

Then there are the villages, where at our first stopping place, the lord and master of the house answers our knock and call, and before we can make known our errand, bids us be gone; or learning our business, tells us that his "women folk are very ignorant, they do not know any thing, and he does not wish them to know anything." Then he makes it his special business to see that we meet with ~~the~~ success all through the village. To accomplish this, he follows us and permits not a woman to hear; all we can do is to retire, hoping that some other day this man will not be at home; or we gain a hearing, and some old woman in the group gathered around us, bids the others "get to work, why listen to this new doctrine? What was good enough for our fathers and forefathers and for me till my hair is gray, is good enough for you, why waste time listening? Let the white lady worship her God and we will worship ours."

Again and again the message is scorned and rejected and we pray for power to present Him in all His loveliness, as having form and comeliness and beauty, that seeing Him they should desire Him.

Yesterday in Poorla, we found a young widow—quite an infidel. From the mother and neighbors we learned that at the time of her husband's last illness she offered penances, prayers and sacrifices, to the end that he might live and not die; but these were all unheeded by the gods—he died, and she lost all faith in her religion, refused to participate in any of the ceremonies connected therewith and continually denounced the worship of the gods as empty and useless.

At first she paid little heed to our words, beyond an occasional careless laugh, but soon she grew interested, leaning forward to catch every word, now and then asking a question or explanation of that which was not quite clear to her. I could not help wishing that it were possible for us to see the village more often, that the good work begun in this one woman's heart might be followed up. This is my first visit to the village since entering upon my work, more than six months ago, and it will be months before I can hope to come this way again.

We found ready admittance into all Government and private schools, and obtaining permission to address the pupils, have taught verses of scripture in one and all, giving as a reward for perfect recitation of same, a little booklet, such as "Story of Jesus," "Story of Joseph," "How Sin Came," etc.

This morning in the village of Kykaram, after the recitation of the truth taught, and the giving of the new books, the whole school followed us to the boat, for the purpose of buying more books. One boy bought six more of the kind given to him, another, the "Gospel of Mark," another, the "Gospel of Luke," another, "The History of Salvation," "The Way of Happiness," and so on.

In one village we found the centre of the school room occupied by a wooden idol—the goddess of learning, to which the children bow daily. And every child, boy or girl, before going to school for the first time must bring a special offering of rice and fruit to this goddess of learning, whether she be enshrined in temple or school room.

These first principles of religious worship are taught by the mother; 'tis from the mother the child learns to lip the names of the gods; 'tis the mother who teaches how he must approach these gods—with what words and what offering he must come, and 'tis these very mothers we are trying to reach—to show them the error of their ways and point them to Jesus, that they may not only believe and live, but that they may teach to their little ones of the One who saith: "I am the Lord, and there is none else, there is no God beside me. . . . My glory will

I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images."

FANNY M. STOVELL.

Boat "T. S. Shenston," July 29th, 1890.

Yellamanduli, India.

To the Ladies of the Peterboro' Baptist Association.

SISTERS IN CHRIST,—You will know that for many years our few missionaries have been straining every nerve to reach and touch with the healing balm of the Gospel these perishing millions of Telugus. After labors which were so intense, protracted and excessive as to lay two of them in premature graves and disable two others from active service, they were, with the limited reinforcements sent out from Canada, scarcely able to retain ground already occupied, much less to advance into the large and inviting regions that lay in the beyond, like vast harvest fields in which the fruitage was ripening to destruction and there was none to save.

But late in 1889, with the appointment of the Davis to Cocanada and of the Garisides to Tunni, with Akidu once more under the undivided care of its missionary family, and with the Seminary fully manned by the Stillwells and your own able and devoted representative, Miss Hatch, and with other volunteers crowding into the mission, the long cherished desire of opening a new mission to the North of Tunni, seemed about to be realized.

Early in November of 1889, accompanied by two of our Telugu preachers, one Jacob, the young pastor of the Samulotta church, the other, Jonathan Burder, the gifted and eloquent pastor of the Cocanada congregation, I set out to explore that region lying to the north of Tunni. We found a stretch of country 60 miles in breadth, extending from Tunni to Vizagapatam. The latter is a large sea-port town of 25,000 and is occupied as the only station of the London Mission Society. This is the Society of the English Independents who have been operating about Vizagapatam and to the north for the last 70 years. Vizagapatam will be known to you as the town in which Mr. Day, the founder of the Lone Star Te'gu Mission of the American Baptists first landed 54 years ago, and where he received the hospitality of the London missionaries of that day. This mission though of such an age, numbers only some 100 converts and owing to this unfruitfulness the outlying station of Vizianagram, was abandoned and the property sold to our Maritime Baptist people. At present there are in Vizagapatam two missionaries, one a Welsh Congregationalist, named Thomas, the other a young Scotch Presbyterian, who bears the same name as, and is a descendant of, the great Knox. These two men are earnest, evangelical and are bent on reaching the people with the Gospel message. So we left them a wide area of country, including almost 500,000 souls, and confined our investigation to a tract lying some 12 miles north of Tunni, which is the eastern border of the Tunni field, and reaching up to a large town of 15,000, some 20 miles from Vizagapatam, and which we shall call the boundary of the London Mission. In this small district some 25 miles from east to west and the same distance from the sea-coast to the sparsely populated hill-country, there lies a population that must include over a quarter of a million of souls. For six weeks we preached unceasingly amongst them in some 23 of their large and central villages, to reach which we travelled 340 miles. And yet in all that time and with three of us (two preaching, if the third was sick with fever,