

ally fitted to labour among the strangers from the East.

MISSIONARY MEETING AT AROUCA.

At the close of the Presbyterian Conference a great missionary meeting was held in the Arouca church, at which several of the brethren delivered stirring speeches, and we had the opportunity of telling something of our church's work. The building was even more crowded than it had been on the Sunday evening. We were especially interested in the presence of a detachment of Mr. Dickson's flock, who are of Portuguese extraction, and dwell at a distance of sixteen miles among the high mountains. They come occasionally to the services at Arouca, and more frequently to an out-station midway between it and their home. Once a year Mr. Dickson goes and resides for a week among them, living in their houses, and breaking to them daily the bread of life. We had the pleasure of meeting those interesting strangers, and found them warmly attached to the church.

We were greatly pleased to find that in Trinidad the most pleasant relation exists between the planters and the laborers on their estates. Mr. Dickson testified to the support and encouragement he receives from the owners and managers of the plantations in his neighbourhood, and to the interest they take in the welfare of the people. It was to this he attributed the undoubted fact, that the standard of morality among the Creoles is higher in Trinidad than in Jamaica.

VISITATION OF THE SCOTCH CONGREGATION AT SAN FERNANDO.

On Wednesday, after a delightful excursion to the Blue Basin, arranged by Mr. Robert Wilson, we sailed for San Fernando in the coasting steamer, reaching it in the early afternoon, and were met by Mr. Hendrie and some of the members of the congregation. A delightful drive of several miles into the pleasant country occupied the time intervening between our arrival and the hour of the congregational meeting. At that meeting a sermon was preached, and the usual inquiry took place. It seemed to us that there is much healthful and vigorous life in this little flock. The members are, to a large extent, Scotch, and the church is on this account an admirable rallying-place for our young countrymen who go out to settlements in the town and on the sugar estates. The native population are not

neglected, but are welcomed to sit in the sanctuary on equal terms with their European neighbours, and district mission work is carried on in one of the outskirts of the town. Both here and Arouca we had most gratifying testimony borne to the good work done by Mr. Lambert, now of Rigg of Gretna; and the sorrow for the recent loss of Mr. Henderson, whose early death was due to his zeal in the discharge of duty, was, at the date of our visit to San Fernando, still fresh. We had most pleasant intercourse with Mr. Hendrie, whose renunciation of the charge in which he was so recently settled, in obedience to what he believed to be the call of duty, to labour among the strangers whose language he knows, is the best evidence of his disinterested devotion. The property at this station is in admirable order, and both church and manse are exceptionally neat.

THE PITCH LAKE.

On the following day we took the grand excursion of the neighbourhood, and in company with several friends belonging to the congregation visited the famous Pitch Lake. We went by the coasting steamer—a sail of about two hours, and landed by small boats at La Brea, where the asphalt is melted, put into barrels, and shipped. As our readers can imagine, the industry carried on does not render the place attractive, but we had come to see a marvel of nature, and not its beauties. We gladly accepted an invitation from the manager of the works to drive to the lake, though the conveyance provided for us was an asphalt-cart, in which our party managed to dispose themselves on such chairs and stools as the office could furnish. The black and dusty incline up which we drove under the blistering heat, is bordered by a luxuriant growth, amid which we could see the richest pine-apples, the volcanic heat of the soil being specially adapted for the production of this fruit. When we reached the lake, the asphalt which it presented was that of a loaf at home during a black frost, with patches of water here and there that have oozed up through cracks in the ice, the expanse being broken by islands covered with a scrubby vegetation. Being assured that the lake was 'bearing,' we set ourselves to cross it, and found that we were walking on an asphalt pavement slightly softened on the surface by the great heat—just as pavement of this material in our home cities is on a hot summer day. Here