

tive hero?—of the century. Have I exaggerated? Then listen to this noble tribute which appeared in the *Calcutta Review* in 1848:

"Of Mrs. Judson little is known in the noisy world. Few comparatively are acquainted with her name, few with her actions; but if any woman since the arrival of the white strangers on the shores of India, has on that great theatre of war, stretching from the mouth of the Irrawady and the borders of the Hindoo Cush, rightly earned for herself the title of a heroine, Mrs. Judson has by her doings and sufferings fairly earned the distinction. Her sufferings were far more unendurable, her heroism far more noble, than any which in more recent times have been so much pitied, so much applauded, and she was a simple missionary's wife. . . . She was a real heroine. The annals in the East present us with no parallel."

In heaven's light how the list of women who have served the Master in missions will glow! Harriet Newell, who died at twenty and was buried on the Isle of France; Mrs. Snow among the cannibals of Micronesia; Mrs. Coan in the Sandwich Islands; Mrs. Shauffer in Turkey; Miss West among the Zenanas of India; the holy company who have gone as wives, teachers, nurses and physicians,—we do not know their names, we cannot number them; they sleep in unmarked graves where southern seas wash golden sands, where tropic suns pour torrid heat. Unknown they lived, unheralded they worked, in distant lands they died; but when the historian of the future narrates the forces which have brought India, China, Japan, Turkey and Persia into the procession of civilized nations, no names will shine with fairer lustre than those of the missionary women who sought no reward but the privilege of doing good, and no fame but the opportunity of saving those for whom Christ died.

DR. PIERSON'S LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

No. VI.—CUNARD ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP "SERVIA,"

May 31, 1890.

DEAR DR. SHERWOOD:—If this good ship comes into port, as is expected, June 9, it will be just seven months since I took the *Etruria* for Liverpool, and now, on the homeward voyage, it is natural to take a retrospective glance.

Since I set sail I have delivered, in one form or another, some 234 public addresses, closing with a farewell address in the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland, on the early afternoon of Thursday, May 29, just before taking the train for Liverpool. It seemed a very appropriate, though unpremeditated, coincidence that in the same place where, on November 20, the welcome meeting was held, the last address should be delivered; and, with characteristic Scotch cordiality and *bon-hommie*, the whole assembly rose and cheered as their American guest left the Assembly chamber. And it is but due to these noble brethren to say that, between that welcoming of the coming and that speeding of the parting guest, nothing has occurred out of harmony with the