

have done for their country. We had an original song by the band. All did well. I give you the words of the song.

We knew little of the Heathen,  
Or the sorrows of their land,  
When first the work we started  
In the Moosejaw Mission Band.

Chorus.—We are a Missionary Band, Doing all we can.

But now we have learned of Jesus,  
And his love for every land,  
And we try to do his bidding,  
In the Moosejaw Mission Band. [Cho.]

So that now when we are happy  
We bring money in the hand,  
And we drop it in our boxes,  
In the Moosejaw Mission Band. [Cho.]

And though we are little workers,  
We've a purpose strong and grand,  
And we work our very hardest  
In the Moosejaw Mission Band. [Cho.]

Cheerfully we give our pennies,  
And we like what we have planned,  
For we're little Missionaries  
In the Moosejaw Mission Band. [Cho.]

### RAMABAI.

The little Hindu maiden heard a voice amid the lull  
Of singing streams, and rustling leaves, in groves of  
Gungamul;  
It swept along the mountain-wind down to the western sea—  
Heaven whispering to the listening earth, "Truth like the  
air, is free!"

That word had winged her father's feet from fettering  
caste away,  
To give his fledgeings liberty for flight in ampler day  
Than Manu's cage-like code allowed; and so the maiden  
grew  
To reach of thought and insight clear; no dim zenana knew.

Child of the lone Ghats mountains! of India's wilderness!  
She knew that God unsealed her lips, her sisters dumb  
to bless;  
Gave her the clue to lead them forth from where they  
blindly grope;  
Bade her unlock their dungeon doors, and light the lamp of  
hope.

Bravest of Hindu widows! how dare we look at thee,  
So fearless in love's liberty, and say that we are free?  
We, who have heard the voice of Christ, and yet remain the  
slaves.

Of indolence and selfishness, immured in living graves?

O, Ramabai—may we not share thy task, almost divine?  
Thy cause is womanhood's, is Christ's, our work no less  
than thine—

The power that unseals sepulchers doth move thy little hand!  
The stone rolls back! They rise—They breathe! The women  
of thy land.—Anon.

### PUNDITA RAMABAI.

Yes, we have seen Ramabai! We have talked with her, we have heard her; and seeing her and talking with her we realize that we have seen and talked with the most remarkable woman of all the remarkable women of the 19th century, and that is saying a good deal, for it has been conceded that this is an age of remarkable women. "The only Ramabai in all India." That is what her countrymen say of her. She is a woman who would do honor to any age or any country! We will give our young readers a little sketch of her life this month, and then, as we have opportunity, tell

of her work. But first, let us see if we can describe the dear little woman. Not five feet high, round and plump, rather dark skin, blue eyes (strange to say), very dark hair, fine teeth and a charming smile. She wore an ordinary European dress, over which, in the house, was draped a light silk scarf, in eastern fashion; but on the platform she was arrayed in her own native dress, which had the effect of a large sheet enveloping her, all but the face and hands.

She was born in 1858, near the Western Ghats Mountains of India. Her father was a Bráhmín, which denotes the highest caste, and a Pundit which means a man of learning. When a boy ten years of age a little child wife was brought to his father's house, but he was much more interested in his studies than in her. He went sometimes with his teacher, a distinguished Shastri, to the palace, where the favorite wife was allowed to be taught, and hearing her recite Sanscrit verses, he got the idea of education for the women of his country, and would go home determined to teach his little child wife. But she refused to learn, and his own people were opposed to it, so he was obliged to desist. Soon after the child wife died. When a young man he went a pilgrimage to a sacred river, and there met a man with two little girls, who took a fancy to him, and asked him to marry the youngest daughter, nine years of age, which he agreed to do. He took her home, determined to educate her, and found an apt pupil. But they were obliged to leave home on account of persecution, and made one for themselves near a jungle, and the poor little child wife often lay sobbing at night, listening to the howls of the wild beasts, while her husband tried to comfort her. They had three children. Ramabai, the youngest, was named for the goddess Rama, and means bright. The mother became their teacher. When Ramabai was still very young their father lost his wealth, and they began a wandering life from one sacred shrine, or river, to another. But the lessons kept on, and everywhere the father pleaded for the education of the women of his country, that they might be raised from their degradation. Then came a dreadful famine, and they suffered terribly, hungry by day and shelterless by night, till the poor old father yielded at last and decided to drown himself in a sacred tank, which is not considered suicide in India. His farewell to his children was most affecting, especially to Ramabai. He held her in his arms and begged her to lead an honorable life, and to walk in the way of righteousness. She has no doubt that much of her success may be attributed to her poor old Hindu father's prayers to an unknown God. He did not drown himself. His son, who had always been taught to believe that no Brahmin should soil his hands with any kind of work, determined that rather than see his father die he would work for him; so he carried him some miles through a forest, but it was too late to save. They parted with all their jewelry and valuables to propitiate the gods, and when they went to a heathen temple for shelter were driven out! There was no pity for the weak and helpless. The father died of fever, caused by starvation. The mother and elder daughter soon followed, and Ramabai and her brother were left alone.

(To be Continued.)