

ered most of the literature of antiquity, to the use of the common soldiers for cooking their food. "If these books," said he, "are opposed to the Koran, they ought to be destroyed; if they agree with the Koran, they are unnecessary, and may therefore be burned." That is the spirit which chimes in admirably with the demands of despotism, and which in fact keeps at this moment one hundred millions of Asia and Africa in deep and almost hopeless political and intellectual bondage.

But the missionary on his tour of observation has yet to meet with examples of human ignorance, prejudice, and degradation still more revolting to the benevolent heart. He enters the self-styled "Celestial Empire" of South-eastern Asia, and encounters the self-sufficiency and dogmatism of the Mongolian race, still more insufferable than that of the Caucasian followers of the false prophet. In China, almost every thing is perfect; in view of the native, it is perfect wisdom, perfect intelligence, perfect freedom, and perfect happiness; in the eye of the missionary, perfect folly, perfect ignorance and self-conceit, perfect bondage to prejudice and custom, and perfect wretchedness to the soul of Christian benevolence. At any rate, the intellect of those almost countless millions, which, if properly cultivated, might send a blaze of light all over the globe, is now shut up in a nutshell; and woe be to the individual who ventures to look upon the outside. Strange, that no one of the vast population, which from generation to generation has swarmed in that empire, should ever have ventured a step beyond his predecessors, and that the highest ambition of those who might have filled the world with their literary and scientific glory has been to fill it with bohea and young hyson.

The Chinese mind, however, is by no means in as degraded