

green trees which make a pleasant change from the bare, brown, stony hills farther south, indeed we never tire of viewing the hills with the blue clouds moving about their summits. The sides of some of these mountains are cultivated by the Savaras, a native tribe whose homes are among these hills. Half way up the hill directly behind the mission house, is a small hut which the natives occupy during a part of the year while watching their crops.

Near the town are two large tanks whose construction must have required a vast amount of time and labor. The main road runs along the edge of each of these, so that a person passing, really travels over a high bank, on one side of which is the water, and on the other cultivated land. These fields are watered from the tank by means of small trenches, and each patch of ground is separated from the other by a narrow ridge of earth. Both tanks must have been dug many years, for the trees on their banks are large and old. In the water a species of lily grows which has large flat leaves, and every day these leaves are gathered, and sold to the Brahmins to be used instead of plates. This is not done because of the expense of earthenware, but as such dishes are made either by Europeans, or non-caste Hindoos, the Brahmins would be defiled by their use. One of these tanks is on the Aklatampara road, A——is as you all know, one of the outstations of the Kimedi field, and Miriam, the little girl who is supported by some of the home friends lives there. On this road about two miles from Kimedi there are huge overhanging rocks which make a scene of wild beauty resembling a turnpike at home.

Here and there along this road are the large mango trees loaded with fruit, and their dark green foliage forms a striking contrast to the light green of the surrounding trees.