

pleased to send him a daughter he would be much happier. But what was this baby to him? He came back to the place where the little one lay. No sound broke the stillness. His heart was beating wildly as he bent and swept the ground with his hand. Some one had taken the baby. Who had the right? Had he not found her, first? Could he not put her down to sleep, for a minute, while he walked his beat? He would pursue the thief and claim the child; she was his—but just then his hand touched the little form and something seemed to choke him, as he felt the cold hand and the seemingly lifeless body of the babe. He unbuttoned his coat and laid the little one next to his warm body. She moaned feebly, and a great joy came into his heart. He was only a heathen, but from such souls as his, touched by a ray of Divine love has come all the great philanthropies this old world has ever known!

His wife took the little one to her heart, and something they had never known before came into their lives. Was there magic in the baby voice and in the touch of her little hand to draw them together?

Baby was only two years old when her foster father died: and the mother and child became wards of an uncle. The mother's will was put aside. She was 'only a woman'; what right had she to say what disposition should be made of her child? She had no right to adopt it in the first place, the uncle, who had never looked kindly on the little girl, had told her.

With almost breaking heart the woman saw her adopted child taken from her arms; and the little one was sold as a slave.

The girl was fourteen before the realization of what her life might mean came to her, and then commenced such a battle that her owner sold her to another family. Here, too, after a time came another scene, and the boy of eighteen who had incurred her hatred though he had never dared to put a hand on her, begged his father to sell her lest she put poison in his food. At last she was sold to a young man to become his lawful wife. He was poor, or he would not have been content to have a slave girl for his wife; but he was kind, and he was the first person the poor little wife could remember who had been good to her.

All the strong love of an intense nature, she felt for her husband, and a happiness such as few Chinese women know was hers. Three little children came to the home, but none of them staid long enough to do more than teach the mother the depths of love and leave an uncontrollable sorrow when death claimed them.

Fortune smiled on the husband, he was growing rich. His relatives began to look about for another wife, for him, when for six years, no child had come to the home. The wife pleaded as never before had Chinese wife pleaded with her husband; but he was weak. The relatives prevailed and Number Two came into the family. Number One had tasted all the bitterness of sorrow, all the joy of love; and now she was to learn all there was to know of hatred and jealousy. Over and over again she sought to take her rival's life; but Number Two was watchful. Then she attempted suicide, but she was discovered in time, and was saved.

It seemed as though the gods had avenged her, however, when a little son lay in her arms and Number Two was still childless. Then came the death of the second wife, and the first wife, holding the little daughter of the dead woman, close to her breast, vowed before the ancestral tablets that the baby should never miss the love of a mother. She had cared for the dying woman as she might have cared

for a sister, forgetting all bitterness in her sympathy and womanly compassion.

The next few years were comparatively happy ones. Another little son came to the home, and children's laughter and noise did for that Chinese home something of what it has done for all homes in all time.

One day the children went to Sunday-school. The mother had objected but the father said: 'Let them go; they want the pretty cards that the foreign woman gives to the children who go there.' Week after week they went; and the mother listened to the verses they learned there, and began to wonder what they meant. Finally she went to the Sunday-school, too. How strange it seemed to sit with many other women and learn to read: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not bow down to them—' Really the 'Doctrine' was very good, she told her husband.

Would the foreigner come to her house and teach her something more? she had asked, and the foreigner had said: 'I cannot come now, but some day I hope I may.' Why was it that there were so few foreigners to teach the women when there were so many to learn, she had wondered, but she did not ask the question for she might be considered impolite.

'Surely I will come before next Sunday,' the missionary had said, when the invitation had been given week after week. The woman went home with a new joy and hope in her heart. The foreign woman and a Bible-woman would surely come in a few days, and she would have a chance to learn so much about the new 'Doctrine' that had taught her that she needed a Saviour.

'She is dying,' the neighbors said. 'She wants to send for the foreigner, but it will not do.' The patient opened her eyes. 'Come here, children,' she said. 'Learn all you can of this new—'

And, then her eyes closed and the last chapter of her life on earth had ended.

[For the 'Messenger.'

The Breaking Down of Caste in India.

(F. H. Russell.)

It is well known that a candle lighted in the daytime when the sun is shining is very little noticed, but the same light at night brightens all around; in the same way the noble lives of the faithful missionaries shine amongst the people who have never before heard of the God of Love and his marvellous loving kindness in sending his only Son to die for the sins of all the people in the world. Of the three hundred million people in India, less than one million are Christians, and yet the lives of these comparatively few Christians are lighting up that dark land. Only a few weeks ago a poor dying woman said: 'Let the Christians have my children—they are the only people who care for the widows and orphans.'

The Famine Orphanage at Dhar, Central India, supported by the members and friends of the Victorian India Orphan Society of Winnipeg, is in a native state which is governed by a Hindu Rajah or Prince, subject to Great Britain. This Prince is not yet old enough to reign alone, so the English Viceroy of India appoints a political agent to look after the state and help the native officials whilst the young Rajah is being educated at College.

Some months ago, Captain Barnes (the agent) and his wife had to leave for England, as Mrs. Barnes's health had failed. Both are good Christians, and much liked by all classes

of people. The young Rajah wished to shew them all honor, so he invited them and the Canadian missionaries at Dhar to a festival to meet the Rajahs of neighboring states, the ceremonies lasting two days. On the first day the reception was held in the palace, and on the second day outside, tents being erected for the invited guests. The Rajah of Dhar required a lady to act as hostess, and asked Mrs. Russell, the wife of the Canadian missionary, to take this honorable position on both occasions. Whilst the servants were putting up the tents to be occupied by the high-caste visitors, they had to be very careful not to let the ropes touch the ropes of the tent in which the Christians were to dine, so that food for the Brahmins should no be polluted. After all this precaution it almost provokes a smile to hear that the Rajah and his brother went into the Christian tent, sat down and ate dinner with Captain and Mrs. Barnes and the missionaries. We should all thank God that this terrible caste system, the greatest obstacle to the spread of the Gospel in India, is being broken down, as shewn by this heathen Prince inviting a missionary's wife to act as hostess for him, sitting down with Christians, and eating at the same table. The effect of the lives of the Christians is widely felt in that great land, and Christ's words are being fulfilled, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'

Life's Railway.

I have thrown the throttle open, and am tearing down God's track;

I have thrown it out to full-speed, and no hand can hold me back!

'Tis my arm controls the engine, though Another owns the rail,

But for once I'm in the open and the yard-lights pass and pale!

Green lights! Red lights! God has hung his signals out!

Caution here! Danger ho! And what's the man about?

'Tis true he owns the Engine, to do as he has done,

But how about the Final Word—when he ends the run?

So from siding on to junction point now I shall have my day;

I have stopped to read no orders, but I take the right of way.

Down the open grade I thunder and around the curve I swing,

For my hand is on the throttle, and my heart shall have its fling!

Light lost! Life lost! Flag, O flag the others back!

Switch the wreck! Ditch the wreck! Dare any block God's track?

There creeps into the Terminal the man who had his day,

But I wonder, O my soul, just what his God will say!

—Arthur Stringer.

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