

too! Give both of them their liberty!

And so Androclus was set free, and the lion was given to him for his own. And they lived together in Rome for many years.—'The Picture World.'

Lo Ta, the Tientsin Waif.

(C. M. Cushman in 'Silver Link'.)

A Chinaman stood with his little daughter at the city gate of Tientsin crying, 'One small girl for sale. How many pieces of silver will you give?'

The surging crowd rushed in and out, too busy to heed the wicked father or the pitiful child. But God was watching over the little waif and he sent along Mr. Li, a Christian man, with the Christ love in his heart, who said, 'I cannot buy her, but leave her with me and I will give you three pieces of silver.'

The greedy father took the silver eagerly, and the Christian led the child away. Being a bachelor, he took her to his sister and said, 'Good morning, big sister; I bring thee a small wife for thy son.'

'This is indeed a lucky day,' said the woman, well pleased to secure a daughter-in-law so easily. But if she is to be the wife of my son, she cannot be running here and there, with big feet like a boy's. They must be bound neat and genteel, according to the custom.'

So she bought long bandages of a pedlar, and bound the small feet, drawing the cruel cloth closer and tighter day by day, until the feet were so sore and crippled that it was almost impossible for the poor child to stand. Then she beat her for going slowly on errands, and when tired of beating her, took to wringing her flesh!

Mr. Li found this out through the neighbors and was much troubled, but where could he put her?

Now I should say that a few years before this, some of 'the Lord's purse-bearers' in the far-off Christian lands had sent money to Peking, saying, 'Take our gifts, put up buildings, gather in "his little ones," shelter and train them for the Master, and we will support them.'

Mr. Li heard of this school and brought little Lo Ta, as he called her, begging us to take her in. She was gladly welcomed. The bandages were removed from her feet, which gradually regained natural form. The child proved to have a kind heart and willing hands, and quickly won our love. In case of

sickness it was many times Rhoda (as she was now called) who rendered the services which some of the others were often loath to give. She was an independent little maid, and often shocked the more proper girls by the irreverent way in which she discussed her cruel mother-in-law.

'It is not etiquette,' 'It is not the custom,' 'You should never speak of your mother-in-law,' said some of the 'older sisters.'

'I care not! I care not! If I had ten mothers-in-law, I'd talk about them,' was the fearless reply.

As Rhoda came to know of the love of Jesus, she gave her young heart to Him and joined the church. One day there came a box of hair ornaments and jewellery, and a letter from her mother-in-law, saying, 'You must now learn to comb your hair neatly and according to the custom, and prepare yourself for marriage very soon.'

Of course she must obey, so she set to work on her trousseau, and the older girls formed 'sewing bees' to help her. Soon the simple garments were completed, and packed in two small trunks.

We gathered in the twilight hours of that last Tuesday for our weekly prayer-meeting. Rhoda's sad face told of the ache in her heart, and her black eyes were by no means the only ones that glistened with tears. As she talked with God in a trembling voice, we caught glimpses of the thoughts in her heart. 'Oh, heaven's Lord,' she prayed, 'go with me to my own new home, and help me there to give a good example. Help me to love to read thy Holy Book, and to understand it, and help me to be thy true disciple.'

I escorted Rhoda down the river, seventy-five miles, in a little houseboat, making the trip in four days.

In the evening after our arrival at Tientsin it was by no means the eager lover who hastened to greet his bride; it was the venerable Mr. Li, the kind man who had given the father the three pieces of silver at the city gate.

I was rejoiced at his evident surprise and delight at seeing the pretty girl who had taken the place of the little waif he brought to the Peking school a few years before. She looked up at him shyly at first, but soon nestled close to him and put her hand lovingly in his, which seemed to please him very much.

Early the next morning Rhoda was arrayed for her bridal. Her robe was royal purple, below which

the blue satin slippers contrasted beautifully, with stockings starched as white as snow, while the bright flowers and gorgeous hair ornaments stood out in grand array around the coal black hair.

Just before Rhoda was led up to the sedan we kneeled together and besought our Father's blessing.

In the chapel Rhoda was conducted to the altar. Meanwhile other friends led in the groom, a fine-looking fellow dressed in maroon and blue satin.

They kneeled together upon the red rugs which had been placed before the altar, promises given, and they were made husband and wife, joined by Christian bonds; a hymn of praise was sung, and with the blessing of the true God besought for them, they arose and went forth to the new life.

When I went up to Rhoda to wish her great joy, she cried as if she were a widow instead of a bride, and clung to my hand so passionately that I went with her to Mr. Li's. By and-by her husband came in and I was glad to note that his first words to Rhoda were spoken very kindly. 'Don't cry,' he said. She gave him a shy look, clung a little closer to my hand, but made no reply.

Now, according to Chinese custom, a bride must always have the hair pulled out from her forehead, but when Rhoda came to bid me good-bye in the morning I found she had refused to have this done. Someone had begun the operation, but she would not allow them to complete it. I argued gently, in vain, and finally exerted my old-time authority over the independent little bride.

'Rhoda,' I said, 'this must be done. You have to ride four hundred miles with your husband. He is a minister of the Gospel; if your hair is not out, no Chinese will believe you are married. Would that be right?'

At length she consented to the heathenish operation, at which her friends greatly rejoiced.

With sobs and tears she said her final good-bye and went out from us to help make one more Christian home in the heart of that great heathen empire, cherishing in her own heart the earnest purpose to be a true helpmeet to her husband and to give to his flock an example of all that is good and true and Christ-like.

I thanked God for the Christian at the city gate that morning; I also thanked him for the Christ love in the far away land that prompted to the gifts of money that saved Rhoda and trained her for Christ.