

## TWENTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

Dear LINK:—

Perhaps your readers would like a peep at Vuyyuru, as it was and is, through the eyes of one who knew it twenty years ago and who has recently visited the field of her first love in India.

When, in the wee sma' hours of January 2, 1893, I first reached Vuyyuru, I found a white-walled bungalow standing back from the road in the middle of the Mission Compound, around which was really as yet an unfenced portion of a farmer's field, which had been obtained with great difficulty. Down by the road in the corner of the Mission property, stood a tile-roofed building of sun-dried brick, which served as a schoolhouse on weekdays and a chapel on Sundays. Directly behind the bungalow was a row of small outbuildings. Still farther back and at one side was the row of neat rooms occupied by the families of the pastor and the headmaster of the school. In an opposite corner in the rear stood the dormitories of the boys' boarding school. This was the good beginning that had been made by Mr. Brown (now Dr. Brown, our Foreign Mission Secretary), the first missionary of the Vuyyuru field.

When Mr. and Mrs. Brown finally bade farewell to Vuyyuru in 1897, a wall around the compound had been added and trees planted. A few months later I was removed to Cocanada and did not see Vuyyuru again for about five years.

My next visit was in July of this year, when my niece, Miss McLeish, and I spent a week in Vuyyuru with Miss Zimmerman. In the intervening twelve or thirteen years great changes have taken place.

The unwilling farmer has been persuaded to part with more land. The white-walled bungalow has now a fair companion of the same complexion—built in memory of our dear Miss Jane Buchan—with all the accompanying outbuildings, the home of the lady missionaries and their helpers. The trees have grown and multiplied. Flower gardens have been added. There are now girls', as well as boys', dormitories.

The old chapel schoolhouse has been dismantled, and all that marked the site

at the time of our visit was a heap of broken bricks awaiting removal. In the centre of all stand the stately monument to the memory of one of Canada's noblewomen and one of India's most devoted friends—the late Mrs. Claxton, for so many years President of the Women's Foreign Mission Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec.

This monument, which might well be copied, is the new chapel schoolhouse—a commodious, airy, very neatly built and finished stone building in the shape of a T. Here, on weekdays, the future leaders of the Church of Christ on this great field, are being educated, while, on Sundays, it is devoted to the worship of the only true God. What a monument!—the only one of its kind in a vast section of country filled with mosques and temples of false gods. The donors in Canada and the missionary and his contractor in India are to be congratulated upon this fair fruit of their labors. How better could they have honored the one who for a great part of her life wore India engraven upon her heart?

For lack of room in the Mission Compound and just opposite it, on a strip of land bounded on the front by the great busy high road and on the back by the canal, exposed to the public and unprotected from floods which sometimes come, stands another monument—this time to the living—which might well bear the inscription:—

Let me live in a house by the side of the road

Where the race of men go by;  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,

Wise, foolish—so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,

Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road

And be a friend to man.

This describes Dr. Hulet's life in Vuyyuru for the past ten years or more.

In company with Miss Zimmerman, who has charge during Dr. Hulet's absence, we visited this miniature medical plant, and found it a model of neatness and convenience, equipped with a clean, capable Christian staff.