

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 meager tribute to the sagacity and patriotism of this great pioneer statesman of the Northwest, who there fell a martyr at the hands of our country's enemies.

But, to fully illustrate our theme, the Statesmanship of Missions, we would have to recite the entire history of these evangelistic movements during the eighteen centuries since the Founder of Christianity first commissioned the builders of His kingdom. Take down your old volumes of missionary records of thirty or forty years ago. Read the stories of solitary labors, of the conversion of little handfuls of men here and there over the heathen world. They awakened but little attention at the time of their first publication. Then take the map of the world to-day, and locate these apparently common-place scenes. Behold! they are the centers, not only of religious light, but of the dominating forces that make for modern civilization!

Doubtless the missionaries were wiser than they knew, but they also knew that they were wise. A writer, speaking of the scattering of the early Church by persecution, describes the disciples as cinders piloted through the air by Providence, kindling Christianity where they fell! But the cinders were each a man with glowing brain, as well as with ardent love and quenchless devotion, each one himself kindled by the All-wisdom that sent him forth.

MISSION WORK IN CATHAY.

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The progress of missions in China is great, increasing more and more as the years pass by. Forty-five years ago there were only six native Christians of the Protestant faith. Increase by the same proportion the next forty-five years as during the last, and there will be, not 33,000, as we now find, but