

ah's mother, I suppose. It is said that comparisons are odious, but for all that I cannot refrain from telling my lady readers that Papulama is pretty, and seems to be far brighter than her husband. I believe they know nothing about the book. They might become proud if they found themselves the heroes of a story.

On Saturday evening we left Ramapatam, and reached Kattapatam, some miles from Ongole, on Sunday morning. A horse was waiting for Bro. Timpany and a bullock-coach for the rest of us. The horse went faster than the coach, but we arrived just in time for the sermon, which was preached by Bro. Timpany on the text, "Christ in you the hope of glory." It was pleasant to see such a large congregation listening so attentively to the preacher's words.

On Monday morning Brethren Maplesden and Thompson and I paid a visit to Prayer-meeting Hill. When I was at Ongole two years ago, I failed to visit the spot made sacred by the little prayer-meeting held there in 1853. On the occasion of my visit the sun was rather bright, so we kept our sun hats on and held our umbrellas over our heads as we sang the old missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," and then united in prayer as each one led in turn. It was a blessed little meeting. While we were singing the hymn I was looking over Ongole and the country round about, and as I thought of what God has done, and what He is going to do among the Telugus, my heart burned within me. In our prayers our desires went out to God for the whole nation. Before long the Telugus will be a Christian people.

Returning from Prayer-meeting Hill, I looked at some new dormitories that are being built for the accommodation of the girls in the boarding-school. Afterwards I had a look at the girls in their classes. The chapel is used as their school-house. There are about one hundred girls in the boarding department, and, beside these, there are twenty-five day scholars. I think there are five teachers, only one of whom is a heathen. At the last examinations this school secured a government grant of five hundred rupees (Rs. £500). It was a great pleasure to see such a school. Some day we hope to attain to such things in our mission, and that day is not far distant. Whether it is to come soon or late depends largely on the liberality or covetousness of the thousands of Baptists in Canada. For months past we have been hampered in our work through lack of money.

We had a very pleasant visit at Ongole, and left again on Monday evening. We reached Cocanada on Saturday last, the 2nd September. It was near midnight when we arrived at the Mission House. We found all well. To-morrow we intend to have a meeting at Samulcotta to decide various questions in regard to the Theological School, which we hope to see begun on the 1st of next month.

Cocanada, 5th Sept., 1882.

JOHN CRAIG.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Tuni Items.

Last week we visited Tuni. We had been promising ourselves the pleasure of a visit for some time, but our building operations had hindered us till now. A whole night in a bullock coach; a day in a traveller's bungalow, and a few hours of the second night landed us at our destination. The compound of two and one-half acres is clean. A stone wall encloses it on three sides. There is a good

well on the premises, with plenty of water in it. The present dwelling-house, which is to be the chapel when the Mission House proper has been built, is a marvel of cheapness, and will answer its future purpose admirably. Some of the outhouses are good, while others of them are only temporary.

I preached to the small church and congregation on Sunday and examined the school on Monday. The church is small but the members are earnest, active and hopeful. They are confident of final victory. I was much pleased with the spirit of the workers—and there is now a respectable staff of them. I do not know that we shall see marvels in Tuni soon, but I believe we shall see a steady enduring work.

Charles, the school teacher, is tolerably well educated, and a good teacher. So far as I examined them the children under his charge did exceedingly well; he wants to preach, and I hope he may have the opportunity soon.

In conversations with the itinerating preachers, I learned that the state of things among the villages is encouraging. Individuals are coming here and there, breaks in large families, which is always a hopeful feature, for the other members of these families are almost sure to follow. There is also a general spirit of enquiry abroad. There are many professing to believe, many promising to believe and some asking to be received.

We went to the fair in the town Sunday morning, when Charles and Abel preached. Both addresses were earnest presentations of the folly of idolatry and the blessedness of forgiveness through Jesus Christ. The people listened respectfully and well. There used to be a good deal of opposition here, but that is all gone now.

I was charmed with the spirit of the Mission in Tuni; quiet, earnest, but confident, the people in Tuni believe in hard work—and hard work, long continued, will tell—even against the strongholds of Satan. Pray for the mission and the missionaries—for the preachers and the Christians. It was a hard field, virgin soil, the very foundation had to be laid, there was nothing to begin upon. It takes these jungle people a long time to understand what we mean, then often a longer time to determine what to do. The Divine Spirit we know is Omnipotent, but still works through the nature He has given—and oh, how it is distorted by sin.

We left for home Monday night, and in spite of the usual adventures, reached our destination safely Wednesday morning. We have now had a glance at the whole field. It is white to the harvest. There are blessed opportunities, and blessed rewards here for vigorous and faithful labor. Give us and our work a larger place in your hearts and your pockets. More of your prayers and more of your money, and Jesus Christ and the Father will be honored in the work done.

JOHN MCLAURIN.

Samulcotta, Aug. 26th, 1882.

A TELUGU CHRISTIAN WEDDING

Dear Link.—The first year we spent at Tuni, that last year of famine, you remember, when all about us poor people were suffering from want and starvation among the number of those who sought relief at our door were two little girls, aged respectively about eleven and eight years. Clothed with a few rags, altogether looking miserably poor, without father or mother, alone in the world, they appealed very strongly to our sympathies. It had been their custom to beg during the day, and at night to seek shelter with a kind hearted poor woman among the Malas, who allowed them a corner in her mud hut. At that time we were living in one room,