

well run down. The baby seemed to grow fat with it all.

We shall be anxious to hear the plans of the Board for us.

"Unto you it is given not only to believe on His name, but also to suffer for His sake." We think ourselves honored, indeed, to have been counted worthy, and ask nothing but to be allowed to remain in China.

IF THEY ONLY KNEW.

(Copied by request.)

On a hot, dusty plain in Central India stands a poor little Hindu village. One morning in spring, when the searching winds that precede the monsoon were beginning to blow, and the air was dry and oppressive, an unusual stir might have been seen among the people, and busy preparations for a season of feasting and merry-making. In one of the mud huts, surrounded by a group of chattering women, is a young girl with large, glowing eyes, and face eager and expectant. Lachmi is to be married to-day, and she is happier than she has been before in all her short life. Not because she is soon to wed the one she loves, for she has never seen her future husband, but on account of the new yellow *sari* that is draped about her slender form, and the abundant jewels she wears. Poor enough ornaments they are; but the cheap glass bracelets and heavy pewter rings that encircle the delicate ankles seem beautiful in Lachmi's eyes.

The ceremony proceeds, and at last the supreme moment arrives when the bride is presented to her husband. The *sari* is thrown back from her face, and for one brief instant Lachmi raises her eyes timidly to meet those bent upon her. Only one glance; then, with a swift recoil of horror, she sinks back, faint and gasping. Great beads of perspiration start from her forehead as the awful truth forces itself upon the poor girl that she is married to a leper! and her father knew this all the time, even arranged the betrothal himself, and yet did not tell his child. Lachmi turns to him with such a look of appealing agony in her face that it seems as if a heart of stone would be melted by it. Her eyes fill with scalding tears, and her lips quiver. But she does not cry out; she is very quiet. Hindu girls are taught to suffer in silence: they have no redress. Besides, in this case, what good would it do to speak? It is too late.