

not a bit at weeding the garden and do it so well that you can spy no fault in it, will you let my feet be unbound like those of the other schoolgirls?"

Kun Lon looked proudly down at her own stumpy, little feet and then at those of her grandchild.

"Humph! your feet will never be as small as mine! Well, I suppose the next thing'll be that you want to wear those ugly, black shoes like the Mission teachers!"

"Oh, no, grandmother! The girls in the Mission School make shoes to fit their real feet; and some are so pretty—all embroidered with silken flowers!"

Grandmother Kun Lon heaved a sigh.

"What must be, will be," she said, philosophically. "I dare say I shall have no peace until your feet are as big as those of the Emperor's elephants! Have it your own way, my child, but mind, not a weed must be seen in my garden!"

Accordingly, little Sin T'su worked early and late at her task. After many a hot night, just as the dawn brought the refreshing breezes so conducive to long naps, the child would slip out softly, leaving her grandmother snoring upon the wooden block that served as a pillow, and, going into the garden, would finish her stint of weeding before school time. And whenever she felt weary and discouraged, she would glance down at her unbound feet, wriggle her poor, little deformed toes so long cramped up, and laugh at their freedom until her twinkling black eyes were almost lost in the creases of her fat cheeks.

But Kun Lon always scowled at the sight of the unbound feet.

"Oof! oof! they're a disgrace to the family!" she would say. However, there came a time when she thought differently.

One dark, stormy night, Grandmother Kun Lon awoke with a terrible pain. She tried some of her foolish Chinese remedies, but they only seemed to bring on fresh paroxysms of agony. Poor Sin T'su stood looking at her, the tears rolling down her brown cheeks.

"Grandmother!" she exclaimed, at last.

"You will surely die if you do not have help! I will go over to the Mission and ask the teacher and her doctor-husband to come!"

"Child, it is night and the distance is far," groaned Kun Lon.

"I am not afraid of the darkness; the dear Lord Jesus will watch over me. And you do not know how much faster I can walk, now that my feet are unbound!"

So it came about that ere a half-hour had passed, Grandmother Kun Lon found herself much more comfortable. The lady teacher and her kind-hearted "doctor-husband" had come promptly, and their medicines were just what was needed to banish that dreadful colic. And Grandmother Kun Lon was very grateful.

"You were so kind—oh, so kind!" she murmured, and then, as she patted little Sin T'su's black head, cuddled lovingly to her shoulder, she added: "And this little maiden—why, it is almost magical, how quickly she brought you!"

And Sin T'su, looking up roguishly, said:

"Ah, my grandmother, I could *never* have done that errand so quickly had not my feet been free!"—Over Sea and Land.

A Mother's Practising

A young man who had been examined preparatory to uniting with the church was asked, "Under whose preaching were you converted?" "Under nobody's preaching," was his reply. "I was converted under my mother's practising." What a tribute to a consecrated motherhood was that young man's answer! How very near to Christ must that mother have lived. Probably she was a woman full of the cares and work of life, but with what rare discretion and patience she must have administered the affairs of her household!

Have you not a song for Jesus?

All the little buds and flowers,
All the merry birds and breezes,

All the sunbeams and the showers,
Praise him in their own sweet way!

What have you to sing to-day?

Bring your happiest songs, and sing
For your Saviour and your King.