

It is a noticeable fact that many who evidently have an inclination to attend and hear the Gospel, are ashamed to be seen by their fellow caste men giving any attention to what the missionaries and native Christian preachers have to say. However, there are many others, not only from the town, but also from distant villages, who from time to time have heard the Gospel preached there. We often meet this acknowledgment—"O we heard these things at the Clock Tower."

The Sabbath School grows in interest. The use of the International Lessons in Telugu is a great help to us.

Christian giving on the part of the Church members has been continued during the year as we began the year previous. The Tenth is considered the basis, that is the minimum of giving. All do not work on this basis; but those who do, find a blessing in it. The Church has been made to suffer by the backsliding of some of its members. This is grief to us. Discipline has been exercised as the cases seemed to require. In the midst of all we have had the assurance that the Lord is with us to bless.

The coming of Bro. and Sister Morse at this juncture, when it is necessary for us to leave the field, fills us with joy: and we pray that their efforts may be greatly blessed.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

DEAR BOYS OF THE WILLING WORKERS' BAND.

YOU want to know something about my boat, so I shall try to tell you something about her—her why and wherefore. You will perhaps wonder why a boat is needed in India. I will tell you. Many parts of India are intersected with a fine system of canals built by the British Government. Why the canals, you say? For trade and commerce? No not exactly. What then? For irrigation. That is a big word, but I will explain. The Hindus, as you know, live almost wholly on rice. Well, where does rice grow? Under water. At certain seasons of the year you might see great stretches of the country entirely covered by water. These are the great rice fields. Well, the water for these rice fields is let off by sluices into the fields, and thus the people are always sure of fine crops, whereas in places where there are no canals there is often famine. Well, along the banks of these canals lie many villages. It is to preach in these that we need a boat. Going along the canal, villages at a distance of one and two miles can be reached either on horseback or on foot. This is especially the case during the rainy season when the country is often flooded with water; and in India except what the Government have built there are almost no roads. Without a boat, a missionary during a good part of the rainy season would be compelled to stay at home or preach in what villages as near his bungalow he could reach, as tenting is next to impossible during the rainy season.

Now you ask perhaps, what will the boat look like and of what will she be constructed. She will likely be constructed largely of teak wood and will be built as nearly as possible to resemble a house inside, for you know that when on a tour the missionary must live in her for weeks it may be at a time. At one end will be the cook room in which your black cook will ply his nimble trade. In the middle of the boat will be the

missionary's chief room—on the one side a table, on the other side a sofa or lounge on which to sleep. On the walls will be cupboards for dishes, medicines, books, etc. In this room the missionary rests during the middle of the day, and at night after coming home late after a long preach in some village. At the other end of the boat will be a bath room and perhaps opposite a store room.

Next, how do we travel? We travel "*Pullman*," that is by coolies—three or four coolies with a long rope tied to the front of the boat go ahead and pull the boat. If there is wind favorable we can hoist a sail and the boat spins along guided by the steersman whom the Telugus call the "*surang*." You would all laugh if you saw the coolies one after another, "*Indian file*," tugging away at the long rope. Ordinarily they travel about two miles an hour. As a rule we move from place to place at night, so the coolies generally rest and sleep during the day. The reason why we travel at night is that it is cooler for the men and then we need to arrive at a new village in the morning in time to reach the people before they go off to the fields to work. The people in India all live in villages or towns, nobody lives in the country as in Canada. They are a very timid race and so are afraid to go alone especially at night. Well, after arriving at a new village the missionary as soon as day dawns rouses up his men. A light meal is partaken of, and accompanied by a preacher or two, he sets out for the village. Going up some of the principal streets his presence is soon known. Soon the people whisper to each other that a "*doraguru*" has come. Going to a central place to which the various castes may congregate, a crowd soon gathers. Little boys and girls almost if not quite naked, flock around. The crowd jabbars, salaams, shouts, smokes, and stares. A hymn is started and then there is some silence, after which the missionary and his preachers tell the people the wonderful story of God's love. Sometimes the crowd listens, sometimes not. Often a haughty Brahmin stalks forward with some silly question. He asks you to show God. He asks you what color sin is, and all such foolish questions. But the preachers and missionary keep on speaking and testifying, and singing the Gospel. Then they distribute some tracts or sell some books and then return to the boat to rest unless interrupted by people who come to talk about Christ or who want medicine, etc., a stock of which a missionary generally carries along with him. He takes his noonday meal, rests, reads, or sleeps in his cosy room in the boat until evening, when he is off again with his preachers to another or it may be the same village, again to preach Christ and him crucified. He returns tired in body but happy in soul. While he sleeps his coolies pull the boat a few miles further, and then in the morning he is in a new region ready to visit new villages. This is what the boat is for. What do you think about it? If any of you come out to India I will give you a free ride in the *Ontario*. Is that any inducement? Well, it is the best I can do. Excuse this hastily written letter, written on one of the hottest days this year. Remember the boat boys and don't give your money only, but your thoughts and prayers, and if possible come over and see us. In a few years I will have to lay down the burden here and who knows but some of you may be called to fill my place. God bless you all.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. G. BROWN.

Vuyyuru, Kistna Dist., India, Apr. 27, 1892.