

Why she, a woman came the other day—  
 was lame, writes Rev. F. H. Russell, one of  
 our missionaries in India, with a lameness in  
 her knee. It was from a thorn which had  
 become imbedded there. When we suggested  
 that she have the thorn removed, she objected,  
 on the ground that her means of living would  
 be gone, as she made her lameness an excuse  
 for begging. She had herself stuck the thorn  
 in, for the express purpose of making her  
 appear more helpless, and a greater object of  
 charity.

### A STORY FROM INDIA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY MARGARET O'HARA, M.D.

**T**HAT you may understand the fol-  
 lowing interesting story, let me  
 say that Rev. Frank H. Russell,  
 and his wife, and Miss Margaret  
 O'Hara, M.D., are our missionaries at a new  
 station called Dhar, in Central India, where  
 all around them are heathen, and they have  
 scarcely any Christian converts as yet. They  
 have only been there a few months, and the  
 new bungalow of which she speaks is a house  
 they are getting built to live in. The poor  
 woman was carrying bricks for the builder  
 and had laid her little child on the floor while  
 she was at work, just as you may have seen  
 your mother lay the baby on the carpet while  
 she was doing some work. The "Dak bung-  
 a-low" is a shelter for travellers, at which the  
 missionaries are staying until their house is  
 built.—Ed.

DHAR, INDIA, 16 April, '96.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

On the 18th of last month Mr. and Mrs.  
 Russell and I went over to see how our mis-  
 sion bungalow was progressing.

Lying on the wet floor of one of the rooms,  
 was a little, half clad, emaciated baby, whom  
 we had often before noticed during the  
 months the building has been in the course  
 of erection.

Attracted by its needs rather than its  
 beauty, I went over and began to amuse the  
 little thing. The mother passing at the time  
 with a basket of bricks on her head, stopped,  
 and asked me to adopt her baby.

Not knowing whether she meant it or not,  
 I replied that if she brought the baby, accom-  
 panied by a legally stamped paper on which  
 was written her willingness to give up all  
 claim to the little one, that I would take it.

The day following she came to the Dak  
 bungalow, bringing the stamped paper and  
 the baby. In the presence of four witnesses  
 she made the sign of her bracelet, as she can-  
 not write. The witnesses all signed the  
 paper testifying to her willingness to give up  
 the baby. This done the little mother  
 handed both baby and paper to me, and went  
 away.

Four days later we again were over at the  
 new building, when the little mother came  
 and asked us to take her also, saying she was  
 willing to do whatever work we gave her, if  
 we would only save her from her present life.  
 This was a more difficult problem than the  
 adopting of the baby.

Long, earnestly and with grateful hearts  
 did Mrs. Russell and I talk the matter over,  
 and finally decided to take the mother also.  
 She followed us to the bungalow bringing  
 nothing but what she wore. Mrs. Russell  
 had some food prepared. This she ate read-  
 ily, and went to sleep beside my bed.

Next morning before sunrise her parents  
 and caste people came and demanded that  
 she be driven out of the bungalow. This we  
 refused to do; but said she might go if she  
 wished, or that they might talk with her  
 where she was.

The parents then asked if we had com-  
 pelled their daughter to come to us. The  
 poor frightened little girl had hidden behind  
 a chair and looked like a hunted bird, but  
 immediately she replied, "I came of my own  
 pleasure and I have eaten their food."

This statement proclaimed to them the fact  
 that she had given up her old religion and  
 that she was now separated from her caste.

For a moment the people were silent, but  
 they soon found their tongues, and abused  
 the poor girl as only Hindus can.

She has been with us now for almost a  
 month, and is bright and happy and shows  
 no desire to return to her people although