

all the seven years of her life. Had she been a boy, her parents would have lavished upon her their love and care; for a boy would have worshipped them after their death, and thus have insured their immortality.

If she had had a brother, the bitterness against her would have been mitigated by the service she could have given to the boy. But for an only child to be a girl was a daily insult to her parents.

Dong Sun Yet did not understand the doctor's kisses, but they felt sweet; and that moment a strange, new feeling of love crept into her starved little Chinese soul.

She slept much during the next two days, the white doctor floating beneficently through her dreams. To Dong Sun Yet's imagination the doctor was a source of all the happiness that surrounded her. Hoo Bee's kindness grew less; it disappeared when the doctor went away; but her sullenness did not disturb Dong Sun Yet. It was mild compared to what she had known before.

On the evening of the second day Hoo Bee was very irritable; her manner to the doctor had lost a shade of its customary servility.

'Do your feet ache?' asked Dong. 'Get the white doctor-woman to cure them as she cured mine. I have no more pain in my feet.'

'You have no feet,' snarled Hoo Bee. The woman cut them off.

Dong gave a muffled scream and threw back the covers, trying at the same time to rise.

'Lie still!' commanded Hoo Bee. 'How can you stand without feet? You can never again either stand or walk.'

Dong's howls of anger echoed loudly throughout the corridor; Hoo Bee stuffed a towel into her mouth and tried to get her quiet, but the doctor came hurriedly into the room, followed by a coolie.

'What do you mean?' she said, sternly, pushing Hoo Bee aside, and removing the towel.

Dong felt no more anger when she heard the quiet tones that had taught her all she knew of human kindness. She stared peacefully at her white friend, until her eyes began to take in the coolie figure in the background; then she shuddered, for she recognized her father.

Dong Wo barely glanced at his child; he kept his eyes on the floor as he talked to the doctor. 'I likee stay one night,' he said. 'One piecee man tell me Dong Sun Yet makee die to-night.'

'It is against the rules,' said the doctor, thoughtfully.

Her heart softened toward the man; she felt that she had misjudged him. 'Perhaps he loves her as tenderly as I could love a child of my own,' she thought. 'We know so little of these wonderful, ingeniously stupid people.'

The doctor might have been pardoned for being in an unusually thoughtful mood. In all that great city, with its hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, there was no other white human being that night, nor had there been for many nights. The great convention at Shanghai had called all the missionaries of every denomination, leaving Doctor Yarramore alone with her staff of native Christians.

She was a brave woman, but as the days wore on and each morning brought its fresh rumors of missionary massacres near at hand, she realized more and more strongly upon what slight security her own life rested; and, more precious than life, the success of her training-school and hospital.

'You may stay,' she said, 'but Dong Sun Yet no die to-night. I think she live.'

When the doctor left, followed by Hoo Bee, Dong Wo sat down by the bed, watching Dong Sun Yet out of the slanting corners of his eyes.

Little Dong tried to keep her eyes closed, but the lips twitched nervously. Her father offered her the small medicine glass full of water. She swallowed the draught, then looked suspiciously at him. The water had a bitter taste. She dared not cry out, although soon she felt very ill.

The doctor came back to caution Dong Wo against talking to his daughter. She leaned over Dong Yet, examining her with fresh anxiety.

'The heart is strangely weak,' she said. 'She is sirking.'

Hoo Bee brought stimulants, and both wo-

men worked over the little patient until she again revived.

'She is better,' said the doctor; 'I must go into G ward; call me if there is any change. I will not go to bed to-night.'

To herself she said, 'I wish I could stay; I cannot feel the pulse at her wrist.'

Dong Yet slept for some time; she roused at a harsh exclamation from Hoo Bee. A silence followed, then Dong Wo said softly, 'Hush! she is awake!'

Dong Yet pretended to be asleep, but her senses were on the alert, for she remembered the bitter taste of the water her father had given her and the deathly sickness that came afterward.

In a few moments the low-toned conversation was resumed; it was in Chinese, and Wong Do did the most of the talking.

'What right had the woman devil to cut off her feet?' he snarled. 'That was not curing her; I brought her here to be cured, and they have crippled her. She could have died at home, if she must die.'

'But I think she will live,' said Hoo Bee.

'She will not live; the priest told me so to-day. These Christians take our children into their missions to kill and offer up to their Gods. The priest says it. When they are strong enough they will seize you Rice Christians, too, and make sacrifices of you. How can you help yourselves? Can they not make you as one dead by pouring their bottled breath into your mouth?'

Hoo Bee was perceptibly moved by this allusion to the mysterious ether, whose effects she had several times watched with secret awe.

'What you say is true,' she said.

'Well, then! To-night a hundred men of our Tong are gathered around the mission. They fear the power of the devil woman, and they dare not set fire to the walls; also the sick who are inside would be burned. The priest has made me safe by his prayers, and I am sent to open the doors. But the men are still fearful of the devil woman, and have asked for a sign. The priest told them that Dong Sun Yet would die to-night. When she dies I shall open the doors—or you; if you do not help us you are in the power of the devil woman, and you will be killed with her.'

Hoo Bee's teeth chattered and her face grew ghastly.

'The servants know something,' he went on. 'The priest sent messengers to them and to the sick people. When my men come inside, the servants will join them. Will you be with us?'

'But Dong Sun Yet will not die,' mumbled Hoo Bee, gray with terror.

'She will die.' The priest has said it. Then the devil woman will be told to bring her to life; is that not what the Christians teach—that they raise the dead? If she brings back the departed spirit, then is she greater than the priest—and may my right hand rot off with leprosy when I raise it against her! If she cannot bring Dong Sun Yet to life again then she is an imposter, and her limbs shall be torn from her body. These are the words of the priest.'

'I will obey the words of the priest,' said Hoo Bee, between her chattering teeth.

Dong Wo came to the bedside again. He shook Dong Sun Yet, who opened her eyes feebly and drowsily. 'It is time for you to take your medicine,' he said.

Hoo Bee started forward in protest, then turned and left the room.

'I take no medicine,' said Dong Sun Yet.

Her father pressed the little glass fiercely to his child's mouth, and forced her lips apart. Dong Sun Yet took it into her mouth as if drinking, turned her head away, and let the dose run quietly out into the pillow; this her father did not see.

Then she tried to think. The priest had said that she must die. Her father said she must die, and twice he had given her the queer-tasting medicine that made her so ill. She could not hope to deceive him the next time.

Dong Sun Yet shook as with a chill. She opened her eyes and mouth to scream for help, and found her father's terrible face within a few inches of her own. The scream died in her throat, and for the second time since coming to the hospital Dong Sun Yet fainted from fright.

As consciousness came slowly back, she

heard the hum of many voices. The little room was filled with people—mostly men; they were a mob of a hundred of her father's Tong, bent on destruction. Her father was speaking, and although she knew little pidgin English, she understood his meaning.

'You makee live,' he was saying to the doctor. 'You Clistin' savy bling back dead mans. You makee Dong Sun Yet come back.'

The doctor's calm voice stilled the tumult of the dark-faced crowd.

'I cannot raise the dead,' she said. 'None but Christ can do that. He can make her live again in heaven.'

'Clis' makee live in heaven, you makee live on earth,' said Dong Wo, with authority. The Chinamen growled assent.

'You talkee makum live—you makum livee. You no bling back, you die, too. You housee all blun up. Liecee Clistin'—Rice Christians—all die 'long a you.'

When his harsh voice ceased, a moan of supplication arose from the dozen native servants and nurses who had remained faithful to her, and who were in the room, held prisoners by the men of the Tong.

'You makee live,' they begged, weeping in abject fear, but faithful to the last. 'You makee try. We pray for you.'

A dozen hands grasped her roughly; an ominous muttering came from the hundred men, and Hoo Bee stepped forward with the doctor's hypodermic needle filled as she had filled it before.

'We pray for you,' pleaded the nurses, fingering themselves on the floor in a semi-circle around the bed.

The rioters, momentarily impressed by the solemnity of the scene, dropped into the dimly lighted background. The white-robed doctor, standing in the wavering, yellow candle-light, raised her eyes for a prayerful instant, then took her 'needle dagger' from Hoo Bee's outstretched hand and bent down—so close that Dong thought she meant to kiss her.

A quiver passed over the child's face; the doctor whispered, 'Thank God!' Then she bared a spot over the heart of Dong Sun Yet and quickly plunged in the needle.

The fierce faces that walled in the cot seemed changed to bronze, so breathless was that first moment of suspense. At last the doctor called, 'Dong Sun Yet!' and the kneeling nurses chanted, 'In the name of Christ, come back!'

Dong's eyes opened brightly; she glanced at her father, then put up her hand and patted the doctor's cheek.

'A devil! A devil!' shrieked Dong Wo, but he shook with fear.

He turned appealingly to the men of the Tong; they said, 'She who can make life can make death. We will go away.'

Stolidly they turned and vanished, one by one, into the darkness without; and amid all the horror of the missionary massacres that followed, the Woman's Hospital stood untouched.

When the last blue blouse had disappeared, Dong Sun Yet raised her hand and again feebly patted the doctor's cheek. 'No can hurt good, white spirit,' she said, and smiled.

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