

were away. I had said to the missionary, 'how nice it would be to keep bees; they would find plenty of honey in the garden and would not be much trouble.' But Mr. Morton thought they would be a trouble and so we did not get any. While we were away a great swarm of them came and rested on the vine which shelters the side of our house like a curtain. They were coaxed into a rough box which was placed on a mango tree close by, and there they have been ever since working away undisturbed. There is now a great deal of honey in the box, but how to get it without killing or driving away the bees is a question. Ants and other insects know how, for whenever we peep in we see them stealing it as fast as they can.

We held a blue ribbon meeting in the Tunapuna church last week. We have nearly 180 names on our roll now. A number of our school boys gave us recitations, and Paul Bhukhan, our good Catechist, made a speech in Hindustani. For the boys who wish to leave off smoking we have started a Band of Hope. Nearly every boy (Heathen boy, I mean) who is big enough, smokes. They think themselves big enough at nine and ten. Cigarettes at a cent a piece are the usual thing. Lately I offered the Tunapuna school boys a half shilling if they could name a good man who drinks a great deal. They looked eager but no one spoke. At last one said, 'will a boy do?' I said 'Yes I will give you the half shilling if you can name a good smart boy who drinks. But mind,' I said, '—won't do. Look at his hair and look at his eyes.' His head was like a coal-black mop and his eyes were bleared and appeared to be only half open. This poor boy is about eleven; his father gives him drink regularly. A voice then called out 'Max; I saw him drink in a rum-shop 'Max will not do'. I said 'because he left it off two years ago' This is a little mite of five—a christain boy, reading in the second primer. His mother is a christain but not his father. When he was two and three years old the

father used to give Max rum until we persuaded him not to.

Last Sabbath afternoon, after St. Joseph service, Mr. Morton had to go to Port Spain to preach in the evening. As I was returning alone I called at the hospital to see a sick woman, and then at a little thatched house where a school boy was very ill. Here, in a back yard, were three hard-looking Creole men, throwing dice on the ground for a pile of cents. I said "well, well, could you not get anything better to do on the sabbath-day?" They looked ashamed; one snatched up the dice and another the cents; and they muttered something about "only amusing ourselves." "Only ruining yourselves," I said. And talked to them about the Sabbath day and about the dreadful effects of gambling. They admitted the truth of it, but said "we were only playing for a half bottle of rum," Oh, if strong drink were only out of the way what a blessing it would be! It is one of the greatest hindrances in Trinidad

SARAH E. MORTON.

New Hebrides.

LETTER FROM J. W. MACKENZIE.

ERAKOR, EFATE,
January 21st, 1890.

My Dear Children:

In Canada, who contribute towards the support of a vessel for the missionaries in the New Hebrides:

I take it for granted that you are interested in the work we are trying to do here for the Saviour. I feel sure you are, or you would not contribute towards the support of the *Dayspring*, as you have been doing. You will be somewhat surprised to hear that our

DEAR OLD DAYSPRING

is not likely to pay us any more visits. — Our numbers have increased so of late years, that our good ship is no longer able to bring supplies enough for us all, so the