

draw the slate over his face and not a line would remain. But when they found I was interested they would bring me their slates, and even received prizes for the best drawing.

As the Esuimo children learn English, they read more and more about you boys and girls and they long to see you and the wonderful things of your land, but they are quite content in the frosty North. A happier lot of children you would rarely find.—Mrs. S. R. Spriggs, in Over Sea and Land.

### WHAT CHILDREN DO IN INDIA.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Would you like me to tell you something about the children of India? Many of them have to work hard, as their parents are poor. The little girls stay home and mind the baby and pound the rice, etc., while the mother goes to work, and the boys, often quite wee ones, take a number of cattle away during the day to try and find some grass for them to eat. In the evening we see these small boys bringing them back again, often sitting astride the wide back of a lazy buffalo singing at the top of his voice. If you could understand him you would know that his song was about some of the many gods they worship. We hope some day all these bad songs will go and instead we shall hear songs about Jesus.

They have a number of games they play. One that I have seen them at looks something like marbles and another they play with tamarind seeds, reminds me of our "jacks."

Moonlight nights are the children's playtime. They play a number of games in which they dance and sing in a very graceful way. The boys like to play something that resembles "Hare and Hounds," and our school-boys love to entertain us now and then by walking on their hands, turn-

ing hand-springs and such like acrobatic feats. So few of the children go to school, especially the girls. One day when I was visiting in a Mahomedan home, the mother was telling me how her little girl disliked her reading lesson. She was being taught to read the Koran and had no story books with pictures, such as you have. Her aunt was teaching her to read this book, which is their Bible, and she found it a hard task. A neighbor woman, a Hindu, said to her mother, "Why do you make your little girl learn to read when she does not want to. She's only a girl and will never get a Government position." Are you not glad, girls, that your mother isn't like that woman?

These children like stories and pictures. On one tour quite a number of the little caste boys of the village used to come to see me every day at the close of afternoon school and would sit down on the floor of the verandah and learn a text and enjoy looking at some of the Bible pictures and hearing the story of them. Years ago, when we camped at this place, a wee laddie enjoyed buying some of the gospel portions and other small books. He brought a number of companions through the day to buy. In the evening he amused me much by coming on the quiet to me and saying in a coaxing tone, "Amma! I have brought a lot of boys to buy to-day. What are you going to give me?" He wanted a book, and I gave him one. Poor wee man, the next day he came back very sad to tell me that the school teacher was angry with him for buying the books and had taken them all away and burned them, saying they would all go crazy if they read them.

I hope you will all think about these boys and girls and pray for them. Perhaps some day I may be writing you some more about them.

Your loving friend,

ELLEN PRIEST.