

very gods do not abide by the laws of virtue, and can man do more than his gods? Should you object to the thought of a god being sinful, you would be told that "sinful acts do not defile such mighty beings," as if to commit sin were not in itself the defilement. "There is hardly a virtue that is not praised in some Indian book, on the other hand there is hardly a crime that is not encouraged by the example of some Indian divinity."

Again, where cruelty and murder are required to appease the gods, can we expect to find tenderness and love toward man? On the other hand it is expressly stated that if a man love his wife and die with that thought in his mind, his fate will be, to be born the next time as a woman. To be born a woman in the next world is the worst punishment which can be inflicted on a man, for under the Hindu faith, a woman has no soul, and can hope for nothing higher in the next world than to be born a man. This last she can be obtained only by superior faithfulness to her husband, who thus becomes her redeemer. She must not simply obey him as a master, but worship him as a god. She finds it her sacred duty to minister to her husband, to prepare his food, eating herself only what is left on his plate after he has finished. Her husband honors the gods by bathing in the sacred Ganges—she by washing his feet every morning, and then after drinking a part of the water thus used, bathing in the remainder. In every way her life is valued only through and for her husband. Being then wholly dependent upon him, all hope of protection in this life or the life to come is taken from her when her husband dies. She is at once an outcast and despised by all. Let her fast, ye starve; let her be beaten and scourged, it is all in accordance with the religion of the Hindus and the will of the gods.

The condition of Hindu women is low in the extreme, and as long as they remain thus enslaved the people of India will never be elevated. "A nation never rises above its women." Upon their condition and beliefs depends the destiny of every nation, and upon India's wives and mothers rests the future of her millions. When Hindu women learn that they too have souls, that they too have minds and hearts to be cultivated and uplifted, the light of progress and growth will dawn upon India. In the words of Carlyle, "What changes are wrought, not by Time, but in Time. Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove after a thousand years." And in the words of a yet higher one, "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

CARRIE HAIGH,

Moulton College.

February 6, 1889.

"Doe the Next Thyng."

Will I tell you about the Club of Society whose motto you see everywhere?

I would if there was anything to tell, but it is a society without an organization, a club without a president. It has no constitution, or by-laws, or officers. We don't know where it began, or when or where it will end. It is growing all the time.

I saw the motto yesterday in the corner of the letter that great geologist wrote your brother last week about the curious specimens he found in Idaho. Marion used

to laugh about his devotion to his favorite scheme, and call him the "fossil man," you know, but I don't think she understood him very well. Didn't you notice it too, up in Biddy Molloy's shanty beside the railroad track, when you carried her that "illegant geranium," when Tom was sick? You will find it here in all sorts of unexpected places, and in unexpected ways, now that your attention is called to it, and possibly it may do something to increase your faith in humanity a little.

If you had asked me suddenly who started the whole movement, I should have said grandmother Hallet. On great occasions she wore a chain about three-quarters of an inch wide, netted of strong silk, and on every stitch was slipped a crystal bead for the foundation.

The knitter must have had both skill and patience, for knit in with black beads a very trifle larger than the white ones, so they stood out from the back ground clearly, was her name, "Roxana Robinson Hallet, born at Weymouth, Mass., June 7, 1787." This was followed by the quaint old motto, "Doe the next thyng." (Grandmother Hallet always carried her key on this chain, and when worn suspended from her belt, it was no mean ornament. The large key of the linen chest rattled cheerily against the key of the "chest of draws" that reached to the ceiling of the keeping-room, while the smaller key was fastened above. That was why I should have said grandmother Hallet started the movement, because the first time I ever saw the motto was on her chain.

But I remember she told me the chain was knit for a wedding present by her own mother, and her mother had one like it, with the exception of the name, that her husband's mother knit for her when she married Ephraim Robinson. How much farther back it went I don't know, but the Robinsons were descended from Parson Robinson of blessed memory among the Pilgrims, and although history does not mention it explicitly, actions look as if it was well known long before 1620.

My curiosity was aroused to know just what the quaint saying meant, and to my childish imagination it was one of those tantalizing mysteries only to be fully understood when grown up. But one warm morning, out in the milk-room, when grandmother had borne with greater patience than usual my many raids upon the delicious white curd, I ventured to ask what "next thing" meant, any way.

"Mercy sakes, child, what are you talking about?" she enquired.

Finally I made her understand about the chain and the motto, and she explained the matter thus.

"It's doing with your whole heart the duty that God wants done first. Now, the 'next thing' for me is to get this great cheese into the press just as quick as I can, for I want to go over to 'Siab Perkins' this afternoon, and help his wife spin some wool. You see he has been sick so long she is about beat out taking care of him, and her spinning is all behindhand. I must pick one of those early chickens, too. Maybe it would taste good to him."

"I should think you would go now," said I; "it is more of a 'next thing' to help folks than to make this cheese."

"Sakes alive, child, you don't understand. Do you think God set 'Siab Perkins' wife nigher to me than your ma—my own son's wife? Does he want me to go off looking after something to do for him, and leave your ma, poor sickly creature, to handle this great cheese, besides taking care of the baby? Don't you believe no such thing. When he wants me to go to 'Siab Perkins' there wont be anything to hinder."