

Our Work Abroad.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MISS PRIEST.

Tuni, Sept. 7, 1908.

Dear Mrs. Porter,—God has graciously manifested his presence and used his word amongst us. One of the Bible women said at the close of the July meeting, "God has been hammering and bruising us with his word these days;" and afterwards some differences and misunderstandings among them were cleared up, and they have had new experiences through the last month.

One of our problems is, the condition of the Christians scattered out in the villages; it is so hard to shepherd them as they need to be shepherded. But the work is His, and He understands it all.

The people are listening with much interest these days, and we wonder what is in their hearts. Last week, Parana and I spent most of the afternoon at one house where a number gathered. The questions of God having a form, and how He could be seen was their one inquiry. My heart got so stirred at the thought of the darkness they were in, that I just felt how utterly helpless human wisdom was. That night they were much on my mind, and I just felt how utterly helpless human wisdom was. Those same men coming and sitting down to listen again. It was a different house and a different crowd, but the theme was again the same. I must have sat there nearly two hours. Several women and six men sat there most of the time, and no one raised any discussion, but all listened, quite often some one repeated over again what I had said. No one was in any hurry to go, and I was the first one to rise. Then this man who had listened for the second time that week,

said: "Yes, it is all true, but the ground must be ploughed before the seed grows, and that's what you have been doing this morning. Such a morning makes one feel repaid many fold, for all the wearying toil and labor of studying Telugu.

LETTER FROM MISS ALLYN.

Vuyyuru,

Kistna Des,

Sept. 28th., '08.

Dear readers of the Link,—During my study months I had the pleasure of a short tour with Miss Murray, in her tent, and with Miss Hatch on her boat, but last week was the first tour of my own. It was not altogether alone, for Miss McLaurin and I spent the nights together in the Traveller's bungalow at Kankipad, but in the day time she went off early on her pony, to a village, while I spent the four days in Kankipad itself. Kankipad is a large village, with a small two-roomed bungalow where English officials, or English travellers may stop for a few days at a time, while on tour.

With me I took my touring medicine chest, that the Young Men's Bible Class of Edmonton gave me, and we put it at one end of the wide verandah that ran the full length of the bungalow in front and part way across each end of the house. In the mornings, the sick of all descriptions came for medicines, though really, they had only become well aware of our presence there by the last day of our stay, and that day we saw and treated and dispensed medicines to over thirty patients. I hadn't any help in the medical work, but one Bible woman preached while the other kept order and brought the patients to me