

WHAT HEATHEN CHILDREN SUFFER.

The goddess Kali is worshipped by many in India. The people think her very cruel and try to please her by making themselves suffer.

This used to be done by hook-swinging. A long beam like a well pole had iron hooks fastened to it. These were thrust through the muscles of a man's back. The other end of the pole was pulled down. He was lifted high in the air by these hooks, and was then thought to be a very holy man.

The British Government has forbidden this practice in India, but a less cruel form of it is still carried on, and now men are swung by ropes fastened under their arms. The pole is fastened at the top of a carriage or car, built high, and while they are swinging in the air the car is dragged by a great rope round and round the temple. The noise and shouting the people make is something dreadful to hear.

A missionary who was at the place when this heathen ceremony was going on says, "But there is something worse. Whilst the men are swinging, the end of the long pole is lowered by the rope till the man touches the ground, and *infants* are placed in the man's hands, and man and child again swing away up in the air. The child is terrified in the air, and the mother equally frightened below, but the musicians beat the native drums, and the people shout, so that the child and mother cry in vain. All this is supposed to please the goddess. The time I was there about twenty children were swung; and as a heavy thunderstorm came on at the time, you can imagine how the babies must have been frightened.

Another practice is this. Children are taken and silver wires are run through the flesh below the arms (just as a surgeon fastens gaping wounds with stitches); the ends of the wires are then taken hold of by men, and the poor, suffering children are driven round and round the temple. The musicians and the shouting drown all their cries. Quite a number of children were thus being tortured when I was there. Sometimes the needles used for fastening in the wires break, and this adds much to the pain. Is it not terrible to think that all this should be done in the name of religion?

There was an ugly idol there presiding people kept coming and prostrating themselves over these horrible ceremonies, and the

selves before it and giving money to the priests. I am sure the children at home will not cease to pray that such idolatrous, cruel practices as these are may soon cease to exist, and that both the parents and the children may learn of the love and pity of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and who took them up in His arms and blessed them.

STORIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Among the many stories now being circulated about Col. John Hay, the new American ambassador to England, is one of the time when he was secretary to President Lincoln.

At one time a public man of some note behaved himself very offensively toward the President. John Hay, his private secretary, was indignant about it. He said he would like to write the public man a letter giving him a piece of his mind.

"That's right," said Lincoln. "go ahead and write just what you think."

Hay went and wrote the letter. It was a masterpiece of sarcasm and sting. When he had finished it he felt better, much better. He carried the letter to the President.

"Good," said Mr. Lincoln, "that will fix him."

"It will get to him to-morrow morning," said Hay, "and then we will see what he will say in reply."

The President looked at him with a twinkle in his eye.

"My boy," said he, "you don't want to mail that letter. I wanted you to write that all out because it would ease your feelings, but there is no use in sending it. You will only make him mad and you won't do yourself or the Administration any good."

It happened on another occasion that some petty office-holder thought he could make himself famous by attacking the Government. Somebody asked Lincoln what he was going to do about it. Lincoln replied by a story:

"My father," said he, "had a little dog which used to go out every night and bark at the moon. And what do you think happened? Why, the moon just sailed right along."

And the petty little office-holder continued his bow-wow-ing and ki-yi-ing till he was tired. Lincoln sailed right along.—*Sci.*