

coast trip; here we landed. We had a long and hot pull of five miles in an open boat in midday; for the steamer could venture no nearer the land. Two gentlemen joined us for the canal transit, which was to take us to Rajamundry, a distance of thirty-five miles. Having secured a canal-boat, we waited at an "hotel" until evening. A dirty, miserable hole was this hotel; but they gave us a dinner, and we said nothing about other comforts. Coconada is the great port of the Godavery, and, as the river is opened up, it will increase in importance and extent. We found sights very unusual in native sea-ports, —iron steamers on the stocks, building or fitting-out for river and coast. The iron is brought from England in plates, and put together here. The noise of the hammer and anvil, the beat of the steam-tug and river-dredge, the crowds of artizans moving to and fro, recalled the dock-yards of home. We pushed off from the Coconada Quay about eight o'clock, after endeavouring all we could to resist the imposition of the proprietor, who, after we had given him all he had asked, insisted upon having more; for he thought we had made too good a bargain. It was about the worst boat I ever saw. One of us had to sleep on the roof; the others picked their way amongst the luggage inside as best they could; but we were too tired to be nice. The canal was narrow, and the boatmen dragged us along from the banks. We arrived at Dowleishwaram about half-past nine in the morning. Dowleishwaram is five miles from Rajamundry; and, being the principal seat of the Government works, we resolved to stay here for a day or two, especially as we had a letter of introduction to Major Stoddard, the District Engineer. The Major kindly invited us to his house, which fronts the great annicut, one of the noblest triumphs of engineering skill in the world, when we measure the length and breadth of its benefits. Our host gave us the use of a little steamer, and, accompanied by a sub-engineer, a native gentleman of extraordinary intelligence, we paddled all over the beautiful sheet of water. There are really four annicuts, connected by as many natural embankments or small islands, making

one barrier across the Godavery of four miles in length! The river in former years (these works were begun in 1845) used to run bodily into the sea, and leave little behind it but desert. In the time of the freshes the waters would flood fiercely down, and sweep all before them. But the genius of Cotton converted the demon torrent into a ministering angel, bringing mercy to millions. The whole Delta is watered, the people paying the Government two and a half rupees an acre for irrigation; and you may imagine the dimensions of this blessing, both to people and rulers, when I tell you that the water-tax alone yields a revenue of from five to six lacs of rupees. Having skirted the annicuts we debarked from the steamer, and walked back to inspect the annicut masonry. The work cost £92,000, and is kept in order for about £5,000 per annum. The Delta is traversed by three canals, one of them running to Bezawada, a town about one hundred miles to the south-west of Dowleishwaram. The traffic on these water-paths engages eight thousand boats of different kinds. All life circulates through canals here. You hardly see a horse or land conveyance.

The next day, Saturday, we visited Rajamundry, a large native town, containing perhaps fifteen thousand inhabitants. Here is a Mission-station belonging to the Reformed Lutheran Church, recently superintended by Mr. Heice, who, after a long residence, has just returned to Europe. A Mr. Greening, well known in Telugu Missions as an able labourer, will come from Guntoor to succeed Mr. Heice. The Rajamundry Lutheran Mission has been carried on hitherto with scarcely any perceptible result. It has had no rival Mission to provoke its energies; it seems to have but feeble support from home; and the Missionary has frequently been without a companion in toil, his health failing, his spirits depressed; and yet people ask for prosperous schools, for conversions, and a growing church! I wish friends at home, who speak discouragingly of Indian work, could walk through a town like Rajamundry, with its thronged bazaars, its rich shops and warehouses, and the signs of industry, intelligence, and power expressed on