

coat she had three other coats, all of cotton, and all made the same way. But although she wore four coats, there was but one ply of cotton on her poor little legs, and she had neither boots nor stockings, though the weather was cold. Her feet were not yet bound,—she was scarcely old enough for that.

Her straight black hair, seldom combed and never washed, was braided up in two or three tight little pig-tails tied with red yarn, while a straggling fringe hung around her forehead and into her eyes. For earrings she had little bits of thread from which dangled, on each side, a common white delf button.

Golden Flower was only four years old, but they said she was six, not because they wished to make her older than she really was,—it was just the Chinese way of counting. When she was born, they considered her already one year old, and a few weeks later came New Year's Day, and then she was two years old, because every Chinese has a birthday at New Year.

Now, little Golden Flower lived with a man by the name of Water Dragon. His wife's name was just Woman. They were not Golden Flower's real father and mother. They had bought her for a dollar when she was only two months old. Her own parents did not want her. Water Dragon and Woman bought her to be a wife for their son, Beggar, who was a few years older than Golden Flower. They reckoned that it would be cheaper to buy a baby-girl and rear her, than to wait until Beggar was a young man, when they would have to pay, perhaps, \$200 for a wife for him.

Perhaps you will wonder why they called their only son whom they doted upon, and petted and spoiled, by such a name as Beggar. They were afraid the evil spirits might steal him away, if they guessed how much his parents loved him, so they always called him Beggar to lead the bad spirits to believe that they did not like him, or care much what happened to him.

Water Dragon and Woman, of course, were heathen, and their hearts were hard and cruel, and poor little Golden Flower was very much afraid of them, because, if they were in a bad temper, for very little reason, or for none at all, they would beat her cruelly or use means

to pain and frighten her. Sometimes they would take a short, hollow piece of bamboo, about as large around as a teacup, and stuff it half full of coarse straw paper, which, when set on fire, does not blaze up, but just smoulders and smokes. Then they would hold this tight over her mouth and nose until she was nearly suffocated.

It was this cruel trick that led to our making the acquaintance of Golden Flower. One day, instead of the usual piece of bamboo, they used an old salmon can, which Water Dragon had found on the street that day, and too ignorant to know that, unlike the bamboo stick, the can would grow very hot, they crushed the little face against the burning tin and held it there as long as they liked. When at last they released the child, choked by the smoke and exhausted by the struggle, a deep burn encircled her mouth and nose.

Days passed, and the burn did not heal, though they plastered mud over it and used various other cures. At last Water Dragon, although he hated foreigners, brought her to our hospital and asked the doctor to heal the burn. Water Dragon was neither sorry nor ashamed,—he just said, it was very "odd."

Dear children, I am sorry to tell you this cruel, shocking story; but nearly everything is cruel and shocking in a land where Jesus is not known.

Taipeh, Formosa

### Our Work

Our hands are so small,  
And our words are so weak,  
We cannot teach others;  
How, then, shall we seek  
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

We'll work by our prayers,  
By the pennies we bring,  
By small self-denials—  
The least little thing  
May work for our Lord in His harvest.

Until, by and by,  
As the years pass at length,  
We, too, may be reapers,  
And go forth in strength  
To work for our Lord in His harvest.