

I ascertained that he had neither father, mother, or home of any description, and he had given his *all*. That same morning, a little girl was crying bitterly in another part of the room. Her teacher, with difficulty, learned that the cause of her grief was that she had nothing for the collection. She was consoled by the assurance that she could bring something next Saturday, and it would be accepted. Next Saturday came, and that child, with radiant face, gave \$1.00 to the superintendent. She had earned every cent by scrubbing saloons. She was, indeed, the happiest child in the room that day. She had given her *all* for Jesus.

Are not these repetitions of the widow's mite?

FANNY M. STOVEL.

THE WORK ABROAD.

COCANADA, July 9, 1888.

TO THE BLOOR STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, TORONTO:

Dear Brethren in Christ,—As you have committed me to the grace of God for this work of ministering to these people, I have been for weeks desirous of rehearsing to you the way in which God has dealt with and brought me on my journey and to my work, and how he has largely opened my heart towards these people who "sit in darkness and the shadow of death." And now I do wish that I knew you all that, if could be, my words might be of more interest to you all. But God is adding to your numbers so largely, for which His name be praised, that I am bound to know you all through Christ only, and I beg of you to remember me in Christ alone, for, apart from Him, my past life is loathsome, even to myself.

I thank God that he has opened your hearts so largely to this work of proclaiming Christ in the "regions beyond." For these regions which are beyond, are vast beyond imagination. For thousands and thousands of miles they are spiritually trackless wastes, where feet made beautiful by the preparation of the Gospel of peace have never run. And here where the Gospel has been preached in some well favored spots one hundred years, there are millions upon millions who have never heard it. The need of the home land seemed great, but when I face the need of this land, it is tremendous and awful. And what of it I have seen, let me impress upon you.

There is a field here for which we may be said to be responsible, of about 2,000,000 of people. You can imagine five men put down in the midst of New York City, and told to evangelize that immense place. Could they do it? Here we are five of us in a place a hundred times more difficult to reach with the Gospel, and yet in a vague way, it is hoped, we may do it. That is one of the vaguest fancies that ever deluded the soul of man. There are, to be sure, the native helpers and they are merely a help, but neither independent nor energetic enough to work alone. When the missionary leaves them they relapse into much the same condition as many of the seven churches in Asia, or many of the 300 Baptist churches of Ontario, after being pastorless for a time, so luke warm that God would fain spew them out of His mouth. But with the missionary these native pastors and preachers are doing good solid work, and that is nowhere more manifest than on the Akidui field, where the burden of the missionaries' care has been placed. But upon the northern part there is a barrenness which is only explained by the absence of the missionary.

Over this needy portion I would have you accompany me. On a Monday night I left Cocanada for Tuni, a distance of forty-five miles or thereabout. Cocanada itself

is a city of 39,000 people.* There are fifty native Christians. On the way to Samulocotta, nine miles distant, I passed village after village in which is a light as feeble as that of a single converted soul, and that only glimmers. Samulocotta is a town of 15,000, with a Christian population of 27. The journey from Samulocotta to Tuni lies over a road as beautiful as the eye of man ever beheld. But to the eye of the Christian soul that entire stretch of country is a desert waste. I left Samulocotta at midnight and passed many villages. The day dawn breaks upon my little train of seven bullock carts in the heart of a town just eight miles on. One mile in twenty-seven minutes. Throughout that town, it takes the (?) *bundies* one hour to pass. The streets, even at this early hour, are thronged with people. There are 12,000 immortal souls in that place. And how many Christians? *Not one*. Again I pass many villages to a town three miles further on, and dumping the camp stuff, put up for the *hot* day, at the travellers' bungalow. The people of the place number 3000. I long for, and pray for them to come, witnesses for Christ, but they have not come and will not come, till God's elect, blessed with God's treasure and entrusted with God's greatest trust, "The Commission," live up to their privilege and send them forth.

That evening, as the sun silver-lined the heavy thunder clouds, I set out on the last stage of the two days' trip to Tuni, which I reached at break of day. During that short time I passed through village after village and town after town, and until I touched the outskirts of the Tuni field, amongst all those dying thousands there was not a Christian soul to be found. Tuni contains 3,000 people and fifteen Christians. Pass beyond the narrow limits of the villages, which include the sixty members of the Tuni church, and travel up that road for miles and miles, past thousands and thousands of people, and on and on you may go for stage after stage, and day after day, before another enlightened soul cheers your sad heart.

In the light of these facts you may question the activity of the missionaries you have aided in sending out to labor in these parts. I answer for these men, that they have wrought with such ceaseless toil and such anxious sympathizing care, for these perishing millions, that two of them lie in premature graves, at the side of the unfinished work, to which both were martyrs; two have relinquished their toil and returned home, subject to a malady which the distressing anxiety for these destitute ones has brought upon them for life; the remaining missionaries are at work. Those who know the language (there are but two) bear enormous burdens, and the others are filling up, as God gives time and strength, the great gulf that lies between them and the people.

In proportion to the men and means given to this field the results have been large, and no four men in any of the home churches having a large and characteristic membership to co-operate with, have reaped such harvests as have your first four missionaries to the Telugu. God has wrought wonderfully through them.

The work is vast beyond comprehension. Our Brother Craig has, since the death and withdrawal of his early associates, been burdened with a stress of work. Under his pastoral care are seventy villages alone with Christians—a task sufficient to tax the energy of two missionaries, and yet over and above these there are hundreds upon hundreds of villages which, if not reached by him, will go untouched. If in his lifetime with all the native help at command, he is the means of preaching Christ to 50,000 people, so that they can intelligently believe, he will accomplish a marvellous evangelizing work.

* These numbers have just been given by the municipal statistician.