

Here is an outline map of India, a vast country in Asia. It looks much like other countries with its mountain chains and rivers and lakes, and it is governed now by as good a queen or empress as ever graced a throne. How, then, does it differ from other lands—from our own fair land—and why does that dear little child in the centre look up with such sad face and appealing eyes, as if asking for help from somebody—she knows not from whom?

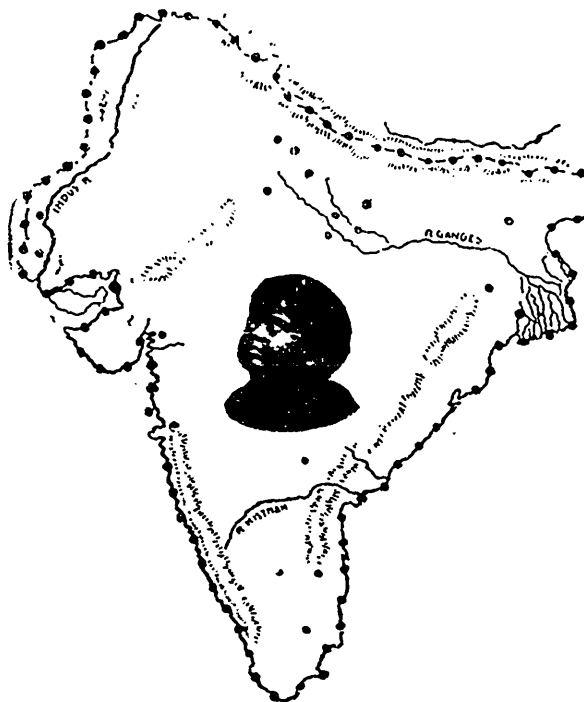
It is because she lives in a land of ignorance and superstition and cruelty.

"India is a hard place for girls. Boys are sent to school, but little girls stay at home, and are usually promised in marriage before they are seven years old. They cannot run and play any more after this, but are kept in the inner rooms of the house, built around a square court, or yard, where they cannot even see the green trees and flowers. If the boy to whom a girl has been engaged dies before they are married, she is called a little widow; and all her pretty clothes and jewelry are taken away from her. She is abused and made to work very hard. But if she is married and goes to live with her husband's family, when she is twelve years old, she does not fare much better. She has to cover her face and talk in whispers; and when her husband eats she stands behind

him and fans him. After he is satisfied, she may eat her breakfast or dinner if he has left anything for her. Years ago when a man died his wife was burned with his dead body. It was thought that this would give her a chance to gain heaven, where women are not supposed to go. But the English government has made strict laws against this terrible custom. Baby girls were often strangled or thrown into the Ganges by their parents, because they are considered so worthless. But this crime is also forbidden by law, although Missionaries tell us that even now, many are destroyed. Christianity, alone, will uplift these people and save the little girls of India."

"You have heard that there is a strange custom in India of betrothing young girls to old men, and that when these old men die these girls are called widows and are most cruelly treated. You know what an enormous city London is, almost four times larger than New York. Yet the widows of India are four times as many as the total population of London. And India is crowded with children, too. Were they to walk four abreast and two feet

apart, these children would make a procession about 5,000 miles long, or about five times the distance from Boston to Chicago. What a host of little people it is that you are



Only one of many Jewels,
Midst the heathen shadows dim,
Jesus wants them for His Kingdom.
Will you gather them for Him?