

THE WORK ABROAD.

On the Move.

It is early; light is breaking in the east. The clock that needs no sleep is ticking swiftly onward towards six. We, Mrs. Stillwell and I, are getting equipped as quickly as possible, as we wish to make some distance before the sun is too high and the heat too oppressive. Early breakfast is over; everything is now ready, we say good-bye to Mrs. Craig and Miss Frith, step into the carriage and we are on our way to Samulcotta. The distance is about nine miles, but the road is good, and the carriage moves lightly on and with little impediment. A canal also runs from Cocanada to Samulcotta, accordingly, as they have one destination, the road and canal keep company. We meet and pass bandies carrying goods of all kinds into Cocanada, people with burdens on their heads, or in their cavities; people without burdens, young and old. The country is going to visit the town; we have gone three miles, and are suddenly disturbed in our observations by the carriage giving away, an iron is broken that attaches the front springs to the frame-work, we tie it up and proceed, I walking. The sun is getting up and beginning to make himself felt; there is no breeze, the atmosphere is close and the road is dusty, but I walk on at a brisk pace and the carriage follows. Half way between Samulcotta and Cocanada is a lock on the canal, called Middle Lock, at this lock Bro. McLaurin's carriage is waiting, we desert our own and take to his, and now make better and easier speed, the remaining distance is quickly made. Soon we enter Samulcotta; it must have somewhere about 10,000 people, so it is quite a place, and we are a good while getting through the long narrow and principal street. We slow down into a walk, navigate past the bandies as best we can, until we get into a more open space; two or three more minutes and we drive up to the Seminary building. Here we are received by Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin. Mr. and Mrs. Auvache, who have been living with the McLaurins, we have been here before so we are not altogether strangers. A visit from one station to another is quite an event, and it will not be difficult for the readers of the LINK to conceive how heartily one Missionary welcomes another; among the first questions is this, "Anything new from home?" We share our information, station news, etc., and the hours pass quickly and pleasantly, we have breakfast at 10.30 a.m., dinner at 4 p.m., after dinner we have a walk, the sun is hurrying down, and the pleasant evening is being ushered in. But we have twenty-five miles to make before the sun gets too high again, and must be away, we have the carriage for six miles and are now fifteen miles from Cocanada, we enter Pittapur, the carriage returns, and we shift for ourselves. We have been aristocratic before, now we bend a trifle and take to a bandy. If I say a bandy means a cart and a cart means a bandy you will know what kind of conveyance our bandy was. A bandy has two wheels, a cover, or minus a cover—ours had a cover—and is drawn by bullocks. The bandies are all of one model and vary in nothing save age, the drivers and the bullocks. As the wheels are large they run easily, and as there are no wheels behind the bandies do not often stick fast.

It was nearly 10 p.m., before we got under way. There were five bandies, three carried our stuff, one carried us, and one carried our Brahmin munshi, we made quite a procession only the effect was lost at night. As we expected to be on the way all night, we endeavored to get

ourselves into as comfortable a posture as possible, we concluded that this would be found in lying down, when I reached this posture, I found I was about as long as the bandy; this was a little inconvenient to the driver, who wished to sit in front. After walking a little distance he addressed me, "Doragaru, karlu unsande." "Yamete!" I exclaimed. I was rather too sleepy to make out what he meant by karlu, Mrs. Stillwell nudged me, and said he meant my legs. So he did, and managing to draw them up a few inches I accommodated him. We were now really started; we had ridden in push, ton jon, and palankeen. This was our first bandy ride. As we had to travel at night on account of the sun, and go about two miles an hour, it is not a difficult matter to imagine other ways of travelling as inviting as going by bandy. But still when this is the only way at one's disposal he is inclined to think, after all, it isn't so bad and might be worse. We slept some, we weren't prodigal. We must see something of the way, we looked out into the night, down the long stretch of road; there was no moon, but the stars shone thick and bright, so we could see the road we were leaving behind, it was really a beautiful road, smooth, hard, wide, with enough rise and fall to give variety. On either side were great trees with over-spreading branches, forming one continuous archway. Nothing serious happened, all the romance consisted in sleeping and waking by turns, in this way the night passed. By 7 a.m. we reached the village Anavaram. There is a traveller's bungalow here in which we put up for the day. We had our meals, slept, looked about us, entered our names in the traveller's book, which we leaved from beginning to end, and among other names, saw Bro. McLaurin's, Bro. Craig's, and Bro. Currie's—Bro. Currie's name occurring a good many times, as the place is near Tuni. At 4 p.m., we got the bandies together and started. The sun was still quite high, and the road ran so that the sun visited us through the rear end of the cart, but we shut him out by opening an umbrella. This kept out what little breeze there was, yet as there was a good deal of dust it was compensated for. We passed through the tiger regions but saw no tigers. As darkness came on sleep did also, and we were just getting into our first dreams when the driver awakened us, asking if a building on our right hand was the place. It turned out to be the place; it was the Mission House at Tuni. We found Bro. Currie here, and were glad to see him and he us. We had a meal—we make it a business to eat here every time we get a chance—chatted, were shown over the Mission premises, saw Bro. Currie's school and chapel building, and his new house; we made the tour with a lantern. About 11.30 p.m., we started again, and this time with Bro. Currie. We again slept. A little before day we came to a small river, minus a bridge. There was a boat, but it was on the opposite side, and we had to wait for it. The people never hurry here, and the boat kept up the custom. It was rather an ancient looking affair, but it carried us over, and up the opposite bank a short distance where we landed, a few steps brought us to a bungalow; this we entered, rather more than three weeks ago, and are here yet. We are at Pentacottah, about fifty miles from Cocanada. A sentence will explain our coming. It is cool here, and hot in Cocanada. We looked on patiently and saw the thermometer gradually going up and getting into the nineties; we could see no good reason why we should look longer. We are supposed to be studying Telugu, and as study is not confined to any particular locality, we thought we would cast about for cooler quarters. Accordingly we are here, and find it very much cooler,