

being given by one class and the response by another class.

They recite in a sing-song way, at the very top of their voices, and if you should happen to sit near them you would want to stop your ears. Many a little fellow would throw back his head, scowl his face, shut his eyes, open his mouth and fairly yell out the verses, while most of them would grow red in the face from the exertion. They sing very nicely only they don't keep the tune at all, nor the time—some away ahead, and some behind—but as they sing all in about two notes it doesn't make so much difference as to the time, even; if some did start the verses ahead of the organ.

The babies are always allowed to crawl around the floor, under seats and climb up the altar rail, or anywhere that a baby's mind would lead them. Some of the girls were very highly powdered, even some powder got into their black hair at the neck and forehead. The native pastor addressed the school, telling them that God made all those beautiful flowers, etc. While he was talking one of the little boys got his long, large sleeve over his head and could not get his head out and one of the ladies had to help him.—*The Little Missionary*.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I will give that to the missionaries," said little Billy; and he put his fat little hand on a tiny gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money-box.

"Why?" Susie asked.

"'Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gold? And missionaries work for Jesus."

Susie said, "The gold all belongs to him, anyhow. Don't you think it would be well to go right to him and give him something else that he asks for?"

"What's that?"

Susie repeated, "'My son, give me thine heart.'"

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

BY MRS. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.
Jan. 28, 1887.

My Dear Children:

It is too late for me to wish you a happy New Year, but not too late to remind you that the Trinidad missionaries need your help, and hope that you will pray for them and work for them more this year than you did in 1886. Some of you, it is true, did very well last year, but as surely as we grow older so surely we should all be learning each year to serve God better than we ever did before.

You will remember that we lost a dear missionary last year, Mr. McLeod; I mean that God took him home to rest. His two dear little boys, Norman and Harold, are now living with their mamma in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. God has kindly spared us for a little longer, and I will tell you what Annajee said about this in the Tunapuna prayer-meeting, he said:

"We must not think it is for our goodness that God spares us; it is that we may repent of our sins; but we will not always be spared."

"In a wild part of India there was a very wicked boy; a traveller passed; the boy seeing him cursed him; being a very good man the traveller had pity upon him and after telling him of his wickedness gave him a rupee. The boy was very glad and ran with it to his mother, who said: 'What good thing did you do that he gave you this rupee?' 'I cursed him, mother,' said the boy. 'Oh, then, my son,' said the mother, 'whenever you see a traveller pass be sure to run out and curse him.' A day or two after, some Mah-ratti soldiers were passing; the boy ran out and cursed them, and one of them struck off his head with his sword."

I had a nice Christmas present last week from Montreal. A class of little girls sent me \$3.75 for the Tunapuna Church, besides giving in other ways during the year, and they sent it with a nice little letter, signed with all their names in which they