

needless for me to bestow eulogium upon such tried friends and benefactors of our country. They have brought unto us Christ. They have given unto us the high code of Christian ethics, and their teaching and example have secretly influenced and won thousands of non-Christian Hindus. Let England know that, thanks to the noble band of Christ's ambassadors sent by her, she has already succeeded in planting His banner in the heart of the nation. God's blessing and India's gratitude will, therefore, ever belong to men such as these—men of character, of truth—men who in many instances have been found ready to sacrifice even their lives for the sake of bearing witness unto the truth.

England has sent unto us, after all, a western Christ. This is, indeed, to be regretted. Our countrymen find that in this Christ sent by England, there is something that is not quite congenial to the native mind, not quite acceptable to the genius of the nation. It seems that the Christ that has come to us is an Englishman, with English manners and customs about Him, and with the temper and spirit of an Englishman in Him.

Recall to your minds, gentlemen, the true Asiatic Christ, divested of all Western appendages, carrying on the work of redemption among His own people. Behold He cometh to us in loose, flowing garments. His dress and features are altogether Oriental, a perfect Asiatic in everything. Watch His movements and you will find genuine Orientalism in all His habits and manners. His up-rising and down-sitting, His going forth and His coming in, His preaching and ministry, aye, His very language and style and tone. Indeed, while reading the Gospels we cannot but feel that we are quite at home when we are with Jesus, and that Jesus is altogether one of us. He is our Christ. Surely Jesus is our Jesus.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

Mr. Timpany says, in a letter to Rev. W. H. Porter, of Brantford, dated June 21st:

"I had a premonition of the blessing coming to you after I heard of what you did for the heathen last year. I said then it would be a wonder if the Lord did not visit you in His saving mercy.

I know right well if we get the means to do our work here, that His hand will be made bare in the salvation of many of this people; God will himself sanctify the house we are building for service and teaching. His blessing is in the bricks and mortar, and the prayers of many of our Christian women at home are upon it, from foundation to roof, as an anointing oil.

The Conference just closed at Bangalore was perhaps unsurpassed by anything yet held, of the kind, in the Christian church. There was no misgiving, there was no gloom. The blood-stained banner of the cross waves now over at least 75,000 heathen converts in South India, that little more than a year ago were amongst those against us. The work goes on. The idols fall as the god before the ark of Jehovah. The shout of victory waxes louder and louder, even now the islands join their voice, and ere long one anthem shall swell and roll over the earth, drowning the opposition cries of infidel and atheist, of moslem and pagan. It will soon be a month since I left Cocanada—wife and little Mary are there, two children in Canada, and I am here, and over all the God of Love. We spent a week at revision before the Conference assembled. We did what we could during its sessions—a few chapters—and are steadily working at it since. It will be six weeks before I get back to Cocanada, if present plans are carried out.

Bimlipatam.

The Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Board of the Maritime Provinces writes as follows, to the *Christian Visitor*:—It is with great sorrow that I am obliged to announce the death of Bro. Kroothi Basso Mahanty, of the Jeypore District, India, who died of fever 17th July last. He was formerly in the employ of government, and resigned his position and salary at considerable sacrifice in order to give his time and talents to preaching the gospel to his Oryan country-

men. He was under the superintendence of Rev. R. Sanford, of Bimlipatam, and had received his support principally from Mrs. C. C. Scott, of Truro, N.S. We have no full particulars of the manner of his death, and shall await with interest further intelligence from Bro. Sanford.

W. P. EVERETT.

Tuni.

Letter from Mrs. Currie.

We have just returned from our visit to the Nilgiris, from the enjoyment of pure, fresh, cold air (sometimes too cold for us Indians) with the thermometer ranging from 58° to 70° and a fire in the room, to a temperature of from 80° to 95°, and as our house is still without either veranda or punkas, I feel the change a good deal. It convinces me that it could not have been otherwise than well for us to have escaped the last hot season, although it was with much regret that we left our station so soon again.

Now, we are glad to have resumed work, with the added comforts of a good roof, plenty of light and good air, with a room in which our little church can daily assemble for the worship of God. As yet we have no place for a school other than the room adjoining the cook room, where the teacher I am hoping to have must live. After the veranda is built we must appropriate one corner for the school.

The three little girls whom I took last February as boarders were well cared for in Mrs. Timpany's school, during my absence. Two of them are orphan sisters and came to me very ignorant, and completely destitute. To rescue them from beggary and soul-ruin, I took them in. As I have been unable to obtain competent assistance, they have been a great care. Still I can hardly say that I am sorry to have listened to the voice of mercy on their behalf. It is not the usual custom of our mission to educate heathen children, but this was a special case, and I depend a great deal upon the prayers of those who have assumed their support. Already they are to some extent acquainted with the way of salvation, but their hearts are still untouched. In teaching any, old or young, we cannot but realise our inability of ourselves to accomplish anything for the Master. "Paul may plant," etc., "but God alone can give the increase." Will not all the readers of the LINK pray fervently that the work done at this station may not be in vain, and for the workers, that their faith may not fail?

One of the members of our little band of Christians has been suddenly removed from our midst by death. Last Sabbath morning, in good health, she attended the service with us, and united in singing the hymns. At 3 a.m. on Monday she was stricken with cholera, and died in 24 hours. When I last saw her on Monday at 2 p.m., she was unable to speak audibly, but towards the end she rallied and asked for prayers—said that Jesus was taking her to be near him and she was happy and ready to go. After giving the members of her family good counsel, she sent "good-bye" to us—prayed for her daughter who was with her, then closed her eyes and slept in Jesus. As is so necessary in this country, and especially in the case of victims of that fearful disease, her remains were interred about three hours after her spirit had flown to join the company of the blessed in the home "beyond the river." Elizabeth had been a Christian for several years, consistent, quiet and gentle. Although she could not read, her memory was stored with Scripture texts, and she delighted in singing the "songs of Zion," with many of which she was familiar. A widow for many years, she had seen much sorrow; three of her children were in one day drowned during a cyclone, and she lost several others by death.

I must congratulate you on the success attained by the MISSIONARY LINK. I hope that it may soon be more widely circulated, and that, through its agency, many may hear of and pray for the conversion of the Telugus.

Tuni, July 29th.

M. A. CURRIE.

Bobbili.

Letter from Mrs. Churchill.

We like our new station very much indeed, and trust the Lord has much work for us to do here, and many sheaves to gather into His granary. Our compound is very near the town, and a great number of the higher castes, as well as many of the lower, come to visit us and see the arrangement of things in an Englishman's house. (All English speaking people, except Eurasians, are called Englishmen or Europeans here.) They will look on with a great deal of interest to see how we do everything, and even our eating seems to be as entertaining to them as a menagerie

would be to us. They will stand in the door and watch every motion we make, and then make their own comments. We are sometimes amused and sometimes half-annoyed; but we think it well for them to get acquainted and feel at home with us. Their curiosity gives us many a good opportunity of telling them of some other things, of much more importance, of which they have never heard. A number of the higher caste women have come to see me since I came here—a thing they never did in Bimli, and I have also had the pleasure of visiting them in their own homes. Some have asked me particularly for my friendship, which I was very glad to promise, and friendship or love in a much higher sense than they can yet understand or appreciate. The Brahmin women here seem to go about more freely than I have ever seen them in any other place.

A number of Brahmin boys and young men come every Sunday afternoon, and we instruct them in the Bible; when they came at first we hardly dared hope they would continue to come so long; but still they come, and the seed is being sown.

Our great need is Christian helpers—earnest workers, to help us in this great seed-sowing, for this must be done before we can look for any harvest. And the whole people are stepped in sin and heathenism. O how much work there is to do, and how few to do it; if we had to depend for success upon our own wisdom or strength, we should give up in despair. But we work for a grand Master, whose is the power and the wisdom, and all He requires of us, is just to be faithful and do the work He sends us, with the strength He gives us to perform it, and leave all the rest with Him.

Perhaps it might interest you to hear of our first visit to the villages, to speak of the great salvation. One Sabbath evening, after our classes were dismissed, we took our dinners hastily, and walked out about a mile to the village in which the men lived who had given Mr. C. the most trouble in his building operations. He said they were the hardest people around, and he would commence with them, so as to render good for evil.

As we entered the village, the place was very filthy, and we had to pick our steps. We went on till we found a log, on which we sat down. Soon a number gathered around us, mostly young people. I remembered the words of a Telugu hymn—it was too dark to read—and commenced singing, Mr. C. joining in the chorus, and by the time we had sung it through, we had quite a congregation squatting down on the ground all around us. I was glad to see their thoughtfulness in one particular, leaving a little open space just in front of me, "to let breath come in," as they said. Then we had a nice quiet talk with them, one man replying and asking questions, and the rest listening attentively, till we thought it was time to return home. By making enquiries, we found one young man who could read, so we gave him three tracts, he promising to read them to the rest. Many of them followed us out of the village, and then "took leave," and we came home humbled with the feeling of how little we could do, but happy that we had attempted even that little for Christ.

I have had a singing class on Wednesday afternoons, to teach the young men who come on Sundays, our hymns and tunes. Several sing very nicely and easily catch the tune from me: to one of these I lent a hymn book, but he brought it back in a few days, saying he had sung a couple of the hymns at home, and his father told him if he heard him sing one again, he would beat him; so it was no use to keep the book, but he would still continue to come and sing here.

In trying to get pupils for my caste girls' school here, a Brahmin told me of a very rich Teluga caste woman, who had great influence in her street, and who, if I went to see her, would send me many pupils; so a day was appointed, the visit made, and the children promised. Then I asked her to come and visit me, which she said she would do if I sent my carriage for her. I told her I would go for her on a certain day, which I did, and it was a sight to see how richly that woman was dressed. Her native dress was some kind of thin, gauze-like silk, with gold-colored satin spots in it, and under and through this, on almost every part, were silver, gold and jewels, sparkling and shining.

On her toes and ankles I don't know how many silver bands and bangles making a lively jingle every time she stepped; around her waist a wide gold band with little golden "bells," as they call them, hanging thickly from it; on every finger gold rings and precious stones; bracelets, I don't know how many, on her wrists and above her elbows; and the number and variety of gold chains and ornaments hanging from her neck to her waist, was more than you can imagine. Then from her nose and ears were rings