

It was now night, and everything was so beautiful and still. "The lights along the shore," from anchored boats and near villages, lit up the shimmering waters, the sky above; and the sky below, reflected on the waters, full of brilliant stars; Venus, Jupiter and Mars, and the Southern Cross, seemed to surround us; and the heron flying away with his hoarse croak, the plover crying out in his anger, "Did he do it," "Did he do it?" while packs of jackalls sounding every note in the gamut, with variations, favored us with a concert gratis. It was lovely, and we sat and talked and talked till it was long past bedtime; and some of us were sorry to go then.

But most things must have an end, and so had this ride or sail. Friday, about 11 a.m. we anchored opposite the Mission-house at Akidu—about 40 hours from Samulcotta to Akidu.

From this to Gunanapudi we went by ox-cart. It was twenty miles—no made road only a track and sometimes not even that. We were to leave Mrs. Timpany, Mrs. Hutchinson and the children at Akidu to rest till we returned; for the others we had to have ten carts and ten yoke of oxen, one each for the seven persons and three for tent and eatables. The carts began to come—the din was awful, nearly every pair of oxen had a cow-bell on. The carts here are not intended for travelling, so the covers were not good; if the rain, which was threatening came, we would be soaking before morning; the covers were too short too, about five feet long, and some of us were longer than that. Miss Frith fitted exactly, Bro. Timpany was not far behind. (We had to lie down on our mattresses at night)—the rest of us at varying lengths in the rear, while poor Bro. Hutchinson had to have a table extended at the back end of the cart, on which he could dispose of his extremities—he was a good deal longer than the cart. We started in the evening, crossed a large river on a ferry about 9 p.m., and wound our weary jingling way over hills and through mud holes till some time after midnight, when our track came to an end. From this we had to go across fields for about four miles. We had no guide and no moon, so we had to go by guess. Bro. Craig and his cavalcade had fallen behind and had gone another way, so we had to camp out till morning.

Shortly after starting in the morning we came to a village where we saw a man with a baby in his arms, asked him to give the baby to a woman standing near, and come and show us the way to Gunanapudi, he turned out to be a Christian, and proud he was to be our guide. In the distance I could discover Gunanapudi and the circle of trees around the tank in which little Jennie and I were anchored during the great cyclone of 1878.

Miss Frith and I walked ahead and got to the school-house chapel, for which I loaned the people Rs. 80, and which they repaid to the last rupee, about 8 a.m. It was nicely matted and felt so clean and cool. The inhabitants, led by Peter and Isaac, brought a large basket of fruit, plantains, pomeatoes and oranges—oh, but they were delicious to hungry, thirsty, weary and begrimed travellers like us. It was so kind and thoughtful of them! To lie down on the clean, cool mat and eat an orange, was just delicious—lovely, the girls would say. Soon all had come. The tent was soon pitched, and we all had a wash, then came breakfast in the chapel, and a wink or two of sleep, and we were ready for work. We met in a large temporary shed built by the Christians for this occasion—they were so proud of it, and well they might be; it would shelter about 500 people. The beams and bamboos were brought by themselves from Ellore, fifteen miles distant. The mats, woven of coarse grass from Colair lake which covered the roof, formed the

sides and carpeted the floor, were made by their own hands; and the whole expense was theirs too.

The real business began in the afternoon by the appointment of a Moderator and Clerk. The letters from the churches were a great improvement on last year; they were well written, gave a good idea of each church, and showed growth and courage, and faith in the people. They showed progress in the grace of giving. Do you know what that means? and showed that 319 had been baptized during the year.

Sunday was given up to sermons, prayer-meetings, etc.; Monday and Tuesday were set apart for discussing questions among the churches. I have no time to speak of all, but will mention a few.

Smoking, or using tobacco in any form was one. Not one of our Missionaries uses the weed. Long may that be said.

We advised them all to give it up. Many had done so already, and many others promised; many in Gunanapudi had given it up long before. We told them it was: (a). Bad for the body; (b). That it was very filthy, and (c). That it wasted a lot of good money. Another question was—*The wearing of jewels.*—Many women among the Christians wear rings and jewels in their noses, and the men wear rings in their ears. This must look very silly, don't you think. Yes, it does look silly to see grown up men with rings in their ears; and it is more than silly to see women with their noses stuck full of rings and some kinds hanging down over their lips. We asked them to read 1. Tim. 2: 9, and 1. Peter 3: 3, but some of them asked us if Christian ladies at home did not wear ear-rings and useless jewellery. What could we answer, only say to them—You are to do what God tells you in His word, and not what Christians may or may not do at home. Bro. Craig offered to take their jewels, etc., at a fair valuation, and give the proceeds to the Mission, or Gunanapudi church. Quite a number gave them up, women and men.

Then we talked about the duty of the Christians to build their own school-houses and support their own teachers. Many of the Christians spoke of this, and some told the joy they had in helping to build school-houses. Some of the people think it would be nicer, and less trouble for the Missionary to do all this, but then it would not be God's way, and besides, it would be bad for the people. It is bad for young children and young Christians to be helped too much; we should not do for the people what they can and ought to do for themselves.

We closed up the meetings on Tuesday and started for home that same evening. Next day we reached Akidu, picked up the stragglers and left for Samulcotta and Cocanada at noon. The Missionaries from the north came via Samulcotta to see the Seminary and hear the boys recite. They left Saturday morning via Cocanada for Bimli and the north. We had a grand good time—good company, good rest on the boat, and good meetings. Hundreds of Christians, and some Missionaries and Christians who came 250 miles to the meetings was something worth seeing—besides I got the promise of eight new boys for the Seminary next year. So boys and girls hurry up those Sunday-school dollars and cents to Brethren McDiarmid and Bates.

JOHN McLAURIN.

Cocanada.

Miss Frith writes under date of March 13th: Our Zenana work is growing and is very interesting. We have