

The town has a population of between 18,000 and 19,000, principally Telugus. We have city government, or what corresponds thereto, a few fairly good roads, some oil lamps to light the streets, but no water supply as yet. There is a municipal High School with an enrolment of between 800 and 1,000 boys; two schools under Government management for girls, and several for boys; a Mission School for caste girls and another Mission School for boys and girls, these also working along the Government curriculum and subject to Government inspection. But at present most of the girls of school age are still outside of any school.

Some seventy-five or more years ago the London Mission was at work here, but owing to the needs of larger and more productive fields elsewhere, this Mission gradually withdrew from this part of the country. When the Rev. S. S. Day came to India and began looking for a location among the Telugus, he first settled at Chicacole, and finally went on further south to Nellore, in 1835.

In 1874 and 1875, when the Canadian Baptists, some from the American Mission Field to the south, and a larger number from Burma, began to concentrate in this Northern Telugu country, the Rev. W. F. and Mrs. Armstrong attempted to settle in Parlakimedi; but frequent attacks of fever sent them to Chicacole in 1877, and this town thus became the headquarters of the Canadian Baptist Mission in the Ganjam district.

The present Mission House was then a dilapidated old ruin. Mr. Armstrong bought this, and when ill-health sent them home in 1880, they left the house in fairly good condition; and with the exception of occasional repairs it is now as it was then—rooms full of haunting memories for those who have time or inclination to wonder what voices sounded here one hundred years ago, or what life was to the inmates of this dwelling.

The Mission compound here is small, only about half an acre, and lies directly on the bank of the river, in about the centre of the town, which stretches a mile north and south, and also spreads itself out a half a mile in front of the Mission premises.

Stand for a moment on the back verandah and glance down at the river flowing twenty feet below, and away over it to the green rice fields in the Vizag district, with their fringing palm trees, and see the people crossing and recrossing the river, each, as of old, bearing his load of care. And listen to the tinkle of the bell in the temple at the far end of the bridge, announcing some function away in its dark recesses. Note, also, the sunset clouds in the glowing west, and say, involuntarily, "The heavens declare the glory of God," and how can intelligent men and women worship the creations of their own hands?

Stand on the front verandah and look across the public square, where just now the Police Inspector is drilling his men, to the High School buildings, the office of the Sub-Registrar, another temple, and a rest-house for travelling officials. Just down there to the left are some rooms occupied by some of our Indian assistants, while to the right, within easy speaking distance, is the present Redemption Home. And still farther on, and still on the river bank, are the buildings belonging to the Good Samaritan Hospital. Some fine large trees give coolness and shade here and there, and withal it is a pretty place, with its foliage plants and flowering shrubs.

But another backward look. Here, in the early part of her mission life, the writer of this sketch spent nearly two very formative and very care-full years alone in this house, save for the Indian Christians, who were not then what they are now. But the care-full years were pervaded and overshadowed by a very sweet consciousness of the loving care of a Heavenly Father by day and by night.

Here, in 1882, was baptized in that river the first Brahmin convert in our Mission. Though he was taken away and drugged, he returned and is still a preacher on the Chicacole field, and he and his wife are living, outstanding wit-