

from 12,000 to 14,000. When Morrison, the illustrious pioneer, was leaving for China, the consignees of the ship said to him: "Well: do you expect that you are going to convert the Chinese?" His answer was true and right: "No, I am not: *but God is!*" That is just the word for us: we cannot convert the world, but God can, and will.

Famine still keeps its deadly grip upon Northern China. The people are perishing in thousands from hunger, fever, and cholera. Multitudes hasten to their idols and temples and pour out petitions to their gods, and offer sacrifices; but the famine and plague devour all the same. The missionaries—few and far between—do what they can to lighten the awful gloom; but to what avail their exertions in so vast a field of woe! What we say of China is largely applicable to Southern India. In both countries the benevolent exertions of Christians tend to commend their faith to the multitudes.

Thousands of haggard, hunger-bitten women of the higher castes in India, with starving babes at their breasts, prefer to die on the road to going into the relief stations and accepting food that would cause them to lose caste. See how these heathen stand by *their* faith, and count caste dearer than life!

The Church of Scotland is about to enter on a Mission to China. This is well, for the field is vast, and all Presbyterians can work together in the face of heathenism, though not in the face of Christendom.

Africa, sunny, mysterious, wondrous Africa! Is thy secret out at last? And must the world shut its eyes and ears to thy claims: or rise all in earnest to dispel thy darkness and break thy chains? Yes, day is dawning on that dark and down-trodden continent. The missionary will soon follow in the wake of Cameron and Stanley, even as these adventurous travellers followed the footsteps of David Livingstone. Nowhere has the work of preparation been more complete than along the African coast, and it is likely that there shall be an

advance towards the interior by means of the great rivers which drain the central lake region.

A brave pioneer in African missions was once told that he was throwing away his life in the service—that he never would return to his native land. His noble reply was—"*Though thousands fall, let Africa be redeemed.*" He went his way and fell: and Africa is being redeemed! We are reminded of this when we read of the recent deaths in the new missions in Central Africa.

To Staffa and Iona.*

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THOSE who desire an elaborate and scientific description of Icolmkill will find it in the Duke of Argyll's book on Iona published in 1869. A more graphic and popular account of it may be found in Dr. Johnson's "Journey to the Western Highlands of Scotland," in 1795. But, with neither of these at hand, there may be some of our readers who will not object to a brief common-place allusion to these twin sisters of the sea, which, by reason of their remoteness from the beaten paths, are visited by comparatively few passengers. We invite such to join us, say at Greenock, where we shall step on board the steamer "Iona" at nine o'clock in the morning. You may just find standing room among the crowd of from fifteen hundred to two thousand passengers, but you will be repaid for the discomfort by the exquisite character of the surroundings. The steamer's course, skirting the Argyleshire coast, and through the Kyles of Bute, and into Loch Fyne, introduce you to scenery than which there is nothing finer in this land of the mountain and the flood. At Ardrishaig, leaving the "Iona," a few of us embark in a miniature propeller, very odd in its appearance, but which carries us comfortably through the Crinan Canal, at the further end of which we are transferred to the "Chevalier"—a staunch sea-boat. By sun-down we reach

*It was the Rt. Hon. THE EARL OF KINTORE, who took so prominent a part in the Presbyterian Council: not the Earl of Selkirk as stated by us in October, page 267, line 1.—Ed.