

Thompson, opened the Mission School which Abdool attended. He was amongst the most promising of the pupils,—a handsome, intelligent, Mohammedan boy. His parents were respectable Mohammedans of the merchant class.

The instruction given in this school being based on scripture, the children became deeply interested in scripture history, the life of Christ and in the hymns, old to us, but ever new to children, There is a Happy Land, Around the Throne of God in Heaven, Jesus Loves Me, and many others. After school, the dear little ones would gather under the fragrant orange trees in the manse garden. Soon they would sing; and the East Indian people, hearing the music, would gather around the gate and listen. Then Mrs. Morton or the Catechist would read and speak to the people.

The East Indian boys, dressed in white cotton clothes, with jaunty little caps of different colors, silver bangles on wrists and ankles, rings in the ears, also on fingers and toes, made a picture of childish grace and beauty never to be forgotten. The girls, with veils often hiding their merry faces and dark braids of beautiful hair, completed the picture.

But into our sunny land and happy school, sorrow, sickness and death came all too soon. Abdool, who was eight years old, had a sister of six, named Nasiban. They soon learned to read both English and Hindi very fluently, and took delight in learning hymns, memory verses and prayers. One afternoon little Nasiban, while playing with a young kid, trod on a rusty nail. This caused lockjaw, and in a few days the little girl died. It was sad to witness the sorrow and distress of the stricken parents and the young brother. Abdool became more interested than ever about the life to come. He continued to attend school, and made rapid progress in his studies, passing the Government examination with credit to himself and pride to his teacher.

At last his parents, fearing he would become a Christian, removed him to the Government School, where no religious instruction is given. Abdool obeyed his parents, but always attended our Sunday School and church ser-

vices. He wished to be baptized, but his parents would not listen to his pleadings. Abdool loved Jesus, and faithfully served Him.

After a time, our young friend was taken on as a pupil teacher in the Mission School. He was very kind to the little ones under his care. He would go out early in the morning and call them to school. Sometimes the heathen would curse him and throw mud over him, calling him "Christian dog" and other bad names. The dear lad bore all with patience, remarking once, "They drove nails into my Master's hands, but they only give me hard words."

Our missionary had to go away on account of his health, so the school decided to get up a little surprise in the form of a present. Abdool took great interest in the matter, and gave great help. On the day of the presentation, Abdool made a few remarks and recited some lines that seemed almost prophetic as applied to his own life.

This little treat was on Monday. Tuesday, Abdool had fever, not considered dangerous at all, Wednesday he was not worse. We hoped he would soon be over it. Thursday and Friday, about the same, Saturday, not so well. On Sunday the doctor asked me to go and sit with him, and see that he took his medicine and food. He knew me, smiled and repeated his hymn, verses, and prayers. All through the delirium of fever no bad words were heard from his lips.

I returned home at eleven o'clock at night. During the night some "moulvies", or priests, came and said they would make him well, by driving out the bad spirits. They had a drum beaten, and made him sit and stand. The result was what you would expect. Early on Monday morning he passed away to the home above, where he knew he would meet his risen Lord.

The life and death of this dear boy made a deep and lasting impression on our young people. Some of them decided to be baptized and join the church. They have been active, consistent members for many years now. Abdool "being dead, yet speaketh". He was only sixteen years old when he was called to go up higher.

Tunapuna, Trinidad