

by boat on the evening of Friday, March 25th, for Akidu. They rested on Sunday, and reached their home on Monday, when she felt pretty well, with the exception of a headache. On Tuesday, about half-past five, she complained of a dumb feeling in her forehead, but it passed away. On Wednesday morning, after her breakfast, she felt sick; she ate a little curry at dinner, but held the spoon with difficulty. She then took a little walk with her husband, but before tea wished to go to bed.

That night she was feverish, and wished her husband to stay with her; and on Thursday morning she was very ill, and he got the overseer's wife, a Eurasian, to stay with her, and sent a messenger to Mr. Bowden (one of George Muller's missionaries at Mirsapore), asking him to send a doctor and come himself. He also sent for Mr. Timpany. During that night no one was with him but the Ayah and sweeper. On Friday morning he had given up all hope, and had no one with him but the overseer's wife for part of the time, and Peter, the preacher. No one came till Saturday morning at nine o'clock, when the doctor, or dresser, arrived, and immediately after, Mr. and Mrs. Bowden. Efforts were made to relieve her, but without effect; and she died on Saturday evening, about five o'clock. Mrs. Bowden performed the last sad offices for her, and on Sunday afternoon a service in Telugu was conducted by Peter. As there is no cemetery at Akidu, the burial took place at Mirsapore, where there is a cemetery, walled in, near the river. This place is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bowden. They left Akidu at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and stopped for refreshments at half-past ten; then went on, and at five a.m. on Monday they passed Palakole, where Mr. Macrae, a missionary who resides there, met them on the road with coffee and bread. Mr. Bowden's house was reached at eight a.m., and after breakfast the funeral services were held. The services were conducted by Mr. Heelis, a missionary. At the house they were partly in English and partly in Telugu, and at the grave all in Telugu.

[In consequence of the canal being closed for repairs, and palk: the only means of conveyance, Mr. Timpany could not get to Akidu in time to be of any service; and when the tidings of Mrs. Craig's death reached Mrs. Timpany at Cocanada, the burial had already taken place. — Ed.]

Bobbili.

A DAY IN THE MISSION HOUSE.

March 18th, 1851.

I have just read with a great deal of pleasure, *M. u day in Cocanada*, and have been wondering if an account of a *Friday in Bobbili* would prove at all interesting to the readers of the LINK, if I sit down this Friday evening and write out the experience of the day. I cannot say that all Fridays are alike here, for no two days are the same with us; but this day is a good sample of all our week-days at the present time. Our Sundays are more nearly alike than other days.

When I awoke this morning, the first thing that attracted my attention was the splashing of water in the bath-room; where Mr. Churchill was taking his morning bath, preparatory to a season of work upon the house-top, before the sun should get too hot for him to dare remain there. As I opened my eyes, a beautiful and inspiring sight met my gaze. I looked out of my window through a long avenue, it seemed, of mango trees,

all the green trees and rose-tinted skies appeared to meet. When Mr. Churchill returned to the room, I said, "This is your day for fever, so I must not forget to send you up a good dose of quinine as soon as I get it prepared."

Bathing and dressing over, a swarm of coolies, and other workmen, are waiting outside, to be set at work; so after giving out to the cook, rice to be prepared for the tiny ducks; rolong for conjee; and tea for our early breakfast, I take my sun hat and saunter forth; but am met at the door by the carpenter, who is also a blacksmith, bringing some nails he has been making at home, out of hours. They are still warm, and must be weighed, to see that the weight of iron given the night, previous is not much diminished by the making.

I give out some nails, and then set the ten masons to work, some here and some there, and see that there are enough, and not too many, coolies to wait on each set. Then I apportion the women to their work, some sifting chunam, some heating the stones to resift, some pounding the mixed chunam and sand, and a bevy of girls to carry the prepared chunam to the masons. Some coolies are set to fill in, and beat down, the floor of the rooms in the godown; and two others are earnestly asking me to come and stretch the line for them to continue digging the foundation for the stone fence around the compound.

The ducks' food is ready, so I unlock the door, let out the large ducks, appropriate the eggs that have been laid during the night, and see that proper food and water is placed within for the remaining fowls. I may state, that a fowl house is a necessity at this station, for we can never purchase a fowl in bazaar, scarcely ever a piece of mutton fit to eat, and never any other kind of meat.

The fowls attended to, I get my umbrella and line, and start for the foundation. On my way I see Mr. Churchill working so busily on the top of the house, that he does not seem to know that the sun is shining full upon the back of his head and neck. So I call the boy to take the large umbrella, get up on the house, and hold it over Mr. C.'s head, charging him to see that the shadow always falls where it should, and I proceed to the fence. Here I find that, having commissioned the boy to stretch the line the day before, he had concluded that new holes were better than the old ones in which to drive the peys at the end of the line. Consequently some of the work had to be done over again, as I prefer to search out the *old paths*.

By the time I return to the house, the tea is ready and the children dressed. Mr. C. is called down to take his quinine, which I forgot to send up to him as I proposed, and the horsekeeper is waiting to have the horse's, cow's and bullocks' feed measured out. This attended to, we take our early breakfast, or "chota hesrah," as it is called, in this country. Before we have finished, some of the masons are calling for instructions. As Mr. Churchill feels ill, I go out again, and set them right. Return, and have morning worship; after which the cook receives his instructions and money for the day; such things as we have in store, are given out; the safe locked, good mornings said 'with the children, and I start for school.

Just now my conveyance is more useful than elegant will tell you what it is like. Between Christmas and New Year our pony was frightened at something while I was in school, and ran away with the carriage, overturning and smashing it up badly, and we have not yet been able to get it repaired. It was broken right through between the front and hind wheels, but upon the latter