

I drove up to the Church the sight was striking. Scores of carriages lined the road—on entering the church I found it filled from floor to ceiling by intelligent, God-fearing, prosperous, independent farmers and their families. To me it was a grand and impressive sight, and yet how saddening the thought that these good Christian people substantially one, should claim the services of two devoted ministers when one would be sufficient to break the bread of life to them, and the other might be sent and supported by the same people in some destitute portion of the heathen world. A stricter economy in men and means practised by the church would aid in carrying the Gospel to those who are perishing, and yet we rejoice in the grand work our church is carrying forward at home and abroad. We arrived home on 27th. Miss Fisher is spending a few days with us here before entering on her work in Couva. One incident alone on our voyage created anxiety. One day after dinner when just entering the tropics, a cry was raised "A man overboard." In a very short time he was a mile astern. A boat well-manned was quickly away to the rescue. His head was visible, and as every eye was strained we think every heart went up in prayer for him. Whilst we had confidence in him as a swimmer, yet the peril from sharks is very great, and it was only when we saw him actually in the boat that we found relief. Such scenes help to show the better side of human nature. We were happy to find on arrival that all the members of the mission staff were in health, and as usual had at work.

Yours, K. J. GRANT.

LETTER FROM MISS BLACKDAR.

TACARIGEA, Aug 9th, '90.

Dear Mrs. Burns, —I spent last night at Mr. Morton's. We had a tea meeting, Christian people from Princetown, San Fernando, and Couva were there. We had music, speeches, cakes, etc. Mrs. Morton's girls were there looking so tidy, clean and intelligent, so different from their country women in the heathen state. Miss Archibald too, had her girls up, Sarah Anajee and Ellen Grantham. In two weeks time we have a short rest of two weeks; not nearly enough, but if we let the children go we find it hard to get them together again.

We had a splendid evening gathering a week last Sunday night, 230 out. Mr. Morton never spoke better, some were deeply impressed. On Thursday evening last we had a precious prayer meeting, 30 young people were there, we read until past 8 o'clock. I

wanted to stop but all begged me to go on. Some had been reading the Bible at home, and wanted passages explained. Others spoke of God's love and kindness, and one Mohammedan said, "Please get me a Bible, then I can read in the day as well." I hope we will see a real outpouring of God's spirit upon our dear Indian people.

Our school made an average of 106 out of 120 enrolled last month. We have had ten new Mohammedan children brought to school by their parents this month. But we need a compulsory law to make the best use of our time. Mr. C. C. So deon has been appointed a member of the new Board of Education, he is worthy of the honour. I had the great pleasure of having our young catechist, Mr. Dana, take charge of the service last Sunday.

Sickness and death have been around us, but we are still spared to go on our way, we feel that we must work while it is day, for the night will surely come. Our new schools are doing well. In the country parts the people gladly hear the word. This last year has been one of advance and progress all along the line. Miss Morton is home and hard at work, not an hour lost.

I have had some nice letters from friends in Toronto. How I do love that city. So the Western people wanted to rob us of our good Mr. Morton. Well, we cannot spare him, so they must lay hands on some one else.

Yours Sincerely,

A. L. M. BLACKDAR.

BE PITIFUL.

Sympathy cannot bring back the departed treasure, it cannot "lift the napkin" from the face of the dead; but it does help wonderfully to lift a great load of sorrow.

Never have I felt before, as now, what an unpardonable mistake we ministers make when we fail to extend the utmost personal sympathy to the afflicted.

Nor must we attempt to apply certain banterings of consolation too soon. The bleeding heart must bleed awhile; the weeping eyes must weep, or the heart will burst. Jesus himself sought the relief of tears: none dared to say to him at Bethany, "Why weepest Thou?"

That pastor fails utterly who attempts to comfort a bereaved heart by an endeavor to stop the natural flow of grief with even a Bible promise. Nature must have her way before divine grace can do its perfect work. Perhaps this simple suggestion—learned from personal experience—may be helpful to my brother pastors in dealing with that largest family in their parishes, the family of the sorrowing.—[Dr. T. L. Cuyler.]