

OUR WORK ABROAD

DR. JESSIE ALLYN, PITHAPURAM.

Dr. Jessie Findlay and I are planning to take our holidays together in Darjeeling in August. This is the Telugu New Year's Day and our hospital work is very slack, but we have thought lately that the non-co-operation movement against the government has been affecting our dispensary work. Personally, I am glad that there are very capable Indian doctors practising English medicine in our town of Pithapuram, and I am glad to be able to give my time to the more serious cases and the surgery, which they cannot handle. Our best work is certainly done with the in-patients who remain and see and learn. Our statistics may appear smaller if the dispensary work drops off, but one in-patient with a month's teaching may mean more than a dozen of out-patients for the extension of the Kingdom of God in India.

A Revealing Function.

We attended a very interesting function this morning. As I said, this is the Telugu New Year's Day, and there was opened to-day a home for the poor by the Pithapur Rajah or Prince. The ceremony was at 8 a.m. The building is of a fair-sized Indian home, which is to be the temporary quarters. The centre room was well filled with the various officials of the estate, high school teachers, stationmaster, postmaster, etc. Most of these men are Brahmas, or pretend to be, that is, akin to Unitarians. Mr. Venkata Ratnam Naidu, M.A., performed the office of "minister," occupying the only seat in the room until we entered, when chairs were placed for Dr. Smith and us ladies. Prayers by the Naidu in English were interspersed with hymns of a Unitarian character sung in Telugu. His first prayer was entirely praise of the attributes of God; his second was praise for God's goodness to man; his third was a prayer acknowledging the new year, but not until his fourth did he make much petition, and this prayer was very

touching in its requests for the Rajah. He referred to them as "The Master and mistress of the house of which this small home for the poor is as one wing," and he spoke of such service offered to others as man's hope of salvation. However, to me it seemed that the meeting, in its quiet and order and its high conception of God and of service to man, was a long step in the right direction and far removed from the Hindu religious orgy. There was lacking the warm touch which the Christian has with God in its assurance, and directness, and petition seemed so markedly absent in the prayers.

I hope you will accept this as a quarterly report. I have not any figures to offer. The three months have been busy ones at the hospital and the next three promise to be busier. Already it is hot and so very dry on account of failure of rains last year.

Jessie M. Allyn.

—The Western Baptist

THOSE BOYS OF MINE.

Soon after my getting settled in Tuni, the school boys of the town began coming to beg for books. It seemed the wisest way to make them earn them in some way, and so Telugu text-cards were given them, and a small book to those who repeated the text perfectly. Also Saturday afternoon was chosen as their time to come, and slowly a Bible story and a hymn became part of their visit, and that class begun in much weakness, and when my command of Telugu was very limited, has gone on through the years, and become a very interesting part of my service. Among my Saturday boys, as they are called, all castes are represented, and most of them are school boys. Often as I have looked at them, a restless bunch of laddies sitting on my verandah floor, I have been reminded that human nature is the same the world over when one of them would pinch the other, or push to get the first place! And sometimes in those earlier years, some of

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