

as attentive to his religious duties but "too youthful in his mind," that is, not sufficiently serious to come forward yet, and this decision he himself accepted. One was reported against as having been drawn into gambling, and was for the present kept back. Another, absent at the time in Hospital, had been less settled than was considered desirable, but all the others had maintained a consistent life so far as man could judge. I was gratified at the testimony borne to the steadfastness of eight out of the ten who had 14 months before professed their faith in Christ.

Another matter for gratitude was the evident progress made in knowledge, thoughtfulness and self-reliance.

Joshua Dilchandsing, the first man baptized in 1886, was the first committee-man chosen. The second was Henry Gajhadhar, a young man who has grown steadily in knowledge and in the confidence of those who know him. He brought forward his mother and two sisters as candidates for baptism. Another convert, James Atwara, presented his mother, wife, brother and daughter. These examples serve to show that our native agents and native converts have been diligent and consistent. The result was impressively evident when I returned Feb. 12th and found that there were 29 persons prepared to receive baptism.

The school house was filled to the door. All was quiet and orderly. After the usual services the candidates for baptism came up as their names were called—six or seven at a time, for we had room for no more—and renounced their idols and deotas (deities), professed their faith in the one true God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and were baptized. Parents came with their children and were baptized together.

A few gave their children openly before the congregation to what we may term our elders, to be trained and baptized. One woman who did this, sat close to her child, about five years of age, while it knelt on the floor to be baptized. As she rose she turned to Mr. Cropper with tears in her eyes, and said "let me be baptized too." The question was, "What doth hinder?" Only this, she had not previously applied, and had not been specially instructed. But she had seen over forty people baptized, she had been listening to the Gospel for a year, she was

ready to sit at the feet of the Committee for further instruction, and no other opportunity would occur for perhaps 12 long months, so she was one of the last three baptized.

After an interval we celebrated the Communion—nine Indian men and one woman, with Mr. Cropper and myself. What a change for an Indian woman, not yet four years from India, to sit openly at the table with men and drink out of the same cup! How little we understand the wrench to life-long habits and notions which a profession of Christianity involves. Some of these people as Hindus had never tasted wine. It was associated in their minds only with revel and sin. The wine used was unfermented and that was explained to them before hand and to all present at the time. This was the first Communion in connection with the Presbyterian Church in St Lucia.

Dec. 31st and Feb. 1st were spent at Roseau. The teacher at this station is John Allahdua, a pupil of the first school opened by us in Trinidad. He gave up his situation as Interpreter under the Government to take this school. Since he came here he has been greatly tried. When I visited him at Soufriere in 1886, his two eldest children, a boy and a girl, were the light of his home. At Roseau they took fever, pined and died. There were not a few Job's comforters who told him that if he had remained at Soufriere they would still have been spared to him. But he holds fast his faith in God. His words to me were, "Had it been His will He could have taken them from Soufriere, and He could have kept them at Roseau. They are now safe with Him." They have still a girl and a boy left. The latter I baptized, with another child, and four adults.

The principal service was held in the evening, and it turned out very dark and showery. Notwithstanding, the school house was well filled. Except the teacher and his wife, none present had ever seen a baptism before, and all listened with the greatest attention.

I had to return to Castries and rest before facing the ride over Bara Bara.

Bara Bara is a high mountain ridge which has to be crossed in getting into the Mabonye Valley. The road passes over its shoulder at an elevation of 1000 feet. Eight miles brought me to the Ressource school house, but I rode four miles fur-