

cannot afford it. They therefore merely burn the mouth with strow, and then bear the body to the Ganges—the sacred river.

If you had been in India, you might have seen the poor Hindoo mother take her dead infant in her arms, and carry it to the bank of the river. On reaching it, she spreads a little mat upon the sands while the tide is low, and then stands weeping and lamenting over the dead body. When the tide begins to flow, and the water of the river to rise towards the spot where her child lies, she moves back to a little distance, and sits down to drive away the Pariah dogs and birds of prey, that would otherwise devour the body. Here she waits for the moment when the stream will sweep the corpse away, or, as she in her darkness believes, when the god Gunga takes it in his arms and makes her child his own.

But all this time, no one could see that poor Hindoo without being quite sure that she had a true mother's heart and felt a tender mother's love. Tears, such as none but mother's shed, are flowing down her sad countenance, and as she weeps, she every now and then breaks forth into the following words: "Oh! my child, who has taken thee, my child? I nourished thee, and reared thee, and now where art thou gone? Take me with thee. Oh! my child, my child! Thou playedst around me like a gold top, my child! The like of thy face I have never seen, my child! Let fire devour the eyes of men, my child! The infant continually called me 'mother, mother.' The infant used to say, 'Mother, let me sit upon thy lap.' Oh, my life! Say 'mother' again, my child! My arms and my lap feel empty. Who will fill them again? Oh, my sweet burden, my eyesight has become darkened, now that thou hast vanished from before it." *

What must that system be which freezes such warm love as this, and turns the tender mother into the cruel murderess of her own babe? But heathenism does this. And there are few dark lands in which proofs of this are not found.

In all the South Sea Islands, infanticide was common before missionaries went there. It is believed that in the Sandwich Islands, more than half the children that were born were destroyed by their parents. Mothers would dig a little grave, and cast their infant alive into it, and cover the body with earth, and then tread upon it to stifle the dying cries of the babe. After the missionaries went there, some