

Canada is one of these same kind of boxes. The Telugu Christians are learning to give and many of them give well. The missionaries have not neglected to train them in this Christian grace.

I wish we could give you a peep into missionary life as we see and feel it here. I never did imagine it to be just as I see it now in reality. The work is most encouraging and exceedingly interesting; that is the general opinion of all our missionaries at present.

Miss Folsom, a young lady I knew in Ottawa, who came to India two years ago, to labor in connection with Dr. Cullis' Faith work of Boston, has come to teach our Eurasian school. We feel that in her we will have a noble helper in our English work. I have asked her to write a letter for the LINK, and think she will do so after a while.

I will add a few sentences about the prospect of our Zenana work and my class. I have not begun to do any regular work in the way of visiting yet, and do not expect to for several months, as we think it would be unwise until I get the language pretty well. Many are wishing me to begin, and have been ever since I landed in India. Some of those who seem so very anxious are the wealthy merchants, who want their daughters to be taught music and fancy work. They will be both surprised and disappointed when they find that I know very little of either. I told one of these native gentlemen that I never intended to spend my time teaching anybody fancy work, if I found plenty, as I fully expected I would, who were ready and willing to learn about Jesus. There is no use in encouraging them to expect that my time is to be spent in that way, while so many are hungering and thirsting for the bread and water of life! If I had the language now, there would be more work for me to do than time or strength would permit. There is, too, plenty of work for single ladies in India. Yes, among the Telugus; so no one need be at all discouraged by the letter which appeared in the columns of the *Baptist* a few weeks ago, to which Mr. Bates so ably replied.

My class is the most interesting I ever taught, and gives me no end of anxiety and pleasure. Since my letters appeared in the LINK, it has passed through a severe experience, and was pretty well tested; still it lived, because it was in the hands of One who was able to make it stand. Many of you read Mr. Timpany's letters in the *Baptist*, in which he spoke of having baptized a young man of the Brahmin caste, which enraged the people so much. He was not a member of the class, but belonged to one of the most respectable families in Cocanada, so of course his baptism, to them, was a very serious thing and a great disgrace. If there were time I would like to give you an account of that memorable Sunday, but as there is not, it will be sufficient to say that for several Sundays there were only three or four present in the class. My courage did not fail, for I believed it was of the Lord, and it would revive again after the talk and excitement were over. It did revive and is now growing in interest and numbers. One of those, who came regularly while most of his companions were held back through fear on their own part or the part of their parents and relatives, I believe, is earnestly seeking the true way of salvation. Three others are reading their Bibles every morning in a private way. They said their relatives did know that they came to the class. They asked to be allowed to come on Sunday afternoons, that they might learn more. It is not likely that any of them let their people know when they come. Oh, I feel anxious to have them become Christians, and

have strength and will enough to confess it. They would be so useful for the Lord's work. Is it too much to expect? No; is not the power of the Lord sufficient for those things? Many of them are intelligent and ask many interesting and thoughtful questions.

Last Sunday, Munshie thought to confer a great honor on the class by bringing a Bachelor of Arts, but I thought when I looked at him that he would be apt to make some trouble before we got to the end of the lesson, and I was not far astray in my guessing, for at once he began disputing almost everything I said, in a polite way, and tried to draw me into argument. I told him that I only taught about one Redeemer and one gospel, and the class was no place for discussions. It would waste our time and do no good. I do not expect to see him again, unless he changes his mind.

I invited a Brahmin teacher, who professed to feel very warmly towards the Christian religion, to come. He politely said that he would be most happy to come and would be the most prominent man. I looked for him several Sundays, but he did not make himself prominent by his presence.

Now my letter is altogether too long, and I have not told you all I would like to.

May the blessing of the Master of assemblies be with you in all your deliberations, directing and controlling all to the honor of His name. Yours in Christian love.

M. J. FRITH.

Cocanada, Aug. 4.

Letter from Mr. Timpany.

(Read at the Toronto meeting.)

When your letter came with a request for a letter for your annual meeting, I was sick with fever. I am still very weak, but must write this mail or it may be too late for your purpose.

To begin with, we will speak of our Girls' Boarding School. There are 30 girls in this school, then there are a number of women and girls who attend the school as day scholars; altogether there are from 40 to 45 women and girls in the station school. The most of these are members of the church. The girls have been well behaved. They like the school, and are not easily persuaded by their relatives to give it up. They had vacation in June. Nine of the girls stayed with us. I had these one hour a day with me, learning Christian doctrine. The girls who went to their villages every one returned. I have fenced in a yard in front of their houses with a bamboo fence: they will try to grow some flowers and vegetables. They tried to do so last year, but the cattle ate up everything before the girls got any return for their care or labor. Some time hereafter, when you can give \$100 for it, I will build a wall around the yard so that it will be permanent. The girls keep their place nice and clean. I wish to say something about the way they get money for the church collections. I give them rice in the husk; they get at the rate of one heaped quart of this grain per girl. This, when pounded in the mortar and cleaned with care, gives a half quart of grain fit for the pot. The bran is separated from the chaff; this bran they sell to Mrs. Timpany for our cows. As soon as their cooking is done they put out the fire; the coals which they get in this way they sell. Then they take a little grain every day out of their dole—I think they tithe their grain. They said they had no money, and no way to get any, only in the care they took as indicated above. In this way they get about 2 as. a month per girl. You see it will amount to a good deal for all the girls in a