

turned round in this way, or as we might say, "the cart is put before the horse."

In the mala-pilleys that environ every town, for in them the outcast people live, the houses are built of mud; the walls very thick at the base and sloping a little both inside and out; the roof of bamboo poles covered with palm leaves. Some are circular and the poles forming the support of the thatch, meet in a point, others are oblong or square, and the roofs gabled. They usually have no windows, and no provision for the escape of smoke, as the fire can be made outside, except, perhaps in the time of heavy rains. One has to bend low to enter the door, and one house I visited was quite dark, as light could come in only as I had done, through the door. The air is by no means pure, and too often the dirt is plainly visible when one's eyes become accustomed to the darkness. Some of these houses are a little higher, a little larger, a little cleaner, have small apertures for windows, and some have even two or three rooms. The floors and partitions are of mud, the furniture is very scant. Those of this class who are comparatively well off may be possessed of a cot or two, a box to hold any garments that are not in use, and in rare instances, perhaps a table and a chair or two that have seen better days, some time a long way back in the past. Those who have no cots sleep on mats woven of what appears to be a sort of rush. These mud houses are by no means confined to the outcast people, I know of Brahmins who live in them. Some of the better mud houses have tiled roofs.

The common material for building the houses of the richer classes is a sort of brick, by no means to be compared with American brick, but resembling it. The walls are plastered both inside and out, and whitewashed. No house of any size is without its veranda, even in the mala-pilleys very often the thatch projects to form one. Some of the houses of the better sort are ornamented in colors on the whitewashed front, or above and about the veranda pillars; the bright red, blue, green or yellow, makes a pretty contrast with the snowy walls.

As the Seminary closed for the hot season, at the end of March, and Miss Hatch came from Samulcoota to work in the Zenanas during April, I had the pleasure of visiting with her one afternoon and evening. The first house we visited was a new one, that is, it had been visited only once or twice by Rebecca, and though a caste house, belonged to people of rather low caste I fancy. We were met at the door by a woman with a cigar in her mouth, --men women and children smoke in this country--and were invited to take a seat on the veranda, the floor of which was of mud. The mistress had evidently not yet overcome her caste prejudices, for she would not allow us to go inside, and as the veranda opened on the street, and we did not desire quite so much publicity, we were offered the privilege of going to the back of the house. On turning the corner and passing through a little alley we found the place of our reception was a sort of pendall or shed with rude apparatus for grinding out oil by ox power. Fortunately it had nothing but a roof, and the oxen did not object to our company, so we settled ourselves as best we could. After singing a hymn which was explained by Rebecca, Miss Hatch read a portion of Scripture, and told the Gospel story of God's love, in sending His Son into this world to save those who believe on His name. She also explained that it was in obedience to His command that we had come from a far-distant country to tell them the way of life. Though we had left the street gradually the people had gathered round, and of men, women, and children not less than fifty heard the Word.

The next two houses had been visited frequently before and were of a much higher order. As I was a stranger and visiting them for the first time they had some important questions to ask. First, "was I married?" then, "what sin had I committed, as punishment for which, my hair had been cut off?" and, "Why had I gold in my teeth?" with others of equal weight and magnitude. These women know the truth, and in the last house we visited where we saw only one old woman, I could not but think she had more than a passing interest in Him in whose name we had come. One

Brahmin house we visited was not particularly large or grand, but scrupulously clean and neat, and all the women and little girls we saw were also very clean. Matting such as Europeans use covered the floor which, in the better houses is tiled or covered with cement; there were pictures on the walls and European chairs and tables. Another house was very large, as fine a house as any in town, and had rooms up stairs, which is not a common thing even among the English residents. The entrance hall was furnished in European style, and the women's court, to which we were conducted was large, with doors opening from all sides into the private rooms of the household. We were taken on to the roof and had a fine view of the town. We were not taken into the garden, but were each presented with a fragrant little bouquet. It is a great pleasure to see the rich people in their houses, for one gets the impression in coming to India that all the people are poor, and yet these rich people are in spiritual darkness, and it is infinitely more difficult to reach them than the poor. Viewed in the light of Gospel truth the homes are dark, dark indeed, and who shall dispel the darkness? A few are being reached it is true, but what of the thousands who are daily beyond the reach of help forever?

A. E. BASKERVILLE.

THE WORK ABROAD.

Opening a Sunday School at Cocanada.

Jugganadhapuram is that part of Cocanada lying south of the canal. It is a mile-and-a-half from the mission house, and contains amongst its thousands of huts, bungalows and temples, a school and a church, the former the Timpany Memorial, the latter the English chapel, which are places of intense interest to us, since they seem to be our very own. In this part of the town Mr. Williams, our Eurasian preacher, worked. In the Gospel Hall, a small building which he used for his meetings, he gathered every Sunday morning for his class of some twenty Telugu boys to teach them the Gospel. On his death, the Gospel Hall was abandoned, and Miss P. Beggs moved the class into the English chapel. Then, when Mr. White and his able staff conducted the English Sabbath school in the main room, Miss Beggs has continued the little class in one of the side rooms.

(Of late the necessity of developing that class into a large school has become as a burden to me. I laid the matter before Mr. White and his staff of 8. 8. workers. Mr. White, of whose willingness and ability too much cannot be said, at once threw himself into the movement, and although he cannot speak Telugu, promised every assistance in his power. The time of opening the new school was set at 8.30 Sunday morning; that is, immediately at the close of the English school. Some of their teachers, including Misses Baskerville and Stovel, who are in the beginning of their usefulness in Telugu, volunteered to take classes. We had in all seven teachers, and the wonder was, could we get scholars to make up the classes. To accomplish this, Jonathan Burder went with me, and we spent two hours early Saturday morning, securing promises from parents to come and bring their children at 8.30 the next morning. We hoped for 50, but fearful lest they might forget, I had determined to drop over again Sunday morning and spend an hour drumming them all up.

Sunday morning we went down. Miss Hatch allowed me to add his voice to her's in the singing. On reaching the Mr. White met us at the door with the startling announcement that over 200 men, women and children were crowding on the verandah and back rooms, and had been waiting since 8.30 for Sunday-school to begin. There they were, a motley a crowd of clothed and unclothed humanity as one could well imagine. What to do with them was the question. Our teachers would not be on hand for an hour yet, and we could not keep the people waiting two hours longer without breakfast. There were only four of us to manage