

"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 outcasts 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. Archibald I saw that the observance of Sunday was more difficult and more spiritual than the Hindu akadashi. So I concluded that, if what Mrs. Archibald said was true, Christianity too, was a good, spiritual, and holy religion. Then a desire to know more about Christianity was created in me. The next day we both went to Mr. Archibald and bought some tracts and books. From that day, I was attending regularly the Sunday and week day services. By the help of all these, first I was convinced that Christianity was one of the holy religions of the world.

In the beginning of 1887 I was employed as a munshi to Miss A. C. Gray. And so I had the opportunity of knowing more of Christianity from her, and especially of reading the New Testament more than once with her. By this time I came to the stage of conviction that Christianity was the only religion appointed by God, and Christ was the only Saviour; but I thought I could be a Hindu and believe in Him in my heart. And so I began the study of the Bible, and used to pray to our Lord regularly every day. But I was not satisfied: because this was only a conviction and not conversion. One day Miss E. D'Prazer was telling me, that, there will be a big burden of our sins heavy on our heart before our conversion, and that we will know when we are converted, as that burden will go away when we begin to believe in Him. Since then I was wishing for that. After a time I was enabled to see my sins, and they were a heavy burden over me. Wherever I went I felt that I was carrying a big load. But still my conviction was, that I could believe in the Lord Jesus Christ remaining a Hindu, without giving up my caste, and my respect among Hindus as a Brahmin. I thought that I need not give up anything of Hindu-

ism to be a Christian at heart. But still there was no satisfaction.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 6th July, 1887, I was in the English prayer meeting conducted by Mr. Sanford. That evening he spoke from Galatians chapter 5, about the fruits of the Spirit and the fruits of the flesh. In the course of his address he said, that Christian means Christ's one and only such, but not all those that profess to be Christians go to Heaven. Moreover he said that we must be counted *fools* by the world, for Christ's sake. That touched my heart as I was not willing to give up the honour I had as a Brahmin to become Christ's one. I felt that something like a wind came into me, and all the doubts and questions, and everything vanished away, and the burden was no more. I wanted to become His right out publicly. That was my conversion. I cannot thank my Lord sufficiently for that merciful act. I spoke about it to Miss Gray and Mr. Sanford, and I was baptized on the evening of Tuesday, the 19th July, 1887, in the baptistry that is in the compound at Bimlipatam.

That night my people waited for me until the usual meal-time, and then my father began to search for me, and found that I was in the mission house. By next morning the whole Hindu population of the town was at the mission house. The mission gate was locked. My father, the Government authorities of the place, and another Hindu gentleman only were allowed in. My father and the other Hindu tried their best by their conversation with me to persuade me to give up the Christian faith and go with them. But God helped me not to do that. I told them I had no objection to go with them and live with them, but they should allow me to live as a Christian. They said no. They wanted me to live as a Hindu outwardly and be a Christian at heart. I said I could not play the hypocrite. Then my father gave a false petition to the Police Inspector, saying that I took some money and other things with me. I said I did not bring any and if they wanted I would go to the station. Then as they saw nothing could make me leave Christianity, somebody told my mother that if she went to the mission house her son might come home. Accordingly she came crying. It was a great temptation. I could not help crying. She asked me to go home with her. I said I would go if they would allow me to live as a Christian. She said no. At last when she found that she could not do anything to make me give up Christian faith, she began to beat her head on the steps of the mission house. I went and lifted her up and gave her to my father, who took her home. I had a very hard time then. I did not know how I could leave her. It was the Lord that gave me such a strength. Praised be His holy Name. Soon after my parents went away from the mission house, then all the other Hindus too returned to their homes. Immediately the Christians and missionaries in the mission house, and myself