

sembles it. Only along one side of the horizon can a line of trees be seen. Everywhere else the lake looks like a great meadow, completely covered by reeds, grass and many kinds of water weeds. Beautiful white pond-lilies are seen over this meadow-lake all about us; several days we gathered large bouquets of them as we passed.

The boats used by the natives on this lake are simply the hollowed-out trunks of palmyra trees. A man will stand upright in one of these rolling shingles (always barefoot, of course, as all the natives in South India go), and in spite of the obstruction of rushes and weeds, will, with his long bamboo pole, send able speed.

It happens to lie within the territory of what, in our mission books, is called the Akidu "field." Thus it is part of the duty and privilege of the Akidu missionaries to tour these villages. This is possible only in the rainy season, and only when there is sufficient rainfall to make a lake to float the boats. In some of the most isolated of the villages the visits of the missionary are sometimes two years apart, and as he (or she) can never spend more than one day, and rarely more than half a day, in any one place, it may be imagined what an event this visit is in the monotony of the lives of the Christians.

In our twelve days we have visited thirteen villages and have passed many others which we had not time to visit.

It has come about through pressure of time that where a missionary and her Bible-women could find plenty of work to keep them busy for a month or more, only twelve days could be allowed. And another matter, because of the great extent of this Akidu field, and because there was no one to take up Miss Selman's work during her absence of nineteen months on furlough, no lady has visited these villages for four years. And because we Canadians Baptists have taken up this field and called it ours, it is left for us to do, and it is our responsibility. Oh, where are the reapers?

But to return to our tour. We tried as far as possible, to see those villages where we have Christians, and we had some very good meetings with them. In many of these hamlets the mission owns a tiny bit of land, just large enough to hold a small house, which latter serves the purpose of chapel and

schoolhouse; and where such is the case, a native man is stationed there, supported by the mission, to teach the little school and conduct the service. These teachers, none of them more than the second generation out from heathenism, none of them very old in either years or experience, surrounded by all the evil and temptation of a heathen village, with no help at hand other than that of the Christians about him, these generally being less educated (in fact, usually quite illiterate) and later out from heathenism than himself, do you wonder that they sometimes make mistakes and prove a heartache to the missionary? These men and their wives need your prayers, and these you can surely give sometimes, even though it be impossible for you to give your own lives to this service, or yet the money to educate more native workers. Prayer is so simply and so easily given and yet how powerful!

But the lady missionary on tour does not confine all her efforts to the Christian community. What about the great mass of the people who are still in heathenism? Among these, her work takes, generally speaking, two forms. Wherever possible, in each village visited, she takes her Bible-women, and spends half a day in house to house visiting. The women from several houses congregate in one dooryard. Frequently such an audience will number fifty or sixty, though usually it will be much smaller. The message is received as variously as there are different people; always there are those inclined to scoff, yet always some will listen attentively and even eagerly. This "Jesus Christ religion" is so different from that of Rama, or Krishna, or any of the thousands of deities then worshiped, that they cannot grasp the idea readily.

Then there is the plan of the public, mixed, open-air meeting; this generally among the lower castes. Sometimes it will be about sunset, when the men are just coming home from work, and sometimes it will be after dark, when the evening meal is over and the people, old and young, are content to sit down quietly and listen to the new teaching. Sometimes a hundred people, men, women and children, will so gather, and sit or stand listening attentively for an hour or more. It is most intensely interesting to watch such a crowd, people of all grades of intellect,