

missionary, and, putting his hand upon his son's head, said: "This is not my son any longer, but thine, for into thy hands I deliver him." By his practical counsel, Schwartz really kept the crown upon the young prince's head. He quieted revolts among his people, as when 7,000 rebels, who had refused to hear the government, said to the missionary: "You have shown us kindness . . . We will work for you day and night to show our regard." When famine desolated Tanjore, and the people were taking their revenge upon their rulers by refusing to sell them provisions, and when no threats from the authorities availed, Schwartz was able to secure within two days 1,000 oxen and 8,000 measures of grain. The British resident wrote home: "Happy indeed would it be for India if Schwartz possessed the whole authority."

After the English victories in Burmah, in 1826, a grand military reception was given to an American lady. Sir Archibald Campbell, the conqueror, welcomed her in person at the head of his staff. At the dinner given to the Burmese Commissioners, this lady was accorded the seat of honor. This was a tribute which the British authorities rendered not alone to the personal heroism and consecration of Dr. and Mrs. Judson, but in recognition of the importance of their work as bearing upon the civilization of that country. It was not the mere zeal of an enthusiast that kept Judson at his post for seven years in Rangoon before he could claim his first convert. His soul was balanced by the weight of a grand project, whose accomplishment he foresaw through all the darkness of atheism supported by the throne. So clear was it to him, that he could abide the horrors of the prison and the stocks while the seed was decaying, as it were, in the soil, to bring forth the glorious harvest which others should reap. The statesman-eye of Daniel, in Babylon, caught the lustre of coming empires with scarcely more clearness than did the prophetic soul of Judson discern the future of Burmah, when alone he

gazed upon the temples at Ava and exclaimed: "We stand upon the dividing line of the empires of darkness and light. O shade of Ah-ran-han, weep over thy falling fanes: retire from the scenes of thy past greatness. A voice mightier than mine, a still small voice, will ere long sweep away every vestige of thy dominion." Never did greater prescience guide an ambassador to a foreign court than when this solitary man wrote in his journal: "We are penetrating into the heart of one of the great kingdoms of the world to make a formal offer of the Gospel to a despotic monarch, and through him to the millions of his subjects." To-day the king of Burmah sends his princely children to sit at the feet of the successors of Judson, and learn the deepest lessons of both secular and celestial wisdom.

Beirut, in Syria, is called the "crown-jewel of modern missions." It was taken from the bed of Moslem degradation, cut and set by the deliberate planning of a handful of American Christians. As late as 1826, Beirut was a straggling, decaying Mohammedan town without so much as a carriage-way through it, a wheeled vehicle, or a pane of window-glass in it. The missionaries who came to it were persecuted by authorities and mobbed by the populace. Some were driven to the Lebanon; others fled to Malta. There they matured their plans, chimerical to all but the eye of faith. They projected Christian empire for Syria, not the gathering of a few converts. Schools, colleges, printing-houses, churches, Western culture in science, art and religion, were all included in their plan. They returned to Beirut bringing a hand-press and a font of Arabic type. Night after night a light gleamed from a little tower above the mission building—a prophetic light seen out on the Mediterranean—where Eli Smith, and, after he was gone, the still living Dr. Van Dyck labored in translating the Bible into Arabic. When, in 1865, Dr. Van Dyck flung down the stairway the last sheet of "copy" to the compositor, it marked an era of importance to Syria