

father, as if speaking to himself; and then added, "John, it is wrong to break God's holy Sabbath. He has forbidden it, and your teacher was quite right."

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—*Kind Words.*

Girl Life in India.

On the day of her marriage she is put into a palanquin shut up tight, and carried to her husband's house. Hitherto she has been the spoilt pet of her mother; now she is to be the little slave of her mother-in-law, whose commands she is implicitly to obey, and who teaches her what she is to do to please her husband; what dishes he likes best and how to cook them. If the mother-in-law is kind, she will let the girl go home occasionally to visit her mother.

Of her husband she sees little or nothing. She is of no more account to him than a little cat or dog would be. There is seldom or never any love between them, and no matter how cruelly she may be treated, she can never complain to her husband of anything his mother may do, for he would never take his wife's part. Her husband sends to her daily the portion of food that is to be cooked for her, himself, and the children. When it is prepared, she places it all on a large brass platter and it is sent into the husband's room. He eats what he wishes, and then the platter is sent back, with what is left, for her and the children. They sit together on the ground and eat the remainder, having neither knives, forks, nor spoons. While she is young she is never allowed to go anywhere. When she becomes very old, if she makes a vow to go on a pilgrimage to some heathen temple, she is permitted to go to offer a sacrifice for herself, or for others, but this is only occasionally done; very, very few ever undertake it. She always has her Takors or household gods, on a shelf in the house, most frequently over her own bed, and to them she pays her daily devotions, offering them rice and decorating them with flowers; and so at length she draws near the hour of death, and when it is thought her end is just approaching she is carried down to the banks of the Ganges, there to breathe her last in view of that holy stream whose waters are supposed to be efficacious in cleansing away sin. As soon as the spirit has departed, the remains are taken to the Burning Ghat (the place for burning the dead bodies) and laid upon a pile of

wood. In a few hours nothing remains, but a little pile of ashes. This is then taken up and cast into the river Ganges.

Such is the life and death of the happiest, the most favored, amongst these Bengali women.

The little girls are married even as young as three years of age, and should the boy to whom such a child is married die the next day, she is called a widow, and is from thenceforth doomed to perpetual widowhood; she can never marry again. As a widow she must never wear jewelry, never dress her hair, never sleep on a bed, nothing but a piece of matting spread on a hard brick floor, and sometimes, in fact, not even that between her and the cold bricks, and no matter how cold the night may be, she must have no other covering than the thin garment she has worn in the day.

She must eat but one meal of food a day, and that of the coarsest kind, and once in two weeks she must fast for twenty-four hours. Then not a bit of food, not a drop of water or medicine must pass her lips, not even if she were dying. She must never sit down or speak in the presence of her mother-in-law, or either of her sisters-in-law, unless they command her to do so. Her food must be cooked and eaten apart from the other women. She is a disgraced, a degraded woman. She may never even look on at any of the marriage ceremonies or festivals. It would be an evil omen for her to do so. She may have been a high-caste Brahminic woman, but on her becoming a widow, any, even the lowest servant, may order her to do what they do not like to do. No woman in the house must ever speak one word of love or pity to her, for it is supposed that if a woman shows the slightest commiseration to a widow, she will immediately become one herself.

I saw an account a short time ago in an English paper that they have been trying to take the census of the population lately in India, and, as far as they had gone, they found that there were "eighty thousand widows under six years of age!" Can you imagine the amount of suffering that little sentence tells of and foretells?

—*Congregationalist.*

Interesting Children in Mission Work.

(A Paper prepared by the Ladies' Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church, and sent out as a leaflet.)

Children are easily interested in Missions, and become very valuable helpers.