

in all cases the audiences have been large and the attention earnest and absorbed.

The plan has been connected with a few features of marked value, which might be well imitated elsewhere. Afternoon meetings have been held for *women* especially, and addressed ordinarily by some man and woman who have been on the foreign field and were at home on a furlough—as, for instance, Rev. Mr. Rice of India, Ross of Manchuria, Alexander of Jamaica, Christie, M. D., likewise of Manchuria, and Mrs. Edge of China, and Mrs. Armstrong of Burmah. Then in the evenings, general meetings, held in the largest available church or hall, addressed generally by one of these returned missionaries and myself, and sometimes briefly by some one of the local clergy. Some man or woman has been called to preside at the respective meetings, whose name and known interest in missions gave added power to the gatherings; and the common custom of voting thanks to the speakers, which often diverts attention from the subject matter to the person bearing the message, has been happily omitted. We see no reason why similar campaigns may not be planned in our own land, so that without needless cost of time or money, such men as Dr. Gordon of Boston, Dr. Barrows of Chicago, Dr. McVickar of Montreal, Dr. Goodwin of Chicago, Dr. Chamberlain of Brooklyn, Dr. Taylor of New York, Dr. Gracey of Buffalo, and such women as Mrs. Bottome, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Bainbridge, Mrs. Rhea, Mrs. Douglass, Mrs. Capron, Mrs. Harvie, Mrs. Hoge, Mrs. Moses Smith and Mrs. Barakat, may be brought into living contact with large congregations throughout the United States and Canada.

Scotland is a land of martyrs and missionaries, and the two naturally go together. The martyr spirit has survived the martyr fires, and so the vital energy that once made martyrs now runs into the channels of missionary enthusiasm. We go nowhere without feeling ourselves to be on holy ground. Hallowed associations make every spot sacred. At Bothwell we had to walk but a few steps along the Clyde to find ourselves confronting the mills where David Livingstone worked, and the humble home of Blantyre, where that "adventurous laddie" first saw the light. At Strathaven we were but seven miles from the battle-field of Drum Clog, where Douglass led a little band of Covenanters against Graham, of Claverhouse, with the royalist troopers; and from that little town where the hand looms still produce their beautiful products, went *from one house*, William and Gavin Martin to India, and James Martin to Jamaica, and James Martin's son to India, and now Miss Martin, the sister, to Jamaica. What an outcome of one consecrated home! Five missionaries almost from one cradle! No marvel Scotland is interested in missions! With a view to touching as many centers as was practicable, I have