

On the first Sunday in July last was to be a bi-monthly meeting of the Christians; but as small-pox was raging at Ongole and in the district around, it seemed wrong to allow the Christians to congregate there, so Velumpilly, ten miles north, was appointed as the place of meeting. Preachers were told to come with only one or two each of their most prominent Christians. They tried hard to obey, and charged the rank and file of their congregations to stay at home, for fear of infection. But come the people would, and come they did in crowds from every side. Once at the place of meeting they would not go back. The multitude one and all said, through their leading men and preachers, "We don't want any money—we will not ask you for any either directly or indirectly, neither now or hereafter." They only asked to be baptized. Who could refuse them water?

We held a special service, and after much prayer and consideration we decided to baptize any and all who had given to the preachers evidence extending over some months that they were Christians, and who had an intelligent understanding of the main facts of the Christian religion. The evidence of the preachers, with that of the leading members of the Church in their localities who had been baptized years ago, or other reliable information concerning their change of heart, was decided to be sufficient. The result was the baptism of 3,526 in three days. Brother Williams was at Ootacamund spending his vacation. At my earnest request he hastened down from the beautiful scenes of the 'Blue Mountains' to witness more delightful things, and gave me most valuable aid at a very critical time.

I cannot enter further into details, but the progress and present aspect of the work will be understood sufficiently by the following record:—Baptized during the month of June 1,168, July 7,513, August 466, November 59, December 400; total number baptized up to December 31st, 1878, 9,666. We fondly trust that the above number although large, is but the first fruits of a mighty harvest, and an earnest that all the Telugus are ere long to be given to Christ Jesus, and the uttermost parts of the earth also.—Why not?

Few passages in the history of modern missions can be of more interest than the account of this ingathering. All will unite with Mr. Clough in the earnest hope that these converts may run well and glorify that name by which they are called.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

Well done, sisters in Christ! No great while ago, the last of the \$1,500 from the Ladies' Board of Montreal came for the "Girls' Quarters" from the Treasurer, Miss Green. This was followed, in a short time, by a most timely remittance for the Chapel school house. The Western Board, of Toronto, have done nobly. Besides providing for Amelia Keller and our Girls' School, they have sent to me \$660, for the Chapel school-house. I must specially refer to that gift of \$26.50 from the Port Hope Circle. Well done for that band! Be sure your money's worth has been obtained in work done on the Chapel. Before I left to come to Bangalore, on Bible revision work, I had the satisfaction of seeing the brick work of the Chapel done, and the first course of brick on the roof laid. The roof of the main building is flat. For the verandah, I got shingles from Rangoon, in Burma. These were being put on also, so I had got along quite as fast as I expected to when I wrote in January, before I began the building. By God's blessing, I hope to see, when I return in two months to Cocanada, a Chapel school-house all finished, ready for dedication to the work of converting the Telugus to Christ. The sisters, east and west, will bear in mind that I need the \$1,100 yet, of the \$2,000. The work will soon be completed, and I am sure you will not keep me waiting long for the means to put me right financially. It is a very modest house compared with many in which you worship. The next house in Cocanada, I expect, will be built by the Telugus. Certainly I expect the house now building, to last till we have tens of thousands of Christians. I am not done begging, however, for this house. I want a BELL that can be heard all over the town. The people of Cocanada have given enough to build a plain belfry. If some one of the sisters has the heart to send us out a good bell, from Troy or some other place, we will be more than grateful. The Telugus have not clocks and watches like we have at home. It would save us an untold amount of vexation, both as to our schools and meetings, if we had

something to warn the children and the people of the time to begin to gather. Here are the directions for sending:

A. V. TIMPANY,

Cocanada, India.

Per Anchor Line & British India S. N. Co.

Some, on reading this, will say, "Does not Mr. Timpany wish he may get the bell?" Yes, I do, but it is not for me, nor yet for my children.

BANGALORE, June 10th.

MR. J. CRAIG, in the *Baptist* of July 17th, makes an appeal to the Sunday Schools to engage more generally in Foreign Mission work. He concludes with these words:—

"If spared, I intend to ask the Board for money to open a new station, at the beginning of next year, and I should be so glad if the Sunday Schools of Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba, would take up that work as their own. I know the scholars are ready to do it, if the superintendents and teachers will just give them the opportunity, and I want to hear from all the schools soon, so as to know what response is made to this appeal. Of course I do not ask those who are giving for any special object, to neglect the work they are now doing."

Chicacole.

DEAR SISTERS,—I have told you something of our church in Chicacole, now let me give you the history of a day on my compound, that you may know something of our work.

Come when the birds begin to peep, and you will hear other sounds abroad. My own nesting stirrers early. On the other side of the house are two wide awake little children: our colporteur's family are living there at present while their house is being built. Between their room and ours are our little orphan girls, and a woman who looks after the house and keeps the water warm for my baby's food. On the other side of our bedroom, but down on a level with the ground, are three other families, two of which belong to our native teachers; here also are little children. By the time the sun rises, over thirty people are swarming in and around the house like bees. Soon others come dropping in, and at 7 a.m., the school bell rings and calls together upwards of eighty boys and forty girls. These all gather in the house. We have given three rooms to them, for fortunately the house is roomy, and we can afford to do this.

But these are not all. The building work is not yet finished, and at 7 o'clock, another troop of carpenters, masons and coolies, twenty, more or less, resume their work above and around us. Can you picture that? One mission house, with 170 or 180 dark faces in and about it, every day. Such a noise as there is sometimes! Hammers, trowels and children's voices, and the sound of the rattan on the table calling all to order.

We have a cup of tea and hot rice cakes or toast about 6.30, then the work begins. Mr. Armstrong is obliged to give much of his time to overseeing the work on the house. I find pleasanter employment in the school room.

The school opens with a Bible lesson. This morning we had the raising to life of the widow's son. When the children heard that all who are in their graves shall come forth, they evidently thought it hard to believe. Here they usually burn their dead, and how their ashes could ever become a body again they could not tell. It was an entirely new thought to them—the resurrection of the body—and evidently impressed them. They had no idea that a body once burned could ever rise again. Was not that the end of it? Wonder was written on every face.

Then Suthena led in prayer, after which I left the school to the native teachers, while I attended to some household duties. What were they? I sent a boy to the bazaar to get something for breakfast, gave food to be cooked for the pony and cow—their grain has to be cooked every day in this country—bathed my baby and saw to Katie's bath, overlooked the sweeping and dusting, and attended to odds and ends of work that are always springing up. By half-past ten, the school was waiting for me again. We sang for half an hour from our new hymn book, in Telugu, one just edited by Mrs. Jewett, and Mrs. Clough. Then the advanced class of boys sang an English hymn, "O, that will be joyful," and they all made their salaams and passed out.

From 12, at noon, till 2, we are more alone than at any other time in the day, for it is the time when natives cook their rice, and this they cannot do in the house. So Katie gets her lesson, and baby has his share of time too; while Mr. Armstrong calls in the Christian men on the compound, for a quiet hour over

the Bible; an hour that reproduces itself everywhere. For these men, four in number, are constantly teaching and preaching, and what they hear is quickly carried like seed corn, to be sown beside all waters.

During this hot weather, we have no afternoon school, but the advanced class of boys comes from 3 to 4, to sing.

Last evening, after dinner, we went to visit some families in town. On these visits, Adama accompanies me, while Mr. A. takes Suthena with him. We often go to the same house: Adama and I go inside, where the women are, while our husbands talk with the men. We went to the home of two of our school girls; their mother talked very violently. She said that any piece of wood or stone had God in it: for God was everywhere. Whatever she worshipped was God. Afterwards she said, "Show me your God and I will worship him; show him to me, show him to me." I could not keep the tears from my eyes as I rose to come away, and told her, "If any one falls into the river, we can throw him a rope, but if he will not take hold of it, what can we do?" "Yes, yes," she said, "what can you do?" Yet she sends her little girls regularly to school.

A week ago we visited a family where they talked very differently. They said, "Since the children go to your school, they will not call the names of Krishna, or Rama, or any other God; they say there is only one God, and it is wrong to worship idols." Yet they did not seem displeased at it, but rather as though they wanted to know more about it.

One of these little girls was taken to a town some distance away, and married. About a month afterwards, some one called me to come and see Seethama, as she is named. I went and found her standing shyly in my room, almost covered with golden ornaments. "Why, Seethama," I said, "are you back again? Where is your husband?" The old woman who brought her said, "They all came to town last night, and the first thing this morning she wanted to come and see you." I asked her how long they would stay. "Ten days or so," was the answer, "but Seethama is going to remain here and come to school." They are high caste people, and I was quite surprised to hear it.

The next day was Sunday, and she left all their festivities at home to come here to our worship at 8 a.m. When I went to visit them, I saw her husband and he promised to throw no obstacle in the way of her coming to school. It is customary here for people to be married and live apart for a length of time. It means little more than that the little girl belongs to the man who marries her, much as a slave belongs to her master.

Thus the children hear the Gospel in school, and through them we have access to their homes. Thus far they have always welcomed us, whether they received our message or not.

The evening, after the children are asleep, brings another quiet hour. To-night as I write, my husband reads, and all the household sleep; it is quite time that we too laid aside our work for the day.

Dear sisters, good night!

H. M. N. ARMSTRONG.

May 29th, 1879.

REV. W. F. ARMSTRONG writes from Chicacole, under date of April 26:

"We had a baptism, Sabbath before last. A very aged woman was the candidate. They come now one by one, but the day is coming when they will come by thousands. May God speed the day!"

Bimlipatam.

When Mr. and Mrs. Churchhill removed to Bobbili, although Miss Hammond had only been three months in India, she endeavoured to keep up the girls' school, etc. The following account of her experience was written to the Secretary of the Nova Scotia W. F. M. Society:

"I undertook the school with much trembling, as, comparatively, I knew so little of the language. Everything must be said in Telugu, as neither teacher nor pupils know any English.

We open with singing and prayer; the first I can manage very well, but cannot pray in the vernacular. Sometimes I offer a petition in English or we repeat the Lord's prayer in concert. We believe the teacher is a Christian, and twice I have asked him to pray, which he did. The first hour is devoted to religious instruction, principally by the teacher; I attempt a little. My efforts to make myself understood afford the children some amusement; they try to look sober and I think they are very good not to laugh more than they do, for I make mistakes without number. The second hour we have sewing, after which I leave them in the hands of their teacher, for reading, writing, arithmetic, etc. Occasionally I remain a little longer