

visited in our tents by those who had been interested enough to want to hear more, and had thus come for further enquiry and conversation. But what has this to do with the Bhils? Many of them are living in that part of the country over which we travelled. They are one of the aboriginal tribes of this country and are said to be a thieving, murderous set, thinking as little of cutting off a man's head as a Hindoo does of telling a lie. Those of them who have not become Hinduized are truthful. Those who have become Hinduized have lost that virtue, but retain their thieving, murderous propensities. To show how little they think of murder, I will repeat to you what was told my husband by Col. Lester about a Bhil who was brought before him for murder. This Bhil coolly entered into all the details of the murder,—his only shame and regret being that he had not made a good job of it, inasmuch as he had not cut off the man's head with one stroke, but had to take two. During our camp life in the districts we knew something of Bhils in the way of watchmen; for according to the old proverb "Set a thief," and according to the custom very generally followed in India, those belonging to the robber castes are employed as watchmen. But our first alarming acquaintance with the Bhils was during the last stage of our travels in the districts going from Barnuggur to Butlam,—a distance of about 20 miles. We left Barnuggur at 11 a.m. hoping to reach Butlam between six and seven in the evening, as we understood the distance was 24 miles. But not only was the distance greater, but the roads too were worse than we expected, so that at dark we found ourselves in the midst of the Bhil country, 10 or 12 miles from our destination, with the road in such a state that we could only walk the ponies. Just about this time we reached a sort of police station. Here they called out to us that the road was closed at night on account of its danger. But my husband called back that no road was closed to a Sahib (a white man is usually called a Sahib). For what could we do? It was as bad to go back as forward. Besides my husband had arranged to preach to the Europeans in Butlam the next day, Sabbath, so we just kept on. In India it is the custom, when travelling in the way we were doing, for every village to provide a watchman who acts as guide to the next village. Well, just as we were passing this police station, several Bhils who seemed to come from there, joined our watchman, ran along with him some distance and then turned off, taking, as it appeared to us, a shorter cut to the next village. I feared that in some lonely spot they might waylay us. Meantime our Sa is (the man who looks after the horses and who was with us) told us some alarming stories of deeds

perpetrated by these Bhils,—how that not very long before, an executive enquirer had been attacked and robbed. When we arrived at the next village, it looked suspicious that we were kept waiting for some time before the watchman came. Our Sa is gave into my husband's hands the bows and arrows belonging to the watchman. These bows and arrows used by the watchman are large, and the points of the arrows are iron and can do deadly work, when skillfully used. Armed with this weapon we were a little more secure. Well this new watchman led us by a very circuitous way (still suspicious looking,) down through a gully shaded by trees, and where the road was so bad, that we all had to get out and walk for some distance. What a drive that was for the next few miles. My husband did not seem the least alarmed for ourselves, but he did confess to feeling a little anxious about our things which were some hours behind us. But we were both very much relieved when, between eleven and twelve at night, we reached Butlam, safe and sound, and still more so when our goods and chattels arrived also.

### Trinidad Mission.

MR. A. CAMPBELL was sent out about a year ago as a teacher to labour at Couva. Mr. Campbell having given his scholars at Couva ten days' holidays in August, proceeded to San Fernando, Mr. Grant's station, and with Jacob Corsbie, the young Chinese teacher, visited the Mission schools. The schools were found in an encouraging condition; but the teachers complain of the difficulty they have in making children attend. The two teachers climbed to the summit of Naparima Hill. The scenery was grand beyond description. At the base of the hill was the busy town of San Fernando, with here and there a spire of a church towering above the other buildings, and no less than two of them belonging to the Presbyterian body. On the west was the gulf of Paria, noted for its calmness, and as the bright sun shone on the waters they looked like "a sea of glass." There was quite a number of ships out a little distance from the shore, some of them lying at anchor, others under full sail, but there was scarcely wind enough to fill the sails. Looking across the water to the west we could plainly see the rugged hills of the Spanish Main in South America, which appeared very near from our lofty height. In all other directions, as far as the eye could see, the principal thing that presented itself to the view was the green sugar cane, with here and there a lofty palm tree standing upright, but comparatively