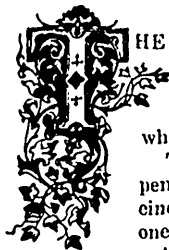


## IGNORANCE AND SUFFERING IN INDIA.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.



HE other day I visited the Mission Hospital at Dhar. It is a picturesque group of buildings, enclosed within a neat white-washed wall.

The centre building is a dispensary, where, day after day, medicine is distributed to the needy ones who flock there for aid.

Around this are grouped several sets of wards, all built in native style, but strong and well raised off the ground to ensure perfect dryness and healthfulness.

"They like these," says our good friend, Miss O'Hara, who is the lady doctor in charge, "because with their clean and newly lipped floors, they are less unlike their own homes than they might otherwise be."

And then, the groups of wards being separated, the caste difficulty is overcome, and the whole family is able to visit their sick one if necessary.

One little fellow, whose sore wee body was shown to me, excited my deepest sympathy. He had been taken with some simple trouble, to cure which his body had been seared with red hot irons, which burned and lacerated him so terribly that it brought on the dreaded tetanus. Then, when nearly dead and beyond all hope of native means, he was brought to the Mission Hospital.

Miss O'Hara had not despaired of him, though for days his poor body was rent with terrible spasms. Even when I saw him, though his tetanus was cured, the sores looked cruel and pitiable.

I asked his father how it happened, and at first he seemed unwilling to explain. He finally said, however, that burning was their native method of cure (?), and he only followed the custom.

I thought as I looked at him, "you were saved because a Mission Hospital was near, but how about the hundreds and thousands who have no such help at hand, and yet who suffer the same such ignorantly-applied agony?"

Is not this, however, only a sample of the terrible fruits of ignorance and superstition in all lands where God's light has not entered, and the sweet influences of His Gospel?

I was pleased to learn afterwards that our little friend had fully recovered, much to the joy of his

parents, who had only acted ignorantly, and did not mean to be cruel.

His recovery was the means of bringing quite a number more of his relatives and friends to the Mission Hospital. Thus the good work spreads and the blessed Gospel story is told in deeds of loving kindness.

I am glad to be able to tell you that a woman who some time ago came to this hospital for help, found, with her physical healing, help also for her sin-sick soul, and is now rejoicing in being numbered among the followers of Jesus.

NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

## STORY OF AN AFRICAN BOY.



WAY in the heart of the great Ijebu forest, in Western equatorial Africa, stood a hut. Immediately in front of it stood five well-grown orange trees—and what oranges!

The hut itself consisted of mud walls, and a leaf roof, which came within two feet of the ground.

On one side of the entrance a mud god had been erected. It was built in the form of a man and was about five feet in height; this was an object of worship. On the other side was a small fetish tree, upon which hung a dead goat, the most recent sacrifice. This was called the devil tree, because of the evil spirit which was supposed to dwell in it.

The inside of the hut consisted of three dark rooms, in which were a few grass mats upon which the inhabitants slept, a clay cooking-pot, a calabash, a basket of cowries and the household gods. Such was the home of the boy Ifagbemiro, so named in honor of their god Ifa.

His father was a slave-raider. He bought and sold his fellows. In the lonely parts of the forest he captured free people—mostly women and children—forced them to the Ilorin market and sold them as slaves. He belonged to a band of bloodthirsty and cruel raiders who kidnapped children, carried them off, and disposed of them at the slave market. Following in their tracks, women could be seen tearing their hair, and crying, "Omode kekeri mi o ti lo, lo;" that is, "My child is gone! She is gone!"

His mother, an ignorant, superstitious woman,