

seven houses to visit now and I expect to go to a new one to-morrow. Miss Gibson has been helping me since the last of January. I only go out three times a week as I must keep at the language as faithfully as possible.

OUR TRIP TO GUNANAPUDI.

DEAR LINK,—If it is not too late I would like to tell you now about our trip to the Association in Gunanapudi. No doubt some of the others have written about it; but if they have it will not do you any harm to hear about it again.

Our missionary conference took place in Cocanada immediately before the association, at which all the missionaries, excepting Mrs. Sanford in Canada, were present, and as you may have already learned, we had a most interesting and profitable time. It was good to see each others faces, and talk of the Lord's dealings with us and His blessing upon the work. It would make my letter too long to give you any of the particulars of what took place during the four or five days we were all here together, so I will begin my little story with the adjournment of the conference. First came the breakfast, then the packing of provision boxes and valises, etc., and in as short a time as possible we found ourselves sailing up the canal in the *Canadian* and T. S. *Shenston*, leaving behind in Cocanada Mr. and Mrs. Currie and children. At 5 p. m. we reached Samulcotta and had our dinner with Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin, then started off again leaving with Mrs. McLaurin Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and children and Mr. Sanford. We travelled all night, not by steam as you do in Canada when you go on a journey of a hundred miles, nor had we a favorable wind to hoist our sails against, but slowly and steadily, tortoise-like, the bearers plodded along the bank and towed us, while we slept quite comfortably in our narrow beds. The next day at noon we had reached the Godavery; while crossing a small cyclone blew up giving no little trouble to those who were trying to manage the boats; finally we were obliged to anchor and wait till the storm, which lasted about three hours, was over; but before the shades of night had gathered around us we had passed through the lock and were safely and quietly sailing along the canal on the other side of the river. The smooth path, green grass and pretty shade trees, tempted some of us to get off and walk, which we enjoyed very much. There was no danger of being left behind by the boat for we walked much faster than the coolies who pulled. Friday at 11 a. m. we had safely landed at Akidu; and while some were busy making preparations for the rest of the journey, others were visiting the girls' school, looking at the Memorial house, Chapel, and other places and things of interest in the compound that were new to some of us, this being our first visit to the station. The rest of the journey had to be made in bullock carts, so there were about a dozen of these engaged. In those we were to occupy some nice straw was put, then our mattresses, pillows, and blankets were arranged comfortably for the night. Other carts were filled with the tents, cots, chairs and provision boxes, etc. etc. These were all sent on to the river, about three miles distant, in the care of the servants who were charged to have them sent across as quickly as possible so that there might be no delay when we came. I must not forget to tell you that a coolie carrying two pots of drinking water was started off with the rest. Twenty miles is a long distance to carry water is it not? but it is nothing wonderful here, for good drinking water such as we would care to use is not to be had everywhere, so it must be carried, and we are thankful

there are always plenty willing to do the carrying. After every thing was ready and dinner over we started on our way to Gunanapudi leaving in Akidu Mrs. Timpany and Mrs. Hutchinson and the children. Our company you see grew less as we went on, but there were still seven of us, Messrs Timpany, McLaurin, Craig, Hutchinson, Archibald and Mrs Archibald and myself, besides a great many christians from all parts of the field who had gone on before us. About dark we reached the river, but found the carts had not all been sent over. After crossing on a ferry it was decided that it would be better for some of us to go on while the rest waited to see that all the bandies were brought over safely. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, Mr. McLaurin and I got into our carts and began to move on with a man going before carrying a lantern. The bullocks belonging to the cart which I occupied being the largest and smartest, took the lead, Mr. McLaurin's came next, on each pair of bullocks were a pair of good old fashioned cow bells. I remember saying, "We would not be likely to sleep much with all that noise," but it evidently did not keep me awake. The ding-dong of the bells and the thumping and bumping of the cart must have affected me in something the same way that singing and rockings do a child, I slept and dreamt of being out in a sleigh in a great snow storm. The wind really blew that night like east winds you have at home in the winter, with this difference, it of course was not so cold by any means. I believe we had a little rain. The roads, if they were worthy of the name, were very rough. I woke up a few times while going over some very rough places, either going up or down the bank of a canal, or while the bullocks were paddling through the water. Morning found us standing near some little village waiting for the daylight so that we might find the lost way. How long we were there, I do not know, for I was asleep. Mr. McLaurin who had been acquainted with the country before, had some idea where we were, and what direction to go in, so as soon as it was light enough to see we started and soon came to a little village where some Christians live, the name of which was either Shinganapudy or Chintalapudy, here we stopped and inquired the way and distance to Gunanapudi of a man standing outside his little mud hut with a little black baby on his side. His wife, who probably was preparing the morning meal, no doubt heard the rumble of carts and talking, came out to get a sight of the expected missionaries, and I imagine it must have been quite interesting to them to see our procession of carts. We were shown the village in the distance and shown the way. Mr. McLaurin and I got out and walked the rest of the way. I shall not soon forget the bright, happy faces who came to meet us, and gave us such a warm welcome. They seemed so pleased to see their first missionary, Mr. McLaurin, again. It would have done you all good to have seen poor old Abraham, who is over 80, one of the first Christians in that part. Then there were Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Job, Peter and many other familiar names if not faces. We arrived at the chapel about 8.30, after a good long walk over the rice fields. One thing which amused me was having to be carried by the natives over the canals. I was a little afraid at first that they might let me fall into the water, but soon got over that. We were a little tired and were glad to see the nice plantains, oranges, and pamulus which Peter had there for us to eat, but while we ate those we longed for some nice currie and rice. The others arrived about three-quarters of an hour later, feeling hot and tired, and were glad enough for some of the water and fruit. After resting while the breakfast was being prepared by the cook, the bandies