

roads have so raised the cost price of your salt that the poor people can't touch it, that it has become a luxury for only a very few rich ones among them.

SEE HOW DRY AND PARCHED

everything looks as we cross the fields. It is December, our winter weather, but you feel the value of your sun hat and probably an umbrella too. What a bright sun! Smoked giasses are a luxury. No green grass to relieve the eye though yonder is a field full of delicate green.

AH YES, OPIUM FLOURISHES

in Central India. All the finest land, the greater part of the water supply and labour of its people and the care and attention of high and low alike are given to the cultivation of this terrible curse. Dearly has the victory over the Chinese been bought and the price is not by any means all paid. It is true that the native princes in order to raise this highly priced drug were led to dig wells, that otherwise would not have been thought of; but even these have been and shall continue to be dearly paid for. Do you wonder that people who have so little to live for or to stimulate ambition, so few enjoyments, so little to relieve their pains, when constantly working amongst it should gradually develop a taste for it. Yonder is a field of it, all cut up into beds of six or eight feet square, carefully weeded and watered. See the women of the village are all out working but

WHERE ARE THEIR BABES?

At home sleeping under the influence of opium. In the morning after its meal a piece of opium is put into the child's mouth and in unconsciousness it quietly awaits the return of the mother from the fields. At noon and again if need be at night the dose is repeated. Do you wonder at the large mortality in Central India? Hardly a child there does not get opium as regularly as its meals till it is about three years old. But it is not confined to children. Have they colds, or fevers or aches of any kind, then opium is their solace. Often it is more easily obtainable than food and so used to drown the cravings of an appetite that cannot be satisfied. You would find it hard to answer the indignant charges of the thinking ones amongst them who point to the terrible ravages of this evil seen everywhere and perchance even felt, and who, laying the blame at England's door, ask if this is what Christianity prompts, or is it so powerless, there that it cannot after all these centuries of growth check such cruel selfishness.

We have not yet I fear reaped the full harvest of iniquity. In China they have begun cultivating it themselves and so do not

require the Indian article in the same quantities as before. Large stocks are unsalable in India. The stockholders must get money and so the article is lowered in price, encouragement given to its use and the evil still further developed. When will nations learn as well as individuals that as we sow so must we reap.

A BRAVE LITTLE DUTCH BOY.

The country of Holland, in Europe, is almost surrounded by the sea. To be sure there is nothing strange in that, for all islands are entirely surrounded by the sea. But Holland is a low country, and if the people had not built high banks to keep the water off, whenever there was a storm or a very high tide, it would wash right over the whole land, and sweep away all the houses and drown the people. The Holland folks built the banks many years ago. They are called dykes. They are not only high, but so thick through, there is room for a broad street on top. Trees are planted along these streets and it is a pleasant and airy place to walk. Men are chosen whose business it is to watch these dykes, and see that the water, which is always trying to break through, never does. It is necessary to be very watchful, for if there comes a break ever so small, it must be stopped at once, or it will grow bigger and bigger, and it would take but a few hours to bring on a dreadful flood.

And even the smallest Dutch child knows the danger of being careless about the dykes. One evening a little boy in the city of Haarlem, was on his way home. He walked fast, for it was getting late. It was a quiet part of the city, and there was no one but himself on the street. Everything was quiet, so quiet that presently he heard a soft gurgling sound like that of running water. Ah, Hans knew in a moment what that meant; it meant that somewhere sea had made a little road through the dykes. He stopped and looked carefully and eagerly, and very soon he found it—a tiny stream that rippled and ran as though it meant not the least bit of harm to anybody or to anything.

But Hans knew better than that, and the first thing he did was to look about for something to stop it. He could find nothing. What should he do? Should he run into the city and call a watchman? But before he could get one, the little stream might become a great river. He looked up and down the empty street. 'Well, there's one thing I can do,' said Hans to himself, and he went up to the great dyke and put his fingers into the hole. It just filled it. 'Isn't that lucky?' thought Hans. 'And now I'll stay here till somebody comes.' And he did.