

money, children, one's *self*, to bear the good news to the superstitious, degraded, half-imbecile pagan. Dr. Thomas Laurie's five hundred pages may blaze with tributes to what missions have done for science—for geography, geology, meteorology, archaeology, philology, ethnography; for natural, social, medical, and political science; for literature and culture, mechanic arts and fine arts, history and poetry, commerce and common schools; nevertheless the more light you pour upon the selfish eye the more it contracts; and the carnal mind does not see that missions to the heathen are the most economical and practical investment for gold or life-blood. To those who look from no loftier level than this world affords, it is worse than waste for heroic men and seraphic women to sacrifice themselves in such fashion, daring climate, disease, want, and even human brutes, to do their worst. Though a sweet savor of spikenard thus spreads amid the rank and rotten growths of paganism, yet the fair flask of costly alabaster is broken. Henry Martyn was a mistaken martyr. William Carey would better have stayed in Britain. Adoniram Judson not only threw away in Burma his own precious life, but withdrew from civilization to a premature death three of the noblest women ever nurtured in refined society. Think of Harriet Newell dying on the Isle of France at twenty-one, and Mrs. Grant in Persia at twenty-five; of John Williams beaten to death and eaten by Erromangan cannibals; of bishops Patteson and Hannington brutally assassinated; of Samuel J. Mills expiring on the sea in the service of Africa at thirty-five, and Noit broken like a reed in the first year of acclimation; of Levi Parsons' death at Alexandria, within two years, and Pliny Fisk wasting in Syria his splendid scholarship and wealth of languages, and, in two years more, following Parsons; of the young and brilliant astronomer Stoddard star-gazing in Persia, when he might have been the rival of La Place and Le Verrier! What if Morrison did give the Bible to China and Hepburn, to Japan; if Livingstone did explore Africa, and Duff create high schools in India; if Peter Parker did push medical missions into China, and Clough gather the largest church in the world at Ongole; if Eliza Agnew did become the mother of a thousand daughters at Oodeoville, and Fidelia Fiske, at Ooroomiah; if Hogg and Lansing did make the Nile Valley bloom with plants of righteousness, and Cyrus Wheeler dot the Euphrates' banks with self-supporting churches; if William Duncan did build a Metlakahtla out of red Indians and Mason and Boardman organize the wild Karens into five hundred self-supporting parishes; if Mackay did celebrate his twelfth anniversary at Formosa with his twelve hundred converts, and Paton found Aniwa in barbarism, and in three years and a half left it a Christian island; what if the missionaries themselves, after a long period of trial, both of their powers and patience, cannot be drawn by any bait or driven by any terror from the work they love!

To the worldly disciple the mission field is simply a necropolis, one vast sepulchre of blighted lives and buried hopes. The dust of nearly a