

aims, and efforts for mankind. Christ loved the world; and, if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his. Christ commanded his servants to disciple all nations; and what right have we to call him Lord if we neglect his command, and set at nought his authority? He has promised his Church that he will be with her in this work of discipling all men, till the world shall end. If we fail to evangelize the distant heathen, how can we claim his promised presence? There is something to the purpose in a recent deliverance of the Wisconsin Baptist State Convention, "that every pastor should present the cause of foreign missions, and ask collections for it, at least once a year, on pain of being regarded as recreant to duty; and that a church refusing to give forfeits the character of a gospel church." The arraignment is pointed, and very solemn; but who shall gainsay it? What less could He who is the faithful and true witness say of those who keep not the word of his testimony?—*Special Paper read at Cleveland Anniversaries.*

## OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

### Tuni.

*Extract from a letter from Mr. Currie to Dr. Cooper, of London, Ont.*

It is a source of no small comfort to know that there are bonds of Christian love uniting us to friends and brethren in the distant West—bonds which distance and time cannot sever—making us all one in Christ Jesus, and the expression of this fraternal fellowship by friends at home is most welcome. Especially to us, since our removal to this station, where we are widely separated from all Christian influences or Christian society, except what we find in or immediately connected with our own household. We are surrounded by the densest heathen darkness. Not another English-speaking family resides in the place; and beyond the range of our few servants and native evangelists, not another Christian household within many miles. But I do not wish to say much about the disadvantages, many though there be, of living at a country station like this,—they are of little account. If our Master honour us with a good measure of success in the work we have undertaken, we shall rejoice to be here, notwithstanding the few privations which we may find it necessary to undergo. As to success, it is scarcely time to expect much as yet, in a place where regular work was commenced only about ten months ago. In heathen communities generally a considerable amount of ploughing and sowing is necessary before much reaping can be done. Yet we have not been without indications of a good work progressing in the hearts of some of the people. A few persons in villages visited lately by my native assistants, have professed to be believers in Christ. One of them has twice come to the mission house to converse with me; and he seems to be sincere. If after waiting a few weeks these men appear to be genuine converts, they will probably be baptized. We have felt very much encouraged by these evidences of a disposition on the part of the people to receive the truth. Still we rejoice with trembling, as we know something about the instability of native character, and the disappointments incident to missionary life.

### Bimlipatam.

We learn from Rev. Dr. Cramp that our missionaries have been so busy lately in superintending the workmen who are erecting houses for them that their letters have been fewer than usual. Bro. Churchill's last (Nov. 1), contains the pleasing statement that two or three men, one of them his English-speaking teacher, (a Brahmin), are about to profess Christ. Let us be thankful for this, and look forward to the shower that will succeed the mercy-drops.—*Chris. Messenger.*

## Cocanada.

### INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

FOR THE LINK.

We have had two copies of the LINK and are very much pleased with it indeed. We all wish a long and useful career for it. I am glad it has made room for itself. I believe it is destined to form a very important link in the chain, which shall yet bind more closely our scattered Canadian missionary forces. I hope the missionaries will not fail you in doing their part to keep up the interest now evident.

If you will, I wish to send you a few notes of my last tour among our Christian villages:—

On the evening of the 25th October, the day of the Hindu feast of *Dheepavali*, the streets were fizzing, and resounding with fire-crackers—the sky seamed with rockets, and the canal brilliant with "lights along the shore," Jennie (a six year old) and I started for the west.

Our first Sunday we spent in *Moramanda*. The village is about a mile from the canal—so we left our boat, and, partly on our feet, and partly on the backs of our boys, made for the village. Why did we get on the boys' backs? They were our ferries across streams, mud-holes and submerged paddy-fields. Sunday we had two good meetings with the Christians, and slept both Saturday and Sunday nights on a native cot under a verandah. The house inside was too close and stifling. Monday we were off again, wind fair, weather beautiful, and everything hopeful for a splendid tour. We reach

*Dowlajheram*.—The boys cook their food on the beach. I get our license for the boat; we pass into the mighty Godavery,—over three miles wide; and try to cross. We go some distance, but the wind falls, the poles won't reach the bottom, and—the current is carrying us over the anicut (dam) twenty feet high! But there are sand-banks in the river, and this is our hope. Four men are stationed with poles ready to push for their lives, should bottom be touched, while another feels for the sand-bank. Slowly we move down—bottom is touched—a mighty spurt—and we are safe at the shore. Here we are detained by a furious storm till Wednesday. While waiting under the shelter of a high cliff, we have leisure to watch the people keeping the feast which is called

*NAGALA SOUTH*.—This is the feast of the *Cobra god*. This venomous reptile, whose bite is *certain death*, generally appropriates for his use deserted white ants' nests. To these the people, mostly women and children, repair on this day, and pour into the large holes of those nests different kinds of fruit, cakes and milk, and ask the god to receive them and be favourable.

Nothing of importance, except that we sailed on Wednesday morning, occurred till Thursday evening, just as we were entering *Colair Lake*. Here one of those cyclonic blasts, so common on these coasts, struck our boat. The sarang or captain did not handle the rudder properly. Poor "Minnie Wilson," crash—bang! down came sails, mast and front of the boat into the seething waters. The natives are all shouting at each other and doing nothing. The missionary turns captain—steps on deck—orders each one to hold his tongue and obey orders—has the anchor cast—the wreckage hauled on board, and then turns carpenter and blacksmith till the damage is repaired.

This is not done till the next morning, and in the meanwhile we pass a stormy, blustering night on the lake. Next day, with a fair wind, we cross the lake to

*GUNANOPUDI*.—This is the home of *Peter and Isaac*. Near by are the Christian villages of *Golvalapilly*, *Komanimudi*, and *Shenkerpud*. Sunday and Monday we spent with the Christians—preaching to large and interested audiences on Sunday. The whole country is covered with water—in many places several feet deep. This we found to our cost when we wanted to send a man to *Ellore*, 12 miles distant, for bread. No one would go—would have to swim half way, they said. But there was higher ground on the way to *Bundar*

(*Masulapatam*). So we sent a man there. He came back on the *third day*! The town was 24 miles distant. But, oh dear, on the way back, as he was sleeping in a village one night, a dog ran away with *four* out of the six loaves of bread he was bringing us. But, bad as this was, we consoled ourselves with the fact that in two or three days we would meet the coolie from *Cocanada* with supplies and letters. Tuesday, the illustrious 5th of November, was the day of the

*CYCLONE*.—We had only a fierce gale where we were. But from the way in which the wind behaved, we feared a Cyclone, but thought it would move east and south of *Cocanada*.

We moored our boat in a tank, under the shelter of a high bank covered with trees—anchored it fore and aft, and threw our sail over the cabin, in which we remained snug all day. Wednesday, crossed an arm of the *Colair Lake* and came to *Asaram*. We preached to the Christians and a good congregation of heathens till late at night. Here we met the provision basket from *Cocanada*. Letters from home—from *Canada*—from brother missionaries—from societies, etc., and papers—*Indian, Canadian, American and English or British*, were there; among them the first copy of the LINK. But was there bread in it? Y-e-e-e-s there was bread in it, and *rusts* too—but both were mouldy to the core. Well, well, no more bread till we reach home. But there is rice in the bag and there are chickens in the villages—so we shall get along. Thursday we re-crossed the lake to

*CHINNAMILLIPAUD*.—The readers of the LINK will have some idea of the state of some parts of this country, and the distress of the Christians and others, when I state that the "Minnie Wilson," which drew over two feet of water, sailed over the fields which ought to have been waving with grain,—and that we anchored in the *door-yard* of one of our Christian brethren. There will not be a handful of grain harvested this year in this village. We saw and talked with the Christians—heard their pitiful stories of distress—gave them the little help we could—told them we would tell their misery to you, and forward them all the help you sent them. As we sailed away we listened to the pitiless lap-lap-lap of the waves as they licked away the foundations of their houses. Many houses had already fallen. *Nindrakole, Gumulur and Artemur* were visited Friday and Saturday. Saturday morning we found a very venomous viper in our boat. It had climbed in during the night. Of course we killed it. Its bite would have been death. Late that night we reached

*GANAPAVARAM*.—We had intended remaining several days longer, but at this place porteur David made his appearance. This was not in the programme, and I knew at once something was wrong. "Is it well at home?" I said. Here is a letter, he said. Oh, how cold and sore my heart was. A Cyclone! I knew. I grasped the letter. It was *Mrs. McL.'s* handwriting. I felt better. I tore it open and read, "All are safe," but I must lose no time in getting home.

That afternoon we started, and against wind and tide we had made thirty miles by 7 o'clock next morning. We had now reached the *Godavery river*—but the wind was contrary and we could not cross. Just at this juncture in our affairs along comes the Government tug steamer, and hitching on to that, we were safely ferried over. The first news which greeted us this side was

"CANALS CLOSED."—What should we do now? No bandies could be had here, as there had been no demand for them hitherto. Bearers would cost Rs. 20, and we could not think of it. We went to the Boat Office. "One said?" "boat can go," another said. "can't go." The canals were breached, and the roads washed away by the Cyclone. I said, we shall go as far as the boat can go, and then we shall go the rest some way. So on we went, mile after mile, now sticking on a mud-bank, and again on the sand, till by dark we had come 18 miles. Suddenly our boat grates on the hard gravel, and we are stuck fast. We push and pull and shout. All get into the water and put their shoulders