

good many stopped to listen. Then Josiah began to explain the hymn, and went on to describe their idolatry, and contrast it with the purity of Christ's life and teaching. I think that about 60 or 70 heard the message." Our company was reinforced yesterday by the arrival of David, the Colporteur.

**ASARUM, March 20.**—I wrote yesterday at Akeed on board the "Minnie Wilson." Now I am sitting on a cot in a native house, or hut, 12 or 14 miles away from my home on the boat. They got a bandy for me about 3 p.m. yesterday, and we started about 4. There was a fine breeze blowing and the walking was pleasant. Accordingly Josiah and I went along together and we had a good talk on various subjects. We started early, because we had to cross the river Yuppuntem, some three miles from Akeed. The things were all taken out of the bandy and put on a boat made of two palm trees, scooped out, and two boards nailed across, with another board fastened across these two boards. Josiah and I sat on the centre board. The bullocks were unloaded and driven into the river, then they swim across. The bandy was put on another boat, with the wheels hanging over the sides. There is no made road from Akeed to this place, only a cart track across the sandy plain. I walked on with Josiah for about seven miles. About 9 p.m. I lay down in the cart and Josiah spread his mat under it. The others made themselves comfortable on all sides of the cart. We started about 1:30 a.m., and reached Asarum at 7. The hut or house we are in has one good point at least, it is new, so that there is comparatively little dirt in it. After breakfast we had prayers under the trees, the Christians of the village being present. After a hymn I read about the women at the well, and said a few words, which Josiah supplemented by a thorough explanation of what I had read. Ruth, one of the girls in the boarding school at Cocanada, is from here.

The diameter of this house is about 10 feet. A post in the centre supports the apex of the roof. The walls are about 4 1/2 feet high, thick near the ground, but sloping towards the top both outside and in. A hole in the wall constitutes the door, and as the ends of the bamboo come down in front of it, one has to stoop very low in order to get in or out. These bamboos reached from the top of the post to the wall all around, and thatch is laid over them. This kind of roof keeps out both wet, cold and heat, very well. Certainly not much cool breeze gets in. I would prefer to stay under the trees if they were not for the hot sun.

**GOONANAPOODY, March 21.**—I am now setting on a cot in the Baptist meeting-house at Goonanapody. Yesterday we sent in all directions for Asarum for a bandy, but failed to secure one, so I wrote to the Tahsildar, of Kaikaloor, for a bandy or a palankeen. It was about 5:30 when I sent the man off with the note, and about 10 the bandy came; then hoops for the cover had to be obtained and the mat tied on, so it was about twelve when we got started. The road from Akeed to Asarum is a grand one compared with the one from Asarum to this place. The bandymen did not know the way and Josiah and the others were just as ignorant, so we wandered around for some hours, and then halted and went to sleep. We got up at 5:30 a.m. and found ourselves near Ganavaram, a village we all know. We had come 6 miles. Finally we reached here about 11 a.m. We had to cross a number of small canals, and the struggles of the bullocks while crossing almost made me sick.

This chapel is built of mud, and has a thatched roof, the thatch resting on the bamboo poles used as rafters. The walls are about six feet high, but in front the wall is set back from the edge of the roof so as to leave a verandah, so that wall is about nine foot high. The chapel is about 20 feet wide and 35 long. It would hold a lot of people. I had no idea they had such a good place here.

**March 22.**—Yesterday afternoon about 4.40 we set out for a neighboring village, Golavappilly. We had a short service there. Josiah read and explained the parable of the Prodigal Son. It moved me almost to tears to think that many present were hearing that as a new story. That old, old story is so new in many places of this dark land, and it touches one to hear it read to men and women to whom one knows it is really a new story, as new as it is to a little child just beginning to enjoy the stories its mother tells it.

We returned to this place about 6.45, and found that Peter, the native preacher, had arrived from a tour he was making.

On Saturday the 22nd we visited Comanamody. It is only half a mile or so from Goonanapody. We had an interesting little service. On Sunday, the 23rd, nearly 200 men, women and children gathered in the chapel at Goonanapody for worship; many were from neighboring villages; 9 a.m. was the time appointed, but all were not there at 10. Josiah gave out one or two hymns which were sung, and then one of the Christians led in prayer. After another hymn I read Matt. iii. and made a few remarks; then Josiah read 1st Thes. v., and spoke on the three exhortations, "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks." One of his illustrations on the second of these commands was this:—"As soon as a child is born, it cries naturally. The mother attends to that cry. So a new-born soul will cry naturally, and God will hear it even more quickly than the mother hears her child. A collection-box was set down on the floor near where Josiah and I were sitting, but very little was put in it.

**BAPTISMS IN COONANAMOODY.**—About 5 p.m. we started for Coonanamody, where we had been on Saturday. The Moonsiff there is a Christian; he is a brother of Peter, the preacher. Four men and four women were examined by Josiah previous to baptism. Those present were asked if they knew anything about the candidates, and made various replies, saying they ought to be baptized. Then we all walked down to a fine large tank which was quite near; a hymn was sung, and then Josiah read the

closing verse of Act ii. After this Josiah took one of the men and walked slowly out to where there was sufficient water, while the Christians present sang part of a hymn. Here is a translation of what Josiah said to each candidate before administering the ordinance.—"Thou hast received the Lord Jesus Christ as thine own Saviour, therefore I am giving thee immersion in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." As soon as each one was baptized the Christians sang a verse or two, just as we do in Canada on such occasions. Josiah himself led into the water the first one to be baptized, and the second walked in alone. But after that an elderly Christian man led in one to meet Josiah as he was leading out the one whom he had just baptized, and so they met half way and exchanged the candidates they were leading. I never saw the ordinance conducted with greater propriety than on this occasion. After the baptism we gathered together again, and Josiah addressed a few words of exhortation to those who had just put on Christ.

That night the mosquitoes again bit me badly. A native theatre-performance was kept up during the entire night in the village, at least I could hear it going on at four o'clock on Monday morning.

We passed about 500 pack-cattle as we were entering Goodywarda; they are used by the hill people for bringing down produce; women as well as men are seen driving them, and these women are clad in many-colored dresses, so that they look quite gay.

On Monday evening the 24th I left in a bandy for Akeed, which was reached on Tuesday, about 10 p.m. I was glad to be on the boat once more. On Wednesday morning we started for home. Thursday night we reached the Godavery river, but could not cross, so we anchored there. We had a good wind on Friday, and made about three miles an hour; reached home at 9.30 p.m., and found all well. Josiah did not return with me; he remained on the field.

JOHN CRAIG.

**A Hindu Widow's Story.**

"I was my father's eldest daughter, and as I was greatly petted by him, there was no wish of my heart that he did not gratify. I was married, when I was seven years old, to a husband who was very much older than I, and belonged to a very rich family. I continued in my father's house as happy a child as you could wish to see. When I was eight years old my husband died, and with the exception of two or three days of my wedding, I never saw the man I was married to, and being so young a child, I do not even remember him. The grief of my father at hearing I was a widow can well be imagined. I was allowed to remain with my people until I was about eleven years old, when my father-in-law said it was no longer proper for me to stay out of his house. So though I cried my eyes out, I had to go. My father used to come and see me. I would beg him to take me home, but ah! that was impossible. Work was appointed me in the household; I had to take charge of the room where the idols were kept, clean it, and make every preparation for the pooja.

One day I was grinding the sandal wood, I had had a bath, and as I had very long hair it was hanging on my shoulders to dry. While occupied thus, suddenly the door was thrown open, and the Brahmin who did pooja for the household walked in; but seeing me here he walked out as fast again. My mother-in-law came to me, and the next morning I was told that I must get up before the break of day and get through my work, so that no man could see me, and come back into the women's apartments. No thought was given to my feelings. By degrees I left off the jewels I had, and wore the simple white cloth, the sign of my widowhood. After my father's death, I was kept so strictly, I could not bear it any longer, and as I was no longer a child, I came to my brother and sister, and here I have continued ever since. Life has had very little pleasure for me. Such is our evil Hindu religion." The lady Missionary now instructing this widow has much hope of her.

**Africa.**

Late news from Bishop Crowther's mission on the Niger River, Africa, state that one of the chiefs, Captain Hart, who had been most active at Bonny in the prosecution of Christian converts, is dead. On his death-bed he commanded that all his idols be destroyed, warning his followers to have nothing more to do with idol-worship. The next day after his death the heathen fell upon the collection of idols with a will. Bishop Crowther writes:—"Early this morning they began to destroy the jujus. The work of de-

struction is great. The poor gods and goddesses are having very hard times in the late Captain Hart's quarters now. They are handled in a most unceremonious and rough manner. "Two canoe-loads, it is said, have found their resting-place in the deepest part of the river, and those that float and will not sink are broken into ever so many pieces. Floating wrecks of idols made and worshipped since the days of Captain Hart's father are to be seen dotted all over the creek, to the river in the shipping." Imprecations and abuses have taken the place of worship." The Bishop reports that, after a long season at Bonny, in which, owing to persecution, there were no converts, eight persons have been baptized.

**Mr. Snell's Missionary Bees.**

*From the Christian Messenger.*

William Snell was a farm labourer, who supported his family on ten shillings per week. Having the grace of God in his heart, he longed for the conversion of others, and his sympathies went out to heathen lands. He thought he could do but little; yet he did as much as some whole churches to send the gospel abroad. In the village in which he lived, a small missionary society was conducted. The writer was present on several occasions. At the annual meeting, when the list of contributions was read, a most interesting item on the list, was "Mr. Snell's bees, £1, (five dollars).

Now, who will keep a hive or two of bees, to collect for missions? like Mr. Snell's, some of them may be kept in a glass hive; this will illustrate the great missionary organization. Many visited the lowly garden to see the missionary bees at work; and some lessons were learnt of diligence in a good cause. Every church should be like a hive of bees. Every individual should be gathering up and laying in store, till the end of a year, the necessities for carrying on the glorious cause of bringing the world to Christ. It is not much honey that the bee gets from each flower, and some don't yield any, yet the hive is often filled. A trifling amount from each person makes a large amount when collected.

H. BOOL.

**Children's Work in England.**

At the last annual meeting of the China Inland Mission, held in Midway Hall, London, one of the speakers said, "I wish to tell you of a little work amongst young people not connected with the Sunday School, but with the families of our own neighbourhood. We had last Saturday about fifty-six of these boys and girls. The girls, seated at one table, were engaged in needle-work, and the boys engaged at another table making scrap-books and other matters of that kind. This has continued just a year. We have a missionary address, and we have prayer, and we have texts of Scripture, and we have missionary boxes. £54 has been the result of this little effort during the first year. We have several missionaries as honorary members, who come and speak to us, and we are enabled to give grants of £5 to this mission, and £10 to that. At least the children do. It is brought before the children, and they feel an interest in it. Now, I heard Mr. Balache, the late secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, say once, that a large proportion of the income of the society was derived from the efforts of children. I can quite believe it. There are not many churches, perhaps, which raise £54 a year like these children do. I think both the China Inland Mission and other missions might be greatly helped if the children took more interest in the work of the gospel."

**WOMEN'S BAPT. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF THE CONVENTION WEST.**

*Receipts from July 25th to August 26th.*

Peterboro' circle, \$15.82; Toronto, Jarvis-st., \$14.10; Alexander-st., \$7.90; Guelph, \$10; Cheltenham, \$8.58; Thorold, Miss Robertson, \$4; Boston, Mrs. L. C. Barber, proceeds of a social, \$11. Total, \$71.40.

*Special for Chapel School House.*

Mr. and Mrs. T. Crotty, \$2. Total receipts, \$73.40. All moneys intended to be acknowledged in the current year's account must be in my hands not later than the 8th of October, as the books will be closed on that date.

EMILY LAIRD, Treasurer,  
232 Carlton Street, Toronto.

**CANADIAN MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.**

**MARITIME PROVINCES.**

- Rev. Rufus Sandford, A.M., Bimlipatam.
- " George Churchill.
- " W. F. Armstrong, Chicaco.
- Miss Carrie A. Hammond, Bimlipatam.

**ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.**

- Rev. John McLaurin, at home.
- " John Craig, Cocanada.
- " G. F. Currie, Tuni.
- " A. V. Timpany, Cocanada.