

Our Work Abroad.

OUR NEW HOUSE IN VUYURU.

While we do not wish to stir up any feeling of jealousy or make all of you at once decide that you must change your present abode for an Indian one, and thus leave no one to stay by the stuff and to provide for the other two needed bungalows, we do want to say that we have the nicest home in this Mission. These are but few of the exclamations which we have heard: "How well built!" "How pretty!" "How well planned to catch the breeze!" "How suitable!" and "How fair its occupants!" This last I am bound to repeat, else the one who made the remark might feel slighted.

But the close partnership which has existed for over two years in a room 16 x 18, less trunks, writing-tables, beds, chairs, etc., has undeniably been dissolved, and we, that is Miss McLaurin and I, live at different ends of the house. Not sad or lonely, but with a delightful sense of having enough air to breathe and room enough to turn about without injuring each other's feelings or the furniture. We actually have to shout to make ourselves heard if she is sitting in her room and I in mine, while in our former quarters not even so much as a feeble sigh escaped each other's notice.

Our burdens, too, have surprisingly lessened. I carry my own work and she hers, while in matters of mutual concern we meet on common ground—the front room. Not a bad meeting place, but just one of the cosiest spots in all India, we think. There we hung our choicest pictures, worked wonders in upholstery, and made a spread of every bit of fancy work our friends have lovingly bestowed upon us. Every care seems to banish while in this room, and we feel content with all the world.

In this room we met with the women of the Helpmeet Society, and a few days later with the preachers and teachers of the field, and poured forth our hearty thanks in prayer and praise. Here we took our first tea with the Stillwells on their return to India, and here we spent our Xmas season. Here we have already met with some native caste women who felt shy of coming to the other house, and hope in the future to be able to meet with very many more. We have really come into repute with the native community, and are daily receiving congratulations at having such

loving friends at home. If it were possible many would be "slipping into our shoes," but we shall take good care to keep our own. Many, many thanks are due to you people at home, and many due to our brother Cross, (not cross by nature, we are glad to say), for his labor of love, without either of which we should not now be enjoying such a comfortable and well-built home.

GERTRUDE HULET.

LETTER FROM TUNI.

Dear Link,—

Last night while thinking over the different ones who had been to my home during the day, I felt very thankful for a home to which everybody feels free to come. And the Father put it into my heart to send a message through you to the dear friends at home who are making it possible for all the single women to have their own home, which can be another centre of light and love.

Yesterday morning while we were gathered for prayers on one of the verandahs, a man came for medicine for his sick baby. He sat and waited until we had finished, then I gave him something I thought would help. On coming into the sitting-room, found the drawing-master of the High School in town, waiting to see me. He is a young Brahmin, who has given up idolatry and in many ways is following along reform lines. As he sat in my sitting-room one day, after looking around, he remarked, "Your home is so clean and orderly. Such a contrast to ours!" And the tone in which he spoke revealed the longing in his heart for home instead of a house. My home had been a silent messenger to him. I expected to hurry out to the pettah near by to give a Bible lesson to some Christian women, but first two men who had come for medicine for burns must be attended to.

On coming home from the lesson, three women from the Police Lines near by were waiting to see me. They came across the field and over the wall, and feel quite brave because they can come without going on the road, and also because they have no fear of meeting any dora-farn. Between visiting with them and teaching a Bible lesson the time was filled till breakfast was ready. On opening the doors after noon rest, there was an old man sitting by the steps in an expectant attitude. Before