

moved away from her, I heard one girl with very dirty clothes on say, "dirty." At least that's what the word usually means. They have such queer customs and are so outspoken about many things, that we never mention, hence I considered it wise not to make any inquiries, so I just remarked that God looks at the heart to see whether it is clean or not rather than at one's clothes. However, it worried me to see how two or three girls kept edging away and making remarks as though the little one had the small-pox. Meanwhile she was as bright as a new pin, and answered all my questions so promptly. As soon as they were all gone the preacher who was with me told me that the child's mother had died about a week ago, and hence she was ceremonially unclean for ten days. The child was a Brahman, neatly dressed, while the girl most afraid of contamination was a Shudra in a dirty cloth. I was inclined to feel indignant at first, but I soon remembered that the Israelites had similar laws in regard to ceremonial uncleanness. Still a very strong feeling of pity rose up in my heart for the little motherless girl, and I was glad to think she had begun to learn something about the great Saviour of sinners.

My preacher went on to tell me that the child's father died some years ago and that the mother's death was partly due to grief at the loss of some money. Her eldest son had been fooled by a biragi or fakir into believing that the latter could turn silver into gold. So the foolish youth had entrusted seven hundred rupees to the holy man, and been relieved of further care of the money, as he never saw it again.

JOHN CRAIG.

18th Sept., '98.

## WHO SAVED AZALEA ?

MARY S. HITCHCOCK.

(If there are any of our Mission Bands that are forgetting to provide for the support of the student they have taken, we hope they will read the following article—ED. LINK.)

Azalea was so young and so pretty; but to-day there was a look of overwhelming sorrow in the dark eyes. She stood in the deserted school-room, at the west window, but did not notice the beauty of the sunset.

When her teacher approached, she turned with such a sad little smile that the tears sprang to Miss Ellis' eyes.

The girl bent her glossy dark head, and touched the kindly hand laid upon her arm with her lips.

After a moment's silence she said, huskily,

"When the sun sets again they will come for me."

"My child, my child," pleaded Miss Ellis, "don't give up yet. The foreign mail must come to-morrow. Pray God that He may send us help."

The American lady who supported Azalea at the mission-school had died, and left her unprovided for. In another year she would have been accepted as a teacher in some of the other schools. But now she must go back to her parents, who would be glad to have her only because an old mandarin had offered many cash for her, to be his side-wife.

"Our poor, contemptible daughter shall go to your magnificent house as soon as she returns," they had promised.

Azalea's years with her Christian teachers and companions had taught her the shame and degradation of such a position, and the poor girl's heart was breaking under her sad fate.

Miss Ellis had written to different auxiliaries, and done everything she could to raise the means to keep her, and now could only wait and pray.

Florence Meredith and Lena Lewis walked happily down the street of a busy American city.

"Where are you bound, Florence?"

"I am going down to Hall's to buy one of those pretty braided jackets. There is one that is just a match for my new suit. The price is fifteen dollars. Papa gave me the money for it this noon. Isn't he a dear?"

"Yes, he is, decidedly, but what is the matter with this jacket?"

"Oh, the sleeves are too big to be in style, and I am going to the convention next week you know. Why are you stopping here?"

"Mrs. Arnold, a returned missionary from China, is to speak to the ladies in our church parlors. Come with me."

"Oh, I think not, I don't believe I am very much interested in foreign missions. They seem so far off."

"You ought to be, if you are not, so come along. Anybody would think you hadn't heard of telegraph cables."

A sweet gentle-faced lady was just commencing to speak as they entered.

"Before I begin upon the subject you wished me to discuss, I would like to tell you of a letter I received from Miss Ellis this morning. She is an American missionary in China and is in great distress about a much-loved pupil, who will be obliged to leave at the end of the year, unless we can send fifteen dollars for her support another year."

Then Mrs. Arnold told them all of Azalea's sorrowful story. When she had finished she said, "Will you bow your heads a moment, and ask God to put it into some one's heart to send the sum so sorely needed?"

Florence, at the first mention of the desired amount, felt how much better it would be to save that girl than to wear a pretty wrap, but she hardened her heart and put the thought persistently away, and told herself some one else would be sure to give it. She always gave liberally from her allowance, and no more was required of her; but she knew her excuses were as flimsy as selfish.

When the others bowed their heads in prayer, she did the same; but she could not pray.

She only kept saying, "I can't go and wear this old wrap."

Mrs. Arnold went on with her talk, but Florence did not hear her; at last she muttered, "I just won't do it any way. Now I am going to listen to what that woman is saying."

Suddenly there flashed into her mind the remarks of the Society president, made when they appointed her delegate to the State Convention.

"I think," he said, "sometimes we make a mistake and send our most brilliant members to conventions, instead of tried and live Christians; but we have combined the two, for while Miss Meredith is a brilliant and intellectual member, she never forgets our constant aim is to 'lift up—to hold up.'"

"That was what he said," she whispered, "and I have not even tried to be intellectual, I have thought of nothing but my pretty clothes, and my head bowed low, in shame and sorrow."

At the close of the talk, a lovely girl came up to Mrs. Arnold and said in a low voice.

"If you please I would like to give you this for Azalea," and she put fifteen dollars in the lady's hand.

"O my dear! my dear! How can I thank you! Come with me to tell the ladies about it."

"O no! I would rather not," said Florence, crimeoning deeply.

"At least tell me your name," entreated the lady.