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LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

MARRIAGES FROM THE "GIRLS HOME."

Tunapuna, Trinidad, Dec. 8, 1892.

DEAR MRS. MCKEEN,

I got your fine bundle of papers. Before giving them away I shall search them for temperance poetry, suitable for children's recitations. I need many such for our Blue Ribbon meetings. I often have to set to work to write them when we have none on hand. I have just finished writing thirteen pieces for recitation, each being illustrated by a magic lantern slide.

This takes up a good deal of time, but it is very necessary work. Drunkenness is a great bar to missionary work everywhere.

Our work is going on very well. This closing year has brought us much fruit every way.

In my special department, training and keeping up women's meetings I can safely say we have never before succeeded so well.

We are having two girls married on the 10th from our "Girl's Home." A third was engaged, but it was broken off in the following manner: The father of the bridegroom drinks freely, and having been told that a sister of the girl, lately married, was very ill-treated by the heathen parents, he said to the girls father, "you see smoke now, but when my son gets your daughter you will see fire." Their father resented such a threat and recalled his consent to the marriage.

It is a work of great toil and responsibility, this training of girls, but the Lord has blessed us in it. I have valuable assistance in my daughter.

Yours truly, SARAH E. MORTON.

JACK, THE INDIAN BOY.

MISS LESTER, who, last September, went from Perth, Ont., as a Missionary to the Indians at Alberni, British Columbia, and who, a few days since, was taken, after a short illness, from Alberni to Heaven, writes of her work among the Indian young people.

I started a sewing class for the Indian girls; they are making rapid progress.

Then I invited some of the older boys who attend the day school to meet with me in the house on the Sabbath afternoon to read the Bible. The first Sabbath there were fifteen of us, but the number has increased and now we have an attendance of twenty-six, including men and women as well as boys. We sing hymns, engage in prayer, and read together a portion of God's word. We are taking up the Gospel according to John.

Two weeks ago, at our meeting, after keeping them an hour and a half, I said that we would just sing one more hymn, and then close, for I was sure they were tired, they said, "not tired, not tired."

After closing the meeting they all sat still. I did not know what to say. At length I asked them if any of them wished to ask anything or to say anything. One young man said he did. "Well Jack what do you want to say." He hesitated. I told him not to be afraid. At last he got out the words, *I do love Jesus*. I do not think anything ever gave me more pleasure. I said "Let us all thank God that Jack is not ashamed to say publicly that he loves Jesus. We engaged in prayer. Jack was in tears.