

Bahadur, honorary magistrate, was a Telugu Brahman, about fifty-five years of age. He received his honourable title two or three years ago, when he retired on a pension, after having been a faithful servant of Government for thirty-five years. He was well educated, and could understand and speak English as if he had been born and brought up in Britain. When I first made his acquaintance he was serving under Colonel Tod, then paymaster of the Nagpore force; and to him he was greatly indebted for much Christian instruction. Since then I have known Ramiah intimately, and frequently I used to meet him on public occasions, and receive visits from him at my house. He was a regular subscriber to our Mission, and always seemed to admire but could not adopt the Christian religion. Often have I spoken to him on the subject, but never met with any decided response. He was reticent on this one point, yet always amiable, and never expressing or indicating any strong feelings or opinions against Christianity. The last public occasion on which I met him was at one of Mr. Somerville's meetings. Mrs. Cooper then introduced him to Mr. Somerville, as a native gentleman who had long been near, but never had the courage or strength to enter the kingdom of God. He was deeply moved by the addresses he then heard; and what Mrs. Cooper had said about him to Mr. Somerville seemed to haunt him, till last Sabbath morning when he came to cast in his lot with the people of God.

After we had got him comfortably settled in bed in one of our rooms, he had for the greater part of the day to pass through very trying ordeals. First came his aged aunt, who used every effort and device which natural affection could suggest to persuade or induce him not to become a Christian, and to return to his home; but he was very firm and decided, and would not

for an instant listen to her deeply moving entreaties. Then Brahmans, friends, and acquaintances crowded into his room to ply their arts; but all to no purpose. His uniform reply to them was, 'I am no longer one of you; I am a Christian; I am a child of God. Here is my brother, and this is my sister,' pointing to me and Mrs. Cooper. Then he would ask for water from Mrs. Cooper, and drink it in their presence. This broke the spell in their eyes, and they turned away in disgust. 'What can we do?' they said; 'He is no longer one of us.' At his request we sent for the doctor and Colonel Mackenzie, and after interviews with them he was very much exhausted. The former said that if he could only be persuaded to take nourishment he might yet rally and live for some time. However, after a very restless night, he was very low on Monday, so that we could entertain no hope of his recovery. On Tuesday he was a little better, as we thought, but the doctor declared he was sinking. That morning he expressed a desire to be baptized, so that formally he might be received into the number of God's people. In the presence of a number of friends who gathered around his bed the rite was administered. He fully understood its import. 'This is the third day since I was received into God's family,' he said, after it was concluded; 'but my baptism is only the outward sign or seal of my being received.' Ever since my prayer in the verandah on Sabbath morning he regarded himself as a Christian, and would not allow any one to address him but as brother George; and when we did forget—for the old familiar name, Ramiah, would be uttered before we were aware—he would take us by the hand and say, 'Ah, you forget; I am brother George.' On that day he was anxious to arrange his worldly affairs, but it was thought that he had not strength to do so. He