

uphill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push! push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you just wait a minute," and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we all could take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!' it is just the word for a grand, clear morning.

"If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back; push.

"Whenever there is a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might; push."

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best doughnuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.—*Parish Visitor.*

FOOT-BINDING IN CHINA.

How many cruel things, dear children, happen to the girls and women of heathen lands! One of the most cruel of these is foot-binding.

Now you must not think that in order to compress the foot—that is, to make it smaller—an iron or wooden shoe is used. No, that with which the binding is done is firm, flexible cloth cut into long strips. The binding is begun at the instep. The toes are bent back until the big toe and the heel are as near together as they can possibly be drawn. Sometimes in order to draw the toes and heel nearer together still, the foot is broken at the instep. Of course this produces terrible pain. But, as for that matter, the whole process of foot-binding produces terrible pain—oh, such terrible, terrible pain!

The bandage is wrapped around and around and drawn more tightly at every wrapping, until finally the foot has very much the shape of the fist when the fingers are closed upon the palm. Every two or three weeks these bindings are removed and clean ones put on. The feet with the bandages upon them are first put in a bucket of hot water and soaked. Then the bandages are removed and the

foot is pressed, and pressed between some one's strong hands, just like it was a piece of dough, and squeezed into as small a space as possible. The bandages are then put on again and drawn more tightly than ever.

Generally, the foot-binding is begun when the little girl is not more than six years of age; sometimes they wait until she is fourteen or fifteen, but the usual age is from six to eight years. Oh, how dreadful it is for them, and how they suffer! Going along the streets one can hear the bitter wailing of these poor little girls, crying from the pain of their bound feet.

It takes two years for the feet to become numb and painless, and all this time the poor little creature must suffer agonies. She has to sleep on her back, with her feet dangling over the side of the bed in such a way that the edge of the bedstead pressing against the nerves under the knees deadens the pain somewhat. Here she lies, poor little thing, and swings her feet and moans and cries. Even in the coldest weather she dares not cover them up, for as soon as they become warm and the blood tries to circulate the pain becomes unbearable. Of course, while her feet are in this condition, she cannot walk. She moves herself about by means of stools, on which she places her knees.

Oh, children, think of this terrible custom, and then remember what it is that makes these people do this way! It is because they do not know better, and because they have not the true light of the Gospel. When they know better, they will do better. One of the first things a Chinese says after he has been made a Christian is: "I shall never bind the feet of my daughters, or allow them to marry any one but a Christian." So you see that for every Christian we make, there is just that much less of pain and suffering for poor little Chinese girls.—*Selected.*

USE OF BEREAVEMENT.

"SEE, father," said a lad who was walking with his father, "they are knocking away the props from under the bridge; what are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?"

"They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers, which are now finished."

God only takes away our earthly props that we may rest firmly upon Him.—*Kind Words.*

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