

## THE PATH FOR UNTRIED FEET.

Since the building of that first hospital,—the first not only in India but in all Asia,—many societies have sent lady doctors to different lands to care for women and children who are always the greatest sufferers in heathenism. Then there came a time when girls who had been educated and converted were called to be doctors.

Brave Hu King Eng was the first Chinese girl to leave her native land to be educated in America. Her father was one of the first Christians in that section, and little King Eng (Golden Nightingale) was the first girl with unbound feet. While still in the Foochow Girls' School, she became a Christian and then heard her "call." In broken English she said, "One day I think, I happy, what can I do? I will like study medicine—make sick people well. Tell them about Jesus." She came to America and graduated from the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia in 1894. The next year she went back to "her China," and is still in the Foochow Hospital, blessing many lives by her skill.

Another brave girl to try the path across the wide ocean was Esther Kim Pak from Korea, the little Hermit nation. It was a very strange thing for a woman to be so daring, but she, too, gained her education in America and went back to care for her poor Korean sisters.

So others have come and gone and the ocean path grows bright because it will more and more tell the story of loving self-sacrifice.—Taken from "In Circles of Light."

## LITTLE LIGHT BEARERS.

"Girls," said Mrs. Ayres, the Superintendent of the band, "I believe the time has come to tell you a secret," "O good!" "We like your secrets!"

"A thought has been in the minds of some for quite a while, which I believe God put there. It is this: What a glorious thing it would be if our babies, these precious 'buds of promise,' born in the midst of so much light and blessing, could from birth be identified with this work of sending the glad tidings of Jesus' love to those children who are receiving their first lessons in worship at the foot of some grim idol. 'But the tender twig with the fruit it should bear,' is a good motto for us in this work, and I thought it might fall to the

lot of you girls to secure babies' names in our church and vicinity for membership. And we will be budding the twigs."

"Oh, Mrs. Ayres, it will be just the loveliest work we ever entered upon in all our lives! Is it really a settled thing?"

"Yes, and enrollment cards have been printed for these Little Light Bearers to keep, stating that its possessor 'Began in the cradle, in earliest youth, to send to the Christless, God's precious truth.' This picture is a beautiful lithograph. You will be charmed with it. The little dark-faced heathen will win your hearts at once, and, girls, I can never describe to you how sweet our little 'children of light' look, reaching out their tiny lamps."

"Oh, I know every baby will join," put in enthusiastic Blanche. "I can hardly wait to give them a chance."

"From birth till how old can they enlist?" asked Lella.

"We have made provision for five years' payment of twenty-five cents a year on the back of the card. After that we thought them old enough to join a children's band."

The cards will not only be a great help in the work, but will also be a beautiful object lesson to the child, ever quietly reminding him that he was enlisted in the service of the Lord from the very start."

"Now I think it would be so nice to buy the enrollment cards from our contingent fund, and let each card be a gift to the baby from our band if they join us," said Marion.

"That's so!" almost shouted Blanche. "Miss President, if you'll excuse me (with a mock courtesy), let's take up a collection. Most folks have to pay at missionary teas anyway. Here goes my horse car fares." In ten minutes the offering was gathered.

And now the girls of Trinity Mission Band have started with their "Little Light Bearers' Roll." Was there ever a more promising "dawn"? Far and near the Little Light Bearers are waiting to be ushered in. The day is at hand!—Sel.

## LITTLE WORKERS.

We are workers for the Master,  
Willingly to Him we bring  
Hearts and hands to do His service,  
While our lips His praises sing.  
Little workers, happy workers—  
Willing workers for our King.