

sort of slave to the household. She must have been about eight years old then, and her feet had not yet been bound. When the little boy's mother saw that Lan Yung had large feet, she was very much distressed, because she wanted her son's wife to have beautiful lily feet, that is, very tiny ones, so she at once got some bandages and began to bind the child's feet very tightly, to make up for lost time. The tight binding caused the poor feet to break out into bad sores, and when the cold weather set in, they got frost-bitten. You see she was in too much pain to walk about and get her feet warm. The sores got worse and worse, and actually some of the toes fell off.

Soon after, the cruel woman turned the poor girl out of the house, had a straw hut made for her to live in, and only allowed her a small quantity of rice to eat every day. There poor little Lan Yung lay on the ground with only a little straw for her bed, cold and hungry for a few days, with no earthly friends to love and care for her. But God loved her, and you will see how He sent one of His servants to rescue her and take care of her.

In a house a short distance off lived a very kind-hearted Christian woman, a member of our Church. She heard from her neighbors about poor little Lan Yung, and the next day started off to see if the tale was true. Finding the little girl in this terrible state, she went to the woman and gave her a good scolding, and Chinese women do know how to scold; then Mrs. Mau asked her to give Lan Yung to her, as she would probably die there. The cruel mother-in-law was quite willing to give the child away, saying she would find a better wife for her son. So Mrs. Mau made her write a paper promising never to want Lan Yung back, even if she got well. This being done, the kind woman carried the child to her own home, took off the bandages, bathed the poor feet, and put on some ointment.

The first day I saw Lan Yung she came into the room crawling on her knees—she could not walk on her sore feet. When I looked at them I knew the only way to save the poor child's life would be for her to go into a Mission hospital and have the diseased part cut off—amputation is what the doctors call the operation, you know. So in a short time Lan Yung was taken to the hospital, and given what the Chinese call sleeping medicine, and the operation was performed. The poor little stumps healed up very quickly, as Yan Yung was really a very healthy child; but now came a question, how was she to walk? A pair of crutches were made for her, and at first she used them both, but in a few weeks she only walked with one, and to our great surprise, after a short time, she gave up using even one, and was able to walk alone. She walks quite

as well now as any child with tightly-bound feet, which of course is very slowly, and her adopted mother has made her socks and shoes, so that it looks as if she has tiny feet, the only difference from other girls, one notices, is that she is rather short, as the feet were amputated from the ankle.

I wish you could see this dear little girl, she is so bright and happy; very clever with her needle, makes her own clothes very nicely, but what is better still, I believe Lan Yung loves the Lord Jesus and is trying to serve Him. She heard about Him first from Mrs. Mau, and whilst in the hospital learnt some hymns and texts, and how to pray. Now we have got her into a Christian boarding-school. The first year she was paid for by some friends in China, and now a class of young women in England are paying the needful expenses for her.

Just before I left Shanghai, Lan Yung came to stay at our house for a night, and when I asked her questions about the Lord Jesus, she answered well, and told me she wanted to be baptized. When she has learnt a little more, and is a little older, we hope she will be baptized. The lady missionary in charge of the school tells me Lan Yung is very good and obedient, and does not grumble because she cannot run and play about like her large-footed schoolfellows.

Will you pray for this little girl, and ask God to bless her, and so to teach her that by-and-by she may be able to teach others about Jesus and His love?

We hope, if she grows up, she will be able to have charge of a little day-school, and so be able to lead other little girls to know and love the Good Shepherd whom she has learnt to love and serve.—*The Children's World*.

A CALL TO THE CHILDREN.

Children, *look* to Jesus;
Only He can give
All you need to make you
Fit with Him to live.

Children, *work* for Jesus;
How He loves to see
Heart and hands both willing,
In His service free.

Children, *pray* to Jesus;
He is ever near,
And He calls you to Him;
He will : 'ways hear.

Children, *trust* in Jesus,
Your best Heav'nly Friend;
He is with you always,
Even till the end.

Children, *think* of Jesus,
And your Home above;
For He comes to make you
Jewels of His Love.

E. M. NOBLE.