

these centuries it has been in the power of those who hold the truth, having means enough, having knowledge enough, and having opportunity enough, to evangelize the globe *fifty times over*." Recent testimony is given by 120 missionaries in China, representatives of twenty-one Protestant societies. They say: "We want China emancipated from the thralldom of sin *in this generation*. It is possible." Our Lord has said, "According to your faith be it unto you." The Church of God *can do it*, if she be only faithful to her great commission. This statement comes from those who are intimately acquainted with the discouragements—who know the difficulties. And now "for the sake of the Name," that name which is above every name, "the love of Christ constraining us," let us go forth. Let the sublime faith and hope of such a grand result, under divine leadership, inspire our effort. Pastors, awake! Be yourselves flaming missionaries! From the lofty altitude of your own high devotion let the stream descend that shall raise every devout hearer to a higher level. Fan the slumbering embers of a smouldering missionary zeal—heap the facts like fuel on the fires. Make the coldest congregation hot with your own burning enthusiasm. Parents, bring up your children to see the dark places of the earth and the habitations of cruelty before their eyes, as Carey's rude map confronted him on that sheet of leather in his cobbler's shop! Merchants, open your treasuries and pour out your money. Never was an altar that so consecrated the gift. Meanwhile, let the voice of prayer, as with the mingling sound of multitudinous waves, surge against the throne of God!

HENRY MARTYN.

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IN the year 1812 a lone traveler, passing through Eastern Asia Minor, died at Tokat. His dragoman even did not know his full name, but scratched something like it upon a rude slab and went his way. The grave was soon covered by the sand from a mountain stream. They who buried him thought of him only as one of the millions who every year fall into forgotten graves. But this man was missed. Though but thirty-one years of age, he had struck the chord of heroic appreciation in England and America as almost no other man had. A statesman said: "His name is the one heroic name which adorns the annals of the English Church from the days of Elizabeth to our own." His grave was sought; his body removed to a more public spot; a handsome monument reared, and inscribed with his praise in four languages. Lord Macaulay, with fine appreciation of the truly great in character coming from familiarity with the heroes of all ages, who thrills us with his lines on Horatius and Harry of Navarre, was affected to reverence by the story of this young man's life and wrote this epitaph: