

appointed time to start with Geoffry, the catechist, and Fanny his wife, the Bible-woman. It could have been no guardian angel, but at best an unfriendly spirit that whispered in my ear. I seemed to hear it as plainly as I did the creaking of the tall bamboos as they swayed in the breeze: "How frightfully hot it is! Just think of the number of times you will have to toil through the heat like this before the year is out. What a task you have before you! How many you will call who will say 'I go' and go they will not! How many who go will disappoint your hopes at last!" Did the sun seem a little hotter? Were my steps a little slower for what I had seemed to hear? Perhaps so. At any rate my mind was disturbed by finding that the school-house where we were to meet was locked and the monitor (it was holiday time) two miles away with the key. However, I summoned up my courage—I have a little of that quality left, even after twenty-four years of this enervating climate, so called—and said "as well count the strokes that must be ticked out by the clock in the year, which, after all, are *only one at a time*. It is true the sun is hot, but how could it be anything else, right overhead as it is? It will be cool and pleasant when I am driving home in about three hours. It certainly seems unfortunate that the school-house is locked, but I will visit from house to house instead of having a meeting; perhaps the Master has some special work for me to-day."

By this time I was at the door of the woman I was seeking. she is a Christian in name, like many others in St. Joseph, baptized but never taught; mostly in other islands, by Protestant Churches; a few by Roman Catholics and Church of England in Trinidad. I am trying to teach her, but she learns slowly. She said to me one day that a black god-mother was much better than a white one. This being rather a puzzling statement I asked her to explain. She said, "If you are sick and send to a white god-mother she will send you medicine, but if it is a black woman she will come and stay with you and nurse you." This is the popular idea of the duties of a god-mother, in addition to the gift of a new dress now and then. Coolie children are very often baptized by these self-constituted god-mothers who generally after a time neglect them entirely, while, growing up with a Christian name, but living like a heathen, the god-child brings shame on our holy religion. There is quite a community