

pressive, suffocating. Spiritual night, deep and forbidding, broods over the place, wrapping everything in its sombre folds.

And these forty thousand are somewhat better off than the vast unweaned multitude, more than ten times this number, scattered over the field. For among these a missionary dwells, while a zenana lady, with her assistants, is doing something for the place, visiting one in every four-score houses, whereas over the field the missionary makes but flying tours, while villages upon villages never see him, hear about him, nor about his assistants. Unrescued, unwarned, these thousands perish. Such distress is indescribable, inconceivable, and yet it prevails all over the field. Some attemp to be made at alleviation very shortly by a division of the field; but after the division is made there will still remain three-hundred-thousand-souls to the Cocanada missionary, and the same distress will continue to multiply and aggravate itself.

And what of Tuni? Is it aught better in that region? Save the villages along the great highway, and those lining here and there a road leading into the country, the same distress prevails: the villages are unvisited, and the people without the Gospel. To be as definite as this great indefiniteness will allow, possibly one-half of the villages of the 100,000 people nearest Tuni are in a measure worked, while the nearest hem alone of the great Gougolda region teeming with a second 100,000 is but touched.

And, in the parts worked, the effort put forth for the evangelization of the people—and we remember the earnest toil and tears of him who died, and of them who now fill his place—the effort put forth is so slight in comparison with the pressing need as to be comparatively resultless. In Tuni, with a population of 6,500, not more than a score of saved ones have been gathered out, while not more than four times that number have been rescued from the two hundred and twenty five thousand perishing on the field.

As we pass on, we enter, if possible, a more pressing need still. Our newest field, Yelamanchili, has a population of two hundred and fifty thousand, one missionary, one assistant, and four Christians. Look at this picture, Anakapali, a town of 15,000 people, is situated on the trunk road, twenty miles from Vizianagram. In this town, at a great festival, whither 20,000 people come to do heathen worship after the manner of their ancestors, our missionary came also to tell of Him who died for men. About him seethed the great multitude, haughty Brahmins in their pride, merchants intent on trade, priests for gain, devotees wild with the frenzy of the festival, infidels with mockery of scorn, men mad with drink, their dancing, revelling, filling the air with discordant sound; screeching instruments, deafening toms; many idling, gazing; many ignorant, debased; others indifferent; others ready to browbeat; others filled with hate—a great seething mass, bewildering, maddening, soul dishonouring. In the centre of the mighty multitude, jostled this way and that, pushed about, stood the missionary, and as he looked over the sea of faces, strange, unresponsive, and often hostile, a great feeling of loneliness swept over him. For he stood in the centre of a region and in the midst of a people in which there was not one who could sympathize with him. He was all alone. Away to the west forty miles, to the south twenty miles, to the east forty miles, and to the north, how far, God only know—in that great region he and his few companions were the only ones who knew Christ. The multitude pressed them of every side, heaving, surging, breaking in every direction, rolling now this way, now that, people, hundreds, thousands, sweeping on, on every hand; encompassing them—but they were alone. Alone!

And so the story goes on, the facts given with reference to other parts of the field, Bimlipatam, Vizianagram, Bobbili and, above all, Chicacole, with its four hundred and fifty thousand people altogether without the Gospel, being but a repetition of the dark, dark picture. The missionaries, however, stay their description for a moment to call to mind the conquests already made by the Gospel, and the display of His power to which they have been eye-witnesses. They

remember with gratitude and hope such facts as that on the Akidu field more than 1700 Telugus have turned from their idols to serve the true and living God; on the Cocanada field more than 500 Telugus; and on the Tuni field four score more; while on every one of the Bimlipatam, Vizianagram, Bobbili and Chicacole fields converts have been won through the Gospel of the Son of God. And while they write there comes to them with greetings, from Ongole, the cheering telegram: sixteen hundred and seventy-one baptized yesterday.

The appeal next proceeds to show what is so obvious that it scarcely needs to be shown, viz., that

#### IV. THE PRESENT MISSIONARY FORCE IS INADEQUATE TO MEET THE NEED

Here we must content ourselves with two illustrations they give:

On the Cocanada field there are as many people as there are in the whole of Nova Scotia, and when it is divided, that part remaining to the Cocanada missionary will still have a population nearly equaling that of New Brunswick. Tuni has nearly twice as many people as there are in the whole of Prince Edward Island, while Vizianagram exceeds the Tuni population by 60,000, and Chicacole has as many people as there are in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island together.

Again, Ontario has not more than two thirds of the population on our Telugu field. At one stroke disband every church, level every edifice for worship, blot out all knowledge of Christ, confuse all moral distinctions, bind the people hand and foot by indissoluble fetters of caste, sink them twenty centuries deep in idolatry; then imagine that eight missionaries, with as many lady missionaries, come into Ontario, thus reduced to a state of moral death and spiritual death, to reclaim the mighty waste. Let them be men who speak another tongue, men from a far distant region, where climatic conditions, social customs, modes of life and thought, are totally different. Imagine these eight missionaries, coming into our regions with a new message to proclaim and a strange religion to propagate. Imagine them, with large purposes, meeting together, and apportioning the country among themselves, planting one at Chatham, another in London, a third at Collingwood, a fourth in Hamilton, two more in Toronto, another in Kingston, while still another explores the country as far as Ottawa, and there builds his station. Imagine them struggling with the language, acquainting themselves with our strange modes of life and thought, suffering from our inclement climate, working at building, preaching, translating books, teaching the people to read, and each one making converts of a few of the poor and more degraded of the people near his station. The ladies visit a few houses, and the others preach in the streets, along the wayside, or wherever they can get a hearing. What could they accomplish? Something, certainly, but in comparison with the need, what?

Want of space compels us to dismiss with a word

#### V. WHAT WE ASK

"We ask one missionary to every 50,000 of the people. After what we have already said, it will not be thought that this is an over-estimate. Nevertheless, we have no acromed ourselves to large numbers that elucidation is necessary." The elucidation is ample, but the thoughts of each will readily supply it to a considerable extent.

Finally we have

#### VI. AN IMMEDIATE AND DEFINITE ADVANCE URGED

We ask a definite advance, for, to meet the present distress, there must be intelligent and definite thought, plan and action. The warfare before us is to be waged like any other warfare. It calls for the same promptness and clear-sighted policy. As wise strategists we must see to it that we possess ourselves of the commanding and central points. All such we must proceed forthwith to occupy with forces adequate to the reduction of the surrounding country.