

and she is most cruelly treated, sometimes being whipped or burned with hot irons.

When the Hindoo women are taught about Jesus and His great love for mankind they are filled with joy and amazement, and beg to be taught to read that they may learn more of Him. But the men fear that if the women become educated they will no longer remain in complete subjection.

Those who are Christians cannot have Bibles and read them openly, but must steal a few moments during the silent night watches to read God's Holy Word.

After hearing about India and the poor child-wives there, may we not rejoice that we are citizens of a country where woman's true rights are respected!

### A MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE BEAR.



**F**AVORITE amusement of the little bear was to go off to the end of his cage away from his mother, and then, rising on his hind feet, walk over to her, and, throwing his arms about her neck, hug her for all he was worth, and then begin to bite and scratch and pommel her.

This she would stand for awhile, but if it became too severe the usual cuffing was given him; or else, if he was very bad, she would take him up in her mouth and go and drop him in the large water tank at one end of the cage, the edge of which was on a level with the floor. This great tank was two feet deep, and even when there was no water in it it was wet and slimy, and the little bear did not like it.

Sometimes he was thrown in when the tank was half full of water, and was left to gasp and choke several times before the old bear would reach in, and, grabbing by the leg, foot, back, or head, whichever came uppermost, pull him out and drop him on the floor to dry. The last time I saw him he was very naughty indeed, and was several times doused in the water.

The last dip seemed to have been successful, for a very quiet little bear crept up to its mother's side by the edge of the tank. But when the mother's head was turned, he leaped up and sprang at her in such a way as to make her lose her balance. There was a tremendous splash as the old bear slid over the side and under the water.

The little bear's ears stood straight up, and he looked the very imp of mischief as he saw his mother disappear. His expression changed, however, when the old bear's head came above the water again. There was a look in her face that made him think that it would be well to retire.

With ears laid flat back he sped for the small covered room opening off the back of the cage and retired to the darkest corner, where he

crouched down and pretended to go asleep. Mrs. Bear slowly climbed out of the tank, then tramped across the cage to the room in the rear, and blocking up the entrance with her body leaned forward and administered several resounding thumps to the little black bundle in the corner. The little bear was on his good behavior after that for twenty minutes.—*Selected.*

### THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

**G**O forth to the battle of life, my boy,  
Go while it is called to day  
For the years go out and the years come in,  
Regardless of those who may lose or win,  
Of those who may work or play.

"And troops march steadily on, my boy,  
To the army gone before;  
You may hear the sound of their falling feet  
Going down to the river where two worlds meet  
They go to return no more.

"There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,  
And duty, too, assigned.  
Step into the front with a cheerful face;  
Be quick, or another may take your place,  
And you may be left behind.

"There is work to be done by the way, my boy,  
That you never can tread again—  
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men,—  
Work for the plow, plane, spindle, and pen—  
Work for the hands and the brain.

"Temptation will wait by the way, my boy—  
Temptations without and within;  
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair  
As those which the angels in heaven might wear,  
Will lure you to deadly sin.

"Then put on the armor of God, my boy,  
In the beautiful days of youth;  
Put on the helmet and breastplate and shield,  
And the sword the feeblest arm may wield,  
In the cause of right and truth.

"And go to the battle of life, my boy,  
With the peace of the Gospel shod,  
And before high heaven do the best you can  
For the great reward and good of man,  
For the kingdom and crown of God."

—*Jennie F. Willing.*

The sunshine is a glorious thing  
That comes alike to all,  
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,  
The noble's painted hall.

The music of the birds is heard,  
Borne on the passing breeze,  
As sweetly from the hedge rows as  
From old ancestral trees.

There are as many lovely things,  
As many pleasant tones,  
For those who dwell by cottage hearths  
As those who sit on thrones.