

of one who labored here years ago, and whom God removed to higher fields of service, but whose works do follow him here. I have heard Mr. Currie's name so often from the Christians since I came.

But I must tell you how I came here. I left Bangalore in company with Mrs. Laflamme, her little daughter Irene, and ayah, on the evening of Nov. 9th. The train bore us safely, if not swiftly, along on our journey, and we arrived at Madras the next morning. After staying there a few days in order to supply ourselves with some necessaries before retiring into the back woods of this Presidency, we set off in the steamer "Goalpara" for Cocanada. All went well, that is, comparatively speaking, and at 6 a.m., on a cool, showery Friday morning, we anchored about five or six miles off Cocanada. The water along this coast is so shallow that steamers are obliged to anchor some distance from the shore, and the passengers are taken off in a steam launch.

I went on deck as soon as it cleared up, and leaning over the railing on the landward side, I endeavored to locate the city of my youthful habitation. The chief engineer, knowing that I had taken my passage for Cocanada, came to my side and, pointing away to the left, said: "That is Cocanada." "That" seemed to consist only of a few red roofs and white walls, interspersed with the familiar palm. But, when we had transferred ourselves to the launch, and were steaming up the canal upon which the town is built, Cocanada resolved itself into something more than it had seemed to be at a distance. And as we were drawn by the coolies through the streets on our way to the mission-house it resolved itself still more into the regulation Telugu town. There were the crooked streets, mud huts and thatched roofs; the little laughing brown-skinned children, and the sober and very dignified Brahmins; the hens, the dogs, the cows and the goats. We came along the streets in a pelting shower, and at last up to a gate-way over which I read the legend which announces to all the fact that this is the Canadian Baptist Mission. How pretty the compound looked after the rains. The grass was so fresh and green, and the white houses shone so prettily out of the trees. On we went, past the church, Miss Baskerville's house and the boarding-school on the left, and the Rest House and Miss Simpson's home on the right, until we drew up at the Mission House, and were greeted by our hostess, Mrs. Smith.

The few days at Cocanada were full of interest, there was so much to see and hear, of which I had long read and thought. While we were there, God came very near to us, for He came into our midst and took unto Himself our brother and fellow-worker, Mr. Barrow. It was a time when we all felt drawn nearer the great heart of our Father, "e'en though it be a cross that raiseth me." It was a time when we felt the solemnity of one of our

number leaving this world for the next, and the great importance of being as ready to go as our brother was. In that time we all felt how glorious was the home-going of a Christian. We rejoiced in our brother's infinite gain, while we sympathized with the dear one left behind. Between Mr. Currie and Mr. Timpany, his two fellow-servers, who had entered within the veil before him, we laid our brother to rest, just as the evening shadows gathered tenderly over us and the sun set, to arise on other lands. And the standard-bearer of Narsapatnam has fallen. Some one must take his place. We feel keenly the loss, and look to God and you at home to send a reinforcement.

It is only a few hours' ride from Cocanada to Tuni, and soon after leaving that place I was being welcomed by the school girls on the veranda of the bungalow here. A day or two later the people of the compound generally met with us in the church and welcomed me more formally but very heartily into their midst. And so I am here, down in the field, right in the midst of the work and the workers where I have so often longed to be. Every day I hear the chatter of Telugu tongues, and though when I first came it seemed like bedlam itself to my English ear, I am glad to find that the method of the madness is becoming clearer and more familiar every day, and I am even making it my own, slowly.

It is a great help to be among the Christians, for they take a real interest in one's progress and are quite ready to aid one in any way they can.

Of the work on the field I can say little, as yet, except that there is plenty of room for hard, consecrated effort. When one is surrounded on every side by those who are in such complete ignorance, it is borne in upon one how great is their need. Christ said once to His disciples, "The poor ye have with you alway." And here we have the poor, the ignorant and the eternally lost with us every day, walking the street in front of the door, doing our washing, baking our bread and coming into contact with us in a hundred ways. It gives one a sense of constant burden; we can never forget it. Can you wonder we long to be at work—at work telling, preaching or teaching? We long so to do something that will bring these people to Christ. They need Christ, not education, not moral uplifting only; they need Christ, first, last and all the time. We put our faith in the promise Christ gave us when He said, "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

Oh, sisters, send!

Yesterday came the *Baptist* with news of the Convention, and "Praise God" was sung in happy hearts on this side of the water as we read that our Ladies' Board was free of debt.