

Work Abroad.

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Dear Readers of the Link.—We are about saying goodbye to the cool season. Not that it is positively hot yet, but one can feel in the air the hint of coming heat, and it makes me feel sad. The cool season in India is ideal, delightful, but alas! so short. At the end of November we say cheerfully, "It is getting cool once more," and at the end of January we remark with a sigh that it is getting warm again. Much as we enjoy our cool season, it is perhaps good for us to have a hot season, too, if for no other reason that that it furnishes us with one argument with which to meet those put forward by people (at home), who insist that foreign mission life and work in India is "romantic."

The year that is past has gone up to God, with all its record; and I cannot but stop and think of all the women I have spoken the Gospel to during its days. Some of them bright, some, oh! so dull; some of them interested, some indifferent; some of them responsive, some cold and apathetic; some seeming to catch in the words a glimpse of the God of their hearts; some seeing in it only "a tale that is told."

What shall the harvest be?

Oh! I cannot help praying and believing that out of the hundreds who heard, some, if only one here and one there, have heard to some purpose and have found in the message they heard that day from the Missamma and her women, the very help they need in this weary life, "a light that shineth in a dark place until the day dawns." As my memory pictures forth one and another of the many who composed my audiences, I think of the woman in an out-village near Narsapatnam who followed me but to the outskirts of the hamlet, saying, "Please tell me how to believe—I never heard before. I am so ignorant, what can I know? Please tell me how!" And I stood and told her as best I could, until my throat literally gave out from much talking all forenoon, and I had to come away. What about her, who is only one of many? Will she ever find the full light? will the Day-star ever arise in her heart to flood that once dark, superstitious and sinful realm with glory? I only know what God says: "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me, ye shall ever surely find me." Only let there be the seeking heart, and God is not far off. What a comfort in His word!

I had an especially good tour on the Narsapatnam field in December. I wish I might tell you some of the incidents of the trip, but it is impossible under the circumstances. How I wish you had been with me, to see it for yourselves! I saw some villages I had never seen before and where the women had never heard the Gos-

pel before. They were very wild and shy, and the showing of my white face in the village street was the signal for a general rush for home on the part of the women. Undismayed at this rather disconcerting welcome, I would advance slowly, assume the most harmless aspect I was capable of, take off my smoked glasses and say gently, "Come now, friends, I'm not the Collector, nor yet the Missionary. I am only a woman just like you," my Bible-woman meanwhile assuaging their fright, and after a few moments of keen inspection on their part and assurance of peace on mine, they would consent to draw near, and in a short time we would be launched upon our subject. This time we took with us large colored pictures—those used by the primary classes at home—to show the women and illustrate our words, and they were much enjoyed by the women—and men, too. Often the men who gathered near would say, "The Dora Garu (Dr Smith) comes here to preach, but he doesn't bring these!" The pictures are a great help as an attraction, a means to hold attention, and an illustration of our message. A goodly number of women heard on this tour, and I was very much encouraged by the hearing accorded us. In only two villages could we say we had not been well received.

During the first part of the tour we had our tent pitched under a large tree about a quarter of a mile from Balighattam, a village quite near Narsapatnam, from which a number of caste people came out in Mr. Barrow's time. The head man of the village tried in every way he dared to make it so uncomfortable for us that we would expedite our departure, but he did not succeed. He tried to break up a meeting, but the meeting only divided into two, and kept on until dusk in the same place. In other ways he showed his animosity. A Christian widow in that village, Rebecca her name is, has to stand a good deal of annoyance from this man and his friends, who taunt her and use abusive language to her in the street, and who are taking away from her her land—but as far as I can see, she is standing the storm splendidly, and her own sister who is still a heathen, told us that, "Whereas at first Rebecca used to get very angry when they abused her, now she never even showed that she heard them." In this same village live David and Sarah, who are our faithful workers, and they are a help to Rebecca and a power for good in the region. Although the head man of the village and some of his "ilk" hate us Christians so, we had just splendid hearings in the village, the "common people hearing us gladly." Another caste girl, Salome, who left all to follow Jesus, belongs to that village. She is now being trained in the Girls' School in Cocanada. We went to visit her sister, who is still a heathen, but who had invited us to come to her home, and we had an extra good hearing there. The poor old white-haired father,