

be pleased to guide as to the proposition of the "Liverpool Conference of Missions," that an "Illustrated Missionary Newspaper," should be published containing information respecting the Lord's work and the world's wants, without discussing denominational points.

It was between fourteen and fifteen years ago, that these meetings for special prayer were held in that upper room in the centre of the great city. In the streets below, the air was filled with the rattle of countless vehicles, the hum of the myriad voices, and the excitements and confusion of an earnest business population; but the calm quiet of that cluster of praying men was not disturbed thereby. They had business to transact with the Proprietor of the Universe, the King of kings, the God of providence and grace; and He was pleased to grant them a favourable audience. *Every prayer was heard and answered.* This fact is confirmed by the history of the last fourteen years. "The China Inland Mission;" "The Assam and Cachar Missionary Society;" "The Foreign Evangelist Society;" "The French Religious Tract and Book Society of Paris;" "The White Cross Street Mission of London;" "The East London Training Institute for Home and Foreign Missions;" and the "Illustrated Missionary News," may all be traced to a concatenation of circumstances and providences more or less connected with the attendants at these meetings; and are standing proofs that God is faithful, who has promised that "what things soever ye shall ask in My Name, believing, ye shall receive."—*Illustrated Miss. News.*

## OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

### Cocanada.

MY DEAR LINK:—I am glad to see that your friends are increasing, and I hope before this there may be more than 2,000 links in the chain with which you are binding Canada to India.

This morning I went out early to work in the Compound, and after a bit went down to the canal where they are finishing our new mission boat. They told me when I began it that it would cost \$250, and I asked the Society for that much; but it is going to cost just twice that sum. I have written to some friends for help, and expect they will send some. The old boat, "Minnie-Wilson," was owned and kept in repair by the Olivet S. School in Montreal. The new boat is about the same size as the other mission boats in this district; and I expect will last as long as any of our missionaries live. I have been here now more than ten months, and have not yet made a trip on the field further than Samulcotta, seven miles distant. I am trying in some way to get the boat ready by next week to go and see the people who have been so long expecting us. I have had to borrow the money for the boat. To-day one of the teachers came for some money for food. I had only one rupee in my pocket, and two bad ones in one of the drawers.

The schools are now being held in the new school-house-chapel. New girls are coming into the "Boarding School" every few days. I have just sent a nice girl of twelve years who was wanting to enter the school, home to her village, telling her to wait until we are on our way back after making our trip, when we will probably take her. We expect to bring in quite a company of girls with us when we return. Up till lately we have had no Christians in Samulcotta. Recently some baptisms have occurred, and more are asking baptism. Two very nice girls, who are attending our school there, I expect will be baptized, and come to our school here.

If the support can be found for them I think the boarding school may number at least forty by another six months. The Circle in Uxbridge shall have a girl, and the friends in Simcoe who find the support of some boys, may expect to hear from me in time.

A. V. TIMPANY.

Nov. 15th, 1879.

THE want of a mission boat has occasioned considerable delay in the establishment of the new station at Akeed, or Akidu. Mr. Craig writes as follows to the Baptist:

"There is one thing I wish to guard my friends against, and that is, the danger of taking it for granted that I am settled in Akeed long before my house is built. Before I left home I heard that Bro. Currie had moved to Tuni, but when I arrived here I found

Mrs. Currie residing in the Mission house. True, they did move to Tuni just after our conference two years ago, but where did they live after reaching Tuni? In a small house that I would like to exhibit in Jarvis street church. It would be reckoned a pretty good place for a native to live in, but a wretched hole for a missionary and his wife. I don't wonder that Bro. Currie and Mrs. Currie also were sick after passing the terribly hot season of 1878 in such a miserable dwelling.

Well, what I want to say is just this: I intend to keep Cocanada as my headquarters until I have built a fit place to live in at Akeed. Of course, I expect to spend most of my time there during the coming months, and Mrs. Craig may keep me company sometimes, but I do not want anyone to think I am really settled there until I say so myself."

### Chicacole.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. Armstrong to Rev. Dr. Crampton.

"There has seemed to be an interest among the ladies in our school for months past, and a willingness on the part of many of their parents to listen to the gospel message. This is becoming more pronounced as the light from the Word opens up to them. You are probably aware that the majority of conversions, indeed almost the total number, among the Telugus has been among those of the lower castes, or outcasts of society. These are the majority in the country, the poor to whom the gospel is specially sent, and who most readily receive it. Our accession from Kimedya was from these. Here, however, our work has developed itself almost wholly among the higher castes, and it seems to us that the Lord has purposes of mercy towards these also in Chicacole. One whole family here have asked for baptism. The boy attends our school and heard the gospel here; we went with him to his home, and his mother and aunt, the only other inmates, have received the news of salvation through Christ, and though they still need much instruction, they have begun to pray to the living God.

Numbers of others are hopeful enquirers. Besides these an aged Mahomedan woman, who has long heard of Christ and worshipped him in secret, has found courage to attend our worship regularly for some time past, and she too has asked for baptism. Another man and his wife who have heard the gospel preached and believed in it, have also requested to be admitted among us, and the wife of our Colporteur, who, though the child of Christian parents, has never before made any profession of religion. These are all under instruction, and if they give satisfactory evidence of an actual fitness for that ordinance, we hope to have another pleasant letter to write before the end of the year. Two men whom Mr. A. has not yet seen, have sent word of their readiness to embrace Christianity. These also are caste men. You must not think these will all certainly be received into the church; a thousand things arise in this country to hinder those who 'begin well,' but it does not do to be too hasty in receiving them, lest they make a greater loss to us after by backsliding.

I think I am safe in saying there are as many as twenty others here in town who are hopeful, who hear the gospel regularly and gladly, but who have not yet taken so decided a stand as the nine I have mentioned.

If it is God's blessed Spirit at work among the people, it will spread and deepen; if not, like any earthly fire, it will die out. How many write to us as though we could convert the heathen: we can witness for Christ, that is all. If He converts people, to Him be the glory; if not we can only strive more and more faithfully to speak the Word. Yet the marvel to us is when any break away from their fetters; to see them as we do and to see the change that comes over them, compels us to say, 'It is the Lord's work, and marvellous in our eyes.'

I do not like to write of conversions that may be, yet the field in Chicacole has shown signs of promise for months, and it may be well that you should know what we hope, that it may stimulate your hopes and prayers also. We feel always that we are in the heart of the enemy's camp, and he may arise and despoil us at any time, for he is stronger than we. Our hope is in the Lord God of Hosts. 'If it be so, our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us.' There is a very decided stir among the people, time will show its fruits."

MR. ARMSTRONG also writes to the F. M. Board under date Nov. 26th:—

"The Lord's blessing is with us in our work. He is graciously showing us tokens for good. There is a widespread spirit of inquiry in town. Several have asked for baptism. I cannot stay to write more now, for the brethren will be here in a moment or two for

me to accompany them to the bazaar to spend the afternoon in preaching."

### Bobbili.

Letter from Mrs. Churchill.

This 19th of November finds me half reclining on a long easy chair, and surrounded by quilt and pillows in our little sitting room in Bobbili. Miss Frammond, who kindly came to our assistance when I was so ill, is sitting near me writing a home letter, as this is our mail day; and through the open door I can see Mr. Churchill and the coolies busy outside, making preparations for building the Mission House, the money for commencing which, our dear sisters at home have so kindly sent us.

Seven weeks ago to-day I did my last regular Mission work, and many times since I have thought it would indeed be my last; but He, in whose providence I have been laid upon a sick bed for so many weeks, may have some further use for me, and may still allow me to toil on in His vineyard; this I would ask, if it is His will, but it is better to have no choice, for He knows best, though the future may look dark and uncertain oft times to us.

"It is better to walk in the dark with God,  
Than go alone in the light."

During my illness, when we had neither physician, nurse nor friend to aid us, and we were shut out from any external help, I think we realized more fully the nearness of our Great Physician and Friend, and learned to trust Him more fully. When I shall be able to resume my work He only knows, and I must trust Him.

I had succeeded in gaining admittance into two houses here for regular work, one, a Gosha woman, I visited one afternoon weekly, and the other came to my house two afternoons a-week for instruction. I was very happy in this work, and hoped soon to increase the number of houses where I could visit regularly, for though there are a number of places where they receive me very kindly when I go to see them, only these had consented to regular work. The husbands of both these women have been to see me since I have been laid up, and expressed their own sorrow and that of their wives, at our work being so suddenly and so long interrupted. They seem to have no objections to my teaching them about the true God and the salvation provided by Him, and are very much interested in their sewing, reading and singing. The two men are as intelligent as any we have in Bobbili, I suppose, and have received enough education to dislodge many of their old superstitions and heathen notions, and are quite pleased with the idea of having their wives taught by me.

Two bright Mahomedan boys have attended my Sunday class almost from the first, so I questioned them about their mothers; only one lived in Bobbili, they said, and I asked if I might visit her. They promised to see; so in a few days Mr. C. and I were invited to dinner. However, when the appointed day arrived, the mother was sick of fever, and our visit was postponed. I feared this was the last of it, but a few weeks after we received a note from the father, inviting us all to dine with them at 6 o'clock, so wishing to be friendly we accepted and went. We were received by our host and his two boys (one younger than the one who came to Sunday school) in a small room, 10 by 14 perhaps, without a mat on the floor, or furniture except one broken arm chair, a large cane stool, a bench and a rickety-table. He seemed happy to see us and asked us to be seated on chair and stool, while he stood near the inner door, frequently going out and coming in. I asked for his wife and daughter; he said they were cooking, but after dinner I should see them. Before we left home, I observed my boy putting up some plates, glasses, knives, forks and spoons. I did not object, as I supposed he knew the customs of the country better than I did. After we had been there a short time he drew the table up in front of us, covered it with a white cloth (some of their apparel), put on the dishes and we waited for our dinner, talking with our host and his boys as we had opportunity. After some time, a heaping dish of pillaw rice, another dish of curried chickens, a bowl in which was a mango pickle almost immersed in oil, and two thin unleavened cakes, were placed before us and we were asked to help ourselves, our host still standing near the door. I asked him if he would not sit down and eat with us, that was the way I would do if I had invited him to dine with us; but he shook his head. The rice and curry were really very nice but the former was so rich with ghee (fat) and the latter so hot with peppers, that we could only partake sparingly; so we presume our boy and ayah fared sumptuously that night, as our entertainers could not conscientiously touch anything we had left.

Dinner over, I asked again if I could see the ladies