

God has kindly put it into her heart to do so, that the little sufferer may receive that help and comfort which it needs, and which none but a fond mother would give.

But heathenism destroys the work of God. It often roots out of the heart its natural affections. Under its horrid influence "e'en mothers monsters prove." Of this you have many proofs from the South Seas, and India, and China, and other dark parts of the earth, which are "full of the habitations of cruelty." But you shall now read another instance of the kind from South Africa. You have, no doubt, often heard of the Caffres and the Bechuanas who live in that country; and, perhaps, you may have been told that they are what people term fine races of men; that is, tall and strong, and well formed. This has been noticed by most of the travellers who have gone among them, and these travellers have been very much surprised, because they never saw there any that were lame, or dumb, or blind, or idiots. But they did not find out the reason of this, nor did any body else before our Missionaries went there. They, however, have made the discovery, and a horrible discovery it is! They have discovered that all the dear children that were afflicted in this way were murdered by their parents. Yes! dear young friends, that which would have made *your* dear mother feel more tenderly towards you, and treat you with the greater care, is the very cause which hardens the hearts of these wretched heathen against their helpless little ones. If a child was born blind, it was at once stifled, either with a handful of ashes thrust into its mouth, or with a ladleful of burning fat poured down its throat. If the mother gave birth to twins, one of them was sent away by its cruel parents into the woods, and left there to be devoured by the leopards, or other wild beasts. The same thing was done to all that were deaf, or dumb, or deformed, or lame, or insane; and if a mother died while

nursing, though her infant might be strong and healthy, it was buried alive by her side.

One day a Missionary was at a place called Mafissa, when some young women brought to him a child between two and three years old, which they had just picked up near several high rocks, from one of which it had evidently fallen down. Its body was covered with bruises, and its little tongue was bitten and torn by its teeth, no doubt from the great pain which it had suffered. After inquiry, the child's mother was found, and brought to the Missionary; when, without shame or sorrow, she said, that, as the boy was weak and rickety, and she wished to get rid of him, she had laid him up amongst the rocks in a place where there are many hyenas, and that, in order to draw these ravenous creatures to the spot, that they might eat the child, her husband had killed a goat, and had put it near him!

Dear young friends, the Gospel in those lands has already saved many little ones from a cruel death, and if you and others will do what you can to send out more Missionaries, *all* heathen mothers will learn to love their children as your mothers love you, and their souls, as well as their lives, will be saved from destruction.

THE YOUTH WHO LOVED EARTH MORE THAN HEAVEN.

Among many people who came to the Saviour, one day there was a very rich young man. But though he was rich and great as to this world, he was very lovely and amiable in his conduct. And he knelt down before the Lord, with great reverence and humility. The errand on which he came was one of vast importance; for he came with this inquiry, *What good thing can I do, so as to inherit eternal life?*

It was a very pleasant sight to behold this rich young man asking, with so much seriousness, such a question. Too many care nothing about eternal