

just to give you a glimpse of our usual Sabbath work, in order that your interest may be awakened and grow, and that the workers may have the benefit of your prayers.

Sunday morning dawns as brightly and beautifully at Tuni as at any Indian station, or indeed as at "home" in our loved America. And the native Christians and children all seem to appreciate the beautiful holiday well. But the heathens—so many we see on the Sabbath—find this but a day for buying and selling and getting gain; for the weekly fair is held here on the Sabbath, and from Saturday night until the small hours of Monday morning we hear the bandies and oxen with their drivers passing close by our compound, with oftentimes not a little noise.

Let me show you the school-room where we worship. It is our third room and has a veranda running parallel with the street, which is about six rods distant. It is generally pretty well filled, but this morning we expect a larger than usual number from the village, for the missionary and his wife in a walk through a portion of the village last evening, had promises from a number of the artisan class that they would come to worship, or to listen, this a.m. Nine o'clock arrives, and with it all the Christians and our ordinary congregation of heathen only. The others have evidently forgotten their promise, which perhaps they never intended to fulfil. Jeremiah gives us a good sermon on *faith*. A few foot passengers are attracted by the singing, come near the door and then away again. At length I see a company of women with such heavy baskets on their heads, filled with grain which they are carrying to market. One has her basket assisted to the ground by a companion, and then helps the others until nearly twenty women have deposited their heavy burdens, and leaving them beneath a tree in the charge of one of their number, come slowly towards the house. Having wiped the streaming perspiration from their poor tired faces and arms they appear upon the veranda. A little time for rest would be good for them. But giving no heed to invitations to enter and be seated, they stand there and gaze in a dazed kind of fashion at the scene before them. Having satisfied their curiosity, these wild children of the jungle turn, and departing as deliberately as they came, resume their burdens and then march, apparently quite indifferent to the message they *might* have heard. How eagerly we watch their coming, and with what pain we see them depart, not "caring for these things," not even knowing any thing of what they are losing—and ask ourselves, "Are none of the Lord's people among these?" Presently the service closes, and then a busy time commences with the Sunday School classes, of which there are four only to-day. The first class is composed of Christian women; Jeremiah has one of heathen men. Another class consists of outcast children, and a fourth of heathen women and girls is taught in the sitting room. The three women are absent to-day, and only the girls, really the most hopeful pupils, remain. They seem more than usually impressed to-day, as they are urged to escape from the broad into the narrow way that leads to happiness and heaven.

After school is dismissed, we discover some women and children peering into the private portion of the house, and here we have some of those who promised to come to the meeting. They have only mistaken the time by two hours. Oh, for a good loud bell to call the people here to worship! But these must not go away empty, so, repairing to the school-room, I try to give them some instruction. They listen very well for a short time, then one suddenly exclaims, "But where is your God? Please show us your God; this is where you worship Him, you

say." The reply is, "Can you show me your mind or your spirit?" "Spirit! I do not understand." Then, after having this explained, she turns to her companions, saying, "Oh, I see now! She means that she cannot show us her God, because He is a Spirit." Their attention can rarely be held very long at first, and soon one complains of hunger and wants to go home. Then she asks for a "butta," thinking that since she has come she ought to have a dress. But she gets none, for we have hundreds of such applications, and she is not needy. A little more curious looking about, and questioning, and they have gone.

Breakfast is scarcely over before voices are again heard outside, and this time it is a party of strange men from a hamlet near Tuni. The missionary talks with them as usual, and then brings them in to see the "kinnera" (organ), of which they have heard such wonders. Unlike many of the Telugus, these seem spell-bound for a time, and then such exclamations as "beautiful," "hear that now," etc., escape them; while one man stoops and examines the centre table to see whether it stands on any thing. Another proudly shows his superior knowledge by announcing to his fellows that those rows of things are "pustakalu" (books). The pictures and clock have their share of attention, but the one thought with which they are impressed seems to be that "Yasu-Christu" is the cause of all this wonder of sound and sight.

At three o'clock we gather for a prayer meeting, but before the close another crowd of passing men are attracted. This opportunity must not be missed, so without allowing them a chance to weary, the ordinary routine is suspended and a special address is given them, in which the way of salvation through a crucified Saviour is clearly set forth. But they do not tire. So interested are they that most of them sit, while the hand of fellowship is given to two candidates who were baptized last Sabbath; and after meeting remain, desiring to hear the "kinnera."

Dinner over, the missionary and native brethren go to the bazaar as usual, to preach until dark. This is the hour when the Christian women and girls gather to sing the English 'airs' with their Telugu translations. Too weary for that this evening. The day has not brought us joy in seeing *multitudes* seeking for Jesus, but it has given opportunity for work. Many have heard the "old, old story" for the first time, the bread has been "cast upon the waters"—and evening finds us ready to sing with all the heart,—

"One more day's work for Jesus—

O yes, a weary day!"—but

"Lord, if we may,

We'll serve Thee *more* another day!"

M. A. CURRIE.

Tuni, Oct. 29. 1880.

At Home in Akidu.

INDIA is a fine country for the practice of patience. Fast trains may run between large cities, but thousands of villages are left to plod along at ox-cart rate, two miles an hour. Consequently you at home are apt to get ahead of us. As I once said before, if we happen to mention that there is a prospect of opening a new station, you are apt to establish us there at once. You just say "prestio," or some other magical word, and lo! land is secured, a house is built, a missionary is there, in fact the station is opened. On the other hand we are bound down to the slow methods of India life. As you are aware, we wrestle for months over a few acres of land. A week's business