

Young People's Department.

The Life of a Hindu Widow.

Mrs. Ada Lee tells the story of one poor Hindu widow, which is but a sample of many others poured into her ears by heartbroken child widows. She gives it in the woman's own words as nearly as possible:

"I was married by my parents when a very young child. I was taught the routine of household duties, and the ceremonies of worship of our household gods. But what good did it do to worship them? What Fate has written in my forehead must be. My husband died, leaving me one son and three daughters. Since the time of his death I have eaten but one meal a day, and that meal is of rice and vegetables only, and must be cooked by my own hand. Every fifteenth day is the widow's fast day. My one meal is eaten in the morning of the fourteenth. On the fifteenth I must not take even a cup of water. Having not eaten since the day before, I became so weak and faint that often before the morning of the sixteenth I became unconscious. If my son, who loves me, thinks I am dying, he may not refresh me with a drop of water to save my life, should he give me such a drink of water, he has to endure one year's penance to atone for sin. Again and again, especially in the hot months, my life has become almost extinct, and I wonder why death has not ended my suffering.

"We are allowed no flesh of any kind, and you know how fond we Bengalis are of fish. Sometimes a large fish is brought into the house, more than the family can eat. And I just long for one taste of it! I see all the others enjoy it, and a good share goes to waste; but I dare not put a morsel into my mouth! This may seem a little thing to you, but such a longing comes over me for a taste of fish that I can hardly endure the sight."

"But why are you bound by such unjust rules?" I ventured to say.

"Ah!" she answered, "if I care to choose a life of shame I might break down." And such treatment is the cause of so many of our widows going wrong."

"But the greatest sorrow of all I have not told you. My youngest daughter, only sixteen, is now a widow in her father-in-law's house, and has to spend all the days of her life in this round of fasting and suffering. She is servant of the household, and can take part in no social feast or marriage ceremony, nor in any other pleasure which comes now and then to brighten the dark life of other women. She is a childless widow. Her fate is worse than mine. How can I ever bear her sorrow and mine, too!"

The poor woman's heart seemed to be breaking. How gladly we told her of Jesus, the sympathizing Saviour. And as we left the car she said, "You will not forget me?" We answered, "No, and you will not forget our words, God's message to you." There will ever remain with us the recollection of the longing look she turned toward us as she said, "No, I will never forget; and you will always pray for me."—Illustrated Missionary News.

A Snake Bite.

By Ralph Welles Keeler.

It was early morning and the sun was creeping from meadow to meadow around the Telugu village of Timmar-eddipalli in India. In the fields where the sugar cane grows farmers were already at work. The fresh of the day was never spent in slumber there. One of the early morning tasks was the opening of the canals through which flows the water over the fields. It seldom rained in the Telugu country, and the crops were watered by means of these canals. It was an easy matter to push aside the banks of earth in the canal which held the water back. They could be opened by poking the earth with a hoe or stick, so the younger men and boys were given this work.

One early morning a Telugu boy, named Reddi, went forth with his uncle to the cane fields. The boy was soon at his work of letting the water to the growing cane. One canal seemed clogged, so he pressed in among the