

how careful people are of good wells. Many persons bring all the water they use two or three miles every day. Do you remember reading in Genesis about Abraham and Isaac digging wells, and even fighting about them sometimes! At home we would think it very strange to make such a fuss about one well, or write about a person digging one as though it were a great thing; but in this hot climate, where water is often scarce, a good well is considered a great blessing.

The Bible says a great deal about wells and water, and in telling of all the greatness of one king, it mentions, among other things, that he "dugged many wells." God's blessings are sometimes compared to good water, and if you will look at Isaiah xii. 3, John iv. 10 and Rev. xxii. 17, you will read this for yourselves. From the second chapter of Genesis, where it says, "a river went out of Eden to water the garden," to the last chapter of Revelation, where it is written, "he shewed me a river of water of life," much is said about water. I shall write a few texts at the close of this letter, which you will perhaps like to find yourselves.

Dear children, if you and I are to see the beautiful river spoken of in Revelation, and eat the fruit from the trees growing near it, we must drink of the water of life. Will you not accept this invitation yourselves, and ask the dear Lord to make the people of this land willing to drink the Water of Life which is offered to them freely!

Your friend,

ISABELLA A. DRAKE.

Gen. xxi. 14-19, 25.

Exod. xv. 23-27.

Num. xx. 2-11.

2 Chron. xxvi. 10.

John vii. 37, 38.

Gen. xvi. 15-22, 23.

Exod. xvii. 1-7.

Num. xxi. 14-18.

Isaiah lv. 1.

Rev. xx. 1, 2, 17.

"Like Father, Like Son."

My Dear Children,—It is now the month of May, and in Calcutta it is very, very hot. The schools are all closed for holidays, and *Zemna* work, too, and all the missionaries who can, are only too glad to come to the hills for a few weeks, where it is nice and cool. The place we are staying in is called Darjeeling. If you look in your maps you will see it is on the Himalaya mountains. It takes about twenty-six hours to come here from Calcutta. The first sixteen hours' journey is by train, which brings one to the foot of the Himalaya mountains. How do you think one gets up the mountains 8,000 feet? Why, by a dear little train! The engine is so small that people often say it looks like a toy; but, although it is so little, it is very brave, and toils up and up, and round and round, for eight hours, without making any fuss, except puffing and blowing a little now and again, when the mountain is very steep. At the foot of the hills it is burning hot; but every hour, as one travels upwards, it gets cooler and cooler till, by the time one reaches Darjeeling, one shivers with cold!

While I am here I want to write you a letter, and I shall try to let it be nearly all about boys and girls. In Calcutta, the people have a very curious custom, and it is this—if a man is a priest, all his sons must be priests too; if he is a cobbler, all his sons must be cobblers too; if he is a servant, then his sons must be exactly the same kind of servants, etc. Lately I have been taking a good deal of notice of this custom. One day I went into a kitchen where the cook was cooking dinner. The cook was a man, because nearly all servants in India are men. Well,

standing by the fire, blowing it, to make it burn brightly, was a little boy about five years of age. I said to the cook: "Why does the little boy come here?" "Oh," he said, "he is my little son, and I am teaching him how to be a cook like I am!" Some time ago, a little boy came to sweep my bedroom; I said: "Who are you, and what do you want?" He replied: "My father is teaching me how to sweep, and he told me to come and sweep your room."

One day I passed a cobbler's shop, and among the men at work was a little lad, hard at work too, stitching a pair of shoes. His father was teaching him how to be a cobbler like himself. I felt quite sorry for him, because I thought he ought to be at school, or else playing about with other children.

Another time, I went to a tinman's shop, and sitting down close beside his father was a little fellow, not more than three years of age. His father had given him a little piece of tin all to himself, and he was as happy as a little king, working "like father."

The little mountain children in Darjeeling are very different from those in Calcutta. The cold makes them so much more hardy and strong, and they have such rosy cheeks and are so full of fun. The women and girls work as hard, or harder than the men and boys, and I think that all you English boys and girls will say that it is not at all fair. The chief work they do is carrying heavy loads—boxes, stones, and wood—for building; but principally chests of tea. All around about Darjeeling are tea plantations, and poor men and women earn money by carrying these chests of tea to Darjeeling and other places. They carry them on their backs, and have straps fastened round their foreheads, which go round the chests. How heavy are some of the loads the women carry do you think? Why, as much as 80 and 120 lbs.! When the boys and girls are very young they are taught to be coolies like their fathers and mothers. The other day, I saw a little girl about six years of age, with such a heavy load that she was bent nearly double. I spoke to her, but she could not lift her head up to speak. A little while after, a woman took off her load for her to have a little rest, and then she looked up at me and laughed: I think the more they can carry the prouder they are.

There is a story in Darjeeling that a woman once carried a piano on her back all the way up the mountains to Darjeeling. Fancy, what a long way, when the little train takes eight hours! She carried it safely all the way up, but when she reached Darjeeling she died! I think the story is true, because it is talked so much of. Don't you think it is very nice that the little Indians like to learn to work like their fathers? I do, and this custom often makes me think of Jesus, who probably learnt to be a carpenter like His father Joseph; and of James and John, who were fishermen like their father Zebedee.

These poor children, like you, have another Father but don't know anything really about Him. You know how He loves little children, and how He wants them all to be good, kind, loving, and Christ-like. Now, all of you who love your Heavenly Father, will you pray for these poor heathen boys and girls that they may be loved by Him too? They only think that God is some one who is dreadfully cruel, and they offer him presents, and do hard penance to make him less angry and less cruel.

INDIA.—Eight of the twelve native clergymen now connected with the Church Missionary Society in the Punjab were formerly Mohammedans. In 1851 the native converts to Christianity in India numbered 14,661; in 1881, 113,325.