

and jackets for themselves. I am obliged to do this, in several cases, this month. Notwithstanding their rather uninviting appearance, they can answer simple questions from a book, which many of them cannot read. They are learning about Jesus, and that, you know, is our great aim in having a school. When you ask blessings for yourselves will you remember my little girls in Bimlipatam? At best our part of the work will be poorly done, but let us do it in faith, and the Lord will perfect that which seemeth to Him good.

CARRIE A. HAMMOND.

Bimlipatam, June 12th.

Tuni.

FROM MR. CURRIE.—We are at Ootacamund, on the Neigherry Hills, some three hundred miles south-west of Madras, and six hundred from our own station. Considerations of health have led us to take this visit. At the end of April, when we left home, the new house, though not nearly finished, was so far advanced as to be ready to receive our furniture, and will be occupied on our return. Here we were received at the home of Rev. and Mrs. G. Pearce, of the English Baptist Missionary Society, who have opened a sanitarium for invalid missionaries. Their object is to do good, not to make money; hence they provide accommodation for their visitors at much cheaper rates than those charged at other boarding-houses and hotels, thus bringing the advantage of a brief residence on these hills within the reach of many who would not otherwise be able to afford so expensive a luxury. The boon which they offer is in great demand, as since our arrival not less than seven missionaries have been entertained by them at one time, all seeking health and refuge from the heat. Mr. Pearce came to India about fifty years ago, and has spent the greater part of his life in missionary labor in or near Calcutta. He removed to Ootacamund some four years since. A Baptist Church has been organized here through his efforts, and is under his pastoral charge. We hope to return to our station early in July, to resume our duties there with recruited health and vigor.

Bobbili.

FROM MRS. CHURCHILL.—A converted Brahmin in Madras told me first to make myself friendly with their women, and when they had got to know me and have confidence in me, then I could teach them what I pleased. I have thought of this advice a great many times since I came here, and have been trying to act on it somewhat. Here they know so little of foreigners that they are particularly suspicious, so I do all I can to make the women feel that I am their friend. When I am going through the streets, if any women are at their doors, and they usually are, to see the white woman and her children go by, except the goshia women; if they do not run when I go near go them, I stop and talk a little—talk of their little ones and my school, or anything else that I think will interest them. Then, when I see them go past here, I go out speak to them, or call them in, and if I can put a word in for the Master without frightening them I try to do it. Several Brahmin and other high caste women have come to visit me, to see my house, they say, something they never did in Bimli, and have invited me to come and see them; just what I want to do. When they come here I show them the different rooms, and tell them their uses, show my pictures and albums, and try to get them interested in something besides their rice and jewels. Last week one woman came and was talking about her children, she brought two bright little boys to see me, and said she had had one little girl, but she died. She said it sadly, and so I felt it was a good opportunity to tell her where her babe was gone, and to assure that the little one was perfectly happy, and would nevermore know sorrow, hunger, or pain. She listened attentively and seemed interested in the new thought. The next evening I drove past her house and when I returned she was standing out near the street, to make a salaam to me as I passed.

Chicacole.

Rev. W. F. Armstrong furnishes to Rev. Dr. Cramp the following particulars in his report of the Chicacole station: "Two have been baptized." One, an old woman, upwards of ninety years of age, who had heard the gospel for years, but at last accepted it. The other is the young man Nurmaloo, supported by the Wolfville Sabbath School. He belonged to the school in Kimedy, and followed us here, and after a few months he gave satisfactory evidence of a change of heart. We have been greatly pleased in observing the development of his mental and spiritual life. We hope for much from him as a helper in the mission."

Look for the hand of God where the eye of reason can only see the hand of man.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Ontario and Quebec.

MONTREAL.—The annual meeting of the Women's Baptist Missionary Society, Convention East, will be held in Montreal on Thursday, September the 25th, at half-past three, in the parlour of the First Baptist Church. An interesting meeting is expected, as the report of the year's work is full of encouragement. We hope to have delegates from the different circles present, and trust that they will communicate with the Treasurer and Cor. Sec. as soon as possible.

AMELIA MUIR,

Cor. Sec.

SIMCOE, ONT.—The circle which was originally formed at Simcoe having become quite extinct, a new one was organized on the 6th of July with favourable prospects of success.

BOSTON, ONT.—The sum of \$11 was recently realized for the Women's Bap. For. Miss. Society at a social given by Mrs. Barber at her own residence.

BEAMSVILLE, ONT.—We learn that the interest in the circle work, which had almost if not quite died out, has been very much revived of late.

LONDON, ONT.—In the name of the Adelaide-street Women's Bap. For. Mission Circle, I beg to acknowledge the gift, and thank the friend, who so kindly sent me, on the 2nd of August, a four dollar bill, to be added to our Mission fund.—May we have many such friends.

LETITIA PICKERING, Treasurer.

Maritime Provinces.

HAMMOND'S PLAINS, N. S.—The little band of sisters comprising the W. M. A. Society, who for years, in the face of many discouragements, have regularly kept up their meetings, early in July held a public meeting; followed a day or two after by a festival and tea. The public meeting was one of both interest and profit. The festival also was a decided success, exceeding financially the expectation of the most sanguine. A few evenings later the same ladies surprised their pastor's family by a visit and the present of a valuable carpet.

MONCTON, N. B.—The meetings of the Women's Missionary Aid Society, although not largely attended, have during the present year been kept up with great regularity, and in some instances the interest has been of a marked character. The society is blessed with a faithful president. The amount collected, \$21, shews an encouraging increase over last year's subscriptions.

My First Missionary Tour.

After a full year's sojourn in Cocanada I felt that I was ready to make my first tour. I hoped that Bro. Timpany would visit the field soon after his arrival, and that I might have the pleasure of accompanying him. However, extensive building operations have kept him busy in Cocanada, so that as I was determined to see some of our Christian villages, I was compelled to go alone. And yet I was only alone in the sense that I had no English speaking companion. I had a good guide and helper in our ordained preacher Josiah, and he was accompanied by one of the school boys. We left Cocanada on the evening of Tuesday, the 11 of March. I will quote from letters written from time to time during my trip:—

March 12th, 1879. Soon after we started last evening, Josiah and some others sat down near my chair, and we had a little talk, only a few sentences. Then I asked them to sing a hymn on the "Flight of Time." After one verse had been sung I asked Josiah to explain it, which he did. We treated three more verses in this way, and then I cried, "Enough; I have labored hard with my head," that is, in endeavoring to understand all that Josiah said. We have just entered the main canal, where the Cocanada and Samulcolta canals unite. This is four miles from Dowlash-waram. We had prayers about 8 o'clock. I read part of John 4th; after a hymn had been sung, Josiah led in prayer. I understood him well. He prayed for those left behind in Cocanada, and for me that I might understand the language, and that strength might be continued to me. A while ago, I had Josiah show me on the map some of the

Christian villages. I know more about the field already than I ever knew before.

RAJAHMUNDRY, March 13th. We reached Dowlash-waram yesterday about noon, and waited there until 3 p.m. Then we passed through the lock into the great dam or anicut as it is called. "Anacuta" is a Telugu word meaning a dam. Here the boat was licensed and the number of the license painted on the bows in English and Telugu figures. We came up to Rajahmundry in a very short time as the wind was favourable; the distance is about four miles. The river here looks about as wide as the St. Lawrence some 80 or 90 miles below Quebec. It seemed very hot in the boat yesterday though part of the time there was a nice breeze. This morning I had a walk and saw some pleasant streets. Rajahmundry is full of large shade-trees.

March 14th. We left Rajahmundry about 4 a.m. During the afternoon and evening the south wind blows, so it is almost impossible to cross the river in this direction. Toward morning a wind comes down from the mountains north of Rajahmundry and then one can use the sail. We have just passed into the Western Delta canal, which leads to Ellore; and also to Akedy, by a branch which leaves the main canal about 8½ miles from the river.

March 15th. Yesterday we stopped about noon near Chittapat, a village on the canal. The canals are all so pretty. They are rather broad except just near the locks, and there are generally fine large shade-trees on each side. After leaving Chittapat we sailed on till 5.30, and then stopped for the night in a nice quiet place with no village in sight. We moved on again about 4.30 a.m. The fields look all brown because the crops were reaped a month or two ago. We expect to reach Gunapavarram this evening, where there are a few Christians. Last night I tried to make a little prayer in Telugu, but it was a failure. It is a good opportunity where there are just two or three of us for me to try to pray. It makes me think of my first efforts after my conversion. As far as speaking and praying in public are concerned I am a babe in Christ again.

GUNAPAVARRAM, March 16.—We reached this village yesterday, about 4.30 p.m. Some of the houses are only a few yards distant from the canal. Numbers of women come down for water, and very many cattle come to drink. Two or three large boats are lying near us. They will be loaded with grain and taken to Cocanada. We had a service last night from about 6.30 to 7.45. There are a few Christian families in the village, and they live quite near each other, in mud huts with thatched roofs. We had our little meeting in a yard between two of the houses, a space about twelve feet broad. A cot, with a coarse blanket spread over it served as a seat for Josiah and me. Just in front was a tree stump, which served as a table, for we put our lantern on it. Some mats were spread on the ground, and the people sat down on them. The men on our right hand and the women on our left. After they had sung a hymn which Josiah gave out, he asked them to start one of their own, upon which some one raised a fine lively piece, which was well sung. It reminded me of the Hampton Troupe's singing, and the tune was like some of theirs. Then Josiah read and spoke, and after a hymn and a prayer the meeting was closed. This morning (Sunday) we met again in a different place, under the scanty shade of a mud wall. The women were neatly dressed, that is, the four or five Christian women, who were present. Some others who were standing near listening had on their common dirty clothes. In this service a hymn was sung, then Josiah read a chapter, then John, the big preacher with the black beard, prayed. Then Josiah spoke for a while, after which a hymn was sung. Then I read part of John 10, and made a few remarks about Christ's sheep. After prayer by Josiah and singing of a hymn the meeting was dismissed.

This morning the moonsiff of the village came to see me. Samuel introduced him as the "Rajah," which means "king," but in this case only "chief man" of the village. He asked me how much salary I received from the Government. I told him my salary was paid by Christians in Canada. How hard it seems to make these men understand that we are not connected with the Government! Josiah says it is commonly believed that the Government gives 100 rupees for every Brahmin that is baptized; 75 rupees for every one belonging to the Rajah caste; 50 rupees for every Sudra; and so on, the rate descending with the caste of the converts. There are no Brahmins living in this village, but a priest visits some of the houses every day and receives gifts of rice and dubs for his services. A dub is a copper coin, about the size of our cent. Where there are only ten or twelve Christians, poor in every respect, in a population of two thousand, we may say, only a very thin end of the wedge has entered the heathenism of such a place. This is the state of things in Gunapavarram.

AKED, March 18.—On Sunday evening we had a third meeting in Gunapavarram. Yesterday morning we reached Goomaloor, and about 8.30 set off, across the fields, to the village. I inspected a few Christian houses, and then we had a short service. In the evening we set out for a village on the opposite side of the canal. The house we had service in was a pretty good one. Two of the women present sang a couple of hymns by themselves. One of them had a good voice, her singing sounded just like that of some of the Italian boys, who frequent our Canadian cities.

AKED, March 19.—Josiah went down to the village about 5.15 last evening, and Joseph (a teacher) and I went about half-an-hour afterwards. We found him standing under a tree, reading a chapter in a loud voice, so that some who were sitting on the verandahs of the houses opposite could hear him. After our arrival he and Josiah sang the hymn "All is vanity," and I joined in as far as I could. A