

THE WORK ABROAD.

Cocanada.

Dear Mrs. Newman, — When I left Canada I made a number of resolutions as to what I should accomplish in the way of letter writing, on the passage, but I regret to say I did not do as much as I had intended. Now that we are here in Cocanada, with the cool season before us, in which to study, what time we shall spend in writing is likely to be limited. In writing to you for the LINK I scarcely know where to begin; the journey furnishes subject matter enough to fill a volume, the people here and the country are of vastly more importance; our experiences in every way have been so varied, that I can scarcely hope to write of anything in a satisfactory manner. We are particularly grateful to God for the blessings of the journey. We felt His protecting care over us all the way; we believe, that in answer to prayer, He smoothed the waves before us, and kept in check the stormy winds. We have come through the long voyage with no idea as to what the dangers of the deep are; we have seen nothing but the grandeur and beauty of the waste of waters; we know not of its perils. If we had been one week later we could not say this, for the monsoon broke a few days after our arrival, and the mail steamer from Madras was disabled in a cyclone, thus delaying the home mail nearly a week. Truly God has been good to us. I will say nothing more about the voyage; the people who read the LINK have had notes from those who came to India at different times, everything of interest on the way has been written about more graphically than I could possibly attempt to do it, and there is nothing now to tell. The stop at Malta, with its vendors of all sorts of wares, at cosmopolitan Port Said, at dry, arid Aden, and at beautiful Colombo, want no new descriptions from my pen. One experience, in London, we shall never forget: it will be a green spot in our memories while we live. I refer to our treatment at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. On our arrival in the city we found awaiting us, a letter addressed to Miss Simpson, in which was enclosed four tickets of admission to the Tabernacle. We were invited, in the accompanying letter to a meeting on Thursday evening, September 13th, providing we were unable to attend on that evening the invitation was extended to following Sabbath. We decided to attend the morning service on Sunday, the 16th. Following instructions given by Mr. Hibbert, the secretary, in his letter to us, we asked to be directed to his room in the building, as he could secure for us the most desirable seats. Nothing could exceed the kindness of Mr. Hibbert, as he had opportunity during the remainder of our stay in London. Through his influence we had seats much nearer the platform than we could otherwise have hoped for, and after the service were conducted to Mr. Spurgeon's own private room, where we were encouraged by a little talk with the preacher whose fame is world-wide. We were very much strengthened by a few words of earnest prayer in our behalf which he offered up, and left the room feeling that we had been blessed during the short time spent there. Mr. Hibbert gave us tickets for a tea and lecture to take place on the following Tuesday evening, when we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Spurgeon's famous lecture "Sermons in Candles," as well as to addresses from several of the students and professors of the Pastors' College, the tea and lecture being in connection with their annual meeting. Mr. Hibbert also presented each of us with one of Mr. Spurgeon's books,

and took the trouble to send by mail to Port Said, three copies of the sermon we had heard, the characteristic title of which was: "All at it." We could not get the printed form before leaving the city, as Thursday, the day we left, was the day on which the preceding Sabbath's sermon was printed. We also feel very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Drake for the kind manner in which they welcomed us in Madras, and entertained us during our stay. The welcome we received here was hearty and warm, we felt that we were coming among friends, and their recognition of us had done much to take away the feeling of exile. I cannot give much information as yet, regarding the people, for we have begun the study of the language, and feel that we must first break down the great barrier that is between us and the people, consequently we have come in contact with very few, except the Christians living in or near the Compound. One thing has impressed us, it is the magnitude of the work. We almost feel like closing our eyes to the fields that are "white already to the harvest," for we are not able yet to "thrust our sickles in." We have great need of faith and patience during our study of the language. We need your prayers while we are passing through this trying ordeal, it is so very, very hard to be practically helpless when there is so much to be done and so few to do it. At present Miss Stovel and I are with Miss Hatch in the Zonana house. Miss Simpson has gone to Akidu with Mr. and Mrs. Craig, who were here when we arrived.

Yours sincerely,

ZONANA HOUSE, NOV. 15TH. A. E. BANKERVILLE

An Afternoon Out.

We start early, the two Bible women prettily clad in their eastern fashion, a long cloth draped around them, forming a skirt, then the long and crossing the breast from under one arm to hang gracefully down the back from the opposite shoulder; with heads uncovered, their heavy black hair gathered up at the back and quite to one side, with bare arms and feet, they walk easily and unincumbered under a blazing sky and over a hot dusty road. But the way is not so easy when an inch thick hat and large lined umbrella, certainly require some thought and care in handling, as the sun is now to the west and a strong breeze blows from the east, heralded by great clouds of dust.

Turning into the narrow streets of the town, we enter a court into which many houses open; here we find women busy, one is sweeping, another pounding rice; these are "Sudras," the hard-working well-to-do people of India. When comfortably seated upon a large wooden mortar turned upside down and placed in the shady side of the court, they gather around, women and children, some thirty in all, with a man or two standing in the entrance. When we sing, most of them sit down upon the ground to listen. The Telugu tunes are very weird and sweet, and the Christian hymns are mostly sung in this, their own music. Then we speak of God, God the Son, who walked this weary world for thirty years, that we might know God; many an acquiescing nod accompanied our words and the verses read, till the hope rises that the heart has been touched; but this is somewhat damped by the many questions, and the kind, that follow: "Did you leave your parents behind?" "Is your watch gold?" "Have you a husband?"

By this time the rally busy have returned to their work, pounding rice, brushing children's hair, etc., but "My word that goeth forth out of my mouth shall not