

wait a few days. That evening, after service, I heard that Siamma's relatives were preparing to send her to Vizagapatam by next day's steamer, and have her married to a heathen relative. While we were standing deliberating about the matter, suddenly Miss Beggs came rushing into our midst, saying, "Siamma has escaped and is in our house. Come quickly." Mr. Barrow and I ran over and taking her by the hands soon placed her in the carriage, and took her to the Mission House. The next morning we baptized her and no further attempt was made to take her back. She is a bright, clever girl, twenty-one years of age, and is now keeping house for her father. Many of her relatives have since been to see her and she tells them all about Jesus, and how happy she is in Him. Thus the heaven is working in the Zenanas.

J. E. DAVIS.

ABOUT THE WORK IN INDIA.

TUNI, Sept. 23rd., 1892.

After eighteen months of blazing sunshine and very little rain, the monsoon came in its usual style, and now for weeks we have had floods of rain. The crops of rice and grain are growing and all fears of a famine have fled.

The work of preaching the Gospel is progressing, and many are hearing the good words of life.

This year I have been in camp seventy-three days so far, and have travelled eight-hundred and seventy-two miles, mostly on horseback.

The other day a Ryot was baptized; he is an intelligent man and reads his New Testament. During the last four years he has believed in Jesus, but hesitated about coming out. Now he is witnessing for Christ. He has erected a prayer shed in the fields to which he retires for prayer and meditation, especially during heathen feasts, when he does not wish to stay among the idolaters in the village.

The other day we had a marriage between a converted Brahmin and a Christian weaver caste girl. At the Lord's Supper, in Tunj, we have converts from the Brahmin, the Telugu, and the weaver castes, also Christian Malas and Madigas, these with the Missionaries, all sit down as brethren and sisters in the Lord, and thus partake of the elements.

Seeing that Mrs. Garside had not left the Tunj field for more than a year, we proposed a short visit to Peddapur and other stations. We passed through Pithapur, and here were shown through the palace of the late Rajah. It is a very large, three-story house, containing a large amount of European furniture, such as chairs, tables, pianos, organs, etc., in a very dusty condition. There was the jewel room, and also the Zenana, where the women are kept, locked up as jewels, but with their jealousy and intrigue, not leading a very happy life.

The whole house presented a very cheerless appearance. In one room, on the ground floor, was a printing establishment, with fonts of Telugu and English type, printing presses, etc. It was here that the blank forms, notices, and other requirements for managing the large Pithapur estate are printed. Before the Rajah died, elephants and tigers were kept in the fort, the tigers caged of course. These have been disposed of since the estate came under the management of the Court of Wards.

A Lutheran missionary has, we heard, been designated to take charge of mission work in this town,

which is but eight miles from Samulcotta. Upon going some eleven miles further we reach Peddapur, where Mr. Walker lives. Here we were glad to see the missionary looking so well as he came out to meet us on his bicycle. Bro. W. is getting his work in hand and feels encouraged in that some have lately confessed Christ in baptism. The view from the mission house is really grand, it being the most extensive view of any in the mission.

On Sunday, upon invitation from Mr. Stillwell, we drove to Samulcotta, some three miles away, and preached to the students, who number seventy-five we were told.

During our way back to Peddapur we passed the two-story bungalow where Dr. Edman, of the Lutheran mission lives. This gentleman is prosecuting mission work both in Peddapur and Samulcotta and also in the surrounding country. By his knowledge of medicine he helps the natives and sometimes the Canadian Baptist missionaries who have required his services occasionally.

In Cocanada we found the missionaries well with the exception of the Lorimers and McLeods. It seems natural to see the Baptist mission compound again, also the Timpany Memorial School and the Eurasian Baptist Church.

Cocanada is the same noisy, heathen, unsanitary, filthy town. The cholera had not left the place when we visited it, though the rain had come down in floods.

The canals and the port bring a large amount of commerce to the town and the new railway will bring more.

There is plenty of room for three or four other missions in the town, our only care would be that they do not meddle with our native Christians.

After enjoying the kindness and hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Davis for two or three days, we left for Tunj and were glad to see our village and bungalow once more. Not that it is a cleaner village nor a finer house than we have seen, but it is home.

R. GARSIDE,

A WOMAN'S MEETING IN INDIA.

KOTA CHEREVU, Oct. 11th., 1892.

Twenty-three bright, happy faces; twenty-three cheerful voices raised in hymns of praise to Him who saith, "I am the Lord and there is none else, there is no God beside me"; short, earnest prayers following one upon the other without a moment's hesitation—one for the heathen relatives and neighbors; one for the teacher and his wife, in their midst; one for the missionaries, and so on. Then came the story of Joseph, told by a little woman, with her grandchild clasped in her arms; the story of Moses, by a tall slender girl, with snapping black eyes and a skin somewhat fairer than the others; the stories of David and Daniel, of Jesus, dwelling upon many of the parables and miracles and the prayer he taught his disciples. Following these the Ten Commandments and three chapters from the first catechism. All this from women who cannot read and who, eighteen months ago did not know the name of Jesus. Many of them now are Christians, and others are asking for baptism. Lizzie, the Bible-woman here, besides teaching these Christian women Bible truths, goes in and out among the heathen women in this and two other villages. Her work is not an easy one, for as I said, not one of these women can read,