

him any, as it would pollute him. The missionary therefore stooped down and took hold of a little firebrand under the pot, and as he was taking it up with one end, the other end touched the man's pocket. "Oh," he said, "there! My dinner is gone!" And it was gone; he would not touch it; it was polluted by the touch of the end of the firebrand.

The way in which they drink water will give an idea of their scrupulousness. Water is a sacred thing in India, and a man who will not give a drop of water when another is calling for it, is "accursed of the gods"—that is what they say. This is what they do: if a poor Pariah comes along and asks for water, he sits down and holds his hands up against his mouth, and the man pours the water out of his own dish into the spread-out hands, and it runs down the Pariah's throat.

The speaker told of a writer in one of the villages—a Brahmin—whom he employed, and who, after he had finished the writing, threw it down on the ground. When told that was not a nice thing to do, and asked to pick it up and hand it properly, he replied: "Oh, I can't touch it if you touch the other side!"

Often a Brahmin will not enter the house after coming from the mart, or from intercourse with his fellows. He will go home and call his wife out of the house, and she will come out with a cloth and throw it to him. He will go away off to the tank, half a mile perhaps, and there he will bathe and wash himself, and clothe himself with the cloth his wife gave him, and then he will wash his clothes and throw them out to dry, and will wait till they have dried—all this for fear he has been polluted in his business relations with his fellow-men.

Another thing: gentlemen and ladies of the same caste do not associate. If you were a Brahmin in India, you would never see the face of your neighbor's wife, or your daughter-in-law, or your cousin, or your aunt. Where the rules of caste are thoroughly observed, you would not see your own sister-in-law. You would see your own wife and daughters, and that is just about all that you would see. Even when relatives go visiting, the gentlemen congregate together in a little corner, and they sit down and chat there; and the ladies go into the zenana inside, and they sit down and engage in their dreary gossip, there in their very, very contracted and very poor world. They have their little chat about their little babies, and their little dresses, and what else they talked about he really did not know.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

MRS. TIMPANY wrote on the 1st of April:—"I am glad to say that Mr. Timpany's fever has left him, which is a great comfort, before the intense heat comes on. For several days the mercury has been up to 97° and 98° in the shade. This is very warm for March; what it may be in another month we dread to think. About the end of June we hope to get off for a couple of months to Udignie, a pleasant hill on our old field. We expect the Craigs to go with us. One main object in going is to give Mr. Timpany a little quiet time to spend on the revision of the Telugu New Testament, as he and Dr. Jewett hope to complete that work this year."

Bimlipatam.

LETTER TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—The three months that have passed since my last letter, have brought to you the long sunny April days. The warm sunshine has loosened the icy grasp of Winter and the brooks do not "Steal by lawns and grassy plots," but they dash along with a wildness and music all their own, as if rejoicing in their freedom. Everything around you betokens awakening life: there are bursting buds and tiny blades of grass. Ere this reaches you the bud will be lost in the leaf, and the green sward will be here and there dotted with the sweet-scented May flower and the blue-eyed violet. I will live long in India ere I forget the beautiful spring weather of my native land.

To our eyes Nature presents a very different picture. A real brook that will "Rattle over stony ways in little sharps and trebles," is something I have never yet had the pleasure of seeing in India. The ground is dry and parched by the heat, which has been increasing for weeks, and which is now making itself felt indeed. Vegetation offers to our attention no particular beauty or interest.

Then let us look a little higher. Is there aught in the teeming human life about us to attract? Ah, yes, therein is the secret. Its very unattractiveness has drawn us hither. This rough exterior hides something precious—a jewel yet unchiselled, unpolished; but the Master will lay His hand upon it, and beneath His touch it will assume new form, and daily become more beautiful, till it finds its perfect setting in His crown, who is worthy to receive glory and honour and power. You and I believe that "The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose"; and in the light of these words is not Bimlipatam a desert? Yes, a desert arid and dry, whose soil is so thickly encrusted with idolatry, caste and superstition, that the good seed can scarcely find any depth of earth. Yet, in this dark place, the light from the Cross is to shine with sufficient radiance, to verify the words of the prophet.

Is it your privilege and mine to assist in dropping these little seeds, over which the Master watches so carefully, and which are ultimately to produce so abundantly? Ah, my friends, do not put many of your privileges before that of doing a little, to give the Gospel to the heathen. I am here, sustained by the prayers and gifts of my sisters of the Maritime Provinces, and daily in my school, and very frequently in the homes of the children, am doing what I can to this end. The obstacles in the way of my school have been neither few nor small, but for the last two months the clouds have been slightly lifted. The attendance has increased, and there seems to be a growing interest among the pupils; the desire to please and excel which is springing up is very encouraging. I think my friends at home must be praying.

Here comes the thought, that in a short time things may appear in a very different light. My sisters, I am ashamed of my want of faith in God. I am afraid to think that my school has seen its darkest days. Do not think that, at present, the way knows no obstacles; you know that some things are improved by comparison. Some of the children come very irregularly; one of them, a little Tamil girl, bright, smart and a real little mischief; unlike many others, she dresses well, and her hair is so lavishly oiled, that it is generally smooth and glossy, and frequently adorned with white flowers. Her mother sends her to school, but she likes to play by the wayside, so gets in late or does not come at all. The other day her mother came and brought her, and after some conversation she said to me, "If you will beat her she will come better." I put my hand on her little black head, saying, "I do not like to whip Yellameh." "Well," said the mother, "I put chillies (red peppers) in her eyes, and will do so again if she is not a better girl." Think of it, gentle, loving mothers! could you put that burning stuff in the eyes of your little ones? Do not these women and children need Gospel teaching? I go with the children to their homes, and try to talk to the mothers; and in the little I can do, is a pleasure, that must be experienced to be understood. The children are learning much that the women never heard, and I often talk to them through the little ones. Some of them can sing quite well, which is very pleasing to the elder people. I visited one woman last week, and since she has sent for me two or three times; but there are so many houses where I must go; I spend a large part of the day in study, and can only start out when the sun is sinking towards the west; however, I hope to go again before Saturday night.

Our Telugu prayer meeting for women, which is only two months old, is doing very well. When it devolves upon me to lead it, I can do so, but as you may imagine, in my explanations and prayers there are many mistakes and great lack of fluency.

Pray for me in faith.

CARRIE HAMMOND.

Bimlipatam, April 17, 1880.

Chicacole.

LETTER FROM MRS. ARMSTRONG TO THE SECRETARY OF THE CENTRAL BOARD OF THE W. M. A. SOCIETY OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

MANY THANKS for the appropriation for my little boarders. Seventy-five dollars will do much for them. I should have acknowledged this before if I could have found the time. We are having much to encourage us in our work here. God has very graciously given us some tokens of His favour; and we hope for yet more. All this morning I have been busy in my

husband's absence, in planning a small chapel-school-house here for a village where they have lately begun to worship. Several are looking towards the Saviour of the world, and two have already been baptized.

A few days since two wealthy Brahmins sent two friends of theirs to enquire about our religion, and more particularly what way of living could be provided for them and their families if they embrace Christianity; for if they came among us they would not be allowed anything, and they would be entirely dependent on what they could earn. So everywhere there are signs of a hidden life now peeping through conventionalities, a smouldering fire that cannot longer be hid. "This is the Lord's doings and it is marvelous in our eyes." The enemy, too, is unusually busy sowing seeds of dissension among us, and exciting our friends of the London mission to an active jealousy of us which is not always friendly. But the Master is over all, and we trust by using what wisdom He gives us, that His help will overcome all hindrances to the advancement of His kingdom.

Caste is the most eradicable error we have to meet, it is so steeped into the people that even grace can scarcely eradicate the stain. The flavour of the old fruitage penetrating and marring the new wine. Most of our troubles among the people arise from some form of the feeling, "I am holier than thou," not considered spiritually, but physically. Their idea is that the body is pure in proportion to the purity of the food, and for a less pure body to touch them, or even more offensive, to touch their food, is unbearable. This has no connection at all with cleanliness, to which they are quite indifferent, but is wholly an ideal thing, a device of Satan for effectually destroying the brotherhood of man.

Mr. Armstrong has been away a fortnight on a tour among the villages, I think he will return this week. The heat is growing fearfully intense, and I am afraid if he stays out much longer, he may suffer seriously from it.—He has baptized two since he left home, which makes six since the first of March.

Our school grows more and more interesting. Many of the boys are enquiring the way of life. How the parents will treat the movement does not yet appear. They care little what they believe, so long as they do not break caste by eating with strangers; when they take that step as some of them now wish to do, I expect there will be a great social storm here. Two boys have asked for baptism and have asked their parents' permission to be baptized. Their parents are willing to have Divine worship in their houses, willing to hear the Bible and pray, willing to forsake their idols in which they have no faith, but not willing to break caste, by eating with us, nor willing to allow their children to do so; that is the one stumbling-block none of them can pass without an extraordinary exercise of faith. But He who pities our fears when He knows they are groundless, will, I trust, pity and help them. "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth we are but dust."

Chicacole, April 10, 1880.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Important Notice.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS will please notice the change in the address of their papers.

The names and residences are on a printed label, with the date to which the papers have been paid.

This change, which has become absolutely necessary, will involve a large additional expense, but so well has the LINK hitherto been sustained that the managers believe the time has now come when it can be afforded.

Subscribers are also reminded that our terms are, cash in advance; and if the subscriptions are not renewed within three months after they expire, the papers will be stopped.

All the profits are given to Foreign Missions.

Ontario and Quebec.

THE MISSION BOAT PAID FOR.

The members of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Western Ontario and Manitoba, will, we are sure, be glad to learn that the entire amount of \$500, required to pay for the Mission boat, has been collected and forwarded to India. The last instalment of \$50 was sent the first week in June, with the second half-year's remittance of \$350 for the Girls' School, Amelia, and the Bible woman at Cocanada, and the school work at Tunni.

Owing, under God, to the faithfulness and energy of the Circles in supplying the Central Board with funds, all their obligations for the current financial