

this was added a request to his son that he would make it the man of his counsel; and that he could not allow him to depart from home without giving him the best pledge of his love—a Bible; although that gift deprived the other parts of the family. The Bible bore evident marks of having been often read."

Drowning the Baby.

As a missionary was walking by the river Ganges, in India, one day, he noticed a Brahmin woman and her two sons, a beautiful boy of twelve years, and a little baby a few months old, with two female servants, going toward the river. By their appearance he knew that the child was to be drowned to please the goddess Gunga. When they reached the principal bathing-place four priests came up to them; and when the mother saw them she gave a loud cry and fell senseless to the ground. She was carried by her servants to the water's edge, where there was a great crowd of people. The chief priest then took the lovely babe from his brother's arms, covered its little body with oil, vermillion and saffron, dressed it in red and yellow muslin, and began to repeat charms over its head.

The priests tried to arouse the mother, and at last she opened her eyes. When she remembered what was going on she sank back, saying:

"Is there nothing that will save my child?"

"No," said the priest, who expected a large sum of money for performing the ceremony; "no. You have vowed to give him up, and you must do it. But the gods want you to be willing to do it. Are you willing? Say so, and let the goddess take her own."

"No, no!" cried the mother; "I am not willing. If I break my vow I can only be cursed. Let the curse come. I would rather die than do it."

"Yes," said the angry priest, "the curse shall come, but not on you. It shall come on that lad there," pointing to the elder boy, "on the darling of your heart. You shall go home to-morrow, taking your worthless babe with you, it is true, but leaving your noble boy, the hope of your house. Do you still refuse?"

The poor mother could not speak, and the priest added:

"Then wave your hand as a sign that I may throw your babe into the river."

The sign was given; the child was thrown. One little splash was heard; but the next moment the mother had it

safe in her arms once more. Wild with grief, she had plunged in and saved it.

"No, no; Gunga shall not have him!" she cried. "I was mad, quite mad, when I made that vow. If it were a daughter perhaps I could give it up; but I cannot see my baby-boy drowned before my eyes."

The priest threatened her with still more dreadful things. She was made to say again she was willing; and the priest was just ready to throw the child into the water, when his arm was drawn back by the missionary, and he was thrown down by a soldier who was close behind.

"You know that Queen Victoria is Empress of India as well as Queen of England; and Englishmen have made a law that children shall not be drowned in this way." When the missionary found what was going on, he had gone in great haste for some soldiers to stop the priest, and arrived just in time to save the baby's life.

The frightened priest got away as well as he could, the crowd fled after him, and the missionary, and the soldiers and the now happy family were left alone. The mother fell at the feet of the missionary, crying:

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times, sir! You have saved my darling. You have made my mother's heart rejoice. O how could I have lived without my baby! I can do nothing for you, sir, but the God of the universe will reward you. I will always pray to our gods to send you their blessings."

Relieved and happy, the mother said to her servants:

"Come, Daseo and Tarn, let us go to our boats and leave this dreadful place. The gods grant I may never see it again!"

Since the gospel has been carried to India these dreadful things very seldom happen; and if all Christian people would do what they could to send missionaries there, the time would soon come when they would never happen. What can you do?

"You Won't Eat Me Will You?"

A little silken-haired girl, six years old, climbed up on the lap of an old cannibal king of the Fiji Islands; and standing on his knees, with her little hands upon his shoulders, she looked confidently into his face as she said, "You won't eat me will you?"

This was in the year 1875, and the cannibal chief was visiting at the house of her grandfather in Sidney, New South Wales. Old Thakombau, for that was