

Akidu.

[The following letter, written last November, to the members of the Wianipeg Circle, has been sent to us for publication.]

DEAR SISTERS.—Your kind gift of \$20 was duly received and a post-card was sent at once in acknowledgment of the same. In almost every department of the work I find myself hampered for lack of money, so that I soon decided what to do with your donation.

In the appropriations for the current year, mention was made of a seminary at Samulcotta, also of a salary for the missionary who was to take charge of the seminary; but no money was voted for the support of the students who would attend the school. Hence those of us who have sent students have to provide for their support until the end of this year. When your gift came, I decided to use it for this object. The school was opened at the beginning of October, and I sent five young men, (two of whom are married) so the party consists of seven. Both the young women are studying with their husbands. I am going to tell you about these seven students of mine, so that you may know who are receiving the benefit of your donation.

1. North-west of Akidu, about 30 miles distant, lies a village called Yellamilly. It is about two miles north of the canal, running from the Godavary river to Ellore. I have just been to see it. This morning I preached in the Mala quarter for some time, and then prayed with our *one* Christian there—a woman. I believe she is a bright light in the midst of gross darkness. Her husband is a heathen priest. After she became a Christian, she had a hard time at first. Her name is Lydia. In April, 1881, a young man from this village came to me at Akidu and was baptized. His name is Adiyya (pronounced Adeea, with the accent on the "a"). In some way or other he soon learned to read a little, and since then has been asking me to send him to Cocanada to school. At last his wish has been granted and he has gone to Samulcotta. None of his relatives have believed as yet. He is one of those who have obtained a copy of the New Testament as a reward for learning by heart the Sermon on the Mount.

2. About sixteen miles north of Akidu is Nindrakol, where we have a number of Christians. Among them is a young man called Peter, who was a member when I took charge of the field. Last January, after one of the sessions of our Telugu Association, he was married to a girl called Bungaramma (Gold or Golden). She belonged to Ganapavaran, a village on the Akidu canal, twelve miles from Akidu. She had studied in the Cocanada boarding school for a year. Both she and her husband obtained New Testaments as prizes in the way mentioned above.

The above are from villages north of Akidu. The remaining four from villages south of Akidu.

3. Twelve miles south-west of Akidu lies Asaram. A young man who studied some in the village school there, showed considerable desire to work for Christ, so I have sent him to the Seminary. His name is Satyanandamu. This name is composed of two words, meaning "truth" and "joy." I suppose the idea is "rejoicing in the truth."

4. The remaining three belong to Gunnanapudy, our most important village. They have been teaching in other villages for some time. One of them, Samuel, seems to be a very nice young man. I think he will make a good worker after a few years' study at Samulcotta. What education he has obtained at the village school in Gunnanapudy.

5. The remaining two are husband and wife, Philemon and Ruth. Both studied at Cocanada for two or three years, I think, so they have returned to their old teachers, Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin. They have a baby, that interferes with its mother's studies, I am told. However, such things can't be helped. When the baby grows up, perhaps she will become a worker herself.

The Seminary vacation is to begin about the middle of April and end about the middle of July. The students will spend the time in preaching and teaching, just as Woodstock and Prairie College students do, if they intend to become ministers. We do not expect all our students to become preachers. Some will teach village schools.

It is a great joy to us all to know that our Seminary is really begun. Its influence for good on this people among whom we are working cannot be calculated. In the course of a very few years, I expect to have twenty or thirty fairly well educated preachers, where at present I have only five or six poorly educated men.

I wish you much success and joy in your share of the work.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN CRAIG.

Bimlipatam.

MY DEAR LINK.—Somebody has said that "startling, striking news from the mission field is what our people most enjoy." As in the ordinary acceptation of those terms, they can so rarely be applied to the events of my monotonous life, I am almost afraid at times to attempt a letter for the LINK.

Right here, comes the English mail. If you wish to know what an event that is, witness how quickly I drop my pen.

Later: I have read and enjoyed my share of the good things, which came from the postman's bag. Have laid Mr. Sanford's in on his study table: wish he could have them now; but he must wait till a coolie goes to him on the field, where he is preaching the gospel.

Suppose I send you an extract from a letter received from him:—"There is a good deal of encouragement in the work. Many of the village people readily admit the truth of what we say. They confess that their idols are vain; but how to worship God or serve Christ, they do not know. The most apparent hindrance is their indifference and little sense of danger. The Roman Catholic priest lives not very far west of this. The people speak of him as *Sazamy*. He pays those who join one rupee each when sprinkled. Besides this, each receives some daily allowance of a few pice, the children as well. This is one way of doing the business." He closes by saying, "I want to see the work prosper. Pray for us; we need to be filled with the Spirit."

We do pray for those who speak or teach, and for those who hear. And, my dear friends, if there is one message above another, that I desire God to impress upon your hearts, it is this: *Pray for us*.

The missionaries need your prayers. Sometimes when I go into the town to talk to the women, the dense darkness of mind and soul, which confronts me, seems like a weight upon me. It makes me sick at heart. I rarely go among high caste women; would not meet such awful ignorance if I did (though there would be quite sufficient). I feel that my work lies with these other women. The thought often arises, Can this darkness ever be dispersed? Can the "True Light" ever shine here? I know I should not feel this way, for the Lord Jehovah reigns, and the earth is to be filled with the knowledge of His glory.