

Six Akida, two Tuni and one Cocanada thus constitute our Theological Class. They are doing Theology, Romans, Bible Geography, Moral Philosophy and Christian Evidences. They also read secular subjects, and in that department are the V. Class.

J. R. STILLWELL.

Samuelcotta, Sept. 13, 1888.

### Santa Preaching.

The word *santa* in Telugu means a fair or market day, it also means for that day, the place where the market is held.

In Tunni the *santa* is held on Sunday, which makes a temptation to the Christians to buy on that day, but it also offers a good opportunity to preach to many people who have come in from surrounding towns and villages. Generally Abel, the Tunni preacher, and myself, go there. This evening, however, there were eight of us, six being native preachers; the day had been hot, 93 degrees in the house with windows and doors closed, and probably 98 degrees in the church where we had listened to a long sermon from Abel, in the morning, and presided at the Lord's Supper in the afternoon; the evening was still hot as we went down the dusty road toward the *santa*.

What a crowd! All night long hundreds of ox-carts had been pouring into the village, and now the main streets was nearly blocked with bags of rice and other grains, baskets, earthen vessels for cooking rice and carrying water, door frames, in fact anything, and everything a native, rich or poor, is likely to need.

We attract but little attention until we select a place, take our stand and commence to sing a hymn, then the people gather, a motley congregation; here are children without a single rag to cover them, one of them a little boy of, say three years of age, is smoking a cigar. Coolie men compose the greater part of the audience, yonder are some Brahmins, wait a while for these will disturb the meeting.

The hymn being sung Cornelius, the young preacher from Satyavorum, commences to speak, he is listened to with good attention, but in a few minutes he is stopped by a Brahmin, who has a question to ask, then a discussion is provoked, in which many join; another hymn is sung, this time the crowd which has melted away during the discussion grows larger than before, and Saraya, the Baptist preacher of Ellavaram, speaks to the people. Several keen-eyed Brahmins try to get the attention of the crowd away from him, finally he stops to answer questions that are put to him, and discussion is again renewed, then a third hymn is sung and Abel, the Tunni preacher says a few words, but is soon interrupted; the tactics of the enemy are various, one has moved among the crowd and now and then tried to ridicule the speaker; a second with loud-voiced discussion with his fellow, has sought to draw the attention of the people to himself, while a third has planted himself right in front of each speaker, looking him in the eye and trying to disconcert him with a question, a denial or a sneer. This latter opponent has aroused the spirit of Dalayya, an old Christian, some sixty years of age, who preaches in Chinnappalem, and he addresses himself directly to him; he speaks of sin, he speaks of Christ, he speaks of faith, he points to the man, he points to heaven, he points to himself; his hands, as if in prayer, are placed together, he warns the man, he exhorts the man, his voice fervid, his hands tremble with his earnestness.

The people continue to stream past us, some in ox-carts,

some with loads on their heads, some sauntering slowly along, a perfect babel of voices seems to arise on every side; the cry of the ox-driver, the noise of buyer and seller, while the hum of the multitude, the thousands who have come to buy and sell, is heard beyond all.

But it is now dark, the little oil lamp has been lighted in the shop opposite; we cannot see the words in our hymn books, so we close the meeting and go home.

Whither are these people going? These coolie men with stolid features and dull minds, those merchants who buy and sell, these Brahmins with their fierce opposition, their abstruse philosophy and strange questions about God. Whither are they going? I walk home amid the evening shadows and think about it; I sit down in the house and still the question comes, Whither are these multitudes going?

Tuni, Sept., 1888.

R. GARSDIE.

### Touring.

BOAT "CANADIAN."

We are all so happy in our work. Really I think I never travelled with a happier party than we have on board here. Certainly we are on a glorious mission, and the Lord's presence is surely with us.

This morning, such a tramp through the sun we had. Started at eight and did not get back till half-past twelve. Stopped in three or four places in the villages, and every time had a great crowd around us eagerly, earnestly listening to the words of life. In one place I was talking to a crowd of women and one asked me if Miss Gibson was my sister. I told them they were all my brothers and sisters, and one said, turning to the others, "She says we are her brothers and sisters." Then I said, "Jesus Christ is our elder brother," and she turned again saying, "She says Jesus Christ (trying hard to pronounce the name) is our elder brother." Then I told them if they would only believe in Jesus Christ, they might all become God's children.

In another place we found a little thatched shed, and going inside found an idol set up on a stand of mud. The idol itself was a square piece of mud about six inches high and two wide, and stuck all over with rice and saffron. The thing was covered over with a painted pot, which they lifted to show us the idol. And this was what they worshipped. We made it the subject of a sermon. Fancy Miss Gibson and me sitting therein that little shed, about six feet square, with the idol beside us and the people crowding in on all four sides as near as they dare come, for they never touch us; the caste people will not for fear of polluting themselves, neither will the pariahs for fear of polluting us. We showed them the folly of worshipping an idol like that as well as the great sin, and then pointed them to Christ. Peter was with us, and he and Jonathan spoke to the large crowd in the caste part of the village and spoke exceedingly well. When the preachers condemned their gods, telling them how they lie and steal and so forth, they actually nodded their assent, and when we sang such hymns as "Jesus Christ is the only God, there is no other," they willingly listened. It is really astonishing to see how gladly they receive the truth. . . . We saw two Christians here and they seemed to be rejoicing in their Saviour. It is good to see even so dim a light amidst such thick darkness.

Last night we saw a number of Christians in Murnunda. They have a church which the natives had a good share in building. Here we had a pleasant time.