

prayer-meeting I was at before that was at home. I am beginning to understand already how God watches over his missionaries. He seemed to be so distinctly and personally present in that prayer-meeting, and when Mr. Wilkie was praying you could see at once that he was speaking face to face with God. There seemed no barrier between at all, but such a distinct loving presence, listening intently to every word, such as you often feel in private prayer. Oh you don't know what a great, great privilege I feel it to be allowed to come out to this special work. On the way out, the gentleman who sat next me at the table told me that missionary work in India was a failure, and that the natives never really left their own religion, etc., etc. But I wish he could have seen that roomful of bright faces at Mr. Johory's prayer-meeting and heard them sing.

To-morrow evening (Friday) there is to be a tea-meeting in honor of the Ledinghams and of us; Mr. Johory announced it after prayer-meeting last night and you should have seen the delighted smiles that went around.

There is a great change in the temperature between day and night here at this season of the year. While the sun is shining the heat is quite intense outside, but as soon as it sets, a chill falls, and it soon gets quite cold so that you need your heavy wraps if you go out. One needs to be very careful about catching cold, I caught quite a cold in my head the first night I was here by not putting enough warm clothing on. The day had been excessively hot, so that the evening coolness felt very pleasant and rather tempted one to indulge too long in the luxury of being cool.

TRINIDAD.

The Story of Yissuph.

Miss Blackadder writes under date Nov. 9th, enclosing a letter to herself from Joseph (or Yissuph) on the subject of his baptism and public profession of Christianity. She says:

The young lad who writes is a Mohammedan, whose father was a pleader in the law courts in India. The father died, and the mother could not bear the painful life of a widow in India, so meeting the Trinidad recruiting agent, she and her little fatherless boy, Joseph, the writer, came here, and were put on Orange Grove Estate, where Miss Morton for years carried on a Mission school.

When I came to Tacarigua, this lad was reading the alphabet cards. He attended school, worked in the fields, made good progress, was engaged as monitor, passed his examinations, and when Mr. Cropper opened the Maraccas school, Joseph took charge. He did well, got on nicely with the pupils. At the last examination for entrance to the Training School,