

good crop of fruit. For a few minutes we stop and watch some men at work at a sugar-cane mill; two unwieldy buffaloes form the motive power of the mill; one man puts in the cane, another drives the animals, while a third attends to a huge caldron of the boiling juice.

The road on which we travel is very good for five miles. Some years ago Samulcotta was a place where the Government manufactured salt; grain also was stored there, and ships called. Now all this has passed away, still the good road leading to the salt-works remains.

Here and there in the fields are the stands on which the catchers protect the crops from the wild boars which come down from the mountains and the deer from the jungle. An old ruinous factory is being repaired, coolie men and women are building up the walls and carrying brick and stones; we learn that this is an indigo factory.

About a mile across the fields we get our first glimpse of the Pentacotta bungalow, and wonder whether we can drive the sandy across, a faint track shows that ox carts have gone that way.

The road is a little rough, but the carriage goes fairly well until we come to an arm of the sea that must be crossed; the burning question of the hour is, how deep is that water? However, people are going back and forth, and soon a native of Pentacotta—one that was "to the manor born"—offers to pilot us across. Deeper and deeper goes the carriage, and, just as the water is about to pour in, we get into shallow water and mount the opposite bank. This native deserves honorable mention, for he did not ask for a single cent for his services; however, he may be a Government pilot, or perhaps he did the service out of pure generosity.

The bungalow looks well from a distance, but on inspection we find it in rather a dilapidated state; the doors, or what remains of them, are locked up in Tunj; as the natives here have no objection to stealing them; most of the doors and windows that were left have long ago disappeared, and now they have commenced to attack the door-frames. This is one of the ways of the country, and indeed not of this country only.

When we go inside the house we find the roof is in a bad state, the floor is covered with broken pieces of tiles, some heavy pots have adorned the walls with his productions and also cooked his dinner on three bricks in a corner of the dining room. However, a splendid breeze is blowing from the sea, the fishermen are seen in the distance, and the sea birds are sailing about, so that altogether we vote the place a perfect success—a charming summer residence.

Our arrival has been announced in the village, which is quite as odorous as Tunj, with the additional flavor of fish. Now we prepare to receive visitors. Our first callers are a lot of children—boys and girls; the girls look at the lady of the party, while the boys look at me; they have evidently come to criticize; translated into English, their remarks are something like these:—First, the girls: "Well, did you ever see such a dress?" "look at the way she does her hair"; "I think it's nice"; "why, it's just a fright"; "what a lovely shawl"; "why doesn't she wear bracelets and earrings?" Then the boys: "Say, Bab, look at that hat, wonder if he's brought a gun"; "can he run?" "Well, you'd better not try him."

Our next caller was the chief constable, who saluted and then stood in the attitude that soldiers call "attention," wheels together, toes apart, hands by his side. He said there were five constables and a look-up in the village; we feel safe. Then came the munsi, who politely salaamed and said if we needed any supplies he was at our service. A blind beggar was our next visitor, a boisterous ragamuffin who bawled for money, sang a song about Rama, danced a jig in front of the door and was finally pushed out of the compound by the munsi. By this time the cook had breakfast prepared which we ate in public, the doors being seven miles away, we could not shut up the house.

Other missionaries have been here before us, have studied their Telugu, listened to the roaring of the surf and preached

in the village. We trust that the summer may be one of blessing.

There is a comical side to life here, but there is also a very solemn side, all these people need Jesus Christ.

R. GARSIDE.

Tunj, March.

Samulcotta.

Work.—We began the school year with North Cocanada, Tunj, and the Seminary. At New Year's Mr. Duria relieved us of North Cocanada, so that we have Tunj and the Seminary still. In the latter Mr. Laflamme gave us help from October to the new year, while Miss Hatch came to us on the 2nd of February. The new building is also going up, which we hope to have ready for July opening.

A Lecture.—Mr. Craig has given us what is, so far as I know, a first lecture. His subject was the "Giant Cities of Bashan," and the lecture was delivered on Wednesday, February 27th. The lecture was an hour and a half, and was listened to with the greatest interest by the students. We hope it is merely a beginning, and that as our missionaries get into the work we may have a series each school year.

The Boys.—In the cool season, owing to its being a few degrees cooler here, and also to the mountain winds, it is naturally a feverish time, but now that warm weather is upon us again, the boys are all in their classes and doing good work. November, December and January are our most trying months, during which we have a good deal of sickness. We burn with heat in the hot season, and with fever in the cool season. But the missionaries' health has been most perfect.

Miss Hatch's Coming.—This has been quite an event to us, and now that Miss Hatch is here we may breathe freely. At our first prayer-meeting she addressed the boys, and told how she came to be here. It was quite an experience for boys, and we trust it may be a help to them in their Christian lives.

Missionary Methods.—It would not be easy writing a letter without saying something on this burning topic. Mr. Garside's letter seems to have made quite an impression, and to have called forth a good many comments. Mr. Garside, however, has changed his ground, and at present believes in neither the Salvation Army nor the China Inland Mission.

He advocates the present method, and believes it to be just the proper thing for us.

March

J. R. STILLWELL.

Cocanada.

OLD LINKS.

To complete the set of LINKS for the Samulcotta Seminary, I still need of

Vol. I., 1878-9, the trial copy No. 1 and No. 2.

Vol. II., 1879-80; No. 2.

Vol. III., 1880-81; No. 2.

Vol. X., ———; No. 6. These, when complete, will be bound and placed in the Samulcotta Library for the use of all the missionaries.

I have, in collecting for the Seminary, received so many duplicates that I am ambitious of making up a complete file for myself, and still need

Vol. I., 1878-9, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12.

" II., 1889-80, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11.