

our evangelist, our Biblewoman and myself spent a week at a little village about twenty-five miles from here. We travelled across country in Sedan chairs, or, if I were to speak more truthfully, we walked half the way and rode in our chairs the other half. We passed through some very pretty country, crossing three small rivers and over one range of hills. The little village which we visited, which is called "Ch'iao-t'eo," is situated in a valley surrounded by hills, so that it was a very pretty spot, indeed. The people there we found not very much interested at first, but after the news had spread around to the neighboring villages among the hills that two foreign ladies had arrived, we began to have more visitors, and among them some who were keenly interested as they listened to the Gospel Story for the first time.

"The last day that we were in this village was the birthday of a famous idol, and therefore a lucky day for marriages. We saw two bridal chairs that day, and we had people in to see us from ten miles away, all dressed in their very best clothes and their hair well covered with silver ornaments. Among these were three whom we rejoiced to see, were most keenly interested, as they listened to Miss Duncan tell about Jesus and His love for us. One was quite a young woman, one middle-aged, and one an old lady of sixty; the last was perhaps the most encouraging. Some of her friends had told her what we were telling the people, and she came with one definite purpose, "How shall I get to Heaven?" At first she could not understand at all, but gradually the light began to dawn in her heart, and she listened and asked questions until she got hold of the story of the Cross, just in its simplest form. Finally she went away, saying, "I shall go home and thank the Lord Jesus for having suffered for me."

A DAY ON TOUR.

The morning began in tent, about three-quarters of a mile from the town of Vadasalara. Before daylight I arose, and making all necessary preparations for my journey, was ready to start as soon as the fading rays of departing moonlight and brightening reflection of the rising sun made sufficient light for me to do so, and by the time the sun first peeped over the horizon was five miles on my way. After going another half mile, I made the first halt on my journey, and leaving my bicycle in the preacher's house, went over the fields to the first village. My only work there was to see the Christians. They are only five, and three of them were present. Soon one of those three interrupted my remarks by asking me to pray, a gentle hint that she would like me to go soon, so when I left there after about an hour's visit, I was in rather a disconsolate mood, thinking of the great need of our Christians hearing the Father's word and their unreadiness to hear when it is brought to them.

The gloom dispersed a little at the reception given me by the Christians in the next village, about a half mile from there. They, too, are few, numbering only eight persons in all, but they are always glad to see their missionaries, and express their gladness so heartily, that one forgets that they are few. Just before I reached this place the kind Father gave my drooping spirits an uplift by the sight of a large tank covered with water lilies, red and white, fit emblem of the work He is doing in calling souls up from the filth and gloom of darkened India, to blossom into beautiful, glorious life above. This, with the Christians' glad reception of the message given me, caused me to leave there with elastic step, and no feeling of weariness from my morning's journey. After taking the smile and a half walk back, I found my lunch awaiting me at