

have her!" pointing to the monitress. Then ensued a struggle as to who should be the bearer of her slate, books, or bag, which very act proved a triumph over barbarism, it being considered a great degradation in India for a man to touch, much less carry, any article belonging to a woman. After proper guarantees had been given as to the protection of the young girl, they turned their faces homeward in great joy, although even on the way, neighboring clans honored the successful teacher by quarrelling about which of them possessed the better right over her services.—*S. S. Times.*

THE DUMB MISSIONARY.

The following beautiful prayer was composed by a boy aged thirteen years, who is deaf and dumb, and an inmate of an institution, in the west of England, where children who are thus afflicted are trained "up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Lord, I pray thee hear my prayer! Give me the Holy Spirit. The Spirit of God can give me a renewed heart. I pray thee, the Lord God, to bless me. Spare me from danger. I wish to be a missionary, if the Lord God is willing to let me go to be a missionary. I am deaf and dumb: I cannot speak and hear. I will submit to the Lord, because the Lord made me so. I thank thee: "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." I pray thee bless the deaf and dumb pupils. Help us to love Jesus the Saviour. Wash away our sin in the blood of Jesus Christ. Comfort our teachers. I pray thee, help the teachers to teach these deaf and dumb pupils. Help me to teach the poor deaf and dumb people in heathen lands. The Lord guide me to go to foreign countries. The Lord take care of me from cruel people. Bless my mother and brothers. Comfort her. Help her to work. Give her food and clothes. Help me to resist Satan. Make me more happy. The Lord can make me happy—more than the world, if the world make me unhappy. I am young, I am ignorant. "Give me now wisdom and knowledge." I thank thee, because the Lord makes me well and strong. Hear my prayer, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

It might not be likely that this boy should ever visit heathen countries; but in heart he was a missionary, and by his prayers, it may be, did more to bless the heathen than many who, without prayer, profess zeal in the missionary cause.

HEATHEN CRUELTY.

An English missionary lady in India, speaking of a tour, says; "We witnessed sights one day which made me feel quite sick and faint, though comparatively used to them; and they had just the same effect on the children, who loathed their food, saying, 'Oh, mamma let us go away from this horrible place.' These sights were, many human bodies floating down the Ganges, in various stages of decay. But we saw worse than this.

"As our boat drifted down the stream, I observed a little group, consisting of two men, a woman, and a child, who were sitting by the bank of the river, talking together very unconcernedly. When we came nearer, I saw that they had placed a poor young woman on the wet, muddy shore, with her feet touching the water. Her mouth was thickly besmeared with the sacred earth, and on her eyes they occasionally poured a little Ganges water. My hope was that the poor creature was already dead; and *Ram Chondro*, the catechist, who was with us, called out: 'Of what disease did that woman die?'

"'Oh,' replied one of the men, 'she has had the cholera, but she is not dead yet; that is what we are waiting for. As soon as the breath leaves her body, we shall throw her into the river and go home.'"

"*Ram Chondro* jumped on shore in a moment; he had studied native medicine, and understood cholera cases well. 'Although you have placed that poor thing's feet in the cold water,' he exclaimed, 'they are neither cramped nor blue; she would recover if you took her home, and tended her carefully; take her out of the water directly.'

"They shook their heads. 'No, thank you; when we want your advice, we will ask it; till then, leave us alone.'"—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*