

of the session, and Christian workers in St. Andrew's Church, but prominent Christians from all denominations took an active part in the "enquiry," or "after-meetings." Last Sabbath's services closed Mr. Payne's sojourn amongst us, and truly we must say with sadness, the Lord has brought the blessing to many weary heart through his instrumentality, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Classes have been organized for young converts, and those desirous of studying "God's own Word," and we sincerely trust rich blessings will descend. Christians—members of the Presbyterian Church—pray for us. The Bible is not a "Lo-debar," a place of no pasture, but as yet a great spiritual continent, unexplored, at the disposal of all.

A. J. G. H.

AN APPEAL

TO BRITAIN FOR THE SUFFERERS IN INDIA.

The following verses, apparently from the pen of a native, were published recently in the *Madras Times*.

Fathers! mothers! brothers! sisters!
Far away on Britain's shore;
Listen to this tale of sorrow
And assist us, we implore:
Help us now, for India's millions
Cry aloud to us for aid,
For they're famishing and dying,
While all around are corpses laid.

See them coming from the eastward,
How they're trooping from the west,
North and south its myriads sending,
Helpless infants at the breast,
Craving from their parents' bosom;
But alas! they crave in vain,
For their mothers now are starving
And they cannot life sustain.

Look around, and see that woman,
How she fondles her dead child,
Mark her look of bitter anguish,
Mark her aspect, fierce and wild;
She has travelled far for succour
Ere her child should breathe its last;
But its short life's journey's over,
It has found repose at last.

See that Mussulman approaching—
Look, his wife is by his side;
Count their little ones, and tell me
Why they in their anguish cried?
They cry for aid to save their children,
That our Heavenly Father gave;
They plead for help to feed their loved ones,
To keep them from the pauper's grave.

Look again, and see them lying
Crouched within yon filthy lane,
Come with me and see them, take them,
Dead and dying from the drain.
Yet they once were happy people,
Working for their little store;
And they toiled to save their young ones,
But they'll see them now no more.

Famine came, that spectre dreary,
With its gaunt and bony hand,
Spreading Death and Desolation
Through fair India's happy land.
Then from home the ryots driven
In another land to dwell,
Want and Misery, Death and Famine,
All surround them. None can tell

Of the sights we daily witness,
Of the dying and the dead,
Of the millions starving, craving,
For the smallest mite of bread.
Ye in Britain come and aid us!
Ye who live across the main!
Send us help, 'tis sorely needed,
Both in money and in grain—

That again we may behold them,
When this trying time is past,
Safe and happy, gladly working,
Reaping of the grain at last;
And a thousand myriad blessings
Will descend and on you lie,
If ye aid us now to succour,
"India's millions" ere they die.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

Do the readers of the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN all realize the terrible famine which is gnawing away the lives of millions of our fellow-subjects in India—not to speak of the millions who in China—have been perishing before the same grim destroyer? Do they realize that while they are going on in our comfortable every day life,—feeling as if it were a matter of course that we should enjoy a daily provision of the staff of life, and an abundant ingathering of the "kindly fruits of the earth,"—our fellow subjects on the dry sun-baked plains of Madras are actually *perishing with hunger*? For it is no mere scarcity, such as is sometimes digni-

fied with the name of "famine," but actual and absolute lack of any food whatsoever, and often indeed of water too. In many places the drought has been so great that rice could not even be sown, and where, last year, there waved wide green expanses of the all important cereal, this year nothing is to be seen save brown tracts of thirsty land. Some missionary letters published in other columns, from Miss Lowe and others, will give some faint idea of the harrowing scenes continually witnessed there by those who, with aching, loving, Christian hearts, are endeavouring to "rescue the perishing," in a temporal as well as a spiritual sense. The pictures drawn are sad enough;

old and sick people hardly able to drag themselves to the relief rooms to get the few grains of rice they can carry away, in their hands for lack of vessels—babes perishing at the breasts of their starved mothers, children crying vainly to their parents for food which the parents cannot give. Government has, indeed, opened relief-rooms at various points, which mitigate the suffering to some small extent, but even here, cruelty is strangely mixed with charity, for we are told there are none but native officials to take charge of the distribution, and these not only waste the rice terribly, but "*beat away the applicants with sticks*," it is to be supposed when they become troublesome,—strange contrast to our home charities, presided over by benevolent *volunteer* Christian workers. Then we are told how the tyranny of caste aggravates the misery,—how those too poor to provide vessels for themselves cannot take the rice in that of another, but must take whatever they can save whenever it is poured into their hands; how a patient perishing with thirst cannot drink from the vessel of another, however great may be the urgency. Every page of these records is an urgent plea for our Christian Missions which are carrying the light and blessed healing of Christianity into these dark places and habitations of cruelty.

The British nation are doing much (though not perhaps as much as they might do) to mitigate these horrors of starvation, though the wide tracts of country over which supplies have to be moved make it a work of no small difficulty to relieve to any appreciable extent so gigantic a mass of suffering. Every Missionary Society is appealing for increased contributions to aid in furnishing relief at this crisis. Shall we in Canada, with an abundant harvest to thank God for, do nothing, give nothing out of our abundance to help our starving fellow-subjects—brothers in the great human family, though their skins are dark and they speak in another tongue. Can our farmers rejoice over their plenteous ingathering of grain, their cellars overflowing with vegetables and fruits, and refuse to spare out of their abundance to those who are famishing from utter lack of the simplest sustenance? Can fathers and husbands, and above all, *wives and mothers*, enjoy the comfort of their own happy times, the bright faces of their own well-nourished children, the luxuries of their own well appointed tables, and take no thought of those hungry and famishing ones—to whom the word *home* has no significance, who have to trudge weary miles for a handful of rice, not receiving even this without the risk of blows and contumelious language—of the perishing children who cry in vain for food to those who have no food to give them. Surely did we but realize the need of these our Indian brethren, we should have no need to be urged to give what we can spare, nor withhold our bread from the hungry. Farmers of Ontario, in particular, could you more appropriately testify your "thanksgiving" for the abundant harvest which God has given you, than by setting aside a portion of it as a thanksgiving offering for the benefit of those who have had neither sowing time, nor reaping time, who in God's mysterious providence have been deprived of the barest means of sustaining life? Would not such a thanksgiving be peculiarly acceptable to the God who has made it a test of the sincerity of His worshippers that they deal out their bread to the hungry and turn not away from the needy when they cry!

As to *how* the aid is to be given, our Foreign Mission Board would doubtless be willing to establish a special fund for this object, which could be applied through our own missionaries in India, who will no doubt be informed as to the most judicious mode of applying such funds as we are able to send. Ministers of congregations could take charge of subscriptions in the meantime. Then there is the lady whose letters have been several times published in this paper, and whose description of the ravages of the famine will be read with interest in the present number, who with

another volunteer labourer is doing her utmost to convey help and healing where they are so sorely needed. Any funds intended to help these ladies specially in this their labour of love, could reach them through the editor of this paper, and would doubtless be a help to them also in their more missionary work. What though our Church has not a mission of its own in the districts more particularly suffering, will the master when he asks us whether we gave meat to the hungry, and so to Him, take as an excuse the reply, "Lord we could not help these hungry ones through our own Church, and so we did it not at all?"

MISSION WORK IN INDIAN PENINSULA.

[The Convener of the Home Mission Committee sends us the following interesting report for publication.]

The Indian Peninsula is a missionary field of labour worthy of the sympathy, countenance and enterprise of our Church, whose spirit is that of missions. This district of country is thinly populated; but it is from time to time being filled up here and there by new incomers. They, too, are in general settled far apart from each other; and, with one exceptive instance or so, they are without the ordinances of religion. A fact which should awaken our Christian sympathies in their spiritual welfare, and actuate us to provide them, so far as we can, with the means of grace; but besides the common tie of humanity which binds us, so far as we can to supply them with a common salvation, there is another tie which moves us with peculiar interest in their present and eternal destiny—many of them were members and adherents of our Church in old settlements, and do feel the want of religious ordinances in their new abode. They, then, when in the enjoyment of religious ordinances, contributed to the Home Mission Fund in order to supply the Mission field with preachers of the Gospel; but they now, when beyond the reach of such Christian privileges, stand in need of help from that fund, that they may again enjoy the ordinances of religion in their new homes. Let us, therefore, take such a view of this field of Missionary labor as shall lead us to come to their aid with the means necessary to supply them with the glorious Gospel of our blessed God.

1. The field is an extensive one. It is eighty miles long and ten miles broad, containing eight hundred square miles; but confining ourselves to that portion of the field, which has for a time been occupied by us, let us take Warton as a centre of action and therefrom estimate the extent of the field.

Boyd's school house, or Hepworth, is eleven miles distant from Warton, Brown's school house seven miles, White's school house nine miles, Chisholm's school house eight miles, Scott's school twenty miles, Big Pike twenty miles, Lion's Head twenty-one miles, and beyond Lion's Head, there is a stretch of country of forty miles. These facts as to the distances from Warton plainly indicate the extent of the field, with the implied energy needed to enter upon it, but when we consider that some of the stations just mentioned lie in opposite directions from Warton, and some of them across from each other, and when we also consider the circuitous routes in going from the one to the other, the extent of the field is indeed great, imposing upon the missionary a great amount of labour in the way of travelling, and corresponding fatigue, if he is to work the field with vigor and success.

2. The roughness of the field from the physical character of the land; the field is a rough one, the land is for the most part rocky and stony, and that too in a great degree. There are miles on miles of rock and stone. There are here and there patches of good land, but everywhere the land is rocky and stony; or there is much good land interspersed with a good deal of bad land. It is much the same as to particular places as to the whole district. The site of Warton is stony; but there is much good land in the neighborhood of that village. Not far from Warton there are many good farms, and people are coming in to settle down on the good tracts of land not yet occupied. In the neighborhood of Big Pike there is little good land, being all stony, but there is a good saw-mill with all the facilities of obtaining pine, and a good business may be carried on in the lumber trade. Lion's Head has good land round about it, has a fine bay, has a shipping trade with Chicago in bark, will soon have a small steamer running to Meaford, and may yet become a village of about two thousand inhabitants.

It thus appears that the field is extremely rugged and that the roads as a necessary consequence, are