

and is a tyranny strong as that of caste itself.

The poor widow, whose bereavement in Christian lands calls forth tenderest love and sympathy, is treated with cruellest wrong. She must eat but one meal a day, must fast twice a month, must never join the family feasts, her beautiful hair is shorn away, her bright garb removed, she is almost literally clothed in sackcloth and ashes. The British Government prevented the burning of widows on their husbands' funeral piles, but the tyranny of ancient custom still oppresses the hapless victims. The well-known Pundita Ramabai was betrothed in childhood, but refused to accept the man chosen as her husband. She fought out her right in

the courts. All India was roused. She had to pay two thousand rupees to her husband and bear the cost of the trial, several thousands more.

This is only one of the wrongs of womanhood described in this book. The missionaries have done much for the succour of Indian women. They have invaded the seclusion of zenana life, and taken the light of the Gospel to many a dark home and sad heart. But both the Mohammedan and Hindu religions degrade woman to a mere chattel, and only the power of Christianity can emancipate them from this ancient thralldom. Here is the noblest work in which Christian women can engage on behalf of their heathen sisters.

VICTORIA.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

"He set the royal crown upon her head and made her queen."—Esther ii. 17.

God made her Queen. In a long line she came—
Such as had known the splendour of a throne;
And England's realm she early called her own,
While the world utter'd her auspicious name:
Yet did God make her Queen: His sacred flame
Inspired with purest love her virgin heart;
Yea, wisdom to her choice did He impart,
And honour, never to be turned to shame.
The isles looked up to her; she was enthroned
In all affections; virtue to her reign
Gave still new lustre; her sweet face, serene,
Chief of all womankind her people owned;
Kings, poets, did her reverence:—not in vain
God, and a loyal Nation, made her Queen!

"IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MY MOTHER."

BY JULIA HARRIS MAY.

In the footsteps of thy mother
(Thou hast promised, and no other)
Thou wilt walk, O new-made King!
Still we hear it echoing,
(Prince, and King, and Man, and Brother)
"In the footsteps of my Mother."

Ah, her footsteps are so plain!
Look for them, and look again;
On the highways of the land;
In the Palace, by the Strand,
Find them. Walk thou in no other.
Keep the footsteps of thy Mother.

She hath chosen paths of truth
From the very days of youth.
Walk thou in her footsteps, pray,

Hour by hour and day by day:
Leave them not for any other.
Keep the footsteps of thy Mother.

If thou dost her footsteps keep
Up the Empire's toilsome steep,
England shall be glad and free;
Other lands shall honour thee;
And the distant isles shall sing
Evermore, "God Save the King."

King, who dost thy Mother weep,
Thou canst not forget to keep
This good promise. Dropping tears
Are the pledge of future years;
And the world, in sympathy,
Reaches loyal hands to thee.

—*Lewiston (Maine) Journal.*