

and Asia Minor, to Egypt and Turkey, and all the scattered Arabic-speaking peoples, greater than any accession or deposition of Sultans and Khedives. There is nothing more eloquent than the face of the venerable translator, in which can be read the making of the grandest history of the Orient. The dream of the exiles has been accomplished. Beirut is to-day a Christian city, with more influence upon the adjacent lands than had the Berytus of old, on whose ruins it has risen. Stately churches, hospitals, a female seminary, a college, whose graduates are scattered over Syria, Egypt, and wherever the Arab roams; a theological seminary, a common-school system, and three steam-presses, throwing off nearly a half-million pages of reading-matter a day; a Bible-house, whose products are found in India, China, Ethiopia, and at the sources of the Nile; these are the facets of that "crown-jewel" which the missionaries have cut with their sanctified enterprise.

Across the Mediterranean, answering to the college at Beirut, stands Robert College, just above the fortification built by the Turks when they invested Constantinople. It was founded in the practical wisdom which foresaw its influence upon the surrounding people. We are not surprised at the statement of those resident in Bulgaria, that the rapid development of that people into a compact nation, "with destiny in its eye," is due to the education of so many young Bulgarians at the American College on the Bosphorus. These men have returned to their homes to assume positions of control in every department of life. They are the advisers of the nation and the executors of its will.

David Livingstone, the Apostle of Africa, ranks among the foremost statesmen of modern times. Sir Bartle Frere, the diplomat, says of him: "No man ever attempted, on a grander or more thorough scale, to benefit and improve those of his race who most needed improvement and light. In the execution of what he understood, I never met his equal for energy and sagacity.

Every year will add fresh evidence to show how well considered were the plans he took in hand, and how vast have been the results of the movements he set in motion." Florence Nightingale says: "He was the greatest man of his generation. There are few enough, but a few statesmen. He stood alone, the bringer in of civilization, or, rather, the pioneer of civilization, to races lying in darkness. Learned philologists from Germany, not at all orthodox in their opinions, have told me that Dr. Livingstone was the only man who understood races and how to deal with them for good."

Shall we not put Marcus Whitman among our American statesmen? He labored humbly among the Nez-Perce Indians in Oregon before the Rocky Mountains were regarded as passable for civilization. His practical eye saw

" . . . In those continuous woods,  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashing . . . . ."  
the untold wealth of soil and mine and commercial advantage, while the professional statesmen at Washington were incredulous of their value, and were negotiating their disposal for some fishery rights in the North Atlantic. His far-vision alone caught, across the Pacific, the gleam of ships coming from China and Japan. Clad in bearskins, he appeared not only before the American Board, but among the magnates of the capital. He brought with him no formal credentials, and needed none. His earnest, patriotic conviction was attested by his mutilated face, some parts of which had been frozen off by the severity of his passage over the mountains, "our natural Western boundary," as was then believed by our most astute politicians. His wisdom was attested by his arguments, and the basis of international treaties was changed by them. Perhaps to Whitman, more than to any other man, we owe our possession of that vast and exhaustless territory south of latitude 49, now included in Washington and Oregon. His monument, which graces the town of Whitman, in the County of Whitman, is a