

sleep!" There was a hush for a few moments. Then a voice answered, "This baby's mother is in a coffin in the baggage car. I have had no sleep for three nights with the baby, but I shall do my best to keep it quiet." There was a rush through the car, and the harsh voice, now all softened, said, "Excuse me, sir, I am so sorry for having said what I did. I did not know, sir. Let me take the baby, and you try to get some sleep." So the strong man paced the car till he had quieted the baby. Then he laid it down on his own berth and watched it till morning. When he took it back to the father, he again apologized, saying, "Excuse my hasty words, sir, I did not know. I am so sorry." Only a baby's cry and a baby's need would pull on a great strong man like that.

I know God hears and answers the call of little ones. If you had been with me last Thursday in the dear old place at Yellamanchili, out on the village common, where the market is held, you would have seen how God cares for the children. There stand six long, low sheds, with no sides, rough leaf roofs supported on posts just high enough to let one stand up under them. Round about is a light fence of bamboos and palm leaves. Dr. Smith and I stood at the entrance of this yard, while a little, short, fat faced man, with a print coat, and white loin cloth and turban, called out in a loud voice many names. A naked fellow with a dirty head cloth was all the time beating a big drum. From all around came crowds of the poorest, raggedest, dirtiest, noisiest, leanest and scabbiest lot of human beings I had ever seen together at one time before. There must have been 500 of them. Dr. Smith said the crowd wasn't anything so large as last week, when 1,800 gathered at the roll of the drum. They were the famine stricken, being fed at the government soup kitchen. The rest of the 1,800 had gone back to their own villages, where relief works and grain doles are now ready for them. The doctor carefully examined the babies as their mothers carried them in. There must have been 300 children. None of them were over ten years of age. There were ever so many poor lean mothers with the scrawniest little babies you can imagine. Some of them were covered with sores brought on by lack of food.

God knew long ago that this famine must come on India, because of her idolatry and licentiousness, and that He must punish the grown up people. Of course many babies must suffer too. That is one of the terrible things about sin, others suffer with the guilty. But God has done the best possible with the poor instruments at His disposal to save the little ones. God has a lot of boys and girls in ever so many Sunday schools in America and England and everywhere. He touched their hearts, and the hearts of their parents. They unbuckled their pockets, and sent out bags on bags of money and clothes, and grain for these poor people. Amongst them He touched the hearts of some men in England who make "Mellin's Food" for babies. You lived on that when you were little. Those men sent out to India thousands and thousands of bottles of Mellin's Food to give to the little emaciated babies in the famine. So Dr. Smith was there to pick out all the little babes in that camp who must die if they do not get Mellin's Food. For their mammas have no milk for them. Then the poor cows are so thin that last week one sold in Yellamanchili with her calf for 82. So they can't spare any milk. This Mellin's Food is God's gift through these good men to save babies all over India from dying of starvation. We picked out thirteen

babies. The government order says that "emaciation means when all the bones in the body show through the skin." At the same time we selected about thirty who would make good subjects for a famine photo, and had them come over to the house the next morning, so that I might take their pictures. If the pictures are a success, I shall send you some. When the children saw that we were choosing only the thinnest, the little fellows would draw in their stomachs and throw out their chests as they passed us, so as to show all their ribs. We chose the poorest because only they can give any idea of the distress.

The sight of their leanness and suffering made me sick. Dr. Smith, who has cut off ever so many legs for people, and taken out awful sores, says he never turned sick at the sight of suffering till he saw these people dying of famine. Now he sometimes gets so faint at the sight he can hardly stand. You may know how the rest of us take it when a medical man, accustomed to sights and sounds of suffering feels that way.

When the doctor was talking with the native magistrate, a fine looking, Bramin official, about discharging and punishing the fat little man who called the roles, because he had stolen Rs. 500 of the money sent from all over the world to feed these poor people, Mrs. Smith and I went in to see them eat. The grown up folk got two chunks of sodden porridge each, about the size of a man's two fists put together, and each child got one piece, with some boiled horse gram, the stuff we used to give Dapple, and about a coffee cup full of tannarid water. They all cried out for this last, as it is sour and adds relish to the porridge and gram. Then it keeps off the sores that come from living on such poor food. They were not long in making away with those short rations. They get two meals a day. Yet they look well and manage to live on it, if they can keep from getting sick. When they get sick, there is another shed for them called the hospital, where they are fed on rice.

God has made of one blood all nations of the earth. But sin has split them up into many different and sometimes hostile races. It has divided these races in some cases, as in India, into different castes. This famine is doing a great deal to redeem the people from that division. The love of Jesus in the hearts of His people everywhere in sending relief to these starving people has done much in helping them to realize that though, according to their religion, Christians are outcastes, yet they have shown a great nobility of character in coming to their help in this the hour of great need.

The Walkers, at Peddapuram, fed 597 last Sunday. A godly South sea captain, who was visiting them for the day, was so moved with the sight that he paid the bill, about \$5. You might keep a little box for the famine children, and get your friends to put something in, and then send the money to any of us, and we would give them food to eat.

H. F. LAFLAMME.

Cocanada, India, July 20, 1897.

A FIVE-MINUTES' TALK ON BOYS' BANDS.

[By Mrs. C. E. WATSON at the Woman's Missionary Union.]

It is a pleasure and a privilege to introduce the subject dearest to me, and one that will touch a responsive chord in every woman's heart, that is, the organization and training of our boys in church and mission work.