

Traveller's Bungalow, Pusapati Raiga.

May 1, 1904.

My dear Sisters and Co-Workers,

As I was going to church this a.m. my thoughts were with some of the workers at home, and the result of my thinking was this letter to you, in which I will endeavor to tell you a little of my present circumstances.

This year has been thus far a very busy one. Mr. and Mrs. Gullison's enforced furlough before they had planned for it, with no mission family to take up their work, has meant busy days. Since their departure I have had the care of the twenty-six boarding boys, a responsibility borne by Mrs. Gullison when here; and the house-keeping, too, was one of her tasks that fell upon me. To attend to these duties faithfully and well, occupies one's time, leaving but little for letter writing, or many other things demanding attention not put in the day's program, or expected to arise. But neither the boys, nor the house have been attended to satisfactorily, for the school, the woman's Bible Class, visiting in the town, and the evangelistic schools have so occupied my time as to make in consequence the days very busy, and leave an unpleasant consciousness of nothing being done as it should be. But if the Master can say, "She hath done what she could," I shall be content.

On Friday our school closed for the midsummer vacation—the month of May. Miss Clark and I went over in the afternoon, and participated in the closing exercises. Then there were the boys to send off to their homes, to see to putting away their dishes and books, and boxes and clothing, and providing them with money for their journey, etc. They give much care. Their wants, grievances, etc., are often wearying, and their conduct such as causes us sorrow and worry; but, notwithstanding all, they are a joy to us, and I am not sure that I was more glad than sorry to see them go. I am certain that we shall gladly welcome their return.

Without the least regret, however, that evening I gave the housekeeper's keys over to Miss Clark, relieved to know that the problem of "What shall I get to eat?" would be not mine, but hers for a whole month. At this time of year, when one is not sure of even potatoes all the time, a variation in the bill of fare is rather difficult to effect. Fortunately, both Miss Clark and I have good appetites, and if we were ever fastidious over food we certainly are not now, and so we get on most beautifully.

At 3.30 Saturday morning I rose, and an hour later said good-bye to Miss Clark and started on my way to this place, some 18 miles distant. The journey was made with far less fatigue than I anticipated. The coolies ran well, so that I reached here about 9 a.m. I found the preachers who have recently come here at the bungalow to meet me, and their happy faces spoke far more effectively than words could, that they were glad to see me. They, of course, miss the Christian fellowship they have been accustomed to at Bimlipatam, and are in a village where the people are none too friendly. I found them trying to arrange the things I had sent on by cart, so that the room might be all ready for me. It did not take long to put up my camp cot, unpack the lantern, and dispose of the trunk, table, lunch-basket, and chair. Then we went to their house—about a mile away—to see the women. They were cooking when we got there, but were very glad to see me. On my return I got my breakfast. Found I had forgotten plates, but was glad it was not something more important.

About four I went up to the Christians again. The preachers had gone to a village some distance away. The women and I had Bible-class together, then, while they cooked, I went for a walk. On my return I noticed a young lad intently watching the stranger, and when I had overtaken him I spoke to him. He was responsive, and we had quite a talk. When he made his salaam and left, I recognised a former acquaintance in the person of a young Brahmin, the village kerman, or writer. He remembered me, and was ready for a talk. Quite a number of young boys came to the house with him and began to inquire about the organ and magic lantern Mr. and Mrs. Gullison had when in camp here. They were very graphic in their description of the two instruments, and this gave me a chance to ask what the pictures shown represented. They were able to tell me, and we were soon in earnest conversation regarding Him who is the Light of the World.

On their departure my little lad whom I met in the street came with three of his friends, and we had a still more interesting talk with them. They are bright lads, and seem thoughtful. I enquired about their families, and told them I would come to their street; that they must be watching for me, and take me to their homes. To this they readily agreed.

By this time the women were through with their cooking, and I visited, with them, the