



A WOMAN OF INDIA

His birth, life, death and resurrection as I could give, I endeavored to make them understand the plan of redemption. Several of them came down to the bungalow afterwards for tracts, a Mahometan accepting a gospel in Hindustani.

Early the next morning we started off to visit a Toda mund about two miles distant. After driving part of the way we got down, struck across the hill side, following in narrow buffalo tracks the man who had undertaken to shew us the way.

At last after emerging from a thick wood we came upon the tiny Toda village or 'mund' consisting of four beehive shaped huts, one larger than the others and more ornamental, being that of the head-man and a fifth a little apart from the rest, being their sacred hut or dairy where they present to the Deity the milk of their buffaloes and then keep it for their own use.

We were invited across the plank that served as a bridge over the moat cut in front of the chief hut and a section of the trunk of a tree beautifully polished was brought out as a seat, and one by one the women came crawling out of the other huts and crossed the bridge and seated themselves around. All the men were out but one and he fortunately knew Tamil very well, (the language that I can speak) so he acted as interpreter as I told them of the good Shepherd and how He longed for the poor Todas even, who were some of those other sheep whom He must bring, to be of the one fold under the one Shepherd. After I had finished we were invited inside the hut, and I must say it was a model of neatness, but I think the most untidy amongst us would be reformed could our worldly possessions be reduced to the minimum of that of the Todas. A high raised earth or brick platform on either side of the little hole serving as a door formed the sleeping places of the family, the pots and cooking vessels ranged neatly against the wall, and bundles of firewood slung up from the arched roof completed the furniture. The darkness was so great that I had to sit and wait two or three minutes before I could distinguish all this, and presently a little Toda girl came and sat on my lap and was very friendly, and then

I went down on my hands and knees and crawled out again.

We returned to the bungalow for breakfast, after which we had Tamil prayers with our servants, for we are obliged to travel with what seems rather a large caravan, for the bungalows where we mostly stay are Government Rest houses, a great convenience, but very little else but bare walls, so we have to take our bedding, cooking utensils, crockery, food, etc., which all go in a bullock cart while we drive in a horse tonga. Besides our own people several others from outside dropped in, attracted by the sound of the hymn, till we had quite a little congregation.

The next place we stopped at was Naduvattam where we passed the next night. Our C. M. S. catechist met us here and with him I went to visit several families, both native Christian and heathen and everywhere was well received and had an attentive hearing. Till a short time ago we had a little school here, but during the influenza epidemic the heathen got very incensed because the master and his wife (Christians), would not contribute to their offerings to propitiate their gods and so took all the children away from school. The master has been removed and sent elsewhere, and I think the people are beginning to repent of their folly. Before we left the following morning a poor English speaking family came together for a little service with us, they very rarely see a clergyman, and I think meeting other Christians is a comfort to them.

On our way down to Gudalur, some ten miles further on, we stopped at a little cluster of huts by the road side, where a few Chinamen with their Temil wives and families and a few other people live. The catechist and his wife have just removed up here to a little native house that Miss Wallinger has recently purchased and one room is set apart in it as a prayer and school-room for the few native Christians who live in the village. They had decorated the entrance with festoons of wild asparagus, wild roses and ferns, and the children greeted us with a chorus of salaams. The two Christian Chinamen, one of them baptized only last year and who has undergone much cruel persecution from a heathen stepson, were there, also a few other Christians and we had a short service, heard the children sing and repeat some texts, and then continued our journey. The road was down hill the whole way, the flowers most beautiful and the Wynaad lying stretched out below us like a map with its dense vegetation, which at certain seasons of the year forms such a harbour for malaria.

The Traveller's bungalow was again our halting place in Gudalur, and the next morning early I started off with the catechist for the Ouchterlony Valley. We went up a steep and rocky road till we came to a coffee planter's