

these far-traveled observers were related to that wise woman who said that she lived at Kobe for eighteen months, "right opposite the mission chapel, and never saw one native Japanese enter there." A good reason why! for that happened to be the chapel *for foreign residents*, and of course the natives did not attend there; the mission premises were in other quarters. An American clergyman, passing through Beirut, said to a friend, "The missionaries here seem to accomplish nothing." Further inquiry revealed that he had not even heard of the crowded audiences of Drs. Thompson and Van Dyck on the Sabbath, nor visited one of the schools which are the glory of the Syrian Mission and the envy even of the Moslems; nor had he looked in upon the presses and publication rooms, which kept a score of men constantly busy, and send Arabic Bibles and Testaments to every quarter of the Mohammedan world.*

Instead of being straitened by lack of proofs, we are rather embarrassed by the riches of the evidence both of the extent and rapidity of missionary progress. The first Malagasy who ever learned the alphabet of his own native tongue died six years ago last month, aged seventy-two. He had lived to see fifty thousand of his countrymen taught to read, and over seventy thousand profess their faith in the Christian's Redeemer. We could fill the pages of this REVIEW with similar testimonies from all quarters of the mission field, and even then should have but gleaned, like Ruth, a few handfuls from a harvest field that has supplied the vast garner of missionary biography and history with countless sheaves. In fact, these astonishing successes of missionary effort are so world-wide and conspicuous that we feel as though we were arguing with willful ignorance, or attempting to point out the glories of a prospect to eyes blinded or voluntarily closed.

The writer in *The Times* calls the progress of missions "funeral" for its slowness. To us it seems rather triumphal for its rapidity. We cannot understand how any intelligent observer can apply such a term to the march of missions during the century. If anything has been conspicuous about it, it is the wonderful *celerity of movement* which has marked its whole history. The writer in *The Times* manifestly knows more of the kingdoms of this world than of the Kingdom of Christ. Some of us who are "not yet fifty years old," have seen the major part of all this astounding development. The century is not complete by three years since the first Baptist society was organized by William Carey, and yet within that space of time there has been both in Christendom and heathendom a revolution so wonderful that we can only account it a revelation of supernatural energy at work among men. Missionary organizations have multiplied, averaging considerably more than *one every year*, until now their network wraps

* Ely Volume, Introd, viii.