

torium here and people come from all parts of the world for treatment, especially for rheumatism and skin diseases.

In the early morning, to the horror of all the other tourists, who never heard of going earlier than nine o'clock, when the regular coach goes, we had a conveyance at the door and were driven to Whakarewarewa, the Maori village, and back again before breakfast at eight o'clock. We were fortunate to find 'Sophia,' the guide, at her gate just going to put her breakfast to cook in the boiling spring near by. She gladly took us over the district, chattering all the way of the legends of her people, pointing out the cooking fire, a circular crater of clear, blue water, nearly always boiling, another crater called the oil bath, near by several geysers, and a great well of boiling water fifteen to twenty feet in diameter. All there, with the constant noise of bubbling boiling water, the geysers sending up columns of water, the dense clouds of steam that can be seen for miles, and the strong smell of sulphur, made us think of some uncanny place and we did not care to remain long.

On the way down to the village proper we looked into several houses, and found them quite tidy and clean, but, horrors! with pillow shams on some of the beds and ruffled curtains, or worse still, lace ones, at the one little window. I wondered if this was the inevitable evolution. It seemed so inartistic. But before we left, Sophia got the key and took us to see the finest specimen of Maori architecture in existence, namely, a 'whare' (house) used for native assemblies and ornamented with elaborate carving. The carving is very ancient and all done with stone and shell implements, for the aborigines had no metal tools. The time it must have taken, and the patience, amazed me. The carved posts, with colored lines and inlaid shells, reminded me of one of the totem poles we see among our Alaskan tribes. And again, I wondered what connection these people might have had with our Indians, so far away. We turned our backs on this strange sight and drove away—only two miles—to an English breakfast, and might almost have thought it all a dream.

These people, on the whole, are a kingly race, free from affectation, and do not seek to pattern after the whites, but retain their ancient customs and practice them in presence of passing throngs without the slightest show of embarrassment. They are less poetic than the Hawaiians, but not less interesting. Their deadliest enemy, as is the case with all the aboriginal races which come in contact with the higher races, is alcoholic drink. They succumb to it easily, and under its influence exhibit all the vices of the white man.

'Only a Woman's Life.'

A hot, June day was drawing to a close in the plague-stricken city of Foochow. A funeral party stood aside for an idol procession, which, with all the usual pomp and commotion, was making its way through the crowded streets, then took up its march, again, toward the burying ground. Funeral processions were a too common sight, and the pedestrians noted only that the coffin was unpainted, indicating that the deceased had died of the plague, and that the funeral had been hurried. If some one had asked the hired coffin bearers, 'Who has died?' the answer would have been: 'Only a woman.' Yes, readers, it was only a woman, and a Chinese woman, too, but come with me to my lu-dai, where we can look down on this noisy city with its pagodas, supposed to

protect the people from the influence of evil spirits, with its temples filled with hideous idols, with its moving, hurrying, crowding, seething mass of humanity pushing on to eternity, and let me tell you the story of that life, the last chapter in whose drama you have just witnessed.

Listen, you who think Chinese women are stolid; that they cannot feel as you feel, that they cannot love as you love, that they do not know how to hate as you might have known if the God of Love had not come into your heart.

Forty years ago, in that little street over there, a baby's voice sounded on the midnight air. A watchman, going his rounds, picked the little one up and pressed it to his heart. No need to inquire as to the sex of the little waif; no boy would have been thrown out there to die. The watchman had a soft heart, and the gods had denied him the sons he had longed for. Something of a father's love came into his heart as the baby nestled in his arms. Something strangely like a tear came to his eye, but he resolutely put the child down again, and commenced to pace his beat. He was too poor to adopt a child—especially a girl—and she would bring him nothing but sorrow. Did not the books of the sages teach that?

The infant wailed, and the watchman hurried away telling himself that if the gods had been pleased to send him a daughter he would be much happier. But what was this baby to him? He came back to the place where the little one lay. No sound broke the stillness. His heart was beating wildly as he bent and swept the ground with his hand. Some one had taken the baby. Who had the right? Had he not found her, first? Could he not put her down to sleep, for a minute, while he walked his beat? He would pursue the thief and claim the child; she was his—but just then his hand touched the little form and something seemed to choke him, as he felt the cold hand and seemingly lifeless body of the babe. He unbuttoned his coat and laid the little one next to his warm body. She moaned feebly, and a great joy came into his heart. He was only a heathen, but from such souls as his, touched by a ray of Divine love has come all the great philanthropies this old world has ever known!

His wife took the little one to her heart, and something they had never known before came into their lives. Was there magic in the baby voice and in the touch of her little hand to draw them together?

Baby was only two years old when her foster father died; and the mother and child became wards of an uncle. The mother's will was put aside. She was 'only a woman'; what right had she to say what disposition should be made of her child. She had no right to adopt it in the first place, the uncle, who had never looked kindly on the little girl, told her.

With almost breaking heart the woman saw her adopted child taken from her arms; and the little one was sold as a slave.

The girl was fourteen before the realization of what her life might mean came to her, and then commenced such a battle that her owner sold her to another family. Here, too, after a time came another scene, and the boy of eighteen who had incurred her hatred though he had never dared to put a hand on her, begged his father to sell her lest she put poison in his food. At last she was sold to a young man to become his lawful wife. He was poor, or he would not have been content to have a slave girl for his wife; but he was kind, and he was the

first person the poor girl could remember who had been good to her.

All the strong love of an intense nature, she felt for her husband, and a happiness such as few Chinese women know was hers. Three little children came to the home, but none of them stayed long enough to do more than teach the mother the depths of love and leave an uncontrollable sorrow when death claimed them.

Fortune smiled on the husband, he was growing rich. His relatives began to look about for another wife for him, when for six years no child had come to the home. The wife pleaded as never before had Chinese wife pleaded with her husband; but he was weak. The relatives prevailed and Number Two came into the family. Number One had tasted all the bitterness of sorrow, all the joy of love; and now she was to learn all there was to know of hatred and jealousy. Over and over again she sought to take her rival's life; but Number Two was watchful. Then she attempted to commit suicide, but she was discovered in time, and saved.

It seemed as though the gods had avenged her, however, when a little son lay in her arms and Number Two was still childless. Then came the death of the second wife, and the first wife, holding the little daughter of the dead woman, close to her breast, vowed before the ancestral tablets that the baby should never miss the love of a mother. She had cared for the dying woman as she might have cared for a sister, forgetting all bitterness in her sympathy and womanly compassion.

The next few years were comparatively happy ones. Another little son came to the home, and children's laughter and noise did for that Chinese home something of what it has done for all homes in all time.

One day the children went to Sunday-school. The mother had objected, but the father said: 'Let them go; they want the pretty cards that the foreign woman gives to the children who go there.' Week after week they went; and the mother listened to the verses they learned there, and began to wonder what they meant. Finally she went to the Sunday-school, too. How strange it seemed to sit with many other women and learn to read: 'Thou shalt have no other gods but me. Thou shalt not bow down to them—' Really the 'Doctrine' was very good, she told her husband.

Would the foreigner come to her house and teach her something more? she had asked, and the foreigner had said: 'I cannot come now, but some day I hope I may.' Why was it that there were so few foreigners to teach the women when there were so many to learn, she had wondered, but she did not ask the question, for she might be considered impolite.

'Surely I will come before next Sunday,' the missionary had said, when the invitation had been given week after week. The woman went home with a new joy and hope in her heart. The foreign woman and a Bible-woman would surely come in a few days, and she would have a chance to learn so much about the new 'Doctrine' that had taught her that she needed a Saviour.

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'She is dying,' the neighbors said. 'She wants to send for the foreigner, but it will not do.' The patient opened her eyes. 'Come here, children,' she said. 'Learn all you can of this new—'

And, then her eyes closed and the last chapter of her life on earth had ended.—Willma H. Rouse, in 'M. E. Church-Bulletin.'