

"blessings" for food. Other people in Ceylon worship Mahomet, that Arab soldier who tried to convert everybody to his religion with the sword. Away back in the jungles the wild people worship the devil! Buddha taught them that there was no God, but many devils. So when their people get sick they send for the priests, who tell them that the devils are angry with them, but if they pay large sums of money to them they can be made well. Then the priest dances, shouts, sings, plays many loud instruments making the most hideous noise, falls down, jumps, and for days and nights will continue these performances until the sick one is cured or dies.

In 1751 Francis Xavier tried to make all the people of Ceylon Roman Catholics. By and by the Dutch conquered the island, and tried to force them all to be Lutherans, but under English rule there is religious liberty. Missionaries from nearly every church have visited this island preaching and teaching about Jesus Christ. You remember we had a lesson in the LINK some time ago about that white-haired hero, Dr. Coke, who when nearly seventy years of age persuaded the Methodist Conference to send him to Ceylon as a missionary, and this was after he had crossed the Atlantic Ocean eighteen times to plant missions in America and the West Indies. So he with others sailed for that island in 1814. The Lord came to his little room on board the ship, and carried Dr. Coke's soul away to Heaven, but the Methodist mission work in Ceylon, commenced at his earnest prayer, has been a grand success.

Our lesson is growing too long, so it must close with the information our good missionary, Rev. J. R. Stillwell, of Samulcotta Seminary, gave us in his good book called "A Hundred Years of Baptist Work in Heathen Lands," which I wish you could all read when you are old enough. He tells us Mr. Chayer was the first Baptist missionary to Ceylon, and labored there from 1812 until his death in 1827. This mission has continued with little interruption ever since, more than eighty years. Dr. Lechman, in 1850, wrote of its work: "I saw enough to fill my heart with gratitude, and to urge the society onward in the work of the Lord." In 1873 there were nineteen Baptist churches with a membership of 643.

Let us all pray for the missionaries on Ceylon's lovely island, and thank God for their success.

### CHINESE GIRL'S SMALL FEET.

A FREAK OF FASHION THAT CAUSES FRIGHTFUL SUFFERING.

Year by year hundreds of thousands of little girls throughout the wide empire of China are subjected to a ruthless process which crushes the bones and wrenches the sinews of their tender feet, until at last a revolting deformity is produced, and the foot, crumpled into a shocking monstrosity, becomes almost valueless as a means of locomotion. The wretched girl emerges from her period of feverish torture a mutilated cripple, condemned to hobble through life on feet which preserve no semblance of nature's beautiful mechanism, having become as hideous as they are useless.

At intervals the missionary cries out, the traveler writes, and the charitable agitate; but the poor chil-

dren never benefit. For them there remains always the same ruthless bending of bones, the same agonizing application of tight ligatures, the same long months of bitter pain and unavailing tears. Perhaps, he suggests, it is to this singular contrast between the general refinement and cultivation of the Chinese on the one hand, and this callous cruelty on the other, that we must attribute the periodical appearance of apologies for the appalling custom.

Some people say that, though the foot is ultimately deformed, though the woman is indeed condemned to be little better than a cripple, yet the process is not very painful, after all. The bones are soft, they say, in early youth, the sinews supple. Twisting, crushing and wrenching are operations that may be performed without much suffering on baby foot, whereas adults may be maddened by the torture. To this the writer replies:

"Let no one talk of the yielding character of young bones or the pliability of baby sinews. We have listened with our own ears to the cries of a little girl undergoing the torturing process. Such agonizing wails never before fell on our ears. They were the shrieks of a child absolutely wild with suffering. When the ligatures were loosened and the shocking succession of breathless screams ended in long-drawn wails of exhaustion and misery, the listener turned almost sick with horror and sympathy. Yet a mother was the deliberate torturer of the poor baby, and a father callously listened to its heart-broken cries.

"Think that this fiendish barbarity is being practiced daily and hourly throughout the length and breadth of a land containing 300,000,000 inhabitants. Not alone are the tender bodies of the poor little girls ruthlessly racked and tortured, but the purest sentiment of humanity, the love of parents for their children, is perpetually outraged. Such unnatural cruelty could be tolerated only in the presence of the worst kind of demoralization. How much can survive of the moral beauty of the paternal relation, when fathers and mothers in deference to a mere freak of fashion, consent to inflict on their daughters, day by day, torture that well nigh maddens the baby brain and wrings shrieks of excruciating agony from the little lips. This is one of those facts that make us marvel when we hear a great destiny predicted for the Chinese nation."—*Japan Mail*.

### THE MITEBOX NEST.

BY CARRIE JEWELL.

It was so long ago, that it seems as if "when I was young" were the way to begin; for I am not so old yet, but that twenty years ago seems "long" to me. There were no "Buds of Promise" nor "King's Daughters" in all the Cincinnati Branch; indeed, I'm not sure that there were any "Auxiliaries" then. But in one of the southeastern counties of Ohio there was the true missionary spirit. An earnest-hearted woman, with husband and large family of children, worked hard on a farm to make the apples and potatoes last until the spring vegetables came. Some of the daughters had grown to young womanhood, and were earnest, faithful Christians like their mother.

Though so poor, they were readers. The eldest saw in her church paper accounts of a new society which had been started among Methodist women,—our