

place? We must *deny* ourselves and take up our cross if we would follow Jesus and be His disciples. I would not have you do less work at home, a great deal more ought to be done. But while you do the work at home see to it that the command to send or take the gospel to the ends of the earth is not neglected and make sacrifices to carry out this command. Doing this your own homes will be made glad by the presence and blessing of the Saviour who came to seek and save the lost.

A. V. TIMPANY.

INDIA, Aug. 13th, 1882.

### Preparing for Work.

DEAR LINK.—I use the adjective because every connecting link between the Home and Foreign parts of the work he loves is dear to the missionary. Such a bond of union are you between the great, sympathetic heart of Baptist Canada and the work of redemption here.

Your letter was received—why, six months ago! But somehow or other it got buried beneath a heap of duties until the present time; and any compunction of conscience about the matter was invariably relieved by your well-filled columns. Even now I am somewhat afraid to contribute; for I tried that sort of thing for our two papers down by the Atlantic with a *doleful* result, viz: a declaration by one reader that my most interesting letter was the *last*!

The new missionary in India is like one who goes forth into outer darkness; objects loom up dim and indistinct about him, which, to the eyes of those longer accustomed to the darkness, have assumed definite shapes, positions, and relations. There is no work in which the beginner feels so utterly incapable of guiding himself, as in this. Or the newcomer may be unconscious of *darkness*. In which case the brilliant kaleidoscope of strange Eastern customs and peoples and scenes with their thousand surprising combinations confuses while it delights. To assign to each its particular place, to determine its significance in relation both to the people and one's future work, and to regard all, not as objects of mere curiosity, but as realities into the very heart of which we must find our way and there exist—this is the difficult problem to be solved. The imagination, active before, grows inactive, for it is self-productive, and luxuriates on what *itself* produces. Here there is too much material; imagination's work is done for her. Romantic ideas, that up to the arrival in the country, had grown vigorously, now become full-fledged, and taking to themselves wings, fly away. Like Noah's dove, after a few short flights they never return; and one soon begins to settle down to the *unmitigated earnestness* of missionary life.

As a rule, however, I think that the man or woman who deliberately resolves to "build" in India counts the cost too carefully to admit of much of the gilding of romance. I know of nothing upon which I ever entered that contained as little of that element as my coming to India. But the estimate provides rather for a good deal of rough material, tough labor, and unusual difficulty. And there is need for it—we meet with just these. For the man who is afraid of *work* this is no place; but for him, or her, who brings a stout back, a love of toil, and who can sing while at work, this is the place and this the occupation.

The difficulty, in my opinion, which the new missionary encounters is to *get at the people*—and by that I mean, to *get into their hearts*. You are wrapped up in a garment of steel. Old ideas, prejudices, reserves, and

*language* separate you from them. You are among them and yet cannot touch them. If there are native Christians, they regard you in a peculiar light. To them you are the new *dora*, to be talked about, and salaamed to, and watched, and criticized, and—everything, in fact, but to be talked *with*. The language debars them from your heart, and you from theirs. To the language, then, one must devote himself, happy if, in the meantime, he can win the love of some. But, once a beginning made in Telugu—once speak to them in their own tongue, and their hearts open. They develop a new and strange interest in you, which every new word added to your vocabulary increases; until at last, in their own speech you have found the way to their hearts.

J. R. HUTCHINSON.

Chicacole, July 3rd, 1882.

### At Udayagiri for Health and Rest

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Away from Chicacole four or five hundred miles, and between two and three thousand feet nearer the clouds, is it supposable that one ought to write for the LINK? My opinion would be a decided negative, especially as I am assiduously looking for something that was not lost here. Because of that acknowledgement will the little people who read this consider me unusually dull? Perhaps some of you would like to know where I am; so suppose you take an imaginary bandy while I take a real one, and we set out from Chicacole on the 5th of June.

We pass out of the compound; through the town; ford the river; climb the hill on the other side; and move on down the straight road. I hope you like the appearance of those boys walking by the bandy; they are James, two Davids, two Nerrisimhulees, and Subriedu. After a few earnest words and good-byes, all but the latter turn back, and we settle ourselves for the night's journey. I hope you will get such a refreshing sleep that you will not mind the uncomfortable day in the bungalow that tomorrow is sure to be; but the jolting and creaking wheels are not very soothing. Between our efforts to go to sleep and also to keep the bandy man awake, we do not journey very rapidly towards dreamland. Sit up after a while and discover that the other bandy with Subriedu is nowhere to be seen. The bandy driver notes it also and says we must stop, while you and I say we must go on. He coolly turns the bullocks off the road and prepares to rest. We tell him that for every hour we are in the sun after six o'clock we will fine him two annas. Then he asks if I am not afraid to go on alone, for you know he does not see your imaginary cart. I say "No" very emphatically, and mean it, yet think of several places that are preferable to the present, and we move on. Morning finds us at the bungalow, where we wait two or three hours for that laggard bandy which contains our lunch. A kind-hearted villager thinks the Dora Sonne must be hungry, and offers to cook some rice and curry, which in my experience is a very unusual thing for a heathen native to do. With many salaams we say we will wait a little longer, and presently Subriedu appears with the lunch basket. The bandy gets in about an hour later.

Our chief employment during the day is trying to avoid the sun, which sends broad rays through the leaf roof, and thankful to escape with only a headache, we resume our journey, and reach Bilmi in time to arouse Mr. and Mrs. Churchill at daylight. We miss Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, Lottie and Rowlie, spend a few pleasant days, and take