

audience; a chair was brought for me, but I preferred standing beside my picture of the crucifixion which was tacked against the partition. Gradually they gathered in. Nearly a hundred people; the largest meeting I had ever held alone. About one-third men though we had only called the women.

I began at once to teach them that they were sinners and needed a Saviour. The men were exceedingly quiet giving frequent nods of assent to what was said. When I asked, "in what do you trust for the forgiveness of your sins?" a woman answered, "In our good works." Having tried to show them the worthlessness of such a plea as a ground of acceptance, I said, "If Heaven is to be won by merit, how many of this Estate will get there?" I find this a searching question among purely heathen people. A number shook their heads plainly meaning, "not one." I asked again, "In what then will you trust for forgiveness?" The same woman answered, "Mat ik mu'af kara ga"—God will forgive—I said "no"; "God is a Judge, and a King: he has given us laws, and a prison is prepared for those who break them." I pressed this home on the women by saying, "suppose I steal your jewelry, and you prove it before the magistrate, will he say to me, it is true that you have stolen this woman's jewelry but never mind; you can go home? And if he did say so would he be a good magistrate?" They were unanimous on this point. Then I said, "God cannot take you to Heaven with your sins; and if he did would not Heaven become Hell?" All assented to this and then I took down my picture, and walked up and down in the narrow space and told the story of the Cross. I had talked about an hour (as I were not gathered at first), when I asked them to pray with me, and kneeling there, looking into the clear blue depths of the sky, it did seem as tho we came very near to the Divine Helper, and received from Him an assurance that the feeble words spoken would not return unto Him void, but would result in blessing. We then dispersed, several asking me to come again, and I went on to another estate accompanied by the school-master, where the Manager Mr. Cumberbatch, called the people out, and I had a similar meeting in the Estate Hospital. This time we had more men than women, as the latter were employed in cooking the family breakfast. About eighty came in and after half an hour's talk and prayer, I left them telling them to be at the school-house to meet Dr. Morton, at two o'clock.

I called at the Manager's to thank himself and wife for their assistance, and went on to the school-house, where my husband soon

joined me with news of a fine meeting at Charlville, and five baptized. We removed t. k. and slates, and partook of a modest repast at the school room table. It was the food of the working man, (and working woman too) and it was sweet. Afterwards we taught the people who came early, and sang hymns with them. As the time drew near for the meeting I went out to call the neighbours. I never got less encouragement; a man who was sitting in the shade of a gallery said, "it is too hot." I was standing in the broiling sun. I said, "if it is not too hot for me to stand here inviting you, it is not too hot for you to come." Another said; "who likes may go; who does not like may stay." He was one of the latter. A third, without looking up from the machine on which he was stitching said, "I am not going to church; I praise God every day in the house." One who looked quite at home said, "I don't live here." A few said, "I go" but went not. I did not get one; they were nearly all Mohammedians. We did not however, lack an audience. Encouraged by the Manager the Estate people came in, until children large and small had to pecked on the floor. They were very attentive to the service, five were baptized. After service, I gave a short lesson on a picture of the "Good Shepherd" that we had brought to be hung up in the school-house. Thus concluded the labors of the day. We reached home at six o'clock, quite ready for a rest.

SARAH E. MORTON.

LETTER FROM REV. K. J. GRANT.

Mr. Grant writes as follows to the *Witness*:

SAN FERNANDO, Oct 31, 1890.

Five months have this day elapsed since we left here on our home furlough. These months have glided by most pleasantly. In them we found nought but goodness and mercy, and now revived in spirit we resume our work with fresh resolves to effect, if possible, better results in our Master's service.

Everywhere we have had proof of the deep and ever deepening interest felt in our mission and in the church's work generally, and with the marks of life and growth visible who would set limits to the possibilities of our church. It is gratifying to find the cordial relations that exist between our Church and the Church of Scotland in Canada, but I can't refrain from expressing regret that there should not be a oneness in name, as there is in all essential elements. It was my privilege to address a united meeting at Scotsburn in July. The meeting was held in Mr. Fraser's church (the old Kirk). As