

CRUELTY OF HEATHENISM.

BY THE REV. J. M'CARTER.

(For the Children's Record.)

When the large ship *Grosvenor* was wrecked at Delagoa Bay in 1782, the crew and passengers travelled along twelve hundred miles of the African coast seeking the help they needed. They passed tribe after tribe of Kafirs, who scorned them as beggars, and were far more ready to plunder and maltreat than to shew any kindness. One by one they died, till more than a hundred perished of hunger and hardship, but as soon as the few survivors reached the settlements of the Dutch, who knew the Bible, they received every kindness and hospitality.

One evening, while the writer was sitting in his home in South Africa, a man was led in whose arm had been sorely bruised by the teeth of a lion. He told how after the lion had left him faint with loss of blood, and killed the horse on which he had ridden, he crawled and wandered for nine days in the midst of natives who treated him with cold neglect, and he must have perished had he not reached the house of a settler from a Christian land.

Can it be wondered at that the heathen are cruel, when even their religion teaches them that their gods are pleased with human torture and blood? Are we not told of the old Canaanites that "even their sons and their daughters they have burnt in the fire to their gods?" One of the native tribes called the Khoonds were in the habit of kidnapping children, and at times adults, and after fattening them like cattle, selling them for sacrifice.

As the mournful procession moves on to the fatal spot where the sacrifice is to be offered, they sing songs to the goddess of earth, praying for her to give them cattle, sheep, pigs, children, poultry, and safety from tigers and snakes, and promising her plenty of human blood.

Arrived at the Meria Grove, the victim is bound for a day in a sitting posture to a stake, while drinking, feasting, and li-

centious orgies, proceed, as they have done for the two previous days.

About noon of the third, the unhappy Meria, whose arms, if not also his legs, have been broken in several places, is enclosed in the cleft of a split branch of a tree, which holds him fast. The priest then slightly wounds him with an axe, by way of signal, when the multitude rush on the wretched victim and cut his flesh in small pieces from his bones. Each then returns home and deposits the fragment he has brought away, in his field, as an offering to the earth goddess, supposed to have the power of making land fertile.

After this all are dumb for three days. Then a buffalo is offered at the place of sacrifice, and their tongues are loosed again. What a blood thirsty divinity the poor Khoonds must imagine God to be! Will you not help send them the gospel that they may learn that "God is Love."

A LETTER FROM A HINDI BOY.

SAN FERNANDO, TRINIDAD,

May 15th, 1886.

Dear Mr. Scott:

Mr. Grant asked me to write something for the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

As I wish to be a Missionary, I will say something about my family and myself. Our home is in St. Mary's Village, Oropouche, which is about eight miles from here. Most of the black and colored people there, are Roman Catholics, a very few are Protestants. My parents knew nothing of Jesus, neither did they wish to know.

About five years ago Mr. Grant returning from Fyzabad which is about five miles beyond our house, called at our shop, weary himself and with a weary horse, and saw us for the first time. That day we became friends.

Soon after he came back bringing Balu Lal Behari with him. Their visits were repeated again and again. My parents liked to see them come, and hear their words, but though they liked to hear of God's kindness in sending Jesus to save