

since the last visit. Oral examinations are given, hymns sung, slates shown, Bible stories recited, words of advice and commendation spoken, and finally a little talk by the missionary. Next, an open-air service is held in the out-caste quarter of the town—a noisy, interrupted service, but these services have been, in the past, the means of leading many of these poor out-castes of India to Jesus. Such is the morning's work on tour.

In the afternoon the missionary and her one or two Biblewomen spend their time among the caste women. Perhaps it is in quiet zenanas, behind closed doors, where a group of intelligent, fair caste women will sit for hours asking questions and listening to the story, which probably they have never heard before. But, more often the missionary, passing along the caste streets, is called to some verandah or large courtyard, where great crowds of women quickly gather, anxious to see and hear everything.

Often, in these towns, the missionary comes in contact with former school-girls, little girl-wives, who have not forgotten the lessons learned in the Christian school, and who are trying to the best of their ability to live as Christians. Homes where these little wives live are always wide open to the missionaries, and what a joy it is to have an opportunity of strengthening the faith of these little ones.

In many of these towns there are Biblewomen who give their whole time to telling of Jesus among these caste-women, and wherever the Biblewomen are the missionary finds the people much more intelligent and eager to learn.

Thus, in one day, several services are held, some in chapels or schoolhouses,

some in high-caste homes or out-caste huts, some in cowsheds or out in the village streets, but wherever it is, hundreds hear the story every day.

We have spoken only of "boat touring." This is a very pleasant way, barring the numerous sandflies, mosquitoes, beetles, etc., which infest the boat, often making sleeping and eating almost impossible. Other missionaries, not living in canal districts, travel about by ox-carts, using tents to live in. These missionaries tell us many wonderful stories of the great jungles and hills, where brilliantly plumaged birds, monkeys, baboons, snakes, cheetahs, and even tigers, live; or perhaps they might tell more amusing ones of upset ox-carts and muddy roads, numerous little streams which the missionary must either cross barefooted or submit to being carried by two natives.

Touring is by no means easy. It means a life of hardship; but it also means a life of wonderful opportunity. Just think of every day telling the story to hundreds who have never heard it before.

Altogether, on our Telugu field, we have 6,300 towns which our missionaries are trying to visit at least once a year. In these towns there are over four million people living—people who will hear the story of Jesus three or four times in a lifetime; or perhaps, more terrible to think of, never once will they hear it. Do you wonder that our missionaries, in spite of the trying climate, an almost unendurable sun, hardships and loneliness, are constantly hurrying about to these neglected little villages, trying to tell of Jesus to as many as possible?

RUTH PHILLPOTT.

"The Light that shines farthest, shines brightest at home."