

Lord's teaching and if thus taught the flood of death will not alarm us. May you all when carried away with this flood be landed safely in the haven above.

D.

LIKE MOTHER.

We have all read and been touched by the story of the little boy who told his mother that when he grew up he was going to marry a lady just like her. I think the following incident is equally touching and beautiful.

Little Arthur B——, a three-year-old child, watching his mother at her household work, and looking up affectionately at her remarked:

"I hope I'll grow up to be a lady!"

"Why," said the mother; "do you like ladies better than men?"

"Ye-es!" was the answer.

"Well," said the mother, "If you grow up to be a man perhaps you can get some nice lady to come and live with you; that is the way men do."

He looked up with a bright face and said:

"Will 'ee come and live with me when I am a man."

Tunapuna, Trinidad, B. W. J.

January 18th 1884.

My Dear Friends:

I thought to have written you before, but have been much occupied since our return. We landed at Port-of-Spain on the 21st December, just eight months from the day we left. Our passage was, as to the first part of it, a most uncomfortable one. The weather was not bad but the sea ran high, and the vessel dipped very low, so that tons of water rolled over the deck coming in first at one side and then at the other, frequently to the height of four feet, the fore cabin having a foot of water in them for days at a time with a more than comfortable allowance in the saloon and some of the first-class state rooms. It is all very well to sing "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," but the rocking that we endured in the "Muriel" was not at all conducive to health, and our party landed quite in a weather beaten condition, but with thankful hearts for our preservation. We greeted the palms and sugar-cane as old friends; two arches had been erected on our premises in expectation of our arrival, and we were happy to see all the old faces, as they were to welcome us. The weather since our arrival has been

very cool and wet, and my husband is not at all so well as when we left New York. The dry season is now setting in which will probably be favorable for him. We returned in time to close the schools for Christmas. The clothing and ~~and~~ is came in nicely for rewards. We shared with all the missionaries and still had enough left for ourselves.

Our field of labour has been divided, part being assigned to Rev. Mr. Hendrie of the U. P. Church of Scotland, laboring in connection with our mission. This arrangement will relieve Mr. Morton very much, and is also very pleasant as Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie reside at St. Joseph, only two miles distant from us. Caroni and Curepe schools have fallen to Mr. Hendrie's share. We have but two schools left.—Tunapuna taught by Miss Semple in the basement of our own residence, and Arouca, taught in a room kindly loaned by Rev. Mr. Dickson but in such bad repair that a building must be provided before next wet season. There are no funds on hand for this school-house and a heavy debt on the Tunapuna buildings. Blunt tools are a great hindrance to the workman, but we are almost in the position of having no tools at all; instead of taking up openings that are waiting for us, it looks as if we would have to save on schools to pay off the debt on buildings. The work is not ours, it belongs to the Church, and if the Church is satisfied with this rate of progress we must be too, but it is depressing to the mind and saddening to the heart to live in the midst of so much ignorance and vice and not be able to wage more effective war against it. I often wonder how "righteous Lot" endured life in Sodom.

We have just been enjoying a visit from Rev. Mr. McLeod, Mrs. McLeod and their two little ones. The church at Princetown is to go on at once. I am beginning to go out on my usual rounds among the women. On Sabbath I teach in the school here at half-past ten; the service follows lasting till about one o'clock. At two I start with Mr. Morton for Arouca and after that Laurel Hill or Orange Grove, where I teach the children to sing and go round the barracks gathering the women for service. I never forget as we are driving home between five and six o'clock that that is the appointed hour for many handmaids of the Lord to plead for a blessing on the Missionary's work.

You will be glad to hear that Miss Semple is well notwithstanding her extra