

very fine moss, soft and of a beautiful restful green; and that silence, which one only finds in deep forest glades, held everything in its grasp. At the top the graceful tree ferns stood guard over the Toda village.

We climbed the moss-covered steps of clay which had been cut into the hill-side, cleared a stile of a different style to that which I have climbed in Canada, and there we were in the Toda "Mund," consisting of six or eight houses, a temple built on exactly the same plan, only larger, and surrounded by a stone fence topped with brush, and a cave for the buffalo herd, which cave was protected in front by upright poles and brush.

When we arrived the Toda women were seated on a little grassy mound in the sunshine, busy with needle and thread, working the previously-mentioned blue border in the clothes they wear. The pretty little children who were playing at a distance, as soon as they saw us, came running toward us and we gave them peanuts. The women sang for us in their Toda fashion. This is to partly bury the head in the folds of the quakha and make a sort of monotonous moaning sound.

Let me digress a little here to tell you that during a later visit which Miss Myres and I paid to the same place, I asked two little girls to sing for her. After listening to them for a short time, Miss Myres interrupted, saying: "That is no good. I want you to sing." I had to explain to her that this was their very polite effort to please her.

After listening to the womens' song, we asked if we might peek into the huts. Upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, we knelt down, one at a time, before the small opening and looked inside. At first there seemed nothing but inky blackness, but as I still gazed I could dimly see a raised platform to my right, made of clay, which I believe is used for sleeping upon. Just ahead of me I could see bright utensils of brass and tin arranged in tidy rows, reposing, seemingly, on air. I had faith, however, to believe that there were shelves there.

From here we went to see the temple, but we dared not set foot inside the sacred enclosure. It may interest you to know that the temple is also the dairy, and all the milk is kept within it. No woman is allowed to touch the milk until it is ready to use, because it is a product of the sacred buffalo.

Near the temple stood a green cylindrical mound, on which stood upright three splinters of stone, which the Todas worship. You may be glad to know that a missionary is at work among these people, but they are so superstitious and ignorant that they are hard to reach and the work of giving them the Gospel, which they need, oh, so much, is oftentimes discouraging.

It is almost a year since I left Toronto. It has been a happy year. I am, oh, so glad to be in India. Miss Myres and I start back to the plains soon, and we shall both be glad to get back among our Telugu people and our own

THE WOMEN THAT PUBLISH THE TIDINGS.

Dear LINK:—If I am to write you a letter at all I had better set about it now, while the monsoon affords us an interim of rest from some of the activities of a missionary's life. It pours, and pours, and pours—until the compound is one swamp, dotted with lakes of various sizes. An inland sea, with waterfowl flying over its surface and congregating on its shores, covers the low-lying adjacent