

Boston to Calcutta, under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Society; with instructions to open a Mission among the Telugus.

On his arrival in India, 1836, in February, Mr. Day proceeded to Vizianapatam, one of the principal cities of the Telugu country. There he engaged a learned Brahmin as his teacher, and sought to prepare himself for his arduous work; but ere long Mr. Day deemed it to be more conducive to his work to establish his residence in the vicinity of Madras, and thither he accordingly went.

Four years of labour passed away amidst numerous difficulties and discouragements; a few Eurasians, Tamils, and English residents were baptized, but none of the Telugus.

Mr. Day then began to think of Nellore as perhaps better suited to his work. That town is 110 miles north of the city of Madras, and is situated in the midst of a large population, purely Telugu. He removed his family there, rented a piece of land, and erected Mission premises. Soon after his settlement at this new station he was permitted to welcome to his aid Rev. Stephen Van Husen and wife, from the United States.

In September of this year, 1840, Mr. Day baptized his first Telugu convert; the second followed in 1843. During this interval schools were established and the Gospel persistently preached at the street corners, and at every available point. Many heard it by the way-side, and in visiting the schools, where the people were more than willing to have their children taught. Thus was the soil under silent preparation for the seed of the Kingdom.

The population in and about Nellore wore by this time gradually beginning to feel the power of gospel truth, and to cherish some doubts respecting the divinity of their idols.

But alas, the health of the Missionaries began to fail; Mr. Van Husen was obliged to return home, the victim of a distressing malady. He was unable to resume his work, and died in 1854, aged 42. Soon after he left Nellore, Mr. Day was so prostrated by sudden and severe illness that he too was obliged to seek health and rest in his native land, leaving his Church, School, and the Missionary property in the charge of a Eurasian preacher aided by the native Christians.

At home the question of abandoning the Telugu country as a Mission field was seriously entertained, but Mr. Day strenuously pleaded for its continuance and reinforcement; accordingly it was determined not to advise a dissolution of the Mission, but to wait for future indications of Providence to decide the policy which should hereafter be pursued.

It will interest some of our readers to learn that the late Rev. John Bates, so loved and respected here, and who was the father of Mrs. Timpany and Mrs. McLaurin; and the Rev. Dr. Caldicot, so long the faithful pastor of Bond St. Church, were both present at the Board meeting held at Troy, N. Y., in May 1848; indeed Mr. Bates was the one who opened the meeting by prayer, when the subject was discussed.

At the end of two years Mr. Day's health was so far restored as to enable him to resume his loved work. This time he was accompanied by Mr. Jowett and wife; they left Boston 10th October, 1848.

Then followed five years of struggle and almost utterly fruitless efforts, at the end of which time the question of giving up the Mission was again under consideration by the Home Board.

The subject was felt to be an important one. It was earnestly and prayerfully dealt with. The special committee, in their report, which rang with the courage of faith, observed: "We regard the work of Missions, not as a work of expediency, but of faith and persevering labour; the door is wide open; it is a vast and perishing field. Who will dare to retreat? The God of Missions is a great God, and our times of necessity have been our times of salvation."

Eloquent pleas were also urged by friends of the Mission, and the Lord caused them to prevail. One of the speakers, Rev. J. L. Burrows, pointing to Nellore on the map suspended over the platform, called it "The Lone Star." The words fell with

peculiar force on the ears of one present, and that night Dr. Smith put to paper the following stanzas on

"THE LONE STAR"

Shine on, "Lone Star" thy radiance bright
Shall spread o'er all the Eastern sky;
Morn' break'st apace from gloom and night:
Shine on and bless the pilgrim's eye.

Shine on, "Lone Star" I would not dim
The light that gleams with dubious ray;
The lonely Star of Bethlehem
Led on a bright and glorious day.

Shine on, "Lone Star" in grief and tears,
And sad reverses oft baptized;
Shine on amid thy sister spheres;
Lone stars in Heaven are not despised.

Shine on, "Lone Star" who lifts his hand
To dash to earth so bright a gem,
A new "lost plead" from the band
That sparkles in night's diadem?

Shine on, "Lone Star" the day draws near
When none shall shine more fair than thou,—
Thou, born and nursed in doubt and fear,
Wilt glitter on Immanuel's brow.

Shine on, "Lone Star" I till earth, redeemed,
In dust shall bid its idols fall;
And thousands, where thy radiance beamed,
Shall "Crown the Saviour Lord of all."

Though faith had yet to be sorely tried, the accomplishment of the prediction, couched in the above impromptu stanzas, will soon appear in the sequel to this sketch.

Rev. Mr. Day relinquished the field a second time, in 1853, leaving Mr. Jowett and family alone in their work. In this same year Mr. Jowett, with his wife and a native Christian, visited a town named Ongole, 77 miles north from Nellore, containing a population of about 6,000, all Telugus. The Missionary, though stoned and reviled, preached the Gospel in the streets and thoroughfares of Ongole; and towards evening, the work of the day having been seemingly in vain, the three ascended a hill, overlooking the town, and there singing a hymn, they prayed to God to send a Missionary to Ongole.

The years roll away, with labours incessant and sometimes discouraging, almost beyond the endurance of the strongest faith. In 1862, after 14 years of unremitting toil, Mr. Jowett, with his physical system almost hopelessly shattered, was compelled to return home.

The Anniversary Meetings of the Union were being held this year, 1862, at Providence, R. I. For the third time, the question of abandoning the Mission was under debate, but Mr. Jowett was there to plead for the cause he so dearly loved, and in most emphatic terms he avowed his determination never to give it up. The Lone Star Mission was to him precious beyond expression. With the vision of faith he beheld a day breaking for the millions of that benighted people.

The confidence, courage and faith of such a tried man as Mr. Jowett, were not to be treated lightly, and could not be overthrown by a policy of expediency. It was resolved "To return Mr. Jowett, if his health permit, and to send a helper with him."

And now the day was breaking; that remarkable prayer meeting on the hill of Ongole, held by three believing souls, was not forgotten by Him who answers prayer; the blessing, after 12 years, was about to descend. The Lord raised up a helper in the person of Mr. Clough, who, specially designated as the "Missionary to Ongole," arrived at Nellore, in company with Mr. Jowett, 1865.

Early in the year 1866 Mr. Clough made his first visit to his appointed station, and on the 1st Jan. 1867, a Church of 8 souls was organized in Ongole. This little one was destined to become a thousand. In 1874 it was the largest Baptist Church in the world, numbering about three thousand three hundred souls.

(To be continued.)

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH gave first of her morsel of bread to the prophet of the Lord, and then the blessing came. Even in dark times let the feeblest Church of God have the same faith and do after the same manner, and blessing and supply will surely follow.

The Work of the Lord at Ongole.

Mr. Clough writes, Sept. 17th:

"The total number baptized up to date, since June 15, is 9,147. Is this too large a blessing? Is it not what you have been praying for? Are the converts unacceptable, because so many? Are we not after all the Telogoos? We—my native preachers and myself—believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in preaching the gospel. We baptize those only whom we have reason to believe he has regenerated. How can we do otherwise? The converts are not the rich high-caste Hindoos, but are weavers, cobblers, tanners, farm-laborers, etc.; and are mostly of the Madaga and Mala castes. About two thousand are small farmers, and own about six acres of land each, on an average. With common elementary education for the mass of converts, added to their Christianity, they will be, in a few years, largely the bone and sinew of this part of the Telogoog country. They cannot help us much now, but will generally do all they can. The clamor for preachers and teachers for the four hundred villages is excruciating. The twenty-two preachers of last year are at work. The graduates from the seminary are at work. The old village schools are all revived, and are flourishing. Several lay preachers, or "lights of the jungle," as I call them, have been set to work to help us hold the position and press out our pickets. These are now out one hundred miles to the west, and seventy miles north.

Our old normal school is again in operation, with forty-seven men and large youth, fifty women and girls. Four competent teachers are pushing them as fast as possible. Besides these we have a few boys and girls in Mr. Loughridge's school; and seventy-three men and fifty-four women (under God our hope) in the theological seminary at Ramapatam.

As much work should be carried on during the year 1878-79 over this mission field as on ten ordinary mission fields. This is self-evident. God has led us up to this point. He points ahead. Thousands of converts now await baptism. We must advance along the line, and keep the old camp-fires burning also. "Vestigia nulla retrorsum." Sound this grand old motto out over the land until every sleeping Baptist is not only awake, but at work.

[The Canadian mission field is immediately to the north of Mr. Clough's. The effects of this wonderful work of grace must extend to all the adjacent districts; only let us faithfully and earnestly sustain our missionaries with our prayers, and money for their work, and we too shall have a blessing. Ed.]

Ramapatam.

From Bro. Timpany's former station Mr. Newhall writes as follows to the A. B. M. Union:—

Sunday w/s collection-day. We spent the entire morning service in this exercise. * * * * *

At my suggestion, that, even in their famine times, they ought to do all they can to help themselves, the church took a vote that hereafter every member who comes in to the station at the bi-monthly meeting shall bring some kind of offering to the Lord, if it is only one "pie," or one single grain of rice. A failure to do this lays the person liable to discipline. I believe this vote means something more than empty words.

Wednesday evening we had a meeting, the results of which I know you will be glad to know. This Ramapatam church has never had a pastor. Ezra Keller has, for a few years, been serving as station-preacher, but he is now in Ongole. Lately Newton White, one of the seminary graduates of last May, has been serving the church with so much acceptance, that, on the evening just mentioned, they voted to invite him to become their pastor, to be ordained the 1st of next September; his salary, Rs. 8 per month, to be paid from the first of the present July.

You will observe that the church has thus become self-supporting.—the first, I believe, in all our Telogoog mission.