

stones over it, not close together, but with a space between large enough to let the vessel through. Standing on these stones, the person drawing water lets down the large jar, and draws it up by hand.

In many places good water is so scarce, that it has to be brought great distances by people who sell it. A large flat leather bag, hung on each side of an ox, is filleed with water, at a funnel-shaped opening at the top, behind, and is emptied by a little pipe at the front bottom corner, fastened by a thong. In our picture you see one of these oxen thus laden with full water-skins, the contents of which his driver will be very glad to sell to any one who may want water. Smaller bags, like pillow-cases in shape, are made for less quantities, and are carried by a man, slung across his shoulders, before or behind, as may be handiest. The water for some purposes has very often to be bought, as that in the wells is generally brackish, frequently so much so as to be quite useless for washing.

In India, the people drink scarcely anything but water, and therefore know its value. Indeed they think so much of its importance and different kinds, that they never ask if a place or climate agrees with you, but "How does the water of such a place suit you?" If you ask one of them, "How does this place do for you?" he will say, "The water of this place does not suit my constitution;" or, "The water here agrees well with me."

A gentleman, some weeks after removing to another town, had a severe disease. Being asked the cause, he replied, "The doctors tell me, that it is the waters of the former place and of this fighting in my body, and that when the new water has got the victory over the old, I shall get better, and have good health."

(About bad water, read 2 Kings ii. 19-22. About the best of all water, which costs nothing, read Isaiah lv. 1. About the freeness of it, and the duty of all who have enjoyed it to call others, read Revelation xxii. 17.)

SPEECH is noble only when, like an honest currency, it represents the gold of thought.

A GAMIN.

(Continued from our last.)

"YES, sir," he added, "I knows about Him?"

"Well, who is He? What do you know about Him?"

"Why, sir," he said, and looked about the room, and then, sinking his voice into a whisper, added, "He's the Pope o' Rome."

"Whatever can you mean, my lad? Who told you that?"

"No one, sir; but I knows I'm right, cos, sir, you see, mother, afore she died, always did that when she spoke of the Pope," and the boy made the sign of the cross; "and one day, when she wor in the 'firmery, a gent wor in there in black clothes a-talkin' to her, an' mother wor cryin; they begun to talk about Jesus, and they both did the same;" and the boy repeated with his fingers the sign of the cross.

"Because your mother made the same sign when she spoke about the Pope and about Jesus you thought she was speaking of the same person?"

"Yes, sir; that's it;" and he gave a nod of pleased intelligence.

Then we gave up questioning, and drawing his chair and our own close to the warm, bright fire kindled in the grate, we told him that wonderful story of the Babe born in Bethlehem. When, after saying much concerning the compassion, the goodness, and love of Jesus for everybody, we spoke of His trial, His cruel scourging, and His crown of thorns, the little fellow, who had been listening all the while with the most intense interest, eagerly asked:

"Were they the perlice, sir?"

Then we told him the whole sad story of the crucifixion; and as we spoke of the nails, and of the spear, and of the gall, little Jim fairly burst out crying, and said:

"O sir, that wor worse than 'Swearin' Dick' sarved me!"

We paused awhile, and then at last told him in simple language how Jesus had died to save poor little boys like him, and then had gone up into heaven, but promised before He went to return and dwell with those who loved Him.