

Our Work Abroad.

LETTER FROM EDNA CONING.

Timpany Memorial Hall,
Cocanada, India,

My Dear Miss Buchan :

Nov. 11, 1902.

I am proving a bad correspondent, but can hardly be blamed, for, I found sufficient work waiting for me here to fill every moment. Miss Folsom has told you of the condition in which we found the school and the decision of the committee—that I should give all my time to the work for the remainder of the year. I was sorry to give up the language, as I had gotten quite a start in it under Miss Dannstadt's care on our voyage out, but there was really nothing else to do, and they promise to secure a teacher for the new year and allow me time for study. I am getting so interested in the work already that I shall be sorry to drop even a part of it, and yet there are so many opportunities for reaching the natives while one is engaged here that a knowledge of the language is really necessary for the highest usefulness—there is so much to do on every side. We are hoping for an increase in our attendance and brighter days for the school in every way. Miss Folsom was needed here, and it was very pleasant for me to see the royal welcome she received. I am delighted with my new home. The school building looks very pretty in the picture but the reality is really much prettier. Everything is looking its best now after the rain, and our compound is beautiful. I have experienced a N. E. Monsoon. It simply poured day after day for a week. We were kept busy moving ourselves and belongings into dry spots. Our bedroom had to be vacated entirely and we shared the girls' dormitory. Then we passed through the mouldy stage—books, clothing and boots, everything shared alike, until we were glad to have the sun come out and dry us off. This week the weather has been perfect. One morning the glass in our dining room was down to 70, but it is getting warmer again and we are warned that another storm is at hand. I have found the life outside our compound very interesting. The dear little native children are more attractive to me than anything else I have seen since leaving home. We saw one little fellow out playing one cool evening; he was entirely naked except his head, that was covered with a thick

woolen hood tied closely under his chin. I suppose he felt warm and comfortable. One longs to take the poor little tots out of their miserable surroundings and give them a chance both for this life and the life to come. I have not been able to visit Miss Baskerville's school or attend any service in the native church so far, but am very anxious to see that part of the work. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed the voyage out. I was not sick at all and enjoyed every moment on the water, except, perhaps, the Red Sea, where it was very hot. One girl died of sunstroke and a number were prostrated, but heat and I seem to be friendly. I have felt no bad effects from any I have encountered so far. Our trip across the continent was delightful. Although our time was short we managed quite a good deal of sight-seeing.

Port Said and Aden prepared me in a measure for the sights and sounds of India. I think the journey here is a real blessing in preparing us for the life here. We came into it by degrees, so the change is not so great as it would be otherwise. Everything is as different from life at home as it can well be. Some things are far more pleasant and agreeable than I expected to find them, others not so much so, but I am thanking God every day for bringing me here and asking Him to use me as pleases Him. It is a comfort to know that so many at home are praying for us here. Your farewell message failed to reach me. My sister wrote that she had forwarded it, but it has never come. I have been very fortunate in receiving my home mail. During the six years I was in Boston my home letter came regularly every Monday morning and it is the same here. It is hard to realize sometimes that I am so far away. Have been writing while superintending the children during study hours and have had many interruptions, as I am afraid my letter shows.

Yours in Christian love,

EDNA CONING.

LETTER FROM GERTRUDE HULET.

Ramachandrapuram,
October 26th, 1902.

I have just been listening to the troubles of one of our Christians, poor in this world's goods but how rich towards God. She is one who has