

## Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Perhaps you would like me to tell you about a school in India for women. Some missionaries from the States had gone to a new village; they tried to get the heathen men and women to come to their tent for a prayer meeting, and to hear about Jesus. About a dozen men came but no women. These men were much surprised to see the missionary let his wife pass into the tent before he did. They said to themselves, "what does this mean? does he not know? is she not a woman?" (For these heathen men look upon their wives as they do on their dogs, and treat them worse.) The missionary told them he loved his wife and wanted to honor her, and that if their wives would come and be taught they would be better women. One man said, "we will bring them next time we come." So a few women came in looking very sulky. The husbands said, "we gave them your message and they laughed at it, then we took our sticks and whipped them soundly till they came with us." But these poor women soon learned to love the missionary's kind wife. She commenced a little school for them; the mothers brought their babies and little children; one woman would watch these while the rest learned to read and work. They had to learn many things not needed in our schools. The first thing was to be neat and tidy about their persons. Sometimes the black-board would contain such sentences as these, "Susan came to-day with a hole in her dress," or "Jane did not comb her hair this morning," and the woman who was meant would sit all day seeing these words on the board before her. In such ways they were taught to be neat. These hints were needed even after they had learned to read and write. It must have been very hard for gentle, refined ladies from our country to spend years of their lives among such dirty, unclean people. One missionary told me once that nothing but the love of Jesus, and the longing in her heart to teach people about Him could have made her endure their first year in India. A little story will help you peep into one of these heathen homes.

Mr. Wheeler, a missionary, was once travelling through some of India's villages. At night, hungry and tired, he stopped at the door of one of their huts asking for food. The woman hastened to bring the best she had. First, she brought a piece of hard bread two months old (for bread is often kept for four or five months in India.) She laid this bread upon the unswept ground floor, then bringing some river water she poured it over the bread, and wrapped it in a handkerchief, then in an old quilt which, unwashed, had probably been used ten years or more. This she called steaming the bread. A bowl of sour butter-milk was placed beside it on the floor, but the hungry missionary saw two or three fleas moving about in it. He could not eat this supper, but talked kindly to the woman and asked her to come to his tent to be taught by his wife. Now, that same woman can set a table and cook her food as neatly as many a well-trained house-keeper in our own land. This is a part of the work done by our missionaries for the women and children of heathen countries.

Just as this letter was ready to post, a friend told me of one more Mission Band. It was organized three weeks ago in Thurso, Quebec, and the little folks meet every week, paying one cent at each meeting. They have commenced piecing a missionary quilt. Who will organize the next Band?

SISTER BELLE.

480 Lewis street, Ottawa.

## The Duties of a Hindu Wife.

No lady in India sits at the head of her own table; no stranger can share her presence in hospitality; her healing word or hand cannot be extended to the sick or to the whole. Woman's gentle, blessed ministries have no exercise in

India. Her services are all selfishly reserved for him whom she is taught to regard as lord and master and on whom she waits in a state of abject submission and obedience that has no parallel in any other system in this world.

The "compound" is the woman's world in India. In it she lives, and seldom leaves it till she is carried out a corpse. Ever while she inhabits it, she has "jealousy for her jailer, and suspicion as her spy;" and tain would her husband draw these bonds tighter when he is obliged to trust her in his absence. Thus saith the Shaster: "If a man goes on a journey, his wife shall not divert herself by play, nor shall see any public show, nor shall laugh, nor shall dress herself in jewels or fine clothes, nor hear music, nor shall sit at the window, nor shall behold anything choice and rare, but shall fasten well the house door, and shall remain private, and shall not eat any dainty food, and shall not blacken her eyes with powder, and shall not view her face in the mirror; she shall never amuse herself in any such agreeable employment during the absence of her husband."

The Shaster renders her duty very definitely, as follows: "When in the presence of her husband, a woman must keep her eyes upon her master and be ready to receive his commands. When he speaks she must be quiet and listen to nothing else besides. When he calls she must leave everything else and attend upon him alone. A woman has no other God on earth but her husband. The most excellent of all works that she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience. This should be her only devotion. Though he be aged, infirm, dissipated, a drunkard, or a debauchee, she must still regard him as her God; she must serve him with all her might, obeying him in all things, spying no defects in his character, and giving him no cause for disquiet. If he laughs, she must also laugh; if he weeps, she must also weep; if he sings, she must be in an ecstasy."

She waits upon her lord, who is "her God, her guru, and her religion," as the Shaster phrases it: she lulls him to rest by the soft shampooing of his feet, and is at once his slave and stewardess. Yet she may not walk by his side, even in the marriage procession; she may not even call him by his name nor directly address him; nor can a friend so far notice her existence as to enquire for her welfare, for the *Sacontala* lays it down as a rule of social life that "it is against good manners to inquire concerning the wife of another man. The face of any man save her husband and father, and her own and husband's brothers, she must never see, at the risk of compromising her character. So inveterate is the prejudice occasioned by their education that many of the women of India have sacrificed their lives sooner than violate the rule. The writer heard of a case which sadly illustrates this. In the detachment which Major Broadfoot had to take from Lodiana to Cabul in 1841 there were wives of many native officers, and the Major in the performance of his troublesome duty, had them each provided for their long journey with a howdah fixed on a camel's back. During the march one of these came to the ground suddenly, and there was a general halt, for the native lady had got entangled in the frame-work and had swung around beneath. An English officer seeing her danger, sprang from his horse to rescue her; but his action was arrested by the other ladies, who saw his intention as well as the lady's peril, and from behind their curtains cried out that he must not approach her, as he could not save her unless by touching her person and lifting the veil that enveloped her. The astonished officer would have done it, nevertheless, had it not been that the poor lady herself implored him not to approach her—she would rather risk death. Her struggle to escape was in vain; the terrified and unwieldy beast actually trampled her to death before their eyes!

Look into the home where we left the young bride and see her as she begins the duties for which she has been trained. She rises to prepare her husband's food, and when all is ready and

laid out upon the mat—for they ignore such aids as chairs and tables, knives or forks, and take their meals with the hand, sitting on the floor—she then announces to her lord that his meal is ready. He enters and sits down and finds all duly prepared by her care. Why does she still stand? Why not sit down too, and share with her husband the good things which she has made ready? She dares not. He would not allow it—the law of her religion forbids it. She must stand and wait upon him. He "eats his morsel alone" truly. No wife in India can legally dine with her husband unless she becomes a Christian.

The weather is warm and a fan is needed, or a fly-flapper is required, for he considers he cannot use his curvy stained fingers to drive the flies away or cool himself; so the duty in either case devolves upon the wife. The fan is made of a fragrant grass called *khus-khus*; a basin of water is at her feet, and she dips the fan into it occasionally, shaking off the heavy drops, and cools her lord and master, who enjoys, as he eats, the fragrant evaporation. Or the mosquitoes may be troublesome, and provision is made also for this. The tail of the *yak*, or snow-cow of Thibet, white and bushy, inserted into an ornamental shaft, is ready at hand, and with it the lady whisks around him, and saves him from the slightest inconvenience.

The duty is patiently performed, and when he has fully satisfied himself, she removes what remains to another apartment, for her religion not only forbids her eating with him, but also prohibits her eating, even what he may leave, "in the same room where he dines"—and then, and not till then, can she and her children eat their food.—From "The land of the Veda," by Rev. Wm. Butler, D. D.

The Bible has been translated into two hundred and twenty-six languages and dialects, and printed in nearly four hundred versions. Many of these languages were first put into writing by missionaries.

On the tombstone of the Rev. Dr. Morrison, the renowned Chinese missionary, is the following characteristic epitaph:—"I have sinned; I have repented; I have trusted; I have loved; I sleep; I shall rise, and (through the grace of Christ, though unworthy) I shall reign."

## WOMEN'S BAPT. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF WEST. ONT.

Receipts from May 25th, to June 22nd, 1880.

Uxbridge Circle, \$6; Cheltenham, \$3; Yorkville, \$12.18; Toronto, Jarvis st., \$19.30; Alexander st., \$13.40; total, \$53.88.

## Special Amounts.

Proceeds of "Mission quilt," Yorkville, to make Mrs. Freeland a life member, \$25; proceeds of "Mission quilt," Alexander st., to make Mrs. H. J. Rose a life member, \$25; Mrs. L. C. Barber, Boston, \$1; Mrs. L. M. Shaver, Westover, \$2; Queen st. Baptist church, Toronto, \$6; total, \$59. Total receipts, \$112.88.

JESSIE M. LLOYD, Treas.

222 Wellesley st., Toronto.

## WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, CONVENTION EAST

Receipts for Quarter Ending June 30th.

Thurso, \$11.00; Olivet Circle, \$72.38; Perth, \$32.00; Ormond, \$32.50; First Church Society, \$7.35; Abbott's Corners, \$7.00; total, \$162.23.

NANNIE E. GREEN, Treas.

101 Macklay st., Montreal.

## CANADIAN MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

## MARITIME PROVINCES.

Rev. Rufus Sanford, A. M., Bimlipatam.  
" George Churchill, Bobbili.  
" W. F. Armstrong, Chicacole.  
Miss Carrie A. Hammond, Bimlipatam.

## ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Rev. John McLaurin, at home.  
" John Craig, Akidu.  
" G. F. Currie, Tuni.  
" A. V. Timpany, Cocanada.