

Work Abroad.

TUNI.

but then you would never look anything but dainty and nice if you had no paper at all," she added in half apology for her frankness.

"Thank you, Delia, 'we would rather be behind the times' in this, than in some other matters."

No more was said, but the city lady looked curiously at her cousin's wife, knowing very well there was some scheme of self-sacrifice going on.

A rap at the front door called Mrs. Monson out, just then; and, though she carefully closed the door into the little hall, Mrs. Stewart could but hear low-toned conversation.

"Oh!" said the caller's voice, "Can you give so much, dear Mrs. Monson? I am so glad; for the society is very much in arrears, and it does seem to me that whatever else lacks, the missionary work should not be hampered by want of means. Thank you very much for this. I wish every one who could possibly do so would double her mission dollars this year as you have done."

Mrs. Stewart caught a low murmur about "James and I think it a privilege." Then the caller went on her way, and Mrs. Jennie went to get dinner.

"Hum!" said the visitor thus left to herself. "I see plainly enough, now, where the money for the spring furbishing has gone. Just like Jennie, and James, too, as for that. Nobody in the world likes nice things any better than they do, either."

The guest in this sweet, restful home did an unusual amount of thinking that week.

She didn't get time to think, as a general thing.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society was held while she was there; and the fine city lady accompanied her hostess to the meeting and listened with flattering attention to the very interesting services.

"You ladies seem very wide awake on the question of missions," was all the remark she offered as they made their way homeward.

At the end of the week's visit she bade her cousin a cordial good-bye, saying with feeling as she kissed Jennie: "I feel renovated body and soul, you good little woman! I shall know where to come the next time I need making over."

Not long after, a generous sized bundle came by express from Mrs. Stewart to the Monsons. It contained articles of wearing apparel, serviceable flannels and many useful things but little worn, and of the best quality. They were marked "For the barrel which the ladies of your Home Mission Society are getting ready for the school in Indian Territory."

The accompanying letter contained these words:

"The spring cleaning which I began at your home has been going on ever since. My spiritual life was nearly smothered in worldly dust and cobwebs; but I am clearing them away and haven't felt so thoroughly like a new creature since I was converted, years ago.

"I have fully decided that the parlor carpet, and somewhat antiquated dining-room furniture will do nicely for another year.

"I was startled to find, when at your house, that I had really come to care more for being 'behind the times' in fashionable, worldly matters than in the eternal concerns of my soul. The knowledge has shocked me out of my deplorable, musty condition."

Dear Friend,—I hope you will not think that the delay in answering your kind letter is caused by any indifference on my part. I don't think you can imagine how it encourages us to get letters such as you wrote. How it makes us realize the precious fact that though so many hundreds of miles are between us and the home land, our sisters there and we here are *one*. One common purpose is in our hearts, even to make the love and salvation of our Lord Jesus known to those who know it not. As I read over your letter to-night again, I could imagine you gathered together, and hear you talking about and praying for us. Many a time have I enjoyed such a time in the past. Who can measure the influence of such meetings, for those who interest themselves in others' welfare, are those whose own spiritual life grows and develops. Yesterday afternoon, Cornelius, our preacher here, gave us such a good sermon on 1 Cor. xii. 27, and a few words in your letter remind me of it to-night. Every member in our body has its own work, and some of the *little* members work is very important. Indeed *every* one is, isn't it! And so you at home and we out here have each our own work.

By the time this letter reaches you it will be dull November. It is just getting cool with us now. That means that the nights are cool enough to sleep comfortable. Just think, since the first of April and even before that, we have been glad to keep doors and windows open at night to get any cool breeze that might chance to blow. Of course, even in the cool season we can't go out in the sunshine as we can at home. But the cool season is a pleasant one while it lasts. Since I started this letter a heavy rain has come and made it quite cool. So often during the long hot season when we were looking so anxiously for rain, and the ground was so parched and dry, was I reminded of the spiritual condition of this people. Oh, if only they realized their condition! Pray that God will create in them by His Holy Spirit great *soul* thirst. The Brahmins, in so many ways, remind me of the Pharisees of Christ's day. They are so proud and self-satisfied, and so thoroughly despise the lower castes. Can you imagine a number of men sitting on a bank, and coolly watching a little boy drown, because he was not a Brahmin child! That's what some Brahmins did in Samulcotta. A little boy whose mother was a native and father an Eurasian, went into the water there and slipped. He could not regain his footing, and these men who could have walked out and not got more than their feet wet, rather than touch him and thus lose caste, let him drown. They will take *money* fast enough, although it has been handled by others, but our munshis, for