

bit of something' as she went home, when suddenly voices were heard coming from the drawing-room. A man's harsh tones, loud and angry, and then a woman's pleading voice which broke every now and then into a sob.

'Ah,' said the cook, as she paused with soup-ladle in her hand, 'it's master and missis; mercy on us! they're at it again.'

As Molly went out with her bundle of clothes the tears were in her eyes.

'Even there,' she said, 'is sorrow and misery!'

She trudged along. Presently she began to hum a scrap of a song she had heard somewhere.

Against some railings was a woman with a baby in her arms. She was leaning up against them as though weary, and something in her face made Molly hesitate a moment, and then stop.

'Why,' she said, 'tis cold, ye'll be a-standin' there like that, and the child an' all; why don't yer get along home?'

The woman raised her eyes in surprise at Molly's kind words.

'I'm only restin' a bit,' she said.

'Have you walked far?' asked Molly.

'Most all day.'

Molly looked at the pale little face of the child beneath the shawl.

'Is she asleep?' she inquired.

'No, I don't think so; she is always like that. I can't get her food; we've had nothing since yesterday.' And the woman straightened herself as if to move on.

'Why, let me carry the bairn a bit for yer,' said Molly. 'Yer looks just fit to drop.' And tucking her bundle under one arm, she took the child with the other, and they trudged off together.

At the corner of a narrow street Molly stopped, and, putting the child back in its mother's arms, fumbled in her pocket.

'See, my dear! she said, 'it's only a trine, but it'll get yer a bit for to-night.' And thrusting her earnings into the woman's hand, she hurried away into the darkness.

She climbed the stairs to a little room at the top of some old buildings. It was very bare and comfortless. She found some sticks and some pieces of coal, and kindled a blaze in the grate; and then sat down in front of it, and watched the light flicker on the walls.

She fancied that somehow the room did not look quite so poor and shabby as it did on other nights; the fire seemed to burn bigger and brighter than it usually did; she felt quite warm, and a feeling of wonderful peace and rest came over her.

Suddenly she became conscious of some one in the room, standing beside her chair, and a voice, exceedingly soft and tender, seemed to say to her ear:

'Molly, Molly, "the kingdom of God is within you." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these, ye have done it unto me."

'Lo, I am with you alway!'"'

The face of the woman with the baby passed before her, and smiled.

Molly opened her eyes. The tears were running down her cheeks, and a great peace, such as she had never felt before, filled her soul.

'Lord,' she cried, stretching out her wrinkled hands, 'dear Lord, I have found Thee at last!'—J. Crofts.

Pity the Hindu Widows.

Told by One of Themselves.

There are four principal castes among Hindus, and of them all I think the third class, the Kaites, to which I belong, make their widows suffer most.

Nearly all widows are treated badly enough, but our customs are much worse than those of some others. In the Punjab they are not always strict in enforcing their customs with widows; but though we live in the Punjab, our family comes from the North-west, and as we are rich and well-to-do, our customs are kept up scrupulously.

When a husband dies, his wife suffers as much as if the death angel had come to her also. She must not be approached by any of her relations, but several women, from three to six (wives of barbers, a class who are kept up for this object), are in waiting, and as soon as the husband's last breath is

drawn they rush at the new-made widow and tear off her ornaments. Ear and nose-rings are dragged off, often tearing the cartilage; ornaments plaited in with the hair are torn away, and if the arms are covered with gold and silver bracelets they do not take the time to draw them off one by one, but holding her arm on the ground they hammer with a stone until the metal, often solid and heavy, breaks in two. It matters not to them how many wounds they inflict; they have no pity, not even if the widow is but a child of six or seven, who does not know what a husband means.

Going to the Burning Place.

At that time two sorrows come upon every widow, one from God, and one from her own people, who should cherish and support her, but who desert and execrate her. If the husband dies away from home, then, on the arrival of the fatal news, all this is done. At the funeral all the relatives, men as well as women, have to accompany the corpse to the burning ghat. If they are rich and have carriages they must not use them, but all go on foot. The men follow the corpse, the women (all the ladies well covered from sight) come after, and last the widow, led along by the barbers' wives. They take care that at least two hundred feet intervene between her and any other woman, for it is supposed that if her shadow fell on any (her tormentors excepted) she also would become a widow; therefore, no relative, however much sympathy she may feel in secret, dare look on her face. One of the rough women goes in front and shouts aloud to any passer-by to get out of the way of the accursed thing, as if the poor widow were a wild beast; the others drag her along.

Arrived at the river, tank, or well, where the body is to be burned, they push her into the water, and as she falls she must lie, with her clothes on, until the body has been burned, and all the company have bathed, washed their clothes and dried them. When they are all ready to start for home, but not before, they drag her out, and in her wet clothes she must trudge home. It matters not what the weather is, in a burning sun or with an icy wind blowing from the Himalayas. They care not if she dies. Oh, I would rather choose the suttee with the husband!

Many are happy enough to die in consequence of these sorrows, for however ill they may become, no care is taken of them, or medicine given.

Dying with Thirst.

I once went to a funeral (before I was myself a widow), where the burning-place was three kos (about six miles) from the city. It was the hottest month of the year, and though we started at sunrise, we did not reach the house again till 3 p.m. I shall never forget how much the women suffered from the hot blasting wind that blew on us like fire, and the blazing sun. We were almost worn out with heat and thirst, though we had stopped often to rest. The poor widow dared not ask for a drink, or she would have lost her character; the women with her might have given her water if they had liked, but they would not.

At last she fell, but they pulled her up again, and dragged her on, told her not to give way, she was not the only widow, taunted her, when she wept, with wanting a husband. When she had no strength left even to crawl, they dragged her along like a bundle of clothes.

On arrival at the house she was flung on the floor in the little room; still, though they knew she was almost dead with thirst, they did not give her a drop of water, and she dared not ask for any. She was a relative of mine; but none of us dared go near her, for it would have brought down maledictions on the head of any who tried it. At last one young woman, after watching a long while, saw her opportunity, and slipped in with a vessel of water. The widow ran at her like a wild creature. I cannot describe how she behaved; at first she did not recognize her friend—she drank, and drank, till life and sense came back to her. Then she fell down at the feet of her who had brought the water, and embracing them said—

'Oh, sister! I will never forget what you

have done for me! You are my God—my second Creator! But go away quickly, I pray, that no one may ever find out what you have done, or we shall both suffer. I promise I will never tell of you.'—'Daybreak.'

Ruskin on One's Special Work.

There is a work for us all. And there is a special work for each, work which I cannot do in a crowd or as one of a mass, but as one man, acting singly, according to my own gifts, and under a sense of my personal responsibility. There is, no doubt, associated work for me to do; I must do my work as part of the world's great whole, or as a member of some body. But I have a special work to do as an individual who, by God's plan and appointment, has a separate position, separate responsibilities, and a separate work; if I do not do it, it must be left undone. No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I have come into the world to do; he may do a higher work, a greater work, but he cannot do my work. I cannot hand my work over to him, any more than I can hand my responsibilities or my gifts. Nor can I delegate my work to any association of men, however well ordered or powerful. They have their own work to do, and it may be a very noble one. But they cannot do my work for me. I must do it with these hands or with these lips which God has given me. I may do little, or I may do much. That matters not. It must be my own work. And, by doing my own work, poor as it may seem to some, I shall better fulfil God's end in making me what I am, and more truly glorify His name, than if I were either going out of my own sphere to do the work of another, or calling in another into my sphere to do my proper work for me.

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