

collection and bought a number of useful articles for their minister and his wife. Abdul took an active part, carried the invitations, learned some beautiful lines to recite, that now seem almost prophetic. The day came, happy children filled the school room, made sweet and pretty by beautiful flowers and pretty pictures. But poor Abdul was not among the children. He was laid upon a bed of sickness and suffering that was to be unto death. The fever took him on Tuesday. No danger was apprehended till Saturday. On Monday he died. Mrs. McLeod, who was with him when he died, says that calmly and quietly the life went.

The poor mother, now childless by the death of this her last son, cried in her agony: "Oh Abdool, my son, my son." Not yet can the desolate mother say with the sorrowful King David, "I will go to him." The dead body was rolled in cotton cloth, carried to the grave, put into the grave without a coffin, and left to its lonely rest.

The death of this boy has made a deep, and we hope lasting, impression upon our young people. The Mohammedan Priests came, read the Koran, tried all they could to shake his faith, but in vain. The dear boy died with a firm belief in Christ, that neither parental displeasure or priestly influence could move, that could not be troubled or shaken in the last and trying danger of death. We who have known the boy so long feel sure that he is now safe from all evils, free from all trials, and in the presence of the Saviour in whom he trusted for Eternal life.

Extract of Letter from Miss Semple.

A TEACHER, FROM CANADA, IN ONE OF YOUR MISSION SCHOOLS IN TRINIDAD. TO THE HALIFAX W. F. M. S.

I must hasten to bring this letter to a close, and I will do so by giving you an account of a Sabbath's work just past.

Up at 7 o'clock—(very late for me, for I felt rather tired). At 8.30 I took my picture book and bayhan and set out into the village. The first place I called at was the house of one of my little boys who

was sick with fever. He was asleep so I did not disturb him, but gave the mother some instructions as to what she was to do for the boy, and then was about to take my leave, but she urged me to sit down, which I did. I took out my books. She seated herself on the ground at my feet and called her children around her, and asked two or three boys who were playing at the door. The singing of a bayhan brought in three women, and by this time we had quite an audience. They seemed touched with the story of Joseph, and said: "Ah, his brothers too bad." Then I told how God made it all turn out for good.

From here I went further up into the village, hardly knowing whither I went, but before I left I asked God to direct my course, and it was to the house of a Mohammedan. I was passing his house when he came out and called me in. A box was immediately brought on which I was invited to sit. I took out my picture book and was again surrounded by eager listeners. When I had talked to them for a while the man went into the house and soon returned with some money which he offered me. "What is this for?" I said. "Oh, for you!" "No," said I, "I won't take your money now." Said he, "What did you come here for this morning?" "I came because I am interested in you and I like to see you." "Well, we are glad to see you, and that is why I want you to take this money," and he insisted, but I refused. I told him I might take something else sometime, but not the money. His wife then said she would send me some eggs. The Coolies are very kind. Before leaving we sang two or three hymns, this man's little girl helping me. She sang very sweetly. Her parents were astonished when they heard her but were the less pleased.

We then went to the house of an old blind woman. After reading to her and singing a few hymns we came home in the hot, mid-day sun; the thermometer must have been as high as 92.

At 2 o'clock I again went out to gather the children for Sabbath School. My