

Canadian Missionary Link

Published in the interests of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Societies of Canada.

XXXIV.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1919,

No. 10

FOREIGN MAIL BOX.

Akidu, Kistna District, January 31, 1919.

Though I have headed this Akidu, I am really on our Mission house-boat, the "Messenger of Truth," or, as the Telugus call it, "Satyaduta." We are travelling along a very pretty canal with beautiful trees along its banks, at the rate of two miles an hour, so there is plenty of time to enjoy the scenery. The boat is pulled by two men, while another man sits on top to guide the rudder. Going up stream we use four men. About every eight or ten miles, we get new coolies, and often have to wait for them to cook their own food before they'll come. Time is no object to anyone in India. I was about 25 miles from home when I started, and it will take me about 36 hours to get there. Our houseboats are very comfortable—we have a nice cabin where we can eat and sleep as we travel along. This time I happen to be all alone, as Mr. Chute was called away to a committee, and I am spending the day writing, writing writing, except when I talked to some people at a village where we stopped for coolies. As far as I know there isn't another white person within miles of me except Miss Selman, who is 15 miles up the canal in her boat. We feel perfectly safe and not the least nervous. Miss Selman said she expected to be out all next month before returning to Akidu. But should she get word that Miss Hinman has secured her passage home, she will return to see her off. Our missionaries due to go home are having much trouble about their passages, and have not yet been able to secure them.

We have just been attending our Association. We have three of them in our Mission. Ours is called "The Kistna," as it is composed of all our churches in the Kistna District, it is the largest as it represents all the Christians south of the Godavery River over 5,000. Then there is the Godavery Association and the Northern.

Shall I tell you about our Association? Well, to begin with, most of our churches except those at the Mission Stations are nothing but little mud chapels or huts and not one of them could accommodate the delegates. But that doesn't matter, every church is eager to have the "big meeting" at least once, so there are many invitations, and to settle the rivalry it is agreed that the Association is to alternate on the three fields—Akidu, Vuyyuru and Avanigadda—and this year it was our turn, and fortunately for the missionaries, it was held at a place where we could live on our house-boats. Mr. Gordon, Mr. Chute, Misses McLaurin and Selman and I represented the missionaries. The entertaining church selected a good, suitable field, laid in a good supply of bamboo poles and palm leaves and then proceeded to build a meeting house. The bamboos of all lengths were stuck into the ground in the shape of a T, other poles were tied on them horizontally, and then roofed over by a network of bamboos. Palm leaves were tied on the top and here and there along the sides, as a protection from the sun, but plenty of light and fresh air filtered through, the ground was covered with straw, and at one end a big platform was made by piling cartloads of earth and pounding it into shape. A table was brought from the chapel for the President; also a chair