

work and great loneliness in our absence. She not only brought on her own school well, but exerted herself in every department to make our absence as little felt as possible. Miss Blackadder's school at Princetown is prospering. Mr. Wright and family at Couva are well. The mission Council had a pleasant meeting there on January 2nd. We have been cheered by news from Kingston, Ontario, that Rev. Mr. Craig's S. school intend to give us a yearly contribution also Rev. Mr. Burrow's Sunday school, Truro; N. S. There will be nice large drops in our very empty bucket. The Governor sent Mr. Morton \$38.00 this week.

I am now going to tell something very sad that happened at Tunapuna this week, and this part of my letter is intended chiefly for the children to whom I promised to write.

A little boy about nine years old named Ram Samrigh, one of Miss Semple's scholars went to a neighboring shop to buy some bread he said, but instead of buying bread, he bought four cents worth of rum at two different shops and two cigars. He gave a taste of the rum to a little boy who was with him, put a cigar in his mouth and reeled back to school, for he became drunk almost immediately. As soon as Mr. Morton saw the state he was in he called a policeman to see him, and seek for the two shop-keepers who sold him the rum. There is a fine of \$5.00 for selling to a child. The poor little fellow soon became very ill. When I went down stairs to see him, he was stretched out on the study floor quite senseless, the policeman and one of the shopkeepers bending over him trying to get him to swallow something that would enable him to relieve himself of the rum. He afterwards took a long sleep and seemed all right the next day, but it was a pitiful sight and one which I hope none of you will ever see.

Dear children will you not make haste to "rescue the perishing"? Will it not soon be too late those boys who begin at eight and nine years old to get drunk?

What we need is more money for schools that the poor little Hindoo children may be tenderly gathered in and taught to know and love the right.

SARAH E. MORTON.

ONLY ONE FAULT.

I was riding through a bowery country town in Vermont, when I chanced to notice a concourse of people in the churchyard evidently encircling an open grave.

It was a warm day and I had ridden ten miles, and I drew the rein under some trees that arched the road, to allow the horse to cool and rest.

Presently a villager came towards me, and I said:—

"There is a funeral to-day in your town?"

"Yes—Stephen. He was one of the largest hearted men I ever knew. We all owe something to Stephen." Then he added in a tone of regret, "He had but one fault."

The light fell in the pencil rays through the trees. I sat in silence enjoying the refreshing coolness.

The man resumed the subject: "He had great ability, Stephen had. We sent him to the Legislature three times. They thought of nominating him for Governor. But," he added sadly, "Stephen had one fault."

I made no answer. I was tired and watched the people slowly disperse, leaving the sexton to his solitary work.

"A very generous man Stephen was. Always visited the sick—he was feeling—when any one was in trouble. The old people all liked him. Even the children follow him in the streets."

"A good man indeed," said I indifferently.

"Yes, he only had one fault."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Only intemperance."

"Did it harm him?"

"Yes, somewhat." He didn't seem to have any power to resist it at last. He got behindhand and had to mortgage his farm, and finally had to sell it. His wife died on account of the reverse; kind of crushed and disappointed. Then his children, not having the right bringing up, turned out badly. His intemperance seemed to mortify them and take away their spirit. He had to leave politics; 'twouldn't do, you see. Then we had to set him aside from the church, and at last his habits brought on paralysis and we had to take him to the poor-house. He died there; only forty-five. There were none of his children at the funeral. Poor man, he had only one fault."

"Only one fault!"

The ship had only one leak, but it went down. The temple had only one decaying pillar, but it fell.

"Only one fault." Home gone, wife lost, family ruined, honour forfeited; social and religious principles abandoned; broken health, poverty, paralysis and the poor-house.

One fault, only one.