

travagant about it. It did not save us from bankruptcy, neither did it lift a great load of care from my mind. The Lord Jesus put it into your hearts to do a good deed for His sake. You did it in His spirit, and the present happiness and future reward are as sure as His word. I am much better pleased than if it had come in response to any request of mine. It is a fresh proof to me that the Lord means to take care of this school—that he wants it for his work. That is all I want to know. Surely it is blessed to know that we are working along the line of His providence. He has led us in a plain path ever since He put it into our hearts to come to Cocanada, less than ten years ago. What hath He wrought? The more I think of the frail, silly instruments He uses, and the mighty obstacles to be overcome, the more I am astonished at the power of His grace.

Thank the Women's Board for me, and tell them I am very grateful indeed for this kindness, and may the Lord make you increasingly useful.

SUNDAY AT SAMULCOTTA.

DEAR LINK,—Here, in this training school, the daily routine of class-room work goes on so quietly and steadily that the passing months bring us but little stuff out of which to make news-letters. It has occurred to me, however, that you might be interested in knowing how the Sabbath is passed by us in Samulcotta, hence these lines. Sunrise, at 6.10, finds most of our people already up, and a glance towards their row of whitewashed, grass-thatched houses reveals "the future hope of our mission," at various stages of his Sunday toilet, about his doorway. At eight (an hour later than week-day time) the bell calls all together in the large class-room for Sunday-school. The few village Christians and servants are present as well as students, so some sixty or seventy cheerful salaams greet the entrance of the missionary. All are out in fresh and neat attire—all look interested and happy. The sight is quite inspiring. Our good teacher Philip, from Ongole, is in the superintendent's chair. He opens the school just as his fellow-officers do in Canada, and then the classes scatter to their respective places. Mr. McLaurin takes his seniors to the south verandah (this house is the home of both seminary and mission family, you know); Philip and Suberaydu divide the east verandah; Uursamalu has the small class-room, while Juganaikal, Sarah and I remain and share the meeting-room. Suberaydu and Juganaikal are two fine young men. They are well informed in Bible truth, of excellent Christian-spirit, and pleasant, kind fellows whom everyone likes. They were little boys in our first school in Cocanada, nine years ago, and have been under mission instruction most of the time since. Uursamalu is a good, useful man also, as ambitious to learn as we would care to see him. Sarah is teacher Philip's wife; "a valuable woman" Dr. Clough called her when he sent them to us—such she has proved herself to be. I am sure you would think her very pleasant to look at could you see her as she engages her class—the only one of children—with the lesson. The teachers have all been taken over the lesson on Saturday. When all have reassembled at the call of the bell, the report is read by the secretary and tickets are distributed for perfect lessons. Only six or eight failed of tickets last Sunday. A certain number of these entitle to a book as prize. Between two and three hundred verses are repeated every Sunday.

After five minutes intermission comes the preaching services. The sermon is by the missionary generally, by the older students occasionally. At 10.30 we separate—the boys to cook and eat their midday rice, to read, sing

and talk. Between two and three they have little meetings for prayer among themselves, before going out in couples and trios to preach Jesus in the surrounding villages till dark. At three, Mr. McLaurin has the younger boys, who do not go out, in a prayer-meeting, while the women meet me for the same purpose. This is a particularly good hour with us. At 5.30 there is an English service in our sitting-room. This has been commenced at the request of the English officer who is stationed here in charge of a company of sepoys. Besides himself and wife, some five or six Eurasian neighbors come in. This extra service has been undertaken, not because the "day of rest" was not full without it, but in the hope that it would be a blessing to those few who have no other opportunity of hearing the Gospel. After this there is just time for a cup of tea, and then off to the meeting in the village school-house at eight. Here quite a number of heathen sit or stand about to listen, and here scores have heard of the Saviour who loves them. To this service the students gather in from their way-side seed-sowing, and from here all come home together under the starry skies. An hour remains for quiet rest and reading, and the day is done.

"Lord, if we may,
We'll serve another day."

M. B. McL.

Samulcotta, Dec. 5th, 1883.

Akidu.

From various sources we learn that Rev. J. Craig hopes to return for a visit to Canada and home during the coming summer. He brings his little girl to the care of her relatives. We are sure that a warm and hearty welcome awaits him from many friends.

Bimlipatam.

MARRIAGE OF MISS HAMMOND.

A year ago the first of this month I had the privilege of writing for the LINK a short account of a wedding that took place in Chicacole, in which all our stations were interested, as the bride had belonged to both Bimli and Chicacole, and the groom to Bobbili.

I did not then suppose that it would be my privilege again this year to write of a similar occurrence, happening only a few days later in October. That occurred on the 23rd, this on the 25th; and if all our stations were interested in that marriage when it was solemnized between two of our helpers, you can imagine how much greater was the interest this year, when the parties were none other than the missionary sent out last year to Bobbili, namely, Rev. J. C. Archibald, and our missionary young lady, Miss C. A. Hammond, sent out five years ago, who first belonged to Bimli, then to Chicacole, and again, for the last ten months, has been residing and working in Bimli. Mr. Archibald arrived in Bobbili January 4th, 1883; remained with us till the last of March, then, by invitation of Rev. J. Hutchinson, he made a visit of a month at Chicacole. The first of May he went still nearer to the sea, by invitation of Rev. R. Sanford, for a visit at Bimlipatam. The visit, which at first was intended to be short, was prolonged, each succeeding month finding in him less inclination to return to Bobbili. Of course, his chief mission work there or here was the same—studying the language; but it seems after a time he became engrossed in another and even more enjoyable study. Having seen, I have no doubt,