

Canadian Baptists had no organized Foreign Missionary Society, they therefore went out under the auspices of the American B. F. M. S. They first settled at Nellore, where they remained one year and nine months, they then removed to Ramapatam fifty miles north of Nellore, where they remained six years, and where Mr. Timpany founded the school, which has since become the largest Theological Seminary in the world. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin had, two years later, followed them to India, and had been laboring at Ongole, and in 1873, an independent Canadian Baptist Foreign Missionary Society was organized, taking Cocanada as its chief station, it being the most important place, and appointing Mr. McLaurin missionary there. Three months later he removed to Cocanada, and was soon followed by the Timpanys.

This field had been brought to the notice of our Missionaries by Thomas Gabriel, a native, who had been converted through the reading of a tract, and had since been preaching the Gospel in that region. Cocanada is an important town of 30,000 inhabitants. It contains within the compound the missionaries' dwelling house, the girls' boarding school and the native chapel, and they expect soon to erect a matron's house, and also a home for our Zenana workers, both of which are much needed. In the missionaries' house there at present reside, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell and Miss Frith, the latter being the only one present who was there last year, Mrs. Timpany having returned to Canada soon after Mr. Timpany's death occurred. In the girls' boarding school there are between 50 and 60 young girls, and Ella an old faithful native servant. Mrs. Craig at present has charge of the girls. Jonathan Burder is pastor of the native chapel. Miss Frith you know is our Zenana worker, she has three assistants, Mrs. DeBeau and her sister Miss Charlotte Gibson, who reside in the town with their mother, and Ellen the Bible woman, who also resides in the town with her family. In another part of the town is the English church, of which Mr. Stillwell at present has charge, and the same building is used for the English free school, of which Miss Folsom is teacher. She is supported partly by government, and partly by contributions, the former paying about half her salary. She also has two assistants. Our next station is Samulcotta, 12 miles north-west of Cocanada, where is the Theological Seminary, presided over by Mr. McLaurin, and containing about 60 students, most of whom are supported by the Mission Bands. The next station is Tuni, 40 miles north of Cocanada, where Mr. and Mrs. Currie labor. Although Mrs. Currie and her family are at present in Canada, they have native assistants.

Akidu, 80 miles south-west of Cocanada, is Mr. Craig's field, although he at present resides in Cocanada, the better to oversee the two fields, also to afford Mrs. Craig greater facilities in acquiring the language. This field has 16 native preachers, 22 teachers and one Bible woman. Each of these larger stations has several smaller stations which the missionaries frequently visit, and which are looked after by the native assistants. In the December, 1884, number of the LINK you will find a "Map of our Mission Fields" and a short account of some of the native preachers and their work, by Mr. Craig. We must not forget to mention the Mission boats, which are so necessary for the Missionaries in touring along the numerous canals which intersect the country. The boat *Canadian* belongs to the Cocanada field, and was built with the money raised by the Ladies' Circles some years ago. The *Shenston* belongs to the Akidu field. In a very interesting letter recently received from one of our ladies, she says:—"It requires much greater

self-denial to labor in some parts of India than others; for instance, in Cocanada it is comparatively easy where they have the comforts and social privileges of civilization, but in such fields as Tuni and Akidu nothing but love for the work, and being able to engage in it would make life there endurable. No matter how ill a person might be it would be impossible to obtain the services of a physician or food suitable for the invalid or a reliable servant to wait upon them; they are twenty-five miles distant from an English speaking person, and are surrounded by the most ignorant and deceitful type of natives, who live in dirty mud villages with nothing but the most squalid wretchedness. Under such circumstances the missionaries feel themselves starving socially, intellectually and (though it ought not to be) too frequently spiritually." Should they not have our prayers and sympathy?

Dollars for Self and Cents for Christ.

"Yes, I always give for missions and everything else, said Phil. "I give something every Sunday; don't you?"

"Why, no; I give five or ten cents when I think I can spare it, when I have a good deal of money and don't want it for anything," said Tom.

"I give whatever papa or mamma give me for it," said James. "Sometimes it's more and sometimes it's less."

"Oh, I always give my money," said Phil. "I don't think it's any giving at all unless you do that."

"Yours is the best way, I'm sure," said Tom, soberly. "They say it's the regular giving that counts."

"And then, of course, what you give is just so much out of what you'd like to spend on yourself."

"Yes," said Phil, feeling very self-denying and virtuous.

"I'm going to try your way," said Tom. "And I'm going to keep an account and see what it amounts to."

The three boys were on their way home from Sunday-school, where they had heard from a missionary some very interesting accounts of the great work which is going on in Africa. He had treated his subject with all the power which comes of a heart glowing with zeal in the grand work to which he had devoted his life, and love for the poor creatures whose eyes had learned to look to him in earnest seeking for knowledge of the way of life.

And, as heart always awakens heart, he had succeeded in deeply stirring the sympathies of his young hearers as he told of lives wretched and degraded in this world and hopeless as regards any other: of down-trodden women and neglected children who are crying out to those in our favored land, "Come over and help us."

So that many of them went away with the solemn feeling that they should, in some sense, be held answerable if they did not strive to hold out a helping hand to those in such sore need. For the present it was plain that missionary interest was to be centred in the "dark continent," and little societies were formed among Sunday-school children, they believing it would be pleasanter to put their gifts together than to offer them separately.

Several boys came to Phil's house on the next afternoon to talk it over, and Phil brought his account book to put down their names as the first members of their society, with a preamble in which occurred many high-sounding words setting forth their resolves and intentions.

"What's this, Phil?" asked his uncle, picking up the book on the same evening after tea.

"Oh, that's my account-book, uncle. I brought it down to take names and draw up resolutions for our missionary society."

"May I read it, or is it a secret organisation?"

"Certainly you may. I am simply, you know, trying to work up the idea of liberal giving among the boys."