

but I do not object to their being bought. When they get too noisy I take them up in my arms or get one of my girls to do so.

I am happy to be able to say to you that my school is well attended and that many of the children are making fair progress in their lessons. Children are not so far advanced here as those of the same age among yourselves, but some of these read and write very well.

I have one little boy 6 years of age reading in the second book. He knows all the Multiplication Table, and can recite a number of hymns in both English and Hindustani. They find Arithmetic difficult. It is so hard to get Coolies to *think*. If they are told to learn any thing by heart they do so beautifully. They like Geography, and English better than Arithmetic, as they are fond of hearing about other countries, and the people who inhabit them.

They never get tired of Bible stories, and I am sure their knowledge of them, and the questions they put to me would astonish you. We are now studying "Moses and the children of Israel," and one little girl who had been very much impressed with God's goodness towards them asked me if He was as kind to his people now? I asked her to enumerate some of the good things that she enjoyed but she had not gone far when she exclaimed 'Oh, God gives us everything! Now this question was not asked in the class, but some hours after, which showed that she must have been thinking of it. Another little boy on being asked one day if Christ, when he was born, looked like other children, said, "when we look at him we see him just the same but his heart is not like ours." Was that not a wonderful answer.

There is no lesson we take up, they show more interest in than the Scripture lesson. This is very cheering, for it is not only education we want to see spreading among all the Coolies of Trinidad, there is some thing compared to which education is a small thing. We want to see the light of *true* religion shining into these dark homes and hearts, the pure and holy religion of Jesus, the Saviour of the world.

Many of these poor Indians yet worship their idols. It is only a few years ago that I saw a number assembled worshipping a cow. If they knew the one true God and worshipped only Him, how different their lives would be! This is what we work for, this is what we long for; and this is the great work that some

of you are. I know trying to help on.

May the Lord help and bless you in all you are doing.

Your sincere Friend,
A. A. SEMPLE.

WITHOUT NOTE OR COMMENT.

A little more than twenty-five years ago Robert J. M. Goodwin was one of the two or three most promising men in Asbury University, at Greencastle, Ind. His habits were good, his industry untiring, his ambition high, and his ability considerably above that of most men in his class and college. He was a man full of combativeness and abounding energy. Courageous, high spirited, witty, and generous, there was no man more generally loved by his fellows than he. He came of a family of high character, the habit of whose members it was to win distinction in life, and his promise in that way was greater than that of any other Goodwin of them all.

When the war came he entered the service, and although neither his training nor his taste was military, he quickly distinguished himself, rising to the rank of brigadier-general, conferred for meritorious service. When the fighting was done he returned to Indianapolis, and entered again upon the practice of his profession, quickly distinguishing himself at the bar. All the fair promise of his youth and early manhood seemed about to be fulfilled abundantly, and the brilliancy shown in his college career had obviously ripened into intellectual vigor of an uncommon sort.

But the good habits of his youth had given place to intemperance. His thirst for alcohol had become uncontrollable. In a little time his intellect was in ruins. The man was a sot. His friends sought to save him, and sent him for a time to a hospital for the insane, to be treated for chronic alcoholism. He was discharged thence as a patient who had recovered; but as is usually the case the habit returned as soon as the restraint was removed, and in his drunken resentment the poor fellow shot and killed his brother who had placed him in the hospital.

For this murder he was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and a few days ago he committed suicide in his cell. The sad story of his downfall seems one worth telling in this plain way for purposes of admonition.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.