

Several of the schoolgirls stole into the room while the woman mumbled her incantations, intelligible only to herself, and it was not long before she turned angrily to the matron, and declaring that her god could do nothing in the presence of those believing in the "Jesus doctrine," gave up the case and went away. She afterwards bitterly reproached the woman who had conducted her to the school, saying: "You should not have taken me there. Don't you know I have nothing to do with the people holding their belief?" She declared the child would surely die, as she was the runaway soul of a little nun, who had in her previous existence broken a bowl, and her mistress was calling to her to come back and account for the damage done to her property. But the child recovered in spite of her prophecy.

After Su May left school her father took her for a visit among old family friends whom she had not seen since a little girl. Nearly every woman and child in the village crowded to see the natural-footed girl who had been educated by foreigners, and among them came a woman who at once caught Su May's attention from her resemblance to the woman possessed of a "fox god." She entered the room in a gliding, serpentine manner, with averted eyes, which were never lifted in a straightforward, direct look into the face of another. By slipping behind some of the other women she sought to avoid notice, but Su May said to her at once, "You are possessed of a 'fox god,' aren't you?"

"Dreadful!" the woman gasped. "How do you know? No one told you about me, for I have been watching you."

"I have a way of recognizing you," answered Su May, "but I won't tell you my way."

"Are you possessed of a god also?" asked the woman.

"Yes," answered Su May; "I have the true God in me. He is with me all the time. Is your 'fox god' with you? Let him speak to us through you."

"My god has gone to Shanghai," confusedly answered the woman, slinking out of the room as rapidly as possible.

Another woman of this kind was for a time in Mrs. Nevius's 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 possessed women of whom she had known or heard confessed 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 possessed of a "wolf god," and asked 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 feeling 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 is 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 lifetime, 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 misleading, dark and gloomy, if all bright coloring be omitted. It is indeed a black and bitter life, even among the heathen homes that gets no ray of light occasionally. Hunger satisfied, though with coarsest food, a refreshing breeze after a hot day, warmth 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