



INDIAN WIDOWS RESCUED FROM SUTTEISM BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

KATHIE'S DREAM.

She dreamed about a raven,
Oh, very black was he!
And his name was Naughty Temper,
And he sat upon a tree.

But she shot a golden arrow
And a smile at that bad bird,
And he spread his wings and flew away
Without another word!

—*Picture Lesson Paper.*

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

The King's British Empire of India has of late been attracting a great deal of attention from the dreadful famine and pestilence that have prevailed there. The sympathy of all nations has been aroused, and from Britain's forty colonies generous tributes have been sent. One newspaper alone, the Montreal Star, collected and forwarded over \$50,000. From the United States large sums have also been forwarded to India, and even from Russia,

notwithstanding its supposed jealousy of the British in India, generous contributions have been given.

The universal testimony is that the British Government has greatly benefited the people of India. Indeed, the very fact of its protecting life has caused a great growth of population, which has pressed heavily on the means of subsistence. In former years, wars, famines, and plagues swept away the people like flies. By means of facilities for averting the consequence of drought and transporting grain—railways and irrigation—it is believed that such disasters will never again occur.

Our picture on this page shows an intelligent and interesting group of Indian widows who have been rescued by the British Government from the dreadful death of burning on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands. It used to be thought the duty of an Indian widow to be so burned, and often without a murmur they have gone to their fate and endured the agonies of death by fire. The Govern-

ment has prevented all this throughout the length and breadth of India.

A large proportion of the King's subjects in India are Mohammedans, and have erected magnificent mosques, or temples. The just rule of Great Britain has been a boon of incalculable benefit to British India.

HELP THE WORLD ALONG.

If every little boy and girl
Some loving word would say,
Or just one kindly deed would do,
The world would be so gay.

No matter where you chanced to go
You'd never see a tear;
And as for frowns, when people smile
They always disappear.

Why should not every boy and girl
Pass through life with a song,
If each one did his level best
To help the world along?

The wrong things then would soon be
right;
So try to do or say
One kindly deed, one loving word;
Begin this very day.

—*Sunday-school Advocate.*

A LONG SLEEP.

All animals have their time for sleeping. We sleep at night; so do most of the insects and birds. But there are some little creatures that take such very long sleeps! When they are all through their summer work they crawl into winter-quarters. There they stay until the cold weather is over. Large numbers of frogs, bats, flies, and spiders do this.

If they were only to sleep for the night the blood would keep moving in their veins, and they would breathe. But in this winter-sleep they do not appear to breathe, or the blood to move. Yet they are alive, only in such a "dead sleep."

But wait until the spring-time. The warm sun will wake them all up again. They will come out one by one from their hiding-places.

I have told you that this sleep lasts all winter, but it often lasts much longer than that. Frogs have been known to sleep several years. When they were brought into the warm air they came to life, and hopped about as lively as ever.

I have read of a toad that was found in the middle of a tree, fast asleep. No one knew how he came there. The tree had kept on growing until there were over sixty rings in the trunk. The tree adds a ring every year, and the poor creature had been there all that time! What do you think of that for a long sleep? And yet he woke up all right, and acted just like any other toad!