

safely in the good man's pocket-handkerchief, preparatory to taking it home. Suddenly Mr. Silverheels stood before them, and said: 'My woman felt pretty bad to-day because she's sick, and couldn't get here to put her money in the hat: but she sent it by me, and wants it to go with the rest.' A few days after the 'Home Missionary Sabbath,' Mrs. Silverheels herself called at the mission house. In her hand she held a deerskin indian purse, fresh and new, filled with silver. 'This is my plan,' said she to the missionary's wife: 'I live seven miles from the church, and cannot come when the roads are too bad and the bridges gone. I feel disappointed when I do not have a chance to put my money in the hat. You always go to church. You will carry my purse every time, and if the hat is passed when I am away, you put in my money; and when the purse is empty I will fill it up again. I shall feel happy all the time to know my money never gets left out of God's work.'

THE WORK ABROAD

The Telugu Mission Jubilee.

Four years ago we began to talk about a jubilee celebration, and now it is a thing of the past. After our conference at Cocanada we left on the 25th January for Nellore. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Miss Gray, Miss Frith, and Mr. Currie. The ladies occupied the *Canadian*, and the gentlemen the *T. S. Shenston*. At meal-times we made exchanges. We reached Kottapatam, eight miles from Ongole, on Sunday morning, January 31st, and spent the day at that station. Our canal journey ended on Wednesday, the 3rd Feb. at 3 p.m., and we were soon travelling over a smooth road to Nellore, where we were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Downie and Miss Wayte.

The jubilee meetings began on Friday the 5th inst., at 7.30 a.m., and were very interesting throughout. The first half hour of each day was devoted to a prayer-meeting. The first day of the feast included a welcome from Mr. Downie, and extracts from letters written by Mr. Day, the first missionary. These were read by his daughter, now at work in Madras. Mr. Boggs read the obituary notices, in which he made kindly reference to the work of all, who once toiled among the Telugus, but are now at rest in the Lord. At the evening session Mr. Downie read part of a historical sketch of the American Mission; Miss Rauschenbusch, of Ongole, read an original poem which also presented the history of the Missions, including ours; and the collector of the Nellore District, J. Grose, Esq., made an excellent speech.

On the second day the subject of evangelistic work was taken up, and interesting papers were read by Dr. Clough, Dr. Williams, Mr. Bullard, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Waterbury. Methods in Evangelistic Work, The Native Ministry, The Native Church, Sunday-Schools, and Self-Support in Missions, were the titles of the respective papers. Mr. McLaurin read a paper on Bible Work. Sunday was a good day, but too full of meetings. First came Sunday-School at 8 a.m. Then English service, at which Mr. Boggs preached from the text "He shall not fail nor be discouraged until He hath set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for His law." In the afternoon a Telugu service began at 3 o'clock. I preached from the text "I am not ashamed of the Gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that

believeth," etc. After the sermon eleven candidates were received and baptized; and then the Lord's Supper was observed. In the evening another English service was held, and Mr. Archibald preached from the text, "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."

On Monday educational work was discussed. Papers were read by Mr. Morgan on "Our Relations to the Children of Christians and Adherents"; by Mr. Craig on "Village Schools"; by Mr. Burdett on "Station Schools," and by Mr. Manley on "Higher Education." Mr. Campbell read a paper on "Music in Missions" by Mr. Newhall.

Tuesday was the great day of the feast of our sisters; the subject being "Woman's Work." Many interesting papers were read, but as I am sure you will want a somewhat full account of them, I must postpone it till some other time. On Wednesday various questions were discussed and the jubilee celebration came to a close.

There were present in all thirty-three missionaries, including wives. Every one missed Dr. and Mrs. Jewett, who were compelled to leave India two months ago on account of Mrs. Jewett's illness. Greetings were sent to them by a telegram to Malta. Dr. Jewett had been appointed chairman for the first day. The chair was left empty, but ornamented with garlands of flowers.

JOHN CRAIG.

Nellore, India, 12th Feb., 1886.

Notes on Tour.

Hindus regard with peculiar reverence the mounds of the white ant. These ants are no respecters of what Mr. George calls 'natural rights.' They often build their cones of red earth in the houses of the people—a process much facilitated by the mud walls and floors and the cool, moist shade, which these dwellings afford. The superstitious householder regards this as a special token of the divine favor; or, if he be a more intelligent man than his neighbors (that is, more crafty) he plays upon their superstitious ignorance by announcing that God has specially favored him; that they are at liberty to come and see the sign of the divine favor for themselves; and that if any of them doubt the anthill to be the abode of a god, they are at liberty to test the truth of the matter. This is usually done as follows. The people grind saffron with water and place the paste near or on the anthill. If in a short time the saffron paste turns blood red, a god is undoubtedly there, if it does not, they accept the proof as positive evidence to the contrary. But the queer part of the business is that the saffron paste invariably does turn into what appears to be a mass of fresh blood. The householder, of course, having announced that God has specially favored him, has his reputation for truthfulness and ordinary honesty to sustain. He accordingly takes measures to have the saffron turn red and thus support his assertion. This result secured by mixing a little lime with the saffron while the expectant people stand without. The paste at once turns red; and the happy deviser of the trick becomes celebrated for miles around as the possessor of a house upon which the deity has set the indubitable seal of his presence.

Amma varu is one of the numerous demon goddesses worshipped by the lower caste and on caste people. These are called *sektis* or powers (*Amma Varu* is termed the *Maha sektis* or supreme power) and correspond as nearly as I can ascertain to the powers of darkness of which Paul speaks. The *capa* or *margosa* tree is held sacred to the *haha sektis* and near every village such a tree is to be