

Many thanks for being so mindful of us. Many, many thanks to the Board for their very generous liberality towards us in our affliction. I unfeignedly regret that I have to draw on your Board beyond my salary. But it is, at present, a necessity that God has laid upon us; and we bless His name that provides for us in our necessity.

We are now on our way to meet the *Dayspring* in Auckland, to proceed by her to the islands. From the medical certificates which I enclose, you can learn that there is no probability of my doing much service there for a while. After consulting with the brethren I shall be able to decide upon my future movements. I go down now to put my affairs in some order, as we left under the impression that we were to return in some five months time. If I find the climate there too trying for my health we may be back to the colonies in a few months.

I am as well at present I think as at any time since we came to the colonies. I am almost free from pain, but my strength is but little. I still receive kindness from the friends of the mission; and I take that kindness as extended to me not as a man, nor even as a christian, but as a missionary.

I have to tell you that besides the hospitality extended to us by Mr. McIntyre, they have again recently made us a present of £10. I do not know whether this is from Mr. Mc's congregation or from the Synod of their Church. I shall write you again from Auckland.

Yours very sincerely,

DONALD MORRISON.

REV. P. G. MCGREGOR.

TRINIDAD MISSION.

Letter from Rev. J. Morton.

IERE VILLAGE, April, 1869.

Rev. and Dear Brother,—We have had an intensely dry season. The wet season generally continues till December, but last year we had only a few slight showers after August, and since the beginning of 1869 scarcely any rain has fallen. Day after day, for nearly four months, it has been the same hot sunshine, with fine easterly breeze. The sun is now nearly vertical; rivers and mill ponds and springs are dry, or fast drying up. Some estates are bringing salt water as much as eight miles to supply their engines, and fresh water for stock is sought after with the eagerness of gold-hunters. Eight months of drought are past, and at least another month must pass before the rainy season may be expected. Lately there have been quite a number of fires. On Sunday one started about a mile south of us. It spread with great rapidity and swept the estates for almost five miles.

It raged terrifically through the corn fields. Altogether the entire works and houses on three estates have been burnt down, a number of houses on other estates and an immense quantity of cane. It is quite evident that while some of these fires have come into estates from the woods, others and the largest, have been the work of incendiaries; and the indifference of the labouring population has been very marked. For example, on Sunday many of them stood and looked on, and positively refused to work, even when a little active exertion might have saved the works of an estate. The same indifference is seen in the reckless way in which they have set fires to clear up their provision grounds. In this last particular at least, Creoles and Coolies seem to be equally to blame.

Two Coolies were executed for murder on the 1st inst. I visited them both in the royal jail, Port-of-Spain, previous to their execution. One was a Mohammedan. A woman who had been living with him left him, and meeting her little girl, he seized her by the legs and dashed her head against a post, killing her instantly. A number of persons saw the deed, but had not time to prevent it. He said he knew it was wrong and was very sorry, but he was drunk at the time and did not know what he was doing. He told the judge the same thing, and when informed that it was wrong to get drunk, and that he was responsible for what he did, though drunk, he asked why then did the Queen take money from people, and set them to sell rum to make people drunk.

The other was a Hindu with a family of four children. He had only been two years in the island. His story in a sad one. He had betrothed his daughter, four years of age, to an adult Coolie. Coming to his home under pretext of seeing his betrothed, this Coolie had decoyed away his wife—the mother—to live with him. When he went to reproach them with their wickedness he was beaten. He then made up his mind that it was better to die than to live. A few days after meeting his run-away wife in the field he dispatched her with his cutlass. He spoke quite freely on the subject. On enquiry he said that though he sometimes took a little rum, he had taken none that day. I tried to bring home to him a sense of his sin. He admitted it was wrong to kill; but when I pressed this home to him, he pled the circumstances. A few hours before I visited them the second time they had been informed that that day week was fixed for their execution. I thought this would have moved them, and that perhaps the Hindu would now express, at least, regret for what he had done. But it was not so. Even in view of death he would not admit that he was sorry. On the contrary, he