LOW-CASTE WOMEN IN INDIA.

Did you ever see the picture representing Division of Labor, as understood by some of the 'lords of creation ? It con sists of a man and a cigar carrying a stovepipe, while the woman and babe carries he stove.

Just such divisions as this occur among the lower castes of Hindoostan. Not literally, however, for should the stove require moving, the husband and father would have naught whatever to do with it; the woman would be expected to do it all. For our first cousins in India are never bothered with putting up stove-pipes at house-cleaning time. In the first place they have no stove-pipes, and in the second, they never

What a paradise that would be for the American 'Johns' who so dislike the semiannual 'topsy-turvy' period. The women not only move the stoves in the house and out at will, but make them also. They mould them of clay, forming depressions at the top into which the fuel is placed and over which the food is cooked. Should the room become too full of smoke the women can either go out of doors themselves or set the stove out.

After the frugal meal is prepared the man always eats first, while his wife stands 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 health.

And she, modest creature, does not regard herself fit to take her husband's name upon her lips. In this she is like her highcaste sister.

The low-caste Hindoos live in various mohullahs. 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 on either side of the street, although they are more often seen crowded together with no regularity whatever.

These rooms—a room is a house—are very low, very rough, and very insecure. During heavy rains whole villages are swept

Mohullah women work hard each day, at home or abroad, wherever their caste occupation leads them; hence, do not observe purdah, and are often seen in the bazaars and upon the streets. They work in the fields, weave, 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 conditions of health, they are expected to fulfill their daily tasks.

At different times we took some of our older Christian girls with us to some of the outlying mohullahs, that they might act as interpreters and aid in the work. At one place a man gruffly said: 'My wife can't attend your meeting; she must weave.' But,' said I, 'she has been working hard all morning and must work again this afternoon; cannot she rest a few moments now?

'No, she can't! She must weave!' Sha had prepared breakfast, all of which

he had eaten, then gone for miles to work in the field, returned home to cook dinner, after which she would again work in the field until dark, then return home. He had done nothing all morning, still he compelled her to weave at noon.

Asking the other women to gather around her door we sang and talked to them. Again and again would they call for a song or ask questions. A more interested audience could not be imagined, We thought we had seen women cruelly treated upon the plains, but we never truly realized how base the men could be until we had spent some time on the Himalaya mountains, at 'Epworth' cottage, near Almora. The women are bought and sold like cattle. I said to myself, I hain't sick, I et my dinlittle prayer for help I went to the old They do all the hard work, are clothed in ner all right. I haint got no aiks nor man with outstretched hands, putting one rags and scarcely get enough to eat-al-though from early morn till late at night engaged in the most arduous labor. Very often they have one and the same sleeping apartment with the cattle. Should a

have no time 'to keep liouse,' and as the once they began to look shiny. I lay

cholera; for no refuse is ever cleared away, no garbage burned.

During the cholera plague the men are cared for as long as the women are able to do so; but they themselves, by the hundreds, are left alone to die uncared for. They are usually glad to die but for the fear which haunts them of returning again in the form of an impure animal or even another woman.

They can never hope to reach the land of perpetual rest or nothingness until they have been in this world in the form of a man. For this each woman offers oblations, sacrifices and prayers that the gods will turn the tide of their hatred and permit her to have her next birth in the form of a baby boy. The boys and men are loved of the gods, while the girls and women are the result of vindicative spitework on the partof demons. But a brighter day is dawning for India's enthralled women.—Ella Bartlett Simmons, in The Farm and Fireside.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF CAPT. JOHN.

A TRUE TALE.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou heurest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is everyone that is born of the Spirit.

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 for the same reason that the fox kept clear of the trap. He might get caught. hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him. He belonged to 'the Jinks tribe.' Everyone who knew that 'tribe' would instantly exclaim, Enough said! A little hovel under the river bank, a dingy old boat, armed with axe and pike pole and possibly more questionable implements, were his possessions: the open river and any man's property the field of his operations. He had a wife after his own heart, and children-well, they were in the Jinks line. Here Captain John lived—and labored at river piracy, until he was sixty. Every year he grewmore weather-beaten, dark, and tough without and within. Ignorance, superstition, whiskey, tobacco, blasphemy, vices of all shapes and lines, had united their diabolic forces in begetting a man and moulding his life for sixty years.

One day I was called down from my study 'to see a man.' When I entered the room this is what I saw: A man whom I would have pronounced an Indian chief except for his iron gray hair and clothes. He looked from head to foot as if he had been hewn out of a huge log of ancient tawny wood with a broad axe, and left 'in the rough.' He fixed his small, keen, gray eyes upon me with the steady glare and fascination of a wild animal, and in just such a voice as must come from such a hroat began :

Be you the minister?

Yes, I am. 'Well, sumthin's happened to me, and 've come to tell ye.'

'May I ask who you are ?'
'Yes, ye kin. I'm Captain John. John
nks. I belong down to the river. Sum-Jinks. thin queer's happened to me. It was yisterday afternoon, and I haint slept since, and I haint et nothin' neither. An' I don't feel sleepy nor hungry neither. I feel so good. It seems as if eatin' and 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?'

Yes, Captain, what is it? 'Waal, yisterday afternoon I went out to cut my ole woman some wood. I cut a spell, and then I begun to feel kinder bad. I didn't know what ailed me, but I felt bad. 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. Well, I said to myself, sumthin's the matter with ye, ole man? Ye haint never felt mountaineer be asked aught in regard to his possessions, in answer he will tell the better go and laydown. So I went up in amount of land he owns, the number of cattle and wives.

Women are often sold for debt, or 'thrown in' with a purchase of land. They

myself, sayin', Well, ole man, ye never expected to have a chomber with gold rofters, did ye?" Then I sot up and looked round, and the hull room was just as shiny as the rofters. Everythin' in it was so bright it kinder dazzled me, like. And the chomber looked bigger. Suddenly, I didn't see 'em come, nor hear 'em, but all tu wunst there was some nice old men sittin' all round the room. They had white hair and long white bairds, and white clo'es. They was nice lookin' ole fellors, I tell ye; I never seed none like 'em nowhere. An' they all jest ris right up outen the floor and sot there, just as I've seen the white mist rise up outen the river. They didn't say nothin' to me, nor I didn't say nothin' to them. We jest sot there and looked at each other, But they looked at me mighty kind and good. .. And they was all so clean and white and they looked so kinder soft and nice outen their eyes, that arter awhile I began to feel shamed. Seemed,'s if they were lookin' right into me and all through me; and none on 'em said a word till it seemed 's if I'd hev to holler. Then if ye'll believe it, all to once there cum flutterin' right down from the gold rofters the pootiest leetle white dove ye 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 great, leathery, square hands the hovering of the dove, bending his body to the floor as if he still saw it.) And when the ole men saw it, they all smiled, an' l smiled, too, and when they seed me smilin' at the lettle dove, they smiled again more'n afore. Then all to once my eyes begun to get kinder hazy, and when I 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 chomber again jest as twas afore. But I kin tell ye, minister, somehow or other that light off'n them rofters and clabboards hes got right in here.' He struck his chest a resounding blow that would have felled an ordinary man. 'An that lettle white dove seen's if I can jest feel it right in here a fluttering them lettle shiny wings, all covered with silver, and I tell ye, I never felt nothin' like it afore.' Here the old man's voice failed and the

tears streamed down his seamed, weatherbeaten face. 'An' what's strange, minister. I don't want to go on the river no more ; an' I can't swear no more ; it scares me for them nice ole men seem to be jest lookin' right into me. An' then I felt jest like prayin', but I'm kinder feared to do that, 'cause I've done nothing but swear ever sence I can remember. An' I don't know what ye ought to say. So jest look up into the sky an' say, "Oh, Lord, don't let that shiny feelin' and that lettle dove git outen my heart.

'My ole woman says I'm sick. But I haint sick; never felt so well in my life. I haint et nor slept any for nigh onto a day and night. But how kin ye eat and sleep when ye feel just like shoutin' and singin' and runnin' and jumpin' all the time. I tell her if thisis bein' sick, I wish I'd never been well, oor ever 'ud git well again. I want to be sick all the rest of my life if this is bein' sick. And now, minister, I've cum to ask ye what to do, for it seem's if sumthin' oughter be done; an' sumthin' kept a sayin' inside here, "Go 'n see that minister, an' he'll tell ye what to

The old man paused and turned to me with the simple, eager expectation of a child. My heart sank within me, for it flashed upon me that here is a mind utterly o in his hand and one on his shoulder, for I felt strangely drawn to him, and said Captain John, my dear brother, the Lord has been with you. For your life, don't you do, or say, or think anything to darken that light in your heart or to soil the wings of that little dove. Now let us get down on our knees here and pray.' We poured out our hearts in thanksgiving and prayer. I knew he was praying with me by the deep sighs and groans and hearty 'Yes, yes.' ... The rest of Captain John's story is soon

lower story of the house is used for a stable, there starin' at 'em till they got as shiny told. From that time on he was a new you cannot wonder at the prevalence of as gold. I remember I sort o' chuckled to being. He soon found reputable work. Blasphemy and vulgarity passed as by magic from his speech. Ho was a constant and most devout worshipper at church and prayer-meeting. Often when I came down from the pulpit, Captain John would be waiting for me, his face aglow; he would seize my hands in a vice-like grip, saying, 'Ye got it right, minister, yo got it right this mornin'; I knowd it, I knowd it;

glory to His name.
We never failed of a good prayer-meeting when Captain John was present. A few fresh and startling wards 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 speaks to His children heart to heart. If we were in a leaden mood, the brethren solemnly and perfunctorily occupying the time, a deep groan from Captain John, or a suppressed Hallelujah, would startle us from our drowsiness like a call from heaven. A sense of shame would steal upon us, that we could be to slow and dull of heart when there was one in our midst filled with glory and triumph.

So he lived in the joy of the Lord, growing in grace 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 had never taken its flight. Captain John died in the vision and victory of that light which came down out of God from heaven, and fell in transfiguration upon the poor little pirate hut under the river bank.—Evangelist.

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