

could be done. Abdul has a good knowledge of the Bible, and is eager to enter upon the work. In fact, he does much to help me already, without pay, in the hospital work at Milton. This is my first appeal for help. Will some one respond?

Our Sabbath services are attended well. In the hospitals, all who are able to gather round us while we read and speak and sing.

I wish you could see the poor things as we speak of God's love, Christ's sacrifice, and sing those world-wide hymns—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," etc. etc. The people are hungering and thirsting for a knowledge of the Gospel; Oh, may they be filled!

When Christians at home "lift the heart and bend the knee" at the throne of grace, let them breathe the names "Couva" and "Coolie" into the ear of Him who is able to subdue all things unto Himself.

He hath said: "I will be exalted among the heathen. I will be exalted in the earth." Let us plead His promise.

May grace, mercy and peace be upon all those who love Jesus Christ in sincerity.

JOHN KNOX WRIGHT.

*Couva Mission House,
Couva, Trinidad, Jan. 17th, 1884.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I thought to have written to you before, but have been much occupied since our return. We landed at Port of Spain on the 12th Dec., just eight months from the day we left. Our passage was, as to the first part of it, a most uncomfortable one. The weather was not bad, but the sea ran very high, and the vessel dipped very low, so that tons of water rolled over the deck, coming first at one side and then at the other, frequently to the height of four feet, the fore-cabins having a foot of water in them for days at a time, with a more than comfortable allowance in the saloon and some of the first-class state-rooms. It is all very fine to sing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," but the rocking that we endured in the *Muriel* was not at all conducive to health, and our party landed quite in a weather-beaten condition, but with thankful hearts for our preservation. We greeted the palms and sugar-canes as old friends. Two arches had been erected on our premises in expectation of our arrival, and we were as happy to see all the old faces as they were to welcome us. The weather since our arrival has been very cool and wet, and my husband is not at all so well as when we left New York. The dry season is now setting in, which will probably be favourable for him. We returned in time to close the schools for Christmas. The clothing and cards came in nicely for rewards. We shared with all the missionaries and still had enough left for ourselves. Our field of labour has been divided, part being given to Rev. Mr. Hendrie of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, labouring in connection with our mission. This arrangement will relieve Mr. Morton very much, and is also a very pleasant one as Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie reside at St. Joseph, only two miles distant from us. Canonis and Curepe schools have fallen to Mr. Hendrie's share. We have but two schools left; Tunapuna, taught by Miss Semple in the basement of our own residence, and Aronca, taught in a room kindly loaned by Rev. Mr. Dickson, but in such bad repair that a building must be provided before next wet season. There are no funds on hand for this school-house and a heavy debt on the Tunapuna buildings. Blunt tools are a great hindrance to the workmen, but we are almost in the position of having no tools at all. Instead of taking up openings that are waiting for us, it looks as if we would have to save on schools to pay off debt on buildings. The work is not ours; it belongs to the Church, and if our Church is satisfied with this rate of progress, we must be too, but it is depressing to the mind and saddening to the heart to live in the midst of so much ignorance and vice, and not be able to wage more effective warfare against it. I often wonder how "righteous Lot" endured life in Sodom. We have just been enjoying a visit from Rev. Mr. McLeod, Mrs. McLeod and their two little ones. The church at Princetown is to go on at once. I am beginning to go out on my usual rounds among the women. On Sabbath, I teach in the school here at half past ten; the service follows, lasting till about one o'clock. At two, I start with Mr. Morton for Aronca and after that Laurel Hill or Orange Grove where I teach the children to sing, and go round the barracks gathering in the women for service. I never forget, as we are

driving home between five and six o'clock, that that is the appointed hour for many handmaids of the Lord to plead for a blessing on the missionaries' work.

You will be glad to hear that Miss Semple is well, notwithstanding her extra work and great loneliness in our absence. She not only brought on her own school well, but exerted herself in every department to make our absence as little felt as possible. Miss Blackadder's school at Princetown is prospering. Mr. Wright and family, at Couva, are well. The Mission Council had a pleasant meeting there on the 2nd January. We have been cheered by news from Kingston, Ontario, that Rev. Mr. McCuaig's Sunday school intends to give us a yearly contribution; also Rev. Mr. Burrows' Sunday school, Truro, Nova Scotia. These will be nice large drops in our very empty bucket. The Governor sent Mr. Morton thirty-six dollars this week.

I am now going to tell something very sad that happened at Tunapuna this week, and this part of my work is intended chiefly for the children to whom I promised to write.

A little boy about nine years old, named Ram Samrigh one of Miss Semple's scholars, went to a neighbouring shop to buy some bread, he said, but instead of buying bread he bought four cents' worth of rum at two different shops, and two cigars. He gave a taste of the rum to a little boy who was with him, put a cigar in his mouth, and reeled back to school, for he became drunk almost immediately. As soon as Mr. Morton saw the state he was in, he called a policeman to see him, and sent for the two shop-keepers who sold him the rum. There is a fine of £5 for selling rum to a child. The poor little fellow soon became very ill. When I went down to see him he was stretched out on the study floor quite insensible, the policeman and one of the shop-keepers bending over him, trying to get him to swallow something that would enable him to relieve himself of the rum. He afterwards took a long sleep and seemed all right the next day, but it was a pitiful sight, and one which I hope none of you will ever see. Dear children, will you not make haste to "rescue the perishing?"

Will it not soon be too late for these boys who begin at eight and nine years old to get drunk? What we need is more money for schools that the poor little Hindoo children may be tenderly gathered in and taught to know and love the right.

SARAH E. MORTON.

Tunapuna, Trinidad, B. W. I., Jan. 18th, 1884.

A CHEAP FOREIGN TOUR.

BY W. D. A.

There are not a few good people in this fair Province of Ontario who sigh for a bit of foreign travel. If they could only cross the ocean and visit France or Belgium or Germany or Switzerland, they would be happy for life. Now there is a great deal of pleasure to be derived from visiting these foreign lands, but there is also a great deal of discomfort and disappointment. There are many of your readers too, who may never have the opportunity of setting their feet upon these foreign strands. I would like, therefore, to suggest a way in which a considerable amount of the experience of foreign travel may be acquired without so much time, trouble and expense as are involved in a trip across the Atlantic. In the month of July of last summer, I landed in Quebec on Sabbath morning, and taking with me a number of my fellow-passengers, went to worship in Chalmers Church. My friend Dr. Matthews did not preach that morning, nor, in fact, in the evening, his place being supplied by excellent clergymen from the other side of the lakes, one of them being a distinguished college president. These clergymen were very much interested in that quaint city of Quebec and its inhabitants, and desired to see more of the country and the people. The genial pastor of Chalmers Church proposed on Monday morning that we should all sail down the St. Lawrence about twenty miles and pay a visit to the shrine of St. Anne's, where so many wonderful cures had been reported, and to where thousands of pilgrims were resorting weekly. The day was fine, the company good, the scenery beautiful. We walked leisurely up from the wharf to the church. There was no crowd of pilgrims in attendance that day. Two priests were saying mass with solemn perfunctoriness, and a few devotees were going over their prayers. It was a roughly built, cheaply ornamented church. Everywhere were visible relics and reminders of the wonderful cures. The pillars were festooned with crutches and staves, with belts and trusses and clasps, and

other implements used to assist the weak, the helpless and distressed.

Leaving the church we climbed a little eminence and were soon comfortably seated around the table in the *hospice*, kept by the nuns with their usual quiet neatness. We participated in a substantial lunch, which, I, having just come from continental hotels, was surprised to find cost only twenty-five cents per head. After sauntering about the place for an hour or two, we turned our faces homeward, reflecting much especially upon the power and superstitions of the Church of Rome.

One thing, however, impressed itself upon my mind; it had not so palpably appeared to me before, that here in our midst was a foreign nation, a foreign language, foreign customs and, to us, a foreign religion. As foreign in these respects as Normandy or Belgium or Switzerland. Are some of you good people in Western Ontario just aching for a bit of foreign travel, which you think you cannot get without crossing the Atlantic? Take heed to this suggestion. You can arrange for a cheap trip any time during the coming summer. If you want a tramp strike in at Ottawa, over the mountains and down the rivers to Quebec or Saguenay. You will find it almost solidly French. You will be shut off a little from the free use of your mother-tongue. You will have all the sensation of a tour through northern France, or if you are not capable of such exertion, then make Quebec your headquarters and explore the country in every direction. I wish to call your attention to this country for other purposes besides travel, which purposes I will unfold on a future occasion.

Our friend Dr. Matthews and the learned gentleman our *compagnons de voyage* will not soon forget our encounter with the witty priest on board the vessel. It was a revelation to some of us. The same priest whom we had seen so solemnly going through his Mass at St. Anne's now dressed as an ordinary layman full of fun and story as an egg is full of meat.

He related to us how he had extracted ten dollars from one of his poor parishioners for the building of his church, and through her ten more from her poorer neighbour. The story would be long to tell, but it revealed to us some of the tactics of the Church of Rome in money matters.

In the midst of puns and story and laughter he suddenly rose, went to the other side of the vessel and began reading his missal. All at once, something funny occurred to him. He quit his missal, came back to his company, left off his joke amidst great laughter, and again retired to his book. I had not met exactly that kind of a priest before. In a future paper I shall tell your readers something more particularly about the characteristics and social condition of these people who live so near us and yet are so thoroughly separated from us.

DEMERARA; MISSIONARIES STILL WANTED.

Three months have passed since the Foreign Mission Committee, Maritime Provinces, advertised for two missionaries for Demerara, the one sanctioned, and to be provided for in part by the General Assembly; the other to be provided for by Mr. E. F. Crum Ewing, of Glasgow, and the estate of "Beller Hope," the mission field. Strange to say, very few offers of any kind have been received, and none, so far, from ministers having the required fitness as respects age, vigour and missionary zeal. The committee will meet on the 13th inst., when it is every way probable that offers will be requested from the graduating classes of 1884. In the mean time, I call the attention of students to the subjoined extracts of the letter of Rev. Mr. Slater, of Demerara, to Mr. Morton, of Trinidad:—

Georgetown, Demerara. Jan., 3rd, 1884.

"I did not anticipate much difficulty in procuring an incumbent for Better Hope. I have apparently been underrating it. Of course, both the English congregation and the Coolie work connected with it are suffering very much. I wish I could make some fit young fellow, with bravery and love enough to make some sacrifice for the truth's sake, to see with my eyes for five minutes. If I were not too old to begin to learn a language, I would be strongly tempted to resign St. Andrew's and settle at Better Hope."

After mentioning what is being done to supply the place, Mr. Slater proceeds: "Joshua, the Coolie catechist, sticks to his work like a brick. But O for a shepherd!"

In the same strain, Mr. Slater writes of the purely mission work to be taken up, and I enclose these extracts in the hope that you may be able to use them to stir up some "fit young fellow" to offer for Demerara.

P. G. MCGREGOR.