

**D**

D stands for Day—eternal day—  
Which soon shall banish night and pain,  
And all who now the Lord obey  
Shall then with Him in glory reign.

(ALL TOGETHER)

Dear Saviour hear our earnest prayer  
For every tribe in every land,  
To all mankind thy love declare  
And bless this day "Our Mission Band."

T. WATSON.

COLBORNE, Jan. 3rd, 1893.

### BAND EXERCISE.

For a Class of Very Little Girls.

*First Child.*—In India the papas are very angry when a little girl baby is born, for there they do not know our loving Saviour, Jesus.

*Second Child.*—In China the papas sometimes sell their dear little girl babies at forty cents apiece; they would not be so cruel if they knew and loved Jesus.

*Third Child.*—In this Christian land our papas love their little girls dearly, because they believe in the blessed Christ, who said,

*All together.*—Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

*First Child.*—And this is meant for girls as well as for boys.

*All.*—Let us all help send the Bible to the heathen.

—Selected from *Little Helpers.*

### A LITTLE HOME MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

Boat, "T. S. Shenston," India.

Passing along the narrow village street I paused at the sound of a childish voice saying, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them." Again and again the sweet little voice went over the solemn words and as often they were repeated by a woman's voice. Desirous of seeing as well as hearing, I stepped out from the shadow of the wall and round the corner, and there on a palm leaf mat, in the moonlight sat a mother putting her baby to sleep, and at the same time learning the Commandments from her seven-year-old daughter, who is a pupil in the school taught by Chinna Samuel. Ten days later the mother and two others asked and received baptism. "And God chose the weak things of the world, that He might put to shame the things that are strong;—not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

F. M. STOVEL.

### A CONVERSATION BETWEEN FOUR INFANT WIDOWS.

A helper in Pundita Ramabai's widows' home has given us the following record of a conversation which was over-heard between four of the young girls in the home. They are between ten and twelve years old, mere children, such as those in the picture herewith. They do not know what marriage means, yet they are widows. They are taught to believe that they are "unlucky," and they believe that they are. Our friend who had been sleeping, was awakened by the voices of

these children engaged in peculiarly earnest conversation.

Vitto.—"I was a mere baby when I was married. We do not look like wives, do we? Yet people call me a 'widow,' 'unlucky,' and say I have killed my husband."

Chanda.—"I am also a widow, because my parents say so, but what is the meaning of it I do not understand. They say I shall have to suffer much as I grow older. No one will love me because I killed and swallowed my husband; but I never saw him, I do not know who he was. Since I am come to this school all the teachers love me; they try to make me happy, and they never say unkind words to me or think I am unlucky."

Vitto—"Prya, tell us something about yourself."

Prya—"What shall I say? I can say one thing, that is I was miserable, sad, and now I am happy."

Sundri.—"Prya: let us hear your history, and I will tell you mine."

Prya—"My father knew I would be a widow, but he purposely gave me in marriage."

All the girls.—"Prya, Prya, do not say so! How could he know what would be in the future?"

Vitto.—"Well, sometimes parents do it for the sake of money. Do you know the story of one girl who was here in the school and was obliged to leave it for her ignorant people's sake? The poor thing was married when she was five years old. She was given to a man of fifty for Rs. 100. She went to her mother-in-law's house. Within a year the miserably man died, leaving behind him a widow six years old! Don't you think her parents must have had sense enough to know that such a small child given to an old man would become a widow? But they want money, or they do it when they are tired of their daughter." (All looked very solemn and sad.)

Chanda.—"And also you must have heard of her sufferings, her mother-in-law, brother-in-law and sister-in-law made her work the whole day. The poor girl was abused all the time, and was pinched and thrashed if she made a slight mistake, and was even burnt on her hands, feet and face with a red-hot iron. When she was ten or eleven years old the cruel people shaved her head and disfigured her."

Sundri.—"Did they really shave her, then her intense suffering must have begun at an early age?"

Chanda.—"Yes, it did commence. Once she told me that she used to work and cook from five in the morning till ten or twelve at night. She had no bed to sleep on, coarse dress, and got food only once a day; often she was starved and tired but no one noticed her. She shed bitter tears as she told about it."

Prya—"You will get thousands of cases like that. I will tell you my history. My mother died when I was nine months old; one of her friends took care of me after her death. When I was two years and six months old my father wanted me to be married. Then he asked a fortune-teller [a Hindu custom], who said that if I were to be married now, I should be a widow. I ought not to be married till I was ten. But my father gave me in marriage to a little boy who died six months after, when I was three. My mother's friend took care of me till I was six years old, then my father brought me here to Bombay. I lived with him four years, cooked for myself and was very unhappy. My father was a strict Hindu and did not love me because I was a widow. My mother's uncle seeing my miserable state put me in this school. My father did not like it so came to Poona to fetch me out, but was taken ill. I