

a duality.

G.—But we cannot understand this.

M.—Lay aside prejudice and ask guidance of God, and though you may never see all the "how" and "why" and "wherefore," you will have light and knowledge.

It was now 9-30 o'clock. About a score followed us to church, and sat very quietly and attentively through the service. This sketch shows two things:

1st. That these people have opinions of their own which from their very nature must die hard. They have their minds made up upon many things. They are hard to reach.

2nd. There is hope in the fact that they are willing to discuss and reason over their time-hardened opinions.

May we not hope that there may good result from that Sabbath morning's talk? God grant it for His own sake.

J. K. WRIGHT.

#### LETTER FROM REV. K. J. GRANT.

SAN FERNANDO, Dec. 20, '86.

Dear Mr. Scott:—Let me tell you of an interview that Babu Lal Bihari and I had with an intelligent Hindoo yesterday. He reads his language, has done a large business in the shopkeeper's line, is wise in his generation, and yet, how deep the darkness that covers his soul.

After the usual salam, I asked him, do you yet see how suitable Jesus is to be your Saviour? He replied, all religions are good; God is one, you worship him in one way, and I in another. We pointed out the suitableness of Christ to the sinner, and to the manifest proofs that he gave that he was the true incarnation of God, in opposition to the many false incarnations believed in by Hindoos. Said he, the impurities and crimes alleged against our incarnations and deotas are not sinful in them—they are Almighty and can do whatever they please and yet remain undefiled. The Sun's rays, said he, are not contaminated by contact with the foulest substances; nor the flame whether it consumes the sweet incense or human flesh; nor the waters of the sacred Ganges though bearing on its bosom the filth of India; and in like manner the deotas of India are pure whatever impurities they may touch. And much more in the same line was added. We did not, however, point out the defects in

his illustration, and he, we think, saw too how impossible for an intelligent, moral agent to originate and find pleasure in immoral acts, if the source of these acts was pure.

Further, he said, it is my fortune to be a Hindoo, just as it is yours to be a Christian, and if God intended that I should be a Christian, I would not have been born a Hindoo. The time of my birth, the length of my life and all the ups and downs in it are fixed, and it is vain for me to choose to alter them. We asked him, why then have you come to Trinidad, why have you left the calling of your own caste and taken up the work of another caste, &c., &c. Wise in his generation, but a fool towards God.

His jotishi or astrologer, guided by the Brahmical almanac, divined that our friend would live 84 years, and that his eldest son would live 48 years. We asked, are you quite satisfied that your years will be 84 and 48 respectively, not more and not less? Oh no, he replied, sin may shorten our years, or meritorious deeds may lengthen them. With this convenient loop hole it would be difficult to falsify the fortune-teller.

We preached Christ to him as we had scores of times before, and then turned to others but not without indications that he has some faith in the triumphing of Christianity, for said he, you will get my children but don't take them till I am laid in the grave—let me not see the dishonor on my name, on my family nor on my noble caste. How helpless is man with such men—how essential the power of the Spirit.

Yours faithfully,

K. J. GRANT.

#### MISSION WORK IN ST. LUCIA.

BY REV. J. MORTON.

##### LETTER. II.

On the western side of St. Lucia, almost under the shadow of the lofty Pitons, lies the village of Soufriere. The odour of the neighboring sulphur springs is not unfrequently wafted about its roughly paved streets, at eventide. Here John Allahdua, one of my first Iere village school boys, is interpreter and hospital dispenser. It was that in part which drew me to Soufriere. We had not met for four years and it was a great mutual pleasure to meet again. French (patois) is spoken