

the outskirts of a village a mob gathered around him, and demanded money. Though mounted on his horse, the leader of the gang had hold of the bridle; so, for a few minutes, the missionary seemed completely in the power of the fierce men. With seeming composure he entered into a conversation with them. Their interest increased; he held their attention until he noticed the grasp on the bridle gradually loosening. Watching a favorable moment he spurred his horse and with a bound was out of their reach.

On his return, in 1875, he himself crossed the Continent and left his luggage and property to come by sea. Rounding the Cape of Good Hope, his goods were lost in the vessel's wreck. But among those lost effects was his whole manuscript on the Kolapoor kingdom, with full diary of his missionary work.

During later years his home has been in Princeton. There his parlor has been the Sabbath afternoon gathering place for the students, and the training school for missions.

In 1877, he started *THE MISSIONARY REVIEW*. The readers of that Review will not need to be reminded of the causes which led to its establishment. Even before he went to the General Assembly and presented his vigorous, incisive criticisms of the methods and expenditures of the Presbyterian Board, he felt there was need of a periodical that would review missions from a point of prospect more elevated than any denominational one, and the REVIEW became the channel for the expression of his personal convictions founded on a long and large experience, and a means of presenting the status of all missions of all denominations throughout all heathendom and nominal Christendom.

He yearned to return and die in India, and nothing held him back but his waning strength and the REVIEW. But so soon as he felt that the REVIEW was provided for, he determined, notwithstanding his keen bodily suffering, to sail for Kolapoor. "My whole soul," he said, "whole leap, could I go back. Could I not place twenty missionaries there at once?" That humble Presbyterian Church at Kolapoor was very dear to him, for in its construction his own hands as well as heart were engaged for months. When the church, first built by him, was sold to the Mohammedans, and a mosque built on the old site, it is characteristic of his quiet persistence to have bought ground and placed the new church as near as he possibly could to the site of the old one, and his efforts to obtain that site make a very interesting story in themselves.

To the last his heart went out to Kolapoor, and he charged his son Robert to settle about fifty miles from there, in a district peculiarly destitute, where, when he once told the story of the cross, the people with weeping followed him quite a distance, yearning to hear more.

His dying eyes were fixed on Jesus. When the death of his daughter, in 1861, was referred to, and he was asked: "Do you expect to meet her