

clearly brought before the minds of home Christians? Would it not be possible to establish a League of Self-supporting Volunteers, to organize a Bureau of Information which should supply intelligence of the particular needs of different fields, and advice concerning cost of living, safety of person, climatic conditions, opportunities for Christian companionship, etc.? Could not volunteer substitute teachers in this way release for more distinctly evangelistic work those engaged in teaching history and mathematics and English in mission schools? Could not such enlist for short terms—five or ten years—not committing themselves necessarily for life residence?

Everybody knows how ubiquitous is the trader in the remoter regions of the earth. Scarce a tribe in Africa but has rued his coming; scarce an island in the South Seas that is unacquainted with his cheap manufactures and illicit liquors. It is not so generally known how largely men of culture, wearied with civilization, have betaken themselves to the wilderness. We know how Stevenson loved Samoa, choosing it as both home and burial-place before his Scotch birthplace. Tahiti offered for years a like refuge to the brilliant Pierre Loti. Madagascar became the adopted home of Le Conte de Lisle. Olive Schreiner lives with her husband far up in the great Karoo of South Africa. Lafcadio Hearn has married a Japanese wife and settled down in a Japanese village, and Count Tolstoi has left the brilliant life of Western Europe for the isolation and monotony of Russian village life. Surely Christians have a higher, a more urgent motive to expatriation than the nefarious profit of the trader or the caprice of an *ennuied litterateur*. Surely, if the Pauline spirit has not entirely died out of the Christian Church, some may be found who without the entanglement of official connection stand ready to reinforce as volunteer auxiliaries the impaired regular forces of Christian missions.

Such a movement could be greatly facilitated if we could disillusion possible volunteers of the supposed universal formidableness of the missionary life. It is a mistake to suppose that missionaries are always and everywhere subject to hardship and suffering. Undoubtedly this was so in the inception of the missionary movement of our century. Doubtless it is so in many quarters now—along the fever-haunted coasts and river-bottoms of Africa, in the intolerably crowded cities of China, and in the thrice-heated plains of Southern India. On the other hand, there are fields for missionary labor which have a charm and attractiveness far surpassing that of the home-land itself. Of the uplands of Ceylon, for example, one could say, in the appropriate words of an Arabic inscription upon the Taj: "If there is a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this." Indeed, this fact is now so generally recognized that Ceylon is becoming one of the favorite resorts of the idlers of winter-time, a sort of Asiatic Riviera or California. And speaking of France, where could one find a more promising field spiritually than among her people, weary of Romanism, disenchanted of the Sodom-apples of pleasure-seeking, ready