

was coming, the churches at home were slowly becoming roused to the fact that great opportunities for expansion were in sight. The time was ripe for such an undertaking as the Student Volunteer Movement. Meanwhile the men at the front during those years in the eighties, were carrying heavy burdens. Dr. Clough's physical endurance had thus far been equal to the strain. Now he was breaking down under the load. The Ongole Mission was holding its own, and its methods stood the test. Yet there were those who had grave fears lest the work come to naught if he now fell at his post. It was apparent that something on a large scale must be undertaken for the Telugu Mission.

Dr. Clough came home and stood before the men of his denomination at the annual meeting in 1891. This was the sequel to the "Lone Star" meeting in 1853, when men felt the abandonment of the feeble Telugu Mission was not to be endured. Now they had the man before them who for years had been staggering under the load of the harvest. In simple words he told his story before a packed house. He must have twenty-five men and \$50,000 to reinforce the Telugu Mission from north to south. The Baptist hosts were stirred. They gave him the men; they gave him the money twice over. Had he asked for more, they would not have withheld it.

He went back to India in 1892. He loved his people when he gathered them in by the thousand, but perhaps he never loved them better than when he set off portion after portion of the territory of 7,000 square miles which once he called his field, now to be superintended from nine mission stations. It was not easy to see them go. "I give you the apple of my eye," he said to a younger man when, before a large congregation, he gave over to him the work in the taluk where the movement had had its beginning twenty-six years before. That taluk alone counted 4,000 Christians and a staff of preachers who had stood by his side, all through, as trusted fellow-workers.

With little more than the taluk in which Ongole is situated left to him, he began another term of service. At this time the family circle was greatly bereaved in the death of Mrs. Clough. She left two sons and three daughters. Her memory is revered among the Telugu people. Dr. Clough hesitated to withdraw from Ongole prematurely, as his presence there still gave an element of stability to the interests which he had cherished. He married again, and the old bungalow at Ongole continued to be his home.

Then, early in 1901, while out on tour, he suffered a serious accident. His right hip was broken. He now entered upon his last ten years. They were hard, crippled years. Taken to America on a stretcher for recovery, he insisted, after eighteen months of rest, on returning to India. Slowly he released himself from the feeling that he was still necessary in Ongole at his post. Life was coming to a close. For years he had been urged to give the Christian world his story. It was now too late to write it himself, but he could help another write it for him. He died in Rochester, N.Y., on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1910, when the sun was rising.

The Telugu Mission at the time of his death had a staff of 100 missionaries, 60,000 members, 200,000 adherents, and schools by the hundreds. There has been a steady increase since then. Strides have been taken in every direction. At Ongole a Clough Memorial Hospital has been built, one of the largest and best equipped in India.

In 1914 the book was published which contained Dr. Clough's story—the story which had come out of the heart of the Baptist denomination, but which belonged to the Christian world also. The spirit of the times had meanwhile spoken a word. The social Christianity which Dr. Clough had learned, step by step, to practice in the Orient, had now become the absorbing study of the Occident.

Sometimes the foreign field sets the
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