

Home Missions. Foreign Missions are to convert the heathen to Christianity. Home Missions are to prevent people in Christian lands becoming heathen. But is there any danger of that? Yes. In the far west in the new settlements the gambling and drinking saloons find their way, and if the missionary does not come, the people soon neglect the Sabbath, or make it a day of sport and drunkenness, and in a little while there comes to be little more religion than in heathen lands. In fact there is not so much, for the heathen have their worship, such as it is.

To keep these new settlements from becoming heathen, our Church sends Home Missionaries to preach to them, and it is usually but a little time till there is a pretty church and a quiet, Sabbath keeping people.

Last summer a missionary going for the first time to a new field in a rich valley that took him a month to explore found only ten professing Christians among all the hundreds he visited.

In another place where there had never been any preaching, the young men used to meet on Sabbath, in each other's houses, to drink and gamble, and do worse. The missionary began to preach. There was a revival. Some of these young men were converted, and then when the missionary student had to leave for the winter they used to meet in each other's houses on Sabbath to pray.

You see that our Home Mission work is a very important one, and young people should help in it for it is helping to make our own country better, and fitting it for doing more for the heathen world.

Ptaux Trembles. This is the name of a school of children, which some of you know. It is about nine miles from Montreal, and is doing a grand work. There were in attendance during the past winter, 112 boys and 72 girls, more than ever before. 104 of these were children whose parents still belong to the Church of Rome, but the knowledge that these children get will do much to give the parents light. Twenty-five of the young

people were converted during the winter and professed their faith in Christ. I wish you could see the glad bright throng at the school, and hear them as they sing sweet Gospel hymns, and you would feel that what you give to Pointe aux Trembles is doing great good.

The French Children. The French Roman Catholic children in the Province of Quebec do not have such good schools as the most of you have. One who knows, says, that when a child leaves these schools at twelve or thirteen years of age, he does not know much, except some Latin prayers, which he does not understand, he knows the Roman Catholic Catechism, he knows that he must do what the priest tells him without questioning, and he knows there is a book,—the Bible—so bad that none but a priest must open and read it. Pity and pray for these children brought up in so much ignorance, with little knowledge to fit them for life here or life hereafter.

A converted rum shop. While our new school house was building, I have been teaching in an old rum shop, writes Miss Fisher, our mission teacher in Couva, Trinidad. It was the only place that could be got. Some of my friends thought it was taking a "step backwards." I said that converting a rum shop into a mission school was not surely taking a step backwards. However we will all be glad to get back to our old, or I should say, our new—quarters.

We have not so much trouble getting the children out to school as we had last year. Although this is grinding season, when the sugar cane is ground in the mills, and the little folk like to gather and suck the sweet canes, yet they are quite willing to come to school.

They bring their food in little tin pans, and I made a rule that all pans were to be given to me each morning to be kept till breakfast hour, which with us is well on in the forenoon.

It is very amusing to see the little tots coming up with their little pans, and when breakfast hour comes I see them all seated with their breakfast; while I go to mine, and a monitor stays to see that no one steals off. It has been very difficult to keep them from getting off at that hour, and some are sure not to come back.