

Cocanada

MY DEAR MRS. NEWMAN, - Our dear Miss Frith has to-day left us to the deep regret of all. Many hearts were sad, but none more sad than her own. The thought of leaving the work so dear to her was very hard after being here only a limited time. As she says it was hard for her to leave home when she came here, but now it was doubly so to leave this, the land of her adoption, and the land to which God had specially called her. During the past few weeks all the time she could possibly spare and more has been taken up by receiving visitors who had come for the last talks. European and Eurasian, English and native, Bichamic and Christian, one and all were listened and talked to with equal attention: to one an earnest word of advice, to another an encouraging word; to one a reproof to another an exhortation, with many not Christians a few beseeching words of prayer. To-day the verandah was filled again, the school-girls were here and sang their good-bye hymns with their loved missionary sitting in their midst, to-night the verandah is quiet, the school-girls have gone to their rooms, and Miss Frith is on the sea homeward bound. We trust that by the time she reaches Canada that the recovery already begun here may be completed, and that the time at home may be spent in storing up reserve strength, and that the sisters at home will allow her to rest, really rest, for the first few months at least, and that they will not expect or request her to be at every missionary gathering that is held. This is very trying for one whose physical system and nervous system both have been so enervated or prostrated by this fatal climate.

Many here are praying for her quick return, and we hope those at home may unite their petitions at the throne of Grace, that if it is God's will she may be fully restored so as to be able shortly to do so. In the meantime I take a nominal oversight of her zenana work, paying the workers and meeting them once a month. More than this I think I ought not to do till the language is more ready to me. Has any other young lady shown herself ready to come? We hope so. Praying that while you are welcoming the returning missionary another may be preparing to come, S. J. HATCH.

A First Tour.

We pass out through the Samulcotta gate and down the long stretch of road that leads to Jagampett and find ourselves really started upon our first tour. It is about 11 p.m., and as there is no moon the night is rather dark, but that makes little difference to us lying upon our back at full length in the bandy, with face towards the small canopy of covering that shuts us in and makes us feel we have a small world of our own. We compose ourselves to sleep and pass the miles unconsciously, waking when light breaks and find ourselves nearing our first stopping place.

We enter Jagampett—I don't know whether I should call it a village or a town—have made about twelve miles during the night, pass through the place and slowly make our way to the travellers bungalow. Some one has been here before us and has passed the night, but has flown, leaving indications of a hurried departure, as articles of every description are scattered in all directions which the servants are busy gathering up and making ready for moving. We unceremoniously push into the bungalow, crowd other things aside with our own, have a hurried tea, and are ready to see the people of Jagampett. As we pass through the streets in search of a good place for preaching, we see enough of the place to know that it must be a town. I shall call it a town of some importance.

We take up our stand on the corner of a principal street

and have soon a considerable company about us. This is gathered by singing a hymn, and when assembled is a study for any one interested in humanity.

We are finally face to face with this heathen people. One quick glance takes in everything, outer garment, mental equipment, spiritual knowledge. These are they of whom we had heard much—stories of idolatry, ignorance and sin, until the soul addened; of vain effort seeking light and finding none, of hopeless, dark utter despair. And now we are in their midst, can speak their language, can show them the way of salvation, can tell them things eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor mind conceived—things that God hath prepared for them that love Him.

The hymn is ended and a motly throng have gathered round, of all ages and appearances, some crowding near, some at a distance, in all postures, some sitting, some standing with avidly supported, or burden upon the head, some idly passing the time, some plying their trade weaving a rope or plaiting a basket, some gazing in stupid wonder, some heedless, catching a word and passing soon; some curious to question or ready to hinder—a few, may be, eager for knowledge, but all eyes are turned upon us and are taking us in from the large sun topee we wear to the shoes on our feet, and they could stand gazing at us any length of time if so no pressing duty did not call them away. We have waited long enough and now tell the story of the cross and explain our mission, and do what we can with simple narrative, illustration, or story to press the truth home; and this seems more difficult than an enthusiast might have imagined, for these souls are very dark, and these hearts are very hard, and these natures have been perverted, ruined by sin. These, certainly need a second birth, and such, some will experience, we may hope.

We soon pass the morning when we must retreat within the walls of the bungalow, and while here find out the two Christians in the place, learn what villages are near, what work may be done, and the best means of doing it.

In the evening we preach in the Malapilly, and then get under way for our next halting place. This is Rajanagram where we pass another day similar, in many respects, to our first one, varied by circumstances and surroundings, and then hurry on to Gokaram, the Lord's Supper is commemorated, the Christians encouraged, the gospel preached to others, and we journey on to Rajapudi where one of our preachers is stationed—Guriah. A day here, permitting us to see Rajapudi and a village two miles distant, but apparently twice that distance to one walking with the sun pouring down upon him, and we make our way to Elahavaram, from which place we see Lingamparti, another village two miles distant. In the former place we had a very enjoyable time, preaching in several places and getting a good hearing, while in the latter not so enjoyable, as we were endeavoring to persuade some who had gone back to return and had to leave them in a halting condition.

Another night comes in upon us and we move on to Gedenapilla, in which and about which there are thirteen Christians, the most of whom we see when we pass on through Valanka which we see also to another Jagampeth; but we have passed out of the Cocanada field and have crossed the Tani field boundaries, and are upon ground worked by Mr. Currie. Jagampeth is a station on the Tani field and has four Christians and prospects that others may soon embrace the Christian faith. In a small house, the thermometer standing at 100°, we passed the day, having not a minute's respite from the time of entering until we said our salaams and passed on. The little house and place near the door was first crowded with a company of men, and then with a company of women, and finally the Christians came in for their part, and before leaving we saw the village, ascertained the needs of the place, gained the Munsiff's consent to the Christians taking water out of the good water tank which caste people previously alone took. Leaving Jagampeth we passed through Sankawaram and as it was market day we had a good opportunity of meeting a great many people with little difficulty. We stay here talking with the people until our