

said he was glad, pleased, happy. He contended that in the circumstances he could do nothing else. He had counted the cost; he thought no more of this world, but only of God and the world to come. I asked him where he would go when he died. He said he did not know, God knew. The Mohammedan professed to be sorry, and listened attentively, and seemed somewhat moved when I told him of Jesus Christ suffering for us. He had never heard of that before. When I told the Hindu of the goodness of the Son of God in taking our punishment, as if a friend should offer to be hanged in his stead, he repudiated any such arrangement. He asked what business any friend had with the matter. He saw no goodness in such an offer. He thanked no friend for interfering; he had killed the woman, the law condemned him and he was ready to die. Without being opposed to the death penalty, one may be allowed to question the advantage of executing such men. It seems to have little effect in deterring others,—for while these men lay under sentence, another murder was committed in open day, and in the presence of several witnesses, and from the same circumstance.

A few weeks ago I fell in with a genuine believer in transmigration. Speaking of these men who were executed he said they would go to hell for one hundred years, and then be born in a serpent, or rat, or dog. When opposed he defended his doctrine firmly, asserting what is of course true, that many in India will not kill even a rat or snake. "But," said I, "they keep cats, and the cats kill the rats. Does not that come to the same thing?" "Oh no," said he, "the cat is a watchman and the rat is a thief. The thief deserves to be caught, and killed, and it is the watchman's duty to do this." He was obliged to admit that Coolies in Trinidad do not consider the lives of rats and fowls very sacred, and that the flesh of cows instead of poisoning people makes them strong, but still he thought they had souls, real souls of men in them. A Babajee entered as we were speaking, and in the course of conversation gravely asserted that when a man dies his soul goes up into the top of his head and remains there for twenty-one days after his death. These Babajees are very often men of scandalous lives. One has come to live in our village lately. He was complaining to me in the presence of some Coolies, of the dry weather and want of water, and asserted quite gravely that God was angry for people were too bad. A Mohammedan then interrupted him and said, "Yes, it is very well for you to say people are too bad; but you are a parson-man and you steal away another man's wife and come here to live, and then you go and make praise, and talk of God being

angry. It is the fault of you and others like you that God is angry." The Babajee became enraged, and, cursing the man in unmeasured terms, threatened to beat him on the spot. He asserted his innocence and that it was the people who were bad. They often told the Brahmans to go away, they did not want to listen to them, which vexed God too much. A Hindu however declared that the Babajee *was* guilty; and I then bore down on him at once. I said that the Coolies did quite right not to listen to parson-men who could not read, or who, like him, stole other men's wives, and cursed and swore; that certainly God would not listen to them when they professed to pray to him; that christians would not tolerate such parson-men, and I appealed to those present if they had ever heard of a christian minister cursing and swearing, or stealing other men's wives.—They all answered, No, never. With such religious teachers tolerated what is to be expected of the mass of the people?

A vessel is to leave for Calcutta this week, carrying some three or four hundred Coolies back to their native land. Seven men left this village. I was very sorry to see them go, some of them were the most promising Coolies I have had to do with. Some weeks ago we had a magic-lantern entertainment. The tickets were one shilling sterling, and the little church was full. All the Coolies about to leave for India were present, and a number of others and one Babajee. We had thirty very fine views of scenes in India, such as the procession of Jugganatte and some of their gods. Rev. Mr. Lambert explained the views to the Creoles and I to the Coolies. My aim was to make a laughing-stock of the gods of India, and certainly the Coolies laughed heartily. They were amused themselves at the expense of the Babajee. I asked if Vistinu was a god, and if they worshipped him. Most of them said no; but the Babajee said he worshipped him for he certainly was god; had he not four hands? Five of them promised me that when they got back to India they would never again bow to these gods of wood and stone. I hope they may fall in with missionaries there.

Two Coolie vessels, with seven or eight hundred Coolies, have lately arrived.—While writing the first part of this letter I was interrupted by a fire springing up near the estate of a friend. On arriving at the estate some sixty labourers, mostly Coolies, were set to clear a trench between the woods where the fire was and the cane fields. There were a number of new Coolies in the gang, and at first I was the only one on the spot who could use the language. For a time there was an incessant question and answer as to who I was. Whatever else