

## THE FOREIGN MAIL BOX.

## A DAY ON TOUR.

Miss L. M. Jones.



N Nov. 15th (yesterday) my two Biblewomen wakened even before the sun, and busied themselves with their cooking; so we were ready for the bullock-cart, which was to take us to Valluru, some time before it came. The women took uncooked rice tied up in a cloth, and I took some home-made bread and nut sandwiches, a bottle of water, and some plantains. We took two large pictures, mounted, a number of picture postcards, little lesson pictures, and quite a supply of Telugu leaflets for distribution. Our boat serang, Subbanna, was not well, so I sent the two women and our books, etc., and Subbanna ahead in the cart, while I followed a little later by bicycle. I soon overtook the cart; so had time for a little prayer with a Christian family about a mile from the canal, where I left my bicycle, and after seeing the Dresser at the Government Hospital about Subbanna, I joined the women in the cart. As we went through the streets of Mendipeta, a large town, we gave away quite a number of leaflets. After giving away two or three, we had nothing to do but supply the demand of men and boys, who met or ran after our cart. Some ran quite a block. There were many places in Mendipeta where we would like to have stayed and told the Gospel story, but they could not be seen on this tour.

Leaving Mendipetta, we came upon the two-and-a-half-mile road to Valluru. The last time I travelled here it was very sunny, and no shade. Yesterday it was changed and the road was muddy, but for a g———!

Are there any lake-flies down at Balmly Bench? I do not remember seeing them there, but when I was a little girl I sometimes spent my summers on Lake Erie. These flies used to come in thick clouds around the lighthouse lights at Port Dover in the evening. Just as I reached that "g" in my letter, these same flies and a smaller sister's family swarmed around the light, plainly saying: "Stop writing. Dorothy and Stewart do not want to know about the road to Valluru." So I have shut them out by having all the windows and doors closed, and will try to hurry to something interesting; but I thought you might be glad to know that there are a number of shade-trees now that will soon make that road comfortable for travellers.

About a mile from Valluru we passed the road to Nelatas, but it was quite impossible, for the rains have been heavy and constant. There are two ways of reaching the Christian School in Valluru. Both would be muddy. After receiving contrary advice from different people, we sent our cart along the main road and walked on the short-cut—a raised road along the canal bank. We carried considerable mud on our feet before long. (Excuse me; dinner is ready, and I am so hungry, though it is only 6.30 p.m., that I can hardly finish this sentence.) Before reaching the school, which with difficulty I managed to do without falling, quite a number of people were spectators of my slow and steady progress. The teacher, Thomas, and his wife, Subhadramma, wished so much that I had come the other way. When across some pieces of wood I reached the school, some