

kind words. Already his words are receiving a response; for by the dim fire light we can see the lazy tear of forgiveness rolling down the cheek of many an old and frozen hearted warrior, and many voices are now heard saying to the missionary, "Missi, our compassion to thee; your words are good; go home to thy house, we will remain."

The Christians as well as the savages of Fate are a selfish lot, and Mr. Morrison had trials to endure known to but few on earth. This he expected, nor did he ever murmur, but sad indeed to Morrison was the thought of giving up, finally, Mission work in the New Hebrides.

Sketch of the Life of Soodeen, the Coolie Teacher, in Iere Village, Trinidad.

My Dear Children,—At the Rev. J. Morton's request, I am very glad to give you the following little account of myself. I am an East Indian, I lost my parents when young; after their death I was taken under the care of some of my relations; but their cruelty caused me to forsake them, and run away. I had attempted to run away before; but all in vain, for the people in the neighbourhood knew me; but at last I effected escape in this way. It happened one evening that they sent me to a neighbouring garden for some kind of leaves; (I think it was the sugar apple leaf), those gardens at eventide are generally haunted with wild beasts, and they wanted to get rid of me, but not in an open way, for they were ashamed of the neighbours and so they sent me to the garden, thinking no doubt, that I might come in contact with some wild beast and be devoured by it.

But, my young friends, God works in a mysterious way: for while I was ignorant of Him; His hand did lead and guide me, in a way I knew not.

Well, when I was on my way to the garden, I saw some carts on the side of the road, and instead of going to the garden, I went to the carters, and entreated their favour to let me stay with them that night, I knew perfectly well that they would start

very early in the morning, and so I was the more anxious that they should take me with them; for then I should be far from the village before daybreak, and so I would not be recognized by the villagers: for I well remembered the failure of former attempts and the cruelties I had undergone: for each time I had attempted to escape, and was found out and brought back to my relations, I was cruelly beaten. But this time my attempt was with success; for the carters received me and took me with them as far as a place called Chaunce. I don't know whether that is its right name or not, but so I heard it named..

Well, they stayed at this place for a few days, and I was very glad of it, for I had my foot hurt. It happened that while I was in the cart, I was rubbing my foot against the spokes and forgetting myself, I let it run between them, fortunately the cart was drawn by buffaloes and as their movements were very slow, my foot did not get much hurt, only bruised; but it turned into a sore, which lasted for some time before it was healed, and the mark remains to this day.

Now, these carters were about to sell their carts and go to their country. One of them sold his cart before the rest, and prepared for his journey, and as he was living near the one I was with I was committed to his charge.

Well, we took our journey from this place, and travelled together for two days; but on the third day, I lost him, amongst a crowd of people near a station; I searched for him, but in vain.

The policeman saw me wandering about the place, and came up to me and asked me what I was seeking for, and when he knew the particulars how I came there, he took me to the corporal, and I related to him how I came there; he gave me some refreshments and after a little rest, I was sent off to Wannou, about a mile from this place, where the general station was. The serjeant at Wannou asked me the same questions, and when I told him how I come to lose myself, I was taken to a place of rest, for I was greatly fatigued from the journey of the day.