

RAMABAI.

You are used, girls and boys, to your school-rooms and black-boards, to your satchels and books, your slates and pencils. Maybe you think it hard, sometimes, that you have problems to solve, boundaries to learn, and sentences to parse. But how would it seem to you to be awakened from a sound sleep, every morning before daylight, to learn a lesson in Sanskrit, that ancient and most difficult language, familiar to but few, and those, usually, eminent scholars? To learn Sanskrit is a greater task than to learn Greek, and a much greater task than to learn Latin.

This is what a little Hindu girl named Ramabai had to do. She was awakened every morning before the day dawned, for her Sanskrit lesson; this being the only time her mother could spare from household cares to teach her little daughter.

Their dwelling was on the mountains, in a forest clearing, and there were wild animals in the jungles all about them. The first night that Ramabai's young mother spent in that solitude, before they had any house at all, she lay upon the ground, wrapped in a cotton quilt, trembling with terror; meanwhile her husband watched until daybreak, keeping off a great tiger which prowled about them uttering hideous cries. After their home was built, the husband, who was a Brahmin priest, and also a very wise and good man, taught his young wife Sanskrit, because he loved the poems written in that language, and wished her to enjoy them with him. So, when Ramabai was six or seven years of age, her mother, in turn, taught her little daughter Sanskrit, from her own lips, without any book. We are told that "The little maiden, heavy with sleep, was tenderly lifted from her bed upon the earth, and aroused with many endearments and sweet mother-words; and then, while the birds in the forest about them were chirping their morning songs, the lessons were repeated."

The father's dwelling-place in the mountains came to be regarded as sacred by the people, and students and pilgrims

sought out the learned priest. His hospitality and religious duties involved him in debt; and by the time Ramabai was nine years old, his property was so diminished that the family were obliged to give up their home, and to wander about from one locality to another, as pilgrims themselves. So we have to think of Ramabai, not only as the child student of Sanskrit, but as a little pilgrim girl, roaming up and down the earth, from the time she was nine until she was sixteen—homeless and often in want.

Ramabai afterward became known as a Sanskrit scholar and lecturer. She married a graduate of the Calcutta University but in less than two years was a widow with a little daughter of her own, named Manarama, meaning Heart's Joy.

Her love of education was so great that she then went to England and entered the college at Cheltenham, where she became Professor of Sanskrit, and at the same time studied mathematics, natural science, and English literature.

In 1886 she came to our country and at the time of this writing, she is still here.

She has a lofty purpose. It is that Hindu girls shall be educated—fully, amply educated; and that with their studies they shall also learn to be teachers, governesses, nurses, and housekeepers.—*From "Ramabai," by Mary L. B. Branch, in St. Nicholas for August.*

SORROWS OF HEATHEN CHILDREN.

NELLIE.—Dear me, this lesson is so hard. Kittie, don't you wish you were a heathen sometimes? I do.

KITTY.—Nellie White, you ought to be very much ashamed of yourself. That is a sinful wish.

NELLIE.—I didn't mean to be wicked. I only thought what a nice time little heathen girls must have without any hard lessons or multiplication table to learn.

DORA.—I don't think they have near as nice a time as we do have hard lessons.

KITTIE.—I don't want to be a heathen. Our papas and manmas love us, and are glad to have us; but in India the pa-