

My Dear Sisters :—

Last Thursday's home mail bro't me a letter saying you would be expecting a message from me in November "Tidings". I am sorry you have been disappointed, but you will now know how utterly impossible it was for me to get a letter home before the latter part of November. Thinking that the December letter may likewise be too late, I am hurrying a note off to you with the hope that it may be in time. I am certain you will be much interested and encouraged as you read the following story, just to hand this morning. I shall copy it just as it has come to me ; you will enjoy it the more.

"I was born and brought up as an orthodox brahmin boy in the town of Bimlipatam. My parents belonged to the clerical sect of brahmins. My father taught me well in Telugu and a little in Sanscrit, before I was sent to the English school. Therefore I knew hinduism more than the boys of my age knew generally. I did not know anything of Christianity except that it was a religion of Europeans, and the outcastes and pariahs of our country.

One day in the middle of 1886 (about August) a Hindu friend of mine, who is still a Hindu, asked me whether I would go to the Sunday School with him the next day. He knew something of Christianity as he was educated in the London Mission High School at Vizagapatam. And so he told me that they taught good things there. Therefore I made up my mind to go there, and hear what they say, just to satisfy my curiosity. Accordingly we were there the next day. Then Mrs. Archibald was explaining to the whole school how christians should observe Sunday. As an orthodox brahmin boy I was in the habit of observing the 11th. day (akadashi) of each fortnight in the month, according to hinduism. From what I heard that day from Mrs.