

end of last year, but Mrs. Morton's illness interrupted; and the experience of the few meetings that we had convinced me that it would be better to hold less formal meetings among them until I had better command of the language. The attendance at that time never exceeded fifteen, for the past two months it has varied from thirty to eighty. The service begins with the reading of the 95th Psalm down to the words, "To-day when you hear his voice harden not your hearts." Then follow prayer, the ten commandments, another psalm, often the 103rd, a passage in the New Testament, with a short discourse and closing prayer. At first quite a number of women brought their babies, which proved a great annoyance. Those who were anxious to hear protested against it, and declared the women should stay at home, which they nearly all did for one or two Sabbaths. I have, however, succeeded in getting them to attend again, leaving their babies for the most part at home. They are very attentive and seem annoyed when any noise disturbs the service. You must not think, however, that they are almost Christians. While some of them understand all that we say, many of them do not, although we try to use the plainest words in their language. They are so ignorant, that many of the simplest ideas of the Bible are strange to them—they have neither the idea, nor a word to express it, although their language is rich in words. We have then to resort to illustration. In speaking from the passage "The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanses us from all sin," I at first felt some difficulty in finding words to express the truth so as to be understood. When preaching in the verandah of an Estate hospital, I found an illustration under my hand. The table before me was blotted with ink. I pointed to it, and asked them, if it was not spotted. They understood me at once, and assented. I then used the negative expression, which means undefiled—spotless, and found that they understood it. Well, Adam's soul was spotless before he sinned. Sin blotted it, stained it, so all our souls are stained. Unless made white—spotless again—we cannot see God, or go to heaven. Now, look at this table. Water will take away some of the stains. Soap and water will remove more. But some of them are deep into the wood, and nothing but the strongest drugs will take them out. It is so with sin. It is deep into the soul of man. Water—baptism—will not wash it out. The blood of the goats you sacrifice will not remove it. Only the precious powerful blood of Jesus Christ can blot it out.

At the close of the service in the Church one Sunday, a babajee asked who was God's father. I told him God had no

father. "Well, then, who made God," was his next question. I said God made all things, but he is self-existent. The word for self-existent he did not understand, indeed, only two or three in the Church did, and I had to explain the idea in other words. But the babajee was a philosopher. He maintained that if God was, he must have been made by some one, at some time. Here, however, his philosophy seemed to end. He did not seem to have risen to the extravagance of an infinite succession of creations, or to the truth of a great uncaused cause. He asserted that he knew a great deal about God, that God was in him. This babajee is an old grey-headed man. He formerly lived on the road between this and San Fernando, and when driving past at early morn, I have again and again seen him paying his devotions to the Sun. With clasped hands and rapt expression he gazed upon the orb of day, and bowed several times to it. He then poured out a *lota* of water to the Sun, and bending down dipped his finger in the poured out water and touched his forehead with it.

The Brahmins have not here the position and influence they have in India. When they come on board the emigrant ship, having to come in contact with all castes, they throw their Brahminical string into the Ganges, and here they mix freely with all castes and no castes. But they try to maintain their influence over the consciences and pockets of the people. I never had an adequate notion of what pride was till I saw it in a Brahmin. One day after the service on an Estate, one stepped forward and shook hands. He was lithe and straight as a palm tree; though his white head and beard declared him in the winter of his years. He drew himself up before me, with the dignity of a prince and addressed me as a fellow Brahmin. He was poor, he said, his savings had been stolen, and he was pleased to hear me say in preaching that God would one day catch and punish the thief. He had to work now, though old; but he had been a gentleman, in India, and was so in spirit still. And his eye flashed with haughty dignity, as he claimed me for a brother though a carriage stood at hand for me and his hoe awaited him.

On one occasion I witnessed a quarrel between a Brahman and a Mussulman. Under provocation, the latter cursed the Brahman, which is considered a dreadful offence, and his rage was something terrific. I thought he would have killed the offender on the spot. And he summed up the enormity of the crime in that he was a Brahmaputra—son of Brahma.

Just before the wet season, our school house at Mount Stewart Village was blown