

Hondrie were very pleasant neighbors. It is more than a year since they went to Scotland. Mr. Morton has superintended their work during that time.

With kind wishes for all,

Yours truly,

SARAH E. MORTON.

MISSION NOTES FROM TRINIDAD.

(For the *Maritime Presbyterian*.)

"THERE IS NO HOPE."

One day I took some half dozen of the best boys in Tacarigua school and went out in the village to sing and preach the Gospel. We had three meetings. The singing of the boys gathered the people, and then I read and preached to them.

The second meeting was held under a fine shady Tamarind tree. All were attentive, but one woman in particular seemed to drink in every word eagerly. At the close of my address she sighed deeply, and turning to a neighbor said, "Oh it is all beautiful, and no doubt true; but for ignorant slaves of the world such as we are *there is no hope.*"

This gave me a new text for further instruction. "There is hope in Christ for the Chamar (one of the lowest castes) and the poor Hindu woman, and only in Him. Hope must be held fast otherwise prayer and exertion perish, and we perish with them. Learning and leisure are not necessary. In the busiest work the needy soul may cry, "O Lord, teach me thy way." "Lord help me." "God be merciful to me a sinner," for Christ's sake; and the merciful ear will surely hear the poor Coolie woman's cry."

"There is hope, then," she said, "but knowing what I am, and how I am situated, it seems small."

There are many like her without an object in life beyond a supply of jewels and a man-child, whom a glimpse of better things fills only with despair. In the highest sense men no doubt owe as much to the Gospel as women, and should be as thankful and devoted; but under heathenism hope is so crushed out of the life of woman that the Gospel seems too good to be true. It was this feeling, probably, that led the poor Chinese woman, as she gazed on a picture of Mary washing the feet of Jesus, and heard what the picture meant, to exclaim: "Oh, if he promised to take her to heaven, I do not wonder that she thus washed his feet."

On one estate is a Brahman with whom I have always to begin at the question, "Are you a sinner?" This he denies. He steals no man's goods—looks upon no woman—kills no animal, and says Ram, Ram, Ram, very often. That he forgets God sometimes, and hates some of his fellow-men, and curses those who curse him, generally convinces him, for the moment, that he is a sinner; but when next we meet he is back again to his self-righteousness. He knows about Jesus; but what is a Saviour to a man who can save himself?

"Speak to my husband," said a woman at an out-door meeting, "for he beats me sometimes and says I am getting too old." He was about 25 and she about 40. "Well, what do you say to him sometimes. do you not curse him?" "Oh no, never." "What! do you not sometimes call him, *Thou son of a slave?*" She covered her face, the husband never broke silence, and the meeting went on as if there had been no interruption.

Last night I was called out at 8.30 to try and quiet a wicked man who kept all his neighbors from peace and sleep by cursing everybody in general—all the men—all the women—and all the children in general, but no one in particular. This prevented any one from bringing him before the Magistrate for cursing them in particular.

The heathen man who asked me to interfere said, "I told him if any one had cursed him, or injured him, or spoken ill of him, to curse that individual as much as he liked; but not to curse the whole population indiscriminately." This man is very respectable for his class, and only spoke out what he regarded as excellent morality."

JOHN MORTON.

Tunapuna, Oct. 22, 1887.

DEMARARA.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM REV. J. GIBSON.

We quote from a private letter just received from Rev. J. Gibson, some extracts to shew the need of more help in carrying on the work.—Ed.

ZEEBURG HOUSE,

West Coast Demarara,

Oct. 19, 1887.

Dear Mr. Scott:

* * * * I will refer to a few facts in connection with the Hague school