

regret, as well as that of all those who had longed so much to meet them at that jubilee gathering. Mr. Craig was allowed to read his historical sketch of the Canadian Baptist Mission; after which Mrs. Archibald read a paper on Caste Girls' School. This was followed by mine, on Bible Women's Work. Then a very warm discussion followed on the subject of Mrs. A.'s paper, in which a number of gentlemen, as well as ladies, took part, some speaking for, and others against, schools for caste children alone. Miss Day said, as the daughter of the founder of this Mission, she could say that she was glad that before entering upon this fiftieth year, the jubilee year of our Mission, we had begun to do something for the caste people in the way of schools. At 10 prayer was offered by one of the brethren, and the meeting adjourned.

In the evening Mrs. Bullard led the devotional exercises. Mrs. Bullard was a Miss Richie, and lived in Perth, Ontario. She came to India in the autumn of the same year that I came. Mrs. Williams read a very nice paper on the "Wives of Native Ministers." Then Miss Wayte read Mrs. Waterbury's paper on "Women's Meetings," which was followed by Mrs. Downie's paper on "Boarding Schools, and Higher Education of Girls." These were also very interesting indeed; and after prayer the fifth day of our jubilee closed.

It was proposed by someone that each lady, while attending the jubilee, should write a short letter to Mrs. Jewett, which we all quite readily agreed to do; so you may imagine what a time she would have reading them. They were all sent in one envelope.

The evening of the sixth day, which was the closing day, we all had dinner together in a large tent, and had a pleasant time. The morning of the next day we met in the chapel and had a good prayer-meeting. Then Mr. Downie had a photographer there and had a photograph taken of the missionaries together; after that we all were invited to a breakfast in the tent given by Konakiah and Julia, the native preacher and his wife, of Nellore. In the evening we went to the collector's beautiful place and spent about an hour and a half. The following day we packed up our things and sent them off on bullock carts, and in the evening took leave of the missionaries who still remained in Nellore, and drove to Esukapilla, a distance of twenty-four miles, and reached there a little after 12 o'clock, got on our boats, and started homeward. We arrived at Ramapatam, Mr. Timpany's old station, the next day in the afternoon. Sunday we spent with Dr. Williams. Mr. Currie, Mr. McLaurin, and Mr. Craig each preached a sermon to the students. I was glad to see Ramapatam because I had heard Mr. and Mrs. Timpany speak of it so often. On our way home from Ramapatam Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mr. Currie, and I went to Akidu to attend the Association, and we had a good time; the Lord was with us, as He was at Nellore and along the way. It does me good to go to the Association—indeed, it does us all good; we see the Christians from the different fields and have their letters read; and they see us, and that does their poor hearts good and encourages them.

Now we are in Cocanada again, and have welcomed our new missionaries, the Auvaches, and we have been able to make a good many visits and see a good many people—indeed I have had some delightful visits among my women.

Yours in Christ,

M. J. FRITH.

Cocanada, March 12th, 1886.

DEAR LINK,—In turning over the pages of your January number, I find on the second page something approaching a regret that more missionary letters were not forthcoming. I have felt a little uneasy since, and this letter is the fruit of your reminder. It is Thursday. The servants are away for their rice. I am writing in the study. Mrs. Stillwell is in the front room. Besides us two there are no others this moment in the mission house. Everything is still inside. Outside the birds are singing and the crows are attempting the same thing. Life is becoming reality. At first being in India seemed all a dream. We accept it now as a fact. Indeed, if one were dreaming he could not dream long here. Everything tends to keep one conscious. At the present moment I cannot get so absorbed in writing as to lose consciousness of the heat. Our cool season has said its salams and gone. The hot season is at our doors. Every day the sun is creeping higher up in the heavens. I watch the shadows to the north of the mission house, and every week they are growing shorter. They are only six or seven feet now, but in a short time there will be none at all, and it will seem strange to have the sun coming round and looking for us through the north windows. However, we can creep back into the shade. Even there the sun can make us remember he is outside. Just behind me hangs the thermometer. On Sunday it marked 87°, Monday 84°, Tuesday and Wednesday 85°, and to-day it is 88°. As there is a breeze stirring I left the door open, and the thermometer soon marked 90°. That seemed quite high enough, so I shut the door and kept the breeze out. 88°—and the sun on the other side of the equator! When he comes to this side the books say he will stay six months. I suppose he will; and, accordingly, the next six months we shall not suffer from the cold. It is fairly enjoyable yet. I cannot, as yet, speak about the degrees higher up. But I think the thermometers are marked no higher than 120°, and I imagine the manufacturer thought when he saw the mercury that high he would not care to look again. We have been here close on five months, and these months, on the whole, have been grand weather. We are glad and thankful that times and circumstances were so ordered that our first months in India were during the cool season. Thus we have had time to familiarise ourselves a little with things here, and also to break ground in Telugu. In acquiring any language there is always a good deal of what seems very like slavish work in the beginning, for many things are to be mastered before one can really appreciate what he is doing. We have done some of this work, and it has been done with more pleasure in that we have had the cool season. We are thankful in another way. Coming at the time we did, our first impressions of India were more favorable than they would have been had we reached here in the hot season, and imagined ourselves coming into a furnace instead.

I shall speak of impressions. A pretty constant one has been that, of the countries so far seen, no land can compare with Canada. Even the name has a ring it had not before, and then what it means—a bracing, invigorating atmosphere, a land of plenty, of equality, of gospel light, and of a people who are like-minded with ourselves. Had India been chosen as our birth-place, how different our lot might have been. It might have been daily toil beneath a blazing sun, a slave to ceremonies, bowing down to idols, darkness and no Saviour. The first belongs to time, and might be borne; but the last—no Saviour—what greater boon could be denied one? Jesus Christ means everything, and every day we are more thankful,