

wards until life was extinct, when they were carried to the morai.

He further adds:—There are other cruel customs besides these. Children were murdered, when not intended for sacrifice, some before their birth, others afterwards; mothers stamped upon the necks of their infants, or strangled them with their hands. If a man were a chief, and the woman of mean origin, the latter must kill so many children before she can be raised to his level; and, on the other hand, if the man was a common man, and the woman a chief woman, according to the degrees of distinction were the number of children destroyed. A woman resides near to us who had eleven children, every one of whom, there is reason to believe, were destroyed.

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At the time the spasmodic *cholera* was raging at Madras, a boy belonging to the Missionary free-school there, went up to one of the Missionaries, and said, “Sir, I have got a cure for the *cholera*.” Have you; what is it? returned the Missionary. “The ninety-first Psalm,” answered the Boy, and then began and repeated the whole Psalm correctly.

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A boy, called Abraham, not yet four years old, was not only remarkably patient and resigned during his last illness, but his conversation proved an abiding blessing to his father, who happened then to be in an unhappy state of mind. On the day before he died, he asked him, “Father, do you love me?” The father replied, “Yes, I do.” Upon repeating his question, he received the same answer. “But then,” added he, “do you love our Saviour?” “No,” replied the father, “I am just now very poor and miserable.” “Ah!” said the child, “if you do not love our Saviour, you cannot love me as you ought!”

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Another child, though very ill, whenever it heard the