

## THE STORY OF ONGOLE.

BY MISS EMMA GOBLE.

In 1835 Rev. Mr. Sutton, of Orissa, India, while on a visit to America, directed the attention of the American Baptist Missionary Union to the Telugus, as a people possessing natural endowments which would make them when Christianized, a wonderful source of light in that dark continent: "As a result, early in 1836, Mr. and Mrs. Day went to India to begin the work of ~~preaching~~ the Gospel to eighteen million Telugus.

We cannot know the toils, the sorrows, the persecutions of the next ten years of faithful, prayerful plowing and sowing. At the end of that time they returned home broken down in health and leaving behind in India only two Telugu converts. We cannot wonder that the Mission Board at home almost decided to abandon the field. Many earnest speeches were made at the annual meeting that year. But none did more to save the Telugu Mission than the pleading of the venerable Dr. Judson, who, with eloquent words declared that, even at his age he would leave his loved work in Burmah, and learn a new language, rather than lift his hand for the abandonment of this work.

In 1848 Mr. and Mrs. Day returned to India, taking with them Mr. and Mrs. Jewett, and again the work of sowing and waiting began. After three years another Telugu convert was received. In 1853 Mr. Day was again forced to come to America because of illness. Again the subject of abandoning the mission was debated in Boston. One entire evening was devoted to the discussion of this "Lone Star Mission." The feeling of the majority was that its continuation meant an expenditure of time, strength and money, which would bring greater results elsewhere.

Dr. Smith went home from that meeting and before retiring, wrote that poem, beginning:

"Shine on, 'Lone Star!' Thy radiance bright  
Shall spread o'er all the eastern sky;  
Morn breaks apace from gloom and night;  
Shine on and bless the pilgrim's eye."

This was read next morning at the breakfast table of the chairman of the Board, and so impressed all who heard it, that the tide of feeling turned and the mission was again saved.

In this year Dr. and Mrs. Jewett visited Ongole, a city some distance north of Nellore, their station. Accompanied by a native Christian, Dr. Jewett preached in the streets of the city and was met with reviling and stones. Towards evening, driven out of the city, they made their way to the top of one of the hills which surround Ongole. Sitting there on the hill-top they saw Ongole, with her 6,000 Telugus bound in heathenism at their feet. For hundreds of miles on every side stretched a country thickly populated with men and women who had never heard of Christ or of His glorious Gospel. But their faith was firm, and instead of growing discouraged they knelt and poured out their souls to God, praying for a missionary for Ongole. Tennyson says "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." How much that meeting on "Prayer Meeting Hill" effected for the Telugu Mission, Dr. and Mrs. Jewett will never know this side of the grave. But they do already know that that city from whose streets they were driven with violence and abuse, has been the centre of the marvellous gathering.

In 1862, for the last time, the fate of the Telugu Mission trembled in the balance. The Mission Union had almost given it up, but decided to wait until Dr. Jewett,

then on his way home, should arrive. When he came, he emphatically declared, that whatever the Board might do, he would not give up the Telugus, but would return as soon as he was able. "Well, brother," said the secretary, "if you are resolved to return, we must send some one with you to bury you. You certainly ought to have a Christian burial in that heathen land." Although he did return Dr. Jewett still lives.

On his return, Rev. John Clough and his wife accompanied him, and settled at Ongole just twelve years from that memorable evening on "Prayer Meeting Hill." Dr. Clough has been called the "Moody of Ongole." He is a strong man, of impressive sincerity, child-like faith and simplicity and with wonderful tact and power. The native Christians have an almost worshipful love for him, while all classes of Telugus who flock to hear him listen spell-bound, while he delivers to them the glad news. When Dr. Clough was leaving for India, one of his old professors, in bidding him goodbye, said, "Remember, brother, wherever you are, until your work is done you are immortal." This thought has remained with Dr. Clough and has been a source of inspiration and help when surrounded by many dangers and most wonderfully has he been preserved.

When he reached India, cholera had broken out, hundreds were dying, and in desperation the people turned from one idol to another, carrying their gods from place to place, feasting them in hope of staying the frightful disease. Dr. Clough began distributing tracts to the multitudes. Then by the aid of a teacher he committed to memory texts in the language, adding every day to his store until he had a sermon half an hour long composed entirely of texts. By singing on the streets he drew a crowd of people and to these he repeated his texts. Soon he noticed many who put their fingers in their ears and ran away. On asking the reason for this his teacher said, "They believe you are sent from God, and fear that if they hear you and do not obey, some calamity worse than the cholera will come upon them, and so they will not hear you."

In January, 1867, the church of Ongole was organized with eight members. Not far from Ongole were several villages where people were enquiring the way. To these the missionaries hastened, pitched their tents in a tamarind grove and began preaching. The first morning about forty came, each with a bundle of grain to eat, to stay until they heard all about this new religion. At the close of four days' preaching and praying Dr. Clough baptized twenty-eight. In 1868 Mr. and Mrs. Timpany reached the field and the work of speaking the Gospel went on. In that year sixty-eight were baptized. Two years later Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin joined them, and in that year 628 were baptized.

The question, "Shall the Telugu Mission be abandoned?" which had been discussed in the Mission Board at Boston almost every year, for twenty-five years, was discussed no longer. An urgent call for more helpers brought Mr. and Mrs. Downie and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell--and still the work grew.

When Dr. Clough went to Ongole he wanted to get hold of the high caste. For them he established a school and soon sixty-two high caste boys were placed in his care. But the converts as they came, were from the low caste. Hearing of this the high caste Hindus came to him and said they would withdraw their sons and their support if he had anything to do with the Pariahs. Still converts from the low castes came. In perplexity one day Dr. Clough went to his study, and Mrs. Clough to her room to lay the matter before the Lord. After praying most earnestly for guidance Dr.