

average daily attendance last year was eighteen. As soon as the children were examined, the adults were gathered in, for we have a service every time we visit the school. Mrs. Morton went round among the women, sending us quite a number, and teaching others—who could not or would not come—in their houses. The Catechist of the district, who turned up from a neighbouring sugar estate, examined the children on two large coloured pictures: "Christ in Gethsemane," and "The Resurrection." This he did exceedingly well, and kept the attention of both old and young. I followed with an address on "Take my yoke upon you." The word for yoke, some of the children who use English about common things, did not seem to understand; but as I explained the term, several called out "Yoke! Yoke!" When I asked "Whose yoke do some people carry?" one called out, "Sin's!" another, "Satan's!" These were boys from twelve to fourteen years of age, who have learned all they know in this school. Of the Gospel, they know a great deal for their opportunities; but in life, they will be obliged to struggle with adverse circumstances. Pray ye for them.

All the cost of this school has been paid for three years past by the Women's Foreign Mission Society, Western Division.

One of the girls who attend this school, is fourteen years of age. For some ten years she has been engaged to one of my monitors, who has become a Christian. This has postponed the marriage for the last three years. We would like to postpone it for at least a year longer, and meanwhile get a better opportunity of training the girl. A boy of sixteen and a girl of fourteen are surely not too old to wait a year for each other, even if they have been engaged 10 years.

I knew a school-boy who ran away and hid himself a whole day because his parents intended to marry him. He was caught, however, before evening, and married that night. How did the matter terminate? Well, he grew up, and so did the girl, and she became his wife. He is now a well-behaved Christian man, the father of two children, and tells as a good joke how he got married against his will. But enough, I am wandering away from Red Hill.

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MRS. MORTON.—We have been obliged to do so much writing since our return in order that friends might not be disap-