

tion. In this way we keep in constant communication with our former pupils, for many letters come acknowledging the receipt of the papers, etc., and we in this way have learned on more than one occasion for the first time, that the lessons of truth taught in the school have not fallen on barren ground. Some weeks ago the letter given with this came to us with the request that it might be read to the school at the weekly Wednesday prayer-meeting. The writer was with us about two years ago, but gave no sign of interest in the Bible or the story of the Crucified One; she was lately baptized in a Presbyterian church, which she has been attending since she withdrew from the school:—

"While I was still very young I lost my mother, so with my grandmother I went to live with my uncle. There I had a happy home life, but six years ago, unfortunately, my aunt, whom I felt toward as to my own mother, died, leaving two little children. Since then I have made my grandmother my confident in all things. She was usually very strong, but last year, about March, I noticed that she was not as well as usual, I spoke to her but she said it must be the weather. We did not notice much change in her face, so a doctor was not called, but gradually she grew worse, and as we were greatly troubled we called a doctor against the wishes of my grandmother. She had chronic inflammation of the bowels, he said, and that we must take especial care of her. She grew weaker and thinner; added to which, she often had convulsions.

Often we say of a sick person who is very thin, that they are only skin and bone, and just so I felt about my grandmother. July passed, and until about the middle of August she did not appear to improve at all. We asked the doctor whether there was any hope of recovery, but he said it was impossible, but asked to be allowed to call in another physician, I cannot express my feelings in words on hearing this. From the time she became ill I had prayed constantly, but there was no answer, and she grew weaker and weaker all the time. I was much disappointed, and felt that it was because I was wanting in "faith." Then I prayed more earnestly, and five or six times that day: Lord Thou canst do everything, and there is nothing impossible with Thee, I am willing to have years taken from my life, but spare my grandmother, but if it is Thy will to take her, I pray that she may sleep peacefully, and take her into Thy kingdom.

Dr. Oyama was called and the medicine he prescribed was given. The Lord heard my prayer and she recovered. About the first of November she was entirely well, and seems stronger than ever. There is nothing to compare with my joy. "Ask and ye shall receive." Since then this verse has more meaning for me. God heard this sinful servant's prayer and answered it. I hope you all believe in God, that you may have joy and peace. I write this letter because of the great joy I have. I *know* that God is love, and that though we are sinful and unworthy, He will abide with us. I want especially that those who are not Christians will hear this; I tell it because I want to "help" to show that God "is" love.

An article in a paper received from the school on, "Bearing Witness for Christ," led me to write this."

The Condition of Heathen Women.

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IT has been said that the position which women hold in a country is, if not a complete test, yet one of the best tests of the progress it has made in light and civilization.

If we cast our eyes over the globe and observe those two great divisions of the human family, the East and the West, one-half of the ancient world remains without progress or thought, and under a state of affairs that is rude and barbarous. Women there are slaves. The other half advances toward freedom and light. Woman under this *regime* is loved and respected, and acts her God-appointed part, the honored helpmeet of man.

Now, as the systematic study of any subject is the best for its illumination and comprehension, we purpose to discuss this subject under three specific heads, the first of which will be the "Social Aspect of the Question."

"The basis of society is the unity of the race and the moral equality of all society exists as a necessity of our life, in accordance with the constitution we have received, the laws of which are above our choice. Society is founded, not in individualism nor in associationalism, but in vital social organism. Thus the family is the primary unit in society, therefore society is strong only as the family life is preserved in its integrity."

The population of the world is said to be 1,500,000,000; five hundred million of these are women and girls upon whom the light of the Gospel has never shone, and whose condition is one of abject slavery, being mere chattels in connection with human life.

In India the evils of caste have had and still have a demoralizing effect. It is believed by the people to be a divine ordinance, for so the Brahmins have taught them. We may not understand the force of the evil and only look upon it as an extremely foolish thing; but it is more than that. It is inhuman; it separates man from man, prohibits a fellow-feeling, and forbids its devotees to feel that God has made of one blood all nations of men who dwell on the face of the earth. Polygamy, divorce and the veil are at the root of Moslem decadence. Woman is not considered the equal of man in any respect. By the Koran, her position is allotted to her, that of an inferior dependent, destined only for the service of her master, to do his bidding absolutely, and then liable to be cast adrift at any moment. She is treated as a beast of burden, literally, I mean, for amongst the Bedouins, they plow, reap, carry water and chop wood, while the men smoke and drink coffee at home. "To man is given robustness of nature to provide for woman; to woman such fineness of nature as requires support, yet elevates by refining the stronger nature with which it is associated."

"In some countries she may be seen flitting along the street like some frightened thing or driving in her carriage; but even if this be granted her, she is like one belonging to another world, veiled, shrouded and cut off from those around her. She is free only in her own secluded apartments, and so is shut out from her rightful sphere in duties and enjoyments of life. The refining, softening, brightening influence of woman is withdrawn and the result is baneful, as it must ever be when she is not man's equal and does not occupy the position assigned by God to her in the world."

Who of us have not read the words child-marriage, infant-marriage, cradle-marriage, enforced-marriage? We have read with tears the cry of Rukhamabia for the redress of the wrongs of her countrywomen. She tells us that the custom is not an ancient one but of recent date, making it all the more sorrowful. From the time of birth the mother never ceases to be burdened with the responsibility of settling her little one in life—which means getting a husband or wife for her child, as the case may be. In the case of a girl, the betrothal is known to have taken place as early as the twelfth day after birth and the marriage consummated at eight years of age. Poor little life, no babyhood, no childhood, no sunshine, only the hard, cold, stern realities of life from the cradle to the grave. To live and die under her husband's roof is her only salvation. What wonder is it that many a sorrowing one takes a plunge into the silent river or swallows a dose of opium? The dark unknown is better far than the known blackness of existing life.

But if the state of marriage be deplorable, that of widowhood is infinitely worse. When the husband breathes his last, she is stripped of all her ornaments, even though she be only a child of six or seven. She is regarded as an accursed thing, deserving of no one's pity, and no woman is allowed to come within two hundred feet of her. The indignities and cruelties which are heaped upon her are worse far than death, and many of them have been heard to say they would choose the Luttee, be burnt on the funereal pile of their husband, and suffer the agonies of such a death than bear the life-long tortures which await them.

The horrors of widowhood can scarcely be understood, and the number of these whose days are days of bitterest anguish, and nights of loneliness and dread, is 21,000,000, 80,000 of whom are under nine years of age.