

glad to see us. They had remembered many things which they had heard year after year. Two women had told their friends of the Saviour, who gave His life for us all, and they wanted to hear more. When Rutnamma saw us coming she quickly put away her curry stuff, washed her hands and went to call her friends. Then she seated herself, and was ready to listen.

Her intelligent questions and answers caused us to thank our Father once more for the message of Salvation which giveth light wherever it goes. That Light we believe is shining in Rutnamma's heart, and she is letting it shine for Him in her own village.

From her home we went to another house, where Blind Pitchamma lived. She sat very quietly while the teaching went on. The text was Matt. 5-3, which was explained by telling the story of "the Pharisee and Publican."

I had been watching Pitchamma. She was clean and neat. Her white hair was neatly combed, but especially did I notice the light that shone in her face, as she said, "Please say that verse again." She repeated the words carefully and slowly, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Then folding her hands and lifting her sightless eyes to Heaven, she prayed, "Oh, God be merciful to me a sinner." "I will pray that prayer every day; I want to go to see Heaven; I want to go there. Oh, show me the way!"

It was getting dark; we had to go back to the tent. I was tired, but that was a day to remember. Surely our blind Pitchamma has had the eyes of her soul opened. Surely she shall see the King in His beauty, and the land that is (not) very far off." Pray as you never have before for the women on the Vuyuru field.

MEMORY VERSES.

(To be Studied.)

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO-DAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come.

But what have we done to-day?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum.

But what did we give to-day?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,

We shall speak the words of love and cheer;

But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after while,

But what have we been to-day?

We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,

But what have we brought to-day?

We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;

But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the bye-and-bye,

But what have we sown to-day?

We shall build us mansions in the sky,

But what have we built to-day?

'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,

But here and now do we do our task?

Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
"What have we done to-day?"—Ex.

The only women who are exempt from foot binding in China are the Hakkas and the women of the imperial palace. All the rest go upon crippled feet. One little child who belonged to a very good family was obliged by being betrothed into another rich family to have her feet bound exceedingly small. The mother was a heathen, the father a Christian. Her mother sent for a woman who was very skilful in the matter, and the feet of the poor child were bound with a long-liven bandage so tightly and in such a way that the bones of the feet were broken. The poor little child was in an agony of pain, and besought her mother to be released, but she only scolded her. To her father the child said, "I am suffering so much, do take me up in your arms." He took the little one up and then asked him to "pray to Jesus that she might go to the ladies' school where children's feet were unbound." Her father did pray to Jesus to soothe the agony of the little child, and tenderly walked up and down the room with her in his arms. Presently he felt her head fall heavily on his shoulder, and when he looked at the little face, he saw that the eyes were closed and that the Lord Jesus had taken the spirit to be with Him. This is only one case of many—"Gist."