

and daughters.

No, as the Hindoos, like most people who do not possess "the true riches," love money and do not like to part with it, and as they are very superstitious, and believe all that their Shasters and priests tell them, it is no wonder they wish to have sons, and are grieved when a poor little girl comes to their house.

The girls of the higher castes in India, or, as you would say, of the upper classes, have no liberty to play about; and specially after their betrothal, or marriage, as they call it, they are strictly secluded, seeing only the house they live in, and getting out only into a small court or garden, shut in all round by the house walls, so that they can see nothing of the outer world. You can imagine how tired they are of looking always at the same place, and of doing nothing; for they do not go to school, or learn lessons at home as you do. Their chief amusement and occupation is talking about their dresses and jewels, and decorating their heads with flowers on festival days. They go sometimes to marriages, and it is a great treat to get out for a few hours from their prison-like home. They do not see much, however, by the way, for they are taken and brought back in close carriages. I have often seen the little girls, loaded with ornaments, peeping through the venetians of their carriages and wishing very much, I dare say, to look out of the windows.

But what is worse than all the unhappiness they have in this life, these poor little grown-up women know nothing of the blessed Saviour, and of His work for sinful mankind. They have few things to hope for in this life, and they have no hope in the hour of death.

Have you ever noticed, in reading the history of Christ's life on earth, how much He honoured women, and how kind He was to them, and how much they loved Him in return? They followed Him even to the Cross, when His male disciples had forsaken Him. It has been well said, "women were last at the Cross, and the first at the sepulchre."

Jesus Christ is not on earth now that we may minister to Him like the women we read of in the Evangelists, but He points us to those who are in need, and He says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." I write all these things, that your hearts may be filled with gratitude to God for all His goodness to you, and that ye may say, "what shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits?" and that you may be filled

with pity for your poor little Indian sisters, that you may pray for them, and according to your means you may give of your pocket-money to send Bibles and teachers to them; and, more than that, that bye-and-bye some of you may go to India and teach those poor, eager birds of the zenana. Many ladies are now doing that, and find their little scholars very bright and intelligent.

Some of those thus taught have become true Christians, and are now instructing their own countrywomen. I heard of one poor woman who said when she was dying, "why did not your women come and tell our women this good news long ago?"

You all know Heber's missionary hymn. I think of that verse in which it says,—

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

If you are interested in what I have written to you, I may in another letter, tell you about some Hindoo girls I have known. Meantime accept the love and good wishes of your sincere friend,

M. F. ANDERSON.

GLADNESS OF HEART.

"Well, darling, so you have given your heart to Jesus?" whispered a mother to her little girl.

"Yes, mamma," was the timid reply.

"And how did you do it?" questioned the mother, anxious there should be no mistake in this all-important action of her little daughter's life.

"I just stood still," replied the child, "and he took me."

She meant that she felt that she had no power to advance toward Christ; that she could only yield herself, and he must take her where she was and as she was.

There was a pause, and then the mother asked once more. "And how do you feel now?"

"O," exclaimed the little girl, looking brightly up, "I feel so glad, so very, very glad!"

A few words in the Psalms occurred to the mother—"Thou hast put gladness into my heart"

CHARACTER.

You know, dears, there are shops in our large cities where one can go and buy a suit of clothing all ready to be put right on and worn; but have any of you