

sible to feel much satisfaction regarding them. They are not only babes in Christ, but children in intellect, and like most of the people of the same class are in a condition of chronic poverty. Their lot, hard enough at the best, is usually rendered more trying by a profession of Christianity, as it seldom fails to bring persecution in one form or another. So that instead of at once affording additional moral strength to the mission, they make a heavy draft upon our sympathies, and occasionally require substantial aid. It is sometimes exceedingly perplexing to know what advice to give or what course to take in order to help them out of their difficulties. Care must be taken not to do too much for them, and so foster a spirit of dependence, and yet it will not do to close our ears entirely to their requests. How much we would like to receive a better class of converts! And yet, until the Lord shall be pleased to bring them, we must make the most of such as we have.

I have thus given you a little of the shady side of our experience. It is not the only side, but for some little time past it has been more prominent with us than the other. The news of extensive revivals in America, received of late by every mail, is cheering in no small degree, and we rejoice that the work of winning souls is going forward with such power in the home-land. How we long to participate in such work. But in what sad contrast with scenes of that kind is the condition of things about us here. It is encouraging to know that you ladies are taking such an interest in the work on this field, and have assumed so much of the expense connected therewith. I trust it means more earnest prayer in behalf of our helpers and ourselves and the perishing heathen about us. The day of triumph must come at length, however long it may be delayed, and then the sowers and the reapers may rejoice together.

G. F. CURRIE.

PENTAKOTA, INDIA, May 31st.

MRS. CURRIE also writes:—The LINK is coming all right now, and its monthly visits act as a stimulus to me. Living so far from congenial society, the mind working in a groove as it were, is very narrowing as well as depressing. How I long to see such scenes as those of which we read in the home papers: the seasons of church revivals; the common Sabbath privileges in one's own language. We have books and newspapers, Sabbath-services and prayer meetings; but the latter are in a foreign tongue, with a people who, whatever they may feel, are not demonstrative.

We have had a little breeze from Canada in the shape of a share in the Montreal boxes. The Tunj bazaar furnishes us with rice and curry, fowls, and occasionally mutton. We can nearly always get plaintains, and in their season, oranges; but for bread, potatoes, and anything else we may need, we must send to Cocanada or Madras. Now do you not think we know how to appreciate our share of the box from Canada? We do indeed, and feel grateful to the kind friends who prepared this treat for their missionaries. *May God bless them abundantly.* I hope they will continue to *pray earnestly* for Tunj Station.

We have come down to the seaside for a change much needed by all of us. It is now very hot at Tunj, but we have delicious sea breezes here and are revived. A wealthy and generous native gentleman of Cocanada presented this house—formerly a storehouse for grain—to Mr. McLaurin and Mr. Currie conjointly. Mr. C. had it roofed and doorways cut from room to room, doors made of

bamboo matting, etc., expending nearly Rs. 220 upon it in order to make it fit for our hot season sojourn. It is larger than our mission bungalow, but needs new floors, doors and whitewash to make it comfortable and respectable. As we have been well drilled in roughing it since coming to Tunj, we do not mind the discomfort as we otherwise would. We have the pure, refreshing, life-giving sea breeze, and I feel thankful for that every day, and grateful to the generous man who has made it possible for us to enjoy it. The glorious, wonderful sea! I feel almost on the wing for home, nearer dear Nova Scotia. How I long to go! and yet I long to stay in India.

Pentakota is a village of about 1,000 inhabitants, all of whom are heathen. They worship the sun, stones, trees and other objects. We brought a preacher here with us, and this week one of our Bible women has commenced visiting the women of the village. We hope our sojourn here will not be in vain so far as some souls are concerned. Please ask the friends of the mission to join with us in prayer for a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon this field this year. Yours in the work,

M. A. CURRIE.

Samulcotta Students.

Would the readers of the LINK like to read a few sketches of our Seminary boys? In describing them as light, dark, etc., you must remember that some are light only relatively—because all are dark-skinned. When I give a man's height, I give his measurement from the sole of his bare feet to the crown of his bare head. No high-heeled boots nor even socks to be deducted from these figures. I cannot give their exact age as few of them know it.

Philemon, is an Akidu young man, the tallest in the school. He is well built, straight, supple and strong, and is about 5 feet 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in height. He is of the average hue—regularly featured—his hair is inclined to curl, his disposition is generally good, though a little inclined to be hot-tempered, and he is a fairly good student.

He was some time in our boarding school in Cocanada before we went to Canada in 1879. He has been teaching since then. His wife, *Ruth*, is a small, black, plump, good-natured body, who was in the girls' boarding school in Cocanada while we were there; she is a pretty good scholar, and only lacks a little personal and household cleanliness to make her a very nice Christian woman. Their one son, *Daniel*, one-and-a-half years old, is as sharp as a weasel, bright as a new cent and no end of trouble. *Philemon* is a relative of Pastor Peter of Gunanapudi.

Peter, also from Akidu, comes next in height, being 5 feet 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches; he is slightly though well built, and is lighter in color than *Philemon*. He is a well-meaning fellow, though he often falls into heathenish ways of looking at things. In case he does wrong his repentance is thorough. It is rather difficult to get a new idea into his head, and those which do struggle out, though often original, are very attenuated and not seldom impalpable; still he is a whale in the sea of ignorance around him. His wife, *Bangarama* (Gold-dame), was a pupil in the girls' school in Cocanada, she is light in color, tolerably good-looking, can read tolerably well, has some knowledge of elementary branches, and can be a great blessing amongst her ignorant neighbours if she will.

Samuel, from the same field, I like very much. He is