

## Work Abroad.

VUYURU.

JULY 17, 1897.

Dear Readers of the LINK :

This is my third Saturday in Vuyuru. While other work is pressing round me I feel impelled to leave it undone for a time at least, for the spirit to write a short letter to you just now has possessed me, and will not let me rest until I have obeyed its impulse.

I came here just two weeks ago, arriving in the early dawn of a warm, showery morning. I found the missionaries of Vuyuru well and at work.

My very pleasant apartments in the mission house are at last in order and I find myself very happily settled in my new home and my new field. Most of you, at least a good many of you, know the missionaries in charge of Vuyuru, Mr. and Mrs. H.-E. Stillwell, and I want you to join with me in thanking our heavenly Father for bringing me to a home with my own dear kinsfolk in this far land. I had a delightful and a very helpful holiday season in Ootacumund. A great deal of time was spent out in the open air, taking into my heart and into my life the beauties of flower and tree, of hill and cloud and sky, the many works of God's hand. Another pleasant feature of the holiday was the meeting of many missionaries of other societies who are engaged in God's work here in India. It enlarges and enriches one's life to meet such people and learn from them of God's doings on their fields.

Also, it was a privilege to attend again the meetings of the annual Convention for deepening of Christian life, when missionaries and other Christian workers led us in Bible readings or addressed us on topics closely relating to our progress and growth as Christians. These meetings are always a strength and inspiration. My season at Ootacumund is a lasting good to me I know, and no doubt is considered such in the experience of others.

I am just becoming acquainted with the work down here, which seems to me so vast. It is not necessary for me to write you concerning the state of the work. You have had letters from Miss Murray in times past which no doubt kept you posted as to the progress made here. As I said before, it seems a vast work to me. There are 912 Christians on the church rolls and my work will be largely among the women of this number. I have already visited the Christian women in one or two of the near villages, and have been in many cases helped and inspired by my conversations with them. I know it will be an inspiring and interesting work. But because it is a new kind of work to me and because the field and workers are new to me, I pray you, dear friends, to renew your prayers to God on my behalf, that I may be given wisdom and grace and love to be faithful and lov-

ing to these women who are to be helped and taught and brought nearer to their God. You remember that in Yellamanchili and Narsapatnam our work was naturally more among the heathen women, as the Christians there are so few in number; but here we devote more attention to Christians because they are so numerous and because we feel convinced that in teaching and helping them to live holier lives, we are reaching the heathen in a very effective way i.e. through their own countrymen and women.

I enjoyed the work in Yellamanchili and Narsapatnam more than I can even tell and the work was, and is yet, dear to me. And it is concerning that work that I wish to write you a few lines.

Last night, in the quiet moments of rest, before my eyes closed in sleep, my mind wandered back in loving memory to those I learned to know and love in my former sphere of labor, I thought especially of the two women who are working on the Narsapatnam field—Sarah and Annamma. (Oh! if there only had been some one to take the place on that field! But those women are working on alone. And I thought of the heathen women, the two; three or four heathen women in Saralis village who listened so eagerly to the Gospel the last time I was there and who seemed so near the Kingdom. I have a very vivid picture in my mind of them sitting there, their spinning wheels standing idly by, their hands dropped from the work of holding and drawing the thread and turning the wheel, their eyes fixed steadily on the face of the speaker who was unfolding to them the way of life. The speaker paused and said "What do you think?" A deep sigh came from the leaves as their hands sought again their accustomed work and a helpless expression came over the dark faces as they uttered the old, weary, hopeless words—"All true, Missamma, all true—but what can we do in this world of sin?" Ah! Satan is so strong and those poor hearts are so weak and dark and full of sin. They know they are wandering, they sometimes long to enter in, but the cords of custom, the bonds of the evil one bind them hard and fast to a life of sin.

Then, in Yellamanchili, there is the widow who was just waking up and was learning the Commandments and Oatechism, and groping after the truth, and the other caste woman who after years of decided opposition to our teaching had at last signified a willingness, even a desire to be taught. These and many more. And as I thought of the work which had been left, my thoughts turned from these poor sisters to the more favored ones in the home land.

Dear sisters, I thank you very much for the interest you have taken in that work, and for the many encouraging and helpful words which many of you have sent me in your private letters. And now you will not forget to