

more than one or two, in cheap board coffins. These carts go about the streets each night, pick up these pitiable remains, some of them mutilated by dogs, they are thrown in like so much wood and taken to a pit outside the city walls, into which they are dumped, then covered with quicklime." Does it make you sick to hear of such a thing? I have lived seven years in the city where that is a daily occurrence.

I once asked a member of our Mission what he thought was the best way to introduce the subject of religion with a heathen woman—one ignorant even of the fact that she had a soul. With a true womanly heart this man replied: "That's a hard thing to tell; of course, you can't speak of Christ, or of prayer, or of sin—they wouldn't have the faintest conception of what you were driving at—but I tell you what would appeal to almost every woman. Ask her if she has ever lost any children—there is scarcely a Chinese mother who hasn't—and then try to make her understand the possibility of having her baby again. Perhaps in that way you can put in the opening wedge." How natural and how beautiful his advice, but alas! for poor Chinese mothers, such an appeal would be the last that I should make. After schooling themselves to hate and fear the children they once so dearly loved, what could such words seem but cruel mockery?

The ordinary way to speak of a child's death is that So-and-so "has thrown her child away." If there were no other reason for our going to China, this unnatural and cruel superstition should move every mother heart (and many of us who have no children of our own still have mother hearts) to lead these poor women into the happiness they ought to have, and to save this unnecessary suffering of little children.

One freezing day in winter, our gate-keeper came in saying that an acquaintance of his from the country had just appeared and asked help for his wife, who was ill in the street outside the city gate. Dr. Sinclair (now Mrs. Headland), with whom I lived, told the gate-keeper to go immediately and, if things were as represented, to hire a cart and bring the woman to the hospital. Things were quite as bad as the man had said. The people lived a long way from Peking and had lost nearly everything from floods, so they decided to walk to Kalgan, north of Peking, and stay with a relative through the winter. They had one little girl of six years, so, packing their bedding on their shoulders and carrying what odds and ends they could, they all started. But they had not realized how slowly the little girl would have to plod along, and they had used up all their money, pawned their bedding, and the poor woman was too far gone for more walking when only at the gates of Peking! Lying at the side of the road through the long winter night, the woman's suffering seemed unbearable. Finally morning came, and the husband started off to apply to