

LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

Couva, Trinidad,
March 28, 1898.

Dear Children's Record:

Here we are away down in hot Trinidad, having an epidemic of influenza. It seems to like the heat, for, though we have given it lots of chances to go north, it wont go. About twenty of my school children are laid up and school is smaller than it has been this year.

One little fellow, "Batchai," is very ill—we are afraid he is not going to live. The poor little fellow has had hot fever for fifteen days and is very weak and weary. He is always delighted to see Mr. Thompson or myself when we go to see him, which we always do once every day.

I am going to tell you something about our Sabbath schools. Yesterday was Sabbath, and at half past seven, William and Emma, Judah and I, started off down to Perseverance estate, three miles from here. We used a Sabbath school there in an old unnaved hospital.

After going around among the barracks and bringing along all whom we could get to come with us, we found that we had eighty—men, women, and children.

The Sabbath before we had a good many more, but yesterday everybody seemed to be too busy to go to church. Some were cooking; others sharpening their hoes and cutlasses ready for the morrows work; others washing, etc. But the boys like to come to Sunday school. I have a class of twenty bright boys, nine of whom are Christians.

After our lessons there were over, we again set out. Emma and William went to Exchange Estate to hold service in the hospital there. I went up to Camden Estate, where we have another Sabbath School.

Amelia, Lady, and Padum, had already gone up and had the children all gathered when I arrived. After the opening exercises we separated into classes and went on with our lessons.

Yesterday we had sixty-four in that Sab-

bath School. It also was smaller than usual. I shall tell you why:

Two pigs were being killed and made ready for a heathen feast to take place later in the day, and the pig killing was more attractive to a good many than our Sunday School.

When we came home from Camden we were all hot and hungry, as it was noon; so we took our breakfast and a little rest. At two o'clock the church bell rang, for that is the hour for our central Sabbath School in Couva Church.

I am sure you would like to look in some day and see us all at work in our classes. We have a large infant class, but they have to get their lesson in an outside room as the class is large and they are pretty noisy. You couldn't expect them to be quiet, as many of them are babies carried by older brothers or sisters.

Yesterday we had a baptismal service in connection with the Sabbath school, when little "Nelle Bissessar" and "Ralph Rajkumar" were baptised. Ralph's father was one of my school boys some years ago.

I have only told you of these three Sabbath Schools as they are the ones I have to do with; but there are Sabbath schools held in every school house in the district. Wherever we have school during the week, there we also have a Sabbath School, where the little ones are gathered together to be taught the old, old story.

Pray for these little Indian boys and girls, that many of them may give their hearts to that Saviour whom they have not known before, and remember that they never hear the name "Jesus" in their homes. Faithfully yours,

LUCY FISHER.

HOW STEVE GORDON OBEYED ORDERS.

It was a dark, rainy Sunday morning, in the city of B——. As the Rev. Mr. Harris looked out over his congregation, a slight feeling of depression came over his usually cheerful heart. Here and there were a few