

Work Abroad.

RAMACHANDRAPURAM

Letter to Mr. James M'Connell, Lakeview, Elgin County, Ontario.

Dear Brother M'Connell,—Your kind letter of September 26th reached me October 30th, and I hasten to answer. Latchmiah has been doing the best work he ever did during the past year, I find it impossible to control him or keep him working in any one place. He says, "Oh! God's spirit came on me to go to such a place," and away he goes. But I find on following him up that he is always preaching and singing. He is a born evangelist, singing all the time and the heathen like to hear him. I find wealthy Hindoo women call him when their husbands are out and get him to sing for them and tell them about Jesus. Last month I visited three villages where Latchmiah has done a great deal of preaching for the last ten years. We went to the caste people in the morning and to the out caste people at night. Each morning about 400 men, and from 50 to 100 women gathered round us and listened to the gospel and read passage after passage of Scripture and explained for over an hour and a quarter in each village and they showed that they had considerable knowledge of the Bible. I asked them how they knew, "Oh!" they said, "We have been listening to Latchmiah for years. He sings for us and tells us of the true God and of Jesus the Saviour of the world." I should say as many as 5,000 people know something about the way of Salvation in those three villages. Each village has over 4,000 souls, and they have been listening to Latchmiah for ten years. In one village, particularly (Gandrada), the people seem to be interested, and some men and a few women are in earnest, but they are afraid of their caste priests. Still I believe they enjoy listening to the gospel and secretly I think they serve Christ. Two men stepped out of the crowd in another village near there and said, "We believe all you have said, we believe the Bible is God's book," and I found one of them had a New Testament and hymn book and he said he had family prayers, and yet he is not baptised. God is undermining the whole superstructure of caste, and some day it will give way and tumble like the walls of Jericho. I believe about ten persons from the out caste have been led to Christ through Latchmiah and about 5,000 or 6,000 persons have heard the gospel through him. So your gifts have not been in vain. Mr. Fox will simply add the money to the Native Preachers' Fund and send it in a lump. It is divided among us out here so that we each get enough to support our preachers. We do not give all your money to Latchmiah. He has some land and we were afraid of spoiling him. So we gave nearly half of it to another man. Dear brother, you have given freely.

You will meet Latchmiah and the souls won through him one day in glory. Now I am sending you Latchmiah's photo, so you will see what he is like. He is very ignorant. Can only read the Bible a little, but God has been pleased to use him more than some of the educated men. God often chooses the very weak things to confound the mighty. We are all weak, but if He wills to use us the praise is all His own.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."—Numbers vi : 24-27.

Yours in the Master's vineyard,

J. E. DAVIS.

P. S.—Mr. McConnell has supported this native preacher for eight years

Nov. 1st, 1900.

COCANADA.

To the readers of the LINK :

My Dear Friends,—It has long been on my mind to send you a message. Among other things I have wanted to tell you of my delightful six week's holiday in Coonoor, where the panting little Nilgiri Railway train landed me on May 19th. Perhaps it was all the pleasanter because so unexpected. And what did I find in Coonoor to afford such pleasure? you ask. Why beautiful Coonoor itself! Each time I visit the place I come away more in love with it than before. But what were its mountains, its flowers, its birds, or its breezes without Coonoor's God? God seems to say: "There, I will meet with thee and I will commune with thee," and never since has my hungry heart been disappointed. It is my trysting place with Christ my Lord, therefore I love it.

God came very near to us this year and removed one of the best loved of the party in Miss Orlebar's Homes of Rest where I was staying. One of this sister's last acts of service was to conduct Telugu prayers just outside my window on the verandah. She spoke to the little group of Telugus of the return of Christ, little thinking that she was so soon to see Him.

Nor did God cease to speak to us in this way, nor has He ceased throughout this whole year so full of woe and tears, yes, and victory and "coronations."

It has come to be quite a common occurrence to receive news of the death of fellow missionaries and beloved native Christians. Many missions have been visited. God has mercifully spared our little Band, but we trembled when our Brother McLeod was so ill. The little flock in Cocanada has been passing through deep waters. Since the latter part of June no fewer than eleven, old and young, of our native church and congregation have been called away. One of these was one of the Boarding School girls. May God's