

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

[For the Children's Record.]

Dear Children :

I have been asked to write you a short account of missionary work among the native children of this place, and in doing so I pray that you may be so interested that you shall do your utmost for the welfare of the little ones of this land.

Remember they have not the privilege of being taught like the little girls of Canada, and it is only through missionary aid that the girls learn anything. In addition to my city work I have opened up a school in a small village called Pension Poora and to this work I will try and confine myself in this letter.

At first we had to teach in a small native hut, the roof of which was so low that when the Rev. Mr. Campbell paid us a visit he struck his head against it. We have, however, been able to raise subscriptions in India to erect a new school building which is indeed a great boon to us all. The children are delighted with it, the large windows and clean matting being such a contrast to their own little dark and dreary hovels. The more sensible mothers also are glad that their children have a place to go to instead of playing all day by the road side.

There are, however, some very ignorant and superstitious mothers with whom we have much trouble. For instance the Baniya caste think that if their little girls are taught to read and write it is a sure sign that their husbands will die early, and as they are not allowed to marry again, but condemned to a life of slavery it is a fearful thought to them. Poor little things; some of them are married when only six years old, and should their husbands die soon after, they are consigned to a life of drudgery much in the same way as we throw our useless odds and ends into the waste paper basket. I have four little girls in my school who are married, although they are under ten years of age. They will shortly leave for their own homes, and I trust that truths which have been impressed upon their minds will be

taken into many lonely homes where Jesus is not known.

Sometime ago I found two little motherless girls. They were very dirty, and used such shocking bad language that I almost wondered whether anything could be done for them. Kindness and a few small presents, however, worked admirably. They are now able to read and are such different children. I have another little girl who suffered much persecution before she got permission to come to my school. Her parents were poor and used to go into the fields to work, and little Bundi taking advantage of their absence, ran over to school for two hours. I often wondered why she was so anxious to get home by twelve o'clock, not knowing that she was trying to learn against her parents wish. However, they found it out and with an unmerciful flogging, forbade her to continue. Nothing daunted Bundi was found in school next day, and as a punishment chains were brought and she was chained to her house like a felon. As soon as I heard of it I went to the parents and by constant coaxing and many months of patient waiting, Bundi was allowed to come to school and is now a bright little pupil.

I have many more interesting stories to tell you but must not do so now or your kind editor will think my letter too long. But I promise to write you again, when I will ask you to come with me into a Zenanas, and see the homes and mothers of these dear young girls. Now I would only add, Oh so lovingly, that I trust you will do all you can for the enlightenment of those little dark minds. Good-bye.

Yours affectionately,

MINNIE STOCKBRIDGE.

Mhow, Central India, }
Dec. 1, 1886. }

Here is a lesson from a boy that some older person might well heed: "Why did you not pocket some? Nobody was there to see you." "I was there, and I never intend to see myself do a mean thing."