

as was often the case), working day after day, not more than 3,000 heard the Gospel message. If we had left them not to return for another year, and then only on such a tour as we then made, and so each year we would be repeating the erratic and unsatisfactory method followed for years in this section by the London missionaries from Vizagapatam, who have done their best to reach these people. But what can one or two men with a handful of weak and dependent native Christians, do amongst — and — of people. And so we found at the end of that long succession of short tours, made hurriedly and only once a year by the London missionaries, and for a time by Mr. Currie from Tuni, not one Christian native to the place as the result of their labors. 250,000 souls and not one Christian convert from amongst them all.

Here we found four Christians, but like us they were outsiders who had come in to the district. One of these is a Baptist preacher of the London Mission who for three years has been stationed at the town of Yellamanchili (pronounced as written, excepting—manch—which pronounce as if written munch, and accent the word on that syllable). The other was the native doctor in charge of the hospital there, and his old mother. These constitute the entire Christian population amongst these perishing thousands.

On returning to Cocanada in January and reporting to the missionaries in conference, they at once appointed me to proceed to Yellamanchili a town of 5,000 in the centre of the district I have just described and some 25 miles north of Tuni, and to open a new station which shall henceforth be known as the Yellamanchili station of the Canadian Baptist Missions.

On February 20th of this year, with Jacob, of Samulcotta, one of the first graduates of the Seminary, and Sarriah one of the Tuni preachers, the gift of Mr. Gar-side to the new mission, I again reached Yellamanchili and entered an old house purchased that day from a Eurasian government officer for \$85. That day the Christian population was increased from four to eleven by the addition of our little company, including the two preachers and their wives, the old mother of one of them, and my Christian foreman, P. Sam. Our Baptist community all live in the same leaf-roofed house, with the missionary. Jacob, his wife and mother occupy the east bath room, Sarriah, his wife and child are on the north veranda and in a little store-room; P. Sam and a Christian servant, since come to us, live in the kitchen, and my boy and his wife use the cook house. Here is our beacon light shining now in one place, but destined to shine out far into the distance, and to light up with light and life, those darkened souls that lie in such dense masses around us.

We lost little time in settling. There were no carpets to put down, no paper nor curtains to be hung, no pictures and but little furniture to be arranged. An iron cot, a few small tables, a chair, a writing desk and two trunks are no trouble to dispose of in two small rooms. And then we were ready to commence work on the spiritual temple, we hope to rear heavenward for Christ. The process is very simple. Up early each morning, an hour of soul preparation with the Master and the Word, out into the street at 6.30 with the two native preachers. A hymn, a crowd and the unfolding of the plan of salvation. All men are sinners against God, who hates sin and will punish sinners. But that those who will may escape, He has provided a way of salvation—that way is Christ Jesus, and here a man interrupts by saying, "Jesus Christ! I have heard of Him, He is the Christian's God. Who is

He? Where did he come from? What did he do? Where is he now?" and thus rattles out question after question in rapid succession. We reply by asking him what is the number of the year used in all government and post offices in India. And when he answers, "1890," we proceed to tell of the birth of Jesus 1890 years ago, of His life and death, His resurrection and glorious ascension. The company hear us just as they heard the first missionaries, Peter and Paul. Some are indifferent, some withstand us, some laugh contemptuously, and some, but how few, listen with fruitful desire, like those represented by the good ground in the Parable of the Sower. At the close of the first address, which usually occupies 20 minutes, another hymn is sung, and books and tracts are offered for sale. The tracts are eagerly caught at by those who can read, but as each book costs a cent, unless there is a real interest, very few are sold. After disposing of the books, usually Gospels printed separately, another short address, and hymn and the whole is over by eight in the morning.

During mid-day many duties occupy the time. Very often an inquirer from the morning meeting, who has followed us to the house to learn more of Christ, spends the morning. If not, the routine work such as looking after new buildings, preparing for tour, seeing into housekeeping affairs, accounts, correspondence, home mails, study and such like, lead up to breakfast time at eleven. In the afternoon the preachers come in for an hour's study of the Word. In this way we have just completed a study of God in the book of Genesis. There are very few of His attributes not mentioned there. The questions which face us again and again in preaching are, "Who is God? What is God? Where is God?" And to give my men as clear a conception of the loving Father as can be had, we are studying this, the Word, on that one theme. The heathen idea of God is awful. You can imagine how degraded the Almighty has become in their eyes when you reflect on the fact that last hot season when no rain was falling in Bobbili, the people after praying to their gods and performing all the requirements of their religious books, represented by the priests, nominally the most enlightened men in the village, took down the god from his golden throne in the great temple and placing it in a tub of water said, "There soak or send us rain." Another instance occurred of a father who took his educated daughter, a young woman of sixteen, from the mission and sold her to a life of shame. On being severely reproached by the missionary, he excused his conduct by instancing in the sacred books of his religion, the example of the god he worshipped, and that god is one of the most popular deities of India. So to give my men a clear conception of God, I am taking them through the Bible and showing them how He hates iniquity and loves good, and all the beautiful attributes that go to make up the lovely, perfect and holy character, of the Lord Jehovah.

In the evening we again preach in the streets to men, women and children, in large and small numbers, and when through are tired and ready for a good night's rest. And such is the daily life of our new station, with all the variations of new experience and old "temptations and trials."

You will remember the new station at Yellamanchili. And let us all join in prayer, that the 48 men may be forth-coming from Canada, and that this whole land may be filled with new stations and Gospel light.

Yours in Christ,

H. F. LAYMANNE.

May 1st, 1890.