

Crouching low, I passed through the door and found the sick girl lying on the floor, and no one paying any attention to her.

I found on examination that she was suffering from lockjaw. When the convulsions came on, the friends said it was the evil spirit working in her. The mother would not allow me to do anything for her, saying "If I allow you to treat her, the God, who sent the spirit will be angry with me."

I went back the following morning, thinking that the mother-heart would be touched at seeing the child suffering. But no. Entreaties were all in vain. I left, saying to the mother if she changed her mind I would gladly come and do all that can be done in such cases. Days passed but no word came so I thought that the child was dead, as the brother was absent from his work for a couple of days. I learned afterwards that he had gone to worship an idol at some distance, thinking to appease the God who had sent the evil spirit into his sister.

Ten days passed, then he came to call me, saying that his sister was still living. I said I knew I could do nothing for her now, but seeing his look of distress I went with him.

What I saw is sad beyond describing. The little wasted form lay as if unconscious, the mother shouting to her at the top of her voice and making her sit upright. At length she opened her eyes and her mouth too, and although I knew no power on earth could save her, I said, "give her a little milk."

At the very mention of this, the mother, waxed hot in her wrath and a war of words passed between her and her son; she saying that the milk would not be given, while he made preparations to get some, saying that he would give it if I would promise to come back in the morning. It would appear that the young man, for the time at least, had lost faith in their own gods. Ere morning came the little spark of life had gone out. On inquiring I was told that the milk had not been given. Poor benighted people!

Were sticktoitiveness in any belief sufficient to obtain salvation, then surely this woman would gain a free entrance into heaven.

OUR LARGEST MISSION S. SCHOOL.

WHERE IS IT? HOW LARGE IS IT? WHAT IS IT LIKE?

IT must be in China where there are so many millions of people and the scholars are little almond eyed, olive skinned, Chinese, with a queer braid of hair down their backs called a pig tail; No, not there.

Well, is it not in India, where so many millions live, and where the villages and towns are so plentiful? No, not there. Where can it be?

Come with me to New York, then we take a steamer and sail away South West, touching at many of the beautiful Islands of the West Indies, until we come to Trinidad, lying off the coast of South America, and there we find some eighty thousand people from India, amongst whom some of our missionaries have been working for twenty-five years.

Let us go to one of the towns, San Fernando, where Mr. Grant has been working for twenty-two years, and visit his Sabbath School. What do we find? Let a lady who visited it a few months since, tell us what it is like.

On review Sunday in Mr. Grant's S. School, there were present 175 pupils, and 19 teachers, Fifty-four pupils and two teachers recited the golden texts and the lesson titles for the quarter.

Next Sabbath, Dec. 25th, was the general review for the year. There must have been 200 present. Twelve little girls and boys, some of them very small, went up to the platform and recited the golden texts and lesson titles for the whole year. Some of the teachers were prepared to give them, but the time was too short. Each one who recited got a pretty text to hang on the wall. Quite a number of prizes had been given for good attendance. Some had been present every day in the year.

How many of our young people could do what these little folks did!

We have some Sabbath schools in the New Hebrides, in India, and Formosa, and hope, ere long, to have some in China, but St. Fernando is the largest in all our mission history. Let such good success cheer us to do yet more for the heathen children over the sea.