

## Twentieth Annual Canadian Baptist Telugu Mission Conference.

Chicacole, India, January 28-February 2, 1897.

"Chicacole" was shouted out, in a high minor key, by the black R. R. porter as we slowed up at the station. But before we reached the town we had eight miles, or two hours in the gray dawn, packed tightly into the "Pullman Cars," which those conveyances, drawn by coolie power, have been sarcastically dubbed. The distinguishing feature of Chicacole is a magnificent masonry bridge, of twenty-four arches, which spans a shallow sand-banked river, here about 250 yards wide. In the rains this river has been known to rise fifteen feet and to rush on out to sea carrying everything before it but that great bridge. The town itself is in its decadence. Once the centre port to the South Indian possessions of the great Moghul, or ancient Mohammedan ruler of India, whose court was at Delhi, in the north, it now retains as relics of its former greatness the ruins of 108 mosques.

The mission house is a fine two storey structure, built on the river-bank, and at one time, in the days of early British occupation, answered as a mess-house for army officers, but is now converted to a holier use by officers of the King, whose message is peace. We foregathered there to the number of twenty-five. Some of us occupied the spacious rooms of the mission house, but the majority of us sojourned in tents, sixteen of which studded the plain in front of the house. Ten of us represent the eleven mission families and ten single ladies of the Ontario and Quebec Board, with a constituency in Canada of about 45,000 Baptists. Other fifteen represent the full mission staff, now in India, of the Maritime Board of Canada, with a body of supporters numbering close on 30,000. Besides these, one family and a half and one single lady are at home recruiting. The entire membership of the Conference now numbers 18 families and 15 single ladies, or a total of 51 souls.

The Chicacole station was the first Baptist station opened in the Telugu country. Mr. Day, the pioneer Baptist missionary to the Telugus, himself a Canadian, working under the American Board, lived here for nine months in the year '36, and then moved south, where he opened Nellore, known in history as the Lone Star Station, and about which have clustered some of the most marvellous manifestations of Divine power known in those latter days. The station came into Canadian Baptist hands about 20 years ago, and is now occupied by our capable entertainers, the Archbalds, and Miss Wright. The last named is now broken down past repair, after a residence of over ten years in the melting severity of this trying climate.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Wilkins, of the English Baptist mission in Berhampore, were the guests of the conference. They represent one link in the almost unbroken chain of Baptist mission stations, that, commencing at Madras, skirts and encircles the Bay of Bengal, away down into Southern Burmah. It comprises in its stretch two American, two Canadian, two English and a body of brethren whom we affectionately term Bristol Baptists, for they are under the aegis of saintly George Muller, of Bristol, England.

The meetings of the Conference extended through five hours of each day, divided into equal sessions for morning and afternoon, and were continued during six days, including a Sunday. The evenings were occupied with a sermon in Telugu or English at six, and with social intercourse after an eight o'clock dinner. The opening and closing hours of each day's sessions were devoted to matters purely spiritual. At those meetings no one presided, but as God's spirit prompted, the members took part. The time was most profitably and eagerly occupied. The leading theme was the Holy Spirit. There was no set programme, there were no prepared addresses or written essays. The utmost spontaneity prevailed. Testimony followed testimony, prayer followed prayer with the greatest freedom. The power of tremendous conviction, of deep spiritual experience, of profound pondering over the Word, marked all the utterances. They were filled with a sturdy common sense and straightforward earnestness that were most refreshing. Like all meetings in which the Word of God is honored, delightful harmony prevailed. The prayers were persistent pleading for present and potent blessing; they were abundantly answered. We all felt that, in the sense of refreshing, of power and of Christ-like love that pervaded all the meetings and filled every heart.

In the business section of the Conference, the same practical earnestness marked the discussion of the reports from the various fields. There was a call for details in connection with incidents briefly referred to in field reports. There are nine fields under the Ontario and Quebec Board, and five under the Maritime Board. The striking features of this year's reports were the unprecedented number of baptisms on many of the fields. At Akidu, 172, and at Vuyyuru, 166, put on Christ in baptism during the past year. It is only six years since these two fields were divided, and now the baptisms on each exceeds the number when both were only one field. This illustrates the well known fact that every additional missionary means just so much of an increase to the effectiveness of the work. A still more remarkable, though not so conspicuous a success, has been secured on the Bobbili field. There, Mr. Churchill and his wife have spent 17 years of labor and are able to number the church members within a score and a half. In the last year they received by baptism 14 converts from amongst the Konda

Dorai or lords of the hill. That means an increase of 43 per cent. But the percentage cannot estimate the joy in victory which they feel, and we all with them, over this wonderful accession to the membership of the church. How it has cheered the heart of the lonely toilers there only those can know who have occupied a station such as theirs, 37 miles from their nearest missionary neighbors, and who have year after year toiled on without apparent success, sometimes in the midst of great physical weakness and depressing sickness, and at times in the midst of death, for they have buried two of their little ones with their own hands, deprived of the comforting and kindly offices of friends.

The Peddapuram field shows a most encouraging increase in 70 baptisms, the largest number ever known in one year on that field. Tuni, too, reaches her highest number in 25 additions. We are often mistaken in our conceptions as to the causes of success in a work which is entirely of God who worketh when and where he will. But there is no doubt of this one fact that where the Spirit filled man endowed with the word of God lives amongst the people such a break as has occurred on these fields, and such success as has marked them will continue. Whereas, the withdrawal of such a man, as in the case of the Ramachandrapuram field during the past year is sure to result in a considerable shrinkage. In one church on that field 88 went back into heathenism, if they ever were out of it. But they might have been saved from that step by a proper oversight, and careful teaching, which in the break down and absence of the missionary was impossible.

The Maritime contingent of four new missionaries, including a family and two single ladies, was most heartily welcomed. Brother Gullison was at once pressed into service as secretary. The office of president was this year bestowed on Bro. Brown, who after eight years of hard and faithful service leaves shortly on a well earned furlough to the home land. Mr. Sanford was elected the Vice President. In these latter days this beloved veteran of 25 years service seems to have renewed his youth. He put in 101 days in the very trying experience of making seven tours amongst about 152 villages. Such a tour would do credit to a much younger man.

The statistical results for the two missions during the year 1896, are as follows:—Baptisms 494, Present membership 3,980. Of these, 25 baptisms increase the membership of the Maritime mission to 200. The remaining 467 baptisms push the membership of the nine other stations up to 3,780.

The famine is unabated in its severe pressure on the more northerly field of both missions. The cholera is breaking out here and there with fierce fury owing to the weakened and poorly fed condition of the mass of the people. Be much in prayer for them. A few days since the Collector, the chief officer, in this district gave me Rs. 50 on our famine relief fund.

Yours for these suffering ones,  
H. F. LAFANMER.

Cocanada 24-2-97.

## A Day at Spelman.

KATHERYNN C. MCLEOD.

You are to spend a day at Spelman, and have arrived the night before in order to begin the day with the school. You have done well, that is much the best way. In view of your ambition to begin the day with us, perhaps I had better warn you that the aggressive clanging which will salute your ears in the wee small hours, and which you will vote out-does Macbeth at murdering sleep, is the 5.45 rising bell, and if you want your breakfast at 6.45 you will do well to obey its summons. You probably will not want it at such an unearthly hour, but sad to relate it is a case of then or never.

You have followed my advice I see, and now we will proceed to breakfast. On the way you may, if you wish, pass through the dining-rooms of the pupils and student-teachers. As you note there how many hundreds of hungry mouths are waiting to be filled, and recall the fluttering rows of white in the laundry yard as you passed you will realize how exceeding earlier than your start was the real beginning of the day's life at Spelman, in order that such a large breakfast might be prepared, and such a washing hung to dry. Breakfast over you will join the teachers in a five or ten minutes prayer meeting in the library off the dining hall, after which Spelman takes a long breath and the merry-go-round for the day begins in one of the busiest spots in the land.

Now, if you could find it convenient to be in a dozen different places at once, you might form an idea of the manifold character of the work. Since you cannot I shall have to explain what is going on in the hour from breakfast to the first school period. Over in the ward the nurses on duty for the week are caring for the sick and putting everything in apple-pie order, for Spelman is famed for its cleanliness. In all the buildings a vigorous cleaning and putting to rights is going on by many hundreds of hands, the work of the school being done entirely by the pupils, and by the time the school bell rings, at 8.15, all the busy laborers, except those whose studies are entirely in the industrial departments, are ready for their daily floundering in the sea of knowledge.

From 8.15 to 9 classes are going on in all the buildings. At nine devotions are conducted in the chapel at Rockefeller Hall. There are to be visitors there this morning, and, as is the custom on such occasions, the students from the Normal and Practice school will attend en masse. Stand with me on the steps of this central

building and you will see a spectacle you will not be likely to soon forget. Here they come, processions starting simultaneously from doors at each end of the building and taking different paths across the campus. At the head is the star spangled banner and a miniature band playing a stirring march. Alongside of each division marches a teacher to keep them in line, and they march like drilled soldiers, which they are. See that squad of elderly, and even aged, women performing all sorts of hopity-skip antics in their efforts to keep step. Who are they, you ask? Well it will surely be said of them hereafter, so why not now? "These are they which have come out of great tribulation," for they have been slaves, and now in these last days of their lives are making a feeble effort to absorb a little of the educational light which has risen upon their pathway of life just as they are leaving it, and which for their children is to shine more and more unto the perfect day. They have a special teacher and school room, and in all the school there are none more appreciative than these. This tall, rather pretty girl nearing us, whom the thoroughbred black ones would call "yallar trash," is from the Congo Free State, Africa. Her African name is Linga. She is fairly intelligent, and is expected to return as a missionary to her home when old enough. Not far behind her just notice that slight, coal black girl with a quiet, serious face. She was a slave in Africa a few years ago and was bought by the missionaries for a few pieces of cloth. Her teeth, filed to a sharp point, will tell to the initiated the story of her slavery to the end of her days. Her name is Nkeban. Up to a few months ago she was expecting to return to Africa as the wife of a native prince who was being educated in England for a missionary, but rapidly failing health has obliged her to give up that hope. Our foreign pupils include also two from Central America, and the wife of a rich South American planter, who has come with her four children to learn how to train them up in the way they should go.

Now the children are passing us, such dancing eyes and smiling faces, and how pretty some of the mulattos and quadroons are with their olive skins, great dark eyes, brilliant teeth and curling hair. Near the end of their line is one child I want you to notice. Two or three years ago she was a little black, unclothed bundle of skin and bones beside an African roadway, cast aside by the slave traders as too sick and good-for-nothing to pay for toting her any further. How little that one life lost meant to them! How much saved, and to the uttermost, it may mean for God and native land, only the future can tell! Few in the line are daintier and neater than she, in her fresh, white pinafore and collar and neat little shoes. She is being educated by a missionary of her own race, and is well cared for. Probably she will be asked to sing in her native tongue for the visitors at the chapel.

If you will glance toward the chapel building now, you will see the lines entering at either door there before the last have left the building from which they started, and it is quite a walk too, across the campus. After the exercises they march out by opposite door and steps, to music, and return as they came. The academic classes remain in the chapel building, and from this hour, in both buildings, one recitation follows another in half-hour periods until noon, when there is a half-hour intermission for lunch. Luncheon is conducted in the program of a five-o'clock tea as described by Oliver Wendell Holmes—"giggle, gabble, gobble, get." "On account of the matter in hand"—as the editors say when obliged to part with your MSS., acts one and two are omitted; numbers three and four are strictly attended to. Therefore you are not to be alarmed at the air of stern pre-occupation and solemnity which prevades the dining room at that period, now by the speedy exit of its inmates; there has not been a funeral, and there is not a fire in progress; they are only laboring under a temporary realization of the fact that life is short, and that considerable still remains undone, as class work is to be resumed and continued until three o'clock.

We will glance through this central building now. Here in the kitchens cooking classes are engaged in practical demonstration of their instructions, after the manner of Mr. Squeer's spelling class—"window, window; 'very good, Smike, now you may go and clean windows.' The result here, as at Dothboy's Hall, is general benefit, for the result will be our dinner. On the next floor is the sewing department; here, after school is out, the dress-making classes gather, and there is a sound of abundance of sewing machines. Near this is the printing office, and here also will shortly be seen a small army of busy workers preparing for the printing of the two school papers. Along these corridors are the music rooms; all the pianos and organs will soon be in full blast, and the sound of their grinding anything but low. Now you may inspect the library and museums in this and the other buildings until lunch time.

The noon recess is over, and we will take a tour of inspection in the Normal building. In the great assembly room on the first floor a physical-culture drill is in pro-

gress; a sound like thunder is only the "final run. We will watch the out to their various class-rooms they come—left—right—left on the line, detachments as flank-movements to their own. Let us drop a pitying tear for they fall in this first half hour frolic, for they are as fit as the next floor.

In this assembly room the older pupils the old pupils are inclined to cast aside what of learning have produced the *summa*. They are not allowed as long as they remain here, and hear the hundreds of sweet, those weird, pathetic melodies for you may never hear the like.

On the next floor are the classroom and normal students, here, or anywhere you choose, you must be on hand to watch four-fifty-five, the long process the various buildings in miles may see a train of blue-gowned capped nurses going over to a make a pretty touch of color here in and out among the trees. At dinner hour, if you visit the clothes being ironed which were and in most of the buildings and dusters making short work which zealous housekeepers can.

Dinner over, you will join us in a rousing prayer meeting, regular Thursday night service leading this meeting, therefore expectation in the congregation new leader. One finds no meetings; every moment is occupied spirit prevades each prayer meeting you will find the girls bled for two hours of silent study-half-teachers. Then a hymn is their rooms. "Again the big bell go all the lights in the dormitory at Spelman is over.

This day is a type of most so night another variety of meeting days not school days—Fridays when a different program is in a day a half-day session, closing Saturday there is laundry work, tear—excuse me, I mean wash and recreation for those who do away. And Sunday, the "day of rest, six services and frequent Whether you pronounce it also best" depends upon your capacity than you will hold. Just here, will solve a conundrum with which vainly battled, namely, what is overdone of plump pudding, and meeting? Both are composed of are most excellent in and of pudding becomes a serious obstacle when taken to excess. How the ing? This one day's work also the many cares and duties that of day; of the hundreds of girls to live their every day lives as a line upon line, and precept upon are taught to be a blessing to people. But all that is another can only learn by becoming one. Spelman Seminary, Atlanta.

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## MANITOBA I Life and Opportunity Province

(St. John Sun)

It may be too soon for me to u impressions of this great western sojourner in it but three weeks, in its most severe winter mood, doubt feel like writing more pleas it than my experience so far one, east and west, is quite read building of the C. P. R. was a prize, but one must pass over it be adequate conception of how vast As ne rides all day around the sh through tunnels, over deep ravine epics, he is amazed that it could any body of men to undertake scarcely be surprised if told that it resources of the country to build such a region.

But the C. P. R. has been built, Winnipeg very near to St. John, fo city at 4.30 p. m. on Friday, we ar 4.30 p. m. on Monday. If the peo east are as ignorant on this point quite surprised to learn that the jou so short a time. A little less than fax to Winnipeg, this young giant it, will you? Twenty-five years ag