

prevent the spread of the Gospel the natives left no means untried. But there was One greater than they, and the seed was not sown in vain. The people were entirely ignorant of writing; and it was very puzzling to them for one to write a letter to a person at a distance, and receive another in reply. They were much put about at times to get a letter sent, and had difficulty in getting a carrier. The natives thought it would speak on the road. A man said to him that he would not carry it in his hand, but would put the spear through it and carry it over his shoulder, and he had to assure him then that it would neither speak nor cry on the road.

What, now, was the state of matters? They had now a reading population where formerly this ignorance prevailed. The people had got possession of their own language, but it was a matter which cost a great deal of labour, and required perseverance. When he first went out there was no interpreter there worth the name, and the consequence was that sometimes the most ludicrous tricks were played upon him. He was most anxious to learn the language, and would do anything to attain that object. The wags—for they had wags there as well as here—used to vex and plague him very much, and poke a good deal of fun at him. When he heard them talking, he would ask the meaning of a sentence he could pick. They would direct him to an old woman sitting some distance off, and would tell him what to say to her. No sooner had he asked her the question than the men would burst into a great fit of laughter. Afterwards, when he came to understand the language, he knew that he had been asking her if she would allow him to kiss her. He let them laugh, however, as he was aware of the great work he had to perform. To learn the language, he was obliged to leave his family, and live with the natives for a number of months, preparing skins with them, and living exactly as they did, except that he prayed every evening. It was by no means a pleasant life. By the time he returned to his family he was able to open his mouth and speak to the natives in their own language. He began to hope, then, that he would see one book of the New Testament printed in the language. He set himself heart and soul to the work of study, and worked unremittingly.

The result of all this labor had been that they got a portion of the Scriptures into the native language, and they were now disseminated over hundreds of miles of the country. There was an eager demand for them everywhere, and in some parts there were a great many native teachers—men and women—who, though not trained for the work, read the Scriptures to and prayed

with their neighbours. Such simple service had been largely crowned with success.

Mrs. Moffat once made a nice gown for the queen of a certain tribe; but, instead of using it, she sold it for a sheep to another tribe. Traders had called at this place, but could not dispose of so much even as a handkerchief. But since the people had been brought under the power of the Gospel, and civilized, there passed through yearly at this place sixty thousand pounds of British manufacture. There was a time when the missionary wagon was the only wagon in the country, and now there were scores of them among the people, even unto the far interior where their brother missionaries resided. There was a time when the missionary plough was the only plough, and now scores of them might be seen; and there was a time, happily gone by, when the wives were little better than slaves, and laboured on the land.

Although he had suffered much, and labored like a galley-slave, he would willingly spend his life in that great field.

Our Foreign Missions.

TRINIDAD MISSION.

Letter from Rev. K. J. Grant

MY DEAR MR. MCGREGOR,—

In a communication addressed to you about two months ago, I referred to some of the encouraging features of this mission field, and my more extended and intimate acquaintance with the place and people has wrought no change in my views. That the great mass of the Coolies are ignorant, superstitious, and degraded, is unquestionable, but it is also true that many are of a reflecting and enquiring spirit, and some are quite intelligent; and in my own limited experience I have evidence of their willingness to hear the word, and will not hesitate to express my conviction that some have embraced it.

MR. GRANT'S WORK.

Though I have made some progress in the study of the language, yet I have not attempted anything like a formal service amongst them. I will try to explain to you what I have been doing. In one section of this town a considerable number of Coolie families are to be found. In that neighbourhood the Rev. George Lambert established a Sabbath School, which was attended by about 40 Creoles and a few Coolies. When Mr. Lambert withdrew from this field I undertook the management of the school. As my mission was to the