

LIFE AND WORK IN TRINIDAD.

BY OUR MISSIONARY MISS BLACKADDER.

"MY school is a very large one," writes Miss Blackadder. "We have 123 Indian children in this one school at Tacarigua. Most of them are young and small, but they are such bright, pretty, intelligent little creatures. They have such lovely brown skins, beautiful eyes, and are very self-possessed and graceful. But they do not care to come to school any more than some white children do. They read English and Hindi well, can sew, write, do sums and do the same school work as children do at home.

Our Sunday-school is large. We have a class of 40 men, a class of 30 women and girls and 100 children. But we find it hard to get teachers.

The people here make houses out of mud, cover the top with grass or leaves, have a door, a small window, a fire place made of stones. The smoke can go in or out, they do not seem to mind.

They eat rice, peas, fish, but no beef or pork. They drink rum, and even little boys and girls drink too.

The children marry when they are very young, and often these marriages turn out well. Sometimes they turn out badly.

The people worship idols, stones, and even a bamboo and a red flag.

But some thousands of them are Christians and worship God. They will walk long distances in order to be at a meeting. And they give liberally to support their churches and do all they can to get others in the right way.

We have now in Trinidad five pretty churches, fifty schools, native ministers, teachers, and catechists. But we still have hard work. Sin, evil habits, are hard to get rid of, so we work, strive and pray for the time when all shall know the Lord.

We have our cool weather now. You would call it hot, I suppose, 80° in the shade. Flowers are blooming and birds flying about.

Next week the planters will commence grinding sugar cane, and then many of the children will run to suck the sweet juice of

the cane. As far as the eye can reach we see field after field of lovely green canes. These are cut down and ground into sugar.

Pray for these little children that they may be led to Jesus.

"HE LIVES IN OUR ALLEY NOW."

"Where," said a teacher to his class of little, ragged boys, gathered from the crowded courts of the great city, "where is Jesus Christ?"

Quickly the answer came from a bright-eyed little fellow, in a tone of the utmost confidence, as though there were no manner of doubt about it:

"O, he lives in our alley now!"

What a revelation of faith and hope and love embodied in the daily life and work was wrapped up in this answer! The alley had been the abode of poverty, dirt and misery. The women quarrelled, the men drank, the children were neglected. But a lady came to reside in the neighborhood who offered her services as a district visitor to the vicar of the parish. In a sort of apologetic way he said:

"I suppose I must not ask you to take — alley?"

"Why not?" said the lady.

"Well," he said, "it's not a very promising district."

She modestly replied:

"Then it must have the more need our sympathy."

So the lady began her work in — alley, not in her own strength, but in the power of God's Holy Spirit. By her sweet smile and kindly looks and loving words she soon won all hearts. The small rooms became cleaner and scolding women became more gentle, and the hard-earned money of the laborer was brought home to buy bread instead of its being spent at the gin palace. So evident was the transformation that even the children felt it; hence the touching reply, "O, he lives in our alley now!"—*Ec.*

ONLY.

From "only" one word many quarrels begin. And "only this once" leads to many a sin.

"Only a penny" wastes many a pound;

"Only once more," and the diver is drowned;

"Only one drop" many drunkards has made;

"Only a play" many gamblers have said;

"Only a cold" opens many a grave;

"Only resist" many evils will save!