

great treat to us. Quite set us up, but we feel the heat even more since we returned. Our hot season commenced this year the first of February, and is continuing up to the end of June. True, we have had a few showers, but no change in the heat, as soon as the rain ceases.

I never saw Mr. Churchill so used up; tired out all the time, as he is this year, except when he was really sick.

But you will say this letter is all about ourselves, and nothing about our work. Perhaps a few instances of how people sometimes listen, and why they listen well to our message of salvation, may suffice for this time.

No. I.—A fine looking, well-dressed man, with a very sad face, was an almost daily visitor, a few months ago. We would frequently find him on the veranda, and when talked to about his soul would listen well, and I began to hope that he was really in earnest about the matter, but did not like to confess it. Still he came and came; would often ask for a flower, as an excuse for his coming. But just as my hopes of him were burning brightly, they quickly became dim, as I found out he was a jeweller, and hanging round the place, tempting our one Christian woman to purchase expensive jewelry instead of paying her debts, and his coming to our house was only a blind.

No. II.—In talking to a number of women and girls one day in town, one young woman seemed especially impressed, took in all we said joyfully, and followed us to our carriage as we came away. Next morning I was glad to see her come to the house, hoping she had received a blessing, but my hopes were suddenly chilled when she said she was going to visit some of her relations, and came to ask me to give her a new quoka.

No. III.—On another occasion, a woman listened so well, and asked so many earnest and intelligent questions that she gave cause to hope she might not be far from the kingdom. Enquiring afterwards who she was, I was told that she was the chief woman in Bobbili, employed in buying up little girls, giving them food and clothes, and training them for a life of sin and shame.

No. IV.—One evening at dusk, as we were paying coolies and masons, for work on the helper's house, now in course of erection, four young Brahmans came on to the veranda and silently waited till all were gone.

It was an unusual time for such to visit us, so we asked why they came.

They replied, "to talk and enquire about your religion." Mr. Churchill invited them in, took the Bible and from it showed them the nature and requirements of the Christian religion. They seemed much pleased, saying again and again what a good religion, its precept holy, and they believed it to be the true religion, and would be glad to enter it. Mr. C. showed them the way. But before they became Christians they wanted to ask one question. Liberty to ask was given. "We want to know what inducements you will hold out to us? We shall lose our own homes, friends, money, everything if we become Christians, what can you promise us if we come to you?"

"Pardon, joy and peace in your souls, and an opportunity of earning an honourable living by your own exertions in this world, and in the world to come, joy unspeakable, life everlasting."

Doubtless, the inducements were not large enough, or too large for them to appreciate, as they took leave of us, and have never returned.

June 29th, 1888.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

A Ride from Cocanada to Tuni.

After the sun had set and Europeans might go abroad in safety, good-byes being said, we start for Samulcotta in our pony carriage. The road runs along the canal bank where palmyra palms grow tall and stately, casting their long shadows below them in the water. The moon nearly at the full is well up in the sky; coolies pass us, their day's work done; old trees shadow the road, the canal waters shine like

a silver thread, bordered on either side by rice fields. This is sowing time and the seed is now waiting for the rain. The waters of the canal are also used for irrigating purposes.

Suddenly the horseman who till now has been walking behind, steps forward and lays his hand upon the pony's bridle; looking up at the same moment, two great dark shadows are seen coming noiselessly towards us, swinging their immense trunks in stately style; they are the Government elephants, bringing home the collector's baggage to his house in Cocanada; upon the head of one sits his keeper, and as we near them they leave the road and walk by the water's edge. Noiselessly they have come, and gone without a sound.

After eight miles we turn to our left and are in Samulcotta, an Indian town with narrow streets, mud huts and strong odor of burning; driving through we reach the open plain once more, where cold and still in the moonlight stands the Seminary and home of one of our missionaries.

Before the sun had left his bed we are again on our way in the early morning. Five coolies to draw our carriage, with the day growing brighter, the road running through a very pretty country, with the distant hills drawing nearer and the air cool, our run to Pitapoor of six miles is certainly delightful; entering the town and its narrow turning streets the coolies seem to become inspired as their journey nears its end, so with a shout from those who push behind to those who pull in front they run wildly past the mud huts, down the narrow way that turns as it descends, round a sharp corner till an upset seems pending, but as we near the farther end of the town they go more slowly, and at last stop where, by the roadside, stands our pony all ready for the next stage. He had been sent on in the night.

While paying our coolies and harnessing "Jack," an elephant crosses the road in front, the Rajah's elephant. The Rajah of Pitapoor is thought something of in these parts owing as he does, buffalo, horses, elephants rupees and wives.

But it is late and we must drive fast or the day will be hot before we reach Catapoddy, ten miles away. Yes, it is warm and now it gets warmer, so we rest the pony under a wide spreading banyan tree; not far off the women with water pots upon their heads can be seen coming and going from the well, where they loiter and talk a great deal; with a palmyra palm leaf caught neatly together to form a cup and tied to a long rope made of cocoanut fibre, they draw the water from a depth of some thirty feet; it leaks terribly, so that by the time it is pulled up there is sometimes nothing in it; thus the process of filling a good sized jar is sometimes a long one, but the women do not mind.

Well, it is time to drive on, and not till the drive is become quite wearisome do we reach our stopping place for the day, a travellers' bungalow; two rooms, veranda all round, mud floor, old dusty punkah, ready for use, three chairs and a table. Here we find our possessions, which and preceded us in ox baddies, all safely arrived, the oxen lying upon the ground, our cook preparing breakfast in a shed close by. Here we spend the day; and let it be said now, that, for ingenuity these eastern servants are remarkable at times, for out of that old shed came three well cooked, well served meals, indeed, in this respect, travelling in India is no hardship.

At sundown we must leave our resting place, so after vigorous talking and gesticulating, partly in one language and partly in another, we get these sleepy drivers to yoke their sleepy oxen to the baddies and start, as they have still a long way to go. With the warm after-glow of the sunset tingling the sky and hills on our left, and the silvery light of the moon on our right, we drive out into the night, through an avenue of banyan trees, whose branches meet overhead; now and then a junkal crosses the road, slowly turning to see what the disturbance means. The hills are close now and run along our left, the horseman points to them and says, "jungle," "tigers there." Suddenly rising from the darkness a man with long staff in hand "salams," he is the coolie that was sent on with a letter to the Moonis of