

the foulest sensuality fill those songs. The longings of unbridled passion, the transports of unhindered lust are told in them; told so that the soul of hearer and singer are crowded with evil imaginings. Just when that girl's life is opening into womanhood her mind is being soiled and debased, and made ready for iniquity.

Other girls around her will become wives. No such honorable estate will be hers. The people of her own household are deliberately making her wise in villainous unpardonable, in clean English words, so that she may please and amuse and satisfy the depravity of some rich libertine. All the lithe grace of her person, all her quick wit, every charm is being made fit for sale. She will be sold, if she is not already sold, for lands, or houses, or rupees, and while she can keep her owner's favor she will be cared for. Afterwards poverty will come with the weary days of old age, unless in her turn she can get and train and sell girls for the life that has been hers.

This is no fancy picture. It is true, absolutely true, and true not only of one little girl but of thousands; true not only of to-day but of many centuries. When you pray that India may be made Christian, may your prayer be more urgent for the thought that when India is Christian this ancient, deliberate and notorious traffic will cease.—"The Foreign Field."

#### A HEROINE.

One day, outside an Indian city, I passed two shapely and beautiful English women. They came well mounted, trotting gaily and gallantly, one on either side of the road, bearing themselves on horseback as only Englishwomen can. That was one great type of the Englishwoman the native sees. May I tell you

of another? It is not a tale told by a missionary; it was a tale told by a civilian to me. We were walking in his garden just as the sun was westerning, and he broke out in the way of an enthusiastic Scotsman. After having relieved his soul in criticism of what he thought defects in missionary work, he broke out in praise of the woman as missionary, and then he told a tale, how, in a district where he was commissioner in the famine, there had been in one of the cities or towns somewhat of an outbreak. There was no white man in residence. Into the mission school, where sat the only white face, a missionary woman among her scholars, there suddenly broke the Tasildar, the native head of the town, saying: "Oh, Mem Sahib, there is a mutiny." "That is not my function; it is yours; I am a woman, you are a man." "Ah, but you are the only white face in the district. Come, they will hear you. Send them to their homes." So she arose, she marshalled her scholars behind her, she marched out, she ordered the men to disperse. They fell right and left, she marched through with her scholars behind, the Tasildar humbly bringing up the rear. Nor was that all. She had to go on leave, and a younger woman took her place. Then the famine came, and all that she could personally raise she carefully distributed. Then came word of the Mansion House Fund. How was it to be distributed? A meeting was called, the commissioner presiding. Up stood a venerable Hindu, the chief man of the town, and said: "If this money is to find its destiny, and none of it is to stick to anybody's hand that does not need it, you must place it in the hand of the Mem Sahib at the school." "Ah," said my friend, "we cannot do that, she is of a mission." "She may be of the mission, but she is the one person who will see every anna properly distributed, fulfilling its end." Then—for he