

teach us cooking, for every Indian lady is a good cook. When we are about six years old our mother takes us to worship her god, and teaches us a prayer like this: "O great god, give me a nice husband, a kind mother-in-law, let me be very beautiful and have seven clever sons and two pretty daughters, and die on the banks of the Ganges." At eight years old we are engaged to some man, ten or twelve years older than ourselves, and when we are ten we go and live with him as his wife; but should he die first, then his widow is shamefully treated. Once she used to be burned with her dead husband, but English law has done away with this now. Instead, she is robbed of everything she has, and no one will let her live with them, for they say she has offended the gods, who are angry with her and have killed her husband. I could tell you much more, but my time is gone, and we have yet to hear what our missionary has to say about the conversion of the Hindus.

No. 6.—(*Boy as Missionary.*) Dear friends; the first missionary that came to India landed in 1706 and came from Denmark; since that time India has never been without Missionaries. Perhaps the greatest hindrance to our work is that of caste, for should a Hindu become a Christian, he loses caste forever, and has to bear terrible persecution. One of the most successful ways of converting the people is through the teaching in our Christian Mission schools. India has many first-class government schools for boys, though not a single one for girls, but in none of these schools is Christian teaching allowed. If a mother wishes her girl to learn something she is obliged to send her to a Mission school, where she not only learns reading, writing and other school subjects, but that Jesus Christ came into this world to save sinners and said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Out of 2,000,000 boys and girls in India, between 70 and 100,000 are at the Christian mission schools. In order to keep up these schools much money is needed, and it is by money collected by Juvenile Mission Societies and other sources that we are able to teach the boys and girls of India. Oh! kind friends, who live in this Christian land, pray for us in India! Pray that the day may not be far distant when the Hindu shall hew down his idols and confess Jesus Christ to be his Saviour and his Friend.

R. D. GEE.

NOTE.—Hindu Hymn and all facts on the highest authority.

Our Girls' School, Shizuoka.

I wonder how many little boys and girls who read the PALM BRANCH know where Shizuoka is situated. On an ordinary map, perhaps you will only see Yokohama, Tokyo, and a few other larger cities marked. If you came to visit me and the girls in this school, you would get off the ship at Yokohama, be driven to the railway station in a Jimrikisha—I suppose you have all seen a picture of one of these little carriages and come to Shizuoka by train. Such a funny little car you would get into, quiet different from those at home. Some of them are not much larger than the largest horse cars, and the seats run along the sides in the same way, so that one half the passengers face the other half all the time. If you came out with me we would ride 2nd class for we never think of being as extravagant as to ride 1st class, we leave that car for people who have plenty of money and wish to be select. Sometimes we find it convenient to ride 3rd class, but not when we take a long journey.

From Yokohama to Shizuoka it is 16½ miles and it takes us six hours to make that distance. We come through some very pretty country, pass some very funny little farm houses, which, in some places, show us only the steep thatched roofs from the railway embankment. A number of them are built together and form a little village; then for some distance the rice fields stretch as far as the eye can see, with no fences dividing them. Sometimes we pass fine nurseries where the trees are in all stages of growth, from the baby pines to the tall striplings proud of their ability to stand alone and brave the fierceness of the wind. Now we come to a very interesting part of the journey, unconsciously we have been going up, and now are among the hills. How beautiful they look towering above us! We are just beginning to think how grand the scenery is, when lo! we are in impenetrable darkness. You draw your breath and say: "Oh!" and then you notice a lamp in the top of the car, and you remember that at the last station you saw a man running around in broad daylight carrying lanterns. He was preparing for these tunnels of which there are seven, one after another. Almost before I had explained this to you we are in day-light again and you are looking down a deep, wide gorge between the mountains where a narrow, shallow river is rushing headway over the rocks. You think how beautiful it is and how great the Hand that laid everything down where they make such beautiful pictures, and the mind of man that has contrived a way to carry you over these rapid rivers so far above, when once more you are plunged into darkness. For some