

the parish church, till here and there and everywhere, above the soft seas and in the upper mountain air, was heard the tender toning of her midnight bells of prayer. Have we not to-day Santa Fé, founded by Spanish priests, away up on the plateau of the Rocky Mountains, now deemed the oldest city of our country? and San Augustine, the next oldest, also founded by them as they came to pour other hosts across the southern slopes of our country to the Mississippi? What did France do? Were not the white gleam and shimmer of her lily standard seen through the wild woods of the St. Lawrence from its gulf along its course, through the great lakes and down the Mississippi till they met the forces of Spain in Louisiana? Have we not the traces of this course in the names familiar to us all—of Marquette, Juliet, Sault Ste. Marie, and Detroit, besides many another? Then did she not strive to secure possession of our own fair valley of the Ohio, that she might use it as an entering wedge with which to split apart the claims of the few and feeble English colonies on the coast? How many of those colonies were there? When this struggle began in 1688 there were twelve, and one of them was Romish. When we group these facts together, and remember the splendor and resources of these Romish countries at that period, and the weakness of the forces of Protestantism that were set to oppose them, can we not imagine that the angels above watched the close of this conflict with high joy, and that they ail, together with the Prince of our people, sang aloud, "But as for His own people, He led them forth like sheep. He carried them in the wilderness like a flock." "We give Thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, that Thou hast taken to Thee Thy great power, and hast reigned!"

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William Carey began work in India as the first Protestant missionary only ninety-eight years ago. It was in 1793 that he alone, the leader of a vast army that should follow, set foot on India's soil for the redemption of the millions of that race. He toiled on seven full years before he gained his first convert—seven years of struggle for one soul! In 1800 he baptized Krishna Chunda Pul, the first Hindu Protestant convert. When Carey died (the man whom God lifted from the cobbler's bench first to the English pulpit and then to the highest throne ever erected on the soil of India) he was honored throughout England, India, and the civilized world. He had introduced a work into India that would ultmate in the moral regeneration of the people and the social and mental elevation of a race. Schools, books, newspapers, moral associations—these, and a thousand other blessings followed as the indirect fruit of Carey's sowing on Indian soil. He died in 1834, but not until he had seen thousands follow his lone convert into the fold of Christ; and when the Church celebrated the semi-centennial of his death 500,000 converts could be counted in the vast field of work he had opened up. American growth of population does not exceed twenty-five per cent for the decade just past, but that of the Protestant family of India exceeded eighty-six per cent. How wonderfully God has honored the teachings of William Carey, the so-called Sanctified Cobbler!