

ment of literature which fully meets that need. These are live books on missions, such books as MacKay of Uganda, our Canadian MacKay of Formosa, our Canadian Geddies of New Hebrides, Hall of Corea, and Rijnhart of Thibet, have more than the romance of fiction and combine outlook and uplift that benefit alike head and heart. A devoted missionary said to us yesterday that she scarce heard of missions and knew nothing about them until she came to college, when the Student Movement led her into the foreign field. Please God that cannot be said of Canadian Methodism of the future. Our pulpits and papers ring with the call of God and his church "to disciple all nations."

Another fascinating book on missions is that under review. The account of the comparatively little known British dependency of Burma is one of fascinating interest. Here some of the most notable missionary triumphs have been won from the time of Judson down to today. The story here told is one of thrilling interest. No chapter will touch all loyal hearts in Canada more than that which enumerates the benefits of British rule in Southern Asia. Had this been written by a Britisher, it would be thought a parti-coloured statement. But all through the book runs generous recognition of, and thanksgiving for, the justice and generosity of British administration. In Rangoon the ballot for the election of commissioners for civic government "is allowed freely to all Europeans and Americans on exactly the same conditions. They are not required to become British subjects, and never intending to do so, have the ballot the same as Englishmen. The writer knows of no more extreme an example of democratic principles." How different from Kruger's oligarchy.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine, which is so violently anti-British and pro-Boer, bitterly denounced the Indian administration during the famine, and sent Julian Hawthorne as a commissioner to expose Britain's wrong-doings. But like Balaam, though summoned to ban he could do nothing but bless. The author tells the story in a way to make our souls thrill with patriotic pride. In two years the Government spent \$92,650,000 in famine relief. The gigantic spectres of plague and famine were fought by the Christian Government with a devotion and a zeal unparalleled in the history of the world. Let this book be placed in every Sunday School library. It is beautifully printed and illustrated.

A Canadian Missionary Hero and Martyr

"The Life of Rev. William James Hall, M.D., Pioneer Missionary to the Pyong Yang, Corea." Edited by his wife, Rosetta Sherwood Hall, M.D. Illustrated. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 421. Price, \$1.00 net.

We are proud of this noble young Canadian who ended his hero life at the early age of thirty-four and left a record which will be an inspiration for long years. The book is remarkable in its composite character. The different chapters are written by many missionary and other friends as a tribute to his memory, including his Canadian pastor, Rev. D. Winter, and Dr. Kilborn, of our mission in China.

Mr. Hall was born in Glen Buell, near Brockville. He was converted in the old stone schoolhouse of his native town. He was brought up on the farm, learned carpentering, went to the medical department of Queen's University, organized the first Y. M. C. A. in any medical college, became one of the first student volunteers in Canada, received training in Dr. Dowkont's missionary school, New York, doing missionary work in the slums of the city.

Of this he writes: "O blessed work for Jesus! How wonderfully he pours his blessings upon us as we endeavor to obey his command, 'Preach the Gospel, heal the sick.' Praise God for the privilege of walking so closely in the footsteps of our Master. He sweetens the bitterest cup and smooths the roughest way. He comes nearest to those who most need his help. How much easier it is to find the entrance to the heart, when we show people in a practical way that we love them. I have had Jews and Roman Catholics take me by the hand, and lift it to their lips and plant the kiss of gratitude upon it."

He was assigned a Sunday School class of two, and asked for more. "See how you get on with what you have," said the superintendent. He soon reported that he could manage one, but not both. Never was a more unselfish man. He would give the very bread out of his mouth to help another. He gave an older man his last five cents to pay his car fare and walked three and a half miles home himself. His life was one of constant privation. He cultivated literature on a little oatmeal; hadn't money to pay for his diploma till at