

have not servants to do it for them, look after the cooking; but the long days pass heavily enough. Hardly one among them can read; nor have they books in their own language which would be fit for them to read. Great part of their time is spent in doing beautiful pieces of needlework.

The younger women often join the children in playing with their favorite dolls, while the older ones occupy themselves with games of cards. Such an idle life leaves plenty of time for gossiping and quarrelling, and you will easily fancy that unless the mother-in-law is a kindly, peaceable woman the little wife does not lead a very happy life. Until the birth of her first child she is generally allowed to spend half her time at her old home, and glad indeed must she be to find herself again with her own mother.

At one zenana which a lady missionary visited she found that the poor little wife eight years old had run away to her father's house, and refused to come back. Her mother-in-law was very angry with her, and threatened that her husband would punish her. At last she either came back herself or was brought back, and the visitor had to talk to the poor little thing and make her understand that it was naughty to run away.

The first few years of an Indian girl's married life are often very miserable, but as soon as a son is born to her she becomes happier again. All the family rejoices over this event, and the young mother will now be treated more kindly and with more respect than formerly. And how delighted she is, poor thing, to have a son of her own to nurse and care for!

When the boy comes to be named a great feast is made, and a number of women are invited to the house. In some parts of India it is the custom to place a number of small lamps round the cradle, and then for all to join in singing a hymn, while the cradle is gently rocked to and fro. After this the mother places in the baby's mouth some sugar or a drop of honey, at the same time repeating aloud his name. Names such as "Health," "Sight," "Peace," are the most common. From the time of

her first son's naming the mother loses her own name, and is known instead by her son's, just as if a woman called Alice were, after her baby's christening, to be always spoken of as "the mother of James."

Until a Hindu boy is old enough to go to school he is constantly with his mother, and naturally he learns to love her far more than his father. His mother nurses him and dresses him herself, and as he grows older tell him about the heathen gods, in whom she believes, and teaches him all that she knows, but alas! how little that is.—*F. E. Arnold Foster.*

BURNING PAPERS THINGS IN CHINA.

A missionary in China writes of a walk she took in a Chinese city, and of a remarkable shop she saw there was full of paper things. There was a little woman about the size of a large doll, and many much larger, all made of different colored papers. Outside the door was a horse made of paper, and a sedan chair. They were all made on purpose to be burned.

They burn horses and chairs so that they may go into the next world, and help their friends who have died to get along there. Very often, at a rich man's funeral a paper house is burnt for him to live in, in the next world, and a horse for him to ride on, and all sorts of clothes and paper money.

The story of the origin of this, as told by the Chinese, is as follows: Once there was a young girl who had only been married a few days to a rich man, a Chinese B. A., when he was sent off to see about the building of the Great Wall between China and Mongolia. He was away some time, and presently winter came on, and his wife fearing he would be cold, set off to walk to the Great Wall, carrying him some winter clothes. When she arrived there, she found that her husband was dead. And she sat down and cried, and cried, and cried, day after day till she died. Ever since then, the Chinese have burnt winter clothes and paper money for the dead in her honor.