

pastor ; bress 'im individually ; bress 'im collectively ; brighten his intellects, refreshen his memory." By what subtle law of association did that old man's petitions occur to me when a bundle of American letters was handed in yesterday, and the first one I opened contained an acknowledgement of \$300 for our school's from your Society. Perhaps this might be a sufficient explanation that I had been feeling the need of having my intellect brightened and my memory refreshed, and here was something well calculated to perform those kind offices for me ; for what should stir us up and encourage us more than to have our work helped just when we need it ? And what refreshes our memory like receiving new favours from old friends ? On the morning of the same day Mr. Morton had said to me, "What are we going to do if the ladies do not send us anything ? The fund for Red Hill is exhausted and Orange Grove is not on my estimate." I avoided a difficult question by replying that "they may yet help us ; the time has been short to hear." Red Hill school is doing very well. We have allowed a few of the most advanced pupils to commence English reading, and this pleases them very much. I had a long visit from some of them lately ; they saw our Tunapuna premises for the first time, and were delighted with the church, and with many things in the house. We have a chromo of a donkey's head on the wall. One asked if it was Sahib's horse ; another said, "No, it is Jesus Christ's mother's donkey" (referring to a picture of the flight into Egypt). They appear to think that everything about a missionary must have reference to his religion. Surely, there is a lesson in this ! The boys informed us with great glee that they had finished reading the Gospel of St. Luke, and were waiting to see what book Sahib would give them next. An old Mohammedan woman near the school house told me that the story of Jesus Christ could not be true, and added in an excited manner, "How could God die ? How could He, the Lord over all allow himself to be beaten and spat upon ? Oh, no ! no ! *it never could be true !*" At the same house I was talking to a very dull-looking man about Jesus, when a Creole man passed and said : "It is of no use speaking to him, he is too stupid ; you might as well talk to the house." The man did certainly look very stupid, and all the time I was speaking kept hacking away with a cutlass at the leg of a rough bedstead that he was making. Nevertheless, I said to the Creole, "Don't you believe it ; he is not a beast ; and do you think God is not strong enough to give him a new heart ?" Upon this the dull-looking man stopped his work and became