

family were present there, before whom they would hardly dare to commit such an offence. They admitted, however, the vanity of the distinction of caste. These people came from a respectable village called Salonchi, about eight miles south from Telkupi. They gladly took away with them a copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew in Bengali, which, although they could not very well read themselves they said they would hear read by a few of their village people who could read better. There were at the same time present three Santals, who heard most attentively the latter part of our discourse. When we finished our talk, the eldest of these Santals came forward, and wanted to see one of our *Siastras*. I handed over to him another copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew, which he read almost as fluently as any of us. I took him for a Bengali: but on asking his name, he said it was Charan Manji, the latter of which appellations is the ordinary title of a Santal. His village was Mohishara. I asked him if he could pay for the book, he said he could not. But as he took some interest in our discourse, and as he could read so well—a rare accomplishment in this region—I asked him to take the book away with him. About two hours after, the same man came back again and wanted to know something more about Jesus. I told him he would learn everything about Him in that book I gave him. I went over, however, the history of the life of Jesus, taking the heads from his own book. While I was yet speaking with him, two weavers remained standing beside us, with burdens of coarse silken cloth on their heads. I told them that I would not buy any of their cloth; but one of them, who was probably the father of the other man, said that he was not standing there for the purpose of selling anything to us, but that he liked to hear what we were talking about. He heard me most attentively for about an hour, when his son asked him to come away.

He refused to go. I took the opportunity of speaking to the young man of the uncertainty of death, and the necessity of all men to attend to those important matters. The old man was very much impressed with what he heard. We met him again, while bathing in a tank the next day, and he promised to see us that day after breakfast. But as we came back to Govindpur that very day, I fear he missed us. This man was from Raghunathpur, about six miles from Telkupi. All these men made a most favorable impression upon me, and if they are well looked after, they may yet bend their knees to Jesus as Lord of all.

“Kangali Babu introduced me to the Raja of Jheria, whom we visited both the days we were at Telkupi. Notwithstanding his hospitality and attention towards us, I fear we spent our breath in vain in speaking to him about religion.

“Ram, the Santal preacher whom Wooma Charn Babu has recently engaged, was speaking at the same time to the Santals in their native Santhali. His simplicity and good behavior, added to his diligence and zeal in the sacred cause, never fail to win for him the admiration of his hearers. In one case I asked him to explain to me what he was speaking about, and his explanation satisfied me as to his ability in preaching to those simple people. Just before we were leaving Telkupi we had a good number of Karmis as an audience. They came from Chelema, a respectable village about four miles from Telkupi. All these people paid devout attention to what we said. We never get such attentive hearers and well behaved people in Lower Bengal. The one reason that I can assign for this difference is the difference of ideas regarding Christianity with which they first start. Whatever be its cause, and whatever party may be blamed for it, the people of Lower Bengal start with a horrible notion respecting our holy faith. The mass of men who have heard about Christianity at all, take it to be an insti-