

THE WORK ABROAD.

Samulcotta.

December.—I suppose you have cold, ice, sleet, snow, crisp and invigorating weather, while we have the thermometer flitting up and down the seventies. But even this seems cold to us after months of high tension under heat, and would be delightful were it not permeated by feverish chilliness.

Christmas.—In about three weeks we shall have Christmas, and shall doubtless find a more real Christmas in imaginative calling up what the Home Christmas is like, than in a real Telugu one. It is already too late to send greetings, still we shall imagine we are sending them all the same.

Entertaining.—A short time back we had M. Jaggan-aikalu Garu and his wife in to dinner, Jaggan-aikalu came in advance, suggesting that his fair partner sit on the mat and dine—but we (as I have used “we” before, allow me to explain that the “we” stands for Mr. Laflamme and Mr. Stillwell, Mrs. Stillwell being in Cocanada) saw her properly seated and served to all the viands our cook could put before us: 1st Course, soup. 2nd Course, chicken, vegetables, etc. 3rd Course, rice and curry. 4th Course, pudding. 5th Course, fruit. Mrs. Jaggan-aikalu, when seated and brought face to a plate of soup, looked somewhat perplexed, as to the mode of procedure, a spoon looking rather formidable, yet she summoned up her womanly courage, and did fair justice to both soup and spoon. The first course over, the rest of the dinner was found not so formidable, so that we all managed to appropriate our respective shares. Time one hour and fifteen minutes. Conversation, Telugu.

Building.—After a good many hopes and some fears it has been decided upon building school rooms in Samulcotta. For this purpose the Board has passed the estimate \$1300. We have now broken ground, Mr. Laflamme turning the first sod, and hope to have the building ready for occupation in July next. The plan comprises four class rooms and chapel, the chapel to serve for an additional class room.

Philip.—Some of you may know Nitta Philip, but for those who do not, he is, or was, one of the boys in our theological class. He was a good student, but had a nature that would not brook restraint. We had occasion to punish him for a fault, whereupon he tried to raise insubordination among the others. He had partly succeeded when we discovered what was going on, and it became necessary to show disapproval of such conduct in a way that would not be misunderstood. He and three others forfeited all their merit marks, were deprived of the privilege of lending any meetings and were given three hours work on a Saturday morning. They did the work, but Philip could not submit to the rest, and we allowed him to go out from us. He was doing good class work, and we were sorry to lose him, but keeping him meant harm to the others and we chose the less of two undesirable things.

Samulcotta.—In Samulcotta we have at work among the people Jacobu, a preacher, Ranasawami a teacher, and Chinnamma and Minnie their wives, who work as Bible women. We also send down a company of students every evening in the week, while we all go in a band on Sunday evenings. There are about 12000 people here, and we are most anxious to do something for them. On Sunday we baptized three candidates and reclaimed one who had gone back.

Seminary.—Mr. Laflamme has been with us since the first week in October, teaching two classes daily. He reads very often at chapel service, and the “boys” say he reads like a Brahman. He remains with us until the New Year, when Miss Hatch comes to take up her classes.

Samulcotta, Dec. 6th, 1888.

J. R. S.

Akidu.

DEAR LINK.—Our friends, your readers, will rejoice with us over the safe and exceedingly pleasant and profitable journey.

The weather has been better than even the most sanguine could have hoped for, with scarcely an occasional squall to mar its beauty. We are filled with gratitude to Him who rules the seas for His wonderful loving kindness toward us, and also to our friends both in the home land and in this land, who have so constantly borne us up before Him in prayer. Please pray now that we may speedily be fitted for the work which He has put into our hands to do. We have been drinking in the delicious sea breezes and feeding upon the Word until we have increased in stature both in body and soul.

We reached our destination in the early morning of October 26th, and could not have been more heartily welcomed by our brothers and sisters in Cocanada had we been members of the family for years, and the joy of feeling that we had really reached our home after having spent two months on the way was almost inexpressible.

Miss Hatch had been at no small amount of trouble and inconvenience in order to make things comfortable for us, which she succeeded in doing most admirably. Miss Baskerville, Miss Stovel and I occupied one room for the time being, and the cots which were temporary were apportioned us according to fitness; Miss Stovel, of course, getting the substantial one; the short one was given to me, Miss Baskerville coming in for what remained, and after occupying a tiny cabin together, from London to Madras, we felt that we had even room to spare here. Mr. and Mrs. Craig very kindly invited me to accompany them to Akidu, which invitation I gladly accepted after a suitable “Munshi” had been secured. (On Monday the 20th, we began the study of Telugu, and with the exception of the two days spent on the mission boat T. N. Shewston, on our way to Akidu, where the quarters were rather too close for study, I have been able to continue without interruption.

It has been my privilege on two consecutive Sunday evenings to accompany Joseph, one of the native preachers, and several of the school girls into the near Mala Pillies Joseph preaches, the girls sing, and although I am dumb in Telugu as yet, still I am not altogether a nonentity, for the people come in crowds just to look at me, and so hear the truth as it is proclaimed. As we are the only English people in the vicinity we are a great curiosity and the people frequently come to the door and ask if they may just look at us, but more frequently they come and look without asking. The harvest is now being gathered, and men, women and children are busy reaping in the large fields of rice. We are very grateful for the harvest, but paupers that it should be reaped on the Lord's day, our rest day, of which, as yet, these people know nothing. Oh, that the time may soon come when this day shall be known and loved by them because it is the Lord's day.

Yours in Him,

S. SIMPSON.