

"Behold as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their master, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that he have mercy upon us."

### TRINIDAD MISSION.

Letter from Rev. K. J. Grant.

SAN FERNANDO, Dec. 24, 1870.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—As the Board may expect to hear how I am occupied, I will write briefly. As stated in a former note, I am located in San Fernando, a town about 50 miles south of Port of Spain, with a population of about 5000. I am not able at present to state correctly the Coolie population in the town, but there is a sufficient number for a large congregation.—North, east and south cane-growing estates stretch for several miles. These are worked principally by Coolies. Within five miles of the town there are probably some 5000 Coolies. These are largely accessible.—They readily enter into conversation, after the task of the day is performed, if you visit an estate, and enter into conversation with one Coolie, a group will soon gather around,—they are desirous of having their children taught English, but in this work I am persuaded that no teacher can be successful unless he is acquainted with both English and Hindustani. It is difficult to convey to you an idea of my feelings, when surrounded by a number who would readily listen, and yet feel utterly unable to make myself intelligible in the simplest truths of the Gospel. In this I could envy brother Morton, who can address them with so much facility. I am endeavouring however to study the language, and don't anticipate any serious difficulty in acquiring a sufficient acquaintance to hold communication with the people.—There is a wide and deeply necessitous field all around, and I try to do what I can for their spiritual interests. I am not idle.

At present arrangements are in progress for opening a school in Cipero street, a section of the town principally occupied by Coolies. We have now a Creole and Coolie Sabbath School here, and during the week I give lessons to some Coolie children. It may be premature to refer to the proposed school, but I know it will be interesting to your Board. I will give but a few general statements, and if the scheme be successfully matured, Mr. Morton will be able by next mail, to give you all the details.

A few days ago Mr. Morton was in Port of Spain, and having enlisted the sympathies of the Agent General of Immigrants in behalf of a School in Cipero Street, San Fernando, went with him to

the Governor, whose liberal offer quite exceeded anything that could be anticipated. The Governor has agreed to give \$300 to a male Teacher, \$100 to a female, with some addition if the School prove successful. This is simply an experiment for one year. The School is to be under the direction of a Board of Managers. Several leading gentlemen, in and around San Fernando, have agreed to act on the Board, and, at their request, both Mr. Morton and myself have agreed to be included in the number. The whole matter has yet to come before the Educational Board, of which the Governor is President; but we are very hopeful that the liberal proposal of His Excellency will be carried out. Should this School be successful, and need we assure you that we will use every means to render it efficient, it may be the beginning of an educational scheme, that may ere long embrace every Estate on the Island. Let not the Board, let not the Church, think that your Mission to this Island has hitherto been fruitless. The hearty response of the Governor, the sympathy and co-operation of the gentlemen of the Board, is an acknowledgement of their appreciation of the work in progress.

Farther, I have accompanied Mr. Morton to a few of his meetings, more particularly in hospitals. Everywhere I have found the Coolies attentive, some apparently deeply interested as he preached to them of the one true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent, and when he engaged in prayer they literally laid their hands on their mouths as they lay in the dust.

I witnessed one scene that was peculiarly touching, a young Coolie, say 18 years of age, dying. The pale countenance, the clammy sweat, the difficult breathing, all betokened that the hand of death was on him. The Missionary spoke to him in his own tongue of Him through whom eternal life might be obtained. For a moment his contortions would cease, and with fixed gaze he appeared as if he would learn what is to us "the old, old story," but to him altogether new. His energies, summoned for a moment sank, and soon the spirit was at the bar of judgment.

Just at this moment there was a piteous cry heard in the next ward, we turned aside to know the cause. A poor invalid was visited by his brother or a near friend. He was overwhelmed on seeing him, and it brought vividly to my mind a fact that I myself scarcely realized before, that these poor heathen people have all the natural sympathy of our nature.

If the Church at home patiently and prayerfully prosecutes the work, and if we in the field can sow in the same spirit, I am persuaded that ere long a good harvest will be gathered.