A HEATHEN MOTHER.

In this 'country we often have rain, and we never know when the rain will come; but in the great country far over the seas, called India, it is not so. There it does not rain for many months together, and the burning sun scorches the ground. When the rain comes, it pours so hard that in a little time the low lands are covered with water. Then it keeps on raining more gently for nearly four months. This rain comes every year. It begins in June and ends in October.

There is a plant which grows in India, called Indigo. The blue dye which is used for colouring men's coats, and little boy's dresses, is made from this plant. It is ready to be cut about the time that the heavy rains begin.

One day a gentleman in India was riding over his The rains had begun, and the waters were rising, and his men were cutting the Indigo plant as fast as they could, for fear it should be spoiled by the floods. The gentleman saw two of his men a little way from him; they had left off cutting the plant, and they were stooping down over something, and seemed to be pitying it very much. The gentleman went up to them, and he found that they had picked up a poor little baby. Its cruel mother or father had left it there on purpose to die. very soon have died; the jackals or vultures would have eaten it, or it would have been drowned in the water. was very nearly dead; its lips were blue, its eyes were fixed, and its little fingers were clenched together. gentleman was very sorry for the poor little baby, and he told his men to make haste, and to carry it as quickly as they could to his house. Then he galloped home, and begged his wife to get a warm bath ready for the poor baby. As soon as it was brought in, it was put in the bath, and then it was rubbed with warm flannels. sently it began to get warm, and the colour came to its lips, and it opened its eyes. How pleased its kind friends must have been that they were in time to save it from death. They could not find its cruel mother. We should