

a girl, and my husband said it must die. He brought a tub of water he put it down on the floor in my room, and then he took my babe, my little girl. I begged and cried and besought him not to drown it. I told him it might grow up and become a wife and he could get money for her. But he would not hear. I heard the water gurgling in her throat, I shut my eyes and stopped my ears, but still I heard, twice, thrice he pushed it down then all was still. "Then," continued the poor woman, "another child came. Oh, I prayed for a boy. I made my offerings to the mother God for a son, but again it was a girl; again the tub of water was brought, again the little one was destroyed by its father's hands. A third time a little one was given to me, and oh, joy, it was a son, and my husband was so pleased and so happy. He was a beautiful boy, and lived to be so big and then—he died, and soon after my husband died, too, and I cry nearly all the time, and that is the reason why my eyes are so sore." Mrs. Baldwin asked "where are your children now?" "Buried in the earth," was the reply. Ah, she has no hope of heavenly meeting. A dead babe in China has no Christian burial; seldom it is even buried in the ground. It is usually thrown away into the fields and forgotten, and its little spirit feared as a tormentor of those that remain, and the author of disease and death to other children. If you ask a Chinese woman how many children she has had, she may answer: "Three living and five *thrown away*." Mrs. Baldwin told this mother of the heavenly home where she might go to her children again. She says the poor creature fairly clutched at the words as too good to be true. "I go to my children," she said: "do the teacher say that? These are comforting words."

Girls of Christian America, with your bright orange-blossoms and pure free affections, hopes and dignities; mothers of America, with your fair olive plants around your tables and your transplanted ones in a better land, WHAT ARE YOU DOING to send these "comforting words" to your sighing sisters in the land of Sinim, to tear off this mask of empty pageantry from the skeleton face of mis-

ery, and give to woman, your sister, "beauty for ashes, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness?"—*The Gospel in All Lands.*

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## The Monthly Record.

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### INDUCTION OF REV. R. BURNET.

On the fifth inst., the Presbytery of Pictou met in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, for the purpose of inducting the Rev. R. Burnet, M. A., late of Hamilton, Ont., to the pastoral charge of St. Andrew's Church, Pictou. Among those present were the Protestant clergy of the town of all denominations. At 11 a. m. after the usual preliminaries, the Rev. James Fitzpatrick, B. A., Moderator of Presbytery, preached a learned and eloquent discourse,—which we hope to publish in next issue,—and put the usual questions to the minister, and declared him duly inducted as minister of the congregation. The Rev. Mr. McCunn then addressed the minister inducted; and the Rev. Mr. Fraser addressed the people. The following is the substance of Mr. Fraser's address:

If I were to ask wherein consists the duty of a congregation to their minister, it might be answered that their duty is summarily comprehended in going to church and paying the stipend regularly and punctually. It appears to me that however defective such a reply may be nevertheless it expresses a very common opinion. Especially if we add to it the further duties of zealously informing the minister of his shortcomings and mournfully confessing to him the grievous sins and errors of our neighbours. I have met with a class of men of unhappy temperament who are glad mostly when others are sad, who are never better pleased than when they are with broken hearts informing the minister that "so and so is going to leave the congregation," and sympathize with his regret