

disturbance they would be helplessly overpowered.

Nearly all the Hossees in the Naparimas, north and south, are carried to San Fernando. Couva also used to come; but a few years ago the question of precedence between Couva and the Naparimas, led to a fight, in which two men were killed. Since that time the Hossees are thrown into the sea at Couva. A few are carried to the Mohammedan chapel at the upper end of our village. This chapel was built by a wealthy Coolie named Nagee, who has three or four wives. His aim has been to get all the Hossees in the neighbouring district brought to this place. For this purpose he had a large pond dug behind the chapel to throw them into. Unfortunately, a few months ago a fine boy was drowned in it, and the people then threw the water out of it. Many of the Coolies dislike the arrangement; and two days before the hossee, one of the rebels was at Nagee's store, and words arose which led to blows, and Nagee hacked him with a cutlass until it was feared that he would not recover. Nagee was carried to gaol, and lies there still, awaiting his trial.

I find that the ignorant Mohammedans regard Hussau and Hossein as gods. A fable generally received, is that their mother lamented their death very much, and that God promised that they would come back ten days every year, and that they do so. There is a room in the corner of the chapel here, for their accommodation, where offerings are left for them. I have never met with this story in print. By consulting some good work on India, such as, Trevor's "India, its Natives and Missions," you will see how far the Hossee here corresponds with the Mohurrum there.

The Sunday afternoon before the Hossee, I accosted a young Coolie, as he walked sadly past the house. He seemed surprised and pleased when I addressed him and shook hands with him. He has been four months in Trinidad, and has neither father, mother, brother, or sister here. It was very touching to see how his face lit up, and his eye bedewed with moisture, yet sparkled with interest as he spoke of Calcutta. I have met in the wilds of New Brunswick, half a mile from any road, in a log cabin surrounded with burnt land and stumps, people from Scotland, and I remember still the touchingly tender tones in which they spoke of their native place, the Frith of Forth:—"Oh, sir, it is a bonny, bonny place, with its green, green hills, and the Forth sa fine and pretty,—no ava like this." But I felt far more touched by the expression of this poor Coolie. "Calcutta at Sahib—Achehha baliut, baliut Achehha Calcutta!" "Calcutta. O, Sir,"—and then as if the fair vision of his country rose be-

fore him, he turned away from addressing me to address it: "Fair, very, very fair, Calcutta."

Just then some Hindus came down the street, carrying on poles a canopy with four idols under it. Three were sitting up in a row. Of these, the centre figure was Ram, as might be expected. Another was Sita, the wife of Ram, with a large ring in her nose such as many of the Hindu women wear. The third was Lakshmau, said by some to be the son of Ram, by others the brother of Ram, which last is mythologically correct. There were gaudily painted red, and blue and green. The fourth was an ugly grinning creature lying in the corner. His body was covered with a light crop of wool. Some said he was a monkey and his name Haldhar. They set down their burden that I might see it, and a crowd gathered around. After they had answered my enquiries I began to rear-n with them on their folly. They admitted that no man had seen God and that all things were made by him, and I asked them how then could a man make God or even an image of Him when he had no body. The answer of most of them was, "I don't know." The bearers then lifted their burden on their shoulders and moved away—*Four men carrying four Gods*. I then addressed the crowd, several of them laughingly said it was all nonsense. "One lazy man get one parson man to make 'em. He carry 'em Hossee and make money. Every person see him must pay one piece," (5c). One man said they were made after the idea of others that had been made before. I asked him who made the first and how he could make forms of God whom no man had seen or could see—who had no form but was an infinite Spirit. This puzzled him, and he fell back on the common answer, "I don't know." All spoke of their gods without the least reverence or respect.

It is too soon to speak of results; we are only sowing seed and must wait in faith till by the blessing of God it grow and ripen. We are as nothing, when we think of the work. The field is very wide, other laborers are much wanted; our hope is, that the Synod at its first meeting may see its way clear to send another missionary. And as the work is not to be accomplished by human might or strength, prayer, faithful and fervent, must be offered continually by the church till the Lord our God arise and bless us.

The average attendance at the school during the past week was over twenty-two, and we have the prospect of several new scholars shortly. They attend Sunday School and some of them frequently come to public worship. So far as I am aware, no difficulty has been raised on the ground of the religious instruction imparted.