

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, Oct. 29th.

My Dear Children:—

Every time I see your neat little RECORD with your own name on it and so much good and pleasant reading in it, I think how good and happy you ought to be. I have heard my father say that when he was a little boy there were no books for children, except silly tales like Jack the Giant Killer and Gulliver's travels, and now how many nice books you have!

You must remember how good God is in this, and that He will one day ask what use you have made of all the good things He is giving you, and you must try to do all you can for the little heathen children. You can all love them and pray for them, and most of you can work for them too.

What do you think I saw at Orange Grove Estate the other day? It was Sabbath and I had gone there to teach Miss Morton's Sabbath School as she was absent, but not a child was to be seen.

We rang the bell, and waited, and rang again but only six children appeared. What could be the reason? You will hardly believe when I tell you. Nearly all the Coolio people on the Estate, large and small, men and women, several hundreds, were busy

MARRYING TWO DOLLS.

I taught the children and then went out to the houses, but it was of no use. No one was ready to hear me. They had made a little tent with cocoa-nut leaves. The bride, a small and rather shabby doll, was awaiting the arrival of the bridegroom. A large quantity of food was cooked and heaped up on plantain leaves on the floor of an empty hut, and a noise of drums and singing in the distance proclaimed that the bridegroom was approaching.

I waited a few minutes till the procession came up, carrying a boy doll on a litter; children were dancing to the drums; the noise was quite deafening. Then they put the dolls in the tent, sitting together, a lamp was burning before them, and flowers were there; the women commenced singing and throwing rice, and I left them,

sadly thinking how many ways Satan has to keep the heathen from hearing the word of God.

FUTUNA.

(For the Children's Record.)

The name—*Futuna*—is new to many of the readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD. It is an island of the New Hebrides, but our Church has no missionary there. Three years ago however, the Free Church of Scotland settled a medical missionary, Dr. Gunn.

One fact can be recorded of Futuna that cannot be said of any other part of the New Hebrides. Two missionarie's wives now sleep beneath its soil, one of whom was born in Nova Scotia. The other, Mrs. Charles Murray died on the 21st of March after two years labor in Ambrim. She came to Futuna whilst ill that she might be near the Doctor. Shortly before her death 200 natives came into her room but only one of them shed a tear. They are not a people easily moved. They are also strangers as to what the Bible teaches us about Heaven. When Mrs. Murray died they imagined that it would take her soul some time to reach the home above. Our Shorter Catechism and the Bible teaches that after death the soul immediately passes into glory. As yet only a few of the natives of this island know this precious truth. Then they are a very superstitious people. How do you think they account for a thunder storm. In this way. They think the sacred men make thunder by stirring a number of stones about in a canoe and the rattling thus made is caused by them to be heard in the sky. Even some of the natives who attend church believe this.

Long has the dark night reigned over Futuna. The children are ignorant. Many of them know nothing of the Saviour. Let it be your prayer that soon the dense darkness of heathenism may be driven out by the glorious light of the Gospel shining through their hearts and brightening their lives. You enjoy light, it is your duty to send it to others. D.