

the One Hundred and Twenty-first Psalm I am led to add a few lines for your paper, telling of the comfort and peace it brought to my little boy of ten years. The little fellow was taken with scarlet fever, and during his sickness he had learned, verse by verse the One Hundred and Twenty-first Psalm. It had been my custom to read to him every morning the chapter appointed for the day in the Westminster series, from which we studied our lesson for Sunday-school, and then my little boy would read me six verses of a psalm. But being too ill for that, we had simply learned by heart one verse a day of that beautiful psalm, and then repeated it over and over after it was all learned. Soon he got well enough to go out, as it was summer time, and we thought him so slightly ill; but in some way we cannot think of he must have taken cold, and before long the little fellow was very ill again, and had soon passed from this world into his heavenly home. About fifteen minutes before he died, when suffering so sadly, he turned to me and said, in a slow whispered breath, for he could only speak with much difficulty, "Mamma, will you read me something?" and when I asked him what he would like me to read, he turned and said: "Dear mamma, the One Hundred and Twenty-first Psalm that we learned together." I sat by him and held his little hand in mine, and read it to him as best I could, for my heart was breaking. I loved the little fellow so, and felt so sure he was to leave me soon. When I got through he turned, and looking at me, whispered: "Mamma, can you say every word of that?" He seemed to want the words to comfort me too. I then repeated them, and when I got through he put his hand up to my eyes to see if he could there feel any tears.

I asked him if he would like me to read him anything else, for he seemed so much soothed already. He then asked for the Twenty-third Psalm, which he was always fond of. When I had read that the little fellow turned and said: "That's enough, mamma: I am happy," and pressed his two little hands in mine. From almost writhing in his little bed, from difficulty in breathing and extreme restlessness, he closed his little eyes and seemed so quiet and comforted to the end.

OUR LITTLE INDIAN SISTERS.

MY DEAR GIRLS.—I am going to tell you a little about "the Daughters of India," which will show you how very

differently situated they are from you, and what need they have to receive our sympathy, and prayer, and help.

You all know that that great Continent of India has, in a wonderful way, been given, as it were, by God to Britain, and that our gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria, reigns there as well as in this country. You know, too, that the people are not like us that their skins are brown, their hair and eyes black. Their features, however, are not unlike ours, and many of the females of the higher castes are very pretty. You know, too, that they worship idols, and that they have many degrading superstitions. But you can scarcely know how bad and cruel their social customs are, and that little girls suffer much under them.

I must tell you that, among the Hindoos, girls are looked down upon and despised. When a father is told that a baby girl is born, he is ready to curse the day of his birth. The poor mother, too, is sad, for she knows what her husband's feelings will be.

Many of these poor baby girls used to be put to death as soon as they were born; but when Missionaries, travelling about in the country, came to know of the cruel things which were done, they reported them to the British Government at Calcutta, and wrote books exposing "Female Infanticide," and at last it was forbidden by law. Still many poor little girls are allowed to die, or slowly put to death, so that their parents may not be found out and punished. I saw a little girl infant being, thus slowly killed by opium, and when the father was remonstrated with, he said, Oh! it is a girl, let it die."

Now you see baby girls welcomed in your homes as well as boys, and you naturally ask, "Why do Hindoo fathers and mothers not like to have girls?" I will tell you some of the reasons. They are obliged, by their social customs, to get their daughters married before they reach the age of ten. I think I hear you laugh at the idea of being married before you are ten! Well! the father of a girl has to give a great deal of money to a father of a boy of his own caste along with his daughter. That is one reason. Another is, that a son makes prayers, and pays money to priests to take his father out of the sort of purgatory that they think they go to when they die, as well as to perform all the funeral rites which their Shasters (sacred books) command. A third reason is, a Hindu thinks his gods are pleased with him if they send him sons, and angry when they