

The Mission of the American Baptists to the Telugu.

"At the triennial meeting of the Baptist General Convention, held in Richmond, in April, 1836, the mission to the Telugu was established as a permanent and every unoccupied field where there was a reasonable prospect of success."

"The attention of the Board was first directed to the people who speak the Telugu, of Telugu, language, by the Rev. Father of the general Baptist mission in Orissa. According to his statement, in connection with information derived from other sources, a territory stretching along the coast southwesterly from Orissa 500 miles, nearly to Madras, and transversely into the interior nearly 400 miles, with a population equal to the whole census of the United States in 1830, and speaking essentially one language, embraced within its wide extent but one missionary station, occupied at the present time by a single missionary."

These two extracts furnish us with the reason why, fifty years after they were written, it is possible to recount the history of a mission famed far and wide because of its signal success. When people are eager to work for the Master, it is not generally long before opportunities are supplied to engage their time and money. Thus it was with the American Baptists in 1845. They had watchmen placed upon the towers viewing the different parts of the East, with instructions to give the word when an opening occurred through which they might enter bearing the words of eternal life. They had but a short time to look, when there came an appeal, the cry of which was immediately answered, and soldiers of the labor for the redemption of the world were sent forth in the name of the Lord of hosts.

The Rev. Samuel S. Day and wife and the Rev. Eliza L. Abbott were designated to commence the Telugu mission on the 29th September, 1845, and two days later took passage with the other missionaries in the ship "Louvain," for Calcutta, with instruction from the Board to the effect that "One of their earliest objects will be to acquire an adequate knowledge of the Telugu language; and another to ascertain the most favorable point at which to enter their labors."

On their arrival in Calcutta it was deemed expedient for Mr. Abbott to more fully further east and join the mission to the Karens in Burma. Thither he proceeded, and Mr. Day and wife were left alone to begin missionary work among the Telugu. From Calcutta Mr. Day proceeded at once to Vizagapatnam, where he remained but a short time. Before leaving Calcutta, however, there was a meeting of the English missionaries at that place, at which it was unanimously resolved, that the people to whom Mr. Day was designated were naturally much superior to the natives of any other province of eastern Hindoostan. This undoubtedly came with refreshing to the new missionary, weak with his long voyage, a stranger in a strange land, and unable to speak the word of the language of the people to whom he was going.

Before proceeding further to follow his life, let me notice a fact that should interest us as Canadians and tend to increase our affection for the Telugu mission: Of course we believe that God is no respecter of persons; that he has no national boundaries; nevertheless, it is a source of additional joy to us to know that the father of the Telugu mission, the faithful pioneer missionary, was born in Canada, even in Ontario, though educated in the United States. Let us remember this as we talk over his trials and triumphs, and may by chance we may experience greater fellowship with his suffering and glory.

But to return: From February, 1836, to August of the same year, Mr. Day resided in Vizagapatnam, studying the language under the tutelage of a Brahmin. In August he went to Chicacole, where, by means of an interpreter, he commenced to tell the "old, old story," established schools, and seems to have aroused the people; for they came from a distance of thirty or forty miles to inquire of "this way." Of this time it is recorded, "many inquirers came to visit him, but none of them gave evidence of conversion; some even went so far as to renounce idolatry, but none put on Christ." His interpreter died after two months, and he was left alone to give the word of life to the people. His experience in the school he had established was at the first somewhat discouraging. He writes: "A teacher was employed and the school opened on Sept. 26. The first and second day thirty boys came, and the third day forty. However, as soon as it was ascertained that the school was not to be discontinued, many more came, and by the third day we had about thirty scholars, almost all fall off."

Great fears were entertained at first by parents and friends of the children that some would be made to make them Christians; and those who were supported by some of the rulers of the country, such as "I would either see the lad, bind them, and then crawl some of my food down their throats, which would defile them and make them lose caste." These fears, however, seem now to have grown less, and we find a number of converts under the supervision of Mr. Day, under whose special care it appears to have been placed.

foundation had to be laid, and this by one missionary and his wife; for as yet, all the earnest requests sent home had been unanswered as far as sending additional missionaries was concerned. Listen to the following words in one of Mr. Day's letters, as he lay before the Board in the month of the mission: "I would now improve the Board to send, as soon as may be, six or eight missionaries certainly, with a press, one or more. I dare not ask for less than six missionaries and a press. I can refer to more than thirty places demanding each a missionary, though more than half the country is scarcely known to me. Yet, even one missionary would be inexpressibly welcome." Still no missionary came, and for three years, Mr. Day labored on in Madras, spreading abroad in faithfulness and prayerfulness the seed of the Kingdom.

In February 1840, believing that God in his providence was directing to another place, he left Madras, and took up his abode in Nellore, a place one hundred and ten miles north of Madras, in the midst of a Telugu population, and for this and other reasons a peculiarly eligible situation for a central permanent station. Here, on September 27th, 1840, Mr. Day baptized the first convert to Christianity among the Telugu. This person had probably been brought to knowledge of the truth through the scriptures, which had been scattered during some of the missionary tours three or four years previously. How glad in heart must Mr. Day have been as he immersed this first convert, who thus openly renounced idolatry, and declared his allegiance to Jesus Christ. These five years had passed by since he sailed from America for the purpose of carrying the word of life to the benighted Telugu, before one of them publicly manifested that he was a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. And these five years were years of labor for the redemption of the world, and not unattended with a full measure of the difficulties that were the portion of the pioneer missionaries. Let us bear in mind, however, that although but one Telugu had been led to Jesus, (that is, so far as we know,) Mr. Day had been instrumental in pointing a good man, other persons to the Lamb of God, and his labor was not in vain to the Lord.

The question comes to us: Why did Mr. Day leave Madras? Was there not sufficient work in that large place to employ the time and energy of one missionary? Why then this moving from town to town? It is best to let Mr. Day tell us in his own words why he left Madras and made Nellore the centre of his missionary work. He writes: "Situated as I then was, (i. e., in Madras), alone, with all the care and burden of a large mission upon my shoulders, and heartened by the disappointments and delays in respect to other laborers coming to the mission,—my heart being devoted to the native work, and viewing that as the primary object of my being in this country, I found it impossible either to perform well what devolved upon me both departments, (I omitted to state that Mr. Day had charge of the English Church in Madras along with his regular missionary work), or to bear up long the burden that was crushing my spirits and my life down to the last. No doubt, the two things appeared possible to do; either to relinquish the charge of being a Telugu missionary and devote my whole time and talents to the English department, and try to make something of it; or else, relinquishing my labors in English, to devote myself to the Telugu mission, a missionary to the heathen, and really commence our Telugu mission anew." Here, then, we have the distinct reasons why Mr. Day left Madras, in some respects a congenial field of labor, to take up his abode in Nellore. No doubt, the English Church in Madras would have been a delightful to remain in their midst; and had he remained there, it is not unlikely, that some and even many would have been brought into the kingdom through his instrumentalities; but he crossed the sea, leaving behind him a large country, he did not work among men of his own tongue, but to preach Christ and Him crucified to the Telugu heathen. And looking back forty-six years, we bless God that He led Mr. Day to remove from Madras and pitch his tent in Nellore. Yet, he felt, and felt that the church in Madras, as well as did Mr. Van Huesen, who had joined him in Nellore soon after the former settled there; and the latter in writing home says, "A man is greatly needed in Madras, not merely for the English, but for the Telugu department." Before we say of him, we shall leave that to the Board and the people, and sent the man. In Nellore these few faithful ones labored month after month, often times reaching out into the surrounding districts, carrying the good-tidings of great joy, working early and late, preaching and praying, hoping against hope, and yet not wholly discouraged, though the heavens seemed as brass and their appeals for help to their brethren in Christ in America were unanswered.

After Mr. Day had labored in India eight years, with but little manifest success, and with much reproach by the friends of the limited interest shown by his American brethren in the mission to the Telugu, he wrote, "Though it is like hoping against hope, we do still look to our native land with longing expectation that a goodly number should be sent over to help us in these regions of darkness." He believed that God had an elect people among the Telugu, and he believed that the American Baptists were the people chosen to evangelize them; by sending out missionaries of the cross. With this inspiration imbedded in his mind, he longed to labor and to wait, confident that many Telugu would be won to Christ.

In 1845 a mission church was organized in Nellore, having eight members. But just as this was done, it became quite evident that the Van Huesens would be obliged to leave for their native country. The acquiescent of five years had completely prostrated Mr. Van Huesen. October found them on this continent, and about that time Mr. Day's declining health compelled him to relinquish the mission also, and he arrived in America in June, 1845, with a sorrowful heart, because of the work he had left in the hands of a few uneducated natives. We can form a slight idea of the sorrow of heart it caused him to leave the work at this time if we note some words taken from one of his letters written only a few weeks before he took ship for his native land. He writes: "The thought of visiting our native land, and even meeting with friends whom we expected to see no more, gives little satisfaction. Oh! the mission we leave; the little church; the few inquirers; the schools; the heathen, yes, the heathen thousands; the millions in our district, the ten millions in our mission field, that is, the Telugu nation—oh! what will become of all these? My prayer is: God spare my life; God nerve

my spirit up for the stern hour of strife; pour health once more into the shattered constitutions of thy errands, and send us again to labor and die among the Telugu." The mission was thus deprived for a time of its chief workers, and after the departure of the missionaries from Nellore the Magazine announces that "the assistants left in charge of the station continue steadfast and diligent in the gospel." But it would be unreasonable to suppose that the mission could flourish, or even hold its own, without the advice and aid of the missionaries.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Confession of Christ.

BY THE REV. N. S. PARSONS.

To confess Christ is to acknowledge his divinity. He was more than a good man. He did more than set a good example. He did more than accomplish a great work for humanity, as did Paul and Luther and Knox and Wesley and Washington. He was more than a teacher of great doctrines. He was more than a martyr to the truth. My friend, Jesus Christ, is either a divine person or a blasphemer. He claimed equality with the Father. The High Priest understood the answer he made for him, for he cried, "Thou speakest blasphemy; Thou makest thyself equal to God." Thou art amiable, courageous, of correct morals, magnanimous, and patriotic, but thy claim to be a Christian does not rest on any trait of character that is distinctly human, but on this: "If thou shalt with thy mouth confess the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Thou art saved if thou shalt do this.

If a man has been brought into vital relations with the Lord Jesus, the most natural and spontaneous thing ever done by a Christian is, and he ought to be, to confess him to be his God. When Paul was freed from the dominion of evil, did he break its power and set you free? When you trembled with the fear of death, did he lift you above it and give you a bride and an inheritance of heaven? Then certainly you will want to confess him. A star shines without being commissioned to shine. A magnolia blooms because it is its nature to do so. A rose emits a fragrance without being told to do so.

Personal religion touches the whole man. It glows in his eye, leaps in glad strains from his tongue, throbs in his hand, and quickens his steps. The man who comes into possession of it, and does not profess it, and withholds himself from the public service of Christ, violates the very notion of a Christian life. He perpetrates a fraud on himself. Such a man will not thrive, or shine, and will affect no one for good. Why refuse to confess him before men? Does he demand the surrender of anything that is for thy good? Will he not give thee more—inconceivably more—than you can possibly give up for him? All possible advantage awaits thee in his service. Science, directed of religion, shall wear her honors into a chaplet for thy brow. Agriculture, blessed of thy God, shall make the earth bloom in beauty along the pathway of the winds and the sea, and the pathway of the winds and the sea, shall be glorified in his destined harbor. Confessions of thee by Christ before the Father and the holy angels await thee. Be not like those who did not open their mouths in the name of Christ during all his persecutions. He has said, "Whoever has denied his dead body for me, he will deny me, and I will deny him before my Father and the angels." Better be a martyr, and draw a sword in defence of the master, than be a hypocrite, and go to him by night. Better be a martyr, and forsake all for him, than be a hypocrite, and beg his body for his sepulchre. He is the world's King. His name shall be sung around the globe. His praises shall be sung around the globe.

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, And I'm not ashamed to own his word. Maintain the honor of his word, The glory of his cross."

"Then will he own my worthless name Before his Father's face, And in the new Jerusalem, Appoint me just a place."

Bert's Queer Gift.

A curious man—it must have been the old watch, was a rare old time. Bert's coat, but Aunt Marion had just finished the delicate darning that made the jagged rent invisible. She was shaking out the garment to hang it away, when something dropped from one of the pockets and fell on the carpet at her feet. She picked it up—a little brown leafy roll—and it had a color distasteful, and, resisting her first inclination to toss it into the grate, slowly laid it on the table beside her.

"Well, that is just what I have suspected for some time," she said. "Poor Bert! I suppose he thinks himself on the sure road to manliness now."

The words were spoken only to herself; however, she said nothing to any one else about it, though she sat for a few minutes with a very thoughtful face before she hung the coat away and took up other work. It was a queer gift, and she was thankful that Aunt Marion made none, and, as she did not, he soon forgot the trifling affair in what he considered more important matters. Chief among these was his birthday, which came a few days later, and it was a very bright face which greeted the presents that lay beside his plate at breakfast.

thinks it is something very nice; but I declare I don't see the sense of it." He appreciated it still less as he went about his morning work. It caught, tangled and obstructed itself disagreeably. "Not very convenient," he remarked, "as regards Aunt Marion. But that lady only answered placidly: "Oh, I don't think you will mind that very much when you get accustomed to it." So she really expected him to wear the troublesome thing and get used to it! His was pondering the subject when his friend Ralph came in to see the new telescope.

"Hello! what are you wearing that dog-collar for?" he questioned curiously, as Bert displayed his hand in arranging the glass.

"It's a new thing. Didn't you ever see one before?" asked Bert, coloring a little.

"Lots of them—on the necks of canines," declared Ralph with unceremonious frankness; "but I don't see what you want to wear one on your arm for."

"Well, the fact is, I don't," confessed Bert, "but I don't know exactly what to do about it. You see, it is one of my birthday gifts—some new-fashioned arrangement that has taken Auntie's fancy."

It was a fashion of which Ralph never heard, and he said so. His visit and comment, however, did not seem to have any effect on Bert, who had received it at last he decided to talk it over with Aunt Marion.

"You see, I'm ever so much obliged to you, Auntie, but I don't know just what to do with the thing," he explained. "What is the good of wearing it?"

"Oh, I don't suppose there is any good in it," answered Aunt Marion solemnly. "Well, I don't think it is very ornamental, you know," ventured Bert, least bit ornamentally, "as it is."

"And besides, it's inconvenient." "Probably; but you will grow accustomed to that after a while, and not notice it much."

"But what is the use of getting accustomed to it—a chain like that?" demanded Bert growing more and more bewildered.

Your Evening— Joseph Clark was as fine-looking and healthy a lad as ever left the country to go into a city workshop. His cheeks were red with health, his arms strong and his step quick. His master liked his looks, and said, "That boy will get on."

He had been a clerk six months, when Mr. Abbot observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eyes hollow, and he always seemed sleepy.

Mr. Abbot said nothing for a while. At length, finding Joseph in the counting-room one day, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," answered Joseph. "You have looked sickly of late," said Mr. Abbot.

"I have the headache sometimes," the young man replied.

"What gives you the headache?" asked the merchant.

"I do not know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good time?"

"As early as most of the young men, sir," he said.

"And how do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

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