

among their young friends; and have ten dollars on hand even now. But the money is the least part of it. It is such a great thing to have them interested."

"Well, the Lord has blessed your work wonderfully," said the old lady, her face shining.

"The Lord has blessed our work, Mrs. Hampden," said Miss Dawson. "You led me to look at this thing in the right light, and the sixty dollars and the Mission Band are all God's interest on your five cents in the tea-cup."

CLARA G. GUERNSEY.

## A Fifty Thousand Dollar Missionary.

Mr. Arthur L. Shumway, a well-known American newspaper correspondent, writing in the *Christian Union* in answer to the criticisms on missionaries, which have recently appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, says: How shall I separate from a large number of similarly conspicuous proofs of the worth of missionaries, some single reminiscence that will serve to vindicate my own respect for the class of people belittled by Mr. House?

One day as I was walking the streets of Canton, China, with Mr. Charles Seymour, our American Consul General in that great city, we met and passed a quiet, modest-mannered man on his way into the city. Said Mr. Seymour:

"Do you see that man yonder?" pointing in the direction of the receding stranger.

I assented, and he continued:

"That is Dr. Kerr. He is in charge of the great missionary hospital yonder. The hospital was founded in 1838, and has already treated three-quarters of a million cases, I believe. I consider that he is the peer of any living surgeon in the world to-day. To my personal knowledge he undertakes, almost daily, cases which our most distinguished surgeons at home do not dare attempt. I suppose that humble man might just as well as not be enjoying an income of from \$50,000 to \$75,000 a year, instead of his present small salary, if he was only practising in the city of New York on his own account. And I suppose he knows it, too."

And when he afterwards passed through the hospital, inspected the photographs of operations already performed, and viewed the array of deformities to be treated that afternoon, I could not doubt that what he had said was literally true.

[It is just such men as John Soudder, of India—Geo. E. Post, of Syria; and John G. Kerr, of China, that heathendom wants. Not those who are no good anywhere, but those who are good everywhere.]

Not those who think that because they have succeeded at nothing, that therein lies the evidence of their call to the Gospel ministry. Rather let us give our Best men to follow in the footsteps of the Best Man that ever trod this earth, whose life is summed up in five words,

"HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD."

—Medical Miss. Record.

## THE WORK ABROAD.

### Kurnool, India.

DEAR LINK,—The last week of July Mr. Drake and I came here from Madras, as Mr. Silliman, who returned to America last March, left this field in Mr. Drake's care until another missionary should arrive. We hear one is appointed and hope to welcome him in a couple of months. The time spent here has been fully occupied, although supposed to be vacation, but I have seen a new phase of mission life for which I am glad.

Kurnool is about three hundred miles from Madras, and all but a little over thirty miles of the journey is made by rail, the rest by carts or bandies. When coming this latter part of the journey we intended doing it during the night, but after travelling twelve miles a heavy rain came on penetrating our cart covering and obliging us to go into a travellers' bungalow to which we just then came. We were somewhat disappointed at the delay, but next morning when we found the river, which we had to ford quarter of a mile from the bungalow, swollen by recent rains, we felt grateful for the detention, as even in daylight it was difficult to cross and would have been attended with danger in the darkness.

This is a fine country, and this year, there having been abundant rains, everything looks fresh and promising. There is a grey stone here used entirely in building and for fences (where there are any) which looks well. The native houses, as a rule, are bare in appearance, looking much like a stone wall with a door in it, as they are built without windows (towards the street at least), without verandas, which are so common in Madras that even the thatched roofs of the little mud houses project beyond the wall making a sort of veranda, and the roofs are made of bamboo poles covered with some kind of matting, then earth is placed on that. "The grass upon the house tops" is literally true here, and I have frequently seen the goats nibbling it on the tops of the houses. There is the remains of what has been some rather fine architecture in the days of Mohammedan rule, gate-ways, mosques, and also the ruins of the fort. We went into an old disused mosque one day where there were many tombs; doves had built their nests in the dome and were cooing and flying about, while even a little donkey came in for shelter from the rain. Mohammedan cemeteries are everywhere, in town, on the outskirts, while some are simply in the open field. The other evening, when walking through a quiet street close to the bazaar, we came across one of these old burying places in the midst of a thickly populated place, and a tank was dug in the midst of all, where we saw a man washing his clothing and person. Many of the stones were crumbling away from the tombs, and we could see bones of human bodies here and there on the road. The roads are good and we enjoy the pleasure of walking thoroughly, as we are deprived of it in Madras. At this time of the year the climate is pleasant, although warm, but after the fall monsoon I am told it is cold, at least cold for those who have been in the country any time. But for three months or more, from March on, it is one of the hottest places in India.

There are about twenty thousand people in Kurnool, half of whom are Mohammedans and half are Telugus. As far as I can learn there is no work whatever done for the women of this place. I have gone about in different parts of the town with my husband, or one of the preachers' wives, and, as a rule, the women seemed glad to see us and listened to our message. Some were rather shy of me at first, and once or twice ran away as I drew near to them, but generally they listened well. One evening it was a dozen women, who were bringing home great loads of fire-wood and who had sat down to rest by the road, to whom we spoke; another time, as the people were waiting to see a native prince come into town, we gathered quite a crowd; another evening we walked down a street and talked with the people as they were weaving mats at their doors, and at other times we went to a palams and spoke with them in their houses. We found that nearly all those to whom we spoke had heard of Christ and the gospel, for this is not a new field. Mr. Drake began the work here in 1876, and since then