

chimney of the boiling house ; this dry season has been wet enough to interfere seriously with the manufacture of sugar. In the park-like grounds of Garden Estate some gentlemen of the district frequently assemble to amuse themselves with pigeon shooting. Unhappily for the gentle birds they are good marksmen. The obsequious criticism of the East Indian servant would by no means apply to their performance "The Judge Sahib shot beautifully, but God very merciful to the birds."

There are lovely spreading trees on Garden Estate, the sweet pods of which are much relished by the cattle who can enjoy their kindly shade. Passing on we have canes to the right of us, canes to the left of us for about half a mile, and now we are at Red Hill. We stop at the little thatched school house ; at once there is a stir among the juvenile part of the population. The school is held in the afternoon and it is just about the hour ; we tell the master to call the children in, and to expect us shortly. We then continue our drive till we reach the next village and stop at the Government school, where a monitor is paid to gather in East Indian children to be taught with the Creoles ; only three present. Alas ! for the compulsory clause which we hoped for in the new school law and now know that we have hoped in vain. We ask two of the colored pupils to try and coax the East Indians in. It is a daily work and therefore requires to be done by some one on the ground. We hint at a reward, their eyes sparkle and they look ready to begin the chase ; we promise to call back soon and see how they are succeeding and then turn our faces toward Red Hill.

The number of children in this school is small but a good work is being done. Small and dirty though they be, you would be surprised at the freedom with which they read their own language ; the most advanced are making dreadful efforts in English. After hearing them read, a hand-bell is rung for service ; I disappear among the cottages to invite the women in and remain to teach those who cannot be persuaded. I reach a house where live two small girls whose father died while we were in Canada ; Hea-then though he was I take pleasure in remembering that one day that I went to the house to call the girls to school : he was sitting at the door with a very small child in his arms ; he held up the little one and said : "This one is too small to go but he knows *yisun masth mera uran bach aiya*"—Jesus Christ has saved my soul—This being the first line of a native christian hymn that the school children had learned. May we

hope that the father may have learned it too from the lips of his infant child ?

The little girls I referred to have been taken from school by their acting step father—a Brahman who has always sullenly opposed us. I stepped in to see if I could persuade him to send them. He said, "If you teach a boy, you will get some good of it, but a girl is not yours, she is some other man's ; why should you trouble with her ?" I shewed him that this was wrong and selfish. He said "Girls are to cook, wash, keep the house," and he added slowly and evidently as a concession to me "sometimes to worship God." I said, "They cannot love and serve God rightly unless they are taught." "Oh, well, if every body were to serve God, how would hell be full ?" This he hurled at me in such a manner that plainly said "what do you think of your hell now ?" I said, "God does not want hell to be full ; the governor must have gails but he does not want them full." I then tried to explain to him how justice and mercy met together in God's plan for saving us. He listened rather sullenly and was, I think glad when I left, but I felt glad too that I had been permitted to tell him the way of life tho' he did not want to hear it.

I was just about returning to the school-house when I was told that Chando had left her husband, and was at her mother's house. This is one of the christian girls of whom I wrote as having been given to heathen men. I went straight to her mother's house and found Chando alone. She said her husband had made her work very hard and that though she might have borne that, she could not stand it when he cursed her mother ;—(ala King Saul—"Thou daughter of a slave, etc.) So they quarrelled and separated ; she was sorry, she said, that she had not minded us ; that those people had made her fool herself. This is too commonly the result of their early marriages. Another of the girls about whom I wrote is unhappy. Her brother came one day to tell us that she would not stay with her husband ; he added : "she fights with my wife, and says she will either take poison or hire a room and live by herself." Fancy ! A girl of eleven, or at most twelve years old. The third girl J. . . . came one day and said the man who had control of her—I cannot call him her husband—had driven her away, that her father was not at home and might she stay with me ? I told her she might stay with my girls in "The Home," but her father and mother came and took her away ; the hope of their gains would be gone if she were allowed to remain a child. Frequently the parents keep their hold on the girl and take