

the steamer for Cocanada. Our first effort to get on board is unavailing, as the waves, with their white caps, very heavily trimmed with sea foam lace, toss themselves about so proudly and dangerously that no boats can go out. We, however, reach the Mission house in safety, and find the dwellers therein preparing for the long sail down the canal. Embark on the *Canadian* and sail west on and on past the Godavery and Krishna Rivers, into whose waters I look and wonder if I really once lived in New Brunswick; turn south, and on the evening of the sixth day find ourselves at Ramapatam, in the pleasant home of our Nova Scotia friends, Mr. and Mrs. Boggs. It is good to look into faces we have seen in the homeland, and the mention of familiar names brings absent ones near.

Another bandy journey of sixty miles, accomplished in three nights, and we reach the foot of this hill in early morning, in the rain. It is the highest I have seen in India, and my first view of it, crowned with clouds and storm, was almost startling. We make the ascent by old stone steps, up which, many years ago, people with very different purposes came. I walk as far as I can, get into that indescribable conveyance with Mrs. Timpany, and am carried by coolies.

Come into the house, the only European one on the hill, and look at the fireplace, in which we have really had blazing fires, and around which we have gathered and warmed ourselves and talked of home. Think of a fire being comfortable in this part of India in July, and marvel! We have been here now some weeks and are feeling quite at home, so let us go outside and see what of interest there is.

This is a queer old place to which we have come, and the remains of extensive fortifications on every hand testify that we are in an old fort. The Telugus did the most of the work some hundreds of years ago. It was taken from them by the Mohammedans, in whose hands it remained till the conquest of the country by the English. Nature has supplied immense walls of solid rock, whose stones look almost as carefully laid together as those in yonder high wall, which we know is the work of man. Then again, huge rocks are thrown and tossed together, as if at some time the whole hill had been shaken. In the early sheen of the morning sun, or in his list slanting western rays, the various tinted rocks and the hills and valleys bathed in ever changing light and shade, make a beautiful picture.

Many of the wall are surmounted by bastions, in whose apertures cannon and muskets once rested. If the roar of battle ever awoke the echoes among these awful precipices, terrible indeed must have been the work done. Right above us are old magazines, and in our walks we often find halves of rock cannon balls. Large wells for oil and water and immense stone granaries show that the people intended to stand a siege if necessary. Here, close to our right, are the ruins of the palace of the king. We walk among them, and wonder if these little apartments belonged to the women, who never enjoyed the freedom of the grand old hill as we do. In front of this is a mosque, where many prayers have been offered in which the Eternal One had no pleasure. Fronting this again are some Mohammedan tombs, as usual without inscription; those who lie below, probably, once shared in the temple service. When these rocks are rent and the graves opened, they will come forth to meet Him to whom they are best known. In an opposite direction, down the steps, is another tomb, still kept neatly whitewashed, and around which prayers are said. Away up on the hill, six hundred feet above us, and under

ground, is a dungeon. It is about ten feet high, a few feet in length and breadth, walled up with stone, and entered by a small opening which is level with the ground. When the Mohammedans held sway this place may have been kept in repair by the money of wealthy Hindus, who would suddenly find themselves seized, blindfolded and carried they knew not whither. They would be unloosed only to find themselves in this dreadful place, with no hope of escape till a promise for the amount demanded was given. Then they were blindfolded again and taken away as they came. The seals of those years will be broken some day, and these dark pages unfolded; but you and I are glad that the present inhabitants of the hill live, at least, in peace and quietness.

Our visit is drawing to a close, and we hope to return benefitted to our work. Follow us and it with your prayers, that each page of India's history may grow brighter and brighter, till it gleams in the full light of the Sun of Righteousness.—Yours sincerely,

CARRIE HAMMOND.

Udayagiri, Nellore District, India, Aug. 5, 1882.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

While Mr. and Mrs. Timpany have been spending the hottest weeks at the Hill Udayagiri, Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin have been in charge of this Station. In a private note Mr. Timpany says: "We are all as well as usual; I am never well now; that fever is in my bones and will not leave as long as I am in India. A Brahmin and a Brahmin girl are asking for baptism. There is going to be plenty of work for Miss Frith in Cocanada; the amount need be only limited by her ability to do, and your ability to furnish the means of work."

Chicacole.

Some of the difficulties which beset a Brahmin who wishes to become a Christian may be learned by the following letter from Mr. Hutchinson:—

"Some three years ago a Brahmin, by name Sitharamiah, went to Bobbili and asked for baptism. For some sufficient reason Mr. Churchill refused. The Brahmin was taken away by his people and relapsed again into Hindooism. He had been munshi to Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and Miss Hammond; so when I came we wrote for him to come to Chicacole. He came some months ago, and is the Brahmin whom I have mentioned as being my teacher, and in the school. He was glad to get here; and it did not take us long to discover that he was laboring under deep conviction of sin, and desiring earnestly to be a Christian. For three years and more he had felt in this way, and lived in constant dread of God's wrath. Often and earnestly did we talk with him; but while declaring his desire, he seemed hopelessly bound by the chains of caste.

"One Sunday morning as I was sitting in my study just before the morning service, he came in suddenly and said that he had had a dream. A man had come to him in his sleep and told him that he would die at the age of twenty-five years and five months. "But one month now remains," said he, "and I want to be baptized." He knew all that his request implied, for we had often talked about the matter. I asked him if he was willing to give up everything that bound him to caste; he said he was. For various reasons we thought it best for him to wait a