

Drowning the Baby.

As a missionary was walking by the river Ganges, in India, one day, he noticed a Brahmin woman and her two sons; a beautiful boy of twelve years, and a little baby a few months old, with two female servants going towards the river. By their appearance he knew that the child was to be drowned to please the goddess Gunga. When they reached the principal bathing place four priests came up to them; and when the mother saw them she gave a loud cry and fell senseless to the ground. She was carried by her servants to the water's edge, where there was a great crowd of people. The chief priest then took the lovely babe from his mother's arms, covered its little body with oil, vermilion, and saffron, dressed it in red and yellow muslin, and began to repeat charms over its head.

The priests tried to arouse the mother, who at last opened her eyes. When she remembered what was going on, she sank back, saying:

"Is there nothing that will save my child?"

"No," said the priest, who expected a large sum of money for performing the ceremony; "no. You have vowed to give him up, and you must do it. But the gods want you to be willing to do it. Are you willing? Say so, and let the goddess take her own."

"No, no!" cried the mother, "I am not willing. If I break my vow, I can only be cursed. Let the curse come. I would rather die than do it."

"Yes," said the angry priest, "the curse shall come, but not on you; it shall come on the lad there," pointing to the elder boy, "on the darling of your heart. You shall go home to-morrow, taking your worthless babe with you, it is true, but leaving your noble boy, the hope of your house. Do you still refuse?"

The poor mother could not speak, and the priest added:

"Then wave your hand as a sign that I may throw your babe into the river."

The sign was given; and the child was thrown. One little splash was heard; but the next moment the mother had it safe in her arms once more. Wild with grief she had plunged in and saved it.

"No, no; Gunga shall not have him!" she cried. "I was mad, quite mad, when I made that vow. If it were a daughter, perhaps I could give it up; but I can not see my baby boy drowned before my eyes."

The priest threatened her with still more dreadful things. She was made to say again she was willing; and the priest was just ready to throw the child into the water when his arm was drawn back by the missionary, and he was thrown down by a soldier who was close behind. You know that Queen Victoria is Empress of India as well as Queen of England; and Englishmen have made a law that children shall not be drowned in this way. When the missionary found what was going on, he went in great haste for some soldiers to stop the priest, and arrived just in time to save the baby's life.

The frightened priest got away as well as he could, the crowd fled after him, and the missionary, the soldiers and the now happy family were left alone. The mother fell at the feet of the missionary crying,

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times, sir! You have saved my darling. You have made my mother's heart rejoice. Oh, how could I have lived without my baby! I can do nothing for you, sir, but the God of the universe will reward you. I will always pray to our gods to send you their blessings."

Relieved and happy, the mother said to her servants: "Come, Dasee and Tara, let us go to our boats and leave this dreadful place. The gods grant that I may never see it again!"

Since the gospel has been carried to India, these things very seldom happen: and if all Christian people would do what they could to send missionaries there, the time would soon come when they would never happen. What can you do?

To the Boys and Girls who Read the Link.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—Do you remember a piece in the LINK last August, by E. E. McConnell, asking each one of you to dry one cup full of fruit, or corn, to send to our missionaries in India. Well, I am just going to tell you what a little boy named Tommy Wilson (who lives in Brussels, twelve miles from Wingham) did, when he read it. He thought how easy it would be for him to try this plan, so he began and dried a nice little bag full of sweet corn and fruit. His mamma was very glad to think that God had put it in the heart of her little son (nobody told him) to do what he could to aid the missionaries, but there being no Baptist church or Mission Band in Brussels, she began to wonder how she could send Tommy's productions, and wrote to a friend in Wingham to see if we were going to send any. We replied, "Yes, we will try." We were just about organizing a Mission Band at the time, and at our first meeting we told the Band about Tommy and his dried fruit, and what do you think, we found that other little boys and girls had some already sewed up in little bags, but did not know how to get them sent away. Others followed, and when Tommy's parcel came, we had a large biscuit box full, which was forwarded to A. A. Ayer, Esq., of Montreal, for India.

Now will you not try and do what you can this summer, during the fruit season, while enjoying your summer holidays? and if you have no Mission Band, ask your S. S. teachers to help you organize one, or send to the nearest Mission Band, which will be glad to aid you. I must not forget to tell you that this little boy is a member of our Band, although so far away, but we sometimes send him a nice little letter to tell him all about it.

K. M. FISHER.

Wingham, Ont., June, 1883.

DURING the last illness of the late Maharajah of Travancore, a most singular ceremony was performed, which bears some resemblance to the Jewish institution of the scapegoat. A man was found willing, for 10,000 rupees, to bear the Maharajah's sins. He was brought into the royal presence, and after the Brahmins had performed certain ceremonies over him, the sick man tenderly embraced him. Then he was led out of the country of Travancore into the Tinnevely district with a charge never to return.

If you desire to be great and good and efficient in God's cause, or in any good work, make the most of the capital in hand. Develop and train and prune yourself. The glory of manhood is its royal kingship over the realm of self. Make the kingdom of your own soul glorious, and real greatness will come to you.