

and the missionary party occupy chairs from the "master's" house, up where the platform should be, but is not, owing to the lowness of the ceiling. (The new chapel built in '93 is more commodious).

After prayer and the singing of a hymn, the Moderator (one of the missionaries) requests the Clerk to call the roll. As the name of each associated church is called, the delegates rise in their places and respond. The responses come from churches all the way from Menal, 60 miles up the Kistna, beyond Bezwada, to Yellamanchili, 20 miles north, covering in their membership and effort a reach of country 250 miles long by 50 wide, an area of 12,500 square miles, and including a population of nearly 2,500,000 souls. (Two Associations, the Colair and Godaveri, now exist). Some of the names when translated and reversed, for the surname always comes first in Telugu, seem very familiar to an English ear. Sam Bird, Paul Mallet, Philemon Stick, Jacob Giddy, etc. A peculiar name, such as David Fox, or an eccentric delegate, will easily raise a roar of laughter from the unsophisticated listeners, who are in such a tension of excitement and expectancy, that anything upsets their gravity. The Moderator calls "order," using the English word, and hammers on the table, using the English gesture.

After the delegates duly accredited take their places, all smiling, all dressed in their best, the election of the officers is accomplished. A missionary becomes Moderator, their lack of parliamentary knowledge makes that a necessity. The Clerk, K. Satyanadam, or, in English, Mr. Truejoy, wields the flexible quill, steel pens are a rusty luxury. He hails from the Akidu field, is a Seminary graduate, the first under Mr. Stillwell, and is a credit to his preceptor.

The Committee of Arrangements then reports. A good rousing chorus from the congregation in which Mrs. Garside's school girls form the leading voice, and a short prayer finish the preliminaries.

Peter, well named the rock, for he is the chief cornerstone of the Muramanda church, and a leading elder in the Cocanada field, conducts the half-hour prayer meeting. Jonathan Burder, the glib-tongued orator of the mission, preaches the annual sermon. He does so at a moment's notice, as the regular preacher has suddenly fallen ill. Jonathan's voice has been described by Mr. Bainbridge, in his "Round the World Tour of Christian Missions," as a cross between a trumpet and a bass drum. In the space before him he is cribbed. He shows to advantage in the open, with Heaven's dome above, and listening thousands before, and the message of Christ pouring forth from him in voluminous power. He is intensely interesting, broadly sympathetic, and very magnetic. But he is not a convincing preacher. He lacks conviction.

In the afternoon the reading of the church letters is

proceeded with. For the most part they are very prosy. One which tells of a brave effort at self-support evokes applause from the missionaries. Any advance in Sunday school work is greeted with pleasure. But the majority of the churches are very backward in that most important department. Teachers of any kind are an impossibility amongst them.

One delegate, after reading the printed question on the circular letter, blanks of which are sent out previously, as to how they support their teacher, brought down the house by the simple addition of the negative to how, and answering, "No how." The same on answering the question as to how much the church gave, replied, "Nothing, only one anna on the rupee." That meant a great deal to them, for it stands for a sixteenth of their income. However, this delegate became so positive that the Moderator finally called him to order.

In the evening, Cornelius, the present pastor of the Tuni Church, read an excellent paper on the "Hill Tribes" on the north side of our mission fields. This was followed by Mr. Garside's paper on the "Opium Question." The discussion on the latter was stirring. One of the preachers, a plain, unlettered man, rose and confessed to having been addicted to opium for 25 years. The blood had thinned in his veins, the strength had left his body; heavy sleep had darkened his senses. But by the grace and goodness of God, for six years he had not touched the poison. His old mother had fallen sick and begged for opium to alleviate her sufferings. He answered, that he would dig her grave with his own hands and bury her, but not a morsel of the cursed stuff should ever again enter his house. An anti-opium pledge was drawn up at the close of the meeting, and large numbers of the delegates signed it. The opium habit is a real danger. Some preachers have been discharged because of it. Peter, of Muramanda, wrung all hearts by his realistic description of the wasting away of one of the preachers known to us all as an opium eater, and his final sad death of opium poisoning.

The second afternoon was occupied with church letters. The most interesting was from the cause at Mural, away up the Kistna, far beyond the bounds of the Vuyyuru field, and yet a part of it. In 1884 there were no Christians, and the place was occasionally visited by an American Baptist missionary. In 1892 they were received into this association with a membership of 49. Of these, Brother Brown or his men baptized 32 during the year. They are giving three rupees a month to the work.

A sermon and a paper from two of the missionaries, an experience meeting, one of the most interesting features of the annual session, a meeting of importunate prayer for hours beseeching the Spirit's filling, and a magic lantern exhibition were the other prominent items of the two days' programme. The special helpfulness of