LOW-CASTE WOMEN TV INDIA. Did you ever see the picture representing Division of Labor, as understood by some of the Lords of creationindticon:-
sists of a man nind a cigar carryine a stovo. sists of a man and a cigar carrying a stove-
pipe, while the woman and babe carries the stove.
Just such divisions as this occur among the lower castes of Hindoostan. Notliterally, however, for should the: stove'require moving, the husband and father would:
have naught whatever to do with it the have naught whatever to do withit, the
woman would be expected to do it ill. For our first cousins, in India are never bothered with putting up stove-pipes at house-clean-stove-pipes, and in the second, they never clean house.
What a paradise that would bo for the American 'Johns' who so dislike thio semiminual 'topsy-turvy' period. The women not only move the stoves in the houso nn out at will, but mako them aiso. They
mould them of clay, forming depressions at the top into which the fuel is pliced and over which the food is cooked. Should the room become too full of smoke the
women cim either go out of doors themWomen cine either go out
selves or set the stove out.

After the frugal meal is prepared the man always eats first, while his wife stand behind him and waits upon him. He would consider himself everlastingly disgraced should he eat with her. And no greater insult could you offer to him than to inquire of his lordship as to his 'bibi's henlth.
And she, inodest creature, does not regard herself fit to take her husband's name upon ler lips. In this she is like her highcaste sister.
The low-caste Hindoos livo in various mohullahs. A mohullah is the nime ap plied to a collection of mud hats, occupied castes. They are often built in lour owe on either side of the street, although they on either side of the street, although they
are more often seen crowded together are more often seen crow
with no regularity whatever.
These roons-a room is a house-are very low, very rough, and very insecurc.
During heavy rains whole villages are swept away.
Mohullah women work hard ench day. at home or abroad, wheréver their caste
occupation leads them, hence do not 'observe purdalh,' nnd are often seen in tho baziars and upon the streets. They work in the fields, wenve, spin, mould clay into drinking-vessels, sweep, carry water, bear heavy loads upon their heads, grind at the mill, and in fact do whatever the men do, or should do. No matter what their oondill their dnily thasts
At different times we took some of our older Clristian girls with us to some of the outlying mohullahs, that they might act as outlying mohulahs, that the work. At onc
interpreters and aid in then placo a man gruffly said: 'My wifo can't place a man gruffly said: My wifo can 'But,' said I, 'she has been working hard But, said 1 , she has been working hard
all morning and must work again this afterall morning and nust work again this aiter
noon ; cannot she rest a few moments noon; cannot she rest a few mome
now ?
'No, she can't! She must weave!'
Sha had prepared breakfast, all of whic Sha had prepared breakfast, all of which
ho had eaten, then gone for miles to work in the field, returned home to cook dinner, after which she would again work in tho
field until dark, then return home. He field until dark, then return home. He
had done nothing all morniug, still he had done nothing all morniug, still he compelled her to weare at noon.
Asking the other women to gather around her door we saing and talked to them. Again and aguin would they call for a song
or ask questions. A more interested audi once could not be imagined, We thought the plains, but we never truly realized how base the men could be until wo had spent some time on the Himalaya mountains at 'Epworth' cottage, near Almora The women are bought and sold like cattle. They do all the hard work, are clothed in rags and scarcely get enough to ent-although from carly morn till late at night
engaged in tho most arduous libor. Very engaged in the most arruous libor. Very
often they hare one nid the same sleeping often they have one and the same sleeping
apartment with the cittle. Should $n$ mountaineer be asked nught in regard to his possessions, in answer he will tell the amount of lind he owns, the number of cattle and wives.
Women, are often sold for debt,
'thrown in' with in purchase of land. They
have no time 'to keep house,' and as the
lowers story of the house is used for stable,
you cinnot wonder at the prevalence of cholern; for no refuse is ever cleared way no girbage burned.
During the clolera plague the inen are cared for as long as the womenareable to do so; but thoy themselves, by the huindoso, are left alone to die uncared for. They are usually glad to die but for the ear which hunts them of returning again in the form of an impure animal or even Thothey woman
Thicy can never hope to reach the land of porpetual rest or nothingness until they hive been in this woild in the form of a ainn. For this each woman-offers obla tions, sincrifices and prayers that the gods will turn tho tide of their hatred and per nit lier to have her next birth in the form of a biby boy The boys and men are women are the result of vindicative spite worle on the part of demons. But abrighter day is dawning for India's enthralled Farm and Firesido:

THE REMARKABLL CASE OF CAPT. JOHN.

## muve tale.

The wind blow th where it listeth, and thon harest the soumd thereot but canst not to
He was a river pirate. His father and father's father, were river pirates before
him. He never read his Bible, he could not read. He never went to church fo the same reason that the fox kept clear o the trap. He might get caught. His hand was against every man, and ever thic Jinks tribe. Everyone who knew that 'tribe' would instantly exclain, Enough said! A little hovel under the river bank, a dingy old boat, armed with axe and pike pole and possibly more quesionable implements, were his possessions the open river and any man's property the fter lo oun and they were in the Jinks line. Here Cap ain Jolm 1 priracy, until he was sixty, Every year. he rewnore weather-benten, and and within. Ignorance, supersti ion, whiskey, tobbacco, blasphemy, vices o all slanpes and lines, had united their dia bolic forces in begetting a man and mould ng his lifo for sixty years.
One day I was called down from my tudy 'to see a man.' When I entere tho room this is what I saw: A man whom would have pronounced an Indian chie He looked from head to foot as if he had been lewn out of a huge log of ancient thwny wood with a broad axe, and le a gray eyes upon mo with the stendy glare gray fascination of a wild animal, and in ust such a voice as must come from such

## hront began

Be you the minister?
Yes, I am.
Well, sumthin's happened to me, and 'vo cone to tell ye
'May I ask who you are?' Jol. Jolin
'Yes, ye kin. I'm Captain Jolm. Jon Jinks. I belong down to the river. Sumthin queer's happened to me. It was yis. terday afternoon, and I haint slept since,
and I laint et nothin' neither. An' and I laint et nothin' neither. An'
don't feel sleepy nor hungry neither. oel feel sleepy nor hungry neither. drinkin' 'ud spile it all till I telled it to some one, that is, to some one as knowed.
You're the minister, hain't ye?
Waal, yisterdny afternoon I went out to cut my ole woman some wood. I cut a I didn't know whagaled to but: felt had I said to myself, I hain't sick, I et my'dinner all right. I haint got no aiks nor pains. I sot down on a log and looked up and down the river. Tho't I'd rest a spell But the longer I sot the worse I felt Wer, said to mysel, sum hint mat tike this afore, as I rec'lect. I guess ye'd better go and lay down. So I went up in my chomber and laid down on the bed. vasn't sleepy, and I didn't go to sleep neither. But. whilst I lay there lookin' up
at the rofters, if ye'll believe me all a at the rofters, if ye'll believe me all at
once they began to look shiny. I lay
there starin at em till they got as shiny as gold, $I$ remember $I$ sort $0^{\circ}$ chuckled to niyself, sayin, ,Well, ole man, ye never ofters did yo? Thent sot up and looked round, and the hull room was just as sliny. as thi rofters. Fverythin' in it was so bright it kinder dazzled me like. And the chomber looked bigger. Suddenly, idn't see em come, nor hear em, but an sittin' all round the room. They had liite liait and long white bairds, and white clo'es. Thoy was nice lookin de ellors, I tell ye; I never seed none like On nowhere. An' they all jest ris. right
up outen the floor and sot there, just as up outen the floor and: sat there, just as vo seen the white mist rise up outen the didn't Mey didn't say nothin to me, nor here and looked at ench other, But they looked at mie mighty kind and good.- And ooked so eyes, that arter awhilo $I$ begin to feel shaned. Seemed's if they were lookin' right into me and all thirough me; and ine on em snid a word till it seemed sis d hev to holler. Then if ye'll belicve it from the gold rofters the pootiest leetle white dove yo ever seed. It seemed 's if its wings was all silver, they was so white an' it hovered down and lit right in the midde of the shiny floor. (So lost was the old man in his vision that he imitated with his grent, leathery, square hands the
hovering of the dove, bending his body to hovering of tho dove, bending his bocly to
the floor as if he still saw it.) And when the ole men saw it, they all smiled, $\mathrm{an}^{\prime} \mathrm{I}$ smiled, too, and when they seed me smiln' at the lettle dove, they smiled again oren afore. Then all to once my eyes looked up at the rofters, I seed they was turning back into wood again, an' the walls they kinder cumed together again, and putty soon there I was in my ole homber again jest as twas atoro. But I thite light off'n them rofters and clabboards hes got right in here. Ho struck his chest a resounding blow that would have clled an ordinary man. 'An that lettle White dove seem's if I can jest feel it right
in lere a fluttering them lettle shiny wings, in here a futtering them lettle shiny wings,
all covered with, siver, and I tell ye, I ever felt-nothin' like it afore.
Here the old man's yoice failed and the tears streamed down his seamed, weathorbeaten face:- 'An' what's strange, miniser, I don't wint to go on the river no more : an' I cun't swear no more; it scares ookin' right into me. An' then $I$ felt jest like prayin', but T'm kinder feared to do tant, cause I've done nothing but syear know what yo ought to say. So jest look up into the sky an' say, "Oh, Lord, don't et that shiny feelin' and that lettle dove it outen my heart.
My ole woman says I'm sick. But I hinint sick; never felt so well in my life. haint et nor slept any for nigh onto a day and night. But how kin ye eat and
sleep when yo feel just like shoutin' and ingin' and runnin and jumpin' all the time. It then her ith, nisis bein' siok, I wish
I'd never been well, nor ever 'ud glt well gain. I want to be sick all the rest of my life if this is bein' sick. And now, minis-
ter, $I$ 've cum to ask ye what to do, for it eenm if sumthin oughter be done ; an umthin' kept, a sayin' inside here, "Go 'n do.'?
The old man paused and turned to me hild the simple, eager expectation of a ashed upon me that here is a mind uttorly vacant of Biblical and church lore. There was no starting point. So putting up a man with outstretched hands, putting one in his hand and one on his shoulder, for I elte strangely drawn to him, and snid, Chptain Jolin, my dear brother, the Lord has been with you. For your life, don't ou do; or sny, or think anything to darken hat light in your heart or to soil the wings of our knees here and pray.' We poured out our hoarts in thanksgiving and prayer. out our hoarts in thanksgiving and prayer. deep sighs and groans and hearty 'Yes, yes.' deep sighs and groans and hearty. Yes, yes.
The rest of intain John's story is soon
told. From that time on he wras a new Blasp, He soon found reputable work. magic from liss seech Ho was a constant and most devout worshipper at church and prayer-meeting. Often when I came down froin the pulpit, Captain John would be waiting for me, his face aglow ; he would seize ny hands in a yice-like grip, saying, 'Ye got it right, minister, yo gotit right this mornin' ; I knowd it, I knowd it glory to His name
We never failed of a good prayer-meeting when Cuptain John was present. A fey fresh and startling vards from him would instantly dissipate the air of unreality which too often broods over such assemblies, and bring us to a consciousness of His presence, who spenks to His childreu henrt to heart. If we were in a leaden mood, the brethren soleninly and perfunctorily occupying the time, a deep groan from Captain John, or a suppressed Hallelujah, would startle us from our drowsiness would call from heaven. A sense of shane slow and sten upon us, that we could be to in our midst filled with glory and triumph. So he lived in the joy of the Lord, growing in grice and in favor with God and man. That first light caught from the gold rofters and clabboards' of his poor little garret, nover seemed to fade. The White dove in his heart lad never taken its \#light. Captain Johin died in the vision and victory of that light which came down out of God froin heaven, and foll in transfiguration upon the poor little pirate hut under the riwer bank.-Evangelist.

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> THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and publishel every fortnight at the ' Witness' Building, at
the corner of Crais and St Peter streets in tho city Of Montreal; by John Redpath Dougnll of Mores buisiness conmunications should" be addressed John Dougisire Son, and all Jetters to the Editor hoint the ndiressed "Jiditor. of the "Northern Messengur.

