

serve as aids to the tyrant. On a piazza farther to the left were several urchins sitting upon stools about five inches high, with books in hand, but their eyes were in expectant attention upon their master.

The word was quietly spoken, and the next candidate was revealed by pouting lips. The offender was quickly seized by the two minions of oppression, and spite of screams and entreaties and struggles, quickly brought to the block, upon which he was laid face downward, one minion firmly holding his feet, and the other his arms. Seven or eight solid strokes of the bamboo completed the humiliation.

The instruments of torture were quickly placed aside and, the master, appearing as if nothing had happened or was ever expected to, slowly crossed the yard to my place by the door; we joined in salutations, and I accepted his invitation to a seat in his room. There I assured him that American children often do not love study, and we discussed the differences in the school customs of the two countries.

#### THE LOT OF HINDOO WOMEN.

A Hindoo woman lives in a small room, almost destitute. The floors and walls are of clay, with no ornamentation of any sort, and the least furniture possible. Every morning she has to pray—not for herself, as she is taught that she has no soul—but for her husband, for rain, and general blessings. Then she spends two or three hours preparing breakfast. She does not eat with her husband, but perhaps fans him at his request. During the daytime she either sleeps, gossips with other women, or sometimes a reader reads to them from the lives of the gods. These stories from beginning to end are unfit for human ears. At night they prepare their husband's meal. They are not protected against the weather and dampness, nor are they properly clothed and fed. The rich live the same as the poor. If sick, they are deemed cursed of the gods, and are taken to the stable and left alone. The only food they can get is left by

stealth. Thousands die of neglect. The first day that a Hindoo boy abuses his mother is a festive occasion with his ather, who boasts of it to his friends. To be a widow is the sum of unhappiness. She is especially cursed of the gods. As the husband dies, half a dozen barbers' wives rush upon her, and tear the jewellery from her ears and nose. Behind the funeral cortege she follows surrounded by those fiends, who throw her into the water. If she drowns, they say she was a good wife after all. "She has gone to meet her husband." She is kept in a darkened room fourteen days. At the end of this time her husband's ashes are taken to the river, and, after a peculiar ceremony of prayers, the soul is supposed to be free. It may enter an insect or an animal. The worst punishment the soul can sustain is to enter the body of a woman.—*Missionary Link.*

#### KEEP THYSELF WITH CARE.

The following beautiful allegory from the German may help any child to realize the importance of shunning evil companions. Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer his grown-up son and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulilia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "Dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine we could be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter and said, "It will not burn you, my child, take it."

Eulilia did so, and behold, her beautiful hand was soiled and blackened, and as it chanced, her white dress also. In vexation she said, "We cannot be too careful in handling coals."

"Yes, truly," replied her father, "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, *blacken*; so it is with the company of the vicious."