

**BURYING CHILDREN IN PEKING.**

"If you lived in Peking you would be surprised never to see a child's funeral pass, but if you go into the street very early in the morning you will find the explanation. You would meet a large covered vehicle drawn by two oxen, having a sign across the front stating its horrible office, and piled to the brim with the bodies of children.

Sometimes there are a hundred in the cart at once, thrown in as garbage, nearly all of them naked, a few of them tied up in old reed baskets, and fewer, never more than one or two, in cheap board coffins.

These carts go about the streets each night, pick up these pitiable remains, some of them mutilated by dogs; they are thrown in like so much wood and taken to a pit outside the city wall, into which they are dumped, then covered with quick lime.

Does it make you sick to hear of such a thing? I have lived seven years in the city where that is a daily occurrence."

—*In Woman's Work for Women.*

**A FORGIVING KAFFIR.**

A missionary relates the following incident:—"A settler in South Africa, who lived some distance up the country, one day found a native lurking about his stable. He accused the man of trying to steal a horse. The captive reiterated his innocence, and explained that he was going home to his kraal. Despite his frantic struggles and efforts to escape, the poor Kaffir was dragged to a tree, and there, with one blow of an axe, his right hand was severed from the wrist.

"It was about three months after this tragic event that the settler found himself benighted while still far away from his home. A tall native desired him to enter, and food was placed before him. Next morning when he rose to depart, his host confronted him, and holding up his right arm asked the white man if he knew it. The squatter turned pale—the hand was gone. He knew that he had been at the mercy of the man he had treated so cruelly. The Kaffir continued, 'You were in my power. I could have killed you. Revenge said, 'Kill the man who has named you for life;' but I replied, 'No; I am a Christian, and I will forgive.'"—*Set.*

**OUR INDIAN WOMEN.**

In reading the following picture of Indian Women in the Western States, as given in *The Indian Friend*, remember that they are much like the Indians in our North-West in whom our women's societies are doing an earnest work.

What I like about the Indian woman is that she is so womanly. The Indian woman is intensely feminine, but she develops the characteristics of her sex in three quite distinct stages of her life. She begins as a butterfly. She goes on as a loving drudge, and she ends as an autocrat.

The Indian young girl is not expected to work, or to do much work. She is expected only to adorn herself and enjoy the brief summer of her life. When she becomes, as she usually does at an early age, a wife and mother, the conditions of her life are reversed. She is then the last served at the table of life. She thinks of husband, children, guests and everyone before herself. She is a most devoted, self-effacing mother.

The third period is that of old age. The grandmother is the tyrant of the Indian community, sharp, shrill-voiced, and determined always to have the last word, and if that last word is not for progress, but as it usually is, for the old time thought, she becomes a barrier, a real hindrance and obstacle in the way of civilization. It is the grandmother who almost invariably predicts an early death for the child who goes to school and who prophesies every misfortune for those who accept the new way. She is invariably suspicious of the white man and takes no pains to hide her dislike of him. She revives some of the worst features of the old Indian life in her death dirges and songs upon every possible occasion.

Indian women are beginning already to feel the value of organization. Although they are conservative, as we perhaps are as a sex, still they are approachable and receptive. In the churches nearly all the Indian women with whom I am best acquainted are organized into women's societies connected with their churches. They meet regularly and by the labor of their hands they raise the great bulk of the funds given by native churches for the support of their pastors and for charitable purposes. These poor, ignorant women, by their own work, denying themselves even the necessities of life, that they may give to their missionaries and to Foreign Missions.

It is through the women that we can reach the hearts of the people.