

Our Work Abroad.

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

The sun is just peeping over the distant hills and the scene before me is wonderfully beautiful, as I rise to meet the opportunities and privileges, the trials and discouragements that make up the daily life of the missionary's wife in India.

Our bungalow, situated on the side of a small hill, commands a wide view of the valley below, hazy now with the smoke from the morning fires in the hamlets and villages that nestle under the trees. The brilliant foliage of the crotons, the yellow leaves of the moontrees, and the graceful branches of the cocoanut-palms near at hand, with the groves of mango trees and the stiff palmyra palms like great feather-dusters in the distance, combine to make a tropical landscape that is beyond description.

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

I turn from contemplation of this brilliant picture to meet the cook, who with a respectful "Salaam," says, "Missis, please giving firewood," and I follow him to the go-down (store-house) with the ever-present bunch of keys, and dole out the number of sticks necessary for boiling our drinking water for the day.

The cow-man, with his brass pot, is waiting till I am ready to watch him milk the cow; for he considers it lucky to have some water in the pot to start with and I do not. After settling this slight difference of opinion, he squats beside the cow while I remain within sight and feed my little flock of long-legged chickens, and measure out the grain for the horse and the charcoal for boiling the milk.

The lack of conveniences for housework; the extreme heat; the cheapness of native help, and the value of the missionary's time, make servants an indispensable feature in the home-life in India, but they do not, by any means, relieve the house-wife of all care or worry. Most of them are faithful in proportion, as they are watched; and we often echo the complaints of the old head servant, who

came in exasperated, saying, "Dese no good servants, Missis! dey no got 'fraid inside! chuck 'em all, Missis! chuck 'em all!"

Our chota hazri or "little breakfast" usually consists of toast, coffee and fruit, and immediately afterwards we gather on the verandah for Telugu prayers. Heathen and Christian, high-caste and outcaste, we call everyone in the compound to unite in the worship of the One True God; and very far-reaching have been the results of that blessed season. A hymn, a portion of Scripture, with a few simple words of explanation and prayer; but the purity of the song, the love in the simple Gospel story and the reverence in the prayer, present a view of religion that perhaps some present experience for the first time. Often our servants, who hear the "good news" over and over, day after day, receive it into good and honest hearts, and we rejoice over the redeemed soul, but it is also true that some who have heard the gospel in this way, for years steadily resist its sweet influence and become gospel-hardened, like some in our own land.

The prayers over, each goes to his appointed task. The water-man shoulders his karvadi-stick, or pole with ropes on the ends. On these ropes are suspended earthen pots, and he repairs to the well, where he draws the water hand over hand in a palm-leaf bucket. The sweeper-woman, with her bundle of loosely-tied broom-straws, sweeps the house, taking care that her defiling touch is not laid upon any cooking utensil or pot used for drinking water, for she is from the very lowest caste. The cook goes off to the bazaar or market, to buy the fruit and vegetables for the day, while we deal out to the "Boy" the materials for the next meal-breakfast at eleven o'clock.

Someone is salaaming to me through the open window and I go out to the front verandah to greet a couple of women who have come "to see." The light, airy rooms present such a contrast in comfort and cleanliness to their dark, bare and often squalid huts, that they gaze about in admiration, exclaiming, "You are kings!