

trusted to her membership, and who can tell the abundant fruit which may be gathered in the year about to dawn 'to the praise of the glory of His grace.'"

#### Letter from Mrs. Morton.

*My Dear Friends:—*

Since last I wrote, we have paid a visit to Princetown now Mr. McLeods field. Mr. Morton had to supply one Sabbath for Mr. McLeod, so the rest of us went for the change, and spent twelve days in the Mission House very happily, and enjoyed the pleasure of meeting most of our old friends, black, white, and brown. There was not an empty seat in the roomy school-house, on either Sabbath. (Mr. Grant preached on the first Sabbath.) The teachers and helpers, overlooked by Annagee, appeared happy and hard-working. Mr. McLeod very much needs a church; the land is already provided, and he is considering ways and means.

We certainly enjoy this advantage over the Apostle Paul, that we travel by steam in these degenerate days. I fear we could not accomplish much had we to encounter all the perils by land and water, that the Apostolic Missionary endured. We can leave Tunapuna at 7.30 a. m., breakfast with Mr. Christie at Courva, dine with Mr. Grant at San Fernando, and drink tea with Mr. McLeod at Princetown.

You will all be glad to hear that Mr. and Mrs. McLeod are again at work, and that Mr. McLeod's health has been very much benefited by the rest and change.

On our return from Princetown we found that some one had thoughtfully presented us with a bottle of porter, one of ale, one of wine, two small loaves of bread, a box of matches, and a cigar apiece for Mr. Morton and myself. The servants said they had been brought by a Coolie shop-keeper, but they did not know his name. About two weeks after, the donor made his appearance, a man of about fifty years of age; he said he wanted to be baptized. I asked him why; he said, "Well you see, I am sick, not very sick yet, but I am afraid of consumption, and then you would be my father and mother and give me food and clothes and a place to lie down."

We have opened a new school at Orang Grove Estate, there is a number of nice little girls attending, but they are very wild and mischievous. We are trying to teach them to sew, but I am sure you would be amused at the way they behave; to keep

them still or quiet is an utter impossibility. They chatter like magpies, in a mixture of Hindustani and English, and frisk about like—I had nearly said like lambs, and yet when I come to think of it, that decent animal might with some show of propriety object to being mentioned in connection with these dirty little creatures, wise in evil, and innocent of good. And yet one's heart goes out to them at once, with their large bright eyes and confiding manner. One leans upon you in a caressing way, another giving her a vigorous push, says, "You shant touch my missus." The first, returning the compliment, says with a whine, "She won't let me touch my missus." Another loudly declares her intention of going in the carriage with missus, and when some of the rest hint that they think it unlikely, she tosses her little head and assures them that they will laugh when they see her going. If they only liked to come to school, our task would be very much lightened, but even a piece of bright cloth and promises of clothing at Christmas are not sufficient inducements to leave their wild play and sit still for a few hours a day. There is a rush for a week or so to a new school; and then the up hill work begins, of coaxing them to come, and trying to make the learning of a, b, c, agreeable, which is no easy task.

Allah Dua is removed from Tunapuna School to Orange Grove, and a female teacher of good attainments is in charge here.

At Arouca School, taught by Paul Bhukhan, the progress has been excellent. It is about eighteen months since these boys began the alphabet, and quite a number of them are reading well in the fifth book, English as well as their own language. They have also a good knowledge of scripture. A gentleman visiting the school lately, asked them—"Did Abraham offer up his son?" "Yes," said one of them in Hindustani, "in intention, but not in reality." Was not that an admirable answer?

Caroni School, the last opened, is doing fairly, and Mr. Morton has very good audiences there, on the Sabbath mornings at 8 o'clock.

At Tunapuna, we have had a very dry "wet season," too dry for good growing weather, and yet many localities only a few miles distant, have had abundance of rain. The heat during the past three months was intense; some argued that it was increased by a large comet which rises shortly before the sun; if so the comet must be losing its influence as