

all his energies over its contents. It may be here remarked that the majority of Indian students study reading aloud.

The influence of the mother in an Indian family is very little. To the influence of woman is due in no small measure the exercise of those gentler virtues which have become characteristic of the most progressive races. To woman are they indebted for much of that reasonable spirit of self-sacrifice and obedience which is rendering the social, nay, the political, progress of mankind possible. But the Indian student is deprived of such advantages. Much care is taken by the father in educating his boys and many are the sacrifices that he will undergo to give his son a good education.

The Indian, however, studies and passes examinations not for gaining knowledge, but for obtaining a livelihood, since it is usually the moderately poor who study; the rich generally do not care to exert themselves so far. After all, educated men in India form but a very insignificant portion out of the three hundred millions of population. Their number, including those who can only read and write their vernacular language, forms but two percent of the whole population.

The ordinary college student has no religious instruction. Where there are institutions of Christian missions there a knowledge of Christian Scriptures is imparted.

In some recently established Hindu institutions, a small attempt is being made to instruct the students in their religion. A Hindu student rises up early in the morning, and, after taking a bath, offers up his prayers to Surya, the Sun God. When he is about to take his meals he prays to God. These prayers are recited in Sanskrit, the sacred language of the Hindus. But such students are scarce.

As a rule, the student is very obedient to his parents. If a parent reprove him more sharply than is due, he will neither answer again nor show any resentment. It sometimes happens that parents, who have had little learning themselves have made very self-denying efforts to secure a good education for their sons. Young men, under such circumstances, are apt to look down upon their parents.

There are few or no boarding institutions of Hindus, the caste system forming a barrier among the various castes. The members of one caste loathe to eat with those of another. With the influx of a foreign population and the introduction of foreign manners and customs these barriers are little by little being removed. At present there are only a limited number of Hindu boarding institutions of which the Hindu College at Benares, the Jerusalem of India, is the chief, and at which arrangements are made for each caste separately.

As a matter of fact, and in so far as his actual course of life is concerned, the Indian college student is content, except in a small number of exceptional cases, to adhere with scrupulous care to the traditionary usages of his caste and sect.

A few students, after taking their B.A., study for their M.A. A graduate, who need not be an M.A., is preferred for the government service. After passing the B.A. some take up teaching and become licentiates in teaching, and some take up law. They are averse, owing to caste prejudices, to take up medicine.

Such is the life of an Indian college student at the present day. Before 1857 there were no universities in India. Formerly education was the exclusive right of the higher classes, and the lower classes were debarred from it. How much does India owe to the British for the many benefits which her sons have received at their hands! Under the British they have be-

gun to feel that they ought to form one grand brotherhood; under the British they have begun to understand the disastrous effects of disunion; under the British they have been made to know the true meaning of 'patriotism'; and under them alone they have been enjoying full liberty. We live under the mildest, the most enlightened, and the most powerful of modern Governments, we enjoy in a high degree the rights of personal security and personal liberty, and the right of private property. To one who wishes to have a clear idea about the present state of affairs nothing but the eloquent words of Mr. Justice Cunningham can adequately describe it:—

'Whenever it is fated that we are again to part company, and history writes "fruit" upon the British Raj, she will record how the English found India impoverished and left her opulent; found her the home of ignorance and superstition, placed the sacred torch of knowledge in her hand, found her the prey of the untamed forces of nature, turned these very forces to enrich and embellish her; found her the monopoly of a despotic few, left her the common heritage of all; found her a house divided against herself, and the prey of the first comer, left her harmonious and tranquil; found her a mere congeries of petty tyrannies, with no principle but mutual distrust and no policy but mutual extermination; left her a grand, consolidated empire, with justice for its base and the common happiness of all its guiding star.'

Just a word to my readers, and the letter will be brought to an end. I have been asked by Mrs. Cole to write this, and I heartily thank her for the opportunity this has given me of introducing myself to you.

Yours very sincerely,

STUDENT.

Madras Presidency, India.

[For the 'Messenger.'

Songs in the Night.

(By B. F. Herald.)

Creep closer to Jesus, my children,
The night-winds are whistling cold;
While hungry wolves prowl in the darkness,
And sniff through the chinks of the fold.

Creep closer to Jesus, sweet maiden,
He giveth a song in the night,
Thy roseate dreams of the future
Are hallowed when seen by His light.

Creep closer to Jesus, dear mother,
The way has been tedious and long;
He will give you laughter for weeping
And the 'oil of gladness' for song.

Creep closer to Jesus, my brother,
Though your castles lie low in the dust;
He will make you an heir to a mansion
If only in Him you will trust.

Creep closer to Jesus, poor sinner,
Though burdened with sorrow and sin,
His love and His death all sufficient,
Will draw you His kingdom within.

Creep closer to Jesus, sad mourner,
Thy loved one is laid in the grave;
From the grasp of the dire desolation
He has power to rescue and save.

Conrad, the King's Son.

(Elizabeth McLeod.)

The little son of a king once wandered off into the woods and disappeared. They sought him for a long time, and as they could not find him, they thought he had been carried off by some wild beast; and they mourned him as dead. But he was not dead; he had been stolen by some gypsies, who took him away

with them, and brought him up as one of their own children.

When he was about twenty years old, his father—the king—heard that he was alive, and where he was living. There was great rejoicing in the king's palace when they heard the news, and great preparations were made to welcome home the wanderer. When all was ready, a servant was sent to fetch him home. After travelling a long distance the servant found him living in a hut with the gypsies. He sought him out, and said:

'Young man, I have good news for you. Your father is a king, and he has sent me to bring you to his palace.'

'I am quite satisfied here,' said the young man, whom we will call Conrad; 'look at my fine house, is it not grand?' he continued, pointing to his hut, which was a little better than its neighbors.

'But your father's house is a palace,' said the servant, 'one of the least of the rooms is finer than your whole house.'

'Come in,' said Conrad, 'till I show you what I have in my house.'

So he led him in and showed him a small box full of pieces of colored glass which he thought were pearls and diamonds.

'Are they not beautiful?' he said, running them through his fingers; 'I spend all my time looking for them.'

'Oh, come with me,' pled the servant; 'your father has whole windows and doors made of just such stuff in his palace.'

'No, indeed, I won't; look at my fine pictures,' he said, pointing to some circus posters on the wall; 'and see here,' he continued, taking a handful of shining pieces of metal out of his pocket, 'am I not rich?'

'Come with me, and you will have all the gold and silver you want, and all the beautiful clothes, too,' said the servant.

'Clothes!' exclaimed Conrad, 'look at all my clothes,' pointing to a lot of old coats and other clothes hanging on the wall.

'It must be very unhealthy living in this swampy place,' said the messenger.

'It is, I am often sick; but I do not mind that as long as I am prospering and growing rich.'

The servant tried hard to persuade Conrad to go home with him, but in vain. Conrad gave him the same answer to all his arguments; he was doing very well where he was, and he did not want any change, and at last the servant had to return without him.

There was great disappointment in the king's palace, when the servant returned alone. Some one suggested that the king should send and bring him by force. But the king said, 'No; he shall come of his own free will or not at all.' By and bye he sent another servant in case the first one had not given his message properly. But the second met with no better success than the first. From time to time others were sent; but it was always the same. Conrad would give no attention to any of them. It did not seem to be much use to keep sending for him; but still his father's heart yearned after him, and message after message was sent him.

After a time Conrad began to grow suspicious of the servants. He seemed to have the idea that it was his wealth and not his welfare they wanted. He was quite willing to converse with them at first; but after a while he would avoid them all he could. Many years passed away, but Conrad still lived in the same place and took pleasure in the same pursuits.

At last, one day, one of the king's servants came to his door, and knocked. Getting no answer, he opened the door, went in, and found Conrad dead. Yes, dead! in the midst of his baubles. And so the poor fellow died, thinking he was rich and prosperous, and not knowing that he was poor and ragged and miserable. Are there not too many like him among us to-day.