

in the south; Madagascar had scarcely been entered; the Church Missionary Society was rejoicing over its first convert in New Zealand; and only the first-fruits were being slowly gathered in the South Seas. Outside Guiana and the West Indies, there were not six thousand Christians in the whole heathen world.

Now in China there are thirty Christian churches at work, and the number of Christians is increasing sixfold every ten years.

Japan welcomes every Christian teacher, and proclaims the Christian sabbath as the weekly festival.

For every convert there was in Burmah, there are now a thousand; there are three hundred and fifty churches, and nine-tenths of the work is done by native missionaries.

There are twenty-five hundred missionary stations in India, and nearly two thousand of them manned by native laborers, while the Christians are increasing by more than a hundred thousand in ten years.

There are self-supporting Christian congregations in Persia and on the Black Sea.

There are five thousand communicants gathered into the mission churches of Syria.

Gambia, Sierra Leone, and Liberia have powerful Christian communities, aggressive upon the neighbouring heathen with the aggression of the gospel.

There are forty thousand communicants in the churches of South Africa, and forty-five thousand children in the schools.

Moffatt waited years for a single conversion; and he left behind him populations that cultivate the habits of civilized life, and read the Bible in their own tongue.

There are seventy thousand Christians gathered in the churches of Madagascar; Polynesia is almost entirely Christian.—*Methodist Recorder*.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM MR. TIMPANY, COMMENTATED BY MISS NUIS, OF MONTREAL.

COCANADA, Oct. 25, 1879.

Need I say that what you Christian sisters, East and West, have done has been the salvation of our Mission? What a condition we would be in to-day were it not for the work we have been enabled to do with the funds sent by the Circles. The Chapel and School-house that we are now using, though not quite finished, the part of the Girls' Quarters completed and in use, and the Girls' School, all are eloquent of what has resulted from your efforts. While I write there is not a rupee of mission money in the treasury here, and I will not be able to make the necessary payments of the salaries of the missionaries, nor for their work. But I am nevertheless glad that the money has been laid out on the buildings and that we have them. We cannot use your money, for it is already devoted to the object for which you gave it. Of course we are anxious to know the results of the Foreign Mission effort during September and the first part of October. The results mean a good deal to us.

The work here is growing in interest, about 30 have been baptised already this year, and more are asking for the ordinance. While I write Mrs. Timpany has our school girls and Christian women teaching them to sew and to mend their clothes. It is Saturday, so there is no school. A good many girls are asking to be taken into our Boarding School. There will be 30 of them, perhaps, before another three months. I am thankful that we have decent rooms for them now. Amelia is living in one of the rooms and is Matron, under Mrs. Timpany, of the girls. A sister of Thomas Gabriel (a widow) is living in another. She is teaching and working as a Bible woman.

We find our new School-House-Chapel roomy and pleasant after our cramped quarters in one of the rooms in our dwelling. I have a class in Theology every evening I can spare from other duties. It is composed of both sexes, and is intended to fit them for Christian work. Our Sabbath School numbers from 60 to 80 scholars in attendance. At morning preaching the number is somewhat larger. Lately, nearly every Sabbath there are some heathen who

attend and listen with attention to the declaration of God's truth. Not a few are enquiring after the truth.

Unless I much mistake the signs of the times a few years will witness a great movement among great masses of the people. Indeed it may be that it has even now begun. Only an hour ago I had the names of 60 head men of a village of some 3,000 people handed me by two of my people who have been spending a few days with them. They profess a desire to know the LIVING GOD, and say they will build a house for school and meetings. It may be that the Lord is commencing to make a break in Satan's kingdom that will be felt. I earnestly beg that you will impress it upon your Circles, when you meet together, that they fail not in prayer for us. Their gifts are here in remembrance before God, and what wait we for but their prayers and the blessing that will be given in answer thereto from on high?

Josiah is out touring, he writes me that he has baptised 14 since he went out.

Chicacole.

ACCOUNT OF A TOUR BY REV. W. F. ARMSTRONG.

Ever since I have been in a position to form an intelligent opinion of the different methods of missionary labor, I have regarded carrying the Gospel from village to village as one of the most important of them. It has been a source of great regret to us that the work of building, necessary as it is, has prevented any very extended operations in that department. Now that our buildings are about completed, we hope to be able to spend considerable time on the field.

It was with pleasant anticipations that I began some few weeks since to make preparations for the first of a series of tours, each of a couple of weeks' duration. It was my purpose to spend the first week in the two villages where our Christians live, and in the villages immediately about them, and then to go on further to see two enquirers, of whom a Christian overseer, D. P. W., had written to me; and then to return home by another route so as to see another Christian by the way. That plan, however, could not be carried out in its entirety.

My preparations for the journey may be summed up in two words—*bandies* and *saman*, the former meaning covered carts or short trucks, and the latter *impedimenta*. Bandies have been so often described I need say nothing more of them than that they are very serviceable vehicles, their strong frames being quite in keeping with the native roads, and the bamboo mat covering forming a protection, to some extent at least, from sun and rain, and the dampness of the night.

Owing to press of work in the fields, a copious down-pour having prepared the ground for the transplantation of the young rice plants, it was very difficult to procure bandies. A whole week was spent in the search before we succeeded in finding any who were willing to go with us for a fortnight. When at last the bandies were at the door, the next business was to get our traps on them. They were somewhat more numerous and cumbersome than what are required at home by a gentleman setting out on a two weeks' journey. Two small tents, one for myself and the other for the native helpers and the servant, were stowed away first as being the bulkiest articles; then a folding cot; a mattress; two chairs, the extra one being for the accommodation of any Englishman or native of importance who might visit me in my tent; a box containing dishes, knives, forks and spoons, and such food as rice, curry-stuff, bread, salt, pepper, onions, tea, sugar; another box containing the cooking chatties and other cooking utensils; a lantern; a metal wash hand-basin; a couple of fowls; a tin trunk containing my clothes and a few books. This is but a partial enumeration I am sure, as I am drawing upon my memory, but it is sufficient to give the curious some idea of what a missionary's travelling outfit must be. The tin trunk is placed at the head of my bandy; the travelling cot, one of my own invention which works very well, is laid down on the bottom; and the mattress, which is protected from the dust of travel by a movable case, spread upon it; on this is placed a pillow and a quilt; my large sun hat is settled in a safe place; my boots, slippers, cane and umbrella are fastened to the bamboo framework of the bandy top; my revolver placed in a position whence it can be readily taken in case of an encounter with a tiger or anything of the sort, and I am ready for the road. The other things are stowed away as they best can be—some inside the bandies, some tied on beneath, some lashed on to the top of the bamboo covering.

We started between 9 and 10 p.m., expecting to arrive at a seasonable hour in the morning at the D. P. W. bungalow at Soorabujalee, some 13 miles from town. But the sad havoc the flood, which accompanied

the cyclone of December last, had made of the roads seriously interfered with our progress. When I awoke in the morning the sun was up, and we were yet 5 or 6 miles from the halting place. To avoid the sun as much as possible, I walked on ahead, getting in an hour and a half before the bandies; they did not arrive till about 10 o'clock. When they did come in there was a fire to make, water to get, and two long hours to wait till breakfast.

It was well nigh 12 o'clock when the boy brought it in. "Boy," you will understand, is what the table servant is called, though he were as old as Methuselah. Knowing that we had a hard road ahead of us, and profiting by the experience of the past night I resolved to set out again soon after three o'clock. . . . After darkness set in it was wretched going: once my bandy, which was leading, sunk in the thick heavy mud, almost to the axle and brought us to a dead halt. After toiling, foaming, fussing, pounding the oxen, and calling upon several of their gods, the bandymen gave up in despair. One of them said, "No matter how many gods we call on, the bandy will not budge, we had better call the gentleman (who was in his bandy, and was supposed to be asleep) and tell him we'll have to stay here till morning." Not liking the turn affairs were taking, I got down from my bandy and told them that all their gods were powerless to help, that the eye of the God of Heaven was now upon us and we must do our best to get the bandy out. I got all hands to work—a rousing, encouraging shout to the oxen, a vigorous lift, push, surge, splu-u-sh, and we are on *terra firma*. Very soon we were all moving on our way again. Then was the time for a little good-natured banter with the bandy-men after the style of Elijah's with the priests of Baal; "Cry aloud for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked." We reached the large village of Heramundalum about midnight and halted till morning.

At the first streak of dawn we were moving again, now across country to Akulathampra, where we arrived about 10 o'clock. Two of the few Christians living here being away from home I considered it best to change my plan and postpone my long visit to this place till another time. I remained, however, till the next afternoon. Shortly after my arrival a great many of the villagers, including all the principal men, came to say "Salaam." How different this treatment from that of two years ago when they surrounded me with sticks, shouting like so many fiends from the nether regions. The zemindar, or rajah as he is called by courtesy, was particularly attentive. He has long been an honest enquirer after the truth, and I have no doubt we owe it largely to him under God that the fanaticism of the mob on the occasion I refer to, did not go to greater lengths. He remained with me long into the evening; and next morning I visited Jim at his house, where I had a long conversation with him, and with the crowd who speedily assembled in the court. Like a great many others in this country he has lost all faith in Hinduism, has given up worshipping idols and is trusting in the Lord Jesus; but that master-piece of Satan—caste—keeps him back from a public avowal of his faith. Will you not offer fervent prayer to God for him that he may be enabled to come out decidedly to the side of Christ? Such a movement on his part would have great influence in all that region.

At Kimedey we halted a day. I was kindly entertained by Mr. Taylor, tutor to the minor rajahs, and Mr. Sullivan, Assistant Superintendent of Police.

Our next halt was at Oopalada, a village about seven miles beyond Kimedey. Here we were joined by Bagon Bayrah, according to instructions I had sent to him from Akulathampra. We spent two days (Sunday and Monday) here preaching in the village, and examining and instructing the two enquirers, of whom the overseer in the Department of Public Works, a Christian belonging to the Church Mission, Tinnevely, had written me. They were not ready for baptism, but we are not without hope they may yet come.

Tuesday morning found us at a village 9 or 10 miles on our way home by another route, where live two persons who are enquiring after Christ Jesus. We were much disappointed in not seeing them, as they were absent from home. We spent the day in preaching to the villagers.

Next morning we were at the town of Tekkaly, 15 miles further homeward, ready for work. Most of the forenoon was spent with a Christian belonging to the Orissa Baptist Mission, who lives here. He needed instruction on several points; and no wonder, living as he does in the midst of unbroken heathenism, and but seldom seeing a passing Christian. He expressed great delight at our visit. The afternoon was spent in preaching near the bazaar, or market place. Great crowds listened to the words spoken by Bagavan Bayrah, Paulus the colporteur, and myself. We dis-