

## Our Work Abroad.

### THE "STAR OF HOPE."

**M**EDICAL work in Akidu began in a very humble way. A wall cupboard contained our supply of medicine and another the surgical instruments. We refused to see any but the most urgent cases, that we might have time for the study of the language. Yet the work grew and the patients would come and thrust themselves upon us.



DR. PEARL CHUTE.

The next step was to use one of the small verandah rooms of the bungalow as a dispensary. It was not long before we found that this would not do. It was very unpleasant, to say the least, to have patients with all kinds of diseases coming to the house. In India, we live with all our doors wide open, to get the fresh air. The Telugus are very friendly and like "to visit," so one is never surprised to find from one to a dozen or more of women and children, and occasionally men, on the verandahs, peering in, or perhaps making a tour through the house.

Every day numbers came for medicine and "to see;" often they were to be found in the cook-house greatly interested in what we were to have for breakfast, sometimes in the bedroom leaning over the baby's cot, or perhaps in the dressing-room admiring themselves in the looking glass.

Yes—the missionaries actually have *dressing-rooms*. We wouldn't want to do without them; there would be too many interruptions to dressing in our bed-rooms, but usually we can secure a little privacy in our dressing-room—more than once have the venetians been opened by some patient who has waited since day-light. A Telugu cannot understand why we should take so long to dress; they do not undress at night, and so have no trouble in the morning.

Apart from the unpleasantness and the danger of having the patients coming to the house, we soon began to feel the need of a room where we could keep very sick patients, who needed special care.

Once in writing home I mentioned that a very good mud house could be built for twenty-five dollars. A friend at home concluded that if a good house could be built for twenty-five dollars a better one could be built for fifty, so she sent the fifty dollars and requested that the little house be called "The Star of Hope." About the same time we received money from other friends and it made us ambitious to have a better building. In April, 1898, we began to build our small hospital. The bricks were made in our own compound, burned partly with wood and partly with cowdung chips," as wood is very scarce. The timber, lime, sand, nails, etc., had to be brought by canal boat from Rajahmundry, forty-five miles away. The lime and sand for the mortar was pounded by women with wooden pestles in a long trench under a banyan tree. The women pounded to the rhythm of a song, and when the singing ceased, the work lagged too. The Indian cooly works best to the jingle of a song.

Outside of school hours the boarding school boys and girls carried bricks and mortar, and sometimes when a shower of rain came along, children, missionaries and all, would run to cover up the fresh work with palm leaves and to protect the piles of sun-dried brick.

The missionary was architect, chief mason, head carpenter, etc. The building is forty-two by twenty feet. The foundations are of good material and are carefully laid. The outer walls are of burnt brick and the partition walls of sun-dried brick.

There are three rooms and a verandah. The centre room is the largest and is used as a dispensary and operating room. The end rooms