

but he said it was "Corean custom." I replied: "It is a very bad custom, though in this case it would result in no further harm, as the child was dying; yet it was exceedingly cruel, and in cases where recovery from the disease might occur, inflammations of these punctured joints were sure to follow, and often suppuration, with death, of the bones, so that amputation of the foot or hand is the only radical cure; that many such cases had come to me at the hospital." The doctor and father now went out, and the mother and Esther came in. Esther had been telling her about our Father in heaven, and that her dear little son would soon be with Him and be free from sickness and pain for evermore. The poor mother seemed anxious to learn all she could. We prayed with her, and left for her to read the little tract called *Communion*, or, as it is in Corean, *Comforting Words*. A few days later she sent a servant with the message that the child had died and was buried. She sent me a little present, with an invitation to visit her again; and I am sorry that as yet I have not had time to do so.

### Is it Nothing to You?

["Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"—Lam. i. 12.]

IS it nothing to you, O ye Christians,  
That millions of beings to-day  
In the heathen darkness of *China*  
Are rapidly passing away?  
They have never heard the story  
Of the loving Lord who saves,  
And "fourteen hundred every hour  
Are sinking to Christless graves."

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,  
That in *India's* far away land  
There are thousands of people pleading  
For the touch of the Saviour's hand?  
They are groping and trying to find Him,  
And, although He is ready to save,  
Eight hundred precious souls each hour  
Sink to a Christless grave.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,  
That *Africa* walks by night?  
That Christians at home deny them  
The blessed gospel light?  
The cry goes up this morning  
From a heart-broken race of slaves,  
And seven hundred every hour  
Sink into Christless graves.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?  
Will ye pass by and say,  
"It is *nothing*, we cannot aid them?"  
You can give, or go, or pray.  
You can save your souls from blood-guiltiness,  
For in lands you never trod  
The heathen are dying every day,  
And dying without God.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?  
Dare ye say ye have naught to do?  
All over the world they wait for the light  
And is it nothing to you?

### Think On These Things.

THE population of India equals the combined population of the following countries: Russia, United States, Germany, France, Great Britain, Turkey Proper, and Canada.

If each person in India could represent a letter in our English Bible, it would take seventy Bibles to represent the heathen population of India, while the Christian population could be represented by the prophecy of Isaiah.

The people of India, holding hands, would reach three times around the globe at the equator.

Put the people into single file, allow three feet space for each to walk in, and walking at the rate of ten miles a day,

it would take them forty years to pass a given point; or walking five miles a day, with the present increase of population by birth rate, the great procession would never have an end.

Could you put the women of India into a column eight deep and allow a foot and a half for each woman, thus walking in lock-step, you would have a column reaching eight times across the continent of North America.

Again, could you distribute Bibles to the women of India at the rate of twenty thousand a day, you would require seventeen years to hand each woman a Bible.

Could you put the children of India into a column four deep, and allowing a space of two feet for each child to walk in, you would have a procession reaching five thousand miles; and walking five miles a day, it would take them two and three-quarters years to pass a given point.

The widows of India would outnumber four cities like London, England. Give to each a standing space of one foot, standing ten abreast, and this closely-packed column would reach the full length of New York State.

One in every six of the females in India is doomed to a desolate and degraded life, and, in this awful proportion, to disgrace and crime. The common term for widow and harlot in Bengal is the same.—*The Medical Missionary Record*.

### A Chinese Man of Business.

MR. MAO, the first Christian of T'ungkeo (a village lately visited), is a man of meek disposition. Before his conversion he smoked opium, and both sold and drank wine. Since professing to be a Christian, however, all these habits have disappeared, and he has made decided progress in spiritual things. He brings Christianity into his every-day life; consequently, although naturally a quiet man, he exercises a great influence, and is respected for his uprightness by all in the village. He trades chiefly in cloth, but sometimes sells bedding, bed-covers, bed-curtains, etc., and visits some of the markets within a few miles of T'ungkeo.

On one occasion, some two years ago, he bought a pair of bed-curtains at Tu-san for taels 0.45. After returning home he took them with other things to the market at Tang-kung, fifteen li from T'ungkeo. He sold them that day for taels 1.00 on trust; but the man who bought them, after keeping them for two months, returned them again, saying his wife would not let him have them. Some men of the same trade, and who have their stalls close to Mr. Mao's, persuaded him not to take back the curtains, saying, "You surely won't take them back! Get the money for them." Mr. Mao answered, "No, if he does not want them, I shall take them back, as it would only mean a row to insist upon having the money." He thereupon took back the curtains, and the man was so pleased and surprised at getting rid of them so easily that he continued bowing to brother Mao for quite a long time, as the custom is that when a bargain is struck for anything, the money is to be had, whether by fair means or foul. Mr. Mao's fellow-tradesmen, upon seeing this, remarked, "You Christians are very weak persons—afraid of such a man as this." A few days afterwards was market-day at T'ungkeo, and the curtains were again displayed upon Mr. Mao's stall. During the day a man, well known to Mr. Mao, bargained for them for about taels 1.10. He took them, promising to bring the money next market-day. When that day arrived the man appeared, but instead of bringing the money, he also had brought back the curtains. He sidled up to Mr. Mao's stall, and commenced to talk about the weather, trade, and everything else but the curtains, being afraid to speak of them, knowing that ordinarily the mere mentioning of the subject would bring down a torrent of abuse upon himself. After a long time, Mr. Mao said, "Have you brought back the curtains? Don't you want them?" The man then explained that he had no money to pay for them, and would be grateful if Mr. Mao would take them back again. "But you won't take them back, will you?" chimed in his companions. "If the man has no money to pay for them, what am I to do?" asked Mr. Mao. "He bought them—make him pay for them," they