

into a paradise of God. They brought not barren Christian dogma, but Christian life, however far from perfect, into the very midst of the godless degradation of paganism; and, as a fact, they leavened far and wide the entire lump.

Coming to modern missions, we find no less brilliant illustrations of our theme. It is too soon yet to trace the wisdom of the workers fully in the results of their work, since the revived interest in it dates almost with the century. Lord Lawrence, while Viceroy of India, reported: "Notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit India, the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined." The same may be said of the opening of all pagan lands to Western civilization. The missionary has been a far larger factor in the problem than would be measured by his strictly gospel work.

One of the most beautiful monuments in India was built by Sarfojee, the Rajah of Tanjore, to the memory of Schwartz, who died in 1798. These lines may be taken from the epitaph which the Rajah composed:

"To the benighted, dispenser of light,
Doing and pointing to that which is right;
Blessing to princes, to people, to me.
May I, my father, be worthy of thee."

Well might the Rajah call Schwartz his father, for when the old Rajah, his real father, was dying, he called for the missionary, and, putting his hand upon his son's head, said: "This is not my son any longer, but thine, for into thine 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 luster 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-rau-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