

fusedly answered the woman, slinking out of the room as rapidly as possible.

Another woman of this kind was for a time in Mrs. Nevius' sewing class, but she declared she could not prophesy before the Christian school-girls. The most striking part of Su May's story was her statement that all the posset women of whom she had known or heard confest at once on hearing the name of Jesus, that "He is true; He is the Son of the true God." And while others around might mock and jeer at the preaching of the Gospel, they either listened with respectful attention, or evaded it entirely.

The women who claim a "wolf god" are of a fierce nature, advising more cruel methods of averting misfortune or curing the sick than those who are under the guidance of a "fox god." A petty mandarin living near Chefoo, having two wives, had the great misfortune to have no children. In great discontent with this state of affairs, he sent for a woman posset of a "wolf god," and askt her to tell him the reason for his ill-fortune. She was a total stranger to him and to both of his wives, so it could not have been an old grudge or wish for revenge that influenced her demands. She told him he would never have good luck as long as he kept his second wife; that she must not be divorced, but killed. The head wife was in real sorrow at this verdict, and begged the mandarin to spare the unfortunate woman's life, but he remained determined to follow the "wolf god's" advice. Stripping the heavy wadded garments from his second wife (with whom, as far as known, he had had no previous quarrel) he drove her out into the bitter cold, where she was soon frozen to death.

The religious feelings of Chinese women vary greatly in different localities. In some places they are distinctly religious, visiting temples, worshipping daily at a private shrine in the home, fasting, praying and endeavoring by good works to lay up for themselves a reward in the future world. In the eastern part of Shantung Province this was not the case. The women as a rule never visit the temples, and worship no private gods. They are, of course, filled with many vague and dark superstitions. Hard worked, improperly nourished, easily distracted and excited by the little details of daily life, they seem to give little, if any, thought to their future after death. It is commonly believed that a woman will change at death into a pig—considered the filthiest of animals—to atone for the sins committed during her life-time, such as polluting pure water, wasting food, cutting cloth, reviling her husband, worrying her mother-in-law, etc. From a pig to a woman, a woman to a pig, the dreary transmigration goes on forever. Others believe in total annihilation, but most women dismiss the question of a future life by a careless "who knows?" or by the sad statement, "I fear no future suffering.

My lot cannot possibly be worse in the world to come, than it is in this life."

This picture of heathen womanhood would be misleadingly dark and gloomy if all bright coloring be omitted. It is indeed a black and bitter life, even among heathen homes that get no ray of light occasionally. Hunger satisfied, tho with coarsest food, a refreshing breeze after a hot day, warmt' in winter, a shelter and rest at night, the doubtful joy of having overcome an adversary in a reviling match, or, the relief of escaping with whole bones from a fierce quarrel, make a lining to the black cloud of life, which, if not silver, is at least lighter than the prevailing hue.

But we may certainly call bright silver the joyous smile of an innocent child, the true love which children give to and receive from their mother, vigorous health with few nerves, and the natural love of life, which is the portion of all God's creatures. Add to this an apathetic disposition, an astonishing lack of envy of those in better circumstances, and the fact that a quarrel, which would drive an American woman into a long siege of nervous prostration is but meat and drink to the ordinary Chinese woman, and one has a clearer insight into their lives.

Many deeds of unselfish and even heroic kindness are performed in heathen homes, of which the world hears nothing. In no other land are daughters more carefully guarded from impurity of action—tho purity of thought or word is considered unimportant. Altho the children do not render the cheerful obedience which Christianity demands, yet the care and protection of infirm and aged parents is a rule rarely departed from.

But notwithstanding all these ameliorating circumstances, it is with a feeling of distinct relief that one leaves a heathen home, too often filled with a "darkness that can be felt," and enters the home of a Christian. In this connection a story which I have already told in *The Independent* is so apt, that perhaps it is worth repeating. After a morning spent with a Chinese woman, she interrupted my Gospel message with the question, "Is your mother-in-law living?" "No," I answered. "Does your husband get drunk?" "No." "Does he smoke opium?" "No." "Does he beat you?" "No," I replied. "He has never struck me a blow in his life." It took her several moments to become convinced of this astonishing fact, and then she turned to me saying impressively, "You have been talking to me of heaven and hell in the world to come. Your life *now* and mine are as heaven and hell."

Those who have seen the changed lives and happy homes of many Chinese women can testify gladly that nothing but Christianity could perform such miracles. One of the strongest proofs a Christian Chinese woman can make of her sincerity is in unbinding her own or her daughter's feet. In