

Our Work Abroad.

AKIDU, INDIA.

DEAR LINE,—

I mentally resolved to write to your readers during this hot season, but I have let two months of it go by without putting my resolution into effect. The sermon I heard last Sunday morning by our missionary, Doctor Woodburne, about considering our mercies and giving God thanks for them, has provided me with a subject in which to write a few lines which I think may be interesting to some of you. I will call my subject "Some of the Joys of being a Missionary in India,"

Our dear friends at home hear a good deal about our hardships and trials out here and pity us. To those I want to testify that the trials are many but the joys are infinitely more. First and foremost is the joy of *being here* in our Master's service. We all feel it a great privilege to have been called by God to help bring India's sons and daughters to worship Him. This is an every day and an every season joy. A joy which we have in health and in sickness. It cost our brethren, J. R. Stillwell and J. A. K. Walker, a great deal of sorrow, I know, to have to leave the work and go home on account of ill health, and now Mr. Davis is going through a hard struggle because it seems necessary that he should go home. I feel sure that all our missionaries agree with me about this being a joy. We love the work.

Personally I have to rejoice in health. God has given me very good health and my heart is full of thankfulness that after five and a half years here I am just as well as when I came. Of course the climate has taken some of my strength but I am speaking of good *health*. I thank Him that He has given me a working use of the language so that I can make people understand when I try to tell them of His love.

I thank Him for physical comforts, too many to mention here. There are a few physical discomforts—just at present heat and mosquitoes are the principal ones—and the sermon above mentioned brought home to me the fact that these are too often mentioned and God's abundant daily mercies much too rarely.

There is sight, hearing, strength to walk and talk and work, sleep and rest, besides blessing for the mind and the spiritual blessings which

we enjoy and those which we might enjoy if we would, and there are the eternal joys which we have in prospect; with all these if we would but consider them, we ought to be ashamed to mention the few crosses which we have to bear.

I am glad and I thank my Father that He allowed me to stay at the station this hot season. I have had the privilege of teaching His precious Word to a class of seven women twice a week while it was too hot to go out to the village. He sent them to me and we had our classes under the punkah or on the verandah if the breeze was cool enough.

I have also to thank Him for the privilege of helping Dr. Woodburne with some of His patients and of learning some things about medicine which I know will be useful to me in the future.

So dear friends if God is calling any of you to leave your home and come out here for His work do not think of the trials, for they are really very few compared with the joys. God wants many of you to help on the coming of His kingdom here, so do not withhold your life, your prayers and your money. We have His promise for a hundred-fold more in this life and in the age to come life everlasting.

The hot season will soon be over and you have not suffered greatly from the heat. The canals will soon be filled with water and we can begin our evangelistic touring again. Pray for the work in this field.

Our annual report is just out and you will be pleased with the good news of many souls saved and much progress in the work. You will see by my report that I was expecting a touring Bible-woman, *Jemima*, this year. She came to me but only remained with me twenty days when it became necessary for her to return home and she cannot come back.

The farmers around here are ploughing and sowing their seed for transplanting later on, and God sent a beautiful rain which is very unusual at this time of the year, but He saw that it was much needed because the crops failed last year.

Now I think my letter is long enough, so I will close by wishing you all God's greatest blessings with the power of enjoying them and of telling out your gladness. Read Psalm 40:
3, 5, 10, 11.

S. E. MORROW.