

though they may appear will help to widen the stream of souls flowing into Heaven.
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Letter From Paul Bhukhan.

Arouca, Trinidad, Oct. 25 1883.

My Dear Mr. Campbell,

I now take the opportunity of writing these few lines hoping they may find you and your family well.

I am very happy to received your kind Salam and to hear that you are quite well.

Minah and Umraw send Salam to you and your family also. We are all very well at present here but there have been a great many changes since you went away, near all the men have been changed in Couva. I am at Arouca where you saw me last. I will send a short letter to you.

My name is Paul Bhukhan. I am a Native of India. In this year 1883 I am Twenty seven years old. My father's name was Debie. His caste was Lohar or blacksmith. When I was about seven years of age my father sent me to a Government school to learn to read Hindustani. I am not of a very low caste. My schoolmaster name was Sitalprasad Lal. I attended his school about five years and then my father died. At that time I had finished reading Davanagari. I know some Arithmetic and Geography in the Hindi Language. As soon as my father died my elder Brother took me from school but the Warden came and told him that he must not stop me from going to school. My brother then sent me again to school. A few days after this my brother's wife told him Bhukhan must do a little work. My mother heard the conversation and told me, you must go to school. I continued to go to school for sometime longer but one day my brother and his wife quarreled very much then my brother again prevented me from going to school. I thought I would leave this country and go to other some country to see what I could do and while I was in this state of mind I left my home and went to Benares where after two days met with a man who said to me can you read and write? I told him yes; then he asked "would you like to go to Calcutta? you can get a good situation there." I said, "I will go." Then he said follow me, so I followed him and I stayed ten days with him. After ten days he took me to the Emigration Agent who said, It is not to Calcutta that we want you to go but to Trinidad. Then

he shewed me printed rules about the work that I would have to do there, I consented to go and he took me before the magistrate with thirty others to sign an agreement and register our names. From Benares he sent us to Gajepore. A gentleman examined us there. I met with about a hundred and fifty men and women there. The gentleman then sent us to Germania. There I stayed a night. The next day very early in the morning, the Gentleman sent us by a Railway train to go to Calcutta. Thirty hours after in reached the Hoogly. We saw Babu Gopal. He took us on a boat to the depot. I saw at the Calcutta depot more than five hundred people. We stayed three days then they gave each one a suit of clothes for the voyage. From the time we agreed to go we got each one two annas daily for food. One day a Gentleman came and spoke kindly to us and asked us if we were all willing to go to Trinidad. The interpreter then told the people to give a cheer which they did and then he spoke to the Gentleman and said "Yes Sahib" They want to go. Then they put us all on board the Syria 450 peopled. Three months and twelve days after we reached Trinidad, when I felt I was like a homeless child, sad and hopeless for this world and the next. I had no friends, I was sent to a Sugar Estate called Ben Lomond under indenture for five years.

On my arrival at Ben Lomond Estate a man came into the hospital where I too with others was. We had some conversation about caste. He and I agreed to stay in our house and he said to me, "I will help you to cook," and he did so. Meantime I met another man, his name was Balaram. He could read and write both Hindustani and English but no one else on the Estate. I asked him if he had any Nagari books. He said "yes" I asked him where did you get the books? He said from an Indian minister who lives at Iere Village, and he also said if you want books come same day or on Sunday where we can get time and go to him. So on the following Sunday we went with many others to Iere Village. I saw a good many people in the church there and we met the minister who could read Hindi and he told me his name was Raved. John Morton. He had Hindi books. When service was finished the minister again came near to Balaram the young man, and kindly said "who can read Hindi? then Balaram (this young man) shewed to me" can read. Then the minister gave me many books. From