

A LITTLE BRIDE.

MANTU was one of the pupils in our largest Hindu day school, but when she was about ten years old I had a message from her father saying arrangements were being made for her marriage, and he could not allow her to come to school any more.

Poor little girl! She was very sorry school-days were over, but she enjoyed having the new ornaments and a number of new jackets and "saris" which were bought for her.

The marriage arrangements took some time, but at last, when Mantu was about eleven years old, all was done, and the wedding-day was fixed. Hearing that I had never been present at a Hindu wedding, her father sent me an invitation, and I was very glad to have the opportunity of seeing what was done at such a time.

The ceremony could only take place after ten o'clock at night, so we arrived at the house about half-past nine. We were taken straight into the women's part of the house, and in a small room, all seated on the ground, we found the little bride and a number of her girl friends.

They were all dressed in bright-colored silks, and wore a number of jewels. The little bride had on an orange-colored satin-jacket, and a purple silk sari, trimmed with gold, and she had gold ornaments in her hair, and round her neck, and on her arms, and silver bolls on her ankles, but she looked, oh, so tired, for all that day she had been allowed to eat nothing. While we waited I was glad to see that she fell asleep.

That evening was the giving ceremony. The bride's father and the bridegroom sat opposite to each other on little squares of carpet spread in the court-yard, and while two priests sitting near said Sanscrit prayers and verses, the bride's father gave the bridegroom various presents which had been set on a table near by. Amongst these was a red silk dress, a gold watch, and a number of brass vessels of various kinds. Last of all, the little bride was brought out and seated by her father, and she was given to the bridegroom, by their hands being tied together.

There were some other ceremonies the next day, we were told; and that night, for the only time in her life, the little bride would be allowed to eat her dinner with her husband. Then she was to go and pay a visit to her mother-in-law, but this would only last a few days, for she was to stay at home another year before going to live altogether with her husband's relatives.

The year would soon pass, and then she must

leave all those she loves and go and live among strangers.

Think sometimes of the little Indian wives, and pray that to many of them the Zenana missionary may be able to go and carry to them the message of Jesus and His love.—News From Afar.

ONLY AT HOME.

TRAVELLING in a railroad car the other day, we heard two women talking together, about some girl with whom they were both acquainted.

"I don't care much for Clara," said one, "She seems to me to be selfish and domineering; and then she is so untidy—I do dislike an untidy girl; there's no excuse for it."

"Why, whenever I've seen her, she has been very nicely dressed," said the other; and she has such a good voice—she sang at the club musicale for us, and was very obliging about it. She works in the Girls' League, too, and they think a great deal of her. I've always admired her, my self."

"Oh, well, perhaps I oughtn't to have said what I did," replied the first speaker. "I may be mistaken. You see, I've seen her only at home."

Their talk went on to other things, but the last sentence stuck in the hearer's mind: "I've seen her only at home." What a story that told, and how common a story it is!

How many Claras there are, obliging and pleasant in public, whom it is far better not to know within the four walls of home! They come out of the door neatly dressed, smiling, polite, and leave untidy rooms and cross words behind them.

Yet, the one place where a lovely, womanly character is most lovely and most womanly, is home. If there is any perfume of girlish sweetness, it ought to make the home atmosphere fragrant first, before it floats out to the world beyond. If there is not enough unselfishness and obligingness for both home and society at large, then it ought to be concentrated at home.

Clara had not "enough to go round," in homely phrase; and she chose the wrong alternative. How many other girls make the same foolish, mistaken choice, who shall say? It is in every girl's power to make the sweeter and higher choice of being a blessing in the home, whether she be admired abroad or no.—Forward.