

would have obliterated. During the day the police found some of his clothes marked with blood, and one cloth bearing the impression of a bloody cutlass. A friend of his, supposed to be an accomplice, has since been arrested. Juraman was carried to San Fernando Hospital, and is doing as well as could be expected. Pirhiti and Metan, the two prisoners, I knew quite well. They both lived within a quarter of a mile of our house, and Pirhiti was almost always present at meetings held in the village. Knowing what he did, Juraman's folly was at least as great as his sin. He went "as an ox to the slaughter and as a fool to the correction of the stocks." This will give you some idea of the people with whom we have to deal. Take another instance. When speaking with a coolie, called Babi, about the Juraman affair, a Madras coolie said the Calcutta coolies were too bad for cutting. Babi fired up, and cited an instance of a Madras coolie, who got four years for cutting, and asked if he himself had not been in jail. The Madras admitted that he had, but said that it was not for cutting; and retorted, were you not in jail, and fed on corn cookie (cornmeal porridge) too. This was too much for Babi. He denied indignantly that he had ever come to that. Hushing the Madras man, I entered into conversation with Babi, in the presence of about a dozen of coolies. As to the cutting affair, he made light of the crime, and said that it was a very simple matter. If a man did that sort of thing he would be taken up and get his four or five years, that was all. I told him it was not so; there were some in jail who should be out and some out of it who should be in; and that if Pirhiti had destroyed his clothes, he might perhaps have escaped, still his conduct would have been the same. "But," said he "God made it so. God made him come home and sit down folding his arms, when he might have run away or destroyed his bloody clothes. God told him to go and cut Juraman, and he had to go." "Oh, no," I said, "God told him no such thing, and God did not make him sit down and fold his arms. God left him alone and he went and did it. God helps us to do what is good. When we set ourselves to do evil the devil helps us." "But," he said, "how is it that God sometimes lets the innocent go to jail and the guilty go free." I said, it is so here. God does not reward the good and punish the bad fully in this life; but he will square all that hereafter. I told him of Lazarus and Dives, and urged that temporal prosperity would not secure the wicked against the judgment of God. He said he was a good man, and felt secure. "Ah," said I, "it is only a few months since you stole another man's

wife, and she is with you yet." Smilingly he replied, "Yes, but I every day ask God to forgive my sins." It is of no use," I said, "so long as you do not repent. God continues vexed, and will not answer you. Put her away, tell her to begone, and if you want a wife, take and marry her." Oh, he said, it is only one thing—everything, everything else being good, God will not mind that. You are mistaken, I replied. One sin makes a sinner. Look at that chain which fastens your door,—break one link and the chain is broken, the door flies open. So the law of God is one—the commandments so many links—and one broken, the law is broken. Running over the last five, I urged that though he did not kill, he was an adulterer, and so a sinner. Oh, he replied, plenty man all about take other people's wives. That, said I, does not make the least difference. If only one did it, it would be wrong; if one hundred it is wrong still; and if every body did it, it would be no less wrong. God says so in his book and all the men in the world can not alter it.

One day, a coolie man told me, he intended coming to school, and said that God would make him learn. I told him, he would require to apply himself; for though it was God who enabled him to work, he would never do his task unless he handled his hoe. A friend said he would never learn because he drank rum. He replied, "God sees a good mark there," pointing to his forehead, "and will help me." They almost all believe that God has a secret mark on them—a good mark on those he likes; and some of their babajees pretend to see this mark, and tell by it whether the man is good or bad. They think that if a man learns quickly, it is because God likes him. They know that I had no teacher, and after reading and talking to them, I have often heard them say one to another. "Massa one too much good man, God make him sabby too much quick."

Feb. 1st, had a visit from two Bengali coolies, both of whom could read and one of whom was a christian. I had some interesting conversation with them, and on leaving, gave them some Bengali tracts. On asking the christian if he had a wife, he replied "not now, I had one, but she behaved so bad, that I had to send her away. As the Bible says, 'If thy right hand offend cut it off.' The bleeding hand was too much sore at first, but it is better now."

Since writing the first part of this letter, I have been assured by several coolies that it is laid down in some of their books, that if a woman come three times to a Hindu's house and says to him, "I am going to live with you," he must take her in; his book commanded him to do so. This throws light on what he told me himself—