

poor people from whom they were taken, whilst the tails of the horses captured at the same time were used by the umbrella carriers for beating off the flies. There were many other skulls displayed belonging to important persons captured in war; some ornamented with horses' tails, others placed upon stools and drums, and six flags had the tops of their sticks surmounted with skulls. But the most sickening and disgusting sight was that of six poor men, gagged and bound fast, in litters carried upon men's heads, destined to be sacrificed. One poor man seemed to be in the deepest distress. My blood boiled with indignation at the sight, but I was powerless to save the poor man from death. The next day we were requested to be at the palace again, when the same kind of thing occurred, save that the processions were those of the women officers, and the human victims were displayed. There were fresh heads at the palace gates.

Some days after this a new market was opened, and many slaves were sold in the market, a grandson of the king buying a little boy for eight strings of cowries equal in value to twopence. During the week on which the ceremonies connected with the opening of this market were celebrated, the king was accustomed to throw cowries, clothes, etc., from a platform to the people below, and finishing up by throwing human beings, who were then sacrificed. Mr. Milum states that intelligent natives affirm that the victims this year were taken from the town of Mikkam, east of Dahomey, and that the captives numbered over 17,000, besides 7,200 whose heads were brought in. He estimates that during King Gelele's reign he has murdered in cold blood at least 5400 prisoners of war. Mr. Milum well says that such atrocities call loudly upon the civilised powers for suppression.

A Little Girl's Act.

When the Boston train came steaming into the depot the crowd rushed for seats. As a band of recruits mounted the platform they shouted back to their friends who had accompanied them to the train, the various slang phrases they could command, interspersed with an oath now and then. As the train moved on, they pushed each other into the car, where many ladies were seated, including Mrs. B— and her two boys.

Then the oaths came out thick and fast, each one evidently trying to out-do the other in profanity. Mrs. R— shud-

dored for herself and her boys, for she could not bear to have their young minds contaminated with such language. If the train had not been so crowded she would have looked for seats elsewhere, but under the circumstances she was compelled to remain where she was.

Finally, after the coarse jesting had continued nearly an hour, a little girl, who with her mother sat in front of the party, stepped out timidly from her seat, and going up to the ringleader of the group, a young man whose countenance indicated considerable intelligence—she presented him with a small Bible.

She was a little, delicate looking creature, only seven or eight years old; and as she laid the book in his hands, she raised her eyes appealingly to him, but without saying a word went back to her seat.

The party could not have been more completely hushed if an angel had silenced them. Not another oath was heard, and scarcely a word was spoken by any of them during the remainder of the journey.

The young man who had received the book seemed particularly impressed. He got out of the car at the next station and purchased a paper of candy for his little friend, which he presented to her. He then stooped down and kissed her, and said he would always keep the little Bible for her sake.

The little girl's mother afterwards told Mrs. — that her child had been so troubled by the wickedness of those young men that she could not rest until she had given her little Bible, which she valued so highly herself.—*Chris. Inq.*

The Motherless.

Sitting in the school room, I overheard a conversation between a sister and a brother. The little boy complained of insults or wrongs received from another little boy. His face flushed with anger. The sister listened a while, and then turning away, she answered, "I do not want to hear another word; *Willie has no mother.*" The brother's lips were silent; the rebuke came home to him, and stealing away, he muttered, "I never thought of that." He thought of his own mother and the loneliness of "*Willie*" compared with his own happy lot. "*He has no mother.*" Do we think of it when want comes to the orphan, and rude words assail him? Has the little wanderer no mother to listen to his little sorrows? Speak gently to him then.