

they called she did not answer. Charlie ran, crying, for the doctor; while Jim carried the precious little form into the house.

The parents and the doctor came at the same time. How frightened they all were! The doctor looked grave and said, "You did not send for me a moment too soon."

Finally after an hour's unconsciousness, the baby's eyes opened, and seeing her papa she said, "P'as don't let the boys hurt my Coals of Fire."

"What does she mean?" asked the father. Then the boys explained, and he said, "It is a good name for the dog, boys; for he has surely taught you what your Golden Text means. Even though you were unkind to him, he has saved our darling for us."

Coals of Fire has a kennel now, and he wears a silver collar with his name written on it. He has such good food that his hair is no longer rough, and he is Ruth's constant companion.—Sunday School Messenger

A True Pearl

One day, a little baby girl came into a home in China. "Oh," you say, "that was just lovely!" But the baby's mother did not think so. She didn't want a little girl. A girl cannot go out and earn money with which to buy rice for the family. Neither can she furnish the paper money, furniture, clothes, etc., which must be burned at the graves of parents, and are supposed to be changed into the real articles for their use in the spirit world. A girl is of no use.

So there were no firecrackers to let the neighbors know that she had arrived, and no feast given in honor of the event, as there would have been had she been a boy. The baby was never even given a name, but just called Girl.

She was wrapped in some old rags, put in a basket, and allowed to remain there all day if her mother were at home, or tied to her back if she went to the riverside to wash. She had no toys. The house in which she lived had mud walls and floor, the windows were of paper, and the roof was thatched with straw. Festoons of cobwebs hung from the rafters. Sometimes these, becoming heavy with smoke, would break away and fall right

on the baby's face, and, after being mingled with her tears, would leave her even more grimy than before. Two black pigs, and several hens and chickens lived in the house with her.

As she grew older, she was made the drudge for the household, and was obliged to scrape the rice kettle for her food, after her father and brothers had eaten.

One day her mother brought home a pretty earring, and her eyes shone with delight, as she thought it was for her. But she was doomed to disappointment. It was for her little brother. The mother was going to hang it in the ear of her precious boy to deceive the wicked spirits. They would see the earring and think him a girl, and not steal him away. For not even wicked spirits would care to steal a girl.

When she was five years old, her grandmother said it was time to make her "lily feet." So she doubled under all her toes but the big one, brought the ball of the foot and the heel together, and bound them tightly with a long bandage. Did it hurt? Yes, indeed. Girl cried, and begged to have her feet unbound. But her mother scolded and whipped her for crying, and said she could never find a husband for her if she had large feet like a slave's.

Soon after this her mother died, and her father brought her to our school, saying he could no longer care for her. Her great, black, sad eyes appealed to us, and we took her into our love and home. We unbound her poor little crippled feet, gave her a bath, and dressed her in clean clothes. When shoes and stockings were put on her feet, and she was told that never again was she to have the cruel bandages, she was overjoyed.

At night, after repeating, "Now I lay me," she was tucked away in a little crib under a bright-colored patchwork quilt, and she looked as though she had found a real fairyland. Then, of course, we must give her a name. One of the older girls suggested that we call her True Pearl. Although she came out of a dirty Chinese house, we think her far more precious than the pearls that are found in oyster shells. She is one of the little ones for whom Christ died.—Children's Missionary Friend