

is also in the Training Class and, strange to say, has so far been supported by a poor leper in America, who has sent funds to this work.

We only pulled two miles up in the early morning on Wednesday, and were at the landing-place of two villages, about a mile farther away on either side of the canal.

Early we were off, and, passing the length of the village Somerevaram, we came to the outcaste part, where, nearly always, our Christians are to be found. Word had gone ahead, and the first sight I had of the teacher was rather amusing, as he was rushing about with his sleeves rolled up to the elbows, his arms waving in the air, his loin-cloth flying in the breeze, trailing his scholars, hastily gathering his brood together before the missionaries appeared. By the time I actually arrived they were safely ensconced in the little mud schoolhouse, whose only furniture was a table and a chair and some mats. But the decorations on the walls made up for much that was lacking, in their eyes at least, I fancy. There were spaces blackened to serve as blackboards; there were some of the large pictures from home, donated last Christmas; there were other most wonderful drawings of animals of all kinds. I remember a horse particularly, whose head seemed about half as long as its body, and colored green, I think it was. Then there were outlines of animals traced with grains of rice glued to paper and hung up. There was no clock, but a picture of one on the wall, and there were various devices to show the meaning of numbers. There were 46 pupils, of whom six were in the first class, the rest all being infants. But school work is not my work. I only encourage them in the learning of Scripture verses by giving these beautiful cards I get from home, and many were made happy that day. After a short time spent there, I went out to visit the Christians in their homes. Many of the Christians had gone to their work in the fields, but we visited 15 houses, in all, that morning.

Now here is something I want you specially to pray for. In nearly all those houses only one is a Christian; all the others are heathen; and oh, we do so long to see united Christian fam-

ilies. These divisions in a home are a great source of weakness; whereas, if all were Christian they could help and encourage one another in the Christian life.

In the first three houses we saw, the husband was a Christian, and his wife was not. In other houses the mother-in-law or the mother was a Christian, and the children were not; and in others the wife, and the husband was not; and so on. So remember the village of Someswaram—that the families may be united in Christ, and that Jacob, the teacher, and his wife, Daisy, may be greatly blessed in their work. Of those we visited,

"Some were sick, and some were sad;  
And some have never loved Him well;  
And some have lost the love they had."

But we had the blessed text that all are teaching or being taught this year:

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

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The above was written on tour.—I am now at the bungalow again. The pride in my new (?) boat had a fall, when I found the smell of new paint blocking up the air-passages to my lungs; so I returned to the bungalow after six days, and have been busying myself this last week with work not requiring so much the use of my voice. By the next tour, the paint will be quite dry, and I hope it may be uninterrupted. I will still keep the heading, "Just an Ordinary Tour," because it is part of the ordinary to be interrupted one way or another. I hope to resume my ordinary speaking this afternoon.

Will add just a few notes. It was a great pleasure to be at the new-married home of one of our caste girls, where for an hour and a half, we talked and sang and taught the chorus of a hymn. Some twenty-five listeners in that one house.

The sweet invitation, "Come unto me," was responded to in another caste home, where the mother was bowed in sorrow over a very sick child, and we prayed together for the touch of His healing hand. A little Brahman girl—an old school girl—visited us in the boat. The story of Lazarus, in Telugu