

Mr. Fukasawa, the eminent journalist of Tokyo, has often represented the system as effete. A published tract of the Shin sect in Japan, says of the monks: "They delude men, they deceive themselves; they forsake the world, and are more worldly than ever."

Mr. Louis Liesching, an officer of Government in Ceylon, said at the London Missionary Conference of 1888: "I have never met with a Buddhist priest who did anything for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. They are men whose only care is to live in sloth and indolence, and to spend their days in getting what they can from the people, and giving them nothing in return. By the fruits of religion, religion must be judged. I have been a judicial officer and a revenue officer in Ceylon, and I can say that though the Buddhist professes to have such a regard for life that he strains even the water he drinks, yet among no people is human life held at a lower estimate than among Buddhists. Why? With Buddhists life is life, whether it be in the form of a mosquito or a human being; and to kill one is as bad as killing another. I have known a young man dash out the brains of his own sister, in order that he might charge another who was his enemy with the crime."

But as there are many who, while admitting the decline of the system (and Christianity, they say, has also frequently declined and become corrupt), still maintain that the original system was ennobling, we add the testimony of Rev. Spence Hardy, of Ceylon, as to the blighting character of Buddhism in the very nature of its doctrines and in its best estate. He says: "The system of Buddha is humiliating, cheerless, man-marring, soul-crushing. It tells me that I am not a reality, I have no soul. It tells me that there is no unalloyed happiness, no plenitude of enjoyment, no perfect, unbroken peace in the possession of any being whatever, from the highest to the lowest, in any world.

It tells me by voices ever repeated, that I shall be subject to sorrow, impermanence and unreality, so long as I exist, and yet that I cannot cease to exist for countless ages to come, as I can only attain Nirvana in the time of a supreme Buddha. In my distress I ask for the sympathy of an all-wise and all-powerful friend. . . . But I am mocked instead by being told to look to Buddha, who has ceased to exist; to the Dhamma, that never was an existence; and to the Sangha, the members of which are, like myself, partakers of sorrow and sin."

Turning from the delusions of Buddhism and the prevailing devil worship we ask, what has Christianity done for Burmah and Siam?

The history of the American Baptist Missions in Burmah constitutes one of the most thrilling romances of modern times. The peculiar circumstances which led Dr. Judson to Burmah, instead of India; the sufferings which were endured by him and his wife in the early days; the wonderful door of entrance presented by Mr. and Mrs. Boardman and others among the Karens—all these things are as household words among those who know even the alphabet of modern missions. Even Gautama himself never exhibited a heroism like that of these devoted men and women. From the beginning of his preaching as the Buddha, he was honored even by princes. He spent his whole ministry in peace among his own people and died an object of virtual worship. These missionaries had forsaken country and friends to bear an unwelcome message to the needy, to submit to privation and imprisonment, and disease and death—not like him for their own glory, but for the glory of another.

Whoever candidly compares the living truths which they taught with the dismal negations of Buddhism, or their lives with the lives of the monks, as above described, will not wonder at the transformations which they and their successors have wrought. The