

tians, and the Boarding School girls formed a procession and marched through the main streets of the city. It was certainly an impressive sight, for there were about 150 or 200 altogether, and as they marched they sang their Christian hymns. When they got to the centre of the city, by the clock-tower, they stopped and held a service. About five hundred gathered, and they listened very attentively while two or three spoke of Christ and the Christian life. Christianity is certainly making an impression on India, and yet there is so much still to be done.

"We feel the restlessness among the High School students as among all students, and in fact all classes in India, but there is not much fear of an uprising. We hope the outcome will be an advancement towards His kingdom among all classes.

Cocanada, Nov. 17, 1920.

### FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

Sompetta,

October 29, 1919.

Zella M. Clark.

In a humble home in Tekkali once lived an Orija Brahmin and his wife. They had some lands and with the help they received from the temple worship they managed to live comfortably. The father was a priest and devoted to his idol-worship. Their first little son, their joy and pride, was given the name of Sooryanarayanna, the combination of the names of two of their idols. When this lad was a few years old the family moved to the village—Jellantra near their lands, and here two other sons and two daughters were born. In the boy's twelfth year they invested him with the sacred thread or badge of the twice born, and he followed in his father's footsteps. He began work as a priest in the temple. For seven years he carried on this work, but became more and more discontented, and felt that his life was useless. Questions began to come to his mind, "What good is all this worship? Why do I cover my body with these

marks and bow down to these images? Surely there is some more noble work for me somewhere?" At last he gave it up and, as he had studied as far as primary, he began to teach a school, but whatever he did his mind was not at rest and he kept searching for light. Giving up his school he went about as a synasse working on the superstitions of the people, and thus made his living for some months, but no light came. He returned home more unsatisfied than before, and as his wife was angry with him for leading this wandering life, he agreed to take a position as overseer over the servants of a Rajah in a near-by town. There he, one of the twice born, had to mingle with all kinds of castes and out-castes. There he saw a jala coachman sit in the same carriage with the Rajah, and all working together harmoniously, and the question of Caste began to trouble him much. He was very careful to take his bath and go through all the customs of his caste, but the light was coming, and even though he didn't recognize God's leading hand, he was being led. He gave himself up to days and nights of meditation. Giving up his work he again took his school and joined himself to a band of holy men, who assured him that all he needed was to sit with arms folded and eyes fixed on the point of his nose. This he did for six long months, but "Evermore came out by the same door where I went, No light!! no light!!"

He made pilgrimages, sat on a stone on top of a high hill without food for three days and nights, prostrated himself before the idols and prayed for peace, but was disappointed. After six years his father died, and as he was the oldest son he was master of the household. He divided the property and continued his teaching.

One day a Christian man came to the Village, and he became interested in what he had to say, but his people all united against him and drove him out. The few words he had heard had convinced him that he wanted to know more, so after a short time, when a young man