

Our Work Abroad

Tuni, Godavari Dist., India,
April 17, 1925.

Dear Friends—It has taken me some time to get a message ready for you to thank you for the calendars you so kindly sent me to my friends here. I am glad to have them to give out and after supplying our pastors first, they were given to a number of the government officials, the Magistrate, the Police-Inspector, Postmaster, Station master and a number of others. So many friends sent me this year, that there are a number of these silent messengers in Hindu and Mohammedan homes as well as in the offices. A number of the High School boys have received them and are interested in the Bible texts, and the pictures have a real mission.

We find many tokens of real heart interest in the gospel message. I wish you could have been with us one day lately in a small village. It was a long way from home but the car makes it possible to visit some of these far villages oftener than before. On our arrival the children gathered in the prayer shed for a meeting. They wanted me to hear them sing the hymns they had learned and tell some of the Bible stories and texts they knew. For Benjamin and his wife take much interest in teaching them. The Christian men and women who were home also gathered, so we went right on with a meeting for them, then giving leave to the men and children we spent a while with the women, most of them not long out of heathenism, with so much to unlearn as well as so much to learn. We sought to awaken their interest in the Home Mission field and it was good to see the beginning of awakening to care for others beyond their own family circle. After our noon meal and short rest Chinnamma took us to the caste part of the village where we found hearts so hungry to hear about Jesus and before we left they asked me to pray. There was such quiet as I asked the dear Saviour to help these hungry ones to find Him who is waiting so near, longing to reveal himself to the seeking heart. It was good to have such a precious message for them. Pray for them and the many like them in this land.

Yours in His service,
Ellen Priest.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Dear Friend,—December 15th, 1924, found me in Tekkali at the beginning of my third term. We were welcomed all along the way. First at Samulkotta where Miss Pratt left us, then Tuni, Waltair, and then Vizianagram, where Miss Flora Clarke met us with her usual cordial greeting proved by the lunch box and tea which she brought. Then you know the queer little feeling which one gets as we get nearer and nearer to the place where those live whom one loves most of all and with whom one has lived and worked and shared sorrows and joys, defeats and victories for many years. So many times I said to Miss Curry, "this must be our station", but would only find it was still further on. Had I really forgotten? What made the distance seem so long? At last we arrived. Mr. Barss and Mr. P. David were the first to greet us. Then came the teachers from the Naupada Caste Girls' School with garlands and words of welcome. It was not long before we were spinning along in the Ford to Tekkali town. We were taken at once to the beautiful new bungalow, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Barss. In India some people live in Bungalows, some in houses and some in huts, but Mrs. Barss has a very special way all her own of making her bungalow a real home and to this real home in India we were welcomed. Could my welcome back to India, and especially to Tekkali, be complete without the Sompetta missionaries, Miss Martha Clark and Dr. Clark? Here they were too! The next morning Mr. Barss suggested that we go and see the church which had just had extensive repairs. Here to our surprise the Christians had met together to welcome us too. Songs of greetings, words of appreciation, etc., all made us feel we were quite at home again. As we are only 18 miles from Parla Kimidi, Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Glendinning soon joined our party. It is good to be back. A furlough in the home land is wonderful. Could anything be better? Yes, just one, and that is to be back in India again where even the poor feeble efforts of one missionary are really needed. Then came Christmas. Although we had invitations to other places still it seemed best to spend the first Christ-