

A Hindu Woman's Story.

THE HINDU GIRL.

My father looks on his boys with pride,
And takes them oft with him to ride;
But with a different glance, I see—
As I'm "only a girl"—he looks on me.

And wondrous tales my brothers tell
Of temples in which the great gods dwell,
Of spreading trees with branches fair,
Of beauteous birds that cleave the air.

Oh, why may I never wander free,
And all these sights and wonders see?
Oh, why must a girl be kept at home
And never abroad for pleasure roam?

THE HINDU WIFE.

My husband's mother is harsh to me,
And yet I must obedient be;
Whatever she may do or say,
My part is simply to obey.

I wonder where my soul will go
When I am dead? I fain would know.
'Tis said that English women read;
Oh, that must be a joy indeed!

I've often heard my servants tell
That white men love their wives so well,—
That they eat with them, and 'tis no disgrace
To be seen with them in a public place.

THE HINDU MOTHER.

My heart is filled with a rapturous joy;
My babe is a boy! My babe is a boy!
I rejoice to think that he'll never be
A thing despised and scorned like me.

THE BABE IS DEAD.

My pride, my beauteous boy, is dead!
Where, oh where, hath his spirit fled?
In what humble form of a beast doth dwell
The soul of the babe I loved so well?

Oh, all is dark! The gods love to destroy,
Else why in their wrath have they taken my boy?
Oh, must I from him to eternity part?
Then nothing can solace this desolate heart.

THE MISSIONARY HAS CALLED.

I've had a call from a lady fair
With mild blue eyes and golden hair,
And she tells of a wondrous God above—
A forgiving God, a God of love.

And she tells of his Son of wondrous birth,
Who came and dwelt on this sinful earth,
And died at last our souls to save,
And rose triumphant from the grave.

So wicked I am it cannot be
That the holy One could e'er love me.
I would believe, but oh, I find
'Tis all so dark in my sinful mind!

I've seen again that lady kind,
And she has prayed that I may find
Her God a God of love to me,
And that her Saviour my Saviour may be.

The blessed truth I now receive;
In Christ, my Saviour, I believe.
He listened to a woman's prayer:
A woman may salvation share.

The Boys.

BY THE REV. ROBERT H. WILLIAMS.

How anxiously we look upon the growing boy!
What promises, what possibilities, are found in
boyhood! What habits and characters are forming
in the boys around us! Let us group together a
few facts, which will show how character is formed
and the work of life dimly sketched, even in boy-
hood.

Genius, which has been defined as an aptitude
for a particular study or course of life, has had
much to do with the after experiences.

Galton has given some statistics of genius which
are quite interesting. Of 286 English judges,
133 had kinsmen of great eminence. These may
be grouped into ninety-five families. Of these

there are thirty-eight cases of two eminent men in
one family, forty cases of three, and five cases of
four and five, and six cases of six eminent men in
one family.

Daniel Webster was so quick in learning that
his mother predicted that he would become dis-
tinguished. He could learn more in five minutes
than some of his companions could learn in five
hours.

It is said that Nathaniel Bowditch, at the age of
fifteen, made an almanac for the year 1790, con-
taining all the usual matter.

Mozart, the celebrated musician, when only three
years old, left his playthings to listen to his sister's
music lessons. At five years of age he attempted
to write music, and soon after became a favourite
among musicians.

When Pascal was only nine years of age, he
crept into the room where his father's scientific
friends were assembled, to hear their conversation.
At eleven he drew figures to demonstrate mathe-
matical propositions, and at sixteen produced a
famous paper on conic sections.

At eleven, Sir Thomas Lawrence took portraits.
As soon as he could write, Halleck, the poet,
began to rhyme.

Bulwer, the great novelist, began authorship at
the age of six; and at fifteen he wrote a volume
entitled, "Ismael: An Oriental Tale."

When Benjamin West was at the zenith of his
fame, he related to a friend, that among the first
of his boyish efforts were six heads in chalk,
which, coming under the eye of the father of
General Wayne, were purchased by him at a dollar
a piece. "West was surprised and delighted at
their bringing so large a price, and this awakened
in him a desire to devote himself to art as a regular
pursuit during life."

Richard Whateley, the great logician and rhetori-
cian, was a poor, sickly child. Contrary to boyish
experience, he never felt hungry till he was twelve
years of age. He was a very shy youth, and used
to say afterwards, if there were no life but the
present, the kindest thing one could do for an in-
tensely shy youth would be to shoot him through
the head. But so thoughtful was this shy boy,
that he used to say of many theories of govern-
ment and civilization, "I went through them when
I was twelve; I thought that out when I was
thirteen."

Matthew Henry, the commentator, at the age of
nine was able to make Latin verses and read in the
Greek Testament.

Isaac Watts began the study of the learned
languages at four, and composed devotional verses
at eight. He had scarcely passed boyhood when
his verses were sung by the congregation from
printed slips, which were furnished every week.

But few have known until quite recently that
Charles Dickens had lived in his own life in most
of the scenes which he depicts, and which have
afforded exquisite pleasure to so many. At the
age of ten he was sent out to earn his living.
He was a poor little drudge at that early age.
Said he, "No words can express the secret agony
of my soul as I sunk into this companionship, com-
pared these every-day associates with those of my
happier childhood, and felt my earlier hopes of
growing to be a learned and distinguished man
crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of
the sense I had of being utterly neglected and
hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of
the misery it was to my young heart to believe
that, day by day, what I had learned and thought
and delighted in, and raised my fancy and emula-
tion up by, was passing from me, never to be
brought back any more, cannot be written. My
whole nature was so penetrated by the grief and

humiliation and considerations, that even now,
famous and cared and happy, I often forget in
my dreams that I have a dear wife and children—
even that I am a man—and wander desolately
back to that time of my life."

Benjamin Franklin struggled up out of the
most unpromising circumstances. He rose superior
to every difficulty, and commenced a life of useful-
ness when a boy, making ballads, and circulating
them in the streets of Boston.

Ruskin speaks of the instinctive awe, mixed
with delight, which he had, even when a child, in
the contemplation of nature. He says, "There
was a certain indefinable thrill, which made me
shiver from head to foot."

These examples are sufficient to show the power,
genius has to form the character, and to indicate
the work of life.

They illustrate the words of Watts:

"I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man."

And also the words of Dryden:

"What the child admires
The youth endeavours and the man acquires."

Listen, Boys.

Boys do not try to learn to use tobacco. Stop
a minute and let us consider the matter. Why
should you wish to learn? Oh, because Harry uses
it, that is your reason. Well, does it do Harry any
good? You don't know as it does. Very well
then, let us consider the reasons against its use.
In the first place it is injurious to the health; it is
also expensive, and, moreover, filthy. Now how do
the ayes and nays balance? Don't for a moment
imagine that it is a "smart" thing to do. Any
fool can learn to use it, but it sometimes takes a
smart boy to have manliness to refuse to do as his
silly mates are doing. By this I do not wish to be
understood as saying only fools use tobacco, but I
do say there is nothing smart or manly in learning
to use it. Nothing smart, but that other thing
that people designate as "smarty."

I have nothing severe to say to those who have
become confirmed in the habit of using the weed,
for habit is as remorseless as a pair of handcuffs,
but I have no patience with the beginner who will
nauseate himself and suffer the torture of accus-
toming himself to the use of it, when he would be
a thousand times better without it. We hear
every day of cases of heart disease aggravated by
the use of tobacco; of that horror, smoker's cancer,
and now comes a report from London of blind-
ness from the same cause. Here is what a London
paper says on the subject:

"Tobacco blindness is becoming a common afflic-
tion. At the present there are several persons
under treatment for it at one London hospital. It
first takes the form of colour blindness, the sufferers
who have smoked themselves into this condition be-
ing quite unable to distinguish the colour of a piece
of red cloth held up before them. Sometimes the
victim loses his sight altogether. Although smok-
ing is to a large extent the cause of the malady,
heavy drinking is also partly responsible."

A LITTLE boy sprained his wrist, and his mother
bathed it with whiskey. "Mamma," asked the boy
innocently, "did papa ever sprain his throat!"
His father, who was in the room, hurried out. Can
you guess the reason why?

He who goes through life without making some-
one better and leaving an influence for good some-
where has made a fearful mistake. He has spoiled
God's plan regarding himself; he has robbed the
world of good that the Lord meant it should have.