

Save the babies Here is a sad item I met with a few days ago—"When a Chinese father carries away his little baby daughter and puts it to death, he walks back to his house zigzag fashion, so that the little spirit may not find its way back to be avenged. What a fearsome thing for a father to do. How different from the way your father treats you. The baby girl in your home is loved and cared for. What makes our land different from the China in this regard? The Bible. And better still, the Bible by God's blessing on its truths can make China as safe and happy a land as ours, for the little girl babies, and the young people who read these lines can do their part in sending that Bible and missionaries to teach it. Remember, that among the many good things that follow the coming of Christ in some parts of China is that the babies are saved from death.

HEATHENISM HAS NO PITY.

A STORY.

Dr. Margaret McKellar, one of our missionaries in Indore, gives a sad picture of heathen cruelty that came under her notice not long since.

"She was a bright young woman of one of the highest castes in old Neemuch. When I saw her first she was suffering from malarial fever. There is no reason humanly speaking why she could not have been cured had the prescribed treatment been properly carried out. I provided medicines which cure such fevers, but without any beneficial result in her case, the secret being that the drugs were not properly, if at all, given.

A wedding over which hundreds of rupees were being expended was taking place in the home, and yet, money enough to supply good milk to this sick, suffering one, was withheld. When I asked her why she did not drink the milk which one of the women said she had offered her, her answer was 'It is so bad, how can I drink it.'

Symptoms had developed which required a special diet, but rather than attend to this,

they called for no more medicines for six weeks.

One day her husband came to me asking me to go and see her, which I did. The change from neglect was so great that one never would have recognized in her the bright young woman whom I first saw.

For over a month not a drop of water had touched her body. Her hair was uncombed for a corresponding length of time. The room was so dirty and the air so foul and feverous, that the marvel is she did not die ere she did.

What could I do? I had advised, reasoned, and scolded by turn, but not with any effect. There, in a crevice in the wall was the powder which would have checked an alarming symptom.

I pleaded at the time with them to bring her into a nice clean house in our compound where she would be well cared for, but endless excuses were made, how that her caste would be broken and no Brahmin woman could be got to cook for her, &c.

For about a week I visited her daily at her own request. I don't know why she wanted me to come, unless she thought I had some charm, like the Brahmins pretend to have, apart from the drugs, by which I could cure her. Oh how one longs at such times for the Power which healed the multitudes on the shore of Galilee.

Brahmins were consulted, who said she would be sick a little while but would then get better, so I was asked to discontinue my visits. A few days afterward she passed away.

We have much need of your earnest prayers that our faith fail not.

A SABBATH SCHOOL IN STRAITS.

TURNUED OUT OF DOORS.

IN September last, writes Dr. Margaret O'Hara, one of our missionaries in Indore, Central India, a patient came to the hospital, who was suffering intensely. She remained some weeks, was very bright, learned several texts of Scripture