

But now the storm comes from afar  
To seize this bark in wild embrace ;  
And long the struggle, fierce the war  
Ere calms the frown on his wild face.

Strong and resistless currents urge  
This gallant ship to Arctic clime;  
The cold wind moans its solemn dirge;  
The field-ice grates in funeral rhyme.

Yet skill and courage gain the day,  
And southward blows the treacherous wind;  
The scudding ship now holds its way,  
And soon the well-known dock will find.

So the young life in unknown-seas,  
With skill and courage yet untried,  
Is driven by tempestuous breeze,  
And hopes are scattered far and wide.

If faith and courage hold the helm,  
With conscience clear as compass true,  
Nor storm, nor 'berg shall e'er overwhelm,  
But safe that bark shall weather through.

R. GARSIDE.

Off Cape Breton, May 17, 1894.

#### KOLAGANI RAMAMUTI OF YELLAMANCHILL.

Kolagani Ramamuti was just an ordinary work-a-day man. He was born of well-to-do and respectable parents in a village which is just visible over the high land between two ranges of hills from the west terrace of the Yellamanchilli mission house. Left an orphan at an early age he was taken by his mother's brother to his home at Dimali, a large village lying in the valley not three miles to the east, and within full view of the mission house. Here he grew up, was married to his little cousin, burned his father-in-law and became in a way the head of the family of small children about him. His own property left by his parents had been appropriated by his uncles, so that he was in a way dependent upon his guardians for support. This became galling to his quiet spirit, after the death of his guardian uncle, because of the ambitious designs of that man's brother Narappa, who was jealous of the place occupied by Ramamuti. Almost driven from home he went to Rangoon and Burma, the new world of the coolie and emigrant classes of old India. There he had a great deal of caste nonsense and moss-grown superstitions knocked off of him, and like the man whose house had been swept and garnished of the old demon, but not occupied by a better spirit, became a ready receptacle for the hemp drug habit and some rather strong oaths in the pigeon English of the wharf rats, which seemed even worse than the diabolical beliefs of which his residence in a non-caste country had deprived him. He returned however with a more manly and independent spirit and a determination stronger than ever to assert himself and his rights to a place at the side of his wife in his rightful home by adoption. In this he was opposed by his uncle Narappa and his young brother-in-law, who was also his cousin, Somanna.

Single handed he maintained the unequal struggle against the entire household, until at last, for the sake of his wife, whom they all loved, though they seemed to care little for him, the quarrel was settled by his being informally granted a house and a share in the land and cattle.

During the contest with his relations he first heard the Gospel. We had come to Yellamanchilli in February, 1890, and in our first visit to the nearest villages went to Dimali and preached Jesus Christ, and him crucified and risen, to a little crowd assembled to attend the court of the local magistrate who was holding a session or two in that place. Ramamuti was attracted at once, and from that time until his baptism in December of 1892 was a constant visitor at the house of my two preachers and with them at the mission house as well. His motive was one part for Christ, and two parts for my help in a law suit, which he proposed for the recovery of his father's lands. But by persistent contact with the truth he was led to know Christ as his Saviour, and after a long struggle he was baptized in the Yellamanchilli tank before a large company of relations, including his wife. In his testimony before the church he manifested his independent spirit by a most unusual question. After his baptism had been decided upon he asked what expense would be involved and expressed a willingness to meet the expense whatever it might be, although he was at the time earning his livelihood by working as an under-mason on the new mission house. We had warned him that in all probability there would be trouble when he returned to his village. But he laughed at the idea, and set out for his home after having been received into his little community of Christians and partaken of the Lord's supper. A lighter hearted, happier looking man one could wish with difficulty imagine. The next morning he came shambling up on our front veranda as we were taking early tea. Mrs. Laflamme cried out, "Do, see Ramamuti! he seems wild." Poor fellow his eyes were bloodshot, his face drawn with suffering, his hands and knees were all of a tremble, and he looked pitiable in the extreme. On returning home the night previous he found his wife shut up from him, and his house locked. His little child came running to him. Angry relations tore it from his arms. They set upon him with all manner of abuse, drove him from his home and threatened to cut his throat. He had slept on a friendly goldsmith's veranda and hurried over in the morning as thoroughly frightened as he well could be. A few days later we attempted to harvest his rice crop, which lay in the fields adjacent to his village. The relatives and villagers flocked out by thousands. The trembling outcaste coolies whom I had taken with me from here were too frightened to cut a straw. So I took one sickle after another and tried to start them. But the moment I left one sickle to take another, the crowd pressed about that man and wrested his sickle from him. Getting bolder they came nearer me, and his old mother-in-law who had ever since our appearance heaped abuse upon me beside which Billingsgate chaff would appear modest, grasped my wrist. I shook her off with no gentle hand. She tripped on a withe of straw and fell howling like a wild thing. Just then a swish and two or three blows from behind attracted my attention; I looked up just in time to catch several vicious blows on the hook of my sickle which had been aimed at Ramamuti's head by his brother-in-law,