

opiles the dying missionary examined the candidates, and at the sunset hour his cot was placed by the riverside and the first Christian baptism ever known in that district was celebrated in that mountain stream by Mr. Mason. This was Mr. Boardman's "closing scene"—fit close to the labors of a devoted missionary. They attempted to bear him back to Tavoy, but he died on the way, and his tomb is in the midst of what was once a Buddhist grove and beneath the shadow of a ruined pagoda. Its simple marble slab bears an epitaph which reminds us of Christopher Wren's memorial in St. Paul's cathedral, "If you seek his monument, look around you."

The next prominent stage in this wonderful work among the Karens was the gathering of these scattered converts from the villages into a community by themselves, in order that they might be provided with schools and other means of religious culture and growth quite impracticable in their scattered condition. This docile people accepted Mr. Mason's proposal, and about the year 1833 actually abandoned their homes, and a site was chosen for a new Christian town. It was the site of a former settlement known as "the ancient city," but only tradition of its former condition survived. The new settlement was called *Malali*, city of love, almost the Karen equivalent for Philadelphia. Fifteen years wrought there marvelous transformations: there might be found, forty years ago, a flourishing church, Christian schools, and a happy, harmonious people, their nomadic habits having given way to a settled life of trade, industry, and agriculture. Heathen vices had already been displaced by neatness, cleanliness, decency and order. They began to support not only their own families but their own schools and the institutions of the gospel. The history of the wonderful changes wrought by the gospel among the "wild men" of Burmah we cannot trace further. Both in manners and morals, in manhood and household life, the Karen became unrecognizable after the gospel had touched his mind and heart.

When Mr. Mason in 1832 visited the fields of the beloved Boardman's labor, he came to the villages under the jurisdiction of *Moung So*, the chief, who early sought the missionaries at Tavoy, and he beheld with astonishment the changes already wrought. Hear his own words: "I no longer date from a heathen land. Heathenism has fled these banks. I eat the rice and potatoes and fruit cultivated by Christian hands, look on the fields of Christians, and see no dwellings but those of Christian families. I am seated in the midst of a Christian village, surrounded by a people that love, talk, act, and in my eyes look like Christians!" And this was over fifty years ago.

At Dong-Yahn the lamented Eleanor Macomber, in December, 1836, found the poor Karens, slaves of drunkenness and all the most loathsome vices of heathenism. With the aid only of two or three natives she maintained at her own dwelling daily prayer and Sabbath worship