

notice anyone in particular, but her father pointed out to his mother the hands of little girls walking through the streets, all looking very sedate, and wearing a kind of uniform of dark blue, and all carrying books.

"The new government has started schools for girls," said Mr. Lee, "and there are some coming from one."

"Girls out on the street alone," screamed Mrs. Lee. "And learning from books. They will all be ruined, and China with them."

"There are strict rules," he answered. "They must never stop on the way, nor speak aloud. And any man who speaks to them, or even goes too near them, will be severely punished."

"It is against old customs. They will all be ruined," Mrs. Lee repeated, stubbornly. "Surely it is not possible that you mean to destroy your own daughter, by leaving her here to go to school!"

The man glanced at Chwen-mei, and saw the excited delight in the child's eyes, then the grandmother broke out in redoubled violence against all new things, and Lee escaped out of the house, pretending he had a business engagement. But he took with him the look of dull hopelessness that had crept over his little daughter's face again, when, as she thought, he had given way to his mother. Yet what else could he do? he asked himself, remembering uncomfortably how he had resolved that Chwen-mei's feet should not be bound, and then had let it be done. For a principle Lee could have defied the laws of his land, but not even for a principle could he dare his mother's curse, it was too likely, he thought, that to give Chwen-mei what she was hungry for might ruin her, yet he was not sure.

He was glad to escape from the weary argument with himself by noticing a small store, and recognizing its owner. Lee San-tsang had been his cousin and a fellow-scholar, but the news that he had embraced a "foreign religion," and was living in vice unspeakable, had caused his name to be struck from the family records. Now looking at him, the elder Lee thought, "He did not join the foreigners for money, for his store is very small, but it is too clean, he is too happy faced, for the tales we heard of him to be true."

He went in, to be welcomed delightedly by his cousin, though the villager shook his head—"How did it come that

you followed the foreign swine!" he asked, reproachfully. "Had you not learned the doctrine of Confucius, and knew it was better than any other?"

"I have followed no foreign doctrine," answered the storekeeper, smiling. "The Bible only tells me just how to worship the Shang-ti." (The Supreme Being according to the Confucian classics.)

Elder Lee looked up quickly. "What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "Confucius tells us that Shang-ti is the principle of life—the First Cause of all living—but he does not say distinctly that He is a personality, and nowhere tells how we may worship Him. We can only infer by observing how Nature obeys the natural laws, that it was doubtless intended that men should live moral and useful lives. But you cannot tell me the foreigners believe in this; why, I have read of the things they do in their own countries. There are no people so vile."

(Unfortunately, the most unsavory details of our worst murder cases, with some of our most undesirable books, have been translated to show the Chinese how Christians (?) live at home.)

The storekeeper's answer was to put a book in his visitor's hands. Lee read its title—"Genesis" (The Beginning), and then forgot himself in the magnificence of the description of the beginning of life. "This is a classic indeed," he exclaimed. "No one could doubt it is a true description of Shang-ti. But how is it possible that the foreigners can call such books their sacred writings, and yet live so vile? Why, they do not even obey their parents. Do they think Shang-ti has no regard for men keeping the moral laws?"

The younger man handed him a second book—"Exodus"—open at the Ten Commandments. Elder Lee read them and the following chapters, then said: "This indeed is righteousness. But how is it with these holy books that come at least of the foreigners live so well?"

"How is it that with the high philosophy of Confucius before them, that so many Chinese do things that men should not? Man's blood is hot, evil desires come, and before he knows it he has fallen into the deep pit of sin. What has Confucius to say to him as he struggles there, helpless in the filth and mire? 'This comes of forgetting the Law'—little help to the sinner there. Nor has Buddha much better comfort. He looks down at the struggling wretch, and tells