

own daughter came forward and knelt before him, but raising her the old man said: "I did not mean you, my daughter." The next day, after relating this incident, an old gray haired man came to Mr. Speer, and said: "You have hit me. My daughter wished to go out from the Methodist Board, and they wanted her, but my wife and I held her back," and then he added significantly: "We have not felt so well as before." How many parents there may be who are thwarting the will of God and are saying in their hearts, "We have not felt so well as before."

It will no doubt be interesting, now that so many volunteers are in the field, to hear what they think of the battle while they are at the front.

Mr. F. W. Brown, a volunteer from Hillsdale College, Michigan, writes from India, while on a mission boat on the Byturney river, near Orissa. He says: "How goes the work? Here I am in this hot bed of idolatry. We feel that we are on the eve of a big break here, and are looking for it soon. The Lord hasten it on. I went to Puri to the Ratti Jutra; I saw enough to tire my soul. They stoned us while preaching. I have the stone that a wall opposite me kept from hitting me on the head." Mr. S. R. Gulick writes from Japan calling for 34 volunteers to go out under the A. B. C. T. M. He says the movement is an inspiration to the soldiers in the front, and they are looking for us.

E. W. R.

II.—GENERAL MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

Africa.—Mr. Stanley has emerged on the western shore of the Indian Ocean from his marvelous mid-African march, the most successful explorer in the world. It would be difficult to imagine a narrative more wonderful or fascinating than that of his journey from the Aruwimi to the Albert Nyanza, through a forest larger than France, and through the matted undergrowths of which the starved and dwindling column crept at the rate of less than three miles a day. That awful itinerary, filled with fever and fighting and hideous sufferings, continued for more than five months before the hundred and more thin skeletons emerged into the plain region, and with food and plenty about them, began to take heart and hope. But more fighting awaited them, with the dreary counter-march back to the Aruwimi, disappointment and waiting and horrors on end, consuming nearly a year more, until, in February last, the explorer met Emin and forced his reluctant consent to be relieved. During all this time Mr. Stanley never lost hope or changed his tone, or permitted himself for a moment to be overcome by the new obstacles that rose

in his path, and which to the average man would have seemed insurmountable. True, he is as yet his own historiographer, but there is no reason to doubt a narrative the very simplicity and modesty of which gives it the stamp of truth, and in which the humblest of his followers is made to share in heroism with himself. There is no attempt at advertisement. "Nothing happened," he writes in his account of the march from the Albert Nyanza to the coast, "save a fight or two with the Wanyoro," though on that march he discovered that the Muta Nize was the source of the White Nile, a discovery which other men would have deemed glory enough for a life time. And yet there is a full appreciation of the horrors of the journey, and of the importance of its results, as well as the expression of a reverent and unfaltering faith in God, who had led him on his way, and turned what seemed defeats into success. No other explorer has endured and overcome so much, adding to his own burdens responsibility for others and for results, and yet has so steadily grown in himself and in the estimation of the world. Great cities vie for the honor