

crease is at least 200,000,000. The increase of the heathen is numerically *seventy* times the number of converts during the century of Missions. The population of India doubles in 100 years; that of England in 72 years; that of Scotland in 74 years; that of the United States in 25 years. It is a fact shown by statistics that the great Protestant nations are increasing more rapidly than the Roman Catholic and Heathen nations. This fact enables us to look the more hopefully on the future of Protestant missions. But it is a most appalling fact that, while our mission cause has been gaining ground slowly and surely, *two thousand millions* of our race have died without the Gospel!

Mr. Johnston states, what is perfectly correct, that both Hinduism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism are not only standing their ground numerically but making proselytes by tens of thousands. Lower and weaker aboriginal races are being absorbed year by year, by the dominant races and religions, in Africa, in India, and in China. But God has already shewn, in the history of the last century, that Christianity is suited to all nations and races; and He has placed upon us the responsibility of sending the Gospel to all nations. In the essay before us, Mr. Johnston shows that the actual contributions in Great Britain, for missions to the Heathen, are a million and a quarter pounds sterling. The annual income of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom is about one thousand million pounds. Ninety million pounds are raised as public revenue. War expenses amount to, say thirty millions; and five millions are raised for education. But for Missions, the total raised is one million and a quarter! Within the past century, Great Britain has expended about a thousand millions of pounds in war. The annual savings of the British people amount to, say, two hundred and forty million pounds. It would seem a small thing to ask that a tenth of these savings should be devoted to missions.

Another startling array of figures is thus given: Spent annually on beer, spirits, wine and tobacco.....£ 137,000,000  
Amusements..... 12,500,000  
Missions to the Heathen,... 1,250,000

A few millions of this tremendous total would do much for missions.

Editorial Correspondence.

DUNOON TO LUCERNE.

HOW far is it? It seems such a long way, even to us who are accustomed to magnificent distances, yet by the route we travelled it is only 1347 miles. Using the German mode of expression, it was three weeks, but looking back, it seems more like three months since we left Dunoon. The frequent change of environment is perhaps a sufficient explanation for the paradox. Coming into contact every day with fresh scenes and seeing men and things under new aspects, the mind becomes excited, bewildered sometimes, in the attempt to keep pace with the rapid transition of associations. Although we have been living quietly for a fortnight at Lucerne, I confess that I have not reached the fitting state of repose for writing an editorial, but if my readers will take me as I am and make due allowances for a somewhat sanguine temperament, and a propensity for always looking at the best side of things, I shall endeavor to give as plain and concise an account of our journey hitherto as I can.

We spent a week in Edinburgh, a week in London, and just a week we were *en route* from London to Lucerne. I need not say much about "Auld Reekie," having repeatedly recorded in these pages my impressions of that surpassingly beautiful city. Seldom, however, has it been seen to better advantage than during the week of our sojourn there. Not only was the International Exhibition in full blast, attended daily by some twenty thousand strangers, but the city was honoured at that time with a visit from her gracious Majesty the Queen, and it was also favoured with "Queen's weather." The authorities spared no expense in their arrangements to facilitate Her Majesty's movements. The citizens were profuse in their demonstrations of loyalty. Princess Street was festooned with drapery of dazzling brightness from end to end, and when the time came for Her Majesty to proceed from Holyrood to the Exhibition on Bruntsfield Links, the entire line of route was lined with crowds of people of all ranks and classes who manifested their respect for their beloved sovereign in approved Scottish fashion, that is to say in a very quiet and undemonstrative way. Her Majesty, who is