

Achchha, massa, bahut achchha,—good, master, very good.

One evening at 9 o'clock two Coolies came in great distress, "Massa, Massa, one Coolie man too sick. Him no sabby talk." I went with them, and found their story only too true. On a caban lay a strong, hearty looking man, but utterly speechless—unable to utter a sound, much less a word. There were eight or ten people in the room, and they all looked to me to do something or the man must die. You may imagine how perplexed I was, but there was no time to be lost. Looking for divine guidance I applied a mustard plaster to the throat and chest, for it was there the difficulty was, and used such remedies as were at hand. In about an hour he was able to speak. At first he tried to tell them of business matters, but they all deprecated this, and told him to call upon Ram. And then the chorus ran round the room, Ram, Ram, Ram. When I went in first one man said, "God help him," in English, and thus they speak to one ordinarily, so that the heathenism is disguised. But when in straits they call upon Ram.

Four Coolies belonging to this village were drowned by the upsetting of a boat a fortnight ago, and when the news arrived there was terrible lamentation. The female relatives seemed frantic, the men stood dumb—none crying or sobbing, but the tears streamed down their grief stricken faces. A careless crowd gathered around, but their *devout* neighbours were beating their breast and crying, "Hy! Hy! Hy! Ram! Ram! Ram! God (Bagawand) help us."

It was some time before the sick man would let me leave him, and I had to promise to come if I were called through the night. The next day he was very grateful, and I had an opportunity of speaking freely to him about Jesus Christ, and his wonderful love and goodness. He listened and assented *politely*, I cannot say cordially. He professes to read in Nagari, and promised to come and get a gospel; but he has not fulfilled his promise. To assent or promise out of politeness is a common enough thing among the Coolies.

One day a Coolie who could read brought out a manuscript book held to be sacred, and read a passage quite freely. It was an account of how Ram killed a devil who got into a man. A Coolie family lives opposite our place, and a few Sundays ago he had a party preparing rice. After our congregation dispersed they were winnowing it on the road side. And this may be seen all through the village every Sunday. Thus you see heathenism, practical and avowed, is to be met with on every hand.

When the hurry of the crop season is a little over, I hope to have a class of grown

up people. Henry B. Darling, Esq., proprietor of Lotleians estate, had a school for some years, for the children of his Coolies. He sent to India for teachers, but they did not succeed very well. From this and some other causes, the school has been given up for a time. He has been very kind to us—taken an interest in our work—and given us a number of books and maps which are of great service in teaching the children.

During the past month the attendance of Creoles at both Sunday School and church has steadily increased. Altogether we feel encouraged.

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN MORTON.

IERE VILLAGE, May, 1868.

Rev. and Dear Brother,—The foregoing account of a coolie marriage stands by itself, that it may be conveniently disposed of as you see fit. I scarcely know what to write. Little things occur from day to day which may be interesting to you and your friends, or to the church, but one feels like an egotist in writing of them. Perhaps it is best to scribble away and leave the rest to you.

When reading to and addressing about a score of Coolies one Sunday afternoon, an old Coolie man stepped forward, and, laying bare his breast, asked me to tell him from that, and from my book, when he would die. I explained to him that God only knows that. The congregation generally assented, and some of them told him to be silent and go away. As he did not, but continued urging *n-e*, one man stepped forward and told him, with the utmost gravity, that he would die to-morrow at 12 o'clock. At this the whole audience broke out in peals of merry laughter.

April 24th.—Opened conversation with a number of Coolies, by the side of the road. One produced a Nagari book, and read a passage on the Exploits of Ram. He proceeded by way of question and answer, and I had thus an opportunity of hearing their notions, and stating to them the simple truths of the gospel. Some of them maintained the diversity of origin of the human family. Like other illustrious philanthropists, they scorned the thought that the negro is of the same blood as themselves. "As God make him one negro, and set him monkey singe his hair, so he creep all up." This I *politely*, but very decidedly, contradicted; and one of them got over the point by laughingly saying, "Oh, Massa like him own way." We travelled over a number of points in theology and mythology in a friendly way; when pressed they took up some such question as this:—"All you say may be true, and good for you, for you are Buckra men, or Creoles, and Christians,