

Youth's Department.

TWO LITTLE BABIES.

Two little babies were born one day,
One in our country and one in Cathay;
To each one's mother her babe was dear.
And though one was so far and one so near,
The same kind Father in heaven had they—

The babe in our country
and the one in Cathay.

These babes grew quickly, as babies should,
Sweet and pretty and pure and good,
They grew into childhood day by day;
They grew into knowledge at work and at
play;

And no one could tell, except in one way,
Which grew in our country
and which in Cathay.

The babies were taught very early to pray
You know how 'tis done; 'tis a mother's sweet
way);

The dear name of Jesus was spoken by one;
The other head bowed to an image of stone.
And that was the difference by which you
could say

Which prayed in our country
and which in Cathay.

Our Saviour has love for the babes in Cathay—
A heart full of pity for their darkened way.

He wants them to know that the God who is
true

Is living and listening to them and to you;
Is heeding the prayers of those who obey,

Whether here in our country
or afar in Cathay.

Now how shall we carry the tidings to-day—
The story of Jesus to far-off Cathay?
There is only one way; can you tell what it is,
So that all through the world the babes shall
be His?

We must send it ourselves, and this is the
way—

From the babes in our country
to those in Cathay.

Our pennies will go where our love leads the
way.

From the babes in our country to those in
Cathay;

For pennies are needed, your pennies and mine,
So this is the way, and this is the sign
That Jesus is sent in the very best way

From the babes in our country
to those in Cathay.

—Exchange

THE FIRST WOMAN DOCTOR IN INDIA.

The women of India—even the "little women"—are shut away in their homes—called zenanas—and no doctor is allowed to see them, no matter how sick they may be. But in 1869, the first woman missionary, who was a "graduate physician," was sent to North India. Dr. Clara Swain began her work there, and in a little while she had two thousand patients. But there was no hospital and one was very much needed.

The way it came was like a beautiful fairy story. Near the mission was a fine property, but it belonged to a Mohammedan prince. He did not like missionaries, but the missionaries were advised to go to him and ask him to sell them the place. Word was sent to the prince that he was to receive a visit from these foreigners. You can imagine how their hearts beat as they drew near the great man's home, but instead of getting ready to take off their heads he sent a grand carriage, twenty horses and three servants, to meet them! When they entered his gates his servants greeted them with low salaams, and the children cried, "Long life and prosperity! Long life and prosperity!"

The next morning they were taken in great style to the palace. As they passed into the grounds five royal elephants made salaams to them. Wasn't that like a fairy story? But more wonderful things were to come. When the missionaries who went with Dr. Swain told the prince they wanted his estate for a woman's hospital, the prince graciously smiled and said, "Take it, take it. I give it to you with pleasure for that purpose."

Oh, what a surprise! The missionaries could only thank God in their hearts and the prince with their lips. They went from the palace as if in a dream. But the estate worth \$15,000 was their own, and in 1873 the big house, built for a Mohammedan palace, was opened for the poor sick women and children, and soon after a regular hospital was built. Thousands have been cured there since then, and many girls have been trained to be doctors and nurses. So you see the King of Heaven blessed the gift of the prince.