

paper, dividing it into heads. Here you will find your commonplace-book and envelope of clippings and mutilated bottle and missionary magazines of the greatest help. Select carefully what you think of interest and value, and fill in your skeleton. It is probable that you will not be satisfied with the result; but, put away your paper for a few days, then read it over and you will be able to make the needed alterations, culling out superfluous matter and changing the sentences until they run smoothly.

"But this takes so much time," some one will say. Of course it does, but it is time well spent. It takes time to have a pretty gown made, but I have yet to know the woman who foregoes the gown because of the time spent upon it. It takes time and strength to go to an afternoon reception to meet a company of women each one talking at the top of her lungs, trying to make herself heard above the confusion of voices and the inane tinkling of Tomaso's Mandolin Orchestra hidden behind a screen of palms and ferns, but the women all go! You are familiar with "Gray's Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard." The English is so beautiful and the lines flow so naturally and smoothly that it seems as if it might have been written under the inspiration of the twilight hours of some lovely summer day, with the rural scene spread out before the poet's eyes. But I took Gray seven years to perfect this exquisite gem. He began it in 1742, revised it several times and finished it in 1749. Even then he did not give it to his publishers for two years. As a result of this patient labor his beautiful verses will live as long as the English language is spoken. Surely every woman will be willing to give hours and days in gathering material for a missionary paper, when she considers that she is writing about the Kingdom of Christ, which is an everlasting kingdom.

Copy your paper neatly and have it ready several days before the meeting, and, when the day arrives, go to your society feeling that you have a pleasant part to take in it. Read your paper in your cheeriest voice and most animated manner, as if you enjoyed it, and you will, I promise you, and your hearers will enjoy it, too.—G. C. S., in *Woman's Work for Woman*.

Work Abroad.

KANGIRI, Nellore Dist., India, March 19, 1894.

Dear Mrs. Newman.—How time flies. It is more than a year since I wrote you last and I am now more than two years in this my adopted country. It really seems many years since I came here, the experiences are so new and many.

During the past year I have been appointed fully to my new station and work, which, as you may know, is a part of the famous Ongole field; in fact, it was in this very district where the work first broke out, and it is on this field where the greatest proportion of the Ongole Christians are. I have fully one-third of Dr. Clough's workers. He said I was taking the apple of his eye in taking this part of his field.

Of course everything is new, and, I may also add, entirely different from what I expected. In many things I have been disappointed but never discouraged.

The country, so far as I have seen it, is most dreary and

monotonous. The houses are mere mud huts or hovels, except in large towns and cities. The cow occupies the front verandah, if the mean place in front of some houses may be termed such. Cattle and dogs, with fowls and pigs have a place in many houses, especially amongst the poorer. The houses swarm with bed bugs, and few Hindus are free from vermin. My Brahmin munshi expressed surprise that I had no vermin on my body. Lich is literally on every hand. Leprosy and other loathsome diseases are seen every day. At times I grow sick; again my helplessness fills me with deep sorrow. The Christians are far from what I expected, and still I would rather be here than in any other place in this world.

During the past year, I have built a bungalow and store and cook house, and dug a well, all of which require great patience. I verily believe Job would have spoiled his reputation if he had been sent to India to build a bungalow. My wife and I have done some touring, and I wish some of my Canadian friends could go with us as we go from village to village. You would see poverty, ignorance and filth such as you never saw in Canada, and you would also see signs of an awakening amongst the Christians—here and there some home cleaner, some clothes whiter, some faces and bodies washed, some heads combed, but, alas! not free from vermin yet, and where a teacher or preacher has been stationed an awakened conscience in regard to sins. On every hand is an earnest desire for education. The teachers are opening up night-schools and so helping the people to help themselves.

In many places the Christians are persecuted, some pretty severely. Two cases we have taken to the courts, but whether we will get justice or not is another matter, because the oppressed people are Pariahs and they have no rights amongst the caste Hindus. They always give us a royal welcome; we are their "parents," so they say. They generally give us some eggs and a hen and some straw or grass for our cattle. When I go to their village, I take a seat in the shade of a tree or more frequently in the shade of a hut, call the school children and have them sit in a row on the ground in front of me. I will ask their names, and then ask them to sing, after which I examine them in reading and mental arithmetic; then service, as all are gathered, being much interested in the examination of the children. Our service is simple, singing and reading, with short sermon by Pitchiah, after which I speak a little. Then requests are heard and grievances also, which take time and patience. We leave with salaams from all; sometimes a number will follow half a mile, and at times as far as two miles.

So far I have mentioned what you would see amongst the Christians, but if you were to accompany us, you would see the heathen in their stupid idolatry; you would also see from time to time some of the disgustingly filthy priests of the people. You would find that all are ashamed of idolatry, and really deny worshipping the idols. You would be compelled to believe that what was presented at the World's Fair by Hindu priests as Hinduism, was not Hinduism at all. If you were to come with us you would see some things which represent Hinduism which are too foul to talk or write about.