

AMONG OUR CHURCHES.

AYLESFORD.—The annual business meeting of the church took place on Monday evening, Oct. 25th and was attended by about thirty male members and a number of the sisters. The officers were elected as follows for the ensuing year. G. W. Eaton, clerk; J. S. Bishop, treasurer; Merton Parker and Joseph Taylor, ushers; L. R. Baker, chorister; Ethel Eaton, organist; Geo. West, Jos. Starratt and Albert McMahon, finance committee. The financial report showed a modest balance on the right side of the books, notwithstanding the fact that a large number of old bills had been paid, over two hundred dollars expended in improvements upon church property, and about five hundred dollars paid upon standing debt. In all by the time the present pastoral year closes on Nov. 30th considerably over one thousand dollars will have been raised for local purposes by the Aylesford section of the church exclusive of the Morristown branch. There is certainly great cause for encouragement in connection with the church finances. By unanimous vote it was decided to continue pastoral affiliation with the Kingston church with some possible readjustment of appointments, provided they may desire to do so. An increase of pastor's salary was voted; the amount to be settled upon when arrangements are made with the other parts of the field.

KINGSTON.—A new furnace will soon be put into the church in place of a pair of smoking stoves. We don't believe in harboring smokers. The annual business meeting is called for Nov. 8th.

TREMONT.—Pastor Saunders is engaged in special services at Meadowvale and good work is being done in His name.

BERWICK.—We are looking for large and lasting blessing from the three weeks' stay of Hunter and Crossley with us.

BILLTOWN.—Rev. A. F. Baker arrived on the 28th inst., to assist us in special work at Woodville.

MORRISTOWN.—The church here also has a new furnace, much to the comfort of all.

W. M. A. S.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.

"We are laborers together with God."

AYLESFORD.—The W. M. A. S. will hold its November meeting at the residence of Mrs. Jas. Starratt, Millville, on Wednesday the 10th prox. at 3 p. m.

VIZIANAGRAM, MADRAS PRESIDENCY.
August, 1897.

MY DEAR SISTERS:—I wonder what I can write this month which will be of interest to you. Before I was taken sick with

fever, I thought of writing you an account of our trip from Chicacole to Vizianagram. But a month has passed since then. However, I think some of the experiences would be interesting to you, even now.

On Thursday, July 8th, we received a telegram from Mrs. Archibald saying she would be at Calingapatam, which is the nearest seaport to Chicacole, early Friday morning. So Thursday night Mr. Archibald went out to meet her. We knew our services at Chicacole would not be required after Mrs. Archibald's return home, and as we were anxious to get back to Vizianagram before Sunday, we began packing and by 10 a. m. Friday morning had all our trunks and heaviest movables packed away in bullock-bandies ready to start for Vizianagram as soon as the bullocks had eaten their breakfast.

We had a very pleasant little chat with Mrs. Archibald and Miss Clark after their arrival in the afternoon. They both seemed to be quite well and strong and especially happy to get back to their loved work again.

Time passed very quickly. After a hastily eaten dinner and a few words of prayer by Mr. Archibald we started for our carriage, which was waiting for us outside the compound gate, fully half an hour later than we ought to have been.

Mr. Archibald, who was more used to this new fashioned buggy than we were, soon informed us that there wasn't straw enough in the bottom of it, and that we must have a mattress put in or we would get a terrible shaking. The mattress was brought, hasty "good-byes" exchanged, and we were off for an eight mile drive to the station. Knowing we were late we promised the driver a present if he got us there in time.

Once under way we began to examine our new fashioned conveyance. To begin with, the under work of the carriage was rather heavy. I should not call it a carriage, as it only had two wheels. A sulky or dog-cart would hardly be the right name for it either, as they are supposed to be very light. The only thing I can compare the underworks to is a good old fashioned dump cart. The wheels were certainly as large and the underwork as heavy as any of the last mentioned articles I ever saw in the home land.

This carriage, I will call it that for the present, was made for a span, the pole was made in the shape of a stone drag and almost as heavy, the double pronged part of it formed the driver's seat.

There were no springs to this conveyance. The bottom, as nearly as we could find out, was made something like the bottom of a hay body. To the sides of this three stakes about the size and looking very like what the men use for fence stakes at home, are securely attached in an upright position, at right angles with these, bamboo poles about the size of your bean poles are fastened. This little fence on either side is about three feet high and six feet long. These once formed it is very easy to put the top on. Bamboos are bent from one side to the other forming an arch overhead. Outside and over all this framework, bamboo matting is put, which forms some protection from the sun and rain. It being night we could not see the little pot hung on the outside of our top carriage. Sometimes instead of a pot there is an old tin can which serves as music for the traveller as well as to cook the driver's

food in. But I must not spend more time describing our conveyance.

Let us look at our new fashioned horses for a minute or two. To begin with they look as though they were feeling the effects of famine. What one saw upon looking out of the bandy by lantern light, seemed to be a moving set of ribs and hip bones, with the skin drawn tightly over them. The back bone seemed to come to a sudden stop at the shoulders of these creatures and formed a lump about six inches high. Resting on their necks and against this lump was a heavy piece of wood which served the purpose of a yoke.

The driver was seated on his stone drag between these animals called bullocks, with a very odd arrangement for a whip in his hand. A piece of bamboo about two feet long formed the handle and tied to the end of this was a piece of rope about a foot long.

We soon found that if we were to catch the train we had to wake the driver and his bullocks up, so we reminded him of the present he was to get if he got us there in time, also telling him the hour and the number of miles he had to go. He began to shove first one bullock and then the other, punching them in the ribs frequently with the tip end of his whip handle. By and by they began to run and everything in the bandy began to shake. The lantern hanging against the side of our beautiful buggy began to swing at such a rate that it had to be more securely fastened. The water bottle which was hung up with good drinking water in it also required attention. Perhaps you don't know that we—all your missionaries—never start on a journey without a water bottle. The reason of this is that the water in India is so bad, that we would almost as soon take a small dose of poison as a drink of water from the natives. All the water we drink is first boiled, also the milk.

The roads were very muddy because of the recent rain and the bullocks soon got tired running. To encourage them Mr. Gullison got out and walked. As soon as the driver saw him walking he thought he would do likewise, so slipped off his perch and walked along between the two bullocks. I thought this a favorable opportunity to make time so urged the bullocks into a run.

In the meantime we noticed that the sky was becoming very black and occasionally we saw a flash of lightning followed by distant thunder. We hoped to reach the station before the rain came. But alas! our hopes were vain. After walking quite a distance Mr. Gullison appeared at the back of the bandy and announced that the rain was commencing.

We were still about four miles from the station, the roads getting heavier all the time and the bullocks more tired. To get there in time for the train seemed almost an impossibility. However we thought there was nothing like perseverance, so encouraged our te master to urge his poor, lazy, tired bullocks still faster. To miss the train meant one of two things either to return to Chicacole or remain at the station in the rain until the next day. We knew there was no house for us to go to and we did not feel like going back to Chicacole and to get there in time seemed the only thing for us to do.

At last we got within sight of the

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