

Woman's Work.

Conducted by Mrs. S. M. Brown and Miss Jessie R. Agnew, 372 Shaw Street, Toronto. Everything intended for this column should be sent to Mrs. S. M. Brown, Watton, Ont.

O. C. W. B. M.

President, Mrs. W. B. Malcolm, 89 Church St., Toronto; Cor. Sec., Miss Bella Sinclair, Blenheim; Treasurer, Miss Jennie Fleming, Killyth.

Programme for November Meeting of Auxiliaries.

SUBJECT: PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Devotional opening service: Song, We praise thee, O God—No. 550.

Scripture, read by the leader—I Chron. xvi. 23-37.

Auxiliary repeat in concert, Heb. xiii. 15; II Cor. iv. 15.

Prayer. Song, Praise the Saviour, all ye nations—No. 489.

Business: Roll call—members responding by verses on subject.

Secretary's report. Report of committees.

Unfinished and new business.

Payment of dues, with additional thank offering.

Sentence prayers. Reading of article from October Missionary Tidings.

Assign parts for next meeting.

Song, Coronation—198.

Prayer.

It will add to the interest of the meeting if reasons for personal thanksgiving are given as the thank offering is made.

Those who do not take the Tidings may obtain this October number by sending to Lois A. White, 160 N. Delaware street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Auxiliaries that have never read the tract, "Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box," might do so with profit at this meeting.

"WHO SO OFFERETH PRAISE GLORIFYETH ME."

There are many ways in which we may praise the Lord for his goodness. In our hearts, unseen by another, known only to Him who searcheth the heart, we may silently praise Him. In our declarations we may sound His praises. In our own deeds of every laudable character, having in view God's glory, our own purification and ennoblement, and the largest measure of good to others, we may show forth the praises of Him who has called us into the kingdom of His Son.

True thanksgiving needs to spring from a deep sense of gratitude.

What are the blessings that have come to you because of the knowledge of Christ's glorious Gospel worth, my sister? Because in all conditions of life we are so much happier than our heathen sisters, who are "unwelcome at birth, untaught in childhood, uncherished in widowhood, unprotected in old age, unlamented when dead," is it not our privilege and duty to show them that there is another and better life for woman? That she has a Saviour. While we praise God to day for all manifestations of His love, let not one of us forget that our very happiness increases our individual obligations to give to every one of our race like reasons for praising the "God of our salvation." Our environments may be such that many times murmuring instead of praise rises to our lips; let us stop and think of the Comforter, of Him whose promise is, "Lo, I am with you always," and lose self in praying and working for those less favored than we. When all is bright and prospering it is easy to find cause for praise and thanksgiving to God for His care; but when we are most perplexed, in our deepest trouble, and surrounded by the

most unfavorable circumstances, we have a "Helper," and "casting all our

have to bow to this god Fashion. With such an awful custom as this prevailing, it is easy to understand that the child-life of little Chinese girls, instead of being bright and cheerful as in our countries, is one of anguish and suffering.

For months the little ones can not walk at all, and day after day the only way a small amount of relief can be obtained is by lying on their backs on the bed, with their feet hanging down by the side.

I remember one dear little girl named Pao-Nyoh—precious stone she was—in the London Mission School, Shanghai, and who was one of the brightest little things I ever met with. With her feet natural, it was a great pleasure to me to see her with the other children enjoying herself on the lawn after school hours. But one day, while walking in the garden, she came painfully up to me, and with her dear little face all distorted with pain, said: "Teacher, they will soon become small," and then to my surprise and horror I learned that her guardian had bound up her poor little feet, and that her happy childhood days were over. This happened when she was about seven years of age.

And yet, dear Christian friends, this is only one among millions—yea, millions of children, who have to bear the same torture. Oh! how it has made my flesh creep as, when passing along the streets, I have heard the agonizing cries of the dear little sufferers within the houses, knowing that I was unable to give them relief; and when I have seen parents binding on those cruel bandages I have thought of my own precious little girls, and thanked God, for the religion of Jesus Christ, which has given me a happy, Christian home, and taught me to see in my children the kind Heavenly Father's little messengers of love.

The Chinese look upon the custom as a national one, and therefore a right one, and they think the reason foreign nations do not practice it is because they have other customs they prefer.

A missionary was one day passing along the streets of Fatsan, when he heard agonizing screams issuing from a house close at hand. Going to see what was the matter, he found several women bending over a little girl whose feet were being bound. He remonstrated with the father, who was sitting unconcernedly by, upon the cruelty of the action, but the father replied, with one of his blandest smiles: "Yes, it is a cruel practice. Custom differs the world over. In our country we bind our girls' feet, but I notice in Hong Kong that your western ladies bind their waists."

Concluded in next issue.

A Visit.

Early in September there was a great event. Nothing less than a visit from Trotfoot and Lightfoot with their mother to uncle Will, in the city. Uncle Will was mama's brother, and the very best and funniest uncle you ever heard of.

The children had never had a ride on a train, and oh, they could hardly wait for the time to come!

Come it did, though. The snorting, puffing engine that made the horses jump and strain to get away, was coupled to the long train, and they started off with a jerk that nearly threw Lightfoot off the seat.

Trotfoot got up on his knees to look out of the window, he liked to watch the dizzy rush of fields, woods and fences. When a horse galloped away with startled head erect, or a cow lumbered awkwardly off, he gave a little shout of delight.

He was so pleased with everything that he sang a song to himself, not

much of a song, he just made a happy little noise.

The conductor was very polite to him and said it wouldn't be long before he could take charge of his mother and the tickets and checks, which pleased Trotfoot very much.

Lightfoot was a little frightened at the roar of the train, especially when the door was opened. It seemed to her as if some one was always letting in the noise, and then trying to shut it out by slamming the door.

By and by she slipped to her feet, and holding to her mother looked around. Right behind them was a beautiful lady and such a nice little girl with the loveliest doll. But Kitty Gray, Lightfoot's own special pet, that she was taking down to cousin Winnie, was crying pitifully in her basket, and she had to comfort her. When the tame little creature lay quietly in Lightfoot's lap the nice little girl came around to their seat and said, "May I look at the kitty?"

Lightfoot smiled assent all over her little brown face, so the little girl put the doll in her arms saying, "You look at my dolly and I'll look at your kitty. I'll be as gentle as gentle."

And so she was; Kitty Gray crept up and rubbed her furry head against her chin and purred contentedly.

Lightfoot soon found that dolly's clothes could all be taken off, and that her eyes closed when she was put down; then a pinch in the gastronomic regions produced, instead of the usual squawk, a sound that with some imagination to help you, you could make out to be "mama." Altogether it was a wonderful doll. So the mistress of Kitty Gray, and the mistress of Alexandra Princess of Wales, finished by being excellent friends.

When it grew dusky, the brakeman came in and lighted the lamps. They were so high up Trotfoot wondered if they kept a very tall man on purpose to get them down. But the dapper little brakeman, who looked almost as important as the conductor, just put a board across the arms of the seats under the lamps and reached them that way, and never even slipped.

The news boy, too, was a remarkable person to the children. He walked up and down with a most accustomed air, saying, "To-ron-to papers," almost as if he wrote them all himself. When Mrs. Roland got out her lunch basket with its store of good things, she gave the little fair girl whose name was Ethelwyn Lacy, a fluffy home-made bun and a slice of roast chicken.

"Oh, thank you, you are very kind," said Ethelwyn, flushing shyly, "I'll share mine with mama, if you don't mind; we hadn't time to buy anything when we got off the boat."

But Mrs. Roland wouldn't let her do that. She spoke to Mrs. Lacy, and between them they turned around over the seat, and sat facing each other. A very merry tea they had, eating crisp chips of home dried beef, and dainty slices of chicken with their bread and butter.

At last they reached the city. It would be quite dark at home, but the gas lights glared with a jaundiced intention to outshine their more brilliant neighbors, the electric lights, if they could; between them the streets were almost as light as day. And there was dear uncle Will! he kissed them, then shook hands with Mrs. Lacy and said,

"Well Mrs. Lacy, Dr. Lacy was just about to come down to meet you, but was called out, so I undertook to look after you. This is my sister, Mrs. Roland."

Ethelwyn danced with joy when she found that Lightfoot's "Uncle Will" was their very next door neighbor.

"Oh, do let us all ride home in the same cab," she said. "It is so lovely; if only papa could have come too."

So they rode home together, crowded but gay. The next day Trotfoot and Lightfoot, and Winnie, and Harry, all went in to visit Ethelwyn. But that is another story.

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