

will give the doors and windows, and some little help in money. We get some help in timber from the Government and the people too do the rest. These schools are more than mere schools. They are a kind of Sabbath-school and meeting, held every day. The teacher teaches the children during the day to read and sing. In the evening he gathers the parents and tells them about Christianity, and teaches them to sing and often to pray.

We had quite a large baptism here three weeks ago. Three English, and eight Telugus, one of them a Sudra, were baptized. Last Sabbath another Sudra was asking for baptism, but we put him off until we could know more of him.

I hope our Missionary Society has come out right, financially. It takes my breath away to think what would be the effect upon our work if we had to hold up now and retrench. I think it would kill me. The shock would be more than I could bear. I have not, as I remember, been sick once in twenty years except when I overworked myself. I have been very sick two or three times this year. In June, I was near dying,—it was from overwork. For more than a year, ever since we came from Udayagiri, I have wrought hard—very hard. "Comfortable!" Who can be comfortable surrounded on all sides by people going to hell? May God Almighty pour out His Holy Spirit upon you at home, and upon us here until we really believe that we are not our own, but have been bought with a price, and act up to our belief, this God is going to do. The time to call the earth from its slumber has come. God will stir up His people.

Mrs. Timpany says of the girls' school: We have now nineteen girls in school, all save one from our own field. All the large girls but one are Christians. There is a fine spirit among them. I think two or three of the little ones also are converted.

Akidu.

FORWARD!

Not long ago in writing to Brother McLaurin, I spoke of the changes he would see in all our stations so far as material advance is concerned. Hitherto it has been mostly pioneer work. See the new buildings at Bobbili, Bimlipatam, Tuni, Cocanada, and Akidu, nearly all erected since Bro. McLaurin left India, less than three years ago. I did not mention Chicacole, but for aught I know some building work may have been done there also within the past three years. Let us thank God that the pioneer period so far as the erection of buildings is concerned, is drawing to a close. There may be still considerable pioneer work to do in the matter of direct Gospel preaching, but that is what we have come to do. That is our legitimate work. We want to preach the Gospel all our lives, I trust, but we don't want to be engaged in building houses always. Well, as I said, it is a great cause of thanksgiving that the most of the building work is done, and the missionaries henceforth will be more free to engage in Gospel work than they ever have been in the past.

May I turn prophet? If I may, let me tell you something. Just as soon as you see the missionaries and their helpers preaching the Gospel throughout the villages of their respective fields, and trained men and women coming forth to the work from our proposed school at Samulcotta, just so soon you may expect to see thousands of converts coming into our churches from the Kistna on the South to the limits of the Telugu country on the North.

You will be glad to hear that a beginning has been made in Akidu. A middle-aged woman from the Malapilly, near the Mission-house, was baptized on the 2nd of October. Her name is Subamma. I trust many more will come out soon.

I have been writing a letter to the *Canadian Baptist*, telling about the baptism of thirty-five men and twenty women on Thursday last. This took place in a new village a few miles South of Gannanapudi. If God will only call them in by fifties, we shall soon have a grand company. By the way, that day was the fourteenth anniversary of my own baptism, which took place in Bond Street Church, Toronto, November 3rd, 1867.

Yesterday, the 4th, I visited a village to the South of the village where so many were baptized on the 3rd. The men had almost all gone to work, but a great many women came out to hear the Gospel. I spoke a little while, and then Peter took up the story. While he was speaking I prayed again and again; "O Spirit of God, come and breathe upon these slain that they may live." One man said that a good many of them were already believing, but they wanted to hear more. Many of them say they have not believed, because they have been ignorant about Jesus Christ. My opinion is, that in former times they have heard but not heeded the message. Now God is giving them ears to hear and a heart to understand. I fully expect to hear soon that at least forty or fifty have come out there. One of the women said: "We thought Siva was God." Another asked, "Must we not pray to the gods when sickness comes?" According to their idea cholera, small-pox, and other such diseases, are sent by particular deities, and hence those gods must be supplicated if the disease appears. Peter told them that diseases came only at God's command. One of the women with a child in her arms, said, "My child had fever, but when I tied a piece of palm-leaf on its neck, the fever went." The people may say, "Oh, these are only Mala women, and therefore they are easily persuaded," but the fact is, they are as loath to come as any people till God turns their hearts. Some of the Mala women show the most devilish opposition to the Gospel.

Leaving that village, I came here by palankeen. On the way I was thinking of what God had begun to do for this people. The baptism of that company the other day is only a beginning of better days, I feel sure. We must look more and more for the Spirit's power among the people.

I had been reading a short life of Mr. Garfield, and in a speech of his delivered on the first anniversary of President Lincoln's death, I noticed these lines:—

"He has sounded for his trumpet, that shall never call retreat:
He is sitting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
Be swift my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
For God is marching on."

These lines have fairly taken possession of my mind. I think of the man in whose memory they were repeated, and I think of the glorious man who repeated them, but most of all I think of that God, whom they served. "God is marching on here in India. Fellow-soldiers in Canada! if your souls and mine are only swift to answer Him, and our feet jubilant to follow Him, what victories we shall see." Let this be our motto for the coming year—

"Be swift, my soul, to answer Him;
Be jubilant my feet.
For God is marching on."

JOHN CRAIG.

Commalamudi, India,

5th November, 1881.