

THE SITE:

After deciding to open a station at a certain place, the next thing is to secure land for a compound. This is often anything but an easy matter. The story of how we secured our mission premises at the various stations would in itself be exceedingly interesting, and would give evidence of divine leading and providential openings. The purchase of the property at each station has its own peculiar history. Sometimes it takes several years to get the place that we think God has given us. Hope deferred often makes the heart sick. But, praise His name, we find our Rehoboth (Gen. 26:22) and it is generally one of the choicest spots in the place. Often the very spot that we saw and coveted years before, but supposed we could not get, has fallen into our hands.

In choosing a site for the mission house we generally seek a rising ground just a little outside of the native town. Thus we occupy a conspicuous position where we can be seen—like a city that is set on a hill. We have purer air, if on a higher elevation, and that is a coveted blessing in this land. We are away from the noisome odors and the distracting din of the ordinary native town. Where 10,000 people are huddled together upon a ten-acre lot, and live without proper sanitation or cleanly habits, it is not difficult to realize the fetid atmosphere of such a place. Heathendom is also noisy as you may suppose. "The way of peace have they not known." Quarrelling is a daily and nightly occurrence and is as distracting as a pack of jackals, and a good deal more painful to listen to. Further, much of the religion of the Hindus consists in nightly processions, or festivals. These drum-beating, horn-blowing, processions come as near to one of those barbarous "serenades" that used to greet a newly married

couple in some of the country communities of Nova Scotia, as anything I can think of. The chief difference is these hideous noises are kept up nearly all night. You will by this time have come to appreciate the desirability of having the mission house just a little bit outside the native town. However we must not go too far away. We must be near enough to be accessible.

Our piece of land at Tekkali covers about two acres, cost about \$150, and is situated just in front of the town, so that people coming out from the town and going off by two or three different roads, have to pass just in front of our premises. Three roads leading into and out of the town converge and run into the Main street just before our door.

MATERIAL FOR BUILDING.

We build with stone or brick. The only wood work in the house is the doors, windows, rafters, roof-lathing, and roof-timber. What a tedious job it is to collect all this material and prepare it for the house! You cannot go down to the brick yard, the stone quarry, and the lumber yard and order just what you need with the assurance that it will be delivered honestly and promptly in two days at your door. Oh no that is the luxury of building in the home-land but it makes us smile as we think of it here. The community is a new one, missionaries have never lived there before, and the natives are suspicious, grossly dishonest, and utterly unused to the promptness and reliability to which we are accustomed. They set their hearts on the hope of making a "big haul" out of us. Often we are at their mercy for they have the monopoly. But not being willing to be cheated right and left, we simply hang up our tools for a time until they see that we will not give in to them and then they come to terms. It is most provoking for they