

beyond this enclosure. Others are permitted to go in closed carriages closely veiled. When they travel on the railroad a separate car is reserved for them. This exclusion extends to all the higher castes—to one-third of the women of India.

A mohullah is the name applied to a collection of mud huts occupied by near relatives belonging to the lower castes. They are often built in long rows, "city style," on either side of the street, although without any regularity or plan they are more often seen. These rooms—a room is a house—are very low, very rough and insecure. During heavy rains whole villages are swept away.

Mohullah women work hard each day, at home or abroad, wherever their caste occupation leads them; hence are often seen on the streets or in the market places.

Were I a Hindu woman I scarcely know to which I would rather belong, a high or low caste family. Those of the high are kept in "purdah," while those of the low castes work so deplorably hard. I think, nevertheless, I should prefer being a low caste woman. Too much work is better than none at all. We would better wear out than rust out.

The poorer classes have no time to train children; the more wealthy don't know how. Indian women, of whatever rank, are inveterate scolds. For some trifling cause they pour forth the vilest abuse. It is impossible to explain the vile expressions which a mother will sometimes use towards her daughter. As the Tamil proverb puts it, "As the thread is, such is the cloth; as the mother is, such the child." At the time when the child should be taught to distinguish between right and wrong, she is indiscriminate in showing her approvals and disapprovals. If she is pleased she smiles and pets her child, although it may have stolen something at the time. If she is angry she whips the child for the very act, perhaps, at which she before smiled.

Another objectionable practice is that of frightening the little children. They tell them the demons and imps are after them. Fear takes possession of the child. Imagination is stirred; hideous, uncouth figures rise before the child's mind. Thus the children early lean on the side of superstition, and all the incredible tales of their hero gods and goddesses are readily believed.

The use of obscene language before children is frightfully common. The grandmother often teaches her grandson a whole vocabulary of epithets and phrases of questionable character, and laughs heartily when he applies them to his parents in his lisping manner. Such is the home life of this people.—*Ella B. Simmons, in the Epworth Herald.*

White Ants.

THE most dreadful insect invader is the white ant. In Africa their houses are dome-shaped mounds, often eighteen feet high. These insects erect pyramids one thousand times higher than themselves! In their travels the ants so conceal their approach that their presence is not suspected until the damage is done. They usually tunnel into any object which they attack, often reducing it to a mere shell. In this way they have been known to ascend within the leg of a table, devour the contents of a box upon it, and descend through a tunnel bored in another leg, in one night. An officer of the English army, when calling upon some ladies in Ceylon, was startled by a rumbling sound. The ladies started with affright, and the next instant they stood with only the sky above them. The roof had fallen in and lay all about, leaving them miraculously unharmed. The ants had made their way up through the beams, hollowing them out until a great part of the framework of the house was ready to fall at the slightest shock.—*St. Nicholas.*

"Xumena."

A CONGO HUNTER

CALLED AT THE OFFICE OF

THE "AFRICAN NEWS,"

(One who knows the value of ivory), to see the subscription-list-doubling; surprising; beautiful; everywhere and by everybody admired,

PREMIUM IVORY PICTURE FRAMES.

"Free! Impossible! Must be Celluloid," he said. "No," said Bishop TAYLOR, (who was just starting again for Africa), "solid ivory from the Upper Congo." The Congo man examined; endorsed; paid price of subscription, and wondered how we could give such value!

OUR "ELEPHANT OFFER"

Still open for a short time. Ivory picture frame delivered to you free; portrait of the only Bishop-Editor, or of the "One STEPHEN MERRITT;" with one year's subscription to the only illustrated journal in America devoted to Africa, for one regular subscription price.

Remit one dollar immediately to the Bishop's son,
Rev. Ross Taylor, 210, Eighth Avenue, New York City.

"Palaver Finish."

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
FIELD NOTES. By the Editor	I
EDITORIAL AND CONTRIBUTED:—	
Editorial Notes	2
Onward!	2
The Distribution of Wealth	2
The Use of Wealth	3
Wealth and Stewardship	3
An Eastern Campaign	3
Church Opening at Walkerville	4
Answers to Correspondents	4
Shall We Have a Week of Self-Denial?	4
An Appeal from China	5
Some Aspects of the Growth and Progress of Missionary Work	5
ALONG THE LINE:—	
The Indian Work—Letter from Rev. J. Semmens ..	6
“ “ Letter from A. E. Bolton, M.D.	7
“ “ Letter from Rev. W. P. McHaffie	8
“ “ Letter from Rev. E. Paupanekiss.	8
The Home Work	8
China—Letter from Rev. G. E. Hartwell, B.D.	8
WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY:—	
Our Monthly Reunion, Prayer Topic—Chat with the Editor—Current Coins—Central Branch, from the President—From Miss Hart—French Methodist Institute—Words from Workers—"Highbinders"	9-14
MISSIONARY READINGS:—	
"A Little Child Shall Lead Him"	15
The Stundists	15
Home Life in India	15
White Ants	16

The Missionary Outlook

Is published at the Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto. Single copies 40 cents per annum. Clubs of eight or more copies (separately if desired), 25 cents per copy. Owing to regulations regarding postage the club rate does not apply to the City of Toronto, where the ordinary rate of 40 cents has to be charged.

Address all orders to **REV. A. SUTHERLAND,**
 METHODIST MISSION ROOMS TORONTO.