

## A STREET SPECTACLE IN INDIA.

THE people of Chicacole—a town near the coast, about half-way between Calcutta and Madras—are in a great commotion to-day. They are dragging through the streets of their town large figures on carts. What are these? And what are the people making all this fuss about? There are musicians accompanying the carts blowing trumpets, beating drums, and playing on other instruments, and crowds of men and women are talking, shouting and making a great noise. There are no less than six figures set after one another in line in the procession. First comes a huge camel as large as life. It is made of a light framework of wood, covered with cloth and painted. The workmen who have made it have not been very skilful; for their work is clumsily done, and the camel is far from being a handsome one. But in the eyes of the people who see it it is a marvel of excellence. Next follow it three elephants—the biggest, as is right, coming first, and the smallest being last. They are all made in the same way as the camel, and being set on carts and firmly tied, are drawn along by patient bullocks. Each has a small house on its back, called a howdah. Young men and lads have crowded into them, and are carried along aloft, with the pleasure of having a good view of the sightseers beneath. But what is that comes next? It is no animal that ranges the forest of this country. It is intended to be the model of an English steamship. See, there is actually smoke coming from its funnel. And who are these men in it, wearing white jackets and trousers, but with black skins within them? They are supposed to be the seamen and engineers who sail this strange vessel, which vomits smoke although it has neither boiler nor engines, and is borne aloft in mid-air without the aid of either screw or sails. One might think that such a wonderful object as this would wind up the procession. No. There is something else yet. Here it comes. Ah! this is a sight we expect to see in this land of heathenism. The highest skill of the native artists has been employed to make it, and in the onlookers' eyes it is the grandest and most important part of the procession. But what it is would puzzle a stranger to say. It is a bird—a peacock—with a human figure mounted on it, having a great number of arms, and adorned, as its builders think, with great splendor. The rider is called Kumaraswamy. There are other smaller figures by the side of him, completely dressed, and in reality, somewhat pretty; so pretty, that a missionary spectator determines to try and purchase one when the show is over. When we look at the back of the figure, we find that it has only a front and not a body—the back being merely the rough wood on which the cloth and tinsel of the front part is fastened. It has, however, two smaller figures set up against it. The one, a person of a smiling countenance, being Siva; the other, a frightful aspect, with bloodshot eyes and open mouth set with fearful teeth, having the name Hanuman.

But what does all this mean? Is this a kind of free show, or open-air panorama, or a trades' union procession? Not at all. These people never heard of such things. This grand sight is intended to give joy. It is a festival. But for whom is the pleasure? Do

the rich of the town provide it for the poor, or the elders for the children? That is not the idea. All this show is for the purpose of pleasing their gods. In the month of March, the frightful disease cholera raged in the town. The inhabitants believing that the gods were displeased for some cause or other, vowed to give them this festival to pacify their anger. All classes of people subscribed to get up this exhibition; and now they think that their gods will be satisfied, and won't be angry any more, nor send cholera.

How foolish such a belief is we know, and how very wrong the notion of God they have, in thinking He can be pleased with such vain show. Yet it is so much easier to think of God being satisfied with this than to give Him that obedience and service of the heart which He wishes. But you must remember that these poor people have no Bible, and no Sunday schools, to tell them the truth about God. They are to be pitied and not blamed. And we, to whom the good news about God has come, have to carry, or send the message about His character and His love to those dark lands whose people do not know about them.—*Juvenile Miss. Mag.*

## Along the Line.

## JAPAN.

*Letter from REV. C. S. EBY, D.D., continued from p. 144.*

MONDAY, 30TH.—Bros. Hiraiwa and Kobayashi and I started for Kakegawa. Bro. Kobayashi is being introduced to his new field of labor by this trip, and the three of us make quite a force for evangelistic broadsides. At Kakegawa the theatre was in full blast, so we could not get that, but had the meeting in a story-teller's house, where about 200 people gathered and listened well.

Tuesday, 31st.—To-day reached Hamamatsu, where our Church has made great advance since I was here at its inception three or four years ago. On the way we stopped at Fukuroi, a large village where we have no members, but where service is held in the house of a police official, who, with several others, is an inquirer. We called at the police station, and had some conversation with him on the subject. The evening was rainy, but a large number came to the preaching service when I tried to talk to the good people. There were also baptism and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Wednesday, June 1st.—Held lecture meeting in the theatre. Six or seven hundred people assembled and we talked to them until nearly 11 p.m. The following day Mr. H. and I went to see the Guncho, or highest official of the county, (Gun=county, cho=head,) who you remember had sent in an application for a missionary teacher for the advanced common school of the town. They once had a high school here, but it was incorporated with the Shizuoka institution and made into a provincial affair, but they want a teacher for their Kōtō Sho-gakko, where they have 400 scholars ranging from 14 to 17 years of age. They offered a house and 30 yen per month. We went to see the