

now strike us with the force of novelty, and we are apt to overlook them when writing you. I thought that an account of

#### A SABBATH DAY'S WORK

might bring in some interesting incidents, and give some idea of the nature of our work. Last Sabbath (March 17th) having no engagement in San Fernando I set out for the country at 7½ o'clock, A. M. My wagon being under repair I was riding. Three miles brought me to Palmyra Estate, where I found Annajee and the children—25 in number—already assembled and at work. An hour was occupied in assisting in the Sunday School—the children being taught to sing hymns in Hindustani and English, and drilled in the Catechism and Scripture truth. Half the children are Coolies and half Creoles. After Sunday School I went round the barracks, some were preparing their Hossie for the coming celebration on Wednesday, some of the more indolent were only going out for their bath, others had returned and were neatly and cleanly dressed. In one room was an old Mohammedan woman evidently sick unto death. Months ago I had repeatedly told her of the only way of salvation, but she listened politely and that was all. I had asked her what was her hope if her end should draw near, and her answer was, "I know not hope." Thomas too, had read to her and had urged her to become a Christian and her answer was, "I would rather die than become a Christian." And now she felt as if she must shortly die. Yet there was no real concern for her soul, no cry for forgiveness and life, and we seemed to be sowing on the bare rock in speaking to her.

Entering the room of some friendly Coolies we soon had a room full, who listened attentively and showed their interest by asking questions connected with the subjects of sin and salvation.

#### ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

I had intended to pass on to Iere, take breakfast and then go to Malgretoute Estate. But to shorten the distance and escape the dust and glare of the gravelled road, I struck across the Estates in a direct line toward Malgretoute. This arrangement allowed no time for breakfast, but my breakfast was in my pocket, and I discussed it while riding through the cane fields. One and a half miles from Palmyra lay Friendship Estate on my way. I found a good many Coolies resting under their barrack galleries, and at once determined to hold a meeting. A barber was plying his work at the one end of the gallery. I tied my horse at the other end and gathered the people into the centre. The barber seemed to be listening attentively, although he went steadily on with his work during the read-

ing and conversation, and thus dispatched several customers who when shaved joined our meeting. I read two chapters of the Hindī Catechism on "Man's evil Estate" and "Salvation." Speaking of toil, sickness, and death as the fruit of sin, one man asked if we should not weep when a child is born and rejoice when a man dies. This is the practice of one Hindu sect, and this man was a follower of that sect. This led to

#### A DIGRESSION.

"Sin is breaking the Commandments of God" said the Catechism, and one man asked if an ant was creeping on the ground and we trampled on it and killed it if it was not sin. This led me to explain the difference between the life of the animal and the soul of man. Surprised at this a third asked, what birth then would a man take after death.

One man a Brahman, but not at all arrogant, was quite a metaphysician. Apparently with the earnestness of one seeking the truth, he inquired, how sin came, if God made man good. When told of the temptation, he enquired but where did the devil come from? Who made him? When informed that he was created a holy angel and became the devil by sin, he asked, "but how did he sin?" Not thinking of Metaphysics I answered, by breaking God's commands. "Yes, but how—" "He became proud." "But the thought of pride how did it arise in his heart? What was its origin? How could he being good, do evil and disobey God's will?" I answered, "God has not made us sticks and stones or even irrational animals. He gave to angels and men the high endowment of a free will—a power of free choice, and put them on trial. In the exercise of that power with which God had dignified them they fell. The sin, the blame is theirs not His." Perhaps this answer will not be considered orthodox by some. If such can supply me with a better I shall be glad to use it in the future. This however seemed to satisfy the man and we passed on to consider the sacrifice from sin and the way of salvation by faith in that sacrifice.

After the meeting the Brahman offered me some confectionary of his own making—the ingredients, flour, clarified butter and white sugar—of which I partook, and then passed on a mile and a half to

#### MALGRETOUTE.

The leading driver was absent, and the meeting in his house was smaller than usual, but deeply interesting. The need of a sacrifice and that provided in Christ Jesus was the subject—a subject which touches on the weak point of Mohammedanism. The leading persons present were Mo-