

## DIVIDE.

Divide. divide, what you call your own,  
And share with those that have never  
known

The light and love and the comfort true  
That all your life have been given to you.  
As freely as ye have received, then give,  
For only by giving, we truly live.

"Give a portion to seven, and also to  
eight."

Is the Scripture word, and you must not  
wait

To see what somebody else will do ;  
Be quick to give what belongs to you.  
Divide your time and your money and all,  
That you may answer the piteous call  
That rings on the air from day to day.

Divide, yes divide. 'Tis the Christ-like  
way.

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**HOW FOOT-BINDING BEGAN.**

This dreadful custom of China is said to have begun as follows. Dr. Kui, a medical officer of China, recently lectured on this subject, and said that foot-binding was probably commenced by a concubine of one of the emperors in the Yuen dynasty. She desired to please her lord, or rather to outshine her compeers in the art of pleasing. At a feast she appeared in her new dancing apparel, having her feet bound to represent the crescent of a new moon. She devised a new kind of dance, by tottering hither and thither, which was said to be very graceful. This was the beginning of this horrid and most barbarous custom, which has been in existence for centuries.

What a terrible amount of suffering for a little innocent girl to have her dainty little feet crushed and bound in such a manner. You may imagine the process of decay that would be required before the feet are so paralyzed as to bring them to the size of a "golden lily." Before the nerves are deadened it must take about three years of constant torture. It is a ghastly sight to witness the bandaging process.

**A LITTLE GIRL'S KIND ACT.**

COAL cart was delivering an order in the city the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired and then became obstinate. Poor beast, he thought he was being made to do what seemed to him an impossibility, and besides it was a very hot day and no doubt he was over-heated and weary. The coarse, brutal threats of the driver did not serve as an encouragement for him to "try, try again." He probably felt that great injustice was being shown to him. The driver, with terrible oaths, began to beat the horse and soon a crowd gathered. Among the crowd were some children who had been "playing house" on the stoop of a vacant house. They had seen the cruel driver beat his horse and they left their play to go and see if some policeman would come along and arrest him. But none came, and strange to say for some minutes none of the older lookers on interfered.

One little girl only eight years old, was so sorry for the poor horse that she went up to the driver and said: "Please, mister if you'll stop whipping the poor horse, I'll get all the children around here, and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole, and let you rest while we are doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in an ugly, defiant way, but he saw by the looks on the faces of the crowd that they thought the little girl had shown a sweet spirit, and had the best of him, and he began to give in, and after a moment he said: "Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day, perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd came around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the horse brought the cart to the spot with one effort. Then the little girl went back with her companions to "play house" again, with a