

heavenly lustre. India's sin-crushed multitudes would be walking erect with a diadem of glory on their brows. South America's neglected nations and tribes would be trousseaued like her northern sister in the bridal robes of Christian civilization. China's millions would no longer be looking back into the misty past, but right about face, beaming like the morning, keeping time with the light, would have taken their place in the vanguard of the redeemed. All the islands of the sea would be glowing with the resplendence of their Redeemer. Indeed the prophetic "I will make the place of my feet glorious" would be a present reality, and this earth would ere this time have passed through the parturient pangs of the regeneration, and the new heavens and the new earth taken their place in the orchestra of a ransomed universe.

But alas! There is no danger of the real picture being mistaken for the above description.

Call to your aid all the images of poverty and degradation you have ever seen in solitary places of the extremest wretchedness, those cases that have haunted you with horror after you passed from thence, those dreary abodes of gaunt squalor, crowd them into one picture, unrelieved by a single shade of tempered darkness or colored light, and hang it over one half the globe; it will still fail to equal the reality. You must put into it the prospect of hopeless continuance; you must take out of it all hope and aspiration even. The conspicuous feature of heathenism is poverty. You have never seen poverty. It is a word of meaning which you do not know. What you call poverty is wealth, luxury. Think of it as universal, continent wide. Put into hunger, nakedness, beastiality; fill Africa with it, fill Asia with it, crowd the vision with men, women and children in multitude more than twenty times the population of all your great cities. Paint a starless sky, hang your picture with night, drape the mountains with long, far reaching vistas of darkness, hang the curtains deep along every shore and landscape, darken all the past, let the future be draped in deeper and still deeper night, fill the awful gloom with hungry, sad faced men and sorrow driven women and hopeless children. It is the heathen