

seeking for Baptism on Sabbath, I requested him to visit and converse with a well known pundit who is almost ripe. His reply was, I do not wish to speak to any one that will raise objections, lest a doubt again seizes me. I now believe and I wish to feel just as I now do until I can be baptized, and when it is known I have broken caste I will be stronger and they will be weaker.

On Sabbath he shrank from appearing before the congregation. However, just as the shades of evening were gathering, and with half dozen friends, he came. We assembled in church. I thought the interview of Nicodemus with our Lord, a most fitting subject to read and open. He was baptized and his actions will strengthen many. In the meantime he does his work as a labourer, and this will enable him with greater ease to silence gainsayers, but if he continues in the truth as I believe he will, he gives every promise of being a most efficient agent. The Lord be praised.

Yours,

K. J. GRANT.

LETTER FROM MR. COFFIN.

TO REV. MR. THOMPSON, OF TRENTON, PICTOU COUNTY.

COUVA, TRINIDAD.

Dec. 16th, 1889.

Dear A,—

The first excitement of getting settled down is now over.

Just a few words in regard to our voyage out. Our party of five, viz., Mr. and Mrs. Morton and the lady teachers, and myself sailed from New York on Nov. 20th. noon, on board S. S. Trinidad. Our course instead of the usual route, direct to the Windward Islands, was, first, to Brunswick, Georgia, to take on board a company of American tourists, and then to Nassau in the Bahamas for Governor Robinson of Trinidad, and his party. Thence we steamed almost directly East for four days to St. Croix where we first landed after ten days at sea. We called at several of the islands to land mail and passengers, St. Kitts, Antigua, Montserrat, St. Lucia, Barbadoes and Grenada.

One is charmed with the first sight of the topics. Everything is so different from home and so very beautiful; vegetation, people, houses, customs, all new to us to a very large extent. I think the feeling that comes to one when first visiting the topics is that it is a privilege to be permitted to exist, even under many disadvantages, amid so much that is beautiful in nature. I never thought the West Indies possessed so much natural beauty. The islands are real para-

dise as far as nature is concerned, but not so by any means as viewed from what man is, or has done in taking advantage of so many privileges. It is true, as we soon, very soon find, that—"Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," and in many cases here *very, very vile*.

But I am wandering. We reached Trinidad, Thursday morning at 7 o'clock, glad that our voyage was over, and that after 15 days of rocking and tossing we were again on "*terra firma*." We were cheered on approaching our anchorage by seeing our friends Mr. Grant, Mr. MacRae and Mr. Morton's sons coming off to welcome us, which they did in a hearty manner.

We are soon on shore at Port of Spain, but we do not remain long in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Morton hasten with their family to Tunapuna, to set their house in order. The teachers go to San Fernando with Mr. Grant, and I to Princetown with Mr. MacRae.

Here I remained for a few days, and on Sunday preached in San Fernando morning and evening; in the morning, for the Scotch congregation; in the evening, for Mr. Grant's people.

On Monday the Presbytery met in Couva, and your humble servant was inducted in due form into the charge of this congregation and mission. The services were appropriate and impressive. Mr. Morton preached, Mr. MacRae acted as Moderator, Rev. Mr. Ramsay, of Free Church, Port of Spain, addressed the congregation, and Rev. Mr. Dickson the minister. He did so in a very appropriate manner. Mr. Dickson is a *coloured* man.

Tuesday morning the brethren departed, and I was left behind, a stranger in a strange land, and I must say a little feeling of loneliness seemed to overshadow me.

I have now been one week in Couva, and have some idea of the field and the work to which I am called. I am not disappointed, not discouraged. I never felt so much the desire for strength, or so much the desire to be enabled to do something for the Master. If I could bring our Christian people at home into this very field of Couva for one week, I know it would do more to stir up the missionary spirit at home than the most eloquent missionary address could possibly do. Within a radius of a few miles from the Manse as a centre, there are said to be between twelve and fourteen thousand Indian people, "having no hope and without God in the world"—heathens.

I went yesterday with my Catechist—Hunagee—to his services. Left the Manse at 8 a. m., had service in a school house on one of the estates at 8.30. Then drove some