

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM REV. K. J. GRANT.

SAN FERNANDO, April 2nd 1886.

Dear Mr. Scott:—

Two days ago in writing you, I spoke of Mr. Macleods extreme weakness, and yet of his hope of getting away, and of deriving benefit from the change. God has arranged otherwise, and we feel assured that he has entered that better country in which the inhabitant will no more say I am sick.

Possessed of wonderful will power—resolute in everything he put his hand to, those constantly with him were not quite prepared for the suddenness of the change that took place yesterday. The Doctor, an American, was assiduous in his efforts to give relief to the last moment, and Mr. Morton and his family who had given unwearied attention were at the bed side. His illness was a long struggle under great prostration. To Mrs. Macleod in her deep affliction there must have been some consolation in the sympathy shown by the large number of converts and friends that gathered at the funeral to-day.

The services, conducted at the house by Mr. Darling (Episcopal) and neighbour at Princetown, and Mr. Gamble (Baptist), and at the grave by Messrs Ramsay and Aitken, respectively of the Free and United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, were very impressive.

He rests from his labours. The most thoughtless visitor to Princetown sees in the Mission Church there a monument of his unflagging industry, the more sober minded can find more enduring monuments of his ministrations in devout converts garnished by the Spirit, and we trust the heart searching God knows many, who, to man are still hidden ones, who will yet give proof that they are saved.

The intelligence of the likelihood of a successor the night before his death must have been peculiarly cheering. We can imagine him whisper into the ear of Him whose is the work and whose are the workmen, "now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

We are all so thankful of the prospects of a labourer for Princetown.

Mrs. Macleod will doubtless go home-

ward in a few weeks with her two little ones.

Yours faithfully,
K. J. GRANT.

LETTER FROM MR. MORTON TO DR. McLEOD OF VALE COLLIERY.

TUNAPUNA, April 3rd, 1886.

Rev. and Dear Brother:

Your dear brother, John W. McLeod, entered into his rest on Thursday, April 1st, at 4 o'clock p. m. Since he came to Tunapuna and for some time before, his strength had been steadily failing. Yet the doctor encouraged him to hope that he would so far rally as to get away to Barbados and thence to Nova Scotia. He took short drives until about three weeks ago, and was confined to bed but little more than a week.

On Wednesday the 30th, he began to suffer from shortness of breath. I spent that night with him, but there seemed nothing alarming in his symptoms. I left him at 9.30 a. m., and when I returned at 11 o'clock I found his pulse much weaker. We sent at once for the doctor who whispered to me that his heart was giving out. The doctor did everything he could to arrest the collapse but in vain. Mrs. McLeod and Mrs. Morton were kneeling on one side of his bed and the doctor and I sitting by the other, not thinking the end near yet, when he said to his wife, "Bess it is getting dark." I asked him if he wished to tell me anything. He said, "I want my wife to bring up my children in the fear of God." These were his last words. We prayed earnestly but briefly around his bed, and a moment after it was all over. The last struggle was short and not very severe, and passed away into a moment of perfect rest at the very last. While yet kneeling around our dead, Rev. Wm. F. Dickson stepped gently in among us, and he remained with me till after the funeral. The telegraph carried the word to Couva, San Fernando, and Princetown, and at 9 o'clock on Friday, Rev. Mr. Grant and Soodeen arrived. He was buried at 2 p. m., close by the entrance of our new cemetery here. Rev. Lalbihari, two of Mr. McLeod's elders, and three teachers—all converts from Hinduism—bore the body and lowered it into the grave. At the house