

—she had no pocket,—she did not know where they were,—and other excuses. But as baby still insisted, evidently having no faith in its mother's word, the candies were drawn from the very pocket the mother had denied having, and baby's desire met.

Poor baby!—and poor mother! for if nothing intervenes to prevent the continuance of such training (?) what kind of a life will they lead together a few years hence? Where will be the communion that should exist between parent and child?

In those few minutes that child received ineffaceable lessons in unbelief, disobedience and indecision. Far better have allowed it to soil its gloves ten times over, or even have made itself physically ill, if the mother had not strength enough to say "No," and stick to her word.

Then, in play, we sometimes deceive our children, meaning only to have a little fun with them, but they often take in earnest that which was intended otherwise. Therefore, the only safe way is never to deceive them at all.

If they cannot respect and trust (and where they cannot trust, they certainly cannot respect) those to whom they are most dear, to whom shall they turn?

Let those of us who guide seek most earnestly for guidance, "that in following us, the children may not ever go astray."

### Two Little Feet

Salt water is not good for plants, but little Sin T'su really couldn't help dropping a few tears on the thrifty young vegetables as she moved along among the green rows, pulling weed after weed.

She was so disappointed because Grandmother Kun Lon had made her stay away from the Mission School that morning.

Sin T'su didn't want to miss a single day at that dear school. It had been the opening of a beautiful, new life to her. The little Chinese girl had learned not only habits of neatness and industry, but the love, joy and peace that come through a knowledge of the blessed Saviour were beginning to brighten her life.

On this day there was to be a little feast at the Mission, because it was the birthday of one of the pupils, and the kind teacher always remembered such occasions. But, instead of enjoying the festival, Sin T'su had to stay at home and pull out those tiresome weeds, for Grandmother Kun Lon, who was a "vegetable garden woman," was getting too old and stiff to do much weeding. When Kun Lon hobbled out on her little stumps of feet, of which she was as proud as she was of her fine garden, and got down on her knees, it was with great difficulty and many distressing groans that she got up again.

"So I have set Sin T'su at work weeding," snarled the old woman, as she leaned over the bamboo fence and gossiped with Pak, the Korean laundress, who, with an old green coat tied on with the collar over her head and sleeves around her neck, was going, with her wooden paddles in her hand, down to the river-bank to beat out her washing.

"Yes," Kun Lon continued, "I told the girl she must bide at home to-day. 'Tis well! This gadding about to the foreigners' school is putting strange notions into her head."

"I see that Sin T'su hasn't her feet unbound like the rest of the pupils at the Mission," Pak remarked.

"No!" proudly. "She has often coaxed me to permit her, but I always say—no! no! no!" and the grandmother wagged her head like an old mandarin.

Sin T'su, down among the weeds, heard the echo of the decided *no*. She looked down at her poor, hobbled feet and compared them with those of her school-mates, rejoicing in their freedom from the cruel Chinese custom. A sudden thought came into her head. She glanced at the path where Kun Lon, now that Pak had trudged away, was tying up the pale green stalks of her pet lilies. There was a smile on her brown, wrinkled face; the rare beauty of the white-crowned, golden-hearted flowers made even her good-natured.

"Grandmother!" Sin T'su called out, hurrying up the path, "Grandmother, will you make a bargain with me? If I grumble