

Telugu Trophies



SOME OF THE TROPHIES



CANADIAN BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION BOARD
JUBILEE VOLUME

TELUGU TROPHIES

The Jubilee Story of some of the principal
Telugu converts in the Canadian Baptist
Foreign Mission in India from 1874 to 1924

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

The attention of the reader is called to the steps by which, in God's providence, Canadian Baptists were led to the Telugus. Mr. D. Anthravady, who was pastor of a church in a Telugu regiment, was at a station of the English Baptist Mission, when he came into the light, but he joined the London Mission at Vizagapatam. A few years later a Major-General showed him from the Bible that he ought to be immersed, so the church in the regiment soon became a Baptist church. Mr. Anthravady met Mr. Thomas Gabriel in Madras, and taught him about baptism. Later he met also Mr. Josiah Burder, and taught him.

Moreover, largely through Mr. Anthravady's work, a beginning was made at Akulatampara near Parlakimedi, and some useful workers were raised up. Mr. Purushottam also had a share in this. The story of his life tells why he was baptized in the English Baptist Missions.

At the other end of our Mission field near the Kistna river, we should notice that Kodali Samuel, one of the first baptized at Vuyyuru, was the means of bringing Kuchipudi Yakobu into the light, and the latter passed on the good news to Todeti Abraham. Read the stories of their lives.

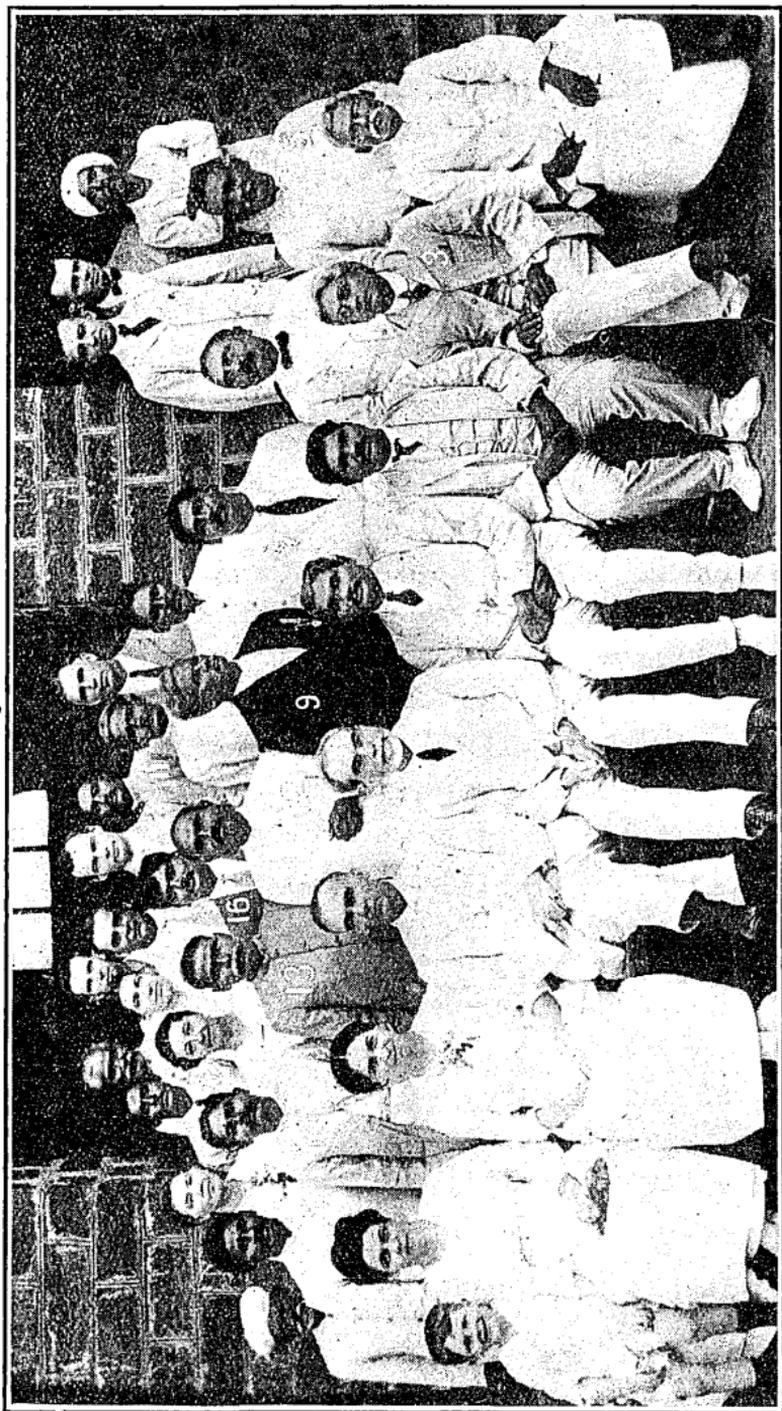
JOHN CRAIG.

INTRODUCTION

AS the title implies, "Telugu Trophies" is composed of the brief histories of the conversion and careers of a number of Telugu men and women who, during the last fifty years, have found Christ in the Canadian Baptist Mission in India. They have been and are leaders among their own folk not merely because of natural gifts and training but also not infrequently on account of their pre-eminence in suffering for His sake. They have been chosen by the missionaries who know them best and who, in many instances, aided them to win the battle over temptation and sin---chosen from a multitude of saved who, including those who have fallen on sleep during the half century, can scarcely be less than twenty-five thousand. It is fitting that in the commemoration of the Jubilee of Canadian Baptist Missions in India their experiences should be recounted for the glory of His Name and the encouragement of His followers.

"Telugu Trophies" will assuredly quicken and strengthen faith in the power of the Gospel unto salvation and in the keeping power of that Christ out of Whose hand no one can pluck His sheep. Further, He who can win, against such fearful odds, the passionate and abiding loyalty that is again and again recorded in these pages cannot fail ultimately to draw the Telugu race unto Himself.

H. E. STILLWELL, General Secretary,
Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board.



1. Dr. Joshee. 2. Morta Prakasham. 3. Mr. Kesavaraya. 4. Mr. Somalingam. 5. Pantagani Pedda Samuel. 6. Mr. A. A. Palmer. 7. Mr. Reuben Giddi. 8. Todeti Abraham. 9. Tuluri Corneilus. 10. A. Barnabas. 11. Chetti Bhanumurti. 12. Paidi David. 13. M. Jagannaikulu. 14. Panga Jagannakulu. 15. Pulavarti Samuel. 16. Bandi Jeevaratnam. 17. Mr. Chakranya.

PART I.

TELUGU TROPHIES

From the

GODAVARI ASSOCIATION

PASTOR THOMAS GABRIEL.

BY REV. JOHN CRAIG.

The name of Thomas Gabriel should be known and honored by the Baptists of Canada. It was his appeal that led the Foreign Mission Society of Ontario and Quebec to send Rev. John McLaurin and Mrs. McLaurin to Cocanada in 1874.

Thomas Gabriel was born on December 15th, 1837, at Masulipatam, a seaport about twenty-four miles from Vuyuru. Afterwards his parents lived for two years at Narsapur, twenty-four miles east of Akidu, and then removed to Rajahmundry on the Godavari river. Thomas was about ten years old at this time. He had attended a mission school while at Narsapur, and he went to a mission school at Rajahmundry, which he continued to attend till 1855, when he was eighteen years of age. Two years later he secured employment as a clerk in the Government Telegraph Office at Dowlaishwaram about four miles south of Rajahmundry. Having a great desire to learn telegraphy he paid a young man to teach him the alphabet, and then bought a dummy, on which he practised day and night till he

mastered the art. His diligence was soon observed and rewarded. When Mr. Gabriel was about twenty-three years of age he became a Christian, and was received into the Lutheran Church. In 1865 he was transferred to the Telegraph Office at Cocanada.

About this time his father and mother became Christians, and took the name "Gabriel," which their son had taken when he became a Christian, his name having been Taleru Marayya. Mr. Thomas Gabriel's mother was a sister of the father of the Karre brothers of Gunnanapudi so that he and they were first cousins. Then he married their sister and the eldest of the Karre brothers married his sister, who is still living near Gunnanapudi. While Mr. Gabriel was still employed in Dowlaishwaram he visited his relatives at Gunnanapudi and Mr. Karre Samuel and his wife visited Mr. Gabriel at Dowlaishwaram, and decided to become Christians.

Mr. Gabriel was in the Telegraph Office at Nilapalli near Yanam for a year, after which he was sent back to Cocanada. About 1867 he was ordered to go to Bombay, but while in Madras on his way there he fell ill and was sent to the hospital, where he was visited by an earnest Christian, Mr. Das Anthravady, who was a Baptist. Not unnaturally, the subject of baptism came up in their conversation, the result being that Mr. Gabriel was convinced that he should be immersed.

Another man having been sent to Bombay, Mr. Gabriel returned to Cocanada. He seems to have undergone a complete spiritual change by his contact with Mr. Anthravady. He felt that he had been in bondage to the law before that. He began to speak to everyone about salvation through faith in Christ, and confession of faith in baptism. His superiors objected to his

preaching so much; hence he resigned his position in the Telegraph service in January, 1869, leaving a salary of seventy rupees a month with a prospect of a considerable increase and a good pension on retirement. He worked in connection with the Godavari Delta Mission, making the Kolair Lake region the chief field of his labors. In 1870 his views changed in regard to some points of church order, and he separated from the above mission, and opened a tannery at Cocanada for the support of his family and some preachers and teachers who were working with him.

The tannery was not a success, so when Mr. Gabriel had used up all his private means, he found it necessary in 1871 to seek help, and went to Madras to offer his mission to the Strict Baptists of England through their agent Mr. Doll. He was not acquainted with any American or Canadian Baptist Missionaries when he set out for Madras, but on his way to that city he halted over Sunday at Ramapatnam and met Messrs. Timpany and McLaurin. The latter, writing on August 24th about Mr. Gabriel's visit, said, "He preached on Sunday from Isaiah 55: 1. It was peculiarly refreshing to hear him talk of the impossibility of earthly things satisfying a thirsty soul, and of the full satisfaction received through faith in Christ." Mr. Gabriel was not successful in his search for help, and hence on his return to Cocanada he reopened the tannery, which had been closed before he left for Madras. He continued to correspond with Messrs. Timpany and McLaurin, who helped him not only with advice, but also with gifts of money.

Mr. Gabriel was ordained while in Madras; so in March, 1872, when he made a tour in the Kolair Lake

region, he baptized some converts at Chinnamilli, four miles north of Akidu and others at Gunnanapudi, about twenty miles southwest of that station, and since 1875 the headquarters of a church. Some converts at this place had requested a missionary of the Church Missionary Society at Masulipatam to baptize them, although they were relatives of Mr. Gabriel and the fruits of his work, the very first converts having been Mr. Karre Samuel and his wife, who were Mr. Gabriel's cousin and sister. In July, 1873, Mr. Gabriel reported thirty-one recent converts baptized at Gunnanapudi and eight baptized at Chinnamilli. He reported also a schoolhouse built at Gunnanapudi.

Mr. Gabriel's financial difficulties increased greatly in 1873, and as no help came from the Strict Baptist Mission he appealed to American Baptists who had already more than they could care for. Finally he appealed to the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec through Messrs. Timpany and McLaurin. At the annual meeting in October the Foreign Mission Board after long and careful deliberation decided to take up the mission. Mr. McLaurin was authorized by cable to go to Cocanada. This he did in March, 1874, arriving on the 12th of the month. He found only a few not very well instructed Indian Christians in Cocanada, the majority of Mr. Gabriel's converts being in villages near Kolair Lake.

On July 18th, Mr. Gabriel set out with Mr. McLaurin on a tour to the Kolair region. They spent a Sunday at Ganapavaram, twelve miles northeast of Akidu, and nine converts were examined and baptized. Passing through Kolair Lake they reached Gunnanapudi, where service was held in the forenoon on Sunday and several asked for baptism. In the afternoon a meeting was

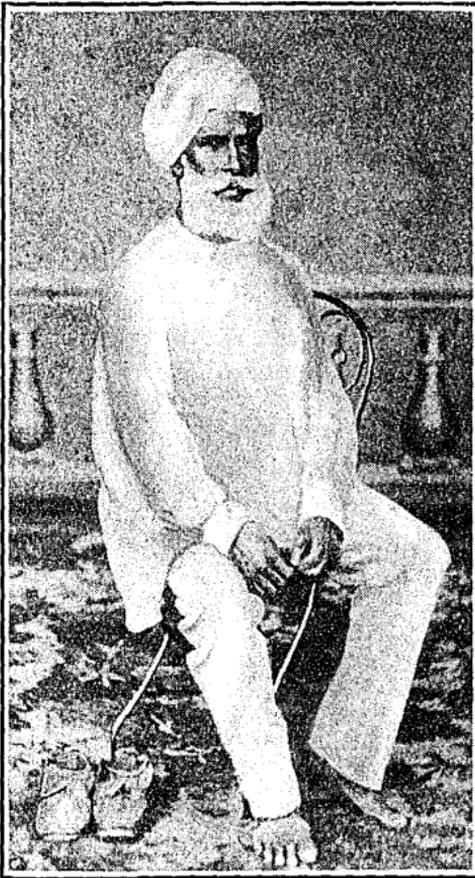
held at a neighboring village, and twelve persons were received and baptized. In his report for the year Mr. McLaurin stated that Mr. Gabriel had spent much time in hard work on tour. The church statistics for the year (1874) showed that 133 had been baptized, and that the total membership at the close was 219. The converts received may well be credited chiefly to the work of Mr. Gabriel.

At the end of the year this brother came in from tour very ill with fever. Everything possible was done to save his valuable life; even the Government doctor stayed with him; but all to no purpose. On January 1st, 1875, he passed away, his latest word and smile testifying to the preciousness of the Lord Jesus. Mr. McLaurin wrote of him that he was a great student of the Bible, and understood well God's way of saving men. He gloried in the Gospel; he loved and honored his Lord, and he loved and hungered for the souls of men. No matter how much he had set his heart on any plan, the moment it was shown to him that it would interfere in the least degree with the glory of God, he put it under his feet. His final illness lasted a week. When Mr. McLaurin went into his room he opened his eyes and said, "Oh, I am in Heaven." At another time when his wife sat by his bed weeping, he said, "Fear not, fear not, my Lord is with me, is with me." The day before he died Mr. McLaurin said, "Brother Gabriel, is Jesus precious to you?" His wandering thoughts came back, and eagerly, joyously he replied, "Most precious, most precious, most precious."

PASTORS JOSIAH AND JONATHAN BURDER.

By Rev. John Craig.

I. JOSIAH BURDER.



Josiah Burder.

Soon after the death of Pastor Thomas Gabriel on Jan. 1st, 1875, Mr. McLaurin was cheered by the coming of Mr. Josiah Burder, a Baptist brother who had been living at Ganjam, not far from Berhampore. On the suggestion of Mr. Gabriel, Mr. McLaurin had invited Mr. Burder to assist in the work at Cocanada.

This brother was born at Chicacole, about 1830. He was a Sudra, and belonged to the sub-caste known as Srusti

Karnams. Rev. S. S. Day and his wife, the first American Baptist missionaries to the Telugus, landed at Cal-

cutta in 1836, and proceeded to Vizagapatam to visit the missionaries of the London Missionary Society. After a few months there they moved to Chicacole, and conducted mission work for nearly a year. Josiah Burder attended a school which was under Mrs. Day's supervision, and received his first impressions of the truth.

Some years later the London Mission Society occupied Chicacole, and Mr. Chowdhari Purushottam worked as an evangelist from 1844 till 1850. Mr. Burder became a Christian probably through the influence of this earnest evangelist, and for a time he served as a teacher and later as a preacher in the mission. Afterwards he went to Ganjam and became a clerk in the Department of Public Works. He used to preach in Oriya on Sundays, and a pious English engineer induced him to devote all his time to preaching, and promised to pay him a salary. Like Pastor Thomas Gabriel; Mr. Burder became a Baptist through the influence of Rev. Das Anthravady, pastor of a Baptist Church in the 41st Native Infantry Regiment, where he had charge of the Officers' Mess.

In 1874 Mr. Burder lost his wife who was a daughter of Mr. Purushottam. When he came to Cocanada early in 1875, his son Jonathan and a daughter and younger son were with him. In August of this year he accompanied our missionaries, Messrs. McLaurin, Churchill and Boggs on their tour of exploration. Tuni, Yellamanchili, Vizagapatam, Bimlipatam, Vizianagram, Bobbili and Palkonda were visited on this tour. They have all become stations of the Canadian Baptist Mission. Soon afterwards when Mr. Timpany visited Cocanada in October Mr. Burder was ordained as a minister of the Gospel. He was faithful in pastoral and evangelistic

work during the six years that he was spared to the mission. Until the Akidu field was separated from Co-canada and committed to the care of its own missionary, Mr. Burder often made tours over that region also, going as far as Gunnanapudi.

Mr. Craig's first visit to the Christians of those villages was made under the guidance of this brother in March, 1879. It was a privilege for the new missionary to be intimately associated with such an experienced Indian worker even for two or three weeks. Mr. Burder was a quiet man, who weighed his words before speaking, and who, while having a good command of Telugu, was accustomed to speak very deliberately. To listen to sermons and addresses in Telugu by such a speaker was a boon to one who was learning the language. Mr. McLaurin wrote as follows about this brother in 1880:—"He is studious and thoughtful, thoroughly versed in the religious customs and ceremonial of the Hindus; and has few peers in dealing with cavilling Brahmans. In dealing with the native Christians he is kind, yet firm; and in his contact with Hindus he is conciliating and convincing." Mr. McLaurin adds that one evening, while they were all sitting on the veranda chatting, Mr. Josiah began telling of his experiences during the day,—preaching in the streets, conversing with the people and finding them eager to hear. Some one made the remark that it was pleasant to be so engaged. "Oh, yes," Mr. Josiah said, "my rice never tastes sweet to me in the evening, unless I have told some one about Jesus during the day."

A special evangelistic effort was made by Mr. Burder in 1881 during the period from February to May. Every evening he took a party of girls from the Board-

ing School to sing, and, if occasion offered, to speak to the women. All through Cocanada and in more than a score of near-lying hamlets crowds of both sexes heard the Gospel sung and spoken. A few months later on Sept. 4th, Mr. Burder passed away after performing a marriage ceremony in the chapel. His death was a sad loss to the work. Mrs. J. C. Yule described the incident in a poem, part of which is as follows:—

THE PASTOR STOOD

Before the plighted pair, and once again
He read God's Word in the mellifluous speech
Of his own land, and lifted up once more
His voice in prayer, and then passed on
To the brief utt'rances that made them one.
But here his words became confused. His mind
Wandered as he who dreams; and when at last
The rite was ended, they who saw him felt
Vague fears of coming change. They brought the pen
And bade him write. "And are we then," he said,
"To talk no more about the blessed word,
To pray no more?" "All that is over now,"
The teacher gently said. "Only your name
Is wanted to this record; pray you sign!"
He took the pen and wrote, but his own name
Seemed a forgotten thing. The faithful hand,
True to the prompting of the fervent love
Which burned within, essayed no more to trace
His own poor name, but "Jesus, Jesus," that
Which filled and overflowed his inmost soul,
And washed it clean of every other name.

"Why at the marriage, Sir,
"Spake you so strangely?" his attendant said.
"I'm going on a journey," he replied,
And spake no more. A few short hours, and he
Had passed beyond their vision;
And, ent'ring the fair City, had sat down
Beside the Lord he loved.

II. PASTOR JONATHAN BURDER.

Jonathan Burder was about eighteen years of age when he accompanied his father to Cocanada in 1875. He was employed as teacher for some years, but soon showed considerable ability as a preacher, and at God's call he devoted his life to the work of the Gospel ministry. He was married on March 6th, 1880, to Amelia Keller, who had visited Canada with Mr. and Mrs. Timpany. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Jewett of the American Baptist Mission, who was in Cocanada at the time, working with Mr. Timpany on the revision of the Telugu Bible. After his father's death in 1881 Mr. Jonathan became pastor of the Telugu Church. His ordination took place on January 12th, 1884. He was a devoted evangelist, and did a great work especially in Cocanada, not only by his public preaching, but also by his private conversations with many men of the Hindu community. He had learned a great deal about Hinduism from his father, and his mind was stored with pithy sayings and Sanskrit verses, which he used with great skill in answering men who tried to interrupt him when he was preaching in the streets. He had a powerful voice and a great command of his mother tongue. While his father always spoke in a quiet and deliberate way, Mr. Jonathan's words poured out like a flood. At meetings of the Godavari Association it was a treat for the delegates to listen to an address by this eloquent brother. On one occasion he addressed the students in the Seminary on "Preaching in the Villages," and when a small book of model sermons was published one of his sermons was included.

The Cocanada Church and the Mission lost the ser-



Rev. Jonathan Burder and Family.

vices of this worker in 1900. He died of cholera on August 31st. Some months afterwards when Miss Simpson was making her first visit to a home in Cocanada, the man of the house told her of his faith in and love for Christ. He assured her that there were one hundred men in the town whom he knew, who were like Nicodemus, afraid of their friends, afraid of being put out of caste, but who were Christ's disciples at heart. He and the others had been wondering why Jonathan Burder's visits had ceased; they had not heard of his death.

Mr. Jonathan's wife Amelia was the daughter of Ezra Keller, a Telugu Preacher in the American Baptist Mission. When Mr. and Mrs. Timpany went to Canada on furlough in 1876, they took Amelia with them, and put her in Woodstock College. When she returned to India in December, 1878, she showed her good sense by giving up the use of European clothing and going back to that of her own people with some slight modifications. Until her marriage in March, 1880, she assisted Mrs. Timpany in caring for the girls in the Boarding School at Cocanada. Her marriage when she was over twenty years of age was a good example for Christian girls and their parents, who think that sixteen or fifteen or even fourteen is the proper age for marriage. She was a help to her husband as long as he lived, and survived him only eight months. Their first-born was a son whom they named Josiah after his grandfather. Miss Simpson undertook the expenses of his education, and had the joy of seeing him become a good helper in the work as headmaster of her school for Caste girls. He was married to a daughter of Mr. Panga Appanna, of Parlakimedi, whose story is told in

another chapter. Mr. Josiah died rather suddenly, Feb. 3rd, 1904. Miss Simpson mourned for him as for a dear relative, and through her efforts a stone was erected in the cemetery at Cocanada in memory of Pastors Josiah and Jonathan Burder, the latter's wife, Amelia, their son Josiah, and also Jonathan's brother Charles. Nearby is the grave of Pastor Thomas Gabriel, and here the remains of several of our missionaries have been laid to rest.

BEERA MIRIAM.

By Miss A. E. Baskerville.

Long before the Canadian Baptists had thought of sending missionaries to India, away back in 1848, in Kommalamudi, a village in Gudivada Taluk of the Kistna District, a little baby girl was born to Vanga Dharmayya. She was the fifth child, there already being two boys and two girls in the family. To this little girl was given the name of Adamma. No doubt she had much the same experiences as the other little girls of her country and her time, but as Dharmayya and his family were not Christians, her childhood was short. When she was of "suitable age," we are told, she was married according to Hindu custom to Beera Venkayya, a man considerably older than herself, as his second wife. "Suitable age," in those days, was probably from twelve to fourteen—possibly less. Venkayya's home was in Dowlaishvaram, a town a few miles from Rajahmundry on the Godavari River. The young bride was very zealous in the worship of the idols, and received a good name among the neighbors on account of her piety.

Her husband's elder sister was a Christian, and there were some Christians among the neighbors. Through them she heard the Gospel, was convinced of the Truth, and was baptized in Rajahmundry at the same time as Thomas Gabriel, becoming a member of the Lutheran Church there. It was through the influence of Rev. Thomas Gabriel that she and her husband later joined the Baptist Church. As is sometimes the case, the new converts changed their names, and thereafter Venkayya

was known as Zaccheus, while Adamma adopted the name of Miriam.

Zaccheus was earning his living by working as a servant in gentlemen's houses, and this made it necessary for them to move about a good deal, but wherever Miriam lived, by her words and by her life, she made her dear Saviour known to those who were her neighbors and her friends, and was a good zealous church member. After Zaccheus had been in service in Rajahmundry, Secunderabad, and other places, he came with his wife and little daughter to Cocanada, where he remained until too old to work. He took service as cook with Miss Folsom, Principal of the Timpany Memorial School in Jagannaikupuram, which is the name given to that part of the city south of the river.

Miss Folsom says, "Away back in the eighties (1885, I think), Zaccheus became my cook, and I well remember when he brought his wife, Miriam, and introduced her to me. How pretty she looked with her wavy, glossy hair, handsome cloth, and just enough jewels to set off the rich brown of her throat and arms. Zaccheus was proud of his wife and liked to dress her well. The question of Christians wearing jewels came up in those days, and it cost Zaccheus and Miriam a hard struggle to decide that she should remove hers. I suppose that the one great objection was that it would make her appear like a widow. They, with Lydia, their daughter, lived in a little house in the church compound until we moved to the big school, after which they occupied a room in the school compound until Zaccheus built a house for himself in the Christian petta."

"As our school developed we engaged more servants, and had Telugu worship with them daily. Two of the

servants and a number of our boarders could read the Bible in Telugu and sing Telugu hymns. Miriam and Lydia led us with their sweet voices. Bibles and hymn books were furnished for all who could read. Miriam explained the passage read and led in prayer. In this way we had some precious seasons together. One, at least, was converted there, and has been a Christian worker ever since. At our annual New Year's dinner for our servants and their families Miriam was always ready to offer prayer and to give a little sermon to the assembly. She was instant 'in season and out of season', speaking a word whenever possible for her Lord and Master."

In her first work as Bible woman she was supported by Miss Folsom. She helped her husband about the kitchen in the forenoons, and accompanied Miss Priscilla Beggs in her visits among the women in the afternoons. Later, when Miss Hatch was in charge of the Bible work in Cocanada, she was appointed as a regular Bible woman on the staff, and continued when Misses Simpson, Murray, Pratt and Baskerville were directing the work.

Miriam was Miss Beggs' assistant until her death on Nov. 28, 1918, with the exception of the time when Zaccheus, too old for further service, insisted upon going to live with her people in Gunnanapudi. It was a sore trial to her to leave her old home and her much-loved work. Mr. Davis, who was Cocanada field missionary at that time, bought their little property, with the understanding that if ever she returned, she should have a place there until called to her home above. A number of workers' houses were built on the lot, which has ever since been mission property. After the death of

Zaccheus she gladly came back to her work among the women of Jagannaikpuram. For some years a room was given her with the other workers, but finally it became uninhabitable through lack of proper repairs, and it became necessary for her missionary to rent a comfortable room for her elsewhere.

Two or three times during her life she fell ill and was raised up again, as it were, from the very gates of death. Her only daughter was the cause of much sorrow to her, and in her old age the shiftless husband of her granddaughter, instead of being a help to her, was with his family a burden upon her scanty resources. Many times after her husband's death she had to endure privation, because her salary as a Bible woman, while amply sufficient for her *own* support, was not large enough to stand these unreasonable demands upon it. The death of her husband, her daughter, and other near relatives caused her great grief, but in all her tribulations, uncomplainingly borne by the Lord's help, she achieved victory through grace.

She never quarrelled with anyone, but lived on terms of harmony and friendship with all her fellow workers, who counted her fellowship dear and desirable. Her prayers, so faithful and earnest, were an inspiration and uplift to many. She was very careful to give instruction in the Christian life to the members of her household. She loved hospitality, and with great piety and love she helped and comforted the Lord's people. She was always a regular attendant at Divine worship, and let the preacher be old or young, she gave earnest heed, and counted the teaching precious.

She kept on faithfully at her work in spite of increasing age and increasing weakness, and it was her privilege

to work until within two months of her death. Her zeal and love burned brightly until the very last. Though she lived to be seventy, and read her Bible daily, it was never necessary for her to use spectacles. In her last sickness, when her days were numbered, she seemed to see visions of her dear Lord and the angels of God, who had come to take her away, for she frequently exclaimed: "Behold! My King! My God! I am ready! Receive me to Thy embrace." She lived a long, faithful life of piety and usefulness in the Master's service, and beautifully adorned the doctrine she professed.

"Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates!"

REV. NICODEMUS ABRAHAM, 1868-1920.

By Rev. J. R. Stillwell.

In his Annual Report, 1919-1920, the Foreign Mission Secretary, the Rev. H. E. Stillwell, himself two terms a missionary in India, his second term with Mr. N. Abraham associated with him in the work of theological education, wrote concerning him as follows:—

“On February 1st, 1920, there fell asleep in Jesus, at his humble home in Cocanada, Rev. N. Abraham, for thirty years Dean in Theology of the Mission Seminary, and undoubtedly the leading Indian Christian of our native flock. He had taken the full theological course in the Seminary founded by William Carey at Serampore, was a profound student of the Word of God, and deeply spiritual in his presentation of it. By far the great majority of all the Indian Christian preachers and teachers on our Mission Field today, have sat in his classes, and received the impression of his unique personality. It is safe to say that the passing of no one else on our Mission Staff . . . could have caused a deeper or more widespread sense of inestimable loss. The prayer of the Foreign Mission Board is that God may raise up many from among our Telugu people of like noble character and loyal service.”

Nicodemus Abraham was born at Dowlaishwaram, a town at the head of the Godavari Irrigation system, on the 24th of May, 1868. There is a tradition concerning his childhood, that in his first month a missionary visited the home, took the babe in his arms, blessed him, and assured the parents that the child would grow up and fill a large and useful place in life.

He received his primary education in the mission school of his native town. On the completion of his studies as far as this unpretentious school would carry him, he entered the Government Board School of the same place,



Rev. N. Abraham.

and studied up to the High School entrance examination. Here he received much ill-treatment from his Hindu schoolmates, being the first and the only Christian boy in the school. He then proceeded through the High

School curriculum, in a Rajahmundry school of Secondary grade, which was four miles distant, and which distance, long and dusty though it was to the young boy, he walked morning and evening. He is said to have received no mission help during his studies, but lived at home and from there, through persistence and youthful energy and eagerness, acquired the grounding which was so well to serve him in after years.

During his school period he was a regular attendant at all mission services, took a deepening interest in the faith of his parents, both of whom were sincere Christians, the father being a preacher of the gospel; and when grown to maturity was baptized on an evidence of his faith by Mr. Heelis of the Godavari Delta Mission, but later joined the Samalkot Seminary Telugu Baptist Church, with the full consent of Mr. Heelis, when it became plain that he would be permanently associated in the work of the Seminary, whither he came as there was no work of the kind he wished to do elsewhere. When he joined the Seminary staff, he had passed the matriculation examination of the Madras University, which at the time, a generation ago, was a high educational standard in the Canadian and American Baptist Telugu Missions—the Canadian Mission having no University Matriculates at all and the American Baptist only three; whereas today there are over one hundred of this grade in the Canadian Baptist Mission alone.

Mr. Abraham joined the Seminary staff in 1888. The Seminary at the time included three departments—literary, Biblical and theological. His application was for a post in the literary department, in which he was given an appointment as First Assistant; and a little later promoted to the Headmastership of the literary department.

This he filled with splendid efficiency. For he was a good disciplinarian as well as a successful teacher. But more noticeable than these very necessary qualities, was his thorough Christian character—sincere, consistent, intelligent, and grounded in the faith. He knew in Whom he believed, had a reasoned faith of his own, and was not moved from it an inch by any kind of influence. He kept in the “middle of the road”, not indulging in extremes; but was always moderate, steady and a sincere adherent of the fundamentals of the faith. He was reliable and could always be counted on. You knew where to find him. He was a safe man, but not safe because he feared to launch out—he was safe because his beliefs were founded on an unshakable *experience*. He possessed the spirit of Christ in a remarkable degree, which he manifested daily in word and deed. He was uniquely even-tempered, and lived superior to the gusts of various passions which frequently sweep even the calm Hindu from his feet. He had that “self-control” which is the great desideratum, the summum bonum, of the religious Hindu. His life was exemplary, his influence beneficial, and his presence in the school helpful.

Up to 1887, the biblical and theological courses in the Seminary ran parallel with those in the literary department. This parallelism served all purposes in the early days of the Mission, while teachers were few and the teaching elementary; but as it did not give place for thorough work in any one department except at the expense of another equally important in its way, it came about that the various courses were separated and converted into independent studies. Thus the theological course was converted into a department by itself, and likewise the literary course.

The theological course alone concerns us here. In the early nineties of the last century and until quite recently, the students received into the theological department were of two grades, designated Primary, and Lower Secondary. The theological course was framed into a four years' course—the first two preparatory for the Primary students in order to prepare them to enter upon theological studies proper in the third and fourth years, in which the L.S. students joined them. When this adjustment was made, the necessity at once arose for an increased staff, for there was now more work than the missionary himself could get through in the theological section of the school. This increase in the theological staff could not have come from the missionary ranks, even if desirable, which it was not. As there were no Indian Christians with the necessary training and equipment, there was no other recourse than the training of such.

Fortunately, there was Mr. N. Abraham at hand, who being eminently suitable, was sent on to the Serampore Theological Seminary with his own full and hearty assent. He took the full three years' course in English in the Seminary, during which he made his mark. For he was possessed of a maturity, sincerity, and intelligence, rare in the classes; and he received the highest commendation from his teachers, who were sufficiently interested to make inquiry as to whether there were others in the Canadian Baptist Mission like him. They themselves had few like him.

On the completion of his theological studies, he was given work in the theological department of the Seminary, in which he gave faithful service, which service he continued under my successors, Messrs. Craig, H. E.

Stillwell, A. S. Woodburne, H. B. Cross, and H. D. Smith, all of whom were impressed by his sterling character, integrity, and splendid ability. He was to all intents and purposes an assistant missionary, and filled the missionary's place whenever the latter was absent at the hills, or on other service.

Mr. Abraham passed from this life February 1st, 1920, after 32 years of varied service, during which long period he came to be ever more deeply appreciated and ever more widely known, not only in our own mission, but in others as well, as he was always pressed into service at all conventions. Besides the performance of his duties in the Seminary, he gave eminent service in Home Mission work, being an influential member of the Home Mission Board. For a time, he wrote and edited a small periodical, but there was not sufficient support in the nineties of the last century to keep it alive.

Mr. Abraham was given ordination, and served as pastor of the Seminary church, to which he ministered with great acceptance. He passed away on a Saturday night after preparing his notes for the Sunday morning preaching service. Though passed on before, he still lives in the lives of the men trained in his classes and influenced by his Christian spirit and character. We mourn his loss, but thank God for his life and service, so loyally rendered to the mission and to his divine Master. The workmen pass, but the work continues. For the work is of God, and the workmen his instruments, prepared and raised up by Him, for every emergency and time of need; and as Mr. Abraham served his own day and generation, we firmly believe there will follow others fitted and qualified for the coming days and new generations.

PASTOR MULUGU JAGANNAIKULU.

By Rev. John Craig.

When Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin occupied Cocanada as our first mission station in March, 1874, M. Jagannaikulu was a boy of ten years. Hence he remembers Mr. Thomas Gabriel and his tannery and Mrs. Gabriel and her wood-yard. The lad's home was for a time near the rented house in which Mr. McLaurin and his family lived. Later his home was in a hamlet near the Mission compound which was bought early in 1876. The mother soon became a Christian and the son attended the Mission School, and was baptized after Mr. Timpany had taken charge. B. Subbaraidu, who became Mrs. Archibald's helper, was baptized at the same time. Jagannaikulu was among the first students to enter the Seminary at Samalkot when it was opened by Mr. McLaurin in Oct., 1882, and was a member of the first graduating class in April, 1886. It is interesting to note that T. Cornelius and P. David, whose histories are given in this book, were fellow-graduates, and that B. Subbaraidu also was a classmate. His history tells why he did not complete the course with them. When the Seminary reopened in July Mr. Jagannaikulu was appointed a teacher, and in the following November he was married to Morampudi Mary, who had attended Mrs. McLaurin's Boarding School for girls. At the meeting of the Association at Cocanada in January, 1887, he was ordained. Owing to the smallness of the missionary staff, the Seminary was closed from April, 1887, till July, 1888.

During this time Mr. Jagannaikulu was engaged in evangelistic and pastoral work at Gokaram, twenty miles west of Samalkot, and at the end of 1887 the missionary reported that he had been doing efficient work there and in the surrounding villages.

From July, 1888, Mr. Jagannaikulu was on the Seminary staff continuously for fourteen years. In 1891 the principal set him apart to the work of teaching the Bible; hence he has a good general knowledge of that Book. Before Mr. J. R. Stillwell went on his first furlough in 1894, in reviewing the work of the Seminary he wrote: "Mr. Jagannaikulu has been with me from the beginning, and has proved himself a good teacher in the school, a spiritual preacher in the church, and a safe counsellor in difficulty." From the time that the Home Mission Society was organized in 1888, Mr. Jagannaikulu took a deep interest in its work and often filled the office of secretary. In 1890 he spent his vacation in touring over the Akidu field, which included Vuyyuru then, seeking to stir up the members of the churches to fuller consecration of life and property, especially in connection with the Home Mission work. Since the organization of the Convention with its various Boards, Mr. Jagannaikulu has served at times as secretary of the Home Mission Board which continues the work of the former Home Mission Society.

In 1902 Mr. Jagannaikulu took up the work of an evangelist in Cocanada. At the beginning of 1906 the field was divided into North and South Cocanada, and a new church was organized in Jagannaikpur with about fifty members. Mr. Jagannaikulu was pastor of this church for a few months, but in May he was called to

be pastor of the mother-church as a temporary arrangement. The report for 1907 says that he had rendered very efficient service during the year. He is still pastor at the present time. The Cocanada Church consists of the members who reside on the north side of the canal that divides the city, and also those who live in villages north and west of the city. In addition to pastoral work there is room for extensive evangelistic work also, in which Mr. Jagannaikulu has taken his share. When preaching to an ordinary audience in the villages he speaks in an interesting and impressive way. As an illustration of this, in telling of the wretchedness of the Prodigal Son when a famine came after he had wasted all his money, Mr. Jagannaikulu said it was like accidentally hitting with a pestle one's finger that was already sore with a felon.

Mr. Jagannaikulu's wife Mary has been a worker with the lady missionaries for many years. As is the case with all Bible women in the city, Mary has a number of houses allotted to her for regular visits, so that the work to be done calls for a steady effort from day to day and from week to week. In one of the annual reports it is said that she had had a longer holiday than usual during the hot season, but that during the rest of the year she had worked in her bright, enthusiastic way, and that her monthly reports had been very encouraging. Among her pupils there were at that time ten women who had given in their names as desiring to trust only in Christ, and asking prayer for themselves, their husbands and families.

Before telling about two of her daughters it may be said that she herself is a daughter of Morampudi Sarah,

whose story is told in another chapter. Mary's two younger daughters have both passed the Matriculation examination at the McLaurin High School. One of them has studied in the 1st and 2nd years at the Women's Christian College in Madras. The other is now in her first year.

PASTOR TULURI CORNELIUS.

By Miss E. Priest.



Pastor Tuluri Cornelius.

Tuluri Cornelius was born in Moramunda, a village in what is now the Ramachandrapuram field of our Mission. While still a baby he was adopted by his aunt, Balluri Martha, one of India's child-widows grown to young womanhood, with a true mother heart. She and her father were true Christians, and so Cornelius was brought up in the fear of the Lord. Dearly did Martha love him and his

family, and until her death her word was law in their home, and it was the law of love.

As a boy he went to the Lutheran School in Rajahmundry, but when his grandfather and foster-mother went to Tuni to work in the Baptist Mission, trouble arose, which was settled by Cornelius going to Samalkot to our school. He was a good student and of quiet,

steady habits. On February 12, 1882, he was baptized in Tuni, and continued a member of this church for over forty years. After graduating in Theology he brought his bride, Nancy, to Tuni in 1888, and she has been a true helpmeet to him.

For eleven months they lived in an outstation, but when Mr. Garside came to take charge of the Tuni field in 1889 he moved them into Tuni and installed Cornelius as pastor of the church, which responsibility he carried until his call to higher service in June, 1922. All through these 33 years he served with conspicuous ability, devotion and success, and saw the church in Tuni grow from the small beginnings of those early days till it came to have a membership of 300, besides giving off members to form new churches in all parts of the field. In 1890 a painful incident occurred. A teacher who had been dismissed evidently bore a grudge against Cornelius, for one night he called him out, and then shot him in the head with a borrowed gun. His life was preserved but he lost the sight of one eye. Some of the Tuni officials combined to suppress the evidence, but in spite of this the accused was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Before this time was up there came an occasion when the Government decided to release a number of prisoners as a part of the celebration, and this man was among them. Before releasing him they wrote to Cornelius to know if he was willing, and in a truly Christian spirit he gave his consent.

Before Mr. Garside left on furlough it was decided that Cornelius should be ordained. This gave him authority, but never was this used to lord it over his brethren; his title was never paraded, rather brought with it a sense of responsibility. His musical talent was

truly consecrated to Jesus and he set his face against anything that savored of irreverence in the singing of Bible stories. What a help he was to the girls in the Boarding School as he spent an hour with them each Saturday morning teaching them how to sing many of our good Telugu hymns. In those days his violin was great company to him, and how pleased he was to receive a copy of the Sankey hymn book with music. With a little help he soon learned to pick out tunes. He enriched Telugu Christian literature by the composition of four beautiful hymns which are in our hymn book, a metrical life of Christ, and other writings. He was always ready to use his gift in writing hymns for our work among the children, and his hymn on the 23rd Psalm is sung by the children in many parts of our Mission. His library was limited, but what good use he made of it! And his faithful study of God's Word kept his preaching fresh and helpful. He was very appreciative of help along the line of Bible study. Although of a retiring, unassuming manner, there was a quite forcefulness and dignity that made one feel quite at ease if he was in charge of any occasion, whether it was a baptism, a wedding, a business meeting, a social gathering or any other function.

Cornelius was a man of most prepossessing personal appearance, dignified and manly in his bearing, and altogether one of the best examples of strong Christian manhood which our Mission has known. He was possessed of fine intellectual gifts, was remarkably sound in judgment, devoted and dependable, upright in character and steadfast in purpose. He commanded the confidence and esteem of the Christian community, and the respect of the Hindus as well, and took a leading part in the

work of the Association and Convention, especially in the work of the Home Mission Board. To successive missionaries he was a wise and safe counsellor, a capable and devoted friend and brother, a steadfast helper in every good work. In the history of these years of the beginnings of God's Kingdom among the Telugus the life of Tului Cornelius will ever stand forth as one of God's best gifts to his Telugu people, and although Tuni field without Cornelius seems almost unthinkable, there will always be a deep sense of gratitude to God for sparing him to serve so many years.

CORNELIUS' AUNT MARTHA.

By Miss E. Priest.

Balluri Martha was born in a village on the Ramachandrapuram field as we call it now, before our missionaries came to open up work among the Telugus. Her father heard the gospel through Mr. Bowden of the Godavari Delta Mission, and received it gladly, and was the first fruit of the gospel in their village. Her mother died while she was still a small girl, and she and her father became much to each other. Their home became a centre of influence for Christ, and the foundation of Martha's useful Christian life was laid in those days. How she loved to recall them and tell how her father taught the gospel to the coolies who worked in his fields, and how he gathered the women of the village and taught them about Jesus until some of them believed in Him. There was much petty persecution to bear, but it was borne in a truly Christian spirit. One instance will show this. There was so much trouble about the well that Mr. Bowden decided to lay a charge against the troublers. The decision given was that if they did not choose to draw water from the well used by the Christians they might dig another. To secure them from the danger of being poisoned, Mr. Bowden advised that a cover be put on the well and padlocked when not in use, but Martha's father said, "No, we must not do that, but as each one lets down his or her bucket, do so with a prayer that our enemies may soon come and draw from this well" and the time came when they were glad to do so.

There was always a welcome in this home for any missionaries who came that way, and when Mr. Timpany toured out from Cocanada it was a comfort to find this little company of Christians. When the time came for Mr. Currie to go to Tuni and open work there the question of helpers was a live one. Mr. Timpany was led to urge Martha's father to go to this "far country". Tuni at that time was a tiger jungle, very different from the irrigated south country, and it was a test of faith indeed, but he came, and Martha with him, and thus saw the beginning of the Lord's work on the Tuni field as well as on the south field. In later years, she joyed to go over the history of those early days, and her face would beam as she said, "I have seen all this of the Lord's working with my own eyes, and this is only the beginning of what He is going to do". Her older sister brought much pressure to bear on them to get them to return to their native village, but though at times the pull was strong God kept Martha on the Tuni field, to the comfort and joy of all who have worked there. She was truly a "mother in Israel", with a welcome in her heart for all who came, irrespective of caste. When our sweeper woman was baptized Martha encouraged her so much by her loving welcome. Her reading was limited to her New Testament, and how she loved it and memorized it! The portion assigned for the monthly meeting was always ready, and her bright, responsive face was such an inspiration to us as we sought to open the Word. It was to her we turned for counsel when the problems arose, sure of loving sympathy.

When on tour, Atchamma was the one to hold the crowds, but Martha was the one to do individual work, finding out some hungry heart to minister to. Very

literally her message was the Cross, to her that was *the* message she was to tell, and she never left folks without telling them the "how" of salvation. The love of her mother heart was lavished on Cornelius, whom she adopted, and he and his family owe much to her loving care. Many times we have thanked God for giving Martha and Pastor Cornelius to the Tuni field. She was spared to a good old age, and the call came after a brief period of helplessness. We miss her very much, but we do not grieve, for she was truly a shock of corn fully ripe and has left a blessed witness of what God can do for and through our Telugu sisters.

DUNDI LUKE JOSHEE.

THE FIRST TELUGU DOCTOR OF OUR MISSION.

By Miss S. I. Hatch.

Dundi Luke Joshee was born in Cocanada within a year of our first missionaries' arrival there. He attended the first mission school and was baptized into the first church formed there.

I.

His Consecration to Christian Work.—In the year 1902 there is a meeting in Ramachandrapuram. In those days how full of caste prejudice this town was! Why, even the merchants would not allow Christians to touch their wares, but would throw their goods at them when they lay down their pice, and the washermen were refusing to work for the missionaries, thinking their touch unclean.

The station was only recently opened by the Mission, so it is in a lowly chapel of mud walls and thatch roof that a young medical graduate from Agra, D. L. Joshee, fluent in the command of three languages, and just returned to his own Telugu country from that city of marble palaces and famous pinnacles and domes, is being consecrated as a church deacon. He is one who is to help change this enmity into friendliness, and to become finally the chief of the city-fathers, and an acknowledged leader in the whole community.

The prayer of consecration is offered by the sainted Rev. J. E. Davis, with the laying on of hands. But even that man of faith can hardly have realized then how

abundantly his prayer was to be answered. The Leper Asylum under the Telugu doctor's medical care was to have a reputation second to none; young boys and girls were to go from there rejoicing in a new lease of life and a new-found spiritual joy; the orphaned children



of lepers were to be fitted for useful positions in society; the Asylum was to be called, even by non-Christians, "a very Heaven upon earth", and thousands of patients were by the grace of God to receive healing at his hands.

Yes, that prayer unto God meant equipment from on

high, before which all other equipment, however great, sinks into insignificance.

II.

In the Leper Home.—Years have gone by. The lepers have assembled together in the beautiful capacious chapel, one of the many blessings provided for them through the "Mission to Lepers." There are no enclosing walls, but only a roof supported by arches and pillars, so the gentle breeze circulates freely. Visitors are in the part reserved for the unafflicted ones, separated by a low parapet wall from the lepers. They look down upon the happy faces of the lepers, and beyond and on either side, they see through the arches the beautiful thick foliage of the mango and other trees, the graceful waving palms, and the blossoms of the temple-tree, and beyond, the pretty shaded winding high-road.

Our doctor, his face full of smiles and radiating happiness, calls on one and another of his loved patients to introduce them to the visitors, an eminent doctor from Madras and her sister. "Polshetty," he calls, and a fine clean young man arises from his seat on the teachers' platform. "See," he says, "this is a lad whose father, a caste convert, and his mother have passed away. One brother became a leper and disappeared, and an older brother, not a Christian, would have none of him, so when he showed signs of leprosy in his face and hands, his missionaries, who greatly loved him, were glad to be able to send him to a Christian Home. Now, you perceive that the patches, then so prominent, are so faint that only a practiced eye can discover a trace." "How have you treated him?" the visitor asks. "With the in-

jections recommended by Sir Leonard Rogers and Dr. Muir." "Are you not discharging him?" "We are ready to do so, but he is not very robust as yet, and, as he desires, we are glad to retain him as an Assistant to the Pastor."

"Come, Achamma," and a wee girl of thirteen comes to the railing. "See, her fingers are all gone, only stumps and thumbs remaining, but look at her smiles. When she came here two years ago," the doctor adds, "she was stunted in growth, was so morose and unhappy and passionate (and one cannot wonder when one sees her fingers, which were then full of running sores) that our first thought was to make her smile. We had her bathed, her head closely shaved. New garments were given to her, the injection treatment began to relieve her week by week. Her physical wants being supplied, she saw others happy around her, and so began to listen to the Gospel message, and to her great joy and ours, she put on Christ by baptism. The pain gone, the sores healed, the mind at rest, can we wonder at her smiles? Each one has his or her appointed task in the Home, and hers is that of teaching others to smile."

"'A cheery word and a cheery smile

Make home a Heaven, and life worth while.'"

"I wish there were time to show you all the interesting cases. Nookamma, with the gnawing ulcer in her foot healed; Appalawamy, the lion-faced, now the smooth-faced; Pollyanna, playing the 'glad game'; Sankrudu, patching and sewing with his stumps of fingers; Reuben, the faithful, ministering to the dying; those young lads from Berhampore in the far North and Coonoor in the far South, who come for help and healing." As Dr.

Joshee finishes this eminent lady doctor is pleased to say that she has learned much since coming.

III.

At Home in the Brahmin Zemindary.—It was a glorious day, and the missionaries, Dr. Joshee and family, and also other Christian friends, had gladly accepted the kind invitation of the lady, V. Runganaikamma Garu, tendered to them through her grandson and heir, to attend a function at the palace. She was a Zemindar in her own right, and had authority over ten villages, of which Doddampeta is a centre. This town is about five miles from Ramachandrapuram, and on another canal.

The lady missionary had paid many visits there before, but until the advent of the Doctor, she had at different times spent many weary moments in the back yard, waiting until the slow movements of those that were within could procure for her a chair on the porch only, while the Rani would sit on a carpet inside the door, with her little grandchildren playing about her. But now—the contrast! As soon as the company arrives, all are ushered into the palace with quite an acclaim, for honour is to be given to the Indian Christian doctor who has wrought a great cure. Through the imposing front entrance, and up the broad stair, all are conducted. Seats are given in the reception hall which from the balcony overlooks the large crowds in the court below. Having given Dr. Joshee the seat of honour, a Brahmin reads to him a long address extolling his good qualities, and praying for his continued favour, after which this very dignified Zemindar lady, one intelligent beyond her class, being learned in Sanscrit and Telugu, comes forward, and with great grace presents him with a gold

medal. On this are engraved the words "For saving life," and also the giver's and receiver's names. In this way she shows her gratitude to him who has ministered to her.

This stamp of approval by the Brahmin Zemindary has led to the opening of many closed Zenana doors, and all castes are being ministered to by him. By the magic word "Annagaru" (elder brother), he is allowed this freedom. In his private hospital, quite apart from the Leper Homes, six or seven thousand patients—men, women and children, of all castes and creeds—are ministered to by him, year by year, without cost to the Mission.

Space forbids giving glimpses of the doctor in so many honorary capacities—for ten years Chairman of the Union Board (Mayor); at times, acting President of the Taluk Board; Health Propagandist; war recruiting officer, jury man of the High Court; President of the Telugu Baptist Convention; Treasurer of the Home Mission Board, and other offices.

Three more glimpses must suffice.

IV.

Rejoicing in the Joy of Harvest.—The church was to be formed at Kotipalli. For long years the hopes, the burden, and the prayer of our hearts had been for the establishment of the work here. Yes, here, even in this citadel of Hinduism, with its countless ceremonies and bathings, its many idols and many priests, its temple devotees, and its so-called sacred waters where sea and river meet. Even here there is to be a centre of light and life and love to the surrounding district. We had thought that with only fifteen a church could be formed,

but forty-eight names were given as charter members, a representative council attended, and the church was recognized amid scenes of great rejoicing. A feast had been prepared by the wives of the two good doctors, gifts were brought by those present, and all were deeply thankful to God.

Miss Jones warmed all our hearts as she sketched the history of the work that had culminated in this happy gathering. She told how in former years, there had not been living a single witness of the Gospel in this or in the surrounding villages; how, in this Brahmin stronghold, Christians were not even allowed to walk in the streets. Later, the Christian doctor was called in an urgent case, was rewarded for his success by the gift of a free lease for a building for a dispensary, and so the way was opened for the entrance of the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This dispensary, situated on the same tank as one of their sacred temples, is now a centre of Christian influence with Dr. Massey Clement, a nephew, assisted liberally in his medical education by Dr. and Mrs. Joshee, in charge. The church, newly formed with Dr. Massey as Honorary Pastor, and with two grants of land given by grateful patients to Dr. Joshee, contributing to the support of the work, is now fairly launched, and with great thankfulness the doctor rejoices as in the joy of harvest.

V.

The Doctor as a Suitor.—Going back again to the early days, we see a young doctor, dressed in English clothes and all in white, standing at a church door, as possibly many others have done before him, casually observing the young ladies as they come and pass in.

This is a church at a large Christian college centre, and the preacher must needs be of the foremost in order to dispense spiritual food to the many Telugu professors and Christian missionaries there.

The doctor has heard that the minister's oldest daughter is one of the choice ones of India. There is scarcely need for the friend at his elbow to indicate her approach, for her noble carriage, her fair countenance, and her modest demeanour would lead to her recognition as one among a thousand. As the suitor followed her into church and saw her face lighten up with the spirit of true devotion, his heart was won, and to him she is henceforth the one and only.

Many hindrances came in the way of their union, but after two years or more of waiting, this gifted one was brought a bride to the "Cosey Home" in Ramachandrapuram, to be the truest helpmate of her good husband in all the branches of his work. Nay, more, without her wise counsel, her unfailing assistance and her remarkable executive ability, these various activities of which glimpses have been given, would have been impossible of accomplishment. She has never accepted salary for anything she has done for the Mission. When she first arrived the Brahmins wondered how many thousands the doctor's adopted mother, Miss Hatch, had given for her daughter-in-law. So fair, so gifted, so devoted, Mrs. Joshee is as a rare jewel in our midst.

"Her children rise up, and call her blessed! Her husband also and he praiseth her."

VI.

Lastly, A Glimpse of the Doctor in the Midst of His Family—The two older daughters are about to leave for

Madras to attend the Free Church High School (there being no high school for girls in our Canadian Baptist Mission, though there are two for boys), and the writer hurried down to "Cosey Home" to say good-bye, for the cart must soon leave for the railway station, twelve miles away. Being one of the family, she enters unannounced, to find all, father, mother, Nelly, Eva, Charlie, Rachel, Anne Josephine, and Lalita, with their heads bowed in prayer, and the father is earnestly commending the travellers to the care of the Heavenly Father, and praying God's blessing on each one.

Yes, this is the attitude of the Joshee family in all their goings-out and their comings-in. All their blessings, the blessings vouchsafed to them in their family, in the church, in the hospital, in the leper home, in the town, and in the hospital, are acknowledged as from the hand of God, and to Him they wish to ascribe all the praise.

FOUR WOMEN OF THE RAMACHANDRA- PURAM FIELD.

By Miss S. I. Hatch.

I. THE PIONEER.

Morampudi Sarah was the first to go in and out among the women of the villages in this field, where now there are 23 Biblewomen, so she is the pioneer.

So full of intense zeal and enthusiasm, so wonderfully apt in illustration, in quotations from their own books to the Hindu's own discomfiture, so quick at repartee and so full of Gospel truth was she that one might wish all the younger generation might have learned at her feet. Her story, as given below, was told by her many a time to her hearers, when she wanted to emphasize the truth of what she was saying from her own experience.

"I was born of unbelieving parents, and so was married when very young. My husband was in charge of coolies digging the canals for irrigation, which has brought the great Godavari with all its sustenance to our very doors."

"I was only 14 when my first child came to me. I was soon after attacked with a severe siege of boils, and no amount of cow-dung cake dressing or priestly spells seemed to cure me. But one day, carrying my child on my hip, I went into the bazaar and there was a great commotion. A foreigner, whom I afterwards learned was Rev. A. V. Timpany, had gathered a crowd around

him, and was telling a most wonderful story of a woman who for twelve years had suffered agony, but by touching the garment of the great Healer had been healed. And after the preacher told the story, those who were with him sang it over and over again in such a familiar



From left to right: M. Manikyam, P. Mary, G. Shantamma.

tune. I listened, rapt and overjoyed, and felt at once the Healer would meet my need. And He did. I recovered from my boils, but I learned later more than this, that as my body had been healed, my soul also could be cured, if I would but believe, and I would need

no more to offer bloody sacrifices to the gods and goddesses.

“Because I became a Christian, my husband was very angry and shut his door against me. Morning after morning, I used to come and beg him to let me cook his meal for him, but he was furious with me. Then one night I took my child and lay at his door, and as I lay, I dreamed Jesus, my Saviour, appeared to me, saying, ‘Fear not. You are pardoned.’ With great joy I awoke and hastily knocked at the door, but, alas! there was no response. Just then, however, the child awoke and cried, and the cry of the child melted the heart of the father, and I was received. And, oh, joy! not long after he too followed Christ in baptism. God gave us five daughters and we adopted one son, and all but one of these became mission workers.

“Oh, yes. I have told you my story over and over again and the story of sin and the story of salvation through Him who died for us and rose again, the story of this great Healer. For twenty years up and down these canals in the good boat ‘Elizabeth,’ tramping all through these many villages, sometimes to the ones and twos, sometimes to the scores, and sometimes to the hundreds, I have been telling the story. Yes, many of you have believed, and yet so many are still outside, but woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel.”

And so Sarah would keep her hearers interested hour after hour, and those who had heard the story over and over before would still hear it with fresh desire from her lips, so great was her unction and her power. Worn out at last, she passed away into the everlasting rest, and within a week her adopted son followed her.

II. MUNGAMURI MANIKYAM.

Manikyam, representing our educated women, possesses a higher elementary certificate in English. She is, in part, a product of our Boarding School. She showed real desire for study by returning to school after several years of teaching and Bible work, and was justified in her ambition by passing ahead of all the others whose studies had been pursued uninterruptedly.

She is essentially a teacher, the Bible being her specialty. For some six years, she was virtually in charge of a training class for Biblewomen, and those who have been trained by her are now working in Parlakimedi, Tuni, and Ramachandrapuram, and are highly spoken of. This class is now closed, as the women are being sent to the new Biblewomen's Training School at Tuni.

Manikyam is still chaperon to the younger Biblewomen and teachers. Her work is that of visiting the Zenanas in the afternoons and teaching in the Rajah-Cockshutt school in the mornings. Her help in the lace industry is also invaluable. The former pupils of the Rajah-Cockshutt school, both Brahmins, Komatis, and Sudras, are her most willing listeners, and they in turn have interested others, and multitudes of shut-in women have heard the sweet story of the Gospel from her lips. Her charm of manner, her sweet musical voice, her sympathetic understanding of the attitude of her hearers acquired through long years of acquaintance, add to the value of her message, a message that comes from a heart full of rich experiences.

III. PALLI MARY.

Mary represents the self-educated; and her story is composed from what has already appeared in print.

Come, reader, back some twenty years, to a little thatched-roof, mud house in Kaleru, where lived Palli Philip and his wife Mary. Mary was uneducated, just a village woman, but there was a desire to give her life in service for Christ. As she saw her children being taught in the new Mission school that had been opened for the few Christians there, she decided that she too must learn to read. She studied with her children who were in the village school and learned to read the Bible. Not satisfied with that, Mary longed for more Bible training. Her dream was that she might go to the Bible training class in connection with the Boarding school in Cocanada,—but how could she get away to school when she had a husband and five children to work for? That was a problem. Her husband and young widowed daughter came to the rescue and took up the burden of caring for the three older children, while Mary took her wee baby and went to Cocanada to study.

After a year she returned to Kaleru full of zeal, and knowing well the Bible stories. Among the many who believed through her Gospel message was a young blind girl. Mary taught her many hymns and verses; and as the blind girl went in and out among the caste people, she taught them also what she had learned, and very often they gave her food or a cloth. If you were to go to that village, you would hear the people tell of the little blind girl who left her message for Jesus. She has gone home, but her testimony remains, and the one who taught her still gives her message.

Miss Myers continues; "One day, as I was leaving the

Madigapetta, Mary came to me and said, 'Amma, please come and see the caste people over here'. 'But Mary,' I replied, 'Miss Hatch is waiting for me.' 'Never mind,' said she, 'just come and see this Kamsali woman. She wants to become a Christian.' I had to go. I could not resist her pleading. After I had talked with the woman and had prayer, I left, and started for the other side of the town. But again Mary called me, 'Oh, come and see this blind woman, she lives just across the street.' Off I went again, and it was not until I visited three others that I could get away at all. There were many, many more, but time would not permit."

"On our way to the canal we heard someone calling, 'Wait, wait, Amma, he's coming'. We looked in the direction of the voice, and there running along the bank of the tank was Mary, and a few yards behind a rather elderly caste man. We stopped our rickshaw and the man came and salaamed to us. He at once began repeating the 51st Psalm and many verses which Mary had taught him. He knows the Way, he has come into the Light, and since then he has been baptized."

And so many stories could be repeated of all the houses Mary visits and of all the people she knows and has taught, and by the help of her Master, has led into the Light.

IV. GULLA SHANTAMMA.

This uneducated woman tells her own story. "A visit to our village some twenty years ago," she says, "would have shown you men, women and children living together in wretchedness and misery, all ignorant and debased, worshipping the little gods that are daubed over with yellow and red, and kept under daubed earthen pots in a miserable mud-walled 'gudi' or temple. If the

dread goddess, cholera, should come, wild orgies would be engaged in, and the men, all drunk with toddy, would wildly sacrifice hens, chickens and goats in order to appease the goddess and send her away.

“A no-man’s land has separated us very effectively from the caste part of the village, and no caste man or woman ever darkened our doorway. But the missionary came, and the Mission school was opened, and so much of what was dark, has become light. There are now over one hundred Christians in this petta, and of the caste people seven have been baptized. Now when cholera comes, we meet in church for prayer, and send for medicines to Ramachandrapuram. Though I am still illiterate, I have learned hymns and verses by heart, and because I have found the true Light, the caste women and children receive me gladly, and to them I teach what I have learned, going even into their school, where the Hindu teacher helps the children memorize the verses.

“I have been supported in this work by the prayers and contributions of the Women’s Society of the Godavari District. I have had many sorrows, many cares and many burdens, and desire above all many prayers in my behalf.”

THREE PASTORS OF THE RAMACHANDRA- PURAM FIELD.

By Rev. J. R. Stillwell.

I.

PASTOR SADHU DAVID, 1850-1915.

Pastor Sadhu David was born in 1850 in a small country village of no other significance than that he was born there. When twenty years of age he moved to Dowlaishwaram, where he learned to read and write in a Mission school. A little later he moved to Muramanda, now a village church centre on the Ramachandrapuram field; and while here, Rev. A. V. Timpany discovered him, and it was a good discovery the missionary made on the day that he found Sadhu David, as other missionaries still living can testify. The missionary baptized him, took him to Cocanada, where he had him taught the necessary subjects to qualify Mr. David to serve as a colporteur; and then let him loose over a wide range of virgin territory as far as the gospel message was concerned. After good service as a colporteur, which service fitted him for other work, he was made pastor of the Nalluru church. Here he did such faithful work, and was successful to such an extent in impressing his personality on the people of his village, that he won for himself the very worthy name of "Nalluru" David.

Mr. David was called from his village, Nalluru, to serve under that mighty and doughty missionary, the Rev. A. A. McLeod at Anakapalli, where he kept up his record for faithful service. Indeed Sadhu David and

faithfulness are all but identical terms, for David could not well be other than faithful.

But Pastor David's greatest service was that rendered to the lepers at the Ramachandrapuram Leper Asylum under the superintendence of Miss Hatch. All his previous experience seemed to have fitted him for this service, as though he were born to it. His heart was in the work and his life was so bound up in the interests of the lepers, that he became a part of the institution, and just as much an interesting character as the lepers themselves.

He loved singing, composed many hymns, and taught them to the lepers, who would sing these hymns by the hour and the day to visitors, if the visitors loved the hymns equally with the lepers. He was a father as well as pastor to the lepers, and cared for them as though they were his own children. He was general assistant and general factotum, being handy at anything and everything that came his way, whether in securing supplies for the lepers, supervising the gardening which they did, doing carpentry in the making of coffins for the many who came in too late to receive much help and who passed away soon; or in giving any other service that the time and place called for. He became so much a part of the place that it has been hard to think of the Institution without expecting to see Pastor David somewhere around.

He lived his motto: "Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves," and in every deed manifested the true Christlike spirit. His hymns are many of them still sung, and his memory abides after he himself has gone. He was married twice, had several children, of whom one, Pastor S. D. Lemuel, serves the Nalluru church, the son

thus succeeding the father after many years. His second son was being trained to take his father's place, but, through joining the Indian Defence Force, his health became so undermined that he became consumptive and died of that disease. The workmen pass, and the work continues, but its pace is accelerated in virtue of the lives lived and the services rendered by those gone before; and this brief biography commemorates Pastor Sadhu David and lists his name among the worthies of the Mission.

II.

PASTOR BELLAM LAZARUS, 1870-1913.

One of the most efficient, intelligent, and helpful assistants on the Ramachandrapuram field was Pastor Bellam Lazarus. His family were the first converts in his native village, Vedaramudi, and in consequence had to suffer many indignities and privations which the son never forgot. His father's faith and perseverance under trials and tribulations was the son's great comfort and encouragement and became the iron in his blood.

Mr. Lazarus studied in the Samalkot Seminary. While there under the influence of an older student, he joined in a school strike, a rather foolish one and soon broken, all the strikers making confession that their action was wrong with the exception of Lazarus and the older student, who decamped for home early one morning before any were stirring. The older student did not return, but Lazarus did; and he too made complete and unreserved confession. He never wholly forgot this lapse, for later while serving on the Ramachandrapuram field, he repeatedly referred to it with regret.

He served as a teacher in several villages, before his promotion to the pastorate of the Kaleru church. Of the villages where he taught, one was Jonnada, where years after, on the missionary visiting this village in company with Mr. Lazarus, pupils taught by him could remember and recite his verses and still sing the hymns he had taught them. He had enterprise and push. He was teacher of the village school as well as pastor of the church. To increase the number of his pupils and at the same time to engage and hold their interest, he instituted prizes which he provided from his own resources.

He had a knowledge of medicine for the common ailments of his people, a knowledge which served him well as he used it to increase his influence in the village. He helped his people in their difficulties, made them small loans of money when in need, and in every way proved himself a friend in time of necessity. He had an energy of speech that moved and inspired his hearers. He had a gift and swing of song that carried all with him. He had keen qualities of mind that enabled him to meet difficult questions and put would-be assailants to shame. A single instance will suffice.

On one occasion while holding a rally of workers in a large and important town, during the big street-preaching effort, a disputant appeared whose purpose seemed plain interruption. But the preaching continued, and the disputant disappeared. "Too bad," said a missionary present; "the disputer should have been met and answered, and not thus disregarded, until he wearied in his opposition and went his way." *But he had not gone away.* "Look yonder," said I, and, on looking in the direction indicated, the missionary saw a little distance

away on a quiet corner, Mr. Lazarus and the disputer in close and friendly argument, the Christian preacher ready at every turn to meet and answer the disputant.

Belief in demon-possession is common throughout India, and the study of this wildespread belief was of the deepest interest to this Christian preacher. He tested the belief on various occasions, and never, as far as his own observation went, found any reality behind the professed possession. The demon-possessed-one will dance and whirl about until he falls prostrate, from which prostrate position he believes he cannot rise until a chicken is procured for him. This the fallen one seizes, snaps its head off with his teeth, hurls it from him and rises. On one such occasion Mr. Lazarus went down and whispered in the ear of the prostrate one that no chicken was available, and that in this instance he would have to rise without its efficacious aid—which the demon-possessed-one did. At one of the annual meetings of the Association Mr. Lazarus gave an address on demon-possession as it had come under his observation and study, and advanced reasons for questioning the presence of any other personality than that of the possessed-one.

Of the workers on the Ramachandrapuram field, there has been no other like him in thinking things through, and during our excursions to and from the villages at night, Mr. Lazarus passed much of the time in telling what he had been reading, commenting on it, and asking my views on what was really new to him.

He was married twice and left one daughter. He died in the faith which he had preached and lived. For when the end neared and his friends were expressing deep concern for him, he replied: "Feel no concern for

me. I am going to my Father's house. My only concern is for you whom I am leaving." And with this message and confession of faith, he passed on to join those gone before.

III.

PASTOR MORTA PRAKASAM, 1878-1924.

Pastor Morta Prakasam was born in 1878 in a small village on the Ramachandrapuram field. His father was baptized by Rev. A. V. Timpany and then sent on for training to the Samalkot Seminary, whither his son Prakasam accompanied him. On his father leaving the Seminary, Mr. Prakasam continued his studies entering the boarding department, where he remained until he completed his Lower Secondary certificate, which is about the equivalent of high school entrance in Canada. While at the Seminary he studied and graduated in theology. Later he took Normal training at Masulipatam, and studied two years in the High School at Ongole from which place he was called by Mr. Davis to take charge of the Ramachandrapuram Station church, which position he has held ever since.

As early as ten years of age he asked for baptism, but his father considered him too young. He, however, referred him to the Principal of the Seminary, who delayed him for a time. In his early years he formed a habit of making confession to his elders, conditioning his confession on being forgiven; but he later discovered that confession to be worth while had to be unconditioned. As his parents were Christians, the child took on naturally the Christian atmosphere, and when arrived at maturity had his early inheritance behind him as a mainstay.

He did unusually well in his studies. He obtained first prize in the Peter Cator Bible examination, as well as prizes in the Bible examinations held by the Mission. He became a good speaker, can marshal and illustrate his thought, and at the Telugu Missions conference at Bezwada won first mention as delivering the best fifteen minutes' Gospel address among the Telugu-speaking delegates. He composes hymns, and has here again obtained first prize for his composition, as well as first prize in singing. He thus is capable and has an all-round equipment.

His preaching has the ring of experience, while in the villages he can win and hold the attention of his hearers. He has a kindly way with him, and associates with his members throughout the villages in his church area in such friendly fashion that he has their esteem and affection. He can prepare candidates (in reference to what they have to learn) for baptism in an incredibly short time. The candidates must have a knowledge of the chief events in the life of Jesus, must be able to repeat the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer. This is certainly of the nature of a herculean task for the illiterate convert, but Pastor Prakasam can, in spite of illiteracy, carry his converts through this, to them, formidable task.

The Ramachandrapuram Church of which Mr. Prakasam is the pastor, has eight other workers within its area, all of whom are teachers, but all of whom assume responsibility for the work in their respective villages. With all of these Pastor Prakasam works in the completest harmony and is able to organize his forces so as to make for the greatest efficiency. There have been as many as one hundred baptisms in the Ramachandra-

puram Church alone in a single year. He is the chairman of the pastors' committee, and has frequently given great assistance in settling the differences in the other churches on the Ramachandrapuram field. The missionary has had to see that each church retains its autonomy, for without a restraining influence, the Station church and its pastor would gradually dominate the field and the other churches. During Mr. Prakasam's pastorate, two churches have been formed from the membership of the Station church, and it is under contemplation to form other two churches. The membership of the church during this period has grown from one hundred to five hundred, while the contributions have increased from small beginnings to nine hundred rupees or three hundred dollars. Besides the other workers mentioned, the church has greatly benefited from the presence, assistance, and inspiration given by Dr. and Mrs. Joshee, who are members of the church and of the church committee while Dr. Joshee has been and is the church's very efficient and trustworthy treasurer.

Mr. Prakasam is still in middle life and should have the most useful part of his career before him. He fills a big place in all the work within the church's area, and has been a large contributor to its advancement. The Mission is considering the question of devolution or transfer of responsibility, and whatever scheme goes through the Ramachandrapuram church will be the first on the field to try its powers and show what it can do under efficient pastoral and lay leadership.

MR. CHETTI BHANUMURTI.

By Mrs. Mary Stillwell McLaurin.

Mr. Bhanumurti was born in Cocanada, in February 1888, and was the fifth child in a family of six. When he was four years old his father became a Christian through the influence of Mr. Timpany and Mr. Davis. His mother was unwilling to follow her husband, so ran away to Vizagapatam, taking her youngest daughter and her three sons with her. After about six months she returned to Cocanada, but still refused to live with her husband. Finally he insisted on her coming back to him, but the eldest son remained with an aunt and is still a Hindu. The mother, however, became a Christian a couple of years later. Mr. Bhanumurti was about six years old at the time, and as small boys were received in the Cocanada Girls' Boarding School, where his father was teaching, he studied there for a while. Later he went to the Samalkot Boys' School, and here he was converted in 1900. His High School course was taken in the Pithapur Rajah's College in Cocanada, followed later by a teacher training course, after which he taught in the Jagannaikpuram school, which is one of the schools in the South Cocanada field.

Rev. Ralph Smith, who was in charge of the work at the time, tried to persuade him to enter evangelistic work, but school work held a greater attraction for him. It was after attending the World's Christian Endeavor Conference in Agra, in 1909, that his mind began to turn towards evangelistic work. On the death of the

pastor of the Jagannaikpuram church he took the services while still carrying on the work of the school.

Three years later he married a daughter of Mr. Somalingam, of Bimlipatam. His wife is a real helpmeet and a beautiful homemaker. His father-in-law was also anxious that he enter the ministry.

Through the kindness of Rev. Ralph Smith and his family, he was given an opportunity to attend Serampore Theological Seminary, where he made a good record for himself, and received his diploma as an L.Th. On his return he resumed his former pastorate for two years, then was appointed as the first Indian teacher from the Canadian Baptist Mission on the staff of the Union Theological Seminary at Ramapatam.

He is a man who likes to read and to keep abreast of the times by not only perusing periodicals pertaining to India, but by taking a keen interest in the religious news of England and Canada, and especially in the news of our own denomination. There is little in the "Canadian Baptist" that misses his attention. He not only reads the papers but many books on various subjects of interest. He takes part in all the activities of the school, and enjoys a game of football or a dip in the sea as much as any of the students. The boys feel that they have a friend in him as he is always ready to help them in any way he can. He is doing his part in striving to send out men to become the religious leaders of his people.

PART II.

TELUGU TROPHIES

From the

NORTHERN ASSOCIATION

BHAGAVAN BEHARA.

By Mrs. C. H. Archibald.

When the Canadian missionaries went to the Ganjam District, and settled first in Parlakimedi, and thereafter in Chicacole, Bhagavan Behara was living in Akulatampara, a village on the former field. He had heard the good news of the Gospel of Salvation from Das Anthravady, who was in charge of the officers' mess in an Indian regiment. Bhagavan belonged to the Srusti Karnam caste, and was a tall, dignified-looking man. He wore his well-kept, black hair quite long, and cut straight across the back of his neck, and would often tuck it behind his ears, as he conversed. He was grave and sedate, and always presented a good appearance. When he was baptized, his wife took their children and went to her people; she returned after a year, and finally became a Christian, and did Bible work for years, living a useful, quiet life. Bhagavan assisted Mr. Armstrong in the work of the field, and after that missionary returned to Canada with his family, Bhagavan was ordained in order that he might assist the new lady missionary more fully. He was pastor in Akulatampara

for some years, and was then transferred to Chicacole, where he also did pastoral work. While in Akulatampara he baptized Basavanna, a young man from Palkonda, the first fruits from the field. And when Balla Gurana, the father of Basavanna, was seeking the light, Bhagavan went to Palkonda especially to help this man, and did excellent service. Afterwards, when help was particularly needed in Bobbili, though Chicacole assistants were few in number, he was allowed to go there, where he spent some useful years, and where he finally ended his earthly career.

In many respects, he was an exemplary, faithful, careful man and brought up his three children in a most creditable manner. The Bible was his one Book; and he knew it as few Telugus do; the ease with which he could refer to chapter and verse from memory was remarkable. While not a deep thinker, he was a good student, and three times daily the Bible was read, and prayer offered with his family. His salary was not large, but he never went into debt, an unusual thing with a Hindu, and he was not always making requests for more salary; that did not comport with his dignity. His manhood was not discredited by bad habits; his worst one was the use of tobacco. He and Mr. Archibald sometimes talked about this, and not infrequently prayed about it; but he insisted, that he could not give up its use, as it kept the bad cough he had under control. But to our surprise, when he was about fifty-six years old, he reported that he had cut loose from the habit, and that he was entirely free from it. This proved to be a fact, and he never returned to it again. This action was a spiritual uplift; thereafter his testimony in private and in public gatherings, and at the Associations was

very powerful as to how God could and did help him, and he was a happier, cleaner man to the day of his death, and a greater comfort to his missionary friends. We always felt assured, that Bhagavan would do his best for the honor of his Heavenly Master, and for the advancement of His Kingdom in the earth; we never were afraid that something not quite right, as far as his knowledge went, might come out some day and cause us grief. And as long as evil doers wanted to continue in their wrong ways, they felt that they had better keep their secrets from Bhagavan. As the light-house stands steadily amid the waves that pound at its base, so Bhagavan stood among the temptations and all the forces for evil that gathered about us in those earlier days. He lived his life through to the end and passed on into the life eternal, respected and honoured by all who knew him.

MAKOVALI SEETARAMIAH AND HIS WIFE SURAMMA.

By Mrs. C. H. Archibald.

Our brother Seetaramiah was born at Bimlipatam nearly seventy years ago. He was a Brahman by caste; and his family was of good social position. He had the advantage of some early education, which he had acquired in the schools of the town, and later on he attended the school started by Rev. R. Sanford. He went for some time also to the London Mission High School in Vizagapatam.

Although an old man now, he is still tall and straight and carries his years with dignity. He is a man of good mind, fond of reading, and reads English very well. He was always deeply interested in religious questions, and enjoyed religious conversations with his various teachers. When the Bible came into his hands, and he saw the position of the sinner before God, and the gracious provision that had been made to save him, his heart was greatly moved. But neither in his own house, nor anywhere in public, did he dare to be seen reading the Bible. While attending Mr. Sanford's school, he and a friend would conceal themselves among the sand-dunes on the sea-beach, and read and discuss the matters that were so interesting to them both. The friend seemed to come into the light, and was planning to make a public confession of his faith when he was taken suddenly ill and died in a few hours. The cause of his death was a subject of serious consideration by his missionary friends. It was feared that he was poisoned. This,

naturally, proved a great hindrance to Mr. Seetaramiah, and for a long time he kept his religious yearnings carefully hidden in his own heart. He did some Munshi or language teaching work for the missionaries, and the acquaintance thus begun continues. For many years he has been our friend and brother in the Gospel.

Many talks we had, but he found difficulty in accepting a free pardon for sin as this was in strong conflict with the Hindu teaching that salvation was procured by good works. Afterwards he was Munshi and teacher at Chicacole; but his wife, who was still a child, remained in the home of her mother-in-law. Gradually his courage returned and his face began to glow as the assurance strengthened that he had been born again. In March, 1882, he was baptized in the river that flows past the Mission House by the new missionary who had recently arrived from Canada. He was the first Brahman who was ever baptized in our Mission. He seemed like a prisoner set free; his face shone, and his voice rang out clear and strong as he addressed the large crowd that had witnessed his baptism, and which was now gathered in the Mission compound. He told of his search for truth, and of his assurance, that he had found it in Jesus Christ, and earnestly besought all to consider this important matter. Some hours afterwards a man came from the house, where he was boarding with near relatives, and asked that he come as usual that evening for his evening meal. He did not share the fears entertained by some and could not be persuaded to decline the invitation. He went but did not return; and there is not space here to record the events of those dreadful days.

After some time he came to us assisted by two men,

as he was unable to walk alone. They said he had been suddenly taken ill after partaking of his food; but, as he was continually crying for the missionaries, they had brought him as he was. He had been heavily drugged, which they well knew, and now his mind was completely unbalanced, and ten or more years passed away before he was able to resume responsible work. Even up to the present time we do not feel that he has recovered from the effects of that drugging. He is not the man he might have been could he have come into the Christian religion without it.

We pass over the long dark time when he struggled with his beclouded mind and his darkened soul; when converse with the missionaries was denied him, and all possible efforts were made to draw him again to his old faith. Twenty-two years after his baptism he reappeared at Chicacole and asked to rejoin the church of his first love. Soon the word was all over the countryside, and his wife and other relatives came to renew the struggle. His wife came into the compound and into his house, and used every endearment and persuasion to induce him to go outside of the Mission premises; but he did not yield. Much prayer was offered for him, and all that Christian sympathy could do was done. Finally the day came when the Brahmans of the town said that she must leave, whether he came or not. All the morning she urged and coaxed; and later on, step by step, she lovingly and persuasively led him by the hand to the gate. Our hearts nearly stood still; he must once more make his choice. Scores of people were beyond the walls watching intently. She went through the gate and endeavored to draw him after her. But he stopped, and forcibly loosened her hands from his own,

turned back, and without once looking around walked straight into the study. Trembling and with streaming eyes, he exclaimed, "This is what it costs me to be a Christian." Outside the crowd was now jeering and shouting, but we were sobbing and praying and trying to comfort him all in one.

They removed his wife to a village forty miles distant, and five months passed away. Brahmans of this town tried to bribe him with money, and with promises of subsistence to recant, but he stood firm. One day he rushed into the house exclaiming, "Three of the men, who helped to take my wife from me have died this week; this is a miracle; God is working for me; and I am going for my wife." He went; and the Lord went with him and before him, and stood by him, and he brought her back with him, his face beaming with joy. That was nineteen years ago. Suramma was a smart Brahman woman, not a bit pretty, but he thought she was, so what matters? She could not read, and never will; but she has learned the way of eternal life, and is rich. One day before she learned, we were having some conversation, in which the good things she might have were set before her; she looked up calmly and said, not pleasantly, "I did not come here to be a Christian; but to be with my husband. But if you want to talk with me about this religion, I will not be rude, but listen politely; but if there is a hell, I will go to it, rather than become a Christian."

In due time, the Spirit of the Lord laid hold upon her, and let her graciously out of darkness into light, and her mouth was opened and she has been talking about her Saviour ever since. Oh no, she cannot read; but she can learn hymns and texts, and tries to sing, and some

Hindu women like to listen to her, when she does that; all might not enjoy it; but then it is Suramma, and she will sing better in the land where time will not be counted by days. They are living in Calingapatam, and have been there for years. She knows all the towns and near villages, and practically all the people in them, men, women or children; they all need to be talked to. Her purdah life seems forgotten. She visits the sick, and gives far too liberally of her substance to the poor; and she may be imposed on at times. She walks the streets alone, fearing no one; and no one would think of molesting Suramma.

Her husband has had hard battles to fight with his Brahman prejudices, and his old ideas about the un-touchables, or the outcaste population; and there are still regrettable things about them both. It is not easy for him to be brotherly towards one, who has come from some lower caste, yet who now occupies some position, which he feels is higher than his own. Possibly others, who have had more advantages, may have some difficulty in the same way. But he has gained so many victories; and they are both looking unto Jesus. They are living epistles known and read of all men, and we praise God for the wonders grace has wrought in them both. He, too, is kind to all men, high and low; tries to preach Christ and Him crucified to all; and often as I look at them, and think of what they have endured, and of how the love of God in Christ Jesus has changed them I magnify the Divine wisdom and power, that can work such miracles in the hearts of sinful men.

GURAHATI AND HARRIAMMA.

By Mrs. C. H. Archibald.

Some seventy years ago, a small brown baby girl opened her black eyes for the first time in the Rajah's palace at Tekkali in the Ganjam District, the most northern section of the Madras Presidency. Her mother was a sister of the Rajah; her father died in her infancy, and she was the only child. This baby was named Harriamma, and she was surrounded by all the comforts that could be provided by a wealthy Hindu home. Idolatry reigned supreme there, and, while it robbed life of much of its joyful freedom, it enslaved the hearts of its devotees with fears of many kinds, and filled them with countless superstitions.

Neither wealth nor fear protected this baby from the hot iron that seared her little abdomen to keep away the demons, that were about on every side. This was one way of showing the careful love of the mother; and just as lovingly the small nose and ears were bored with a suitable number of holes, and later on these were filled with shining jewels, and all felt that this little girl was well started in life. No one thought of school for her, for her future was planned quite superior to that. Why should she learn to read? And probably there were no real schools near her home. But she must be married; and before her babyhood was well passed, and before she could understand what was being done, this matter was arranged, and before she was old enough to realize her loss, she was a widow, and her whole life was changed.

In the same house, and in the same family there was a boy named Gurahati who, though growing into young manhood, had never married. He was a leper; but that would not prevent parents from giving him a daughter in marriage. He was studying and reading Hindu sacred books; and the child Harriamma, for whom all worldly ambition was dead, was allowed to learn to read with him. Between these two, who were scarcely more than children, a warm friendship grew up. Perhaps he felt his trouble as a leper, and gradually she was learning what it meant to be a Hindu widow, so it is easy to see how they might grow into sympathy with one another. This attachment became the ruling passion of their lives, and he finally refused to marry any other girl. But Harriamma was a widow; therefore he could not marry her. However, with ceremonies which they knew how to arrange, she was given to him in a state of wifehood, and no one felt that it was wrong, and she never thought of dishonor. Some years later those in authority over these young people insisted on making a real marriage for him, leper and all as he was; and though these two were living contentedly together. So a girl was chosen, and the ceremony was performed with all due pomp and parade. The new wife was a child, and played about happily, while the other two enjoyed mutual fellowship and companionship in each other and in their books.

One day a travelling colporteur in the employ of the London Mission came that way, and dropped a two-paged leaflet in Oriya, which at last fell into Harriamma's hands. She read it, and induced Gurahati to read it also, and they had much conversation about the new ideas therein set forth. Up to that time, no gleam from

the Light of the World had shone across their pathway; darkness enveloped them. The sun cast his warm radiance about them, and the only darkness they recognized was that which came on the dewy wings of night. But that leaflet had stirred strangely hitherto untouched depths in their souls, and induced much consideration. And one day another white-winged messenger was dropped in their path, which was also eagerly read and from this they learned that there was a Book, which would tell them more about these wonderful new things. In ways the Hindus know how to utilize, they sent to Chicacole for this Book, and all unknown to others, the Old Testament slipped into the Rajah's palace. How wonderfully God works! Light and life came with the Word of God, and long afterwards they were able to say, "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet." They began to pray to the God about whom the Book told, and still later they secured a copy of the New Testament. Can we, in whose hands the Bible has always been, imagine what it must be to those, who read it for the first time? God was turning their hearts towards Himself, and they were alternately filled with fear and delight, as they met Him face to face in His word. Such holiness, such righteousness appalled them; such love, such mercy melted them. They saw the horrible pit and the miry clay, and cried unto Him for help, and the time came when they could say, "The Lord is my Light and my Salvation." They learned from the Book that believers in Jesus were baptized; that the candidates were dipped in water. And upon inquiry they learned that the few Christians at Chicacole used only a few drops of water; but that those at Berhampore were immersed, and this method seemed to them to accord with what they read

in the Book; so to Berhampore Gurahati decided to go. And he knew that going meant never returning to the old familiar home so dear to him. They did not wish to be separated; but they knew that they could not get away together. So they made their plans quietly, as the utmost secrecy was necessary to prevent their being forcibly restrained. When the day came, they both took hold of the Bible and promised to be true to each other, and to faithfully follow this new religion as God should guide them, and then Gurahati went.

There was an uproar in the home when he was missed; and so rapidly did they get after him that they reached Berhampore before he was baptized and caught him in the street. After much talk, realizing that he was powerless before so many, he said he could not return with them without the money and jewels he had entrusted to the care of the missionary. As little as they wished to meet this gentleman, they would face him rather than run the risk of losing so much property. They reached the Mission premises, and as they approached the house, Gurahati at the right moment rushed in and closed and fastened the door behind him. He knew that if they got him back to Tekkali, his life would not be worth much. To his dismay the missionary was out; but just as he thought all was lost, this friend returned and a war of words ensued. But Gurahati could not be moved, and his relatives went away without him. In due time he was baptized.

Hard days followed for Harriamma. Gurahati's funeral ceremonies were performed; with some rice flour they made a small image of him, and burned that on the funeral pile as if it were really his body, and his name

dropped out of the home circle. Harriamma was blamed for the disgrace that had fallen on the family. None could be greater than for a member to become a Christian. Doubts and fears beset her; no one sympathized with her; on the contrary she was severely blamed, and was scolded and scorned; she was only a widow, and now she had helped to bring about this catastrophe. One day, chiefly as a test, she besought help from one of the household idols; for she must, in some way, set at rest the gnawing doubts that were eating her heart out. Suppose all this loss, humiliation and separation were not necessary? She waited; and when the desired help did not come, she took the idol from its place, and threw it on the floor with hands that trembled, saying "Now help yourself, if you can." When no harm came to her, and the image could not get back to its place, her last fear of all idols disappeared, and her new faith was strengthened. She waited yearningly for some word from the absent one. Letters were few in those days, and the days were long. At last a verbal message came; she was to be on the watch for a man who would come to her with some word that she would recognize as coming from Gurahati, and she was to obey him. Apart from her mother, no one in the home cared much for her now, so she was allowed unusual freedom of action. One day while sitting near the door, a man came by and dropped a word that set her heart throbbing, and she knew that another crisis was at hand. Again he passed by, and this time he told her to be at a certain place, at a given hour the following night; and with quivering pulses she began to make plans to leave the only spot in the world that she knew. How big the world was! How desolate she was!

Could this new God, whom she was trying to trust, help and keep her? "Oh," she said, years afterwards, as she related this, "my heart ached and my head ached, I loved my mother, and the whole place was dear." But though faltering and fearful she was resolved; for should her plans be discovered, her fate might be terrible. At the appointed time, she left the house, and eventually reached Berhampore in safety, and was duly baptized. No one followed or sought her; she was not worth looking for or taking trouble about. It was well that she too had gone; now the family would be at peace.

But all difficulties were not at an end. In this new religion since Gurahati had a married wife, no one else could be recognized as such. They could not be together as they were at Tekkali. Other troubles arose also. The missionary, who knew their circumstances so thoroughly, went home. Gurahati was ill and she went to his assistance, and later on they went to Calcutta, and after some time returned to Tekkali. Here the Canadian missionaries found them and she was brought to Chicacole and was the constant and intimate companion of the lady missionary, who was working there at that time. As no other missionaries were there, life without her would have been much more lonely. Later on a Hindu council gave Gurahati his freedom, and he and Harriamma were married in the Mission House. After long years, after great troubles, when she was much more refined than formerly, when his disease had made much progress, they were married and went to Tekkali to live. From the time he first returned to Tekkali, he had endured severe persecutions from his former relatives, and these did not cease now; but there is not space to recount them here. They suffered together, and wit-

nessed for Christ. Sometimes a tree sheltered him, sometimes a leaf roof, but that would soon be destroyed. They would not permit him to have water from the ordinary wells, which caused him much inconvenience. Out of his poverty he had a well dug, and nicely stoned up; and on one large stone he caused an inscription to be cut, certifying that for all time the water of this well was to be free for all classes and conditions of men; that no man, however low his caste, should ever be hindered from drawing water from it. This clean, good water proved a great blessing to many people.

To him belong the first-fruits from the Savara Hills; and a good number of other Christians were gathered in from his earnest work. Year by year his disease and bodily weakness increased; but his faith correspondingly strengthened and shone with renewed lustre. When the pearly gates unfolded for him, his little mud hut seemed filled with the angelic host, and glory from the Heavenly land appeared to flood the place. His brown face was glorified, and his last words were a testimony to the love and power of such a Saviour as he had found. The missionary who witnessed his departure, was awed and melted into tears. Hindus and Christians stood about weeping and solemnized. They laid him to rest in the little cemetery that he had given to the Mission, and Harriamma returned to Chicacole, where her last days were spent in doing Bible work. These are among those who have come up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

BALLA GURANA AND HIS SON BASAVANNA

By Mrs. C. H. Archibald.

You never saw Gurana, did you? He was good to look at, with his bright cheerful face, and his ever-ready smile. Of medium height, rather stout, good natured, and somewhat humorous, it was easy for Gurana to see the best side of things. When we first knew him, he was the headman in the Weaver caste at Palkonda, when that town was an out-station of the Chicacole field. He was respected and liked among his own caste people, and, as a



Balla Gurana.

leader and teacher, was well acquainted with the Hindu sacred books. He had a strong musical voice and could read and sing most acceptably, a fact which increased his influence among the ordinary people. One day his son Basavanna brought home a copy of the Psalms, which he had purchased from a colporteur, and his father began to read this little book with interest.

He wanted to know, who the One addressed as Jehovah was. Why should the one called David con-

fess his sins to Him or to any one else? He felt that was a very extraordinary thing for a man to do. But there was no one at hand to supply this information. Afterwards, a colporteur came that way, who was able to instruct him as to the book, and to tell of the way of salvation, and why men should confess their sins. Gurana and his son Basavanna talked much about this new religion, and while the father seemed favourably impressed by it, the son argued strongly against it, though all the time the Spirit of God was working in his heart. He would secretly read the books, while the other members of the family were in slumberland, and would converse with other men in an effort to discover how this teaching affected other minds.

The wife and mother was bitterly opposed to the books being in the house at all, as she was sure that white men sold them only to try to destroy their caste. Basavanna says that one day, while he and a Hindu friend were discussing these questions a great light suddenly shone into his soul, and he soon felt assured that this was the new heart of which he had heard and read. The opposition of his mother became more determined; and one day she told him that, if he would not give up this matter, he had better leave the house. Tying his book in his cloth, he started for Chicacole to see the missionaries; but when he reached the road turning off in the direction of Akulatampara, he felt led to go there and talk things over with Bhagavan Behara. This he did, and was eventually baptized there. Afterwards he came to Chicacole, and still later he was sent to Bobbili to assist in the work there. The fields were larger then than now; missionaries were fewer; and capable Indian assistants were needed everywhere. But at that time

Bobbili was almost without capable workers, and there seemed to be good material in him; and as among the missionaries there was a disposition to share up, he was sent there, where he has now been some thirty-five years, and where he is regarded as a good and useful brother. He is at one of the out-stations, and it is hoped that he may have still more years to testify for his Saviour, and to witness among his own people.

The baptism of Basavanna startled the family; but as he did not return home to live, there was no open trouble. The father, Gurana, was still undecided. The necessary sacrifice appeared very great. All that he held dear, save this son, was on the side that an open profession would compel him to leave. Bhagavan was sent from Akulatampara to reside at Palkonda, that he might strengthen and instruct Gurana, and in 1889, the year following the baptism of his son, he felt the love of Christ constraining him; and was possessed of a desire to acknowledge the Saviour, who had saved him. He also wished to proclaim Him to others. He thought he would like to be baptized there among his own caste people, little realizing the attitude they would at once assume towards him. He could not see why they should object to his following the dictates of his own conscience in this matter. He had yet to learn that religious freedom had not at that time been secured to India. Time and again Mr. Bhagavan sent for Mr. Archibald, as he did not like to attempt the baptism of such a prominent man without some one on whom he could in some measure depend. But whenever Mr. Archibald appeared in town, Gurana was forcibly locked up by his brothers and could not be seen.

He began to see that there were difficulties in the way. Further, he had heard that there were other Christians who required only a little water for baptism, and that it need not be performed publicly. So he thought that, in his case, he might get around some of the difficulties by adopting these plans. Some interesting occurrences need not be recorded here; but one day, without any planning, the missionary who taught baptism by immersion, and the one who taught it by sprinkling arrived in town. Gurana requested that they should meet and discuss the question in his presence. Neither was anxious to do this; but both were interested in the man, so with the utmost good nature and brotherliness his request was acceded to, and all sat down together. When Gurana felt that he had heard enough, the other gentleman said, "Well, what do you think?" and he replied, "A full baptism is best." Then said the other missionary, "Go to Mr. Archibald and be baptized." Plans were made for his baptism, but his friends made some to prevent it. Theirs succeeded and he was captured and shut up. Thus once more the missionaries returned to Chicacole without having accomplished the principal object of their visit; and they did not get a glimpse of him again for months.

Another message came, and this time the missionaries were advised not to appear in the town, but to wait outside in the travellers' rest-house till Gurana could come. He did not know when that would be, but it would be towards evening he thought. He came hurrying in just at dark, exclaiming, "Your son has come," and with but few preliminaries he was baptized into the Name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. In a short time he came in again, but now he fell at our

feet, clasping his head, from which the sacred tuft of hair—the juttu—had disappeared and with strong crying he said, “Oh my juttu is gone; my caste is gone; I was once a weaver, but now I am nobody.” Comfort, assurance and satisfaction came after a while, and he was filled with glowing happiness. While some sought sleep, yet ever on the watch for those who might come to steal him away, he sat in the next room and sang the whole night through. We asked him several times if he could not stop, as we feared his voice would be heard by others and his whereabouts be made known during the dark hours, when trouble could be easily made. But not much impression was made, till the dawn began to creep in, then he lay down and slept for a short time.

Early in the morning his wife came, and soon a large, boisterous crowd was about us. The tears of his wife, the entreaties and angry threats of his friends all failed to move him. Religious frenzy is perhaps the worst kind; certainly human nature looks very bad when deeply enraged over what should be sacred matters and what each man should be allowed to decide for himself. He urged his wife to come with him saying that, now he knew about the love of Jesus, he would be a better husband to her than ever before; but she utterly refused everything but his complete recantation. Hours passed, and finally one big Brahman shook his fist in Mr. Archibald’s face and said, “Were it not for British law, we would soon attend to you”—a statement which could not be doubted, but to which no reply was made.

Gurana was removed from Palkonda for a time, then returned to his home, but never really went into his house again. He prepared a room on the verandah, or attached one to the house, which he occupied till the day

of his death. Another son became a Christian, and after years the wife said that she was a believer, but we do not know; otherwise, the family remained about as it was. He loved to go from one field to another, talking first to his own caste people, but having messages for all. Having been a teacher of the Hindu sacred books, he was a powerful enemy when engaged in the religious controversies which his own people so delight in. His voice was strong and vibrant, and he had a remarkable gift for memorizing Scripture, which seemed to roll from his tireless tongue. He would talk to individuals, families and to large crowds, and often they would stand hushed as he proclaimed to them the Gospel. The atonement and justification by faith were the themes in which he particularly rejoiced, and long into the night he would try to teach how God could be just and justify the sinner. He could not make sermons; but he could tell and sing the Gospel. He bore his trials cheerfully, and these were not a few. He communed with God in prayer; and often as we listened to him he took us into the Holy of Holies, where the glory of the Shekinah seemed to overshadow us. With bowed heads and tear-wet eyes we have often felt that Gurana reached a place that we could not attain. Unlike Bhagavan he loved money; and was probably more accustomed to a larger amount than he; and he may have had less of it, as a Christian, than he would have had had he remained a leader among his own people. He and his son were converted some thirty-five years ago, the first-fruits from what is now the Palkonda field. At present this is one of the most encouraging and fruitful fields in this part of the Mission. From there, he passed on to the better land some five years ago; and of him, as of others, it

may be truly said, "And the head oft bowed and weary,
Everlasting joy shall crown."

Those of us who have passed through severe struggles with some of these dear brethren respect, honour and love them and their memories with an ever increasing gratitude to God in Christ Jesus for His boundless grace and mercy.

PIONEER HELPERS AT BOBBILI.

By Miss M. H. Blackadar.

I. G. NARASIAH.

G. Narasiah was born in a village near Nellore in 1836. His father was a native physician. His uncle was a Vaishnavite Guru. As his father was a man of some position, Narasiah was sent to school and had many advantages. When a youth, he one day went to Nellore to pay the taxes on his father's lands into the Government Treasury. While in Nellore he met the Rev. L. Jewett, who gave him copies of the Gospels of Matthew and Mark. Unlike many who put the portions on a shelf to be covered with dust, Narasiah read the Gospels. The story of Jesus fascinated him. Compared with his uncle's teaching, the holiness of Jesus' character, the purity of His teaching flashed out as a rainbow on a cloud. Conviction of the truth gripped Narasiah's heart. When he went to Nellore a second time to the Treasury he sought out Mr. Jewett and was baptized.

After his baptism he was sent to Ramapatam, where he took the Theological course. He worked with Mr. Drake for some time in Kurnool, and then he returned to Nellore to collect income from the lands. While there he was tempted to enter the Police force, where he rose to be a Head-Constable. But the Spirit spoke to him and he again entered Mission service. He was married to Sayamma, and they went back to Kurnool.

About this time Mr. and Mrs. Churchill opened a mission station at Bobbili. They called for workers, and in God's providence Narasiah and Sayamma were sent to

Bobbili. In these days of motor cars and railway trains the journey could be accomplished in a day and a half, but, in those days of ox-carts and canal boats, it took a month. It was an unknown land, a far country, and with their intense love of their own people, it took as much courage to go to Bobbili as for our pioneers to leave Canada. They stayed for a week in Cocanada, where they were cheered by Mr. Timpany, and arrived in Bobbili August 1st, 1881. Mr. Narasiah was a tall, athletic figure, gentle by nature but bold in his testimony for Jesus Christ. Mr. Churchill toured constantly over his extensive field, and Mr. Narasiah was always with him. At first the people were hostile, and they had some narrow escapes from foul play, but their courage and gentleness at length disarmed hostility. Mr. Narasiah worked among rajah caste people for a time and won some converts. The joy of the Lord was his strength. He was a faithful servant of the Cross.

2. G. SAYAMMA.

Sayamma was born in Nellore more than sixty years ago. Her parents called her Savitri. Her grandfather was a Mahratta gentleman, a Subadar or Captain in the army who settled in Nellore and became a cultivator. Savitri attended Mrs. Jewett's Girls' School in Nellore, but when her grandfather knew she was learning the Bible he kept her home. Later Mrs. Jewett persuaded them to send her again. When Savitri was nine years old she stayed one night in the Boarding School with the Christian girls. Next morning her mother came to the mission house, and stood under a tamarind tree, stick in hand, to receive the culprit. She refused to take her back with her, although the little one pleaded to be taken

home. With broken heart, for the child's caste was destroyed, this poor deluded mother went to the bank of the river, cursed her little daughter, and making an effigy of the little maid, she burned it in token that the girl was dead to her.

The child became an inmate of the Boarding School. Later on the mother relented and sent money to her and built and furnished a house where for a time Sayamma carried on a school. In 1878, while she was teaching in a mission school, she was married to Mr. G. Narasiah, and went with him to live in Kurnool, where she taught in a Government school. Her mother became very ill, and impressed by the power of Jesus, she vowed that if He would cure her she would become a Christian. She got better and she openly confessed Christ.

In 1881 Sayamma went with her husband to Bobbili. There she laboured with great zeal and ability for 36 years. She was for a long time a teacher in Mrs. Churchill's Caste Girls' School. Hindustani and Tamil she had learned in her own home. In the Boarding School, Telugu became her daily language and she was well versed in English. She was a Bible Woman as well as a teacher. She often accompanied Mrs. Churchill on tour, and she could speak with great acceptance to the crowds of men and women who gathered to hear the message. In Bobbili she lived in the midst of caste people. In addition to the school children, she visited the wives and daughters of officials, and even after the girls left school she kept on teaching them in their homes. She was invited to their marriages and other festivals, and when they were ill they often sent for her.

The daughter of a medical officer was very ill. When Sayamma was visiting her, the young woman prayed,

“Oh, Lord Jesus, write Thy precious name upon my lips.” Then some Vaishnavite Gurus came to strengthen her faith in Hinduism. But in spite of their teaching she died trusting in Jesus. A girl of the Telaga caste died suddenly of cholera. Her relatives told Sayamma that she had died believing in Jesus. When her husband was also smitten with the dread plague, Sayamma went and told him of the Saviour in whom his wife had trusted. He began to speak the name of the Lord. His relatives tried to get him to say “Narayana, Narayana.” But he refused and entered into the unknown land calling upon Jesus. A lame girl is teaching in the Maharani Girls’ School at Bobbili. She learned the Bible from Sayamma. Recently she wrote that she is still believing in Christ. Teaching, preaching, nursing the sick and comforting the sorrowing, Sayamma spent her life. She was not only a teacher of the way of life but a mother in Israel.

Two sons and five daughters were born to her in Bobbili. Her husband died in 1905. Her sons and one daughter followed while she was still in the old town where she worked so long. But Sayamma’s faith in a loving Heavenly Father did not fail. Since 1912, when her eldest daughter, Amelia Chowdhari, died in Cocanada, she has lived with her children or grandchildren in Calcutta or Cocanada. Though her physical strength is failing, her love for her Master grows stronger with the years. She loses no opportunity of speaking a word for Jesus. She still teaches a Bible Class for women, and takes active part in women’s meetings. Faithfully and with lavish hand she has scattered seed in many fields. The Lord of the harvest will garner the wheat.

To His faithful handmaid, may it be light at eventide.

SAVARA GUMANNA.

By Rev. J. A. Glendinning.

Savara Gumanna, for many years the chief Indian preacher on the Savara field, and the missionary's right hand man, was one of a group of brothers who lived in Gopalpur, near Tekkali, and who came under the teaching and influence of Gurahati, the Rajah caste convert, who was outcasted for his new faith and set up a school under a tree in the vicinity of Tekkali. The Savara boys became pupils of Gurahati under his tree; and through the teaching received gave up their tribal worship of demons, and accepted the faith of the Lord Jesus. One brother still remains in the old village, which has now become practically a Christian community.

When the present Savara missionary, Mr. Glendinning, came to Parlakimedi in July, 1904, to take up the study of the Savara language, after a preliminary year and a half at Telugu, Mr. Gumanna came along as his Savara teacher. The idea was to acquire the Savara through the Telugu as a medium, in which language Gumanna had been educated, first in various secular schools in the Mission, and later at the Theological Seminary at Samalkot.

Previous to the appointment of the missionary, the Association of the Telugu Churches had been interested in the work of evangelizing the strange hill people of the Parlakimedi Agency; and Gumanna did some work under their auspices. But, from the time of the coming of the missionary in 1904 till the time of Gumanna's death in November, 1921, his whole time and the con-

suming passion of his soul were directed to the evangelization of his own people. During the first two or three years of study of the language there was little touring done, but seldom a market day passed without finding Gumanna hard at work preaching to the Savaras who came in from the surrounding country.

Later, when touring work began he was instant in season and out of season even in the face of a heart-breaking apathy and indifference to his message. For years the hill Savaras seemed as impervious to the light of Christian truth as the stones and trees of their native jungles. But Gumanna, while facing the facts and recognizing the immensity of the task, uttered no word of pessimism, nor betrayed any inclination to throw up the whole enterprise, and seek more promising fields.

Mr. Gumanna was humble enough with regard to his own spiritual attainments. Some of us thought sometimes that he was too apologetic when testifying in meeting. His missionary, with excellent opportunities for observing, found him all through a man of Christian integrity, conscientious in his work, and fully to be depended upon. But his humility was not of the cringing, servile kind which accepted everything with an humble "Your will, Sir." There were times when he believed he was in the right and the missionary in the wrong either with regard to fact or policy; and on such occasions he stood up manfully for his position, thus earning added respect, though perhaps he did not know it.

As touring companion Gumanna was invaluable in many ways, aside from the purely spiritual aspects of the work. He was a good hunter, and full of forest lore. He was always ready to do all he could to help in any way. When coolie porters in insufficient numbers came

to transport our luggage from one place to another, he was always ready to do his share to overcome the difficulty. One remembers a particularly long, hot climb over a difficult hill path, where Gumanna carried one end of a pole and the cook the other, with the bicycle hung between, the two being relieved from time to time by the missionary.

In times of sickness which occasionally overtook the missionary, there was no attention even in menial matters that Gumanna was not ready to give, which was fortunate indeed for the missionary, as many of the Christians from Hinduism are reluctant to do anything outside their own particular duty.

During the rainy season, when touring among the hills was impracticable, Gumanna was an invaluable assistant in the missionary's study and translation work. He had a very complete knowledge of the Savara language. Without his assistance the Savara hymns, which were composed and circulated among the people through the Oriya Christians, would have been impossible. And in January, 1923, when Government asked for a Savara man to be prepared and sent to speak some Savara selections into gramophone records for the linguistic Survey of India, it was Gumanna's translation of the Story of the Prodigal Son and one of the above-mentioned hymns that were thus put on permanent records.

When the movement toward Christianity began among the Panos, another small Agency tribe, Gumanna was of the utmost assistance in caring for this work. For in addition to Savara and Telugu, he had also a fair command of the Oriya language. And many a journey he made to spend Sunday with a small struggling Christian community newly out of Hinduism, and to help by his

teaching and words of encouragement. His name is held in the highest esteem and love in the whole Oriya Christian community. Even while helping thus, however, his main attention was given to the Savaras, and when the time of the missionary came to be occupied largely with Oriya study, and the care of the growing Christian body, Gumanna would strike out alone to the Savara villages with the message of life.

He was a valued member of the Telugu Church in Parlakimedi, and served one or more terms as a deacon of that church. His works do follow him. When the Savara missionary went on furlough in April, 1920, Gumanna seemed to be in fair health. But in 1921 the seeds of a fatal malady manifested themselves. He struggled against the disease and longed to be able to hold on till his missionary should return. But it was not to be. On the evening of November 6th, 1921, as the returning missionaries from the deck of their steamer sighted the verdant hills of South India across a sea of glass, faithful Gumanna was getting his first glimpses of the throne of his Heavenly Father across the sea of glass of Revelation 4: 6.

MR. N. D. ABEL.

By Rev. John Craig.

Dowlaishwaram, on the Godavari river, was the home of Abel's people. His grandfather had four sons whom he took with him to Cuttack in Orissa, to work on the construction of a bridge. While there they heard the gospel, and the eldest son Thomas believed and became a Christian. After the completion of the bridge they all returned to Dowlaishwaram. Through the efforts of Mr. Thomas all the members of the family became Christians. He was the father of the one whom we know as Rev. N. Abraham, of our Seminary. Later, Mr. Thomas worked as an evangelist and pastor, and his brother, Mr. Daniel, as a teacher in the Godavari Delta Mission. Abel was a son of the latter, and was born in Sept., 1877. While he was still a little boy, his father became a teacher at Cocanada under Mr. Timpany's direction. Some years later Abel took the Lower Secondary course at Samalkot, and while there he was baptized. After teaching a school in Cocanada under Mr. Laflamme's direction for two years, he was sent to the Rajah's College for High School work. When Pastor Jonathan Burder and others preached in the streets Abel used to help with his violin.

At this time he fell into sin, but soon afterwards repented, and later was received again into the church. But he had to continue his studies without Mission help and passed the Matriculation examination, after which he attended a Training College for teachers. In 1903 he was appointed as a teacher in a Lower Secondary school

of the London Mission in Maddilapalem, a hamlet of Vizagapatam, where he worked for seven years. Then he was appointed to teach the Bible in the High School. Later he was transferred to Gooty to assist the missionary who was in charge of the Theological School of the London Mission. Here he taught several subjects, among them being methods of evangelism by the use of lyrics. While engaged in this work he lost his wife, but continued to work at Gooty for another year.

As his children were with his parents in the Vizagapatam District, and as he desired to serve in the Canadian Baptist Mission, which had taken over from the London Mission the High School and other work at Vizagapatam, he applied to Mr. Higgins for work. He was appointed as a gospel preacher or evangelist, and published several tracts in Telugu. After a year he was appointed a teacher of the Bible in the higher classes of the High School, and continued in this work for seven years. During this period he wrote a few small books: the Life of Christ in lyrical form, and the story of the Prodigal Son and the story of the Good Samaritan in song, and some others. In 1917 he conducted a summer school in Madras to teach the singing of lyrics; there were seven students. Last year there were five teachers and thirty-three students, Mr. Abel acting as headmaster.

While he was teaching the Bible in the High School, he longed to preach the gospel to the multitudes of people in the villages, and meanwhile he was preparing for such work. In February, 1922, he was appointed as an evangelist on the Vizagapatam field, and since then he has proclaimed the story of Christ's life and teaching with musical accompaniment to thousands of people. The

people of India are accustomed to listen to stories of their heroes and gods in song, and hence they will listen for hours to the story of Christ's life and to other Bible stories when these are given in song with musical accompaniment. Mr. Abel can sing well and can also use the violin with skill. Of course the message is spoken as well as sung. Prayer is asked for a blessing on the work in this needy field where there are few Christians, and few evangelists to make the gospel known.

MR. SOMALINGAM AND MR. APPALANARA-
SIMHULU.

By Mr. and Mrs. Gullison.

Many years ago, a colporteur whose name and place are unknown, passed through Polepilly and inadvertently left a New Testament at the house of a goldsmith. An attempt to return the book failed, so the Word of God was given a place in that rigidly orthodox Hindu home.

At that time, the subject of this sketch, though a young man, was suffering the consequence of an evil life. The physicians consulted gave no hope of recovery. In some way he had come to understand that life is eternal and that a man must reap as he sows. Thus, while disease was destroying his body, fear possessed his soul, and he longed for healing and freedom from apprehension of the future. One day, in desperation, he turned to the despised New Testament, but finding nothing attractive in its opening genealogy, he tossed it aside. Later, distress of body and mind drove him back to the book; opening by chance at one of the miracles of healing, he became intensely interested. Eagerly he read, if haply he might learn the residence of this wonderful Healer, resolved that whatever the cost, he would seek Him and receive healing at His hands. When, however, he read that cruel men killed the one in whom his hope centred, he closed the book, filled with disappointment and grief. Later he felt constrained to finish the story that had given him such great expectations and then plunged him into the depths of despair. When he read that death could not hold the Great Physician, light broke upon his

soul and he realized he had been reading of Him who could take away sin; it was then he uttered his first prayer. From that time he set himself to finding out more of the Christ, but he must needs be very cautious, lest it come to the knowledge of his family. Finally an opportunity came to act as a munshi to Mrs. L. D. Morse, wife of the missionary at Bimlipatam. The pecuniary remuneration reconciled his brother to this plan, and Pulatikurti Somalingam had the chance he had long for. His spiritual insight into the things of God delighted Mr. Morse. It was not an easy thing for Somalingam to take the step that would sever him from his caste and make them of his own household his enemies; more than once after having set a time for his baptism, he drew back. At last, in January, 1894, he came, fully determined to acknowledge his faith in Jesus Christ. News of his intention reached the ears of his relatives and spread like wild-fire through the town. In a short time, an angry, shouting mob had gathered at the beach and demanded that he recant. Mr. Morse hurried Somalingam into the water but even there one man followed and laid violent hands on Somalingam, determined to take him by force. Without prayer or formula, this first convert from the Goldsmith caste was buried in baptism in the likeness of his Master, thenceforth to live a new life in Christ Jesus. He returned home that evening to find the door of his own house shut against him; he was not even given food. His wife and children were taken to the home of her parents. From the highest to the lowest, the villagers reviled him because he had brought such disgrace upon an honorable caste and two respectable families. All custom was withdrawn from him and his goldsmith's

anvil became silent; the barber refused to shave one so vile as he; the dhobie would not wash for him; even the coolie women refused to prejudice their position in society by pounding his grain; his brothers declared he had forfeited his right to a share in his father's property; his wife's people avowed that his family should not return to him unless he first returned to caste. But none of these things moved him; in the joy that he had found Christ, he counted all else but trivial. Quietly and confidently he waited and worked, and when necessary, availed himself of good British law, so that in due time, he was in possession of his house and had his family with him. He next demanded and received his portion of his father's property; he pressed his claim for water from the village well, and the law supported him; the enraged villagers dug another well for themselves from which they could draw water undefiled by contact with the bucket of the despised Christian.

Quietly, persistently, prayerfully, tactfully, he has gradually overcome opposition, winning to Christ, first the young man who was learning the goldsmith trade with him at the time of his baptism; then his own wife, his sister, mother, aunt, brothers, nephew and others. The heaven has begun to work in the hearts of his wife's relatives, and after a thrilling experience, a sister has been baptized while others seem almost persuaded. Not only so, but notwithstanding bitter opposition, there is now a neat chapel-school-house in the village, thanks to his tireless effort.

Despite much active antagonism, the education of the village is in the hands of this brother, for he is manager of the only school there. By a consistent life he has won the respect of the villagers; by serving them in

love, he has gained their trust and confidence, so that to-day, we have no hesitation in saying that the best loved and most highly respected man in Polepilly is our brother Somalingam. And the work continues. The entire village has been honeycombed with the Gospel. It seems to us the time is surely near at hand when a large number must turn from their idols to serve the living and true God.

As we think of this man of God, we feel it is particularly true of him that his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night, therefore is he like a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth its fruit in its season and whatsoever he doeth prospereth.

This sketch would not be complete without fitting reference to Mr. Somalingam's youngest brother, Mr. Veracharyulu, who was baptized three years after his brother. During these twenty-five years he has been a trusted and competent teacher and has adorned his profession by a consistent, Christian life. In his metrical life of Christ which is extensively used throughout the entire Telugu area, he has made a splendid contribution to the work of evangelization.

Closely linked with the history of Mr. Somalingam, is that of the first convert of the Srusti Karnam caste, Kantimahanti Appalanarasimhulu. While teaching Mrs. Morse Rev. 22, 17, he was forced to repeat the invitation many times and it gripped him; he became a secret believer. He moved away from the town for a time, and it was reported that he had died. One day Mr. Morse was startled by coming face to face with the supposedly dead munshi. "I thought you were dead and lost," he said, and at once proceeded to explain his strange saluta-

tion. Once more did the Spirit strive with Mr. Appalanarasimhulu. Many nights during the succeeding months, he sought Mr. Somalingam and talked with him of the things that gave him no rest. He was baptized in 1899. His relatives rebelled against the step he had taken, but he stood firm and gradually regained the esteem of his estranged friends.

This brother did not wait until after his baptism before seeking to correct the things he regarded as unbecoming a Christian.

Having concluded that the use of tobacco and opium were not consistent with the purity enjoined by Christianity, he decided to abstain from their use. The reaction following the discontinuance of opium was great, and he suffered much the rest of his life, but notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of his friends, he resolutely refused to resume its use. Like Mr. Somalingam, he loved his Bible and its study and prayer had first place in his life. No ordinary physical suffering was allowed to rob him of his time for devotion. Though not highly educated he possessed a culture which won the esteem of all. Well versed in Hindu literature, with a splendid command of chaste and pleasing Telugu, filled and actuated by the love of Christ, always bearing a real burden for the salvation of souls, and having a definite and striking personal testimony concerning the saving grace of Christ, he was eminently qualified for the work of an evangelist to which he gave himself from the time of his conversion.

On May 11, 1923, he finished his earthly career. Since his conversion ten more families from his caste have embraced Christianity, and we believe this is but the beginning.

MR. KESAVARAYA SARMA MANDAPAKA.

By Miss M. H. Blackadar.

About fifty years ago Kesavaraya Sarma Mandapaka, familiarly known as Kesavarao, was born in Bimlipatam. His parents were Brahmans, and he grew up amid the influences, good and evil, of that ancient and privileged class. At eight years of age he went through the impressive ceremony of the investiture of the sacred thread, the emblem of the "twice-born." Thenceforward he was entitled to all the privileges of his caste. Education was far less general then than it is to-day, but Kesavarao was sent to school in Bimlipatam and in Vizianagram where he was an eager student.

In August, 1886, a Hindu friend who had studied in the Mission School in Vizagapatam asked Kesavarao to attend the Sunday School in Bimlipatam. He consented, and next morning they were at church. As they entered Mrs. Archibald was explaining to the whole school how a Christian should observe Sunday. As an orthodox Brahman boy, Kesavarao had been accustomed to observe the 11th day of each fortnight. From Mrs. Archibald's address he was convinced that the observance of Sunday was more difficult, and more spiritual than his *ekadasi*, and he concluded that Christianity must be a good, spiritual and holy religion. Next day he bought some tracts from Mr. Archibald, and these strengthened his conviction that Christianity was good.

In January, 1887, he became Telugu teacher to Miss A. C. Gray. While with her he read much of the Bible, especially the New Testament. From this and his con-

versations with Miss Gray he came to believe that Christianity is the only religion appointed by God, and Jesus is the only Saviour, but he thought he could remain a Hindu outwardly and believe in his heart. One day in conversation with Miss De Prazer, she told him that before conversion he would have a great burden for sin. This thought stayed with him. Not long after he had a vision of his sin and need of cleansing. In July, 1887, he attended the English prayer meeting. In the course of his address Mr. Sanford said "Christian means Christ's one, and we must be willing to be counted fools for Christ's name." That touched Kesavarao in the centre of his Brahman heart. He writes of that experience—"Something like the breath of the Spirit came into me. All my doubts and questions vanished away and the burden was no more. I wanted to become 'His' right out publicly. That was my conversion. I was baptized on the 19th of July, 1887."

It was a great struggle, but in spite of the difficulties a great peace filled his heart as he came up out of the baptismal waters. He was given a little room in the mission house. Hundreds of his caste people came into the compound; they swarmed up the steps and crowded the verandah. All the influence of the Hindu philosophy, subtly handled by priest and holy man, was brought to bear on this babe in Christ, but he did not waver. Then his mother, dearest of all to him, came to plead with him to return to her and to the religion of his fathers. Still he wavered not. Then in her anguish, his mother beat her head on the stone steps! How could he bear to see her destroy herself on his account? He weakened and begged Mr. Sanford to let him go back *just one day*. The Missionary replied,

“You are spent with the strain. To-morrow morning when your strength is renewed you can make your choice, and go if you wish.” Next day he had no desire to go back, and in all the years since he has stood steadfast and rejoiced, counting everything loss that he might serve Christ. For many years his people cut him off, but gradually fellowship was renewed. His nobility of character and upright conduct won their respect. He went back to the old home to visit his mother and had the joy of a visit from her before she passed on.

For many years he was Headmaster of the Girls' Boarding School in Cocanada. Punctuality is very difficult for Kesavarao. This sometimes tried the school-managers. His efficiency was a joy, and his interest in the children never flagged. His beautiful Telugu and his fine Christian influence were great blessings to the children. To Cocanada he brought his bride, and while there his son and daughter were born. Here, too, in 1910 he lost the wife whom he so devotedly loved. Even this crushing sorrow could not dim his faith, or hide the face of the Master he so fully trusted. He learned in that dark hour to sympathize with those who suffered. For many years he worked as an evangelist in Cocanada, Vizianagram, Vizagapatam and Narsapatnam. He worked along his own lines. He would not follow a time-table. Often he went late to work but when once among the people he forgot heat or time, weariness or hunger, and stayed as long as anyone would listen. He loves to lift up a crucified and risen Saviour before lost men, and the people love to listen. He has written many popular tracts which have carried his message far beyond the sound of his voice. For several years he was an evangelist in Noble College, Masulipatam. He won

and held the respect of the boys and enjoyed his work there. But Kesavarao's conviction of Baptist doctrine is very strong, and he was happy when the way opened for him to take up work again in his own Mission. The Home Mission Board of the Northern Circars Telugu Baptist Convention appointed him in January, 1921, to their Chodavaram field. He has his little daughter with him. He is laying there deep foundations. His son is taking the course at Noble College, and his one purpose is to enter God's service.

Recently when Dr. Stanley Jones, the Welsh missionary-evangelist, held his meetings in Vizagapatnam, Mr. Kesavarao Mandapaka translated for him. No one could watch him catching the deep spiritual truth which Dr. Jones taught, and translating it rapidly into idiomatic Telugu, without perceiving his intellectual power and the depth of his spiritual insight.

He is a loyal friend. Once and again he has undertaken heavy financial burdens to shield those whom he loves from suffering and disgrace. He has a deep, understanding love for missionaries, and a heart full of gratitude to the Canadian people who have sent the message. He is a faithful and fearless witness to the grace and power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

DAVID AND LIZZIE.

By Rev. Gordon P. Barss



P. David.

"I am not anything without my good wife, Lizzie. She is my companion, adviser, sympathizer and everything for the last thirty-four years." Thus wrote the Rev. Paidi David of Tekkali. Some individuals make their mark apart from others. But one naturally thinks of Mr. David in connection with a group of intimate contemporaries,

and more particularly as associated with his faithful wife, Lizzie. In addition to her work as one of the best Bible women in the Mission, she has exercised a steadying influence, as wife and home maker, upon this forceful preacher. The knowledge of what his wife's faith and loving patience has been to this trusted leader has suggested the title, "David and Lizzie."

They were cousins in a family which had been Christians for two generations before them and which had been touched by the spiritual influences which went out

from the friendship of the veteran Christians, Chowdhari Purushottam and Anthravady. As children, David and Lizzie lived in the home of their grandfather, a money lender in Chicacole. "He was very particular that I should stay at home in the evenings after school to read Psalms and Vemana's poems, so that I might avoid bad company. When I was very young with my mother, many a time she prayed for me that I should become a God-fearing child. By her constant prayers and by my grandfather's care I am what I am at present." In David's early training were blended the tender influences of a Christian home, and the kindly discipline of the missionaries at a time when the Christians were few and the relations between them and the missionaries were very intimate. Early in life David gained much from the veteran missionaries, the Armstrongs, the McLaurins and the Archibalds.

He writes, "As a child I read the life of Mr. Muller of Bristol. By his life I was influenced to pray to God. As I was a little boy, I could not pray publicly in church, but I used to go to a ruined bungalow and pray every day for each member of my body to be kept back from evil. Then I had a great desire to preach, but, being a boy, I could not preach openly. So I used to go to these ruins and preach to the plants." He was baptized when only eleven years old.

David studied four years under Mr. McLaurin in the Theological Seminary in Samalkot. Mrs. McLaurin taught him English. He has always regretted that the Mission did not give him higher education. The immediate need for workers prevented the best training of the available men. David was tempted by the prospects of a higher education held out by a neighboring mission,

but he remained loyal. At one time it was proposed that he should have a college education in Canada, but the Board did not approve.

When still only a lad, Mr. David began to preach and teach under the careful discipline of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald. In 1893, after a year or two of preaching in Parlakimedi, the Akulatampara church, rich in spiritual history, called him to its pastorate. During the ten years or so which he spent there and in Parlakimedi he was largely responsible for the conversion of two families of considerable importance and a number of individuals. There, too, began an intimate relationship with two influential landlord families. And there developed a warm friendship with a young man, K. M. Appanna, whose deep piety and spirituality have touched many lives.

Undoubtedly the greatest experience of Mr. David's life came to him on the waves of the revival which swept over India in 1905 and 1906 as the direct result of the Welsh revival. His experience was all the brighter because it was a black background. News of the revival brought hope to Mr. David and his friends. Out on tour, they would sit around the camp fire in the evenings and tell each other of the longings of their hearts for a more consistent Christian life. The agonizing struggle between spiritual longing for peace and the pride which covered the shame of old sins was at last crowned with confession and victory, and there was added to Mr. David's Christian heritage and early training a rich personal experience of the abounding grace of Christ.

For the last twenty years, since 1903, Mr. David has labored on the Tekkali field, most of the time as pastor of the church. His work has carried him all over that county and far into neighboring fields, and even up

among the feverish regions where the Savara mission is carried on. For Christ he has suffered great hardship, serious sickness and adventures with robbers, wild animals and floods.

As a member and office holder in various capacities he has long exercised a strong influence in the Savara Mission Board, the Home Mission Board, the Association and the Convention. Recently he declined two calls, one to a large pastorate and the other to be missionary under the Home Mission Board, feeling that he could do his best work in the District where his influence is so well established. He has taken a prominent part among those who believe that greater control of the religious work should be given to the Indian Christians.

His work as an inspector of relief measures in the great famine of 1897 was so well received that he was offered a permanent Government position with a high salary. This was a great temptation to a poor preacher, but he decided that he should devote his whole life to Gospel work. In several censuses, during the war, when his efforts were constantly for the Government; in the War Loan campaigns, on the town council, and in the home rule excitement, when he publicly and fearlessly opposed the fanatic violence of Mr. Gandhi's followers, Mr. David's services have frequently been recognized.

His advice is sought by all kinds of people in all sorts of predicaments at any hour of the day or night. Over a large territory the prescription for anyone in trouble is, "Go to Mr. David." His only son, Samuel, with a medical education, has difficulty in surpassing his father's reputation as a doctor. In a country where marriages are all "arranged," Mr. David has made countless

matches for both Hindus and Christians. He is a man of gentle courtesy to women and is greatly loved by little children. When a missionary is in charge of the field, Mr. David is always the wise adviser, the active associate and the trusted friend. In the missionary's absence, he is the faithful superintendent.

Mr. David is variously regarded as doctor and nurse, as adviser and pastor and teacher, as agitator and leader, but it is as evangelist that he excels. In the village he readily adjusts himself to a small group or to a noisy crowd. He quickly finds a favorable starting place of interest to his hearers; he persists in spite of diversions and interruptions; he instinctively touches some chord that awakens interest; he has a ready but kindly retort for anyone who interposes an objection; he is quick to discover a responsive listener; and, however obscure may be his beginning, and however far afield he may be compelled to travel, he invariably and forcibly returns to "Christ and Him crucified."

His life has been spent in a District where the opposition to Christian teaching is most stubborn, but his converts are in many castes and villages. And wherever he goes he knows of some interested one whom he must visit. He is like an old time prospector, always hopefully searching for a gleam in the unpromising sands. He will always be remembered as the faithful evangelist, as the Christian preacher, "rightly dividing the word of truth."

BOKKA SUBBARAIDU.

By Mrs. C. H. Archibald.



Rev. B. Subbaraidu

On a September day, nearly forty-four years ago, when the warm sun was shining brightly on the green palm trees and the leaf-thatched roofs of Bimplipatam, the weekly steamer from Cocanada to Rangoon steamed into port. To the inmates of the bungalow snuggled away under the high hill at the back of the town, this event was of no special significance.

But later on, a rather small-sized boy appeared, somewhat overshadowed by a conspicuously large white turban. He inquired for Hammond Missamma Garu (afterwards Mrs. Archibald); and when she appeared, he presented a letter from Rev. A. V. Timpany of Cocanada. This gentleman and his wife had chaperoned the lady to India the previous year, and took a warm interest in her welfare. In the letter Mr. Timpany stated that the bearer was a boy who was proving somewhat difficult to manage; he was active, bright and smart, but

restless and uneasy; and that he wanted to go to Rangoon, that El Dorado for aspiring Indian young men. He further wrote to that new lady missionary, "You need a boy to go about with you, as you should not go far afield alone, and reliable women are not easily found. Take this boy, and see what you can do with and for him." The boy was looked over as all Indians were more or less of a curiosity in those days. His small hands and bare feet, his bright eyes, quick movements, his gentle voice were all noted; also his big, shapeless, white trousers, which made him feel very much dressed up, but which provoked a smile of amusement from some others. After some conversation, he decided that Bimlipatam was change enough for the present and that he would remain with this new lady. That was the last effort to copy English dress; from that day to this, he has worn the ordinary dress of the ordinary Hindu. He says that, in some respects, this has been a loss to him; but that it has enabled him to keep in more intimate touch with his own people, something which he highly values. Sometimes when he sees others stepping about in full English dress, apparently honored by the missionaries, there is some conflict in his soul, as to which is the greater, the gain or the loss. Even little things like this do not fail of the Father's notice. But whether loss or gain, he followed the advice of the lady, to whom that letter was sent.

He began to attend school and evinced a desire to learn all the good and useful things that came his way. Dusting, blacking shoes, pulling punkah, came in for a share of his attention, and he was rapidly taking in knowledge through his fingers as well as through his mind. His parents had been idol-worshippers and he remembers well the shame he experienced when they became Christians,

but before he left Cocanada, he, also, was baptized. Six months later his Missamma was sent to Chicacole to do the best she could for the work there, and he accompanied her. One time when we were having blessed seasons in our Bible classes and prayer meetings, he came and said that he and David and some other boys were greatly troubled about their sins and, though they had all been baptized, they had never had such experiences and scarcely knew what the dealings of the Spirit of God with their souls meant. After a time, they all came out into the glorious light of God, and knew what was meant when we talked about a new heart.

When the Seminary was opened at Samalkot by Rev. John McLaurin he was sent there and acquitted himself most creditably. During his last year there he was married; and a few months later his young wife fell into a well and was drowned. This was a great shock and sorrow, and though his graduation was not far distant, Mr. McLaurin wrote advising that he be permitted to return home, as he could not recover from his trouble there. And he added, that he was more like a European in his sorrow, than any Indian he had seen. He was graduated in absentia, and later on was sent to the college at Ongole, where one year and part of another completed his school life. Eventually he married again, and in the course of years seven children were born into his family.

He became a mission assistant, and his first pastorate was at Akulatampara, when Mr. Archibald was the only male missionary in the Ganjam District. He was very helpful in the initial development of the work in the Savara Hills; and when the missionaries called for some one to undertake that rather dangerous task, he volunteered and was ordained as a Home Missionary to the

Savaras. He went and did some excellent service, but repeated attacks of fever in which he nearly lost his life, rendered that work prohibitive for him. He stands in the front rank and pretty close to the foremost position among our Indian brethren in the whole Mission as an all-round useful man, trusted and respected by the majority of them. He is a good singer, a good preacher, persuasive and patient when dealing with disturbed elements of which there are apt to be many in our Christian communities. He has become more and more trustworthy with the passing years, and more discriminating as to real values. At one time he was pastor of the Chicacole church for some years; and has been its trusted and efficient treasurer for a much longer period. The members and the missionaries feel that the money is safe, when it is in his keeping. He is to a large degree capable of looking after the general work of the field in its various departments; preaching himself to large companies of men and women, or sitting down quietly and familiarly with one or two. He has many personal heart to heart talks, and when he does that work he feels a deeper satisfaction than in any other. He loves the moonlight talks, which he so often has, when on tour, and he longs to see men and women yielding their hearts to the claims of Christ. He uses simple yet very euphonious and musical Telugu, which all can understand, and he is acceptable among all classes, high and low, rich and poor, literate and illiterate. He has not only been an assistant and friend, as it were, to those who brought him up, but at various times he has helped in other fields. Once he was loaned to the Seminary at Samalkot as teacher. He has assisted in building and preaching at Palkonda, Tekkali, Parlakimedi and Sompetta and has ever acquitted

himself satisfactorily to those whom he went to assist. He is a careful, good builder, and can handle successfully large bodies of workmen,—coolies, masons and carpenters. He is no time-server, which is so common among these people but will work any number of hours, till he is assured that matters can be safely left till another day. At times his carefulness as to details may weary some, who would like to get to the end more quickly, but one feels that he is thorough and painstaking. He is a good judge of all ordinary building material, and superintended and carried large responsibilities in the erection of King Memorial Hospital. He is a Zacchaeus in stature, but he likes big tasks, and does not falter when sudden demands are made upon him. His written translations from English into Telugu are most acceptable; he has associated so much with English-speaking people that he grasps shades and meanings of words and thoughts that many fail to comprehend.

At present he is pastor of the Telugu church at Chicacole, and has been acting pastor for many years. He is an active member of the Municipal Council, and as he has no axes to grind and no personal ends to achieve, but just tries to do right every time and as the other members of that body have both these influences to push them on, he has a somewhat difficult, and at times a stormy, path to tread. At present, he is chairman of the Telugu Home Mission Board, and in that capacity is doing excellent service for the whole Baptist Telugu Christian community.

He after all, like the rest of mankind, has made some crooked paths for his feet, and has had to reap harvests from his own sowing which at times he has found thorny; and we have seen his face chastened with suffering,

caused by the chastisement of his own conscience, and we have been glad, that the sanctifying Spirit of God, was doing His refining work in his soul. He is our boy, and we love him, and praise God for the grace, that has saved him, and which we see active in his life.

Great changes are coming over India; and a man, who has come up out of the darkness of forty-four years ago, and who is a light in the darkness of to-day, is a factor in the progress of human history, for which we cannot be too thankful. And herein we also find large room for hope regarding the future of our Telugu Christians.

PANGA APPANNA.

By Rev. S. C. Freeman.

Panga Appanna, the subject of this sketch, was born at Kosamala, Ganjam District, in 1858. He was the second son in quite a large family; his people were farmers. He has but a faint remembrance of his betrothal to his first wife, which took place when he was about ten years old. He and two of his brothers learned to read. When about fifteen years of age some of his relatives endured much suffering for Jesus' sake which made a deep impression on Appanna's heart. He had a desire to become a Christian and tried to persuade his betrothed wife to accept Christ as her Saviour. He found, however, that she had no mind for such things.

Sometime after his marriage when he was about twenty-three years of age he fully decided to become a Christian. He received no sympathy from those in his home, but, on the contrary, opposition, ridicule and persecution. Leaving parents, brothers, sisters, wife and child, he went forth alone and was baptized by the Rev. R. Sanford at Akulatampara in 1881.

Immediately after his baptism some Brahman pundits asked him why he had taken this step. He replied, "I know that I am a sinner, I know that Christ is my Saviour, but I cannot explain it well to others." The Brahmans were much pleased with his reply, which deepened their respect for the Christian religion.

For some time after his baptism Appanna continued his work as a farmer, bearing witness as he had opportunity. His wife, taking their child, in anger and dis-

gust returned to her parents. Not long after another child was born. All Appanna's efforts to induce his wife to return to him ended in failure. There were long years of trouble before, through the courts of law and with the help of the Police, he secured a divorce and the possession of his children. In fact he did not secure his children until after their mother's death, and the son Jagannaikulu, a lad of ten years, stoutly resisted being returned to his father. Court proceedings in India are wondrously slow, and in those days there were no railways. The long journeys on foot to Berhampore to the Court must have been very tedious and expensive.

Appanna's second wife was the daughter of Rev. Bhagavan Behara, a noted Christian preacher in the early days of work in our mission. She presented him with two daughters, and afterwards died. Then Appanna married again and had two children to remind him of his third wife. His fourth wife was a Brahman widow convert. They have one daughter who recently married.

Appanna has had the joy of seeing his mother a Christian, and his father showing a deep interest in Christian things. Two of his brothers became Christians and two remain Hindus.

About six years after baptism, during which he did more or less preaching, through the advice and help of Rev. I. C. Archibald, Appanna heeded the call of God to become a preacher of the Gospel. For thirty-six years he has preached the Gospel in many villages. His face is known and his voice is familiar in our Associations and Conventions where he always has something to say and makes sure that he says it. He has been a preacher on seven of our mission fields and deacon in four of our churches.

He has known little of sickness and has been able to continue his work through a long period. One could hardly call him a popular preacher, but he has a good message. He was never ordained, and has baptized only one person. His work has been preaching. Perhaps he would say with Paul, "Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel."

Honest, upright, aggressive there have been no breaks in his life, no charges against him that the missionaries have had to spend long days investigating. He has a good name and prizes it. When one thinks of the opposition he has encountered one is not surprised that in manner he is somewhat brusque and overbearing when opposed. From the father of his second wife, he learned to attach much importance to family prayer which for many years he has conducted three times a day. He uses a Psalm in the morning, a portion of Daily Light at noon, and some other portion of the Bible at night. From the atmosphere of such a home his children have gone out to do their part in the world.

His son, Jagannaikulu, has been evangelist, pastor and preacher on the Chicacole field, and, while in the midst of such service, was called to become the pastor of the Baptist Church at Vizagapatam which, with the exception of Cocanada, is the largest city within our Mission boundaries.

Kondanamma, the eldest daughter by his second wife, became a widow in early life and has given herself with whole-hearted devotion to the work of the Girls' School in Cocanada where hundreds of girls have come under her uplifting influence as teacher and later as Matron.

Some of his children are still too young to have established their records. They have received a Christian

education and have enjoyed advantages far beyond those within reach of their father. We have reason to believe they will give a good account of themselves.

Now in the evening of life, for in India a man of sixty-five years is getting pretty well along, Appanna lives quietly near the church where he is one of the leaders. Day by day he goes forth into the market place, the streets, and the lanes of the town to preach or converse about the things that have been dear to his heart for so long. He frequently conducts the church services. He has not the vigor of early days but he has a blessed hope of eternal life. He has not acquired worldly property, but he has treasure in Heaven. Those who know him must acknowledge that he has made good use of the meagre education he received and the opportunities that came his way. His children have reason to speak well of their grey-headed father who, like Jacob of old, will remain head of his house as long as he lives.

PART III.

TELUGU TROPHIES

From the
KISTNA ASSOCIATION

THE KARRE BROTHERS.

By Rev. John Craig.



Rev. Karre Peter.

About twenty miles southwest of Akidu lies the village of Gunnanapudi. This has long been a well known name to those who love our Telugu Mission. For in the early days it was from this place that the word of the Lord sounded forth not only to the villages round about it, but also to many in the region now known as the Vuyuru field. It was the home of Pastor Karré

Peter and his younger brother Andrew, while their elder brother Samuel resided at a village less than a mile distant, of which he was the munsiff or headman. As a rule villages in the Telugu country have a Sudra population with a hamlet nearby, in which Malas and Madigas reside. But Gun-

nanapudi and several other small villages near it had a population of Malas only, many of whom owned small farms. Hence they were more independent and enterprising than the Malas in other villages, who for the most part worked for Sudra farmers.

Mr. Thomas Gabriel who began the Gospel work that led to the opening of our Mission, was a cousin of the Karré brothers, and his sister was the wife of the eldest of the brothers. While he was still in the Telegraph office at Dowlaishwaram, Mr. Karré Samuel and his wife visited him, and heard and believed the Gospel. This was in 1864. They were the first converts in connection with Mr. Gabriel's work, and hence may be considered the first in connection with the churches under the care of the Ontario and Quebec Board.

From the time of his conversion Mr. Samuel was earnest in seeking to lead his brothers and other relatives and neighbors into the light. Having a little education himself he opened a small school in which many of the male converts learned enough to make them useful as teachers for the little groups of Christians in neighboring villages. Among those who attended Mr. Samuel's school there were two men who had been driven from their own village, some ten miles distant, by the Sudras, because they had become Christians. After two years, during which they had learned to read the Bible, they returned to their own village, and were the means of leading others to Christ. Mr. Samuel was also zealous in going to the surrounding villages to preach to the Malas, many of whom were his relatives. And when a few believed in any village he was faithful in conducting worship with them on Sunday; and after a time, when he was needed elsewhere he would see that

some good man continued the service. Mr. Thomas Gabriel, through whom Mr. Samuel and his wife had been led to Christ, left the Telegraph service in January 1869, and worked chiefly in the region of Kolair Lake, including Gunnanapudi and neighboring villages. In August, 1871, he was ordained in Madras, and in March, 1872, he visited Gunnanapudi and baptized some converts there, Mr. Samuel and his wife and brothers being among them.

The second brother, Mr. Peter, was several years younger than Mr. Samuel. He also was earnest in preaching the Gospel in the neighboring villages, and in October, 1874, at McLaurin's request he left his farming and devoted himself to the ministry of the Gospel. It is usual for the people of India to have what is called a joint family. The Karré brothers were such a family, so when Mr. Peter agreed to give all his time to preaching it was done with the approval of his two brothers, the salary he received from the Mission going into their joint family purse. The youngest of the brothers, Mr. Andrew, had the farm work to look after, but he was always in hearty sympathy with the other two in all their work of evangelization. In 1878, when Nathan Gabriel claimed the position that his brother Thomas had occupied, and tried to induce the Christians in Gunnanapudi and other villages to renounce their allegiance to the missionary and to follow him, most of his relatives approved, and even Mr. Karré Samuel was deceived by him, but Mr. Peter opposed him. This was much to his credit, because in India it requires some courage to refuse to help a relative in such circumstances.

In December, 1879, Mr. Timpany made his first visit to Gunnanapudi and other parts of what is now the

Akidu field, preparatory to handing over the care of that work to Mr. Craig. It was then decided that Mr. Karré Peter should be ordained, and Mr. Timpany stated that Mr. Peter's wife should learn to read before the ordination took place. Accordingly, in 1880, she went to Cocanada and attended school there. Mr. Peter also was there in the hot season and attended some special Bible classes conducted by Mr. Timpany. In January, 1881, he was ordained at Akidu, and from that time the church at Gunnanapudi enjoyed the regular observance of the ordinances. Mr. Peter was always a faithful evangelist, and from 1879 for six years he had as a companion and helper in this work a young man whose name was Jangam Isaac. These two men preached the Gospel in a great many villages near Gunnanapudi, and in other villages ten or twelve miles to the northeast and to the southeast.

Early in 1883 forty-nine men and women were baptized at Moturu, about five miles southwest of Gunnanapudi. These were the first in that village. There was a great ingathering also at a village to the southeast, where most of the Malas worked for the Sudra farmers, who were Kammas, one of the highest subdivisions of the Sudras. These men persecuted the new converts by putting all their cattle in the pound without cause. When the missionary helped the Christians to prosecute the persecutors, the latter secured their acquittal by the payment of a bribe. In this and similar cases Mr. Peter's advice was a great help to the missionary. The Sudra farmers were usually opposed to the opening of a school for the children of the Christians and others who were laborers on their farms, and hence they did all they could to prevent the Christians or the preacher or

the missionary from securing a small site for a school-house. It was a comfort to have a man like Mr. Peter as a fellow-worker when these troubles arose, not only because of his advice and sympathy, but also because he was a man of prayer.

In 1884 a good school, in which English was taught, was opened at Gunnanapudi for the children of that region, and Mr. P. Dévanandam, who belonged to the Church Mission at Ellore, was secured as headmaster of the school. Just as Mr. Karré Samuel's little school had helped to prepare some young men to be useful in the villages, so this more ambitious effort was of great value in giving many young men and boys a chance to secure a fairly good education, making them even more useful than those of the earlier years in teaching village schools.

Mr. Peter's help was often of great service in regions distant from Gunnanapudi. While Mr. Craig was on his first furlough Mr. Timpany made a tour on the Akidu field in October, 1884, and visited the Vuyyuru region where he baptized nine from that village and eleven from another village. After his death in February, 1885, Mr. Peter and some others made a tour in April in that region, when eighty-two were baptized, chiefly in villages where none had come out previously. Until Vuyyuru was occupied as a station six years later Mr. Peter usually accompanied the Akidu missionary on his tours in the region along the Kistna river. By the end of 1886 the work had grown to such an extent in the villages around Gunnanapudi that it seemed wise to organize three new churches, one on the north near Kolair lake, one on the southwest and one on the southeast. Mr. Peter continued to care for these new churches for a few years as well as for the mother

church. He was always helpful in encouraging bright young men to go to Samalkot for further study, and also in impressing on the churches the duty of self-support. One other good point in Mr. Peter and his brothers must not be left unrecorded. They did not use tobacco, and this they owed to the good sense of their mother, who though only a Mala, punished them when as boys they began to smoke, and this in a country where tobacco grows, and where its use is almost universal among Malas and many other classes of the people.

In the early years of the work a chapel was built with walls of clay and roof of bamboos and thatch. Pastor Peter became ambitious to build a chapel with brick walls and a roof of teakwood covered with tiles. This was a laudable enterprise, but it involved the brothers in debt, partly because it led them to build two substantial houses for themselves before they had the necessary funds in hand. Mr. Peter tried to make money by buying grain in the villages for dealers in central places, but this resulted in fresh losses instead of gains, and involved the brothers in heavier debt, which they could not pay. These troubles clouded the latter years of our friends. At one of the annual meetings of the Association Mr. Karré Samuel arose and said he believed that these troubles had come on them because his brother Peter, who had been called to the gospel ministry, had virtually become a merchant.

Mr. Samuel, who was born in 1838, died on Oct. 14th, 1909, after many years of infirmity through failing sight. Pastor Peter, who was six years younger, passed away on Dec. 19th, 1916; and Mr. Andrew, who was born in 1848, died in January, 1919. Thus in spite of the troubles that befell them they all lived out the allotted span of threescore years and ten.

ADDEPALLE MARIAMMA

A BLACK PEARL.

By Miss K. S. McLaurin.

Out in the villages—"How old are you, Miss Amma?" they ask. "Well, how old do you think?" I parry. "How can we tell? Wait, do you remember the Tidal Wave? which devastated our coast between fifty and fifty-five years ago, which being interpreted into every day English, means, Are you an Antediluvian?" "No, I can't; I wasn't born then." "But I was," breaks in old Addepalle Mariamma, sitting on a seat by my side, "I was a widow by that time." "What an old woman you must be, Auntie," say the younger caste women in our audience. "Oh, yes, I am an old woman—my one son is dead now, and I've seen many troubles, but the Lord has been with me. Tidal waves, and sickness and death—what are these to my Father? Let me tell you about Him!" and in her own inimitable, deft way she turns the conversation to her own beloved theme and soon has the women enthralled.

"Mariamma," I ask afterwards when we are alone, "were you a Christian then?" And Mariamma says, "Oh, no, Amma, I didn't know my Father then." "How did you first hear about Him?" "I'll tell you all about it. Well, then, when I was a young girl in my father's house in our tiny village of M. my elder brother worked on the passenger boats that plied between Bezwada and Bunder on the big canal. He saw the world (on a canal 43 miles long), and heard many strange things, and one time he came home and told me that he had heard out

there that there were many who did not worship idols, but believed in and served one God. And he said to me, 'Little sister, there is only one God, I believe,' and when I said, 'How can I find Him?' he said, 'They say pray and He will hear and come to you.' "And Amma," went on Mariamma, "from that day I sought my Father. I knew nothing—I was only an ignorant girl, but I went about saying, 'Father, Father, come to your child'—just like a child holding out its skirt to have a gift dropped into it. So I held out my skirt for the gift the Father would give me. I grew up and was married. My brother whenever he came to see me told me more. Then Mr. Craig came touring from Akidu and I got into touch with him, and through his workers I got fuller teaching and, Oh, Amma, I found my Father. He came to His child, He revealed Himself to me! I found Him, I found Him!" Over and over she used to say it, and how her black old face would light up with a splendid joy, as she told of her triumphant experience!

From the very first Mariamma (who up till her baptism, and even after it, by her old friends was called Veeramma) was a strong, intelligent and joyful Christian, devoted to her Father and His interests. She wanted a teacher in her village, and because there were no other Christians there to help her, she supported him all herself and had him teach the children all day—and herself all night, I'll wager! She was enthusiastic, eager, and drank it in greedily. Others believed, led on by her ardent spirit and leadership. She followed the Lord—and Him only. She feared none other. She served Him with all her might. So rapidly did she grow in grace and experience and influence that, although she was absolutely illiterate, she was taken on as a Bible-

woman for the Vuyyuru field, working with Dr. Brown and Miss Murray until the writer of these lines took charge of the women's work—and after. She was an old woman when I first saw her—slight frame, simply vibrating with energy and life, face black as ebony. One does not often see one quite so black, but her rugged features, often lit up by a smile, spelled, in her case, a rather remarkable intelligence and strength of character. Her want of learning was always a source of regret to her, but she had a wonderful memory, and could recite long passage after passage of Scripture, and these were the backbone and inspiration of her talks—and who could talk like Mariamma? She was past-mistress of repartee, and would invariably turn the tables and the laugh upon the unscrupulous and unwary. “This old black auntie,” said many and many a breathless Brahmin, worsted in a wordy fight with Mariamma, smitten hip and thigh from “Dan to Beersheba,” with all his cohorts, of prestige, learning and heaven-born superiority, “this old black auntie, she just gallops all over us! Why, I never met her like! She can't read, but she speaks the whole truth!” The fight always ended in one way—and with perfect good feeling, for Mariamma never left a sting behind her where she conquered. After chastising the supercilious opponent with her sharpest weapons, she knew how to pour out the balm of Christ's love, and heal the hurt with the story of it, and send him away her devoted friend and champion.

Her tact was remarkable. “Send Mariamma to our village for a month, Amma. Some of the Christians are growing cold—and we need her; or some of the unsaved are showing a desire to believe—Mariamma can bring them.” This was a frequent request from the Vuyyuru

pastors. At first we could hardly spare her for these long visitations, for we were so few. But as we got more helpers, we set her free for this kind of work almost entirely and at this she was eminently successful. Her personality was magnetic, all acknowledged her power. No one could rebuke with such authority, no one could encourage like her. Night found her talking and singing until sometimes dawn would draw near. Her poor throat became permanently weak and she ruined her voice. But she went right on. God used her up in His glorious service and she never grudged one moment of time or atom of strength. All she had was His.

For one or two years she was my only Biblewoman. Oh, those weary days! We were trying to make friends in new villages and many's the rebuff we received in the process. How often we would come wearily home after a hot day of almost fruitless effort. I, an inert lump of tired-out and discouraged humanity on my pony, but Mariamma springing along on the path by my side. "Well, Mariamma, they didn't listen very well did they—only in that one house that one woman seemed to understand." "Never mind, Amma. We must travel and toil. But God always has at least one soul in every place who heeds. Yes, there's always one, anyhow. Yes, there'll always be one, somewhere." So the cheery, bright, confident voice would encourage me all the way home. Her faith never flagged.

Mariamma was great on tour. She wasn't always thinking about thieves and snakes and other unpleasant things. She was always ready for more work, or a fight, or a long journey. She was a splendid comrade.

"Mariamma, will you come with me to live in Avani-gadda?" "Yes, Amma, I'll go wherever you go." By

this time she was seventy, and her friends said: "What! go 'way off to Avanigadda, where we may never see you again?" But she answered, "What does it matter where? God, and my Missamma are there." So she came, and was a mother to my two young Biblewomen for over a year; and then last fall, when she was away visiting her grandson, the cholera came and took her away to her Father.

The two fields, Avanigadda and Vuyyuru, are bereaved. "We shall never," they say, "see her like again." Mariamma was true as steel and loyal—never for one day forgetting Rev. J. G. Brown (then our Foreign Missionary Secretary) and his wife, her first "very own" missionaries in Vuyyuru, and their children. Many a message passed between the three, after the Browns left for Canada.

She had unusual common-sense, too. In the first day or two of excitement during the revival of 1906, some were over-wrought and lay claim to extravagant manifestations, but Mariamma said, "Let us try the Spirit and see if it be of God." And when she was sure it was, none rejoiced or profited more. She was very sane.

A brave and cheerful companion, an inspiring leader, a staunch and loyal and devoted fellow-worker has gone to other scenes of service. And "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord! Yea, saith the Spirit, for their works do follow them." "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on Me though he die, yet shall he live," said Jesus. Mariamma must be just as alive today "over there" as ever she was here. For such life is everlasting in quality, and must exist and gloriously grow and serve wherever it is. "And they shall be Mine," saith the Lord, "in the day when I come to make up my jewels."

PANTAGANI ANNA AND HER SON
CHINNA SAMUEL.

By Miss M. R. B. Selman.

Pantagani Anna was one of the early Christians. Kalakuru, a village some five miles from Akidu, was her birth-place. Anna was married but her young husband died when her only child Samuel was but one year old. From the time of her husband's death she lived in Artamuru, where his home had been. Mr. Thos. Gabriel was the first preacher to bring the Gospel message to these villages; through his preaching Anna gave her heart and her life to the Lord Jesus Christ. After some had become Christians and many others had become eager to hear the Gospel, Rev. John McLaurin came with Mr. Gabriel from Cocanada, to meet with the new Christians, and to see how great and white the harvest fields were. Multitudes came from the surrounding villages to see and hear the missionary (the first white face). Crowds went in canoes, and the canoe that carried Anna got upset. Her little boy was one of the first to go under the water; she bravely jumped in to rescue him. Groping around she caught hold of the arm of an old woman; eager as she was to find her boy she helped to pull out the woman, and to her joy found that the woman had the boy's hand clasped in hers, so both were saved. Anna was a woman of striking character, brave and independent, a better leader than a follower. She never felt that she had to do a thing just because others did it, if her judgment did not approve.

Anna was encouraged by Mr. Timpany to go to Cocanada to get a little more education; while she was there learning in the Boarding school she also acted as matron. After a time she returned to her home in Artamuru. For some time she taught others to read; she was a teacher at a monthly salary of one rupee and a half (50 cents).

Akidu, which is only four miles from Artamuru, was occupied by Mr. Craig as a mission-station in 1880, and in 1882 a house-boat was provided for touring. One of the first villages visited was Artamuru, and at a meeting held there ten persons were received for baptism, eight of them being young people who were attending Anna's school. Among these was her son Samuel, who had been at Cocanada with his mother. He was about eleven years old at that time. He made good progress in his studies under his mother's direction, and after a few years he was sent to Samalkot to study theology.

Anna was the first Bible woman on the Akidu field, the companion of Miss Fanny Stovel, one of the first touring missionary ladies. There was a great field of work among the Telugu women of all castes. It was not until 1894 that the "Glad Tidings" was built; until then Miss Stovel used a horse, and the women helpers walked many, many miles. Anna, with her good strong voice, preached and sang the gospel in hundreds of villages, and was a loyal helper to Miss Stovel, trying to shield her from some of the hardships. She was never at a loss for an answer, could meet any argument, and if necessary compose and sing a song to meet a special need. One nightly visitor, while they were on tour, was the census-taker. Unwilling to ask Miss Stovel to get up and dress, Anna said that she could give all the

needed information. She did answer every question, giving her own age as 30 years, and that of Miss Stovel as 50!

After some years Anna came and said that she had decided to give up the mission work and support herself from her bit of land. She went to attend to her worldly affairs, but was soon stricken down with a serious illness. She came to realize that the Lord Himself was speaking to her; she prayed Him to forgive her, heal, and use her once more in His service. She soon recovered and went about again preaching His glorious gospel. In 1906 God graciously sent a great revival on the Akidu field; Anna was one of the very first to realize that the hand of the Lord was upon her in convicting power; with great sorrow she was bowed down before Him and wept for hours before she felt His peace fill her heart. About a year later God's call came to her; while in the agonies of cholera, she cried out, "Oh Lord! how thankful I am that you gave me that revival before you called me Home." Her son Samuel was far away and did not arrive in time to hear her last messages. I am sure that Anna would hear the Master's "Well done!"

Samuel is still living; he married a boarding school girl. He has been pastor of several churches, has always been a true helper to the missionaries who have been on the field. He loves Bible study and is gifted in exposition, in song, and also in composing hymns. Several of his hymns are widely used. His children are bright and well educated.

Truly God knows in which out-of-the-way village His children are; He calls them out one by one, prepares, polishes, and uses them to adorn His crown.

KUCHIPUDI YAKOB.

By Rev. H. B. Cross.

Kuchipudi Yakob was born in Sreerangapuram, a village on the Vuyyuru Field, on January 15, 1860. He was the only son of his mother, who became a widow shortly after his birth. He grew up like other poor out-caste boys, played with the chickens and family goat till he was old enough to be a cattle herder, and then was hired out to a Brahman landowner, and became his serf.

Yakob was one of those men whose souls seem to reach out naturally after God. Sreerangapuram is a very strong Brahman centre and the people are devout worshippers of Vishnu. Being a Madiga, Yakob could not share with them in the temple worship of Vishnu; but became a very zealous worshipper of Rama, who with Krishna shares the devotion of the common people. He it was who saw the light was lit nightly in honor of Rama, and led the others in the singing and dancing around it in praise of his god.

He was very anxious to learn to read; so when a friendly Kapu who could read, came from Nellore to the village, and became a serf to one of the Brahmans, Yakob made friends with him; and while they were digging in the fields, or watching grain or cattle in the night, and at other odd times, by oral instruction and the use of palmyra leaves and a steel style, he mastered the intricacies of reading and writing.

About this time Kodali Samuel, a preacher from Vuyyuru, visited the village, and preached "the old, old story of Jesus and His love". The story made a great

impression on Yakob's soul, and after a second visit of the preacher, he believed in Jesus, but secretly. On March 18, 1885, Yakob, with two of his friends, was baptized by Pastor Karre Peter: the first fruits of a large area, where hitherto the seed of the Word had not taken root. Their juttus were cut off before their baptism. This was a new thing to them. They felt very conscious of the loss of this adornment and symbol of their heathenism, and covered up their heads as much as possible on their return to the village. But the loss could not be hid, and when discovered, drew the wrath of their people upon their shorn heads. This was a dreadful thing; surely the wrath of the gods would be upon them. They were distraught. They howled, threw dust upon their heads, abused the young men, and heaped unutterable abuse on the preacher, Samuel.

From the time of his conversion, like Paul, Yakob transferred all his devotion and zeal to his Saviour, Jesus of Nazareth, and preached openly continually. His eighteen years of service were given almost wholly to Sreerangapuram and the surrounding villages. His simple, straightforward messages, his zeal, and his sincerity won him hearing wherever he went; and his ministry was fruitful in the Lord. In Sreerangapuram, the proud Brahmans were much opposed to their pariah serfs becoming Christians, and for a number of years persecuted them severely. But "the Word of the Lord grew, and prevailed". When the congregation grew large enough to need a church, on account of the Brahman opposition, the building had to be done quickly and unexpectedly to the Brahmans. Yakob, with characteristic determination, got the supports, beams and other parts of the roof all prepared before hand; and on an

appointed day, in the protecting presence of Mr. Craig and Mr. Brown, the material was assembled, and the building erected. Later the opposition of the Brahmans ceased, and now the whole Panchama hamlet is practically Christian, and is one of the strongest centres on the Vuyyuru field.

In 1904, Kuchipudi Yakob became very sick, and after a most distressing illness, on December 19th died in the Vuyyuru Hospital. He was very greatly mourned and greatly missed. But of the many he won for Christ, some are still carrying on the work he loved so much. Among these is his own son, K. David, the efficient and beloved pastor of the Meduru Church. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

PASTOR PANTAGANI PEDDA SAMUEL.

By Rev. R. C. Bensen.

Here is a man who never studied Hebrew or Greek, never saw Rome or Athens, who knows nothing about Critiques of Reason; but Pantagani Samuel has perhaps done more than all others to put Vuyyuru on the map of Missions, and the Jubilee history would be incomplete without mention of his name.

The life-story of Mr. Samuel is a study in religious psychology. He knows the meaning of "Religious experience," "the Call," "Strain and Stress," "Crisis," "Faith," "Surrender," "Assurance," and other experiences through which human souls pass as they come face to face with God. Better than I can tell it on paper, that story may be read in the lives of hundreds of Christians in the villages of the Vuyyuru field and in the life and work of many Indian preachers, evangelists and teachers who have been influenced by the life of this Vuyyuru padre.

The young boy Samuel started life in Gunnanapudi, about sixty years ago. That was something in his favor, for much in life depends upon the start. Gunnanapudi was a village in itself of Mala farmers who were industrious, prosperous and independent of caste people, who usually "lord it over" these Indian villagers. Samuel's people had lands under rice cultivation, and doubtless his youth was spent in doing odd jobs about the farm. One day he had a dream. I shall not relate it here. Western peoples lay little stress on dreams and their interpretations. The young boy was much perturbed and went to

a pastor to have the dream interpreted. It had real religious value for him, for when the pastor said it was God's call to consecrate his life to His service, Samuel responded, "Here am I, send me." When he went home he was singing about the sufferings of Christ. Mr. Karre Peter and his brother Samuel talked and prayed with him, examined him in Bible knowledge, and sent him as a teacher-evangelist to Bomminipad, a village in the Achavaram Church, where he worked for a period of ten months. When Mr. Craig visited that village he decided that Samuel should go to the Samalkot Seminary, to prepare for the work of the ministry, and so he went.

It was during his early days in the Seminary that Samuel passed through the "Valley of Achor" which in truth became his "door of hope." "It was while I was studying the third chapter of Matthew's gospel that God took hold of me and showed me my sins. There was in my heart a sorrow I could not drown"—so he writes. Thinking the boys would laugh if they saw him weep, he struggled to keep back the tears, and when all the students had left their classes and gone to their rooms he knelt in a corner and agonized with God. After four or five days of struggle, peace came to his soul, his studies were a joy and the Word of God was his supreme delight.

But life was to be not all smooth sailing for the young convert. For preferring a charge of sin against a pastor he was dismissed from the Seminary. His missionary refused to give him work, but undaunted he waited, and was later received into the Seminary when it was found that the charge he had preferred was true.

Later, when cholera swept Gunnanapudi, Samuel's

father, mother and two uncles died, and he was called home to attend to the affairs of the family. After some time his widowed aunts worried him with requests to transfer to their names the property left by their husbands. The Akidu missionary advised him to return to his studies, so he gave his aunts the property, which according to Indian law he was not obliged to give, and returned once more for Bible study. Of these experiences he says, "I believe that God Himself solved my problems and brought me back again to His service."

It would take much space to enumerate the many villages which Samuel shepherded in those early days when most of the present staff of missionaries were attending public schools in Canada, and to detail the work he accomplished over wide areas. The young worker (he was now probably twenty-two years old) was delighted when the missionary, Mr. Craig, placed him in Vuyyuru, to have the pastoral oversight of what now constitutes the Vuyyuru and Avanigadda fields. There were then only nine workers in that section, none of whom had read beyond the second or third class in school.

Picture Samuel in the following years touring his parish, preaching in the streets and lanes of villages, market places, and in highways, by day and night, whenever and wherever men could be found to listen to his message of hope. Those were days when it cost something to follow Christ and when it cost more to be His evangel in hostile villages. "We slept in tumbled-down houses or cow-sheds or wherever people gave us shelter, and woke up singing songs of praise to God, to the astonishment of the villagers," so reads Samuel's diary. Many of his associates in those early days have long since received the "Well done, good and faithful servant" of their

Lord, but Samuel remains as a living link between that past and this present.

The Vuyyuru field and Pantagani Samuel are indissolubly connected. It is impossible to think of the one without thinking of the other. One of the happiest days of Samuel's life was the day he first met Mr. J. G. Brown, the first Vuyyuru Field missionary, and he says: "From the first day I met Mr. Brown we were like real brothers, and we worked harmoniously together in the heavy task that God had given us." He has worked with four Vuyyuru general missionaries who may come and go, but Samuel seems like the running brook to go on forever. I think everyone who has worked intimately with him throughout the years will agree that he was a worker called of God and devoted to His service, a trustworthy adviser in the many intricate problems connected with the work in the villages, and a humble spirit who had been with Jesus Christ and learned of Him.

I have said already that Samuel made a good choice of his birthplace. He was also advantaged in securing a good wife, and this sketch would be incomplete without a word about Lydia. She has the instincts of a homemaker. Besides keeping house, she is the mother of six children, and she has raised as many more, the children of relatives deceased. Lydia has been for years the Matron of the Boarding School, in which work she has always taken the keenest interest. The children have all been educated at great expense; some are married and have gone out into life, establishing homes of their own.

He is no longer young. He may no longer tramp the Vuyyuru field as he did of yore, but until he passes, I predict that Pantagani Pedda Samuel will be found daily preaching with power the "good news" of the gospel,

a loyal adviser of the missionary, a friend to the down-trodden and helpless, and the faithful shepherd of the flock committed to his care. He holds the confidence of his brethren, as witnesseth the fact that he is the elected President of the Jubilee Convention.

TWO PASTORS OF AKIDU.

By Rev. J. E. Chute.

I. GUDAVALLI SATYANANDAM.

G. Satyanandam was born in the little village of Achavaram, situated on a sandy ridge about ten miles west of Akidu. Here he played in the sand of the village street like all other boys of his village with no thread of clothing till six or seven years of age; and even after that, as long as he remained a village lad, with only a string on his loins and a strip of rag as wide as one's hand.

He herded the cattle day by day for the farmers to keep them from running riot in the rice fields. But with the coming of the missionary to his village, a vision of something higher than the life of an ordinary Indian cooly began to take shape and colour in his little head.

He came to Akidu where he might learn how to make this vision a reality. As he was very poor he helped in off times out of school hours to pull the missionaries' punkah so as to earn a few cents to help pay the cost of his keep. Thus in one way and another he gained enough education to join the school of the prophets in Samalkot conducted at that time by Mr. McLaurin. Here he graduated in 1887, when he returned to Akidu and took charge of the Boarding School for a time.

While in this work he used his spare time in preaching in the neighboring villages and had the joy of seeing a considerable number of converts. One of his experiences in this work is worthy of note. While he was addressing a village crowd in the street of Kottacheruvu, the head Mala of the village, a bitter enemy of the

Christians up to this time, arose in his place and to the surprise of all said, "I believe it, I believe every word of it." Then raising his eyes to the starlit sky he prayed, "God save *me*. Jesus save *me*. Jesus take away my sins," and then sat amid deep silence. No one spoke for some minutes, when he rose again and said, "Who will be saved with me? Will you?" calling upon one and another of his villagers by name. He went on to tell how happy he was. "Why," he said, "I am up to here in joy," measuring himself up to the throat. "It is like a deep river." He kept on till eleven wanted to be baptized with him.

These experiences in evangelistic work proving Mr. Satyanandam's acceptability for such work, he was advanced from the Boarding School to the Pastorate of the Ganapavaram church, where he was ordained in 1895. Here he was in such full sympathy with the propaganda for self support that he volunteered to depend upon the church for a large proportion of his salary. Later the church falling into a season of bad crops and bad finances, he found himself in such difficult circumstances that he broke down in telling his missionary about it. When the present missionary took charge he was still in Ganapavaram. This was in 1896. But as it was thought well to have Karre Peter, the oldest and most experienced pastor near the new and inexperienced missionary in Akidu, Peter was moved to Akidu and Satyanandam was sent to Gunnanapudi, the next most important church on the field. This arrangement lasted for one year, when Mr. Peter went back to Gunnanapudi and Mr. Satyanandam to Achavaram.

Here he took hold with the zeal of an interested farmer in his own fields and wrought with energy un-

tiring till Christmas Day, 1901, on which day we received the most heart-breaking shock we have had in our work in Akidu. Even to this day it seems scarcely understandable. Though Mr. Satyanandam, his wife and his ten-year-old daughter were in comparatively good health in the morning of that Christmas Day, so far as we knew, they were all laid in their graves one after another before 9 o'clock at night. We doubted at the time whether there had not been some vicious wickedness in connection with so remarkable an affair. But as no enemy was known and the villagers had no suspicions of any one we made no attempt at an investigation. They thought the deaths were due to a pernicious and rapid fever.

In the then state of the working force of the field this was a staggering blow from which it took us some time to recover. We felt we had lost a personal friend as well as a fellow-worker on whom we had always depended for much. He always had a keen appreciation of spiritual truth so that he was an inspiration in the workers' meetings. Less than a year before we had said in personal conversation, "We might have fifty people baptized in this church this year if we had sufficient faith and expectation." He seemed to take this to heart and had been blessed in baptizing over forty that year before he died. One learns to love such fellow-workers for their real worth of character.

2. PALUKURTI MOSES.

P. Moses was born at Peyyeru, a village in which there was a fairly large but poorly developed congregation of Christians. His parents, however, were among

the most devout and earnest learners. Being anxious for their lad's education, they gave him into the charge of the missionary. After some years of steady work, first in the village school and then in the Boarding school, Moses tried the Lower Secondary Teachers' Examination, but failed in mathematics. This was not surprising for a village Telugu lad who had had to study Geometry in English. In 1895 he began work as assistant teacher in the Akidu Boarding School. He was a good teacher and so kind and patient that he won the love and respect of all. Later he wrote again on his examination but was unable to pass. This was a disappointment to Mr. Moses as well as to the missionary, for without a qualified teacher it was impossible to get Government recognition. The headmaster of Akidu became a pastor, and Mr. Moses, though not qualified, was made the headmaster as the most worthy man available. Here he served faithfully and acceptably for about four years.

Early in 1896 Mr. Moses had married one of the assistant teachers, a girl who had been educated in the Boarding school. Towards the end of the year a little son came to gladden their home. This boy grew to be a teacher himself, and is now one of our representatives on the staff of our Union Theological Seminary at Ramapatnam, after having taken a course in the College which William Carey founded at Serampore. If a young child is attacked by certain forms of illness it is customary among some classes to burn a round spot in the middle of its forehead. Before the baby was a week old, one day when his father was away from home, his grandmother decided to burn the child. This scar remains for life, so our Seminary teacher still shows the mark of this old custom. Mr. Moses was greatly grieved

that the child had been burned and glad to have an order that no burning would be allowed in the Mission compound. But when their next child was born and had its first attack of baby colic, the grandmother promptly burned it too. (Indian women get more of their own way than the outside world imagines.) As a punishment this grandmother was not allowed to visit the compound for six months. The child died, however, and very shortly after the mother also died.

It is an Eastern custom to loudly lament and wail for the dead. Moses and his wife had lived happily together and he truly mourned her, but he refused to wail and lament, that he might witness before the people that in God was his trust. As Christ was wrapped in a new cloth, many of our Christians think they cannot bury their dead without a new cloth, even if they have no money to pay for it. So it needed courage for Moses to lay away his wife in a nice white cloth that had been worn once. He had neither wailed nor provided a new cloth. How quick were the wife's relatives to taunt him! There has grown up a custom among the Christians at Mission centres to use coffins for their dead, while in the villages they use only cloth and mats. Moses was anxious for a coffin, and there was no one to make it but the missionary's wife, who tried to do her best with hammer, saw and packing-boxes when she saw the brave stand that Moses was taking. As burial must take place so quickly in India, it is the custom for all the near relatives to gather eight days later for a feast of mourning. Here again Moses strove to bear witness, that it might not be kept as a heathen feast. Again, the widower in India, instead of being criticized for marrying a second time too soon, is criticized severely if he remains

long unmarried. Moses decided to pay his debts before marrying again. His second wife, who still survives him, was also a teacher and became the mother of two sons.

After four years of faithful service as headmaster, Mr. Moses became pastor of the Pedakapavaram church. Here he did good service and the church was considerably strengthened in all departments during his pastorate of three years. At the end of this time the larger church at Moturu required a wise and steady pilot to guide it through some rough water. It was felt that Moses was the man to be trusted, so he was given the helm. Here he served until 1906, when he died of cholera. In those days to lose such a pastor in the midst of his usefulness was hard to understand in connection with the welfare of the work of the kingdom in India. We thought we could scarcely get on without him; such men were then so few.

We can find room for only one incident in the Moturu pastorate. There was a charge laid against a member for uncleanness. The case was heard by Moses and the church council and judgment was given against the offender. He gathered his influential relatives behind him and refused to accept the ruling of the church. The case was appealed to the missionary and the judgment confirmed. When the culprit saw judgment going against him, he and his friends arose in a body and stalked out of the chapel. A very severe sickness soon attacked two of the chief leaders of the opposition. Thinking the hand of God was upon them, their rebellious pride turned to cowering humility.

During Moses' pastorate the church made progress chiefly in the consolidation of the work in hand. Teaching as well as discipline was carefully carried on, and the

factions spirit of caste, which has always troubled this church, was much quieted.

Mr. Moses was always a quiet and peace-loving soul, and honest in every department of his life and work. In his humility toward the pride of the caste people we sometimes thought him too considerate, giving them room to think he conceded their superiority. If it were an error it was to err on the right side. To this day we love to think of Moses as a friend and brother beloved.

REV. TODETI ABRAHAM, AVANIGADDA.

By Rev. J. B. McLaurin.

Among the older men who have had a large and honorable place in building up our Telugu churches, and laying the solid foundations of our mission work of to-day, the Rev. T. Abraham is an outstanding character. Indeed, he might almost be regarded as the type of such men. Working entirely in the Telugu language, with no knowledge of English, he made up for any lack that this may have caused by his intimate knowledge of the people amongst whom he worked, and of the conditions of the neighborhood where he was born, and in or near which he has spent his life. Earnest, devoted to the interests of the Kingdom, and tireless in the performance of his duty, in many respects he and pastors of his type are a model for those to whom they are handing on the torch.

Mr. Abraham's whole life has been spent on the lower reaches of the Kistna River, one of the twelve great streams of India that are regarded as especially sacred by the people of the country. This river forms a prominent feature of the topography of our Vuyyuru and Avanigadda fields. On one of the river islands, at Chintalanka, now a church centre of the Vuyyuru field, he was born about 1868, of Madiga parents. As these were uneducated people, no record of the exact date of his birth was kept, but it happened at the time of the great tidal wave that submerged much of that country. The transformation of Chintalanka from a debased and heathen village to a strong and aggressive Christian centre is closely bound up with the story of this

man's gradual apprehension of Jesus Christ as his God and Saviour, and his submission to Him.

From his earliest days he showed a desire to seize every opportunity to learn. A well disposed Brahman of the neighboring town of Srikakolam taught him the elements of reading, after which he went to a Lutheran night school at Vepuru, two miles across the river, in his search for more knowledge. Later, he himself persuaded a Christian teacher from that Mission to come to Chintalanka; and when this man left he brought in another. While he was laboriously gaining the knowledge he sought from these men, he was also trying to satisfy his longing for spiritual food by studying the Ramayana, one of the great Indian religious epics, with a Madiga priest.

All this time the Christian influence of the various Mission teachers, if they exercised any at all, had no apparent result in his life. His very deep and strong religious longings were seeking expression in the ways most familiar to him, and he was a zealous devotee of Tirputenkanna, and later of Rama. These cults, at that time popular in his neighborhood, had captured his imagination, and he preached devotion to these deities among his friends and neighbors. The first word about Christ that made an impression on him was from a Lutheran pastor with whom he was acquainted, but his real awakening came with the advent of Kuchipudi Yakob from Sreerangapuram, on the Vuyyuru field. Yakob visited the village, preached Christ as the Saviour from sin and the goal of every man's desire, and distributed tracts, those mighty little hand-grenades of Christian propaganda. Our young Hindu zealot was amongst those who heard him speak. He noted the

earnestness and conviction of the man, and the tone of assurance in the handbills. The Word had entered, and the fight was on in his heart. As in all deep, sincere and enthusiastic natures, it was a severe one. The old devotion and worship could not be easily let go. As in so many other cases it was the study of the Word itself that finally brought peace and light. A copy of the Gospel of John fell into his hands, and the reading of the first chapter convinced him that Jesus Christ was the Saviour and the God that he sought. Once he was convinced, the decision to repent and follow Christ was not delayed. Although the opportunity for baptism did not come at once, he immediately set out to tell his own people in Chintalanka and the near-by village of Chinnamurlanka of his new-found Saviour. His ministry was blessed from the very beginning, and a number in both places believed on the Word.

In 1891 Mr. Brown came from Vuyyuru to the islands of the Kistna River, where his preachers had reported considerable interest among the people. He was accompanied by the Rev. P. Samuel, who has seen and participated in so much of the growth of our work in the Kistna region. Chintalanka was visited and the work done there inspected. Several, including Todeti Abraham, were found ready for baptism, and the ordinance was administered by Pastor Samuel at that time. This event was followed by three or four years of voluntary work, during which Mr. Abraham continued his daily toil in his own village to support himself, and at the same time visited near-by villages, preaching salvation through Christ. His zeal and earnestness were not without their reward, and here and there, those who heard repented and believed. All this time Mr. Kuchipudi Yakob and

others were urging him to give up his whole time to the work of the gospel, and enter the employ of the Mission. For a time he held back from this, as the voluntary work appealed to him, but he gradually came to feel the need of thorough and systematic training for the ministry which had come to mean everything to him. He heard about the Theological Seminary at Samalkot, and he was sent there by Mr. Brown for a course of study.

Four years were spent at Samalkot under Rev. J. R. Stillwell and Rev. J. E. Davis. In 1897, having completed this course, he returned to the Vuyyuru field, which was then under the care of Rev. H. E. Stillwell. He was sent to Kishkindapalem, a large village on an island in the Kistna River not far from his home. He went first as a teacher, but his work soon began to show fruitage, and a number were baptized. A church was organized and built up, and Mr. Abraham continued as their pastor. This village was transferred to the Avani-gadda field when the latter was separated from Vuyyuru in 1912, and the church there is now one of the largest and most important of the Avani-gadda centres of work. Here he worked until 1908.

In 1909 the work in the Divi Island, the name given by the inhabitants to the delta of the Kistna River, was opening up rapidly, and the Vuyyuru missionary was looking for a man to meet the many problems of expansion and consolidation that were arising. Most of the converts were from the Malas, a different sub-caste from that from which many of the Vuyyuru Christians had come, and there was much need of tact and solid character in the new leader, lest the old enmities and jealousies should be as thorns to choke the growing harvest. The choice fell on Todeti Abraham, and he went to Avani-

gadda, the chief town of the new district, as pastor of the local church, and as the apostle of the Divi Island. Although from the Madiga sub-caste himself, he has carried on his work there ever since in such a spirit of humility, service and real Christlikeness that he has triumphed over all sectarianism and prejudice, and on more than one occasion the people themselves have shown that they have no intention of losing their leader for one of their own extraction. The uncomplaining, yet dignified, bearing with which he silently passed over many an insult and much boorishness in the earlier days has had its reward, and there is no name more honored than his in the Divi Island to-day.

In 1912 the Avanigadda field was formed, and the part that Mr. Abraham has had in the formation and growth of that most interesting and progressive corner of the harvest field would be difficult to over-estimate. Every missionary who has been his fellow-worker in that place will gladly acknowledge his or her debt to the counsel and labor of this devoted servant of Jesus Christ. In 1920 when the Kistna Association met at Kaza, his labors were fittingly recognized by the representatives of the churches, when he was set aside to further ministry in a very impressive and beautiful ordination service.

It is good to know that his ministry is still continuing in the field that he knows so well. May it continue for many more years, and when the time comes for some younger hand to carry on the work so well begun, let him not forget the foundation work so well and faithfully done by Mr. Todeti Abraham, and by others like him in all sections of our mission field!

PULAVARTI SAMUEL AND PASALA RATNAM.

By Miss S. A. Hinman.

I.

The subject of this sketch, P. Samuel, having been the first fully trained teacher on the Akidu field, his history is of interest. Born at Achavaram about 1880, the visits of Miss Stovel were events of his early youth. By her he was inspired to learn to read, to memorize Bible verses and Christian hymns. Of the latter, the first he remembers learning was, "Behold the love of God". About 1890 he was baptized by Pastor Pallem Joseph, after which he was sent to Samalkot Seminary. As a reward for having memorized Matt. 5, Miss Stovel sent him off with a present of a new coat.

In those days students received a dollar a month for their food and three outfits of clothing yearly. Samuel remembers how that, one year when funds were low, Mr. J. R. Stillwell, the principal, announced that clothes could not be given. Upon this the leaders among the boys gathered the others together and, by intimidating them, made them consent to a strike. Having packed their clothes in bundles they approached the Mission House late one evening where they found the missionaries at prayer. When the devotions were over, the boys, out of the darkness, shouted their farewells. Mr. Stillwell dealt with them wisely. What loving appeals could not accomplish with some of the pupils, sharp warnings did, and the boys decided to remain.

During the years at Samalkot, at different times, Miss Hatch and Mr. J. G. Brown taught the Bible. Of the

latter the witness is given—"He loved us very much". The same, too, is said of Mr. John Davis, who for a time was the principal. His stories of Canadian farm life are still remembered.

After Samuel graduated and married his faithful help-mate, Shantama, he became a teacher in the Akidu school. He was Head Master in 1906 and 1907. During the years 1908-09 Samuel was the Head Master at Gunnanapudi. When he went there he discovered to his disgust, that Sunday was a favorite day for pig-killing. From the Scriptures he was able to convince the butchers of the wrong of this. They therefore refused to do this work again on Sundays. Though the villagers were at first annoyed, they later submitted, and from thence a new era of Sabbath observance was ushered in.

During this period a revival was going on at Akidu. Samuel resisted the impression that he should go. Then came a sort of vision in which Mr. Stillwell seemed to be saying to him, "You *must* go to Akidu". Accordingly he went and was very greatly blessed.

He later became filled with a great desire to preach the Gospel. This became known to Mr. Chute who sent him for training at the Seminary. Here he found a tendency among the younger school boys to be very mischievous on Saturdays and Sundays. To counteract this he founded "The Akidu Field Students' Union". This met with great success and much pleased the principal, Mr. H. E. Stillwell. This organization, with a membership of about forty, is at present a feature of the McLaurin High School.

After leaving the Theological Seminary, Samuel went to Peyyeru for a year. Since then, 1911, he has been

the Pastor of the Akidu church. He has been a loyal advocate of self-support, and has seen a great development along this line. He has had the joy of seeing the church grow to such an extent that groups of villages have twice been separated from it to form independent organizations. He has had leading ability which has made him a real helper to his missionaries. There is no doubt that many a child who has studied in Akidu school, and many a Christian in the locality trace their conversion to the teaching of Pulavarti Samuel.

II.

About forty years ago Pasala Ratnam was born in Gudlalleru on the Akidu field. His father had become a Christian not long before his birth. He attended the school in his village which was then taught by Karré John. Miss Stovel used to visit there, and from her he received Sunday School prizes. He learned many hymns by heart, the first being the Telugu, "Just As I Am." As a child he formed the habit of praying, and met his difficulties in this way. At the age of twelve he was baptized by Pastor Karré Peter. He then went as a student to Samalkot where Mr. J. R. Stillwell and Miss Hatch were in charge. After completing Third Form he took training and then came to teach in the Akidu Boarding School. About this time he was married to Tadepalli Esther. From 1901-1903 he was an assistant, and from 1903-1915 Head Master of the school. Then the school was raised in grade, making it necessary to have one of higher academic qualifications as Head Master. He remained on the staff till 1918 when he was called to become the Pastor of the Achavaram church.

The Revival of 1906 meant much to Ratnam. For a time he resisted the Spirit which was impelling him to confess his sins. He doubted the work which was going on in the lives of those about him. At last he yielded, confessed all, and received a great blessing.

While teaching in Akidu he read an article by Dr. Torrey in the *Montreal Witness*. This was based on the text "He that winneth souls is wise." Such a deep impression did this make on him that he started a night school in a village about two miles away. As a result six people were converted and baptized.

As a teacher in the school Ratnam exerted a great influence over the youth of the Akidu field. Firm almost to a fault the wrong-doer had no chance of escape. His diligence in Bible study, in preparation for Sunday School work and the Workers' examinations, fitted him for the more exclusively Christian work of a pastor.

The distinctive features of his service are his zeal for Temperance and Self-support. He feels the importance of prayer and tries to teach the people to pray. His experience as a teacher has made him capable of supervising the village schools in his church. During his pastorate, work has been opened up in four new villages. Ratnam is one who can be relied upon to uphold righteousness and to do faithful work.

PART IV.
PIONEERS AMONG THE
TELUGU TROPHIES

PASTOR DAS ANTHRAVADY.

By Rev. John Craig.



D. Anthravady.

Das Anthravady was born in 1822 and spent his childhood at Masulipatam. When he was ten years old his

father was employed as clerk in charge of the Officers' Mess of a Madras regiment that was then in Burma. Later it was sent to Bengal; and while there his father went to Masulipatam on leave and had Anthravady's marriage celebrated. The young man saw many of the great cities of India while marching with the regiment from one station to another. They passed through Benares, Allahabad and Cawnpore. Although they were not caste Hindus he and his father bathed in the sacred rivers. After some years his father died, and Anthravady returned to Masulipatam. Just here it may be mentioned that some of his relatives lived at Dondapadu, a few miles from Gunnanapudi.

While with his father Anthravady had learned how to look after the Officers' Mess in a regiment. In 1848 he applied for and obtained this post in the 41st Madras Native Infantry, which was stationed at Berhampore. One day he found a Telugu tract in a shop, and this reminded him of Mr. Purushottam's tract on Caste which he had read some years previously. Later he found in the same shop other tracts and a Telugu Bible, which he read constantly. Wishing to learn how to pray he applied to the Baptist missionary for a prayer-book and the missionary sent him a Bible. Reading the Bible without the help of any teacher led to his conversion. A Christian officer having heard of this change in Anthravady called to see him, and the new believer showed him his head from which the sacred tuft of hair had been removed. Anthravady had to go to Vizagapatam on business, so this officer gave him a letter to Rev. J. Hay, who knew Telugu well, and he was received and baptized there. It seems strange that he did not apply to the Baptist missionary at Berhampore, where

he was living, but it may have been because the Baptist missionaries worked in Oriya and not in Telugu. After this the regiment was stationed in various places, and Mr. Anthravady was glad to receive instruction from missionaries and others whom he met.

In 1857 the regiment was transferred to Rangoon, and here he became acquainted with Major-General Bell, an earnest Christian, who helped him much by reading and explaining the Scriptures. Among other things he taught him about believers' baptism, but the most important result of this officer's instruction was the stimulus Mr. Anthravady received to work and bear witness for Christ in the regiment. He commenced to hold a Bible class for young people every night from 9 till 11. After a time three men were baptized and on other occasions twenty-two more. The Baptist missionaries examined and baptized them. Finally in March, 1860, Mr. Anthravady after much prayerful thought and study decided that he himself should be immersed according to the Master's command. In writing in 1870 about the beginning of his work he said, "After resolving to seek the conversion of my own relatives, the thought occurred to me that I might lead others to Christ. Then I commenced preaching to the drummers and sepoy's in the regiment, and God has used me in the salvation of one hundred and twenty persons." The regiment was at Arcot from 1861 to '64, and at Madras from 1864 to '68. They used to have some missionary in sympathy with them come and baptize new converts and administer the Lord's Supper. But they found this inconvenient and decided to ordain Mr. Anthravady.

In 1868 the regiment was removed to Cuttack, and the church of thirty-two members enjoyed fellowship

with the English Baptist Mission. After Mr. Purushottam's arrival in December, 1870, he and Mr. Anthravady became warm friends. In 1872 Mr. Anthravady published a poetical work by Mr. Purushottam, called "The Gospel Trumpet". One thousand copies were printed and distributed in the Telugu country. In 1871 Mr. Chowdhari Appalanarasiah was baptized and went to Akulatampara, which was his native place, and preached the Gospel. As the result of his work Mr. Bhagavan Behara and Purushottam's brother's son believed and wished to be baptized. However, their relatives prevented them, and in 1873 they went to Cuttack and were baptized there in July.

On one occasion complaint was made to the Commanding Officer by the mother of a man who had been baptized, and Mr. Anthravady was summoned and told that he must choose between preaching and managing the Officers' Mess. He was given three days to decide; he and Mr. Purushottam were much in prayer together. When asked by the officer what decision he had come to, he replied, "As I told you before, Sir." When the officer told him to go elsewhere, he said, "All right, Sir, I shall take leave, good-bye." After he had gone a short distance the officer called him back and said, "Great is your faith as well as your zeal; do your duties as before".

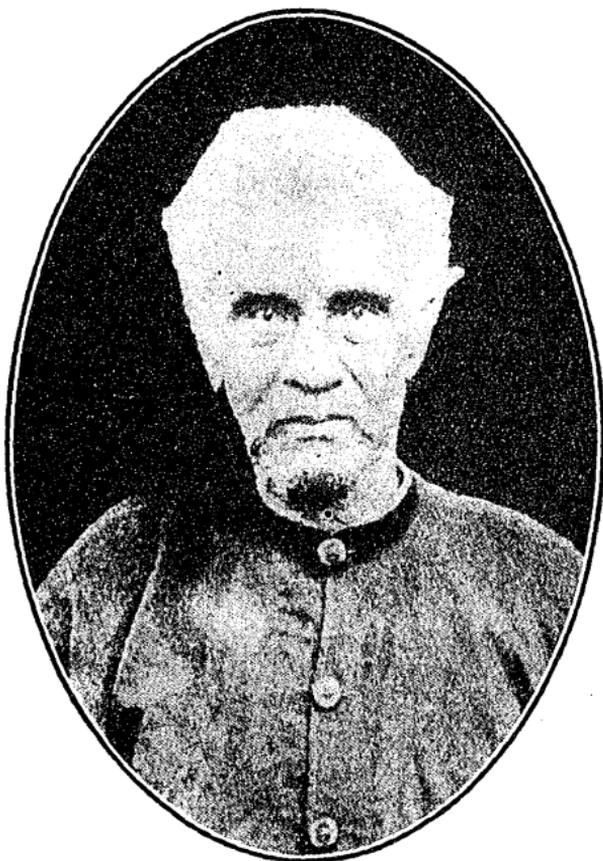
In March, 1876, the regiment was transferred to Vizianagram, where it remained about two years, during which time the interests of our Mission were largely identified with those of the church in the regiment. Nine believers were baptized. Parlakimedi was occupied as a station by Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong in June, 1876, and two months later Messrs. Appalanarasiah and Bhagavan

Behara of Akulatampara were taken as mission helpers. In June, 1877, Messrs. Purushottam and Anthravady visited Parlakimedi and Akulatampara, and the church at this village was formally placed under the care of the Canadian Baptist Mission. Early in 1878 the regiment was transferred to Toungoo in Burma, and Mr. Anthravady suffered from poor health there, and went to Madras on sick leave, about the middle of 1880. However, by the next March his health was much better, so he agreed to join the regiment for a time, and went with it to Quilon in Travancore. In December he became ill and died on the 9th. He had served the officers for thirty-three years, so they buried him with full military honors, the service being conducted by the Commanding Officer.

CHOWDHARI PURUSHOTTAM.

By Rev. John Craig.

This brother's name is known to Christians throughout the Telugu country because he was the author of many Telugu Christian hymns and other poetical works. Canadian Baptists should take special interest in him because he was born on Sept. 5th, 1803, at a village not very



Chowdhari Purushottam.

far from Parlakimedi, his father belonging to a sub-caste known as Srusti Karnams. Telugu and Oriya were both used in the family, the father being specially proficient in Telugu. The son, when a boy, was ambitious to excel like the father. He read Hindu poetical and sacred books and committed portions to memory.

He was always devout and became an orthodox Hindu and a worshipper of Vishnu. He was married when twenty, and soon afterwards lost his father. His mother and elder brother supported him because he was learned and devout. After his father's death he became still more devout, and composed many hymns and verses in praise of Vishnu and his incarnations, Krishna and Rama. About this time becoming interested in another form of Hinduism, he desired to become an ascetic and learned from others various forms of penances for the mortification of the body.

In 1832 he remembered that his brother had given him seven years previously a Christian tract. When he had read it carefully he determined to give up his ascetic life and learn more about the Christian religion. He obtained three more tracts in neighboring villages. In his search for more light he went on one occasion to Vizagapatam and was directed to a Roman Catholic Church, but seeing images there he turned away. A missionary of the London Missionary Society was living there then, but he was very ill and died soon afterwards. Later, while in Parlakimedi as a tutor, Mr. Purushottam sent a letter by a messenger to Berhampore addressing it to the "Padre" of that place. This fell into the hands of the Roman Catholics; so he determined to go to Madras. Meanwhile an opportunity arose for a visit to Chicacole. On inquiring about Christianity he was directed to a lady, Mrs. Helen Knott, who became deeply interested in him, and gave him a copy of the Gospel according to Luke and two tracts. Through reading the Gospel and conversing with Mrs. Knott he determined to become a Christian. This lady introduced him to an officer, who on seeing his earnest-

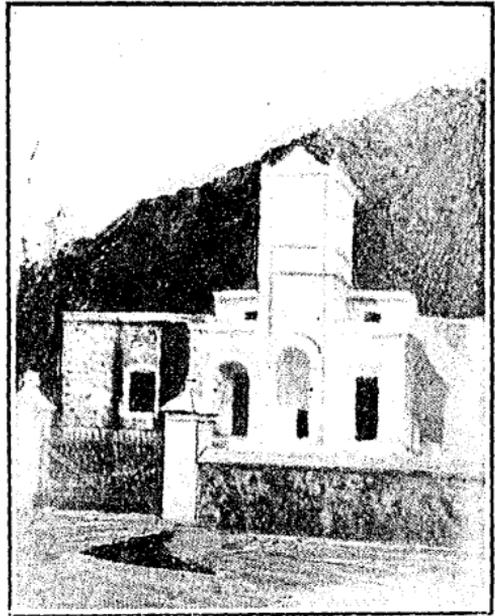
ness said, "I believe God has lighted one lamp in this dark land." Purushottam's brother and other relatives made great efforts to turn him from his purpose, but he remained firm. In May, 1833, he went to Vizagapatam to reside there. The missionary having died, Major Brett of the East India Company was overseeing the mission work. Shortly after going to Vizagapatam, Mr. Purushottam threw away his sacred thread and openly abandoned caste. About this time he wrote a tract in Telugu on "Caste," many editions of which have been published by the Tract Society of Madras. As he was anxious to be baptized, Major Brett thought of sending him to Madras, 400 miles by sea, but meanwhile Mrs. Knott heard from the Baptist Missionary at Cuttack, and Mr. Purushottam decided to go there, 300 miles by land. He was baptized on October 6th, 1833. The English judge granted the use of a large reservoir near the Government offices, and fully one thousand people witnessed the baptism. Returning to Vizagapatam, he preached the gospel there and in the villages round about, often suffering much abuse. At this time he wrote his first lyric, "I Sought the Refuge of our Jesus Christ".

In 1834 he worked for a few months in Madras and Bellary; and returned to the north by land, preaching in many places by the way. By the end of November he reached Vizagapatam, where he spent a few days with Capt. Richardson, a son-in-law of Mrs. Helen Knott. Then he went to his native place near Parlakimedi and preached the gospel there and in other villages. His relatives treated him as an outcaste. Early in 1835 he received word that a missionary who had just come to Vizagapatam needed his help, so he went there and worked for about a year. Then he made another effort

to get his wife, and this time she accompanied him to Chicacole, and soon afterwards she went with her husband to Cuttack and was baptized in April, 1836, by Rev. A. Sutton. Here, a few weeks later, Mr. Purushottam was ordained as an evangelist, and was sent to Berhampore to assist the missionary there. Later in the year he was invited by the judge at Chicacole to preach the gospel there. With the approval of the missionaries at Cuttack he went, and helped the Rev. S. S. Day, the first American Baptist Missionary to the Telugus, during the short time that he and Mrs. Day lived and worked at Chicacole. In 1838 he was invited to return to Berhampore, and toured all over the Ganjam District during the seven years that he spent there. In 1843 his old friend, Mrs. Knott, returned from Burma to Chicacole, and sent her bullock-coach to Berhampore with a request that he and his family would come to see her. They gladly complied with this request. About this time Mr. Purushottam fell into sin and suffered bitter grief before peace returned to his heart.

In 1845 he was invited to Chicacole, which the London Missionary Society had occupied as a station. He preached the gospel there for six years. In 1851 he lost his wife, and was left with two sons and two daughters, for whose education he wished to be transferred to Vizagapatam. There he helped Dr. Hay in Bible translation, but his chief work was preaching the gospel. On a tour which he made in January and February, 1861, he preached in Anakapalli, Yellamanchili, Tuni, Pithapur, Samalkot, Peddapuram, Cocanada and other places. In 1862 he was appointed to evangelistic work at Chittivalasa, near Bimlipatam, and on Sunday evenings he used to visit Polepilli to preach the gospel. During this

time his brother's son and some others were converted in another village where he preached. At the end of 1870 Mr. Purushottam decided to retire from mission work and go to Cuttack where his children lived. On his way there he went to Akulatampara, where he spent a month. The 41st Regiment of Native Infantry had been transferred to Cuttack in 1868. Connected with it there was a Telugu Baptist church under the care of



Anthravady Purushottam Memorial Hall
at Parlakimedi.

Pastor Das Anthravady. After Mr. Purushottam's return to Cuttack in December, 1870, these brethren had much fellowship with each other.

In 1872 they went together to Akulatampara, where two men wished to be baptized, one of them being Mr. Purushottam's brother's son and the other Bhagavan Behara, a sketch of whose life is given in this book. These men were not baptized till the next year. The preachers visited also Chicacole and Vizianagram and Chittivalasa. In December, 1875, Mr. Purushottam lost his eldest son who had supported him, and the Mission offered him his former post as pastor, and in 1877 he was given charge of the church at Berhamapore. In

June of this year he visited Akulatampara again with Pastor D. Anthravady; Rev. W. F. Armstrong was also present. Bhagavan Behara's wife and two others were baptized.

The next year he went back to Cuttack. After he lost the sight of both eyes he was pensioned by the church. He died on August 24th, 1890, aged 87. He was ordained as an evangelist in 1836, so that he had preached for 54 years, including the period after he was pensioned. About half of this time he had been in connection with the London Mission and the other half in connection with the English Baptist Mission.

