

walked across a crimson carpet, embroidered with golden lilies, the emperor exclaimed, in admiration: "Every footstep makes a lily grow!" Whereupon the other women of the royal household became extremely jealous of Pan Fei, and bound their feet to make them small like hers.

Another tradition says that the last empress of the Tang dynasty, a very beautiful woman, who had club feet, bound them to hide her deformity, and required the ladies of the court to follow her example.

Still another says that the men of China ordered it done to keep the women at home. This seems the most plausible story, for the Chinese think that if a girl goes out of the house, she will get into mischief. One old woman has been held up as a model to the younger generation, because, "for twelve years she never looked outside the door of her house."

Strange to say, the royal women in the Imperial palace, at Peking, do not bind their feet. The rulers of the Manchu dynasty have always been opposed to it. In 1662 the great emperor, Kang-Hi, attempted to abolish the custom by making rigid laws against it, with severe penalties attached. But, finding a rebellion was likely to ensue, he gave up the attempt, and "the conquerors of China were conquered by the women of China, who set their tiny feet on princes!"

What the Manchu dynasty failed to do, Christianity is slowly but surely accomplishing. Already many Christian converts have taken a stand against the custom, refusing to bind their daughters' feet. This brings upon them persecution and trials which we can little understand.

In many parts of China the Christian girls with unbound feet wear a peculiar shoe, somewhat like that of the Manchu empress. This was devised by the lady missionaries, and in measure protects the wearer from the ridicule and insult to which she would otherwise be subjected. Seeing this shoe, people say: "Yes, she has large feet; but it is because she has embraced the foreign religion."

It is startling to learn that the heathen custom of foot-binding is being practiced on the western coast of America. A missionary among the Chinese in California says: "Among the many customs the Chinese have transplanted to California soil is that of foot-binding. As we go from home to home we see fifty little ones suffering from the torture of this cruel practice."

What would become of Canadian girls if such a custom were prevalent in our land? Think what

it would mean—a narrow, restricted life, confined almost entirely to the four walls of an unattractive home, with no bicycling, no tennis, no skating, no long walks, no shopping, no traveling, and none of that freedom of movement which makes life so attractive.

Surely every girl in our land will join heartily with the young president of a tennis club, who, after hearing about her crippled Chinese sisters, exclaimed: "Oh, girls, aren't you thankful for your big feet?"—Adapted from Forward.

SEEING THE POINT.

The following story is told of a Philadelphia millionaire who has been dead for some years.

A young man came to him one day and asked help to start in business:

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.

"Once in a while."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me."

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of a year came to see the millionaire again.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful man.

"Now and then."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again."

The young man went home and broke away from the habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year and presented himself again.

"Do you chew?" asked the philanthropist.

"Yes, I do!" was the desperate reply.

"Stop it! Stop it for a year; then come and see me again."

The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at. "He'd have told me that now I have stopped drinking and smoking and chewing, I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have."—Youth's Companion.

Whatsoever a boy soweth, that shall he reap. The boy that soweth the bad acts of to-day is liable to reap bad habits some other day. The boy that soweth the good habit to-day will find himself enjoying the good habit by and bye.