

of the Pilgrim's Progress, every day. The missionary had a bright young class of boys and girls for English. No Zenana work was attempted, for there was no time for it. A few high caste girls came to the Mission house, for awhile, to learn needlework, but took no interest in any other instruction. Our Sunday School was very interesting. Several hundred verses were recited each Sabbath. The teachers—there were ten or twelve of them—were quite capable of securing the attention of their scholars to the lesson, and did it, to their advantage. The singing was as joyous and hearty as in any Sunday School. There was a Home Missionary Society in our church, by the contributions of which one preacher and one teacher were sustained. Besides this, regular collections were taken up all over the field, and the results brought in by the preachers and teachers to the monthly meeting.

Four o'clock, on Tuesday, was welcomed as the hour for the female prayer meeting. These Hindu Christian women enjoy a good prayer meeting as well as any people I ever saw; they love to pray, and they have much of that simple, childlike faith which brings them near the Master. Once a month, when we had the preachers' wives with us it was especially good. A few of them could, with much propriety, read and comment on a chapter of "the Word," as they call the Bible. The Spirit was indeed, taking of the things of Christ and revealing them unto them.

During our stay in Ongole we still had a teacher for two, three, or four hours a day, just as we could spare time for study. We felt keenly our need of a better knowledge of the language, and more fluency in speaking it. With other books, both translations and native classics, we read through the Telugu Bible during our first year in Ongole. To learn to express ourselves intelligently, and with propriety, was a slower and more painful task. The missionary during this time was making frequent tours to distant portions of the field. He would be away for weeks at a time, visiting the Christians; to instruct and strengthen them in their new faith; and visiting heathen villages to preach to those afar off the glad news of a risen Saviour. While he was absent, the care of the school, inquiring visitors and other business, came upon his lonely helpmeet at the Station. Domestic duties and the care of our little ones demanded constant and close attention. Our hands were full of work, but we labored not in vain. Each passing month left its glad record of sheaves gathered in for the Lord of the harvest. We were never busier in our lives, nor ever happier!

But the time came to leave for our own mission field in the Godavery district, about 300 miles north from Ongole. It was painful to leave the dear Christians, but pleasant to be sent away, as we were, with many loving prayers and tears, and tokens of their affection. In Cocanada all was new and strange and different. A beginning in mission work had been made,—but in its human aspect had been managed most unwisely. Gabriel, a talented native preacher, and a man with much of the spirit of Christ, was at the head of the mission. Of worldly wisdom he had as little as any man could well have. Much had to be undone—hopes and plans and expectations of what would take place when the white teacher came had to be disappointed, and we had around us in consequence, a number of sore and disappointed church members. They had thought that any amount of power and money—enough for all—would have come with the missionary. It went hard with the poor souls to be disappointed; but Gabriel, who was intensely loved by the Christians, and had a vast influence over them, worked heart to heart with the missionary in every needed reform when he saw it his duty to do so. His head was full of plans for the furtherance of the work, and his heart of hope and courage, when he lay down to die. He was to have been off to some distant villages in a few days, when fever seized him. He thought he could not spare the time to be sick. So much to do,—back-sliding Christians to be visited—souls perishing all around who had never heard the name of Jesus. When patience and trust were gently urged, he replied, "Yes I know it's all right, the spirit is willing but the flesh is miserably weak." But his work was done. He had fought well the good fight, had endured losses, temptations, persecutions, for Christ's sake. Now he left us to receive the Crown of life. The missionary felt as if his right arm were gone,—only two or three ignorant and half hearted preachers to work with him. Distrust and misrepresentation tried us sorely; faith and patience were taxed to the utmost. But we held on in the hope of brighter days. As the missionary's wife in her new position had no school to look after,—no daily class in sewing, or English, or Bible reading, no demands made on her time by busy learners as in Ongole, she began to look about for something to do. But it was difficult to make a beginning—to get a hold on anybody. The Christian women were invited to the

mission house to a prayer meeting. Five or six—then three or four—then two—then one came. That one was read to, and talked to, and prayed with, and told to come again. Next week she failed. Poor things! Their homes were scattered at a distance from us; they had their work to do—they did not know the time. This was what they said, but beneath all they had not much of an appetite for such as they would get at the little prayer meeting. Efforts were made to get up a girls' school. No Caste or Mohammedan girls would attend with boys. How slow the progress was, and yet how encouraging the result is to-day, you partly know. Between sixty and seventy girls, Christian, Mohammedan, and Hindu, were learning earthly and heavenly wisdom in that school when we left India eight months ago, and through the children the parents were attracted and instructed. On Sundays, especially, when it was known that the white teacher was telling them certain things about the new religion, the heathen mothers would now and then draw near to see and listen. Sometimes, being invited, they would come in and sit with us. I have known repeated instances of the girls gathering around them, out of hours, their playmates who were not permitted by their parents to attend the Christian school, and teaching them the hymns and lessons they had learned. Two little girls, pretty, well dressed children, used to repeat to their parents all they could carry away from the Sunday School. The father became so interested, he got a New Testament and began to read it in his own family. Then he came to our meetings, visited at the Mission house and became a warm friend of Josiah, who considered him a true believer though he made no public profession. Oh, how many there are in the same position in India, yes, in Cocanada—convinced of the truth of Christianity—faith in their idols gone—they are trembling on the verge of the public profession of Christ, which would separate them from all they hold dear; property, home, friends—they must forego them all. How hard the trial is even we, who have been so near, can scarcely realize.

After a while some Zenanas were visited. A friendly acquaintance with a caste man opened the door to his own house, and he introduced us in the houses of two or three of his friends. In the houses of these exclusive high caste men a new phase of Hindu life was opened up. Here were fair women, elegantly dressed, living in what they considered refined ease and indolence. In their appearance, their language, their habits, they differ as much from the poor paria women, as the wealthy ladies of our own land differ from their lowest servants. These women we found courteous and intelligent, full of curiosity about the white teacher and all connected with her. They asked many questions about our home and country, which seems further away, more vague and shadowy, far to them, than India, and the Telugus, can do to you. They listened respectfully to reading from the Bible and with a childlike wonder and curiosity to the sweet story of the Cross. Many would have been glad of regular instruction in reading and fancy work, and for the sake of that would have been glad to receive visits from the missionary, knowing that she would teach them also from her Bible, concerning the True God. But our term of service was drawing to a close, ebbing strength was equal only to the superintendence of the school, and females' meetings, and household duties. We enjoyed our visits to the Zenanas, but could undertake no regular classes. Dear friends, this is a work I hope will soon be taken up by you. Now that the chapel is completed, can you not send out a young lady for this most important and interesting work? The men of India are coming in contact with Christianity and social reform on every hand. They hear the gospel preached in the Bazaars, they read, they meet and converse upon these questions. The women have none of these advantages. They are shut up in their stagnant homes—willing prisoners in gilded but unclean cages. They make up savoury dishes for the delectation of their lords and masters; they dress and deck themselves with pearls; they sleep and gossip and pet their children; and more diligently than the men serve their household gods. These women are bitter opposers of Christianity. Time and again, when caste converts have been on the verge of baptism, they have been held back by the loving opposition of wife or mother. There is a strong family affection in the Telugu household, and to have a dear one become a Christian is worse to them than having him dead. M. Raw, a young Hindu gentleman, of good position and education and who had taught gratuitously in our school for months so that he might have the society of Christians, was brought to a decision for Christ. He came before the church, was examined and received, and he was to be baptized the next morning. That night he came to stay with us, knowing that his family would prevent his joining us next day, as they had learned his intentions. About midnight, a deputation

of relatives and friends came to see and try to dissuade him. He listened to and answered all they said. To his aged father's loving protestations, he replied: "My father, if it must be so, count me as one dead. I believe in Christ, I love Him and must follow His commands." When they saw that he would not yield they went for his young wife and little child. It was hard for her to leave the seclusion of her home and be seen among men, but in her distress she was ready to do anything to save—as she considered—her husband, and there, at our door, she hung upon his neck and wept and wailed out her love and sorrow, and besought him not to leave her and his little one—not to bring disgrace upon his father's house. So he yielded. He must go home with her, he said, and comfort her and he would return the next day. We knew he would not be allowed to do that, neither was he.

Now we want some one to go to those caste women in their dark homes, to teach them about the Saviour and to win their hearts for Him, so that when the husband's feet shall be turned into the way of life, the wife will be ready to take her place at his side. Ah! what a new and noble meaning Christianity would give to the lives of those women! To the poor broken-hearted and oppressed widow, it would be indeed life from a living death!

My friends, it is because I know that you are deeply interested in this work, that I have ventured on so much. It is long since we first thanked God for the helpful zeal and courage of the Baptist women of Canada in this cause. We were glad to know that here at home, as in the desert and solitary places in India, the prospect brightens. More knowledge of the work, more interest in the people, more prayers, more money, more workers, more seed sown, more fruit gathered in for the Lord—all go together. We are engaged in this work at the loving command of the Lord who redeemed us. The senders and the sent, have one aim and one reward. Let us do what we do and give what we give cheerfully as unto the Lord, "knowing that our labour is not in vain in the Lord."

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada

A CHURCH ORGANIZED AND FIFTY-TWO CONVERTS BAPTIZED:—During the month of December, Mr. and Mrs. Timpany, with Mr. and Mrs. Craig, made their first tour in the new mission boat; visiting many of the villages on the Cocanada field. Mr. Craig writes: "Friday, the 19th, was spent in Goonanapody. Many of the women came to see the ladies. They had never seen an Englishwoman before. On Saturday we all went to Comalamoody, where Peter's brother Samuel lives. He is missiff or headman as government officer. In the evening, Bro. Timpany and I visited Chintalapody. Two young men from there have just professed their faith in Christ. They are the first from that village. On Sunday we had a meeting in Goonanapody, the Christians and candidates all gathering there from the other villages. After a short sermon by Bro. Timpany, the candidates were examined, and most of them gave satisfactory evidence of faith in Christ. Then a church was organized, and called the Goonanapody Church. Three deacons and a clerk were chosen. Then the approved candidates were received, after which we all adjourned to the tank, where Bro. Timpany baptized fifty-two."

Arrangements were also made for the re-organization of the church at Akidu, which, since Nathan Gabriel's defection in 1878, had been regarded as disbanded. Of the outlook here Mr. Craig says: "I expect to work among all the villages on the islands in Colair, after I get settled at Akidu. This is a promising field. I should not be surprised if we have a thousand members in connection with the Akidu station before five years are past, in fact it may be sooner."

Besides the fifty-two Telugus at Goonanapody, Mr. Timpany baptized several others during the tour.

Tuni.

Of the work performed, and the hopeful prospect at this station, Mr. Currie writes thus to the *Baptist*:—"During the months of August, September and October, we were able to devote nearly all our time to evangelistic labor, either in the neighborhood of Tuni, or in parts of the field more or less remote from the station. Many villages in which we had preached during the previous year were again visited, and in many others the way of life has been made known for the first time. Four preaching tours were made during the year, varying from two to five days in duration, and to places from eleven to thirty-eight miles