

Speaking of temperance, I have a little white pony. One day he got out and went down the road to a rum shop, took up his place at the door and poked in his mild, white face. A black man caught him, brought him home, and remarked in a shocked tone:—"Miss Blackaddar, I found your pony in the rum shop.!!!" "Well," I answered, "the poor dumb beast was sorry to see you there and went to get you out, or perhaps he wanted to find out for himself what took so many people in." "No," said the man, "when a white horse looks at you in a rum shop, you will be sure to die.!!" I told him not to go in drinking or the warning would be sure to come true. Little did the pony know the consternation he caused by his visit to the rum shop."

One of our best boys was baptized a few Sabbaths since. We called him, Clarence Carmichael, after Miss Carmichael of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. He is so bright and clever, that we hope he will do good for himself, and the church which has done so much for his people.

A little brother of his was baptized the same day. Next Sabbath, another dear child will be baptized. So the work goes on, here one, there a family, there a number.

What a gathering, when all the redeemed gather around the Throne. May many jewels be added to the crown of the Saviour from our own dear Island of Trinidad.

Yours sincerely,  
ANNIE L. M. BLACKADDAR.

#### LITTLE BY LITTLE.

LOUISE Parr, a young girl of sixteen, offered to take a class in the mission school, and was given seven ragged, unkempt boys, of ten or twelve years of age. She began early to teach them to spell, and continued to do this for two or three Sabbaths. After studying the alphabet she would read to them a chapter of the Bible and try to explain it. But one Sunday Dr. Storrs, the old pastor, saw that the boys were whispering and scuffling, while Louise sat indifferent, silent and despondent. As she walked home he joined her.

"What was the matter?" he asked.

"They know nothing. I know little more. When I thought of the months, possibly

years, it would take to teach them to read the Bible, and of all the doctrines and wisdom and divine meaning in it which I do not understand, I concluded to give it up. It is of no use to try! It is the learned doctors and great saints who must help the world. I am nothing but a stupid, weak child."

"Yes," said the old minister, thoughtfully, "God has put a great store of truth here in the world to feed our souls; in the Bible, in nature, in the thoughts and lives of men.

"Suppose," he said suddenly, "that you should see piled up here in the field all the bread and meat which you will eat in the course of your life. It would appal you. You would turn from it in horror. But you gladly receive it, a mouthful at a time, and it gives strength and nourishment to your blood and brain.

"Your soul will be fed by God in the same way. You are weak and feel your need of greater knowledge. He does not expect you to become as wise and holy as an apostle or martyr in an hour, but slowly—as the body grows.

"Human beings do not reach mountain heights by one mighty leap, but foot by foot, tramp, tramp, through the thorny brush and over rocks, and through pleasant places, too; by hard labour and happy rests. But they reach it at last, and stand in the sunshine above the clouds."

"I can understand that," said Louise. "But it certainly seems to be folly for me to try to help these boys. They are so ignorant, so indifferent and so vicious. And they are but two or three out of the hundreds like them in our town. And our town is one out of many millions in the world, with ignorance and vice in all. There does not seem to be any use in trying."

The old pastor was silent for a long time as they walked along the path through the fields. He said at last: "What a terrible drought we have had this summer! The ground has been baked with the heat, and the vegetation scorched from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

"When the rain came last week, suppose each little drop of water, as it left the cloud, could have thought and said:—

"Why should I fall upon the vast, arid plain? What good could I do? It needs countless drops to freshen the ground and bring it to life again."

"But the rain-drop did not know what God knows, that one drop may wet the earth above a buried acorn, and help it to become a great tree which shall give shade and comfort to man for centuries."

Louise made no answer to the doctor's parables, but when she reached her home she held out her hand, saying:—

"I suppose all teachers sometimes get discouraged. I will try again."—*Scd.*