Rome and instead was passed to him to handle. When he saw the letter, the bishop was very angry and called in several of the leading signatories of the letter for a dressing-down. He furthermore required them to make a public confession, saying that they had sinned, or else he would excommunicate them.

The Lord works in mysterious ways, so that after the Liberation in 1949, the first Bishop of Shanghai was the Chuansha, Pudong native Gong Pinmei (1901–2000). After Gong Pinmei was arrested, the acting bishop was Zhang Shiliang, a native of Zhangjialou in Pudong. Later on another Pudong native, Rev. Aloysius Tsang, became bishop and he was succeeded by me. Thus did the Lord make allowance for the desire of the Pudong faithful for a Pudong bishop. The sad thing is that the Church is not well established in Pudong today and very few Pudong people study for the priesthood. Today only a few aged Pudong priests survive, with just a single young one named Huang Zhenping. I have prayed to the Lord to permit the Catholic Church to revive in Pudong and to change the current situation where there are so many old people, but so few young people, let alone children.

When I was a child, Pudong was not only economically under-developed, but Pudong people were also less well educated, with many being illiterate. In the 1920s the Chinese government did a survey and found that among the counties of China with the highest rate of illiteracy was Nanhui in Pudong. The lowest rate of illiteracy in the nation was at Yancheng in northern Jiangsu Province. Pudong people not only farmed but also did handicrafts. Many were tailors, cooks, carpenters—very few were white-collar workers. Pudong also had very few famous people—the most famous among them was Zhang Wentian (aka Lo Fu, 1900–76), who was at one time general secretary of the Chinese Communist party, making a great contribution to the Chinese revolution. He never struggled for power or personal benefit; he was an admirable revolutionary, worthy of the respect of later generations.

When I was a child, my father and grandfather both worked for foreign companies and were thus influenced by colonialism. In those days the Manchus had just been overthrown and the 1911 rebellion had only just succeeded when Yuan Shikai seized power and feudalism once again controlled the people's minds. Radio and television had not been invented. In the house there were one or two magazines and a subscription to Shen Bao (Shanghai News). In the church school there was no politics class and no class on patriotism, so people's
minds were politically unenlightened. As a child, all I knew of the affairs of
the world was gained from overhearing snippets of conversation between my
father and his friends, which I committed to memory without fully compre-
hending. In those days the country was divided by warfare and the people were
oppressed. My father and his friends discussed the warlords after dinner, con-
demning them as running dogs of the imperialists. They only respected Marshal
Wu Peifu (1874–1939), saying that he was uncorrupted, without any personal
assets; that he was a patriot; that all the other warlords had bought houses in
the Tianjin foreign concession so that when they were overthrown they could
hide in the concession under the protection of the imperialists. Only Wu Peifu
had never entered the foreign concessions. They did not like the warlord Feng
Yuxiang (1882–1948), saying that had Feng not opposed him, Wu Peifu could
have taken control of the whole country. Later on events proved that Wu was
a patriot. When Japan invaded China and conquered the north, many politi-
cians became traitors. The Japanese invited Wu many times to join the puppet
government, but Wu resolutely refused and requested that the Japanese leave
China, including the three north-eastern provinces. In the end he was assas-
sinated by the Japanese. When I was a child I heard this news and remember it
to this day, reminding me of my family's influence on my thinking.
3

Going to School

At the age of six I went first to a girls’ school to do my basic education. There were two female teachers, one named Shou, the other Gu, who were both very patient. I remember one of my fellow students was a girl named Xu, who came from a wealthy family and was very well mannered. She later became a nun and entered the Congregation of the Presentation of Our Lady to the Temple. She says that she never forgot me.

In the second year I transferred to a boys’ school. I remember only two teachers, named Zhu and Hu. Because we went to mass every day I had to eat my breakfast and lunch at the church. Another student named Ni Linxiang, who lived at Dongjiadu and attended the elementary school at the old Catholic church because of the influence of his great-uncle Rev. Simon Ni who was the pastor of that parish, also took his breakfast and lunch at the church. My desk-mate was the grandson of Mr. Du Zishan, who was responsible for renting out the diocesan properties in the Old City. Later on Ni Linxiang and I entered St. Ignatius College at the same time, graduated in the same year (1932) and went together to the minor and major seminaries. Later on he contracted tuberculosis and died an early death. His niece Ni Yao married a cousin of mine named Wu Zuxiang, with whom I have remained in touch.

On the subject of life at elementary school I have few memories, apart from Teacher Zhu who used to walk about while we were studying calligraphy and grab our writing brushes from behind. If he could take them from us, he happily taught us a lesson. On the rare occasions when he could not remove the brush, he would praise us for holding it firmly. I also remember writing my essays with some precocity, always beginning with phrases such as “Into this world a human being was born” that had rather an adult tone.

I also remember on one occasion my brother and I made a plan to play hooky on the way to school. We at once returned home and told my mother
that the school had closed temporarily and my mother believed us. Who could have expected that after dinner Teacher Zhu would come to our home, worried that we two brothers had been prevented from going to school by some accident or illness? As soon as he arrived my mother knew that we had skipped school and had lied about it. Once my parents had seen the teacher to the door, my father became angry and told us to kneel on the floor. He picked up the badminton racquet, threatening to beat me. He said that I was the elder brother so I must have led my younger brother astray. Fortunately my mother used words to dissuade him. Naturally we never tried to skip school again.

At the age of ten my father sent me to board at the elementary school of St. Ignatius College. This school was very strict. After the beginning of term there was no vacation and we could not go home. I still remember that after I had been enrolled for about a month my mother came to see me. She went to the headmaster, a foreigner named Rev. Yves Henry. The headmaster called me to his office and said that my mother had come to collect me to attend my grandfather’s 70th birthday and that he permitted me to go. Later on my mother told me: “That was very first time I saw a foreigner with such a long beard. I was very scared of him.” My mother also told me: “Today I told a lie for the first time. It was because I missed you, wanted to see you, couldn't manage without you and wanted to bring you home for a couple of days. So I told him that your grandfather was celebrating his 70th birthday, which is in fact an untruth. This is the first time I have told a lie in my life.” Young children are not very aware, so I was of course happy just to get some time at home. Now that I think about it, I realise that my mother truly loved me. She was a very good person. She never told lies; but on this occasion, for my sake, she told a lie. I am very moved by this thought.
The Shanghai Catholic diocese was a missionary district of the province of Paris of the French Society of Jesus. In Shanghai the Jesuits set up many charitable and educational activities, including middle schools, universities and so on. Their main geographical area of activity was the French concession.

In those days Shanghai had concession areas. The notion of ‘concession’ is not well understood among Chinese today. When I was a child and a young man, I lived in the concession. The so-called concession was a piece of national territory that was ceded by our government, under the intense pressure of foreign imperialism, through the signing of unequal treaties, to a given foreign country to constitute a state within a state. In the concession, the administration, security, taxes, financial administration and legal system were all run by foreigners. Those Chinese who lived in the concession were obliged to pay taxes to that country and obey the laws of that country. The police were nationals of that country, with most policemen being sent from their colonial possessions. For example many policemen in the French concession were Annamites (Vietnamese), while in the British concession the policemen were Sikhs from India. Although they were from colonised countries, they despised us Chinese. The concessions were a humiliation to the Chinese. The French concession stretched from the Huangpu River, with Renmin Lu as the southern boundary and Edward VII Avenue (today’s Yan’an Lu) as the northern boundary, all the way to Xujiahui. From the north side of Yan’an Lu to the north shore of the Suzhou Creek was the British concession. Hongkou District was controlled by the Japanese, while Yangshupu District was the American concession. Later on two of these concessions merged to become known as the International Settlement, but the French concession remained French, with French administration, while the International Settlement was run by the British, Americans and the Japanese.
In those days the Catholic Church operated mainly in the French concession and did not allow in any other churches. In those times the Shanghai faithful had a branch of Action Catholique. This society was very well organised. It was led by Lu Bohong and Zhu Zhixiao, among others. They set up charitable activities such as schools, missions, etc., but the Catholic bishop did not permit them to operate in the French concession. Action Catholique's activities such as St. Joseph's Hospice and Yixin Middle School were in the Chinese city. They also opened hospitals, all outside the French concession. In Yangshupu District there was the Sacred Heart Hospital, in Beiqiao the Puci Rehabilitation Centre—a specialised mental health centre. In Zhabei District was the Sacred Heart of Mary Hospital and, in Songjiang County, the St. Joseph Hospital, among others. Nonetheless, the Society was not allowed to operate in the French concession, which was reserved for Frenchmen. Mr. Lu Bohong noted that at the French concession's St. Ignatius College lessons were taught only in French and that English was becoming more important in Shanghai, so, when on a trip to the United States, he invited the California Jesuits to come to Shanghai to set up a middle school, thus angering the French bishop, who opposed the plan. Mr. Lu immediately travelled in person to Rome to petition the Pope, who authorised the plan so that the French Jesuits in Shanghai could resist no longer. Nonetheless they insisted that the school be located in the International Settlement, where it was established with the name Jinke Middle School.

In those days the whole Chinese Catholic Church was divided up according to the missionary countries and orders. Thus, what was then known as Jiangnan Province belonged to the French Jesuits. Later on Jiangnan was divided into Jiangsu and Anhui Provinces with Jiangsu still in the hands of the French Jesuits and Anhui given to the Spanish Jesuits. The southern half of Hebei Province also belonged to the Jesuits with Xianxian given to the French, Daming County to the Hungarians and Jing County to the Austrians. Inner Mongolia was the territory of the Belgian Scheuts. Most of Shandong Province belonged to the Germans. Since the Americans arrived late, they got the Jiangmen diocese as well as Meixian County in Guangdong Province. The Lazarist order came early on and so had Beijing, Tianjin, the northern half of Hebei Province, and Zhejiang and Jiangxi Provinces. The Franciscans were partly in Shandong and partly in Shanxi. The French Paris Overseas Mission was allocated north-east China and the provinces of Sichuan, Guangdong and Guizhou. The Augustinians were in Hunan Province. The Irish Columban
Missionary Society was in Hanyang (Hubei Province) and Nanchang (Jiangxi Province). The Divine Word Missionaries arrived rather late in the day and so got the provinces of Shandong, Henan and Gansu as their territory.

The Chinese missionary districts were divided up by missionary orders. Thus, Church affairs were governed by each order, with decision-making outside China. Every nation put the needs of its own citizens first and gave them the administration of each diocese. The French government used the Defender of the Faith status granted by the Pope to interfere even more. The Chinese Catholic Church was not in the hands of the Chinese people. There was no overall planning, as each missionary society administered its own affairs, so that efficiency in spreading the Gospel was compromised. Pope Benedict XV tried to rectify this situation and issued the papal letter *Maximum Illud* in 1919, emphasising that the main role of the missions was to cultivate the clergy of every nation and to ensure that the native people could eventually assume the administration of the Church in their lands. The response of the bishops in China to this letter was glacial, both holding up and preventing the dissemination of the letter. Only the Bishop of Jiangchang in Sichuan, Monsignor de Guebriant (1860–1935) gave an enthusiastic response so that the Pope made him apostolic visitator to the Church in China and he was called to Rome to make his report. As a result the Pope decided to send a permanent representative to China, which led to the translation of *Maximum Illud* into Chinese by Ma Xiangbo and its dissemination.
Index of Names

This index covers significant persons mentioned in the text with brief biographical details.

CCP = Chinese Communist party
KMT = Kuomintang
PLA = People’s Liberation Army
PRC = People’s Republic of China
S.J. = Member of Society of Jesus

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