

A 28614
QUN3

W. B. M. U. TIDINGS.

February 1894, Amherst N. S.

No. 4.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.

“Lord what wilt thou have me to do.”

—o—

We hear much of a Hindu woman's degradation, seclusion and ignorance; of her helplessness and hopelessness, and the half is never told or known. Shut in from all the world, without books, without music, or even the knowledge of a song to sing; without needlework or fancywork, or any occupation or amusement whatever save what the naked little children make, how can she escape an almost vacant mind, if not hopeless imbecility? If she is a wife she may arrange her cloth and her jewels becomingly, and contrive dainty dishes for her husband, of which she will partake when he is satisfied; but if the one to whom, probably, as a baby she was betrothed, happens to die, even these poor pleasures are denied her. She is a reproach, an outcast, accursed; in all God's heaven no star casts a ray of hope to her. What influence can such a one exert or what power can she yield?

A whole race of women have lived for generations under these conditions, and remain intelligent and lovable, with a native refinement marvellous to see. Perhaps you will be startled if I say that they hold the destiny of their country more completely in their hands than the women of any other land: that they are the ruling power in India, although this power is exercised