

sion, he says, "seemed to descend upon the assembly like a rushing, mighty wind; and with astonishing energy bore them all before it. . . . Old men and women who had been drunken wretches for many years, and little children as well people of middle age, appeared in distress for their souls. . . . I never saw a day like it in many respects. It was a day in which the Lord did much to destroy the kingdom of darkness among the people. Most of those who were thus awakened to a sense of their sinfulness, were enabled to believe to the salvation of their souls." From this time to the end Brainerd's work was crowned with great success. But toil, exposure, privation, and anxiety wrought rapidly upon a naturally delicate constitution; and on the 9th of Oct., 1747—three years before Schwartz began his life-work in India—this consecrated missionary entered into rest at the early age of twenty-nine.

But his work was not a failure; none is, however short or seemingly fruitless, that is done from true love and loyalty to Christ. Other hearts were stirred to take it up; and from that day to this mission work has gone on, with some degree of success, among the Indian races of America.

Three years from the time Brainerd's work ended in America, the work of Schwartz began in India. He landed in—Franquebar, south-eastern India, in the year 1750; and there began a work which ended only with his life. Before leaving Halle, he had gained considerable knowledge of the Tamil language; hence he was able to begin his work as a missionary in a comparatively short time. For sixteen years his labors were many and varied; travelling, preaching, and instructing converts in the way of life. At the end of that period he was taken under the patronage of the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," and a salary of £48 a year was settled upon him. He now removed from Franquebar to Trichinopoly. Here he lived in the simplest way, in a little room in an old building, "scarcely large enough," his biographer tells us, "to hold himself and his bed." His dress was dimity—a cheap cotton fabric—dyed black, and his food, rice and vegetables cooked in Indian fashion. Soon after settling in Trichinopoly he was employed by the Governor to act as chaplain for the English soldiers, for which service he received £100 a year. The first year he gave the whole to the mission funds, and ever after the half. Yet this man, so simple in his life, and so unselfish in his giving, gained most extraordinary influence over both the Europeans and the natives, and left behind him a life worthy of all imitation. Of him it is said:

"The most remarkable gift possessed by Schwartz was his power of gaining influence over men of all classes. He had sound common sense, a winning manner, and a gracious, benevolent face. His life, contrary to that of many of the Europeans of his day, was simple and pure. Hence he exerted a kind of fascination over all who came to know him. Governor-Generals, English officers, Rajahs, haughty Brahmins, despised Pariahs, common soldiers, and fellow missionaries, all alike felt his power, came under the spell of his influence, and bore testimony to his character. Honoring his Master by faithful service, all men honored him."

Schwartz never revisited his native country, but died in the land to whose service the best years of his useful and blameless life had been devoted. "He was," says his biographer, "the founder of the Tanjore mission, and the life of all the Indian missionary effort of his day. He lived unmarried that he might the more completely give himself up to his work. His form was impressive and venerable, and upon his face the eye of the Hindoo and

of the English alike loved to dwell. To few has it been given to sway human hearts so strongly. In his life-work he was instant in season and out of season. He was steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; and truly his labor was not in vain in the Lord."

He died on the 13th of Feb., 1797; and his last breath was spent in singing, in a clear and melodious voice, the closing portion of the hymn, "Only to thee, Lord."

A Cruel Deed! Heroic Women!

BY REV. H. H. BADLEY.

The quotation which follows, taken from the *Pioneer*, a daily newspaper published at Allahabad, tells its own story. It is sad to think that such a deed could have happened only a few weeks ago, in the year of grace, 1886. The picture portrayed is indescribably sad. One sees the simple-minded, superstitious villagers making up their minds to the necessity of the cruel rite; one hears the offers of volunteers to die, the pleadings of brave women, something hot at all phenomenal; one looks with tears upon the little heap of ashes lying in the plain.

The incident shows the depth of superstition to be found in India; it is an argument for the introduction of schools and books and newspapers; it also serves as an illustration—many have gone before—of the self-denial and heroism deeply implanted in the souls of these misguided women; and it should serve as a strong argument for sending the light of the Gospel into these benighted villages and darkened hearts.

One of the strongest reasons why the women of Christendom should hasten to carry the gospel to their heathen sisters, is in the fact that by far the larger part of all the suffering and woe caused by heathenism falls upon the girls and women in these heathen lands. The mere mention of child marriage, of enforced widowhood, of the now-abandoned suttee rites, and of incidents like the following, is sufficient to prove this. The sole remedy is in the Gospel. The millions are sitting here in dreary darkness. O that the light of heaven, and of heaven's King, might speedily shine in and drive away the gloom!

The extract is as follows:

"It would seem hardly credible that, in these days, when civilization has made such strides, human sacrifices should still obtain in a country like India. But such is apparently the case, judging by what has recently taken place in a village in Tonk territory, in Rajputana; and while reflecting with horror upon the tragic scene enacted there a few weeks ago, it is impossible not to admire the extraordinary courage, self-denial and forethought of the two heroines who formed the centre of the tragedy. They were not drugged; there was no show, religious enthusiasm, or music to stimulate them to the deed they committed; and the absence of each of these incentives makes their act the more remarkable.

"Some years ago, in an outlying district near Neemuch, an interchange of detached villages took place between the Mhairwara and Tonk Durbars with a view to simplifying boundary matters. In the process a Mhairwara village, inhabited entirely by Brahmins, passed into the possession of Nawab of Tonk. This village had been granted in perpetuity to the Brahmins by a former Maharana of Odeypore, and it is believed that the fact is duly recorded upon a copper tablet which forms the proprietary *sunnud* in those parts. The grant was of the nature known as *muafi*—that is, the holders of the soil could till it and enjoy its produce free of rent, though they were not the actual proprietors of the land.