

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Chicacole.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Evening at Chicacole—the May moon shines down as softly and brightly upon our mission compound in India, as it does upon your Canadian homes. After the intense heat and brightness of the sun its soft brilliancy is restful and refreshing.

From the Bay of Bengal, four miles away, a cool breeze comes in, bearing to my ears the sound of native music. A short time since we came up from our weekly prayer meeting, and now my Hindu friends are all out taking their evening meal. We had a very good meeting and have had others of a similar nature. There has been a something that has made me feel that the Master was not very far away. Oh, that He would come near and give to us, who profess to follow Him, the faithful, earnest love, that would constrain the heathen about us to yield their hearts to Jesus the Saviour of men. They are lost; dead in trespasses and sins, and we need the seeking, yearning spirit of Him, who came to seek and to save the lost, ere we can awaken them to a sense of their danger. From Him we can receive this and all else. He is waiting to bestow. Suppose we do not draw near and partake, hence fail in usefulness, in making known as extensively as we might the Gospel of Salvation. There is something awful in the responsibility, and I shrink from contemplation of the thought.

When we reopened school, some months ago, a Bible class, composed principally of Christian young men and women was formed. We began to study the "Acts." For our daily lessons, some preparation, both in Telugu and English was necessary on my part. My greatest aim has been to bring the lessons home to their hearts; to apply them to their lives, to their every day walk and talk. An increase in interest and attention has been an encouragement. Some time ago, we came to the verse, "For I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." That took them a little apart from the ordinary line. For the idea of honour or gain, in some way or other, seems to be the motive power in India; and the thought of suffering for their Master was at least quite new. Then we endeavored to discover if any of us had borne any thing that could be so classified. Various things were suggested by different ones, but they melted away under a little examination. If there was one in the class who had suffered by her religion, that one had nothing to say. When I spoke to her, she said she had a Saviour now; she had not before. I will give you a sketch of her life some day. We next tried to see if there was anything we could do, any cherished evil habit that we could give up for the Master's sake. They could think of nothing, and I rather flatteringly suggested something about which I have talked much to the boarding Christian boys, viz: smoking. For a second they seemed too much astonished to speak; the face of one wore a look of such blank consternation, that I could scarcely repress a smile. He raised both hands, as he exclaimed "Uddi maha cushtom," (that would be very difficult). He said they had smoked from childhood, that it was a part of their nature, as much to them as their food. I asked them to show me the good that came from it; as they could produce nothing we were obliged to conclude that evil was the only result. Then I tried to show them that it was injurious, hence sinful; that they were supported by the mission, and asked if they thought

it right to devote the money which was consecrated to the Lord's work, by the hard labour, prayers and tears of our people to such a purpose? One said after he had smoked the two cigars, bought that morning, he would stop. I told him I would buy those two, that now was the time, and spoke of the failure that was sure to follow if they attempted to break such a habit in their own strength. This occurred about six weeks ago; and the result is that the three Christian boys who were addicted to the habit, gave it up from that time. They had quite a struggle; told me how they prayed about it. I am glad are you? And can you hope with me, that they may ever be kept from resuming it? By their honest, earnest endeavour to do right, they and we have been blessed; it is visible in many ways. A bad habit dislodged, leaves a vacancy; fill it with that which is good and the character assumes more strength and symmetry. The majority of our present day-school pupils, are we trust improving in secular knowledge, and in that which purifies the heart. But we are hard to satisfy; the more we see and receive the more we want; and may spiritual good come to us freely, abundantly.

A few weeks ago we had a pleasant, helpful visit from Mr. Sanford. He baptized two young women. The case of one has been under consideration for some time; the other is the sister of my present school teacher, and was converted elsewhere.

Considerable visiting and talking are being done in the town and adjacent villages, which we hope will be productive of good. When you pray ask God to take care of us and make us useful to the heathen about us. I regard your prayers as one of my great sources of strength, and as a blessing to us all. Your sincere friend,

CARRIE HAMMOND.

Chicacole, May 15, 1881.

Tuni.

Mr. Currie sends the Baptist a most interesting account of two young men he had been privileged to baptize early in May, one of whom was from a village which had never been visited by missionaries. He says:

"We have had tokens for good on this field of late, and the outlook is now quite encouraging. Some much needed changes in our staff of native helpers are taking place, and a better spirit seems to prevail among those now with us. The number of those who are becoming interested in the truth is increasing, and some are uniting with our little flock."

Bobbili.

A DAY IN THE MISSION HOUSE.

(Concluded from the June No.)

The line is adjusted; and when I return a hawker is waiting to show his goods, contained in three large yoked trunks on a small cart drawn by one bullock yoked into the shafts. I tell him that breakfast is ready, but he may show me the contents of one box while I wait for Mr. Churchill to come in. He brings his trunk on to the verandah close to one of the doors of the dining room. I and the children sit just inside, and he takes out piece by piece asking me to purchase each as he exhibits it. The things I need most he has not got, but I see a tooth brush so ask the price. "One rupee," (16 annas), I say "I will give you three annas." He begins to insist on something more, but I know I am to get it at the price offered and continue to say "Three annas," "Take it," he