

being architect, contractor and overseer. There are boarding-schools and day-schools also, the care of which comes upon him and his wife. Sometimes he is sick, and sometimes his wife is sick. In either case he has to stay at home.

On the other hand I must not fail to remark, that though the missionary may find it difficult to do much evangelistic work, except in the villages where converts live; yet, the progress of the work throughout the whole field depends very largely on him. His influence is felt everywhere. This is especially the case when each station has its own missionary. If I were living at Akidu, I think, I may safely say, that my influence would be felt for good over the whole field. In case of trouble anywhere a message could soon be sent to me. The same would be true of a man at Coennada or Tuni.

The lack of men here weakens our hands more than anything else. In 1883 we all wrote home asking our Board to appoint a man at the meeting in October. We said it would do if he came in the fall of 1884, but we would like to see him appointed in advance. The year was closed with a debt, so nothing was said about a new man. By August, 1884, the Board was ready to send a man, but the man was like the money the year before—not forthcoming. So two sick missionaries began 1885 with sick hearts as well as sick bodies. One of them soon found rest, and then our great work in India rested on the shoulders of one sick man, nobly supported by his wife and Miss Frith. A half-recruited man hurried back to India, and passed to his reward after a year's toil. Two new men came forward and were sent to India. The sick man who had carried the work alone tried to hold on for the sake of the work, but had to keep fleeing to the hills to save his life. The single lady broke down and had to go away for an indefinite period of rest. But I need say no more. You all know what burdens some of us are carrying to-day, and how inadequate our present force of missionaries is. Oh! that there had been no debt in Oct. 1883, and oh! that there had been a man in Oct. 1884! How different the sequel might have been! Young brethren, if you want to have your hearts and your purses stirred, you need not look at Africa or any other field; look at the condition of your own mission to the Telugus in India.

The Needs of Our Foreign Mission Work.

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[A paper prepared for, and read at, the Associational Meeting of Delegates from the Mission Circles, held at Woodstock in June, and afterwards read at the annual meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, held in Hamilton, Oct., 1886.]

"Line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." These words have seemed to me the summing up—the epitomizing—of nearly everything that has been said or written upon our Foreign Mission work, from the time it became our work until this. So, when my theme was submitted to me as the one on which I was expected to write or speak, I felt, for awhile, as though all the lines along which thought might profitably travel, had been followed out again and again; that all the precepts bearing upon our work had been repeated and re-repeated, emphasized and re-emphasized, until whatever of truth might now be presented could be nothing more or less than something so old and familiar that not even the new dress in which it might possibly be clothed, could give it any appearance of novelty; and that, no matter what keenness and point might be put upon the old arrows of appeal, they would still be felt to be the very same that had been in use from the first.

But a little reflection will show that this is an imaginary rather than a real difficulty. It is true that, to one who would speak or write upon things pertaining to this world—its science, literature, politics or art—the ability

to present things new, novel and startling, is one of the grand elements of success; and he who possesses it not is quickly set aside as hopelessly unprogressive, while the eager throng drifts away after the one who can best meet and satisfy its demands for something new.

But in the higher realm of Christian thought, this is not necessarily the case. There, the *old* thoughts are ever the new; the old tale of the world's need, ever the tale of to-day; and the old remedy for that need, if plainly and lovingly presented, the one on which the Christian heart is ever most deeply interested. The deeper down we go into the old mine of Truth, first opened to us by God Himself among the perished flowers of our lost Eden, the more eagerly will all Spirit-illuminated souls avail themselves of our precious findings. The more nakedly we lay bare the old needs of our poor ruined humanity, the more intensely will Christian hearts be drawn out for their alleviation; and the more pointedly and often we urge home upon our own and the hearts of our fellow Christians our Lord's claim upon us for meeting and mitigating that need, the more effective will the Holy Spirit make our appeals. What is needed in this work is not novelty, it is not fine rhetoric or gaudy word-painting, it is not mere sentiment—vapid and short-lived as it usually is—but it is rather the naked, unadorned exposure of a NEED as old and as awful as sin; of a LOVE to meet and remedy that need as old and as boundless as Eternity, yet as tender of God's purposes of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord; and of OBLIGATIONS resting upon all who are partakers of that grace to publish and send forward that remedy to every child of Adam—obligations as old as our regenerate life, yet renewed every hour, and stretching forward to all the possibilities of their and our future existence.

Oh, how I wish that, for myself, I might grasp more perfectly than I have ever yet grasped the tremendous meaning of that obligation! That I might by the aid of the Holy Spirit climb to some height from which I could more accurately measure the vastness of human need; and, by entering into a more real fellowship with Christ in his suffering for sinners, gain a deeper and more abiding consciousness of that which caused those sufferings!

The present NEED of the Foreign Mission work is in no sense different or more urgent than it has ever been. It is still what it was in the days of Peter and John, of Philip and Bartholomew, of Paul and Silas; the same world-wide need pressing upon, and crushing down to utter ruin men and women dying of soul-hunger, with only here and there one willing to minister to that need. *Willing*, did I say? Yes; it is the only word I could conscientiously use. I was about to say *able* and *willing*, but I had to omit the former; for all *are* able, but, alas, how few are willing!

It is true that all may not have much gold to give, but all have *influence*. All may not have great intellectual endowments, but all saved souls can pray, and thus "move the arm that moves the universe." Many have very little money, but there are few who have not as much as the poor widow who gave *all her living*, and the Master commended the gift. Aye, *He did commend the gift*, whatever whimpering prudence or cold selfishness may say against such giving! And it stands recorded to-day, that He declared it more than the giving of all who gave out of their abundance. Why? Because the giving of some such bore no mark of love, except that of love of men's approval; that of others, no mark of self-denial, or cross-bearing, or yearning over the lost, or holy aspirations for the glory of their Lord! No; it is *not ability* that is lacking in the church to-day, but it is