

and have a deeper joy in knowing such a Saviour. Wonderful words of life seems more wonderful here, and glad tidings seems to be something more than glad. India needs a Saviour; we cannot but feel this every day as we pass through the streets. Here are the temples that have been pictured to us in books. A great feeling of sadness creeps over one as he stands before one of these shrines and watches the devotees passing in and out. Here are souls hungering for food, and getting stone; looking for life, and finding death; expecting some kind of heaven, and sinking into, perhaps, darkness. The door stands open, and we get a glimpse of the idol. It is hideous as death, and the darkness must be heavy when the worshippers cannot see it. The doctrine of depravity is easily read here, and the need of a real Saviour quickly felt. We are glad Bro. Auvache is coming. He must be even now nearing our shores, and very soon will see the people among whom he must work. And there is room still—room for contributions, if that is all that can be given; room for prayers—yes, remember we are the Lord's light in this land, and pray our light may not give doubtful rays; room for workers. One bright light has gone out, but others must spring up, and are no others looking this way?

THE AUVACHES.

The new missionaries have come! Mr. and Mrs. Auvache are here! They left England on the 23rd January, reached Madras on the 26th February, and Cocanada on the morning of the 2nd March. On their arrival here Bro. Craig met them at the steamer and welcomed them to India. On reaching the mission house Bro. Currie, Miss Frith, Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Stillwell, and myself gave them another welcome. On Wednesday evening, the 4th, a formal meeting was held in the English Baptist chapel, and another welcome given. We have welcomed them and made them feel we were glad to see them. From arrival of the telegram in October till the 2nd March seemed a long time. The telegram only told that a new missionary had been appointed. It did not mention his name. Accordingly, we guessed and conjectured and wondered whom the Lord was sending. We kept on doing so for five or six weeks, when the mails came, giving the name and other wished-for particulars. Bro. Craig thought he had met the new man in Stratford, but wasn't quite sure. The rest of us could not even think we had met him, or known him, or ever heard the name, so we sank back into a waiting mood and waited. We thought we had to wait until about the 1st February, but all February was passed in waiting, and the 2nd of March brought the new missionaries.

I am no artist, and so I cannot paint them as they seemed to me. I am not even an artist in description, so I shall not attempt a picture. But they are here; we have welcomed them. In the meeting we also admonished them and treated them to some of our experience. Bro. Craig did it well. Of course I attempted it, and I could at least tell them something about acquiring Telugu. We had a good time. And *they*—they were ready to end their voyage, and see something of their new home, companions, and work. We are hoping they will have many years to get acquainted with these. May their future be bright, and may many Telugus rise up to call them blessed!

J. R. STILLWELL.

Cocanada, 1886.

Bimlipatam.

MY DEAR LINK,—It is evening, and Mr. Archibald has just returned from the Malapilly, where he went to

preach. As usual, some heard well while others were indifferent. He met a Homaty man with a native almanac, and asked what he was doing with that, though he knew quite well. He said he was telling the people about the times and seasons, and when it would be suitable to do various kinds of work. It came out in the conversation that the almanac was for '85, and Mr. A. asked him how he could tell the people about the weather out of last year's calendar. Well, he was a poor man and had to obtain a living, and as the men and women did not know about it, it was a matter of little consequence. Mr. M. tried to impress him, with the fact that he was knowingly deceiving the people, and that it was not right; but his heart refused to be impressed, and he said that although he had known of the Padre Dora for years, he had no friendship with him, and did not wish to have. Mr. A. desired to learn his objections; and he said he knew that the missionaries came to this country to tell the people about sin and a Saviour, and as he did not care for anything in this line, he did not wish to become acquainted with them. We meet many just like that man.

Their indifference falls coldly upon us as we attempt to converse with them upon religion. Interest enough to endeavour to combat what we say is sometimes preferable. Only the spirit of the living God can make these hard hearts tender, and we are praying and longing that it may come upon this people powerfully and convince them of sin of righteousness and of a judgment to come.

But we are hopeful that the time of harvest is coming nearer, and we are looking for the people to come in by ones and twos. Different ones say they believe, but who will take the first step is the point where they stumble.

After some good talk with others Mr. Archibald turned homewards, and by a door he saw some women preparing fish for the evening meal, and while conversing with them observed their novel way of removing the scales.

A woman sat on the ground with a large, coarse knife held firmly between her feet. Each hand held one end of the fish, which she scraped rigorously across the blade of the knife. Probably the style suits our friends here much better than the most approved Canadian method would.

Our native assistant from Kaiga came in to-day. This village is situated about eighteen miles from here, on the main road to Chicacole, and about five miles from the sea. Before we went south Mr. A. bought the property there and sent out a young preacher and his wife, and an old preacher to be a sort of support to the young people.

They had some little difficulties at first; the natives did not wish them to use the water from the tank, and put various obstacles in their way in this and other directions. But now all is moving on well; they are making some friends there, and, as a general thing, get good attention when they preach. We are hoping much from the work there, and feel assured that, by-and-bye, Kaiga and vicinity will report some believers in the Lord Jesus. Our friends at home must not forget to pray for this outstation, for its Christian teacher, and its heathen population.

A letter from Kortiah to-day at Pedda Penkie, on the Bobbili field, gives us the encouraging information that a leaper, or farmer family, gives some evidence of accepting the truth; that they wish to profess their faith in Christ but are afraid, and he asks us to pray for them. I send the request on to you, and hope you will take it to the throne of grace and present it in such a way that He who loves to give will hear and bless us with special favour.