CLASSIC REPRINT SERIES

Adoniram Judson

A Biography



by
Edward Judson

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Title: The life of Adoniram Judson

Author: Edward Judson

Release date: June 2, 2023 [eBook #70894]

Language: English

Original publication: United States: Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, 1883

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/70894

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THE LIFE OF

ADONIRAM JUDSON

BY HIS SON

EDWARD JUDSON

NEW YORK
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY
900 Broadway, cor. 20th Street

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NEW YORK:

EDWARD O. JENKINS,
Printer and Stereotyper,
20 North William St.

ROBERT RUTTER,
Binder,
116 & 118 E. 14th St.

TO THE CHILDREN OF MISSIONARIES,

THE INVOLUNTARY INHERITORS

OF THEIR PARENTS' SUFFERINGS AND REWARDS,

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY ONE OF THEIR NUMBER.

It is not my purpose to present a theory of missions, but simply to give a clear and consecutive story of my father's life. I have been impelled to do this by the desire that his memory should be cherished in the minds of the rising generation. Dr. Wayland's noble and comprehensive Memoir is now out of print, and it has seemed to me that a career which may be justly said to form the main artery of all American foreign missionary endeavor, needed to be presented anew. In order to bring into bold relief

my father's social, domestic, and personal traits, I have introduced large extracts from his letters and journals, which, however, in a few places, I have taken the liberty of condensing. Free use has also been made of the valuable reminiscences contributed to Dr. Wayland's Memoir by Mrs. Emily C. Judson.

E. J.

NEW YORK, *January, 1883*.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.
EARLY YEARS.
1788-1809.

Birth—Precocity—Reverence for his father—Ambition over-stimulated—His sister, Abigail—Playing church—Removal to Wenham—His brother Elnathan—Death of a sister—Childhood reminiscences—“Does the sun move?”—Solving hard enigmas—Proficiency in arithmetic—“Old Virgil dug up”—Studying Revelation—Removal to Braintree and to Plymouth—College life—Teaching school—Publishing grammar and arithmetic—Conversion—Early impressions—Sceptical views—Journey—Startling incident at an inn—Entering the Theological Institute at Andover—Self-dedication—Joining the Church—Consecration to the ministry—Fervent piety 1

CHAPTER II.

CONSECRATION TO MISSIONARY LIFE.

1809-1812.

Buchanan's "Star in the East"—Association with kindred missionary spirits—Haystack monument—Obstacles —Attractions at home—Best men needed abroad —Anticipation of dangers and hardships—Application to Dr. Bogue—The case laid before the *General Association*—Organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—Failure to co-operate with the *London Missionary Society*—Journey to England—Captured by a French privateer—Confined in the hold—In prison at Bayonne—Paroled—Scene at a masked ball —Reception in England —Personal appearance —Return to America—Appointed by the Board —Meeting with Ann Hasseltine—Incident at the table—Sketch of Ann Hasseltine—Marriage—Parting with parents—The wayside

prayer—Ordination—Parting with sister—Embarcation 16

CHAPTER III.

VOYAGE TO BURMAH.

1812-1813.

The course—Change of views on Baptism—Arrival in Calcutta—Announces to the Board his change of views—Appeal to the Baptists—His baptism—Excluded from India by the East India Company—Journey to the Isle of France—Death of Harriet Newell—Journey to Madras—Voyage to Rangoon—Arrival—The effect in America of his change of views—Organization of a Baptist Missionary Society—Beneficial consequences of his becoming a Baptist—Missionary operations widened—Consolidation and growth of the Baptist denomination 36

CHAPTER IV.

BURMAH.

Face of the country—Animals—Inhabitants—Industrial life—Government—Religion—History and distribution of Buddhism—Buddhism and Brahminism contrasted—Life of Buddha—Buddha's Way of salvation—Point of Departure, the Goal, and the Way—Buddha's moral code—Buddhism and Christianity 56

CHAPTER V.

LIFE IN RANGOON.

1813-1819.

Rangoon a strategic point —First impressions of Rangoon—The *Task* before him—The evangelization of Burmah—The *Means*—Not civilization—Not schools for children—The Gospel conveyed to the adult mind—The printed Word—Oral preaching of the Gospel —The press can never supersede the pulpit—His method of preaching —The *Difficulties*—Burman conservatism—Learning the language—Danger of persecution—Sublime faith—Removal into the city proper—Mrs. Judson's declining health, and voyage to Madras—Birth and death of Roger Williams Judson—Conversation between Mr. Judson and his Burman teacher—His illness—Compiling Burman Grammar—The first tract—Arrival of Mr. Hough and the press—The first inquirer —Matthew translated—Ill health—Horrors of the sea voyage to

Madras—Mrs. Judson's heroism during his absence—Arrival of Messrs. Colman and Wheelock—Beginning of public worship in the zayat—The first baptism—Handpicking among the Burmans—Rising persecution—Determination to go to Ava—Death of Wheelock 74

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE IN RANGOON—CONTINUED.

1819-1823.

Journey to Ava—Unsuccessful visit at court—Return to Rangoon—Firmness of the converts—Colman's death in Arracan—Revival amid persecution—First baptism of a Burman woman—Letter from Burman converts to American churches—Mrs. Judson's alarming illness—The voyage to Calcutta and return—Series of conversions and baptisms—Mrs. Judson's visit to America—Personal appearance—Mr. Judson's solitude—Arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Price—Death of Mrs. Price—Second journey to Ava—Favorable reception at Court—Return to Rangoon—Purpose to establish a mission at Ava 147

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE IN AVA AND OUNG-PEN-LA.

1823-1826.

Third journey to Ava—Bright prospects—Gathering war-cloud—Cold reception at Court—War between the English and Burmans—All the white foreigners thrown into prison—Duration of imprisonment—The place—Horrors of an Oriental jail—Serene faith—Mrs. Judson's intercessions—Birth of Maria—Removal to Oung-pen-la—Final release—His personal reminiscences of his captivity—A British officer's description of Mrs. Judson 212

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE IN AMHERST.

1826-1827.

Treaty of peace—Condition of affairs in Rangoon—The Wades and Boardmans at Calcutta—Description of Mr. and Mrs. Boardman—The founding of Amherst—Removal to Amherst—Accompanying the English Embassy to Ava—Uncongenial employment—Mrs. Judson's death—His return to Amherst—Arrival of the Wades and Boardmans—Death of little Maria—Decline of Amherst—Removal to Maulmain—Death of Mah-men-la—Death of his father 282

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE IN MAULMAIN.

1827-1831.

Guyonism—Tendency toward asceticism—Physical constitution shaken by tortures and sorrows—Solitude—American Christians slow to send reinforcements—Intense piety—Forms of self-mortification—Gives property to the Board—Destroys all correspondence and materials for eulogiums—Crucifies taste for literature—Gives up society—His intense socialness—Recovery of equilibrium—The mission-house at Maulmain—Bold robbery—Zayat work—School work—Women and children persecuted—Sufferings of Mee-Shway-ee—Work of translation—Ordination of Moung-Thah-a—Ordination and death of Moung-Ing—Removal of Boardman to Tavoy—Death of Elnathan Judson—Arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett—Removal of the Wades to Rangoon—Mr.

Judson repairs to Rangoon—Attempt to establish a mission in Prome—Return to Rangoon—Burman thirst for the Word—Distribution of tracts—Seclusion at Rangoon for the Bible translation—Interior of his study—Invitation to visit America declined—Regard for the health of his missionary associates—Death of Boardman 303

CHAPTER X.

LIFE IN MAULMAIN—CONTINUED.

1831-1845.

Return to Maulmain—Condition of affairs—The Karens—Views of ministerial education—Tours in the Karen jungles—Reinforcements from America—His personal habits—His marriage to Mrs. Boardman—Her heroic career at Tavoy—Parting with George—Translating the Bible—Revision—His views of distributing the Bible—His views of the Old Testament—The excellence of his Burman version of the Bible—Teaching and preaching—Personal appearance—Annals of domestic life—Birth of Abby Ann—Birth of Adoniram Brown—Declining health—Birth of Elnathan—Voyage to Calcutta and return—Birth of Henry—Birth of Luther—Voyage of the family to Calcutta—Death of Henry at Serampore—Return to Maulmain via Isle of France—Incidents of the voyage—Birth of Henry

Hall—Death of his aged mother at Plymouth—Beginning the Burman dictionary 376

CHAPTER XI.

VISIT TO AMERICA.

1845-1846.

The births of Charles and Edward—Mrs. Judson's declining health—Voyage to America necessary—Arrival at the Isle of France—"We part on this green islet, love"—Mrs. Judson's death at St. Helena—Arrival in Boston—His humility—An address in Eaton—A sermon at Plymouth—Missionary mass-meeting in Boston—Providence—New York—Bradford—Death of Charlie—Philadelphia—Utica—Waterville College—Hamilton—Richmond—Baltimore—Sketch of Emily Chubbuck—His first meeting with Emily Chubbuck—Marriage—Conflicting public opinions—Judson longs for his Burman home—Farewell to his sister and to his children—Embarcation 442

CHAPTER XII.

LAST YEARS.

1846-1850.

Passing St. Helena—The Isle of France and Amherst—Arrival at Maulmain—Resuming work on the dictionary —Removal to Rangoon —“Bat Castle”—Sickness, suffering, and persecution at Rangoon —Retreat to Maulmain —The permission that came too late—Preaching, translating, and pastoral work—A spirit unconquerably youthful—Personal appearance—Correspondence with the Crown Prince of Siam—Sympathy with those in sorrow—Domestic life—Birth of “My Bird”—Mrs. Judson’s declining health—His last illness and death at sea—Birth and death of “Angel Charlie”—Closing scenes—“Sweet mother” 494

CHAPTER XIII.

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

The Burman Dictionary unfinished—Summary of results in Burmah—The difficulties overcome—Results in America—Formation of missionary organizations—The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—The American Baptist Missionary Union—Missionary societies among the Episcopalians, Methodists, and Presbyterians—Indirect influences of his life—His sufferings fruitful of blessing—The graves of our missionaries 550

APPENDIX.

A.—Autobiographical Record of Dates and Events, by A. Judson 561

B.—Mr. Judson's First Tract for the Burmans 568

C.—The Threefold Cord 571

D.—Advice to Missionary Candidates 577#

E.—The Kathayan Slave 580#

F.—Wayside Preaching 589#

I



THE LAND HEMISPHERE.

II


THIBET
BHOTAN
Brahmaputra R.
Ganges R.
INDIA
ASSAM
Yang-tse-kiang R.
CHINA
Yun-nan
Serampore
CALCUTTA
Bhamo
INDEPENDENT
BURMAH
Amarapoora
Chittagong
BRITISH
Aracan
Ava
Pegu R.
Akyab
Sandoway
PEGU
Martaban
Bassein
Rangoon
Martaban
Amherst
BAY
OF
BENGAL
BURMAH
SIAM
Tavoy
Bang-kok
Mergui
Tenasserim
Straits of Malacca
Penang
SUMATRA
Singapore

BURMAH.

CHAPTER I.
EARLY YEARS.
1788-1809.

The traveller who visits Malden, Massachusetts, one of the picturesque suburban towns of Boston, may find in the Baptist meeting-house a marble tablet, bearing the following inscription:

IN MEMORIAM.
REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON.
BORN AUG. 9, 1788.
DIED APRIL 12, 1850.
MALDEN, HIS BIRTHPLACE.
THE OCEAN, HIS SEPULCHRE.
CONVERTED BURMANS, AND
THE BURMAN BIBLE,
HIS MONUMENT.
HIS RECORD IS ON HIGH.

An old wooden house embosomed among the trees is still pointed out as the birthplace of Adoniram Judson. His father, who also bore the quaint, scriptural name of Adoniram, was a Congregationalist minister, born in Woodbury, Connecticut, in June, 1752. He was married November 23, 1786, to Abigail Brown, who was born at Tiverton, Rhode Island, December 15, 1759. Soon after his marriage he settled in Malden,

Massachusetts, and here his eldest son, Adoniram, was born.

The boy was very precocious, learning to read when he was only three years old. While his father was absent on a journey, his mother conceived the idea of teaching her child to read, in order that she might give her husband an agreeable surprise on his return. She succeeded so well that upon his father's return he saluted him by reading a whole chapter in the Bible.

His affection for his father must have been deeply tinged with awe; for the elder Adoniram was a stern man, and very strict in his domestic administration. One who saw him in his later life, when he was over seventy years of age, says:

"He was, as I remember him, a man of decidedly imposing appearance. His stature was rather above the average. His white hair, erect position, grave utterance, and somewhat taciturn manner, together with the position he naturally took in society, left one somewhat at a loss whether to class him with a patriarch of the Hebrews or a censor of the Romans. He was through life esteemed a man of inflexible integrity and uniform consistency of Christian character."

To the influence of such a father perhaps were due the stately courtesy that characterized Mr. Judson's social intercourse throughout his whole life, and the dignity of style which pervaded even his most familiar letters.

His father stimulated his ambition to the utmost. He seems early to have formed the hope that his boy was to become a great man, and he took no pains to hide this expectation; so that even in childhood Adoniram's heart came to be full of worldly ambition, which in subsequent years had to be nailed

to the cross. For if a man can sink the desire to be great in a passion for doing good, then his greatness really begins. “No man,” says Carlyle, “rises so high as he who knows not whither he is going.”

The family lived in Malden until Adoniram was about four and a half years old. During that time his sister, Abigail Brown Judson, was born, to become the companion of his childhood and his life-long confidante. She still survives him; and in the old homestead at Plymouth, at the age of more than ninety years, awaits a reunion with that brother of whose “affectionate tenderness” she has still a “vivid recollection.” She remembers hearing her parents relate how even in those early childhood days in Malden, when her brother was only four years old, he used to gather together the children of the neighborhood to play church, he officiating as minister; and that even then his favorite hymn was the one beginning, “Go preach my Gospel, saith the Lord.”

In January, 1793, the family removed to Wenham, Massachusetts, a village about twenty miles north-east of Boston. Here Adoniram lived until he was twelve years old. Here his brother Elnathan, who became a surgeon in the United States Navy, was born May 28, 1794. Here, too, when Adoniram was eight years old, his sister Mary was born, and died six months later. The loss of this little sister must have marked an epoch in his boyhood, for memorable is the hour when the keen ploughshare of sorrow tears up the fresh turf of a child’s heart.

Wenham, too, was the scene of many of the following reminiscences, for which we are indebted to the pen of Mrs. E. C. Judson:

“Adoniram was about seven years old, when, having been duly instructed that the earth is a spherical body,

and that it revolves around the sun, it became a serious question in his mind whether or not the sun moved at all. He might have settled the point by asking his father or mother; but that would have spoiled all his pleasant speculations, and probably would have been the very last thing to occur to him. His little sister, whom alone he consulted, said the sun did move, for she could see it; but he had learned already, in this matter, to distrust the evidence of his senses, and he talked so wisely about positive proof, that she was astonished and silenced. Soon after this, he was one day missed about midday; and as he had not been seen for several hours, his father became uneasy and went in search of him. He was found in a field, at some distance from the house, stretched on his back, his hat with a circular hole cut in the crown, laid over his face, and his swollen eyes almost blinded with the intense light and heat. He only told his father that he was looking at the sun; but he assured his sister that he had solved the problem with regard to the sun's moving, though she never could comprehend the process by which he arrived at the result.

"He was noted among his companions for uncommon acuteness in the solution of charades and enigmas, and retained a great store of them in his memory for the purpose of puzzling his school-fellows. On one occasion he found in a newspaper an enigma rather boastfully set forth, and accompanied by a challenge for a solution. He felt very sure that he had 'guessed riddles as hard as that,' and gave himself no rest until he had discovered a satisfactory answer. This he copied out in as fair a hand as possible, addressed it to the editor, and, with no confidante but his sister, conveyed it to the post-office. But the postmaster supposed it to be some mischievous prank of the minister's son, and he accordingly placed the letter in the hands of the father. The poor boy's surprise and discomfiture may be imagined when he saw it paraded on the table after tea. 'Is that yours,

Adoniram?' 'Yes, sir.' 'How came you to write it?' Silence. 'What is it about?' Falteringly, 'Please read it, father.' 'I do not read other people's letters. Break the seal, and read it yourself.' Adoniram broke the seal and mumbled over the contents, then placed the letter in his father's hands. He read it, called for the newspaper which had suggested it, and after reading and re-reading both, laid them on the table, crossed his hands on his knees, and looked intently into the fire. Meantime Adoniram stood silently watching his countenance, speculating on the chances of his being treated as a culprit, or praised for his acuteness. But the father woke from his reverie, the subject of conversation was changed, and the letter never heard of afterward. The next morning Adoniram's father gravely informed him that he had purchased for his use a book of riddles, a very common one, but, as soon as he had solved all that it contained, he should have more difficult books. 'You are a very acute boy, Adoniram,' he added, patting him on the head with unusual affection, 'and I expect you to become a great man.' Adoniram seized upon the book of riddles joyfully, and was a good deal surprised and disappointed to find it the veritable arithmetic which the larger boys in Master Dodge's school were studying. But then his father had praised him, and if there was anything puzzling in the arithmetic, he was sure he should like it; and so he prepared to enter upon the study with alacrity.

"Before reaching his tenth year, he had gained quite a reputation for good scholarship, especially in arithmetic. A gentleman residing in the neighboring town of Beverly sent him a problem, with the offer of a dollar for the solution. Adoniram immediately shut himself in his chamber. The reward was tempting; but, more important still, his reputation was at stake. On the morning of the second day he was called from his seclusion to amuse his little brother, who was ill. He went reluctantly, but without murmuring, for the

government of his parents was of a nature that no child would think of resisting. His task was to build a cob-house. He laid an unusually strong foundation, with unaccountable slowness and hesitation, and was very deliberately proceeding with the superstructure, when suddenly he exclaimed, 'That's it. I've got it!' and sending the materials for the half-built house rolling about the room, he hurried off to his chamber to record the result. The problem was solved, the dollar was won, and the boy's reputation established.

"At the age of ten he was sent to one Captain Morton, of whom he took lessons in navigation, in which he is said to have made decided progress. In the grammar-school he was noted for his proficiency in the Greek language. His school-mates nicknamed him Virgil, or (in allusion to the peculiar style of the hat which he wore, as well as to his studious habits) 'old Virgil dug up.' As a boy, he was spirited, self-confident, and exceedingly enthusiastic, very active and energetic, but fonder of his books than of play. His sister has a vivid recollection of his affectionate tenderness toward her, and of his great kindness to inferior animals. He was very fond of desultory reading; and as there were no books for children at that period, he alternated between the books of theology found in his father's library and the novels of Richardson and Fielding, or the plays of Ben Jonson, which he was able to borrow in the neighborhood. It is not probable that his father encouraged this latter class of reading; but the habits of self-dependence, which he had thought proper to cultivate in his son, left his hours of leisure mostly untrammelled; and seeing the greediness with which the boy occasionally devoured books of the gravest character, it very likely had not occurred to him that he could feel the least possible interest in any work of the imagination.

"Before Adoniram was twelve years of age, he had heard visitors at his father's talk a great deal of a new exposition of the Apocalypse, which they pronounced a

work of rare interest. Now, the Revelation was the book that, of all others in the Bible, he delighted most to read; and he had searched the few commentators his father possessed without getting much light upon its mysteries. The new exposition was owned by a very awe-inspiring gentleman in the neighborhood; but Adoniram felt that he *must* have it, and after combating a long time with his bashfulness, he at last determined on begging the loan of it. He presented himself in the great man's library, and was coldly and sternly refused. For once, his grief and mortification were so great that he could not conceal the affair from his father. He received more sympathy than he anticipated. 'Not lend it to you!' said the good man, indignantly; 'I wish *he* could understand it half as well. You shall have books, Adoniram, just as many as you can read, and I'll go to Boston myself for them.' He performed his promise, but the desired work on the Apocalypse, perhaps for judicious reasons, was not obtained."

In the year 1800 the family removed to Braintree, and two years later, when Adoniram was fourteen years old, took up their abode in the old historic town of Plymouth. In 1804 he entered Providence College—subsequently called Brown University—one year in advance.

During his college course he was a hard student; and in 1807, at the age of nineteen, was graduated the valedictorian of his class, in spite of the fact that for six weeks of the Senior year he was absent, engaged in teaching school in Plymouth. He was ambitious to excel; and a classmate says of him, he has "no recollection of his ever failing, or even hesitating, in recitation." He had a powerful rival in his friend Bailey,[1] and this probably added zest to his ambition. When he received the highest appointment in the commencement exercises, his

delight knew no bounds. He hurried to his room, and wrote, “Dear father, I have got it. Your affectionate son, A. J.” He then took a circuitous route to the post-office, that he might quiet the beatings of his heart, and appear with propriety before his classmates, and especially before his rival friend.

To his circumspect and studious behavior while in college, a letter to his father from the President of the College bears unequivocal witness:

“BROWN UNIVERSITY, *April* 30, 1805.

“REV. SIR: Notwithstanding the greatness of my present hurry, I must drop you a word respecting your son; and this, I can assure you, is not by way of complaint. A uniform propriety of conduct, as well as an intense application to study, distinguishes his character. Your expectations of him, however sanguine, must certainly be gratified. I most heartily congratulate you, my dear sir, on that charming prospect which you have exhibited in this very amiable and promising son; and I most heartily pray that the Father of mercies may make him now, while a youth, a son in his spiritual family, and give him an earnest of the inheritance of the saints in light.

“I am, very respectfully,

“Your friend and servant,

“ASA MESSER.”

In the autumn of 1807, young Judson opened in Plymouth a private Academy, which he taught for nearly a year. During this time he also published two text-books: “The Elements of English Grammar,” and “The Young Lady’s Arithmetic.”

But the most important event of this period of his life was his conversion. In a condensed journal of his, entitled “A Record of Dates and Events pertaining to the Life of Adoniram Judson,”—a valuable document

still preserved in autograph, and reproduced in the Appendix—may be found the following entry: “1808, Nov. Began to entertain a hope of having received the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit.”[2]

From his earliest years he had indeed breathed a thoroughly Christian atmosphere. He could truly have said with St. Augustine, “This name of my Saviour, Thy Son, had my tender heart, even with my mother’s milk, devoutly drunk in, and deeply cherished; and whatsoever was without that name, though never so learned, polished, or true, took not entire hold of me.”

The following reminiscences of his youth, by Mrs. E. C. Judson, show that years before he had given serious thought to the subject of personal religion:

“When about fourteen years of age, his studies were interrupted by a serious attack of illness, by which he was reduced to a state of extreme weakness, and for a long time his recovery was doubtful. It was more than a year before he was able to resume his customary occupations. Previous to this, he had been too actively engaged to devote much time to thought; but as soon as the violence of the disease subsided, he spent many long days and nights in reflecting on his future course. His plans were of the most extravagantly ambitious character. Now he was an orator, now a poet, now a statesman; but whatever his character or profession, he was sure in his castle-building to attain to the highest eminence. After a time, one thought crept into his mind, and embittered all his musings. Suppose he should attain to the very highest pinnacle of which human nature is capable; what then? Could he hold his honors forever? His favorites of other ages had long since been turned to dust, and what was it to them that the world still praised them? What would it be to him, when a hundred years had gone by, that America had never known his equal? He did not wonder that

Alexander wept when at the summit of his ambition; he felt very sure that he should have wept too. Then he would become alarmed at the extent of his own wicked soarings, and try to comfort himself with the idea that it was all the result of the fever in his brain.

"One day his mind reverted to religious pursuits. Yes, an eminent divine was very well, though he should of course prefer something more brilliant. Gradually, and without his being aware of his own train of thought, his mind instituted a comparison between the great worldly divine, toiling for the same perishable objects as his other favorites, and the humble minister of the Gospel, laboring only to please God and benefit his fellow-men. There was (so he thought) a sort of sublimity about that, after all. Surely the world was all wrong, or such a self-abjuring man would be its hero. Ah, but the good man had a reputation more enduring. Yes, yes, his fame was sounded before him as he entered the other world; and that was the only fame worthy of the possession, because the only one that triumphed over the grave. Suddenly, in the midst of his self-gratulation, the words flashed across his mind, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but to Thy name be the glory.' He was confounded. Not that he had actually made himself the representative of this last kind of greatness; it was not sufficiently to his taste for that; but he had ventured on dangerous ground, and he was startled by a flood of feelings that had till now remained dormant. He had always said and thought, so far as he had thought anything about it, that he wished to become truly religious; but now religion seemed so entirely opposed to all his ambitious plans, that he was afraid to look into his heart, lest he should discover what he did not like to confess, even to himself—that he did not want to become a Christian. He was fully awake to the vanity of worldly pursuits, and was, on the whole, prepared to yield the palm of excellence to religious ones; but his father had often said he would one day be a great man, and a great man he had

resolved to be."

During his college course he began to cherish skeptical views.

"It was at this period that French infidelity was sweeping over the land like a flood; and free inquiry in matters of religion was supposed to constitute part of the education of every man of spirit. Young Judson did not escape the contamination. In the class above him was a young man by the name of E——who was amiable, talented, witty, exceedingly agreeable in person and manners, but a confirmed Deist. A very strong friendship sprang up between the two young men, founded on similar tastes and sympathies; and Judson soon became, at least professedly, as great an unbeliever as his friend. The subject of a profession was often discussed between them. At one time they proposed entering the law, because it afforded so wide a scope for political ambition; and at another, they discussed their own dramatic powers, with a view to writing plays.

"Immediately on closing the school at Plymouth, Judson set out on a tour through the Northern States. After visiting some of the New England States, he left the horse with which his father had furnished him with an uncle in Sheffield, Connecticut, and proceeded to Albany to see the wonder of the world, the newly-invented Robert Fulton steamer. She was about proceeding on her second trip to New York, and he gladly took passage in her. The magnificent scenery of the Hudson had then excited comparatively little attention, and its novelty and sublimity could not fail to make a deep and lasting impression on one of Judson's ardent and adventurous spirit. Indeed, during his last illness, he described it with all the enthusiasm that he might have done in his youth. His name was frequently mistaken for that of Johnson; and it occurred to him

that, in the novel scenes before him, he might as well use this convenient disguise, in order to see as deeply into the world as possible. He therefore, without actually giving out the name with distinctness, or ever writing it down, became Mr. Johnson. He had not been long in New York before he contrived to attach himself to a theatrical company, not with the design of entering upon the stage, but partly for the purpose of familiarizing himself with its regulations, in case he should enter upon his literary projects, and partly from curiosity and love of adventure.[3]

"Before setting out upon his tour he had unfolded his infidel sentiments to his father, and had been treated with the severity natural to a masculine mind that has never doubted, and to a parent who, after having made innumerable sacrifices for the son of his pride and his love, sees him rush recklessly on to his own destruction. His mother was none the less distressed, and she wept, and prayed, and expostulated. He knew his superiority to his father in argument; but he had nothing to oppose to his mother's tears and warnings, and they followed him now wherever he went. He knew that he was on the verge of such a life as he despised. For the world he would not see a young brother in his perilous position; but 'I,' he thought, 'am in no danger. I am only seeing the world—the dark side of it, as well as the bright; and I have too much self-respect to do anything mean or vicious.' After seeing what he wished of New York, he returned to Sheffield for his horse, intending to pursue his journey westward. His uncle, Rev. Ephraim Judson, was absent, and a very pious young man occupied his place. His conversation was characterized by a godly sincerity, a solemn but gentle earnestness, which addressed itself to the heart, and Judson went away deeply impressed.

"The next night he stopped at a country inn. The landlord mentioned, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young

man who was exceedingly ill, probably in a dying state; but he hoped that it would occasion him no uneasiness. Judson assured him that, beyond pity for the poor sick man, he should have no feeling whatever, and that now, having heard of the circumstance, his pity would not of course be increased by the nearness of the object. But it was, nevertheless, a very restless night. Sounds came from the sick-chamber—sometimes the movements of the watchers, sometimes the groans of the sufferer; but it was not these which disturbed him. He thought of what the landlord had said—the stranger was probably in a dying state; and was he prepared? Alone, and in the dead of night, he felt a blush of shame steal over him at the question, for it proved the shallowness of his philosophy. What would his late companions say to his weakness? The clear-minded, intellectual, witty E——, what would he say to such consummate boyishness? But still his thoughts *would* revert to the sick man. Was he a Christian, calm and strong in the hope of a glorious immortality? or was he shuddering upon the brink of a dark, unknown future? Perhaps he was a 'freethinker,' educated by Christian parents, and prayed over by a Christian mother. The landlord had described him as a *young* man; and in imagination he was forced to place himself upon the dying bed, though he strove with all his might against it. At last morning came, and the bright flood of light which it poured into his chamber dispelled all his 'superstitious illusions.' As soon as he had risen, he went in search of the landlord, and inquired for his fellow-lodger. 'He is dead,' was the reply. 'Dead!' 'Yes, he is gone, poor fellow! The doctor said he would probably not survive the night.' 'Do you know who he was?' 'O, yes; it was a young man from Providence College—a very fine fellow; his name was E ——.' Judson was completely stunned. After hours had passed, he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his journey. But one single thought occupied his mind, and the words, Dead! lost! lost! were continually ringing in

his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth; and he was in despair. In this state of mind he resolved to abandon his scheme of travelling, and at once turned his horse's head toward Plymouth."

He arrived at Plymouth September 22, 1808, and in October of the same year entered the Theological Institution at Andover, one year in advance. As he was neither a professor of religion nor a candidate for the ministry, he was admitted only by special favor. On the 2d of December, 1808, he made a solemn dedication of himself to God; and on the 28th of May, 1809, at the age of twenty-one, joined the Third Congregational church in Plymouth. His conversion involved in itself a consecration to the Christian ministry. How complete this consecration was, may be seen in the following extract from a letter to Miss Ann Hasseltine:

"ANDOVER, *December* 30, 1810. Sunday Eve.

"I have been through the labors of another Sabbath. A preacher can say with Pope, 'E'en Sunday shines no day of rest to me.' Brother Nott preaches this evening; but, on account of a cold, I stay at home. I am persuaded that the chief reason why we do not enjoy religion is, that we do not try to enjoy it. We are not like a good man who resolved that he *would* grow in grace. We pervert the doctrine of our dependence to indulging indolence and sinful ease. I have enjoyed some religion to-day, and I think by means of resolving in the morning that I would avoid everything displeasing to God. I have some hope that I shall be enabled to keep this in mind, in whatever I do—*Is it pleasing to God?* To assist my memory, I have used the expedient of inscribing it on several articles which frequently meet my sight. Is it not a good plan? But after all, it will be of no use, unless I resolve, in divine strength, instantly to obey the decision of conscience."

"*December 31.* Monday Eve.

"It is now half after nine, and I have been sitting fifteen minutes with my pen in hand, thinking how to begin. I have this day attained more than ever to what I suppose Christians mean by the enjoyment of God. I have had pleasant seasons at the throne of God. Those lines of Watts have been very sweet to me:

"'Till Thou hast brought me to my home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy countenance let me often see,
And often Thou shalt hear from me.'
(*78th of 1st Book.*)

God is waiting to be gracious, and is willing to make us happy in religion, if we would not run away from Him. We refuse to open the window-shutters, and complain that it is dark. We grieve the Holy Spirit by little sins, and thus lose our only support. Perhaps the secret of living a holy life is to avoid everything which will displease God and grieve the Spirit, and to be strictly attentive to the means of grace. God has promised that He will regard the man that is of a broken and contrite spirit, and trembleth at His word. He has promised that they that wait upon Him shall renew their strength. The Almighty, the immutably faithful, has made this promise. He is not a man, that He should lie, and His arm is not of flesh. Wait, then, upon the Lord. Of how much real happiness we cheat our souls by preferring a trifle to God! We have a general intention of living religion; but we intend to begin to-morrow or next year. The present moment we prefer giving to the world, 'A little more sleep, a little more slumber.' Well, a little more sleep, and we shall sleep in the grave. A few days, and our work will be done. And when it is once done, it is done to all eternity. A life once spent is irrevocable. It will remain to be contemplated through eternity. If it be marked with sins, the marks will be indelible. If it has been a

useless life, it can never be improved. Such it will stand forever and ever. The same may be said of each day. When it is once past, it is gone forever. All the marks which we put upon it, it will exhibit forever. It will never become less true that such a day was spent in such a manner. Each day will not only be a witness of our conduct, but will affect our everlasting destiny. No day will lose its share of influence in determining where shall be our seat in heaven. How shall we then wish to see each day marked with usefulness! It will then be too late to mend its appearance. It is too late to mend the days that are past. The future is in our power. Let us, then, each morning, resolve to send the day into eternity in such a garb as we shall wish it to wear forever. And at night let us reflect that one more day is irrevocably gone, indelibly marked. Good-night."

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1. The late Hon. John Bailey, member of Congress from Massachusetts.

2. See Appendix A.

3. The natural tenderness of the sister from whom some of these reminiscences have been derived, has cast a mantle of charity over this episode in Mr. Judson's life. There is reason to believe that his course was more wayward than is here indicated.

An English gentleman who, many years after, was his fellow-prisoner in Ava, writes as follows: "I will give the story as I heard it from the actor's own mouth, and as nearly as I can recollect them, in his words: 'In my early days of wildness I joined a band of strolling players. We lived a reckless, vagabond life, finding lodgings where we could, and bilking the landlord where we found opportunity—in other words, running up a score, and then decamping without paying the reckoning. Before leaving America, when the enormity of this vicious course rested with a depressing weight on my mind, I made

a second tour over the same ground, carefully making amends to all whom I had injured.'"

This, though rather a coarse statement of the case, seems to the author in the main truthful. The author does not wish to gloze over this episode in Mr. Judson's life. Such a wrong course, succeeded by thorough repentance and reparation, he thinks quite characteristic of Mr. Judson's positive nature.

CHAPTER II.
CONSECRATION TO MISSIONARY LIFE.
1809-1812.

In September, 1809, young Judson, at the age of twenty-one, began to ponder seriously the subject of Foreign Missions. He had just finished his first year of study at Andover; another year of the theological course remained. At this time there fell into his hands a sermon preached in the parish church of Bristol, England, by Dr. Claudius Buchanan, who had for many years been a chaplain to the British East India Company. The sermon was entitled, "The Star in the East," and had for its text Matt. ii. 2: "For we have seen His Star in the East, and are come to worship Him." The leading thought of the sermon was the Evidences of the Divine Power of the Christian Religion in the East. Dr. Buchanan described the progress of the Gospel in India, and especially the labors of the venerable German missionary, Schwartz. This sermon fell like a spark into the tinder of Judson's soul.

In a letter written many years afterward, he says:

"Though I do not now consider that sermon as peculiarly excellent, it produced a very powerful effect on my mind. For some days I was unable to attend to the studies of my class, and spent my time in wondering at my past stupidity, depicting the most romantic scenes

in missionary life, and roving about the college rooms declaiming on the subject of missions. My views were very incorrect, and my feelings extravagant; but yet I have always felt thankful to God for bringing me into that state of excitement, which was perhaps necessary, in the first instance, to enable me to break the strong attachment I felt to home and country, and to endure the thought of abandoning all my wonted pursuits and animating prospects. That excitement soon passed away; but it left a strong desire to prosecute my inquiries and ascertain the path of duty. It was during a solitary walk in the woods behind the college, while meditating and praying on the subject, and feeling half inclined to give it up, that the command of Christ, 'Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' was presented to my mind with such clearness and power, that I came to a full decision, and though great difficulties appeared in my way, resolved to obey the command at all events."

Six months elapsed from the time of his reading Buchanan's "Star in the East" before he made the final resolve to become a missionary to the heathen. This was in February, 1810. He was, no doubt, stimulated to form this purpose by close contact with several other young men of like aspirations. When a man is rocking in the trough of the sea of indecision, it is very reassuring to have his interior conviction matched by an external Providence. His earliest missionary associate was Samuel Nott, Jr., who entered the Seminary early in the year 1810, and was even then weighing the question whether he should devote himself to the work of carrying the Gospel to the heathen. About the same time there came to Andover four young men from Williams College—Samuel J. Mills, Jr., James Richards, Luther Rice, and Gordon Hall. While in college these

students had formed a missionary society, and they were accustomed to meet together at night beneath a haystack near the college grounds. At Williamstown, on the spot where now stands the famous Haystack Monument, these young men consecrated themselves to the work of Foreign Missions, and poured out their fervent prayers for the conversion of the world; and this green nook among the Berkshire hills may well be called the birthplace of American Foreign Missions.

As great scientific discoveries have seemed to spring up almost simultaneously in the minds of independent and widely-separated thinkers, sometimes engendering a strife as to the original discoverer, so this grand thought of evangelizing the heathen seems to have been in the atmosphere, and to have floated at almost the same time into the hearts of different young men living far apart. Christian society was like a field which, having been ploughed and sown, has folded up in its bosom a potency of growth. Judson and his associates were like the first green shoots, scattered far and wide, that appear above the ground and promise to be followed by countless others. It was after long meditation and prayer, and in communion with kindred glowing spirits, that the thought in Judson's mind of consecrating himself to the foreign missionary work became a fixed purpose.

There were many obstacles in the way. He was not going among the heathen because he could not find suitable employment at home. He had received a tutor's appointment in Brown University and had declined it. The Rev. Dr. Griffin had proposed him as his colleague in "the largest church in Boston." "And you will be so near home," his mother said. "No!" was his reply, "I shall never live in Boston. I have

much farther than that to go." The ambitious hopes of his father were overthrown; and his mother and sister shed many regretful tears. He did not go abroad because he was not wanted at home.

"In the spring
And glory of his being he went forth
From the embraces of devoted friends,
From ease and quiet happiness.... He went forth
Strengthen'd to suffer—gifted to subdue
The might of human passion—to pass on
Quietly to the sacrifice of all
The lofty hopes of boyhood, and to turn
The high ambition written on that brow,
From its first dream of power and human fame,
Unto a task of seeming lowliness—
Yet God-like in his purpose."[4]

It is a mistake to suppose that a dull and second-rate man is good enough for the heathen. The worst-off need the very best we have. God gave His best, even His only-begotten Son, in order to redeem a lost world. The most darkened and degraded souls need the best thinking. When our Blessed Lord was presenting His Gospel to a fallen Samaritan woman, He seems to have preserved His best thought for her; and in order to make a bad woman good, utters in her ears the most august philosophical thesis to be found in any tongue: "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Missions have had their grandest successes when England's best scholars, like Bishop Patteson and Bishop Selwyn, have devoted their splendid talents to the conversion of the fiercest and the lowest savages of Micronesia and New Zealand. It would be a sad day for American Christians if they should ever deserve Nehemiah's reproach: "Their nobles put not their necks to the work of their Lord."

Christianity will advance over the earth with long, swift strides when the churches are ready to send their best men, and the best men are ready to go.

Judson fully appreciated the dangers and hardships of a missionary life. He seems to have counted the cost. After one of the battles in the Franco-Prussian war, the German Emperor, William, had his attention drawn to one of the wounded soldiers on the field. The King held out his hand to the powder-stained private, and asked him what his trade was. The man said, “I am a Doctor of Philosophy, your Majesty.” “Well, you must have learned to bear your wounds philosophically,” said the King. “Yes,” replied the soldier, “that I had already made up my mind to.” Young Judson, before he had resolved to be a missionary, had *made up his mind to* the sufferings and privations which he well knew were in store for him. He thus wrote to Mr. Hasseltine, of Bradford, when asking for his daughter’s hand:

“I have now to ask whether you can consent to part with your daughter early next spring, to see her no more in this world? whether you can consent to her departure to a heathen land, and her subjection to the hardships and sufferings of a missionary life? whether you can consent to her exposure to the dangers of the ocean; to the fatal influence of the southern climate of India; to every kind of want and distress; to degradation, insult, persecution, and perhaps a violent death? Can you consent to all this, for the sake of Him who left His heavenly home and died for her and for you; for the sake of perishing, immortal souls; for the sake of Zion and the glory of God? Can you consent to all this, in hope of soon meeting your daughter in the world of glory, with a crown of righteousness brightened by the acclamations of praise which shall

redound to her Saviour from heathens saved, through her means, from eternal woe and despair?"

These same anticipations of missionary sorrows pervade a pathetic letter written by him to Miss Ann Hasseltine, during the period of their betrothal:

"*January 1, 1811*. Tuesday Morn.

"It is with the utmost sincerity, and with my whole heart, that I wish you, my love, a happy new year. May it be a year in which your walk will be close with God; your frame calm and serene; and the road that leads you to the Lamb marked with purer light. May it be a year in which you will have more largely the spirit of Christ, be raised above sublunary things, and be willing to be disposed of in this world just as God shall please. As every moment of the year will bring you nearer the end of your pilgrimage, may it bring you nearer to God, and find you more prepared to hail the messenger of death as a deliverer and a friend. And now, since I have begun to wish, I will go on. May this be the year in which you will change your name; in which you will take a final leave of your relatives and native land; in which you will cross the wide ocean, and dwell on the other side of the world, among a heathen people. What a great change will this year probably effect in our lives! How very different will be our situation and employment! If our lives are preserved and our attempt prospered, we shall next new year's day be in India, and perhaps wish each other a happy new year in the uncouth dialect of Hindostan or Burmah. We shall no more see our kind friends around us, or enjoy the conveniences of civilized life, or go to the house of God with those that keep holy day; but swarthy countenances will everywhere meet our eye, the jargon of an unknown tongue will assail our ears, and we shall witness the assembling of the heathen to celebrate the worship of idol gods. We shall be weary of the world,

and wish for wings like a dove, that we may fly away and be at rest. We shall probably experience seasons when we shall be 'exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.' We shall see many dreary, disconsolate hours, and feel a sinking of spirits, anguish of mind, of which now we can form little conception. O, we shall wish to lie down and die. And that time may soon come. One of us may be unable to sustain the heat of the climate and the change of habits; and the other may say, with literal truth, over the grave—

> "'By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed;
> By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed;
> By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned;'

but whether we shall be honored and mourned by strangers, God only knows. At least, either of us will be certain of *one* mourner. In view of such scenes shall we not pray with earnestness, 'O for an overcoming faith,' etc.?"

But what steps did he and his young associates take in order to execute their sublime purpose? There was at that time no foreign missionary society in America to which they could offer their services, and which would undertake their support in the foreign field.

There was, indeed, the Massachusetts Missionary Society, founded in 1799, the object of which was to diffuse a missionary spirit among the Congregational churches in New England, and to carry the Gospel to the Indians and to the newly-settled parts of our own land. But this Society had not yet launched upon the work of foreign missions; and so Mr. Judson, and the young men who shared his purpose, first proposed to each other to enlist as missionaries under the London Missionary Society. Accordingly Mr. Judson wrote the following letter to the venerable Dr. Bogue, the

President of the Seminary in Gosport, England, where the missionaries of the London Society received their training:

"DIVINITY COLLEGE, ANDOVER, MASS., *April, 1810*.

"REV. SIR: I have considered the subject of missions nearly a year, and have found my mind gradually tending to a deep conviction that it is my duty personally to engage in this service. Several of my brethren of this college may finally unite with me in my present resolution. On their as well as my own behalf, I take the liberty of addressing you this letter. My object is to obtain information on certain points—whether there is at present such a call for missionaries in India, Tartary, or any part of the *Eastern* Continent as will induce the directors of the London Missionary Society to engage new missionaries; whether two or three young, unmarried men, having received a liberal education, and resided two years in this Divinity School, wishing to serve their Saviour in a heathen land, and indeed susceptible of a '*passion for missions*,'—whether such young men, arriving in England next spring, with full recommendations from the first Christian characters in this country, may expect to be received *on probation* by the directors, and placed at the seminary in Gosport, *if that be judged expedient*; and whether, provided they give satisfaction as to their fitness to undertake the work, all their necessary expenses after arriving in England shall be defrayed from the funds of the Society, which funds will, it is hoped, be ultimately reimbursed by supplies from the American churches.

"We have consulted our professors on this subject, particularly Dr. Griffin, Professor of Oratory. He intends writing to several in England, and perhaps to Dr. Bogue. But his engagements being such as will prevent his writing at present, and wishing *myself* to receive a letter from you *immediately*, containing the desired

information, I have written myself. I close with an earnest request that you will please to transmit me an answer as soon as possible, and a prayer that your answer may be favorable to my most ardent wishes.

"ADONIRAM JUDSON, JR.

"P. S.—I shall deem it a favor if you do not confine your remarks to the points which I have proposed, but are pleased to give such general *information* and *advice* as you may think will be useful to me and my brethren."

While awaiting a reply to this letter, these devoted students made their desires known to their teachers in the Seminary and to several influential ministers in the vicinity. The professors and ministers met for consultation on the matter at the house of Prof. Stuart in Andover, on Monday, June 25, 1810.

These wise and conservative men advised the students to submit their case to the General Association, a body representing all the Congregational churches of the State of Massachusetts, and which was to meet at Bradford the next day.

Accordingly, on June 27, the students laid before the Association the following letter:

"The undersigned, members of the Divinity College, respectfully request the attention of their reverend fathers, convened in the General Association at Bradford, to the following statement and inquiries:

"They beg leave to state that their minds have been long impressed with the duty and importance of personally attempting a mission to the heathen; that the impressions on their minds have induced a serious, and, as they trust, a prayerful consideration of the subject in its various attitudes, particularly in relation to the probable success and the difficulties attending such an attempt; and that, after examining all the information

which they can obtain, *they consider themselves as devoted to this work for life*, whenever God, in His providence, shall open the way.

"They now offer the following inquiries, on which they solicit the opinion and advice of this Association: Whether, with their present views and feelings, they ought to renounce the object of missions, as either visionary or impracticable; if not, whether they ought to direct their attention to the Eastern or the Western world; whether they may expect patronage and support from a missionary society in this country, or must commit themselves to the direction of a European society; and what preparatory measures they ought to take previous to actual engagement.

"The undersigned, feeling their youth and inexperience, look up to their fathers in the Church, and respectfully solicit their advice, direction, and prayers.

"ADONIRAM JUDSON, JR.
"SAMUEL NOTT, JR.
"SAMUEL J. MILLS.
"SAMUEL NEWELL."

The names of Luther Rice and James Richards were originally appended to this petition, but had been stricken out "for fear of alarming the Association with too large a number."

The General Association, when they came to act upon this petition, passed the following resolutions:

"*Voted*, That there be instituted by this General Association, a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for the purpose of devising ways and means, and adopting and prosecuting measures, for promoting the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands.

"*Voted*, That the said Board of Commissioners consist of nine members, all of them, in the first instance, chosen by this Association; and afterwards, annually, five of them by this body, and four of them by the

General Association of Connecticut. Provided, however, that if the General Association of Connecticut do not choose to unite in this object, the annual election of all the commissioners shall be by this General Association.

"It is understood that the Board of Commissioners, here contemplated, will adopt their own form of organization, and their own rules and regulations.

"*Voted*, That, fervently commending them to the grace of God, we advise the young gentlemen, whose request is before us, in the way of earnest prayer and diligent attention to suitable studies and means of information, and putting themselves under the patronage and direction of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, humbly to wait the openings and guidance of Providence in respect to their great and excellent design."

Thus was organized the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a society widely known and justly revered at the present day as the missionary organ of the Congregational churches of America, and indeed the mother of American foreign missionary societies.

The nine men originally forming this Board distrusted their ability to support in the foreign field those who had offered their services. They feared that the missionary sentiment among the churches of New England was hardly strong enough, as yet, to undertake so great an enterprise; and so they turned instinctively to their brethren in England, represented in the London Missionary Society, for aid and co-operation. They accordingly sent Mr. Judson to England to ascertain whether such co-operation would be agreeable to the London Society.

The English directors gave Mr. Judson a most courteous and affectionate greeting, but a joint conduct of the missions did not seem practicable to

them. They were willing to receive and support Mr. Judson and his associates as their own missionaries, but did not feel disposed to admit the American Board to a participation with them in the direction of the work. Such co-operation might occasion complications, and they wisely thought that American Christians were able to take care of their own missionaries.



J. Morris Pinc[t]*. Alex. Cameron Sculpt.*
REV[D]. ADONIRAM JUDSON *JUN*[R]*. A.M.*
Missionary to the East.
Taken in the 23[d] *Æ t AD1811.*

Mr. Judson embarked for England January 11,

1811, on the English ship *Packet*. She was captured on the way by a French privateer, and so he was subjected to imprisonment and compulsory detention in France. On the 6th of May he arrived in London, and on the 18th of June he embarked at Gravesend, in the ship *Augustus*, bound for New York, where he arrived on the 17th of August. Some interesting reminiscences of this voyage to England have been preserved by the pen of Mrs. E. C. Judson:

"There were on the ship *Packet* two Spanish merchants; and these, I believe, were the only passengers beside Mr. Judson. When they were captured by *L'Invincible Napoleon*, these two gentlemen, being able to speak French, and most likely to furnish a bribe, were treated very civilly. Mr. Judson, however, was very young, with nothing distinctive in his outward appearance, and was, moreover, speechless, friendless, and comparatively moneyless. He was, without question or remonstrance, immediately placed in the hold, with the common sailors. This was the first hardship he had ever known, and it affected him accordingly. He shrank from the associations of the place, and the confined air seemed unendurable. Soon the weather roughened, and he, together with several of his more hardy companions, became excessively seasick. The doctor visited him every day, but he could not communicate with him, and the visit was nearly useless. Sick, sorrowful, and discouraged, his thoughts went back to his dear old Plymouth home, then to Bradford, and finally the Boston church—'the biggest church in Boston'; and he became alarmed at the strange feeling that crept over him. It was the first moment of misgiving he had known. As soon as he became aware of the feeling, he commenced praying against it, as a temptation of the adversary. It seemed to him that God had permitted this capture, and all his trouble, as a trial of his faith; and he resolved, in the strength of God, to

bear it, as he might be called upon to bear similar trials hereafter. As soon as he had come to this resolution, he fumbled about in the gray twilight of his prison, till he succeeded in finding his Hebrew Bible. The light was very faint, but still he managed to see for a few moments at a time, and amused himself with translating mentally from the Hebrew to the Latin—a work which employed his thoughts, and saved his eyes. One day the doctor, observing the Bible on the pillow, took it up, stepped toward the gangway, and examined it; then returned, and addressed his patient in Latin. Through the medium of this language Mr. Judson managed to explain who he was; and he was consequently admitted to a berth in the upper cabin, and a seat with his fellow-passengers, the Spaniards, at the captain's table.

"His second day on deck was a somewhat exciting one. A sail was reported from the masthead; and while the stranger was yet a mere speck to the naked eye, many glasses were levelled curiously at her, and a general feeling of anxiety seemed to prevail among the officers. Of course, Mr. Judson was all excitement; for although he was now in comfortable circumstances, he dreaded the effect of this detention on his mission to England. Finally the stranger loomed up against the sky, a beautiful brig under a full press of canvas. As they watched her, some anxiously and some admiringly, suddenly her fine proportions became blended in a dark mass; and it was evident to the most inexperienced landsman that she had changed her course. The two Spaniards exchanged significant glances. Mr. Judson felt very much like shouting for joy, but he suppressed the inclination; and the next moment the order came for the decks to be cleared, and he, with his companions, was sent below. The Spaniards informed him that they were pursued by a vessel much larger than their own; that the privateer had little to hope in an engagement, but she was the swifter sailer of the two, and the approaching darkness was in her favor.

Mr. Judson passed a sleepless night, listening each moment for unusual sounds; but the next morning, when he carefully swept the horizon with the captain's glass, not a mote was visible.

"The privateer touched at Le Passage, in Spain, and there permitted the two Spaniards to go on shore. From thence the prisoners were conveyed to Bayonne, in France; and Mr. Judson again, to his surprise and indignation, found himself marched through the streets in company with the crew of the *Packet*. He had as yet acquired only a few words of French, and of these he made as much use as possible, to the infinite amusement of the passers-by. Finally it occurred to him that he was much more likely to meet some person, either a native or a foreigner, who understood English, than to make his broken French intelligible. Accordingly he commenced declaiming in the most violent manner possible against oppression in general, and this one act in particular. The guards threatened him by gestures, but did not proceed to violence; and of the passers-by, some regarded him a moment carelessly, others show little interest or curiosity, while many laughed outright at his seemingly senseless clamors. Finally a stranger accosted him in English, advising him to lower his voice. 'With the greatest pleasure possible,' he answered, 'if I have at last succeeded in making myself heard. I was only clamoring for a listener.' 'You might have got one you would have been glad to dismiss, if you had continued much longer,' was the reply. In a few hurried words Judson explained his situation, and, in words as few, learned that the gentleman was an American from Philadelphia, and received his promise of assistance. 'But you had better go on your way quietly now,' added his new friend. 'O, I will be a perfect lamb, since I have gained my object.'

"The prison was a gloomy-looking, massive structure, and the apartment into which they were conveyed was underground, dark and dismal. In the centre was a sort

of column, on which burned a solitary lamp, though without it was still broad day. Around the walls a quantity of straw had been spread, on which his companions soon made themselves at home; but Mr. Judson could not divest himself of the idea that the straw was probably not fresh, and busied his imagination with images of those who had last occupied it. The weather had seemed almost oppressively hot above-ground; but now he shivered with the chilling dampness of the place, while the confined air and mouldy smell rendered him sick and giddy. He paced up and down the cell, he could not tell how long, but it seemed many hours, wondering if his new friend would really come; and again, if he did not, whether he could keep upon his feet all night; and in case of failure, which part of the straw he should select as the least loathsome. And then his thoughts would wander off again to Plymouth, and to Bradford, and to the 'biggest church in Boston,' but not with the feeling that he had before. On the contrary, he wondered that he ever could have been discouraged. He knew that at most his imprisonment could not last long. If he only had a chair, or the meanest stool, that was all he would ask. But he could not hope to walk or stand long.

"While leaning against the column for a moment's rest, the door of the cell opened, and he instantly recognized the American he had seen in the street. He suppressed a cry of joy, and seeing that the stranger did not look at him, though he stood close by the lamp, tried himself to affect indifference. The American making some remark in French, took up the lamp, and then adding (or perhaps translating) in English, 'Let me see if I know any of these poor fellows,' passed around the room, examining them carelessly. 'No; no friend of mine,' said he, replacing the lamp, and swinging his great military cloak around Mr. Judson, whose slight figure was almost lost in its ample folds. Comprehending the plan, Mr. Judson drew himself into

as small a compass as possible, thinking that he would make the best of the affair, though having little confidence in the clumsy artifice. His protector, too, seemed to have his doubts, for, as he passed out, he slid some money into the jailer's hand, and again, at the gate, made another disbursement, and as soon as they were outside, released his protégé, with the expressive words, 'Now run!' Mr. Judson quite forgot his fatigue from walking in the cell, as he fleetly followed his tall conductor through the streets to the wharf, where he was placed on board an American merchantman for the night. The next evening his friend returned, informing him that his place of refuge had been only temporarily chosen, and as the papers necessary to his release could not be procured immediately, he would be much safer in the attic of a shipbuilder, who had kindly offered this place of concealment. Accordingly he removed to the attic, from which, after a few days, he was released on parole.

"Mr. Judson passed about six weeks in Bayonne, boarding with an American lady who had spent most of her life in France. He told his landlady that he was a clergyman, and frequently held long religious conversations with her; but he did not permit his character to be known generally in the house, as he thought it would interfere with a plan he had of learning as much as possible of the real state of French society. He attended various places of amusement with his fellow-boarders, pleading his ignorance of the language and customs of the country as an excuse for acting the spectator merely; and in general giving such evasive replies as enabled him to act his part without attracting undue attention. It was not long, however, before his companions became pretty well aware that indifference formed no part of his real character. His shrewdness was at variance with his implied ignorance of the world, and his simplicity sometimes wore a solemn impressiveness, from the influence of which it

was impossible to escape. The last place of amusement he visited was a masked ball; and here his strong feelings quite overcame his caution, and he burst forth in his real character. He declared to his somewhat startled companions that he did not believe the infernal regions could furnish more complete specimens of depravity than he there beheld. He spoke in English, and at first addressed himself to the two or three standing near him, who understood the language; but his earnestness of manner and warmth of expression soon drew around him a large circle, who listened curiously and with apparent respect. He spoke scornfully of the proud professions of the (so called) philosophy of the age, and pointed to the fearful exhibitions of that moment as illustrative of its effectiveness. He rapidly enumerated many of the evils which infidelity had brought upon France and upon the world, and then showed the only way of escape from those evils—the despised but truly ennobling religion of Jesus Christ. Finally he sketched the character of man as it might have been in its original purity and nobleness, and then the wreck of soul and body to be ascribed to sin, and wound up all by a personal appeal to such as had not become too debased to think and feel. He had warmed as he proceeded with his subject, noting with pain and surprise the great number of those who seemed to understand the English language, and drawing from it an inference by no means favorable to his travelled countrymen. Most of the maskers evidently regarded the exhibition as a part of the evening's entertainment; but those who understood his remarks seemed confounded by the boldness, and perhaps unexpectedness, of the attack, and when he had finished, stood aside, and allowed him to pass from the place without a word. This incident, I have been told, was reported by some person present on the occasion, and published in a Boston newspaper.

"Mr. Judson, I do not recollect by what means, was

introduced to some of the officers of Napoleon's suite, and travelled through the country in one of the emperor's carriages. At Paris, he spent most of his time in the society of these officers, and persons whom they introduced, and, in general, pursued the same course as at Bayonne. In view of the opportunity thus afforded for observation, and the store of practical knowledge really gathered, he always regarded his detention in France as a very important, and, indeed, necessary part of his preparation for the duties which afterward devolved upon him.

"In England he was received in a manner peculiarly flattering. He was at this time small and exceedingly delicate in figure, with a round, rosy face, which gave him the appearance of extreme youthfulness. His hair and eyes were of a dark shade of brown, in his French passport described as 'chestnut.' His voice, however, was far from what would be expected of such a person, and usually took the listeners by surprise. An instance of this occurred in London. He sat in the pulpit with a clergyman somewhat distinguished for his eccentricity, and at the close of the sermon was requested to read a hymn. When he had finished, the clergyman arose, and introduced his young brother to the congregation as a person who purposed devoting himself to the conversion of the heathen, adding, 'And if his faith is proportioned to his voice, he will drive the devil from all India.'"

Soon after Mr. Judson returned to America, on the 18th of September, 1811, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions met at Worcester, Mass., and advised him and his associates not to place themselves at present under the direction of the London Missionary Society. It was also voted that "Messrs. Adoniram Judson, Jr., Samuel Nott, Jr., Samuel Newell, and Gordon Hall be appointed missionaries to labor under the direction

of this Board in Asia, either in the Burman Empire, or in Surat, or in Prince of Wales Island, or elsewhere, as, in the view of the Prudential Committee, Providence shall open the most favorable door." Thus the way was opened for Mr. Judson to realize his ardent desire to become a missionary to the heathen.

But he was not to go alone, for he was already betrothed to Miss Ann Hasseltine. They met for the first time on the memorable occasion already described, when, in June, 1810, the General Association held its session at Bradford, and young Judson and his fellow-students modestly made known their desires to attempt a mission to the heathen.

The story is told that during the sessions the ministers gathered for a dinner beneath Mr. Hasseltine's hospitable roof. His youngest daughter, Ann, was waiting on the table. Her attention was attracted to the young student, whose bold missionary projects were making such a stir. But what was her surprise to observe, as she moved about the table, that he seemed completely absorbed in his plate! Little did she dream that she had already woven her spell about his young heart, and that he was at that very time composing a graceful stanza in her praise.

She was born in Bradford, December 22, 1789, and was about a year younger than Mr. Judson. Her parents were John and Rebecca Hasseltine. She had an ardent, active, even restless temperament; so that her mother once reproved her in childhood with the ominous words, "I hope, my daughter, you will one day be satisfied with rambling." She was educated at the Bradford Academy, and was a beautiful girl, characterized by great vivacity of spirits and

intensely fond of society. In fact, she was so reckless in her gayety, and so far overtopped her young companions in mirth, that they feared she would have but a brief life, and be suddenly cut off.

At the age of sixteen she received her first deep religious impression.

"One Sabbath morning," she writes, "having prepared myself to attend public worship, just as I was leaving my toilet, I accidentally took up Hannah More's 'Strictures on Female Education,' and the first words that caught my eye were, '*She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth*.' They were written in italics, with marks of admiration; and they struck me to the heart. I stood for a few moments amazed at the incident, and half inclined to think that some invisible agency had directed my eye to those words. At first, I thought I would live a different life, and be more serious and sedate; but at last I thought that they were not so applicable to me as I first imagined, and I resolved to think no more of them."

After a struggle of several months, she could truly say:

"I began to discover a beauty in the way of salvation by Christ. He appeared to be just such a Saviour as I needed. I saw how God could be just, in saving sinners through Him. I committed my soul into His hands, and besought Him to do with me what seemed good in His sight. When I was thus enabled to commit myself into the hands of Christ, my mind was relieved from that distressing weight which had borne it down for so long a time. I did not think that I had obtained the new heart which I had been seeking, but felt happy in contemplating the character of Christ, and particularly that disposition which led Him to suffer so much, for the sake of doing the will and promoting the glory of

His heavenly Father.... A few days after this ... I began to hope that I had passed from death unto life. When I examined myself, I was constrained to own that I had feelings and dispositions to which I was formerly an utter stranger. I had sweet communion with the blessed God from day to day; my heart was drawn out in love to Christians of whatever denomination; the sacred Scriptures were sweet to my taste; and such was my thirst for religious knowledge that I frequently spent a great part of the night in reading religious books."

She threw herself with all her native ardor into the joys and labors of the Christian life. She taught school for several years in Salem, Haverhill, and Newbury. Her constant endeavor was to bring her pupils to the Saviour.

Her decision to become a foreign missionary must have required great heroism, for, thus far, no woman had ever left America as a missionary to the heathen. Public sentiment was against her going. It was thought to be wild and romantic. One good lady said to another, "I hear that Miss Hasseltine is going to India! Why does she go?" "Why, she thinks it her duty. Wouldn't you go if you thought it your duty?" "But," replied the lady, with emphasis, "I would not think it my duty!"[5]

On the 5th of February, 1812, Mr. Judson was married to Ann Hasseltine, at Bradford. Two days before, at Plymouth, he had taken final leave of his parents. His brother Elnathan accompanied him to Boston. The journey was made on horseback. Elnathan had not yet been converted. While on the way the two dismounted, and among the trees by the roadside they knelt down and Adoniram offered a fervent prayer in behalf of his younger brother. Four days later they parted, never to meet again on earth. The wayside prayer was not unheeded in heaven.

Years afterward Adoniram was permitted to have the assurance that the brother over whom his heart so fondly yearned became an “inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.”

On the 6th of February he received ordination at Salem from the Rev. Drs. Spring, Worcester, Woods, Morse, and Griffin; on the 7th he bade good-bye to his younger sister and companion of his childhood; and on the 19th embarked at Salem with Mrs. Judson and Mr. and Mrs. Newell, on the brig *Caravan*, Captain Heard, bound for Calcutta.

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4. Whittier’s “The Missionary.”

5. For further particulars concerning Miss Hasseltine’s early life the reader is referred to her biography, by the Rev. J. D. Knowles.

CHAPTER III.
VOYAGE TO BURMAH.
1812-1813.

After the shores of America had faded from their eyes, almost four months elapsed before Mr. Judson and his missionary associates caught sight of land. They made the long trip around the Cape of Good Hope, and at last descried the towering mountains of Golconda. Now that the Suez Canal has been opened, and a railroad track laid across our continent, the way to India is much shorter. The modern missionary goes either through the Mediterranean Sea or by the way of San Francisco and Yokohama, the voyage consuming only about two months.

While taking the long voyage from America to India, Mr. Judson changed his denominational latitude and longitude as well. He was a Congregational minister; his parents were Congregationalists; and he had been sent out by a Congregational Board. All his sympathies and affections were bound up with the life of that great denominational body. On his way to Burmah, however, he became a Baptist. His attention was at this time especially drawn to the distinctive views of the Baptists by the fact that he was now about to found a new Christian society among the heathen. When the adult heathen accepted Christ by faith and

love, he should of course be baptized, and thus formally initiated into the Christian Church. But ought the children also to be baptized upon the strength of the parent's faith? This was a practical question.

Again, Mr. Judson expected to meet in India the eminent English Baptist missionaries, Carey, Marshman, and Ward. In the immediate neighborhood of these men, he proposed to institute a Congregational form of church life, and he would, of course, have to explain to the natives these denominational differences. His mind was cast in a scholarly and argumentative mould. Controversy might possibly arise between himself and the Baptist missionaries. He thought it best, while he was on the ocean, to arm himself beforehand for the encounter with these formidable champions, in order successfully to maintain the Pedobaptist position.

In the enforced seclusion of a long sea voyage, he had plenty of time for thought and study on this important subject. The result of his searching investigation was the conclusion, reluctantly formed, that he was wrong and that the Baptists were right. Of course they held many fundamental doctrines in common with Christians of all other evangelical denominations; but there were two distinctive tenets, that faith should always precede baptism, and that baptism is immersion. He was convinced that in these views they had the Bible on their side.

It was only after a great struggle that he yielded; for he had to break with all the traditions and associations of his ancestry and childhood. He pictured to himself the grief and disappointment of his Christian friends in America, especially of his venerable parents. He saw that he would be separated from those young students, the boon

companions with whom he had originated this great scheme of American Foreign Missions. In their discussions, his wife always took the Pedobaptist side. He knew that he and she might find themselves without bread in a strange heathen land. For who could expect the American Board to sustain a Baptist missionary, even if he could, on his part, obey their instructions? He could have little hope that the Baptists of America, feeble, scattered, and despised, would be equal to the great undertaking of supporting an expensive mission in distant India. Ah, what long, anxious conversations must he and his wife have had together in their little cabin on the brig *Caravan*!

The question may have arisen in his mind, Are these doctrines so important after all? Can I not cherish them in secret, and still remain identified with the religious body that I so much love and honor? No; because if individual faith is the prerequisite of baptism, what scriptural authority would he have for baptizing the unconscious infant? If baptism is a symbol, then of course the form is all-important. If faith must precede baptism, and if immersion is essential to baptism, then he had never been baptized at all. He knew that baptism had been expressly commanded by our blessed Lord, and that alone was sufficient to necessitate obedience. Prompt and straightforward obedience to Christ was the keynote of his life. His was too positive a character to try to effect a compromise between conviction and action. He had one of those great natures that can not afford to move along with the crowd. Traces of this intense inward conflict may be seen in the following extracts from Mrs. Judson's letters:

To a Friend.

"*September 7, 1812.*

"Can you, my dear Nancy, still love me, still desire to hear from me, when I tell you I have become a Baptist? If I judge from my own feelings, I answer you will, and that my differing from you in those things which do not affect our salvation will not diminish your affection for me, or make you unconcerned for my welfare. You may, perhaps, think this change very sudden, as I have said nothing of it before; but, my dear girl, this alteration hath not been the work of an hour, a day, or a month. The subject has been maturely, candidly, and, I hope, prayerfully examined for months.

"An examination of the subject of baptism commenced on board the *Caravan*. As Mr. Judson was continuing the translation of the New Testament, which he began in America, he had many doubts respecting the meaning of the word *baptize*. This, with the idea of meeting the Baptists at Serampore, when he would wish to defend his own sentiments, induced a more thorough examination of the foundation of the Pedobaptist system. The more he examined, the more his doubts increased; and, unwilling as he was to admit it, he was *afraid* the Baptists were right and he wrong. After we arrived at Calcutta, his attention was turned from this subject to the concerns of the mission, and the difficulties with Government. But as his mind was still uneasy, he again renewed the subject. I felt afraid he would become a Baptist, and frequently urged the unhappy consequences if he should. But he said his duty compelled him to satisfy his own mind, and embrace those sentiments which appeared most concordant with Scripture. I always took the Pedobaptist side in reasoning with him, even after I was as doubtful of the truth of their system as he. We left Serampore to reside in Calcutta a week or two, before the arrival of our brethren; and as we had nothing in particular to occupy our attention, we confined it exclusively to this subject. We procured the best authors

on both sides, compared them with the Scriptures, examined and re-examined the sentiments of Baptists and Pedobaptists, and were finally compelled, from a conviction of truth, to embrace those of the former. Thus, my dear Nancy, we are confirmed Baptists, not because we wished to be, but because truth compelled us to be. We have endeavored to count the cost, and be prepared for the many severe trials resulting from this change of sentiment. We anticipate the loss of reputation, and of the affection and esteem of many of our American friends. But the most trying circumstance attending this change, and that which has caused most pain, is the separation which must take place between us and our dear missionary associates. Although we are attached to each other, and should doubtless live very happily together, yet the brethren do not think it best we should unite in one mission. These things, my dear Nancy, have caused us to weep and pour out our hearts in prayer to Him whose directions we so much wish and need. We feel that we are alone in the world, with no real friend but each other, no one on whom we can depend but God."

Mrs. Judson to her Parents.

"ISLE OF FRANCE, PORT LOUIS, *February* 14, 1813.

"I will now, my dear parents and sisters, give you some account of our change of sentiment, relative to the subject of baptism. Mr. Judson's doubts commenced on our passage from America. While translating the New Testament, in which he was engaged, he used frequently to say that the Baptists were right in their mode of administering the ordinance. Knowing he should meet the Baptists at Serampore, he felt it important to attend to it more closely, to be able to defend his sentiments. After our arrival at Serampore, his mind for two or three weeks was so much taken up with missionary inquiries and our difficulties with Government, as to prevent his attending to the subject

of baptism. But as we were waiting the arrival of our brethren, and having nothing in particular to attend to, he again took up the subject. I tried to have him give it up, and rest satisfied in his old sentiments, and frequently told him, if he became a Baptist, *I would not*. He, however, said he felt it his duty to examine closely a subject on which he had so many doubts. After we removed to Calcutta, he found in the library in our chamber many books on both sides, which he determined to read candidly and prayerfully, and to hold fast, or embrace the truth, however mortifying, however great the sacrifice. I now commenced reading on the subject, with all my prejudices on the Pedobaptist side. We had with us Dr. Worcester's, Dr. Austin's, Peter Edwards's, and other Pedobaptist writings. But after closely examining the subject for several weeks, we were constrained to acknowledge that the truth appeared to lie on the Baptists' side. It was extremely trying to reflect on the consequences of our becoming Baptists. We knew it would wound and grieve our dear Christian friends in America—that we should lose their approbation and esteem. We thought it probable the commissioners would refuse to support us; and, what was more distressing than anything, we knew we must be separated from our missionary associates, and go alone to some heathen land. These things were very trying to us, and caused our hearts to bleed for anguish. We felt we had no home in this world, and no friend but each other. Our friends at Serampore were extremely surprised when we wrote them a letter requesting baptism, as they had known nothing of our having had any doubts on the subject. We were baptized on the 6th of September, in the Baptist chapel in Calcutta. Mr. J. preached a sermon at Calcutta, on this subject, soon after we were baptized, which, in compliance with the request of a number who heard it, he has been preparing for the press. Brother Rice was baptized several weeks after we were. It was a very

great relief to our minds to have him join us, as we expected to be entirely alone in a mission."

The four missionaries arrived in Calcutta on June 17th, and were warmly welcomed by Dr. Carey.

They were invited to visit the settlement of English Baptists at Serampore, a town about twelve miles from Calcutta, up the Hugh River. Here they awaited the arrival of the other group of American missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Nott, and Messrs. Hall and Rice, who had sailed from Philadelphia in the ship *Harmony*, and who did not arrive until August 8th. In a note to the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, an influential Baptist minister, of Boston, Mr. Judson discloses his change of denominational views:

"CALCUTTA, *August* 31, 1812.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: I write you a line to express my grateful acknowledgments to you for the advantage I have derived from your publications on baptism; particularly from your 'Series of Letters'; also to introduce the following copy of a letter which I forwarded last week to the Baptist missionaries at Serampore, and which you are at liberty to use as you think best.

"I am, sir, with much affection and respect,

"Your obliged friend and servant,

"ADONIRAM JUDSON, JR."

"CALCUTTA, *August* 27, 1812.

"TO THE REV. MESSRS. CAREY, MARSHMAN, AND WARD.

"As you have been ignorant of the late exercises of my mind on the subject of baptism, the communication which I am about to make may occasion you some surprise.

"It is now about four months since I took the subject

into serious and prayerful consideration. My inquiries commenced during my passage from America, and after much laborious research and painful trial, which I shall not now detail, have issued in entire conviction, that *the immersion of a professing believer is the only Christian baptism*.

"In these exercises I have not been alone. Mrs. Judson has been engaged in a similar examination, and has come to the same conclusion. Feeling, therefore, that we are in an unbaptized state, we wish to profess our faith in Christ by being baptized in obedience to His sacred commands.

"ADONIRAM JUDSON, JR."

He also sent a letter to the American Board, in which he breaks to them the startling news that he is to cease to be their missionary:

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: My change of sentiments on the subject of baptism is considered by my missionary brethren as incompatible with my continuing their fellow-laborer in the mission which they contemplate on the Island of Madagascar; and it will, I presume, be considered by the Board of Commissioners as equally incompatible with my continuing their missionary. The Board will, undoubtedly, feel as unwilling to support a Baptist missionary as I feel to comply with their instructions, which particularly direct us to baptize '*credible believers with their households*.'

"The dissolution of my connection with the Board of Commissioners, and a separation from my dear missionary brethren, I consider most distressing consequences of my late change of sentiments, and, indeed, the most distressing events which have ever befallen me. I have now the prospect before me of going alone to some distant island, unconnected with any society at present existing, from which I might be furnished with assistant laborers or pecuniary support.

Whether the Baptist churches in America will compassionate my situation, I know not. I hope, therefore, that while my friends condemn what they deem a departure from the truth, they will at least pity me and pray for me.

"With the same sentiments of affection and respect as ever,

"I am, sir, your friend and servant,

"ADONIRAM JUDSON, JR.

"Rev. Dr. Worcester, Corresponding Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions."

At the same time he wrote a second letter to Dr. Baldwin, in which he announced his change of views on the subject of Baptism, and added: "Should there be formed a Baptist Society for the support of a mission in these parts, *I shall be ready to consider myself their missionary*!"

A letter written at the same time to Rev. Dr. Bolles, of Salem, Mass., points in the same direction:

"CALCUTTA, *September* 1, 1812.

"REV. SIR: I recollect that, during a short interview I had with you in Salem, I suggested the formation of a society among the Baptists in America for the support of foreign missions, in imitation of the exertions of your English brethren. Little did I then expect to be personally concerned in such an attempt.

"Within a few months, I have experienced an entire change of sentiments on the subject of baptism. My doubts concerning the correctness of my former system of belief commenced during my passage from America to this country; and after many painful trials, which none can know but those who are taught to relinquish a system in which they had been educated, I settled down in the full persuasion that the immersion of a professing believer in Christ is the only Christian baptism.

"Mrs. Judson is united with me in this persuasion. We have signified our views and wishes to the Baptist

missionaries at Serampore, and expect to be baptized in this city next Lord's day.

"A separation from my missionary brethren, and a dissolution of my connection with the Board of Commissioners, seem to be necessary consequences. The missionaries at Serampore are exerted to the utmost of their ability in managing and supporting their extensive and complicated mission.

"Under these circumstances I look to you. Alone, in this foreign heathen land, I make my appeal to those whom, with their permission, I will call *my Baptist brethren* in the United States.

"With the advice of the brethren at Serampore, I am contemplating a mission on one of the eastern islands. They have lately sent their brother Chater to Ceylon, and their brother Robinson to Java. At present, Amboyna seems to present the most favorable opening. Fifty thousand souls are there perishing without the means of life; and the situation of the island is such that a mission there established might, with the blessing of God, be extended to the neighboring islands in those seas.

"But should I go thither, it is a most painful reflection that I must go alone, and also uncertain of the means of support. But I will trust in God. He has frequently enabled me to praise His divine goodness, and will never forsake those who put their trust in Him. I am, dear sir,

"Yours, in the Lord Jesus,

"ADONIRAM JUDSON, JR."

On September 6th, Mr. and Mrs. Judson were baptized in Calcutta by the Rev. Mr. Ward, and, on the first of November, Mr. Rice, one of his missionary associates, who, though sailing on a different vessel, had experienced a similar change of sentiment, was also baptized. "Mr. Rice was thought," Dr. Carey says, "to be the most obstinate

friend of Pedobaptism of any of the missionaries."

But becoming a Baptist was only the beginning of troubles for these missionaries. India was ruled by the East India Company, which was opposed to the introduction of missionaries, especially of Americans —for England and America were not at that time on friendly terms. Besides, the English feared that the natives of India, finding themselves beset by the missionaries of a foreign religion, and their own sacred institutions undermined, would rise against the whole English race, and a war ensue which would be rendered more intense by the spirit of religious fanaticism. The Oriental meekly submits to oppression, except when religious questions are involved; it was the greased cartridge which brought on the Sepoy rebellion. The English authorities feared, as was once stated in the House of Lords, "that every missionary would have to be backed by a gun-boat." There might arise endless complications, and they determined to nip the danger in the bud.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr. Rice were peremptorily ordered to repair from Serampore to Calcutta. When they appeared at the Government House they were told that they must return at once to America. They asked leave to settle in some other part of India, but this was refused. They then asked if they could go to the Isle of France (Mauritius). This request was granted; but the only ship sailing at that time for that point could convey but two passengers, and, by common consent, Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked. Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr. Rice remained behind for another vessel. After two months, they received an order to go on board one of the Company's vessels, bound for England, and their names were even printed in the official list of passengers. But a vessel, named the *Creole*, was just

about to sail for the Isle of France. They applied to the Government for a passport. This was refused. Then they asked the captain if he would take them without a passport. He said, good-naturedly, “There was his ship; they could go on board if they pleased.” They immediately embarked under cover of the night. But while sailing down the Hugli River from Calcutta to the sea, they were overtaken by a Government dispatch. The pilot was forbidden to go farther, as there were persons on board who had been ordered to England. They were put ashore on the bank of the river, and took shelter at a little tavern, while the vessel continued her course down the river without them.

After three or four days, however, a letter came from Calcutta, containing the much-desired passport to sail on the *Creole*. Who procured the passport, has always remained a mystery. But now they had every reason to suppose that the vessel had got out to sea. She might, however, be anchored at Saugur, seventy miles below. With all haste they put their baggage in a boat, and sped down the river. They had to row against the tide, but arrived at Saugur before the evening of the next day, and had the happiness of finding the vessel at anchor. “I never enjoyed,” says Mrs. Judson, “a sweeter moment in my life, than that when I was sure we were in sight of the *Creole*!” After a voyage of six weeks they arrived in Port Louis, on the Isle of France, January 17, 1813.

The Isle of France, or Mauritius,[6] lies in the Indian Ocean, 480 miles east of Madagascar. It is about 36 miles long and 32 wide. It had, only a few years before, been wrested from the French by the English. During the wars between the French and English it had furnished harborage for the French privateers, which, sallying forth from its ports,

attacked the richly-freighted English merchantmen on their way from India.

The Isle of France, the scene of St. Pierre's pathetic tale of "Paul and Virginia," was to our missionaries also, who took refuge here, a place of sorrow. They learned of a death which rivals in pathos the fate of Virginia. Mrs. Harriet Newell, the first American martyr to Foreign Missions, had only just survived the tempestuous voyage from Calcutta, and had been laid in the "heathy ground" of Mauritius: one who "for the love of Christ and immortal souls, left the bosom of her friends, and found an early grave in a land of strangers." She never repented leaving her native country. When informed by her physician of her approaching death, she lifted up her hands in triumph, and exclaimed: "Oh, glorious intelligence!"[7]

What a sense of desolation must have crept over the little band of missionaries, now that death had so early broken into their ranks! On February 24th Mr. Newell embarked for Ceylon, and on the 15th of March Mr. Rice sailed for America, in order to preach a missionary crusade among the Baptist churches there; and thus Mr. and Mrs. Judson were left alone. They were obliged to remain about four months on the Isle of France; and while much of their time was spent in self-sacrificing labors among the English soldiers that formed the garrison of the island, the missionaries still longed to reach their final destination. Mrs. Judson writes: "Oh, when will my wanderings terminate? When shall I find some little spot that I can call my own?" Her mother's ominous words, uttered long ago, were coming true. She was, indeed, having her fill of "rambling." They had left America nearly fifteen months before, and yet after all their journeyings they seemed no nearer

a field of labor than when they first set out. Their destination was still a mirage—an ever-dissolving view.

They decided to make another descent upon the coast of India. On May 7, 1813, they embarked on the ship *Countess of Harcourt* for Madras, intending to establish a mission on Pulo Penang, or Prince of Wales Island, lying in the Straits of Malacca. It was a little island, of commodious harbors and salubrious climate, which had recently been purchased by the English, and the small native population of Malays was being rapidly increased by emigration from Hindostan, Burmah, Siam, and China.

On June 4th the Judsons arrived in Madras, where they were kindly received by the English missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Loveless. But they knew that they could not remain long, for they were again under the jurisdiction of the East India Company. Their arrival was at once reported to the Governor-General, and they feared they would be immediately transported to England. There was no vessel in the harbor bound for Pulo Penang, and the only vessel about to sail in that direction was bound for Rangoon, Burmah. They dreaded to pass from the protection of the British flag into the power of the Burman despot, whose tender mercies were cruel. But their only alternative was between Rangoon and their own dear native land, and they chose the former.

On June 22d they went on board the “crazy old vessel” *Georgianna*. After a stormy voyage they reached Rangoon July 13th, and took possession of the English Baptist mission-house, occupied by a son of Dr. Carey. This young man was temporarily absent, and soon afterward resigned the mission in their favor, and entered the service of the Burmese

Government.

The horrors of the voyage, and the dreariness of their arrival in this strange, lawless land, and of their first settlement in the deserted mission-house at Rangoon, made this the most painful experience through which they had ever passed. Their only refuge was in Him who has said: "Although I have cast them far off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them among the countries, yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come." They were sustained by the same faith which, three years before, found beautiful expression in the words that Judson wrote to his parents:

"O the pleasure which a lively Christian must enjoy in communion with God! It is all one whether he is in a city or in a desert, among relations or among savage foes, in the heat of the Indies or in the ice of Greenland; his infinite Friend is always at hand. He need not fear want, or sickness, or pain, for his best Friend does all things well. He need not fear death, though he come in the most shocking form, for death is only a withdrawing of the veil which conceals his dearest Friend."

It is related that the old English missionary, St. Cuthbert, was driven by a snow-storm upon the coast of Fife. His companions repined. "The snow closes the road along the shore; the storm bars our way over the sea." "But," Cuthbert said, "there is still the way of heaven that lies open."

But Mr. and Mrs. Judson can best describe their first taste of life in Burmah.

Extract from a letter by Mrs. Judson to her parents and sisters.

"RANGOON, *July* 30, 1813.

"We stayed at Madras only a fortnight, when we

embarked on board a Portuguese vessel for this place. I had procured a European woman-servant to go with us, as it was not thought prudent to go without one. She went on board two days before us, and when we went on board she appeared in perfect health. We had but just entered the ship when she fell on the floor, apparently in a fit. We made every possible effort to recover her, but she gasped a few times and died. The exertion I made to recover her, together with the shock my frame and feelings received at her sudden decease, brought me also near the gates of death. I indeed thought the time of my departure was at hand, and that all my toils and perplexities were ended. I had no physician, no medicine, no attendant but Mr. Judson. Added to this, we were in a small, dirty vessel, which was kept in continual motion by the violence of the wind and sea. Perfect ease and quiet seemed absolutely necessary for my recovery; but these it appeared impossible to obtain. But all things are possible with God; and we were never so sensible of His care and protection as at this time.

"In the midst of our darkness and distress, and when we had given up all hope of my recovery, our captain informed us that we were close to the Andaman Islands, and that we could escape being driven on them in no way but by going through a narrow channel between two of them. We were in much danger, but the vessel was almost perfectly still, as we were in smooth water as soon as we entered the channel, the wind being broken by the islands. Thus I obtained that ease and quiet which a few moments before seemed impossible to obtain. We were three weeks on our passage, and when we arrived I was not able to walk, nor had I even left my bed for half an hour.... We felt very gloomy and dejected the first night we arrived, in view of our prospects; but we were enabled to lean on God, and to feel that He was able to support us under the most discouraging circumstances. The next morning I

prepared to go on shore, but hardly knew how I should get to Mr. Carey's house, as there was no method of conveyance except a horse, which I was unable to ride. It was, however, concluded that I should be carried in an arm-chair; consequently, when I landed, one was provided, through which were put two bamboos, and four of the natives took me on their shoulders. When they had carried me a little way into the town, they set me down under a shade, when great numbers of the natives gathered around, as they had seldom seen an English female. Being sick and weak, I held my head down, which induced many of the native females to come very near and look under my bonnet. At this I looked up and smiled, at which they set up a loud laugh. They again took me up to carry, and the multitude of natives gave a shout, which much diverted us. They next carried me to a place they call the custom-house. It was a small open shed, in which were seated on mats several natives, who were the custom-house officers. After searching Mr. Judson very closely, they asked liberty for a native female to search me, to which I readily consented. I was then brought to the mission-house, where I have entirely recovered my health.... The country presents a rich, beautiful appearance, everywhere covered with vegetation, and, if cultivated, would be one of the finest in the world. But the poor natives have no inducement to labor to raise anything, as it would probably be taken from them by their oppressive rulers. Many of them live on leaves and vegetables that grow spontaneously, and some actually die with hunger. Everything is extremely high, therefore many are induced to steal whatever comes in their way. There are constant robberies and murders committed. Scarcely a night passes but houses are broken open and things stolen. Yet our trust and confidence are in our heavenly Father, who can easily preserve and protect us though a host should encamp about us. I think God has taught us by experience what

it is to trust in Him, and find comfort and peace in feeling that He is everywhere present. O for more ardent, supreme love to Him, and greater willingness to suffer in His cause!"

Extract from a letter by Mr. Judson.

"After a mournful separation from brother Rice, at the Isle of France, in March, 1813, we remained there about two months, waiting for a passage to some of the eastern islands, not venturing at that time to think a mission to Burmah practicable. But there being no prospect of accomplishing our wishes directly, we concluded to take passage to Madras, and proceed thence as circumstances should direct. We arrived there in June, and were immediately informed of the renewed hostilities of the company's government toward missionaries, exhibited in their treatment of the brethren both at Serampore and Bombay. We were, of course, reported to the police, and an account of our arrival forwarded to the supreme government in Bengal. It became, therefore, a moral certainty that, as soon as an order could be received at Madras, we should be again arrested, and ordered to England. Our only safety appeared to consist in escaping from Madras before such order should arrive. It may easily be conceived with what feelings I inquired the destination of vessels in the Madras roads. I found none that would sail in season, but one bound to Rangoon. A mission to Rangoon we had been accustomed to regard with feelings of horror. But it was now brought to a point. We must either venture there or be sent to Europe. All other paths were shut up; and thus situated, though dissuaded by all our friends at Madras, we commended ourselves to the care of God, and embarked on the 22d of June. It was a crazy old vessel. The captain was the only person on board that could speak our language, and we had no other apartment than what was made by canvas. Our passage was very tedious. Mrs. Judson was

taken dangerously ill, and continued so until, at one period, I came to experience the awful sensation which necessarily resulted from the expectation of an immediate separation from my beloved wife, the only remaining companion of my wanderings. About the same time, the captain being unable to make the Nicobar Island, where it was intended to take in a cargo of cocoa-nuts, we were driven into a dangerous strait, between the Little and Great Andamans, two savage coasts, where the captain had never been before, and where, if we had been cast ashore, we should, according to all accounts, have been killed and eaten by the natives. But as one evil is sometimes an antidote to another, so it happened with us. Our being driven into this dangerous but quiet channel brought immediate relief to the agitated and exhausted frame of Mrs. Judson, and conduced essentially to her recovery. And in the event, we were safely conducted over the black rocks which we sometimes saw in the gulf below, and on the eastern side of the islands found favorable winds, which gently wafted us forward to Rangoon. But on arriving here, other trials awaited us.

"We had never before seen a place where European influence had not contributed to smooth and soften the rough features of uncultivated nature. The prospect of Rangoon, as we approached, was quite disheartening. I went on shore just at night, to take a view of the place, and the mission-house; but so dark, and cheerless, and unpromising did all things appear, that the evening of that day, after my return to the ship, we have marked as the most gloomy and distressing that we ever passed. Instead of rejoicing, as we ought to have done, in having found a heathen land from which we were not immediately driven away, such were our weaknesses that we felt we had no portion left here below, and found consolation only in looking beyond our pilgrimage, which we tried to flatter ourselves would be short, to that peaceful region where the wicked cease

from troubling and the weary are at rest. But if ever we commended ourselves sincerely, and without reserve, to the disposal of our heavenly Father, it was on this evening. And after some recollection and prayer, we experienced something of the presence of Him who cleaveth closer than a brother; something of that peace which our Saviour bequeathed to His followers—a legacy which we know from this experience endures when the fleeting pleasures and unsubstantial riches of the world are passed away. The next day Mrs. Judson was carried into the town, being unable to walk; and we found a home at the mission-house, though Mr. Carey was absent at Ava."

When the tidings reached America that Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr. Rice, Congregational missionaries, sent out by the American Board, had been immersed at Calcutta, the Baptists throughout the whole land were thrilled with a glad surprise. God had suddenly placed at the disposal of the Baptist denomination three fully-equipped missionaries. They were already in the field, and action must be prompt. Several influential ministers in Massachusetts met at the house of Dr. Baldwin, in Boston, and organized the "Baptist Society for Propagating the Gospel in India and other Foreign Parts." They also, as well as the American Board, first turned instinctively toward England for counsel and help. They proposed to the Baptist Missionary Society in London that Mr. Judson should be associated with Messrs. Carey, Marshman, and Ward, at Serampore, and that the Baptists in England and America should co-operate in the work of foreign missions. This, however, did not seem wise to the English brethren, and so America was again thrown back upon her own resources.

Mr. Rice, upon his return to this country, travelled

everywhere, telling the thrilling story of the experiences of these pioneer missionaries. The greatest enthusiasm was aroused, and missionary societies similar to the one in Boston sprang up in the Middle and Southern States. In order to secure concert of action it seemed best that there should be a general convention, in which all these societies might be represented. Accordingly, on the 18th of May, 1814, delegates from Baptist churches and missionary societies throughout the land convened in the First Baptist church of Philadelphia. These delegates organized a body which was styled "The General Missionary Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the United States of America for Foreign Missions." The sum of four thousand dollars was put into the treasury, contributed by the local societies; and it was thought that possibly an annual income of five thousand two hundred and eighty dollars might be secured. It was the day of small things. In 1845 the Southern brethren withdrew to form a society of their own, called "The Southern Convention." The Northern organization adopted a new constitution, and assumed the name of "The American Baptist Missionary Union." Its receipts for 1880 were about a quarter of a million of dollars.

Although Mr. Judson's change in denominational attitude occasioned considerable irritation at the time, yet good and wise men of all religious bodies, viewing his conduct from the stand-point of the present, are agreed that it proved a blessing to the Christian world at large. It occasioned the formation of a second Missionary Society. There came to be two great benevolent forces at work, where there was only one before. What a history-making epoch that was! The action of those consecrated students at Andover led to the formation of the American Board

of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and of the American Baptist Missionary Union, the one the organ of the Congregationalists, the other of the Baptists of America. A watershed was upheaved, from which two beneficent and ever-widening streams flowed forth for the healing of the nations.

Mr. Judson's life also marks the beginning of that wonderful growth which has characterized the Baptist denomination in this country, for in gathering together and rallying for his support the Baptists awoke to self-consciousness. They arrived at the epoch, so momentous in the life either of a society or of an individual, when the infant passes out of a mere sort of vegetable existence into a consciousness of his being and power.

"But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of '*I*' and '*Me*,'
And finds 'I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch.'"

In the history of a social body, as well as of the human infant, the period of self-consciousness is the beginning of all real power. In 1812 the Baptists of America were a scattered and feeble folk, and lacked solidarity. There was little or no denominational spirit. The summons to the foreign field shook them together. A glass of water may be slowly reduced in temperature even to a point one or two degrees below freezing, and yet remain uncongealed, provided it be kept perfectly motionless. If, then, it is slightly jarred it will suddenly turn into ice. The Baptist denomination of America was in just such a state of suspense. It needed to be jarred and shaken into solid and enduring form. Mr. Judson's words: "*Should there be formed a Baptist society for the support of a mission in these parts, I should be ready to consider*

myself their missionary," proved to be the crystallizing touch.

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6. See Map I.

7. For further particulars see "Memoir of Mrs. Harriet Newell," by Dr. Leonard Woods.

CHAPTER IV.
BURMAH.

Let us now take a look at the country in which Mr. and Mrs. Judson at last found themselves. At the present time there are two distinct Burmahs: British Burmah and Independent Burmah. But at the time when Mr. and Mrs. Judson arrived in Rangoon, these two countries formed one great Empire, ruled by one monarch, whose throne was at Ava. Under successive British invasions the Empire has shrunk to two-thirds of its original size. The English have appropriated the whole of the seaboard, the fertile lowlands forming the richest rice-producing district in the world, and the heavy teak forests of Pegu, which yield ship timber unrivalled for its durability. At the time of the arrival of the Judsons, Burmah was 1,020 miles long and 600 miles wide. It was bounded on the north by Assam and Thibet; on the east by China and Siam; and on the south and west by the Bay of Bengal and the British provinces of India. Its area was 280,000 square miles; so that it was four times as large as the whole of New England.

Burmah is scored by three parallel rivers that flow southward: the Irrawaddy, Sittang, and the Salwen.[8] By far the largest of these is the Irrawaddy, which is navigable by steamers to Bhamo, 840 miles from the mouth. The country is made up of these three

parallel river valleys, and the mountain chains which flank them. The land in Asia gradually slopes from the Himalayas southward toward the Bay of Bengal. Starting at the south and moving northward, the traveller finds first broad paddy-fields, submerged during a part of the year by the network of streams through which the Irrawaddy finds its way to the sea; then he traverses upland plains; then a rolling country, with ranges of hills; and finally deep forests, high mountains, and the magnificent defiles, through which the rivers flow.

The southern part of Burmah, like Egypt, owes its fertility to an annual inundation which is thus described by an English officer:[9]

"With the exception of high knolls standing up here and there, and a strip of high ground at the base of the hills, the whole country, fields, roads, bridges, is under water from one to twelve feet, or more, in depth. Boats are the only means of locomotion for even a few yards. You sail across the country, ploughing through the half-submerged long grass, piloting a way through the clumps of brushwood and small trees, into the streets of large agricultural villages, where the cattle are seen stabled high up in the houses, twelve feet from the ground; the children are catching fish with lines through the floor; the people are going about their daily concerns, if it is only to borrow a cheroot from their next-door neighbor, in canoes; in short, all the miseries and laughable *contretemps* sometimes pictured in the illustrated papers as caused by floods in Europe, may be seen—with this difference, that every one is so accustomed to them that they never create a thought of surprise."

The northern part of Burmah abounds in mountain streams of exquisite beauty. An eye-witness describes them in glowing terms, as follows:[10]

"In some places they are seen leaping in cascades over precipices from 50 to 100 feet high; in others, spreading out into deep, quiet lakes. In some places they run purling over pebbles of milk-white quartz, or grass-green prase, or yellow jasper, or sky-blue slate, or variegated porphyry; in others, they glide like arrows over rounded masses of granite, or smooth, angular pieces of green stone. In some places nought can be heard but the stunning sounds of 'deep calling unto deep'; in others, the mind is led to musing by the quiet murmur of the brook, that falls upon the ear like distant music. The traveller's path often leads him up the middle of one of these streams, and every turn, like that of a kaleidoscope, reveals something new and pleasing to the eye. Here a daisy-like flower nods over the margin, as if to look at her modest face in the reflecting waters; there the lotus-leafed, wild arum stands knee-deep in water, shaking around with the motion of the stream the dew-drops on its peltate bosom like drops of glittering quicksilver. Here the fantastic roots of a willow, sprinkled with its woolly capsules, come down to the water's edge, or it may be a eugenia tree, with its fragrant white corymbs, or a water dillenia, with its brick-red, scaly trunk, and green, apple-like fruit, occupies its place; there the long, drooping red tassels of the barringtonia hang far over the bank, dropping its blossoms on the water, food for numerous members of the carp family congregated below."

Having studied the *Geography* and the *Physical Geography* of Burmah, we turn to its *Natural History*. The domestic animals are the ox, buffalo, horse, and the goat. The horses are small, and are used for riding, never as beasts of burden. The dog is not kept as a pet, or for hunting, but, as in other Oriental countries, he roams about the cities in a half-wild condition, devouring offal, and at last becomes the victim of famine or disease. The jungles swarm with

wild animals, the monkey, elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, leopard, deer, and wild-cat. The elephants are caught, tamed, and used for riding. The white elephant, or albino, is especially prized. A specimen is always kept at court as the insignia of royalty, one of the king's titles being, "Lord of the White Elephant." The tiger sometimes steals out of the jungle into a Karen village, and carries off a pig or a calf, or even a child. When once he has tasted human blood, he is very dangerous. An American missionary, a lady, relates that she came once to a native village which a tiger had formed the habit of visiting every night. On each occasion he would carry off some domestic animal. The villagers had taken no measures to avert the danger. She urged them to try and kill the monster. She described how speedily an American village would rid itself of such a nuisance. And so they built an enormous trap or dead-fall. The trunk of a tree was to fall and break the tiger's back. A squealing pig was tied up for bait. The following night some English officers arrived. They sat up late talking over their adventures, when suddenly a terrific roar pealed through the village. The officers rushed out and found an enormous Bengal tiger pinned down in the trap. They speared him to death, and his beautiful skin was given to the lady as a trophy.

Even in the towns the dove-cote has to be placed on the top of a high pole, the base of which is sheathed with tin, in order to prevent the wild-cats from climbing up and devouring the doves. One of the author's childish reminiscences is seeing in a cage a wild-cat that had been caught alive in the belfry of the church at Maulmain.

Venomous and offensive reptiles and insects abound. While you are eating your dinner the lizard

may drop from the bamboo rafters upon the table. As you step out of your door the gleaming forms of chameleons shoot up the trunk of your roof-tree and hide themselves in the branches. The scorpion, with its painful sting, and the centipede, with its poisonous bite, may be found in your garden. The children must be warned not to race through the bushes in your compound, lest they encounter the hated cobra, whose slightest nip is sure and speedy death. The author remembers his father taking the Burman spear, the only weapon which he ever used, and going down into the poultry-yard to dispatch a cobra, whose track had first been discovered in the dust beneath the house.

How much discomfort and suffering are caused, even in our own land, by rats, mice, snakes, flies, and mosquitoes! And the foreign missionary has these same pests, but in a more aggravated form. These are larger, more numerous, and in addition to them he has to cope with the white ants that in armies destroy his furniture, the scorpion, the centipede, the cobra, the tiger.

The *inhabitants* of Burmah next claim our attention. The Burmans belong to the Mongolian race, the characteristics of which are “long, straight hair; almost complete absence of beard, and hair on the body; a dark-colored skin, varying from a leather-like yellow to a deep brown, or sometimes tending to red; and prominent cheek-bones, generally accompanied by an oblique setting of the eyes.”[11]

The Burmans are described by a modern writer[12] as “of a stout, active, well-proportioned form; of a brown, but never of an intensely dark complexion, with black, coarse, and abundant hair, and a little more beard than is possessed by the Siamese.”

At the time of Mr. and Mrs. Judson’s arrival, the

population numbered from six to eight millions. This included, however, not only Burmans, who are the ruling race, and dwell mainly in the larger towns and cities, but also several subject races—Shans, Karens, Kakhyens—half-wild people, who live in villages scattered through the jungles and along the mountain streams. These tribes have different habits, and speak a different language from the Burmans. They are related to the Burmans somewhat as the North American Indians are to us, being, perhaps, the original inhabitants of the country, and having been subjugated at some remote period of the past. It would seem that wave after wave of Mongolian conquerors had swept over the country from the North, and these tribes are the fragments of wrecked nationalities.

Major Yule, in his "Embassy to Ava," gives the following graphic description of the mental and moral traits of the Burmese:

"Unlike the generality of the Asiatics, they are not a fawning race. They are cheerful, and singularly alive to the ridiculous; buoyant, elastic, soon recovering from personal or domestic disaster. With little feeling of patriotism, they are still attached to their homes, greatly so to their families. Free from prejudices of caste or creed, they readily fraternize with strangers, and at all times frankly yield to the superiority of a European. Though ignorant, they are, when no mental exertion is required, inquisitive, and to a certain extent eager for information; indifferent to the shedding of blood on the part of their rulers, yet not individually cruel; temperate, abstemious, and hardy, but idle, with neither fixedness of purpose nor perseverance. Discipline or any continued employment becomes most irksome to them, yet they are not devoid of a certain degree of enterprise. Great dabblers in small mercantile

ventures, they may be called (the women especially) a race of hucksters; not treacherous or habitual perverters of the truth, yet credulous and given to monstrous exaggerations; when vested with authority, arrogant and boastful; if unchecked, corrupt, oppressive, and arbitrary; yet distinguished for bravery, whilst their chiefs are notorious for cowardice; indifferent shots, and though living in a country abounding in forest, not bold followers of field sports."

But what is the *industrial life* of the Burmans? The soil of Burmah is richly productive of all that is needed for food or clothing or shelter or ornament. The chief crops are rice, maize or Indian corn, wheat, tobacco, cotton, and indigo. It is computed that 80 per cent. of all the rice brought from the East to Europe is produced in the rich paddy-fields of British Burmah.

There is an abundance of delicious fruits—the jack-fruit, the bread-fruit, oranges, bananas, guavas, pine-apples, and the cocoa-nut. After the annual inundation, the subsiding rivers leave behind them, in the depressions of the ground, ponds well stocked with fish. Beef and mutton the Burman learns to forego, as his religion does not allow him to eat cattle or sheep unless they die a natural death. His meal of rice and curry is sometimes enriched by the addition of poultry. The bamboo yields building material for his houses, and the teak forest timber for his ships. The mineral resources are large. The earth yields iron, tin, silver, gold, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, amber, sulphur, arsenic, antimony, coal (both anthracite and bituminous), and petroleum oil, which is used by all classes in little clay lamps.

And yet at the time of the arrival of our missionaries, and even now in Independent Burmah, there is no commerce on a large scale. This is shown

by the high rate of interest, 25 per cent., and 60 per cent. when no security is given. The very productiveness of his country made the Burman of fifty years ago feel independent of foreign nations. He took the narrow view that exportation only tended to impoverishment. The Government rigidly prohibited all important exportation except that of the cheap and abundant teak timber. Gold and silver and precious stones must not be carried out for fear of reducing the country to poverty. If in those days an English merchant had carried a large quantity of silks and calicoes to the royal city, and had exchanged them for £5,000 in gold, he could possess and enjoy the money there, but he could not, except by bribery, succeed in carrying it home. His wealth made him practically an exile and a prisoner. The marble could not be exported, because it was consecrated to the building of idols and pagodas. The cotton and the rice could not be exported, lest there should not be enough left for the clothing and food of the population. The only commerce worth mentioning was with China. The Chinese caravans brought, overland, large quantities of raw silk, and received cotton in exchange.

On account of the low state of commerce, the science of navigation was quite unknown to the Burmans. When sailors made their little trips, in the dry season, along the shore of the Bay of Bengal, they took pains never to pass out of sight of land.

There were no extensive manufactures in Burmah, for these required an accumulation of large capital; and a man could never be sure that his wealth would not be wrested from him by the Government. And so the chief article of manufacture is lacquer-ware, as this requires but little capital. Woven strips of bamboo were smeared with mud, and baked, and

polished, and varnished, and then manufactured into beautiful boxes and trays.

Most of the Burmans, however, are engaged in agricultural pursuits. They raise rice and catch fish, which they pound up into a mass with coarse salt, and so produce their favorite relish, *ngapee*. Immense quantities of rice and *ngapee* are carried up the Irrawaddy in boats, and sold at the capital and in the upper provinces of Burmah.

The *government* of Independent Burmah is an absolute despotism. The king has supreme power over the life and possessions of every subject. He may confiscate property, imprison, torture, or execute at his pleasure,—his only restraint being fear of an insurrection. An English writer relates that at the sovereign's command one of the highest officers of the State was seized by the public executioner, and stretched on the ground by the side of the road, under a scorching sun, with a heavy weight upon his chest, and afterward restored to his high position. There are, indeed, two Councils of State, by which the government is administered, but the members of these councils are appointed by the king, and may be degraded or executed at his word. The late monarch of Burmah saw the evils of this despotic system, and, in arranging for the succession, formed a plan by which his successor should be subject to limitation by his prime ministers. But the new king, Thebaw, a brutal and licentious boy of 20, frustrated this benignant purpose. He murdered his counsellors, massacred his blood relations, and Burmah, that had roused herself for a moment from her long nightmare of despotism, sank again into sleep.

The whole country is divided into provinces, townships, districts, and villages. Over each province is a governor, or as the Burmese call him, an *Eater*.

Through his underlings he taxes every family. His officers receive a share of what they can extort, and the rest he divides with the king. In this way the whole land is a scene of enormous extortion. There are no fixed salaries for Government functionaries. The higher officer *eats* a certain province or district. The lower officer lives on fees and perquisites. Courts of law are corrupted by bribery. It is customary to torture witnesses. The criminal is usually executed by decapitation. He may, however, be disembowelled, or thrown to wild beasts, or crucified, or have his limbs broken with a bludgeon —if he can not effect his escape by the plentiful use of money.

"On the 7th of February, 1817, seven persons found guilty of sacrilege were conveyed to the place of execution near Rangoon, and secured in the usual way to the stake. The first of them was fired at four successive times by a marksman without being hit. At every shot there was a loud peal of laughter from the spectators. The malefactor was taken down, declared to be invulnerable, pardoned, and taken into a confidential employment by the governor. He had paid a large bribe. The second culprit was shot, and the remaining five were decapitated."[13]

Who can estimate the miseries which the peasantry must suffer under such a system of bribery and extortion? It is not strange that the late Burman monarch, when he came to the throne, uttered the exclamation, "Great God, I might as well be king over a desert!"

The *religion* of Burmah is Buddhism. Here and in the Island of Ceylon, this cult exists in its purest form. Buddhism originated in India about 500 years before Christ. Here it succeeded in supplanting the

ancient religion of the Hindoos, derived from the Vedas, and called Brahminism.

India was in former times saturated with Brahminical philosophy and Brahminical ceremonial. The people were completely priest-ridden. Buddhism was an outgrowth from Brahminism, or perhaps rather a recoil from it. It was related to it somewhat as Christianity is to Judaism, or Protestantism to the Romish Church. For one hundred and fifty years Buddhism had a very rapid and vigorous growth in India, but soon after the beginning of the Christian era it began to decay, and in the eighth and ninth centuries A.D., in consequence of a great persecution, Buddhism was completely extirpated in India. The ancient religion, Brahminism, was reinstated, and Gaudama has no worshipper in the land of his birth.

But a prophet is not without honor save in his country. Buddhism is pervaded by a missionary spirit, and has won its way by peaceful persuasion into Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, Thibet, and China. It is, at the present day, the religion of more than four hundred millions of human beings—about one-third of the population of the globe.

Having considered the distribution of Buddhism, let us contrast it with Brahminism. Buddhism, like Brahminism, holds the doctrine of transmigration of souls. The soul is at first united with the lowest forms of organic life. By successive births it may climb into the bodies of spiders, snakes, chameleons, and after long ages may reach the human tenement. Then comes the period of probation. According to its behavior in the flesh it either rises still higher to occupy the glorious forms of demigods and gods, or it relapses little by little into its low estate, and again takes up its wretched abode in the degraded forms of the lower animals.

"Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up,
From mote, and gnat, and worm, reptile and fish,
Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, deva, God,
To clod and mote again."[14]

"He who is now the most degraded of the demons may one day rule the highest of the heavens: He who is at present seated on the most honorable of the celestial thrones, may one day writhe amidst all the agonies of a place of torment; and the worm that we crush under our feet may in the course of ages become a supreme Buddha."[15]

"Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks,
And these are but the shattered stalks,
And ruined chrysalis of one."[16]

This belief pervades the every-day thinking of the most ignorant Burmese. An English officer writes, that just before the drop fell with a wretched murderer, he himself heard him mutter as his last word, "May my next existence be a man's, and a long one!" An old woman, whose grown-up son had died, thought that she recognized that son's voice in the bleating of a neighbor's calf. She threw her arms about the animal, and purchasing it, cherished it until its death, as the living embodiment of her own child.

Faith in transmigration accounts for the pious Buddhist's treatment of the lower animals. The priests strain the gnats out of the water they drink. "They do not eat after noon, nor drink after dark, for fear of swallowing minute insects, and they carry a brush on all occasions, with which they carefully sweep every place before they sit down, lest they should inadvertently crush any living creature." Mr. Huxley tells us that a Hindoo's peace of mind was

completely destroyed by a microscopist who showed him the animals in a drop of water. The Buddhists often build hospitals for sick brutes. Perhaps this deep-seated and hereditary faith in transmigration may account for the singular apathy of the natives to the destruction of life caused by snakes and tigers. In fact, one of their legends represents the founder of their religion as sacrificing his life-blood to slake the parched thirst of a starving tigress.

Although Brahminism and Buddhism both agree in teaching transmigration, they differ widely in their views of God, and of the soul. Brahminism is pantheistic; Buddhism atheistic. According to Brahminism matter has no real existence. All physical forms are the merest illusions. The only real existences are souls. These are all parts of a great Divine soul, from which they emanate, and into which they will at last be reabsorbed, as when a flask of water is broken in the ocean. Buddhism denies the existence not only of matter, but of the soul and of God. It is a system of universal negation. There is no trace in it of a Supreme Being. All is mere seeming. Nothing is real in past, present, or future.

Again, Brahminism betrays a deep consciousness of sin. It teaches the necessity of doing painful penance and of offering animal sacrifices. Buddhism regards sin as cosmical. There is no such thing as blame or guilt. There is no mediation or pardon. The Buddhist brings no animal to the altar. His worship consists in offering up prayers, and perfumes, and flowers, in memory of the founder of his religion.

Again, Brahminism is aristocratic; Buddhism democratic. Brahminism is the religion of caste. It divides the nation into four classes: the priest, the warrior, the tradesman, and the serf. Besides these, but lowest of all, are pariahs, or *outcastes*—the

offspring of intercourse that violated the law of caste. There can be no social mingling of the castes. The condition of the serfs is most wretched and humiliating. The laws of Menu ordain that their abode must be outside the towns, their property must be restricted to dogs and asses, their clothes should be those left by the dead, their ornaments rusty iron; they must roam from place to place; no respectable person must hold intercourse with them; they are to aid as public executioners, retaining the clothes of the dead. Now Buddhism rejected the system of caste. Gaudama taught: "The priest is born of a woman; so is the *outcaste*. My law is a law of grace for all. My doctrine is like the sky. There is room for all without exception, men, women, boys, girls, poor and rich." The two beautiful stories that follow remind us of the spirit and behavior of our own blessed Lord.

Amanda, an eminent disciple of Gaudama, meets an *outcaste* girl, drawing water at a well. He asks for a draught. She hesitates, fearing she may contaminate him by her touch. He says, "My sister, I do not ask, what is thy caste, or thy descent; I beg for water: if thou canst, give it me." It is also related that a poor man filled Gaudama's alms-bowl with a single handful of flowers, while the rich could not accomplish it with ten thousand bushels of rice.

But let us glance at the life of the founder of Buddhism. He is called Gaudama, Siddartha, or Buddha. Gaudama was the name of his family; Siddartha his own individual name, and Buddha, "the enlightened one," the surname he acquired by his wisdom. He was born about the year 500 B.C., at Kapilivastu, a few days' journey from Benares, near the base of the Himalayas. His father was an Indian prince, and ruled over a tribe called the Sakyas.

Buddha is described as of a gentle, ardent, pensive, philanthropic nature. He was reared in the lap of Oriental luxury, but his earnest nature became weary with pleasure. Intimations of the wretchedness of the peasantry of India penetrated even the palace walls. The winds soughing through the strings of the Æolian harp, seemed to whisper in his ear the miseries of mankind.

> "We are the voices of the wandering wind,
> Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
> Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
> A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.
> "O Maya's son! because we roam the earth,
> Moan we upon these strings; we make no mirth,
> So many woes we see in many lands,
> So many streaming eyes, and wringing hands."[17]

The desire to be a savior takes possession of his breast. Four ominous sights contribute to fix his purpose. He sees in his pleasure-grounds an old man, broken and decrepit; again, he meets a man smitten with a malignant disease; again, his eye rests upon a corpse. He learns that such are the destinies of himself and of all his fellow-beings. At last he sees a mendicant monk passing by with his alms-bowl. The young prince resolves to leave his father, his wealth, his power, his wife, and child, and become a homeless wanderer, that he may search out the way of salvation for himself and his fellow-men. He first became a Brahminical ascetic, and gave himself over to the severest penance and self-torture. Afterward he abandoned this altogether, and at last, while in profoundest meditation under the bo-tree, he discovers the way of life. He spends his remaining days in travelling through India, preaching his gospel, and gaining many disciples. He revisits his

home at Kapilivastu. He lives to be an old man, and at last dies with the words on his lips: “Nothing, nothing is durable!” The eminent French savant, M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, says:

“Je n’hésite pas à ajouter, que, sauf le Christ tout seul, il n’est point, parmi les fondateurs de religion, de figure plus pure ni plus touchante que celle du Bouddha. Sa vie n’a point de tache. Son constant héroîsm égale sa conviction; et si la théorie qu’il préconise est fausse, les exemples personnels qu’il donne sont irréprochables. Il est le modèle achevé de toutes les vertus qu’il prêcha; son abnégation, sa charité, son inaltérable douceur, ne se démentent point un seul instant; il abandonne à vingt-neuf ans la cour du roi, son père, pour se faire religieux et mendiant; il prépare silencieusement sa doctrine par six années de retraite, et de méditation; il la propage par la seule puissance de la parole et de la persuasion, pendant plus d’un demi siècle; et quand il meurt entre les bras de ses disciples, c’est avec la sérénité d’un sage qui a pratiqué le bien toute sa vie, et qui est assuré d’avoir trouvé le vrai.”[18]

But one eagerly inquires, What was the *way of salvation* that Buddha discovered under the bo-tree, and spent half a century of his life in preaching? Observe successively the *point of departure*, the *goal*, and the *way*.

Buddha starts out with the idea that misery is the indispensable accompaniment of existence—sorrow is shadow to life. The foundation of his philosophy rests in the densest pessimism. While we are bound up in this material world, we are a prey to disappointment, disease, old age, death. We find ourselves “caught in this common net of death and woe, and life which binds to both.” There is no way out of the vast and monotonous cycle of

transmigration except into *Nirvana*—the *blowing out* —that is, total extinction.

The highest *goal*, therefore, to which we can attain is utter annihilation. That this is the meaning of *Nirvana*, or *Nigban*, seems established beyond a doubt. The most eminent authorities on Buddhism, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Bigandet, Eugène Burnouf, Spence Hardy, and Max Müller, all agree with the view presented by Mr. Judson many years ago, that *Nirvana* or *Nigban* is nothing less than a total extinction of soul and body. It is the final blowing out of the soul, as of a lamp; not its absorption, as when a "dew-drop slips into the shining sea."

It is

> "To perish rather, swallowed up and lost,
> In the wide womb of uncreated night.
> Devoid of sense and motion."

But in what *way* is this bliss of annihilation to be reached? Only by a long and arduous struggle. There are four truths to be believed. 1. There is nothing in life but sorrow. 2. The root of sorrow is desire. 3. Desire must be destroyed. 4. The way to destroy desire is to follow the eightfold path, viz., 1. Right doctrine. 2. Right purpose. 3. Right discourse. 4. Right behavior. 5. Right purity. 6. Right thought. 7. Right solitude. 8. Right rapture.

But in order to do these eight right things, five commandments must be kept. 1. Not to kill. 2. Not to steal. 3. Not to commit adultery. 4. Not to lie. 5. Not to get intoxicated. And upon these commandments Gaudama himself gives the following commentary:

"He who kills as much as a louse or a bug; he who takes so much as a thread that belongs to another; he who with a wishful thought looks at another man's

wife; he who makes a jest of what concerns the advantage of another; he who puts on his tongue as much as the drop that would hang upon the point of a blade of grass, of anything bearing the sign of intoxicating liquor, has broken the commandments."

There are four stages to be arrived at in the way of salvation. 1. The believer has a change of heart, and conquers lust, pride, and anger. 2. He is set free from ignorance, doubt, and wrong belief. 3. He enters the state of universal kindliness. 4. He reaches *Nirvana*.

In this succession of stages Buddha makes right conduct a precedent condition to spiritual knowledge; and so is in striking harmony with a greater than he: "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

It is clear that the strength of Buddhism lies not in its philosophy or theology, but in its code of morals. To its system of rightness rigidly practiced by its founder, it owes its vitality. If the presentation of a system of morality could save, then long since India, Burmah, Ceylon, Siam, Thibet, and China ought to have become an earthly paradise. Besides the virtues ordinarily recognized in heathen codes, Buddhism teaches meekness and forbearance. The pious Buddhist, when struck a violent blow, can meekly reflect that it is in consequence of some sin that he has committed in a previous state of existence. This is a system that teaches us to love our fellow-men tenderly and perseveringly. "As even at the risk of her own life a mother watches over her own child, her only child, so let him—the Buddhist saint—exert good-will without measure towards all beings." It even teaches resignation in sorrow. I give the following beautiful story as it is told by T. W. Rhys Davids:

"Buddha is said to have brought back to her right mind a young mother whom sorrow had for a time deprived of reason. Her name was Kisagotami. She had been married early, as is the custom in the East, and had a child when she was still a girl. When the beautiful boy could run alone, he died. The young girl, in her love for it, carried the dead child clasped in her bosom, and went from house to house of her pitying friends, asking them to give her medicine for it. But a Buddhist, thinking, 'She does not understand,' said to her, 'My good girl, I myself have no such medicine as you ask for, but I think I know of one who has.' 'Oh, tell me who that is,' said Kisagotami. 'The Buddha can give you medicine; go to him,' was the answer.

"She went to Gaudama, and, doing homage to him, said: 'Lord and master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my child?' 'Yes, I know of some,' said the teacher. Now it was the custom for patients or their friends to provide the herbs which the doctors required; so she asked what herbs he would want. 'I want some mustard seed,' he said; and when the poor girl eagerly promised to bring some of so common a drug, he added: 'You must get it from some home where no son, or husband, or parent, or slave has died.' 'Very good,' she said; and went to seek for it, still carrying her dead child with her. The people said, 'Here is mustard seed, take it'; but when she asked, 'In my friend's house has any son died, or a husband, or a parent, or a slave?' they answer, 'Lady, what is this that you say? The living are few, but the dead are many.' Then she went to other houses, but one said, 'I have lost a son'; another, 'We have lost our parents'; another, 'I have lost my slave.' At last, not being able to find a single house where no one had died, her mind began to clear, and summoning up resolution she left the dead body of her child in a forest, and returning to the Buddha, paid him homage. He said to her, 'Have you the mustard seed?' 'My Lord,' she replied, 'I have not; the people tell me that the living

are few, but the dead are many.' Then he talked to her on that essential part of his system, the impermanency of all things, till her doubts were cleared away; she accepted her lot, became a disciple, and entered 'the first path.'"

But, after all, Buddhism, with its exquisite code of morals, has never succeeded in cleansing the Augean stables of the human heart. It is a religion without God, or prayer, or pardon, or heaven. Its laws lack the authority of a Law-giver. Its *Nirvana* is a cheerless and uninviting prospect. It is a system of despair. The spirits are weighed down by the vast load of demerits, and haunted by the anticipation of endless ages of misery. There is no "pity sitting in the clouds." There is no way of forgiveness, no sense of Divine presence and sympathy. Under such a system of cold abstractions, it is not strange that the common people should distort the conception of *Nirvana* into an earthly paradise, and fly for refuge even into demon-worship, and other forms of Shamanism.

In Edwin Arnold's beautiful poem this religion has been presented in a most burnished and fascinating form, but no one whose mind is not filled with misconceptions of Christianity, would think for a moment of exchanging the "Light of the World" for the "Light of Asia."[19]

In the *Missionary Magazine* of 1818 Mrs. Judson writes:

"Let those who plead the native innocence and purity of heathen nations visit Burmah! The system of religion here has no power over the heart or restraint on the passions. Though it forbids, on pain of many years' suffering in hell, theft and falsehood, yet, I presume to say, there is not a single Burman in the country, who, if

he had a good opportunity, without danger of detection, would hesitate to do either. Though the religion inculcates benevolence, tenderness, forgiveness of injuries, and love of enemies—though it forbids sensuality, love of pleasure, and attachment to worldly objects—yet it is destitute of power to produce the former, or to subdue the latter, in its votaries. In short, the Burman system of religion is like an alabaster image, perfect and beautiful in all its parts, but destitute of life. Besides being destitute of life, it provides no atonement for sin. Here also the Gospel triumphs over this and every other religion in the world."

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8. See Map II.
9. See Forbes's "British Burmah."
10. See Mason's "The Natural Productions of Burmah."
11. Oscar Peschel.
12. Major Yule, in his "Embassy to Ava."
13. See Crawfurd's "Embassy."
14. "The Light of Asia," by Edwin Arnold.
15. Hardwick's "Christ and other Masters."
16. Tennyson's "In Memoriam."
17. "The Light of Asia."
18. "I do not hesitate to add that, with the exception of the Christ alone, there is among the founders of religions no purer or more affecting figure than that of Buddha. His life has no stain. His constant heroism equals his conviction; and if the theory which he extols is false, the personal examples which he gives are irreproachable. He is the finished model of all the virtues which he preaches; his self-denial, his charity, his unalterable gentleness do not fail for a single instant; at twenty-nine years of age he leaves the court of the king, his father, in order to become a recluse and a mendicant;

he silently prepares his doctrine during six years of seclusion and meditation; he propagates it for more than half a century by the power of persuasion alone; and when he dies in the arms of his disciples, it is with the serenity of a sage who has practiced the good all his life and who is assured of having found the true."

19. The reader may be interested to see what weapons Mr. Judson used in assailing the hoary system of Buddhism, and is therefore referred to Appendix B.

CHAPTER V.
LIFE IN RANGOON.
1813-1819.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson, as has already been stated, arrived in Rangoon June 13, 1813. For almost a year and a half since leaving their native land, they had been seeking a home on heathen shores. Having reached Calcutta, they had been forced by the oppressive policy of the East India Company to take refuge upon the Isle of France. They returned again to India and landed at Madras. But they were compelled to flee a second time, and having reluctantly relinquished the strong protection of the British flag, had, at last, settled down in Rangoon, the chief seaport of the Burman Empire. Their own desires and hopes had pointed elsewhere; and it was "with wandering steps and slow" that they had come to this destination. God had drawn around them the relentless toils of His providence, and had hemmed them in to this one opening. But subsequent history has proved that the hand which led them so strangely and sternly, was the hand that never errs. American Christians, in their assault upon Asiatic heathenism, could never have chosen such a strategic position as Rangoon. It is situated near the mouth of the great Irrawaddy River, which is thus described by an English officer:

"After draining the great plain of upper Burmah, it enters a narrow valley lying between the spurs of the Arracan and Pegu ranges, and extending below the city of Prome. Thus the mighty stream rolls on through the widening bay, until about ninety miles from the sea, it bifurcates; one branch flows to the westward and forms the Bassein River, while the main channel of the lower part of the Delta subdivides and finally enters the sea by ten mouths. It is navigable for river steamers for 840 miles from the sea, but it is during the rainy season (Monsoon) that it is seen in its full grandeur. The stream then rises forty feet above its summer level, and flooding the banks presents in some places, as far as the eye can reach, a boundless expanse of turbid waters, the main channel of which rushes along with a velocity of five miles an hour."

The two natural outlets for the commerce of Western China are this great river, and the Yang-tse-kiang, which takes its rise in Thibet, and following an easterly course of nearly three thousand miles, empties itself into the Yellow Sea. Along this channel a vast tide of commerce has flowed from time immemorial, and depositing upon the river-banks its rich sediment of wealth and population, has occasioned the growth of Shanghai, Nanking, and other enormous cities. But the merchandise of Western and Central China would find a shorter and easier and cheaper path to the sea through the valley of the Irrawaddy, and would long ago have pursued that course, had it not been impeded and endangered by rude mountain tribes which the Governments of Burmah and of China have not as yet been vigorous enough to reduce to harmlessness. As civilization advances, a much larger part of the trade of Central Asia will be sure to find its way to the sea through the valley of the Irrawaddy. Christianity always

enters the heart of a nation along the lines of trade; so that Rangoon, near the mouth of the Irrawaddy, where Mr. and Mrs. Judson landed, and Bhamo, situated at the head of navigation, 840 miles up the river, where the American Baptists have recently planted a mission, are two of the most important strategical points for the conquest of all Asia.[20]

Rangoon is described by an English traveller who passed through it about the time of the arrival of the Judsons, as

"A miserable, dirty town, containing 8,000 or 10,000 inhabitants, the houses being built with bamboo and teak planks, with thatched roofs—almost without drainage, and intersected by muddy creeks, through which the tide flowed at high water. It had altogether a mean, uninviting appearance, but it was the city of government of an extensive province ruled over by a viceroy, a woongee of the empire, in high favor at the court."

Some of the first impressions which the country made on the Judsons may be learned from their journals and letters.

Mrs. Judson's Journal.

"*September 20.* This is the first Sabbath that we have united in commemorating the dying love of Christ at His table. Though but two in number, we feel the command as binding, and the privilege as great, as if there were more, and we have indeed found it refreshing to our souls.

"*December 11.* To-day, for the first time, I have visited the wife of the viceroy. I was introduced to her by a French lady, who has frequently visited her. When we first arrived at the Government house she was not up; consequently we had to wait some time. But the inferior wives of the viceroy diverted us much by their curiosity

in minutely examining everything we had on, and by trying on our gloves, bonnets, etc. At last her highness made her appearance, dressed richly in the Burman fashion, with a long silver pipe at her mouth, smoking. At her appearance, all the other wives took their seats at a respectful distance, and sat in a crouching posture, without speaking. She received me very politely, took me by the hand, seated me upon a mat, and herself by me. She excused herself for not coming in sooner, saying she was unwell. One of the women brought her a bunch of flowers, of which she took several, and ornamented her cap. She was very inquisitive whether I had a husband and children; whether I was my husband's first wife—meaning by this, whether I was the highest among them, supposing that my husband, like the Burmans, had many wives; and whether I intended tarrying long in the country. When the viceroy came in, I really trembled, for I never before beheld such a savage-looking creature. His long robe and enormous spear not a little increased my dread. He spoke to me, however, very condescendingly, and asked if I would drink some rum or wine. When I arose to go, her highness again took my hand, told me she was happy to see me; that I must come to see her every day, for I was like a sister to her. She led me to the door, and I made my *salaam*, and departed. My only object in visiting her was, that, if we should get into any difficulty with the Burmans, I could have access to her, when perhaps it would not be possible for Mr. Judson to get access to the viceroy. One can obtain almost any favor from her by making a small present. We intend to have as little to do with Government people as possible, as our usefulness will probably be among the common people. Mr. Judson lately visited the viceroy, when he scarcely deigned to look at him, as English *men* are no uncommon sight in this country; but an English female is quite a curiosity."

Mr. Judson to the Rev. Mr. Emerson.,

"RANGOON, *January* 7, 1814.

"It is nearly a year since I wrote to America, my last being forwarded by brother Rice. I have had no opportunity of conveyance since that time, nor have I any at present. I intend to send this to England, hoping that on its arrival the war may have terminated, or that it may find a conveyance in a dispatch vessel. We have been here about six months; have been living in the mission-house, with brother F. Carey's family, but expect within a few days to take a house within the walls of the town on account of the bands of robbers which infest all the country, and which have lately been very numerous and daring. Our situation is much more comfortable than we expected it would be in such a country. We enjoy good health, and though deprived of all congenial Christian society, we are very happy in each other, and think we frequently enjoy His presence whose smile can turn the darkest night to day, and whose favor is the fountain of all happiness. 'Peace I leave with you—my peace I give unto you.' There has yet been but very little effected in this country to any real missionary purpose. Brother Carey's time is greatly occupied in Government matters. The emperor has given him a title, and requires him to reside in the capital. He is just now going to Bengal on his majesty's business, and expects, after his return, to reside at Ava. Not a single Burman has yet been brought to a knowledge of the truth, or even to serious inquiry. In all the affairs of this Government, despotism and rapine are the order of the day. The present viceroy of this province is a savage man. Life and death depend on his nod. He is very large in stature, and when he stalks about with his long spear, everybody shrinks from before him. I called on him once, but he scarcely looked at me. Ann waited on her highness, and was much better received. This man is about to be recalled to Ava, and it is doubtful whether he will return. During the

interim we expect all things will be in confusion, and this is one reason why we desire to get within the walls of the city.

"My only object at present is to prosecute, in a still, quiet manner, the study of the language, trusting that for all the future 'God will provide.' We have this consolation, that it was the evident dispensation of God which brought us to this country; and still further, that if the world was all before us, where to choose our place of rest, we should not desire to leave Burmah. Our chief anxiety is that brother Rice may not be able to join us again; but even this we desire to leave in His hands who doeth all things well."

From Mrs. Judson to the Rev. Samuel Newell.

"RANGOON, *April* 23, 1814.

"MY DEAR BROTHER NEWELL:

"A few days since we received yours of December 18th, the only one we have ever received since you left us at Port Louis. It brought fresh to my mind a recollection of scenes formerly enjoyed in our dear native country. Well do I remember our first interesting conversations on missions and on the probable events which awaited us in India. Well do I remember the dear parental habitation where you were pleased to favor me with your confidence relative to a companion for life. And well do I remember the time when I first carried your message to the mother of our dear Harriet, when the excellent woman exclaimed with tears in her eyes, 'I dare not, I can not speak against it.' Those were happy days. Newell and Judson, Harriet and Nancy, then were united in the strictest friendship, then anticipated spending their lives together in sharing the trials and toils, the pleasures and enjoyments, of a missionary life. But, alas! behold us now! In the Isle of France, solitary and alone, lies all that was once visible of the lovely Harriet. A melancholy wanderer on the Isle of Ceylon is our brother Newell, and the savage, heathen empire of

Burmah is destined to be the future residence of Judson and Nancy. But is this separation to be forever? Shall we four never again enjoy social, happy intercourse? No, my dear brother, our separation is of short duration. There is a rest—a peaceful, happy rest, where Jesus reigns, where we four soon shall meet to part no more. Forgive my gloomy feelings, or rather forgive my communicating them to you, whose memory, no doubt, is ever ready to furnish more than enough for your peace.

"As Mr. Judson will not have time to write you by this opportunity, I will endeavor to give you some idea of our situation here, and of our plans and prospects. We have found the country, as we expected, in a most deplorable state, full of darkness, idolatry, and cruelty —full of commotion and uncertainty. We daily feel that the existence and perpetuity of this mission, still in an infant state, depend in a peculiar manner on the interposing hand of Providence; and from this impression alone we are encouraged still to remain. As it respects our temporal privations, use has made them familiar, and easy to be borne; they are of short duration, and when brought in competition with the worth of immortal souls, sink into nothing. We have no society, no dear Christian friends, and with the exception of two or three sea captains, who now and then call on us, we never see a European face. But then, we are still happy in each other; still find that our own home is our best, our dearest friend. When we feel a disposition to sigh for the enjoyments of our native country, we turn our eyes on the miserable objects around. We behold some of them laboring hard for a scanty subsistence, oppressed by an avaricious Government, which is ever ready to seize what industry had hardly earned; we behold others sick and diseased, daily begging the few grains of rice which, when obtained, are scarcely sufficient to protract their wretched existence, and with no other habitation to

screen them from the burning sun, or chilly rains, than what a small piece of cloth raised on four bamboos under a tree can afford. While we behold these scenes, we feel that we have all the comforts, and, in comparison, even the luxuries, of life. We feel that our temporal cup of blessings is full, and runneth over. But is our temporal lot so much superior to theirs? Oh, how infinitely superior our spiritual blessings! While they vainly imagine to purchase promotion in another state of existence by strictly worshipping their idols and building pagodas, our hopes of future happiness are fixed on the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. When we have a realizing sense of these things, my dear brother, we forget our native country and former enjoyments, feel contented and happy with our lot, with but one wish remaining—that of being instrumental in leading these Burmans to partake of the same source of happiness with ourselves.

"Respecting our plans, we have at present but one—that of applying ourselves closely to the acquirement of the language, and to have as little to do with Government as possible. Brother Carey has never yet preached in Burman, but has made considerable progress toward the completion of a grammar and dictionary, which are a great help to us. At present, however, his time is entirely taken up with Government affairs. It is now almost a year since he was ordered up to Ava, which time has been wholly occupied in the king's business. He has just returned from Bengal, and is now making preparations for Ava, where he expects to found a new mission station. His family go with him; consequently we shall be alone until the arrival of brother Rice, who, we hope, will arrive in six or seven months.

"Our progress in the language is slow, as it is peculiarly hard of acquisition. We can, however, read, write, and converse with tolerable ease, and frequently spend whole evenings very pleasantly in conversing

with our Burman friends. We have been very fortunate in procuring good teachers. Mr. Judson's teacher is a very learned man, was formerly a priest, and resided at court. He has a thorough knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language, likewise of the Pali, the learned language of the Burmans."

It may be well to consider for a moment the *task* which the young missionary had set before him. What did they propose to do, this man of twenty-five and his young wife, standing amid the level rice fields on the coast of Lower Burmah, with their faces turned landward toward towns and cities swarming with idolaters, and hill-tops crowned with heathen temples and pagodas? Their purpose was to undermine an ancient religion, deeply fixed in the hearts and habits of four hundred millions of human beings. They did not propose to bring to bear influences by which Christianity was to be introduced as a State religion and reluctant knees be forced to bow to the Christ. This would have been indeed an audacious undertaking. But they sought to work out a more searching revolution, nothing less than a change of belief and of heart in each individual. The millions of Burmans were to be taken one by one—their affections subdued, and their characters transfigured by the religion of Christ. They felt sure that in the mass of people about them, there was here and there a man who had been so schooled by the providences of God, and so matured by the Divine Spirit, that if the story of the Cross could once be got to him, he would immediately accept it and say, "That is just what I want." As the sod of moss, brought from the woods into the house, often contains within its bosom hidden germs, and after a season, in the warmth of the parlor, sends forth sweet, unexpected spring flowers, so out of the

unattractive sod of heathenism, under the genial rays of the Holy Spirit, might emerge disciples of Christ, and these disciples, organized by baptism into churches, would, by the same process of reaching individual souls, little by little leaven the whole of the empire.

But what *means* did Mr. Judson use in his endeavor to bring about this great moral and spiritual revolution? Simply the Gospel of Christ. The sole weapons of his warfare were the old-fashioned truths, the existence of a personal and beneficent God, the fatal sinfulness of man, and salvation by faith in the Son of God, who came to "seek and to save that which was lost." No system of truth could be devised more diametrically opposed to Buddhism, which teaches that there is no God to save, no soul to be saved, and no sin to be saved from. He felt sure that if he could only plant the seeds of Christian truth in the soil of the Burman's heart, then, under the mellowing influence of the Holy Spirit, they would germinate and bring forth the fruit of meek and pure behavior. As in flushing a drain, a large body of pure water is poured through the whole length of it, washing out every impurity, so the Gospel of Christ is a cleansing tide, which, as it courses through the individual heart, or through human society, sweeps away before it all the stagnant and loathsome accumulations of sin.

Mr. Judson did not believe that Christianity should follow in the wake of civilization. He did not propose to spend his time in teaching the arts and sciences of the Western world, in imparting more correct astronomical, geographical, and geological conceptions, in order, little by little, to prepare the mind of the Burman to accept his religious ideas. He had implicit confidence in the promise of his Master,

"Lo, I am with you alway." He believed that Christ was with him in the heart of the heathen, unlocking the door from the inside.

Again, he did not say to himself, "It is a hopeless task to attempt the conversion of the hoary heads. I will try to gather the little children together and establish schools, and thus purify the fountains of national life." He had his schools, indeed, but they were quite subordinate to the work of preaching the Gospel to the adult mind. He reached the children through the parents, and not the parents through the children. He believed that the grown-up Burmans, rather than their children, should bear the brunt of persecution involved in embracing a new religion. He followed the method of the Acts of the Apostles. A preacher of the Gospel, he did not allow himself to shrivel into a mere school-teacher or a school-book maker.

There were only two channels through which the truths of the Gospel could be conveyed to the conscience of the Burman—the eyes and the ears. The natives were emphatically a reading people. They had their ancient scriptures embodying the teachings of Gaudama, and the first question asked of the propagator of a new religion would be, "Where are your sacred books?" So that one way in which Mr. Judson communicated the Gospel was by the translation of tracts—either succinct and concrete statements of Christian truth, or portions of the Bible. These were not scattered about like autumn leaves, but were given discriminatingly to individuals, the gift often being accompanied by a solemn injunction to read, followed by a fervent prayer. The following letter to the Rev. Dr. Baldwin shows how earnestly he engaged in this work of imparting Christian truth in a printed form:

"RANGOON, *February* 10, 1817.

"Have just heard that a person whom we have some time calculated on as a letter-carrier to Bengal is unexpectedly going off in the course of an hour. Have, therefore, time only to accompany the enclosed tracts with a line or two.

"We have just begun to circulate these publications, and are praying that they may produce some inquiry among the natives. And here comes a man, this moment, to talk about religion. What shall I do? I will give him a tract, to keep him occupied a few moments while I finish this. 'Here, my friend, sit down, and read something that will carry you to heaven if you believe and receive the glorious Saviour therein exhibited.'

"We are just entering on a small edition of Matthew, the translation of which I lately commenced. But we are in great want of men and money. Our hands are full from morning till night. I can not, for my life, translate as fast as brother Hough will print. He has to do all the hard work in the printing-office, without a single assistant, and can not, therefore, apply himself to the study of the language, as is desirable. As for me, I have not an hour to converse with the natives, or go out and make proclamation of the glorious Gospel. In regard to money, we have drawn more from Bengal than has been remitted from America; so that now, if not for their truly brotherly kindness in honoring our bills on credit, we should actually starve. Moreover, an edition of five thousand of the New Testament will cost us nearly five thousand dollars. And what are five thousand among a population of seventeen millions, five millions of whom can read? O that all the members of the Baptist Convention could live in Rangoon one month! Will the Christian world ever awake? Will means ever be used adequate to the necessities of the heathen world? O Lord, send help! Our waiting eyes are unto Thee!"

It is a noteworthy fact that the attention of the first serious Burman inquirer was caught by two little writings that fell into his hands, a tract and a catechism. The British and Foreign Bible Society publish a statement, made upon the authority of Sir Bartle Frere, that he met "with an instance which was carefully investigated, in which all the inhabitants of a remote village in the Deccan had abjured idolatry and caste, removed from their temples the idols which had been worshipped there time out of mind, and agreed to profess a form of Christianity which they had deduced for themselves from the careful perusal of a single Gospel and a few tracts." And the eminent African missionary, Moffat, related that when he was almost perishing for want of food, he was succored by an old negro woman whose spiritual life had been fed for years from a little copy of the Dutch New Testament. She drew it from her bosom and said: "This is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp to burn."

But far more important than the work of translating and distributing tracts, catechisms, and portions of the Scripture, was the oral preaching of the Gospel. For this Mr. Judson had rare aptitude, and in it he won his most signal triumphs. While engaged in the necessary work of translation, he was always pining for the opportunity of imparting the message of salvation with the living voice. In a letter to Dr. Bolles he says: "I long to see the whole New Testament complete, for I will then be able to devote all my time to preaching the Gospel from day to day; and often now the latter appears to be the more pressing duty. May the Spirit of the Lord be poured out!" When eye meets eye, and the mind of an objector is confronted by a living, loving personality,

he receives a deeper impression of religious truth than he can ever get even from the leisurely perusal of a printed book. The press can never supplant the pulpit. The truth, which, when pressed home by the earnest voice of the speaker, carries with it conviction, and arouses the conscience, and kindles the affections, is often weak and thin when presented on the printed page.

But Mr. Judson's preaching was unlike that of the orator about whom a great throng gathers. After the little chapel, or *zayat*, was built, public worship indeed was held, the audience consisting of perhaps a hundred persons. But most of the preaching at first was to the individual. It was a process of spiritual button-holing. A single person would enter into a discussion with the missionary, while a few others would draw near to witness the encounter. It was in these hand-to-hand frays that Mr. Judson often extorted exclamations of admiration from the bystanders, as with his keen logic he hewed his opponent to pieces as Samuel did Agag.

His preaching was concrete. He did not deal in vague abstractions. Truth assumed, in his mind, statuesque forms. His conversation abounded in images and illustrations; and in this respect he resembled the great Teacher, whom England's poet laureate thus describes:

> "For wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
> Where truth in closest words shall fail,
> When truth embodied in a tale
> Shall enter in at lowly doors."

Mrs. E. C. Judson contributes a reminiscence of his vivid method of imparting religious truth:

"A native Christian woman told me that she was at

one time about to engage in something which Dr. Judson considered not conducive to her spiritual good. He sent for her, and remonstrated; but she would not give up her darling project. 'Look here!' said he, eagerly snatching a ruler from the table, and tracing not a very straight line on the floor, '*here* is where you have been walking. You have made a crooked track, to be sure—out of the path half of the time; but then you have kept near it, and not taken to new roads, and you have—not so much as you might have done, mind, but still to a certain extent—grown in grace; and now, with all this growth upon your heart and head, in the maturity of your years, with ripened understanding and an every-day deepening sense of the goodness of God, here,' bringing down the ruler with emphasis to indicate a certain position, '*here you stand*. You know where this path leads. You know what is before you—some struggles, some sorrows, and finally eternal life and a crown of glory. But to the left branches off another very pleasant road, and along the air floats, rather temptingly, a pretty bubble. You do not mean to leave the path you have walked in fifteen years—fifteen long years—altogether; you only want to step aside and catch the bubble, and think you will come back again; but *you never will*. Woman, think! Dare you deliberately leave this strait and narrow path, drawn by the Saviour's finger, and go away for one moment into that of your enemy? Will you? *will you*? WILL YOU?'

"'I was sobbing so,' said the woman, 'that I could not speak a word; but he knew, as he always did, what I meant; for he knelt down, and prayed that God would preserve me in my determination. I have made a great many crooked tracks since,' she added, tearfully, 'but, whenever I am unusually tempted, I see the teacher as he looked that day, bending over in his chair, the ruler placed on the floor to represent me, his finger pointing along the path of eternal life, his eye looking so strangely over his shoulder, and that terrible "Will

you?" coming from his lips as though it was the voice of God; and I pray just as Peter did, for I am frightened.'"

Behind his words, when he preached, lay the magnet of a great character. He was a man of tender sensibilities and of strong affections. There was no mistaking his motives. He had come a long distance and endured great hardships because he loved the Burmans. Little by little they found this out; and the power of a preacher is in direct ratio with his capacity for inspiring confidence and affection. Not the truth on the lips, but the truth incarnated in the behavior, has weight. One who often heard him preach in Burmese, though she was at that time only slightly acquainted with the language, writes:

"He preached with great fervor and earnestness; but besides this, there was a touching simplicity in the matter and language, which it was long before I could appreciate. His figures, which I understood sooner, were drawn from immediately surrounding objects. Of these, in accordance with Eastern taste, he made great use. He often remarked that Christ was the model preacher, and that He never preached great sermons."

A missionary thus describes the impression which he received from hearing Mr. Judson the first time:

"True, he preached in Burman; but though I did not know the meaning of a single sentence he uttered, still my attention was never more closely riveted in any sermon I have ever heard. Were I to fix upon any characteristic of the preacher which, perhaps more than any other, rendered his discourse interesting and impressive, I should say it was *earnestness of manner*. It was impossible for any one to escape the conviction that his whole soul was in the work. Every tone, every look, every gesture spoke out in most emphatic

language to tell us that the man was in earnest to make us believe the truths that he uttered. But what contributed not a little to the interest of the occasion was the appearance of the assembly. Every hearer sat motionless, every eye was immovably fixed upon the preacher, and every countenance seemed to change with every varied expression of sentiment; now beaming forth joy, as though some joyous news from the other world had just reached them, which before had never gladdened their hearts—now depicting a feeling of anxiety as though their mortal all, or that of their friends, were at stake; and next, of deep solemnity, as though standing before their final judge!"

Having considered the stupendous *task* set before the young missionary, and the *methods* he used, let us look at some of the *difficulties*. His ardent temperament flung itself against the hard reef of Burman *conservatism*. Oriental slowness to accept a new idea proved a strong obstacle at the outset. He writes:

"The Burmans are a slow, wary, circumspect race; but their pertinacity in maintaining an opinion deliberately adopted, will bear, I imagine, due proportion to their tardiness in adopting it. This trait in their character will render missionary operations among them less rapid in the outset, but more effective and permanent in the issue."

Another great difficulty at the beginning was *learning the language* without grammar, or dictionary, or an English-speaking teacher. How hard a task this was, may be learned from his letters.

To the Rev. Dr. Bolles.

"RANGOON, *January* 16, 1816.

"Yours of March, 1815, I lately received, and read

with real satisfaction. Neither brother Rice nor any of the others you mention have yet been heard of in these parts. May they not be far distant. Whenever they shall arrive, I hope to be of some real service to them in their preparatory studies, and to be able to give them, in a short time, information on many points which it has cost me months to acquire. I just now begin to see my way forward in this language, and hope that two or three years more will make it somewhat familiar; but I have met with difficulties that I had no idea of before I entered on the work. For a European or American to acquire a *living* Oriental language, root and branch, and make it his own, is quite a different thing from his acquiring a cognate language of the West, or any of the dead languages, as they are studied in the schools. One circumstance may serve to illustrate this. I once had occasion to devote about two months to the study of the French. I have now been above two years engaged on the Burman; but if I were to choose between a Burman and French book to be examined in, without previous study, I should, without the least hesitation, choose the French. When we take up a Western language, the similarity of the characters, in very many terms, in many modes of expression, and in the general structure of sentences, its being in fair print (a circumstance we hardly think of), and the assistance of grammars, dictionaries, and instructors, render the work comparatively easy. But when we take up a language spoken by a people on the other side of the earth, whose very thoughts run in channels diverse from ours, and whose modes of expression are consequently all new and uncouth; when we find the letters and words all totally destitute of the least resemblance to any language we had ever met with, and these words not fairly divided and distinguished, as in Western writing, by breaks, and points, and capitals, but run together in one continuous line, a sentence or paragraph seeming to the eye but one long word; when, instead of clear

characters on paper, we find only obscure scratches on dried palm leaves strung together and called a book; when we have no dictionary, and no interpreter to explain a single word, and must get something of the language before we can avail ourselves of the assistance of a native teacher,—

'Hoc opus, hic labor est.'

"I had hoped, before I came here, that it would not be my lot to have to go on alone, without any guide in an unexplored path, especially as missionaries had been here before. But Mr. Chater had left the country, and Mr. Carey was with me but very little, before he left the mission and the missionary work altogether.

"I long to write something more interesting and encouraging to the friends of the mission; but it must not yet be expected. It unavoidably takes several years to acquire such a language, in order to converse and write intelligibly on the great truths of the Gospel. Dr. Carey once told me, that after he had been some years in Bengal, and thought he was doing very well in conversing and preaching to the natives, they (as he was afterward convinced) knew not what he was about. A young missionary who expects to pick up the language in a year or two will probably find that he has not counted the cost. If he should be so fortunate as to find a good interpreter, he may be useful by that means. But he will find, especially if he is in a new place, where the way is not prepared, and no previous ideas communicated, that to qualify himself to communicate divine truth intelligibly by his own voice or pen, is not the work of a year. However, notwithstanding my present incompetency, I am beginning to translate the New Testament, being extremely anxious to get some parts of Scripture, at least, into an intelligible shape, if for no other purpose than to read, as occasion offers, to the Burmans I meet with.

"My paper allows me to add nothing more but to beg

your prayers, that while I am much occupied in words and phrases, and destitute of those Gospel privileges you so richly enjoy, in the midst of your dear church and people, I may not lose the life of religion in my soul."

To the Rev. Dr. Staughton.

"I am sometimes a little dispirited, when I reflect that, for
two or three years past, I have been drilling at A, B, C, and
grammar. But I consider again that the gift of tongues is
not granted in these times; that some one must acquire this
language by dint of application; must translate the Scriptures,
and must preach the Gospel to the people in their own
tongue, or how can they be saved? My views of the missionary
object are, indeed, different from what they were,
when I was first set on fire by Buchanan's 'Star in the East,'
six years ago. But it does not always happen that a closer
acquaintance with an object diminishes our attachment and
preference. We sometimes discover beauties, as well as deformities,
which were overlooked on a superficial view; when
some attractions lose their force, others more permanent are
exerted; and when the glitter in which novelty invested the
object has passed away, more substantial excellencies have
room to disclose their influence; and so it has been with me,
I hope, in regard to the work of missions."

The following extract from the *Calcutta Review* of

December, 1850, will show how completely he mastered this difficult language:

"Let our readers dwell for a moment upon the difficulty, in their own powerful Saxon tongue, of discoursing upon free will, predestination, and many other such subjects, and then endeavor to realize to themselves how infinitely more difficult the attempt must be in a language of monosyllabic formation and structure; its very polysyllables being the roughest possible mosaic of monosyllables, and the genius and construction of the tongue such, that even the simple language of the Gospels—the sentences of which are in general so remarkably plain and free from complication—is beyond its flexibility, the simplest sentences in the Gospels of Mark or John having to be chopped up and decomposed, in order to adapt them to this peculiar language. Let our readers imagine, if they can, the wonderful command requisite of so awkward an instrument, in order to be enabled to answer an Oo Yan—'How are sin and eternal misery reconcilable with the character of an infinitely holy, wise, and powerful God?' or to meet the subtleties of a Moung Shwa-gnong, arguing on his fundamental doctrine, that divine wisdom, not concentrated in any existing spirit, or embodied in any form, but diffused throughout the universe, and partaken in different degrees by various intelligences, and in a very high degree by the Buddhs, is the true and only God. Yet so completely was Judson master of this very difficult tongue, and of the modes of thought of its people, that he could, by his replies and arguments, impart to an Oo Yan intense satisfaction, and a joy which exhibited itself by the ebullitions natural to a susceptible temperament; and, in the end, could force a subtle Moung Shwa-gnong to yield to the skill of a foreign disputant."

But the chief hindrance to preaching the Gospel to

the Burmans was the *danger of persecution*. Mr. Judson found himself in the dominions of a monarch upon whose slightest nod depended the life of each subject. Every convert knew that in adopting this new religion he was encountering the risk of confiscation of property, imprisonment, torture, or death in its most shocking form.

But in spite of these great difficulties, and even in the face of the fact that many of his brethren and sisters in his own, distant, native land regarded the undertaking as hopeless, and looked upon him as an obstinate and chimerical fanatic, he never for a moment lost hope. He felt as sure that Burmah would be converted to Christ as that it existed. He was buoyed up by the same faith that caused him to answer many years after, when he was asked whether he thought the prospects bright for the speedy conversion of the heathen, "As bright as the promises of God." And in the darkest period of the history of our missions, he sounded the bugle-call, which will inspire the heart of the Christian missionary until that day when "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

To the Rev. Luther Rice.

"RANGOON, *August* 3, 1816.

"I have completed a grammar of the Burman language, which I hope will be useful to you; also a tract, which I hope to get printed as soon as Mr. Hough arrives.

"If any ask what success I meet with among the natives, tell them to look at Otaheite, where the missionaries labored nearly twenty years, and, not meeting with the slightest success, began to be neglected by all the Christian world, and the very name of Otaheite began to be a shame to the cause of

missions; and now the blessing begins to come. Tell them to look at Bengal also, where Dr. Thomas had been laboring seventeen years (that is, from 1783 to 1800) before the first convert, Krishna, was baptized. When a few converts are once made, things move on; but it requires a much longer time than I have been here to make a first impression on a heathen people. If they ask again, What prospect of ultimate success is there? tell them, As much as that there is an almighty and faithful God, who will perform His promises, and no more. If this does not satisfy them, beg them to let me stay and try it, and to let you come, and to give us our *bread*; or, if they are unwilling to risk their bread on such a forlorn hope as has nothing but the WORD OF GOD to sustain it, beg of them, at least, not to prevent others from giving us bread; and, if we live some twenty or thirty years, they may hear from us again.

"This climate is good—better than in any other part of the East. But it is a most filthy, wretched place. Missionaries must not calculate on the least comfort, but what they find in one another and their work. However, if a ship was lying in the river, ready to convey me to any part of the world I should choose, and that, too, with the entire approbation of all my Christian friends, I would prefer dying to embarking. This is an immense field, and, since the Serampore missionaries have left it, it is wholly thrown on the hands of the American Baptists. If we desert it, the blood of the Burmans will be required of us."

Upon arriving in Rangoon, of course there was nothing for Mr. and Mrs. Judson to do but to learn the Burmese language.

"As it respects ourselves," Mrs. Judson writes, "we are busily employed all day long. I can assure you that we find much pleasure in our employment. Could you look into a large, open room, which we call a veranda,

you would see Mr. Judson bent over his table, covered with Burman books, with his teacher at his side, a venerable-looking man in his sixtieth year, with a cloth wrapped round his middle, and a handkerchief round his head. They talk and chatter all day long, with hardly any cessation.

"My mornings are busily employed in giving directions to the servants, providing food for the family, etc. At ten my teacher comes, when, were you present, you might see me in an inner room, at one side of my study-table, and my teacher the other, reading Burman, writing, talking, etc. I have many more interruptions than Mr. Judson, as I have the entire management of the family. This I took upon myself for the sake of Mr. Judson's attending more closely to the study of the language; yet I have found, by a year's experience, that it was the most direct way I could have taken to acquire the language, as I am frequently obliged to speak Burman all day. I can talk and understand others better than Mr. Judson, though he knows more about the nature and construction of the language."

After a few months Mr. and Mrs. Judson removed from the English Baptist mission-house into the city proper. The mission-house which they had been occupying was situated half a mile from Rangoon, near the place of public execution, where the refuse of the city streets was thrown, and not far from the place where the dead were buried. While outside the city walls, the missionaries were exposed to robbers and to wild beasts. It was thought best, therefore, to move into the city itself, especially as in this way they would be brought into closer contact with the people.

After they had been in Rangoon about a year and a half, Mrs. Judson's health began to break down under the effects of the climate. They had no

physician to consult, and her symptoms proving dangerous, she was obliged to sail to Madras to secure both medical advice and the recuperation of a sea voyage. She set sail on January 25, 1815, and after an absence of nearly three months, returned with her health much improved. This first experience of long separation was very painful. Mr. Judson writes:

"There is not an individual in the country that I can pray with, and not a single soul with whom I can have the least religious communion. I keep myself as busy as possible all day long, from sunrise till late in the evening, in reading Burman, and conversing with the natives. I have been here a year and a half, and so extremely difficult is the language—perhaps the most difficult to a foreigner of any on the face of the earth next to the Chinese—that I find myself very inadequate to communicate divine truth intelligibly. I have, in some instances, been so happy as to secure the attention, and in some degree to interest the feelings, of those who heard me; but I am not acquainted with a single instance in which any permanent impression has been produced. No Burman has, I believe, ever felt the grace of God; and what can a solitary, feeble individual or two expect to be the means of effecting in such a land as this, amid the triumphs of Satan, the darkness of death? The Lord is all-powerful, wise, and good; and this consideration alone always affords me unfailing consolation and support."

In a letter to her parents, sisters, and brother, Mrs. Judson gave the following description of the voyage to Madras and her return to Rangoon:

"I embarked for Madras to procure medical assistance, and hoping a change of air would conduce to the restoration of my health. I was obliged to leave Mr.

Judson here alone, without a single associate to animate him in his arduous work. We did not think it his duty for him to leave the mission if I could possibly go alone. But though I was separated from him, and felt for the first time in my life that I was entirely alone in this wide world, yet I could not but trace the kind dealings of God in inclining every one with whom I had any concern to favor and assist me in my way. The viceroy gave me an order to take a woman with me, free from expense, a thing which is generally attended with great difficulty, owing to the Burman law which forbids any female to leave the country. We went to him ourselves with a small present, which is customary when a favor is asked. On his seeing it, he inquired if we had any business; and on Mr. Judson's presenting the petition, he immediately commanded his writer to give us an official order, without causing us any expense whatever. The captain with whom I went refused any pay for my passage, though he provided every necessary for one in ill health. I stayed at Madras six weeks, and resided at Mr. Loveless' house, where I received every attention. When about to leave Madras, I sent the physician under whose care I had been, seventy rupees, which he immediately returned, saying he was happy if he had been serviceable to me. After an absence of three months I safely arrived at Rangoon, where I found Mr. Judson well, and laboring hard, though entirely alone. My health continued to mend, and on the 11th of September I was made the happy mother of a little son. I had no physician or assistant whatever excepting Mr. Judson. Since the birth of our little son my health has been much better than for two years before. I feel now almost in a new state of existence. Our hands are full, and though our prospects in regard to the immediate conversion of the Burmans are dark, yet our trust in God is strong, and our hopes animating."

The little boy to whom Mrs. Judson alludes in this letter was born September 11, 1815, and named Roger Williams, but on May 4, 1816, he closed his brief life on earth, at the age of seven months and twenty-three days.

In a letter dated Rangoon, May 7, 1816, Mr. Judson conveys the sad intelligence to the Rev. Mr. Lawson, missionary at Serampore:

"Our little comfort, our dear little Roger, has become insensible to our parental attentions and fond caresses; the light of his mild blue eyes is quenched, his sweet face has become cold to our lips, and his little mind, which, to a parent's discernment at least, discovered peculiar sensibility and peculiar sweetness of disposition, has deserted its infantile tenement and fled —oh, where? Into what strange scenes is it introduced? Who supports and guides its trembling steps across the dark valley? There a parent's aid could not be extended. But we hope it had a more affectionate and abler guide. We hope that Jesus has repaired the ruins of the fall in regard to all little children. And who but thinks their departed children sweet and lovely beyond compare? Perhaps I am a novice in affliction. Had I lost a wife, I might not thus lament for a little child eight months old. Yet nothing but such a scene of bereavement and anguish as we have passed through can teach us to pity others in like circumstances. Nothing but experience can teach us what feelings agonize the soul of a parent when he puts his face to that of his dear, his only child, to ascertain whether there may not be one breath more; and when satisfied of the truth, when hope expires with life, he tries to raise the bursting aspiration: O Lord, receive the spirit!

"Our little Roger died last Saturday morning. We looked at him through the day, and on the approach of night we laid him in the grave. This is the fourth day, and we just begin to think, What can we do for the

heathen? But yet it seems hard to forget little Roger so soon, to force off our thoughts from the attractive, painful subject, and to return to our usual employments. O may we not suffer in vain! May this bereavement be sanctified to our souls! and for this I hope we have your prayers.

"How is Mrs. Lawson, and your little *ones*? We had only *one*. Might not this have been spared? It was almost all our comfort and our amusement in this dreary place. But, 'the Lord gave,' etc."

At this same period Mrs. Judson thus opened her sorrowful heart to a lady in Beverly, Mass.:

"RANGOON, *May* 10, 1816.

"The sun of another holy Sabbath has arisen upon us, and though no chime of bells has called us to the house of God, yet we, two in number, have bowed the knee to our Father in heaven, have invoked His holy name, have offered Him our feeble praise, have meditated on His Sacred Word, and commemorated the dying love of a Saviour to a perishing world. Inestimable privileges! Not denied even in a land where the Prince of Darkness reigns!

"Since worship I have stolen away to a much-loved spot, where I love to sit and pay the tribute of affection to my lost darling child. It is a little enclosure of mango-trees, in the centre of which is erected a small bamboo-house on a rising spot of ground, which looks down on the new-made grave of an infant boy. Here I now sit; and though all nature around wears a most romantic, delightful appearance, yet my heart is sad, and my tears frequently stop my pen. You, my dear Mrs. Lovett, who are a mother, may *guess* my feelings; but if you have never lost a first-born, an only son, you can not *know* my pain. Had you even buried your little boy, you are in a Christian country, surrounded by friends and relatives who could soothe your anguish

and direct your attention to other objects. But behold us solitary and alone, with this one single source of recreation! Yet even this is denied us; this must be removed, to show us that we need no other source of enjoyment but God himself! Do not think, though I thus write, that I repine at the dealings of Providence, or would wish them to be otherwise than they are. No; 'though He slay me, I will trust in Him,' is the language I would adopt. Though I say with the prophet, 'Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow,' yet I would also say with him, 'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not.'"

While engaged in the hard task of learning the Burman language, Mr. Judson caught eagerly at every opportunity of imparting Christian truth. We give his record of a conversation with his teacher:

"*September 30, 1815.* Had the following conversation with my teacher, as nearly as I can recollect it. This man has been with me about three months, and is the most sensible, learned, and candid man that I have ever found among the Burmans. He is forty-seven years of age, and his name is Oo Oungmen. I began by saying, Mr. J—— is dead. *Oo.* I have heard so. *J.* His soul is lost, I think. *Oo.* Why so? *J.* He was not a disciple of Christ. *Oo.* How do you know that? You could not see his soul. *J.* How do you know whether the root of that mango-tree is good? You can not see it; but you can judge by the fruit on its branches. Thus I know that Mr. J. was not a disciple of Christ, because his words and actions were not such as indicate a disciple. *Oo.* And so all who are not disciples of Christ are lost? *J.* Yes, all, whether Burmans or foreigners. *Oo.* This is hard. *J.* Yes, it is hard indeed; otherwise I should not have come all this way, and left parents and all, to tell you of Christ. He seemed to feel the force of this, and after stopping a

little he said, How is it that the disciples of Christ are so fortunate above all men? *J.* Are not all men sinners, and deserving of punishment in a future state? *Oo.* Yes, all must suffer in some future state for the sins they commit. The punishment follows the crime as surely as the wheel of the cart follows the footsteps of the ox. *J.* Now, according to the Burman system, there is no escape. According to the Christian system, there is. Jesus Christ has died in the place of sinners—has borne their sins; and now those who believe on Him, and become His disciples, are released from the punishment they deserve. At death, they are received into heaven, and are happy forever. *Oo.* That I will never believe. My mind is very stiff on this one point, namely, that all existence involves in itself principles of misery and destruction. The whole universe is only destruction and reproduction. It therefore becomes a wise man to raise his desires above all things that exist, and aspire to *nigban*, the state where there is no existence. *J.* Teacher, there are two evil futurities, and one good. A miserable future existence is evil, and annihilation, or nigban, is an evil, a fearful evil. A happy future existence is alone good. *Oo.* I admit that is best, if it could be perpetual; but it can not be. Whatever is, is liable to change, and misery, and destruction. Nigban is the only permanent good, and that good has been attained by Gaudama, the last deity. *J.* If there be no eternal being, you can not account for anything. Whence this world, and all that we see? *Oo.* Fate. *J.* Fate! The cause must always be equal to the effect. See, I raise this table. See also that ant under it Suppose I were invisible, would a wise man say the ant raised it? Now, fate is not even an ant. Fate is a word; that is all. It is not an agent; not a thing. What is fate? *Oo.* The fate of creatures is the influence which their good or bad deeds have on their future existence. *J.* If influence be exerted, there must be an exerter. If there be a determination, there must be a determiner. *Oo.* No, there is no determiner. There can

not be an eternal being. *J.* Consider this point. It is a main point of true wisdom. Whenever there is an execution of a purpose, there must be an agent. *Oo.* (After a little thought.) I must say that my mind is very decided and hard, and unless you tell me something more to the purpose, I shall never believe. *J.* Well, teacher, I wish you to believe, not for my profit, but for yours. I daily pray the true God to give you light that you may believe. Whether you will ever believe in this world, I do not know; but when you die, I know you will believe what I now say. You will then appear before the God that you now deny. *Oo.* I don't know that. *J.* I have heard that one Burman, many years ago, embraced the Portuguese religion, and that he was your relation. *Oo.* He was a brother of my grandfather. *J.* At Ava, or here? *Oo.* At Ava he became a Portuguese; afterwards went to a ship country with a ship-priest, and returned to Ava. *J.* I have heard he was put to death for his religion. *Oo.* No, he was imprisoned and tortured by order of the emperor. At last he escaped from their hands, fled to Rangoon, and afterwards to Bengal, where they say he died. *J.* Did any of his family join him? *Oo.* None; all forsook him; and he wandered about, despised and rejected by all. *J.* Do you think that he was a decided Christian, and had got a new mind? *Oo.* I think so; for when he was tortured hard, he held out. *J.* Did he ever talk with you about religion? *Oo.* Yes. *J.* Why did you not listen to him? *Oo.* I did not listen. *J.* Did you ever know any other Burman that changed his own for a foreign religion? *Oo.* I have heard that there is one now in Rangoon, who became a Portuguese; but he keeps himself concealed, and I have never seen him."

After almost three years of the closest application to study, Mr. Judson was taken ill. He wrote to Dr. Baldwin:

"I began to enter into my studies with such pleasure and spirit, and to make such rapid progress, as encouraged me to hope that the time was not far distant when I should be able to commence missionary operations. I was going forward in a course of most valuable Burman reading, and, at the same time, had begun to translate one of the Gospels, and to write a 'View of the Christian Religion' in Burman, which, in imagination, were already finished and circulating among the natives, when, all of a sudden, in the midst of the hot season, which in this country is most severe during the months of March and April, I was seized with a distressing weakness and pain in my eyes and head, which put a stop to all my delightful pursuits, and reduced me to a pitiable state indeed. Since that time, excepting at some intervals, I have been unable to read, or write, or make any exertion whatever. Sometimes I have almost given up the hope that I should ever be of any more service; sometimes I have been on the point of trying a short voyage at sea. But, thanks be to God, it is now ten days since I have experienced a turn of severe pain, though I still feel great weakness in my head, and, indeed, throughout my whole nervous system. I begin now to hope that I shall gradually recover, though I fear I never shall be as I formerly was."

He improved even the hours of his illness by collecting what knowledge he had acquired of the language and "putting it together in the shape of a grammar that it might not be wholly lost to others." Fearing that his own life might soon come to a close, he determined to *blaze* the trees through this hitherto untrodden wilderness of the Burmese language, by preparing a grammar. On July 13, 1816, exactly three years to a day after his arrival, he completed a work with the modest title, "Grammatical Notices of the Burman Language." It was printed twenty years

afterward; and although it was the result of a study of only three years, of one of the most difficult Oriental languages, and was written to relieve the tedium of a sick-bed, yet its merits were such as to command the following notice in the *Calcutta Review*:

"He (Dr. Judson) published another work, a grammar of no pretensions, and of very small dimensions, yet a manual which indicated the genius of the man, perhaps, more strikingly than anything else, except his Bible. He has managed, from a thorough knowledge of the language, to condense into a few short pages (only seventy-six) a most complete grammar of this difficult tongue; and, as the student grows in knowledge, *pari passu*, this little volume rises in his estimation; for its lucid, comprehensive conciseness becomes more and more manifest. In our limited acquaintance with languages, whether of the East or West, we have seen no work in any tongue which we should compare with it for brevity and completeness; yet we have, in our day, had to study and wade through some long and some would-be short grammars."

Partially recovering from his illness, Mr. Judson completed, on July 30, 1816, his first tract, entitled "A View of the Christian Religion, in three parts, Historic, Didactic, and Preceptive."[21]

The next step was to multiply this tract and speed it on its way among the Burmans. A press and Burman types had already arrived—a valuable present from the English Baptist brethren of Serampore. A missionary printer, the Rev. Geo. H. Hough, and his wife, were already on their way from America. Mr. Rice was still arousing the Baptists in the United States to send on reinforcements of men and money.

Mr. Judson wrote again and again appealing for

help.

"We know not the designs of God in regard to this country; but I can not but have raised expectations. It is true we may have to labor and wait many years before the blessing comes. But we see what God is doing in other heathen lands, after trying the faith and sincerity of His servants some fifteen or twenty years. Look at Otaheite, Bengal, Africa. And is Burmah to remain a solitary instance of the inefficacy of prayer, of the forgetfulness of a merciful and faithful God? Is it nothing that an attempt is begun to be made; that, in one instance, the language is considerably acquired; that a tract is ready for publication, which is intelligible and perspicuous, and will give the Burmans their *first ideas* of a Saviour and the way of salvation; that a press and types have now arrived, and a printer is on the way; that a grammar is finished, to facilitate the studies of others, and a dictionary of the language is in a very forward state; and that the way is now prepared, as soon as health permits, to proceed slowly in the translation of the New Testament? Is it nothing that, just at this time, the monarch of the country has taken a violent hate to the priests of his own religion, and is endeavoring, with all his power, to extirpate the whole order, at the same time professing to be an inquirer after the true religion? Is all this to be set down a mere cipher? It is true that we may desire much more. But let us use what we have, and God will give us more. However, men and money must be forthcoming. Work can not be done without men, and men can not work without bread; nor can we expect the ravens to feed them in ordinary cases. I do not say several hundred missionaries are needed here. This, though true, would be idle talk. My request I think modest. Five men, allowing two or three to each of the stations, is the smallest number that will possibly answer.

. . . . . .

"Permit me to close with a word in behalf of Eastern missions. Great Britain and the United States appear to be the only countries which can at present take a very active part in missionary concerns. The British are fully occupied with India, Africa, and the South Sea Islands. East of the British possessions in India are Burmah, Siam, several other Indo-Chinese nations, the great empire of China, Japan, thence north indefinitely, and southward the numerous Malayan Isles. With all these countries the British are no more connected than the Americans. The British are under no greater obligations to evangelize them than the Americans. They are no nearer the English, in point of transportation, than the Americans. And furthermore, throughout all these countries the British are suspected and feared; but not the Americans.

"The idea that the western continent belongs to the Americans, and the eastern continent to the British, however plausible at first sight, can not bear a moment's examination. I apprehend that all the northwestern Indians, and the inhabitants of those parts of South America which are accessible, will scarcely outnumber the inhabitants of this single empire of Burmah. And on what principle can the Americans, who are perhaps half as numerous as the British, be let off with one-twentieth or one-thirtieth part of the work? But when we apply the case to the Baptists, it is still more decisive. There are about five hundred Baptist churches in Great Britain, which average one hundred members each. There are two thousand in America, which average about the same. Behold Ireland, also, almost as destitute as South America. And suppose the British should say, This is the proper province of our missionary exertions; let us leave Asia and Africa to the Americans, and 'not send our young men to the antipodes.'"

But while asking for men, he wanted the right

kind. They must be well qualified.

"RANGOON, *November 14, 1816.*

"In encouraging other young men to come out as missionaries, do use the greatest caution. One wrong-headed, conscientiously-obstinate fellow would ruin us. Humble, quiet, persevering men; men of sound, sterling talents (though, perhaps, not brilliant), of decent accomplishments, and some natural aptitude to acquire a language; men of an amiable, yielding temper, willing to take the lowest place, to be the least of all and the servants of all; men who enjoy much closet religion, who live near to God, and are willing to suffer all things for Christ's sake, without being proud of it, these are the men, etc. But O, how unlike to this description is the writer of it."...

Again he wrote:

"In regard to the education necessary for missionaries, it appears to me that whatever of mental improvement, or of literary and scientific attainment, is desirable in a minister at home, is desirable in a missionary. I think I could illustrate this in a variety of particulars; but the limits of a letter do not allow. I feel, however, more and more, the inadequacy and comparative insignificance of all human accomplishments, whether in a minister or a missionary, and the unspeakable, overwhelming importance of spiritual graces—humility, patience, meekness, love—the habitual enjoyment of closet religion, a soul abstracted from this world, and much occupied in the contemplation of heavenly glories. Here I can not help digressing from the subject to myself. You know not, my dear sir, you can not conceive, how utterly unfit I am for the work in which I am engaged. I am, indeed, a worm, and no man. It is a wonder that I am allowed to live as a missionary among the heathen,

and receive an undeserved support from the dear people of God—from many who are poor in this world, but rich in faith. Yet I feel necessity laid on me to remain here, and try to do a little something."

The reinforcements at last arrived. On October 15, 1816, the Rev. Mr. Hough and family landed at Rangoon, and the following joint letter was signed by Mr. Judson and Mr. Hough to Dr. Staughton, the Corresponding Secretary of the missionary society in America, to which these missionaries looked for support:

"RANGOON, *November* 7, 1816.

"It is with peculiar satisfaction that we are, at length, able to address a letter to the Board, in our joint capacity. We had a joyful meeting in this place the 15th ult. Mr. Hough has settled in one part of the mission-house; and we are now united, both as a church of Christ and as a mission society. Our regulations on the latter point we here submit to the Board. It will be evident, at first sight, that these regulations have a prospective view, and are framed somewhat differently from what they would have been had we not expected that our society would soon be enlarged. But we hope that the time is not far distant when they will receive the signature of brother Rice also. Indeed, we hope for more than this; we hope that one or two others will be found to accompany Mr. Rice.

"It is true that one of us remained about three years in this place without uttering any Macedonian cries. But we apprehend that the time is now come when it is consistent with the strictest prudence to lift up our voice and say, Come over the ocean and help us. By a residence of three years in this country, many doubts, which at first occurred, are removed; and many points concerning the practicability of a mission, and the prospect of success, are ascertained. We can not now

enter much into detail; but we desire to say that we consider the mission established in this land. We unite in opinion that a wide door is set open for the introduction of the religion of Jesus into this great empire. We have at present no governmental interdict to encounter, and no greater obstacles than such as oppose the progress of missionaries in every heathen land. It appears to us (and may it so appear to our fathers and brethren) that God, in removing the English mission from this place, and substituting in their stead an American mission, is emphatically calling on the American churches to compassionate the poor Burmans, and to send their silver, and their gold, and their young men to this eastern part of the world, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

"It is with great pleasure that we announce the valuable present of a press and Burman types, made to us by the Serampore brethren. We are now closing in a room for a temporary printing-office, and hope very soon to issue a Gospel tract, which has been in readiness some time, and which is intended to give the heathen around us some idea of the way of salvation through the Lord Jesus. But we can not move one step in the way of printing without money. Though favored with the press, in the first instance, gratis, we have already expended in paper, freight, and sundries, about four hundred rupees. We therefore beg an immediate appropriation, not only to liquidate the expenses already incurred, but to enable us to proceed in this all-important part of our work. The accounts of the mission press we propose to keep distinct; and they shall be submitted together with the accounts of the mission.

"We know not how long the press will be permitted to remain in Rangoon; we do not, however, deprecate its removal to Ava. Such a measure would doubtless tend to the furtherance of the cause, and to the introduction of religion into the very heart of the empire, where Satan's seat is. But in this case more men

and more money would be imperatively demanded; and we trust that the patronage of the Board will not fail us in these necessary points. We desire humbly to repeat to the Board what the first missionaries from the Baptist society in England said to their friends, when on the point of embarkation in the great work which seems destined to illumine Western India with the light of the Gospel. 'We are,' said they, 'like men going down into a well; you stand at the top and hold the ropes. Do not let us fall.' Hold us up, brethren and fathers; and if health and life be spared to us, we hope, through the grace of God, to see Eastern India also beginning to participate in the same glorious light. Many years may intervene in the latter as well as in the former case; many difficulties and disappointments may try your faith and ours. But let patience have her perfect work; let us not be weary of well-doing; for in due time we shall reap, *if we faint not.*"

The articles of agreement alluded to in this letter are as follows:

"In order more effectually, under the blessing of our Lord and Master, to accomplish the important work for which we have come into this heathen land, we, the undersigned, form a union on the following principles, namely:

"1. We give ourselves to the Lord Jesus Christ and to one another by the will of God.

"2. We agree to be kindly-affectioned one toward another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another; feeling that we have one Master, even Christ, and that all we are brethren.

"3. We agree in the opinion that our sole object on earth is to introduce the religion of Jesus Christ into the empire of Burmah; and that the means by which we hope to effect this are, translating, printing, and distributing the Holy Scriptures, preaching the Gospel,

circulating religious tracts, and promoting the instruction of native children.

"4. We therefore agree to engage in no secular business for the purpose of individual emolument; and not at all, unless, in the opinion of the brethren, the great object of the mission can be best promoted thereby.

"5. We agree to relinquish all private right to remittances from America, avails of labor, and compensation for service; in a word, to place all money and property, from whatever quarter accruing, in the mission fund; provided, that nothing in this article be construed to affect our private right to inheritances, or personal favors, not made in compensation of service.

"6. We agree that all the members of the mission family have claims on the mission fund for equal support in similar circumstances; the claims of widows and orphans not to be in the least affected by the death of the head of their family. But it is to be understood that no one shall have a right to adopt a child into the mission family, so as to entitle it to the claims secured in this article, but by consent of the brethren.

"7. We agree to educate our children with a particular reference to the object of the mission; and if any expense be necessary or expedient for this purpose, it shall be defrayed from the mission fund.

"8. All appropriations from the mission fund shall be made by a majority of the missionary brethren united in this compact; subject, however, to the inspection of our patrons, the Board.

"A. JUDSON, JR.

"GEORGE H. HOUGH."

Upon Mr. Hough's arrival he immediately put the printing-press into operation. One thousand copies of the tract above mentioned and three thousand copies of a catechism which had just been completed by Mrs. Judson, were struck off and put into circulation.

This strange new religion could not fail of at least catching the attention of the inquisitive Burmans. As the fishermen attach many hooks to a long line stretched across a river, hoping that at least a few of the many fishes swimming past may be taken, so our missionaries, with much care and toil, adjusted their trawl of tracts in the midst of the dense Burmese population, and anxiously, prayerfully awaited the result.

After only a few weeks of suspense they caught the first inquirer. In a letter to the Corresponding Secretary, dated Rangoon, March 7, 1817, Mr. Judson writes:

"Since the beginning of this year, we have printed two tracts, the one a view of the Christian religion, seven pages, one thousand copies; the other a catechism of six pages, 12mo, three thousand copies. After which, finding that we had paper sufficient for an edition of eight hundred of Matthew, we concluded to undertake this one gospel, by way of trial, and as introductory to a larger edition of the whole New Testament. I am now translating the eleventh chapter, and in the printing-room the third half-sheet is setting up. Having premised thus much concerning the present posture of our affairs, I proceed to mention the circumstance which induced me to take up my pen at this time. I have this day been visited by the first inquirer after religion that I have ever seen in Burmah. For, although in the course of the last two years I have preached the Gospel to many, and though some have visited me several times, and conversed on the subject of religion, yet I have never had much reason to believe that their visits originated in a spirit of sincere inquiry. Conversations on religion have always been of my proposing, and, though I have sometimes been encouraged to hope that truth had made some impression, never, till to-day, have I met with one who was fairly entitled to the epithet of

inquirer.

"As I was sitting with my teacher, as usual, a Burman of respectable appearance, and followed by a servant, came up the steps, and sat down by me. I asked him the usual question, where he came from, to which he gave no explicit reply, and I began to suspect that he had come from the Government house, to enforce a trifling request which in the morning we had declined. He soon, however, undeceived and astonished me, by asking, 'How long time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?' I replied that such a question could not be answered. If God gave light and wisdom, the religion of Jesus was soon learned; but, without God, a man might study all his life long, and make no proficiency. 'But how,' continued I, 'came you to know anything of Jesus? Have you ever been here before?' 'No.' 'Have you seen any writing concerning Jesus?' 'I have seen two little books.' 'Who is Jesus?' 'He is the Son of God, who, pitying creatures, came into this world, and suffered death in their stead.' 'Who is God?' 'He is a being without beginning or end, who is not subject to old age and death, but always is.' I can not tell how I felt at this moment. This was the first acknowledgment of an eternal God that I had ever heard from the lips of a Burman. I handed him a tract and catechism, both which he instantly recognized, and read here and there, making occasional remarks to his follower, such as 'This is the true God; this is the right way,' etc. I now tried to tell him some things about God and Christ, and himself, but he did not listen with much attention, and seemed anxious only to get another book. I had already told him two or three times that I had finished no other book, but that in two or three months I would give him a larger one, which I was now daily employed in translating. 'But,' replied he, 'have you not a little of that book done, which you will graciously give me now?' And I, beginning to think that God's time is better than man's, folded and gave him the first two

half-sheets, which contain the first five chapters of Matthew, on which he instantly rose, as if his business was all done, and, having received an invitation to come again, took leave.

"Throughout his short stay, he appeared different from any Burmans I have yet met with. He asked no questions about customs and manners, with which the Burmans tease us exceedingly. He had no curiosity, and no desire for anything, but 'MORE OF THIS SORT OF WRITING.' In fine, his conduct proved that he had something on his mind, and I can not but hope that I shall have to write about him again.

"*March 24*. We have not yet seen our inquirer; but to-day we met with one of his acquaintance, who says that he reads our books all the day, and shows them to all that call upon him. We told him to ask his friend to come and see us again."

In a letter written almost a year afterward, Mrs. Judson alludes to this same inquirer:

"*January 30*. The Burman Mr. Judson mentioned some time ago as being the first serious inquirer, and one who has excited the most hope, came to-day to the mission-house. It is now almost a year since he first came, and with much apparent anxiety inquired, 'How long time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?' We have since frequently inquired, but obtained little information respecting him until to-day. Soon after his first visit, he was appointed governor of a cluster of villages situated on the Salwen River, in the country of Pegu. He has been at Rangoon but once since, and then on business by order of the viceroy, and obliged to return immediately.

"I asked him if he had become a disciple of Jesus Christ. He replied, 'I have not yet, but I am thinking and reading in order to become one. I can not yet destroy my old mind; for when I see a handsome *patso* (a cloth

the Burman men wear) or a handsome *gownbown* (the handkerchief worn on the head), I still desire them. Tell the great teacher, when he returns, that I wish to see him, though I am not a disciple of Christ.' He requested the remaining part of Matthew's gospel, also catechisms and tracts for his followers. I gave all of his attendants tracts; on which he said to them, 'Take and read them attentively, and when you have embraced the doctrines they contain, come here, and converse with the teacher.'"

As no further mention is made of this first inquirer who caused such a leap of hope in Mr. Judson's heart, we are left in the dark as to his subsequent life, as in the case of the young man who asked our blessed Lord what good thing he should do that he might have eternal life, and having heard the reply, went away sorrowing. Did this eager inquirer for "more of this sort of writing" learn to cherish a secret faith in the Christ, so earnestly commended to him by the pale-faced stranger? or, rejecting the Saviour, did he make what Dante calls "the great refusal"?[22]

On May 20, 1817, Mr. Judson completed the translation of the gospel of Matthew. This marks the first stage in the monumental task of translating the whole Bible into Burmese. Two days later he began to compile a Burman dictionary. But close application for more than four years to the study of the Burman language and to the translation of tracts and Scriptures, and to the compilation of a grammar and dictionary, were breaking down his health. A sea voyage was needed to restore his vigor. But need of rest alone would not have caused him to take even a few weeks' vacation from his toils and cares. He was impatient to begin holding public services in the Burman tongue. But although he understood the structure of the language, and could read, and write,

and speak in Burman, yet for conducting public worship he felt the need of a native Christian helper.

Burmah is flanked on the western side by the mountains of Arracan;[23] between these and the Bay of Bengal lies the flat coast district of Chittagong. It had been ceded to the English. The inhabitants of this district spoke Burmese. A few years before, the English Baptists had begun a mission in Chittagong. Several converts had been baptized, when the mission was abandoned. Mr. Judson conceived the plan of visiting Chittagong, in order to gather together the scattered converts, instruct them anew, and perhaps bring one or two of them to help him in Rangoon. This would furnish him employment during the needed vacation. Besides, the rare opportunity was afforded of going and returning in the same ship; so that he would have to be absent for only three months. How painfully this pet project of his was frustrated, and how his three months were stretched out into almost two-thirds of a precious year, may be learned from the following letters to the Corresponding Secretary:

"MADRAS, *May* 28, 1818.

"In former letters I have stated my circumstances at the close of last year, and the reasons which induced me to leave Rangoon on a visit to Chittagong; particularly the prospect of a direct passage, and speedy return in the same ship—an opportunity of very rare occurrence in Rangoon.

"Since that time a series of unexpected providences have befallen me, which, though uninteresting in detail, must be briefly mentioned, in order to account for my present situation.

"When we left Rangoon, December 25, we expected a passage of ten or twelve days. At the expiration of a month, however, by reason of contrary winds, and the

unmanageableness of the ship in the difficult navigation along the coast, we found ourselves still at a great distance from port; and the season being so far advanced as to deprive us of the hope of more favorable winds, the captain and supercargo agreed on a change of the ship's destination, and made sail for Madras.

"Previous to leaving the coast, we put into Cheduba, a place under Burman government, for a supply of provisions. I was unable to go ashore, but took the opportunity of sending a tract by the boat. It happened to be conveyed directly to the governor, and he ordered it read in his presence. Soon after, when our captain had an audience, the governor inquired after the writer of the tract, who he was, and how long he had been in the country. The captain evaded some questions, for fear of detention, I suppose, and merely stated that the writer was a foreigner, who had resided in Rangoon about four years. 'No,' replied the governor, 'that is not to be credited. You can not make me believe that a foreigner, in so short a time, has learned to write the language so well. It must have been written by some other person.' The captain related this to me on his return. I felt particularly gratified by this testimony to the perspicuity of the style, and thought it not unworthy of mentioning, because it could not be suspected, as others which had been made to me personally, of having been a mere compliment.

"The ship's destination was changed on the 26th of January. We retraced our course for a few days, and then stood to the westward. It was with the most bitter feelings that I witnessed the entire failure of my undertaking, and saw the summits of the mountains of Arracan, the last indexes of my country, sinking in the horizon, and the ship stretching away to a distant part of India, which I had no wish to visit, and where I had no object to obtain. It was, however, some mitigation of my disappointment, that I should, in all probability, be able to return to Rangoon, and resume my missionary

business much earlier than if I had visited Chittagong. But even the consolation of this hope was not long allowed me. We had, indeed, a quick passage across the bay; but on drawing near the Coromandel coast the wind and current combined to prevent our further progress, and at the expiration of another month, having for a long time subsisted on nothing scarcely but rice and water, and being now reduced to very short allowance, we concluded to make sail for Masulipatam, a port north of Madras, which we doubted not we should be able to reach in a very few days. In this, again, we were disappointed, and through the unmanageableness of the ship, or the mismanagement of the captain, were detained at sea nearly another month. During this period we were sometimes in great distress, deeming ourselves very fortunate when able to get a bag of rice, or a few buckets of water, from any native vessel which happened to pass. Once we sent the long-boat to the shore, and obtained a considerable supply of water, which was a great relief. But of rice we could obtain no sufficient supply, and all other articles of provision were quite out of the question.

"The low state to which I was at length reduced occasioned a partial return of the disorder of my head and eyes, to which I was subject two years ago. This, with other circumstances united, left me no other source of consolation but resignation to the will of God, and an unreserved surrender of all to His care; and praised be His name, I found more consolation and happiness in communion with God, and in the enjoyments of religion, than I had ever found in more prosperous circumstances.

"Finally we did reach Masulipatam, and I left the ship on the 18th of March, twelve weeks after embarking at Rangoon. I waited at Masulipatam a few days, until it was ascertained that the ship would unlade her cargo, and remain several months. And as there was no prospect that season of reaching Madras by sea, the

only port on the coast where I could hope to find a vessel bound to Rangoon, I was under the necessity of taking a journey by land—distance about three hundred miles. I accordingly hired a palanquin and bearers, and arrived here the 8th of April. My first aim was, of course, the beach, and my first inquiry a vessel bound to Rangoon. But my chapter of disappointments was not yet finished. No vessel had sailed for Rangoon this year, and such, it was understood, was the unsettled state of the Burman country, that none would probably venture for some time to come.

"Here I have remained ever since, under very trying circumstances. Have scarcely heard from Rangoon since I left, or been able to transmit any intelligence thither by a conveyance to be depended on. The weakness of my eyes prevents my application to study, or attempt at any exertion. I am making no progress in missionary work; I am distressed by the appalling recollection of the various business which was pressing on me at Rangoon, and made me very reluctant to leave home for the shortest time. Now, I have been detained twice as long as I anticipated, and have, withal, wholly failed in my undertaking. Where, my rebellious heart is ready to cry, where is the wisdom of all this? But it is wise, though blindness can not apprehend. It is best, though unbelief is disposed to murmur. Be still, my soul, and know that He is GOD."

"RANGOON, *October* 9, 1818.

"My last was dated Madras, May 28, 1818. At that place I remained, waiting for a conveyance to Rangoon, until the 20th of July, when I took passage on an English vessel, at one hundred and sixty-seven rupees. During my stay in Madras, I experienced great kindness and hospitality in the families of the Rev. Mr. Thompson, chaplain, and the Rev. Mr. Loveless, missionary; and received such proofs of Christian affection from many dear friends, as rendered parting

with them very painful, though my detention in Madras had, in other respects, been almost insupportable. We anchored at the mouth of Rangoon River, on the 2d of August. The next morning, when the pilot came on board, I was overwhelmed with the intelligence that, on account of the dangerous situation of affairs, the mission had been broken up, and that Mr. Hough and family, and Mrs. Judson, had taken passage for Bengal. To my great relief, however, it was added, that, before the ship left the river, Mrs. Judson's reluctance to leave the place had so increased as to force her back to the mission-house alone; and further, that the ship, being found unfit for sea, was still detained. On my arrival, I found that brother Hough was inclined to pursue his original plan. His reasons he will doubtless communicate to the Board. It is expected that the vessel will be ready for sea in about a fortnight."

It is characteristic of Mr. Judson's letters to the Board that he kept out of sight his own personal sufferings, touching only upon matters which seemed to him of general interest and importance. We are, therefore, indebted to Mrs. E. C. Judson for certain reminiscences of this horrible voyage, which she received from his own lips:

"They had sailed for Chittagong, a passage which should have been made in ten or twelve days, at farthest. He had, therefore, prepared himself for only a few weeks' absence from home. When the vessel put in at Cheduba, the nervous affection of his head and eyes, occasioned at first by low diet, had so much increased by exhaustion and lack of food, that he was unable to go on shore. When they approached the Coromandel coast, and again encountered contrary winds, they were reduced to almost the last extremity, and the constitution of Mr. Judson sank under these accumulated hardships. The mouldy, broken rice, which

they picked up from native vessels, and this in small quantities, with a limited supply of water, was their sole sustenance for three or four weeks. He was accustomed to look back on his sufferings at this time with a feeling of horror scarcely equalled by his reminiscences of Ava. Here he was alone, in a state of passive, monotonous suffering, with no one to share his sympathies, and nothing to arouse his energies. His scanty wardrobe, prepared for a trip of ten or twelve days, had been long since exhausted, and what with starvation, filth, pain, and discouragement, he became unable to leave his berth. At last he was attacked by a slow fever, and turning in disgust from his little mess of dirty rice, he begged continually for water! water! water! without ever obtaining enough to quench, even for a moment, his devouring thirst. At length the little vessel came to anchor in the mud of Masulipatam, some two or three miles from the low, uninviting beach, and the captain came to inquire if he would be taken on shore. The fact that they were near land seemed to him an incredible thing, a kind of dreamy illusion too fanciful to interest him. After some urging, however, he became sufficiently roused to pencil a note, which he addressed to 'any English resident of Masulipatam,' begging only for a place on shore to die. After a little while, one of the men came below, to tell him that a boat was approaching from the shore. He now succeeded in crawling to the window of his cabin, from which he plainly distinguished, in the rapidly moving boat, both the red coat of the military and the white jacket of the civilian. In the first thrill of joyful surprise, the sudden awakening of hope and pleasure, he threw himself on his knees and wept. Before his new friends were fairly on board, he had succeeded in gaining some little self-control; but he added, his voice faltering and his eyes filling with tears as he related the incident to Mrs. Judson, 'The white face of an Englishman never looked to me so beautiful, so like my conception of what angel

faces are, as when these strangers entered my cabin.' They were very much shocked at his visible wretchedness: he was haggard, unshaven, dirty, and so weak that he could with difficulty support his own weight. Their earnest cordiality was peculiarly grateful to him. One of the officers took him to his own house, supplied him from his own wardrobe, procured a nurse, whom, however, he had occasion to employ but a short time, and displayed throughout a generous hospitality which Dr. Judson never forgot."

But his anxieties and sufferings during this voyage were fully parallelled by those of the heroic woman whom he had left behind him at Rangoon. From Christmas-day of 1817 until July 16 of the following year, no word whatever came to Mrs. Judson from her husband, from whom she had expected to be parted only for a few weeks. She occupied part of her time teaching about thirty Burman women whom she had gathered together. She writes:

"I have again commenced my studies, keeping myself closely engaged until 2 o'clock. This I find the best method to avoid dejection. Besides my conscience will not permit me to sit idly down, and yield to those depressing feelings in which a Christian should not indulge."

A succession of disasters had swept over the little mission. She alone faltered not. We catch a gleam at Rangoon of that same fidelity and courage that afterward burned so long and so steadily at Ava and Oung-penla. The mission was harassed by Government persecution. It was rumored that the foreigners were to be banished. The viceroy, who had been their steady friend, was recalled to Ava. The new viceroy was a stranger to them. A menacing order summoned Mr. Hough to the court-house, with

the message that, “If he did not tell all the truth relative to his situation in the country, they would write with his heart’s blood.” Mrs. Judson interceded in person, and by her own knowledge of the language, and her matchless womanly tact, conciliated the viceroy. Asiatic cholera raged in Rangoon. The death-gong sounded all the day long. Rumors of war between England and Burmah filled the air. The English ships one by one hastily weighed anchor and slipped out of the harbor; only a single vessel remained—the only way of escape. Her missionary associates, the Houghs, determined to seize this last opportunity, and fly from the country before it was too late. Against her will they urged her on board. But her great nature rose in its strength. She insisted on going ashore. She tore herself away and went back to the mission premises alone. Her husband, if still alive, should not return and find his mission-station deserted, and himself in Burmah without a companion.

> “For mightier far than strength of nerve and sinew,
> Or magic potent over sun and star, is Love;
> Though oft to agony distrest,
> And though his favorite seat be feeble woman’s breast.”

The subjoined account of Mrs. Judson’s experiences is in her own words:

“Mr. Hough, for some time past, has been desirous to have Mrs. Hough, myself, and his children go to Bengal. But I have ever felt resolved not to make any movement until I hear from Mr. Judson. Within a few days, however, some circumstances have occurred which have induced me to make preparations for a voyage. There is but one remaining ship in the river, and if an embargo is laid on English ships, it will be impossible for Mr. Judson (if he is yet alive) to return to this place.

But the uncertainty of meeting him in Bengal, and the possibility of his arriving in my absence, cause me to make preparations with a heavy heart. Sometimes I feel inclined to remain here alone, and hazard the consequences. I should certainly conclude on this step, if any probability existed of Mr. Judson's return. This mission has never appeared in so low a state as at the present time. It seems now entirely destroyed, as we all expect to embark for Bengal in a day or two. Alas! alas! how changed our prospects since Mr. Judson left us. How dark, how intricate the providence which now surrounds us! Yet it becomes us to be still, and know that He is God who has thus ordered our circumstances.

"*July 14.* Alone, my dear friends, in this great house, without an individual excepting my little girl and Burmans, I take my pen to relate the strange vicissitudes through which I have passed within a few days.

"On the 5th of this month I embarked with Mr. Hough and family for Bengal, having previously disposed of what I could not take with me. I had engaged Mr. Judson's teacher to accompany me, that in case of meeting him in Bengal he could go on with his Burman studies. But the teacher, fearing the difficulties arising from his being a Burman, broke his engagement, and refused to go. My disinclination to proceed in the course commenced had increased to such a degree, that I was on the point of giving up the voyage myself; but my passage was paid, my baggage on board, and I knew not how to separate myself from the rest of the mission family. The vessel, however, was several days in going down the river; and when on the point of putting out to sea, the captain and officers ascertained she was in a dangerous state, in consequence of having been improperly loaded, and that she must be detained for a day or two at the place in which she then lay. I immediately resolved on giving up the voyage and returning to town. Accordingly the captain sent up a

boat with me, and engaged to forward my baggage the next day. I reached town in the evening—spent the night at the house of the only remaining Englishman in the place, and to-day have come out to the mission-house, to the great joy of all the Burmans left on our premises. Mr. Hough and his family will proceed, and they kindly and affectionately urge my return. I know I am surrounded by dangers on every hand, and expect to see much anxiety and distress; but at present I am tranquil, and intend to make an effort to pursue my studies as formerly, and leave the event with God."

After this gloomy episode the prospects of the mission began to brighten. Mr. Hough, indeed, had gone to Calcutta, taking the printing-press with him, so that for some time all the presswork of the mission had to be done there. But on September 19, 1818, Messrs. Colman and Wheelock, with their wives, arrived in Rangoon and joined the mission. Mr. Judson writes:

"We had, I can truly say, a most joyful meeting. You have never seen them, or it would be unnecessary to add that they are four *lovely* persons, in every sense of the word, and appear to have much of an humble, prayerful spirit. Such being their interesting appearance, we regret more deeply to find that the health of the brethren is so feeble. They have both had a slight return of bleeding at the lungs, an old complaint, to which they were subject in America. May the Lord graciously restore and preserve them.

"A few days after their arrival, I introduced them into the presence of the viceroy. He received us with marked attention, which, however, must be ascribed to the influence of a handsome present, which went before us. Though surrounded with many officers, he suspended all business for a time, examined the present, and condescended to make several inquiries. On being told

that the new teachers desired to take refuge in his glory, and remain in Rangoon, he replied, 'Let them stay, let them stay; and let your wife bring their wives that I may see them all.' We then made our obeisance, and retired."

The time had now come when Mr. Judson's long-cherished desire to hold public worship among the Burmans in their own tongue was to be gratified. The little chapel, or *zayat*, had been built. It is thus described by Mrs. Judson:

"The *zayat* is situated thirty or forty rods from the mission-house, and in dimensions is twenty-seven by eighteen feet. It is raised four feet from the ground, and is divided into three parts. The first division is laid entirely open to the road, without doors, windows, or a partition in the front side, and takes up a third part of the whole building. It is made of bamboo and thatch, and is the place where Mr. Judson sits all the day long, and says to the passers-by, 'Ho! every one that thirsteth,' etc. The next and middle division is a large, airy room, with four doors and four windows, opening in opposite directions; made entirely of boards, and is whitewashed, to distinguish it from the other *zayats* around us.

"In this room we have public worship in Burman on the Sabbath; and in the middle of it I am now situated at my writing-table, while six of the male scholars are at one end, each with his torch and blackboard, over which he is industriously bending, and emitting the curious sounds of the language. The third and last division is only an entry-way, which opens into the garden leading to the mission-house. In this apartment all the women are seated, with their lights and blackboards, much in the same position and employment as the men."

It will be seen from this that the *zayat* was not simply a church, but a religious school-house as well. It also afforded a convenient place of rendezvous where Mr. Judson could sit all the day long, attracting the attention of the passers-by, and often engaging them in religious conversation.[24]

The following letter from Mr. Judson to the Corresponding Secretary relates to this, the first house of worship erected by American Baptists in Burmah:

"RANGOON, *February* 20, 1819.

"The prospect of the speedy departure of a vessel for Bengal reminds us of our unanswered letters. Brother Colman has nearly recovered his health, which suffered much on his first arrival. But brother Wheelock still remains in a low, and, I fear, declining state.

"My time, for the last few months, has been divided between reading Burman, writing some portions of Scripture, and other things preparatory to public worship, holding conversations on religion, and superintending the erection of a *zayat* (as the Burmans call it), or place of public resort, where we intend to spend much of our time, and where we hope to have stated worship, or, at least, to try the practicability of such an attempt under this Government.

"The peculiarly retired situation of the mission-house has long rendered the erection of such a building, or a change of residence, a very desirable measure. After much hesitation and perplexity about our duty, we were so fortunate as to procure, at a very moderate price, a piece of ground which is contiguous to the mission premises, and at the same time opens on a public road. The building is now going up, with such scanty materials and means as we can afford, or, rather, as we think you can afford. The whole concern will cost about two hundred dollars. And should this *zayat* prove to be a Christian meeting-house, the first erected in this land

of atheists, for the worship of God—a house where Burmans, who now deny the very existence of Deity, shall assemble to adore the majesty of heaven, and to sing with hearts of devotion the praises of the incarnate Saviour——But the thought seems too great to be realized. Can *this* darkness be removed? Can *these* dry bones live? On Thee, Jesus, all our hopes depend. In Thee all power is vested, even power to make sinful creatures instrumental in enlightening the heathen.

"You want to hear of some poor benighted Burman brought to taste that the Lord is gracious; but O, not more than I want to speak of it. I hope, I do hope, my dear sir, that we shall both one day be gratified."

On April 4, 1819, even before the *zayat* was completed, the first public service was held. Mr. Judson was thirty-one years old, and had been in Rangoon nearly six years before he ventured to preach to a Burman audience in their own tongue. This marks an era in the history of the Burman mission; for it is a noteworthy fact that the institution of public worship was soon followed by the first in a series of conversions.

It was on June 27, 1819, about seven years and four months after Mr. Judson left America, and about six years after his arrival in Rangoon, that he was permitted to baptize the first Burman convert, Moung Nau. The secret of that sublime faith which enabled him to endure without a misgiving so many long, weary years of sowing without the joy of seeing a single blade of grain, may be learned from the following lines, which he wrote in pencil on the inner cover of a book which he was using in the compilation of the Burman dictionary:

"In joy or sorrow, health or pain,
Our course be onward still;
We sow on Burmah's barren plain,

We reap on Zion's hill."

The following extracts from his journal, with a letter of Mrs. Judson's, afford a vivid description of the commencement of public worship among the Burmans, and the progress of that religious movement which culminated in the baptism of the first three converts, Moung Nau, Moung Byaa, and Moung Thahlah:

"*April 4, 1819*. My close application to the Burman dictionary during the year 1817, and my subsequent loss of nearly a year in the unsuccessful attempt to visit Chittagong, have occasioned a long interruption in my journal. Since my return to Rangoon, the little I have to say I have communicated in letters. With this day, a new, and I hope important, era in the mission, I resume the journal.

"To-day, the building of the *zayat* being sufficiently advanced for the purpose, I called together a few people that live around us, and commenced public worship in the Burman language. I say *commenced*, for, though I have frequently read and discoursed to the natives, I have never before conducted a course of exercises which deserved the name of *public* worship, according to the usual acceptation of that phrase among Christians; and though I began to preach the Gospel as soon as I could speak intelligibly, I have thought it hardly becoming to apply the term *preaching*, since it has acquired an appropriate meaning in modern use, to my imperfect, desultory exhortations and conversations. But I hope, though with fear and trembling, that I have now commenced a course of public worship and regular preaching. This would have taken place just a year ago, had I returned to Rangoon as I expected, and still earlier, had I not been under a Government where I thought it prudent to gain a considerable acquaintance with the language before commencing public

operations, lest I should be unable properly to vindicate my conduct when called to a judicial account.

"The congregation to-day consisted of fifteen persons only, besides children. Much disorder and inattention prevailed, most of them not having been accustomed to attend Burman worship. May the Lord grant His blessing on attempts made in great weakness and under great disadvantages; and all the glory will be His.

"*April 25. Lord's day.* Yesterday we completed the *zayat*, set up the front stairs, and laid open the entrance from the road. This morning I took my seat on the floor in the open porch, under some solemn impression of the great responsibility attached to my new mode of life.

"In the forenoon the members of the mission family came over to have our usual worship, having concluded to hold it for a few Sundays in the *zayat*, rather than in the house, in order to give the Burmans some idea of the place.

"In the afternoon our people came together, and several came in from the road, so that we had an assembly of between twenty-five and thirty, besides children. At the close of the service I distributed several tracts to the strangers.

"*April 28.* Nothing interesting through the day. At night, encountered a bitter opposer; he had visited Bengal, and some foe to missions had poisoned his mind; he manifested a most virulent spirit. I felt that he would most gladly be foremost in destroying us. But through divine grace I was enabled to treat him with meekness and gentleness, and he finally left me politely. He appeared to be rich, and had several followers. In the evening there were some hopeful appearances in Mrs. Judson's female meeting—a meeting which she has recommenced since public worship has been set up in the *zayat*.

"*April 29.* A precious case has just occurred. A young man of twenty-four, by name Moung Koo, happened to stroll in last Sunday, and was present at worship. He

appeared to be rather wild and noisy, though his manners were respectful. He took a tract, and went away. This morning he made his appearance again, and has been with me about two hours. I have been enabled, through divine assistance, to give him a great deal of truth, and especially to expatiate with some feeling on the love and sufferings of the Saviour. The truth seems to have taken hold of his mind.

"*April 30.* I was agreeably surprised in the morning to see the young man of yesterday come again so soon. He stayed all the forenoon, and seemed desirous of hearing as much as possible about religion. Several others came and went. A very busy day; hardly time to prepare these minutes to be forwarded by a vessel which leaves this port for Bengal early to-morrow morning.

"*May 1, 1819.* Burman day of worship; of course many visitors; among the rest, Moung Nau, a man who was with me several hours yesterday; but, from his silence and reserve, excited little attention or hope. To-day, however, I begin to think better of him. Moung Koo came again at night, and appeared pretty well. These two men, with the two persons from Kambet, of the 27th, I call the fruits of the week. But let us see who of them will remember the day of worship.

"*May 2. Lord's day.* About three o'clock the quiet and modest Moung Nau came in and took his usual place. For the others we looked in vain. About thirty present at worship. Very few paid much attention, or probably received any benefit.

"*May 3.* Among the visitors of to-day was a respectable man, formerly an officer, now a merchant, resident at Little Bridge, a village contiguous to Kambet. After long and various conversation, in which he paid close and respectful attention, he said that he was a person not a little versed in Burman literature, but that he now saw he had erred in all; he regretted that he had lived two years in the neighborhood without knowing me; to-day was an auspicious day; he wished to become

my disciple, would read my writings with attention, and come as often as possible.

"*May 5.* Moung Nau has been with me several hours. I begin to think that the grace of God has reached his heart. He expresses sentiments of repentance for his sins, and faith in the Saviour. The substance of his profession is, that from the darknesses, and uncleannesses, and sins of his whole life, he has found no other Saviour but Jesus Christ; nowhere else can he look for salvation; and therefore he proposes to adhere to Christ, and worship Him all his life long.

"It seems almost too much to believe that God has begun to manifest His grace to the Burmans; but this day I could not resist the delightful conviction that this is really the case. PRAISE AND GLORY BE TO HIS NAME FOREVERMORE. Amen.

"*May 6.* Moung Nau was again with me a great part of the day. He appears to be slowly growing in religious knowledge, and manifests a teachable, humble spirit, ready to believe all that Christ has said, and obey all that He has commanded. He is thirty-five years old; no family, middling abilities, quite poor, obliged to work for his living, and therefore his coming, day after day, to hear the truth, affords stronger evidence that it has taken hold of his mind. May the Lord graciously lead his dark mind into all the truth, and cause him to cleave inviolably to the blessed Saviour.

"*May 8.* Burman day of worship. Thronged with visitors through the day. Had more or less company, without intermission, for about eight hours. Several heard much of the Gospel, and engaged to come again. Moung Nau was with me a great part of the day, and assisted me much in explaining things to new-comers.

"*May 9. Lord's day.* Moung Shwaa Oo came in the morning, and stayed through the whole day. Only two or three of all I conversed with yesterday came again. Had, however, an assembly of thirty. After worship, some warm disputation. I begin to feel that the

Burmans can not stand before the truth. In the course of the conversation, Moung Nau declared himself a disciple of Christ, in presence of a considerable number; and even Moung Shwaa Oo appeared to incline the same way.

"*May 10.* Early in the morning, Moung Nau came to take leave, being obliged to go to a distance after timber, his usual occupation. I took him alone and prayed with him, and gave him a written prayer to help him in his private devotion.

"Heard much to-day of the danger of introducing a new religion. All agreed in opinion that the king would cut off all who embraced it, being a king who could not bear that his subjects should differ in sentiment from himself; and who has, for a long time, persecuted the friends of the established religion of the empire, because they would not sanction all his innovations. Those who seemed most favorably disposed whispered me that I had better not stay in Rangoon and talk to common people, but go directly to the '*lord of life and death*.' If he approved of the religion, it would spread rapidly; but, in the present state of things, nobody would dare to prosecute their inquiries, with the fear of the king before their eyes. They brought forward the case of the Kolans, a sect of Burmans who have been proscribed and put to death under several reigns. I tried to set them right in some points, and encourage them to trust in the care of an almighty Saviour; but they speak low and look around fearfully when they mention the name of the '*owner of the sword*.'

"*May 13.* Had company all day, without intermission. About noon, Moung Nau came in, having given up his journey on account of the unfaithfulness of his employer. His behavior and conversation were very satisfactory. He regrets the want of a believing associate, but declares his determination of adhering to Christ, though no Burman should ever join him.

"*May 15.* Moung Nau has been with me all day, as

well as yesterday. He is anxious to be received into our company, and thinks it a great privilege to be the first among the Burmans in professing the religion of Jesus Christ. He has been told plainly that he has nothing to expect in this world but persecution, and perhaps death; but he thinks it better to die for Christ, and be happy hereafter, than to live a few days and be forever wretched. All the members of the mission have, at different times, conversed with him, and are satisfied that a work of grace is begun in his heart.

"*May 17*. Moung Nau has received an advantageous offer to go to Ava, in the employ of a boat-owner. We were afraid to dissuade him from accepting, as he has no way of getting a living, and equally unwilling to have him absent several months. At length we advised him not to go, and he at once acquiesced.

"*May 22*. We have taken Moung Nau to live with us, intending to employ him in copying some small things for distribution which we can not get printed at present, and allow him ten ticals a month. Our principal object, however, is to keep him in the way of instruction, hoping that he will ultimately be useful to his countrymen.

"At night, Moung A came the second time, and appeared anxious to know the way of salvation. But I am grieved to find that he is going away on business to-morrow morning, and will be absent a long time.

"*June 6. Lord's day*. Had two interesting visitors. They were present at worship, and stayed till dark—certain they should come again—but will they?

"After partaking of the Lord's supper in the evening, we read and considered the following letter of Moung Nau, which he wrote of his own accord:

"'I, Moung Nau, the constant recipient of your excellent favor, approach your feet. Whereas my Lord's three have come to the country of Burmah,—not for the purposes of trade, but to preach the religion of Jesus Christ, the Son of the eternal God,—I, having heard and

understood, am, with a joyful mind, filled with love.

"'I believe that the divine Son, Jesus Christ, suffered death, in the place of men, to atone for their sins. Like a heavy-laden man, I feel my sins are very many. The punishment of my sins I deserve to suffer. Since it is so, do you, sirs, consider that I, taking refuge in the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, and receiving baptism, in order to become His disciple, shall dwell one with yourselves, a band of brothers, in the happiness of heaven, and therefore grant me the ordinance of baptism.[25] It is through the grace of Jesus Christ that you, sirs, have come by ship from one country and continent to another, and that we have met together. I pray my Lord's three that a suitable day may be appointed, and that I may receive the ordinance of baptism.

"'Moreover, as it is only since I have met with you, sirs, that I have known about the eternal God, I venture to pray that you will still unfold to me the religion of God, that my old disposition may be destroyed, and my new disposition improved.'

"We have all, for some time, been satisfied concerning the reality of his religion, and therefore voted to receive him into church fellowship, on his being baptized, and proposed next Sunday for administering the ordinance.

"*June 20. Lord's day.* For the last fortnight, have had but little company at the *zayat*, owing probably to the rains, which have now fully set in. The town has also been in great confusion in prospect of the viceroy's departure for Ava. We have been called on to pay another tax of fifteen ticals—got off with paying half. Have had several other molestations from petty officers of Government. Concluded to postpone Moung Nau's baptism till the viceroy be fairly off.

"*June 21.* The town is in the utmost anxiety and alarm. Order after order has reached our viceroy to hasten his return to Ava, with all the troops under arms. Great news are whispered. Some say there is a

rebellion; some say the king is sick, some that he is dead. But none dare to say this plainly. It would be a crime of the first magnitude; for the '*lord of land and water*' is called immortal. The eldest son of his eldest son (his father being dead) has long been declared the heir of the crown; but he has two very powerful uncles, who, it is supposed, will contest his right; and in all probability the whole country will soon be a scene of anarchy and civil war.

"*June 22.* Out all the morning, listening for news, uncertain whether a day or an hour will not plunge us into the greatest distress. The whole place is sitting in sullen silence, expecting an explosion. About 10 o'clock, a royal dispatch-boat pulls up to the shore. An imperial mandate is produced. The crowds make way for the sacred messengers, and follow them to the high court, where the authorities of the place are assembled. Listen ye: The immortal king, wearied, it would seem, with the fatigues of royalty, has gone up to amuse himself in the celestial regions. His grandson, the heir-apparent, is seated on the throne. The young monarch enjoins on all to remain quiet, and wait his imperial orders.

"It appears that the Prince of Toung Oo, one of his uncles, has been executed, with his family and adherents, and the Prince of Pyee placed in confinement. There has probably been bloody work; but it seems, from what has transpired, that the business has been settled so expeditiously that the distant provinces will not feel the shock.

"*June 23.* Had some encouraging conversation with Moung Thah-lah, a young man who has been living in our yard several months. He has lately made me several visits at the *zayat*, and appeared very thoughtful and teachable. To-day, on being asked the state of his mind, he replied, with some feeling, that he and all men were sinners, and exposed to future punishment; that according to the Buddhist system, there was no way of pardon; but that according to the religion which I

taught, there was not only a way of pardon but a way of enjoying endless happiness in heaven; and that, therefore, he wanted to believe in Christ. I stated to him, as usual, that he must think much on the love of Christ, and pray to God for an enlightened and loving heart, and then gave him a form of prayer suited to his case.

"In the female evening meeting, his sister, Ma Baik, whose husband also lives in our yard, manifested considerable feeling, especially when Mrs. Judson prayed with her alone, and expressed a strong desire to obtain an interest in the Saviour.

"*June 27. Lord's day.* There were several strangers present at worship. After the usual course, I called Moung Nau before me, read and commented on an appropriate portion of Scripture, asked him several questions concerning his *faith*, *hope*, and *love*, and made the baptismal prayer, having concluded to have all the preparatory exercises done in the *zayat*. We then proceeded to a large pond in the vicinity, the bank of which is graced with an enormous image of Gaudama, and there administered baptism to the first Burman convert. O, may it prove the beginning of a series of baptisms in the Burman empire which shall continue in uninterrupted succession to the end of time!

"*July 4. Lord's day.* We have had the pleasure of sitting down, for the first time, to the Lord's table with a converted Burman; and it was my privilege—a privilege to which I have been looking forward with desire for many years—to administer the Lord's supper in two languages. And now let me, in haste, close my journal for transmission to the Board."

Letter from Mrs. Judson.

"RANGOON MISSION-HOUSE, *June* 2, 1819.

"In my last, I mentioned Mr. Judson's commencing public preaching in a building which we had erected for that purpose, and which you will in future know by the

name *zayat*. Little did I think, when I last wrote, that I should so soon have the joyful intelligence to communicate that one Burman has embraced the Christian religion, and given good evidence of being a true disciple of the dear Redeemer. This event, this single trophy of victorious grace, has filled our hearts with sensations hardly to be conceived by Christians in Christian countries. This event has convinced us that God can and does operate on the minds of the most dark and ignorant, and that He makes His own truths, His own word, the instrument of operation. It serves to encourage us to hope that the Lord has other chosen ones in this place."

"*July 10*. Some pleasant conversation with Moung Thah-lah. Seldom a day passes in which he does not spend an hour or two with me or Moung Nau. This man is rather superior to the common Burmans in point of abilities, and, though not very learned, he has read much more than the generality. He is much superior to any one resident on our premises, and, if converted, would be a valuable acquisition to the mission.

"*July 12*. Considerable company all day. Moung E, whose name I have not yet mentioned, though he has made several visits, broke through his usual reserve, and acknowledged his love for this religion, and thought he should become a disciple, and not return to Tavoy, whence he lately came on some Government business. Moung Thah-lah appears to be really earnest in his desires to become a disciple of Christ.

"*July 19*. Had some particular conversation with Moung Thah-lah on his spiritual state. He says that the more he reads and hears of the Christian religion, the more inclined he becomes to believe and embrace it, but fears that his weakness and sinfulness incapacitate him for keeping its holy precepts as it becomes a professing disciple.

"*July 29*. Finished revising the tract for a new edition.

Have considerably enlarged it, particularly by adding several prayers; so that it now stands, 'A View of the Christian Religion, in four Parts, Historical, Practical, Preceptive, and Devotional.' We intend sending the manuscript to Serampore, with a request to brother Hough that he will get it printed in a large edition of five thousand copies. The first edition, of one thousand, is nearly exhausted. Such, indeed, is the demand for it since the opening of the *zayat*, that we should have given away all the copies long ago, had we not been doubtful about a fresh supply.

"*August 7*. Brother Wheelock embarked for Bengal, but in so low a state that we fear the voyage, instead of being beneficial, will tend to shorten his life.

"*August 8. Lord's day*. Several strangers present at worship; a larger assembly than usual.

"*August 21*. Have not lately mentioned Moung Thah-lah, though he has continued to visit me regularly. To-day I had a conversation with him, that almost settled my mind that he is really a renewed man. He, however, thinks he is not, because he finds his heart so depraved that he can not perfectly keep the pure commands of Christ.

"*August 22. Lord's day*. After worship, had another conversation with Moung Thah-lah. He hopes that he is a disciple of Jesus Christ in heart, but wants to know whether a profession of religion is indispensable to salvation. He fears the persecution that may hereafter come on those who forsake the established religion of the empire. I gave him such explanation as I thought suitable, and left him with the solemn consideration, that unless he loved Christ above his own life, he did not love Him sincerely, and ought not to hope that He is interested in his redemption.

"*August 24*. Another conversation with Moung Thah-lah, which at length forces me to admit the conviction that he is a real convert; and I venture to set him down the second disciple of Christ among the Burmans. He

appears to have all the characteristics of a new-born soul, and though rather timid in regard to an open profession, has, I feel satisfied, that love to Christ which will increase and bring him forward in due time.

"*August 31.* A man, by name Moung Ing, has visited the *zayat* five or six days in succession. At first, a variety of other company prevented my attending much to him, and he conversed chiefly with Moung Nau, and employed himself in reading Matthew. He once told Moung Nau that he had long been looking after the true religion, and was ready to wish that he had been born a brute, rather than to die in delusion, and go to hell. Sunday I conversed with him largely, and his attention during worship was very close and solemn. To-day he has made me half inclined to believe that a work of grace is begun in his soul. He says that he formerly had some idea of an eternal God from his mother, who was christened a Roman Catholic, in consequence of her connection with a foreigner; but that the idea was never rooted in his mind until he fell in with the *zayat*. Within a few days he has begun to pray to this God. He is quite sensible of his sins, and of the utter inefficacy of the Buddhist religion, but is yet in the dark concerning the way of salvation, and says that he wants to know more of Christ, that he may love Him more. Lord Jesus, give him the saving knowledge of Thine adorable self!

"*September 1.* Moung Thah-lah continues to express similar sentiments to those already noted; is still afraid of persecution and death, but professes to be laboring to obtain that love to Christ, and faith in Him, which will raise him above the fear of man; and particularly requests us to pray that he may obtain these graces.

"*September 3.* A great crowd of company through the whole day, the teacher Moung Shwa-gnong, from ten o'clock till quite dark, with several of his adherents. He is a complete Proteus in religion, and I never know where to find him. We went over a vast deal of ground, and ended where we began, in apparent incredulity.

After his adherents, however, were all gone, he conversed with some feeling; owned that he knew nothing, and wished me to instruct him; and when he departed, he prostrated himself, and performed the *sheeko*—an act of homage which a Burman never performs but to an acknowledged superior.

"After he was gone, Moung Ing, who has been listening all day, followed me home to the house, being invited to stay with Moung Nau through the night. We conversed all the evening, and his expressions have satisfied us all that he is one of God's chosen people. His exercises have been of a much stronger character than those of the others, and he expresses himself in the most decided manner. He desires to become a disciple in profession, as well as to be in Christ, and declares his readiness to suffer persecution and death for the love of Christ. When I stated the danger to which he was exposing himself, and asked him whether he loved Christ better than his own life, he replied, very deliberately and solemnly, 'When I meditate on this religion, I know not what it is to love my own life.' Thus the poor fisherman, Moung Ing, is taken, while the learned teacher, Moung Shwa-gnong, is left.

"*September 5. Lord's day.* A very dull day—not one stranger present at worship. In the evening Moung Thah-lah was a spectator of our partaking of the Lord's supper. Moung Ing could not be present. He lives at some distance, and is getting ready to go to sea, pursuant to his purpose before he became acquainted with us. We have endeavored to dissuade him from going, and to keep him near us; but we are afraid that his circumstances will not allow him to comply with our advice and his own inclinations.

"*September 6.* Spent the evening in conversing with Moung Byaa, a man who, with his family, has lived near us for some time, a regular attendant on worship, an indefatigable scholar in the evening-school, where he has learned to read, though fifty years old, and a

remarkably moral character. In my last conversation, some time ago, he appeared to be a thorough legalist, relying solely on his good works, but yet sincerely desirous of knowing and embracing the truth. The greater part of the evening was spent in discussing his erroneous views; his mind seemed so dark and dull of apprehension, that I was almost discouraged. Toward the close, however, he seemed to obtain some evangelical discoveries, and to receive the humbling truths of the Gospel in a manner which encourages us to hope that the Spirit of God has begun to teach him. The occasion of this conversation was my hearing that he said that he intended to become a Christian, and be baptized with Moung Thah-lah. He accordingly professes a full belief in the eternal God and His Son Jesus Christ.

"*September 7.* Am grieved that Moung Ing comes no more. Presume he has gone off, contrary to our advice, and was reluctant to take leave of us under such circumstances.

"*September 10.* Surprised by a visit from Moung Ing. It appears that he has been confined at work on board the vessel in which he is engaged, and has not been ashore for several days. As the vessel is certainly going to-morrow, he got leave of absence for a short time, and improved it in running out to the *zayat*. I was exceedingly glad, as it afforded me an opportunity of giving him some parting instructions, and praying with him alone. He appears very well indeed. He is quite distressed that he has so far engaged himself, and appears desirous of getting off, and returning to us, if possible; but I have very little hope of his succeeding. I believe, however, that he is a real Christian, and that, whenever he dies, his immortal soul will be safe, and that he will praise God forever for his transient acquaintance with us. The Lord go with him and keep him.

"*September 11.* Moung Shwa-gnong has been with me

all day. It appears that he accidentally obtained the idea of an eternal Being about eight years ago; and it has been floating about in his mind, and disturbing his Buddhistic ideas ever since. When he heard of us, which was through one of his adherents, to whom I had given a tract, this idea received considerable confirmation; and to-day he has fully admitted the truth of this first grand principle. The latter part of the day we were chiefly employed in discussing the possibility and necessity of a divine revelation, and the evidence which proves that the writings of the apostles of Jesus contain that revelation; and I think I may say that he is half inclined to admit all this. He is certainly a most interesting case. The way seems to be prepared in his mind for the special operation of divine grace. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!

"His conversion seems peculiarly desirable, on account of his superior talents and extensive acquaintance with Burmese and Pali literature. He is the most powerful reasoner I have yet met with in this country, excepting my old teacher, Oo Oungmen (now dead), and he is not at all inferior to him.

"*September 26. Lord's day.* Moung Shwa-gnong came, with several adherents. Some warm conversation before worship, but nothing personal. During worship, discoursed from 'Fear not them that kill the body,' etc. My discourse was chiefly intended for Moung Thah-lah and Moung Byaa; but the latter was absent on account of sickness. After worship the teacher immediately departed with his people, without even saying a word. Fear he has taken some offence.

"*October 5.* Received a visit from the teacher. My hopes of his conversion are very low. He is settling down in Deism, and evidently avoids all conversation of a personal nature.

"*October 6.* Conversation with Moung Thah-lah and Moung Byaa, which revives my hopes of their coming forward before long. They are both growing in religious

knowledge, and give evidence of being in the exercise of gracious feelings.

"*October 7.* Was rejoiced in the morning to see the teacher, Moung Shwa-gnong, come again so soon. We spent the whole day together, uninterrupted by other company. In the forenoon, he was as crabbed as possible; sometimes a Berkeleian, sometimes a Humeite or complete skeptic. But in the afternoon he got to be more reasonable, and before he left he obtained a more complete idea of the atonement than I have commonly been able to communicate to a Burman. He exclaimed, 'That is suitable; that is as it should be,' etc. But whether this conviction resulted from a mere philosophic view of the propriety and adaptedness of the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, or from the gracious operations of the Holy Spirit, time must discover. I hardly venture to hope the latter. O Lord, the work is Thine! O come, Holy Spirit!

"*October 23.* Have for some days been wondering at the long absence of the teacher. To-day heard a report that he has been summoned by the viceroy to give an account of his heretical sentiments.

"At night Moung Thah-lah and Moung Byaa presented a paper, professing their faith in Jesus Christ, and requesting to be baptized, but in private. We spent some time with them. They appear to have experienced divine grace; but we advised them, as they had so little love to Christ as not to dare to die for His cause, to wait and reconsider the matter.

"*October 29.* The teacher came again, after an interval of three weeks; but he appears to be quite another man. He has not been personally summoned, as we heard; but, through the instigation of the Mangen teacher, he was mentioned before the viceroy as having renounced the religion of the country. The viceroy gave no decisive order, but merely said, 'Inquire further about him.' This reached the ears of Moung Shwa-gnong; and he directly went to the Mangen teacher, and, I suppose,

apologized, and explained, and flattered. He denies that he really recanted, and I hope he did not; but he is evidently falling off from the investigation of the Christian religion. He made but a short visit, and took leave as soon as he could decently.

"*November 1.* One of the greatest festivals in the year. The crowds are truly immense and overwhelming. We vacated the *zayat*, as we have several days of late, beginning to query whether it is prudent to go on boldly in proclaiming a new religion, at the hazard of incensing the Government, and drawing down such persecution as may deter all who know us from any inquiry.

"*November 6.* The two candidates for baptism again presented their urgent petition that they might be baptized, not absolutely in private, but about sunset, away from public observation. We spent some hours in again discussing the subject with them and with one another. We felt satisfied that they were humble disciples of Jesus, and were desirous of receiving this ordinance purely out of regard to His command and their own spiritual welfare; we felt that we were all equally exposed to danger, and needed a spirit of mutual candor, and forbearance, and sympathy; we were convinced that they were influenced rather by desires of avoiding unnecessary exposure than by that sinful fear which would plunge them into apostasy in the hour of trial; and when they assured us that, if actually brought before Government, they could not think of denying their Saviour, we could not conscientiously refuse their request, and therefore agreed to have them baptized to-morrow at sunset. The following is a literal translation of the paper presented this evening:

"'Moung Byaa and Moung Thah-lah venture to address the two teachers: Though the country of Burmah is very far distant from the country of America, yet the teachers, coming by ship the long way of six

months, have arrived at this far distant country of Burmah, and town of Rangoon, and proclaimed the propitious news by means of which we, having become acquainted with the religion, know that there is an eternal God in heaven, and that there is a divine Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, deserving of the highest love; and we know that the Lord Jesus Christ, the divine Son, endured, on account of all His disciples, sufferings and death, even severe sufferings on a cross, in their stead. On account of our sins, we were like persons laden with a very heavy burden. On account of our many sins, we found no deliverance, no place of refuge, and our minds were distressed. In this state remaining, the two teachers produced the sacred system from the Scriptures, and we became informed of the existence of the one God, and of the facts that the divine Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, redeemed with His sacred life all who love and trust in Him, and, in order to save His disciples from hell, suffered death in their stead. Now we know that we have sinned against the sacred One, and we know, assuredly, that if we become disciples of the divine Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be saved from the hell which we deserve. We desire to become disciples, and with the two teachers, like children born of the same mother, to worship the true God, and observe the true religion.

"'On searching in the Scriptures for ancient rules and customs, it does not appear that John and other baptizers administered baptism on any particular time, or day, or hour. We, therefore, venture to beg of the two teachers, that they will grant that on the 6th day of the wane of the Tanzoungmong moon (November 7), at six o'clock at night, we may this once receive baptism at their hands.'

"*November 7. Lord's day.* We had worship as usual, and the people dispersed. About half an hour before sunset, the two candidates came to the *zayat*, accompanied by three or four of their friends; and after

a short prayer, we proceeded to the spot where Moung Nau was formerly baptized. The sun was not allowed to look upon the humble, timid profession. No wondering crowd crowned the overshadowing hill. No hymn of praise expressed the exultant feelings of joyous hearts. Stillness and solemnity pervaded the scene. We felt, on the banks of the water, as a little, feeble, solitary band. But perhaps some hovering angels took note of the event with more interest than they witnessed the late coronation; perhaps Jesus looked down on us, pitied and forgave our weaknesses, and marked us for His own; perhaps, if we deny Him not, He will acknowledge us, another day, more publicly than we venture at present to acknowledge Him.

"In the evening we all united in commemorating the dying love of our Redeemer; and I trust we enjoyed a little of His gracious presence in the midst of us.

"*November 10.* This evening is to be marked as the date of the first Burman prayer-meeting that was ever held. None present but myself and the three converts. Two of them made a little beginning—such as must be expected from the first essay of converted heathens. We agreed to meet for this purpose every Tuesday and Friday evening, immediately after family worship, which in the evening has for some time been conducted in Burman and English, and which these people, and occasionally some others, have attended.

"*November 14. Lord's day.* Have been much gratified to find that this evening the THREE CONVERTS REPAIRED TO THE ZAYAT, AND HELD A PRAYER-MEETING OF THEIR OWN ACCORD.

"*December 4.* Another visit from Moung Shwa-gnong. After several hours spent in metaphysical cavils, he owned that he did not believe anything he had said, and had only been trying me and the religion, being determined to embrace nothing but what he found unobjectionable and impregnable. 'What,' said he, 'do you think that I would pay you the least attention if I found you could not answer all my questions, and solve

all my difficulties?' He then proceeded to say, that he really believed in God, His Son Jesus Christ, the atonement, etc. Said I, knowing his deistical weakness, 'Do you believe all that is contained in the book of Matthew, that I have given you? In particular, do you believe that the Son of God died on a cross?' 'Ah,' replied he, 'you have caught me now. I believe that He suffered death, but I can not admit that He suffered the shameful death of the cross.' 'Therefore,' said I, 'you are not a disciple of Christ. A true disciple inquires not whether a fact is agreeable to his own reason, but whether it is in the book. His pride has yielded to the divine testimony. Teacher, your pride is still unbroken. Break down your pride, and yield to the word of God.' He stopped and thought. 'As you utter those words,' said he, 'I see my error. I have been trusting in my own reason, not in the word of God.' Some interruption now occurred. When we were again alone, he said, 'This day is different from all the days on which I have visited you. I see my error in trusting in my own reason; and I now believe the crucifixion of Christ, because it is contained in the Scripture.' Some time after, speaking of the uncertainty of life, he said he thought he should not be lost, though he died suddenly. Why? 'Because I love Jesus Christ.' 'Do you really love Him?' 'No one that really knows Him can help loving Him.' And so he departed."

Just at this most interesting period, when three Burmans had been baptized and many others were inquiring into the new religion, the black cloud of persecution gathered over the heads of these young converts and their Christian teachers.

The viceroy of Rangoon regarded with an unfavorable eye this attempt to introduce a new religion. When informed that a prominent Burman teacher was about to renounce the religion of the empire, he uttered the ominous sentence: "Inquire

further." These words scattered the group of inquirers that had gathered about Mr. Judson as quickly as the lifted hand disperses a school of fish. The new converts, indeed, stood firm even under the peril of the confiscation of their goods, and the risk of torture and death; but the work had come to a standstill. The inhabitants of Rangoon did not even dare to visit the foreign teacher. In these circumstances the boldest measure seemed to Mr. Judson the wisest. He determined to beard the lion in his lair. He resolved to go directly to Ava, the capital of Burmah, and lay the whole matter at the feet of the emperor. If he could gain from the Burman monarch permission to propagate the Christian religion among his subjects, then he would be at once exempt from the annoyance and persecution inflicted by provincial underlings. If, on the other hand, he should fail, matters could not be made any worse, as news of this religious movement would soon get to the ears of the king. The nature of the threatening persecution, and the reasons for going to Ava, may be learned from Mr. Judson's letters and journals:

To the Rev. Dr. Baldwin.

"RANGOON, *August* 26, 1817.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: I am at present wholly absorbed in the dictionary. I hope to have it finished by the time that brother Rice arrives. The rains make it difficult for me to go out much; and, for the same reason, we have not many Burman visitors in our insulated situation. Even those who have visited us frequently, and acquired some knowledge of our religion, and manifested some spirit of inquiry, are deterred from prosecuting their inquiries by fear of persecution. I do not mean to imply that all persecution is to be dreaded, but that persecution which would effectually prevent the use of the means of grace certainly is. It is true that God will call those whom He has chosen; but since He has made means necessary to the end, since it is by the Gospel of His Son that He calls His people, it is certainly as much the duty of His servants to endeavor to avert such persecution as would effectually prevent the use of means as it is to use any means at all; and we may reasonably conclude that, when God has a people whom He is about to call, He will direct His servants in such a course.

"I have no doubt that God is preparing the way for the conversion of Burmah to His Son. Nor have I any doubt that we who are now here are, in some little degree, contributing to this glorious event. This thought fills me with joy. I know not that I shall live to see a single convert; but, notwithstanding, I feel that I would not leave my present situation to be made a king."

Extract from Mr. Judson's Journal.

"One malicious intimation to the king would occasion our banishment; and banishment, as the Burmans tell us, is no small thing, being attended with confiscation of all property, and such various abuses as would make us deem ourselves happy to escape with our lives.

"We feel encouraged by the thought that many of the dear children of God remember us at the mercy-seat. To your prayers I desire once more to commend myself—the weakest, the most unqualified, the most unworthy, and the most unsuccessful of all missionaries.

"*November 26.* On taking our usual ride this morning to bathe in the mineral tank, we were accosted, on one of the pagoda roads, by the Mangen teacher, and peremptorily forbidden to ride there in future on pain of being beaten.

"Our business must be fairly laid before the emperor. If he frown upon us, all missionary attempts within his dominions will be out of the question. If he favor us, none of our enemies, during the continuance of his favor, can touch a hair of our heads. But there is a greater than the emperor, before whose throne we desire daily and constantly to lay this business. O Lord Jesus, look upon us in our low estate, and guide us in our dangerous course!"

Extract from a letter to Dr. Baldwin.

"RANGOON, *December* 9, 1819.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: Since my last we have had the happiness of baptizing two more Burmans, whose names are Moung Thah-lah and Moung Byaa; the former a young man of considerable talents and reading; the latter an old man of fifty, who has been learning to read in an evening-school. Moung Nau, the first convert, continues faithfully attached to the cause. Our fourth is a poor fisherman, whose exercises for a few days have been very strong and satisfactory, but he was obliged to go to sea before we thought it advisable to give him baptism. Our fifth is still an inquirer merely, a teacher, of learning and distinction, and possessed of the very first abilities. But soon after he began to manifest an open attachment to us, Satan became unusually disturbed, and sent one of his faithful servants to the viceroy with a complaint that our friend

had renounced the religion of the country. The viceroy said, 'Inquire further,' and this portentous sentence, implying that a renunciation of the established religion would not pass with impunity, carried such terror to the heart of our poor Nicodemus, that he directly fled to his accuser, made his peace with him, and almost forsook us. This little circumstance, strange as it may seem to one living under a free government, spread dismay among all our acquaintance, and for above a month we have been nearly deserted by all, except those who have actually joined us.

"The new king, moreover, has remitted the persecution of his grandfather, and restored the priests of Buddh to their former privileges; so that all the devout throughout the land are quite mad on their idols.

"In a word, such is the state of things that though there are many, I am certain, who have some desire to inquire further into the Christian religion, they are afraid to come near us.

"Brother Colman and myself have, therefore, concluded to follow your advice, by going up to Ava, and laying our business before the monarch. We have some hope that the Lord will incline him to hold out to us the golden sceptre, like another Ahasuerus, and become a protector of the infant cause. But it is almost too great a favor to hope for. And yet this favor we must obtain, or relinquish some of our dearest and most sacred hopes. Oh, what a trying case! None can know or experience the uncertainty of our present situation. But we sometimes rest on the Saviour and derive sweet consolation from the assurance that 'our Jesus will do all things well.'"

Before Mr. Judson and Mr. Colman set out for Ava, the little group of missionaries was thinned by the departure of the Wheelocks. Only seven days after Mr. Wheelock arrived in Rangoon, while engaged in

family worship he had a hemorrhage, and on August 7, 1819, he set sail for Bengal. After being thirteen days at sea, during a period of temporary delirium he threw himself into the ocean. While Mrs. Wheelock was engaged in writing, and he apparently lying asleep, she heard the cabin door close. She looked around, saw that he was gone, sprang to the door, opened it, and discovered that he had vanished forever from her sight. The ship was sailing with such speed that no effort could be made to rescue him. The death of this young man was a great loss to the infant mission. His fervent piety, his sweet and uncomplaining spirit, and his devotion to the work of saving the heathen, had endeared him to his missionary associates. After mentioning in one of his letters that he and Mr. Colman had only one room each, he adds: "We prefer ONE room in Rangoon to SIX in Boston. We feel that we are *highly blessed*."

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20. I am indebted for some of these facts to a thoughtful and inspiring article by the Rev. A. Bunker, in *The Baptist Missionary Magazine*, March, 1879.

21. See Appendix B. Being the first printed statement of Christian truth presented to the Burman mind, it has a peculiar interest.

22. For this phrase of Dante's I am indebted to Canon Farrar.

23. See Map II.

24. The work done through the *zayat* is described in a sketch by Mrs. E. C. Judson, entitled "Wayside Preaching." See Appendix F.

25. At the time of writing this, not having heard much of baptism, he seems to have ascribed an undue efficacy to the ordinance. He has since corrected his error; but the translator thinks it the

most fair and impartial to give the letter just as it was written at first.

CHAPTER VI.
LIFE IN RANGOON (CONTINUED).
1819-1823.

On December 21, 1819, Mr. Judson and Mr. Colman, leaving their wives alone in Rangoon, began their journey up the Irrawaddy to Ava, the capital of the empire. The following extract from Mr. Judson's journal describes their journey up the river, their unsuccessful visit at the royal court, and their return to Rangoon:

"*December 10.* A few days ago we succeeded in purchasing a boat for the journey to Ava, after having spent a whole week in the search. Have since been employing workmen to cover it and put it in order.

"Yesterday we applied to the viceroy for a pass to go up to the golden feet, and lift up our eyes to the golden face. He granted our request in very polite terms.

"I must now close up my journal, to be sent on board ship to-morrow morning. We expect to leave Rangoon in about a week. My next will probably contain some account of our journey up the river, and our reception at court. O Lord, send *now* prosperity; yet not my will, but Thine, be done."

Journal.

"*December 21.* After having made arrangements for our wives' residence in town during our absence,

brother Colman and myself embarked. Our boat is six feet wide in the middle, and forty feet long. A temporary deck of bamboos is laid throughout, and on the hinder part of the boat the sides are raised with thin boards, and a covering of thatch, and mats tied on, so as to form two low rooms, in which we can just sit and lie down. Our company consists of sixteen besides ourselves: ten rowmen, a steersman, a head man—whose name is inserted in our passport, and who, therefore, derives a little authority from Government—a steward or cook for the company—which place is filled by our trusty Moung Nau—our own cook, a Hindoo washerman, and an Englishman, who, having been unfortunate all his life, wishes to try the service of his Burman majesty; and this last personage may be called our gunner, he having charge of several guns and blunderbusses, which are indispensable on account of the robbers that infest the river.

"We have been much perplexed in fixing on a present for the emperor, without which no person unauthorized can appear in his presence. Our funds were evidently inadequate to the purchase of articles which would be valuable to him in a pecuniary point of view; when we considered, also, that there ought to be a congruity between the present and our character, we selected that book which we hope to be allowed to translate under his patronage, the BIBLE, in six volumes, covered with gold leaf, in Burman style, and each volume enclosed in a rich wrapper. For presents to other members of Government, we have taken several pieces of fine cloth and other articles.

"Thus manned and furnished we pushed off from the shores of Rangoon. The teacher, Moung Shwa-gnong, had not been to see us for several days, ashamed, probably, of having declined accompanying us; but just as we were pushing off, we saw his tall form standing on the wharf. He raised his hand to his head, and bade us adieu, and continued looking after the boat until a

projecting point shut Rangoon and all its scenes from our view. When shall we redouble this little point? Through what shall we pass ere the scene now snatched away be re-presented? The expedition on which we have entered, however it may terminate, is unavoidably fraught with consequences momentous and solemn beyond all conception. We are penetrating into the heart of one of the great kingdoms of the world, to make a formal offer of the Gospel to a despotic monarch, and through him to the millions of his subjects. May the Lord accompany us, and crown our attempt with the desired success, if it be consistent with His wise and holy will.

"At night we moored by the banks of Kyee-myen-daing. It was near this place that, a few days ago, one of the boats belonging to Mr. G., late collector of Rangoon, was attacked by robbers, and the steersman and another man killed at a single shot. We felt unwilling to remain at this village, but found it necessary.

"On the 30th reached Kah-noung, a considerable town, about ninety miles from Rangoon. Here we met a special officer from Bassein, with a detachment of men, sent in pursuit of a band of robbers who lately made a daring attack on a large boat, wounded and beat off the people, and took plunder to the amount of fifteen hundred ticals. The commander offered us an escort for the journey of to-morrow, which lies through a dangerous tract of country; but we declined accepting, as we should have been obliged to give the people presents, without deriving any substantial assistance in the hour of danger. Strict watch all night.

"*January 17, 1820*. Reached Pugan, a city celebrated in Burman history, being, like Pyee, the seat of a former dynasty. It is about two hundred and sixty miles from Rangoon.

"*January 18*. Took a survey of the splendid pagodas and extensive ruins in the environs of this once famous city. Ascended as far as possible some of the highest

edifices, and, at the height of one hundred feet, perhaps, beheld all the country round, covered with temples and monuments of every sort and size; some in utter ruin, some fast decaying, and some exhibiting marks of recent attention and repair. The remains of the ancient wall of the city stretched beneath us. The pillars of the gates, and many a grotesque, decapitated relic of antiquity checkered the motley scene. All conspired to suggest those elevated and mournful ideas which are attendant on a view of the decaying remains of ancient grandeur; and, though not comparable to such ruins as those of Palmyra and Balbec (as they are represented), still deeply interesting to the antiquary, and more deeply interesting to the Christian missionary. Here, about eight hundred years ago, the religion of Buddh was first publicly recognized and established as the religion of the empire. Here, then, Ah-rah-han, the first Buddhist apostle of Burmah, under the patronage of King Anan-ra-tha-men-zan, disseminated the doctrines of atheism, and taught his disciples to pant after annihilation, as the supreme good. Some of the ruins before our eyes were probably the remains of pagodas designed by himself. We looked back on the centuries of darkness that are past. We looked forward, and Christian hope would fain brighten the prospect. Perhaps we stand on the dividing line of the empires of darkness and light. O shade of Ah-rah-han, weep over thy falling fanes; retire from the scenes of thy past greatness. But thou smilest at my feeble voice. Linger, then, thy little remaining day. A voice mightier than mine, a still small voice, will ere long sweep away every vestige of thy dominion. The churches of Jesus will soon supplant these idolatrous monuments, and the chanting of the devotees of Buddh will die away before the Christian hymn of praise.

"*January 25.* Passed Old Ava, the seat of the dynasty immediately preceding the present, and Tsah-gaing, a place of some note, distinguished for its innumerable

pagodas, and the residence of one or two late emperors, and about noon drew up to O-ding-man, the lower landing-place of New Ava, or Amarapoora, about three hundred and fifty miles from Rangoon. At our present distance of nearly four miles from the city (and we can not get nearer this season), it appears to the worst advantage. We can hardly distinguish the golden steeple of the palace amid the glittering pagodas, whose summits just suffice to mark the spot of our ultimate destination.

"*January 26*. We set out early in the morning, called on Mr. G., late collector of Rangoon, and on Mr. R., who was formerly collector, but is now out of favor. Thence we entered the city, passed the palace, and repaired to the house of Mya-day-men, former viceroy of Rangoon, now one of the public ministers of state (woon-gyee). We gave him a valuable present, and another of less value to his wife, the lady who formerly treated Mr. G. with so much politeness. They both received us very kindly, and appeared to interest themselves in our success. We, however, did not disclose our precise object, but only petitioned leave to behold the golden face. Upon this, his highness committed our business to Moung Yo, one of his favorite officers, and directed him to introduce us to Moung Zah, one of the private ministers of state (a-twen-woon), with the necessary orders. This particular favor of Mya-day-men prevents the necessity of our petitioning and feeing all the public ministers of state, and procuring formal permission from the high court of the empire.

"In the evening, Moung Yo, who lives near our boat, called on us to say that he would conduct us to-morrow. We lie down in sleepless anxiety. To-morrow's dawn will usher in the most eventful day of our lives. To-morrow's eve will close on the bloom or the blight of our fondest hopes. Yet it is consoling to commit this business into the hands of our heavenly Father—to feel

that the work is His, not ours; that the heart of the monarch before whom we are to appear is under the control of Omnipotence; and that the event will be ordered in the manner most conducive to the divine glory and the greatest good. God may, for the wisest purposes, suffer our hopes to be disappointed; and if so, why should short-sighted mortal man repine? Thy will, O God, be ever done; for Thy will is inevitably the wisest and the best.

"*January 27*. We left the boat, and put ourselves under the conduct of Moung Yo. He carried us first to Mya-day-men, as a matter of form; and there we learned that the emperor had been privately apprised of our arrival, and said, 'Let them be introduced.' We therefore proceeded to the palace. At the outer gate we were detained a long time, until the various officers were satisfied that we had a right to enter, after which we deposited a present for the private minister of state, Moung Zah, and were ushered into his apartments in the palace yard. He received us very pleasantly, and ordered us to sit before several governors and petty kings, who were waiting at his levee. We here, for the first time, disclosed our character and object—told him that we were missionaries, or 'propagators of religion'; that we wished to appear before the emperor, and present our sacred books, accompanied with a petition. He took the petition into his hand, looked over about half of it, and then familiarly asked some questions about our God and our religion, to which we replied. Just at this crisis, some one announced that the golden foot was about to advance; on which the minister hastily rose up, and put on his robes of state, saying that he must seize the moment to present us to the emperor. We now found that we had unwittingly fallen on an unpropitious time, it being the day of the celebration of the late victory over the Kathays, and the very hour when his majesty was coming forth to witness the display made on the occasion. When the

minister was dressed, he just said, 'How can you propagate religion in this empire? But come along.' Our hearts sank at these inauspicious words. He conducted us through various splendor and parade, until we ascended a flight of stairs, and entered a most magnificent hall. He directed us where to sit, and took his place on one side; the present was placed on the other; and Moung Yo and another officer of Mya-day-men sat a little behind. The scene to which we were now introduced really surpassed our expectation. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the farther avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the parade which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Moung Yo whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward unattended—in solitary grandeur—exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strided on. Every head excepting ours was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned toward us—'Who are these?' 'The teachers, great king,' I replied. 'What, you speak Burman—the priests that I heard of last night?' 'When did you arrive?' 'Are you teachers of religion?' 'Are you like the Portuguese priest?' 'Are you married?' 'Why do you dress so?' These

and some other similar questions we answered, when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us. Moung Zah now began to read the petition; and it ran thus:

"'The American teachers present themselves to receive the favor of the excellent king, the sovereign of land and sea. Hearing that, on account of the greatness of the royal power, the royal country was in a quiet and prosperous state, we arrived at the town of Rangoon, within the royal dominions, and having obtained leave of the governor of that town to come up and behold the golden face, we have ascended and reached the bottom of the golden feet. In the great country of America, we sustain the character of teachers and explainers of the contents of the sacred Scriptures of our religion. And since it is contained in those Scriptures, that, if we pass to other countries, and preach and propagate religion, great good will result, and both those who teach and those who receive the religion will be freed from future punishment, and enjoy, without decay or death, the eternal felicity of heaven—that royal permission be given, that we, taking refuge in the royal power, may preach our religion in these dominions, and that those who are pleased with our preaching, and wish to listen to and be guided by it, whether foreigners or Burmans, may be exempt from Government molestation, they present themselves to receive the favor of the excellent king, the sovereign of land and sea.'"

The emperor heard this petition, and stretched out his hand. Moung Zah crawled forward and presented it. His majesty began at the top, and deliberately read it through. In the meantime, I gave Moung Zah an abridged copy of the tract, in which every offensive sentence was corrected, and the whole put into the handsomest style and dress possible. After the emperor had perused the petition, he handed it back without saying a word, and took the tract. Our hearts now rose to God for a display of His grace. 'Oh, have mercy on Burmah! Have mercy on her king.' But, alas! the time was not yet come. He held the tract long enough to read the first two sentences, which assert that there is one

eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that beside Him, there is no God; and then, with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground. Moung Zah stooped forward, picked it up, and handed it to us. Moung Yo made a slight attempt to save us by unfolding one of the volumes, which composed our present, and displaying its beauty; but his majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments, Moung Zah interpreted his royal master's will, in the following terms: 'Why do you ask for such permission? Have not the Portuguese, the English, the Mussulmans, and people of all other religions, full liberty to practice and worship according to their own customs? In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them; take them away.'

"Something was now said about brother Colman's skill in medicine; upon which the emperor once more opened his mouth, and said, 'Let them proceed to the residence of my physician, the Portuguese priest; let him examine whether they can be useful to me in that line, and report accordingly.' He then rose from his seat, strided on to the end of the hall, and there, after having dashed to the ground the first intelligence that he had ever received of the eternal God, his Maker, his Preserver, his Judge, he threw himself down on a cushion, and lay listening to the music, and gazing at the parade spread out before him.

"As for us and our present, we were huddled up and hurried away, without much ceremony. We passed out of the palace gates with much more facility than we entered, and were conducted first to the house of Mya-day-men. There his officer reported our reception, but in as favorable terms as possible; and as his highness was not apprised of our precise object, our repulse appeared probably to him not so decisive as we knew it to be. We were next conducted two miles through the

heat of the sun and dust of the streets of Ava, to the residence of the Portuguese priest. He very speedily ascertained that we were in possession of no wonderful secret, which would secure the emperor from all disease, and make him live forever; and we were accordingly allowed to take leave of the reverend inquisitor, and retreat to our boat.

"At this stage of the business, notwithstanding the decided repulse we had received, we still cherished some hope of ultimately gaining our point. We regretted that a sudden interruption had prevented our explaining our objects to Moung Zah in that familiar and confidential manner which we had intended; and we determined, therefore, to make another attempt upon him in private.

"*January 28.* Early in the morning we had the pleasure of seeing our friend Mr. G. coming to our boat. It may not be amiss to mention that he is the collector who was chiefly instrumental in relieving us from the exorbitant demand which, a few months ago, was made upon us in Rangoon. He now told us that he had heard of our repulse, but would not have us give up all hope; that he was particularly acquainted with Moung Zah, and would accompany us to his house, a little before sunset, at an hour when he was accessible. This precisely accorded with our intentions.

"In the afternoon, therefore, we called on Mr. G., and he went with us into the city. On the way we paid a visit to the wife of the present viceroy of Rangoon, whose eldest son is married to the only daughter of the present emperor. We carried a present, and were, of course, kindly received.

"Thence we went to the house of Moung Zah, some way beyond the palace. He received us with great coldness and reserve. The conversation, which we carried on chiefly through Mr. G., it is unnecessary to detail. Suffice it to say, that we ascertained beyond a doubt, that the policy of the Burman Government, in

regard to the toleration of any foreign religion, is precisely the same with the Chinese; that it is quite out of the question, whether any of the subjects of the emperor, who embrace a religion different from his own, will be exempt from punishment; and that we, in presenting a petition to that effect, had been guilty of a most egregious blunder, an unpardonable offence. Mr. G. urged every argument that we suggested, and some others. He finally stated that, if we obtained the royal favor, other foreigners would come and settle in the empire, and trade would be greatly benefited. This argument alone seemed to have any effect on the mind of the minister, and looking out from the cloud which covered his face, he vouchsafed to say, that if we would wait some time, he would endeavor to speak to his majesty about us. From this remark it was impossible to derive any encouragement; and having nothing further to urge, we left Mr. G., and bowing down to the ground, took leave of this great minister of state, who, under the emperor, guides the movements of the whole empire.

"It was now evening. We had four miles to walk by moonlight. Two of our disciples only followed us. They had ventured as near as they durst to the door of the hall of audience, and listened to words which sealed the extinction of their hope and ours. For some time we spoke not.

> "'Some natural tears we dropped, but wiped them soon;
> The world was all before us, where to choose
> Our place of rest, and Providence our guide.'

And as our first parents took their solitary way through Eden, hand in hand, so we took our way through this great city, which, to our late imagination, seemed another Eden, but now, through the magic touch of disappointment, seemed blasted and withered, as if smitten by the fatal influence of the cherubic sword.

"Arrived at the boat, we threw ourselves down,

completely exhausted in body and mind. For three days we had walked eight miles a day, the most of the way in the heat of the sun, which, even at this season, in the interior of these countries, is exceedingly oppressive, and the result of our travels and toils has been—the wisest and best possible; a result which, if we could see the end from the beginning, would call forth our highest praise. O, slow of heart to believe and trust in the constant presence and overruling agency of our own almighty Saviour.

"*January 29*. We again rose early, and, having considered the last words of Moung Zah, wrote down our request in the most concise and moderate terms, and sent it to Mr. G. with a message that he would once more see Moung Zah, lay the paper before him, and ascertain unequivocally whether there was any possibility of gaining our point by waiting several months.

"The rest of the day, and the next, being Lord's day, we remained in the boat.

"*January 31*. *Monday*. Mr. G. called upon us, with our little paper in his hand. 'I have shown your paper to Moung Zah, and begged him not to deceive you, but to say distinctly what hopes you might be allowed to entertain. He replied, "Tell them that there is not the least possibility of obtaining the object stated in this paper, should they wait ever so long; therefore let them go about their business."'

"I now thought of one more expedient; and taking out the manuscript tract the emperor threw down, I handed it to Mr. G. 'This is a brief view of the Christian religion. Do you present it, in our name, to Moung Zah, and persuade him to read it, or hear it read. We have indeed no hope of its efficacy; but it is our last resort, and God may help us in the extremity.' He took it with some feeling, and promised to do his best.

"Before leaving us, he communicated the important intelligence that the emperor, flushed with his late

victory over the Kathays, had determined on war with Siam, and intended next fall to march in person to Pegu, and there establish his headquarters.

"After Mr. G. left us, we went to visit Mr. R. We were formerly acquainted with him in Rangoon, and he would now have assisted us had he not been out of the favor of the new emperor. We related all our proceedings, and the disappointment of our hopes. 'I knew it would be so,' replied he, 'when you first called on me; but I was not willing to discourage you from making trial for yourselves.' He then related the following story, with the substance of which we were previously acquainted:

"'About fifteen years ago, the Roman Catholic priests converted to their faith a Burman teacher of talents and distinction. They took great pains to indoctrinate him thoroughly in their religion, and entertained great hope of his usefulness in their cause. After his return from Rome, whither they had sent him to complete his Christian education, he was accused by his nephew, a clerk in the high court of the empire, of having renounced the established religion. The emperor, who, it must be remembered, was far from approving the religion of Buddh, ordered that he should be compelled to recant. The nephew seized his uncle, cast him into prison and fetters, caused him to be beaten and tortured continually, and at length had recourse to the torture of the iron mall. With this instrument he was gradually beaten, from the ends of his feet up to his breast, until his body was little else than one livid wound. Mr. R. was one of those that stood by and gave money to the executioners to induce them to strike gently. At every blow, the sufferer pronounced the name of Christ, and declared afterward that he felt little or no pain. When he was at the point of death, under the hands of his tormentors, some persons who pitied his case went to the emperor with a statement that he was a madman, and knew not what he was about; on which the emperor gave orders for his release. The Portuguese took him away, concealed him until he was able to move, then sent him privately in a boat to Rangoon, and thence by ship to Bengal, where he finished his days. Since then, the Roman priests, of whom there are four only in the country, have done nothing in the way of

proselyting, but confined their labors to their own flocks, which are composed of the descendants of foreigners. The man who accused his uncle is now the very first of the private ministers of state, taking rank before Moung Zah. Furthermore, the present chief queen, who has great influence with his majesty, is, and ever has been, particularly attached to the religion and the priests of Buddh.'

"Mr. R. also confirmed the information we had received of approaching war with Siam.

"Our case could not be more desperate. We directly returned to the boat, and ordered our people to sell off all unnecessary articles, and be ready to start as soon as our passport could be obtained.

"*February 1.* Went to Mya-day-men and applied for a passport to Rangoon. He appeared willing to oblige us, but said we must make formal application to Moung Zah.

"*February 2.* Went to various places, and made various inquiries and applications for a passport. Ascertained that it was absolutely necessary, in our case, to procure a special one from the high court of the empire.

"*February 3.* Sent our head man and some of our people with a petition to Moung Zah. After they had gone off, we called on Mr. G. He informed us that the tract had been presented to Moung Zah, and read in his presence. After listening to the whole of it, instead of throwing it down, or even returning it, he committed it to one of his people to keep, saying to Mr. G., 'The doctrines and commands are very good; but it will be a long time before Burmans can be convinced that there is a God and Saviour.' After this interview with Moung Zah, Mr. G. was summoned before the emperor. His majesty, among other things, inquired about the foreign teachers. Mr. G. told him our country, our character, and our object. The emperor observed that the Portuguese priest had told him very different things, particularly that we were a sect of Zandees (a race very

obnoxious to former emperors). Mr. G. endeavored to vindicate our character, but the emperor appeared quite averse to hearing anything in our favor. 'What,' said he, laughing, 'they have come presuming to convert us to their religion. Let them leave our capital. We have no desire to receive their instructions. Perhaps they may find some of their countrymen in Rangoon who may be willing to listen to them.'

"Mr. G. now advised us to obtain a royal order protecting us personally from molestation while we should remain in the country. 'Otherwise,' said he, 'as it will be notorious that you have solicited royal patronage, and been refused, you will lie at the mercy of every ill-disposed person.'

"This suggestion of Mr. G. occupied our thoughts the rest of the day. We finally concluded that, as such an order would cost several hundred ticals, we would prefer trusting in the Lord to keep us and our poor disciples.

"At night our people returned. They had found Moung Zah, and presented the petition for a passport, to which he made no other reply but 'Come to-morrow.'

"*February 4.* Sent the people, early in the morning, with a handsome present to Moung Zah. They returned late at night. He accepted the present, and assured them he would do our business to-morrow.

"*February 5.* Sent the people as usual, our trusty Moung Nau accompanying them, with a quantity of silver. This did the business. Late in the evening I had the pleasure of taking into my hand the pointed palm-leaf. It has cost us the value of thirty dollars.

"*February 6.* Pushed off from the beach of O-ding-man. I could moralize half an hour on the apt resemblance, the beautiful congruity between the desolate state of our feelings and the sandy, barren surface of this miserable beach. But "tis idle all.' Let the beach and our sorrow go together. Something better will turn up to-morrow.

"*February 12*. Reached Pyee, two hundred and thirty miles from Ava; our descent on the river being, of course, much more rapid than our ascent. Here, to our great surprise, we met with the teacher, Moung Shwa-gnong. He had come up from Rangoon, a few days ago, to visit an old acquaintance, who was dangerously ill; expects to return shortly; would gladly go with us, if we could wait a day or two. We stated to him all our adventures at court, the distressing result of the expedition, and the present danger of propagating or professing the religion of Christ, and wound off with the story of the iron mall. He appeared to be less affected and intimidated by the relation than we could have expected. Indeed, his language was rather too high for the occasion. I therefore told him that it was not for him that we were concerned, but for those who had become disciples of Christ. When they were accused and persecuted, they could not worship at the pagodas, or recant before the Mangen teacher. He felt the force of the reflection, and tried to explain his past conduct. 'Say nothing,' said I; 'one thing you know to be true—that, when formerly accused, if you had not, in some way or other, satisfied the mind of the Mangen teacher, your life would not now be remaining in your body.' 'Then,' said he, 'if I must die, I shall die in a good cause. I know it is the cause of truth.' He then repeated, with considerable emphasis, the most prominent points of his present faith, as follows: '*I believe in the eternal God, in His Son Jesus Christ, in the atonement which Christ has made, and in the writings of the apostles, as the true and only word of God*. Perhaps,' continued he, 'you may not remember that, during one of my last visits, you told me that I was trusting in my own understanding, rather than the divine word. From that time I have seen my error, and endeavored to renounce it. You explained to me also the evil of worshipping at pagodas, though I told you that my heart did not partake in the worship. Since you left Rangoon, I have not lifted up my folded

hands before a pagoda. It is true, I sometimes follow the crowd, on days of worship, in order to avoid persecution; but I walk up one side of the pagoda, and walk down the other. Now, you say that I am not a disciple. What lack I yet?' I was now satisfied that he had made a little advance since our last interview, which required a corresponding advance on my side. I replied, therefore, 'Teacher, you may be a disciple of Christ in heart, but you are not a full disciple. You have not faith and resolution enough to keep all the commands of Christ, particularly that which requires you to be baptized, though in the face of persecution and death. Consider the words of Jesus, just before He returned to heaven, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."' He received this communication in profound silence, and with that air which I have observed to come upon him when he takes a thing into serious consideration. Soon after I hinted our intention of leaving Rangoon, since the emperor had virtually prohibited the propagation of the Christian religion, and no Burman, under such circumstances, would dare to investigate, much less to embrace it. This intelligence evidently roused him, and showed us that we had more interest in his heart than we thought. 'Say not so,' said he; 'there are some who will investigate, notwithstanding; and rather than have you quit Rangoon, I will go myself to the Mangen teacher, and have a public dispute. I know I can silence him. I know the truth is on my side.' 'Ah,' said I, 'you may have a tongue to silence him, but he has a pair of fetters and an iron mall to tame you. Remember that.' This was the substance of our conversation, though much more prolix; and he left us about nine o'clock at night.

"This interview furnished matter for conversation till past midnight, and kept us awake much of the remainder of the night. Perhaps, on arriving in Rangoon, we shall find the disciples firm, and some others seriously inquiring. Perhaps we shall discover

some appearances of a movement of the divine Spirit. Perhaps the Lord Jesus has a few chosen ones, whom He intends to call in, under the most unpropitious and forbidding circumstances. Perhaps he intends to show that it is not by might nor by power, but by His Spirit. In a word, perhaps in the last extremity, God will help us. Ought we, then, hastily to forsake the place? Ought we to desert those of the disciples that we can not take with us, and some others, for whom perhaps Christ died, in such an interesting crisis of their fate? Would it be rashness to endeavor to trust in God, and maintain the post, though disallowed by Government, and exposed to persecution? But again: Can we bear to see our dear disciples in prison, in fetters, under torture? Can we stand by them and encourage them to bear patiently the rage of their persecutors? Are we willing to participate with them? Though the spirit may be sometimes almost willing, is not the flesh too weak?

"Pondering on such topics as these, a little ray of hope seemed to shine out of the darkness of our despair. But it was not like the soft beam of the moon, which kindly shines on the path of the benighted pilgrim, and guides him to a place of shelter. It was rather like the angry gleam of lightning which, while for a moment it illumines the landscape around, discloses the black magazines of heaven's artillery and threatens death to the unwary gazer.

"*February 18.* Arrived in Rangoon."

Mr. Judson and Mr. Colman returned from Ava utterly disheartened, for their journey had been a complete failure. The emperor had refused to give them permission to propagate the Christian religion among his subjects; and any Burman who should renounce Buddhism and become a Christian, would incur the displeasure of his sovereign.

Mr. Judson at once decided to remove the mission to Chittagong, where, under the protection of the

British flag, he could preach Christ to a Burmese-speaking population. He gathered his converts and inquirers together, and made no concealment of the failure at Ava. He pictured the sufferings to which the Burman would be exposed who should espouse Christianity, while he declared his intention, reluctantly formed, of leaving the country. But, to his great surprise, his converts stood firm. They expressed their willingness to suffer persecution, and even death, rather than renounce Christ. They entreated him not to leave them. “Stay at least,” they said, “until a little church of ten is collected, and a native teacher is set over it, and then, if you must go, we will not say nay. In that case we shall not be concerned. This religion will spread of itself. The emperor can not stop it.” The heroism of the disciples prevailed to keep the teacher in Rangoon.

It was thought best, however, that Mr. Colman and his wife should go to Chittagong[26] and gather together the few converts left there by the English Baptists, and to preach the Gospel to the Arracanese. Thus Chittagong might prove an asylum for the Judsons and their Burman converts if they should be hunted out of Rangoon. On March 27, 1820, Mr. Colman embarked for Arracan, where, after a short but heroic missionary career, he died at Cox’s Bazaar on the 4th of July, 1822.

Thus Mr. and Mrs. Judson again found themselves alone at Rangoon. The Houghs, the Wheelocks, the Colmans had gone. They were left with their little group of three converts to continue the conflict with heathenism. But, strange to say, in this darkest hour of all the Spirit began to work mightily in the hearts of the Burmans. Within five months, in the very face of impending persecution, seven heathen, one after another, were converted and baptized, among them

the learned skeptical Moung Shwa-gnong, and the first woman, Mah-men-la. The church of three native converts rapidly grew into a church of ten. But, at this point, Mrs. Judson's health became so completely shattered that, in order to save her life, Mr. Judson had to take her to Calcutta.

All these interesting events will be found narrated, with fuller detail, in the succeeding extract from Mr. Judson's journal:

"*February 20. Lord's day.* In the evening I called the three disciples together, and gave them a connected account of the affair at Ava, that they might have a full understanding of the dangers of their present condition, and the reasons of our intended departure from Rangoon. We expected that, after being destitute of all the means of grace for some time, and after seeing their teachers driven away from the presence of their monarch in disgrace, they would become cold in their affections, and have but little remaining zeal for a cause thus proscribed and exposed to persecution. We thought that, if one out of the three remained firm, it was as much as we could reasonably hope for. But how delightfully were we disappointed! They all, to a man, appeared immovably the same; yea, rather advanced in zeal and energy. They vied with each other in trying to explain away difficulties, and to convince us that the cause was not yet quite desperate. But whither are the teachers going? was, of course, an anxious inquiry. We told them that it was our intention never to desert Burmah; but that, since the emperor had refused to tolerate our religion, we thought it necessary to leave for a time those parts of the empire which are immediately under his dominion; that there is a tract of country lying between Bengal and Arracan, which, though under the government of Bengal, is chiefly inhabited by Arracanese, who speak a language similar to the Burman, the district being really a part of

Arracan, one component part of the present Burman empire; that formerly a teacher from Bengal (De Bruyn) lived at Chittagong, the principal town in that district, and baptized several converts, who, at his death, were left destitute of all instruction to the present time; and that, in view of these considerations, it was our purpose to proceed thither, in hope of finding that toleration which was denied us in Rangoon. We then asked them, severally, what they would do. Moung Nau had previously told us that he would follow us to any part of the world. He was only afraid that he should be a burden to us; for, not being acquainted with another language, he might not be able to get his living in a strange land. 'As for me,' said Moung Thah-lah, 'I go where preaching is to be had.' Moung Byaa was silent and thoughtful. At last he said that, as no Burman woman is allowed to leave the country, he could not, on account of his wife, follow the teachers. 'But,' continued he, with some pathos, 'if I must be left here alone, I shall remain performing the duties of Jesus Christ's religion; no other shall I think of.' This interview with the disciples rejoiced our hearts, and caused us to praise God for the grace which He has manifested to them.

"*February 24*. We have spent three or four days in inquiring about Chittagong, and the prospect of getting a passage directly thither, or by the way of Bengal.

"This evening Moung Byaa came up with his brother-in-law, Moung Myat-yah, who has lived in our yard several months, and formerly attended worship in the *zayat*. 'I have come,' said Moung Byaa, 'to petition that you will not leave Rangoon at present.' 'I think,' replied I, 'that it is useless to remain under present circumstances. We can not open the *zayat*; we can not have public worship; no Burman will dare to examine this religion; and if none examine, none can be expected to embrace it.' 'Teacher,' said he, 'my mind is distressed; I can neither eat nor sleep since I find you are going away. I have been around among those who

live near us, and I find some who are even now examining the new religion. Brother Myat-yah is one of them, and he unites with me in my petitions.' Here Myat-yah assented that it was so. 'Do stay with us a few months. Do stay till there are eight or ten disciples; then appoint one to be the teacher of the rest; I shall not be concerned about the event; though you should leave the country, the religion will spread of itself; the emperor himself can not stop it. But if you go now, and take the two disciples that can follow, I shall be left alone. I can not baptize those who may wish to embrace this religion. What can I do?' Moung Nau came in, and expressed himself in a similar way. He thought that several would yet become disciples, in spite of all opposition, and that it was best for us to stay a while. We could not restrain our tears at hearing all this; and we told them that as we lived only for the promotion of the cause of Christ among the Burmans, if there was any prospect of success in Rangoon, we had no desire to go to another place, and would, therefore, reconsider the matter.

"*February 26.* Moung Shwa-boo, a sedate and pleasant man, who came to live in our yard just before we went to Ava, accompanied Moung Myat-yah to the usual evening worship. When we were about breaking up, Moung Thah-lah began conversation by saying, 'Teacher, your intention of going away has filled us all with trouble. Is it good to forsake us thus? Notwithstanding present difficulties and dangers, it is to be remembered that this work is not yours or ours, but the work of God. If He give light, the religion will spread. Nothing can impede it.' After conversing some time, I found that Moung Louk, another inhabitant of the yard, had been listening without. Accordingly, he was invited to take his seat with the inquirers. Moung Byaa now began to be in earnest; his arm was elevated, and his eyes brightened. 'Let us all,' said he, 'make an effort. As for me, I will pray. Only leave a little church

of ten, with a teacher set over them, and I shall be fully satisfied.' Moung Nau took a very active part in the conversation. The three new ones said nothing, except that they were desirous of considering the religion of Christ. None of them, however, was willing to admit that, as yet, he believed anything.

"We felt that it was impossible for us *all* to leave these people, in these interesting circumstances; and, at the same time, we felt it very important that Chittagong should not be neglected. Under these circumstances, we came to the conclusion that brother Colman should proceed immediately to Chittagong, collect the Arracanese converts, and form a station to which new missionaries from the Board may at first repair, and to which I may ultimately flee, with those of the disciples that can leave the country, when we find that persecution is so violent as to suppress all further inquiry, and render it useless and rash to remain; that I should remain in Rangoon until the state of things becomes thus desperate, and then endeavor to join brother Colman in Chittagong; but that if, contrary to our expectation, the Rangoon station should, after a lapse of several months, appear to be tenable, and that for an indefinite time, and some work be evidently going on, brother Colman, after settling one or two missionaries in Chittagong, to keep that place, should rejoin me in Rangoon.

"*February 28.* A visit from Moung Shwa-gnong. He had considered, he said, my last words—that one must believe and be baptized in order to be a full disciple. It was his desire to be such, and he wanted to know what outward rules in particular he must observe in case he should become a professor. I told him that the disciples of Christ, after baptism, were associated together; that they assembled every Lord's day for worship, and that from time to time they received the sacrament of bread and wine. I then warned him of the danger of self-deception, and of the persecution to which disciples

were exposed in this country, and advised him to reconsider the matter most thoroughly before he made a definite request for baptism.

"*March 2.* Another visit from Oo Yan. Venture to indulge a little hope that truth is beginning to operate on his mind.

"*March 5. Lord's day.* Private worship, as last Lord's day. In the evening received the sacrament of bread and wine. Moung Nau was not present, having gone on a visit to Baulay, his native place. Had a refreshing and happy season with the two other disciples. Two of the inquirers were spectators.

"*March 8.* In the evening had a very pleasant and instructive conference with the disciples and inquirers. Moung Thah-lah appeared to great advantage. Took the lead in explaining truth to the new ones, and quoted Scripture with singular facility and aptness.

"*March 26. Lord's day.* Three women present at worship—acquaintances of Moung Shwa-gnong. They have visited Mrs. Judson once or twice before. The principal of them renounced Gaudama some years ago, and adopted the semi-atheistic system, but without obtaining any real satisfaction. Two years ago, she met with a copy of the tract, which gave her an idea of an eternally-existing God; but she knew not whence the paper came. At length, Moung Shwa-gnong told her that he had found the true wisdom, and directed her to us. Her case appears very hopeful.

"In the evening, after worship, had a protracted conversation with the disciples and inquirers, on account of brother Colman's intended departure to-morrow. Moung Shwa-ba appeared very well indeed. Moung Myat-yah said, 'Set me down for a disciple. I have fully made up my mind in regard to this religion. I love Jesus Christ; but I am not yet quite ready for baptism.' After we dismissed them, *they went over to the zayat of their own accord, and held a prayer-meeting.*

"And here I must close my journal. We have spent the

last evening with our very dear brother and sister Colman. They expect to embark to-morrow morning. Our parting is mournful; for happy, uncommonly happy has been our past intercourse. Nothing but a sense of duty could force the present separation. We hope that it will be of short duration, and that we shall soon reunite our labors in Chittagong or Rangoon.

"On their departure, Mrs. Judson and myself will again be left to our former 'loneliness of lot.' In this situation, we renewedly commend ourselves to the remembrance and prayers of the Board.

"*April 15.* Moung Shwa-ba has for some days been talking of a visit to Shwa-doung, his native place, to communicate the treasure which he has found to his numerous relations and friends. This evening, after expressing his desires, he said it had occurred to him that it might be proper to ask permission or license so to do. Not that he aspired to set up as a teacher; far from that; but he wanted to feel that, in communicating the Gospel, he was proceeding in a regular authorized manner. He thought that, if two or three disciples could be raised up in each of the large towns, it would much facilitate our operations. He was sure that at least one in ten of his relations and friends, on hearing his story, could not help embracing the new religion. I secretly exulted at hearing his proposal, so evidently the result of Christian principle, and exhorted him to constant self-examination and prayer, as the means of discovering his own duty and the divine will.

"*April 16. Lord's day.* Early in the morning the teacher, Moung Shwa-gnong, came in, after an absence of just a month. He was soon followed by Oo Yan and his two friends. They spent the whole day with me. All appear hopeful. The teacher remained, as usual, after the others had left, and thereby afforded me an opportunity for private conversation He admitted that all his objections to positive commands were removed, and that it was his desire to be a full disciple; but, when

urged closely on the subject, he intimated that his wife and friends were opposed to his taking any decided step, and that, if he did, he was, moreover, exposed to imminent danger of persecution and death. He mentioned these things with so much feeling, and such evident consciousness of simple weakness, as completely disarmed me. My heart was wrung with pity. I sincerely sympathized with him in his evident mental trials. I could not deny the truth of what he said, but gently hinted, as thy day is, thy strength shall be, and proposed the example of the apostles and martyrs, the glory of suffering for Christ, etc. But the thought of the iron mall, and a secret suspicion that, if I was in his circumstances, I should perhaps have no more courage, restrained my tongue. We parted with much solemnity, understanding one another better than ever before. I shall not probably see him again very soon; for it is too dangerous for a man of his distinction to be seen coming frequently to the mission-house.

"*April 20.* Mah Men-la and her friends have been with Mrs. Judson all day. She gives increasing evidence of being a real disciple, but is extremely timid, through fear of persecution. One of her remarks deserves notice, as a natural expression of true Christian feeling. 'I am surprised,' said she, 'to find this religion has such an effect on my mind as to make me love the disciples of Christ more than my dearest natural relations.' She is a woman of very superior discernment and mental energy. One of the women, who has frequently accompanied her in her visits, met with a tract at Old Pegu about six weeks ago, and came all the way to Rangoon, chiefly, she says, on that account.

"This day I have finished the translation of the Epistle to the Ephesians, begun before I went to Ava, but intermitted on account of the weakness of my eyes. It is with real joy that I put this precious writing into the hands of the disciples. It is a great accession to their scanty stock of Scripture; for they have had nothing

hitherto but Matthew. Intend to give them Acts as fast as my eyes will allow.

"*April 30. Lord's day.* One of the busiest days I have ever spent. Not a multitude of visitants, as formerly. That we can not expect in present circumstances. But, besides the usual evening assembly, there were eight or ten present at worship, some of whom were with me from nine in the morning till ten at night. Mah Men-la and her company were with Mrs. Judson, who, by the way, has had a serious attack of the liver complaint for a fortnight past, and is now in a course of salivation.

"Oo Yan, after having searched out all the difficult points of religion, came to-day to the *ne plus ultra*—How are sin and eternal misery reconcilable with the character of an infinitely holy, wise, and powerful God? He at length obtained such satisfaction that he could not restrain laughing, from pure mental delight, and kept recurring to the subject, and repeating my remarks to those around him. He was accompanied, as usual, by his two friends, Moung Thah-a and Moung Myat-lah, husband of Mah Men-la. With these came also one Moung Yo, a disciple of Moung Shwa-gnong, a poor man, but a sharp reasoner. He was, or pretended to be, on the semi-atheistic plan. After ascertaining his precise ground, I used an argument which, in a late combat with Oo Yan, I found quite invincible. It is simply this: 'No mind, no wisdom; temporary mind, temporary wisdom; eternal mind, eternal wisdom.' Now, as all the semi-atheists firmly believe in eternal wisdom, this concise statement sweeps with irresistible sway through the very joints and marrow of their system. And, though it may seem rather simple and inconclusive to one unacquainted with Burman reasoning, its effect is uniformly decisive. No sooner is this short sentence uttered than one significantly nods his head, as if to say, 'There you have it.' Another cries out to the opponent, 'You are undone, destroyed.' Another says, 'Talk about wisdom! where else will you find it?' The

disputant himself, who was perhaps preparing a learned speech about the excellence, and efficacy, and eternity of wisdom, quite disconcerted by this unexpected onset, sits looking at the wreck of his system, and wondering at the simple means which has spread such ruin around him; presently he looks up (for the Burmans are frequently candid), and says, 'Your words are very appropriate'; and perhaps his next question is, 'How can I become a disciple of the God you worship?' All the visitors to-day, and, indeed, all the semi-atheists, are despisers of Gaudama and the established religion of the land. Moung Shwa-gnong has disseminated this heresy in Rangoon for several years; but since he has become acquainted with us, he frequently tells his adherents, 'I know nothing; if you want true wisdom, go to the foreign teacher, and there you will find it.' I have reason to believe that this heresy is not confined to Rangoon, but is taking root in various parts of the country and preparing the way for the Christian religion. O for toleration—a little toleration! We will be content to baptize in the night, and hold worship in private; but we do pray that we may not be utterly banished from the land; that we may not be cut up, root and branch. O that these poor souls, who are groping in the dark, feeling after the truth, may have time and opportunities to find the precious treasure which will enrich them forevermore! We are all looking with anxiety toward the golden feet. Our viceroy, Moung Shwa-thah, has gone thither on a visit; and it is doubtful whether he will return, or his rival, Mya-day-men. If the latter, there is some reason to hope that we shall keep footing in Rangoon, at least during his administration.

"*May 5.* Another visit from Moung Myat-lah and his wife, which has afforded us good reason to hope that he also has become a true believer. His wife appears the same as usual. They are both gaining courage in regard to an open profession of the Christian religion, and

begin to wonder at the backwardness of their former oracle, Moung Shwa-gnong.

"*May 8.* Moung Thah-a, the friend of Moung Myat-lah, has spent most of the day with me, and given equally good evidence of being a true disciple. He was formerly an officer under Government, and amassed considerable property, which he mostly spent in building pagodas and making offerings. But he obtained no satisfaction, found no resting-place for his soul, until he became acquainted with the religion of Jesus. He now rests in this religion, with conscious security; believes and loves all that he hears of it, and prays that he may become fully a true disciple of the Saviour.

"Both of these men are respectable householders, rather above the middling class. They live in a little village called Nan-dau-gong, about half a mile from the mission-house. Moung Myat-lah has a large family; but Moung Thah-a has none, and were it not for an aged mother who depends on him, he would follow me, he says, throughout the world.

"*May 12.* The three visitors from Nan-dau-gong have been with us part of the day. One characteristic trait in these people is a particular love for the Scriptures. They almost quarrel with one another for the only copy of the Ephesians which I have given them, and I therefore determine to spare them another as soon as it is done. They say that the translation of this Epistle is plainer, and more easily understood, than that of Matthew, which is very encouraging to me, as I made it without the assistance of any person, not even a Burman teacher. My old teacher went to Ava some months ago, and I am now afraid to employ another, lest he should become too well acquainted with the disciples and inquirers, and betray them to Government.

"*May 14. Lord's day.* A very busy day with the Nan-dau-gong visitors, and the usual evening assembly.

"*May 18.* Mah Myat-lah and Mah Doke, who have frequently accompained their relation, Mah Men-la,

came to-day by themselves. They appeared to be under solemn religious impressions, sensible of their sin and danger, and anxious to obtain an interest in the Saviour, but are yet unenlightened in regard to the way. Mah Baik, also, sister of Moung Thah-lah, who formerly afforded us some encouragement, but afterward fell off, has recommenced visiting us. We hope that during several months' confinement she has not in vain meditated on the truths she formerly heard. She says that her mind is changed, that she loves the Saviour, and trusts in Him alone for salvation from sin and hell, and desires to become His disciple in full by receiving baptism. Her husband, Moung Nyo-dwa, and Moung Thah-yah, another resident in our yard, whom I think I have not yet mentioned, are constant attendants on evening worship, and seem to be making slow advances in the knowledge and love of divine truth. Moung Shwa-ba, the last baptized, begins to appear to great advantage; has very correct ideas of the Gospel system, and communicates truth to the inquirers with much feeling and animation. In zeal for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, he surpasses the older disciples. This is the man who, from not knowing that there was such a being in the universe as a God, became a speculative believer, a penitent, a hopeful recipient of grace, and a candidate for baptism, all in the space of three days. Some of the above-mentioned have, on the contrary, been several months in making similar attainments, and are yet found wanting. Thus diverse are the operations of the Holy Spirit.

"*June 16.* Received letters from Bengal. News from Bombay that a Mahometan has professed the Gospel, and from Java that brother Robinson has baptized the first Chinese convert. Thus there seems to be a beginning in several very important stations. May the little one become a thousand. Rejoiced to hear that brother Colman had safely arrived at Bengal, and embarked on a boat for Chittagong, and that thus far he

had not met with any molestation or interruption from the police. May he get a footing in Chittagong, for everything here, in regard to toleration, grows darker.

"*June 27.* Mrs. Judson at length despairs of recovering without some proper medical assistance. For a few days we have hoped that she would get some relief from the various applications which are made, though at the expense of an almost total exhaustion of strength; but this morning, to our utter disappointment, the disorder has returned with increased violence, and her constitution appears to be rapidly failing. I have intended, for some time past, to send her alone to Bengal; but she has become too weak, and the present circumstances of the complaint are too alarming, to allow such a measure, and I have therefore, though with great reluctance and much conflict of mind, concluded to accompany her to Bengal. We have a special inducement to embrace the opportunity afforded us by the ship which lately brought our letters, since, if we reject this, we shall have to wait several months for another opportunity, during which time Mrs. J. will, in all probability, be placed beyond the reach of medical assistance.

"*July 16. Lord's day.* A few days ago we concluded to receive the two new applicants for baptism; but I thought it most prudent, partly by way of trying their sincerity, to send them a message, suggesting that, since I was greatly occupied in getting ready for sea, and since one of them was not so well acquainted with the doctrines of religion as was desirable, it might be better to defer their baptism till my return.

"This morning they came up in much trouble. They stated that, as they had fully embraced the Christian religion in their hearts, they could not remain easy without being baptized, according to the command of Christ; that no man could tell whether I should ever return or not, and that it was their earnest petition that if I could possibly find time, and thought them worthy

of the ordinance, I would administer it to them before I went away. They did not wish me to go out to the usual place, as that was at some distance, but would be baptized in a small pond near the mission-house. Moung Gway said that, though he was very ignorant, he knew enough of this religion to love it sincerely, and to trust in Christ for salvation from all his sins. I reexamined them both, stated to them the great danger of professing a foreign religion, etc., and, on their urging their request, told them I would baptize them in the evening.

"Was obliged to be out all the afternoon, getting our things aboard the ship, as we expect to move down the river tomorrow morning. At night baptized the two new disciples, after which we all partook of the Lord's supper for the last time.

"*July 17.* Ship to be detained two days. In the forenoon, the teacher, Moung Shwa-gnong, came in. I received him with some reserve, but soon found that he had not stayed away so long from choice, having been ill with a fever for some time, and occupied also with the illness of his family and adherents. He gradually wore away my reserve; and we had not been together two hours, before I felt more satisfied than ever, from his account of his mental trials, his struggles with sin, his strivings to be holy, his penitence, his faith, his exercises in secret prayer, that he is a subject of the special operations of the Holy Spirit, that he is indeed a true disciple. He stayed all day. In the afternoon the five Nan-dau-gong visitors, the doctor Oo Yan, and several others came together, and we had much interesting conversation. Toward the close, Moung Shwa-gnong, as if to bring things to a crisis, addressed me thus: 'My lord teacher, there are now several of us present who have long considered this religion. I hope that we are all believers in Jesus Christ.' 'I am afraid,' replied I, 'to say that; however, it is easily ascertained; and let me begin with you, teacher. I have heretofore

thought that you fully believed in the eternal God; but I have had some doubt whether you fully believed in the Son of God, and the atonement which He has made.' 'I assure you,' he replied, 'that I am as fully persuaded of the latter as of the former.' 'Do you believe, then,' I continued, 'that none but the disciples of Christ will be saved from sin and hell?' 'None but His disciples.' 'How, then, can you remain without taking the oath of allegiance to Jesus Christ, and becoming His full disciple in body and soul?' 'It is my earnest desire to do so, by receiving baptism; and for the very purpose of expressing that desire, I have come here today.' 'You say you are desirous of receiving baptism: may I ask *when* you desire to receive it?' 'At any time you will please to give it. Now—this moment, if you please.' 'Do you wish to receive baptism in public or in private?' 'I will receive it at any time, and in any circumstances, that you please to direct.' I then said, 'Teacher, I am satisfied from your conversation this forenoon, that you are a true disciple, and I reply, therefore, that I am as desirous of giving you baptism as you are of receiving it.' This conversation had a great effect on all present. The disciples rejoiced; the rest were astonished; for though they have long thought that he believed the Christian religion, they could not think that such a man could easily be brought to profess it, and suffer himself to be put under the water by a foreigner. I then turned to Moung Thah-a, one of the Nan-dau-gong people, who, I hope, is a true believer. 'Are you willing to take the oath of allegiance to Jesus Christ?' 'If the teacher Moung Shwa-gnong consents,' said he, 'why should I hesitate?' 'And if he does not consent, what then?' 'I must wait a little longer.' 'Stand by,' said I; 'you trust in Moung Shwa-gnong, rather than in Jesus Christ. You are not worthy of being baptized.' Moung Myat-lah, on being similarly interrogated, wished to consider a little longer. Oo Yan was still further from committing himself. Of the women present, I interrogated Mah

Men-la only. She had evidently a considerable struggle in her mind, probably on account of her husband's having just declined. At length she said that, if I thought it suitable for her to be baptized, she was desirous of receiving the ordinance. I told her that her reply was not satisfactory. I could not consent to baptize any one who could possibly remain easy without being baptized, and then I related the story of the last two disciples; after which the party broke up.

"In the evening, I laid the case of Moung Shwa-gnong before the church, and we joyfully agreed to receive him to communion, on his being baptized.

"*July 18*. In the morning, the teacher again made his appearance. I again asked him whether he preferred being baptized in the day or in the evening, and he again left it to my decision; on which I advised him to wait till night. He appeared very well through the day, his deportment solemn, his conversation spiritual. Just at night, I called in two or three of the disciples, read the account of the baptism of the eunuch, made the baptismal prayer, and then proceeded with the teacher to the accustomed place, went down into the water, and baptized him.

"On my return, I found that Mah Men-la, whom I had left with Mrs. Judson, had gone away. As soon as she saw that the teacher had actually gone to be baptized, she exclaimed, 'Ah, he has now gone to obey the command of Jesus Christ, while I remain without obeying. I shall not be able to sleep this night. I must go home, and consult my husband, and return.' In the evening, we again partook of the Lord's supper, in consequence of the admission of the teacher, and my expected departure on the morrow. We had just finished, when, about nine o'clock, Mah Men-la returned, accompanied by the two other women from her village. She immediately requested to be baptized. The disciples present assented without hesitation. I told her that I rejoiced to baptize her, having been long

satisfied that she had received the grace of Christ; and, it being very late, I led her out to the pond near the house by lantern light, and thus baptized the tenth Burman convert, and the first woman. Mah Men-la is fifty-one years old, of most extensive acquaintance through the place, of much strength of mind, decision of character, and consequent influence over others. She is, indeed, among women what Moung Shwa-gnong is among men.

"On returning to the house, she said, 'Now I have taken the oath of allegiance to Jesus Christ, and I have nothing to do but to commit myself, soul and body, into the hands of my Lord, assured that He will never suffer me to fall away.' Several visitors spent the night at the mission-house.

"*July 19*. In the morning, we all met for worship. After I had prayed, Moung Thah-lah and Moung Shwa-ba both prayed, with much propriety and feeling. In the course of the forenoon, Mah Men-la's husband, and Moung Thah-a, and the doctor, and several others, came in, so that we had quite a houseful. At noon, we set out for the river, followed by near a hundred people, the women crying aloud in the Burman manner, and almost all deeply affected. When we entered the boat, I called the teacher and Mah Men-la and a few others to go with us to the ship, which lay at some distance in the river. The rest remained on the wharf, bidding us farewell, telling us to come back soon, etc. Thus we left the shores of Rangoon. Those who accompanied us to the ship stayed an hour or two and returned. We stood as long on the quarter-deck looking at them as the others had stood on the wharf looking at us.[27]

"*July 20*. The ship having been unable to move yesterday, on account of the anchor's being foul, the teacher, Moung Shwa-gnong, espied the masts from his village, and came off in a boat, with his wife and another woman. Soon after, most of the Nan-dau-gong people came to the mission-house, and, finding that the

ship had not dropped down, came off, accompanied by several of our own people. We were much gratified by this fresh proof of their attachment; but the ship got under weigh immediately, and they were obliged to leave us for the last time."

The following letter sent by these newly-made converts to their brethren in America, shows of what stuff this first Burman church was made:

"Brethren all, who live in America! The brethren who live in Burmah address you.

"We inform you, brethren, that, trusting in the grace of the eternal God, the divine Spirit, and the excellent Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, we remain happy; and seeing our real state and circumstances, we have repentance of soul, and an anticipation of the happiness of heaven.

"God, the sum of all perfection, without beginning and without end, subsists through successive ages; and this world, the earth and sky, and all things therein, which He has created, are according as He created them.

"God, the Creator, is replete with goodness and purity, and is exempt from old age, sickness, death, and annihilation; and thus there is none that can compare with Him.

"It is contained in the Scriptures, that God, in His own nature, unites three, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and is [yet] mysteriously one God; that He is in all places, but dwells in heaven, by the clearer manifestation of His glory; that His power and wisdom are unrivalled; and that He enjoys happiness incomprehensible to creatures.

"But the Burmans know not the true God; they know not the true religion; they worship a false god; they practice a false religion; and [thus] they transgress the divine law, and sin against the most estimable

Benefactor, and therefore they neither expiate their sins nor acquire merit. And by excessively loving themselves and the filth of this world, they love not nor worship the eternal God, nor believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, but regard the good things of this world merely.

"That the Burmans, who know not the way to eternal happiness, might become acquainted with it; that they might be renewed; and that they might escape everlasting punishment, the American teacher Judson and wife have both come to Burmah and proclaimed the Gospel of the divine Son, the Lord Jesus Christ; on which some Burmans have become disciples. And on these accounts, the disciple Moung Shwa-ba says that your favor is very great [or he gives you very many thanks].

"Those who love divine grace, who believe, who hear and consider the Gospel, who trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, who repent of their sins, attain the state of disciples. And that this religion may spread everywhere, Moung Shwa-ba is making endeavors, and constantly praying, to proclaim the Gospel. And he prays thus: O eternal God, graciously grant the favor which I desire. Graciously grant that I may have regard to Thy divine will, and be conformed thereto. Be pleased to take notice of my supplications, O God. I desire not to seek my own profit; I desire constantly to seek the profit of others. Thou art the Creator of all things, and if Thou art pleased to be gracious, O, grant that I may be enabled to promote the good of others. Open Thou the eyes of my mind and give me light. And when I shall preach in various places, evermore send forth the divine Spirit that multitudes may become disciples. That Thou wilt grant these things, I beseech Thee, O God.

"The disciple Moung Shwa-ba has composed this writing, and committed it to the hand of the teacher; [even] in the Burman year 1182, on the 7th of the waxing of the moon Wah-goung, he has written this, and delivered it to the teacher and his wife.

"P.S. Brethren, there are in the country of Burmah nine persons who have become disciples."

Mr. and Mrs. Judson embarked at Rangoon July 19, 1820, and arrived at Calcutta on the 18th of August. What a pang it must have cost them to leave their little mission just at this time when, after long years of waiting, they saw the Burmans eagerly and rapidly embracing the Gospel! On the very day of embarkation Mr. Judson wrote to Dr. Baldwin:

"RANGOON, *July* 19, 1820.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: My last gave you some account of our affairs to the time of brother Colman's departure. Soon after that event Mrs. Judson was taken ill. The symptoms were at first slight, but they gradually became more decisive and alarming; and the disorder continued to gain ground, until she was unable to leave the couch, or walk across the room, without bringing on violent suffering. Under such circumstances I determined to accompany her to Bengal, partly for the sake of the voyage, which is commonly beneficial in such disorders, and partly to procure medical assistance, of which we are perfectly destitute in Rangoon.

"Never did I feel more unwilling to leave Rangoon, nor was the mission ever in more interesting circumstances than at the present time. Since our return from Ava, I have not ventured to make any public movement, but confined myself at home, holding private worship, translating the Scriptures, and conversing with all who visited me. The Spirit of God has, however, continued operating in the minds of several, and carries on the work which began before we went up to Ava.... All the ten baptized disciples give satisfactory evidence of being true converts. Those of longest standing are evidently growing Christians. Some of them take the lead in prayer-meetings with great

propriety; and nearly all of them have made some attempt at this exercise before the church. A good degree of Christian affection prevails among them all, the appearance of which, Moung Shwa-gnong says, convinced him more than anything else of the divine origin and efficacy of our religion. The proofs of their attachment to us are too numerous to be detailed. Even at this moment the house is full of people bewailing our departure, and begging us to return soon, most of whom never have received, and have no prospect of ever receiving, from us any temporal advantage whatever.

"We are just now going aboard ship. I write this letter in haste, and leave it to be forwarded by another opportunity, that you may get some intelligence of us, in case we are lost at sea.

"It is hardly necessary to add that, whatever may be the event of the present voyage, in regard to Mrs. Judson's health, it is my intention to return to this place as soon as possible."

After his arrival at Calcutta, Mr. Judson writes as follows to Dr. Bolles:

"About two months ago we commended our little church of ten converted Burmans to the protection and blessing of Him in whom they have trusted, and with reluctant hearts and weeping eyes tore ourselves away from the shores of Burmah. Mrs. J.'s illness alone forced us to adopt this measure. She had been growing worse for several months. I, at first, intended to send her alone to Bengal. But her state finally became so alarming that mere humanity seemed to forbid my sending her aboard ship without a single female companion or friend, to be consigned in all probability to the deep, or buried unwept on some foreign shore. I felt that the strictest devotedness to the mission did not forbid my leaving the station for a time, in order to facilitate the recovery

of one who had been my faithful coadjutor in missionary privation and toil for many years, or at least to administer some consolation to her in the final trial, and perform in person the last offices which are due to those we love on earth."

But these mournful forebodings were not to be realized.

The three months spent at Serampore, near Calcutta, caused a great improvement in Mrs. Judson's health. The two weary missionaries had sweet and restful intercourse with the English Baptists stationed there, and with "the affectionate family of Mr. Hough." Mr. Judson's enjoyment was only marred by his extreme anxiety about "those few sheep that I have left in the Burman wilderness." "Oh, may the great Shepherd," he prays, "feed the little flock, and gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

On November 23d Mr. and Mrs. Judson embarked for Rangoon, where they arrived January 5, 1821.

"Our voyage," Mrs. Judson writes, "was tedious and distressing above any that we had ever taken. The brig was so small and so filled with native passengers that we were unable to obtain the least exercise by walking on deck, and was so full of scorpions and centipedes that we never dared to shut our eyes to sleep without completely enclosing ourselves with curtains. In addition to these inconveniences, we had a strong contrary wind and frequently violent squalls, with the most terrific thunder and lightning we had ever witnessed. We were six weeks in making a passage which is generally made in ten or fifteen days."

After their joyous arrival in Rangoon they plunged once more into their missionary work.

Extracts from Journal.

"*January 5, 1821.* As we drew near the town, we strained our eyes to distinguish the countenances of our friends amid the crowd that we saw assembled on the wharf. The first that we recognized was the teacher, Moung Shwa-gnong, with his hands raised to his head as he discerned us on the deck; and on landing we met successively with Mah Men-la, and Moung Thah-lah, and several others, men, women, and children, who, after our usual examination at the custom-office, accompanied us to the mission-house. Soon after, Moung Nau and others came in, who had not at first heard of our arrival. In the evening, I took my usual seat among the disciples, and when we bowed down in prayer, the hearts of us all flowed forth in gratitude and praise.

"*January 7. Lord's day.* Had worship and administered the Lord's supper. Most of the disciples present; but some of them unavoidably detained in consequence of the distress which presses upon all ranks of people, occasioned by the expedition to Siam.

"*January 13.* Yesterday Moung Gway, the only one of the baptized whom we had not seen, returned from the woods on hearing of our arrival; and I am now able to record (and I do it with the most heartfelt satisfaction and grateful praise to the preserving Saviour), that, though they have, for the space of six months, been almost destitute of the means of grace, and those who lived in our yard have been dispersed and forced, through fear of heavy extortion and oppression from petty officers of Government, to flee into the woods or take refuge under some Government person who could protect them, yet not one of them has dishonored his profession, but all remain firm in their faith and attachment to the cause. I do not, however, perceive that any of them have made the least advance in any respect whatever; nor was this to be expected, as they have not even enjoyed the privilege of meeting for

worship.

"The same remarks are to be made concerning the four Nan-dau-gong people, companions of Mah Men-la, who appeared to be hopefully pious before we left. The doctor, Oo Yan, with whom we did not feel so well satisfied, has been with me repeatedly, and, in the last interview, gave good reason to hope that he also is a true convert. He seems at length to have obtained light and satisfaction on the two difficult points which have so long perplexed him—namely, the doctrine of vicarious atonement, and the possibility of being a disciple of Christ, by keeping the two commands of grace, Repent and believe, without perfectly keeping the two immutable commands of merit, Love God entirely, and love others as yourself. O how interesting it is to see (you can almost see it with your eyes) the light of truth dawning upon a precious soul hitherto groping in darkness! If Oo Yan prove a true convert, he will be a most precious acquisition to our cause, next to Moung Shwa-gnong. He is a man of talent and respectability. His words are as smooth as oil, as sweet as honey, and as sharp as a razor.

"In respect to Mah Bike, she has given way to her violent temper, and involved her husband in debt; and though she now professes to repent and desire baptism, and though we have some hope that she is not destitute of grace, we feel obliged at present to put her away from us as a wicked person.

"The most important event (and that relates of course to Moung Shwa-gnong) remains to be mentioned. It will be remembered that he was accused before the former viceroy of being a heretic, and that the simple reply, 'Inquire further,' spread dismay amongst us all, and was one occasion of our visit to Ava. Soon after Mya-day-men assumed the government of this province, all the priests and officers of the village where Moung Shwa-gnong lives entered into a conspiracy to destroy him. They held daily consultations, and assumed a tone of

triumph; while poor Moung Shwa-gnong's courage began to flag, and, though he does not like to own it, he thought he must flee for his life. At length one of the conspiracy, a member of the supreme court, went into the presence of the viceroy, and in order to sound his disposition, complained that the teacher, Moung Shwa-gnong, was making every endeavor to turn the priests' rice-pot bottom upwards. '*What consequence?*' said the viceroy. '*Let the priests turn it back again.*' This sentence was enough; the hopes of the conspiracy were blasted, and all the disciples felt that they were sure of toleration under Mya-day-men. But his administration will not probably continue many months.

"*January 20.* This afternoon Mrs. Judson went to the village of the Nan-dau-gong people to fix on a spot for the erection of a small school-house. Mah Men-la has, *of her own accord*, proposed to open a school in the precincts of her house, to teach the girls and boys of the village to read; in consequence of which, the latter will not be under the necessity of going to the Burman priests for education as usual. When we found that she had really made a beginning, we told her that some of the Christian females in America would, doubtless, defray the expenses of the undertaking, and make some compensation to the instructress. We fear the school will not succeed in the present state of the country; but we regard the voluntary attempt of Mah Men-la as illustrative of the efficiency of evangelical faith.

"On Tuesday evening we recommenced our usual Tuesday and Friday evening prayer-meetings; but we expect to have very few present, as most of the disciples who formerly lived around us are afraid to return on account of the present general distress, from which we are unable to protect them.

"*January 21. Lord's day.* All the disciples but one, and all the hopeful inquirers, were present at worship; who, together with some others, made up an assembly of about twenty-five adults, all paying respectful and

devout attention; the most interesting assembly, all things considered, that I have yet seen. How impossible it seemed, two years ago, that such a precious assembly could ever be raised up out of the Egyptian darkness, the atheistic superstition of this heathen land! After worship, two of the Nan-dau-gong people had some particular conversation with Moung Thah-lah about baptism. Much encouraged by the general appearance of things this day. Why art thou ever cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God—the God of the Burmans, as well as David's God; for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance, revealed in the salvation of thousands of these immortal souls.

"*February 16.* Moung Ing has returned. He is the second Burman whose heart was touched by divine grace. We rejoiced to see his face again, notwithstanding his rough and unprepossessing appearance, occasioned by the hardships through which he has passed since he left us. On his arrival at Bike, a town far below Rangoon, he showed his copy of Matthew to the Roman Catholic priest stationed there, who directly committed it to the flames; and gave, instead of it, a writing of his own device. But, through divine grace, our poor friend retained his integrity, and remained steadfast in the sentiments which he formerly embraced.

"*February 20.* This is the second evening in which Mrs. Judson and myself have had an interview with the viceroy and his lady, in their inner apartment. Her highness gave us some very encouraging hints on the subject of religious toleration, and promised to introduce us to the emperor, on his visiting Rangoon next fall, in prosecution of the war with Siam.

"*February 25. Lord's day.* Moung Ing presented his petition for baptism and admission into the church, and we unhesitatingly agreed to grant his request next Lord's day. Not one of the disciples has given more

decided evidence of being a sincere and hearty believer in the Lord Jesus. The manner of his first acquaintance with the truth is somewhat noticeable. I had conversed with two men who visited the *zayat* the preceding evening, and given them a tract. On their way home they called at the house of the Tsah-len teacher, where Moung Ing resided, said a few things about the eternal God and the new religion, by way of disapproval, and concluded that the tract was good for nothing but to tear up and make cigars of. But the truth which they despised fell like a flash of lightning on the benighted soul of Moung Ing. The next morning, before sunrise, he was in the porch of the *zayat*, and, on opening the doors, we found the poor man standing without. He will not, I trust, meet with any such detention at the doors of heaven.

"*March 4. Lord's day.* Moung Ing received baptism immediately after worship in the afternoon. Several of the hopeful inquirers witnessed the administration.

"*May 15.* Dispatched the manuscript of Ephesians, and the first part of Acts, to Serampore, requesting brother Hough to procure an edition of six hundred of each, at the expense of the Board.

"At night received a visit from Moung Gwa, brother-in-law to Moung Shwa-ba. He was accompanied by one Moung Thah-ee, an intractable, furious creature, noted for browbeating and silencing every antagonist. He professes to be a strict Buddhist, without the least doubt on the subject of religion; but having heard of my object in coming to this country, wishes to give me an opportunity of making him doubt. I found him extremely difficult to manage, and finally told him that he must get a humble mind, and pray to the true God, or he would never attain true wisdom. This threw him into a passion. He said he would have me to know that he was no common man. He could dispute with governors and kings, etc. I then gave him a tract, which he affected to disdain, but finally received it and went

away.

"*May 16*. Moung Gwa called to apologize for his companion's conduct. He said that, from being always victorious in disputation, he had become insolent and overbearing, but that he was really inquiring after the truth, and had been reading the tract attentively. Moung Gwa himself seems to be favorably disposed to the Christian religion.

"*May 17*. Moung Thah-ee spent the whole evening with me. I find that he has a strong mind, capable of grasping the most difficult subject. He listened to the truth with much more attention and patience than at first.

"*May 18*. Moung Thah-ee came again, accompanied by several of his admirers. At first he behaved with some propriety, and allowed conversation to proceed in a regular manner. But soon he descended into his own native element, and stormed and raged. When I found that he would be utterly unreasonable, and not permit me even to finish a sentence, I remained silent, and suffered him to display himself. When he was quite exhausted, I took an opportunity to exhibit a brief view of the reasons which convinced me that the religion of Gaudama is false, and the Buddhist scriptures fictitious, and then challenged him to refute my statement. But he declined, saying that we were both tired, and he would finish the debate some other time.

"*May 19*. A succession of company all the day. At night, Moung Thah-ee came alone, intending to have some private conversation; but no opportunity offered.

"*May 20. Lord's day*. Encountered another new character, one Moung Long, from the neighborhood of Shwa-doung, a disciple of the great Toung-dwen teacher, the acknowledged head of all the semi-atheists in the country. Like the rest of the sect, Moung Long is, in reality, a complete skeptic, scarcely believing his own existence. They say he is always quarrelling with his wife on some metaphysical point. For instance, if

she says, 'The rice is ready,' he will reply, 'Rice! what is rice? Is it matter or spirit? Is it an idea, or is it nonentity?' Perhaps she will say, 'It is matter'; and he will reply, 'Well, wife, and what is matter? Are you sure there is such a thing in existence, or are you merely subject to a delusion of the senses?'

"When he first came in, I thought him an ordinary man. He has only one good eye; but I soon discovered that that one eye has as 'great a quantity of being' as half a dozen common eyes. In his manners he is just the reverse of Moung Thah-ee—all suavity, and humility, and respect. He professed to be an inquirer after the truth; and I accordingly opened to him some parts of the Gospel. He listened with great seriousness, and when I ceased speaking, remained so thoughtful and apparently impressed with the truth, that I began to hope he would come to some good, and therefore invited him to ask some question relative to what he had heard. 'Your servant,' said he, 'has not much to inquire of your lordship. In your lordship's sacred speech, however, there are one or two words that your servant does not understand. Your lordship says, that in the beginning God created one man and one woman. I do not understand (I beg your lordship's pardon) what a man is, and why he is called a man.' My eyes were now opened in an instant to his real character; and I had the happiness to be enabled, for about twenty minutes, to lay blow after blow upon his skeptical head, with such effect that he kept falling and falling; and though he made several desperate efforts to get up, he found himself, at last, prostrate on the ground, unable to stir. Moung Shwa-gnong, who had been an attentive listener, was extremely delighted to see his enemy so well punished; for this Moung Long has sorely harassed him in time past. The poor man was not, however, in the least angry at his discomfiture, but, in the true spirit of his school, said that, though he had heard much of me, the reality far exceeded the report. Afterward he

joined us in worship, and listened with great attention, as did also his wife.

"*May 21.* Moung Thah-ee came again, with several others; but he was so outrageous, and vulgar, and abusive, that I found it impossible to hold any rational conversation with him; and he finally went away in a great passion, saying that he had been sent by some men in authority to spy us out, and that by to-morrow he would bring us into trouble. Such threatenings tend to sink our spirits, and make us realize our truly helpless, destitute condition, as sheep in the midst of wolves. 'Lord, behold their threatenings,' etc.

"*June 4.* Moung Long spent two or three hours with me, in which I endeavored to lay before him all the evidences of the truth of the Christian religion. His wife proves to be as sharp as himself, and has been harassing Mrs. Judson with all sorts of questions about the possibility of sin's finding entrance into a pure mind, or of its being permitted under the government of a holy sovereign.

"I have this day taken Moung Shwa-ba into the service of the mission. He bids fairer than any other member of the church to be qualified, in due time, for the ministry. For, though inferior to Moung Thah-lah in fluency of speech, and to Moung Shwa-gnong in genius and address, he is superior to the former in consistency of character and gravity of deportment, and to the latter in experimental acquaintance with divine things and devotedness to the cause. But the principal trait of character which distinguishes him from the rest, and affords considerable evidence that he is called by higher authority than that of man to the Christian ministry, is his *humble* and *persevering* desire for that office—a desire which sprang up in his heart soon after his conversion, and has been growing ever since. I intend to employ him, at present, as an assistant in the *zayat*, on a small allowance of seven or eight rupees a month, which I hope the Board will approve of. In that

situation he will have an opportunity of improving in those qualifications which are requisite to fit him to be a teacher of religion among his fellow-countrymen.

"*June 10. Lord's day.* Moung Long again present—all eye and ear. Mrs. Judson pronounces his wife superior in point of intellect to any woman she has ever met with in Burmah.

"After evening worship, Mah Myat-lah presented her petition for admission into the church, which was granted, and next Sunday appointed for her baptism. The evidences of her piety are of the most satisfactory kind. We esteem her quite as highly as her sister, Mah Men-la, though she is far inferior in external qualifications.

"*June 11.* Moung Long and wife spent most of the day with us. Their minds are in a truly hopeful state, though still greatly governed by the maxims of the Toung-dwen school. Their main inquiry to-day was how they could obtain faith in Christ. May the Holy Spirit solve their difficulties, by giving them an experimental acquaintance with that saving grace!

"*June 14.* An intimate friend of the Woon-gyee-gah-dau told Mrs. Judson to-day, in presence of her highness, who by silence assented to the correctness of the remark, that when the emperor and others in Government said that all might believe and worship as they please, the toleration extended merely to foreigners resident in the empire, and by no means to native Burmans, who, being slaves of the emperor, would not be allowed with impunity to renounce the religion of their master. This remark accords with all that we have heard at Ava, and may be depended on (notwithstanding some private encouragement we have received from the viceroy and his wife) as affording a correct view of the state of religious toleration in this country. It is a fact that, except in our own private circle, it is not known that a single individual has actually renounced Buddhism, and been initiated into

the Christian religion.

"Mah Myat-lah informs us that the news of her intended baptism has been rumored among her neighbors, and excited a great uproar. She is not, however, disheartened, but rather wishes that her baptism may not be deferred till Sunday, lest some measures be taken to prevent it. I expect that she will present herself for baptism to-morrow evening, but am obliged to close up this number, as the vessel by which it is conveyed is just going down the river.

"Pray for us and our little church.

"*June 15*. According to the purpose mentioned under the last date, Mah Myat-lah received baptism, about sunset, at the usual place.

"*July 3*. Moung Thah-lah was married to a woman resident in our yard, a usual attendant on public worship—the event somewhat noticeable, as being probably the first Christian marriage ever performed between persons of pure Burman extraction.

"*July 14*. In the interval of receiving company, I have lately been employed in translating; have finished the Gospel and Epistles of John, those exquisitely sweet and precious portions of the New Testament, and am now employed on the latter part of Acts. I find Moung Shwa-ba a most valuable assistant in all parts of missionary work. Moung Shwa-gnong also begins 'to be dissatisfied with being a mere disciple, and hopes that he shall some time be thought worthy of being a teacher of the Christian religion.' These two, with Mah Men-la, are, at present, the flower of our little church. I have no reason, however, to complain of the conduct of any, considering the great disadvantages under which they all labor. Some have grown comparatively cold, but none have forgotten their first love. Praise forever be to Him

> "'Who is faithful to His promises,
> And faithful to His Son.'

"*August 4.* Am just recovering from the second fit of sickness which I have had this season. The second day after I was taken, Mrs. Judson was taken ill; and for several days we lay side by side, unable to help one another. Through divine mercy, however, we contrived to get our medicines from time to time, and are now in a convalescent state, so far as the fever is concerned. Mrs. Judson, however, is suffering severely, and her disease is making such rapid and alarming advances as to preclude all hope of her recovery in this part of the world."

It now became Mr. Judson's painful duty to send his wife to America. This would occasion a separation of at least two years, but unless it were done the life so dear to him, and of such incalculable value to the Burman mission, would soon be brought to a close. Mr. Judson writes:

"The crisis which I have long endeavored to avert has at length arrived; and I find myself under the most distressing necessity of giving my consent to Mrs. Judson's departure for America.... I feel that there is no alternative; and I acquiesce in the measure, however painful to our feelings, under the full conviction that it is absolutely necessary, in order to avert a more painful separation, which might otherwise be realized in the course of a very few months—a separation final, and precluding all further hope in this world.

"Whatever money Mrs. Judson may need in America, I beg may be paid to her order on the Treasurer; and all such money I shall pass to the credit of the Board, and deduct from my usual allowance.... I have made such arrangements as will prevent the necessity of burdening the Board with any additional expense on this occasion, except that of passages at sea; and for this my only apology must be the extreme necessity of the case.

"Finally, I beg leave to recommend Mrs. Judson to

the friends and patrons of the mission, as one who has faithfully labored many years in their service, and whose sole object in visiting her country once more is to recover her health and strength, that she may devote the remainder of her days to the promotion of the Redeemer's cause among the perishing Burmans."

Mrs. Judson embarked for Calcutta, on her way to America, August 21, 1821. Mr. Judson commends her to the care of Mr. Hough in these humorous and pathetic words:

"I send you herewith Mrs. Judson, and all that remains of the blue pill and senna, and beg you will see the articles all well packed and shipped for America by the earliest safe opportunity. Whatever expenses may be incurred be so good as to defray from your own funds, and transmit your bill to me.

"It is said that man is prone to jest in the depth of misery; and the bon-mots of the scaffold have been collected; you may add the above specimen to the list if you like. I feel as if I was on the scaffold, and signing, as it were, my own death warrant. However, two years will pass away at last. Time and tide wait for no man, heedless alike of our joys and sorrows.

"When I last wrote, I was in the latter part of Acts; since that time, I have done nothing at all. For ten days or a fortnight we were laid by with fever, unable to help one another; and since we became convalescent, I have been occupied in making up my mind to have my right arm amputated, and my right eye extracted, which the doctors say are necessary in order to prevent a decay and mortification of the whole body conjugal."

His letters written to his wife during her absence betray here and there a sinking even of his buoyant spirits:

"*September 5, 1821.* I hope you enjoy more religion than I do. This heavy affliction does not have that salutary effect on my heart which I anticipated. Mercies and judgments seem to be thrown away on me, and I am afraid that I shall never make much advance in the divine life. I had such a view and sense of my depravity this morning as made me ready to give up all for lost—not, I mean, as it regards my interest in Christ—*there* I feel strong—but as it regards any attainments in holiness, while remaining in this state of sin.

"Oh! how consoling it is to give up myself, and you, and the interests of the mission, into the faithful hands of Jesus, and to look forward to that blessed state, where we are sure of meeting, though we should meet no more on earth. The Lord reigns, and I feel, at times, that I can safely trust all in His hands, and rejoice in whatever may betide. If we suffer with Christ we shall also be glorified with Him.

"*September 12.* Company continued with me until after three o'clock; and then I found myself alone, and, for a few hours, was very desolate and unhappy.

"But about sunset, the time mentioned in your last letter for mutual prayer, I felt more comfortable."

"I wish I could always feel as I did last evening, and have this morning. At first, on hearing Moung Shwa-gnong's story, I felt much disheartened, and thought how pleasant it would be if we could find some quiet resting-place on earth, where we might spend the rest of our days together in peace, and perform the ordinary services of religion. But I fled to Jesus, and all such thoughts soon passed away. Life is short. Happiness consists not in outward circumstances. Millions of Burmans are perishing. I am almost the only person on earth who has attained their language to such a degree as to be able to communicate the way of salvation. How great are my obligations to spend and be spent for Christ! What a privilege to be allowed to serve Him in such interesting circumstances, and to suffer for Him!

The heavenly glory is at hand. O, let me travel through this country, and bear testimony to the truth all the way from Rangoon to Ava, and show the path to that glory which I am anticipating. O, if Christ will only sanctify me and strengthen me, I feel that I can do all things. But in myself I am absolute nothingness; and when through grace I get a glimpse of divine things, I tremble lest the next moment will snatch it quite away.

"Let us pray especially for one another's growth in grace. Let me pray that the trials which we respectively are called to endure may wean us from the world, and rivet our hearts on things above. Soon we shall be in heaven. O, let us live as we shall then wish we had done. Let us be humble, unaspiring, indifferent equally to worldly comfort and the applause of men, absorbed in Christ, the uncreated Fountain of all excellence and glory."

Even while on the journey to her dear native land, Mrs. Judson cast "a longing, lingering look behind." It was hard to leave Rangoon, even to go to America. In a letter to Dr. Baldwin, dated Calcutta, December 8, 1821, she writes:

"I left Rangoon last August, and arrived in Calcutta on the twenty-second of September. My disorder gained ground so rapidly, that nothing but a voyage at sea, and the benefit of a cold climate, presented the least hope of life. You will readily imagine that nothing but the prospect of a final separation would have induced us to decide on this measure, under circumstances so trying as those in which we were placed. But duty to God, to ourselves, to the Board of Missions, and to the perishing Burmans, compelled us to adopt this course of procedure, though agonizing *to all the natural feelings* of our hearts. On my arrival in Calcutta, inquiries were immediately made relative to a voyage to America. But, to my great disappointment, I found most of the

American captains far from being disposed to take passengers, on account of having their cargoes engaged to the extent of the tonnage of their vessels. One captain, however, offered to give me a passage for fifteen hundred rupees, but I could not think of causing the Board so great an expense. In mentioning my circumstances to Mrs. Thomason, (lady of the Rev. Mr. Thomason, chaplain,) she suggested the advantages of a voyage to England, on account of the superior accommodations, medical advice, and female passengers in English ships. The pious captain of a ship bound to England was then residing in her family; with him she consulted, and they made arrangements for my passage for five hundred rupees, provided I went in a cabin with three children, who were going to England. As my only object in going to sea is restoration of health, I did not hesitate to secure a passage, though I should have rejoiced (since I must take a long voyage) to have gone direct to America. The father of the children has since arrived in Calcutta, and has very kindly offered to pay the whole price of the cabin (which is four thousand rupees), which will enable me to go to England, free of expense to the Board. If the pain in my side is entirely removed while on my passage to Europe, I shall return to India in the same ship, and proceed immediately to Rangoon. But if not, I shall go over to America, and spend one winter in my dear native country. As ardently as I long to see my beloved friends in America, I can not prevail on myself to be any longer from Rangoon than is absolutely necessary for the preservation of my life. I have had a severe struggle relative to my *immediate* return to Rangoon, instead of going to England. But I did not venture to go contrary to the convictions of reason, to the opinion of an eminent and skilful physician, and the repeated injunctions of Mr. Judson."

Mrs. Judson was heartily welcomed by the

Christians of England, and was entertained at the house of Mr. Butterworth, a member of Parliament, who, afterward referring to her in a public address, said that her visit at his house reminded him of the words of Scripture: “Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.”

She arrived in America Sept. 25, 1822, and remained until the 22d of June, 1823. Her visit in this country awakened great missionary enthusiasm, and on her return she was accompanied by the two newly-appointed missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Wade. She reached Rangoon on the 5th of December, 1823, after an absence of about two years and three months.

She is thus described by Dr. Wayland, who formed a personal acquaintance with her during her visit in the United States:

“I do not remember ever to have met a more remarkable woman. To great clearness of intellect, large powers of comprehension, and intuitive female sagacity, ripened by the constant necessity of independent action, she added that heroic disinterestedness which naturally loses all consciousness of self in the prosecution of a great object. These elements, however, were all held in reserve and were hidden from public view by a veil of unusual feminine delicacy. To an ordinary observer, she would have appeared simply a self-possessed, well-bred, and very intelligent gentlewoman. A more intimate acquaintance would soon discover her to be a person of profound religious feeling, which was ever manifesting itself in efforts to impress upon others the importance of personal piety. The resources of her nature were never unfolded until some occasion occurred which demanded delicate tact, unflinching courage, and a power of resolute endurance even unto death. When I saw her,

her complexion bore that sallow hue which commonly follows residence in the East Indies. Her countenance at first seemed, when in repose, deficient in expression. As she found herself among friends who were interested in the Burman mission, her reserve melted away, her eye kindled, every feature was lighted up with enthusiasm, and she was everywhere acknowledged to be one of the most fascinating of women."

After Mrs. Judson's departure, Mr. Judson was left alone in Rangoon for nearly four months, and continued his labors in complete solitude. On December 13, 1821, the Rev. Jonathan Price, M.D., a medical missionary, arrived with his family, and joined the mission. About a month later Mr. Hough and his family returned from Calcutta. On the 2d of May, 1822, Mrs. Price died, after having been in the country only five months, and was buried by the side of Mr. Judson's little Roger. Dr. Price's medical skill, especially shown in performing operations for cataracts, attracted the attention of the Burman emperor at Ava. He was summoned to appear at the royal court, and Mr. Judson thought it best to accompany him, hoping that now the king's favor might be secured in behalf of the new religion, and that he might even be permitted to plant a mission in the capital city. So on August 28, 1822, Mr. Judson set out on his second journey to Ava, this time in the company of Dr. Price, and at the expense of the Government. In the meantime, the number of the native church membership in Rangoon had grown from ten to eighteen. His visit to Ava, and return to Rangoon, are thus described in his journal:

"After much tedious detention, resulting from our connection with Government, we reached Ava on the 27th of September. We were immediately introduced to

the king, who received brother Price very graciously, and made many inquiries about his medical skill, but took no notice of me, except as interpreter. The a-twen-woon Moung Zah, however, immediately recognized me, made a few inquiries about my welfare, in presence of the king, and, after his majesty had withdrawn, conversed a little on religious subjects, and gave me some private encouragement to remain at the capital.

"*October 1*. To-day the king noticed me for the first time, though I have appeared before him nearly every day since our arrival. After making some inquiries, as usual, about brother Price, he added, 'And you in black, what are you? A medical man, too?' 'Not a medical man, but a teacher of religion, your majesty.' He proceeded to make a few inquiries about my religion, and then put the alarming question whether any had embraced it. I evaded, by saying, 'Not here.' He persisted. 'Are there any in Rangoon?' 'There are a few.' 'Are they foreigners?' I trembled for the consequences of an answer, which might involve the little church in ruin; but the truth must be sacrificed, or the consequences hazarded, and I therefore replied, 'There are some foreigners and some Burmans.' He remained silent a few moments, but presently showed that he was not displeased, by asking a great variety of questions on religion, and geography, and astronomy, some of which were answered in such a satisfactory manner as to occasion a general expression of approbation in all the court present. After his majesty retired, a than-dau-sen (a royal secretary) entered into conversation, and allowed me to expatiate on several topics of the Christian religion, in my usual way. And all this took place in the hearing of the very man, now an a-twen-woon, who, many years ago, caused his uncle to be tortured almost to death under the iron mall for renouncing Buddhism and embracing the Roman Catholic religion; but I knew it not at the time, though, from his age, a slight suspicion of the truth passed

across my mind. Thanks to God for the encouragement of this day! The monarch of the empire has distinctly understood that some of his subjects have embraced the Christian religion, and his wrath has been restrained. Let us then hope that, as he becomes more acquainted with the excellence of the religion, he will be more and more willing that his subjects should embrace it.

"*October 3.* Left the boat, and moved into the house ordered to be erected for us by the king. A mere temporary shed, however, it proves to be, scarcely sufficient to screen us from the gaze of people without or from the rain above. It is situated near the present palace, and joins the enclosure of Prince M., eldest half brother of the king.

"*October 4.* On our return from the palace, whither we go every morning after breakfast, Prince M. sent for me. I had seen him once before, in company with brother Price, whom he called for medical advice. To-day he wished to converse on science and religion. He is a fine young man of twenty-eight, but greatly disfigured by a paralytic affection of the arms and legs. Being cut off from the usual sources of amusement, and having associated a little with the Portuguese padres who have lived at Ava, he has acquired a strong taste for foreign science. My communications interested him very much, and I found it difficult to get away.

"*October 21.* Visited the a-twen-woon Moung Zah, and had a long conversation on the religion and customs of foreigners, in which I endeavored to communicate as much as possible of the Gospel. Upon the whole, he appeared to be rather favorably disposed, and, on my taking leave, invited me respectfully to visit him occasionally. Thence I proceeded to the palace, but met with nothing noticeable, and thence to the house of Prince M., with whom I had an hour's uninterrupted conversation. But I am sorry to find that he is rather amused with the information I give him, than disposed to consider it a matter of personal concern. I presented

him with a tract, which he received as a favor; and finally I ventured to ask him whether Burman subjects who should consider and embrace the Christian religion would be liable to persecution. He replied, 'Not under the reign of my brother. He has a good heart, and wishes all to believe and worship as they please.'

"*October 23.* Had some pleasant conversation with Moung Zah in the palace, partly in the hearing of the king. At length his majesty came forward, and honored me with some personal notice for the second time, inquired much about my country, and authorized me to invite American ships to his dominions, assuring them of protection, and offering every facility for the purposes of trade.

"*October 24.* Visited Moung Zah at his house. He treated me with great reserve, and repelled all attempts at conversation. Afterward called on Prince M., and spent a long time with him and the officers in waiting. The whole tract was read before them by one of the secretaries. In the afternoon, went out of town to visit Moung Shwa-thah, former viceroy of Rangoon. During our absence, Prince M. sent to our house to call me, saying that a learned pundit was in attendance with whom he wished to hear me converse.

"*October 26.* While I lay ill some days ago, a young man, brother of an officer of Prince M., visited me, and listened to a considerable exposition of Gospel truth. Since then he has occasionally called, and manifested a desire to hear and know more. This evening he came to attend our evening worship, and remained conversing till nine o'clock. I hope that light is dawning on his mind. He desires to know the truth, appears to be, in some degree, sensible of his sins, and has some slight apprehension of the love and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"*October 28.* Spent the forenoon with Prince M. He obtained, for the first time (though I have explained it to him many times), some view of the nature of the

atonement, and cried out, 'Good, good!' He then proposed a number of objections, which I removed to his apparent satisfaction. Our subsequent conversation turned, as usual, on points of geography and astronomy. He candidly acknowledged that he could not resist my arguments in favor of the Copernican system, and that, if he admitted them, he must also admit that the Buddhist system was overthrown. In the afternoon, visited Prince T. A hopeless case.

"*October 29*. Made an introductory visit to the Great Prince, so called by way of eminence, being the only brother of the queen, and sustaining the rank of chief a-twen-woon. Have frequently met him at the palace, where he has treated me rather uncourteously; and my reception to-day was such as I had too much reason to expect.

"*October 30*. Spent part of the forenoon with Prince M. and his wife, the Princess of S., own sister of the king. Gave her a copy of Mrs. Judson's Burman catechism, with which she was much pleased. They both appear to be somewhat attached to me, and say, 'Do not return to Rangoon, but, when your wife arrives, call her to Ava; the king will give you a piece of ground on which to build a *kyoung*' (a house appropriated to the residence of sacred characters). In the evening, they sent for me again, chiefly on account of an officer of Government, to whom they wished to introduce me.

"*October 31*. Visited the a-twen-woon Moung K., whom I have frequently met at the palace, who has treated me with distinguished candor. He received me very politely, and, laying aside his official dignity, entered into a most spirited dispute on various points of religion. He pretended to maintain his ground without the shadow of doubt; but I am inclined to think that he has serious doubts. We parted in a very friendly manner, and he invited me to visit him occasionally.

"*November 12*. Spent the whole forenoon with Prince M. and his wife. Made a fuller disclosure than ever

before of the nature of the Christian religion, the object of Christians in sending me to this country, my former repulse at court and the reason of it, our exposure to persecution in Rangoon, the affair of Moung Shwa-gnong, etc., etc. They entered into my views and feelings with considerable interest; but both said, decidedly, that, though the king would not himself persecute any one on account of religion, he would not give any order exempting from persecution, but would leave his subjects, throughout the empire, to the regular administration of the local authorities.

"After giving the prince a succinct account of my religious experience, I ventured to warn him of his danger, and urged him to make the Christian religion his immediate personal concern. He appeared, for a moment, to feel the force of what I said, but soon replied, 'I am yet young—only twenty-eight. I am desirous of studying all the foreign arts and sciences. My mind will then be enlarged, and I shall be capable of judging whether the Christian religion be true or not.' 'But suppose your highness changes worlds in the meantime?' His countenance again fell. 'It is true,' said he, 'I know not when I shall die.' I suggested that it would be well to pray to God for light, which, if obtained, would enable him at once to distinguish between truth and falsehood; and so we parted. O Fountain of Light, shed down one ray into the mind of this amiable prince, that he may become a patron of Thine infant cause, and inherit an eternal crown.

"*November 14.* Another interview with Prince M. He seemed, at one time, almost ready to give up the religion of Gaudama, and listened with much eagerness and pleasure to the evidences of the Christian religion. But presently two Burman teachers came in, with whom he immediately joined, and contradicted all I said.

"*November 18.* Visited the Princess of T., at her particular request. She is the eldest own sister of the king, and therefore, according to Burman laws,

consigned to perpetual celibacy. She had heard of me from her brother-in-law, Prince M., and wished to converse on science and religion. Her chief officer and the mayor of the city were present; and we carried on a desultory conversation, such as necessarily takes place on the first interview. Her highness treated me with uncommon affability and respect, and invited me to call frequently.

"*November 26.* Have been confined since the 21st with a third attack of the fever and ague. To-day went to the palace, and presented a petition for a certain piece of ground within the walls of the town, 'to build a *kyoung* on.' The king granted it, on condition that the ground should be found unoccupied.

"*November 28.* Spent the whole day at the palace, in endeavoring to secure the ground petitioned for. At night, the land-measurer-general's secretary accompanied me to ascertain the premises, and make out a plan of the place.

"*November 29.* The land-measurer-general reported to the a-twen-woons that the ground was not actually occupied, but, having been the site of a *kyoung* when formerly the city was the seat of Government, must be considered sacred and inalienable; in which opinion nearly all the a-twen-woons coincided, notwithstanding the king's decision to the contrary.

"Had an interesting interview with Prince M., and presented him with a copy of the last three chapters of Matthew, in compliance with his wish to have an account of the death and resurrection of Jesus-Christ. He appeared concerned for our failure to-day in the privy council, but still maintained that, though the ground was sacred, it might with propriety be given to a priest, though not a priest of Gaudama, and advised me to make another application to the king.

"*December 25.* I have had nothing scarcely of a missionary nature to notice since the last date, having been employed, most of the time (that is, in the

intervals of two more attacks of fever and ague), in endeavoring to procure a piece of ground within the city, but have been defeated at every point.

"In prosecuting this business, I had one noticeable interview with the king. Brother Price and two English gentlemen were present. The king appeared to be attracted by our number, and came toward us; but his conversation was directed chiefly to me. He again inquired about the Burmans who had embraced my religion. 'Are they real Burmans? Do they dress like other Burmans?' etc. I had occasion to remark that I preached every Sunday. 'What! in Burman?' 'Yes.' 'Let us hear how you preach.' I hesitated. An a-twen-woon repeated the order. I began with a form of worship which first ascribes glory to God, and then declares the commands of the law of the Gospel; after which I stopped. 'Go on,' said another a-twen-woon. The whole court was profoundly silent. I proceeded with a few sentences, declarative of the perfections of God, when his majesty's curiosity was satisfied, and he interrupted me. In the course of subsequent conversation, he asked what I had to say of Gaudama. I replied, that we all knew he was the son of King Thog-dan-dah-nah; that we regarded him as a wise man and a great teacher, but did not call him God. 'That is right,' said Moung K. N., an a-twen-woon who has not hitherto appeared very friendly to me. And he proceeded to relate the substance of a long communication which I lately made to him, in the privy council room, about God and Christ, etc. And this he did in a very clear and satisfactory manner, so that I had scarcely a single correction to make in his statement. Moung Zah, encouraged by all this, really began to take the side of God before his majesty, and said, 'Nearly all the world, your majesty, believe in an eternal God, all, except Burmah and Siam, these little spots!' His majesty remained silent, and after some other desultory inquiries, he abruptly arose, and retired.

"*January 2, 1823.* To-day I informed the king that it was my intention to return to Rangoon. 'Will you proceed thence to your own country?' 'Only to Rangoon.' His majesty gave an acquiescing nod. The a-twen-woon Moung Zah inquired, 'Will you both go, or will the doctor remain?' I said that he would remain. Brother Price made some remark on the approaching hot season, and the inconvenience of our present situation; on which Moung Zah, inferring that it was on account of the climate that I was about leaving, turned to me, saying, 'Then you will return here, after the hot season.' I looked at the king, and said that if it was convenient, I would return; which his majesty again sanctioned by an acquiescing nod and smile, and in reply to brother Price, said, 'Let a place be given him.' Brother Price, however, thinks of retaining the small place on which we now live for medical purposes, and getting a place at Chagaing, on the opposite side of the river, for his permanent residence.

"In the evening had a long conversation with Moung Zah on religion. He believes that there is an eternal God, and that Gaudama, and Christ, and Mahomet, and others are great teachers, who communicated as much truth respectively as they could, but that their communications are not the word of God. I pressed my arguments as far as I dared; but he seemed to have reflected much on the subject, and to have become quite settled and inflexible in his conclusions. He may be called a deistic Buddhist, the first that I have met in the country. On parting, however, he remarked, 'This is a deep and difficult subject. Do you, teacher, consider further, and I also will consider.'

"*January 7.* Among the many places which I endeavored in vain to procure was a small one, sufficient for one family only, pleasantly situated on the banks of the river, just without the walls of the town, and about a mile from the palace. But it had been appropriated by the chief woon-gyee, and partly fenced

in, with the intention of building a temporary zayat for his recreation and refreshment, when accompanying the king in that quarter of the city, and was, therefore, placed beyond any reasonable hope of attainment. Among other desperate attempts, however, I wrote a short petition, asking for that place, and begging leave to express my gratitude, by presenting a certain sum of money. It was necessary to put this into his own hand; and I was, therefore, obliged to follow him about, and watch his movements, for two or three days, until a favorable opportunity occurred, when he was apart from all his retinue. I seized the moment, presented myself before him, and held up the paper. He read it, and smiled. 'You are indefatigable in your search after a place. But you can not have that. It is for my own use. Nor, if otherwise, could you get it for money. Search further.' I now concluded to return to Rangoon for the present, and wait until the town should be settled, when, as all inform me, I shall be able to accommodate myself better. I accordingly informed the king of my purpose, as mentioned above, and began to look about for a boat. In the meantime, it occurred to me to make a 'seventh attempt to fix the thread,' and I sought another interview with the chief woon-gyee, a being who is really more difficult of access than the king himself. This evening I was so fortunate as to find him at his house, lying down, surrounded by forty or fifty of his people. I pressed forward into the foremost rank, and placed myself in a proper attitude. After a while, his eye fell upon me, and I held up a small bottle of *eau de luce*, and desired to present it. One of his officers carried it to him. He happened to be much pleased with it, and sat upright. 'What kind of a house do you intend to build?' I told him, but added, 'I have no place to build on, my lord.' He remained in a meditating attitude a few moments, and then suddenly replied, '*If you want the little enclosure, take it!*' I expressed my gratitude. He began to take more notice of me, inquired about my

character and profession, and then entered, with considerable spirit, on the subject of religion. After some conversation, he desired a specimen of my mode of worship and preaching; and I was obliged to repeat much more than I did before the king; for whenever I desisted, he ordered me to go on. When his curiosity was satisfied, he lay down, and I quietly retired.

"*January 8.* After taking the best advice, Burman and foreign, I weighed out the sum of money mentioned in the private petition, together with the estimated expense of fencing the place given me by the woon-gyee, and in the evening carried it to his house, where I was again fortunate in finding him in the same position as yesterday evening. A few noblemen and their attendants were present, which prevented me from immediately producing the money. His excellency soon took notice of me, and from seven o'clock till nine, the time was chiefly occupied in conversation on religious subjects. I found opportunity to bring forward some of my favorite arguments, one of which, in particular, seemed to carry conviction to the minds of all present, and extorted from the great man an expression of praise; such praise, however, as is indicative of surprise rather than approbation. When the company retired, my people at the outer door overheard one say to another, 'Is it not pleasant to hear this foreign teacher converse on religion?' 'Ay,' said the other, 'but his doctrines are derogatory to the honor of Lord Gaudama.' When they were gone, I presented the money, saying that I wished to defray the expense of fencing the ground, which had been graciously given me. His excellency was pleased with the offer, but gently declined accepting anything. He then looked steadily at me, as if to penetrate into the motives of my conduct, and recollecting the manœuvres of the first English settlers in Bengal, thought he had discovered something. 'Understand, teacher, that we do not give you the entire owning of this ground. We take no recompense, *lest it become*

American territory. We give it to you for your present residence only, and, when you go away, shall take it again.' 'When I go away, my lord, those at whose expense the house is to be built, will desire to place another teacher in my stead.' 'Very well, let him also occupy the place; but when he dies, or when there is no teacher, we will take it.' 'In that case, my lord, take it.'

"*January 10*. Spent the whole of yesterday and to-day with various secretaries and officers of Government in getting actual possession of the ground given me.

"*January 13*. Built a small house, and stationed one of the disciples and family to keep the place during my absence.

"*January 18*. Removed to Chagaing, into a house which Prince M. has allowed brother Price to build on his ground, in expectation that a change of air and residence would relieve me from the fever and ague, under which I suffer nearly every other day. It is my intention, however, to return immediately to Rangoon, the time being nearly expired which I at first proposed to spend in Ava, and the ends for which I came up being sufficiently gained.

"*January 22*. Took leave of Prince M. He desired me to return soon, and bring with me all the Christian Scriptures, and translate them into Burman. 'For,' said he, 'I wish to read them all.'

"*January 24*. Went to take leave of the king, in company with Mr. L., collector of the port of Rangoon, who arrived last evening. We sat a few moments conversing together. 'What are you talking about?' said his majesty. 'He is speaking of his return to Rangoon,' replied Mr. L. 'What does he return for? Let him not return. Let them both [that is, brother Price and myself] stay together. If one goes away, the other must remain alone, and will be unhappy.' 'He wishes to go for a short time only,' replied Mr. L., 'to bring his wife, the female teacher, and his goods, not having brought anything with him this time; and he will return soon.'

His majesty looked at me. 'Will you, then, come again?' I replied in the affirmative. 'When you come again, is it your intention to remain permanently, or will you go back and forth, as foreigners commonly do?' 'When I come again, it is my intention to remain permanently.' 'Very well,' said his majesty, and withdrew into his inner apartment.

"Heard to-day of the death of Mah Myat-lah, sister of Mah Men-la, one of the most steadfast of the church in Rangoon.

"*January 25.* Embarked on a small boat, intending to go day and night, and touch nowhere, in order to avoid the robbers, of which we have lately had alarming accounts.

"*February 2. Lord's day.* At one o'clock in the morning reached Rangoon, seven days from Ava.

"A letter from Mrs. Judson, in England, informs me that she is going to America, and will not be here under several months. I propose, therefore, waiting her return, and occupying the interval in finishing the translation of the New Testament."

The way now seemed open to establish a mission in Ava. Mr. Judson always longed to go into the "regions beyond." The Houghs and the Wades could sufficiently care for the infant church at Rangoon. Why not plant a church in the heart of the empire, under the shelter of the throne? A letter to Dr. Baldwin discloses this daring purpose:

"RANGOON, *February* 11, 1823.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: My last to you was written just before we left Rangoon for Ava.

"You will learn from my journal, forwarded herewith to the Corresponding Secretary, the particulars of our visit to Ava. Suffice it here to say that the Lord has been gracious to us beyond our expectation. My reception, as a minister of religion, has been very different from what

it was before. A liberal and candid spirit seems to prevail among all the members of the royal family, and among many of the leading members of Government. It is distinctly understood by the king, and by all who have any knowledge of me at all, that I am a thah-tha-nah-pyoo-tsayah, that is, a religion-propagating teacher; and yet I have been smiled on, and listened to, and, by order of the king himself, have received from the chief public minister of state the grant of a small piece of ground, for the express purpose of building a *kyoung* (a house appropriated to sacred characters). It is my intention, therefore, to return thither as soon as Mrs. Judson arrives, who, I hear, has gone on to America. And in the meantime, I shall occupy myself in finishing the translation of the New Testament—a work which I left unfinished with great reluctance, and which I rejoice to have leisure to resume.

"During my absence, one of the best of our church members, the sister of Mah Men-la, was called from this world to join, I trust, the church triumphant. She died in peace and joy, professing her belief in Jesus Christ, and saying that she should soon be with Him in heaven.

"During the whole of my residence at Ava, I was severely afflicted at intervals with the fever and ague. I did hope that a change of climate would effect my cure; but the disorder has followed me to Rangoon, and I am subject to it every other day. Brother Price was apprehensive that it would terminate fatally, having resisted every medical application, and become so deeply rooted; and he would have accompanied me hither, had I not dissuaded him. My only hope now is, that it will exhaust itself before my constitution is exhausted; but the Lord's will be done. I could wish to live to finish the New Testament, and I should also be happy to see a little church raised up in Ava, as there has been in Rangoon. But the ways of God are not as the ways of man. He does all things well. Glory be to His holy name forevermore."

But before going to Ava, he must await Mrs. Judson's arrival. Ten months intervened between his return from Ava and her arrival at Rangoon. During this time he completed the translation of the New Testament into Burmese, and prepared an epitome of the Old Testament, which might serve as an introduction to the study of the New. On the 13th of December, 1823, eight days after Mrs. Judson's arrival, he set out in company with her for Ava, where they arrived on January 23, 1824. This marked an epoch in Mr. Judson's life. His ardent, active temperament was to be subjected to the crucible of passive endurance; and we now pass from the record of his activities to the story of his sufferings.

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26. See Map II.

27. "One of these female disciples was found at Rangoon by the missionaries in August, 1852, having attained the age of eighty years. From the time of her baptism until then, for thirty years, she had maintained, in the midst of heathenism, a consistent Christian profession. She remembered well Mr. Judson and 'the Mamma' Judson, and was in daily expectation of meeting them again in heaven."

CHAPTER VII.
LIFE IN AVA AND OUNG-PEN-LA.
1823-1826.

When Mr. and Mrs. Judson left Rangoon to establish their home in Ava, the outlook was encouraging. They had left behind them a small but vigorous church of eighteen converted Burmans, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Hough, and Mr. and Mrs. Wade. They had been invited by the king to live in the capital city, and had received from him a plot of ground on which to build a mission-house. They felt sure of royal protection and favor. Many persons of high rank seemed kindly disposed to the new religion; while Dr. Price had won golden opinions by his medical skill.

They immediately commenced the building of a little dwelling-house, and Mrs. Judson soon had a school of three native girls. Mr. Judson preached in Burmese every Sunday at Dr. Price's house, and held worship every evening. The journey up the Irrawaddy and the beginning of their life in Ava are described in the following fragment from a letter written by Mrs. Judson to her parents and sisters:

"AVA, *February* 10, 1824.

"After two years and a half wandering, you will be pleased to hear that I have at last arrived at home, so

far as this life is concerned, and am once more quietly and happily settled with Mr. Judson.

"We had a quick and pleasant passage from Calcutta to Rangoon. Mr. Judson's boat was all in readiness, my baggage was immediately taken from the ship to the boat, and in seven days from my arrival we were on our way to the capital. Our boat was small and inconvenient; but the current at this season is so very strong, and the wind always against us, that our progress was slow indeed. The season, however, was cool and delightful; we were preserved from dangers by day and robbers by night, and arrived in safety in six weeks. The A-rah-wah-tee (Irrawadi) is a noble river; its banks everywhere covered with immortal beings, destined to the same eternity as ourselves. We often walked through the villages, and though we never received the least insult, always attracted universal attention. A foreign female was a sight never before beheld, and all were anxious that their friends and relatives should have a view. Crowds followed us through the villages, and some, who were less civilized than others, would run some way before us in order to have a *long* look as we approached them. In one instance, the boat being some time in doubling a point we had walked over, we seated ourselves, when the villagers, as usual, assembled, and Mr. Judson introduced the subject of religion. Several old men who were present entered into conversation, while the multitude was all attention. The apparent schoolmaster of the village coming up, Mr. Judson handed him a tract, and requested him to read. After proceeding some way, he remarked to the assembly that such a writing was worthy of being copied, and asked Mr. Judson to remain while he copied it. Mr. Judson informed him he might keep the tract, on condition he read it to all his neighbors. We could not but hope the Spirit of God would bless those few simple truths to the salvation of some of their souls.

"Our boat was near being upset in passing through one of the rapids with which this river abounds. The rudder became entangled in the rocks, which brought the boat across the stream and laid her on one side. The steersman, however, had presence of mind sufficient to cut the rudder from the boat, which caused her to right, without experiencing any other inconvenience than a thorough fright and the loss of our breakfast, which was precipitated from the fireplace into the water, together with everything on the outside of the boat.

"On our arrival at Ava, we had more difficulties to encounter, and such as we had never before experienced. We had no home, no house to shelter us from the burning sun by day and the cold dews at night. Dr. Price had kindly met us on the way, and urged our taking up our residence with him; but his house was in such an unfinished state, and the walls so damp (of brick, and just built), that spending two or three hours threw me into a fever, and induced me to feel that it would be presumption to remain longer. We had but one alternative—to remain in the boat till we could build a small house on the spot of ground which the king gave Mr. Judson last year. And you will hardly believe it possible—for I almost doubt my senses—that, in just a fortnight from our arrival, we moved into a house built in that time, and which is sufficiently large to make us comfortable. It is in a most delightful situation, out of the dust of the town, and on the bank of the river. The spot of ground given by his majesty is small, being only one hundred and twenty feet long and seventy-five wide; but it is our own, and is the most healthy situation I have seen. Our house is raised four feet from the ground, and consists of three small rooms and a veranda.

"I hardly know how we shall bear the hot season, which is just commencing, as our house is built of boards, and before night is heated like an oven. Nothing but brick is a shelter from the heat of Ava, where the

thermometer, even in the shade, frequently rises to a hundred and eight degrees. We have worship every evening in Burman, when a number of the natives assemble; and every Sabbath Mr. Judson preaches the other side of the river in Dr. Price's house. We feel it an inestimable privilege, that amid all our discouragements we have the language, and are able constantly to communicate truths which can save the soul.

"My female school has already commenced with three little girls, who are learning to read, sew, etc. Two of them are sisters, and we have named them *Mary* and *Abby Hasseltine*. One of them is to be supported with the money which the 'Judson Association of Bradford Academy' have engaged to collect. They are fine children, and improve as rapidly as any children in the world. Their mother is deranged, and their father gave them to me to educate, so that I have been at no expense for them excepting their food and clothes. I have already begun to make inquiries for children, and doubt not we shall be directed in regard to our school."

The following letter from Mr. Judson to Dr. Baldwin shows, however, that a dark cloud was gathering on the horizon:

"AVA, *February* 19, 1824.

"My last was dated the 7th of December, a few days after Mrs. J.'s arrival in Rangoon. We left on the 13th ensuing, and were six weeks on the journey. A few days below Ava, brother Price met us in a small boat, having heard of our approach. From him we first learned that all the *A-twen-woons*, the privy council of the king, had been turned out of office, and a new set appointed, with whom we had no acquaintance or interest. Various occurrences had conspired to render the king somewhat disaffected toward foreigners. Brother Price has made but little advance in the royal favor. On my appearing at the palace, I found that a year had made great changes. My old friends and advocates before the king

were missing. Very few recognized me. At length his majesty came forward, just spoke to me, and accepted a small present. But I have seen him twice since without obtaining a word or look.

"The only persons who ever received me with real cordiality are Prince M. and his wife; but even they are not much disposed to converse on religion.

"I have public worship every Lord's day at brother Price's, as he is able, from his acquaintance with the neighbors around him, to collect an assembly of a dozen or twenty, including two or three of the disciples who accompanied us from Rangoon.

"But my time has been hitherto almost wholly occupied in getting up something to shelter us on the lot formally assigned me by the Government. It will be necessary also to build a small brick house as soon as possible, and to use every other precaution against the heat, which is so intense during the months of April, May, and June, as to raise the thermometer to one hundred and eight and ten in the shade.

"A misunderstanding has existed for several months between this and the Bengal Government. Troops have marched from both sides to the frontiers. War appeared at one time to be certain, but the latest accounts are rather pacific. In the case of actual war, as the distinction between Americans and Englishmen is pretty well understood in this place, we hope we shall not be considered as implicated, and suffer no other inconvenience than that of having all communication with our friends cut off, except in case of war's reaching the capital, when we shall be exposed to the vicissitudes and dangers incident to such a state.

"But in all cases, we trust that we have a few dear friends at home who bear us on their hearts at the throne of grace, and a still dearer and greater Friend at the right hand of the Divine Presence in Heaven, who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and will graciously succor us in the time of trouble and make us

come off conquerors at last.

"But, my dear and venerable friend and brother and father, you are, from long experience, more able than I am to taste the sweetness of this precious truth; and your advanced age, and the grace of Christ, enable you to hope that you will ere long be allowed to adopt the triumphant language of the Apostle Paul. Pray for me, that I may be accounted worthy to hold out to the end, and finally meet with you before the throne, and handle a harp of gold in the dear Redeemer's praise."

Mr. Judson's forebodings were well founded. War soon broke out between Burmah and the English Government in India. For two years after the writing of the above letter, the Christians of America were kept in a state of terrible suspense, unbroken by any tidings from their missionaries in Ava, which was only assuaged by fervent and universal prayer on their behalf.

The occasion of the war was Chittagong, that particular strip of low land lying along the sea and flanking Burmah on the west, and to which Mr. Colman had gone to prepare an asylum for the Judsons in case they should be driven out of Rangoon. This district was under British rule, and refugees from the cruel despotism of Burmah had taken shelter there. The Burman monarch insisted that his victims should be arrested by the English authorities and handed over to him. Besides, he felt that Chittagong belonged naturally to Burmah. And such was his pride and his contempt for British prowess, that he deemed it quite possible for him not only to recover this territory, but even to conquer the whole of Bengal.

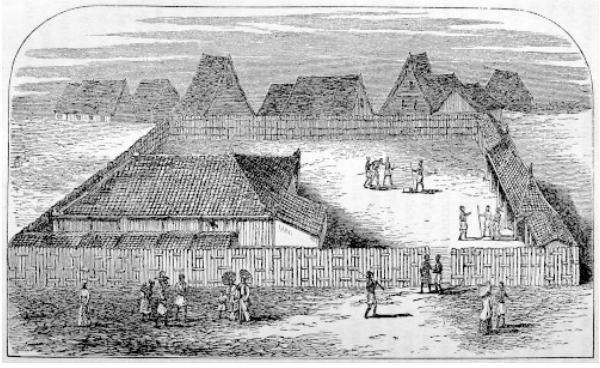
When war actually broke out, suspicion fell at once on all the white foreigners residing in Ava. They were thought to be spies secretly acting in

collusion with the English Government. They were immediately arrested, fettered, and thrown into the death-prison.

"I was seized," Dr. Judson writes, "on the 8th of June, 1824, in consequence of the war with Bengal, and in company with Dr. Price, three Englishmen, one American, and one Greek, was thrown into the death-prison at Ava, where we lay eleven months—nine months in three pairs, and two months in five pairs of fetters. The scenes we witnessed and the sufferings we underwent during that period I would fain consign to oblivion. From the death-prison at Ava, we were removed to a country prison at Oung-pen-la, ten miles distant, under circumstances of such severe treatment, that one of our number, the Greek, expired on the road; and some of the rest, among whom was myself, were scarcely able to move for several days. It was the intention of the Government, in removing us from Ava, to have us sacrificed in order to insure victory over the foreigners; but the sudden disgrace and death of the adviser of that measure prevented its execution. I remained in the Oung-pen-la prison six months in one pair of fetters; at the expiration of which period, I was taken out of irons, and sent under a strict guard to the Burmese headquarters at Mah-looan, to act as interpreter and translator. Two months more elapsed, when, on my return to Ava, I was released at the instance of Moung Shwa-loo, the north governor of the palace, and put under his charge. During the six weeks that I resided with him, the affairs of the Government became desperate, the British troops making steady advances on the capital; and after Dr. Price had been twice dispatched to negotiate for peace (a business which I declined as long as possible), I was taken by force and associated with him. We found the British above Pah-gan; and on returning to Ava with their final terms, I had the happiness of procuring the release of

the very last of my fellow-prisoners; and on the 21st inst. obtained the reluctant consent of the Government to my final departure from Ava with Mrs. Judson."

In these few modest words Mr. Judson passes over all the prolonged horrors which he endured in the confinement of an Oriental jail. Let us glance at his experience more in detail. His imprisonment was remarkable for its *duration*. For nine months he was confined in three pairs of fetters, two months in five, six months in one; for two months he was a prisoner at large; and for nearly two months, although released from prison, he was yet restrained in Ava under the charge of the north governor of the palace, so that his confinement reached nearly to the end of twenty-one long months.



EXTERIOR OF PRISON ENCLOSURE.

Again, for most of the time of his confinement, he was shut up in a loathsome, wretched *place*.

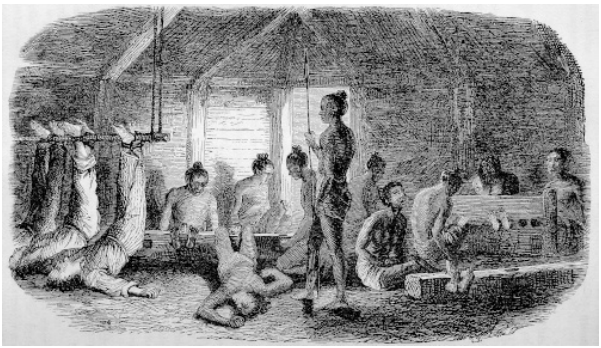
"It derives its remarkable, well-selected name, *Let-ma-yoon*—literally interpreted, *hand, shrink not*—from the revolting scenes of cruelty practiced within its walls. To

those acquainted with the Burmese language, the name conveys a peculiar impression of terror. It contemplates the extreme of human suffering, and when this has reached a point at which our nature recoils—when it is supposed that any one bearing the human form might well refuse to be the instrument to add to it, the hand of the executioner is apostrophized and encouraged not to follow the dictates of the heart: 'Thine eye shall not pity and thine hand not spare.'"[28]

The *Let-ma-yoon* was a building about forty feet long and thirty feet wide. It was five or six feet high along the sides, but as the roof sloped, the centre of it was perhaps double that height. There was no ventilation except through the chinks between the boards and through the door, which was generally closed. On the thin roof poured down the burning rays of a tropical sun. In this room were confined nearly one hundred prisoners of both sexes and all nationalities. Dr. Price thus describes the impressions he received on entering the prison:

"A little bamboo door opened, and I rose to go toward it. But oh! who can describe my sensations! shackled like a common felon, in the care of hangmen, the offscouring of the country, turned like a dog into his kennel, my wife, my dear family, left to suffer alone all the rudeness such wretches are capable of. The worst, however, was yet to come; for making the best of my way up the high steps, I was ushered into the grand apartment. Horror of horrors, what a sight! never to my dying day shall I forget the scene: a dim lamp in the midst, just making darkness visible, and discovering to my horrified gaze sixty or seventy wretched objects, some in long rows made fast in the stocks, some strung on long poles, some simply fettered; but all sensible of a new acquisition of misery in the approach of a new prisoner. Stupefied, I stopped to gaze till, goaded on, I

proceeded toward the further end, when I again halted. A new and unexpected sight met my eyes. Till now I had been kept in ignorance of the fate of my companions. A long row of white objects, stretched on the floor in a most crowded situation, revealed to me, however, but too well their sad state, and I was again urged forward. Poor old Rodgers, wishing to retain the end of the bamboo, made way for me to be placed alongside of Mr. Judson. 'We all hoped you would have escaped, you were so long coming,' was the first friendly salutation I had yet received; but alas, it was made by friends whose sympathy was now unavailable."



INTERIOR OF THE LET-MA-YOON PRISON.

The following description of the interior of this jail is given by an English fellow-prisoner of Mr. Judson:

"The only articles of furniture the place contained were these: First, and most prominent, was a gigantic row of stocks, similar in its construction to that formerly used in England, but now nearly extinct; though dilapidated specimens may still be seen in some of the marketplaces of our own country towns. It was capable of accommodating more than a dozen

occupants, and like a huge alligator opened and shut its jaws with a loud snap upon its prey. Several smaller reptiles, interesting varieties of the same species, lay basking around this monster, each holding by the leg a pair of hapless victims consigned to its custody. These were heavy logs of timber, bored with holes to admit the feet, and fitted with wooden pins to hold them fast. In the centre of the apartment was placed a tripod, holding a large earthen cup filled with earth-oil, to be used as a lamp during the night-watches; and lastly, a simple but suspicious-looking piece of machinery whose painful uses it was my fate to test before many hours had elapsed. It was merely a long bamboo suspended from the roof by a rope at each end, and worked by blocks or pulleys, to raise or depress it at pleasure.

"Before me, stretched on the floor, lay forty or fifty hapless wretches, whose crimes or misfortunes had brought them into this place of torment. They were all nearly naked, and the half-famished features and skeleton frames of many of them too plainly told the story of their protracted sufferings. Very few were without chains, and some had one or both feet in the stocks besides. A sight of such squalid wretchedness can hardly be imagined. Silence seemed to be the order of the day; perhaps the poor creatures were so engrossed with their own misery that they hardly cared to make any remarks on the intrusion of so unusual an inmate as myself.

"If the *ensemble* be difficult to portray, the stench was absolutely indescribable, for it was not like anything which exists elsewhere in creation. I will therefore give the facts, and leave the reader's nose to understand them by a synthetic course of reasoning—if it can.

"The prison had never been washed, nor even swept, since it was built. So I was told, and have no doubt it was true; for, besides the ocular proof from its present condition, it is certain no attempt was made to cleanse it during my subsequent tenancy of eleven months. This

gave a kind of fixedness or permanency to the fetid odors, until the very floors and walls were saturated with them, and joined in emitting the pest. Putrid remains of castaway animal and vegetable stuff, which needed no broom to make it *move on*—the stale fumes from thousands of tobacco-pipes—the scattered ejections of the pulp and liquid from their everlasting betel, and other nameless abominations, still more disgusting, which strewed the floor—and if to this be added the exudations from the bodies of a crowd of never-washed convicts, encouraged by the thermometer at 100°, in a den almost without ventilation—is it possible to say what it *smelt* like?

"As might have been expected from such a state of things, the place was teeming with creeping vermin to such an extent that very soon reconciled me to the plunder of the greater portion of my dress."

Surely it were enough for Mr. Judson to be shut up in the hot, stifling stench of a place like this without having his ankles and legs weighted with five pairs of irons, the scars from which he wore to his dying day. He could say with the Apostle Paul, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." In each pair of fetters the two iron rings were connected by a chain so short that the heel of one foot could hardly be advanced to the toe of the other; and this task could be accomplished only by "shuffling a few inches at a time." The five pairs of irons weighed about fourteen pounds, and when they were removed after being long worn, there was a strained sensation, the equilibrium of the body seemingly destroyed, so that the head was too heavy for the feet. Then at nightfall, lest the prisoners should escape, they were *strung* (to use Dr. Price's graphic if not elegant expression) on a bamboo pole.

"When night came on," writes one of Mr. Judson's

fellow-prisoners, “the ‘Father’ of the establishment, entering, stalked toward our corner. The meaning of the bamboo now became apparent. It was passed between the legs of each individual, and when it had threaded our number, seven in all, a man at each end hoisted it up by the blocks to a height which allowed our shoulders to rest on the ground, while our feet depended from the iron rings of the fetters. The adjustment of the height was left to the judgment of our kind-hearted parent, who stood by to see that it was not high enough to endanger life, nor low enough to exempt from pain.... In the morning, our considerate parent made his appearance, and, with his customary grin, lowered down the bamboo to within a foot of the floor, to the great relief of our benumbed limbs, in which the blood slowly began again to circulate.”

When Mr. Judson was subjected to these indignities and tortures, he was in the very prime of life—thirty-six years old. He had come to that age when a good physical constitution is thoroughly seasoned and well qualified to endure hardship.

He had always taken the best care of his health consistent with the performance of his multiform duties. Even before leaving America, he had adopted the following rules: First, frequently to inhale large quantities of air, so as to expand the lungs to the uttermost; secondly, daily to sponge the whole body in cold water; and thirdly, and above all, to take systematic exercise in walking.

Again, he had that tough, wiry physique which endures unexpectedly even during prolonged crises. All this was in his favor. But, on the other hand, he was a student, unused to suffering hardship. His naturally vigorous constitution had been somewhat enfeebled by ten years of close application to study in a tropical climate, and of late years had been

completely shattered by repeated blows of fever and ague. He was reared in the cold, bracing air of New England, and during the tedious hours of imprisonment, how often must his memory have projected the sufferings of the Oriental jail against the background of the cool, green hillsides of his childhood. For

> ... "this is truth the poet sings,
> That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

And his was an active, methodical nature, to which the enforced idleness of twenty-one months must have brought the keenest torture. There was his Burman Bible unfinished, and ten years of work in Rangoon going to pieces in his absence. He longed to be preaching the Gospel. Now that he had at last completely mastered the native tongue, he was filled with Jeremiah's consuming zeal. "His word was in mine heart, as a burning fire shut up in my bones."

Endowed with a nervous temperament, his nature was exceedingly sensitive to discomfort. One of his fellow-prisoners says: "His painful sensitiveness to anything gross or uncleanly, amounting almost to folly, was an unfortunate virtue to possess, and made him live a life of constant martyrdom." Of his personal habits, Mrs. E. C. Judson says:

"His predilection for neatness, uniformity, and order amounted, indeed, to a passion. Then he had an innate sort of refinement about him, which would subject him to annoyance when a less sensitive person would only be amused—a most inconvenient qualification for a missionary. This passion for order—which I should rather consider an unconquerable love for the beautiful and elegant, studiously perverted—displayed itself

rather oddly after the means for its natural gratification and development were cut off. Nobody ever luxuriated more in perfectly spotless linen, though, partly from necessity, and partly because there was a suspicion among his friends that he would wear no other, it was always coarse. The tie of the narrow black ribbon, which he wore instead of a neckcloth, was perfect, and the ribbon itself would not have soiled the purest snow, though it was often limp and rusty from frequent washing. His general dress was always clean, and adjusted with scrupulous exactness, though it often looked as if it might have belonged to some rustic of the last century, being of the plainest material, and in fashion the American idea of what was proper for a missionary, perpetuated in broad caricature by a bungling Bengalee tailor. Most people thought that he dressed oddly from a love of eccentricity; but the truth is, he was not in the least aware of anything peculiar in his costume, never seeing himself in a mirror larger than his pocket toilet-glass. He could see his feet, however; and his shoes never had a spot on their polish, nor the long, white, carefully-gartered stockings a wrinkle, much less a stain. In the construction and arrangement of his unique studying apparatus, which was composed of two long, narrow boxes mounted on a teak table, there was the same mixture of plainness with neatness and order, and, what was rather conspicuous in all his arrangements, a wonderful capacity for convenience. No one ever thought of invading his study corner; for he dusted his books and papers himself, and knew so well where everything was placed, that he could have laid his hand upon the smallest article in the darkest night."

A nature amply endowed with these fine sensibilities must have instinctively shrunk from the filth of the dungeon and the squalor of the prisoners; while the constrained and crowded position, night

and day, and the galling fetters, were almost unendurable.

There was also much to shock his moral nature. He found himself thrown into close association with the basest criminals of the Burman capital. His pure look rested upon their repulsive features, his reluctant ears were filled with their vulgar and blasphemous jests. Besides this, again and again he saw the wretched prisoner tortured with the cord and the mallet, and was forced to hear the writhing victim's shriek of anguish.

Again, he was a man of the strongest and tenderest affections. What keen mental anguish must he have experienced at the thought of his beloved wife threading alone the hot, crowded streets, hourly exposed to the insults of rude Burman officials; day by day bringing or sending food to the jail; assuaging the wretchedness of the prisoners by bribing their keepers; pleading for the release of her husband with one Burman officer after another, and with such pathetic eloquence that on one occasion she melted to tears even the old governor of the prison; giving birth to her babe during a confinement of only twenty days; carrying her little Maria all the way in her arms to that "never-to-be-forgotten place," Oung-pen-la, her only conveyance a rough cart, the violent motion of which, together with the dreadful heat and dust, made her almost distracted; nursing her infant and the little native girls under her care through a course of small-pox; and at last, broken down herself, and brought to death's door by the same loathsome disease, succeeded by the dread spotted fever.

Add to these horrors of Mr. Judson's imprisonment the daily and even hourly anticipation of torture and death, and it will be difficult to conceive of a denser cloud of miseries than that which settled down on

his devoted head. The prisoners knew that they were arrested as spies. The Burman king and his generals were exasperated by the rapid and unexpected successes of the English army, and Mr. Judson and his fellow-prisoners had every reason to suppose that this pent-up fury would be poured upon their heads. It was customary to *question* the prisoner with instruments of torture—the cord and the iron mallet. Rumors of a frightful doom were constantly sounding in their ears. Now they heard their keepers during the night sharpening the knives to decapitate the prisoners the next morning; now the roar of their mysterious fellow-prisoner, a huge, starving lioness, convinced them that they were to be executed by being thrown into her cage; now it was reported that they were to be burned up together with their prison as a sacrifice; now that they were to be buried alive at the head of the Burman army in order to insure its victory over the English. The following description by Mr. Gouger of the solemn hour of three, shows the exquisite mental torture to which the prisoners were subjected:

"Within the walls nothing worthy of notice occurred until the hour of three in the afternoon. As this hour approached, we noticed that the talking and jesting of the community gradually died away; all seemed to be under the influence of some powerful restraint, until that fatal hour was announced by the deep tones of a powerful gong suspended in the palace-yard, and a death-like silence prevailed. If a word was spoken it was in a whisper. It seemed as though even breathing were suspended under the control of a panic terror, too deep for expression, which pervaded every bosom. We did not long remain in ignorance of the cause. If any of the prisoners were to suffer death that day, the hour of three was that at which they were taken out for

execution. The very manner of it was the acme of cold-blooded cruelty. The hour was scarcely tolled by the gong when the wicket opened, and the hideous figure of a spotted man appeared, who, without uttering a word, walked straight to his victim, now for the first time probably made acquainted with his doom. As many of these unfortunate people knew no more than ourselves the fate that awaited them, this mystery was terrible and agonizing; each one fearing, up to the last moment, that the stride of the spot might be directed his way. When the culprit disappeared with his conductor, and the prison door closed behind them, those who remained began again to breathe more freely; for another day, at least, their lives were safe.

"I have described this process just as I saw it practiced. On this first day, two men were thus led away in total silence; not a useless question was asked by the one party, nor explanation given by the other; all was too well understood. After this inhuman custom was made known to us, we could not but participate with the rest in their diurnal misgivings, and shudder at the sound of the gong and the apparition of the *pahquet*. It was a solemn daily lesson of an impressive character, 'Be ye also ready.'"

It is no wonder that Mr. Judson in the midst of these horrors took refuge in the quietism of Madame Guyon, and used often to murmur her beautiful lines:

"No place I seek, but to fulfil
In life, and death, Thy lovely will;
No succor in my woes I want,
Except what Thou art pleased to grant.
Our days are numbered—let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care;
'Tis Thine to number out our days,
And ours to give them to Thy praise."

His sublime faith in God never faltered. One of his

fellow-captives thus writes of him:

"Often he expressed to me such sentiments as these: 'Think what the consequences of this invasion must be. Here have I been ten years preaching the Gospel to timid listeners who wished to embrace the truth, but dared not; beseeching the emperor to grant liberty of conscience to his people, but without success; and now, when all human means seemed at an end, God opens the way by leading a Christian nation to subdue the country. It is possible that my life may be spared; if so, with what ardor and gratitude shall I pursue my work; and if not, His will be done; the door will be opened for others who will do the work better.'"

The following letter from Mrs. Judson to her brother tells the story of the imprisonment, and forms, perhaps, the most thrilling recital to be found in the annals of missions:

"RANGOON, *May* 26, 1826.

"I commence this letter with the intention of giving you the particulars of our captivity and sufferings at Ava. How long my patience will allow my reviewing scenes of disgust and horror, the conclusion of this letter will determine. I had kept a journal of everything that had transpired from our arrival at Ava, but destroyed it at the commencement of our difficulties.

"The first certain intelligence we received of the declaration of war by the Burmese was on our arrival at Tsen-pyoo-kywon, about a hundred miles this side of Ava, where part of the troops under the command of the celebrated Bandoola had encamped. As we proceeded on our journey, we met Bandoola himself with the remainder of his troops, gaily equipped, seated on his golden barge, and surrounded by a fleet of golden war-boats, one of which was instantly dispatched from the other side of the river to hail us,

and make all necessary inquiries. We were allowed to proceed quietly on, when we had informed the messenger that we were Americans, *not English*, and were going to Ava in obedience to the command of his majesty.

"On our arrival at the capital, we found that Dr. Price was out of favor at court, and that suspicion rested on most of the foreigners then at Ava. Your brother visited at the palace two or three times, but found the king's manner toward him very different from what it formerly had been; and the queen, who had hitherto expressed wishes for my speedy arrival, now made no inquiries after me, nor intimated a wish to see me. Consequently, I made no effort to visit at the palace, though almost daily invited to visit some of the branches of the royal family, who were living in their own houses, out of the palace enclosure. Under these circumstances, we thought our most prudent course lay in prosecuting our original intention of building a house, and commencing missionary operations as occasions offered, thus endeavoring to convince the Government that we had really nothing to do with the present war.

"In two or three weeks after our arrival, the king, queen, all the members of the royal family, and most of the officers of Government, returned to Amarapoora, in order to come and take possession of the new palace in the customary style. As there has been much misunderstanding relative to Ava and Amarapoora, both being called the capital of the Burmese empire, I will here remark that the present Ava was formerly the seat of Government; but soon after the old king had ascended the throne, it was forsaken, and a new palace built at Amarapoora, about six miles from Ava, in which he remained during his life. In the fourth year of the reign of the present king, Amarapoora was in its turn forsaken, and a new and beautiful palace built at Ava, which was *then* in ruins, but is *now the capital* of

the Burmese empire. The king and royal family had been living in temporary buildings at Ava, during the completion of the new palace, which gave occasion for their returning to Amarapoora.

"For several weeks nothing took place to alarm us, and we went on with our school. Mr. Judson preached every Sabbath; all the materials for building a brick house were procured, and the masons had made considerable progress in raising the building.

"On the 23d of May, 1824, just as we had concluded worship at the doctor's house, the other side of the river, a messenger came to inform us that Rangoon was taken by the English. The intelligence produced a shock, in which was a mixture of fear and joy. Mr. Gouger, a young merchant residing at Ava, was then with us, and had much more reason to fear than the rest of us. We all, however, immediately returned to our house, and began to consider what was to be done. Mr. G. went to Prince Thah-ya-wa-dee, the king's most influential brother, who informed him he need not give himself any uneasiness, as he had mentioned the subject to his majesty, who had replied, that 'the few foreigners residing at Ava had nothing to do with the war, and should not be molested.'

"The Government were now all in motion. An army of ten or twelve thousand men, under the command of the kyee-woon-gyee, were sent off in three or four days, and were to be joined by the sakyah-woon-gyee, who had previously been appointed viceroy of Rangoon, and who was on his way thither when the news of its attack reached him. No doubt was entertained of the defeat of the English; the only fear of the king was, that the foreigners, hearing of the advance of the Burmese troops, would be so alarmed as to flee on board their ships and depart, before there would be time to secure them as slaves. 'Bring for me,' said a wild young buck of the palace, 'six kala-pyoos [white strangers] to row my boat.' 'And to me,' said the lady of a woon-gyee, 'send

four white strangers to manage the affairs of my house, as I understand they are trusty servants.' The war-boats, in high glee, passed our house, the soldiers singing and dancing, and exhibiting gestures of the most joyous kind. 'Poor fellows!' said we, 'you will probably never dance again.' And it so proved, for few, if any, ever again saw their native home.

"As soon as the army were dispatched, the Government began to inquire the cause of the arrival of the strangers at Rangoon. There must be spies in the country, suggested some, who had invited them over. And who so likely to be spies as the Englishmen residing at Ava? A report was in circulation that Captain Laird, lately arrived, had brought Bengal papers which contained the intention of the English to take Rangoon, and it was kept a secret from his majesty. An inquiry was instituted. The three Englishmen, Gouger, Laird, and Rogers, were called and examined. It was found they had seen the papers, and were put in confinement, though not in prison. We now began to tremble for ourselves, and were in daily expectation of some dreadful event.

"At length Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were summoned to a court of examination, where strict inquiry was made relative to all they knew. The great point seemed to be whether they had been in the habit of making communications to foreigners of the state of the country, etc. They answered, they had always written to their friends in America, but had no correspondence with English officers, or the Bengal Government. After their examination they were not put in confinement, as the Englishmen had been, but were allowed to return to their houses, in examining the accounts of Mr. Gouger, it was found that Mr. Judson and Dr. Price had taken money of him to a considerable amount. Ignorant as were the Burmese of our mode of receiving money by orders on Bengal, this circumstance, to their suspicious minds, was a sufficient evidence that the missionaries

were in the pay of the English, and very probably spies. It was thus represented to the king, who, in an angry tone, ordered the immediate arrest of the 'two teachers.'

"On the 8th of June, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer, holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by *one*, whom, from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner, and a 'son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the king,' said the officer—a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm. 'Stay,' said I; 'I will give you money.' 'Take her too,' said the officer; 'she also is a foreigner.' Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged they would let me remain till further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighborhood had collected; the masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools, and ran; the little Burman children were screaming and crying; the Bengalee servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master; and the hardened executioner, with a kind of hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted face to take the silver, and loosen the ropes; but he spurned my offers, and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Moung Ing to follow after, to make some further attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson; but instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, and drew the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration.

"The officer and his gang proceeded on to the court-house, where the governor of the city and officers were collected, one of whom read the order of the king to commit Mr. Judson to the death-prison, into which he

was soon hurled, the door closed, and Moung Ing saw no more. What a night was now before me! I retired into my room, and endeavored to obtain consolation from committing my case to God, and imploring fortitude and strength to suffer whatever awaited me. But the consolation of retirement was not long allowed me, for the magistrate of the place had come into the veranda, and continually called me to come out, and submit to his examination. But previously to going out, I destroyed all my letters, journals, and writings of every kind, lest they should disclose the fact that we had correspondents in England, and had minuted down every occurrence since our arrival in the country. When this work of destruction was finished, I went out, and submitted to the examination of the magistrate, who inquired very minutely of everything I knew; then ordered the gates of the compound to be shut, no person to be allowed to go in or out, placed a guard of ten ruffians, to whom he gave a strict charge to keep me safe, and departed.

"It was now dark. I retired to an inner room with my four little Burman girls, and barred the doors. The guard instantly ordered me to unbar the doors and come out, or they would break the house down. I obstinately refused to obey, and endeavored to intimidate them by threatening to complain of their conduct to higher authorities on the morrow. Finding me resolved in disregarding their orders, they took the two Bengalee servants, and confined them in the stocks in a very painful position. I could not endure this, but called the head man to the window, and promised to make them all a present in the morning, if they would release the servants. After much debate, and many severe threatenings, they consented, but seemed resolved to annoy me as much as possible. My unprotected, desolate state, my entire uncertainty of the fate of Mr. Judson, and the dreadful carousings and almost diabolical language of the guard, all conspired to

make it by far the most distressing night I had ever passed. You may well imagine, my dear brother, that sleep was a stranger to my eyes, and peace and composure to my mind.

"The next morning I sent Moung Ing to ascertain the situation of your brother, and give him food, if still living. He soon returned, with the intelligence that Mr. Judson and all the white foreigners were confined in the death-prison, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole, to prevent their moving! The point of my anguish now was, that I was a prisoner myself, and could make no efforts for the release of the missionaries. I begged and entreated the magistrate to allow me to go to some member of Government to state my case; but he said he did not dare to consent, for fear I should make my escape. I next wrote a note to one of the king's sisters, with whom I had been intimate, requesting her to use her influence for the release of the teachers. The note was returned, with this message: she 'did not understand it'; which was a polite refusal to interfere; though I afterward ascertained that she had an anxious desire to assist us, but dared not, on account of the queen. The day dragged heavily away, and another dreadful night was before me. I endeavored to soften the feelings of the guard by giving them tea and cigars for the night; so that they allowed me to remain inside of my room without threatening, as they did the night before. But the idea of your brother being stretched on the bare floor, in irons and confinement, haunted my mind like a spectre, and prevented my obtaining any quiet sleep, though nature was almost exhausted.

"On the third day I sent a message to the governor of the city, who has the entire direction of prison affairs, to allow me to visit him with a present. This had the desired effect, and he immediately sent orders to the guards to permit my going into town. The governor received me pleasantly, and asked me what I wanted. I

stated to him the situation of the foreigners, and particularly that of the teachers, who were Americans, and had nothing to do with the war. He told me it was not in his power to release them from prison or irons, but that he could make their situation more comfortable; there was his head officer, with whom I must consult relative to the means. The officer, who proved to be one of the city writers, and whose countenance at the first glance presented the most perfect assemblage of all the evil passions attached to human nature, took me aside and endeavored to convince me that myself, as well as the prisoners, was entirely at his disposal; that our future comfort must depend on my liberality in regard to presents; and that these must be made in a private way, and unknown to any officer in the Government! 'What must I do,' said I, 'to obtain a mitigation of the present sufferings of the two teachers?' 'Pay to me,' said he, 'two hundred ticals [about a hundred dollars], two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs.' I had taken money with me in the morning; our house being two miles from the prison, I could not easily return. This I offered to the writer, and begged he would not insist on the other articles, as they were not in my possession. He hesitated for some time; but fearing to lose the sight of so much money, he concluded to take it, promising to relieve the teachers from their most painful situation.

"I then procured an order from the governor for my admittance into prison; but the sensations produced by meeting your brother, in that *wretched, horrid* situation, and the affecting scene which ensued, I will not attempt to describe.[29] Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison—for I was never allowed to enter—gave me some directions relative to his release; but before we could make any arrangement, I was ordered to depart by those iron-hearted jailers, who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. In vain I pleaded the order from the

governor for my admittance; they again harshly repeated, 'Depart, or we will pull you out.' The same evening the missionaries, together with the other foreigners, who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison, and confined in an open shed in the prison enclosure. Here I was allowed to send them food, and mats to sleep on, but was not permitted to enter again for several days.

"My next object was to get a petition presented to the queen; but no person being admitted into the palace who was in disgrace with his majesty, I sought to present it through the medium of her brother's wife. I had visited her in better days, and received particular marks of her favor. But now times were altered; Mr. Judson was in prison, and I in distress, which was a sufficient reason for giving me a cold reception. I took a present of considerable value. She was lolling on her carpet as I entered, with her attendants around her. I waited not for the usual question to a suppliant, 'What do you want?' but in a bold, earnest, yet respectful manner, stated our distresses and our wrongs, and begged her assistance. She partly raised her head, opened the present I had brought, and coolly replied, 'Your case is not singular; all the foreigners are treated alike.' 'But it is singular,' said I; 'the teachers are Americans; they are ministers of religion, have nothing to do with war or politics, and came to Ava in obedience to the king's command. They have never done anything to deserve such treatment, and is it right they should be treated thus?' 'The king does as he pleases,' said she; 'I am not the king; what can I do?' 'You can state their case to the queen, and obtain their release,' replied I. 'Place yourself in my situation; were you in America, your husband, innocent of crime, thrown into prison, in irons, and you a solitary, unprotected female, what would you do?' With a slight degree of feeling, she said, 'I will present your petition; come again to-morrow.' I returned to the house with

considerable hope that the speedy release of the missionaries was at hand. But the next day, Mr. Gouger's property, to the amount of fifty thousand rupees, was taken and carried to the palace. The officers, on their return, politely informed me they should *visit our house* on the morrow. I felt obliged for this information, and accordingly made preparations to receive them, by secreting as many little articles as possible, together with considerable silver, as I knew, if the war should be protracted, we should be in a state of starvation without it. But my mind was in a dreadful state of agitation lest it should be discovered, and cause my being thrown into prison. And had it been possible to procure money from any other quarter, I should not have ventured on such a step.

"The following morning, the royal treasurer, the governor of the north gate of the palace, who was in future our steady friend, and another nobleman, attended by forty or fifty followers, came to take possession of all we had. I treated them civilly, gave them chairs to sit on, tea and sweetmeats for their refreshment; and justice obliges me to say that they conducted the business of confiscation with more regard to my feelings than I should have thought it possible for Burmese officers to exhibit. The three officers, with one of the royal secretaries, alone entered the house; their attendants were ordered to remain outside. They saw I was deeply affected, and apologized for what they were about to do by saying it was painful for them to take possession of property not their own, but they were compelled thus to do by order of the king. 'Where are your silver, gold, and jewels?' said the royal treasurer. 'I have no gold or jewels; but here is the key of a trunk which contains the silver; do with it as you please.' The trunk was produced, and the silver weighed. 'This money,' said I, 'was collected in America by the disciples of Christ, and sent here for the purpose of building a *kyoung* [the name of a priest's dwelling],

and for our support while teaching the religion of Christ. Is it suitable that you should take it?' The Burmese are averse to taking what is offered in a religious point of view, which was the cause of my making the inquiry. 'We will state this circumstance to the king,' said one of them, 'and perhaps he will restore it. But is this all the silver you have?' I could not tell a falsehood. 'The house is in your possession,' I replied; 'search for yourselves.' 'Have you not deposited silver with some person of your acquaintance?' 'My acquaintances are all in prison; with whom should I deposit silver?' They next ordered my trunk and drawers to be examined. The secretary only was allowed to accompany me in this search. Everything nice or curious which met his view was presented to the officers for their decision whether it should be taken or retained. I begged they would not take our wearing apparel, as it would be disgraceful to take clothes partly worn into the possession of his majesty, and to us they were of unspeakable value. They assented, and took a list only, and did the same with the books, medicines, etc. My little work-table and rocking-chair, presents from my beloved brother, I rescued from their grasp, partly by artifice and partly through their ignorance. They left, also, many articles which were of inestimable value during our long imprisonment.

"As soon as they had finished their search and departed, I hastened to the queen's brother to hear what had been the fate of my petition, when, alas! all my hopes were dashed by his wife's coolly saying, 'I stated your case to the queen, but her majesty replied, "*The teachers will not die; let them remain as they are.*"' My expectations had been so much excited, that this sentence was like a thunder-clap to my feelings. For the truth at one glance assured me that if the queen refused assistance, who would dare to intercede for me? With a heavy heart I departed, and on my way home attempted to enter the prison-gate to communicate the sad tidings

to your brother, but was harshly refused admittance; and for the ten days following, notwithstanding my daily efforts, I was not allowed to enter. We attempted to communicate by writing, and after being successful for a few days, it was discovered; the poor fellow who carried the communications was beaten and put in the stocks, and the circumstance cost me about ten dollars, besides two or three days of agony for fear of the consequences.

"The officers who had taken possession of our property presented it to his majesty, saying, 'Judson is a true teacher; we found nothing in his house but what belongs to priests. In addition to this money there are an immense number of books, medicines, trunks of wearing apparel, etc., of which we have only taken a list. Shall we take them or let them remain?' 'Let them remain,' said the king, 'and put this property by itself, for it shall be restored to him again if he is found innocent.' This was in allusion to the idea of his being a spy.

"For two or three months following, I was subject to continual harassments, partly through my ignorance of police management, and partly through the insatiable desire of every petty officer to enrich himself through our misfortunes. When the officers came to our house to confiscate our property, they insisted on knowing how much I had given the governor and prison officers to release the teachers from the inner prison. I honestly told them, and they demanded the sum from the governor, which threw him into a dreadful rage, and he threatened to put all the prisoners back into their original place. I went to him the next morning, and the first words with which he accosted me were, 'You are very bad; why did you tell the royal treasurer that you had given me so much money?' 'The treasurer inquired; what could I say?' I replied. Say that you had given nothing,' said he, 'and I would have made the teachers comfortable in prison; but now I know not what will be

their fate.' 'But I can not tell a falsehood,' I replied; 'my religion differs from yours; it forbids prevarication; and had you stood by me with your knife raised, I could not have said what you suggest.' His wife, who sat by his side, and who always, from this time, continued my firm friend, instantly said, 'Very true; what else could she have done? I like such straightforward conduct; you must not,' turning to the governor, 'be angry with her.' I then presented the governor with a beautiful opera-glass I had just received from England, and begged his anger at me would not influence him to treat the prisoners with unkindness, and I would endeavor, from time to time, to make him such presents as would compensate for his loss. 'You may intercede for your husband only; for your sake he shall remain where he is; but let the other prisoners take care of themselves.' I pleaded hard for Dr. Price; but he would not listen, and, the same day, had him returned to the inner prison, where he remained ten days. He was then taken out, in consequence of the doctor's promising a piece of broadcloth, and my sending two pieces of handkerchiefs.

"About this period I was one day summoned to the Lut-d'hau in an official way. What new evil was before me I knew not, but was obliged to go. When arrived, I was allowed to *stand* at the bottom of the stairs, as no female is permitted to ascend the steps, or even to stand, but sit on the ground. Hundreds were collected around. The officer who presided, in an authoritative voice began: 'Speak the truth in answer to the questions I shall ask. If you speak true, no evil will follow; but if not, your life will not be spared. It is reported that you have committed to the care of a Burmese officer a string of pearls, a pair of diamond earrings, and a silver teapot. Is it true?' 'It is not,' I replied; 'and if you or any other person can produce these articles, I refuse not to die.' The officer again urged the necessity of 'speaking true.' I told him I had nothing more to say on the

subject, but begged he would use his influence to obtain the release of Mr. Judson from prison.

"I returned to the house with a heart much lighter than I went, though conscious of my perpetual exposure to such harassments. Notwithstanding the repulse I had met in my application to the queen, I could not remain without making continual efforts for your brother's release, while there was the least probability of success. Time after time my visits to the queen's sister-in-law were repeated, till she refused to answer a question, and told me by her looks I had better keep out of her presence. For the seven following months, hardly a day passed that I did not visit some one of the members of Government, or branches of the royal family, in order to gain their influence in our behalf; but the only benefit resulting was, their encouraging promises preserved us from despair, and induced a hope of the speedy termination of our difficulties, which enabled us to bear our distresses better than we otherwise should have done. I ought, however, to mention that, by my repeated visits to the different members of Government, I gained several friends, who were ready to assist me with articles of food, though in a private manner, and who used their influence in the palace to destroy the impression of our being in any way engaged in the present war. But no one dared to speak a word to the king or queen in favor of a foreigner while there were such continual reports of the success of the English arms.

"During these seven months, the continual extortions and oppressions to which your brother and the other white prisoners were subject are indescribable. Sometimes sums of money were demanded, sometimes pieces of cloth and handkerchiefs; at other times an order would be issued that the white foreigners should not speak to each other, or have any communication with their friends without. Then, again, the servants were forbidden to carry in their food without an extra

fee. Sometimes, for days and days together, I could not go into the prison till after dark, when I had two miles to walk in returning to the house. O, how many, many times have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night, solitary, and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and thrown myself down in that same rocking-chair which you and Deacon L. provided for me in Boston, and endeavored to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners. Sometimes, for a moment or two, my thoughts would glance toward America, and my beloved friends there; but for nearly a year and a half, so entirely engrossed was every thought with present scenes and sufferings, that I seldom reflected on a single occurrence of my former life, or recollected that I had a friend in existence out of Ava.

"The war was now prosecuted with all the energy the Burmese Government possessed. New troops were continually raised and sent down the river, and as frequent reports returned of their being all cut off. But that part of the Burmese army stationed in Arracan, under the command of Bandoola, had been more successful. Three hundred prisoners, at one time, were sent to the capital, as an evidence of the victory that had been gained. The king began to think that none but Bandoola understood the art of fighting with foreigners; consequently, his majesty recalled him, with the design of his taking command of the army that had been sent to Rangoon. On his arrival at Ava, he was received at court in the most flattering manner, and was the recipient of every favor in the power of the king and queen to bestow. He was, in fact, while at Ava, the acting king. I was resolved to apply to him for the release of the missionaries, though some members of Government advised me not, lest he, being reminded of their existence, should issue an immediate order for their execution. But it was my last hope, and, as it proved, my last application.

"Your brother wrote a petition privately, stating

every circumstance that would have a tendency to interest him in our behalf. With fear and trembling I approached him, while surrounded by a crowd of flatterers; and one of his secretaries took the petition, and read it aloud. After hearing it, he spoke to me in an obliging manner, asked several questions relative to the teachers, said he would think of the subject, and bade me come again. I ran to the prison to communicate the favorable reception to Mr. Judson; and we both had sanguine hopes that his release was at hand. But the governor of the city expressed his amazement at my temerity, and said he doubted not it would be the means of destroying all the prisoners. In a day or two, however, I went again, and took a present of considerable value. Bandoola was not at home, but his lady, after ordering the present to be taken into another room, modestly informed me that she was ordered by her husband to make the following communication: that he was now very busily employed in making preparations for Rangoon; but that when he had retaken that place, and expelled the English, he would return and release all the prisoners.

"Thus, again, were all our hopes dashed; and we felt that we could do nothing more but sit down and submit to our lot. From this time we gave up all idea of being released from prison till the termination of the war; but I was still obliged to visit constantly some of the members of Government with little presents, particularly the governor of the city, for the purpose of making the situation of the prisoners tolerable. I generally spent the greater part of every other day at the governor's house, giving him minute information relative to American manners, customs, government, etc. He used to be so much gratified with my communications as to feel greatly disappointed if any occurrence prevented my spending the usual hours at his house.

"Some months after your brother's imprisonment, I

was permitted to make a little bamboo room in the prison enclosure, where he could be much by himself, and where I was sometimes allowed to spend two or three hours. It so happened that the two months he occupied this place were the coldest of the year, when he would have suffered much in the open shed he had previously occupied. After the birth of your little niece, [30] I was unable to visit the prison and the governor as before, and found I had lost considerable influence previously gained; for he was not so forward to hear my petitions when any difficulty occurred as he formerly had been. When Maria was nearly two months old, her father one morning sent me word that he and all the white prisoners were put into the inner prison, in five pairs of fetters each, that his little room had been torn down, and his mat, pillow, etc., been taken by the jailers. This was to me a dreadful shock, as I thought at once it was only a prelude to greater evils.

"I should have mentioned before this the defeat of Bandoola, his escape to Danooyboo, the complete destruction of his army and loss of ammunition, and the consternation this intelligence produced at court. The English army had left Rangoon, and were advancing toward Prome, when these severe measures were taken with the prisoners.

"I went immediately to the governor's house. He was not at home, but had ordered his wife to tell me, when I came, not to ask to have the additional fetters taken off or the prisoners released, for *it could not be done*. I went to the prison gate, but was forbidden to enter. All was as still as death—not a white face to be seen, or a vestige of Mr. Judson's little room remaining. I was determined to see the governor, and know the cause of this additional oppression, and for this purpose returned into town the same evening at an hour I knew he would be at home. He was in his audience-room, and, as I entered, looked up without speaking, but exhibited a mixture of shame and affected anger in his

countenance. I began by saying, 'Your lordship has hitherto treated us with the kindness of a father. Our obligations to you are very great. We have looked to you for protection from oppression and cruelty. You have in many instances mitigated the sufferings of those unfortunate though innocent beings committed to your charge. You have promised me particularly that you would stand by me to the last, and though you should receive an order from the king, you would not put Mr. Judson to death. What crime has he committed to deserve such additional punishment?' The old man's hard heart was melted, for he wept like a child. 'I pity you, Tsa-yah-ga-dau'—a name by which he always called me; 'I knew you would make me feel; I therefore forbade your application. But you must believe me when I say I do not wish to increase the sufferings of the prisoners. When I am ordered to execute them, the least that I can do is to put them out of sight. I will now tell you,' continued he, 'what I have never told you before—that three times I have received intimations from the queen's brother to assassinate all the white prisoners privately; but I would not do it. And I now repeat it, though I execute all the others, I will never execute your husband. But I can not release him from his present confinement, and you must not ask it.' I had never seen him manifest so much feeling, or so resolute in denying me a favor, which circumstance was an additional reason for thinking dreadful scenes were before us.

"The situation of the prisoners was now distressing beyond description. It was at the commencement of the hot season. There were above a hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without a breath of air excepting from the cracks in the boards. I sometimes obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white prisoners, from incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I

made daily applications to the governor, offering him money, which he refused; but all that I gained was permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this continued but a short time.

"It was at this period that the death of Bandoola was announced in the palace. The king heard it with silent amazement, and the queen, in Eastern style, smote upon her breast, and cried, 'Ama! ama!' (alas! alas!) Who could be found to fill his place? Who would venture, since the invincible Bandoola had been cut off? Such were the exclamations constantly heard in the streets of Ava. The common people were speaking *low* of a rebellion, in case more troops should be levied. For as yet the common people had borne the weight of the war; not a tical had been taken from the royal treasury. At length the pakan-woon, who a few months before had been so far disgraced by the king as to be thrown into prison and irons, now offered himself to head a new army that should be raised on a different plan from those which had hitherto been raised, and assured the king, in the most confident manner, that he would conquer the English, and restore those places that had been taken in a very short time. He proposed that every soldier should receive a hundred ticals in advance, and he would obtain security for each man, as the money was to pass through his hands. It was afterward found that he had taken, for his own use, ten ticals from every hundred. He was a man of enterprise and talents, though a violent enemy to all foreigners. His offers were accepted by the king and Government, and all power immediately committed to him. One of the first exercises of his power was to arrest Lanciego and the Portuguese priest, who had hitherto remained unmolested, and cast them into prison, and to subject the native Portuguese and Bengalees to the most menial occupations. The whole town was in alarm lest they should feel the effects of his power; and it was owing to the malignant representations of this man, that the

white prisoners suffered such a change in their circumstances as I shall soon relate.

"After continuing in the inner prison for more than a month, your brother was taken with a fever. I felt assured he would not live long, unless removed from that noisome place. To effect this, and in order to be near the prison, I removed from our house, and put up a small bamboo room in the governor's enclosure, which was nearly opposite the prison gate. Here I incessantly begged the governor to give me an order to take Mr. Judson out of the large prison, and place him in a more comfortable situation; and the old man, being worn out with my entreaties, at length gave me the order in an official form, and also gave orders to the head jailer to allow me to go in and out, all times of the day, to administer medicines, etc. I now felt happy indeed, and had Mr. Judson instantly removed into a little bamboo hovel, so low that neither of us could stand upright—but a palace in comparison with the place he had left.

"Notwithstanding the order the governor had given for my admittance into prison, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade the under-jailer to open the gate. I used to carry Mr. Judson's food myself, for the sake of getting in, and would then remain an hour or two, unless driven out. We had been in this comfortable situation but two or three days, until, one morning, having carried in Mr. Judson's breakfast, which, in consequence of fever, he was unable to take, I remained longer than usual, when the governor, in great haste, sent for me. I promised to return as soon as I had ascertained the governor's will, he being much alarmed at this unusual message. I was very agreeably disappointed when the governor informed me that he only wished to consult me about his watch, and seemed unusually pleasant and conversable. I found afterward that his only object was to detain me until the dreadful scene about to take place in the prison was over. For when I left him to go to my room, one of the servants

came running, and, with a ghastly countenance, informed me that all the white prisoners were carried away. I would not believe the report, and instantly went back to the governor, who said he had just heard of it, but did not wish to tell me. I hastily ran into the street, hoping to get a glimpse of them before they were out of sight, but in this was disappointed. I ran first into one street, then another, inquiring of all I met; but no one would answer me. At length an old woman told me the white prisoners had gone toward the little river; for they were to be carried to Amarapoora. I then ran to the banks of the little river, about half a mile, but saw them not, and concluded the old woman had deceived me. Some of the friends of the foreigners went to the place of execution, but found them not. I then returned to the governor, to try to discover the cause of their removal, and the probability of their future fate. The old man assured me that he was ignorant of the intention of Government to remove the foreigners till that morning; that, since I went out, he had learned that the prisoners were to be sent to Amarapoora, but for what purpose he knew not. 'I will send off a man immediately,' said he, 'to see what is to be done with them. You can do nothing more for your husband,' continued he; '*take care of yourself*.' With a heavy heart I went to my room, and having no hope to excite me to exertion, I sank down almost in despair. For several days previous, I had been actively engaged in building my own little room, and making our hovel comfortable. My thoughts had been almost entirely occupied in contriving means to get into prison. But now I looked toward the gate with a kind of melancholy feeling, but no wish to enter. All was the stillness of death; no preparation of your brother's food, no expectation of meeting him at the usual dinner hour; all my employment, all my occupations, seem to have ceased, and I had nothing left but the dreadful recollection that Mr. Judson was carried off, I knew not whither. It was

one of the most insupportable days I ever passed. Toward night, however, I came to the determination to set off the next morning for Amarapoora, and for this purpose was obliged to go to our house out of town.

"Never before had I suffered so much from fear in traversing the streets of Ava. The last words of the governor, "Take care of yourself," made me suspect there was some design with which I was unacquainted. I saw, also, he was afraid to have me go into the streets, and advised me to wait till dark, when he would send me in a cart, and a man to open the gates. I took two or three trunks of the most valuable articles, together with the medicine chest, to deposit in the house of the governor; and after committing the house and premises to our faithful Moung Ing and a Bengalee servant, who continued with us, though we were unable to pay his wages, I took leave, as I then thought probable, of our house in Ava forever.

"On my return to the governor's, I found a servant of Mr. Gouger, who happened to be near the prison when the foreigners were led out, and followed on to see the end, who informed me that the prisoners had been carried before the lamine-woon, at Amarapoora, and were to be sent the next day to a village he knew not how far distant. My distress was a little relieved by the intelligence that our friend was yet alive; but still I knew not what was to become of him. The next morning I obtained a pass from Government, and with my little Maria, who was then only three months old, Mary and Abby Hasseltine, two of the Burman children, and our Bengalee cook, who was the only one of the party that could afford me any assistance, I set off for Amarapoora. The day was dreadfully hot; but we obtained a covered boat, in which we were tolerably comfortable, till within two miles of the Government house. I then procured a cart; but the violent motion, together with the dreadful heat and dust, made me almost distracted. But what was my disappointment, on

my arriving at the court-house, to find that the prisoners had been sent on two hours before, and that I must go in that uncomfortable mode four miles farther with little Maria in my arms, whom I held all the way from Ava. The cartman refused to go any further; and after waiting an hour in the burning sun, I procured another, and set off for that never-to-be-forgotten place, Oung-pen-la. I obtained a guide from the governor, and was conducted directly to the prison yard. But what a scene of wretchedness was presented to my view! The prison was an old, shattered building, without a roof; the fence was entirely destroyed; eight or ten Burmese were on the top of the building, trying to make something like a shelter with leaves; while under a little low projection outside of the prison sat the foreigners, chained together two and two, almost dead with suffering and fatigue. The first words of your brother were, 'Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow, for you can not live here.' It was now dark. I had no refreshment for the suffering prisoners, or for myself, as I had expected to procure all that was necessary at the market of Amarapoora, and I had no shelter for the night. I asked one of the jailers if I might put up a little bamboo house near the prison; he said, 'No; it is not customary.' I then begged he would procure me a shelter for the night, when on the morrow I could find some place to live in. He took me to his house, in which there were only two small rooms—one in which he and his family lived; the other, which was then half full of grain, he offered to me; and in that little filthy place I spent the next six months of wretchedness. I procured some half-boiled water, instead of my tea, and, worn out with fatigue, laid myself down on a mat spread over the paddy, and endeavored to obtain a little refreshment from sleep. The next morning your brother gave me the following account of the brutal treatment he had received on being taken out of prison.

"As soon as I had gone out at the call of the governor, one of the jailers rushed into Mr. Judson's little room, roughly seized him by the arm, pulled him out, stripped him of all his clothes excepting shirt and pantaloons, took his shoes, hat, and all his bedding, tore off his chains, tied a rope round his waist, and dragged him to the court-house, where the other prisoners had previously been taken. They were then tied two-and-two, and delivered into the hands of the lamine-woon, who went on before them on horseback, while his slaves drove the prisoners, one of the slaves holding the rope which connected two of them together. It was in May, one of the hottest months in the year, and eleven o'clock in the day, so that the sun was intolerable indeed. They had proceeded only half a mile, when your brother's feet became blistered; and so great was his agony, even at this early period, that as they were crossing the little river, he ardently longed to throw himself into the water to be free from misery. But the sin attached to such an act alone prevented. They had then eight miles to walk. The sand and gravel were like burning coals to the feet of the prisoners, which soon became perfectly destitute of skin; and in this wretched state they were goaded on by their unfeeling drivers. Mr. Judson's debilitated state, in consequence of fever, and having taken no food that morning, rendered him less capable of bearing such hardships than the other prisoners. When about half-way on their journey, as they stopped for water, your brother begged the lamine-woon to allow him to ride his horse a mile or two, as he could proceed no farther in that dreadful state. But a scornful, malignant look was all the reply that was made. He then requested Captain Laird, who was tied with him, and who was a strong, healthy man, to allow him to take hold of his shoulder, as he was fast sinking. This the kind-hearted man granted for a mile or two, but then found the additional burden insupportable. Just at that period, Mr. Gouger's Bengalee servant came

up them, and, seeing the distresses of your brother, took off his headdress, which was made of cloth, tore it in two, gave half to his master, and half to Mr. Judson, which he instantly wrapped round his wounded feet, as they were not allowed to rest even for a moment. The servant then offered his shoulder to Mr. Judson, who was almost carried by him the remainder of the way. Had it not been for the support and assistance of this man, your brother thinks that he should have shared the fate of the poor Greek, who was one of their number, and, when taken out of prison that morning, was in perfect health. But he was a corpulent man, and the sun affected him so much that he fell down on the way. His inhuman drivers beat and dragged him until they themselves were wearied, when they procured a cart, in which he was carried the remaining two miles. But the poor creature expired in an hour or two after their arrival at the court-house. The lamine-woon, seeing the distressing state of the prisoners, and that one of their number was dead, concluded they should go no farther that night; otherwise they would have been driven on until they reached Oung-pen-la the same day. An old shed was appointed for their abode during the night, but without even a mat or pillow, or anything to cover them. The curiosity of the lamine-woon's wife induced her to make a visit to the prisoners, whose wretchedness considerably excited her compassion, and she ordered some fruit, sugar, and tamarinds for their refreshment; and the next morning, rice was prepared for them and, poor as it was, it was refreshing to the prisoners, who had been almost destitute of food the day before. Carts were also provided for their conveyance, as none of them were able to walk. All this time, the foreigners were entirely ignorant of what was to become of them; and when they arrived at Oung-pen-la, and saw the dilapidated state of the prison, they immediately, all as one, concluded that they were there to be burned, agreeably to the report which had

previously been in circulation at Ava. They all endeavored to prepare themselves for the awful scene anticipated; and it was not until they saw preparations making for repairing the prison, that they had the least doubt that a cruel, lingering death awaited them. My arrival was in an hour or two after this.[31]

"The next morning I arose, and endeavored to find something like food. But there was no market, and nothing to be procured. One of Dr. Price's friends, however, brought some cold rice and vegetable curry from Amarapoora, which, together with a cup of tea from Mr. Lanciego, answered for the breakfast of the prisoners; and for dinner we made a curry of dried salt fish, which a servant of Mr. Gouger had brought. All the money I could command in the world I had brought with me, secreted about my person; so you may judge what our prospects were, in case the war should continue long. But our heavenly Father was better to us than our fears; for, notwithstanding the constant extortions of the jailers during the whole six months we were at Oung-pen-la, and the frequent straits to which we were brought, we never really suffered for the want of money, though frequently for want of provisions, which were not procurable. Here at this place my personal bodily sufferings commenced. The very morning after my arrival, Mary Hasseltine was taken with the small-pox, the natural way. She, though very young, was the only assistant I had in taking care of little Maria. But she now required all the time I could spare from Mr. Judson, whose fever still continued, in prison, and whose feet were so dreadfully mangled that for several days he was unable to move. I knew not what to do, for I could procure no assistance from the neighborhood, or medicine for the sufferers, but was all day long going backward and forward from the house to the prison with little Maria in my arms.

"You will recollect I never had the small-pox, but was vaccinated previously to leaving America. In

consequence of being for so long a time constantly exposed, I had nearly a hundred pustules formed, though no previous symptoms of fever, etc. The jailer's children having had the small-pox so lightly, in consequence of inoculation, my fame was spread all over the village, and every child, young and old, who had not previously had it, was brought for inoculation. And although I knew nothing about the disorder, or the mode of treating it, I inoculated them all with a needle, and told them to take care of their diet—all the instructions I could give them. Mr. Judson's health was gradually restored, and he found himself much more comfortably situated than when in the city prison.

"The prisoners were at first chained two and two; but as soon as the jailers could obtain chains sufficient, they were separated, and each prisoner had but one pair. The prison was repaired, a new fence made, and a large, airy shed erected in front of the prison, where the prisoners were allowed to remain during the day, though locked up in the little close prison at night. All the children recovered from the small-pox; but my watchings and fatigue, together with my miserable food, and more miserable lodgings, brought on one of the diseases of the country, which is almost always fatal to foreigners. My constitution seemed destroyed, and in a few days I became so weak as to be hardly able to walk to Mr. Judson's prison. In this debilitated state I set off in a cart for Ava, to procure medicines and some suitable food, leaving the cook to supply my place. I reached the house in safety, and for two or three days the disorder seemed at a stand; after which it attacked me so violently that I had no hopes of recovery left; and my only anxiety now was, to return to Oung-pen-la, to die near the prison. It was with the greatest difficulty that I obtained the medicine chest from the governor, and then had no one to administer medicine. I, however, got at the laudanum, and by taking two drops at a time for several hours, it so far checked the

disorder as to enable me to get on board a boat, though so weak that I could not stand, and again set off for Oung-pen-la. The last four miles was in that painful conveyance, the cart, and in the midst of the rainy season, when the mud almost buries the oxen. You may form some idea of a Burmese cart, when I tell you their wheels are not constructed like ours, but are simply round thick planks with a hole in the middle, through which a pole, that supports the body, is thrust.

"I just reached Oung-pen-la when my strength seemed entirely exhausted. The good native cook came out to help me into the house; but so altered and emaciated was my appearance, that the poor fellow burst into tears at the first sight. I crawled on to the mat in the little room, to which I was confined for more than two months, and never perfectly recovered until I came to the English camp. At this period, when I was unable to take care of myself, or look after Mr. Judson, we must both have died had it not been for the faithful and affectionate care of our Bengalee cook. A common Bengalee cook will do nothing but the simple business of cooking; but he seemed to forget his caste, and almost his own wants, in his efforts to serve us. He would provide, cook, and carry your brother's food, and then return and take care of me. I have frequently known him not to taste of food till near night, in consequence of having to go so far for wood and water, and in order to have Mr. Judson's dinner ready at the usual hour. He never complained, never asked for his wages, and never for a moment hesitated to go anywhere, or to perform any act we required. I take great pleasure in speaking of the faithful conduct of this servant, who is still with us, and I trust has been well rewarded for his services.

"Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer at this time, my illness depriving her of her usual nourishment, and neither a nurse nor a drop of milk could be procured in the village. By making presents to the

jailers, I obtained leave for Mr. Judson to come out of prison, and take the emaciated creature around the village, to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children. Her cries in the night were heart-rending, when it was impossible to supply her wants. I now began to think the very afflictions of Job had come upon me. When in health, I could bear the various trials and vicissitudes through which I was called to pass. But to be confined with sickness, and unable to assist those who were so dear to me, when in distress, was almost too much for me to bear; and had it not been for the consolations of religion, and an assured conviction that every additional trial was ordered by infinite love and mercy, I must have sunk under my accumulated sufferings. Sometimes our jailers seemed a little softened at our distress, and, for several days together, allowed Mr. Judson to come to the house, which was to me an unspeakable consolation. Then, again, they would be as iron-hearted in their demands as though we were free from sufferings, and in affluent circumstances. The annoyance, the extortions, and oppressions to which we were subject during our six months' residence in Oung-pen-la, are beyond enumeration or description.

"It was some time after our arrival at Oung-pen-la that we heard of the execution of the pakan-woon, in consequence of which our lives were still preserved. For we afterward ascertained that the white foreigners had been sent to Oung-pen-la for the express purpose of sacrificing them; and that he himself intended witnessing the horrid scene. We had frequently heard of his intended arrival at Oung-pen-la, but we had no idea of his diabolical purposes. He had raised an army of fifty thousand men (a tenth part of whose advance pay was found in his house), and expected to march against the English army in a short time, when he was suspected of high treason, and instantly executed, without the least examination. Perhaps no death in Ava

ever produced such universal rejoicings as that of the pakan-woon. We never, to this day, hear his name mentioned but with an epithet of reproach or hatred. Another brother of the king was appointed to the command of the army now in readiness, but with no very sanguine expectations of success. Some weeks after the departure of these troops, two of the woon-gyees were sent down for the purpose of negotiating. But not being successful, the queen's brother, the *acting king* of the country, was prevailed on to go. Great expectations were raised in consequence; but his cowardice induced him to encamp his detachment of the army at a great distance from the English, and even at a distance from the main body of the Burmese army, whose headquarters were then at Maloun. Thus he effected nothing, though reports were continually reaching us that peace was nearly concluded.

"The time at length arrived for our release from the dreary scenes of Oung-pen-la. A messenger from our friend, the governor of the north gate of the palace, informed us that an order had been given, the evening before, in the palace, for Mr. Judson's release. On the same evening an official order arrived; and, with a joyful heart, I set about preparing for our departure early the following morning. But an unexpected obstacle occurred, which made us fear that *I* should still be retained as a prisoner. The avaricious jailers, unwilling to lose their prey, insisted that, as my name was not included in the order, I should not go. In vain I urged that I was not sent there as a prisoner, and that they had no authority over me; they still determined I should not go, and forbade the villagers from letting me a cart. Mr. Judson was then taken out of prison and brought to the jailers' house, where, by promises and threatenings, he finally gained their consent, on condition that we would leave the remaining part of our provisions we had recently received from Ava. It was noon before we were allowed to depart. When we

reached Amarapoora, Mr. Judson was obliged to follow the guidance of the jailer, who conducted him to the governor of the city. Having made all necessary inquiries, the governor appointed another guard, which conveyed Mr. Judson to the court-house in Ava, at which place he arrived some time in the night. I took my own course, procured a boat, and reached our house before dark.

"My first object, the next morning, was to go in search of your brother; and I had the mortification to meet him again in prison, though not the death-prison. I went immediately to my old friend the governor of the city, who now was raised to the rank of a woon-gyee. He informed me that Mr. Judson was to be sent to the Burmese camp, to act as translator and interpreter; and that he was put in confinement for a short time only till his affairs were settled. Early the following morning I went to this officer again, who told me that Mr. Judson had that moment received twenty ticals from Government, with orders to go immediately on board a boat for Maloun, and that *he* had given him permission to stop a few moments at the house, it being on his way. I hastened back to the house, where Mr. Judson soon arrived, but was allowed to remain only a short time, while I could prepare food and clothing for future use. He was crowded into a little boat, where he had not room sufficient to lie down, and where his exposure to the cold, damp nights threw him into a violent fever which had nearly ended all his sufferings. He arrived at Maloun on the third day, where, ill as he was, he was obliged to enter immediately on the work of translating. He remained at Maloun six weeks, suffering as much as he had at any time in prison, excepting he was not in irons, nor exposed to the insults of those cruel jailers.

"For the first fortnight after his departure, my anxiety was less than it had been at any time previously since the commencement of our difficulties. I knew the Burmese officers at the camp would feel the value of

Mr. Judson's services too much to allow their using any measures threatening his life. I thought his situation, also, would be much more comfortable than it really was; hence my anxiety was less. But my health, which had never been restored since that violent attack at Oung-pen-la, now daily declined, till I was seized with the spotted fever, with all its attendant horrors. I knew the nature of the fever from its commencement; and from the shattered state of my constitution, together with the want of medical attendants, I concluded it must be fatal. The day I was taken with the fever, a Burmese nurse came and offered her services for Maria. This circumstance filled me with gratitude and confidence in God; for, though I had so long and so constantly made efforts to obtain a person of this description, I had never been able; when at the very time I most needed one, and without any exertion, a voluntary offer was made. My fever raged violently, and without any intermission. I began to think of settling my worldly affairs, and of committing my dear little Maria to the care of a Portuguese woman, when I lost my reason, and was insensible to all around me. At this dreadful period, Dr. Price was released from prison, and hearing of my illness, obtained permission to come and see me. He has since told me that my situation was the most distressing he had ever witnessed, and that he did not then think I should survive many hours. My hair was shaved, my head and feet covered with blisters, and Dr. Price ordered the Bengalee servant who took care of me to endeavor to persuade me to take a little nourishment, which I had obstinately refused for several days. One of the first things I recollect was seeing this faithful servant standing by me, trying to induce me to take a little wine and water. I was, in fact, so far gone that the Burmese neighbors, who had come in to see me expire, said, 'She is dead; and if the King of Angels should come in, He could not recover her.'

"The fever, I afterward understood, had run

seventeen days when the blisters were applied. I now began to recover slowly, but it was more than a month after this before I had strength to stand. While in this weak, debilitated state, the servant who had followed your brother to the Burmese camp came in, and informed me that his master had arrived, and was conducted to the court-house in town. I sent off a Burman to watch the movements of Government, and to ascertain, if possible, in what way Mr. Judson was to be disposed of. He soon returned with the sad intelligence that he saw Mr. Judson go out of the palace-yard accompanied by two or three Burmans, who conducted him to one of the prisons, and that it was reported in town that he was to be sent back to the Oung-pen-la prison. I was too weak to bear ill tidings of any kind; but a shock so dreadful as this almost annihilated me. For some time I could hardly breathe, but at last gained sufficient composure to dispatch Moung Ing to our friend the governor of the north gate, and begged him to make *one more effort* for the release of Mr. Judson, and prevent his being sent back to the country prison, where I knew he must suffer much, as I could not follow. Moung Ing then went in search of Mr. Judson; and it was nearly dark when he found him, in the interior of an obscure prison. I had sent food early in the afternoon; but being unable to find him, the bearer had returned with it, which added another pang to my distresses, as I feared he was already sent to Oung-pen-la.

"If ever I felt the value and efficacy of prayer, I did at this time. I could not rise from my couch; I could make no efforts to secure my husband; I could only plead with that great and powerful Being who has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and *I will hear*, and thou shalt glorify me,' and who made me at this time feel so powerfully this promise that I became quite composed, feeling assured that my prayers would be answered.

"When Mr. Judson was sent from Maloun to Ava, it

was within five minutes' notice, and without his knowledge of the cause. On his way up the river, he accidentally saw the communication made to Government respecting him, which was simply this: 'We have no further use for Yoodthan; we therefore return him to the golden city.' On arriving at the court-house, there happened to be no one present who was acquainted with Mr. Judson. The presiding officer inquired from what place he had been sent to Maloun. He was answered, from Oung-pen-la. 'Let him, then,' said the officer, 'be returned thither'; when he was delivered to a guard and conducted to the place above mentioned, there to remain until he could be conveyed to Oung-pen-la. In the meantime, the governor of the north gate presented a petition to the high court of the empire, offered himself as Mr. Judson's security, obtained his release, and took him to his house, where he treated him with considerable kindness, and to which I was removed as soon as returning health would allow.

"The advance of the English army toward the capital at this time threw the whole town into the greatest state of alarm, and convinced the Government that some speedy measures must be taken to save the golden city. They had hitherto rejected all the overtures of Sir Archibald Campbell, imagining, until this late period, that they could in some way or other drive the English from the country. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were daily called to the palace and consulted; in fact, nothing was done without their approbation. Two English officers, also, who had lately been brought to Ava as prisoners, were continually consulted, and their good offices requested in endeavoring to persuade the British general to make peace on easier terms. It was finally concluded that Mr. Judson and one of the officers above mentioned should be sent immediately to the English camp in order to negotiate. The danger attached to a situation so responsible, under a Government so fickle

as the Burmese, induced your brother to use every means possible to prevent his being sent. Dr. Price was not only willing, but desirous of going; this circumstance Mr. Judson represented to the members of Government, and begged he might not be compelled to go, as Dr. Price could transact the business equally as well as himself. After some hesitation and deliberation Dr. Price was appointed to accompany Dr. Sandford, one of the English officers, on condition that Mr. Judson would stand security for his return, while the other English officer, then in irons, should be security for Dr. Sandford. The king gave them a hundred ticals each to bear their expenses (twenty-five of which Dr. Sandford generously sent to Mr. Gouger, still a prisoner at Oung-pen-la), boats, men, and a Burmese officer to accompany them, though he ventured no farther than the Burman camp. With the most anxious solicitude the court waited the arrival of the messengers, but did not in the least relax in their exertions to fortify the city. Men and beasts were at work night and day, making new stockades and strengthening old ones, and whatever buildings were in their way were immediately torn down. Our house, with all that surrounded it, was levelled to the ground, and our beautiful little compound turned into a road and a place for the erection of cannon. All articles of value were conveyed out of town and safely deposited in some other place.

"At length the boat in which the ambassadors had been sent was seen approaching, a day earlier than was expected. As it advanced toward the city, the banks were lined by thousands, anxiously inquiring their success. But no answer was given; the Government must first hear the news. The palace gates were crowded, the officers at the lut-d'hau were seated, when Dr. Price made the following communication: 'The general and commissioners will make no alteration in their terms, except the hundred lacks [a lack is a hundred thousand] of rupees may be paid at four different times; the first

twenty-five lacks to be paid within twelve days, or the army will continue their march.' In addition to this, the prisoners were to be given up immediately. The general had commissioned Dr. Price to demand Mr. Judson, and myself, and little Maria. This was communicated to the king, who replied: 'They are not English; they are my people, and shall not go.' At this time I had no idea that we should ever be released from Ava. The Government had learned the value of your brother's services, having employed him the last three months; and we both concluded they would never consent to our departure. The foreigners were again called to a consultation, to see what could be done. Dr. Price and Mr. Judson told them plainly that the English would never make peace on any other terms than those offered, and that it was in vain to go down again without the money. It was then proposed that a third part of the first sum demanded should be sent down immediately. Mr. Judson objected, and still said it would be useless. Some of the members of Government then intimated that it was probable the teachers were on the side of the English, and did not try to make them take a smaller sum; and also threatened, if they did not make the English comply, they and their families should suffer.

"In this interval, the fears of the Government were considerably allayed by the offers of a general, by name Layar-thoo-yah, who desired to make one more attempt to conquer the English, and disperse them. He assured the king and Government that he could so fortify the ancient city of Pugan as to make it impregnable, and that he would there defeat and destroy the English. His offers were heard; he marched to Pugan with a very considerable force, and made strong the fortifications. But the English took the city with perfect ease, and dispersed the Burmese army; while the general fled to Ava, and had the presumption to appear in the presence of the king and demand new troops. The king, being enraged that he had ever listened to him for a moment,

in consequence of which the negotiation had been delayed, the English general provoked, and the troops daily advancing, ordered the general to be immediately executed. The poor fellow was soon hurled from the palace, and beat all the way to the court-house, when he was stripped of his rich apparel, bound with cords, and made to kneel and bow toward the palace. He was then delivered into the hands of the executioners, who, by their cruel treatment, put an end to his existence before they reached the place of execution.

"The king caused it to be reported that this general was executed in consequence of disobeying his commands '*not to fight the English*.'

"Dr. Price was sent off the same night, with part of the prisoners, and with instructions to persuade the general to take six lacks instead of twenty-five. He returned in two or three days, with the appalling intelligence that the English general was very angry, refused to have any communication with him, and was now within a few days' march of the capital. The queen was greatly alarmed, and said the money should be raised immediately, if the English would only stop their march. The whole palace was in motion; gold and silver vessels were melted up; the king and queen superintended the weighing of a part of it, and were determined, if possible, to save their city. The silver was ready in the boats by the next evening; but they had so little confidence in the English, that, after all their alarm, they concluded to send down six lacks only, with the assurance that, if the English would stop where they then were, the remainder should be forthcoming immediately.

"The Government now did not even ask Mr. Judson the question whether he would go or not; but some of the officers took him by the arm, as he was walking in the street, and told him he must go immediately on board the boat, to accompany two Burmese officers, a woon-gyee and woon-douk, who were going down to

make peace. Most of the English prisoners were sent at the same time. The general and commissioners would not receive the six lacks, neither would they stop their march; but promised, if the sum complete reached them before they should arrive at Ava, they would make peace. The general also commissioned Mr. Judson to collect the remaining foreigners, of whatever country, and ask the question, before the Burmese Government, whether they wished to go or stay. Those who expressed a wish to go should be delivered up immediately, or peace would not be made.

"Mr. Judson reached Ava at midnight, had all the foreigners called the next morning, and the question asked. Some of the members of Government said to him, 'You will not leave us; you shall become a great man if you will remain.' He then secured himself from the odium of saying that he wished to leave the service of his majesty, by recurring to the order of Sir Archibald, that whoever wished to leave Ava should be given up, and that I had expressed a wish to go, so that he of course must follow. The remaining part of the twenty-five lacks was soon collected; the prisoners at Oung-pen-la were all released, and either sent to their houses, or down the river to the English; and in two days from the time of Mr. Judson's return, we took an affectionate leave of the good-natured officer who had so long entertained us at his house, and who now accompanied us to the waterside, and we then left forever the banks of Ava.

"It was on a cool, moonlight evening, in the month of March, that with hearts filled with gratitude to God, and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed down the Irrawaddy, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth. The thought that we had still to pass the Burman camp would sometimes occur to damp our joy, for we feared that some obstacle might there arise to retard our progress. Nor were we mistaken in our conjectures. We

reached the camp about midnight, where we were detained two hours; the woon-gyee and high officers insisting that *we* should wait at the camp, while Dr. Price, who did not return to Ava with your brother, but remained at the camp, should go on with the money, and first ascertain whether peace would be made. The Burmese Government still entertained the idea that, as soon as the English had received the money and prisoners, they would continue their march, and yet destroy the capital. We knew not but that some circumstance might occur to break off the negotiations. Mr. Judson therefore strenuously insisted that he would not remain, but go on immediately. The officers were finally prevailed on to consent, hoping much from Mr. Judson's assistance in making peace.

"We now, for the first time for more than a year and a half, felt that we were free, and no longer subject to the oppressive yoke of the Burmese. And with what sensations of delight, on the next morning, did I behold the masts of the steamboat, the sure presage of being within the bounds of civilized life! As soon as our boat reached the shore, Brigadier A. and another officer came on board, congratulated us on our arrival, and invited us on board the steamboat, where I passed the remainder of the day; while your brother went on to meet the general, who, with a detachment of the army, had encamped at Yandabo, a few miles farther down the river. Mr. Judson returned in the evening, with an invitation from Sir Archibald to come immediately to his quarters, where I was the next morning introduced, and received with the greatest kindness by the general, who had a tent pitched for us near his own, took us to his own table, and treated us with the kindness of a father, rather than as strangers of another country.

"We feel that our obligations to General Campbell can never be cancelled. Our final release from Ava, and our recovering all the property that had there been taken, was owing entirely to his efforts. His subsequent

hospitality, and kind attention to the accommodations for our passage to Rangoon, have left an impression on our minds which can never be effaced. We daily received the congratulation of the British officers, whose conduct toward us formed a striking contrast to that of the Burmese. I presume to say that no persons on earth were ever happier than we were during the fortnight we passed at the English camp. For several days this single idea wholly occupied my mind—that we were out of the power of the Burmese Government, and once more under the protection of the English. Our feelings continually dictated expressions like this: *What shall we render to the Lord for all His benefits toward us?*

"The treaty of peace was soon concluded, signed by both parties, and a termination of hostilities publicly declared. We left Yandabo after a fortnight's residence, and safely reached the mission-house in Rangoon after an absence of two years and three months.

"A review of our trip to and adventures in Ava often excites the inquiry, Why were we permitted to go? What good has been effected? Why did I not listen to the advice of friends in Bengal, and remain there till the war was concluded? But all that we can say is, *It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps*. So far as my going round to Rangoon, at the time I did, was instrumental in bringing those heavy afflictions upon us, I can only state that, if I ever acted from a sense of duty in my life, it was at that time; for my conscience would not allow me any peace when I thought of sending for your brother to come to Calcutta, in prospect of the approaching war. Our society at home have lost no property in consequence of our difficulties; but two years of precious time have been lost to the mission, unless some future advantage may be gained in consequence of the severe discipline to which we ourselves have been subject. We are sometimes induced to think that the lesson we found so very hard to learn will have a beneficial effect through our lives, and that

the mission may, in the end, be advanced rather than retarded.

"We should have had no hesitation about remaining in Ava if no part of the Burmese empire had been ceded to the British. But as it was, we felt it would be an unnecessary exposure, besides the missionary field being much more limited in consequence of intoleration. We now consider our future missionary prospects as bright indeed; and our only anxiety is to be once more in that situation where our time will be exclusively devoted to the instruction of the heathen.

"From the date at the commencement of this long letter you see, my dear brother, that my patience has continued for two months. I have frequently been induced to throw it aside altogether; but feeling assured that you and my other friends are expecting something of this kind, I am induced to send it, with all its imperfections. This letter, dreadful as are the scenes herein described, gives you but a faint idea of the awful reality. The anguish, the agony of mind, resulting from a thousand little circumstances impossible to be delineated on paper, can be known by those only who have been in similar situations. Pray for us, my dear brother and sister, that these heavy afflictions may not be in vain, but may be blessed to our spiritual good and the advancement of Christ's cause among the heathen."

Should the reader desire still further to explore the secrets of Mr. Judson's prison-house, he is referred to the book entitled "Personal Narrative of Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah," by Henry Gouger. Mr. G. views the subject, not from the stand-point of a missionary, nor of a minister, nor of an American, but from that of an enterprising English merchant, so that we are indebted to him for a strong cross-light shed upon Mr. Judson's experiences. The reader's attention is also directed to a sketch called "The Kathayan Slave," from the pen of Mrs. E. C. Judson.

[32] “I wrote,” says Mrs. J., “under my husband’s eye, and he read and approved it, so that it is perfectly reliable.”

Further information concerning the imprisonment at Ava and Oung-pen-la is afforded by the reminiscences which were gathered by Mrs. E. C. Judson from conversations with Mr. Judson.

“During the first seven months of Mr. Judson’s imprisonment, there was but little change. The white men all wore three pairs of fetters; but they were suffered to walk about the prison-yard, as well as they could with their ankles only a few inches apart, and always followed by keepers. They were from time to time subjected to almost innumerable annoyances, vexations, and extortions; and they were obliged to be the witnesses of wanton cruelties which they could not prevent, and of intense sufferings which they could not alleviate. For the most of the time, through Mrs. Judson’s continual exertions, and by help of occasional presents, they were allowed to spend the day in the open shed in the yard, and Mrs. Judson was even permitted to build a little bamboo shelter for her husband, where he could be, some portion of the time, by himself. Mr. Judson was exceedingly nice in his personal habits, nice even to a fault; and this herding together, even if he had been permitted to choose his associates, would have been exceedingly unpleasant to him. They were not all, belonging as they did to five different nations, educated in his notions of cleanliness, and even he was often, from necessity, offensive to himself. Sometimes he was denied the use of water, and sometimes the admission of clothing was forbidden; and the act of dressing, with the ankles made fast by fetters, proved to be no simple art. With all his efforts, and the care taken by his wife of his wardrobe, he was sometimes in a very forlorn state. His food was such as Mrs. Judson could provide. Sometimes it came

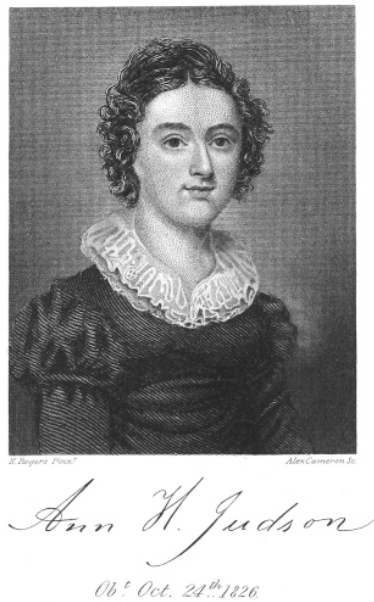
regularly, and sometimes they went very hungry. Sometimes, for weeks together, they had no food but rice, savored with ngapee—a certain preparation of fish, not always palatable to foreigners. But once, when a term of unusual quiet gave her time for the softer and more homely class of loving thoughts, Mrs. Judson made a great effort to surprise her husband with something that should remind him of home. She planned and labored, until, by the aid of buffalo beef and plantains, she actually concocted a mince pie. Unfortunately, as she thought, she could not go in person to the prison that day; and the dinner was brought by smiling Moung Ing, who seemed aware that some mystery must be wrapped up in that peculiar preparation of meat and fruit, though he had never seen the well-spread boards of Plymouth and Bradford. But the pretty little artifice only added another pang to a heart whose susceptibilities were as quick and deep as, in the sight of the world, they were silent. When his wife had visited him in prison, and borne taunts and insults with and for him, they could be brave together; when she had stood up like an enchantress, winning the hearts of high and low, making savage jailers, and scarcely less savage nobles, weep; or moved, protected by her own dignity and sublimity of purpose, like a queen along the streets, his heart had throbbed with proud admiration; and he was almost able to thank God for the trials which had made a character so intrinsically noble shine forth with such peculiar brightness. But in this simple, homelike act, this little unpretending effusion of a loving heart, there was something so touching, so unlike the part she had just been acting, and yet so illustrative of what she really was, that he bowed his head upon his knees, and the tears flowed down to the chains about his ankles. What a happy man he might have been had this heavy woe been spared them! And what was coming next? Finally the scene changed, and there came over him a vision of

the past. He saw again the home of his boyhood. His stern, strangely revered father, his gentle mother, his rosy, curly-haired sister, and pale young brother were gathered for the noonday meal, and he was once more among them. And so his fancy revelled there. Finally he lifted his head. O, the misery that surrounded him! He moved his feet, and the rattling of the heavy chains was as a death-knell. He thrust the carefully prepared dinner into the hand of his associate, and as fast as his fetters would permit, hurried to his own little shed.

"Mr. Judson was not naturally of an even temperament. Hopeful and earnest he was, beyond most men, and withal very persevering; but at this period of his life, and up to a much later time, he was subject to a desponding reaction, from which his faith in God, the ruling principle of his later years, was not now sufficiently ripe to set him entirely free. His peculiar mental conformation was eminently active; so that the passive suffering of his prison discipline was more galling than to a mind differently constituted. So long as he could contend with difficulties, he was appalled by nothing; but whatever he might have been in after-life, he was at this time better fitted to *do* than to *endure*. For some time previous to the birth of poor little Maria, he had been filled with the gloomiest forebodings; and not without cause. His wife, from the peculiar customs of this land of semi-civilization, was more alone than she would have been among the wild Indian women of an American forest; and he could do nothing for her. When the dreaded crisis was past, and a pale, puny infant of twenty days was brought to his prison, no person not thoroughly conversant with the secret springs of feeling which made his the richest heart that ever beat in human bosom, would be at all able to appreciate the scene. His first child slept beneath the waters of the Bay of Bengal, a victim to Anglo-Indian persecution, a baby-martyr, without the martyr's conflict; the second, his 'meek, blue-eyed

Roger,' had his bed in the jungle graveyard at Rangoon; and here came the third little wan stranger, to claim the first parental kiss from the midst of felon chains.

"Mrs. Judson had long previous to this adopted the Burmese style of dress. Her rich Spanish complexion could never be mistaken for the tawny hue of the native; and her figure, of full medium height, appeared much taller and more commanding in a costume usually worn by women of inferior size. But her friend, the governor's wife, who presented her with the dress, had recommended the measure as a concession which would be sure to conciliate the people, and win them to a kindlier treatment of her. Behold her, then—her dark curls carefully straightened, drawn back from her forehead, and a fragrant cocoa-blossom, drooping like a white plume from the knot upon the crown; her saffron vest thrown open to display the folds of crimson beneath; and a rich silken skirt, wrapped closely about her fine figure, parting at the ankle, and sloping back upon the floor. The clothing of the feet was not Burman, for the native sandal could not be worn except upon a bare foot. Behold her standing in the doorway (for she was never permitted to enter the prison), her little blue-eyed blossom wailing, as it almost always did, upon her bosom, and the chained father crawling forth to the meeting!



N. Rogers Pinx^r *Alex Cameron Sc.*

Ann H Judson

Ob^t Oct. 24^th 1826.

"The following verses, of which the writer says, 'They were composed in my mind at the time, and afterward written down,' commemorate this meeting:

Lines addressed to an Infant Daughter, twenty days old, in the condemned Prison at Ava.

"'Sleep, darling infant, sleep,
Hushed on thy mother's breast;
Let no rude sound of clanking chains
Disturb thy balmy rest.
"'Sleep, darling infant, sleep;
Blest that thou canst not know
The pangs that rend thy parents' hearts,

The keenness of their woe.
"'Sleep, darling infant, sleep;
May Heaven its blessings shed,
In rich profusion, soft and sweet,
On thine unconscious head!
"'Why ope thy little eyes?
What would my darling see?
Thy sorrowing mother's bending form?
Thy father's agony?
"'Wouldst view this drear abode,
Where fettered felons lie,
And wonder that thy father here
Should as a felon sigh?
"'Wouldst mark the dreadful sights,
Which stoutest hearts appal—
The stocks, the cord, the fatal sword,
The torturing iron mall?
"'No, darling infant, no!
Thou seest them not at all;
Thou only mark'st the rays of light
Which flicker on the wall.
"'Thine untaught infant eye
Can nothing clearly see;
Sweet scenes of home and prison scenes
Are all alike to thee.
"'Stretch, then, thy little arms,
And roll thy vacant eye,
Reposing on thy mother's breast
In soft security.
"'Why ope thy paly lips?
What would my darling say?
"My dear papa, why leave us thus?
Why thus in prison stay?
""'For poor mamma and I
All lonely live at home,
And every day we watch and wait,
And wish papa would come?"
"'No; all alike to thee
Thy mother's grief or mirth;
Nor know'st thou one of all the ills
Which mark thy mournful birth.
"'Thy lips one art alone,

One loving, simple grace,
By nature's instinct have been taught;
Seek, then, thy nestling-place!
"'Spread out thy little hand;
Thy mother's bosom press,
And thus return, in grateful guise,
Her more sincere caress.
"'Go, darling infant, go;
Thine hour has passed away;
The jailer's harsh, discordant voice
Forbids thy longer stay.
"'God grant that we may meet
In happier times than this,
And with thine angel mother dear
Enjoy domestic bliss.
"'But should the fearful clouds,
Which Burmah's sky o'erspread,
Conduct the threatened vengeance down
On thy poor father's head—
"'Where couldst thou shelter find?
Oh, whither wouldst thou stray?
What hand would guide my darling's steps
Along their dangerous way?
"'There is a God on high,
The glorious King of kings;
'Tis He to whom thy mother prays,
Whose love she sits and sings.
"'That glorious God, so kind,
Has sent His Son to save
Our ruined race from sin and death,
And raise them from the grave.
"'And to that gracious God
My darling I commend;
Be Thou the helpless orphan's stay,
Her Father and her Friend.
"'Inspire her infant heart
The Saviour's love to know,
And guide her through this dreary world,
This wilderness of woe.
"'Thou sleep'st again, my lamb,
Nor heed'st nor song nor prayer:
Go, sleeping in thy mother's arms,

Safe in a mother's care.
"'And when, in future years,
Thou know'st thy father's tongue,
These lines will show thee how he felt,
How o'er his babe he sung.

'To Maria Eliza Butterworth Judson, born at Ava, January 26, 1825.'"

The following versification of the Lord's Prayer was composed a few weeks later. It illustrates the nature of the subjects which occupied the thoughts of the missionary during this long-protracted agony. It is comprised in fewer words than the original Greek, and contains only two more than the common translation:

"Our Father God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be Thy name;
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done
In earth and heaven the same.
"Give us, this day, our daily bread;
And, as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.
"Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
The kingdom, power, and glory, Lord,
Ever belong to Thee.

"Prison, Ava, March, 1825."

"The foreigners had spent about seven months in prison, when suddenly a change came. One day a band of men rushed into the prison-yard, and while some seized the white prisoners, and added two more pairs of fetters to the three they already wore, others began tearing down Mrs. Judson's little bamboo room, snatching up pillows and mattresses, and whatever other articles came within their reach. At last the prisoners, after having half the clothing torn from their

persons, were thrust into the common prison, and, with a bamboo between their legs, again stretched upon the bare floor. Here were more than a hundred miserable wretches, shut from every breath of air except such as could find its way between the crevices in the boards, groaning with various tortures, and rattling their chains, as they groped in the gray light, and writhed and twisted themselves, as much as was in their power, from side to side, in the vain endeavor to obtain some ease by change of position. It was the commencement of the hot season, and the heat was not lessened by the fevered breaths of that crowd of sufferers, nor the close air purified by the exhalations which arose from their bodies. Night came, but brought with it no rest. A whisper had passed around the prison, whether through malice or accident, that the foreigners would be led out to execution at three in the morning; and the effect on the little band was not so much in accordance with natural temperament as the transforming principle of faith. Bold men were cowards, and weak men grew strong. At first Mr. Judson felt a pang of regret that he was to go at last without saying farewell to his unsuspecting wife and child. But gradually the feeling changed, and he would not have had it different if he could. She had left him in comparative comfort that day; she would come the next, and find him beyond her care. It would be a terrible shock at first; but she would be spared much anxious suffering, and he could almost fancy that she would soon learn to rejoice that he was safe in glory. As for herself, the Burmans had always treated her with some respect; she seemed to have gained immunity from personal insult, while her intrepidity had won their admiration; and he did not believe that even the rudest of them would dare to do her harm. No; fruitful in resources as she had proved herself, she would get an appointment to carry some message of peace to the English, and so place herself under their protection. It would be a blessing to her and

to his child if he was removed from them; and he thanked God that his time was so near at hand. He felt thankful, too, that the execution was to take place in the morning. He should pass his own door on the way. There he might breathe his silent farewell, while she was spared the parting agony. He thought of Burmah, too, even then. The English would most likely be conquerors; and then there would be nothing to hinder the propagation of Christianity. He even recollected—so calm and dispassionate were his thoughts—some passages in his translation capable of a better rendering; and then he speculated on the pillow he had lost that day, weighing the probabilities of its ever falling into his wife's hands, so that the manuscript would be recovered. And then he imagined that she did not find it, and went off into a visionary scene of its being brought to light years afterward, which he smiled at when he gave a sketch of these emotions, and did not fully describe. At length the fatal hour drew nigh. They had no means of ascertaining it precisely, but they knew that it could not be very far distant. They waited with increased solemnity. Then they prayed together, Mr. Judson's voice for all of them, and then he, and probably each of the others, prayed separately. And still they waited, in awful expectancy. The hour passed by—they felt it *must* be passed—and there was no unusual movement in the prison. Still they expected and waited, till finally there woke a glimmering of hope, a possibility that they had been deceived. And so, hoping, and doubting, and fearing, they lingered on, till the opening of the door assured them of what they had long suspected. It was morning. Then the jailer came; and, in answer to their questions, chucked them mockingly under the chin, and told then, Oh, no; he could not spare his beloved children yet, just after—kicking the bamboo as he spoke, till all the chains rattled, and the five rows of fetters dashed together, pinching sharply the flesh that they caught between them—just after he

had taken so much trouble to procure them fitting ornaments.

"I ought to have stated before that the keeper, to whose share Mr. Judson's old pillow fell on the day they were so unceremoniously thrust into the inner prison, had afterward exchanged it for a better one, wondering, no doubt, at the odd taste of the white man. When he was again robbed of his clothes and bedding, on the day he was driven away to Oung-pen-la, one of the ruffians deliberately untied the mat which was used as a cover to the precious pillow, and threw the apparently worthless roll of hard cotton away. Some hours after, Moung Ing, stumbling upon this one relic of the vanished prisoners, carried it to the house as a token; and, several months from that time, the manuscript which now makes a part of the Burmese Bible was found within, uninjured.

"They remained at Oung-pen-la six months, when Mr. Judson was, for the first time, released from his irons, to be employed as translator and interpreter to the Burmans. From the first, he had been particularly careful not to take any part in political affairs; for, however the war might end, he did not wish the Burmans to receive an impression that he was in the interests of the English. He felt that it would be wrong to endanger his influence as a religious teacher by taking any step which would be likely to render him obnoxious even to a conquered people. But now he had no choice. His own wishes in the matter were not consulted, any more than they had been when he was first thrown into prison. He was probably selected for the office because there was no one who could be better trusted, although it was evident that not the slightest confidence was reposed in him. He was carried to Ava under guard, kept in prison two days, and then, without being permitted to visit his own house but a few moments, was sent to Maloun. Here he remained about six weeks, when, in consequence of the advance of the

English from Prome, he was hurriedly sent back to Ava. It was late in the night when he arrived, and he was taken through the streets directly past his own door. A feeble light glimmered within, assuring him that it was not altogether deserted; but yet what might not have occurred in those six weeks! He entreated permission to enter but for five minutes; he threatened, he bribed, he appealed to their humanity, for he knew that even they, hard as they seemed, must have humanity somewhere; but all without success. His conductors, with some show of feeling, assured him that they had orders to take him directly to the court-house, and that they dared not disobey. He crouched down in an outbuilding until morning, when, after a slight examination, he was placed under guard in an out-of-the-way shed, which served as a temporary prison. At night of the same day, Moung Ing found him in this obscure place, where he had been all day without food. While conversing with the faithful Burman, Mr. Judson once or twice fancied there was something in his words or manner, or perhaps both, a little puzzling; but the impression was only momentary, and the very sight of this messenger from his wife relieved him of a burden of apprehension. He immediately dispatched Moung Ing to the friendly governor, for aid in his new difficulties, instructing him carefully as to his words and behavior, and, in the joy of his heart, bade him tell the *tsayah-ga-dau* to keep up courage one day more; it was almost certain he should be with her on the next. As soon as the messenger was gone, Mr. Judson's thoughts immediately recurred to the singularity of his behavior, scarcely observable at the time, but now assuming much importance. His wife was doubtless well, though Moung Ing had certainly not been very explicit when inquired of; she *must* be well, for had she not sent several messages, and herself suggested the application to the governor? The child, too, was well; he had said that unhesitatingly. Why had he hesitated in the other case? Could it be, could it

really be, that anything serious had befallen her, and they had concealed it from him? But no; those messages! He remembered, however (it all came to him too clearly now), how ostentatiously the good-natured Burman had paraded one of those messages whenever he asked a question; and yet, think as he would, they all resolved themselves into two—she longed to see him, and she recommended an application to the governor. The messenger had certainly behaved strangely, and he had been strangely blinded. These two simple phrases had been repeated so often, and in such variety of style, that they had been made to appear a dozen, and to contain a world of meaning; and for the time he was fully satisfied. 'She must be living,' he repeated to himself; 'there is ample proof of that.' 'She must *have been* living,' answered a withering doubt within, 'when she gave the directions to Moung Ing.' After that one thought, he had no disposition to sleep. The tedious night at length dragged itself away; and, though the governor sent for him as early as could reasonably be expected in the morning, a strange, vague apprehension seemed to concentrate whole ages in those few early hours. The kind old man had become his security with the Government, and set him free. With a step more fleet than for the last two years he had practiced, and in spite of the maimed ankles, which sometimes almost refused their office, he hurried along the street to his beloved home. The door stood invitingly open, and, without having been seen by any one, he entered. The first object which met his eye was a fat, half-naked Burman woman, squatting in the ashes beside a pan of coals, and holding on her knees a wan baby, so begrimed with dirt that it did not occur to the father it could be his own. He gave but one hasty look, and hurried to the next room. Across the foot of the bed, as though she had fallen there, lay a human object, that, at the first glance, was scarcely more recognizable than his child. The face was of a ghastly paleness, the features

sharp, and the whole form shrunken almost to the last degree of emaciation. The glossy black curls had all been shorn from the finely-shaped head, which was now covered by a close-fitting cotton cap, of the coarsest and—unlike anything usually coming in contact with that head—not the cleanest kind. The whole room presented an appearance of the very extreme of wretchedness, more harrowing to the feelings than can be told. There lay the devoted wife, who had followed him so unweariedly from prison to prison, ever alleviating his distresses, without even common hireling attendance. He knew, by the very arrangement of the room, and by the expression of sheer animality on the face of the woman who held his child, that the Bengalee cook had been her only nurse. The wearied sleeper was awakened by a breath that came too near her cheek. Perhaps a falling tear might have been added; for, steady as were those eyes in difficulties, dauntless in dangers, and stern when conscience frowned, they were well used to tender tears.

. . . . . .

"One evening several persons at our house were repeating anecdotes of what different men in different ages had regarded as the highest type of sensuous enjoyment; that is, enjoyment derived from outward circumstances. 'Pooh!' said Mr. Judson; 'these men were not qualified to judge. I know of a much higher pleasure than that. What do you think of floating down the Irrawaddy, on a cool, moonlight evening, with your wife by your side, and your baby in your arms, free—all free? But *you* can not understand it, either; it needs a twenty-one months' qualification; and I can never regret my twenty-one months of misery, when I recall that one delicious thrill. I think I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be ever since.' And so, I have no doubt, he had.

"The reception of a lady was an incident in the English camp; and Mrs. Judson's fame had gone before her. No one better than a true-born Englishman can discern precisely the measure of attention grateful to a woman in her situation; and there were innumerable minute touches in General Campbell's conduct which fixed her gratitude, and more still that of her husband on her account. It was not that his son was sent with the staff officers who came to escort her from the steamer; nor that unexpected honors, in military guise, waited her on the shore, where she was received by Sir Archibald in person; nor that her tent was larger and more commodious than his own, with the very agreeable addition of a veranda; but it was a certain fatherly kindness and genuine heart interest, which made her feel as though she was receiving all these favors from a friend.

"An incident that occurred a few days after the landing of the prisoners is perhaps worthy of notice. General Campbell was to give a dinner to the Burmese commissioners, and he chose to make it an affair of some pomp and magnificence. At a given order, almost as by magic, the camp was turned into a scene of festivity, with such a profusion of gold and crimson, and floating banners, as is thought most pleasing to an Oriental eye. When the dinner hour arrived, the company marched in couples, to the music of the band, toward the table, led by the general, who walked alone. As they came opposite the tent with the veranda before it, suddenly the music ceased, the whole procession stood still, and while the wondering Burmans turned their eager eyes in every direction, doubtful as to what would be the next act in the little drama, so curious to them as strangers, the general entered the tent. In a moment he reappeared with a lady on his arm—no stranger to the conscious commissioners—whom he led to the table, and seated at his own right hand. The abashed commissioners slid into their seats shrinkingly,

where they sat as though transfixed by a mixture of astonishment and fear. 'I fancy these gentlemen must be old acquaintances of yours, Mrs. Judson,' General Campbell remarked, amused by what he began to suspect, though he did not fully understand it; 'and, judging from their appearance, you must have treated them very ill.' Mrs. Judson smiled. The Burmans could not understand the remark, but they evidently considered themselves the subject of it, and their faces were blank with consternation.

"'What is the matter with yonder owner of the pointed beard?' pursued Sir Archibald; 'he seems to be seized with an ague fit.'

"'I do not know,' answered Mrs. Judson, fixing her eyes on the trembler, with perhaps a mischievous enjoyment of his anxiety, 'unless his memory may be too busy. He is an old acquaintance of mine, and may probably infer danger to himself from seeing me under your protection.'

"She then proceeded to relate how, when her husband was suffering from fever in the stifled air of the inner prison, with five pairs of fetters about his ankles, she had walked several miles to this man's house to ask a favor. She had left home early in the morning; but was kept waiting so long that it was noonday before she proffered her request, and received a rough refusal. She was turning sorrowfully away, when his attention was attracted by the silk umbrella she carried in her hand, and he instantly seized upon it. It was in vain that she represented the danger of her walking home without it; told him she had brought no money, and could not buy anything to shelter her from the sun; and begged that, if he took that, he would at least furnish her with a paper one, to protect her from the scorching heat. He laughed, and, turning the very suffering that had wasted her into a jest, told her it was only stout people who were in danger of a sunstroke—the sun could not find such as she; and so turned her

from the door.

"Expressions of indignation burst from the lips of the listening officers; and, try to restrain them as they would, indignant glances did somewhat detract from that high tone of courtesy which it is an Englishman's, and especially an English officer's, pride, to preserve in all matters of hospitality. The poor Burman, conscience-taught, seemed to understand everything that was passing, and his features were distorted with fear; while his face, from which the perspiration oozed painfully, appeared, through his tawny skin, of a deathly paleness. It was not in a woman's heart to do other than pity him; and Mrs. Judson remarked softly, in Burmese, that he had nothing to fear, and then repeated the remark to Sir Archibald. The conversation immediately became general, and every means was taken to reassure the timorous guests, but with little success. There sat the lady, whom all but one of them had personally treated with indignity, at the right hand of power, and her husband, just released from his chains, close beyond; and they doubtless felt conscious that if they and their lady wives were in such a position they would ask the heads of their enemies, and the request would be granted.

"'I never thought I was over and above vindictive,' remarked Mr. Judson, when he told the story; 'but really it was one of the richest scenes I ever beheld.'

"A British officer, Major Calder Campbell, describing 'an adventure in Ava' in the year 1826, gives a beautiful and affecting description of Mrs. Judson. Major Campbell, then a lieutenant, when descending the Irrawaddy River in a canoe manned by Burmans, was attacked in the night, while asleep, by his faithless boatmen, and severely wounded and robbed. When waiting on the beach with much anxiety and distress for the passage of some friendly bark, a row-boat was seen approaching.

"Signals of distress were made, and a skiff sent to his

assistance. The following is the language of the writer:

"'We were taken on board. My eyes first rested on the thin, attenuated form of a lady—a white lady! the first white woman I had seen for more than a year! She was standing on the little deck of the row-boat, leaning on the arm of a sickly-looking gentleman with an intellectual cast of countenance, in whom I at once recognized the husband or the brother.

"'His dress and bearing pointed him out as a missionary. I have said that I had not beheld a white female for many months; and now the soothing accents of female words fell upon my ears like a household hymn of my youth.

"'My wound was tenderly dressed, my head bound up, and I was laid upon a sofa bed. With what a thankful heart did I breathe forth a blessing on these kind Samaritans! With what delight did I drink in the mild, gentle sounds of that sweet woman's voice, as she pressed me to recruit my strength with some of that beverage "which cheers but not inebriates!" She was seated in a large sort of swinging chair, of American construction, in which her slight, emaciated, but graceful form appeared almost ethereal. Yet, with much of heaven, there were still the breathings of earthly feeling about her, for at her feet rested a babe, a little, wan baby, on which her eyes often turned with all a mother's love; and gazing frequently upon her delicate features, with a fond yet fearful glance, was that meek missionary, her husband. Her face was pale, very pale, with that expression of deep and serious thought which speaks of the strong and vigorous mind within the frail and perishing body; her brown hair was braided over a placid and holy brow; but her hands—those small, lily hands—were quite beautiful; beautiful they were, and very wan; for ah, they told of disease—of death—death in all its transparent grace—when the sickly blood shines through the clear skin, even as the bright poison lights up the Venetian glass which it is about to shatter.

That lady was Mrs. Judson, whose long captivity and severe hardships amongst the Burmese have since been detailed in her published journals.

"'I remained two days with them; two delightful days they were to me. Mrs. Judson's powers of conversation were of the first order, and the many affecting anecdotes that she gave us of their long and cruel bondage, their struggles in the cause of religion, and their adventures during a long residence at the court of Ava, gained a heightened interest from the beautiful, energetic simplicity of her language, as well as from the certainty I felt that so fragile a flower as she in very truth was, had but a brief season to linger on earth.

"'Why is it that we grieve to think of the approaching death of the young, the virtuous, the ready? Alas! it is the selfishness of human nature that would keep to itself the purest and sweetest gifts of Heaven, to encounter the blasts and the blights of a world where we *see* them, rather than that they should be transplanted to a happier region, *where we see them not*.

"'When I left the kind Judsons, I did so with regret. When I looked my last on her mild, worn countenance, as she issued some instructions to my new set of boatmen, I felt my eyes fill with prophetic tears. They were not perceived. We parted, and we never met again; nor is it likely that the wounded subaltern was ever again thought of by those who had succored him. Mrs. Judson and her child died soon after the cessation of hostilities.'"

28. Gouger's "Narrative of Imprisonment in Burmah."

29. Mr. Gouger, a fellow-prisoner with Mr. Judson, thus describes this pathetic meeting: "It so happened, that at the moment of their interview outside the wicket-door, I had to hobble to the spot to receive my daily bundle of provisions, and the heart-rending scene which I there beheld was one that it is impossible to forget. Poor Judson was fastidiously neat and cleanly in his person and apparel, just the man to depict the metamorphosis he had undergone in these two wretched days in its strongest contrast. When Mrs. Judson had parted from him he was in the enjoyment of these personal comforts, whereas now none but an artist could describe his appearance. Two nights of restless torture of body and anxiety of mind had imparted to his countenance a haggard and death-like expression, while it would be hardly decent to advert in more than general terms to his begrimed and impure exterior. No wonder his wretched wife, shocked at the change, hid her face in her hands, overwhelmed with grief, hardly daring to trust herself to look upon him. Perhaps the part I myself sustained in the picture may have helped to rivet it on my memory, for though more than thirty-five years have since passed away, it reverts to me with all the freshness of a scene of yesterday."

30. Maria Elizabeth Butterworth Judson, who was born in Ava, January 26, 1825.

31. The miseries of the first night in the jail at Oung-pen-la are thus described by Mr. Gouger: "When it became dark we were motioned inside and submitted our feet to the stocks as expected. We had gone to *bed* (I can not restrain a smile while I write

the word, the bare plank being our resting-place) with stomachs uncomfortably light, and with minds anything but placid. The jail-guard was stationed below us in a little apartment resembling a veranda, formed by a continuation of the roof, on a plan which the builders called a 'lean to.' As all became still we began to compose our thoughts as well as we could, in the hope of obtaining a little sleep, when, to our astonishment, we felt the stocks gradually and slowly moving upward, as if by magic, for there was no one in the room to put them in motion. At first we were so taken by surprise, that we did not know what to make of it. Was it going up to the roof? Was it some new species of torture? Its movement was majestically slow, and gave us a little time to think before it reached the height at which it rested, when a very short time discovered the trick. It was certainly very creditable to the ingenuity of the rogues, and was, no doubt, looked upon by them as a prodigy of mechanical contrivance—as I could hear them outside enjoying the fun. There was a kind of crank outside which had escaped our notice, so contrived as to raise or depress the stocks, at the will of the operator. When he had worked them to a sufficient height, he fixed them, and left us depending, in the fashion of a bamboo at the Let-ma-yoon. And now began, what I before hinted at, the attack of mosquitoes, which swarmed in from the stagnant water of the rice-field, settling unresisted on our bare feet. We could not reach to drive them off, and a rich repast they no doubt enjoyed on our flayed soles. At last it became insupportable and we lustily bawled out for pity from our guard below. I must do them the credit to believe they knew not the extent of the torture they were inflicting, as before midnight they mitigated it by lowering the stocks,

when we could hold the enemy at bay."

32. See Appendix E.

CHAPTER VIII.
LIFE IN AMHERST.
1826-1827.

The treaty of peace was signed by the British and Burmese Commissioners on the 24th of February, 1826. On the sixth of the following month, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, with the infant Maria, left the English army encamped at Yan-ta-bo. They sailed down the Irrawaddy in a British gun-boat, and arrived at Rangoon March 21, 1826. Having at last emerged from the long nightmare of Oriental imprisonment, Mr. Judson turned to his life-work with undiminished ardor. The English desired to retain his valuable services as interpreter, and offered him a salary equivalent to three thousand dollars. But the offer was declined. Like the late Professor Agassiz, he had “no time to make money.” He writes:

“I feel a strong desire henceforth to know nothing among this people but Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and under an abiding sense of the comparative worthlessness of all worldly things, to avoid every secular occupation, and all literary and scientific pursuits, and devote the remainder of my days to the simple declaration of the all-precious truths of the Gospel of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

Mrs. Judson had rapidly recovered, and was now

in perfect health.

"Even little Maria," he writes, "who came into the world a few months after my imprisonment, to aggravate her parents' woes, and who has been, from very instinct, it would seem, a poor, sad, crying thing, begins to brighten up her little face, and be somewhat sensible of our happy deliverance."

Dr. Price had been left behind at Ava. He had entered the service of the Burman king. He thought it his duty to live and die in the capital city; and proposed to open a school for teaching several branches of useful learning, such as geography, astronomy, chemistry, etc. And he thought that "in a few years, perhaps twenty, the whole system of Burman religion, founded as it was on false astronomy and geography, would be completely undermined and subverted."

When Mr. Judson arrived at Rangoon, he found that his little mission, the result of ten years of hard work, was completely broken up. He had left the Wades and Houghs in charge, but the war had driven them to Calcutta. At the very beginning of the campaign, before advancing up the Irrawaddy River, the English army had, of course, captured Rangoon, situated at its mouth—Burmah's great seaport. Rangoon offered but little resistance to the foreign invader. The missionaries, however, narrowly escaped with their lives. As the English fleet approached the town, Mr. Hough and Mr. Wade were arrested, imprisoned, and even put in irons. It was in vain for them to remonstrate, saying that "they were Americans and not English," for Burmans were not disposed to make any such nice distinctions. The prison-guard were ordered to massacre them upon the discharge of the first British gun. The

executioners sharpened the instruments of death, and brandished them about the heads of the missionaries, to show with what dexterity and pleasure they would execute the fatal orders. The floor was strewn with sand to receive their blood. At this moment the foundations of the prison were shaken by a heavy broadside from Her Majesty's ship *Liffey*, and a thirty-two-pound shot passed with a tremendous noise directly over the prison. The executioners, stricken with panic, threw down their knives and fled from the prison, fastening the door, however, behind them. Soon other Burmans came and dragged the prisoners to the place of execution. They were forced to kneel down. The executioner, with a large knife, was ordered to proceed. He had just lifted it to strike off the head of the prisoner nearest him, when Mr. Hough begged permission to speak to the officer in charge. He proposed that one or two of the prisoners be sent to the English ships, and assured the cowardly Burman that the firing would then cease directly. At that moment another broadside came from the *Liffey*, and the Burman officers and men again forsook their prisoners, and took refuge under the banks of a neighboring tank.

During all this time Mrs. Hough and Mrs. Wade had been exposed to the greatest danger, from which they had escaped by disguising themselves as Burman women. Over their own clothes they had put the garments of their servants; had dressed their heads in the Burman style and blackened their hands and faces. Meanwhile Sir Archibald Campbell had sent a message to the governor of Rangoon: "If the Burmans shed a drop of white blood, we will lay the whole country in ruins and give no quarter."

The Burman officials who had been frightened from their victims by the discharges of artillery,

again seized them, and proceeded to confine them in a brick building. Here they were at last discovered, and rescued by the advancing British troops. Having thus narrowly escaped martyrdom, Mr. Hough and Mr. Wade, with their wives, embarked for Calcutta, where they thought it best to remain until the close of the war. So when Mr. Judson returned to Rangoon he was without a missionary associate. Mr. Wade was ready to join him as soon as he should decide as to the best place for renewed operations; while Mr. Hough soon after entered the service of the British Government.

But missionary reinforcements had already come from America. Mr. Wade, while waiting in Calcutta for the war to close, was joined by George Dana Boardman, whose brief and saintly career was destined to make his name peculiarly fragrant to American Christians. He seemed an ideal missionary, so completely was he fitted for his work by his scholarly tastes, affectionate disposition, and fervent piety. He had taken up a newspaper a little while before, and had seen a notice of Colman's untimely death in Arracan. In the twinkling of an eye there flashed through his mind the question and answer: "Who will go to fill his place?" "*I* will go."

He had married Sarah Hall, a native of Salem, Massachusetts. Those who knew her speak of "faultless features, moulded on the Grecian model, beautiful transparent skin, warm, meek blue eyes, and soft hair, brown in the shadow and gold in the sun." She was pronounced by her English friends in Calcutta to be "the most finished and faultless specimen of an American woman that they had ever known." From her earliest years she had possessed an enthusiasm for missions. When ten years old, she wrote a poem upon the death at Rangoon of Mrs.

Judson's infant Roger. Little did the child dream that many years after she was to take the place of the ideal heroine of her childhood, who, worn out with the prolonged horrors of Ava and Oung-pen-la, lay down to rest beneath the hopia-tree at Amherst.

Mr. Wade and Mr. Boardman waited anxiously in Calcutta for news from the Judsons. They did not, however, wait in idleness. They were learning the Burman language, as best they could, and preaching in English in the Circular Road Baptist chapel, where they were permitted to see, as a result of their labors, many persons converted and baptized. When news came at last from Mr. Judson, they were ready to join him and labor wherever he should think it best.

But to return to Mr. Judson in Rangoon. Not only did he find that the white teachers and their wives had been driven away by the war, but the native church membership was much reduced. He had left a church of eighteen disciples. He found on his return only four. With the exception of two, none, however, had disgraced their holy profession.

The learned teacher, Moung Shwa-gnong, had gone into the interior of the country, and soon afterward died of the cholera. The only four whom Mr. Judson could muster after the war had swept over Rangoon were Moung Shwa-ba, who had remained at the mission-house; Moung Ing, who with such fidelity served Mrs. Judson through all her long, bitter experiences at Ava; and two faithful women, Mah-men-la and Mah-doke, who had been living in boats at Prome, the half-way place between Rangoon and Ava, and who instantly resolved to accompany the Judsons to Rangoon. These four faithful disciples were ready to follow their white teacher wherever he should think it best to establish a mission.

It was out of the question to think of remaining at

Rangoon. The English were only holding the place temporarily, until the Burmans should pay their war debt. Indeed, at the close of the year, the English army did vacate Rangoon, and the Burmans resumed possession of their chief seaport. Should the missionaries therefore remain in Rangoon, they would still be under the cruel sway of Burman despotism. In addition, the monarch at Ava was peculiarly exasperated with his subjects in the southern part of the empire, because they had put themselves under the benignant protection of the English; many of the peaceful inhabitants were no doubt to be massacred by the royal troops. A state of anarchy followed the war. A famine succeeded, in which beasts of prey became proportionally bold. Tigers began to infest the suburbs of Rangoon, and carry off cattle and human beings. A tiger was killed even in the streets of the city. All these circumstances impelled the missionaries to leave Rangoon.

It was now no longer necessary for them to remain there in order to reach the native Burmans. One of the results of the war was that the British had wrested from the Burmans a large part of their sea-coast. The Tenasserim provinces had been ceded to the British. These embraced a strip of country along the sea, 500 miles long, and from 40 to 80 miles wide.[33] This country was peopled with Burmans, and the cruelty of the despot at Ava was sure to cause a large overflow of the population of Burmah proper into it. Here the Judsons might teach the new religion unmolested, under the protection of the British flag.

But where upon this long strip of ceded territory should the mission be established? Just at this time Mr. Judson was invited by Mr. Crawfurd, the British

Civil Commissioner of the new province, to accompany him on an exploring expedition. The purpose of the expedition was to ascertain the best location for a town, which was to be the capital of the new territory—the seat of government and the headquarters of the army. Mr. Judson's acquaintance with the language of the Burmans made him an invaluable assistant in such an enterprise, and finally Mr. Judson and Mr. Crawfurd selected as the site for the new city the promontory where the waters of the Salwen empty themselves into the sea. "The climate was salubrious, the land high and bold to the seaward, and the view of the distant hills of Ballou Island very captivating." The town, in honor of the Governor-General of India, was named Amherst. The proclamation issued at the founding is quite characteristic of the state of society at that time in Burmah:

"The inhabitants of the towns and villages who wish to come, shall be free from molestation, extortion, and oppression. They shall be free to worship as usual, temples, monasteries, priests, and holy men. The people shall go and come, buy and sell, do and live as they please, conforming to the laws. In regard to slavery, since all men, common people or chiefs, are by nature equal, there shall be under the English Government no slaves. Whoever desires to come to the new town may come from all parts and live happy, and those who do not wish to remain, may go where they please without hindrance."

On July 2, 1826, Mr. and Mrs. Judson began their missionary life in Amherst. They had the four faithful Rangoon converts as the nucleus of a native church, and expected soon to be joined by Mr. and Mrs. Wade, and Mr. and Mrs. Boardman. They were

among the first settlers, and made their home right in the very jungle. There was a prospect that the new town would have a very rapid growth. Three hundred Burmans had just arrived, and reported that three thousand more were on their way in boats. It would not seem strange if in two or three years a city of twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants should spring up on this salubrious, wooded promontory.

But before missionary operations were fairly begun, Mr. Judson was compelled reluctantly to visit Ava, the scene of his imprisonment. The English Government desired to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Burman king; and Mr. Crawfurd, the Civil Commissioner of the newly-ceded provinces, was appointed envoy. He invited Mr. Judson to accompany him as a member of the embassy. The missionary's profound knowledge of the Burman language and character well qualified him for the delicate and difficult task of treating with the court at Ava. At first he firmly declined. He had no relish for diplomatic occupation, and he longed to plunge again into his own work. But when he was assured that, if he would go as an English ambassador, every effort would be made to secure the insertion of a clause in the treaty granting religious liberty to the Burmans, so that the whole country would be thrown open to the Gospel, he reluctantly consented. The stubborn intolerance of the native Government had hitherto been the chief obstacle in his missionary work, and religious freedom for the Burmese was a blessing for which he had long prayed and striven in vain.

This step, which proved to be a most unfortunate one, was, however, the result of the most mature deliberation. Mr. Judson with the English embassy arrived in Ava September 30, 1826, and remained

there about two months and a half. This period embraces one of the saddest episodes of his life. He was forced to witness the scene of his prolonged sufferings in prison, and yet was separated from the wife and babe who had shared with him those horrible experiences. He was engaged in the tedious and uncongenial task of wrestling as a diplomat with the stupidity and intolerance of the Burmese court. He soon learned that the king would on no terms agree to a clause in the treaty granting his subjects freedom of worship. And to crown his sorrows, on the 4th of November there was placed in his hands a sealed letter, containing the intelligence that Mrs. Judson was no more!

After the departure of her husband for Amherst, she had begun her work with good heart. She built a little bamboo dwelling-house and two school-houses. In one of these she gathered ten Burman children who were placed under the instruction of faithful Moung Ing; while she herself assembled the few native converts for public worship every Sunday. At one time she writes:

"My female school will, I trust, soon be in operation. Then you shall hear from me constantly."

And again:

"After all the impediments which have retarded the progress of our mission, after all our sufferings and afflictions, I can not but hope that God has mercy and a blessing in store for us. Let us strive to obtain it by our prayers and holy life."

But in the midst of these sacred toils she was smitten with fever. Her constitution, undermined by the hardships and sufferings which she had endured,

could not sustain the shock, and on October 24, 1826, in the 37th year of her age, she breathed her last. The hands so full of holy endeavors were destined to be suddenly folded for rest. She died apart from him to whom she had given her heart in her girlhood, whose footsteps she had faithfully followed for fourteen years, over land and sea, through trackless jungles and strange crowded cities, sharing his studies and his privations, illumining his hours of gloom with her beaming presence, and with a heroism and fidelity unparalleled in the annals of missions, soothing the sufferings of his imprisonment. He whom she had thus loved, and who, from his experience of Indian fever, might have been able to avert the fatal stroke, was far away in Ava. No missionary was with her when she died, to speak words of Christian consolation. The Burman converts like children gathered helplessly and broken-heartedly about their *white mamma*. The hands of strangers smoothed her dying pillow, and their ears received her last faint wandering utterances. Under such auspices as these her white-winged spirit took its flight to the brighter scenes of the new Jerusalem.

In a letter to the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Dr. Bolles, Mr. Judson wrote:

"So far, therefore, as I had a view to the attainment of religious toleration in accompanying the embassy, I have entirely failed. I feel the disappointment more deeply on account of the many tedious delays which have already occurred, and which we anticipate during our return; so that, instead of four or five months, I shall be absent from home seven or eight.

"But, above all, the news of the death of my beloved wife has not only thrown a gloom over all my future prospects, but has forever embittered my recollections

of the present journey, in consequence of which I have been absent from her dying bed, and prevented from affording the spiritual comfort which her lonely circumstances peculiarly required, and of contributing to avert the fatal catastrophe which has deprived me of one of the first of women, the best of wives.

"I commend myself and motherless child to your sympathy and prayers."

But when writing to the mother of his beloved wife, he describes still more fully the sorrowful experience through which he passed:

To Mrs. Hasseltine, of Bradford, Mass.

"AVA, *December* 7, 1826.

"DEAR MOTHER HASSELTINE: This letter, though intended for the whole family, I address particularly to you; for it is a mother's heart that will be most deeply interested in its melancholy details. I propose to give you, at different times, some account of my great, irreparable loss, of which you will have heard before receiving this letter.

"I left your daughter, my beloved wife, at Amherst, the 5th of July last, in good health, comfortably situated, happy in being out of the reach of our savage oppressors, and animated in prospect of a field of missionary labor opening under the auspices of British protection. It affords me some comfort that she not only consented to my leaving her, for the purpose of joining the present embassy to Ava, but uniformly gave her advice in favor of the measure, whenever I hesitated concerning my duty. Accordingly I left her. On the 5th of July I saw her for the last time. Our parting was much less painful than many others had been. We had been preserved through so many trials and vicissitudes, that a separation of three or four months, attended with no hazards to either party, seemed a light thing. We parted, therefore, with cheerful hearts, confident of a

speedy reunion, and indulging fond anticipations of future years of domestic happiness. After my return to Rangoon, and subsequent arrival at Ava, I received several letters from her, written in her usual style, and exhibiting no subject of regret or apprehension, except the declining health of our little daughter, Maria. Her last was dated the 14th of September. She says, 'I have this day moved into the new house, and, for the first time since we were broken up at Ava, feel myself at home. The house is large and convenient, and if you were here I should feel quite happy. The native population is increasing very fast, and things wear rather a favorable aspect. Moung Ing's school has commenced with ten scholars, and more are expected. Poor little Maria is still feeble. I sometimes hope she is getting better; then again she declines to her former weakness. When I ask her where papa is, she always starts up and points toward the sea. The servants behave very well, and I have no trouble about anything, excepting you and Maria. Pray take care of yourself, particularly as it regards the intermittent fever at Ava. May God preserve and bless you, and restore you in safety to your new and old home, is the prayer of your affectionate Ann.'

"On the 3d of October, Captain F., civil superintendent of Amherst, writes, 'Mrs. Judson is extremely well.' Why she did not write herself by the same opportunity, I know not. On the 18th, the same gentleman writes, 'I can hardly think it right to tell you that Mrs. Judson has had an attack of fever, as before this reaches you she will, I sincerely trust, be quite well, as it has not been so severe as to reduce her. This was occasioned by too close attendance on the child. However, her cares have been rewarded in a most extraordinary manner, as the poor babe at one time was so reduced that no rational hope could be entertained of its recovery; but at present a most favorable change has taken place, and she has improved wonderfully. Mrs.

Judson had no fever last night, so that the intermission is now complete.' The tenor of this letter was such as to make my mind quite easy, both as it regarded the mother and the child. My next communication was a letter with a black seal, handed me by a person, saying he was sorry to have to inform me of the death of the child. I know not whether this was a mistake on his part, or kindly intended to prepare my mind for the real intelligence. I went into my room, and opened the letter with feelings of gratitude and joy, that at any rate the mother was spared. It was from Mr. B., assistant superintendent of Amherst, dated the 26th of October, and began thus:

"'MY DEAR SIR: To one who has suffered so much, and with such exemplary fortitude, there needs but little preface to tell a tale of distress. It were cruel indeed to torture you with doubt and suspense. To sum up the unhappy tidings in a few words, *Mrs. Judson is no more*.'

"At intervals I got through with the dreadful letter, and proceed to give you the substance as indelibly engraven on my heart:

"'Early in the month she was attacked with a most violent fever. From the first she felt a strong presentiment that she should not recover, and on the 24th, about eight in the evening, she expired. Dr. R. was quite assiduous in his attentions, both as friend and physician. Captain F. procured her the services of a European woman from the 45th regiment; and be assured all was done to comfort her in her sufferings, and to smooth the passage to the grave. We all deeply feel the loss of this excellent lady, whose shortness of residence among us was yet sufficiently long to impress us with a deep sense of her worth and virtues. It was not until about the 20th that Dr. R. began seriously to suspect danger. Before that period the fever had abated at intervals; but its last approach baffled all medical skill. On the morning of the 23d, Mrs. Judson spoke for the last time. The disease had then completed its conquest, and from that time up to the moment of dissolution, she lay nearly motionless, and apparently quite insensible. Yesterday morning I assisted in the last melancholy

office of putting her mortal remains in the coffin, and in the evening her funeral was attended by all the European officers now resident here. We have buried her near the spot where she first landed, and I have put up a small, rude fence around the grave, to protect it from incautious intrusions. Your little girl, Maria, is much better. Mrs. W. has taken charge of her, and I hope she will continue to thrive under her care.'

"Two days later, Captain Fenwick writes thus to a friend in Rangoon:

"'I trust that you will be able to find means to inform our friend of the dreadful loss he has suffered. Mrs. Judson had slight attacks of fever from the 8th or 9th instant, but we had no reason to apprehend the fatal result. I saw her on the 18th, and at that time she was free from fever, scarcely, if at all, reduced. I was obliged to go up the country on a sudden business, and did not hear of her danger until my return on the 24th, on which day she breathed her last, at 8 P.M. I shall not attempt to give you an account of the gloom which the death of this most amiable woman has thrown over our small society. You, who were so well acquainted with her, must feel her loss more deeply; but we had just known her long enough to value her acquaintance as a blessing in this remote corner. I dread the effect it will have on poor Judson. I am sure you will take every care that this mournful intelligence may be opened to him as carefully as possible.'

"The only other communication on this subject that has reached me, is the following line from Sir Archibald Campbell to the envoy: 'Poor Judson will be dreadfully distressed at the loss of his good and amiable wife. She died the other day at Amherst, of remittent fever, eighteen days ill.'

"You perceive that I have no account whatever of the state of her mind, in view of death and eternity, or of her wishes concerning her darling babe, whom she loved most intensely. I hope to glean some information on these points from the physician who attended her, and the native converts who must have been occasionally present.

"I will not trouble you, my dear mother, with an

account of my own private feelings—the bitter, heart-rending anguish, which for some days would admit of no mitigation, and the comfort which the Gospel subsequently afforded—the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which brings life and immortality to light. Blessed assurance—and let us apply it afresh to our hearts,—that, while I am writing and you perusing these lines, her spirit is resting and rejoicing in the heavenly paradise,—

> "'Where glories shine, and pleasures roll
> That charm, delight, transport the soul;
> And every panting wish shall be
> Possessed of boundless bliss in Thee.'

And there, my dear mother, we also shall soon be, uniting and participating in the felicities of heaven with her for whom we now mourn. 'Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.'"

"AMHERST, *February* 4, 1827.

"Amid the desolation that death has made, I take up my pen once more to address the mother of my beloved Ann. I am sitting in the house she built, in the room where she breathed her last, and at a window from which I see the tree that stands at the head of her grave, and the top of the 'small rude fence' which they have put up 'to protect it from incautious intrusion.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Wade are living in the house, having arrived here about a month after Ann's death; and Mrs. Wade has taken charge of my poor motherless Maria. I was unable to get any accounts of the child at Rangoon; and it was only on my arriving here, the 24th ultimo, that I learned she was still alive. Mr. Wade met me at the landing-place, and as I passed on to the house one and another of the native Christians came out, and when they saw me they began to weep. At length we reached the house; and I almost expected to see my love coming out to meet me, as usual. But no; I saw only in

the arms of Mrs. Wade a poor little puny child, who could not recognize her weeping father, and from whose infant mind had long been erased all recollection of the mother who had loved her so much.

"She turned away from me in alarm, and I, obliged to seek comfort elsewhere, found my way to the grave. But who ever obtained comfort there? Thence I went to the house in which I left her, and looked at the spot where we last knelt in prayer and where we exchanged the parting kiss.

"The doctor who attended her has removed to another station, and the only information I can obtain is such as the native Christians are able to communicate.

"It seems that her head was much affected during her last days, and she said but little. She sometimes complained thus: 'The teacher is long in coming; and the new missionaries are long in coming; I must die alone, and leave my little one; but as it is the will of God, I acquiesce in His will. I am not afraid of death, but I am afraid I shall not be able to bear these pains. Tell the teacher that the disease was most violent, and I could not write; tell him how I suffered and died; tell him all that you see; and take care of the house and things until he returns.' When she was unable to notice anything else, she would still call the child to her, and charge the nurse to be kind to it, and indulge it in everything, until its father shall return. The last day or two she lay almost senseless and motionless, on one side, her head reclining on her arm, her eyes closed; and at eight in the evening, with one exclamation of distress in the Burman language, she ceased to breathe.

"*February 7.* I have been on a visit to the physician who attended her in her illness. He has the character of a kind, attentive, and skillful practitioner; and his communications to me have been rather consoling. I am now convinced that everything possible was done, and that, had I been present myself, I could not have essentially contributed to avert the fatal termination of

the disease. The doctor was with her twice a day, and frequently spent the greater part of the night by her side. He says that, from the first attack of the fever, she was persuaded she could not recover; but that her mind was uniformly tranquil and happy in the prospect of death. She only expressed occasional regret at leaving her child and the native Christian schools before her husband, or another missionary family, could arrive. The last two days she was free from pain. On her attention being roused by reiterated questions, she replied, 'I feel quite well, only very weak.' These were her last words.

"The doctor is decidedly of opinion that the fatal termination of the fever is not to be ascribed to the localities of the new settlement, but chiefly to the weakness of her constitution, occasioned by the severe privations and long-protracted sufferings she endured at Ava. O, with what meekness, and patience, and magnanimity, and Christian fortitude she bore those sufferings! And can I wish they had been less? Can I sacrilegiously wish to rob her crown of a single gem? Much she saw and suffered of the evil of this evil world, and eminently was she qualified to relish and enjoy the pure and holy rest into which she has entered. True, she has been taken from a sphere in which she was singularly qualified, by her natural disposition, her winning manners, her devoted zeal, and her perfect acquaintance with the language, to be extensively serviceable to the cause of Christ; true, she has been torn from her husband's bleeding heart and from her darling babe; but infinite wisdom and love have presided, as ever, in this most afflicting dispensation. Faith decides that it is all right, and the decision of faith eternity will soon confirm.

"I have only time to add—for I am writing in great haste, with very short notice of the present opportunity of sending to Bengal—that poor little Maria, though very feeble, is, I hope, recovering from her long illness.

She began indeed to recover while under the care of the lady who kindly took charge of her at her mother's death; but when, after Mr. Wade's arrival, she was brought back to this house, she seemed to think that she had returned to her former home, and had found in Mrs. Wade her own mother. And certainly the most tender, affectionate care is not wanting to confirm her in this idea."

Mr. Judson returned to Amherst January 24, 1827. The native Christians greeted him with the voice of lamentation, for his presence reminded them of the great loss they had sustained in the death of Mrs. Judson. His hearth was desolate. His motherless babe had been tenderly cared for by Mrs. Wade. Mr. and Mrs. Wade had arrived from Calcutta about two months before, and with them Mr. Judson made his temporary home. Two months later Mr. and Mrs. Boardman arrived, so that the missionary force was increased to five. The little native church of four members was, however, reduced by the departure of Moung Ing. This poor fisherman, who had been Mrs. Judson's faithful companion at Ava, had, of his own accord, conceived the purpose of undertaking a missionary excursion to his late fishing-grounds, Tavoy and Mergui, towns south of Amherst, situated on the Tenasserim coast. He was henceforth to be a fisher of men.

Mr. Boardman, in speaking of his first meeting with Mr. Judson, said, "He looks as if worn out with sufferings and sorrows." He did not, however, neglect his missionary work. He met the Burmans for public worship on Sunday, and each day at family worship new inquirers stole in and were taught the religion of Christ. He was also busily employed in revising the New Testament in several points which were not satisfactorily settled when the translation

was made; for his besetting sin was, as he himself described it, “a lust for finishing.” He completed two catechisms for the use of Burman schools, the one astronomical, the other geographical, while his sorrowful heart sought comfort in commencing a translation of the Book of Psalms.

Little Maria was the solace of his studies. But she, too, was taken from him. “On April 24, 1827,” he writes, “my little daughter Maria breathed her last, aged two years and three months, and her emancipated spirit fled, I trust, to the arms of her fond mother.”

Mr. Boardman, who had only just arrived from Calcutta, constructed a coffin, and made all the preparations for the funeral. At nine o’clock the next day little Maria was placed by her mother’s side beneath the hopia-tree. “After leaving the grave,” Mr. Boardman writes, “we had a delightful conversation on the kindness and tender mercies of our heavenly Father. Brother Judson seemed carried above his grief.”

And so at the age of thirty-nine he found himself alone in the world, bereft of his wife and two children.

To Mrs. Hasseltine he wrote:

“AMHERST, *April* 26, 1827.

“My little Maria lies by the side of her fond mother. The complaint to which she was subject several months proved incurable. She had the best medical advice; and the kind care of Mrs. Wade could not have been, in any respect, exceeded by that of her own mother. But all our efforts, and prayers, and tears could not propitiate the cruel disease; the work of death went forward, and after the usual process, excruciating to a parent’s heart, she ceased to breathe on the 24th instant, at 3 o’clock P.M., aged two years and three months. We then closed

her faded eyes, and bound up her discolored lips, where the dark touch of death first appeared, and folded her little hands on her cold breast. The next morning we made her last bed in the small enclosure that surrounds her mother's lonely grave. Together they rest in hope, under the hope-tree (*hopiá*), which stands at the head of the graves; and together, I trust, their spirits are rejoicing after a short separation of precisely six months.

"And I am left alone in the wide world. My own dear family I have buried; one in Rangoon, and two in Amherst. What remains for me but to hold myself in readiness to follow the dear departed to that blessed world,

> "'Where my best friends, my kindred dwell,
> Where God, my Saviour, reigns.'"

The time had now come when the little mission established at Amherst, with such doleful omens, was to be broken up. Amherst was being rapidly eclipsed by the town of Maulmain, situated on the coast about twenty-five miles farther north, at the very mouth of the Salwen. Maulmain was also a new town, the settlers building their houses right in a thick jungle. But within a year of the first settlement, while the number of houses in Amherst amounted to two hundred and thirty, and the population to twelve hundred, the population of Maulmain had rapidly swelled to twenty thousand. The reason for this growth was an unfortunate misunderstanding between the Civil Commissioner, Mr. Crawfurd, and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Archibald Campbell.

The latter made Maulmain instead of Amherst the headquarters of his army. He regarded Maulmain as a more strategical position. The harbor, too, of Amherst, though spacious, and capable of accommodating ships of large burden, was difficult

of access, and, being farther out from the mouth of the Salwen than Maulmain, was dangerous during the southwest monsoon. The presence of the commander-in-chief and of his army at Maulmain, naturally attracted emigration thither, and it soon became apparent that this town instead of Amherst was to be the metropolis of the ceded provinces of Tenasserim. Accordingly it seemed best to transfer the mission to Maulmain. On May 28, 1827, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman removed thither from Amherst, and took possession of a frail bamboo mission-house, situated about a mile south of the cantonments of the English army. The site for the mission had been presented by Sir Archibald Campbell. "It was a lonely spot, and the thick jungle close at hand was the haunt of wild beasts whose howls sounded dismally on their ears in the nighttime."

On the 10th of August Mr. Judson left Amherst, and the little enclosure, the hope-tree, and the graves which contained the mouldering remains of all that were dearest to him on earth. He joined the Boardmans at Maulmain, and on the 14th of November was followed by Mr. and Mrs. Wade, and the native Christians, together with thirteen native school children. Mah-men-la, however, the first female convert among the Burmans, had already been laid to rest by the side of her *white mamma*. The following pathetic description of her death is from Mr. Judson's journal:

"She was taken ill before I left Amherst. When her case became dangerous, she was removed to the mission-house, after which she indulged but little hope of recovery. She therefore made her will, and gave up every worldly care. In her will she bequeathed fifty rupees to her brother, the husband of Mah Doke, one hundred and fifty to the missionaries, and the

remainder (two hundred, perhaps,) to her two adopted boys. She has left the boys in our charge, most earnestly desiring and praying that they may be brought up in the Christian religion. No one influenced her to give us any part of her little property, nor had we the least idea that she intended to do so until she desired Moung Shwa-ba to write an article to that effect.

"When her will was written, she said, 'Now I have done with all worldly things.' Since that, she has enjoyed great peace of mind. She does not express a doubt that her name is written in heaven, and that she is hastening to a blissful immortality. She suffers considerable pain with much patience, and, in order to fortify her mind, often compares her sufferings to those of her divine Master. She is not inclined to converse much; but how delighted *you* would be to hear her, now and then, talk of entering heaven, and *of meeting Mrs. Judson*, and other pious friends! The other day, after having dwelt for some time on the delightful subject, and mentioned the names of all the friends she should rejoice to meet, not omitting *dear little Maria*, she stopped short and exclaimed, 'But first of all, I shall hasten to where my Saviour sits, and fall down, and worship and adore Him, for His great love in sending the teachers to show me the way to heaven.' She says that she feels a choice in her mind to die now rather than to be restored to health, but desires that the will of God may be done. She was much gratified with your letter to-day, and more reconciled to the idea of not seeing you again on earth. I feel it a pleasure to do anything for her, she is so grateful and affectionate."

Sorrows do not come as single spies, but by battalions. Six months intervened between the deaths of Mrs. Judson and little Maria, and within three months of the burial of the latter, even before leaving Amherst, Mr. Judson heard of the death of his venerable father, who departed this life at

Scituate, Massachusetts, November 26, 1826, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Mr. Judson writes these words of comfort to the beloved ones in the distant homestead at Plymouth:

"MAULMAIN, *December* 13, 1827.

"MY DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER: Yours of the 5th February last reached me a few days ago, and gave me the particulars of that solemn event which has laid the venerable head of our family in the silent dust. 'Death, like an over-flowing stream, sweeps us away' into the ocean of eternity. You have heard, from my letters of December 7, '26, and May 3, '27, of the ravages which death has made in my own dear family. I am left alone in this wide wilderness, to wait all the days of my appointed time, till my own change come. I pray earnestly that you may both enjoy much of the divine presence, in your solitary, bereaved circumstances, and that both you and I may be preparing, under the repeated strokes of our heavenly Father's hand, to follow the dear departed ones, and enter upon the high enjoyment of everlasting life."

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33. See Map II.

CHAPTER IX.
LIFE IN MAULMAIN.
1827-1831.

Before proceeding directly to consider Mr. Judson's life in Maulmain, it may be well to describe a peculiar phase of his mental and spiritual experience, which has been termed *Guyonism*. He seemed at one time to be inclined to embrace the mystical tenets of Thomas à Kempis, Fénélon, and Madame Guyon, and it was feared that he was leaning toward those monkish austerities which belong peculiarly to the spirit of the Roman Church. Certainly there are passages here and there in his writings which point in this direction. And yet, often in these extracts it can be discerned with what cautious and stealthy steps he trod the perilous pathway leading toward monastic asceticism. On the occasion of sending a gift of money to his sister in America, he writes:

"But I give it on the express condition that you appropriate part of it to purchase for yourself the life of Lady Guyon ... and I hope you will read it diligently, and endeavor to emulate that most excellent saint so far as she was right."

Again, he wrote to a fellow-missionary:

"As to the other matter, the land of Beulah lies beyond the valley of the shadow of death. Many Christians spend all their days in a continual bustle, doing good. They are too busy to find either the valley or Beulah. Virtues they have, but are full of the life and attractions of nature, and unacquainted with the paths of mortification and death. Let us die as soon as possible, and by whatever process God shall appoint. And when we are dead to the world, and nature, and self, we shall begin to live to God."

Again, to the missionaries at Maulmain he wrote:

"Particularly I would exhort brother Bennett to remember, among other things, the example of the Abbé de Paris, who, after having tried various modes of self-denial, in order to subdue his spirit, and gain the victory over the world, at length selected a crazy man to be the inmate of his miserable hovel. Now, though I am doubtful about self-inflicted austerities, I am quite sure that evangelical self-denial eminently consists in bearing patiently and gratefully all the inconveniences and pain which God in His providence, brings upon us, without making the least attempt to remove them, unless destructive of life or health, or, in one word, capacity for usefulness."

The same pietistic vein may be found in the following resolutions, bearing date May 14, 1829:

"1. Observe the seven seasons of secret prayer every day.
"2. 'Set a watch before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips.'
"3. See the hand of God in all events, and thereby become reconciled to His dispensations.
"4. Embrace every opportunity of exercising kind feelings, and doing good to others, especially to the household of faith.

"5. Consult the internal monitor on every occasion, and instantly comply with his dictates.

"6. Believe in the doctrine of perfect sanctification attainable in this life."

It is also true that during this period of his life Mr. Judson withdrew himself from general society. When not directly engaged in missionary work, he spent many of his waking hours alone in a bamboo hermitage, built in the jungle far from humankind among the haunts of tigers. Here in his endeavor to crucify his passionate love of life he had a grave dug, and "would sit by the verge of it and look into it, imagining how each feature and limb would appear, days, months, and years after he had lain there."

But concerning all these traces of a morbid inclination toward the monastic quietism of the Romish Church, there can be no more just and discriminating judgment than that expressed after his death by the tender and faithful companion of his latest years:

"About *Guyonism* I only wish the papers were more numerous. There was no error of heart—scarcely one of judgment in it, but a peculiar mental organization, driven by suffering on suffering, by such bereavement as can never be appreciated in a land like this, and intensity of devotion, to a morbid development. A mind of less strength or a heart of less truthfulness and sincerity would have been wrecked, as many a noble one has been.... Strong enthusiasm of character often drove him into peculiar positions, but his sound judgment and elevated piety always carried him through triumphantly, turning often the natural temperament to good account."

These excesses of self-mortification were the outcome of a transient and superficial mood rather

than of his real and underlying character. The slow torture of the twenty-one months at Ava and Oung-pen-la had left behind a residuum of temporary enfeeblement. His strong mental vision was for a time beclouded by the mists which arose from his shattered physical constitution. The loss of wife and child at Amherst trod close upon the sufferings at Ava, and these gloomy views and practices were born during the long ensuing domestic solitude. The deep shadow of this loneliness lies athwart many of his letters.

To Mrs. Hasseltine.

"THE SOLITARY'S LAMENT.
"'Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die,
And hand in hand those crowns receive
That wait us in the sky.'
"Thus Ann and I, for many a year,
Together raised our prayer;
One-half reached Heaven's propitious ear
One-half was lost in air.
"She found a distant, lonely grave,
Her foreign friends among;
No kindred spirit came to save,
None o'er her death-bed hung.
"Her dying thoughts we fain would know;
But who the tale can tell,
Save only that she met the foe,
And where they met she fell.
"And when I came, and saw her not
In all the place around,
They pointed out a grassy spot,
Where she lay under ground.
"And soon another loved one fled,
And sought her mother's side;
In vain I stayed her drooping head;
She panted, gasped, and died.
"Thus one in beauty's bright array,
And one all poor and pale,

Have left alike the realms of day,
And wandered down the vale—
"The vale of death, so dark and drear,
Where all things are forgot;
Where lie they whom I loved so dear;
I call—they answer not.
"O, bitter cup which God has given!
Where can relief be found?
Anon I lift my eyes to heaven.
Anon in tears they're drowned.
"Yet He who conquered death and hell
Our Friend at last will stand;
And all whom He befriends shall dwell
In Canaan's happy land—
"Shall joyful meet, no more to part,
No more be forced to sigh.
That death will chill the warmest heart.
And rend the closest tie.
"Such promise throws a rainbow bright
Death's darkest storm above,
And bids us catch the heaven-born light,
And praise the God of love.

"MY DEAR MOTHER HASSELTINE: I wrote the above lines some time ago, and intended to add a longer postscript; but find myself pressed for time at the present moment.

"It is a long time since I had a line from any of your family. I hope you will not quite forget me, but believe me ever,

Yours most affectionately,

"A. JUDSON.

"*August 17, 1829.*"

To the Bennetts in Rangoon.

"... I never had a *tighter fit* of low spirits than for about a week after you had gone. I sometimes went, after dinner, to take a solitary walk in the veranda, and sing, with my *harmonious* voice, 'Heartless and hopeless, life and love all gone.' However, I am rallying again, as the doctors say. But I have not yet got the steam up in

the Old Testament machine. 'Toil and trouble,' etc. Heaven must be sweet after all these things. I have no more to say.... I hope you will pray for me, for you have not such inveterate habits to struggle with as I have contracted through a long course of religious sinning. O, my past years in Rangoon are spectres to haunt my soul; and they seem to laugh at me as they shake the chains they have riveted on me. I can now do little more than beg my younger brethren and sisters not to live as I have done, until the Ethiopian becomes so black that his skin can not be changed. And yet I have sometimes sweet peace in Jesus, which the world can neither give nor take away. O, the freeness, the richness of divine grace, through the blood of the cross!

"Your affectionate, unworthy brother,

"A. JUDSON."

To the sisters of his wife he wrote as follows:

"MAULMAIN, *October* 24, 1828.

"MY DEAR SISTERS M. AND A.: You see from the date that it is the second anniversary of the triumph of death over all my hopes of earthly bliss. I have this day moved into a small cottage, which I have built in the woods, away from the haunts of men. It proves a stormy evening, and the desolation around me accords with the desolate state of my own mind, where grief for the dear departed combines with sorrow for present sin, and my tears flow at the same time over the forsaken grave of my love and over the loathsome sepulchre of my own heart."

"*October 24, 1829.*

"And now the third anniversary returns, and finds me in the same cottage, except it has been removed nearer the mission-house, to make way for a Government building. I live alone. When I wish to be quite so, Mrs. W. sends me my food; at other times I am within the sound of a bell that calls me to meals.

"'Blest who, far from all mankind,
This world's shadows left behind,
Hears from heaven a gentle strain,
Whispering love, and loves again.'

But O, that strain I have hitherto listened in vain to hear, or rather have not listened aright, and therefore can not hear.

"Have either of you learned the art of real communion with God, and can you teach me the first principles? God is to me the Great Unknown. I believe in Him, but I find Him not."

And to his own mother and sister:

"I still live alone, and board with some one of the families that compose the mission. After the Wades left, I boarded with the Bennetts. After the Bennetts left for Rangoon, I boarded with the Cutters. After the Cutters left for Ava, I boarded with the Hancocks, where I now am. I have no family or living creature about me that I can call my own, except one dog, Fidelia, which belonged to little Maria, and which I value more on that account. Since the death of her little mistress, she has ever been with me; but she is now growing old, and will die before long; and I am sure I shall shed more than one tear when poor Fidee goes."

The sadness of this period was also intensified by the slowness of American Christians in sending on reinforcements. He often felt that he had been left out on the skirmish line almost alone. He writes to the Corresponding Secretary:

"I am startled and terrified to find that, by several unexpected moves, I am left, as it were, alone; there being not another foreigner in all the country that can preach the Gospel to the perishing millions, north and south, or feed the infant churches, except, indeed, Mrs.

Bennett, who has begun to take the management of the female meetings. My prayers to God and my entreaties to my brethren at home seem to have equal efficacy. Since the last missionaries left home, I perceive no further signs of life. All seem to have gone to slumbering and sleeping."

In acknowledging a gift of fifty dollars from the Rev. Mr. Grow, of Thompson, Connecticut, he wrote:

"The fact is, that we are very weak, and have to complain that hitherto we have not been well supported from home. It is most distressing to find, when we are almost worn out, and are sinking, one after another, into the grave, that many of our brethren in Christ at home are just as hard and immovable as rocks; just as cold and repulsive as the mountains of ice in the polar seas. But whatever they do, we can not sit still and see the dear Burmans, flesh and blood like ourselves, and like ourselves possessed of immortal souls, that will shine forever in heaven, or burn forever in hell—we can not see them go down to perdition without doing our very utmost to save them. And thanks be to God, our labors are not in vain. We have three lovely churches, and about two hundred baptized converts, and some are in glory. A spirit of religious inquiry is extensively spreading throughout the country, and the signs of the times indicate that the great renovation of Burmah is drawing near. O, if we had about twenty more versed in the language, and means to spread schools, and tracts, and Bibles, to any extent, how happy I should be! But those rocks and those icy mountains have crushed us down for many years."

And at the close of an imploring appeal for new men, he says:

"May God forgive all those who desert us in our extremity. May He save them all. But surely, if any sin

will lie with crushing weight on the trembling, shrinking soul, when grim death draws near; if any sin will clothe the face of the final Judge with an angry frown, withering up the last hope of the condemned, in irremediable, everlasting despair, it is the sin of turning a deaf ear to the plaintive cry of ten millions of immortal beings, who, by their darkness and misery, cry, day and night, '*Come to our rescue, ye bright sons and daughters of America*, COME AND SAVE US, FOR WE ARE SINKING INTO HELL.'"

A letter written after his death, by his surviving widow, shows how intense was his longing for the sympathy and co-operation of his brethren at home. "I can not regret that Dr. Judson has gone. I believe it would have broken his heart to see Burmah open, and such a lack of missionary spirit. God spared him the trial, and though it has left me so very desolate, I feel a sort of gladness too, when I think of it. I suppose he sees it there, but he can understand it better."

After all, it was his intense piety that carried him into these extremes of self-denial. His was a great religious nature, wrestling for Christ-likeness. A small and weak nature always keeps within limit. Soil that is too thin for grain, never produces weeds. From the time that Mr. Judson gave his heart to God at Andover, he was possessed with a consuming zeal to be made holy. On this point, Mrs. E. C. Judson says: "I was first attracted by the freshness, the *originality*, if I may so call it, of his goodness."... "His religion mingled in his letters generally, and in his conversation—a little silver thread that it is impossible to disentangle."

He was a man of prayer. His habit was to walk while engaged in private prayer. One who knew him most intimately says that "His best and freest time

for meditation and prayer was while walking rapidly in the open air. He, however, attended to the duty in his room, and so well was this peculiarity understood that when the children heard a somewhat heavy, quick, but well-measured tread, up and down the room, they would say, 'Papa is praying.'"

"His was the life," one writes, "of what the English would call 'a good fellow,' elevated and purified and beautified by religion." Though he was a most brilliant and genial companion, yet, in his mind, every social relation was a tie by which men might be drawn heavenward. When Sir Archibald Campbell, the hero of the first Burman war, was on the eve of setting sail for his native land, crowned with the laurels of victory, he received from the lips of the humble and faithful ambassador of the cross, whom he had befriended, the following tender and solemn words of Christian admonition:

"MAULMAIN, *January* 8, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR: A few days ago I heard of your intention to leave this place on your return home.

"When I reflect on your many kindnesses to me and my beloved wife, now, I trust, in heaven, from the time I first saw you at Yebbay to the present moment, and on the many pleasant interviews with which I have been honored, it is natural that I should feel a desire to express my gratitude for your goodness, and my regret at your departure. But, besides that desire, I have, for a few days, had an impression on my mind which I can not avoid, and dare not counteract. I would fain say a few words to you on a subject which you have probably never had a friend faithful enough to present plainly to your mind. I feel that I write under the influence of a higher power; and I beg that if my words offend you, you will still have the charity to believe that I am influenced by none other than the most disinterested, affectionate, and respectful sentiments. And though you

should at first be displeased, I can not but hope that you will sometimes suffer the question to intrude on your most retired moments, whether the words I speak are not the words of eternal truth.

"But why should I proceed with hesitation and fear? Why give way to an unbelieving heart? He who inclines me to write will incline your heart to receive my words. If even a heathen monarch appointed one of his courtiers to accost him every morning with the warning salutation, 'Philip, thou must die,' surely Sir Archibald Campbell, of a Christian country and Christian habits, will be willing, for a moment, to turn away his ear from the voice of flattery, and listen to the monitory voice of sober truth.

"And yet true religion is a very different thing from all that you have probably been acquainted with. True religion is seldom to be found among mitred prelates and high dignitaries. It consists not in attachment to any particular church, nor in the observance of any particular forms of worship. Nor does it consist in a mere abstinence from flagrant crimes, a mere conformity to the rules of honesty and honor. True religion consists in a reunion of the soul to that great, omnipresent, infinite Being, from whom we have all become alienated in consequence of the fall. In our natural state, we spend our days in seeking the wealth and honors of this life, which we yet know to be but short and transitory, and we become too forgetful of that awful eternity to which we are rapidly hastening. So great is the blinding influence of sin, so successful are the fatal machinations of the god of this world, that when we can not stay the near approach of death and eternity, we still endeavor to quiet our conscience and pacify our fears by vague and indefinite ideas of the mercy of God, and by the hope that it will be well with us hereafter, though the still voice within whispers that all is wrong; and thus we are apt to suffer year after year to pass away, while we drink the intoxicating

draught of pleasure, or climb the height of human ambition. O, Sir Archibald, the glittering colors of this world will soon fade away; the bubbles of life will soon burst and disappear; the cold grave will soon close upon our, worldly enjoyments, and honors, and aspirings; and where then will our souls be?

"God's own eternal Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, came down from heaven to rescue us from the delusion of this world, the power of sin, and the doom of the impenitent. But 'unless we have the spirit of Christ, we are none of His.' His own divine lips have declared, 'Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God.' And the ambassador of Christianity must not hesitate to declare this solemn truth, plainly and fearlessly, to the king and the beggar, the rich and the poor, if he would clear his own conscience, and manifest true love to their souls.

"Allow me, then, to say to thee, Sir Archibald: Turn away thine eye from the fleeting shadows, and thine ear from the empty sounds of earth. Open the eye of thy mind to the uncreated beauties of that divine Being who is ever with thee, and ever waiting to be gracious. Listen to the call of His Holy Spirit. Give thine heart to the Friend and Lover of man, who hung and died on the cross to redeem us from eternal woe, and thou shalt find such peace and sweetness as thou hast never yet conceived of. Thou wilt be astonished that thou couldst have lived so many years ignorant of such transcendent beauty, insensible to those excellences which fill heaven with rapture, and in some instances make a heaven of earth. But if thou wilt not give thy heart to God, thou wilt never find true happiness here, thou wilt never see His face in peace.

"I do not suppose that, amid your present hurry, you will find leisure to pay any attention to the topic I now present. But perhaps when oceans have intervened between us, when resting in the bosom of your own native land, the truths of this letter may, through the

divine blessing, find their way to your heart.

"Farewell, Sir Archibald, and while all around you flatter and praise, while the plaudits of your king and country sound in your ears, believe that there is one person, humble and unknown, who prays in his retirement for your immortal soul; whose chief desire is to see you on the great day invested, not with the insignia of earthly monarchs, but with the glorious crown of eternal life, and who desires ever to subscribe himself,

"With heartfelt affection and respect,

"Your sincere friend and faithful servant,

"A. JU

In the "Threefold Cord,"[34]—a letter written by Mr. Judson to a young convert,—and in the following "*Pencilled Fragments*" and "*Rules of Life*," it may be seen with what strong and eager wing-beats of aspiration his soul struggled to mount into the serene atmosphere of a pure and holy life.

Pencilled Fragments, without date.

Topics to Encourage Prayer.

"Wrestling Jacob.

"Friend at midnight.

"The unjust judge.

"Satan fights neither with small nor great, save only with the spirit of prayer.

"An effort made in aridity, in wandering of thought, under a strong tendency to some other occupation, is more pleasing to God, and helps the soul forward in grace more than a long prayer without temptation.

"Whatever others do, let my life be a life of prayer.

"Get the King's daughter, and you get all; the grace

of devotion is the daughter of God."

Points of Self-denial.

"1. The passion for neatness, uniformity, and order in arrangement of things—in dress, in writing, in grounds.

"2. A disposition to suffer annoyance from little improprieties in the behavior and conversation of others.

"3. A desire to appear to advantage, to get honor and avoid shame. '*Come shame*, come sorrow,' etc.

"4. A desire for personal ease and comfort, and a reluctance to suffer inconvenience.

"5. Unwillingness to bear contradiction."

Rules of Life.

"Rules adopted on Sunday, April 4, 1819, the era of commencing public ministrations among the Burmans; revised and re-adopted on Saturday, December 9, 1820, and on Wednesday, April 25, 1821:

"1. Be diligent in secret prayer, every morning and evening.

"2. Never spend a moment in mere idleness.

"3. Restrain natural appetites within the bounds of temperance and purity. 'Keep thyself pure.'

"4. Suppress every emotion of anger and ill will.

"5. Undertake nothing from motives of ambition or love of fame.

"6. Never do that which, at the moment, appears to be displeasing to God.

"7. Seek opportunities of making some sacrifice for the good of others, especially of believers, provided the sacrifice is not inconsistent with some duty.

"8. Endeavor to rejoice in every loss and suffering incurred for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, remembering that though, like death, they are not to

be wilfully incurred, yet, like death, they are great gain.

"Re-adopted the above rules, particularly *the 4th, on Sunday, August 31, 1823*.

"Re-adopted the above rules, particularly *the 1st, on Sunday, October 29, 1826*, and adopted the following minor rules:

"1. Rise with the sun.

"2. Read a certain portion of Burman every day, Sundays excepted.

"3. Have the Scriptures and some devotional book in constant reading.

"4. Read no book in English that has not a devotional tendency.

"5. Suppress every unclean *thought* and *look*.

"Revised and re-adopted all the above rules, particularly the second of the first class, on Sunday, March 11, 1827.

"God grant me grace to keep the above rules, and ever live to His glory, for Jesus Christ's sake.

A. JUDSON."

"*August 9, 1842.*

"1. Be more careful to observe the seasons of secret prayer.

"2. Never indulge resentful feelings toward any person.

"3. Embrace every opportunity of exercising kind feelings, and doing good to others, especially to the household of faith.

"4.

Sweet in temper, face, and word,
To please an ever-present Lord.

"Renewed December 31, 1842.

"*December 31, 1842.* Resolved to make the desire to please Christ the grand motive of all my actions."

It may be well to glance at some of the forms of

excessive self-mortification which this great religious nature assumed under the stress of sickness, sorrow, and solitude. He was reared in the sound common-sense views of New England. He knew the value of money and the necessity of providing for the future by thrifty habits and close economy. Now all this he felt it his duty to give up. His advice to young men who were coming out as missionaries was, "Never lay up money for yourselves or your families. Trust in God from day to day, and verily you shall be fed." He was allowed by the Governor-General of India five thousand two hundred rupees,[35] in consideration of his services at the treaty of Yandabo and as a member of the embassy to Ava. Besides this, the presents he received while at Ava amounted to two thousand rupees.[36] All this money he paid into the treasury of the mission. Nor did he regard this as a donation. His view was that whatever a missionary might earn by such necessary and incidental outside work belonged, in the nature of the case, to the Board by which he was employed. But not only did he cheerfully give up these perquisites, but at a single stroke he transferred to the mission all of his private property, the slow accumulation of many years of thrift. He thus wrote to the Corresponding Secretary:

"MAULMAIN, *May* 31, 1828.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: When I left America, I brought with me a considerable sum of money, the avails of my own earnings and the gifts of my relatives and personal friends. This money has been accumulating at interest for many years under the management of a kind friend to the mission, and occasionally receiving accessions from other quarters, particularly at the close of the late war, until it amounts to twelve thousand rupees. I now beg leave to present it to the Board, or rather to Him

'who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.' I am taking measures to have the money paid to the agent of the Board, and the payment will, I trust, be effected by the end of this year.

"I would suggest, lest a temporary suspension of the necessity of remitting money should occasion some relaxation of the usual efforts made to meet the current expenses of the mission, whether it may not be advisable to invest a sum equivalent to that which I now pay the agent, viz., six thousand dollars, as part of a permanent fund. But this I leave entirely to the discretion of the Board.

"Yours, faithfully,

"A MISSIONARY.

"P. S.—It is not from an affected desire of concealment that the writer has subscribed himself 'A Missionary.' He is sensible that the tenor of the letter will, to those who are acquainted with the state of the mission, sufficiently betray him. But this is not the case with the public in general; and so far as it may be thought desirable not to throw away the influence of example, it is quite sufficient to tell the public that the money is given by a missionary, without specifying the individual."

And not only so, but he and Mr. Wade proposed to relinquish a twentieth, and conditionally, even a tenth of their respective salaries, and afterward he desired to have his own salary lessened by one-quarter.

Letters to the Corresponding Secretary.

"MAULMAIN, *September* 1, 1828.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: Since it is to be ascribed to the want of money, rather than to that of men, that the Baptists in the United States of America make such feeble efforts to send the Gospel through the world, inasmuch as the want of money prevents the managers

of missions from presenting those invitations and encouragements which would be gladly embraced by many young men who are waiting the call of Providence, we feel the importance of recurring practically to the golden rule, *that every individual do his duty* in furnishing those means which are absolutely necessary to carry on the great war with the prince of darkness and his legions in this fallen world. Feeling, also, that missionaries and ministers are under peculiar obligations, beyond any other classes of Christians, *to take the lead in contributing of their substance*, and encouraged by our Saviour's commendation of the poor widow in the Gospel, we have entered on a course of living which will, we hope, enable us to offer our two mites; and we propose, therefore, to relinquish annually one-twentieth of the allowance which we receive from the Board of Missions.

"We respectfully suggest that a similar proposal be made to the Baptist ministers in the United States; and we engage that, as soon as it shall appear that one hundred ministers, including ourselves, have resolved to transmit annually to the treasurer of the American Baptist Board of Foreign Missions one-twentieth of all their regular income, whether derived from their salaries or estates, we will relinquish a second twentieth of our allowance, that is, one-tenth of the whole.

"And lest it be said that we now receive high allowances, and can, therefore, afford to make some retrenchment, we state, not by way of ostentation, but merely to meet the remark, that, considering our allowances cover all our personal expenses except building or house rent, conveyance on mission business, and charges for medical attendance, we receive less than any English missionaries of any denomination, in any part of the East, and as little as any American missionaries in those parts, notwithstanding the expense of living on this coast is probably greater than at a majority of other stations.

We remain, yours faithfully,

"A. JUDSON,
"J. WADE."

"MAULMAIN, *June* 19, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR: I propose, from this date, to lessen my usual allowance by one-quarter, finding, from experience, that my present mode of living will admit the retrenchment; this arrangement not to interfere with the proposals made under date of September last, concerning the one-twentieth and one-tenth.

Yours faithfully,

"A. JUDSON."

But love of money was not the only worldly appetite which he nailed to the cross. He cut to the quick that passion for fame which was an inborn trait, and which had been inordinately stimulated by his parents during his earliest childhood. His overweening ambition received its first mortal wound, as he often remarked, when he became a Baptist. He declined the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him by the corporation of Brown University in 1823, and in May, 1828, wrote as follows to the editor of the *Missionary Magazine*:

"DEAR SIR: I beg to be allowed the privilege of requesting my correspondents and friends, through the medium of your magazine, no longer to apply to my name the title which was conferred on me in the year 1823 by the corporation of Brown University, and which, with all deference and respect for that honorable body, I hereby resign.

"Nearly three years elapsed before I was informed of the honor done me, and two years more have been suffered to pass, partly from the groundless idea that it was too late to decline the honor, and partly through fear of doing what might seem to reflect on those who

have taken a different course, or be liable to the charge of affected singularity, or superstitious preciseness. But I am now convinced that the commands of Christ and the general spirit of the Gospel are paramount to all prudential considerations, and I only regret that I have so long delayed to make this communication.

"Yours, etc., A. JUDSON."

The difficulty of writing his biography is enhanced by the fact that he destroyed, as far as possible, all his correspondence, including a letter of thanks for his services from the Governor-General of India, and other papers of a similar kind. He seemed determined that his friends should have no material with which to construct eulogiums. He wanted to do his work and then forget all about it, and have every one else also forget it. He was like a bee that flies into the hive with her load of pollen, and depositing it there, flies away again, without looking behind, leaving it for the other bees to pack it away in the cell. How little to the taste of his sister must it have been to receive from her brother, of whom she was so justly proud, such a commission as this:

"MAULMAIN, *May* 28, 1829.

"MY DEAR SISTER: Yours of October 16th last arrived yesterday. In regard to the quitclaim, it is impossible for me to ascertain, at this distance, what particular forms are required by the laws of the United States. But if you, or brother, or any person will send me such an instrument as the case requires, I will complete and return it. I am rather glad, however, that the first did not answer, because I have now a request to make which I doubt whether you would comply with, if I did not make your compliance a condition of my returning you the said instrument. My request is, that you will entirely destroy all my old letters which are in your and mother's hands, unless it be three or four of the later

ones, which you may wish to keep as mementoes. There are several reasons for this measure, which it would take too much time to detail. Suffice it to say, that I am so very desirous of effecting a complete destruction of all my old writings, that you must allow me to say positively (as the only means of bringing you to terms) that I can not send you the instrument you desire until I have an assurance, under your hand, that there is nothing remaining, except as mentioned above."

Again, Mr. Judson had a very strong relish for literature and linguistic research. One can not fail to observe the poetic gems, original and quoted, scattered through his correspondence. The Burman literature, with its Buddhistic books and its fascinating poetry, was a vast mine unexplored. He was tempted to trace the winding paths which were ever opening before his scholarly mind, and to search this great and ancient treasure-vault. Might he not translate into English some beautiful fragments of this literature, and so enkindle in some of the highly-organized minds of the Western world a greater interest in foreign missions? But no. He turned resolutely away from the alluring prospect. He was determined not to know anything among the Burmans save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. As a missionary he was unwilling to disperse his mental forces over the wide surface of literary and philosophical pursuit, but insisted on moving along the narrow and divinely-appointed groove of unfolding the word of God and meting it out to suit the wants of perishing man.

But perhaps the severest sacrifice of all was the denial of his social instincts. It was not because he was unendowed with social sensibility that he so cut himself off from the State or conventional dinner and from a fashionable intercourse with Sir Archibald

Campbell, and other cultivated Englishmen, as to incur the stigma of being called “odd.” He did not withdraw to his hermitage in the jungle because he was a fierce and sullen fanatic. On the contrary, one who knew him most intimately says that “Perhaps his most remarkable characteristic to a superficial observer was the extent and thoroughly genial nature of his sociableness.” Indeed, there was a spice of truth in the remark sneeringly made by a fashionable woman that “Judson abstained from society not from principle, but from cowardice—he was like the drunkard who was afraid to taste lest he should not know when to stop.” “His ready humor,” Mrs. Judson writes, “his aptness at illustration, his free flow of generous, gentlemanly feeling made his conversation peculiarly brilliant and attractive, and such interchanges of thought and feeling were his delight.” “He was not,” she adds, “a born angel, shut without the pale of humanity by his religion.” His was not the stern, unæsthetic nature of the great reformer and theologian who, though he lived his life on the Lake of Geneva, nowhere betrays, in his voluminous writings, that he was at all conscious of the beautiful panorama spread out before him. He was, as has been said of another, “a creature who entered into every one’s feelings, and could take the pressure of their thought instead of urging his own with iron resistance.” He was, in truth,

> “... Not too bright or good
> For human nature’s daily food;
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.”

The author, among his own scanty childhood recollections of his father, well remembers the tenderness with which he nursed his sick boy; and a

missionary associate says, “He had a peculiarly fascinating way of endearing himself to everybody whose hearts were open to his kindness.” Mrs. E. C. Judson writes:

“He was always planning pleasant little surprises for his family and neighbors, and kept up through his married life those little lover-like attentions which I believe husbands are apt to forget. There was, and always must have been, a kind of *romance* about him (you will understand that I use the word italicized for want of a better) which prevented every-day life with him from ever being commonplace. If he went out before I was awake in the morning, very likely some pretty message would be pinned to my mosquito-curtain. If he was obliged to stay at a business-meeting, or any such place, longer than he thought I expected (and often when he did not stay over the time), some little pencilled line that he could trace without attracting attention, would be dispatched to me. And often when he sat at his study-table, something droll or tender or encouraging or suggestive of thought, pencilled on a broken scrap of paper, sometimes the margin of a newspaper, was every little while finding its way to my room.... He was always earnest, enthusiastic, sympathizing, even in the smallest trifles, tender, delicate, and considerate—*never moody*, as he has sometimes been described, but equally communicative, whether sad or cheerful.... He was always, even in his playfulness, intellectual; and the more familiar, the more elevated.”

The little thoughtful attentions which he was continually paying to his fellow-missionaries, betrayed with what heartiness he entered into all their joys and sorrows. His friends, the Bennetts, had sent their children to America. One day Mr. Judson surprised them with a present of the portraits of their

absent little ones, for which he had himself sent to this country. His genial appreciation of the kindness of others beams from this little card that found its way into the missionary magazine:

"A. Judson desires to present, through the *American Baptist Magazine*, his thanks to the many kind friends of himself and the mission, who have sent him, by the hands of brother and sister Wade, and their associates, various donations of wearing apparel, books, stationery, etc. Some of the articles are of great value, and all of them are very acceptable, being such as he requires for daily use. The faces of the donors he knows not; but many of their names he has marked, and the notes and letters accompanying the presents have repeatedly called forth the tear of gratitude and love. The acquaintance thus commenced, though not personal, he expects will be perfected in that world where there is no sea to separate friends, no barrier to impede the interchange of mutual love. And he rejoices in the belief that every distant expression and recognition of fraternal affection here below will form an additional tie, binding heart to heart, in the world above; that every cup of cold water given to a disciple will become a perennial stream, flowing on from age to age, and swelling the heavenly tide of life and gladness."

He had a remarkable gift for comforting people, and was indeed a son of consolation. A lady to whom he paid a visit of condolence upon the death of her mother wrote to her friend, "He must have been peculiarly sympathetic himself, or he could not have entered into every one's sorrows so easily." To this trait in his character the wife who survived him bears eloquent testimony:

"Before Sir Archibald Campbell left the provinces, he took his stand and never attended a fashionable dinner

afterward. He gradually, too, broke off from intimate association with the missionaries, partly, perhaps, from a lack of congeniality of thought, partly from his sense of the worth of time. If any one was in trouble, however, he was sure to be there, and his power to soothe I have never seen equalled. Every tone of his voice seemed calculated to touch the innermost chord of a troubled heart."

How exquisitely soothing are the words with which he strives to comfort a heart-broken mother, weeping in her room after her husband has gone on board ship with her little girls, about to sail for America.

"Sovereign love appoints the measure
And the number of our pains,
And is pleased when we take pleasure
In the trials He ordains."

"Infinite love, my dear sister, in the person of the Lord Jesus, is even now looking down upon you, and will smile if you offer Him your bleeding, breaking heart. All created excellence and all ardor of affection proceed from Him. He loves you far more than you love your children; and He loves them also, when presented in the arms of faith, far more than you can conceive. Give them up, therefore, to His tender care. He will, I trust, restore them to you under greater advantages, and united to Himself; and you, who now sow in tears, shall reap in joy. And on the bright plains of heaven they shall dwell in your arms forever, and you shall hear their celestial songs, sweetened and heightened by your present sacrifices and tears.

"Yours, A. JUDSON."

Again he writes to the same bereaved lady:

"What a miserable world is this! No sooner does the

heart's pulse begin to take a little hold, than snap it goes. How many times more shall I have to sing that melancholy ditty—

> "'Had we never loved so kindly,
> Had we never loved so blindly,
> Never met, or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted!'

Even those poor culprits, Elsina and Mary, do so frequently squeeze out the tear, that it is painful to think of them. I don't wonder that you say your heart is ready to break. I almost wonder how you can breathe. And I don't think that Mrs. Wade's sweet, but cruel letters have helped the matter at all. But be patient, poor soul! Heaven will be sweeter for all this, though you may be unwilling to believe it. And we have every reason to pray and to hope that the dear absent ones will be with you to all eternity."

From what has been written on the subject of *Guyonism*, it can easily be seen how near at one period of his life, under the stress of grief and physical enfeeblement, Mr. Judson approached the perilous verge of fanaticism. He, however, soon recovered his mental and spiritual equilibrium, and in the busy whirl of missionary activity, and later in the formation of new social and domestic relations, threw off whatever excesses may temporarily have characterized his views and practices of self-denial. We subjoin a fragment, probably a scrap torn from the close of a letter:

"Leaving one party to prove that the standard of Christian morality is lowered since the days of the apostles, and another party to assert and expect the restoration of miraculous powers, let us adopt a middle course, the golden medium—HOLY AS THE APOSTLES, WITHOUT THEIR POWER—and then 'the glory of this

latter house shall be greater than that of the former.'"

Having thus turned aside to study the peculiar phase of spiritual experience through which Mr. Judson passed, that we might catch as through a window a glimpse of the very interior of his character, we now resume the narrative of his incessant toils. We left him by the freshly-made graves of his wife and child at Amherst. Amherst and Maulmain, situated about twenty-five miles apart upon the coast of a newly-settled province, were competing for the honor of being the metropolis of British Burmah.[37] They were both planted in the jungle, dependent for their growth upon the tide of population which kept streaming away from the oppressions of Burman despotism toward the enlightened and liberal English rule that prevailed throughout the Tenasserim provinces. The scale, as has already been stated, was turned in favor of Maulmain, by the fact that Sir Archibald Campbell had chosen it as the headquarters of his army. It consequently grew into a large city with marvellous rapidity, while Amherst dwindled into insignificance.

The missionaries at first thought it best to have two stations, one at Amherst and the other at Maulmain—the Wades to hold the ground in the former place, and the Boardmans in the latter, while Mr. Judson should move backward and forward between the two points. But they soon decided not to attempt to keep their hold on Amherst, but to concentrate all their forces in Maulmain. This town was situated at the mouth of the Salwen, on its western bank. It consisted principally of one street which extended along the river-front about two miles. Behind the city was a long range of hills, dotted here and there with the graceful pagoda. In

front swept the broad swift Salwen, “in which an English sloop-of-war was lying at anchor, and curiously-shaped Indian boats were passing to and fro with each changing tide.” Directly across the river lay the province of Martaban, still under Burman rule, the secure haunt of robbers and pirates; while far off to the seaward one could catch a glimpse of the high hills of Ballou Island.

The Boardmans were the first to remove to Maulmain, and were soon followed by the Wades, while Mr. Judson came last. We find in Mr. Boardman’s journal, under date of August 12, 1827, the following minute:

“The Burman merchant to whom I gave the books called on me yesterday, for further information on some point which he did not fully understand. While he was here, the head man of the village also came; and these two together, with our Burman teacher, who seems to be inquiring, entered into some particular discussion of the Christian history and doctrine. In the midst of this discussion, how great was my joy on beholding Mr. Judson approaching the house. It is now probable that we shall all be settled together at this place.”

The mission-house had been erected by the Boardmans at the expense of the mission, upon ground given by Sir Archibald Campbell. It was situated about a mile south of the English barracks, on a gentle westerly and southerly declivity, so that it commanded a view of the river and the sea. It contained three rooms fifteen feet square, and a veranda on all sides, but enclosed on three sides for a study, store-room, dressing-room, etc. The General had offered the missionaries a site within the cantonments, but they chose rather to be where they could come into closer and more direct contact with

the natives. This, however, exposed them landward to tigers, and riverward to robbers from Martaban. Their perilous situation is thus described in a letter from Mrs. Boardman to an intimate friend in Salem:

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: I have hitherto refrained from letting you know the extreme loneliness of our condition, and the constant danger to which we have been exposed.... Maulmain, the place of our residence, is separated from the Burman province of Martaban only by the river. The opposite side is the refuge of robbers, who come over in parties twenty or thirty in number, armed with muskets, spears, knives, etc. Thus equipped, they break into houses in the most daring manner, seize everything valuable, and retreat immediately with their booty to the other side of the river, where they are entirely beyond the reach of British authority. They have in one or two instances surprised and destroyed whole villages that were left unguarded; and in one place they even attacked a guard of Sepoys.... Thus surrounded by dangers, we live alone, in a house of such frail materials that it could be cut open in any part with a pair of scissors, in the midst of a desolate wood, and at some little distance from even a Burman neighbor.... The military cantonments are about a mile distant, and we are the only Europeans living outside.... We came to this place, wishing, I trust, to spend and be spent among this people, and trusting in an Almighty arm for protection. Be assured, my dear friend, we felt happy in our decision. We saw this wretched, deluded people perishing in their ignorance of the Gospel; we thought of the love of the Saviour to precious souls; we cast a glance toward Gethsemane and Calvary, and that was sufficient. Shall we consult our own ease and comfort, we said, or shall we be willing to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods? This was the question, and, I trust, the grace of God enabled us to choose the latter."

And they were soon called upon to endure the spoiling of their goods. The description is given in the words of Mrs. E. C. Judson:

"On the evening of the fourth day, as it deepened into night, the books of study were thrown aside, and the book of God taken in their stead; then the prayer was raised to heaven, and the little family went to rest. Feeble were the rays of the one pale lamp, close by the pillow of the young mother, scarce throwing its light upon the infant resting in her bosom, and penetrating into the remote darkness, but by feeble flickerings. So sleep soon brooded over the shut eyelids, and silence folded its solemn wings about the little habitation.

"The infant stirred, and the mother opened her eyes. Why was she in darkness? and what objects were those scattered so strangely about her apartment, just distinguishable from the gray shadows? The lamp was soon relighted, and startling was the scene which it revealed. There lay, in odd confusion, trunks, boxes, and chests of drawers, all rifled of their contents; and strewed carelessly about the floor, were such articles as the marauders had not considered worth their taking. While regarding in consternation, not appreciable by those who have access to the shops of an American city, this spoiling of their goods, Mrs. Boardman chanced to raise her eye to the curtain, beneath which her husband had slept, and she thought of the lost goods no more. Two long gashes, one at the head and the other at the foot, had been cut in the muslin; and there had the desperate villains stood, glaring on the unconscious sleeper with their fierce, murderous eyes, while the booty was secured by their companions. The bared, swarthy arm was ready for the blow, and the sharp knife or pointed spear glittered in their hands. Had the sleeper opened his eyes, had he only stirred, had but a heavy, long-drawn breath startled the cowardice of guilt—ah, had it! But it did not. The rounded limbs of

the little infant lay motionless as their marble counterfeit; for if the rosy lips had moved but to the slightest murmur, or the tiny hand crept closer to the loved bosom in her baby dreams, the chord in the mother's breast must have answered, and the death-stroke followed. But the mother held her treasure to her heart and slept on. Murderers stood by the bedside, regarding with callous hearts the beautiful tableau; and the husband and father *slept*. But there was one Eye open—the Eye that never slumbers; a protecting wing was over them, and a soft, invisible hand pressed down their sleeping lids.

"Nearly every article of value that could be taken away had disappeared from the house; and though strict search was made throughout the neighborhood, no trace of them was ever discovered. After this incident, Sir Archibald Campbell furnished the house with a guard of Sepoys during the night; and as the rapid increase of the population soon gave it a central position in the town, the danger of such attacks was very much lessened."

It was at this exposed spot that the Judsons, the Boardmans, and the Wades mustered their forces, and stood prepared to take advantage of the inflowing tide of Burmese population. They took with them from Amherst their whole little flock of native converts and inquirers, namely, Moung Shwa-ba, Moung Ing, Moung Myat-poo, Mah Doke, with her husband, Moung Dwah, and Moung Thah-byoo, who afterward became the apostle to the Karens. Seventeen of the female scholars also accompanied them, besides the two little boys left motherless by the lamented Mah Men-la.

The missionaries and their converts at once began *zayat* work. There were soon in Maulmain four widely-separated centres of Gospel influence,

namely: the mission-house where Mr. Boardman labored; Mr. Judson's *zayat*, about two miles and a half north of the mission premises, in a very populous part of the town ("a little shed projecting into one of the dirtiest, noisiest streets of the place"); Mr. Wade's *zayat*, out in the country, about half a mile south of the mission-house; and, besides, a reading *zayat*, where Moung Shwa-ba and Moung Ing alternately read the Scriptures to all the passers-by. At each of these stations public worship was held, followed by close personal conversation with any who desired to become acquainted with the new religion. Nor did the word thus preached return void. They soon had the happiness of baptizing Moung Dwah, one of the inquirers who had accompanied them from Amherst, and others speedily followed his example.

Some of the most stubborn cases yielded, little by little, to Mr. Judson's solemn and gentle persuasion. He describes a certain Moung Bo as follows:

"I noticed once in the annals of the Rangoon mission a man of the first distinction in point of talents, erudition, general information, and extensive influence. His progress has been so slow that I have not mentioned him before; but he has attended me ever since the *zayat* was opened, his house being on the opposite side of the street. He was an intimate friend of Moung Shwa-gnong, and has apparently been going through a process similar to what my dear brother, now, I trust, in heaven, experienced. He has relinquished Buddhism, and got through with Deism and Unitarianism, and now appears to be near the truth. Many a time, when contemplating his hard, unbending features, and listening to his tones of dogmatism and pride, I have said in my heart, 'Canst thou ever kneel, a humble suppliant, at the foot of the cross?' But he has lately

manifested some disposition to yield, and assures me that he does pray in secret."

Although the English rule prevented the application of the Burman iron mall, yet the young converts did not escape persecution.

"Ko Myat-kyau is," Mr. Judson writes, "a brother of the first native chief in the place, nearly fifty years of age, of most respectable rank in society, more so than any other that has been baptized, possessed of a clear mind, considerable native eloquence, and an uncommon degree of mental and bodily activity. His literary attainments are scanty; but he has command of handsome language, particularly that which is current in the higher classes of society. He has been an inquirer after truth many years, and has diligently investigated the systems of Buddh, of Brahma, and of Mahomet. At length he embraced the religion of Jesus Christ with all his heart and soul, manifesting more zeal and ardor than commonly characterize his cool, considerate countrymen. He has suffered as much persecution as can be openly inflicted under British government. All his relations and friends joined in a most appalling cry against him; his wife commenced a suit for divorce; and his brother publicly declared that, if he had the power of life and death, he would instantly wipe out with his blood the disgrace brought upon the family. Our friend bore it all with the meekness of a lamb, and conducted himself with such forbearance and Christian love that the tide has begun to turn in his favor. His wife has relinquished her suit, and begins to listen to the word; his brother has become silent; and some few of the relatives begin to speak in our favor."

Women, too, did not shrink from suffering persecution on behalf of their newly-found Lord. Describing a baptism, Mr. Judson says:

"We made up a small female party, consisting of Mah See, Mah Gatee, and Mah Kyan, all decided and hearty in the cause, amid a torrent of threatening and abuse. The first is the wife of Moung San-lone, second; but her elder brother, and her priest, and other acquaintance are all alive on the occasion. The husbands of the other two are both opposers, and have threatened their wives with everything bad if they enter the new religion. They expect to suffer as soon as their husbands hear of the deeds of this day. We feel most for Mah Kyan, who has a child at her breast, an only child; and her husband has declared that he will not only turn her off, but take the child away from her, and provide it another nurse. After they were baptized, they said that their minds were very happy; come life, come death; they were disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ for life and forever."

Again, he tells the story of a lady eighty years of age, mother-in-law of a petty chief who was one of the bitterest opposers:

"She commenced her inquiries," he writes, "several months ago with a great deal of timidity. And though she has acquired a little courage, and is a person of considerable presence, she almost trembles under a sense of the great responsibility of changing her religion. Such being her character, the promptness with which she answered our questions, before the church, affected us even to tears. 'How old are you, mother?' 'Eighty years.' 'Can you, at such an age, renounce the religion that you have followed all your life long?' 'I see that it is false, and I renounce it all.' 'Why do you wish to be baptized into the religion of Jesus Christ?' 'I have very, very many sins; and I love the Lord, who saves from sin.' 'Perhaps your son-in-law, on hearing that you have been baptized, will abuse you, and turn you out of doors.' 'I have another son-in-law, to whom I will flee.' 'But he also is an opposer; suppose that you should

meet with the same treatment there?' 'You will, I think, let me come and live near you.' We made no reply, willing that she should prove her sincerity by bearing the brunt alone. Her name is Mai Hlah. Behold this venerable woman, severing, at her time of life, all the ties which bind her to a large circle of connections and friends, hazarding the loss of a comfortable, respectable situation, the loss of character, the loss of a shelter for her gray head, throwing herself on the charity of certain foreigners, and all for the sake of 'the Lord who saves from sin.' O, blessed efficacy of the love of Christ!"

But not only was the *zayat work* crowned with success; the *school work* was not less effective. The school of girls which had been transplanted from Amherst increased in size and efficiency under the superintendence of Mrs. Wade and Mrs. Boardman, who not only taught the children, but imparted religious instruction to the Burman women. The tireless Boardman also opened a school for boys. Mr. Judson speaks joyously of an incipient revival in the girls' school, "similar to those glorious revivals which distinguish our own beloved land." He baptized Mah-ree (Hasseltine) about twelve years ago, one of the two Burman girls[38] whom his departed Ann had watched over during his own long imprisonment at Ava.

"Two other girls, younger than those that have been baptized, appear to have obtained light and hope in Christ. 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.' One of them, Mee Youk, about eight years old, gives as clear, satisfactory evidence of real conversion as any of the older girls. The other, Mee Kway, like our departed Mee Shway-ee, was rescued at Amherst from miserable slavery. She has hitherto given us very little pleasure, but is now led to see that she has been an uncommonly wicked child, and to feel a

humble, penitent disposition."

But even these babes in Christ were not exempt from suffering persecution. Mee Tan-goung had just been baptized. Her eldest sister, after having experienced real and pungent convictions of divine truth, had at length been induced by her mother's alternate promises and threatenings deliberately to reject the Saviour.

"Mee Tan-goung's mother came early," writes Mr. Judson, "before any of us were up, and having made her elder daughter, Mee Lau, open the door of the school *zayat*, she fell upon her younger daughter, abusing and beating her, until, fearing that she should alarm the house, she went off. Soon after, however, she came again, and finding her daughter outside, she beat her on the head with an umbrella, and threatened to sell her for a slave. She then went into town, and after raising a tumult in the market-place, and declaring that her daughter had entered into a religion which prevented her lying and cheating, so that she was quite lost to all purposes of trade, she carried the alarming tale to the mothers of the other two girls who were baptized yesterday. One of them, the mother of Mee Nen-mah, who has been most violent heretofore, came in a rage to Mrs. Wade (brother Wade and myself being absent at our *zayats*), and after using as bad language as she dared, she ran down to the schoolroom, seized her daughter by the hair, and dragged her outdoors toward a pile of wood, where she would soon have armed herself with a weapon, had not Mrs. Wade interfered, and rescued the victim; upon which the mother went off, muttering vengeance. The girls bore all this abuse in silent submission, and really manifested something of the spirit of martyrs. All three are taken into the house for the present, lest their infuriated relatives should make an assault upon them by night."

Poor little Mee Aa, who had been baptized, was living in great fear. She daily expected her mother from Amherst, and knew that she would take her away instantly, and would use all the means in her power to make her renounce the Christian religion. But Mee Aa was to be pleasantly disappointed. Instead of being remanded by her mother to the shadows of heathenism, she was permitted to lead that mother into the light of the Gospel.

"Soon after that date, Mee Aa came trembling, one morning, to Mrs. Wade, with the alarming news that her mother had just arrived at the landing-place, with the intention, doubtless, of taking her away by force; and what should she do? She was told to go and meet her mother, and to pray as she went. But the poor girl need not have been alarmed. She had been incessantly praying for her mother ever since she had learned to pray for herself; and God had heard her prayers, and softened her mother's heart. So when she heard that her daughter was actually baptized, she only made up a queer face, like a person choking, and said, 'It was *so*, was it not? I hear that some quite die under the operation.' This speech we all considered encouraging. And, accordingly, she soon settled down among us, drank in the truth from her daughter's lips, and then followed her example."

But the most pathetic story of all is that of Mee Shway-ee, a little child, whom the missionaries rescued from the barbarities of heathenism. They brought her with them from Amherst. When they first heard of her she was a slave-girl, five years old. Her master was a Moor. He afterward turned out to be her own brother, who had formed the diabolical project of killing her by inches. Mr. Judson got possession of the little girl by threatening her master

with all the penalties of the English law. Her wretched condition is thus described in Mrs. Wade's journal:

"Her little body was wasted to a skeleton, and covered from head to foot with the marks of a large rattan, and blows from some sharp-edged thing which left a deep scar. Her master in a rage one day caught her by the arm, and gave it such a twist as to break the bone, from which her sufferings were dreadful. Besides, she had a large and very dreadful burn upon her body, recently inflicted.... She had been tortured so long that her naturally smiling countenance was the very picture of grief and despair..... Almost the first words which the poor little sufferer said to me were, 'Please to give your slave a little rice, for I am very hungry.' She was asked if she had not had her breakfast; to which she replied: 'Yes, but I got very little, so that I am hungry all the day long.'"

The poor little Mee Shway-ee had suffered too much ever to recover. She survived her release from her master only a few months. She died in the glad triumphs of the Christian faith. "I am dying," she said, "but I am *not afraid* to die, for Christ will call me up to heaven. He has taken away all my sins, and I wish to die now, that I may go and see Him."

Her cruel master received his just deserts. He was thrown into prison, where, after waiting trial for several months, he was condemned to a further confinement of four years in irons, and hard labor on the public works. This dreary prospect broke his spirit, and he managed to put an end to his wretched life by taking arsenic.

MEE SHWAY-EE.[39]

"In the tropic land of Burmah,

Where the sun grows never old;
And the regal-browed Palmyra
Crowns her head with clouds of gold;
On a strange, wild promontory,
Close beside the rushing sea,
Listening ever to the billows,
Dwelt poor little Mee Shway-ee.
“But along the sandy sea-shore.
Or amid the foliage green,
Stringing rows of crimson berries,
Was the maiden never seen;
Never twined she her black tresses
With the golden mazalee;
For a wild and woe-marked slave-child
Was poor little Mee Shway-ee.
“And when in the hush of twilight
Rose a startling eldritch cry,
Answered by the gray-winged osprey,
Plunging seaward from the sky;
Then the village wives and maidens,
As they glanced from roof to sea,
Whispered of a human osprey,
And poor writhing Mee Shway-ee.
“But a messenger of Jesus—
Him who, centuries ago,
Bared His bosom to the arrow
Winged by human guilt and woe,
And then said, ‘Go preach my Gospel!
Lo! I’m evermore with thee’—
One who served this blessed Jesus,
Found poor trembling Mee Shway-ee.
“Found her wan, and scarred, and bleeding,
Mad with agony and sin;
So love’s arms were opened widely,
And the sufferer folded in;
Tender fingers soothed and nursed her,
And ’twas wonderful to see
How the winning glance of pity
Tamed the elf-child, Mee Shway-ee.
“For, beneath those drooping eyelids

Shone a human spirit now,
And the light of thought came playing
Softly over lip and brow;
But her little footstep faltered,—
Beamed her eye more lovingly,—
And 'twas known that death stood claiming
Gentle, trusting Mee Shway-ee.
"But to her he came an angel,
Throned in clouds of rosy light;
Came to bear her to that Saviour
Who had broke her weary night;
And with smiles she sought his bosom;
So, beside the rushing sea,
'Neath the weeping casuarina,
Laid they little Mee Shway-ee."

But amid the cares and toils of beginning a missionary enterprise in Maulmain, Mr. Judson did not remit his literary labors. The odd moments of time left from *zayat work* and *school work* were filled with the *work of translation*. Even before leaving Amherst he had embarked upon the prodigious task of translating the Old Testament into Burmese. He had begun with the Psalms. After the death of his wife and child his sorrowful heart instinctively turned for consolation to "the prayers of David the son of Jesse." He had hardly been in Maulmain two years when he makes this record in his journal:

"*November* 29, 1829. Since my last, we have finished revising the New Testament and the Epitome of the Old —a work in which we have been closely engaged for above a year. We have also prepared for the press several smaller works, viz.:

"1. The Catechism of Religion. This has already passed through two editions in Burmese. It has also been translated and printed into Siamese, and translated into Taling or Peguan.

"2. The View of the Christian Religion, thoroughly

revised for a fourth edition in Burmese. It has also been translated into Taling and Siamese.

"3. The Liturgy of the Burman Church.

"4. The Baptismal Service.

"5. The Marriage Service.

"6. The Funeral Service; the last three consisting chiefly of extracts from Scripture.

"7. The Teacher's Guide; or, a Digest of those parts of the New Testament which relate to the Duty of Teachers of Religion, designed particularly for Native Pastors.

"8. A Catechism of Astronomy.

"9. A Catechism of Geography.

"10. A Table of Chronological History; or a Register of principal Events from the Creation to the present Time.

"11. The Memoir of Mee Shway-ee.

"12. The Golden Balance; or, the Christian and Buddhist Systems Contrasted. This has been translated into Taling.

"The Gospel of St. Matthew was also translated into Siamese by Mrs. Judson, and is now being translated into Taling by Ko Man-poke, our assistant in that department."

While thus absorbed in the work of preaching and teaching and translating at Maulmain, he was not forgetful of the smouldering camp-fires he had left behind him at Rangoon and Amherst. At Rangoon especially, where he had first unfurled the banner of the Christ, and whence he had been rudely driven by the intolerant spirit of the king of Ava, a native church was speedily reorganized under a Burman pastor, Ko Thah-a. It seems that this man was one of the original Rangoon converts.

"At the close of the war," according to Mr. Judson's narrative, "he spent a few months at a large village in

the neighborhood of Shwa-doung, and there, devoting himself to the preaching of the word, he produced a very considerable excitement. Several professed to believe in the Christian religion; and three of the most promising received baptism at his hands. Some others requested the same favor; but he became alarmed at his own temerity, and declined their repeated applications. The villagers, in time, returned to the vicinity of Rangoon, whence they had fled at the commencement of the war. He also returned to Rangoon, his former residence, and continued to disseminate the truth, but in a more cautious and covert manner."

Ko Thah-a visited Mr. Judson at Maulmain in order to be instructed as to what he should do with those whom he had persuaded to accept of Christ, and who wished to be baptized. It was thought best to ordain him as pastor of the church in Rangoon.

What a stubborn vitality there is in that seminal divine idea, a local church! Mr. and Mrs. Judson formed such a church, when, in 1813, they made their home at the mouth of the Irrawaddy, and all by themselves shared in that Holy Supper which was instituted to commemorate the Saviour's dying love. The church of two slowly grew into a church of twenty. Then came the war, and the long imprisonment of the pastor at Ava. The church was hewed to the ground. Only four members could be found, and these were transplanted to Amherst. More than two years later Ko Thah-a, who had been lost sight of in the interior of the country, makes his appearance in Maulmain. He has all along been secretly preaching the good news, and now he wants to go back to Rangoon and baptize the converts whom he has won. Out of the stump of the tree cut down there springs a shoot which has bloomed and flourished even to the present time. The Rangoon

mission of 1881 now embraces eighty-nine churches and thirty-seven hundred members. “There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.”

Ko Thah-a, the first Christian pastor among the Burmans, proved to be an able minister. Of him Mr. Judson wrote:

“His age (fifty-seven), his steadiness and weight of character, his attainments in Burman literature, which, though not, perhaps, necessary, seem desirable in one who is taking up arms against the religion of his country, and his humble devotedness to the sacred work, all conspire to make us acquiesce with readiness and gratitude in the divine appointment.”

Again and again he sent to Maulmain the cheering news of conversions and baptisms; and when, a year and a half after his ordination, Mr. Judson visited him at Rangoon and invited him to go on a missionary tour up the country, he declined, “on account of having so many irons in the fire”—that is, hopeful inquirers—that he must stay to bring forward and baptize. And Mr. Judson adds, “He is as solicitous and busy as a hen pressing about her chickens. It is quite refreshing to hear him talk on the subject, and see what a nice, careful old shepherd he makes. The Lord bless his soul and the souls of his flock!”

Neither did Mr. Judson forget the deserted mission-field at Amherst, where lay the precious dust of his wife and child. Like the Apostle Paul, he felt the deepest solicitude for the spiritual welfare of the converts whom he had left along the track behind him. Moung Ing was ordained and sent to be pastor of the disciples at Amherst.

"The church," Mr. Judson writes, "consisted of three —Mah Loon-byay, who was baptized while we lived there, and has never left the place; Mah Kai, and her daughter, Mee A, who have lately moved thither. To these are now added pastor Moung Ing and his wife, Mah Lan. May the five become five hundred. May the seed formerly sown in weakness and tears yet spring up and bear fruit. May the last efforts of the one we have lost, whose setting rays sunk in death beneath the hope-tree, prove not to have been in vain; and may the prayers which ascended from her dying bed be yet heard and answered in blessings upon Amherst."

Moung Ing, however, though diligent and faithful, and extremely desirous of doing good, seems to have proved rather a failure as a minister. The prospects at Amherst darkened; and Mr. Judson sadly wrote:

"Moung Ing has had no success at all, though he has not been wanting in diligence and faithfulness. At length we advised him to remove to Tavoy. He, however, preferred Rangoon, and is now co-operating with Ko Thah-a. His wife remained behind. Her conduct has been very exceptionable since her baptism, and soon after her husband's departure she became openly vicious. She is now suspended from communion—the first case of church discipline that has occurred among the native members."

One feels his heart drawn out toward the poor fisherman, Moung Ing, one of the very earliest Burman converts, Mrs. Judson's only dependence at Ava and Oung-pen-la—the first bearer of the Gospel to the Tavoyans, and yet a man whose mission in this world, in spite of zeal, fidelity, and untiring industry, seemed to be ever to fail. In a subsequent letter of Mr. Judson's, there occurs a pathetic account of his death. His humility and disinterestedness shone forth

with a steady ray even in his latest hours.

"During the last year of his life, Ko Ing was supported from the donations of Mr. Colgate, of New York. But at the close of October, 1833, he wrote that, on account of his unworthiness and want of success, he declined receiving any further allowance; that his wife—of whose conversion he had been the means—was able, by keeping a small shop, to support the family; but that he intended, however, to devote himself the same as before to the work to which he had been called. Accordingly, the same letter reports his labors and states his plans for future operations. Such communications he continued to make till his death. In order, however, to square our accounts, we requested him to receive the usual allowance for the remaining two months of that year. He did so, and in acknowledging the receipt of the money, said that he regarded it as a special gift from heaven. We then determined that, though he declined any stated allowance, we would occasionally make him presents; and brother Mason has sent him money two or three times, amounting, I believe, to about one-third of his usual allowance. The following is an extract from the letter of a pious sergeant in the detachment stationed at Mergui, dated December 7, 1834:

"'I was with Ko Ing several times during his illness, and commonly took an interpreter with me; but on account of his extreme weakness and deafness, I could say but little to him. Being anxious, however, to know his experience, I asked him a few questions, as follows: *Q.* Do you wish to die or not? *Ans.* I wish to die, if it is the will of God. *Q.* Why do you wish to die? *Ans.* I shall go to heaven and be happy. *Q.* How do you know that you shall go to heaven? *Ans.* I have read in the word of God that those who serve Him will go there, and my own breast tells me of it (placing his hand on his breast and looking up). *Q.* How have you served God? *Ans.* By forsaking my wicked ways, and praying to Him for

forgiveness. *Q.* Do you think all this will take you to heaven? *Ans.* Jesus Christ came down from above, and died for sinners; and those that are sorry for and forsake their sins shall be saved, because Christ died for them. *Q.* You don't think, then, that your works and your own goodness will take you to heaven? *Ans.* No. All my works are but filthy rags. He was so much exhausted that I asked him no more questions. I think I told you in a former letter that he had his coffin made some days before his death; that our lads carried him to the grave; and I read the funeral service over him.'"

But the time had now come when this little company of missionaries at Maulmain had to be broken up. Judson, Boardman, and Wade—an illustrious triumvirate—could not long expect to work together in the same place. This would be too great a concentration of forces at one point. The Gospel light must be more widely dispersed through the thick gloom of Paganism. The Boardmans were the first to go, though the parting with their missionary associates was attended with the keenest suffering. Besides, they had originated the mission at Maulmain, and it was at a peculiar sacrifice that they pressed into the regions beyond. They chose Tavoy as their field of work. It seemed out of the question to assail Burmah proper; and on the long coast of the ceded provinces, Amherst having dwindled into insignificance, Tavoy was the only important point within a hundred and fifty miles. If they went to Arracan, British territory situated on the other side of Burmah proper,[40] they would be too far away to meet with the other missionaries for such occasional consultation and concert of prayer as seemed advisable to the Board at home. Accordingly, on the 29th of March, 1828, when the missionaries had experienced for only seven months the joy of

laboring together in Maulmain, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman with their little family set sail for Tavoy. They were accompanied by a young Siamese convert, Moung Shway-pwen, by a Karen, Ko Thah-byoo—subsequently the renowned apostle to the Karens—and by four of the native school-boys. With this little group of disciples, Mr. Boardman began that brief and heroic campaign among the Karens which has made his name so illustrious in the annals of missions.

On the 15th of December, 1829, Mr. Judson received news of the death at Washington of his brother Elnathan, with whom he had prayed so many years before by the roadside on his way from Plymouth to Boston.[41] The letter that brought him these sad tidings assured him also that the wayside prayer had been answered. He wrote the following letter of comfort to his distant sister:

"MAULMAIN, *December* 21, 1829.

"I have just received yours of May 25 last, giving an account of Elnathan's death, and also Dr. Sewall's detail of his dying exercises. Perhaps you have not seen Dr. Sewall's letter. It closes thus: 'A few hours before his death, and when he was so low as to be unable to converse or to move, he suddenly raised himself up, and clasping his hands, with an expression of joy in his countenance, cried, "*Peace, peace!*" and then he sunk down, without the power of utterance. About ten minutes before he expired, it was said to him, "If you feel the peace of God in your soul, open your eyes." He opened his eyes, and soon after expired, and, as we believe, in the triumphs of faith.' When I read this account, I went into my little room, and could only shed tears of joy, my heart full of gratitude and my tongue of praise. I have felt most anxious about him for a long time; to hear at last that there is some good reason to conclude that he has gone to heaven is enough. So we

are dying, one after another. We shall all be there, I trust, before long. I send you and mother a little tract, which I beg you will study prayerfully. Let me urge you frequently to re-examine the foundation of your hope. O, it is a solemn thing to die—an awful thing to go into eternity, and discover that we have been deceiving ourselves! Let us depend upon it that nothing but real faith in Christ, *proved to be genuine by a holy life*, can support us at last. That faith which consists merely in a correct belief of the doctrines of grace, and prompts to no self-denial,—that faith which allows us to spend all our days in serving self, content with merely refraining from outward sins, and attending to the ordinary duties of religion,—is no faith at all. O, let me beg of you to look well into this matter! And let me beg my dear mother, in her old age, and in view of the near approach of death and eternity, to examine again and again whether her faith is of the right kind. Is it that faith which gives her more enjoyment in Jesus, from day to day, than she finds in anything else?

"May God bless you both, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate brother."

On the arrival at Maulmain of two new missionaries, the printer, Mr. Cephas Bennett, and his wife, it seemed best that the policy of dispersion should be still more rigorously pursued. Mr. Judson never approved of the huddling of missionaries together at any one station. A few years later he wrote:

"Formerly, having spent many years alone, I felt desirous of missionary society, and was disposed to encourage a few to stay together, not doubting but that we should all find enough to do. But I have now learned that one missionary standing by himself, feeling his individual responsibility, and *forced to put forth all his efforts*, is worth half a dozen cooped up in one place,

while there are unoccupied stations in all directions, and whole districts, of thousands and hundreds of thousands, perishing in the darkness of heathenism. You will perhaps wonder that I am frequently writing in this strain. But when I think of seven families,—eight when the ——s are here, which will probably be every rainy season,—my spirit groans within me. I feel that I can not spend my time to better purpose than in endeavoring to effect some change in our present arrangements. I can truly say that all the real missionary work done by all the sisters at this station, from day to day, might and would be done by any two of them, if left to themselves; and this not because they are disposed to indolence or self-indulgence, but simply because there are so many together. Place any one of them in a station by herself, with her husband, and she would become a new creature."

He also believed in multiplying the centres of light. It might be well for a new missionary upon his first arrival to be kept in training at some long-established post in association with experienced laborers, but then his ultimate aim should be to plunge alone into the thicket of heathenism.

Besides, the time had now come to make a new attempt to enter Burmah proper. Accordingly on February 21, 1830, Mr. and Mrs. Wade removed to Rangoon, Mr. Judson's old field, where the newly-ordained Moung Thah-a and Moung Ing were laboring. The pain of parting was alleviated by the hope which Mr. Judson cherished of joining them again at Rangoon, with the purpose of once more penetrating the valley of the Irrawaddy in the direction of Ava. In a confidential letter, written to the Corresponding Secretary two years and a half before, he had thus described the four beloved coadjutors from whom it was now his duty to be

separated:

"Brother Wade is a steady, correct, judicious, persevering, heavenly-minded man. He is much better than he seems on first appearance or a slight acquaintance. I have learned that his advice is safe, and I confide in his judgment more than my own. He is getting a thorough knowledge of the language, and both he and Mrs. Wade speak it very well. In regard to Mrs. Wade I can truly say, that among all my living acquaintances I do not know a single woman who is superior to her in sterling excellence of missionary character. Brother and sister Boardman I am not much acquainted with, and am unable to delineate their distinguishing characteristics. He appears to have a mind well disciplined and readily stirred. She is a truly lovely and estimable woman. Of all the four, I know not which I *esteem* most. The Wades I *love* most because I know them best."

But Mr. Judson could not remain content at Maulmain. He was not satisfied with founding two or three missions on the outermost edge of British Burmah. He longed to penetrate Burmah proper again, and establish a line of mission stations in the Irrawaddy valley, that arterial channel through which the tide of Burmese population surged. Mr. Wade had gone before simply as an *avant coureur*. His going to Rangoon was only a part of a more general movement. Leaving Maulmain in charge of Mr. Boardman, who had been temporarily recalled from Tavoy, Mr. Judson parted with him and the new-comers, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, on April 26, 1830, and set sail for Rangoon, where he arrived six days later. Before leaving Maulmain, he writes in his journal:

"Our re-entering Burmah is an experiment which we

are making with fear and trembling. Accounts from brother and sister Wade are rather encouraging. They both give it as their decided opinion that I ought to join them immediately; not merely with a view to Rangoon, but to the neighboring towns, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall render accessible."

He spent only a few days with Mr. Wade in Rangoon. Then, in the company of five native disciples, he proceeded by boat to Prome, an ancient city situated on the Irrawaddy about one hundred and seventy miles from the mouth. He writes from Rangoon:

"Every day deepens the conviction in my mind that I am not in the place where God would have me be. It was to the interior, and not to Rangoon, that my mind was turned long before I left Maulmain; and while I feel that brother and sister Wade are in the right place, I feel that I am called elsewhere. Under these impressions, I am about proceeding up the river, accompanied by Moung Ing, Moung En, Moung Dway, Moung Dan, baptized April 4, and little Moung Like, mentioned April 18, not yet baptized. The boat on which we embark will take us to Prome, the great half-way place between this and Ava, and there I hope and pray that the Lord will show us what to do."

This brave effort, however, to plant Christianity at Prome, in the very interior of the Burman empire, the half-way place between Rangoon and Ava, proved a complete failure. Mr. Judson preached the Gospel and distributed tracts all the way up the river, and for three months he and his disciples labored faithfully in Prome. He occupied daily an old tumble-down *zayat* at the foot of the great pagoda, Shway Landau, and thousands heard the Gospel from his

lips. But suddenly the *zayat* was deserted. He met with cold and rude treatment in the streets. The dogs were allowed to bark at him unmolested. It was rumored that the king at Ava was displeased that the Burman religion should be assailed in the very heart of his empire, and that he had given orders that Mr. Judson should be required to depart from Burmah. It subsequently transpired that the king himself was, in reality, kindly disposed toward Mr. Judson. He had inquired some time before where Mr. Judson was, and when told that he was in Maulmain, he said: "Why does he not come here? He is a good man and would, if he were here, teach and discipline my ministers and make better men of them." The ejection of Mr. Judson from Burmah was a trick on the part of these very prime ministers. They hated all foreign intrusion, and represented to Major Burney, the English ambassador at Ava, that the king was very much displeased with Mr. Judson's attempt to introduce Christianity into the empire. Major Burney writes:

"AVA, *September* 1, 1830.

"The ministers requested my advice as to the measures which they ought to pursue with respect to Dr. Judson, who, they said, is come up to Prome, and is there distributing tracts among the inhabitants, and abusing the Burmese religion, much to the annoyance of the king. I told them that Dr. Judson is now exclusively devoted to missionary pursuits; that I possess no power or authority over him, but that I know him to be a very pious and good man, and one not likely to injure the Burmese king or Government in any manner. The ministers replied that the king is much vexed with Dr. Judson for the zeal with which he is distributing among the people writings in which the Burmese faith is held forth to contempt, and that his majesty is anxious to

remove him from Prome. I said that the Burmese king and Government have always enjoyed a high reputation among civilized nations for the toleration which they have shown to all religious faiths; that there are thousands, in Europe and America, who would be much hurt and disappointed to hear of any change in the liberal policy hitherto observed by the king of Ava, and that I hope the ministers would not think of molesting or injuring Dr. Judson, as such a proceeding would offend and displease good men of all nations. They replied that it was for this reason, to avoid hurting Dr. Judson, that they had consulted me; and they propose that I should write and advise Dr. Judson of the king's sentiments toward him. I reiterated my assurances that Dr. Judson is in no way connected with me or my Government, and that I can issue no orders to him; and I begged the ministers to leave him alone, which, however, they said they could not, as his majesty had expressed himself much displeased with his conduct. I consented at last to write to Dr. Judson, but I told the ministers to recollect that I had no right to interfere with him, who would, notwithstanding any letter he might receive from me, act in whatever manner his own judgment and conscience might dictate. The ministers begged of me only to recommend Dr. Judson to return to Rangoon, and confine his missionary labors within that city."

And so Mr. Judson was forced sadly and reluctantly to abandon his project of carrying the Gospel into Central Burmah. The thrilling narrative of his experiences in Prome and of his return to Rangoon is best told in his own words:

To the Missionaries at Rangoon and Maulmain.

"PROME, *June* 26, 1830.

"DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS: To-day I have taken possession of the old *zayat* allowed me by Government.

Part of it we have inclosed in rooms, and the other part we have left open for the reception of company. Several people accosted us as they passed. 'So you have moved, have you? We shall come and see you before long.' There are at present no hopeful inquirers; but some visitors from Men-dai and Men-yoo-ah approximate toward that character.

"*July 2.* A great change has taken place in the minds of Government people toward me. Satan has industriously circulated a report that I am a spy in pay of the British. Last night the deputy governor sent to inquire my name and title. This morning I waited on him, and on the lady governess, but met with a very cold reception at both places. The deputy governor is probably reporting me to Ava, and what the consequences will be I know not. Several visitors, who began to listen with some favorable disposition, have suddenly fallen off. To-day I have had no company at all.

"*July 3.* Pastor Ing returned from a visit to Men-yoo-ah. He says that the same suspicion is spreading all over the country. Even the women mentioned in my last were afraid to have any communication with him. By forcing his way, he managed to sleep two nights at the house of the Toung-dwen teacher, and had some conversation with him and his people on the subject of religion. But the teacher, though not a regular Buddhist, feels his consequence, as the head of a sect, and is perhaps as far from candid consideration as the most bigoted priest. Pastor Ing says that the country is full of villages, and there is some disposition to listen to religion, but that in the present state of the public mind, if I should make the tour of those parts, as I had some intention of doing, there is not a house where the owner would dare to ask me to sit down at the entrance of the door.

"Feel extremely dejected this evening. Never so heartily willing to enter into my rest, yet willing to

offer, and I do, with some peculiar feelings, offer, my poor life to the Lord Jesus Christ, to do and to suffer whatever He shall appoint, during my few remaining days. My followers feel some courage yet; for they have, I hope, a little faith, and they know, also, that whatever storm comes, it will beat upon their teacher first.

"*July 4. Lord's day.* Another Burman day of worship, and a great day, being the first day of Lent, a season which continues three months. After usual worship, took a stroll through the place. All smiles and looks of welcome are passed away; people view me with an evil eye, and suffer their dogs to bark at me unchecked. Near Shway San-dau, the *zayats* were crowded with devout-faced worshippers. I found a vacant place under a shed built over a large brick idol, and, sitting down on the ground, I held converse with small parties, who came around in succession. Some company, also, morning and evening, at home. I can not but hope that two persons have this day obtained some discovery of the way of salvation through a crucified Saviour. But it is really affecting to see a poor native when he first feels the pinch of truth. On one side he sees hell; on the other side, ridicule, reproach, confiscation of goods, imprisonment, and death.

"*July 7.* Moung A, one of the persons last mentioned, comes every day. He seems to be quite taken with the Christian religion, but says he can not think of embracing it until the learned and the great lead the way.

"*July 8.* Many visitors through the day, in consequence of a festival held in the vicinity. Moung A begins to speak decidedly for Christ.

"*July 9.* Having agreed that two or three of our number shall go out every day, in different directions, and preach the Gospel, whether the people will hear or forbear, my lot fell in a public *zayat*, about a mile from home, near Shway San-dau, where I had an uninterrupted succession of hearers from morning till

night. Pastor Ing and Moung Dway were successfully engaged in another quarter, and Moung En had some company at home. I presume that a hundred and fifty people have this day heard the Gospel intelligibly, who never heard it before.

"*July 10.* The same as yesterday, except that, being ill, I left the *zayat* about noon. Moung A was with me in the afternoon. His case is becoming extremely interesting. He is a bright young man, with a small family, formerly belonged to Cæsar's household, and bore a considerable title, which was forfeited through false accusation. He began last night to pray to the eternal God.

"*July 11. Lord's day.* Several came in during worship, and behaved decently, though they would not put themselves into a devotional posture, or join in the responses. One man, in particular, professed to be excessively delighted with the new and wonderful things which he heard. Moung A present at evening worship, but he remains in a very critical state. No wine to be procured in this place, on which account we are unable to unite with the other churches, this day, in partaking of the Lord's supper.

"*July 12.* A Burman day of worship. In the morning, received private information that the deputy governor, as I conjectured, did actually report me to Ava. If any order be given immediately, whether favorable or unfavorable, it may be expected in the course of a fortnight. Felt rather dejected, but endeavored to put my trust in God, and resolve to work while the day lasts. The *zayats* being all full of worshippers, I took my seat on a brick under the shed over the great idol, and, from morning till night, crowd succeeded crowd. Some became outrageously angry, and some listened with delight. Some said, 'He is a good man'; but others said, 'Nay, he deceiveth the people.' About noon, heard Moung Dway's voice on the other side of the idol. Pastor Ing was busy in another quarter. At home,

Moung En received a visit from Myat-pyoo, one of the two persons mentioned on the 4th. He is sixty-nine years old, a little deaf, very timid and retiring. My expectations of him are not disappointed. He says that he thinks this is the true religion, and the only one that provides a way of escape from hell, of which he is exceedingly afraid, in consequence of his many, many sins.

"*July 13.* Took up my position at my favorite *zayat*. It stands at the crossing of two great roads, the one leading from the river-side to Shway San-dau, and the other from the town to the place of burying, or rather burning, the dead. Several funeral processions pass every day, and many of the followers, in going or returning, stop at my *zayat* to rest. To-day there was a funeral of distinction, and all the officers of Government, with their respective suites, attended. In consequence of this, the crowd around me was greater than ever before. But they were not hearers of the right stamp. Most of them, being adherents of Government, were rude, insolent, and wicked in the extreme. A few considerate persons remained till night, particularly one man, on whose account I also remained, though dreadfully exhausted. He has been with me two days, and I have a little hope that he begins to feel the force of truth.

"*July 14.* Another day of hard conflict. The enemy begins to be alarmed, and his forces come on fresh and fierce, while we, few in number, have to sustain the combat without any human reinforcement. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. At night, felt an entire prostration of strength, so much so that I was unable to go through with the evening service as usual."

To the same.

"PROME, *August* 23, 1830.

"DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS: Tired of minuting down the events of each day, I have written nothing

since my last date, July 16. My time has been spent in the same way as stated in the first part of that month. At one period the whole town seemed to be roused to listen to the news of an eternal God, the mission of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, and the way of salvation through His atonement. A considerable proportion of the hearers became favorably disposed. At length the enemy assumed a threatening aspect; the poor people became frightened; many sent back the tracts they had received; and there was a general falling off at the *zayats*. I was summoned to undergo a long examination at the court-house, not, however, on the subject of religion, but concerning all my past life since I have been in Burmah. The result was forwarded to Ava. The magistrates still preserve a perfect neutrality, in consequence of the absence of the governor. At Ava I have been regarded as a suspicious character ever since I deserted them at the close of the war, and went over to the British. I know not what impressions the governor of this place will there receive, or how he will feel toward me when he is informed of the noise I have made in Prome during his absence.

"On hearing of the declining health of brother Boardman, and brother Wade's intention of leaving Rangoon for Maulmain, I had some thoughts of returning immediately to Rangoon. But, on further consideration and prayer, I feel that I must work while the day lasts at Prome. I have some company at the *zayats* every day, and crowds on days of worship. Most of the hearers are opposers; but I observe in distant corners those who listen with eagerness. There are five persons who have, I trust, obtained a little grace; but in the present dark time, they give no satisfactory evidence.

"August 30. Since my last letters from Rangoon, I think continually of brother Boardman, and the great loss we are threatened with. May the Lord direct and support him and our dear sister."

. . . . . .

Letter to the Missionaries at Rangoon and Maulmain, and the Corresponding Secretary in Boston, U. S.

"BELOW PROME, *September* 18, 1830.

"Afloat on my own little boat, manned by none other than my three disciples, I take leave of Prome and her towering god Shway Lan-dau, at whose base I have been laboring, with not the kindest intentions, for the last three months and a half. Too firmly founded art thou, old pile, to be overthrown just at present; but the children of those who now plaster thee with gold will yet pull thee down, nor leave one brick upon another.

"The Government writer, Moung Kywet-nee, who recommenced visiting us a few days ago, has been hanging about us for two hours, lamenting our departure; and he is now sitting alone at the water's edge, looking after our boat as it floats down the stream. 'Mark me as your disciple; I pray to God every day; do you also pray for me; as soon as I can get free from my present engagements, I intend to come down to Rangoon,' are some of his last expressions.

"The sun is just setting. We could not get our boat ready earlier in the day; and, as it is Saturday evening, we intend to proceed as far as Men-dai, in order to spend the Lord's day there. There is no period of my missionary life that I review with more satisfaction, or, rather, with less dissatisfaction, than my sojourn in Prome. This city was founded several hundred years before the Christian era. Through how many ages have the successive generations of its dark inhabitants lived and died, without the slightest knowledge of the Great Eternal, and the only way of salvation which He has provided! At length, in the year 1830, it was ordered that a missionary of the cross should sit down in the heart of the city, and from day to day, for above three months, should pour forth divine truth in language which, if not eloquent and acceptable, was at least

intelligible to all ranks. What a wonderful phenomenon must this have been to celestial beings, who gaze upon the works and dispensations of God in this lower world! It was necessary to the accomplishment of the divine purpose, that, after so many centuries of darkness, there should be such an exhibition of light as has been made, and no more. Thousands have heard of God who never, nor their ancestors, heard before. Frequently, in passing through the streets, and in taking my seat in the *zayats*, I have felt such a solemnity and awe on my spirits as almost prevented me from opening my lips to communicate the momentous message with which I was charged. How the preacher has preached, and how the hearers have heard, the day of judgment will show. Oh, how many will find their everlasting chains more tight and intolerable on account of the very warnings and entreaties they have received from my lips! But what more can be done than has been done? Though warned and entreated, they have wilfully, obstinately, and blasphemously refused to listen. But, blessed be God, there are some whose faces I expect to see at the right hand of the great Judge. The young man just mentioned, the carpenter, Moung Shway-hlah, a poor man, by name Moung Oo, in addition to some others mentioned in former letters, give us reason to hope that they have received the truth in good and honest hearts. Many also there are who have become so far enlightened that I am sure they never can bow the knee to Shway Lan-dau, without a distressing conviction that they are in the wrong way. Farewell to thee, Prome! Willingly would I have spent my last breath in thee and for thee. But thy sons ask me not to stay; and I must preach the Gospel to other cities also, for therefore am I sent. Read the five hundred tracts that I have left with thee. Pray to the God and Saviour that I have told thee of. And if hereafter thou call me, though in the lowest whisper, and it reach me in the very extremities of the empire, I will joyfully listen, and come back to thee."

"MEN-DAI, *September 19*.

"Spent the day in the *zayat* which I formerly occupied. The crowds were very noisy, but some listened with attention. Distributed nearly a hundred tracts. Mai Goo came from her village with two other women, one of whom appears to have grace. But Mah Wen-yo and Mah Ping were not seasonably apprised of our arrival. Just at night, dropped down to a small village below Men-dai, that we might have a little evening worship by ourselves."

"NEAR RANGOON, *September 24*.

"We have distributed four hundred tracts between this and Men-dai, having touched at many of the principal places, and spent an hour or two, or a night, as we could make it convenient. We should have stopped oftener and stayed longer had not our stock of tracts become exhausted. My people, also, began to be impatient at the restless nights we were obliged to spend, on account of the insufferable annoyance of mosquitoes on the banks of the river in the lower country at this season of the year.

"*September 25*. Came in sight of my old acquaintance, Shway Da-gong; landed once more in Rangoon; found letters from Maulmain, saying that brother Boardman is considerably better, for which I desire to thank God; repaired to the house lately occupied by brother Wade. Since his departure, I find that some efforts have been made to check the progress of religious inquiry. At one time men were stationed at a little distance, on each side of the house, to threaten those who visited the place, and take away the tracts they had received. Reports were circulated that Government was about to make a public example of heretics; the crowds that used to come for tracts all disappeared, and Pastor Thah-a, who continued to occupy the house, became intimidated, and retreated to his own obscure dwelling. Things are, therefore, at a very low ebb; but we trust in

God that the tide will flow again in its own appointed time."

"*October 8.* Have just received intelligence that about the 1st of September the king issued an order that I should be removed from Prome, 'being exceedingly annoyed that I was there, in the interior of the country, distributing papers, and abusing the Burmese religion.' The woon-gyees, being unwilling to proceed to extremities, made application to Major Burney, the British resident at Ava, who assured them that he had no control over me; that I was in no way connected with the British Government, but employed exclusively in the duties of my profession; and he begged them not to proceed to adopt a measure which would be condemned as intolerant by good men of all countries. They said, however, that his majesty's order was peremptory, and that it was necessary for me to confine my labors within the limits of Rangoon. Major Burney then consented to write me on the subject."

Although Mr. Judson was foiled in this effort to carry the Gospel into the interior of Burmah, yet he did not withdraw immediately to Maulmain, but remained for almost a year laboring at Rangoon, situated just within the gate of the empire. He retreated only step by step from before Burman intolerance, disputing every inch of the ground.

Just at this time the whole land seemed peculiarly pervaded by a spirit of religious thirst. Everybody was curious to know about this new religion. The people seemed to catch eagerly at every scrap of information relating to Christianity. The ears of the heathen, to use their own vivid expression, had become *thinner*. Mr. Judson's house was thronged with inquirers. While he was not permitted in person to preach in the interior of the country, yet in Rangoon he freely distributed tracts, and translations

of the Scriptures, which sped on their way far up the Irrawaddy toward Ava. He thought it wise to take advantage of this flood-tide of eager curiosity. A nation has its moods as well as an individual. Wasteful indolence might indeed substitute the lavish and indiscriminate use of printer's ink for the personal preaching of the Gospel by the living voice. But, carefully watching the pulse of Burman life, he believed that at last the time had come when the printed page might be made a mighty engine for good, and could not be too freely used. Hence, to Mr. Bennett, the printer, and to the other missionaries at Maulmain, he sent those agonizing appeals for more tracts, the echoes of which were wafted even to our own land.

To the Missionaries at Maulmain, particularly Mr. Bennett.

"RANGOON, *November* 13, 1830.

"DEAR BRETHREN: I wrote you lately by Ko Ing, since which I have received yours by Moung En. We continue to distribute about forty tracts a day, and should gladly double the number if we could depend on a supply from Maulmain. By tracts I mean not the single sheets or handbills,[42] containing merely a scrap of Scripture, which, being wholly inadequate to give any full idea of the Christian religion, it is impossible to mock any poor soul with, when he holds out his hand for such spiritual food as his case requires. They do well enough among the converts, and if you find they are useful in your parts, I shall be happy to send you back those I have on hand, for there is no demand for that article here in the present state of the mission.... But by tracts I mean the View, the Catechism, the Balance, and the Investigator. I earnestly beg the brethren to wake up to the importance of sending a regular supply of all these articles. How long we shall be allowed a footing in Rangoon is very uncertain. While a missionary is here, a

constant stream ought to be poured into the place. Rangoon is the key of the country. From this place tracts go into every quarter. I could write sheets on the subject, but I trust that it is unnecessary. Six weeks have elapsed since I wrote for the Balance, and for a few only, as I did not wish to distress any one, and though it was then out of print, it is not yet put to press. And why? Because the Epitome has been in the way. I am glad the Epitome is printed; but after all, we shall not give away one a week of that article. The state of things does not immediately require it. But of the Balance I shall give away one hundred a week. There are daily calls for it. During the last six weeks I should have given away one thousand of the Balance, and they would now be circulating all over the country. I found twenty in the house on my arrival, and have been dealing them out like drops of heart's blood. There are few left. I did expect some by Moung En; but alas! out popped two bundles of *scrippets*.[43] The *book* of Scripture Extracts, however, I am thankful for. I do not write this with any disposition to find fault. I am sure you have done all for the best; and I feel for brother Bennett in his labors at the press. I only blame myself that I have not been more explicit, and written more urgently on the subject."

To Mr. Bennett.

"RANGOON, *February* 7, 1831.

"DEAR BROTHER BENNETT: I wrote lately by Moung San-lone, saying that the great festival falls on the 25th instant, and begging that, until that time, no tracts might be circulated in your quarter, but that everything that could be got ready should be sent hither. If you listen to that petition, well; if not, to repeat it, with all the urgency of a dying man, would be of no use. We were giving away at the rate of three to four hundred per day, until I became alarmed, and reduced the allowance to two hundred. We are just, therefore,

keeping our heads above water. But we have no hopes of being ready for the festival unless you pour in fifteen or twenty thousand more between this time and that. We have had none since the arrival of Moung En. He and A brought good supplies; but, alas! no Views, and but few Balances and Investigators. O when will the time come that I shall have as much as I want, and *of the right kind*! I have labored to very great disadvantage ever since I came down from Prome, for want of the *right kind* of supply. If, instead of printing such a variety, the brethren had aimed only at furnishing a sufficient supply of the necessaries of life, how much better it would have been! I should not then have been left for months without the Balance, or any equivalent, nor be left, as I now am, month after month, without the View—the staple commodity. How distressing it is when the poor people come crying for the elements of the Christian religion, to be obliged to give them one of the small numbers of the Scripture Extracts, which singly can give them no idea! By the way, I beg you will send no more of No. 8: it is just good for nothing in the present state of things. I do not write thus by way of finding fault with my brethren; I am quite sure that you have meant all for the best. I have made too many mistakes, and criminal ones too, all my life long, to allow me to find fault with others. I only hope that things will now be kept in such a train as to prevent my being reduced again to the straits I have been in for several months. When you have made "arrangements to insure a supply of the *four standard articles*, so that we can always have as many of such kind, and of all the kinds, as the state of the market requires, I would recommend to the brethren to issue a small edition of three thousand of the First Epistle of John. I once thought of Luke; but if you take hold of that we shall be left to starve again for want of the necessaries of life. You say that there are fourteen hundred of the Scripture Extracts remaining; and these, stitched together, or in

two parts, will answer to give in cases where something more than the four standards is required. As to the Septenary, I would suggest that it is to be kept for special cases, and not distributed promiscuously, for you will not want to print another edition immediately. It was not intended for general circulation, but to be kept on hand for the converts and hopeful inquirers. As to your plan of printing the Catechism and View *together*, it is most excellent. You can not furnish too many of that article. As to the Balance, it is now all the rage, particularly with *the cut*. I suppose you can not clap the cut on the covers of those that have it not. It doubles the value. I presume that from fifty to one hundred per day inquire particularly for the Balance, and we are obliged to turn them off with something very inadequate to their exigency. Is not this most awful? Only contrast the countenance of one who has No. 8 forced upon him instead of the Balance, and goes away feeling very 'gritty' with the countenance of another who seizes upon the desired article, gloats upon the interesting *Bennett cut*, and goes away almost screaming and jumping for joy.

"I see, on reperusing your letter, that you speak of a second edition of the Septenary. I have no objection, provided it does not deprive us again of the necessaries of life. I hope, however, you will not abandon the study of the language. The proverb of the 'cat and her skin' I do not like. I have a much better one from the first authority. 'My son,' said the head jailer of the death-prison at Ava to an under-jailer, who was complaining that they could get no more out of a poor fellow whom they had been tormenting for several days, his wife and house being completely stripped—'my son' said the venerable old man, 'be sure you have never wrung a rag so dry but that another twist will bring another drop.'"....

To a Minister in Thompson, Conn.

"RANGOON, *March* 4, 1831.

"The great annual festival is just past, during which multitudes come from the remotest parts of the country to worship at the great Shway Da-gong pagoda in this place, where it is believed that several real hairs of Gaudama are enshrined. During the festival I have given away nearly ten thousand tracts, giving to none but those who ask. I presume there have been six thousand applications at the house. Some come two or three months' journey, from the borders of Siam and China—'Sir, we hear that there is an eternal hell. We are afraid of it. Do give us a writing that will tell us how to escape it.' Others come from the frontiers of Kathay, a hundred miles north of Ava—'Sir, we have seen a writing that tells about an eternal God. Are you the man that gives away such writings? If so, pray give us one, for we want to know the truth before we die.' Others come from the interior of the country, where the name of Jesus Christ is a little known—'Are you Jesus Christ's man? Give us a writing that tells about Jesus Christ.' Brother Bennett works day and night at the press; but he is unable to supply us, for the call is great at Maulmain and Tavoy as well as here, and his types are very poor, and he has no efficient help."

But while thus striving to satisfy the thirst of the Burmans for religious knowledge, he did not intermit his long and laborious task of translating the Scriptures. He shut himself up in the garret of the mission-house, leaving his Burman associates to deal with the inquirers below, only referring to him the more important cases. In his seclusion, he made such long strides in his work that, at the close of his stay at Rangoon, he wrote in his journal, "1831, July 19, finished the translation of Genesis, twenty chapters of Exodus, Psalms, Solomon's Song, Isaiah, and Daniel." An English lady who visited Rangoon in 1830, and who ventured to penetrate his seclusion,

thus describes the interior of his study:

A Visit to Mr. Judson in 1830.[44]

"Being unexpectedly in Rangoon in the autumn of 1830, and hearing that the justly-celebrated American missionary, good Mr. Judson, was still there, with indefatigable zeal prosecuting his 'labor of love' in the conversion of the Burmese, I was extremely anxious to see him; and, having informed ourselves that a visit from English travellers would not be deemed a disagreeable intrusion, the captain, his wife, and myself immediately proceeded to Mr. Judson's house.

"It was a Burman habitation, to which we had to ascend by a ladder; and we entered a large, low room through a space like a trap-door. The beams of the roof were uncovered, and the window-frames were open, after the fashion of Burman houses. The furniture consisted of a table in the centre of the room, a few stools, and a desk, with writings and books neatly arranged on one side. We were soon seated, and were most anxious to hear all that the good man had to say, who, in a resigned tone, spoke of his departed wife in a manner which plainly showed that he had set his affections 'where alone true joy can be found.' He dwelt with much pleasure on the translation of the Bible into the Burman language. He had completed the New Testament, and was then as far as the Psalms in the Old Testament, which having finished, he said he trusted it would be the will of his heavenly Father to call him to his everlasting home.

"Of the conversions going on amongst the Burmese he spoke with certainty, not doubting that when the flame of Christianity did burst forth, it would surprise even him by its extent and brilliancy. As we were thus conversing, the bats, which frequent the houses at Rangoon, began to take their evening round, and whirled closer and closer till they came in almost disagreeable contact with our heads; and the flap of the heavy wings so near us interrupting the conversation,

we at length reluctantly took our leave and departed. And this, thought I, as I descended the dark ladder, is the solitary abode of Judson, whom after-ages shall designate, most justly, the great and the good. It is the abode of one of whom the world is not worthy; of one who has been imprisoned, chained, and starved, and yet who dares still to prosecute his work in the midst of the people who have thus treated him. America may indeed be proud of having given birth to so excellent and admirable a man, who, amidst the trials, sufferings, and bereavements with which it has pleased Heaven to afflict him, still stands with his lamp brightly burning waiting his Lord's coming.

"If there be any man of whom we may without presumption feel assured that we will hear the joyful words, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant,' it is certainly the pious Judson, the great and persevering founder of Christianity in a land of dark idolatry and superstition."

It was about this time that the Mission Board in this country sent him an earnest and affectionate invitation to revisit his native land. He was about forty-two years old, and had been absent from America eighteen years. His health was shattered. His family he had laid in the grave. He said several years later that he had never seen a ship sail out of the port of Maulmain bound for England or America without an almost irrepressible inclination to get on board and visit again the home of his boyhood. And yet in reply to this urgent invitation from his brethren, he wrote:

To the Corresponding Secretary.

"RANGOON, *December* 20, 1830.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: I am happy to inform the Board that my health, which was rather impaired some time ago, is now quite good; so that I should not feel justified

in accepting their invitation to return home.

"At the same time, the kind feeling which dictated the invitation, and the affection, though undeserved, which breathes in every line, have made an indelible impression on my heart. I must confess that, in meditating on the subject, I have felt an almost unconquerable desire to become personally acquainted with my beloved patrons and correspondents, the members of the Board, as well as to rove once more over the hills and valleys of my own native land, to recognize the still surviving companions of my youth, and to witness the widespread and daily-increasing glories of Immanuel's kingdom in that land of liberty, blessed of Heaven with temporal and spiritual blessings above all others.

"However, I anticipate a happier meeting, brighter plains, friends the same, but more lovely and beloved; and I expect soon to witness, yea, enjoy, that glory in comparison of which all on earth is but a shadow. With that anticipation I content myself, assured that we shall not then regret any instance of self-denial or suffering endured for the Lord of life and glory."

And yet he was so forgetful of self, cared, with almost womanly tenderness, for the health and comfort of his associates in missionary toil.

To the Missionaries in Maulmain.

"RANGOON, *March* 3, 1831.

"DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS: I am grieved that sister Wade, after running down to Amherst, and deriving a little benefit during a few days' stay, thinks she must return, and probably has by this time returned, because sister Bennett is quite worn out, 'having everything to do.' Now, it appears to me that the better way to have remedied that evil would have been for sister Bennett to run away from all her cares and take the air at Amherst too.

"Mrs. Jones, I hear, is also ill, and Mrs. Kincaid has not, I believe, much health to spare. Now, as you have two months of very trying weather to sustain, I earnestly beg that you will all take into serious consideration the propriety of repairing Landale's house forthwith, or some other, and placing one or two of the ladies, by turns, to keep the post, until the rainy season sets in. Mrs. Wade, I humbly conceive, ought to be immediately apprehended and sent back as a deserter. And certainly no one ought to hesitate a moment at leaving mission or domestic cares for the preservation of health. When our best beloved are once laid in the cold grave, no cries, or tears, or remorse will bring them back. Many faithful servants and handmaids of the Lord might have been spared many years, had they only relaxed before they made their last effort.

"If you have a house at Amherst during the hot season, some of the brethren, too, may be benefited by an excursion thither. Brother Bennett will certainly need a week's relaxation there or somewhere else.... However, I only submit these hasty thoughts for your consideration. You are on the spot, and know better than I what is necessary and proper. May God preserve your precious lives many years; for, though the prospect of death may not be grievous, but joyous, 'the harvest is plenteous, and the laborers are few.'"

While in Rangoon he received the heavy tidings that the beloved Boardman had died in the jungles back of Tavoy.

He thus wrote to the Corresponding Secretary:

"One of the brightest luminaries of Burmah is extinguished; dear brother Boardman has gone to his eternal rest. I have heard no particulars, except that he died on returning from his last expedition to the Karen villages, within one day's march of Tavoy. He fell gloriously at the head of his troops, in the arms of

victory; thirty-eight wild Karens having been brought into the camp of King Jesus since the beginning of the year, besides the thirty-two that were brought in during the two preceding years. Disabled by mortal wounds, he was obliged, through the whole of his last expedition, to be carried on a litter; but his presence was a host, and the Holy Spirit accompanied his dying whispers with almighty influence. Such a death, next to that of martyrdom, must be glorious in the eyes of Heaven. Well may we rest assured that a triumphal crown awaits him on the great day, and 'Well done, good and faithful Boardman, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I have great confidence in sister Boardman, that she will not desert her husband's post, but carry on the work which he has gloriously begun."

Sorrow had come upon the Boardman household in quick and uninterrupted succession. Mrs. Boardman wrote:

"In our domestic relation, the hand of the Lord has been very heavy upon us. About a year and a half ago we lost our eldest child, a lovely daughter, two years and eight months old; four months since, we buried our youngest, a sweet little boy of eight months and a half."

The death of the eldest child is thus pathetically described by Mrs. Boardman's biographer:

"'Sarah is as plump and rosy-cheeked as we could wish. Oh! how delighted you would be to see her, and hear her prattle!' Thus wrote the mother in her happiness; and, in a little more than two weeks after, she saw her darling, speechless and motionless, in her little shroud. 'I knew all the time,' says the bereaved parent, 'that she was very ill; but it did not once occur to me that she might die, till she was seized with the apoplexy, about three hours before she closed her eyes upon us forever. Oh! the agony of that moment!' And in

that agonized moment, as the shadow of eternity fell upon the spirit of the little sufferer, and a vista, which her eye could not discern, but from which her failing nature instinctively recoiled, opened before her, she looked with anxious alarm into her mother's face, and exclaimed: 'I frightened! mamma! I frightened!' What a strange thing is death. The tender nursling, who, in moments of even imagined ill, had clung to the mother's bosom, and been sheltered in her arms, now hovered over a dark, unfathomed gulf, and turned pleadingly to the same shield—but it had failed. The mother's arm was powerless; her foot could not follow; and the trembling babe passed on alone, to find her fears allayed on an angel's bosom."

Little Sarah's death was soon followed by the revolt of Tavoy, and during this brief uprising of the Burmans against their masters, Mr. Boardman had been subjected to an exposure and hardship such as his consumptive habit was ill able to endure. From that time he visibly declined. To use Mrs. E. C. Judson's words: "His cheeks were a little more hollow, and the color on them more flickering; his eyes were brighter, and seemingly more deeply set beneath the brow, and immediately below them was a faint, indistinct arc of mingled ash and purple like the shadow of a faded leaf; his lips were sometimes of a clayey pallor, and sometimes they glowed with crimson; and his fingers were long, and the hands of a partially transparent thinness."

The newly-appointed missionary to the Karens, Mr. Mason, arrived in Tavoy June 3, 1831. "On the jetty," he wrote, "reclining helplessly in the chair which had served the purpose of a carriage, a pale, worn-out man, with the characters of death in his countenance, waited to welcome his successor." Mr. Boardman was preparing to take a tour into the

jungle in order to baptize some recent Karen converts. His emaciated form was to be carried on a litter several days' journey into the wilderness. Remonstrance was unavailing; for he had set his heart upon accomplishing his purpose. Besides, it was thought that the change of air might do him good. Even after setting out, he was advised to return; but his reply was: "The cause of God is of more importance than my health, and if I return now, our whole object will be defeated. I want to see the work of the Lord go on." The closing scene of his life is thus described by Mrs. Boardman:

"On Wednesday evening thirty-four persons were baptized. Mr. Boardman was carried to the water-side, though so weak that he could hardly breathe without the continual use of the fan and the smelling-bottle. The joyful sight was almost too much for his feeble frame. When we reached the chapel, he said he would like to sit up and take tea with us. We placed his cot near the table, and having bolstered him up, we took tea together. He asked the blessing, and did it with his right hand upraised, and in a tone that struck me to the heart. It was the same tremulous, yet urgent, and I had almost said, unearthly voice, with which my aged grandfather used to pray. We now began to notice that brightening of the mental faculties which I had heard spoken of in persons near their end.

"After tea was removed, all the disciples present, about fifty in number, gathered around him, and he addressed them for a few moments in language like the following: 'I did hope to stay with you till after Lord's day, and administer to you once more the Lord's supper. But God is calling me away from you. I am about to die, and shall soon be inconceivably happy in heaven. When I am gone, remember what I have taught you; and O, be careful to persevere unto the end, that when you die we may meet one another in the presence

of God, never more to part. Listen to the word of the new teacher and the teacheress as you have done to mine. The teacheress will be very much distressed. Strive to lighten her burdens, and comfort her by your good conduct. Do not neglect prayer. The eternal God to whom you pray is unchangeable. Earthly teachers sicken and die, but God remains forever the same. Love Jesus Christ with all your hearts, and you will be forever safe.' This address I gathered from the Karens, as I was absent preparing his things for the night. Having rested a few minutes, he offered a short prayer, and then, with Mr. Mason's assistance, distributed tracts and portions of Scripture to them all. Early the next morning we left for home, accompanied by nearly all the males and some of the females, the remainder returning to their homes in the wilderness. Mr. Boardman was free from pain during the day, and there was no unfavorable change, except that his mouth grew sore. But at four o'clock in the afternoon we were overtaken by a violent shower of rain, accompanied by lightning and thunder. There was no house in sight, and we were obliged to remain in the open air, exposed to the merciless storm. We covered him with mats and blankets, and held our umbrellas over him, all to no purpose. I was obliged to stand and see the storm beating upon him, till his mattress and pillows were drenched with rain. We hastened on, and soon came to a Tavoy house. The inhabitants at first refused us admittance, and we ran for shelter into the out-houses. The shed I happened to enter proved to be the 'house of their gods,' and thus I committed an almost unpardonable offence. After some persuasion they admitted us into the house, or rather veranda, for they would not allow us to sleep inside, though I begged the privilege for my sick husband with tears. In ordinary cases, perhaps, they would have been hospitable; but they knew that Mr. Boardman was the teacher of a foreign religion, and that the Karens in our company

had embraced that religion.

"At evening worship, Mr. Boardman requested Mr. Mason to read the thirty-fourth Psalm. He seemed almost spent, and said, 'This poor perishing dust will soon be laid in the grave; but God can employ other lumps of clay to perform His will as easily as He has this poor unworthy one.' I told him I should like to sit up and watch by him, but he objected, and said in a tender, supplicating tone, 'Can not we sleep together?' The rain still continued, and his cot was wet, so that he was obliged to lie on the bamboo floor. Having found a place where our little boy could sleep without danger of falling through openings in the floor, I threw myself down, without undressing, beside my beloved husband. I spoke to him often during the night, and he said he felt well, excepting an uncomfortable feeling in his mouth and throat. This was somewhat relieved by frequent washings with cold water. Miserably wretched as his situation was, he did not complain; on the contrary, his heart seemed overflowing with gratitude. 'O,' said he, 'how kind and good our Father in heaven is to me; how many are racked with pain, while I, though near the grave, am almost free from distress of body. I suffer nothing, *nothing* to what you, my dear Sarah, had to endure last year, when I thought I must lose you. And then I have you to move me so tenderly. I should have sunk into the grave ere this, but for your assiduous attention. And brother Mason is as kind to me as if he were my own brother. And then how many, in addition to pain of body, have anguish of soul, while my mind is sweetly stayed on God.' On my saying, 'I hope we shall be at home to-morrow night, where you can lie on your comfortable bed, and I can nurse you as I wish,' he said, 'I want nothing that the world can afford but my wife and friends; earthly conveniences and comforts are of little consequence to one so near heaven. I only want them for your sake.' In the morning we thought him a little better, though I perceived, when I gave him his

sago, that his breath was very short. He, however, took rather more nourishment than usual, and spoke about the manner of his conveyance home. We ascertained that by waiting until twelve o'clock we could go the greater part of the way by water.

"At about nine o'clock his hands and feet grew cold, and the affectionate Karens rubbed them all the forenoon, excepting a few moments when he requested to be left alone. At ten o'clock he was much distressed for breath, and I thought the long-dreaded moment had arrived. I asked him if he felt as if he was going home, —'Not just yet,' he replied. On giving him a little wine and water he revived. Shortly after, he said, 'You were alarmed without cause just now, dear—I know the reason of the distress I felt, but am too weak to explain it to you.' In a few moments he said to me, 'Since you spoke to me about George, I have prayed for him almost incessantly—more than in all my life before.'

"It drew near twelve, the time for us to go to the boat. We were distressed at the thought of removing him, when evidently so near the last struggle, though we did not think it so near as it really was. But there was no alternative. The chilling frown of the iron-faced Tavoyan was to us as if he was continually saying, 'Be gone.' I wanted a little broth for my expiring husband, but on asking them for a fowl they said they had none, though at that instant, on glancing my eye through an opening in the floor, I saw three or four under the house. My heart was well-nigh breaking.

"We hastened to the boat, which was only a few steps from the house. The Karens carried Mr. Boardman first, and as the shore was muddy, I was obliged to wait till they could return for me. They took me immediately to him; but O, the agony of my soul when I saw the hand of death was on him! He was looking me full in the face, but his eyes were changed, not dimmed, but brightened, and the pupils so dilated that I feared he could not see me. I spoke to him—kissed him—but he

made no return, though I fancied that he tried to move his lips. I pressed his hand, knowing that, if he could, he would return the pressure; but, alas! for the first time, he was insensible to my love, and forever. I had brought a glass of wine and water already mixed, and a smelling-bottle, but neither was of any avail to him now. Agreeably to a previous request, I called the faithful Karens, who loved him so much and whom he had loved unto death, to come and watch his last gentle breathings, for there was no struggle.

"Never, my dear parents, did one of our poor fallen race have less to contend with in the last enemy. Little George was brought to see his dying father, but he was too young to know there was cause for grief. When Sarah died, her father said to George, 'Poor little boy, you will not know to-morrow what you have lost to-day.' A deep pang rent my bosom at the recollection of this, and a still deeper one succeeded when the thought struck me, that though my little boy may not know to-morrow what he has lost to-day, yet when years have rolled by, and he shall have felt the unkindness of a deceitful, selfish world, *he will know*."

Death of Boardman.[45]

"Pale with sickness, weak and worn,
Is the Christian hero borne
Over hill, and brook, and fen,
By his band of swart, wild men,
Dainty odors floating back
From their blossom-crushing track.
"Through the jungle, vast and dim,
Swells out Nature's matin hymn:
Bulbuls 'mid the berries red,
Showers of mellow music shed;
Thrushes 'neath their crimson hoods
Chant their loves along the woods;
"And the heron, as he springs
Up, with startled rush of wings,

Joins the gorgeous peacock's scream;
While the gushing of the stream
Gives sweet cadence to the hymn,
Swelling through the jungle dim.
"So they bear him on his way,
Till the sunless sky is gray;
Then within some lone *zayat*
Gentle fingers spread the mat;
And a watcher, sad and wan,
Bends above him till the dawn.
"Up and on! The tangled brake
Hides the deadly water-snake;
And the tiger, from his lair
Half up-springing, snuffs the air,
Doubtful gazing where they pass,
Trailing through the long wet grass.
"Day has faded—rosy dawn
Blushed again o'er wood and lawn;
Day has deepened—level beams
Light the brook in changeful gleams,
Breaking in a golden flood
Round strange groupings in the wood.
"There, where mountains wild and high
Range their peaks along the sky,
Lo! they pause. A crimson glow
Burns upon that cheek of snow;
And within the eyes' soft blue
Quiver tears like drops of dew.
"Upward, from the wooded dell,
High the joyous greetings swell,
Peal on peal; then circling round,
Turbaned heads salute the ground,
While upon the dewy air
Floats a faint, soft voice in prayer.
"With the fever on his cheek,
Breathing forth his teachings meek,
Long the Gospel-bearer lies,
Till the stars have climbed the skies,
And the young moon's slender rim
Hides behind the mountain grim.

"'Twas for this sweet boon he came,
Crushing back Death's eager claim;
Yet a few more lambs to fold,
Ere he mingles with the mold—
Lambs with torn and crimsoned fleece,
Wildered in this wilderness.
"Once again the golden day
Drops her veil of silver gray;
And that dark-eyed mountain band
Print with bare, brown feet the sand,
Or the crystal wave turn back,
Rippling from their watery track.
"Meekly down the river's bed
Sire and son alike are led,
Parting the baptismal flood,
As of old in Judah's wood;
While throughout the sylvan glen
Rings the stern, deep-voiced Amen.
"With the love-light in his eyes,
Mute the dying teacher lies.
It is finished. Bear him back!
Haste along the jungle track!
See the lid uplifting now—
See the glory on his brow.
"It is finished. Wood and glen
Sigh their mournful, meek Amen.
'Mid that circle, sorrow spanned,
Clasping close an icy hand,
Lo! the midnight watcher wan,
Waiting yet another dawn."

When Mrs. Boardman with her son George, about two years and a half old, were thus suddenly left in all the perplexity and desolation of widowhood and fatherlessness, she received from Mr. Judson the following words of tenderest consolation and counsel:

To Mrs. Boardman.

"RANGOON, *March* 4, 1831.

"MY DEAR SISTER: You are now drinking the bitter cup whose dregs I am somewhat acquainted with. And though, for some time, you have been aware of its approach, I venture to say that it is far bitterer than you expected. It is common for persons in your situation to refuse all consolation, to cling to the dead, and to fear that they shall too soon forget the dear object of their affections. But don't be concerned. I can assure you that months and months of heartrending anguish are before you, whether you will or not. I can only advise you to take the cup with both hands, and sit down quietly to the bitter repast which God has appointed for your sanctification. As to your beloved, you *know* that all his tears are wiped away, and that the diadem which encircles his brow outshines the sun. Little Sarah and the other have again found their father, not the frail, sinful mortal that they left on earth, but an immortal saint, a magnificent, majestic king. What more can you desire for them? While, therefore, your tears flow, let a due proportion be tears of joy. Yet take the bitter cup with both hands, and sit down to your repast. You will soon learn a secret, that there is sweetness at the bottom. You will find it the sweetest cup that you ever tasted in all your life. You will find heaven coming near to you, and familiarity with your husband's voice will be a connecting link, drawing you almost within the sphere of celestial music.

"I think, from, what I know of your mind, that you will not desert the post, but remain to carry on the work which he gloriously began. The Karens of Tavoy regard you as their spiritual mother; and the dying prayers of your beloved are waiting to be answered in blessings on your instructions.

"As to little Georgie, who has now no earthly father to care for him, you can not, of course, part with him at present. But if you should wish to send him home, I pledge myself to use what little influence I have in procuring for him all those advantages of education

which your fondest wishes can desire. Or if you should be prematurely taken away, and should condescend, on your dying bed, to commit him to me, by the briefest line or verbal message, I hereby pledge my fidelity to receive and treat him as my own son, to send him home in the best time and way, to provide for his education, and to watch over him as long as I live. More than this I can not do, and less would be unworthy of the merits of his parents."

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34. See Appendix C.
35. About $2,600.
36. About $1,000.
37. See Map II.
38. "The other, Abby," Mrs. E. C. Judson says in one of her private letters, "died young—a most happy, rejoicing death."
39. By Mrs. E. C. Judson.
40. See Map II.
41. See page 35.
42. Two-page tracts of Scripture extracts.
43. The two-page tracts mentioned above.
44. By Miss Emma Roberts, author of "Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan."
45. By Mrs. E. C. Judson.

CHAPTER X.

LIFE IN MAULMAIN (CONTINUED). 1831-1845.

It now became Mr. Judson's duty to return to Maulmain. He had been absent thirteen months. The first part of that time had been spent in the futile effort to establish a mission at Prome, and the last part he had labored alone with native converts at Rangoon, distributing tracts, preaching the Gospel and translating the Scriptures. Mr. and Mrs. Wade had repaired to Rangoon soon after his return from Prome; but Mrs. Wade's health had so completely broken down that it was thought best for her and her husband to take a voyage to America. The ship in which the Wades sailed was driven out of its course by violent gales, and at last put into a port on the coast of Arracan. Here Mrs. Wade's health was so much improved that the idea of going to America was given up, and they returned to Maulmain instead. But, in the meantime, Mr. Judson's presence seemed indispensable there. A new party of missionaries had arrived from America, including Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Kincaid, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones. The Masons had gone to Tavoy. Mr. Jones went to Rangoon to take Mr. Judson's place, and the Kincaids were still staying at Maulmain.

When he returned to Maulmain, he saw much to delight his heart. The little church had been enlarged by the baptism of many Burmese, Karens, and Talings. Two millions of pages of tracts and translations of Scripture had been printed. The missionaries had also made repeated journeys into the jungle, where a church of fourteen members had been organized at a place called Wadesville, in honor of the missionary who had first preached the Gospel there. At the close of 1831, Mr. Judson reported on behalf of the Burman mission two hundred and seventeen persons as baptized during the year; one hundred and thirty-six at Maulmain, seventy-six at Tavoy, and five at Rangoon.

Soon after returning from Rangoon to Maulmain, he entered upon a new field of operations. Whenever his close confinement to the work of translation necessitated a change of air and scene, it was his custom to take a tour among the wild Karen tribes occupying the jungle back of Maulmain. His restless spirit was always longing to press into the interior of the country, and the great Irrawaddy valley being closed to him, there was nothing left but to penetrate Burmah by the Salwen and its tributaries, which constitute the second of the river systems by which the land is drained.

The Karens, as their very name indicates, were *wild* men. They are distributed throughout Burmah, Siam, and parts of China, and number from two hundred thousand to four hundred thousand. They are, perhaps, the remnants of an aboriginal and subjugated race. They are looked down upon by the Burmese as inferiors. They speak a different language, and have distinct race characteristics. Mr. Boardman, who was their first missionary, thus describes them:

"The Karens are the simplest children of nature I have ever seen. They have been compared to the aborigines of America, but they are as much inferior, both in mental and physical strength, as a puny effeminate Hindoo is inferior to a sturdy Russian, or a British grenadier. Of all people in the world, the Karens, I believe, are the most timid and irresolute. And the fable, that when some superior being was dispensing written languages and books to the various nations of the earth, a surly dog came along and drove away the Karens and carried away their books, agrees better with their indolent and timid character, than half the other fables in vogue among the wise and learned Burmans do with truth or common sense. These artless people seem contented, and not unhappy in their native forests, treading the little paths their fathers trod before them. It is surprising to see how small a portion of worldly goods satisfies their wants and limits their pursuits. A box of betel, often no other than the joint of a bamboo, a little heap of rice, a bamboo basket for each member of the family to carry burdens in, a cup, a rice and a curry-pot, a spinning-wheel of most simple structure, a knife and an axe, a change of simple garments, a mat of leaves, half a dozen water-buckets of bamboo joints, and a movable fire-place, are nearly all their frail houses contain to administer to their comfort. With these accommodations they are more free from worldly cares than the owners of farms and stalls, and folds, and games, and ships, and stores. Their only worldly care is to raise a little money to pay their taxes, under which they groan. Although indolent in the extreme, they are so remote from the city that they are, I believe, less wicked than most heathen nations. They have no hopes in a future life, and generally disdain all allegiance to the prevailing religion of the country. They are, in general, as careless about the future as about the present, except those who have heard the Gospel, and those who have been encouraged by the

Burmans to build kyoungs and pagodas, in the hope of avoiding in the next world the state of hogs, and dogs, and snakes, and worms. They are too idle to be quarrelsome or ambitious, and too poor to gamble, or eat, or drink to very great excess. Their minds are vacant and open for the reception of whatever contains a relish, and it is not a little gratifying to see so many of them finding that relish in religion."

The Karens are peculiarly accessible to the Christian religion. They are devoid of the pride and dogmatism which characterize the Burmans. Besides they had a hoary tradition that white messengers would come from the sea to teach them. When Mr. Boardman first came among them, he found that they had in their possession a mysterious book.

"On returning from the *zayat*, I found my house thronged with Karens, and was informed that the Karen teacher had arrived with his much venerated book. After tea, I called them up, and inquired what they wished. The teacher stood forward and said, 'My lord, your humble servants have come from the wilderness, to lay at your lordship's feet a certain book, and to inquire of your lordship whether it is good or bad, true or false. We, Karens, your humble servants, are an ignorant race of people; we have no books, no written language, we know nothing of God or His law. When this book was given us, we were charged to worship it, which we have done for twelve years. But we knew nothing of its contents, not so much as in what language it is written. We have heard of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and are persuaded of its truth, and we wish to know if this book contains the doctrine of that Gospel. We are persuaded that your lordship can easily settle the question, and teach us the true way of becoming happy.' I requested them to produce the book, when the old man opened a large basket, and

having removed fold after fold of wrappers, he handed me an old tattered duodecimo volume. It was none other than the 'Book of Common Prayer with the Psalms,' published at Oxford, England. 'It is a good book,' said I, 'but it is not good to worship it. You must worship the God it reveals.' We spent the evening instructing these simple foresters in some of the first principles of the Gospel. They listened with much attention; but the old teacher, who, it seems, is a kind of sorcerer, appeared disappointed at the thought that he had obtained no claim to heaven by worshipping the book so many years.

"*September 9, 1828.* The Karens left us for their native forest. It was a source of regret to us all, that Ko-thah-byoo was not present to facilitate our intercourse by interpreting for us. Just before leaving, the old sorcerer put on his jogar's dress, given him, he said, nearly twenty years ago, and assumed some self-important airs, so that one of our native Christians felt it his duty to administer a gentle reproof, and told him there was no good in wearing such a dress, and advised him to lay it aside altogether. 'If,' said the sorcerer, 'God will not be pleased with this dress, I am ready to send it afloat on yonder stream.' He then presented his reprover with his wand, saying he had no further use for it."

Mr. Boardman was afterward informed that the teacher, on his way home, tore his jogar's dress to pieces, and threw it into a brook.

While the Burmans lived in towns and cities, the Karens, like our Indians, occupied villages far back in the jungle by the side of mountain streams. Mr. Judson's attention was first called to them in Rangoon. "They formed small parties of strange, wild-looking men, clad in unshapely garments, who from time to time straggled past his residence."

He was told that they were as untamable as the wild cow of the mountains; that they seldom entered

a town except on compulsion. They were nomadic in their habits. A British officer[46] gives a singular instance of their wildness:

"An officer was lying on his bed in a little room inside the stockaded police post, which had a narrow gate with an armed sentry on guard; the Hillman, with the minimum of clothing, was introduced by a smart sergeant, who coaxed him to approach. He cautiously and distrustfully, and with great persuasion, advanced stooping to the bed; when close to it, he gave one long, steady look at the white man; suddenly, with a yell, threw himself up straight, turned round, dashed out of the room, through the gate, upsetting the armed sentry, rushed across a little stream at the bottom of the stockade, and, clambering like a monkey sheer up the side of the opposite mountain, never stopped till he was lost to sight in the forest."

In order to secure permanent churches among the Karens, the first step of the missionaries was to persuade them to settle down in one place and form large and well-ordered villages. It was in this way that the town of Wadesville, before mentioned, sprang into existence. Christianity has thus proved a powerful agent in civilizing the Karens, and a Christian village is easily distinguished from a heathen one, not only by its size, but by its clean, regular streets.

That Mr. Judson's tours in the Karen jungles were attended with great fatigue and danger, may be inferred from Mr. Boardman's "Historical Sketch of the Karens":

"The paths which lead to their settlements are so obscurely marked, so little trodden, and so devious in their course, that a guide is needed to conduct one from village to village, even over the best part of the way.

Not unfrequently the path leads over precipices, over cliffs and dangerous declivities, along deep ravines, frequently meandering with a small streamlet for miles, which we have to cross and recross, and often to take it for our path, wading through water ankle deep for an hour or more. There are no bridges, and we often have to ford or swim over considerable streams, particularly in the rainy season; when, however, the difficulties of travelling are so great as to render it next to impossible. Sometimes we have to sleep in the open air in the woods, where, besides insects and reptiles, the tiger, the rhinoceros, and the wild elephant render our situation not a little uncomfortable and dangerous. I have never met with either of these dangerous animals in the wilderness, but have very frequently seen their recent footsteps and their haunts, while others meet them. It is but seldom they do hurt, but it is in their power, and sometimes they have the disposition. And when, after having encountered so many difficulties, and endured not a little fatigue in travelling, and been exposed to so many dangers, we come to a village, we find, perhaps, but twenty or thirty houses, often only ten, and not unfrequently only one or two within a range of several miles."

On these jungle trips he was always accompanied by a band of associates. He would take with him eight or ten disciples and dispatch them right and left up the tributaries of the Salwen. Two by two they would penetrate the wilderness, and meeting their teacher a few days later, would report to him the results of their labor. The Oriental, under good leadership, makes a faithful and intrepid follower. And Mr. Judson's magnetism of character held his assistants to him with hooks of steel. He had the gift of getting work, and their best work, out of the converted natives. Promising boys and young men he took under his own instruction and qualified them to

become teachers and ministers. His wise and far-reaching views on this primitive and indispensable kind of ministerial education may be learned from his letters to the Corresponding Secretary. His example might profitably be followed by ministers even in our own Christian land:

"MAULMAIN, *January* 3, 1835.

... "My ideas of a seminary are very different from those of many persons. I am really unwilling to place young men, that have just begun to love the Saviour, under teachers who will strive to carry them through a long course of study, until they are able to unravel metaphysics, and calculate eclipses, and their souls become as dry as the one and as dark as the other. I have known several promising young men completely ruined by this process. Nor is it called for in the present state of the Church in Burmah. I want to see our young disciples thoroughly acquainted with the Bible from beginning to end, and with geography and history, so far as necessary to understand the Scriptures, and to furnish them with enlarged, enlightened minds. I would also have them carried through a course of systematic theology, on the plan, perhaps, of Dwight's. And I would have them well instructed in the art of communicating their ideas intelligibly and acceptably by *word* and by *writing*. So great is my desire to see such a system in operation, that I am strongly tempted, as nobody else is able to do anything just now, to make a beginning; and perhaps after brother Wade, who is excellently well capacitated for this department, has settled the Karen language with brother Mason, he will carry on what I shall begin, having both Karen and Burmese students under his care."...

"MAULMAIN, *April* 7, 1835.

"As to the subject of schools, and the preparation of young men for the ministry, my views are the same with those you have expressed. But I doubt the

practicability of a ‘seminary’ all of a sudden. In looking at the subject in its various bearings for a considerable time, I see but one way; and I would respectfully propose that instructions be issued to every missionary, at every station, to collect around him a few boys and young men who may appear promising, and give them such instruction as may be consistent with his other duties; with a view of obtaining, in the course of a year or two, a contribution from each station of at least two or three students, who shall be sent to Maulmain, or Tavoy, or some other station, and thus gradually form a seminary, which shall continue to be sustained by supplies from the several stations, in the same way it was commenced.”

He had a characteristic way of paying his assistants, as may be learned from a letter of advice which he sends to Mr. Mason, who had just taken Mr. Boardman’s place at Tavoy:

“But I can assure you, from long experience, that you can seldom, if ever, satisfy Burmans, Talings, or Karens, by giving them stated, specified, known wages. However much it be, they will soon be murmuring for ‘more ’bacco,’ like their betters. Few of the natives that I pay know how much they get. No word on the subject ever passes between me and them. I contrive, at unequal intervals, to pop a paper of rupees—five, ten, or fifteen—into their hands, in the most arbitrary way, and without saying a word. But I take accurate note of every payment, and at the end of the year, or of the period for which they are employed, I manage to have paid them such a sum as amounts to so much per month, the rate agreed upon with my brethren. This plan occasions less trouble than one is apt to think at first; at any rate, not so much trouble as to be in hot water all the time about their ‘*wages*’. However, I only show you my anvil. Hammer your tools on it, or on

another of your own invention, as you like."

The following extracts from Mr. Judson's journal describe his life in the jungle. They relate to his second tour among the Karens:

"WADESVILLE, *January* 1, 1832.

"We set out from Maulmain, as purposed in my last, and leaving the Salwen on the west, and the Ataran on the east, we followed the Gyne and the Dah-gyne, as it is termed above its confluence with the Houng-ta-rau, which falls in from the east, and in three days reached this place, the distance being, by conjecture, above eighty miles. Accounts, on first arriving, are rather unfavorable.

"*January 11*. Continued to work our way up the river, frequently impeded by the trees which had fallen across the water, and through which we were obliged to cut a passage for the boat. At night, came to a small cluster of houses, where we found an elderly woman, who with her daughter formerly applied for baptism, but was advised to wait. She now received us joyfully, and united with her daughter and son-in-law in begging earnestly that their baptism might be no longer delayed. I directed them to meet me at Kwan-bee, about a mile distant, where I formerly baptized nine disciples, most of them from Tee-pah's village, a few miles to the west.

"*January 12*. Proceeded to Kwan-bee. A few people came together on the beach to stare at us, and we had a little meeting for worship before breakfast. We then proceeded to investigate the case of Loo-boo, who was reported to have joined, when his child was extremely ill, in making an offering to a nat (demon) for its recovery. We at first thought of suspending him from the fellowship of the church; but he made such acknowledgments and promises that we finally forgave him, and united in praying that God would forgive him. We do not hear of any other case of transgression; but, on the contrary, in two instances of extreme illness, the

disciples resisted all the importunities of their friends to join in the usual offerings to propitiate the demons who are supposed to rule over diseases. In one instance, the illness terminated in death; and I have to lament the loss of Pan-mlai-mlo, who was the leader of the little church in this quarter, and the first of these northern Karens who, we hope, has arrived safe in heaven. I ought, perhaps, to except the case of a man and wife near the head of the Patah River, who, though not baptized, and *never seen by any foreign missionary*, both died in the faith; the man enjoining it on his surviving friends to have the 'View of the Christian Religion' laid on his breast and buried with him.

"Some of the disciples have gone to Tee-pah's village to announce my arrival; and while others are putting up a small shed on the bank, I sit in the boat and pen these notices.

"In the evening, held a meeting in the shed, at which several of the villagers were present.

"*January 13.* My people returned from Tee-pah's village, bringing with them several disciples, and one woman, the wife of Loo-boo, who presented herself for baptism, with twelve strings of all manner of beads around her neck, and a due proportion of ear, arm, and leg ornaments! and, strange to say, she was examined and approved, without one remark on the subject of her dress. The truth is, we quite forgot it, being occupied and delighted with her uncommonly prompt and intelligent replies. In the afternoon, sent the boat back to Maulmain, with directions to proceed up the Salwen, having concluded to cross thither by land. In the evening, had a pretty full shed; but the inhabitants of the place do not appear very favorably inclined.

"*January 14.* The three persons mentioned on the 11th presented themselves, with the decorated lady of yesterday. Being formerly prevented by illness from animadverting on female dress in this district, as I did in the Dah-gyne, I took an opportunity of 'holding forth'

on that subject before breakfast; and it was truly amusing and gratifying to see the said lady, and another applicant for baptism, and a Christian woman who accompanied them, divest themselves on the spot of every article that could be deemed merely ornamental; and this they did with evident pleasure, and good resolution to persevere in adherence to the plain dress system. We then held a church-meeting, and having baptized the four applicants, crossed the Leing-bwai on a bridge of logs, and set out for Tee-pah's village, accompanied by a long train of men, women, children, and dogs. Toward night we arrived at that place, and effected a lodgment in Tee-pah's house. In the evening, had a pretty full assembly.

"*January 15. Lord's day.* In the forenoon I held a meeting for the disciples only, and, as I seldom see them, endeavored to tell them all I knew. Had more or less company through the day. In the evening, a crowded house. Tee-pah's father, a venerable old man, came forward, and witnessed a good confession. Some others, also, begin to give evidence that they have received the truth into good and honest hearts.

"*January 16.* In the morning Tee-pah's mother joined the party of applicants for baptism, and her younger daughter-in-law, whose husband was formerly baptized. But Tee-pah himself, though convinced of the truth, and giving some evidence of grace, can not resolve at once on entire abstinence from rum, though he has never been in the habit of intoxication. In the course of the forenoon we held a church-meeting, and unanimously received and baptized eight individuals from this and a small village two miles distant.

"Took an affectionate leave of the people, and prosecuted our journey toward the Salwen. Came to Zat-kyee's small village, where one man and his wife embraced the truth at first hearing; and the man said, that as there was no suitable place for baptizing at that village, he would follow on, until he could say, 'See,

here is water,' etc. I gave him leave to follow, not with that view, but to listen further to the blessed Gospel. At night, reached Shway-bau's village, where they afforded us a shelter rather reluctantly. In the evening, however, had an interesting, though small assembly.

"*January 17*. Pursued our way, and soon came in sight of the Salwen, the boundary between the British and Burmese territories. Arrived at Poo-ah's small village, consisting of three houses, not one of which had a leaf of covering. No one welcomed our arrival, so we sat down on the ground. Presently the preaching of one of the Karen disciples so wrought upon one of the householders, a Burman with a Karen wife, that he invited me to sit on his floor; and my people spread a mat overhead, which, with my umbrella, made me quite at home. The householder, in the interval of his work, and one of the neighbors, began to listen, and were present at evening worship.

"*January 18*. Shway-hlah, the man who followed us from the village day before yesterday, appearing to be sincere in his desire to profess the Christian religion, we held a meeting, though four disciples only could be present; and on balloting for his reception, there was one dissentient vote, so that I advised him to wait longer. He appeared to be much disappointed and grieved; said that he should perhaps not live to see me again, and have an opportunity of being initiated into the religion of Jesus Christ; and after a while the two Karen disciples insisting that he should be re-examined, we gave him a second trial, when, on cross-questioning him in the Burman language, which he understood pretty well (for we began to suspect the Karen interpreters of being a little partial to their countrymen), some circumstances leaked out which turned the scale in his favor, and he gained a clear vote. After his baptism, he went on his way rejoicing, resolving to tell all his neighbors what 'great things the Lord had done for him.' At morning worship, our host

and the neighbor mentioned above, appeared to be very near the kingdom of heaven, but the other people of this village decidedly reject the Gospel.

"*January 24*. Set out for Bau-nah's village, two days' journey; but after travelling an hour over dreadful mountains and in the bed of a rivulet, where the water was sometimes knee-deep, and full of sharp, slippery rocks, when my bare feet, unaccustomed to such usage, soon became so sore that I could hardly step; and having ascertained that such was the only road for many miles, I felt that I had done all that lay in my power toward carrying the Gospel farther in this direction, and therefore relinquished the attempt, and reluctantly returned to Chanbau's village. Not so many present at evening worship as yesterday. The seed sown here appears, in some instances, to have fallen on good ground; but our short stay deprives us of the pleasure of seeing fruit brought to perfection.

"*January 27*. This little village may be said to have embraced the Gospel. At one time we had eight applicants for baptism; but two only were finally received, Ko Shway and his wife Nah Nyah-ban. They both understood the Burmese language pretty well; and the woman possesses the best intellect, as well as the strongest faith, that I have found among this people. I invited them, though rather advanced in life, to come to Maulmain, and learn to read, promising to support them a few months; and they concluded to accept the invitation next rainy season. They followed us all the way to the boat, and the woman stood looking after us until we were out of sight.

"In the afternoon, arrived again at the Yen-being River, and sent some of my people to a neighboring village two miles distant. The villagers listened a while, and then sent a respectful message, saying that they believed the religion of Jesus Christ, that it was most excellent, etc., but begged that the teacher would go about his business, and not come to disturb them.

"*January 30.* In the morning, held a church meeting by the river-side, and received the last two applicants. The chief of the village, Yet-dau's father, and several other persons, are very favorably impressed. Not a word of opposition to be heard. Took an affectionate leave of this little church, now consisting of six members, and went down the river on the west side of Kanlong Island, having come up on the east side from Poo-ah's village. Entered the Mai-zeen rivulet, in Burmese territory, and landed at Thah-pe-nike's village, where we spent the day. In the evening had a noisy assembly. Some professed to believe, but pleaded the fear of Government as an excuse for not prosecuting their inquiries. One young man, Kah-lah by name, drank in the truth, and promised to come to Maulmain as soon as he could get free from some present engagements.

"*January 31.* Continued our course down the river, and landed on the west side, at Ti-yah-ban's village. The chief is said to be very much in favor of the Christian religion, but, unfortunately, had gone up the river, and his people did not dare to think in his absence. In the afternoon came to the 'upper village,' the first we found on Kanlong. They listened well, but, about sunset, took a sudden turn, and would give us no further hearing. We removed, therefore, to Yai-thah-kau's village. Some of my people went ashore. The chief was absent, and the principal remaining personage, a Buddhist Karen, said that when the English Government enforced their religion at the point of the sword, and he had seen two or three suffer death for not embracing it, he would begin to consider, and not before; that, however, if the teacher desired to come to the village, he could not be inhospitable, but would let him come. I sent back word that I would not come, but, as he loved falsehood and darkness, I would leave him to live therein all his days, and finally go the dark way; and all my people drew off to the boat. While we were deliberating what to do, something touched the old man's heart; we heard the

sound of footsteps advancing in the dark, and presently a voice. 'My lord, please to come to the village.' 'Don't call me lord. I am no lord, nor ruler of this world.' 'What must I call you? Teacher, I suppose.' 'Yes, but not your teacher, for you love to be taught falsehood, not truth.' 'Teacher, I have heard a great deal against this religion, and how can I know at once what is right and what is wrong? Please to come and let me listen attentively to your words.' I replied not, but rose and followed the old man. He took me to his house, spread a cloth for me to sit on, manifested great respect, and listened with uncommon attention. When I prepared to go, he said, 'But you will not go before we have performed an act of worship and prayer?' We accordingly knelt down, and, during prayer, the old man could not help, now and then, repeating the close of a sentence with emphasis, seeming to imply that, in his mind, I had not quite done it justice. After I was gone, he said that it was a great thing to change one's religion; that he stood quite alone in these parts; but that, if some of his acquaintance would join him, he would not be behind.

"*February 2.* Went round the northern extremity of Kanlong, and up the eastern channel, to Poo-ah's village, where we found the two disciples whom we sent away on the 21st ultimo. They have met with a few hopeful inquirers. Some who live near are expected here to-morrow. In the meantime, went down the river a few miles, to Poo-door's village. My people preceded me, as usual, and about noon I followed them. But I found that the village was inhabited chiefly by Buddhist Karens, and, of course, met with a poor reception. After showing myself and trying to conciliate the children and dogs, who cried and barked in concert, I left word that, if any wished to hear me preach, I would come again in the evening, and then relieved the people of my presence, and retreated to the boat. At night the disciples returned, without any encouragement. One of

them, however, accidentally met the chief, who said that if I came he would not refuse to hear what I had to say. On this half invitation I set out, about sunset, and never met with worse treatment at a Karen village. The chief would not even invite us into his house, but sent us off to an old deserted place, where the floor was too frail to support us; so we sat down on the ground. He then invited us nearer, and sat down before us, with a few confidential friends. He had evidently forbidden all his people to approach us, otherwise some would have come, out of curiosity. And what a hard, suspicious face did he exhibit! And how we had to coax him to join us in a little regular worship! It was at least an hour before he would consent at all. But in the course of worship his features softened, and his mind 'crossed over,' as he expressed it, to our religion; and I returned to the boat inclined to believe that all things are possible with God.

"*February 3.* Some of my people who slept at the village returned with the report that the place is divided against itself. Some are for and some against us. The opposition is rather violent. One man threatens to turn his aged father out of doors if he embraces the Christian religion. Perhaps this is not to be regretted. Satan never frets without cause. Turned the boat's head again to the north, and retraced our way to Poo-ah's village, where we spent the rest of the day. But the two hopeful inquirers that I left here on the 29th have made no advance.

"*February 9.* Visited Wen-gyan, Pah-len, and Zong-ing, Taling villages, where we found a few Karens. At the latter place, collected a small assembly for evening worship. A few professed to believe; others were violent in opposing.

"*February 10.* Visited several Taling villages in succession. In the afternoon, reached the confluence of the Salwen and the Gyne, upon which we turned into the latter, and went up to Taranah, where Ko Shan resides, as mentioned December 29. The inhabitants of

this place, like the Talings in general, are inveterately opposed to the Gospel, and Ko Shan has had very little success. Two or three individuals, however, appear to be favorably impressed; but the opposition is so strong that no one dares to come forward.

"*February 11.* Left Ko Shan, with the promise of sending him aid as soon as possible, and in the afternoon reached Maulmain, after an absence of six weeks, during which I have baptized twenty-five, and registered about the same number of hopeful inquirers. I find that brother and sister Jones have arrived from Rangoon, brother Kincaid having concluded to take their place."

But this second tour among the Karens was soon followed by a third, of which a brief account is given in Mr. Judson's words:

"*February 29, 1832.* Left Maulmain for the Karen villages on the Salwen, accompanied by Ko Myat-kyau, who speaks Karen, three other Taling disciples, and the two Karen assistants, Panlah and Chet-thing. The other Karen assistant, Tau-nah, I expect to meet at Chummerah, according to the arrangement of February 4. At night, reached Tong-eing, and found that the few Karens near the place had concluded to reject the Gospel.

"*March 1.* Touched at the village above Nengyan, and found that the inhabitants have come to the same conclusion, 'till the next rainy season.' Passed by all the Taling towns, and touched at the village below Rajah's, where we found that the people still adhere to the new Karen prophet, Aree-maday. Moung Zuthee unfortunately encountered a very respectable Burman priest, with a train of novices, who, not relishing his doctrine, fell upon him, and gave him a sound beating. The poor man fled to me in great dismay, and, I am sorry to say, some wrath, begging leave to assemble our

forces and seize the aggressor, for the purpose of delivering him up to justice. I did assemble them; and, all kneeling down, I praised God that He had counted one of our number worthy to suffer a little for His Son's sake; and prayed that He would give us a spirit of forgiveness, and our persecutors every blessing, temporal and spiritual; after which we left the field of battle with cool and happy minds. Reached Rajah's late at night. He remains firm, though not followed by any of his people. His wife, however, and eldest daughter, after evening worship, declared themselves on the side of Christ.

"*March 2.* Spent the forenoon in instructing and examining the wife and daughter. The former we approved, but rejected the latter, as not yet established in the Christian faith. After the baptism, Rajah and his wife united in presenting their younger children, that I might lay my hands on them and bless them. The elder children, being capable of discerning good from evil, came of their own accord, and held up their folded hands in the act of homage to their parents' God, while we offered a prayer that they might obtain grace to become true disciples, and receive the holy ordinance of baptism. At noon, left this interesting family, and proceeded up the river, stopping occasionally, and preaching wherever we could catch a listening ear. Entered the Mai-san, and landed at the village above Rai-ngai's, which Ko Myat-kyau has formerly visited. In the evening, had two very attentive hearers.

"*March 3.* The two attentive hearers were up nearly all night, drinking in the truth. One of them became urgent for baptism; and on hearing his present and past experience, from the time he first listened to the Gospel, we concluded to receive him into the fellowship of the church. His wife is very favorably disposed, but not so far advanced in knowledge and faith. Returned to the Salwen, and made a long pull for Poo-door's village; but late in the evening, being still at a considerable

distance, were obliged to coil ourselves up in our small boat, there being no house in these parts, and the country swarming with tigers at this season, so that none of us ventured to sleep on shore.

"*March 4. Lord's day.* Uncoiled ourselves with the first dawn of light, and soon after sunrise took possession of a fine flat log, in the middle of Poo-door's village, a mile from the river, where we held forth on the duty of refraining from work on this the Lord's day, and attending divine worship. Some listened to our words; and in the forenoon we succeeded in collecting a small assembly. After worship, the old man mentioned formerly, whose son threatened to turn him out of doors, came forward, with his wife; and having both witnessed a good confession, we received them into our fellowship. Poo-door himself absent on a journey; but his wife ready to become a Christian.

"*March 10.* Went on to the mouth of the Yen-being, and as far as the great log, which prevents a boat from proceeding farther. Providentially met with Wah-hai, of whom I have heard a good report for some time. He was happy to see us, and we were happy to examine and baptize him. We then visited the village, whence they formerly sent a respectful message, desiring us to go about our business, and found some attentive listeners.

"*March 11. Lord's day.* Again took the main river, and soon fell in with a boat, containing several of the listeners of yesterday, among whom was one man who declared his resolution to enter the new religion. We had scarcely parted with this boat when we met another, full of men, coming down the stream; and, on hailing to know whether they wished to hear the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, an elderly man, the chief of the party, replied that he had already heard much of the Gospel, and there was nothing he desired more than to have a meeting with the teacher. Our boats were soon side by side, where, after a short engagement, the old

man struck his colors, and begged us to take him into port, where he could make a proper surrender of himself to Christ. We accordingly went to the shore, and spent several hours very delightfully, under the shade of the overhanging trees, and the banner of the love of Jesus. The old man's experience was so clear, and his desire for baptism so strong, that, though circumstances prevented our gaining so much testimony of his good conduct since believing as we usually require, we felt that it would be wrong to refuse his request. A lad in his company, the person mentioned January 30, desired also to be baptized. But, though he had been a preacher to the old man, his experience was not so decided and satisfactory; so that we rejected him for the present. The old man went on his way, rejoicing aloud, and declaring his resolution to make known the eternal God and the dying love of Jesus, all along the banks of the Yoon-za-len, his native stream.

"The dying words of an aged man of God, when he waved his withered, death-struck arm, and exclaimed, '*The best of all is, God is with us*,' I feel in my very soul. Yes, the great Invisible is in these Karen wilds. That mighty Being who heaped up these craggy rocks, and reared these stupendous mountains, and poured out these streams in all directions, and scattered immortal beings throughout these deserts—He is present by the influence of his Holy Spirit, and accompanies the sound of the Gospel with converting, sanctifying power. '*The best of all is, God is with us.*'

"'In *these* deserts let me labor,
On *these* mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell.'

"*March 12.* Alas! how soon is our joy turned into mourning! Mah Nyah-ban, of whom we all had such a high opinion, joined her husband, not many days after their baptism, in making an offering to the demon of

diseases, on account of the sudden, alarming illness of their youngest child; and they have remained ever since in an impenitent, prayerless state! They now refuse to listen to our exhortation, and appear to be given over to hardness of heart and blindness of mind. I was therefore obliged, this morning, to pronounce the sentence of suspension, and leave them to the mercy and judgment of God. Their case is greatly to be deplored. They are quite alone in this quarter, have seen no disciples since we left them, and are surrounded with enemies, some from Maulmain, who have told them all manner of lies, and used every effort to procure and perpetuate their apostasy. When I consider the evidence of grace which they formerly gave, together with all the palliating circumstances of the case, I have much remaining hope that they will yet be brought to repentance. I commend them to the prayers of the faithful, and the notice of any missionary who may travel that way. In consequence of the advantage which Satan has gained in this village, the six hopeful inquirers whom we left here have all fallen off, so that we are obliged to retire with the dispirited feelings of beaten troops.

"I respectfully request and sincerely hope that this article may be neither suppressed nor polished. The principle of 'double selection,' as it is termed, that is, one selection by the missionary and another by the publishing committee, has done great mischief, and contributed more to impair the credit of missionary accounts than anything else. We in the East, knowing how extensively this principle is acted on, do scarcely give any credit to the statements which appear in some periodicals, and the public at large are beginning to open their eyes to the same thing. It is strange to me that missionaries and publishing committees do not see the excellency and efficacy of the system pursued by the inspired writers—that of exhibiting the good and the bad alike. Nothing contributes more to establish the authenticity of the writing. A temporary advantage

gained by suppressing truth is a real defeat in the end, and therefore μονη θυτεον αληθεια.

"*March 27.* Ran down the river without touching at any place by the way. At night reached Maulmain, after an absence of nearly a month, during which I have baptized nineteen, making eighty Karen Christians in connection with the Maulmain station, of whom one is dead and two are suspended from communion. Am glad, yet sorry, to find that brother Bennett arrived a fortnight ago from Calcutta, with a complete font of types, and yesterday sent a boat to call me, which, however, passed us on the way. Must I, then, relinquish my intention of making another trip up the river before the rains set in? Must I relinquish for many months, and perhaps forever, the pleasure of singing as I go,—

"'In these deserts let me labor,
On these mountains let me tell'?

Truly, the tears fall as I write."

At the close of the year 1832 Mr. Judson reported one hundred and forty-three baptisms: three at Rangoon, seventy at Maulmain, sixty-seven at Tavoy, and three at Mergui. This made five hundred and sixteen who had been baptized since his arrival in Burmah, only seventeen of whom had been finally excluded.

On the first day of the new year a party of new missionaries arrived in Maulmain from America. These reinforcements seem to have come in response to a stirring appeal for help sent by the missionaries nearly a year before:

To the American Baptist Board for Foreign Missions.

"MAULMAIN, *March* 4, 1832.

"RESPECTED FATHERS AND BRETHREN: At our monthly concert this morning, it was unanimously

agreed that a joint letter should be addressed to you on the importance of sending out more missionaries to this part of the heathen world. Being, every one of us, exceedingly pressed for want of time, we can not stop to prepare an elaborate statement, but must come at once to the point in hand.

"We are in distress. We see thousands perishing around us. We see mission stations opening on every side, the fields growing whiter every day, and no laborers to reap the harvest. If each one of us could divide himself into three parts, happy would he be, not only to take leave of his native land and beloved connections at home, but of still nearer and more intimate connections. We want instantly to send aid to the Tavoy station, where brother Mason is laboring, almost alone. We want instantly to send a missionary to Mergui, a pleasant, healthful town, south of Tavoy, where a small church has been raised up, and left in charge of a native pastor. Our hearts bleed when we think of poor Mergui and the Karens in that vicinity, many of whom are ready to embrace the Gospel and be saved. But how can we allow ourselves to think of that small place, when the whole kingdom of Siam lies in our rear, and the city of Bangkok, at once a port for ships and the seat of imperial government? We want instantly to dispatch one of our number to Bangkok. One? There ought, at this moment, to be three, at least, on their way to that important place. Another ought to be on his way to Yah-heing, a large town east of Maulmain, from which there is a fine river leading down to Bangkok; there are many Karens at Yah-heing. The Christian religion is creeping that way by means of our Karen disciples. North of Yah-heing and the Thoung-yen River, the boundary of the British territory on that side, lies the kingdom or principality of Zenmai. There have been several communications between the Government of Maulmain and Lah-bong, the present capital of that country. Moung Shway-bwen, one of our

disciples, formerly with brother Boardman at Tavoy, is a nephew of the prince, or deputy prince, of that country, and is anxious to return thither. But how can we send him, a very young man, without a missionary? If we had a spare missionary, what a fine opportunity for introducing the Gospel into that central nation! It would open the way to other neighboring nations, not even mentioned in foreign geographies, and even to the borders of China and Tartary. Between Maulmain and Zenmai are various tribes of Karens, Toung-thoos, Lah-wahs, etc. The former are literally crying out aloud for a written language, that they may read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. From the banks of the Yoon-za-len, on the north-west, the celebrated prophet of the Karens has repeatedly sent down messages and presents to us, begging that we would come and instruct his people in the Christian religion. But how can we think of supplying that quarter, when the old kingdom of Arracan, now under British rule, and speaking the same language with the Burmese, is crying, in the whole length and breadth of her coast, for some one to come to her rescue? In that country are one or two hundred converts, and one country-born missionary, from the Serampore connection, who is laboring without any prospect of reinforcement from Bengal, and desirous that one of us should join him. Kyouk Phyoo, lately established by the English, is esteemed a healthy place. The commandant is disposed to welcome a missionary, and afford him every facility. Our hearts bleed when we think of Kyouk Phyoo, and the poor inquirers that one of our number lately left there, ready to embrace the Christian religion, if he would only promise to remain or send a successor. From Kyouk Phyoo the way is open into the four provinces of Arracan, namely, Rek-keing. Chedubah, Ramree, and Sandoway; and what a grand field for our tracts, and the New Testament, now in press! Of all the places that now cry around us, we think that Kyouk

Phyoo cries the loudest. No; we listen again, and the shrill cry of golden Ava rises above them all. Oh, Ava! Ava! with thy metropolitan walls and gilded turrets, thou sittest a lady among these Eastern nations; but our hearts bleed for thee! In thee is no Christian church, no missionary of the cross.

"We have lately heard of the death of poor Prince Myen Zeing. He died without any missionary or Christian to guide his groping soul on the last dark journey. Where has that journey terminated? Is he in the bright world of Paradise, or in the burning lake? He had attained some knowledge of the way of salvation. Perhaps, in his last hours, he turned away his eye from the gold and silver idols around his couch, and looked to the crucified Saviour. But those who first taught him were far away; so he died, and was buried like a heathen. It is true that the one of our number who formerly lived at Ava would not be tolerated during the present reign; but another missionary would, doubtless, be well received, and, if prudent, be allowed to remain. Two missionaries ought, at this moment, to be studying the language *in Ava*.

"O God of mercy, have mercy on Ava, and Chageing, and A-ma-ra-poo-ra. Have mercy on Pugan and Prome (poor Prome!), on Toung-oo, on the port of Bassein, and on all the towns between Ava and Rangoon. Have mercy on old Pegu and the surrounding district. Have mercy on the four provinces of Arracan. Have mercy on the inhabitants of the banks of the Yoon-za-len, the Salwen, the Thoung-yen, and the Gyne. Have mercy on all the Karens, the Toung-thoos, the Lah-wahs, and other tribes, whose names, though unknown in Christian lands, are known to Thee. Have mercy on Zen-mai, on Lah-bong, Myeing-yoon-gyee, and Yay-heing. Have mercy on Bangkok, and the kingdom of Siam, and all the other principalities that lie on the north and east. Have mercy on poor little Mergui, and Pah-lan, and Yay, and Lah-meing, and Nah-zaroo, and Amherst, and

the Island of Ba-loo, with its villages of Talings and Karens. Have mercy on our mission stations at Tavoy, Maulmain, and Rangoon, and our sub-stations at Mergui, Chummerah, and Newville. Pour out Thine Holy Spirit upon us and our assistants, upon our infant churches and our schools. Aid us in the solemn and laborious work of translating and printing Thine holy, inspired word in the languages of these heathen. Oh, keep our faith from failing, our spirits from sinking, and our mortal frames from giving way prematurely under the influence of the climate and the pressure of our labors. Have mercy on the Board of Missions; and grant that our beloved and respected fathers and brethren may be aroused to greater effort, and go forth personally into all parts of the land, and put in requisition all the energies of Thy people. Have mercy on the churches in the United States; hold back the curse of Meroz; continue and perpetuate the heavenly revivals of religion which they have begun to enjoy; and may the time soon come when no church shall dare to sit under Sabbath and sanctuary privileges without having one of their number to represent them on heathen ground. Have mercy on the theological seminaries, and hasten the time when one-half of all who yearly enter the ministry shall be taken by Thine Holy Spirit, and *driven* into the wilderness, feeling a sweet necessity laid on them, and the precious love of Christ and of souls constraining them. Hear, O Lord, all the prayers which are this day presented in all the monthly concerts throughout the habitable globe, and hasten the millennial glory, for which we are all longing, and praying, and laboring. Adorn Thy beloved one in her bridal vestments, that she may shine forth in immaculate beauty and celestial splendor. Come, O our Bridegroom; come, Lord Jesus; come quickly. Amen and Amen.

"(Signed),

"C. BENNETT,

"Oliver T. Cutter,
"John Taylor Jones,
"A. Judson,
"J. Wade."

A letter from one of the new-comers[47] to her parents gives us an interesting glimpse of our missionary's personal habits:

"Our intercourse with Mr. Judson is of a very pleasing nature, and we feel happy to be permitted in the least degree to take off the edge of his loneliness. It is affecting to hear his petitions for a long life, to labor among the heathen, mingled as they are with panting aspirations after heaven. He seems uniformly seriously cheerful. His days and nights are spent in a room adjoining the native chapel, where he spends all his time, except that devoted to meals (twice a day) and exercise, and generally he has a sort of social conversation with some one of the mission families in the evening. He is confining himself as closely as possible to the completion of his translation of the Scriptures. His exhortations to us all to exercise, are practically enforced by his own example. He walks very early in the morning, rain or shine; also after sunset. He told me that he had no doubt that so much loss of health and life to foreigners in this climate is principally due to their negligence on this point."

But the time had at last come when Mr. Judson's long domestic solitude was to end. Under date of April 10, 1834, we find in his journal the following important entry:

"Was married to Mrs. Sarah H. Boardman, who was born at Alstead, New Hampshire, November 4, 1803, the eldest daughter of Ralph and Abiah O. Hall—married to George D. Boardman, July 4, 1825—left a

widow February 11, 1831, with one surviving child, George D. Boardman, born August 18, 1828."

Nearly eight years of loneliness had passed since he laid his beloved Ann beneath the hopia-tree. He had arrived at the age of forty-six, when he married Mrs. Boardman. He found in her a kindred spirit. She had spent the three years of her widowhood in heroic toil among the Karens at Tavoy, and had turned persistently away from the urgent appeals of her friends in America to return home for her own sake and the sake of her little boy. She had resolved to continue her husband's labors alone, and thus wrote concerning her purpose:

"As to my future walk, I feel, I trust, a desire to be guided by unerring Wisdom. I have never been able to think of abandoning forever the cause in which my beloved husband rejoiced to wear out his feeble frame and sink into a premature grave. The death-bed scene has inspired me with a fortitude, or I would hope, faith unknown before, and encircled the missionary enterprise with a glory not until then perceived."

And again she says:

"When I first stood by the grave of my husband, I thought that I must go home with George. But these poor, inquiring, and Christian Karens, and the school-boys, and the Burmese Christians, would then be left without any one to instruct them; and the poor, stupid Tavoyans would go on in the road to death, with no one to warn them of their danger. How then, oh, how can I go? We shall not be separated long. A few more years, and we shall all meet in yonder blissful world, whither those we love have gone before us."

And so for three years this beautiful and intrepid

woman continued her husband's work. She was the guiding spirit of the mission. She pointed out the way of life to the Karen inquirers who came in from the wilderness. She conducted her schools with such tact and ability that when, afterward, an appropriation was obtained from the English Government for schools throughout the provinces, it was expressly stipulated that they should be "conducted on the plan of Mrs. Boardman's schools at Tavoy." She even made long missionary tours into the Karen jungles. With her little boy carried by her followers at her side, she climbed the mountain, traversed the marsh, forded the stream, and threaded the forest. On one of these trips she sent back a characteristic message to Mrs. Mason at Tavoy: "Perhaps you had better send the chair, as it is convenient to be carried over the streams when they are deep. You will laugh when I tell you that I have forded all the smaller ones."

Mrs. E. C. Judson relates the following incident concerning her:[48]

"A single anecdote is related by Captain F——, a British officer, stationed at Tavoy; and he used to dwell with much unction on the lovely apparition which once greeted him among those wild, dreary mountains. He had left Tavoy, accompanied by a few followers, I think on a hunting expedition, and had strolled far into the jungle. The heavy rains, which deluge this country in the summer, had not yet commenced; but they were near at hand, and during the night had sent an earnest of their coming, which was anything but agreeable. All along his path hung the dripping trailers, and beneath his feet were the roots of vegetables, half-bared, and half-imbedded in mud; while the dark clouds, with the rain almost incessantly pouring from them, and the crazy clusters of bamboo huts, which appeared here and

there in the gloomy waste, and were honored by the name of village, made up a scene of desolation absolutely indescribable. A heavy shower coming up as he approached a *zayat* by the wayside, and far from even one of those primitive villages, he hastily took refuge beneath the roof. Here, in no very good humor with the world, especially Asiatic jungles and tropic rains, he sulkily 'whistled for want of thought,' and employed his eyes in watching the preparations for his breakfast.

"'Uh! what wretched corners the world has, hidden beyond its oceans and behind its trees!'

"Just as he had made this sage mental reflection, he was startled by the vision of a fair, smiling face in front of the *zayat*, the property of a dripping figure, which seemed to his surprised imagination to have stepped that moment from the clouds. But the party of wild Karen followers which gathered round her had a very human air; and the slight burdens they bore, spoke of human wants and human cares. The lady seemed as much surprised as himself; but she courtesied with ready grace, as she made some pleasant remark in English; and then turned to retire. Here was a dilemma. He could not suffer the lady to go out into the rain, but —his miserable accommodations, and still more miserable breakfast! He hesitated and stammered; but her quick apprehension had taken in all at a glance, and she at once relieved him from his embarrassment. Mentioning her name and errand, she added, smiling, that the emergencies of the wilderness were not new to her; and now she begged leave to put her own breakfast with his, and make up a pleasant morning party. Then beckoning to her Karens, she spoke a few unintelligible words, and disappeared under a low shed—a mouldering appendage of the *zayat*. She soon returned with the same sunny face, and in dry clothing; and very pleasant indeed was the interview between the pious officer and the lady-missionary. They were friends

afterward; and the circumstances of their first meeting proved a very charming reminiscence."

Soon after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Judson were compelled to part with little George Boardman. He was but six years old, and yet had reached an age when a child begins to be, in a peculiar sense, the companion of his parents. But the children of Anglo-Saxon residents in the East have to be sent at an early age toward the setting sun; otherwise they are in danger of death under the debilitating influence of the Oriental climate; or if they get their growth at all, are liable to feebleness of mind and body. Such a separation between parent and child can not but be peculiarly distressing to the missionary. He devotes himself for life and expects to die on the field, and thus the parting bids fair to be final. Other Europeans and Americans are merely temporary residents in the East, and though also compelled to send their children home, may reasonably hope to clasp them in their arms once more after a short separation. The missionary's child, on the other hand, must be permanently consigned to the care of distant strangers. This is, perhaps, the keenest suffering that falls to his lot. Who can fail to drop a tear over the scene of the Comstocks parting with their children as thus described by Dr. Kincaid:

"I shall never forget the parting scene of brother Comstock and his wife with their children, when we sailed from the shores of Arracan. They had made up their minds to entrust us with their two children, on account of the difficulty of educating them in a heathen land. We were together one day, at their house, when word came that the ship was ready to sail, and we must prepare to embark immediately. Upon the arrival of this message, which we had been expecting, Mrs. Comstock

arose from her seat, took her two children, one in each hand, and walked with them toward a grove of tamarind trees near the house. When she had walked some little distance, she paused a moment, looked at each of her children with all a mother's love, and imprinted an affectionate kiss upon the forehead of each. She then raised her eyes to heaven, silently invoked a blessing on their heads; returned to the house, and delivering her children into my hands, said, 'Brother Kincaid, *this I do for my Saviour*.'

"Brother Comstock then took his two children by the hand, and led them from the house toward the ship, while that tender mother gazed upon them, as they walked away, *for the last time*. She saw them no more on earth. God grant that she may meet them in heaven! Brother Comstock accompanied his two children to the ship, which lay about two miles off in the bay. When we had descended to the cabin, he entered one of the state-rooms with his children. There he knelt with them in prayer, laid his hands upon their heads, and bestowed a father's blessing upon them—the tears, all the while, streaming down his cheeks. This affecting duty over, he resumed, at once, his usual calmness. He took leave of me with a gentle pressure of the hand, and I followed him to the side of the vessel, as he descended into the small boat which lay alongside, and which was to convey him to the shore. Never shall I forget the words, or the tone in which those words were uttered, as he turned up his face, still bedewed with tears, and exclaimed, as the boat moved away, 'REMEMBER, BROTHER KINCAID, SIX MEN FOR ARRACAN!'

"I never saw brother or sister Comstock after that. The very day that we took a pilot on board off Sandy Hook, April 28, 1843, was the day that sister Comstock died, and in one year afterward, lacking three days, that is, on the 25th of April, 1844, brother Comstock followed her. Now they sleep side by side in the grave-yard at Ramree, under the tamarind trees."

It was a heavy day for Mrs. Judson when her husband carried to the ship *Cashmere* the child[49] who had been the sharer of all her sufferings and griefs at Tavoy. It was well for her that a veil hid from her eyes the immediate future, else she might have seen the boy's hairbreadth escape from pirates and the tortures of terror to which the shrinking child was subjected on board the ship which was bearing him away from his mother's side.

While in Maulmain, Mr. Judson completed the Burman Bible. It was about the time of his marriage to Mrs. Boardman that he finished the first rough draft. Seventeen years before in Rangoon, all he had to offer of the precious Scriptures to the first Burman inquirer was two half sheets containing the first five chapters of Matthew.[50] From that time on, beneath all his toils and sufferings and afflictions, there moved the steady undercurrent of this great purpose and labor of Bible translation. It was a task for which he had little relish. He much preferred dealing with the Burmans individually, and persuading them, one by one, of the truth of the Gospel. In a letter which states his purpose of relinquishing for many months the pleasure of laboring in the Karen jungles in order to shut himself up to the work of translation, he says, "The tears flow as I write." Alluding to this same labor of translation, he writes to the Corresponding Secretary, "And so, God willing and giving us life and strength, we hope to go on, but we hope still to be allowed to feel that our great work is to preach the Gospel *viva voce*, and build up the glorious kingdom of Christ among this people."

And when, the Bible being finished, the Board at home pressed him to undertake the Dictionary, he sorrowfully exclaims:

"How can I think of leaving this population to perish before me, while I am poring over manuscripts and proof-sheets? I must not do it; I can not do it, unless the Board expressly order it; and then I will obey, believing that *vox senatus vox Dei*. But before they order the only preaching missionary in the place to spend his time in making books, and above all a dictionary, I beg they will deeply consider the propriety of appointing him a preaching colleague."

But the translation of the Bible was essentially necessary to the permanent establishment of Christianity in Burmah, and no other living man was qualified for the work. And so, in the brief intervals of preaching, and teaching, and imprisonment, and jungle travel, secluding himself in the garret at Rangoon, and afterward in the little room attached to the mission-house at Maulmain, he quietly wrought at this prodigious task, until, at last, he could write on January 31, 1834, at the age of fifty-six:

"Thanks be to God, I can *now* say I have attained. I have knelt down before Him, with the last leaf in my hand, and imploring His forgiveness for all the sins which have polluted my labors in this department, and His aid in future efforts to remove the errors and imperfections which necessarily cleave to the work, I have commended it to His mercy and grace; I have dedicated it to His glory. May He make His own inspired word, now complete in the Burman tongue, the grand instrument of filling all Burmah with songs of praise to our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

Some of the peculiar ideas that controlled him in the work of translation, and some of the special difficulties he encountered, are disclosed in his

letters:

"My ideas of translating are very different from those of some missionaries, better men than myself, but mistaken, I think, in this particular. I consider it the work of a man's whole life to procure a *really good* translation of even the New Testament in an untried language. I could write much on this subject, but I have neither time nor disposition. I would only say that, in many instances, missionary labor has been dreadfully misdirected, and hundreds of thousands most foolishly thrown away. As to us, we wish to proceed *slow* and *sure*, and to see to it that whatever we do, in regard to the inspired word, is *well done*. About four months ago, being convinced that the New Testament, notwithstanding all my labor upon it, was still in a very imperfect state, brother Wade and myself undertook a thorough revision. We have now done one-quarter of it; and I have some hope that by the time the printer and press arrive, we shall be able to warrant the whole. After that, we propose to work and rework at the precious book of Psalms, until we can venture to warrant that also. And so, God willing, and giving us life and strength, we hope to go on.... Allow me to suggest whether the exegetical works of Stuart, Robinson, Stowe, Ripley, Bush, Noyes, and such like, with some of the best German works, ought not to be sent out to the library, as soon as they come from the press, without waiting for an application to be made for them. I frequently see a sterling work on the cover of the *Herald* or *Magazine*, and am ready to scream, with some variations, 'The book, the book! my kingdom for the book!' Yes, a kingdom, if the same ship which brought the notice had brought the work too; whereas I have to wait for letters to cross the ocean twice or three times, at least, and thus two or three years' use of the book is lost, during which time I am, perhaps, working upon that very portion of Scripture which that book is

intended to illustrate."

Again he writes to the Rev. Dr. Sharp:

"MAULMAIN, *June* 28, 1833.

"I ought to have written you long ago; but necessity has no law. I have lately entered upon a plan by which I hope to finish the translation of the Old Testament in two years. I find by experience that I can dispose of twenty-five or thirty verses per day, by giving all my time to the work. One-third of the whole is already done. You may, perhaps, wonder why I make such a tedious work of translating, when some persons dispatch the whole New Testament, and perhaps part of the Old, within a year or two after entering their field of labor. There are two ways of translating—the one original, the other second-hand. The first must be adopted by a missionary whose lot falls in a section of the globe where there is no translation of the Scriptures in any cognate language, or in any language known to the learned men of the country. In that case, he must spend some years in reading a great many books, and in acquiring a competent stock of the language; that, like as the spider spins her web from her own bowels, he may be able to extract the translation from his own brain. The other mode may be advantageously adopted by a missionary who has in his hand the Bible, already translated into some language known by learned natives in the country. In that case, he has only to get a smattering of their vernacular, enough to superintend their operations, and then parcel out the work, and it is done by steam. There have been but few original translations. That by Ziegenbalg and his associates, in Tamil, has served for all the dialects in the south of India. That by Carey and his associates, in Sanscrit and Bengalee, has been the basis of all the other translations which they have conducted. Morrison's Chinese translation will probably be transferred into all the cognate languages; and the Taling, Karen, and Lah-wah,

together with the Siamese, and other Shan translations, will be obtained more or less directly from the Burman. I mention the above as specimens merely; not intending to imply that they are the only *original* translations that have been made. Nor would I be understood to speak disparagingly of second-hand translations. If the partners employed are faithful, a second-hand translation may be superior to an original one. At any rate, it will probably be more idiomatic, and in all cases, when practicable, it ought undoubtedly to be attempted as a first essay; and as the missionary advances in the language, he can gradually raise it to any degree of perfection.

"But I sadly fear that, if I prolong this letter, it will leave my to-day's task of twenty verses in the rear."

The work of translating was done thoroughly and conscientiously. Every Hebrew and Greek word was turned as far as possible into its exact Burmese equivalent. The Greek word for baptism was justly translated into Burmese, *Ya-kneat mengalah*, that is, the water-bathing or immersing religious rite. But it is taking a long step to infer from this that Mr. Judson approved of a new version in English, which should discard the thoroughly acclimated English word *baptize*, and substitute the word *immerse*. His death occurring just as a new project of such a version was appearing on the horizon, he has, of course, left behind no autographic testimony on this subject. That his name can not be claimed as on the side of such a version may be learned from a hitherto unpublished letter written by his widow within three years of his death:

"There is one thing that annoys me a good deal—the New Bible Versionists claim Dr. J., and I know (though I do not feel brave enough to oppose my bare assertion to the 'weight of testimony' they would hurl at my

head) that nobody could disapprove of a new English version of the Scriptures more heartily and entirely than he. He was very strenuous about his Burmese version, and would no doubt have persevered in his translation if the whole world had been against him. He considered *baptize* an English word, in virtue of its long use, and thought that it had no complete synonym in the language. It would be a new word to introduce into the Burmese, and would only add to the peculiar mystic importance which always attaches to the ordinance in a heathen mind; and, besides, it was perfectly translatable. The *ya-kneat mengalah* (literally, the *water-bathing*, or immersing *religious rite*) of the Burmans is definite and dignified, and without an equivalent in meaning in English. The circular of the new society reached Maulmain a month too late; but previous to that he had spoken to me in terms of strong reprobation of the movements of the New Versionists. He was a strong, thorough Baptist; he admired the Baptist principle and policy, well carried out; despised all imitations of other denominations, and thought the Baptists ought to be willing to stand for what they really are—the only true representatives of religious freedom in the world. But the abandonment of a word in common use for centuries, and so slightly equivocal in its meaning, he would have regarded as the very extreme of childishness. I have no doubt that Dr. —— and others are honest in claiming him; and I do not know but he may have said and written many things, especially when so deeply interested in the issue of his Burmese version, not difficult for them to appropriate; but I do know that he never contemplated a new English version for general circulation, and that what he heard of the new movements caused him deep pain."

Great as was the task of thus scrupulously translating the Bible, the revision was still more laborious. Seven years were spent in revising the first

work. It was a mental peculiarity of Mr. Judson's never to leave a thing alone while it could possibly be improved. His besetting sin was, in his own expressive words, alluded to before, a *lust for finishing*, and it was not until 1840 that he could say:

"On the 24th of October last, I enjoyed the great happiness of committing to the press the last sheet of the new edition of the Burmese Bible. It makes about twelve hundred pages quarto. We are sending you several copies by the present conveyance....

"As for myself, I have been almost entirely confined to the very tedious work of revising the Old Testament. The revision of about one-half is completed, and the books from 1st Samuel to Job, inclusive, have been printed in an edition of two thousand. We should have put the first volume to press some time ago, had we not been obliged to wait for paper, the London paper not matching the American; and now, though paper has arrived, brother Hancock contemplates going to America for new fonts of type, in several languages, and brother Cutter has gone on another visit to Ava, so that we shall not probably recommence printing the Old Testament till his return. I am the more satisfied with this arrangement from having just received a complete set of Rosenmüller on the Old Testament, and some other valuable works, in studying which I am very desirous of going over the whole ground once more.... I thought that I had finished the revision of the New Testament above a month ago; but there is no end to revising while a thing is in the press; so I continued working at it until I went to Dong-yan, and even later; for it was not until the 22d instant that the last proof-sheet went to press....

"The work was finished—that is, the revision and printing—on the 24th October last, and a happy day of relief and joy it was to me. I have bestowed more time and labor on the revision than on the first translation of

the work, and more, perhaps, than is proportionate to the actual improvement made. Long and toilsome research among the biblical critics and commentators, especially the German, was frequently requisite to satisfy my mind that my first position was the right one."

In the glow of enthusiasm that attended the completion of this task of twenty-four years, and believing that the Burmans at that time were especially thirsty for the Word of Life, Mr. Judson advocated the almost wholesale distribution of the Bible throughout the land with a warmth and earnestness which he afterward saw good reasons for tempering.

"The Bible cause in this country is now at a very low ebb. I once indulged the hope that I should live to see a complete copy of the whole Bible (bound in one volume, so as not to be liable to be scattered) deposited in every town and village throughout Burmah and Arracan. It is true that many thousand copies would be requisite; great hardships would be incurred and some sturdy perseverance would have to be put in requisition. But the work once accomplished, there would be seed sown throughout the country that, with the blessing of God, would spring up in abundant fruit to His glory. From the habits of the people who frequently assemble in large or small parties at the house of the schoolmaster, or chief person in the village, to listen to some one reading from a religious book, it appears to me that to deposit the Bible at the principal place of resort in every village is the least we can do for Burmah; and that such a plan will tell more effectually than any other to fill the country with the knowledge of divine truth."

These views he greatly modified in his later years,

as we learn from the following interesting passage in one of Mrs. E. C. Judson's letters to Dr. Wayland:

"I do not know whether I ought to try to give Dr. J.'s opinion of the Old Testament, for two reasons: first, I do not know how much *he* would have thought it best to express; and secondly, I can not be very positive what his opinions were. He was very fond of speculation, and had a habit, in private, of thinking aloud, so that although it was easy enough to learn his real views by asking, a mere listener would be liable to mistakes. My impression, drawn from many a long talk, is that he considered the Old Testament as the Scriptures given to the Jews especially, and, as a whole, applicable to them and them only. He did not like the distinction commonly drawn between the moral and ceremonial law, and sometimes spoke, with an earnestness amounting to severity, of the constant use made of the Ten Commandments by Christians. He thought the Old Testament very important, as explanatory and corroborative of the New—as a portion of the inspiration which came from God, etc., but binding on Christians only so far as repeated in the New Testament. He used to speak of the Mosaic law as fulfilled in Christ, and so having no further power whatever; and to say that we had no right to pick out this as moral and therefore obligatory, and the other as ceremonial, and so no longer demanding obedience. *Practically* we had nothing to do with the Old Testament laws.

"I think he was of the opinion that the Bible, as a whole, without the living teacher, was of but little use, at least that it never ought to be regarded as a substitute. In the power of the Gospels to make their way among the heathen he had more faith. He had reason; for a great many Burmans owed their awakening, if not their conversion, to the Gospel of Matthew, though not more, perhaps, than to the 'View' and the 'Golden Balance.'[51]

"I recollect, too, some remarks that he once made in this country about lazy Christians evading the obligation to preach the Gospel, or do good personally, by placing a Bible in the hands of those who would never read it; which compared very well with my impression of his views afterward. Perhaps you will recollect a remark in one of the letters to Mr. Hough, expressing a fear 'that the Scriptures will be out of the press before there will be any church to read them.'

"In comparing what he has written, what I have heard him say, and the course he pursued, I am led to the conclusion that, though he regarded the Old Testament Scriptures as much more important while engaged in translating and revising, than afterward, the very study, the prayerful as well as critical examination necessary to the accomplishment of the work, led him by degrees to what some might consider a comparatively extravagant estimate of the New Testament—especially the Gospels. He preached almost exclusively from the teachings of Christ, during his last years; and when I once introduced some lessons from the Old Testament into my Bible-classes, he compared it to groping among shadows, when I might just as well have the noonday sun.

"He spoke also of his favoring the distribution of so many Bibles, after his revision, as the greatest mistake he ever made; though he said he was betrayed into it by Mr. ——'s wonderful reports and his own subsequent impression, that all Burmah was crying for books. He once said, in relation to a man who had stumbled on the Old Testament, and apostatized: 'It is the last thing such a fellow as he ought even to have touched. I am more than ever convinced that *our* business is to propagate the *Gospel*, scatter the good news of salvation, and let everything else alone.'

"With all this, he has told me that he felt, when making his translation, an almost overpowering sense of the awfulness of his work, and an ever-present

conviction that every word was as from the lips of God."

In regard to the merits of his Burman Bible, Mr. Judson's estimate was very modest. He writes:

"The *beau ideal* of translation, so far as it concerns the poetical and prophetical books of the Old Testament, I profess not to have attained. If I live many years, of which I have no expectation, I shall have to bestow much more labor upon those books. With the New Testament I am rather better satisfied, and the testimony of those acquainted with the language is rather encouraging. At least, I hope that I have laid a good foundation for my successors to build upon....

"As to the merits of the translation, I must leave others to judge. I can only say that, though I have seldom done anything to my own satisfaction, I am better satisfied with the translation of the New Testament than I ever expected to be. The language is, I believe, simple, plain, intelligible; and I have endeavored, I hope successfully, to make every sentence a faithful representation of the original. As to the Old Testament, I am not so well satisfied. The historical books are, perhaps, done pretty well; but the poetical and prophetical books are doubtless susceptible of much improvement, not merely in point of style, but in the rendering of difficult passages, about which the most eminent scholars are not yet agreed."

How far his own humble view falls short of doing justice to the excellence of his monumental task, may be gathered from the following statement by the late Dr. Wayland:

"From the incidental allusions to it in Dr. Judson's letters and journals, we may form some conception of the labor which he spent upon this work. He had enjoyed the best opportunities which this country then

afforded for the study of interpretation; and his progress in this department of knowledge had awakened the highest expectations of his future success as a translator. He had made himself familiar with the Burmese language to a degree never before attained by a foreigner. He determined, if it were possible, to transfer the ideas of the Holy Scriptures, from their original languages, into Burman, in such a manner that his work should need as little revision as possible by his successors. He had an intense desire for rendering perfect every labor which he undertook; indeed, he said of himself, that one of his failings was 'a lust for finishing.' Hence he availed himself of all the means of information which the progress of biblical science, either in Germany or America, placed within his reach. As early as the visit of Mrs. Ann Judson to this country, his demand for books was large, and it was all for the very best, the foundation books. I well remember the pleasure with which I stripped my library of what I considered some of its choicest treasures, to supply a part of his most urgent necessities. Thus he continued until he had surrounded himself with a most valuable apparatus for carrying on his work in the manner which its importance deserved.

"While, however, he thus sought for aid from all the sources of modern and ancient learning, it is manifest from the whole of his correspondence that he used them all with the discretion of a master mind. It was not in his power to substitute the working of other intellects for the working of his own. He weighed, with critical caution, every recension of the text. He adopted no interpretation unless either convinced of its truth, or else sure that it was the nearest approximation to the truth that could be made in the present state of our knowledge. In order to reach this result, no labor was too great, and no investigation too protracted. United with all this that was intellectual, there was, in his case, a mind deeply impressed with its own fallibility, and

turning with unutterable longing to the Holy Spirit for guidance and illumination. The importance of his work to millions of immortal souls was ever present to his view. He had been called by the providence of God to unfold to a whole nation, in their own language, the revelation of the Most High. He conceived it to be a momentous undertaking; and a heavy weight would have rested on his soul if a single idea in the Scriptures had been obscurely rendered in consequence of haste, impatience, negligence, or culpable ignorance on the part of the translator.

"But after he had satisfied himself as to the meaning of the original, a most difficult labor yet remained to be accomplished. It must be now transferred into a language peculiar and strongly idiomatic, and, moreover, a language destitute of terms in which to express the elementary and peculiar ideas of the New Testament. To furnish himself in this respect was the daily labor of his life. He read Burmese prose and poetry wherever he could find it. He was always surrounded by Burmese assistants and transcribers. As fast as his missionary brethren became acquainted with the language, he was incessantly calling upon them for corrections. They cheerfully aided him in this respect to the utmost of their power. Every correction or emendation he examined with the minutest care. Many —I think he says most—of them he adopted; and none of them were rejected without the most careful and diligent inquiry.

"The result of this able and indefatigable labor was such as might have been expected. Competent judges affirm that Dr. Judson's translation of the Scriptures is the most perfect work of the kind that has yet appeared in India. On this subject it will not be inappropriate to introduce a few sentences from the pen of a gentleman high in rank in India, himself a distinguished linguist, and a proficient in the Burmese language:

"'To Judson it was granted, not only to found the spiritual Burman Church of Christ, but also to give it the entire Bible in its own vernacular, thus securing that Church's endurance and ultimate extension; the instances being few or none, of that word, after it has once struck root in any tongue, being ever wholly suppressed. Divine and human nature alike forbid such a result; for, when once it has become incorporated in a living tongue, holiness and love join hands with sin and weakness to perpetuate that word's life and dominion. We honor Wickliffe and Luther for their labors in their respective mother tongues; but what meed of praise is due to Judson for a translation of the Bible, *perfect as a literary work*, in a language so foreign to him as the Burmese? Future ages, under God's blessing, may decide this point, when his own forebodings, as he stood and pondered over the desolate, ruinous scene at Pugan, shall be fulfilled.

"'One and twenty years after his first landing at Rangoon, Judson finished his translation of the whole Bible; but, not satisfied with this first version, six more years were devoted to a revision of this great work; and on the 24th of October, 1840, the last sheet of the new edition was printed off. The revision cost him more time and labor than the first translation; for what he wrote in 1823 remained the object of his soul: "I never read a chapter without pencil in hand, and Griesbach and Parkhurst at my elbow; and it will be an object to me through life to bring the translation to such a state that it may be a standard work." The best judges pronounce it to be all that he aimed at making it, and also, what with him never was an object, an imperishable monument of the man's genius. We may venture to hazard the opinion that as Luther's Bible is now in the hands of Protestant Germany, so, three centuries hence, Judson's Bible will be the Bible of the Christian churches of Burmah.'

"The following extract from a letter written in November, 1852, by a missionary in Burmah, expresses very fully the estimation in which this version is held by those who are daily in the habit of using it, and of

commending it to the natives:

"'The translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Burman language by the late Dr. Judson is admitted to be the best translation in India; that is, the translation has given more satisfaction to his contemporaries and successors than any translation of the Bible into any other Eastern language has done to associate missionaries in any other parts of India. It is free from all obscurity to the Burmese mind. It is read and understood perfectly. Its style and diction are as choice and elegant as the language itself, peculiarly honorific, would afford, and conveys, doubtless, the mind of the Spirit as perfectly as can be.'

"Judson might well have adopted the words of the blessed Eliot, the apostle to the Indian tribes, when he had finished his translation of the Scriptures into their dialect—'Prayer and pains, with the blessing of God, can accomplish anything.'"

Having diverged in order to give the reader a general idea of this work of translating the Bible into Burmese, we again take up the thread of Mr. Judson's life at the point where he has just finished the first rough draft in 1834.[52] He entered with ardor upon the work of revision without neglecting, however, his favorite employments of teaching and preaching. A letter from Mrs. Judson to her husband's mother shows his ceaseless, every-day activity:

"Mr. Judson preaches *every* Lord's day to a crowded assembly, and *every evening* to a congregation averaging thirty. We find our old chapel too small, and are about having a new one erected. The native assistants go about the town every day preaching the Gospel, and Mr. Judson holds a meeting with them every morning before breakfast, when he listens to their reports, prays with them, gives them instruction, etc. Besides this, the

care of the Burman Church, ninety-nine in number, devolves upon him, as does all the revision, superintendence of the press, etc., etc., etc. He has lately baptized eighteen persons—seven English soldiers, five Indo-Britons, three Burmans, one Hindoo, one Arracanese, and one Mahometan. The latter is faithful old *Koo-chil*, the Hindoo cook mentioned in Mrs. Judson's 'Narrative.' The poor old man resisted long and stubbornly the truth, and we were sometimes almost discouraged about him. But divine grace was too mighty for him, and on last Lord's day we saw him bow beneath the Salwen's yielding wave, and rise, I trust, to 'newness of life.' Two others have applied for baptism, and there are many hopeful inquirers both among European and natives."

The Rev. Dr. Malcolm, who visited Burmah in 1836, gives a glimpse of the interior of Mr. Judson's *zayat*:

"Our first Sabbath in this dark land was, of course, full of interest. In the morning we worshipped with the Burman congregation in the *zayat*. About seventy were present, nearly all Christians. Seldom have I seen so attentive and devout an audience. They sat, of course, on the floor, where mats, made of bamboo, were spread for their accommodation, a large bamboo, about eighteen inches from the floor, serving as a rest to the back. In prayer the Americans all knelt, and the rest leaned forward on their elbows, putting their palms together, and at the close of the petition, all responded an audible *Amen*. Mr. J. preached with much apparent earnestness, and all listened with rapt attention. Several inquirers were present, some of whom applied for baptism."

The same observant traveller has drawn a word-picture of Mr. Judson's personal appearance at this

time:

"As my eye rested on this loved little company, it was sweet to contemplate the venerable founder of the mission, sitting there to rejoice in the growth of the cause he had so assiduously and painfully sustained. His labors and sufferings for years; his mastery of the language; his translation of the whole Word of God; and his being permitted now to be the pastor of a church containing over a hundred natives, make him the most interesting missionary now alive. What a mercy that he yet lives to devote to his people his enlarged powers of doing good! And we may hope he will very long be spared. His age is but forty-seven; his eye is not dim; not a gray hair shows itself among his full auburn locks; his moderate-sized person seems full of vigor; he walks almost every evening a mile or two at a quick pace; lives with entire temperance and regularity, and enjoys, in general, steadfast health. May a gracious God continue to make him a blessing more and more."

From this point on, our narrative naturally assumes a more domestic character; and we are permitted to see Mr. Judson's deep tenderness as a husband and a father. Some of the greatest objects of his life having been achieved, and his health beginning to decline, his restless spirit turned instinctively to family life for repose. On October 31, 1835, his heart was cheered by the birth of a daughter, whose name, Abby Ann,[53] associates her with his only sister, from whom he had parted so many years before, and also with her whom he left sleeping beneath the hopia-tree. While writing to his mother and sister, he mentions the birth of his child and betrays with what delight the care-wearied man, after his prolonged solitude, turned for rest to the amenities of home:

"MAULMAIN, *November* 1, 1835.

"Since I have attained, in some measure, the great objects for which I came out to the East, and do not find it necessary to be so exclusively and severely engrossed in missionary labors as I have been for a long course of years, my thoughts and affections revert more frequently, of late, to the dear home where I was born and brought up; and now especially, after having been childless many years, the birth of a daughter, and the revival of parental feelings, remind me afresh of the love with which my dear mother watched over my infancy, and of all the kindness with which she led me up from youth to man. And then I think of my earliest playmate, my dear sister, and delight to retrace the thousand incidents which marked our youthful intercourse, and which still stand, in the vista of memory, tokens of reciprocated brotherly and sisterly affection. Surely, I should have to call myself a most ungrateful son and brother, had I abandoned you forever in this world, as I have done, for any other cause than that of the kingdom of the glorious Redeemer.

"It is a great comfort, however, that, though separated in this world, we are all interested in the covenant love of that Redeemer, and can therefore hope that we shall spend our eternity together, in His blissful presence. It is my particular object, in writing at the present time, to engage your prayers for our little Abigail, that she may become early interested in the same divine love, and be one of our happy number in the bright world above. Her mother and myself both hope that the little circumstance of her being your namesake will tend to bring her more frequently to your remembrance at the throne of grace, and secure your prayers in her behalf.

"I alluded above to the attainment of the great objects of my missionary undertaking. I used to think, when first contemplating a missionary life, that, if I

should live to see the Bible translated and printed in some new language, and a church of one hundred members raised up on heathen ground, I should anticipate death with the peaceful feelings of old Simeon. The Bible in Burmese will, I expect, be out of the press by the end of this year; and—not to speak of several hundred Burmans and Karens baptized at different stations—the Burmese church in Maulmain, of which I am pastor, contains ninety-nine native members, and there will doubtless be several more received before the end of the year. Unite with me, my dear mother and sister, in gratitude to God, that He has preserved me so long, and, notwithstanding my entire unworthiness, has made me instrumental of a little good."

In a letter to his step-son, who had by this time arrived in America, he alludes to the infant Abigail, and encloses a child's prayer in verse:

"MAULMAIN, *August* 23, 1836.

"I send you a little idol, that you may not forget what sort of gods they worship in this country, and your mother is sending you another. But, what is better, I send you a little book, called the 'Only Son,' which I took so much pleasure in reading that I want to have you read it through two or three times. I am afraid you will forget how much your mother loves you. This book will help you to remember. I am not much afraid that you will ever become like poor Jonah, whose history you will find in the book. But when any companions shall attempt to persuade you to join them in doing some bad thing, remember poor Jonah, and remember his poor mother, and remember how dreadfully your own mother would suffer, and how she would go down to the grave in sorrow, if you should become a bad boy. You can not tell how much she loves you. She talks about you every day; and we never pray together without praying for you. And though it can not be that I

should love you as much as your mother does, yet I love you very much, my dear George. And I am always sorry that I was so closely engaged in study, that I was able to spend but very little time with you, after we came up from Tavoy. When I think of that last pleasant, sad afternoon I carried you down to Amherst, and left you on board, the *Cashmere*, I love you very much, and want to see you again. Perhaps we shall live to see you come out a minister of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. We sometimes pray that, if it be the will of God, it may be so.

"Your little sister Abigail is a sweet, fat baby. You would love her very much if you were here. Pray for her, that she may live, and may become a child of God."

Prayer for Little George.

"Remember, Lord, my mother dear,
Who lives in distant heathen land;
By day and night wilt Thou be near,
To guard her with Thy powerful hand.
"And since another babe has come,
To fill the place which once was mine,
In mother's arms to find a home,
And soft on mother's breast recline,
"O, listen to me from Thy throne,
And let a brother's prayer prevail,
To draw the choicest blessings down
On little sister Abigail."

When his son, Adoniram Brown Judson,[54] born April 7, 1837, was almost a year old, Mr. Judson wrote to his own mother and sister a letter in which, with playful tenderness, he alludes to both his children:

"MAULMAIN, *March* 16, 1838.

"I remember you in my prayers every day, and hope that you do not forget me, my wife, and dear little Abby

and Adoniram. Yours of October 15, 1837, I received on the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens in the *Rosabella*, the 19th of last month. They gave me an account of their visit to Plymouth, and their interview with you both, and how you looked and what you said, and he remembered the exhortation to 'preach the three R's.' He remarked, that my mother was the very picture of the venerable, and *she* observed that everything about the house was kept in remarkably nice order. And they both thought that, from your appearance and remarks, you were in the enjoyment of much religious feeling. How I wish I could see you once more! I send you a copy of the Burman New Testament, which may be a gratifying curiosity, if nothing more.

"We have just carried Adoniram through the small-pox by inoculation. He had it very lightly, and is now quite recovered. He is one of the prettiest, brightest children you ever saw. His mother says he resembles his uncle Elnathan. Abby is growing fast. She runs about, and talks Burman quite fluently, but no English. I am not troubled about her not getting English at present, for we shall have to send her home in a few years, and then she will get it of course. She attends family and public worship with us, and has learned to sit still and behave herself. But Fen, or Pwen, as the natives call him, when he is brought into the chapel, and sees me in my place, has the impudence to roar out Bah (as the Burmans call father), with such a stentorian voice, that his nurse is obliged to carry him out again.

"Many thanks, dear sister, for your last present of fifty dollars, which I have received. I am obliged to look after the rupees a little more carefully now than when I had no little ones to provide for.

"I suppose you take the *Magazine*; so I do not introduce missionary affairs into my private letters."

But Mr. Judson's iron purposes were not melted in the ease and quiet of home life. He did not cease his

efforts to save his poor Burmans. A few weeks after the birth of his son, he wrote:

"My days are commonly spent in the following manner: the morning in reading Burman; the forenoon in a public *zayat* with some assistant, preaching to those who call; the afternoon in preparing or revising something for the press, correcting proof-sheets, etc.; the evening in conducting worship in the native chapel, and conversing with the assistants or other native Christians or inquirers."

With what genuine satisfaction must such a worker have looked back upon his work of a quarter of a century in Burmah!

"*July* 20, 1838.

"I have lately," he writes, "had the happiness of baptizing the first Toung-thoo that ever became a Christian. I hope he will be the first-fruits of a plentiful harvest. God has given me the privilege and happiness of witnessing and contributing a little, I trust, to the conversion of the first Burmese convert, the first Peguan, the first Karen, and the first Toung-thoo. Three of them I baptized. The Karen was approved for baptism; but just then, brother Boardman removing to Tavoy, I sent the Karen with him, and he was baptized there.

"There are now above a thousand converts from heathenism, formed into various churches throughout the country. And I trust that the good work will go on, until every vestige of idolatry shall be effaced, and millennial glory shall bless the whole land. The thirteenth day of this month finished a quarter of a century that I have spent in Burmah; and on the eighth of next month, if I live, I shall complete the fiftieth year of my life. And I see that mother, if living, will enter on her eightieth year next December. May we all meet in heaven."

Upon the completion of the fiftieth year of his life, and of his twenty-fifth year in Burmah, it is not strange that even his wiry physique should begin to give way beneath the strain. Disease fastened first upon his lungs, entailing loss of voice and intense pain. Allusions in his letters at this time indicate his declining health:

"On Passage from Maulmain to Calcutta, *March* 3, 1839.

"I had been subject to a cough several months, and some kind of inflammation of the throat and lungs, which, for a time, almost deprived me of the use of my voice; and lest the complaint should become confirmed consumption, I was advised to try a voyage to sea.... *March 11*. For two days I have had a return of soreness, accompanied with some cough. I fear that the atmosphere of this place, loaded with dust and smoke, will bring on a relapse.

"My last informed you that I was on a passage to Calcutta for my health, by the direction of a physician and the recommendation of the brethren at the station. I derived great benefit from the voyage; and my health continued generally to improve during my stay in Calcutta of three weeks, and on the return voyage, until the Sunday preceding my arrival here, when I made trial of my voice, by attempting to conduct Burmese worship in my cabin, with the only native convert on board. And though the effort was very small, I was dismayed to find, in the course of the afternoon, the old soreness of lungs and tendency to cough come on; and for three days I was rather worse than I had been for six weeks. Being at sea, however, I partially recovered from the relapse before I reached home, but am not so well as at my last date. It is a great mercy that I am able to use my voice in common conversation without much difficulty; but when I shall be able to preach again I know not. The approaching rainy season will probably decide whether my complaint is to return with violence,

or whether I am to have a further lease of life. I am rather desirous of living, for the sake of the work and of my family; but He who appoints all our times, and the bounds of our habitation, does all things well; and we ought not to desire to pass the appointed limits.... My throat complaint, which seemed to be nearly removed by a voyage to Calcutta, has returned with fresh violence since the commencement of the rains, three days ago. Some advise me to take another voyage, as before; but I have no heart to do so, thinking that the benefit will be but temporary. Others suggest a voyage home to America, and a residence there for a year or two; but to this course I have strong objections. There are so many missionaries going home for their health, or for some other cause, that I should be very unwilling to do so, unless my brethren and the Board thought it a case of absolute necessity. I should be of no use to the cause at home, not being able to use my voice. And lastly, I am in my fifty-first year. I have lived long enough. I have lived to see accomplished the particular objects on which I set my heart when I commenced a missionary life. And why should I wish to live longer? I am unable to preach; and since the last relapse, the irritation of my throat is so very troublesome that I can not converse but with difficulty, or even sit at the table, as I have done to-day, and prepare copy for the press. My complaint, it is said, is very much like that of which the late Mrs. Osgood died—not common pulmonary consumption, but something in the throat, which puzzled even her attending physicians, one of whom maintained, till near her death, that she was not in a consumption, and would recover.

"My present expectation is, to use medicinal palliatives, and endeavor to keep along for a few months, until I see the present edition of the Bible completed, and then be ready to rest from my labors. But the very thought brings joy to my soul. For, though I am a poor, poor sinner, and know that I have never

done a single action which can claim the least merit or praise, glory is before me, interminable glory, through the blood of the Lamb, the Lamb for sinners slain. But I shrink back again, when I think of my dear wife and darling children, who have wound round my once widowed, bereaved heart, and would fain draw me down from heaven and glory. And then I think, also, of the world of work before me. But the sufficient answer to all is, *The Lord will provide*."

The voyage to which allusion is made in the foregoing extracts was begun February 19, 1839; it was thought that a trip to Calcutta would restore his health. After an absence of nearly two months, during which he had a delightful visit with the English Baptists of Calcutta and Serampore, he returned to Maulmain, his health somewhat improved. The sadness of this separation from the faithful wife and mother, whom he left behind at Maulmain, was intensified by the apprehension that he might die on the voyage. Mrs. Judson writes:

"As soon as you left the house, I ran to your dressing-room, and watched you from the window. But you did not look up—oh, how I wished you would! Then I hastened to the back veranda, and caught one last glimpse of you through the trees; ... and I gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears.

"Then the children came around me, asking to go to the wharf, and the women *looked* their wishes; and though I said 'no' to the little ones, I could not deny the others. After they were gone, I took all three of our darlings into your own little room, told them why you had gone away, and asked Abby Ann and Adoniram if they wished me to ask God to take care of papa, while he was gone. They said 'yes'; and so I put Elnathan down on the floor to play, and, kneeling beside the other two, committed you and

ourselves to the care of our heavenly Father.... How sweet is the thought that, when you go into the presence of God, you always pray for me, and for our dear children. We have family worship mornings in the sleeping-room. Abby and Pwen[55] kneel, one on each side of me, and after I have read and prayed I teach them the Lord's prayer. I make them repeat it distinctly, only two or three words at a time. They both sit at the table with me, Pwen occupying his beloved father's place. But these things do not beguile my loneliness. Oh, when shall I see you again, here, in your old seat?

"Your little daughter and I have been praying for you this evening. She is now in bed, and I am sitting by my study-table, where I spend all my time after evening worship, except what is devoted to the children. I wish, my love, that you would pray for one object in particular—that I may be assisted in communicating divine truth to the minds of these little immortals.... At times the sweet hope that you will soon return, restored to perfect health, buoys up my spirit; but perhaps you will find it necessary to go farther, a necessity from which I can not but shrink with doubt and dread; or you may come back only to die with me. This last agonizing thought crushes me down in overwhelming sorrow. I hope I do not feel unwilling that our heavenly Father should do as He thinks best with us; but my heart shrinks from the prospect of living in this sinful, dark, friendless world without you. But I feel that I do wrong to anticipate sorrows. God has promised strength only for *to-day*; and, in infinite mercy, He shuts the future from our view. I know that there is small ground for hope; few ever recover from your disease; but it may be that God will restore you to health, for the sake of His suffering cause. *I* do not deserve it; and I have

often wondered that I should have been so singularly blessed as to possess that heart, which is far more precious than all the world beside. But the most satisfactory view of our condition is to look away to that blissful world, where separations are unknown. There, my beloved Judson, *we* shall surely meet each other; and we shall also meet those loved ones who have gone before us to that haven of rest.

"After worship at the chapel, several of the native Christians came in; and we all mingled our tears together. They each in turn committed their absent pastor (father, they called you) to God, and prayed for your restoration to health, and speedy return to us, with a fervor which I felt at the time must prevail."

VERSES WRITTEN BY MR. JUDSON FOR HIS CHILDREN DURING THIS VOYAGE.

Prayer to Jesus.

"Dear Jesus, hear me when I pray,
And take this naughty heart away;
Teach me to love Thee, gracious Lord,
And learn to read Thy holy word."

Another.

"Come, dearest Saviour, take my heart,
And let me ne'er from Thee depart;
From every evil set me free,
And all the glory be to Thee."

For Abby Ann.

"Look down on little brother dear,
Safe may he sleep while Thou art near,
Preserve his life to know Thy love,
And dwell at last in heaven above."

A Morning Prayer.

"My waking thoughts I raise to Thee,
Who through the night hast guarded me;
Keep me this day from every ill,
And help me, Lord, to do Thy will."

Duty to Others.

"Love others as you love yourself;
  And as you would that they
Should do to you, do you to them,
  That is the golden way."

The Dying Child.

"'O, grant that Christ and heaven be mine:
  What can I want beside?
Hark! hear ye not that voice divine?
  "My daughter, Christ and heaven are thine!"
And see! the glorious portals shine!'
  She sweetly sang, and died."

In a letter written to his mother and sister after his return to Maulmain, he betrays the fact that he was still far from perfect convalescence:

"MAULMAIN, *August* 9, 1839.

"On this day I enter my fifty-second year. Fifty-one years have rolled over my head, twenty-six of which have been spent in this heathen land. I believe I write you more frequently than I used to. I am not so much driven in my studies as formerly, and the weakness and irritability of my lungs, though much better, do not yet suffer me to use my voice in public. Add to which that I have a family of young children growing up around me, so that my mind has become more domesticated, and returns with more readiness and frequency to the scenes of my own childhood. Twenty-seven years and a half have passed since we parted in Plymouth and in Boston,

during which time my father and brother, and his family, and my first family, have all been swept away by death. You two only remain, and my present family, whom you have never seen. I sometimes feel concerned for my three little children, from the fact that I was advanced in life when they were born, and can not, therefore, expect to live to see them grown up and happily settled before I shall be removed. Even if my present complaint should not terminate in consumption, I can hardly expect to hold out many more years in this climate; so that I have the prospect of leaving them fatherless in the very bloom of youth, when they will especially need a father's support and care. However, I endeavor daily to commend them to God, and trust that, when I come to die, I shall be enabled to avail myself of the command and promise, 'Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me' (Jer. xlix. 11).

"Abby Ann has begun to go to school with Julia Osgood to Mrs. Simons, who, with her husband, is here from Rangoon, expecting a war with Burmah, and has set up an English school. Abby attends every forenoon, and just begins to read words of one syllable. Adoniram says, 'I want go school'; but he stays at home, and deports himself like a little man. Elnathan has been very ill. We thought we should lose him; but he is now better, and begins to be bright and playful.

"I do wish you could call in and make us a visit. We would try to make you so comfortable that you would not wish to return to old Plymouth. However, it is of little consequence where we spend the short remnant of life. Heaven is before us. Let us pray much, and live devoted to God, and we shall soon be united in that happy world where there is no dividing sea.

"Can't you give me some account of your house, and furniture, and neighbors, and street, so that I can form a little idea how you are situated? I have tried to glean some particulars from the Stevenses; but transient

passers can not be expected to give much satisfactory information. And when you write, leave a good place for the wafer of your letter, as you see I do; otherwise there are sometimes words which I can not make out. I shall be glad when any of the little ones shall be able to conjure out a scrawl to their grandmother and aunt. Pray for them, that they may be early converted to God. Perhaps mother will add a line with her own hand when you write. Dear mother, I wish I could make you some return for all the trouble I once gave you.

Yours ever, A. JUDSON."

The native Christians at Maulmain were glad enough, after an interval of ten months, to hear again the voice of their beloved teacher, though he still spoke in feeble accents.

Mrs. Judson writes to his mother:

"I have during the past year suffered deep anxiety and gloomy foreboding on account of my dear husband's health. But God has been merciful beyond our fears, and so far restored him that he was able to preach last Lord's day, the first time for about ten months. His discourse was short, and he spoke low. I felt exceedingly anxious respecting his making the attempt, but he has experienced no ill effects from it as yet. How pleased you would have been to see the joy beaming from the countenances of the dear native Christians as they saw their beloved and revered pastor once more take the desk! He applies himself very closely to study, though he is still far from well. He takes cold very easily, and still feels a slight uneasiness in the chest and left side. But he is so much better than he was, that I am comforted with the hope that he will soon be entirely restored to health."

In a letter to a fellow-missionary he refers playfully to the birth of another son at the close of

1839. “Master Henry[56] came into notice the last day of the year; but there was no earthquake or anything,” and he alludes to the infant Henry in a letter of affectionate counsel to George, who was now twelve years old:

“Your letter of January 9 gave us great pleasure, as it furnished proof of your proficiency in learning and of affectionate remembrance. Truly we remember you every day, especially in our prayers. Every morning we come around the family altar, your mother and myself, your sister Abby Ann, and your brothers Adoniram and Elnathan—Henry is too young to attend—and it is our earnest prayer that all our children may *early* become partakers of divine grace. I hope you will never neglect the duty of *secret prayer*. Never let a morning or evening pass without going into some room or place by yourself, and kneeling down and spending five or ten minutes at least in praying to God, in the name of Jesus Christ. Pray earnestly that you may have a new heart, and become a child of God, and that you may have satisfactory evidence that such is your happy state.

“You observe in your letter that you are sometimes disturbed by frightful dreams, and we hear in other ways that your health is rather delicate. I warmly recommend you to rise every morning between light and sunrise, and take a quick walk of a mile or more, and to the top of some hill, if there be one in the vicinity that will suit your purpose; and in the winter, when you may not be able to walk, get some equivalent exercise in cutting wood or some other work. This is the course that, with some intermissions and with various modifications, I have pursued for thirty-five years; and to this, under God, I ascribe the good health and the long life I have enjoyed in this unpropitious climate. Your mother frequently accompanies me over the Maulmain hills, and she enjoys much better health than she did at Tavoy, where she took no exercise, scarcely.

Do, my dear George, take this matter into serious consideration. You may not like it at first. You will, perhaps, feel tired and sleepy for a few days, but when you become a little used to it, you will enjoy it exceedingly. You will find your appetite improving, your health becoming firm, and your repose by night undisturbed. I have now given you the two best pieces of advice in my power. The first relates to your soul, the second to your body. Follow them, and be virtuous and happy. I hope to hear that you have professed religion, and devoted yourself to the ministry. Who knows but that I shall live to introduce you into missionary work in this country, where your own father labored, and where his remains are entombed. Follow your father, my dear George; and we will all, ere long, be so happy in heaven together, even in the presence of the dear, lovely, glorious Saviour, the Friend of sinners, who died for us."

Mrs. Judson's health also began to fail. She was attacked by the disease which finally terminated her life at St. Helena. The children, too, were all sick, so that a sea voyage was needed for the very preservation of the family. Mr. Judson reluctantly decided to embark with his wife and four children for Calcutta. The imperative reasons for the voyage he states to the Corresponding Secretary:

"I have been in great distress for several months, and think I have not written a letter to America, except one to my mother and sister, since the beginning of the year. Early in March, Mrs. Judson fell into a decline, and became quite confined to her bed. Three of the children had been, for some months, ill; and the two eldest were repeatedly at the point of death. The physicians, missionary brethren, and all my friends in Maulmain, became clamorous that I should try a voyage, as the only remaining means of saving the lives

of the greater part of my family. But, extremely reluctant to incur the expense and encounter the breaking up which a voyage would occasion, I suffered myself to be beguiled by transient symptoms of convalescence, until, having lost two opportunities, and seeing most of my family in absolutely desperate circumstances, I consented to embrace the present opportunity, and embarked on the 26th ultimo."

The voyage was short, but boisterous.

"We had been out only four days," says Mrs. Judson," when we struck on shoals, and for about twenty minutes were expecting to see the large, beautiful vessel a wreck; and then all on board must perish, or at best take refuge in a small boat, exposed to the dreary tempests. I shall never forget my feelings, as I looked over the side of the vessel that night, on the dark ocean, and fancied ourselves with our poor sick, and almost dying children, launched on its stormy waves. The captain tacked as soon as possible, and the tide rising at the time, we were providentially delivered from our extreme peril."

When the family arrived at Serampore, just above Calcutta, they hired "a nice, dry house on the very bank of the river." But though the sea air had naturally revived the invalids, as soon as they came fairly under the hot climate of Bengal they all suffered a relapse. What was to be done? They met at Calcutta a pious Scotch sea captain whose vessel was going to the Isle of France, and from thence to Maulmain. He made the kind proposal to take the whole family on such terms that this circuitous course would cost them no more than to go directly to Maulmain. They dreaded the voyage in the month of August, which is a very dangerous month in the Bay of Bengal, but there seemed to be no other

alternative. So Mr. Judson accordingly accepted Captain Hamlin's kind offer, and decided to set sail for that island, to which he had repaired nearly thirty years before when he had been driven from Bengal by the East India Company. But before leaving Serampore the fond parents were compelled to lay in the grave the form of little Henry, their youngest child. Mr. Judson thus describes this mournful event in a letter to his mother and sister:

"SERAMPORE, *August* 1, 1841.

"I wrote you on the 24th ultimo. Perhaps this letter will go by the same conveyance. Wife went down to Calcutta, for a few days, to do a little business, leaving the two younger children with me. On the 27th dear little Henry's disorder took an unfavorable turn. He had derived less benefit from the voyage and change than the other children, being too young to have his mind engaged and diverted, which greatly contributes to bodily recovery; and being considered less dangerously ill than the others, had, perhaps, less attention paid him than was desirable. His disorder had continued to hold on, though at times greatly mitigated. On the 28th he grew worse, and I wrote down for his mother, and in the evening began to despair of his life. On the 29th the doctor gave him up; and my only prayer was, that he might not die before his mother arrived. Oh, what heavy hours now passed! She arrived with the other children in the night, about two o'clock, and sprang to the cradle of the little sufferer, and could not think that he was really in a dying state. I let her take her own way, and she contrived to give him a little wine and water, which, however, could be of no avail; and when morning came, the marks of death on the countenance were too visible for even the unwilling mother to refuse to acknowledge. We spent the day hanging over our dying babe, and giving him some liquid, for which he was always calling, to relieve his burning thirst. When I

said, 'Henry, my son,' he would raise his sinking eyelids, and try to stretch out his little arms for me to take him; but he could not bear to be held more than a moment before he would cry to be laid down again. Oh, how restless did he spend his last day, rolling from side to side, and crying out, '*Nahnee*,' his imperfect pronunciation of *naughty*, by which term he was in the habit of expressing his disapprobation or dissatisfaction. In the afternoon he became convulsed for a few moments, and our hearts were rent to witness the distortion of his dear little mouth and face. After that he was more quiet; but toward evening he probably had some violent stroke of death, for he suddenly screamed out in great pain. In the evening he had another turn of convulsion. His mother lay down by his side, and, worn out with fatigue, fell fast asleep. About nine o'clock I had gone into another room, and was lying down, when a servant called me. He began to breathe loud, indicative of the closing scene. I let the mother sleep—sat down by his side, and presently called, as usual, 'Henry, my son'; upon which he opened his eyes, and looked at me more intelligently and affectionately than he had been able to do for some time; but the effort was too great, and he ceased to breathe. I instantly awoke his mother; he then gave two or three expiring gasps, and it was all over. I stripped the little emaciated body, and washed it, while his mother, with the help of a servant, made a suitable gown; and by eleven o'clock he was laid out in the same cradle in which he died. For a few days Elnathan had been ill with a severe cough and fever, and my attention had been divided between the two. After poor Henry was quiet, we turned all our attention to the others. The two elder children were much better. Next morning we had a coffin made, in which we placed our dear child; and sometimes, when other avocations permitted, looked at him through the day. And oh, how sweet was his dead face! though there was an expression of pain lurking in some of the

features. At night a few of our friends came together, and we carried the coffin to the mission burial-ground, where, after a prayer by Mr. Mack, the body was deposited in its final resting-place. Farewell, my darling son Henry. While thy little body rests in the grave, I trust that thy spirit, through the grace of Jesus Christ, is resting in Paradise. We intend to order a small monument erected with this inscription: 'The grave of Henry Judson, youngest son of the Rev. A. Judson, of Maulmain, who died July 30, 1841, aged one year and seven months.'

"Elnathan was very ill last night, and is not much better to-day. We tremble for him. The vessel in which we are going to the Isle of France, we hear, is to remain a few days longer, so that I will add a further line before leaving.

"CALCUTTA, *August 6*. We have come down to this place with a view to embarking; but the vessel is still detained. Elnathan appears to be very ill, with a complication of complaints. We are in great distress about him. The two elder children continue better.

"In haste, yours affectionately,

A. JUDSON.

"*August 13*. We are still waiting the moving of the vessel, but shall positively go on board the 16th. Elnathan is much better, so that we hope the danger of losing him is past. The other children continue to improve. Farewell for the present.

"P. S.—I enclose a small lock of poor dear Henry's hair. We are very sad whenever we think of that bright, sweet boy. It was the will of God that he should be taken from us; so we must be resigned, and I hope that he is now waiting to welcome us to the Paradise where, we trust, he has safely arrived. Two vessels have just come in from America, but we have got nothing from you. Perhaps there may be a letter or some box which will be forwarded to Maulmain."

Bidding farewell to the newly-made grave, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, with their sick children, embarked on board the *Ramsay*, Captain Hamlin. The voyage to the Isle of France occupied about six weeks, and as the monsoon was drawing to a close, the storms were very frequent, sudden and severe. Mr. Judson writes under date of August 22, 1841:

"DEAR MRS. H.: We are on board the *Ramsay*, pitching most fearfully. We have been lying several days waiting for the weather, and have now got up anchor, so that I am writing a line or two to send back by the pilot."

And Mrs. Judson thus records their experience:

"Could you now look on our dismasted vessel you would indeed say, she is a 'ship in distress.' For the last three days we have had the most frightful squalls I ever experienced; and yesterday two top-masts, a top-gallant mast, and the jib-boom, with all their sails, were torn away, causing a tremendous crash. For the last two nights I have not closed my eyes to sleep, and I find it quite impossible to sleep now. I have, therefore, taken my pen, though the vessel rolls so that I fear my writing will be quite illegible. Do not infer from anything I have said that I am suffering from terror; my wakefulness has been occasioned only by bodily discomfort, arising from the violent tossing of the vessel. I thank God that I feel perfectly calm and resigned; and I can leave myself and my dear family in His hands, with a feeling of perfect peace and composure."

But this voyage, severe as it was, proved very beneficial to the invalids, and, after spending a month in Port Louis, they returned to Maulmain, where they arrived on December 10, in greatly improved health.

Captain Hamlin declined to receive any compensation for the passage from Calcutta to Maulmain *via* the Isle of France, although a fair charge for the double voyage would have been two thousand rupees, or about one thousand dollars. The four hundred rupees which Mr. Judson sent him, merely as an expression of his gratitude, were

returned, the noble sailor saying that he considered it a privilege to have been able to show some kindness to the servants of Christ. Mr. Judson wrote at once to the Board, suggesting that they should send to the captain a formal letter of thanks, together with a present, "say of a set of the 'Comprehensive Commentary,'" to be addressed to Captain Thomas Hamlin, Jr., Greenock, Scotland. The following interesting incidents relating to this voyage found their way into a pamphlet, compiled by "John Simpson, Minister of the Gospel, Greenock":

"After remaining about four weeks in Bombay, the *Ramsay* sailed for Maulmain, in Burmah, and from thence to Calcutta. During these passages some favorable impressions seemed to have been produced in the minds of the crew; and on their arrival at Calcutta they conducted themselves with greater propriety than at any of the former ports; here they regularly attended the floating chapel. Whilst the ship was at Calcutta, the captain paid a visit to the Baptist missionary establishment at Serampore. There he fell in with the indefatigable missionary, Dr. Judson, from Burmah, who was at Serampore with his family for the improvement of their health. As the *Ramsay* was shortly to sail for the Island of Mauritius, and from thence to Maulmain—Dr. Judson's residence—Captain Hamlin kindly offered them a passage, in the hope that it would be conducive to the object they had in view. Having accepted the offer thus generously made to him and his family, Dr. Judson felt a strong desire to be useful to the seamen, in whose dangers he was about to share. He made it a matter of prayer to God that he might be instrumental in turning some of them from the error of their ways; and, before going on board, expressed a conviction that God Had heard him, and that He would answer him in communicating His grace to some, if not to all, of the crew. After putting to sea, worship was

conducted by Dr. Judson and the captain alternately; but on the Sabbaths the whole of the services were conducted by the doctor. Possessing all his mental vigor, and his ardent love for souls having suffered no abatement, he availed himself of these opportunities, in addition to private instruction, to promote the great end he had in view, and for which he had so earnestly prayed, previously to his embarking on board the *Ramsay*. His manner of address was of the most touching description, and seldom failed in making the big tear roll down the weather-beaten cheeks of his hardy auditors. It soon became apparent that he was not laboring in vain, nor spending his strength for nought. Before their arrival at the Mauritius, three of the seamen gave pleasing evidence of being converted to God. During their stay at the Mauritius, public worship was held on board every Sabbath, and was well attended, both by seamen and landsmen. Religion was in a languid state amongst the inhabitants generally. There were, however, a few who seemed concerned for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and by them it had been in contemplation to fit up a seaman's chapel. They had even gone so far as to make application to the late benevolent governor, Sir Lionel Smith, for the use of an old ship lying there, belonging to Government; the application had been favorably received; still nothing had been done toward effecting the object they had in view, till the captain of the *Ramsay*, hearing how matters stood, set about raising subscriptions toward fitting up the said vessel as a Bethel; he likewise presented another memorial to the governor, but was obliged to leave at this time, without seeing the work accomplished.

"Leaving the Island of Mauritius, their next port of destination was Maulmain, in Burmah. On the passage, the usual religious services were attended to; and, in addition to the ordinary meetings, an extra one, for prayer and exhortation, was held every Wednesday

evening, and conducted by the seamen who had professed the name of Christ. This meeting was the means of effecting much good. Amongst other things which came before their minds was the subject of baptism. By a diligent perusal of the word of God, and the instructions of Dr. Judson, the new converts were convinced that baptism by immersion was the Scriptural mode, and that it was their duty, as believers in Christ, to be baptized in His name. Hence they determined, with the captain—who had doubts regarding the truth of infant baptism, before his leaving home—to be baptized on the first convenient opportunity after reaching Maulmain. Accordingly, on the first Sabbath after their arrival, the captain, mate, and two of the seamen, together with a Burmese female, were 'buried with Christ by baptism,' in presence of a large assemblage of natives and others, who appeared to take a deep interest in all the solemn services that were attended to. The ordinance was administered by Dr. Judson.

"At Maulmain there are two Baptist churches—one for the natives, which is supplied by Dr. Judson; the other for Europeans, etc., which is supplied by assistant missionaries. Both churches were in a flourishing condition. The missionary work was being zealously prosecuted, and many of the heathen were renouncing their idols and embracing the Saviour. The labors of the missionaries had been eminently successful among the Karen tribe. Whilst at Maulmain, the captain and mate paid a visit to one of the villages of these interesting people. On their arrival they found the chief—who acts also as their spiritual teacher—with nearly the whole of the villagers, busily engaged in their rice-fields. On the *gong* being sounded, which was the signal for the arrival of the missionaries, they flocked into the native chapel; and, after greeting affectionately their teachers, they turned to the captain and mate, and asked their chief, 'Do these men love Christ?' Being answered in the

affirmative, they received them with much cordiality, and, on their departure, loaded their boat with fruit, etc., etc.

"The *Ramsay* remained at Maulmain eight weeks, during which time the intercourse of the crew with the Christians on shore was of the most pleasing description. The evening before they sailed from this place, Dr. Judson delivered a farewell address on board the *Ramsay*, which produced a deep and solemn impression. All were melted into tears, as was the case with Dr. Judson himself. He alluded to the providential manner in which he had been brought amongst them, the many happy and profitable hours he had spent in their society, the converting grace of God which they had all been privileged to witness, and some to experience; and those who professed the faith he exhorted 'that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord'; and those who had still held out against the entreaties of melting mercy he besought to be reconciled to God. After engaging in solemn prayer for all on board, and giving them his parting blessing, he retired, whilst, like Paul's Christian brethren at Ephesus, 'they sorrowed most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.'"

Soon after Mr. and Mrs. Judson and their three children returned to Maulmain, Henry Hall Judson[57] was born July 8, 1842. He was named after the little boy whom they had left in his lonely grave at Serampore.

About this time Mr. Judson heard of the death of his venerable mother, who departed this life at Plymouth, Mass., in the eighty-third year of her age. His father and brother Elnathan had died before; and his sister Abigail was now left alone at Plymouth.

And now there was pressed upon Mr. Judson a great task, and one from which he had long shrank. The Board at home urgently desired him to

undertake the compilation of a Burman dictionary. His heart longed to be engaged in direct individual work, winning souls to Christ. He had no relish for the seclusion which the work of translation required. Years before, he had written:

"In regard to a dictionary, I do not see how I can possibly undertake it. And if you consider my situation a moment, you will, I am persuaded, be of my opinion.... Must this population of twenty thousand be left to perish without any effort to save them, except what is made by a few very inefficient native assistants? Ought there not to be a preaching missionary in this great, growing place?"

But no one else seemed qualified for this task, and the failure of his voice imperatively forbade his preaching. And so, with the utmost reluctance, he turned toward a work which was to occupy a large part of his time during the rest of his life. Under date of April 17, 1843, he writes, "I am chiefly occupied in the Burman dictionary, at the repeated suggestion of the Board," and he addressed the following letter to the Corresponding Secretary:

"MAULMAIN, *July* 13, 1843.

"I never think without some uneasiness of the infrequency of my communications to the Board; and if I had not an apology at hand, I should feel self-condemned. A person employed in direct missionary work among the natives, especially if his employ is somewhat itinerant, can easily make long and interesting journals. The first epithet, at least, may be applied to some of my earlier communications. But it has been my lot, for many years past, to spend most of my time over the study-table; and my itinerating has scarcely extended beyond the limits of my morning walks and the precincts of the mission inclosure.

Several years were spent in translating the Bible, and several more in revising it and carrying the last edition through the press. After which, in May last year, I commenced a dictionary of the language, a work which I had resolved and re-resolved never to touch. But it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. The Board and my brethren repeatedly urged me to prepare a dictionary, the one printed in 1826 being exceedingly imperfect; and as Burmah continued shut against our labors, and there were several missionaries in this place, I concluded that I could not do better than to comply.

"We are apt to magnify the importance of any undertaking in which we are warmly engaged. Perhaps it is from the influence of that principle, that, notwithstanding my long-cherished aversion to the work, I have come to think it very important; and that, having seen the accomplishment of two objects on which I had set my heart when I first came out to the East, the establishment of a church of converted natives and the translation of the Bible into their language, I now beguile my daily toil with the prospect of compassing a third, which may be compared to a causeway, designed to facilitate the transmission of all knowledge, religious and scientific, from one people to the other.

"It was my first intention to make a single work, Burmese and English; but as I proceeded, I discovered many reasons for constructing a double work, in two parts, the first English and Burmese, the second Burmese and English. I hope, by daily, uninterrupted labor, to have the whole ready for the press by the end of 1845. Not, indeed, that I count on living so long. Above thirty years spent in a tropical climate—to-day is the twenty-ninth anniversary of my arrival in Burmah—leaves but little ground to build future plans upon. But I feel it my duty to plod on, while daylight shall last, looking out for the night, and ready to bequeath both

the plodding and the profit to any brother who shall be willing to carry on and complete the work when I shall have obtained my discharge."

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46. Forbes, in his "British Burmah."
47. Mrs. Webb.
48. The reader is referred to Mrs. E. C. Judson's charming memoir of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson.
49. George Dana Boardman, D.D., Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
50. See page 110.
51. Burman tracts.
52. See page 405.
53. Now the principal of a ladies' school in Minneapolis.
54. Now a physician in New York City.
55. Pwen, a flower. A name given to Adoniram by the natives.
56. The child died shortly afterward at Serampore.
57. At present living in Plymouth, Mass.

CHAPTER XI.
VISIT TO AMERICA.
1845-1846.

While thus plodding on in his gigantic task of compiling a Burman dictionary, Mr. Judson found it necessary to embark on a voyage to his native land. Thirty-two years had elapsed since the memorable nineteenth of February, 1812, when he and Mrs. Judson had stood on the deck of the brig *Caravan*, and watched the rocky shores of New England fade out of their sight. The young man of twenty-four had become a veteran of fifty-seven. Again and again he had been invited by the Board to revisit his beloved native land and recruit his wasting forces, but he had steadily declined. More than five years before, he had received the following urgent invitation from the Corresponding Secretary:

"BAPTIST MISSIONARY ROOMS, BOSTON, *December* 18, 1839.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: At the meeting of the Board on the 2d instant, your letter to Mr. Lincoln, of May 1, having been read, it was unanimously resolved to invite you to revisit this country, with a view to the restoration of your health. The invitation was intended to extend to your wife and children, should you judge it advisable for them to accompany you.

"This resolution, it gives me much pleasure to add, was adopted not only with great cordiality, but with

many expressions of the kindest interest and sympathy, and with the universal desire that, if your health should continue as it was at the date of your letter, you would comply with it by the earliest opportunity. It is due not only to you, but to us, and to the general cause of missions, that all suitable means be employed to re-establish your health, and no considerations of expense or obloquy, incurred by the frequent return of missionaries, should deter you from adopting them.

"You will perceive that, in making this proposal, the Board have no respect to the good which might result from your personal intercourse with them, or others who are interested in missions, but which, they trust, would be of great service to them and to the cause at large. The *main* object would be gained if, by a double voyage, your health should be so far restored as to enable you to continue your labors at the desk, and for at least a few years longer supervise the publication of the Scriptures and such other works as your knowledge of Burman and of the Burmese character peculiarly qualify you to prepare.

"May the God of missions guide you by His good Spirit in all your way, and of His great goodness restore and preserve your health and usefulness for a long time yet to come.

"Affectionately and truly yours,

"S. PECK, For. Sec."

Nevertheless the faithful missionary had worked patiently on, refusing to leave his field. At last, however, a return to America became imperative in order to preserve Mrs. Judson's life. After the birth of two children, Charles,[58] born December 18, 1843, and Edward, born December 27, 1844, her health rapidly declined. She had taken several short journeys along the coast without receiving any permanent benefit. On one of these trips she was accompanied by her eldest child, Abby, who was

about ten years old, and also by the little invalid, Charlie. Mr. Judson with his four boys, Adoniram, Elnathan, Henry, and the infant Edward, were left behind at Maulmain. A glimpse of the missionary's home-life is afforded in a letter which Abby received on this occasion from her absent father:

"MAULMAIN, *March* 9, 1845.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER: Your letters to me and your brothers, together with the shells from Mergui, arrived this afternoon in the Burmese box, which mamma sent by the steamer. The boys are delighted with the shells, and Henry has picked out some for his own; and they have agreed to give me for my share the large coral shell. They have already written some letters to you, and mamma, and Charlie, which I shall send by return of steamer; and perhaps they will add some more, as this is such a favorable opportunity. It is now between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. I have had a little meeting with Adoniram and Elnathan, and now they are asleep. Edward has become a fat little fellow; I am sure you would not know him again. He begins to look pleased when he is played with. But he has not yet made any inquiries about his absent mother and sister. Indeed, I doubt much whether he is aware that he has any such relatives. Or if he ever exercises his mind on such abstruse topics, perhaps he fancies that black Ah-mah is his mother, since she nurses him, and does not know what a fair, beautiful, fond mother he has at Mergui, who thinks of him every day. However, when he gets larger, we will tell him all about these matters.

"I am getting the carpenters to make a new cot for you, longer than your old one. That I have given to Adoniram, and his to Elnathan. Both the kittens are dead, and the old yellow cat has been missing for several days. She was very thin, and apparently very ill, when we last saw her. So I suppose she crept away into some secret place and lay down and died. Alas! poor

pussy!

"I pray every day that somewhere during your travels with dear mamma you may receive a blessing from God, so that you will return a true Christian, and set such an example before your brothers as will induce them to try to follow your steps. Think of the dear Saviour every day, and frequently lift up your heart in fervent prayer to God, that He will give you His converting, sanctifying grace, and make you His own child. Try to subdue every evil passion, and avoid all bad conduct. *If you trust in the Saviour and try to be good, He will make you good.* In your daily deportment and intercourse with others, remember these two lines:

"'Sweet in *temper*, *face*, and *word*,
To please an ever-present Lord.'

"Your affectionate father.

"Love to dear Charlie."

But, as has already been stated, these short trips along the Tenasserim coast[59] proved quite unavailing. Mrs. Judson's condition was almost desperate, and the only hope of saving this precious life lay in a voyage to America. Her husband writes sadly to the Corresponding Secretary:

"The hand of God is heavy upon me. The complaint to which Mrs. Judson is subject has become so violent that it is the unanimous opinion of all the medical men, and indeed of all our friends, that nothing but a voyage beyond the tropics can possibly protract her life beyond the period of a few weeks, but that such a voyage will, in all probability, insure her recovery. All medical skill has been exhausted. She has spent six weeks with our commissioner and his lady in a trip down the coast, touching at Tavoy and Mergui, and returned weaker and nearer the grave than when she set out. She is willing to die, and I hope I am willing to see her die, if

it be the Divine will; but though my wife, it is no more than truth to say that there is scarcely an individual foreigner now alive who speaks and writes the Burmese tongue so acceptably as she does; and I feel that an effort ought to be made to save her life. I have long fought against the necessity of accompanying her; but she is now so desperately weak, and almost helpless, that all say it would be nothing but savage inhumanity to send her off alone. The three younger children, the youngest but three months and a half old, we must leave behind us, casting them, as it were, on the waters, in the hope of finding them after many days. The three elder, Abby Ann, Adoniram, and Elnathan, we take with us, to leave in their parents' native land. These rendings of parental ties are more severe, and wring out bitterer tears from the heart's core, than any can possibly conceive who have never felt the wrench. But I hope I can say with truth that I love Christ above all; and I am striving, in the strength of my weak faith, to gird up my mind to face and welcome all His appointments. And I am much helped to bear these trials by the advice and encouragement of all my dear brethren and sisters of the mission.

"It is another great trial to leave my dear church and people. I never knew till now how much I loved them, and how much they loved me.

> "'And 'tis to love, our farewells owe
> All their emphasis of woe.'

"But I leave them in the hands of my dear brethren, and there are no persons in the world to whom I should be so willing to commit so dear a charge....

"Another great trial, not so much as it regards feeling as it regards the anticipated result of long-protracted labor, is the interruption which the heavy work of the Burmese dictionary, in which I have been engaged for two or three years, must sustain; and such is the state of my manuscripts, that if I should die before this work is

completed, or at least carried forward to a much more advanced stage, all my previous labor would be nearly or quite lost. But I am endeavoring to obviate this difficulty in some degree, by taking with me my two assistants in that department, whose hearts God has graciously inclined to leave their families and accompany me. They are both Christians, the one a settled character, a convert of long standing, formerly a Government writer in Rangoon; the other a nephew of the late premier of the court of Ava, a person of noble extraction, and though not a tried Christian, I hope a sincere one. And it is my purpose to devote some hours every day, whether on the sea or land, to the work mentioned. I shall be induced to persevere in this purpose while in America, from the fact that I am unable to travel about the country as an agent and preach in the English language. The course that I have uniformly pursued, ever since I became a missionary, has been rather peculiar. In order to become an acceptable and eloquent preacher in a foreign language, I deliberately abjured my own. When I crossed the river, I burned my ships. For thirty-two years I have scarcely entered an English pulpit or made a speech in that language. Whether I have pursued the wisest course, I will not contend; and how far I have attained the object aimed at, I must leave for others to say. But whether right or wrong, the course I have taken can not be retraced. The burned ships can not now be reconstructed. From long desuetude, I can scarcely put three sentences together in the English language.[60] I must therefore beg the Board to allow me a quiet corner, where I can pursue my work with my assistants undisturbed and unknown.

"This request I am induced to urge from the further consideration that my voice, though greatly recovered from the affection of the lungs, which laid me aside from preaching nearly a year, is still so weak that it can only fill a small room; and whenever I attempt to raise

it above the conversational tone, the weak place gives way, and I am quite broken down again for several weeks. I hope, therefore, that no one will try to persuade me to be guilty of such imprudence while in America; but since there are thousands of preachers in English, and only five or six Burmese preachers in the whole world, I may be allowed to hoard up the remnant of my breath and lungs for the country where they are most needed."...

On April 26, 1845, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, with the three elder children, Abby, Adoniram, and Elnathan, embarked on the ship *Paragon* bound for London. They were accompanied by two Burman assistants, as it was Mr. Judson's purpose to spend a portion of each day upon the Burman dictionary. The three younger children, Henry, Charles, and Edward, as has been said, were left behind in the tender care of the missionaries at Maulmain. The first part of the voyage was so rough that the vessel sprang aleak, and the captain determined to put in at the Isle of France; and on July 5th the ship, with its precious freight, arrived at Port Louis. Mrs. Judson had so far improved in health that the two missionaries formed the purpose of separating, as it was thought that Mrs. Judson would now be able to continue the voyage to America alone, while Mr. Judson should return to his work in Maulmain. It would be hard to find a parallel for this instance of heroic self-sacrifice. Of these two returning missionaries, one was a poor, shattered invalid, consenting to forego her beloved husband's society and to take the long westward journey in solitude; the other relinquishing the prospect of again seeing his native land after an absence of thirty-three years, and leaving the side of his sick wife the moment his presence seemed no longer indispensable, that he might resume his labors

among the perishing Burmans. It was under these circumstances that Mrs. Judson wrote the pathetic lines which shall be recited for a memorial of her wheresoever the Gospel shall be preached in the whole world:

"We part on this green islet, love,—
Thou for the eastern main,
I for the setting sun, love,
O, when to meet again!
"My heart is sad for thee, love,
For lone thy way will be;
And oft thy tears will fall, love,
For thy children and for me.
"The music of thy daughter's voice
Thou'lt miss for many a year;
And the merry shout of thine elder boys
Thou'lt list in vain to hear.
"When we knelt to see our Henry die,
And heard his last, faint moan,
Each wiped the tear from other's eye;
Now each must weep alone.
"My tears fall fast for thee, love;
How can I say, Farewell!
But go; thy God be with thee, love,
Thy heart's deep grief to quell.
"Yet my spirit clings to thine, love;
Thy soul remains with me,
And oft we'll hold communion sweet
O'er the dark and distant sea.
"And who can paint our mutual joy,
When, all our wanderings o'er,
We both shall clasp our infants three
At home, on Burmah's shore!
"But higher shall our raptures glow,
On yon celestial plain,
When the loved and parted here below
Meet, ne'er to part again.
"Then gird thine armor on, love,
Nor faint thou by the way.

Till Buddh shall fall, and Burmah's sons
Shall own Messiah's sway."

The two native assistants were therefore sent back to Maulmain, and Mr. Judson expected to follow them as soon as he had seen Mrs. Judson fairly on board ship for America. But she experienced a severe relapse, which reduced her strength lower than ever before; and Mr. Judson was soon convinced that it would be impossible for him to leave her, and, although he bitterly regretted the loss of his assistants, he felt obliged, after spending three weeks in the Isle of France, to re-embark with Mrs. Judson. They took passage with Captain Codman, of the ship *Sophia Walker*, which was bound directly for the United States. On the 25th of July they sailed from Port Louis, and after a time Mrs. Judson again appeared to be recovering. But the appearance proved deceptive. There came another dreadful relapse, which soon terminated in death.

"In the cold weather off the Cape of Good Hope," Mr. Judson writes, "my hopes became again very sanguine. But she never really recovered from her last prostration, and, though sometimes better, continued, on the whole, to decline, until we neared St. Helena, when I gave up all hope of her recovery. She lingered a few days, while the vessel was detained in port, until the 1st instant, when, at three o'clock in the morning, she obtained her release from further suffering, and entered, I trust, into the joy of her Lord. She was buried in the afternoon of the same day; and in the evening we were again at sea."

Fuller details of this mournful event are given in the appended letter and obituary notice written by Mr. Judson in a letter to a friend at Port Louis:

"ON PASSAGE FROM ST. HELENA, *September* 2, 1845.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I shall have no opportunity of sending this till after my arrival in the United States; so that you will probably have heard of Mrs. Judson's death before receiving this line. I was so overwhelmed with my distress while at St. Helena, that it never occurred to me to write a line to any of my friends. My dear wife continued to decline after leaving the Isle of France. Neither the best medical advice, nor the most careful nursing on my part, nor any change of climate, seemed to have much salutary effect. When we reached St. Helena I had given up all hope of her recovery. That took place on the 26th of August. The vessel remained a few days. She lingered along till the first, that is, yesterday, at three o'clock in the morning, when her spirit took its final flight. The body was carried on shore in the afternoon, and interred in the public burial-ground, by the side of Mrs. Chater, long a missionary at Ceylon, who died on her passage home. The funeral was attended by a crowd of friends, though we were entire strangers in the place. We were surprised to find several pious persons under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Bertram, an excellent, zealous missionary. They took me and the children to their houses and their hearts, and their consoling conversation and sympathizing prayers, in the hour of my distress, afforded wonderful relief. Would you believe that these pious friends and the captain of our ship defrayed all the expenses of the funeral? They even had mourning suits made for the children, and sent off to the ship! But I was obliged to leave them all the same evening; and this morning, the rock of the ocean, where reposes all that is mortal of my dear, dear wife, was out of sight. And O, how desolate my cabin appears, and how dreary the way before me! But I have the great consolation that she died in peace, longing to depart and be with Christ. She had some desire, being on her passage home, to see her parents, and relatives, and friends, after twenty years' absence; but the love of Christ sustained her to the last.

When near dying, I congratulated her on the prospect of soon beholding the Saviour in all His glory; and she eagerly replied, 'What can I want beside?'... May we who remain have grace to follow those who, through faith, inherit the promises."

Obituary of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson.

"Sarah Boardman Judson was born at Alstead, in the State of New Hampshire, November 4, 1803. She was the eldest child of Ralph and Abiah Hall. While Sarah was but a child, her parents removed from Alstead to Danvers, and subsequently to Salem, in the State of Massachusetts. In the latter place she received her education, and continued to reside until she was married to the Rev. George Dana Boardman, July 4, 1825, with whom she embarked in the same month for the East Indies, to join the American missionaries in Burmah. After residing some time at Calcutta and at Maulmain, they settled at Tavoy, April 1, 1828. During her residence in Calcutta and Tavoy she had three children, of whom one only, George Dana Boardman, Jr., born August 18, 1828, survives her. She lost her husband February 11, 1831, and was married again to Adoniram Judson, of Maulmain, April 10, 1834. At Maulmain she became the mother of eight children, of whom five survive her. After the birth of her last child, in December, 1844, she was attacked with chronic diarrhœa, from which she had suffered much in the early part of her missionary life. When, in the progress of the disease, it became evident that nothing but a long voyage and an entire change of climate could save her life, she embarked, with her husband and three elder children, for the United States, April 26, 1845. The voyage was at first attended with encouraging results, but finally proved unavailing, and she departed this life on shipboard, in the port of St. Helena, September 1, 1845.

"Like multitudes in the highly-favored land of her

nativity, she was blessed with early religious advantages, and in her youth became the subject of serious impressions. When about sixteen years of age, during a revival of religion in Salem, she entertained a hope, received baptism at the hands of her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bolles, and became a member of his church. Her religious attainments, however, were not of a distinguished order, and though her amiable disposition and her deep interest in missions, especially after her acquaintance with Mr. Boardman, gave her an elevated tone of character, she subsequently felt that at that period she hardly deserved the name of a sincere Christian. And it was not until she was called to part with her eldest child, at Tavoy, in 1829, and to pass through scenes of great danger and suffering during the Tavoy rebellion, that she was enabled to live a life of faith on the Son of God.

"'Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
That brings near to Jesus' feet.'

"In regard to her missionary qualifications and labors, I may state that she applied herself with great assiduity to the study of the Burmese language, in which, in conversation, prayer, and writing, she acquired an uncommon degree of correctness, fluency, and power. She was in the habit of conducting a prayer-meeting of the female members of the church every week, and also another meeting for the study of the Scriptures. Her acquaintance with, and attachment to, the Burmese Bible were rather extraordinary. She professed to take more pleasure and derive more profit from the perusal of that translation than from the English, and to enjoy preaching in the native chapel more than in any other. Her translation of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' part first, into Burmese, is one of the best pieces of composition which we have yet published. Her translation of Mr. Boardman's 'Dying Father's Advice' has become one of our standard tracts; and her hymns in Burmese, about

twenty in number, are probably the best in our ‘Chapel Hymn Book’—a work which she was appointed by the mission to edit. Besides these works, she published four volumes of Scripture questions, which are in constant use in our Sabbath-schools. The last work of her life, and one which she accomplished in the midst of overwhelming family cares, and under the pressure of declining health, was a series of Sunday cards, each accompanied with a short hymn, adapted to the leading subject of the card.

“Besides her acquaintance with the Burmese language, she had, in past years, when there was no missionary in the Peguan department, acquired a competent knowledge of that language, and translated, or superintended the translation of the New Testament and the principal Burmese tracts into Peguan. But when a missionary was appointed to that department, she transferred her work to him, and gladly confined herself to the Burmese.

“Something, also, might be said with regard to her labors in the Karen wilderness east of Tavoy, especially during the years of her widowhood, when she made toilsome journeys among the mountains, sometimes amid drenching rains, and always with many privations, and where, notwithstanding that she was wholly opposed to the principle of females acting the part of ministers, she was frequently obliged to conduct worship in the Karen assemblies.

“Her bereaved husband is the more desirous of bearing this testimony to her various attainments, her labors, and her worth, from the fact that her own unobtrusive and retiring disposition always led her to seek the shade, as well as from the fact that she was often brought into comparison with one whose life and character were uncommonly interesting and brilliant. The memoir of his first beloved wife has been long before the public. It is, therefore, most gratifying to his feelings to be able to say, in truth, that the subject of

this notice was, in every point of natural and moral excellence, the worthy successor of Ann H. Judson. He constantly thanks God that he has been blessed with two of the best of wives; he deeply feels that he has not improved these rich blessings as he ought, and it is most painful to reflect that, from the peculiar pressure of the missionary life, he has sometimes failed to treat those dear beings with that consideration, attention, and kindness which their situation in a foreign heathen land ever demanded.

"But, to show the forgiving and grateful disposition of the subject of this brief sketch, and somewhat to elucidate her character, he would add that, a few days before her death, he called her children to her bedside, and said, in their hearing, 'I wish, my love, to ask pardon for every unkind word or deed of which I have ever been guilty. I feel that I have, in many instances, failed of treating you with that kindness and affection which you have ever deserved.' 'O,' said she, 'you will kill me if you talk so. It is I that should ask pardon of you; and I only want to get well that I may have an opportunity of making some return for all your kindness, and of showing you how much I love you.'

"This recollection of her dying bed leads me to say a few words relative to the closing scenes of her life. After her prostration at the Isle of France, where we spent three weeks, there remained but little expectation of her recovery. Her hope had long been fixed on the Rock of Ages, and she had been in the habit of contemplating death as neither distant nor undesirable. As it drew near, she remained perfectly tranquil. No shade of doubt, or fear, or anxiety, ever passed over her mind. She had a prevailing preference to depart and be with Christ. 'I am longing to depart,' and 'What can I want beside?' quoting the language of a familiar hymn, were the expressions which revealed the spiritual peace and joy of her mind; yet, at times, the thought of her native land, to which she was approaching, after an absence of

twenty years, and a longing desire to see once more her son George, her parents, and the friends of her youth, drew down her ascending soul, and constrained her to say, 'I am in a strait betwixt two—let the will of God be done.'

"In regard to her children she ever manifested the most surprising composure and resignation, so much so that I was once induced to say, 'You seem to have forgotten the little ones we have left behind.' 'Can a mother forget?' she replied, and was unable to proceed. During her last days she spent much time in praying for the early conversion of her children. May her living and her dying prayers draw down the blessing of God on their bereaved heads.

"On our passage homeward, as the strength of Mrs. Judson gradually declined, I expected to be under the painful necessity of burying her in the sea. But it was so ordered by divine Providence, that, when the indications of approaching death had become strongly marked, the ship came to anchor in the port of St. Helena. For three days she continued to sink rapidly, though her bodily sufferings were not very severe. Her mind became liable to wander; but a single word was sufficient to recall and steady her recollection. On the evening of the 31st of August she appeared to be drawing near to the end of her pilgrimage. The children took leave of her, and retired to rest. I sat alone by the side of her bed during the hours of the night, endeavoring to administer relief to the distressed body and consolation to the departing soul. At two o'clock in the morning, wishing to obtain one more token of recognition, I roused her attention, and said, 'Do you still love the Saviour?' 'O, yes,' she replied, 'I ever love the Lord Jesus Christ.' I said again, 'Do you still love me?' She replied in the affirmative, by a peculiar expression of her own. 'Then give me one more kiss'; and we exchanged that token of love for the last time. Another hour passed, life continued to recede, and she

ceased to breathe. For a moment I traced her upward flight, and thought of the wonders which were opening to her view. I then closed her sightless eyes, dressed her, for the last time, in the drapery of death, and being quite exhausted with many sleepless nights, I threw myself down and slept. On awaking in the morning, I saw the children standing and weeping around the body of their dear mother, then, for the first time, inattentive to their cries. In the course of the day a coffin was procured from the shore, in which I placed all that remained of her whom I had so much loved; and after a prayer had been offered by a dear brother minister from the town, the Rev. Mr. Bertram, we proceeded in boats to the shore. There we were met by the colonial chaplain, and accompanied to the burial-ground by the adherents and friends of Mr. Bertram, and a large concourse of the inhabitants. They had prepared the grave in a beautiful, shady spot, contiguous to the grave of Mrs. Chater, a missionary from Ceylon, who had died in similar circumstances on her passage home. There I saw her safely deposited, and in the language of prayer, which we had often presented together at the throne of grace, I blessed God that her body had attained the repose of the grave and her spirit the repose of Paradise. After the funeral, the dear friends of Mr. Bertram took me to their houses and their hearts; and their conversation and prayers afforded me unexpected relief and consolation. But I was obliged to hasten on board ship, and we immediately went to sea. On the following morning no vestige of the island was discernible in the distant horizon. For a few days, in the solitude of my cabin, with my poor children crying around me, I could not help abandoning myself to heart-breaking sorrow. But the promises of the Gospel came to my aid, and faith stretched her view to the bright world of eternal life, and anticipated a happy meeting with those beloved beings whose bodies are mouldering at Amherst and St. Helena.

"I exceedingly regret that there is no portrait of the second, as of the first Mrs. Judson. Her soft blue eye, her mild aspect, her lovely face, and elegant form have never been delineated on canvas. They must soon pass away from the memory even of her children, but they will remain forever enshrined in her husband's heart.

"To my friends at St. Helena I am under great obligation. I desire to thank God for having raised up in that place a most precious religious interest. The friends of the Redeemer rallied around an evangelical minister immediately on his arrival, and within a few months several souls were added to their number. Those dear, sympathizing, Christian friends received the body of the deceased from my hands as a sacred deposit, united with our kind captain, John Codman, Jr., of Dorchester, in defraying all the expenses of the funeral, and promised to take care of the grave, and see to the erection of the gravestones which I am to forward, and on which I propose to place the following inscription:

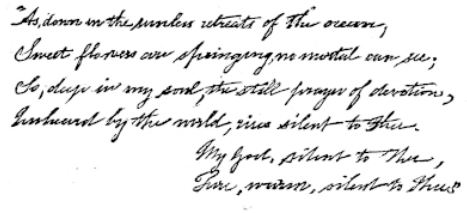
"'Sacred to the memory of Sarah B. Judson, member of the American Baptist mission to Burmah, formerly wife of the Rev. George D. Boardman, of Tavoy, and lately wife of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, of Maulmain, who died in this port, September 1, 1845, on her passage to the United States, in the forty-second year of her age, and in the twenty-first of her missionary life.

"'She sleeps sweetly here, on this rock of the ocean,
Away from the home of her youth,
And far from the land where, with heartfelt devotion,
She scattered the bright beams of truth.'"

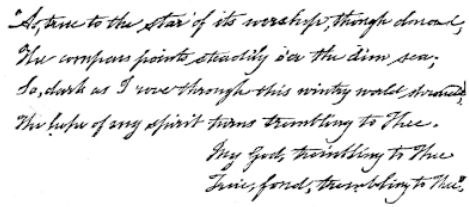
"Mournfully, tenderly,
Bear onward the dead,
Where the Warrior has lain,
Let the Christian be laid;
No place more befitting,
Oh, Rock of the sea!
Never such treasure
Was hidden in thee!

“Mournfully, tenderly,
Solemn and slow.—
Tears are bedewing
The path as ye go;
Kindred and strangers
Are mourners to-day;
Gently—so, gently—
Oh, bear her away.
“Mournfully, tenderly,
Gaze on that brow;
Beautiful is it
In quietude now!
One look—and then settle
The loved to her rest,
The ocean beneath her,
The turf on her breast.
“So have ye buried her—
Up!—and depart,
To life and to duty,
With undismayed heart!
Fear not; for the love
Of the stranger will keep
The casket that lies
In the Rock of the deep.
“Peace, peace to thy bosom,
Thou servant of God!
The vale thou art treading
Thou hast before trod:
Precious dust thou hast laid
By the Hopia-tree,
And treasure as precious
In the Rock of the sea.”[61]

I.


"As, down in the purples recesses of the ocean,
Sweet flowers ever springing, no mortal can see;
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.
My God, silent to Thee,
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.

II.


"As true to the star of its worship, though clouds
The compass points steadily o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I rove through this wintry world, shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee.
My God, trembling to Thee
Pure, fond, trembling to Thee.

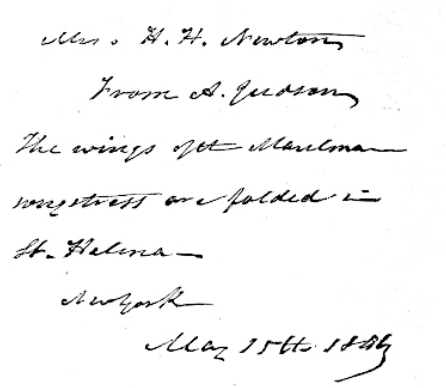
FAC-SIMILE OF MRS. SARAH B. JUDSON'S HANDWRITING.

As there is no portrait in existence of Mrs. SARAH B. JUDSON, the above fac-smile of her handwriting may interest the reader. These verses, from Moore, were written by her on the fly-leaf of a small volume of devotional poems, published at Philadelphia in 1828, presented by her to her husband. Many of the poems in this little book bear the marks of Mr. Judson's pencil as being of peculiar interest to him. Among those marked is the following:

\+ THE REFUGE.

Art thou oppressed or reviled?
Then act but like a simple child,
Who does not dare the point contest,
But hastens to its mother's breast;

Bows in submission to her laws,
And leaves her to support its cause.
Thus to thy blessed Saviour flee;
Stand still! thy God shall fight for thee.



FAC-SIMILE OF MR. JUDSON'S HANDWRITING.

The above inscription was written by Mr. Judson on the fly-leaf of a volume of Burmese Hymns, compiled by Mrs. Sarah B. Judson, and presented by him to a lady in New York.

The *Sophia Walker*, with Mr. Judson and his three children on board, arrived at Boston October 15, 1845. The missionary who had been so long absent from his native land felt considerable anxiety before going on shore as to where he should secure suitable lodgings in the city. He little dreamed that every home would be thrown open to him, and that soon his progress from city to city would almost assume

the proportions of a triumphal march. He was ill prepared for such an enthusiastic greeting. He naturally shrank from observation. He was in exceedingly delicate health. His pulmonary difficulty prevented his speaking much above a husky whisper. He had so long used a foreign tongue that it was hard work for him to form sentences in English. He could address an audience only at second-hand, whispering his words to a speaker at his side, who would convey them to the ears of the hearers. Naturally humble and shy, he found it exceedingly distasteful to be publicly harangued and eulogized. On one occasion, an eye-witness[62] relates that while the returned missionary was listening to words of eloquent praise addressed to him in the presence of a great concourse of people, "his head sank lower and lower until the chin seemed to touch his breast." He wrote to the Corresponding Secretary: "My chief object in writing is to beg that I may be excused from attending any more such meetings until I get a little better. I expect to be in Boston to-morrow, and shall want two or three days for some necessary business, and propose to go to Worcester on Friday or Saturday; and if I could spend next Sabbath alone in some chamber, I should feel it a great privilege, both as a refreshment to the soul and a relief to the body."

He had come home to find that his native country was almost a strange land. The railroad system had sprung into existence during his absence. He entered the cars at Worcester one day, and had just taken his seat, when a boy came along with the daily newspapers.[63] He said to Mr. Judson, "Do you want a paper, sir?" "Yes, thank you," the missionary replied, and taking the paper began to read. The newsboy stood waiting for his pay until a lady passenger, occupying the same seat with Mr. Judson,

said to him, “The boy expects to be paid for his paper.” “Why,” replied the missionary, with the utmost surprise, “I have been distributing papers gratuitously in Burmah so long that I had no idea the boy was expecting any pay.”

He often disappointed public assemblies by declining to relate his own adventures, telling instead the old story of the cross. A lady thus describes an address which he made in the little country church in Eaton, New York:

“After the usual sermon was over, he spoke for about fifteen minutes, with singular simplicity, and, as I thought, with touching pathos, of the ‘precious Saviour,’ what He has done for us, and what we owe to Him. As he sat down, however, it was evident, even to the most unobservant eye, that most of the listeners were disappointed. After the exercises were over, several persons inquired of me, frankly, why Dr. Judson had not talked of something else; why he had not told a story, etc., etc.; while others signified their disappointment by not alluding to his having spoken at all. On the way home, I mentioned the subject to him.

“‘Why, what did they want?’ he inquired; ‘I presented the most interesting subject in the world, to the best of my ability.’

“‘But they wanted something different—a story.’

“‘Well, I am sure I gave them a story—the most thrilling one that can be conceived of.’

“‘But they had heard it before. They wanted something new of a man who had just come from the antipodes.’

“‘Then I am glad to have it to say, that a man coming from the antipodes had nothing better to tell than the wondrous story of Jesus’ dying love. My business is to preach the Gospel of Christ, and when I can speak at all, I dare not trifle with my commission. When I looked upon those people to-day, and remembered where I

should next meet them, how could I stand up and furnish food to vain curiosity—tickle their fancies with amusing stories, however decently strung together on a thread of religion? That is not what Christ meant by preaching the Gospel. And then, how could I hereafter meet the fearful charge, "I gave you one opportunity to tell them of me—you spent it in describing your own adventures!""

The following reminiscence of Mr. Judson's preaching in Plymouth has been kindly contributed by the Rev. Dr. D. W. Faunce, now of Washington, D. C.:

"The old church was crowded, and I was able to find a seat only in a corner of the gallery. Shall I confess my disappointment, at first, when a slim, worn man, with a weary voice, rose in the pulpit after the pastor had conducted the opening exercises, and gave out his text, '*These are they that follow the Lamb*.'

"Trained in a religious household, where missionary names, and especially those of Judson and Rice, were familiar words, somehow, in my boyish fancy I had thought of him as a great orator, with a loud voice and commanding tones, who would sweep down all before him with a resistless eloquence. Hence my disappointment. But as he went on, in simple language, to unfold his thought, and repeated over and over again his one theme, *pleasing Jesus*, somehow I forgot all about eloquence. There stole over me, a boy convert of only a few months' standing, a great tenderness. Was this venerated man influenced in all he had done by the simple thought of *pleasing Jesus*? Well, then, might not I, boy as I was, strive to please Jesus also? My eyes began to fill, and my heart was in my throat. Was there anything I could do to please Jesus? A hundred times since, the single simple thought of that sermon has come to me, and the memory of that summer afternoon

in the corner of the gallery, and the scene and the words have been an inspiration. And if that is eloquence which gets its thought written imperishably upon the heart of an auditor, then the simple, almost childlike words of that hour were truly eloquent."

Mr. Judson's movements in this country were chronicled alike by the secular and religious newspapers. His toils and sufferings had made his name a household word among all Christians, and wherever he went, the churches were crowded with people who desired to see and to hear America's pioneer missionary. On the evening of the second day after his arrival, a meeting was held in the Bowdoin Square church, Boston. The following words of welcome were spoken by Dr. Sharp:

"There are some feelings," said Dr. Sharp, "which are too sacred for public utterance. There are sentiments of respect and regard which, when whispered to the ear, or spoken in the privacy of confidential intercourse, are pleasant and refreshing as the breath of spring, but which lose their fragrance in the atmosphere of a public assembly. Were I to express my own feelings toward yourself—my admiration, my confidence, my gratitude, my regard—I should say many things that in this assembly would seem out of place. I may, however, without violating Christian propriety, speak *in behalf* of the public in the *presence* of the public.

"I may say, without the semblance of flattery or adulation, the denomination have cherished a deep, and affectionate, and grateful interest in your labors. They have wondered at your steady and unfaltering perseverance; they have admired your disinterested and self-denying course; and they have tenderly sympathized with you, and prayed for you, when they heard of your personal sufferings, your imprisonment, and loss of personal liberty, and when they have heard

of those greater losses, to which, in the death of loved and cherished ones, you have been subjected. And they have rejoiced with you, not, indeed, that *all* your work was done, but that a glorious work was done, when, in humble prostration before the beneficent Author of revelation, you devoutly thanked Him that you had completed the translation of the Holy Scriptures in the Burman language. That was a memorable day, not only in the history of your own life, but in the history of missions.

"We can only pray, dear brother, that, after a still more extended and critical knowledge of the Burman language, the result of patient and laborious study and research, your life may be prolonged to revise and amend your translation of those soul-sanctifying and soul-comforting truths which tell with wondrous power in any language in which a version of them is given. Your prosecution of that other great work, to which your mind, and pen, and days are given—a Burman dictionary—at the completion of which you may well rest from your labors, will aid you greatly in giving your last correcting touch to the Burman Scriptures. Our prayer will be, in submission to God's will, that you may live until you have sent out to the world the volumes which will not only shed their radiant light on the Scriptures, but will quicken and elevate the common mind of India.

"And now, dear brother, withdrawn as you have been, by an afflictive dispensation of Providence, from your chosen and loved labors, allow me to say, in behalf of your ministering brethren, and other brethren and friends: We welcome you to your native land; we welcome you to the scenes of your early and manly youth; we welcome you to our worshipping assemblies; we welcome you to our hearts. As the representative of the ministers and private Christians present, I give to you this hand of cordial welcome, of sympathy, of approbation, and of love. And I believe, could all our

denomination be collected in one vast assembly, they would request and empower some one to perform this service for them; or, rather, each one would prefer to give this significant token of love, and respect, and good wishes, for himself. Were it possible, and could your strength hold out, and your hand bear the grasp and the cordial shake of so many, I could wish that every one who loves the Bible and missions might be his own representative, and give to you, as I do, the hand of an honest, unchanging, and cordial good-will."

And at the close, Mr. Judson rose to reply, Dr. Hague standing at his side and interpreting to the multitude these whispered utterances:

"Through the mercy of God I am permitted to stand before you here this evening a pensioner of your bounty. I desire to thank you for all your sympathy and aid, and I pray God's blessing to rest upon you.... All that has been done in Burmah has been done by the churches, through the feeble and unworthy instrumentality of myself and my brethren.... It is one of the severest trials of my life not to be able to lift up my voice, and give free utterance to my feelings before this congregation; but repeated trials have assured me that I can not safely attempt it. And I am much influenced by the circumstance that it was a request of my wife, in her dying hour, that I would not address public meetings on my arrival.... I will only add, that I beg your prayers for the brethren I have left in Burmah; for the feeble churches we have planted there; and that the good work of God's grace may go on until the world shall be filled with His glory."

When he had finished, Dr. Hague continued to address the audience in an eloquent strain until the thread of his address was strangely interrupted. A man had pressed his way through the crowded aisles

and had ascended the pulpit. He and Mr. Judson embraced each other with tears of joy and affection. It was Samuel Nott, Jr., the only survivor, except Mr. Judson, of that group of seminary students who had conceived the stupendous idea of American foreign missions. He was one of the five who had first gone to India, but had been compelled to return to America on account of ill health, and now, after a separation of thirty-three years, was permitted to meet his former fellow-student under these circumstances of thrilling interest. Mr. Nott addressed the meeting, with much emotion, and said:

"More than thirty years ago he gave his brother the right hand of fellowship, and when he became a Baptist it was not withdrawn. One reflection most solemnly impressed him—of the five who went out to India, three are dead. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever. In a little while they would all be gone, and every agency now employed pass away; but God's word will stand fast, and prevail over all the earth. He then referred to the small beginning of the American Board, as well as the Baptist, their trust in God, and the present great and glorious work which is exhibited to us in contrast. The missionary movement in this country originated simultaneously in different hearts; the spirit of the Most High, and not human influence, gave it birth. He deemed it a very trifling question whether Adoniram Judson or Samuel J. Mills was the originator of foreign missions. Samuel Nott, Jr., certainly was not. They were all mere boys, but with God's blessing on their puerile efforts, they had begun an influence which is spreading over the world."

In November Mr. Judson visited Providence, the seat of Brown University, where he had been graduated about forty years before, with the highest

honors. A public meeting was held in the old First Baptist church, which was filled to overflowing. Prayer was offered by Dr. Granger, the pastor of the church, and Dr. Wayland made an address. Mr. Judson then said a few words, which were interpreted to the audience by Dr. Caswell:

"The first wish of his heart was to express, in behalf of himself and his missionary brethren, his deep sense of gratitude to the church usually worshipping in that house, as one of the foremost of the Baptist churches in the work of missions, and especially for their contributions to the support of the pastor of the native church in Rangoon. In the early part of his residence in Rangoon, a Burman philosopher, attended by his pupils, on their way to a neighboring pagoda, was wont to pass the place where he lived and from which he instructed the people. On one occasion the philosopher was stopped by the crowd gathered about him, and his eye accidentally fell upon the first tract that was published in the Burmese language, the opening words of which announced the existence of a *living, eternal God*. These significant words arrested his whole attention, and he stood a long time, as in profound thought, his whole soul absorbed with the great truth which they taught. To himself, as well as the whole nation, this was a new idea, and it led to a long course of study and investigation, which finally resulted in the renunciation of the religion of his country, and the adoption of Christianity.

"He was baptized, and commenced a course of zealous labor as a Christian teacher. He soon became obnoxious to the Government, and was tried and condemned to death. But before the day of execution came on, he effected his escape, and fled from the city. Since that time he had never seen him, nor learned any particulars of his life, but had frequently heard of him through persons who came a long distance from the

interior in search of tracts and Bibles, having been awakened to inquiry, and converted to the Christian faith, by his instructions. The native pastor, to whom reference had been made, was once a pupil of this Burman philosopher, and afterward his disciple in the better school of Christian truth. After this interesting allusion to this signal instance of the effect of Christian missions, Dr. Judson observed that for more than thirty-three years he had been living in the midst of a people of practical atheists, whose sole object of worship was the image of a being called Gaudama, who had lived some two thousand years ago.

"The image of this being they were taught to worship from their earliest infancy; mothers bringing to it their little children in their arms, and teaching them to clasp it with the affection of infantile devotion. Through the blessing of God much good had been done, multitudes converted, and churches formed; and nothing but the toleration of Government seemed wanting to give the blessings of Christianity to the whole nation. On returning to his native land after so long an absence, he saw on all sides much to admire and love; but he must confess that the conversion of one immortal soul on those heathen shores awakened within him deeper emotion than all the beauty of this glorious land. The greatest favor he could ask of his Christian friends was, to permit him to return as soon as possible to his home on the banks of the Salwen; those banks from which he had led so many happy converts into the baptismal waters; those banks which had so often resounded with the notes of a baptismal song, composed by her whom he had so lately lost, who had now left her task of making hymns on earth for the higher and better one of singing with angels and ransomed spirits that 'new song of Moses and the Lamb.' 'May it be ours,' were the last words of the speaker, 'to meet her there at last, and join that holy throng whom no man can number, who rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God

Almighty!'"

The missionary organization which had sustained Mr. Judson in Burmah for so many years, opened its triennial convention in New York city on the 19th of November, 1845. The occasion was one never to be forgotten. Services were held in the Baptist Tabernacle, and Mr. Judson was present. Dr. Cone offered some appropriate resolutions of sympathy and welcome, and then, taking Mr. Judson by the hand, he introduced him to Dr. Wayland, the President of the Convention, as *Jesus Christ's man*. In the presence of the vast and deeply-affected concourse, Dr. Wayland gave the veteran missionary a most impressive welcome:

"It is with no ordinary feelings, my beloved brother, that I rise to discharge the duty imposed upon me by the resolution which you have this moment heard. My own heart assures me that language is inadequate to express the sentiments of your brethren on the present occasion.

"Thirty-three years since, you and a few other servants of the most high God, relying simply upon His promises, left your native land to carry the message of Christ to the heathen. You were the first offering of the American churches to the Gentiles. You went forth amid the sneers of the thoughtless, and with only the cold and reluctant consent of many of your brethren. The general voice declared your undertaking fanatical, and those who cowered under its rebuke drew back from you in alarm. On the voyage your views respecting Christian ordinances became changed, and this change gave rise to the convention now in session before you.

"When at length you arrived in India, more formidable obstacles than those arising from paganism were thrown in your path. The mightiest empire that the world has ever seen, forbade every attempt to

preach Christ to the countless millions subjected to her sway, and ordered you peremptorily from her shores. Escaping from her power, you took refuge in the Isle of France, and at last, after many perils, arrived at Rangoon, where, out of the reach of Christian power, you were permitted to enter upon your labors of love.

"After years of toil you were able to preach Christ to the Burmans, and men began to inquire after the eternal God. The intolerance of the Government then became apparent, and you proceeded to Ava to plead the cause of toleration before the emperor. Your second attempt was successful, and permission was granted to preach the Gospel in the capital itself. But how inscrutable are the ways of Providence! Your labors had just commenced when a British army took possession of Rangoon, and you and your fellow-laborer, the late Dr. Price, were cast into a loathsome dungeon, and loaded with chains. For nearly two years you suffered all that barbarian cruelty could inflict; and to the special interposition of God alone is it to be ascribed that your imprisonment was not terminated by a violent death. On you, more than any other missionary of modern times, has been conferred the distinction of suffering for Christ. Your limbs have been galled with fetters, and you have tracked with bleeding feet the burning sands between Ava and Oung-pen-la.

"With the apostle of the Gentiles you may say, 'Henceforth let no man trouble me; I bear in my body the scars of the Lord Jesus,' Yet, even here God did not leave you comfortless. He had provided an angel to minister to your wants, and when her errand was accomplished, took her to Himself, and the hopia-tree marks the spot whence her spirit ascended. From prison and from chains, God, in His own time, delivered you, and made your assistance of special importance in negotiating a treaty of peace between these two nations, one of whom had driven you from her shores, and the other had inflicted upon you every cruelty but death.

"Since this period, the prime of your life has been spent in laboring to bless the people who had so barbarously persecuted you. Almost all the Christian literature in their language has proceeded from your pen; your own hand has given to the nation the oracles of God, and opened to the millions now living, and to those that shall come after them to the end of time, the door of everlasting life. That mysterious Providence which shut you out from Burmah proper has introduced you to the Karens—a people who seem to have preserved, from remote antiquity, the knowledge of the true God, and who were waiting to receive the message of His Son. To them you, and those who have followed in your footsteps, have made known the Saviour of the world, and they by thousands have flocked to the standard of the cross.

"After years spent in unremitted toil, the providence of God has brought you to be present with us at this important crisis. We sympathize with you in all the sorrows of your painful voyage. May God sustain you in your sore bereavement, and cause even this mysterious dispensation to work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

"How changed is the moral aspect of the world since you first entered upon your labors! Then no pagan nation had heard the name of Christ from American lips; at present churches of Christ, planted by American benevolence, are springing up in almost every heathen nation. The shores of the Mediterranean, the islands of the sea, the thronged cities and the wild jungles of India, are resounding with the high praises of God, in strains first taught by American missionaries. The nation that drove you from her shores has learned to foster the messenger of the cross with parental solicitude. You return to your native land, whence you were suffered to depart almost without her blessing, and you find that the missionary enterprise has kindled a flame that can never be quenched in the heart of the

universal Church, and that every Christian, and every philanthropist comes forward to tender to you the homage due to the man through whose sufferings, labors, and examples these changes have, to so great a degree, been effected. In behalf of our brethren, in behalf of the whole Church of Christ, we welcome you back to the land of your fathers. God grant that your life may long be preserved, and that what you have seen may prove to be but the beginning of blessing to our churches at home and to the heathen abroad."

Mr. Judson, who had been warned by his physicians against speaking in public, could only express his thankfulness in a few simple and touching words. Subsequently, in the course of the convention, the proposition was made to abandon the mission in Arracan. This brought him to his feet. "Though forbidden to speak by my medical adviser, I must say a few words. I must protest against the abandonment of the Arracan mission." These opening words were audible to all present. Then his voice sunk into a whisper as he stated the reasons why the mission should not be given up. His closing words were: "If the convention think my services can be dispensed with in finishing my dictionary, I will go immediately to Arracan; or if God should spare my life to finish my dictionary, I will go there afterward and labor there and die, and be buried there." It would be impossible to describe the thrilling effect upon the audience of these broken words, uttered in a low whisper, and reproduced by Dr. Cone. The Arracan mission was saved.

While Mr. Judson was visiting Bradford, the native town of his beloved Ann, he learned of the death of Charlie, one of the little ones whom he had left behind in Burmah. He conveys the sad intelligence to his sons Adoniram and Elnathan, and adds:

"So it appeared that Charlie died twenty-six days before his mother, and he was ready to welcome her at the gates of Paradise. They must have had a very happy meeting. As he was her favorite child on account of being long ill, how happy she must have been to take him in her arms in that state where there is no more sickness or death! O that we may all meet them and be so happy together!"

A few of the addresses which Mr. Judson delivered while in this country have been preserved, and the reader may be interested in the appended extracts.

Address at a Missionary Meeting in Philadelphia.

"Be ye imitators of me, as I am of Christ, is a divine command. There is one Being in the universe who unites in Himself all the excellences of the human and divine nature—that being is Jesus Christ. To become like Jesus Christ, we must be like Him, not only in spirit and character, but in the whole course and conduct of life; and to become like Him ought to be our whole aim. In order to this, it is necessary to ascertain the leading characteristics of that glorious Being. It appears from the inspired writings, that one leading characteristic of Christ was, that 'He went about doing good.' To be like Him, we must go about—not merely *stay* and do good, but *go* and do good. There is another characteristic which we should consider. He led the life of a missionary. In order, therefore, to be like Him in this particular, we must endeavor, as far as possible, to lead the life of missionaries. Before my arrival in Burmah, there were about seven millions of men, women, and children, who had no knowledge of the true God, and of salvation through Jesus Christ. They did not believe in the existence of an eternal God. They believed that when they died they would be changed into beasts, or be annihilated. Their only object in worship was to obtain some mitigation of suffering. They never

expected to meet their friends again after death. Imagine yourselves, my Christian friends, in their state without a knowledge of God. Suppose, while in that state, you heard that in some isle of the sea were those who had received a revelation, informing them that God had sent His own Son to open a way to everlasting life; would you not rejoice, if some one should come to show you that way to heaven? Would not some of you believe? Would you not leap with joy, and kiss the feet of those who brought you the good tidings? Would you not, under these circumstances, desire that a messenger should come to you? 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' I should rejoice to address the assembly at large, but my physicians have forbidden me, and I must commit this duty to others who are to follow. But allow me to say, that I regard the office of the missionary as a most glorious occupation, because the *faithful* missionary is engaged in a work which is like that of the Lord Jesus Christ; and a missionary who is *unfaithful* sinks the lowest of his species in guilt and ignominy. Happy are they who can in this respect follow Christ. But the Lord Jesus is not now a missionary. He has retired from this employment, and now employs Himself in sustaining His missionaries, with the promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end.' If you can not, therefore, become a missionary, sustain by your prayers, your influence, and your property, those who are. In these ways Jesus Christ now sustains them. By His *prayers*, as Advocate and Intercessor with the Father; by His *influence*, as He is vested with all power in heaven and earth; by His *property*, by pouring out fresh supplies of His Spirit, and opening the hearts of His children to contribute. In order, therefore, to be like Christ, *go about* doing good; and if it is not in your power to give yourselves to this work, give your prayers, your influence, and your property. So far as we are like Christ in this world, so far shall we be like Him through

eternity. So far as we sustain this cause, which is peculiarly the cause of God, so far shall we be happy through endless ages."

At a meeting in Washington, D. C., he said:

"When he first visited Burmah, the idea of an eternal God was not believed nor entertained by any of the Burmans; and nothing more than this idea was entertained by the Karens; but now the former had in their own language the whole Word of God; and the New Testament, and parts of the Old, had been translated, by American missionaries, into several other languages of the East. He spoke of our missions as *expensive*, as requiring much for the outfit of missionaries, and for sustaining them in that field; but sacrifices of a *pecuniary* character were not the only or the greatest ones to be encountered. There was the sacrifice of domestic and social comforts here enjoyed, and the sacrifice of life. He remarked that the average life of American missionaries to the East was only about five years. But we must have men and money for this work; and we must all co-operate and make sacrifices together. If men were found willing to go, the Church at home should feel willing to send them out, and support them, that they might give themselves wholly to their work. Dr. Judson said that his heart was full, and it was a great privation to him that he was not able to speak out, and unburden himself, to the satisfaction of himself and of the audience; but this the providence of God prevented him from doing, and he must submit."

And at a meeting in Utica, N. Y.:

"When mingling in scenes like the present, and like that in which he participated on the preceding evening, at which he believed some then listening to him were present, he was led into trains of meditation which excited the most deep and subduing emotions. At such

times he involuntarily recalled many spots memorable in his history. One of these was the prison at Ava, to which allusion had already been made. In that gloomy place, on one night when he was more heavily fettered and was enduring more suffering than usual, he rose from the painful posture in which he reclined to lean, for an interval, against the wall. As he cast his eyes around upon the mass of wretchedness before him, he was able, by the dim light which was always kept burning in the prison, to observe the condition of the miserable beings among whom he was confined. It was an appalling sight. About a hundred condemned felons were before him, some sentenced for murder, all for atrocious crimes. While looking on that spectacle, he felt that if ever, by God's mercy, he should obtain his freedom, he would endeavor to bear without repining the ills he might be called to endure. Another spot brought to his recollection was that where he stood to witness the worship of the Bengalee Juggernaut—not the great Juggernaut of Orissa—for there are several in India—but one in the province of Bengal. The idol car moved onward. Before him, extending as far as the eye could reach, was a vast expanse, a sea of human heads. The whole concourse of deluded worshippers were shouting as with one voice. Again his mind reverted to a scene that fell under his observation, not many years since, in the Karen jungles. It was one of the festivals of the Karens. He saw three hundred persons, prostrate upon the earth, men, women, and children, promiscuously mingled, covered with filth, in a state of brutal intoxication—a spectacle not to be described to a Christian audience. Scenes like these forced themselves upon his recollection, in view of our places of worship and happy homes. When coming among us, and seeing the contrasted comfort, elegance, and refinement, that make our dwellings so inviting and their inmates so happy, the question spontaneously arose, What is the cause of all this difference? O, it is the Gospel—the

Gospel! While surrounded with these manifold blessings, we could but very imperfectly appreciate the sole cause of them all.

"It was to a world suffering under such wretchedness as had been spoken of, that the Lord Jesus Christ, in compassion for mankind, descended in the reign of the despotic and abandoned Herod. Amid such scenes He mingled, till He expired on the cross. If His Gospel is able to effect all that we have seen, to transform the ignorant, sensual, and degraded heathen, and to elevate a nation to such a height of dignity and enjoyment, and all this in a world still so full of sin, how will its power appear in the world to which we are advancing? If here, where sin yet reigns, so great a contrast can be wrought, how much greater the contrast between this imperfect state and heaven, free from every defilement!

"In Burmah, after all that has been done, there is still the same prison at Ava, with its manacled convicts. The same Bengalee Juggernaut is still surrounded by its countless worshippers. The same orgies are still celebrated in the Karen jungles; and scenes innumerable, as revolting as these, are witnessed in all heathen lands. O, let us pray for the millions who know nothing of a God or a Saviour, a heaven or a hell."

Before the Boardman Missionary Society at Waterville College he spoke as follows:

"Upon an occasion like this, dear brethren, a multitude of thoughts crowd upon me, so that I know not where to begin or what to select. Probably many of you have the ministry in view, and some perhaps look forward to a missionary life. You will expect me to speak of missions and missionary life. I have seen so much of the trials and responsibility of missionary labors that I am unwilling to urge any one to assume them. *The urging must come from a higher source.* One important thought just occurs to me. You have but *one*

life to live in which to prepare for eternity. If you had four or five lives, two or three of them might be spent in carelessness. But you have one only. Every action of that one life gives coloring to your eternity. How important, then, that you spend that life so as to please the Saviour, the blessed Saviour, who has done everything for you!

"If any of you enter the Gospel ministry in this or other lands, let not your object be so much to 'do your duty,' or even to 'save souls,' though these should have a place in your motives, as to *please the Lord Jesus*. Let this be your ruling motive in all that you do. Now, do you ask, *how* you shall please Him? How, indeed, shall we know what will please Him but by *His commands*? Obey these commands and you will not fail to please Him. And there is that 'last command,' given just before He ascended to the Father, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' It is not *yet* obeyed as it should be. Fulfil that, and you will please the Saviour.

"Some one asked me, not long ago, whether *faith* or *love* influenced me most in going to the heathen. I thought of it a while, and at length concluded that there was in me but *little of either*. But in thinking of what *did* influence me, I remembered a time, out in the woods back of Andover Seminary, when I was almost disheartened. Everything looked dark. No one had gone out from this country. The way was not open. The field was far distant, and in an unhealthy climate. I knew not what to do. All at once that 'last command' seemed to come to my heart directly from heaven. I could doubt no longer, but determined on the spot to obey it at all hazards, for the sake of pleasing the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Now, my dear brethren, if the Lord wants you for missionaries, He will set that command home to your hearts. If He does so, *you neglect it at your peril*."

And thus to the students at Hamilton, N. Y.:

"Brethren, look to Jesus. This sight will fill you with the greatest consolation and delight. Look to Him on the cross; so great is His love that, if He had a thousand lives, He would lay them all down for your redemption. Look to Him on the throne; His blessed countenance fills all heaven with delight and felicity. Look to Him in affliction; He will strengthen you. Look to Him in temptation; He will succor you. Look to Him in death; He will sustain you. Look to Him in the judgment; He will save you."

But Mr. Judson did not belong exclusively to any one city or section of the country. Not only in New England and in the Northern States was his name revered. His memory was most warmly cherished by Southern hearts. The eminent Dr. Jeter, in a meeting held at Richmond, Va., on the 8th of February, 1846, welcomed Mr. Judson in an eloquent and affectionate address, the closing words of which are appended:

"But I must close my remarks. Brother Judson, we are acquainted with your history. We have marked your labors, have sympathized in your various sufferings, have shed many a tear at the foot of the 'hopia-tree'; have gone, in fancy, on mournful pilgrimage to the rocky Island of St. Helena; have rejoiced in your successes and the successes of your devoted associates, and have long and fervently wished to see your face in the flesh. This privilege we now enjoy. Welcome, thrice welcome are you, my brother, to our city, our churches, our bosoms. I speak as the representative of Southern Baptists. We love you for the truth's sake, and for your labors in the cause of Christ. We honor you as the father of American missions.

"One thought pains us. To-morrow morning you will leave us. We shall see your face no more. You will soon return to Burmah, the land of your adoption. There you

will continue your toils, and there, probably, be buried. But this separation is not without its solace. Thank God, it is as near from Burmah to heaven as from Richmond, or any other point on the globe. Angels, oft commissioned to convey to heaven the departing spirits of pious Burmans and Karens, have learned the way to that dark land. When dismissed from your toils and sufferings, they will be in readiness to perform the same service for you. God grant that we may all meet in that bright world. There sin shall no more annoy us, separations no more pain us, and every power will find full and sweet employ in the service of Christ.

"And now, my brother, I give my hand in token of our affection to you, and of your cordial reception among us."

Mr. Judson's reply attested his capacity for taking a broad and catholic view of the religious situation at a time when the country was agitated by disturbing sectional jealousies:

"I congratulate the Southern and Southwestern churches," he said, "on the formation of the Southern Baptist Convention for Foreign Missions. I congratulate the citizens of Richmond that the Board of that Convention is located here. Such an organization should have been formed several years ago. Besides other circumstances, the extent of the country called for a separate organization. I have read with much pleasure the proceedings of the Convention at Augusta, Ga., and commend the dignified and courteous tone of the address sent forth by that body. I am only an humble missionary of the heathen, and do not aspire to be a teacher of Christians in this enlightened country; but if I may be indulged a remark, I would say, that if hereafter the more violent spirits of the North should persist in the use of irritating language, I hope they will be met, on the part of the South, with dignified silence."

It was his desire to go further South, but his frail health imperatively forbade him, and so after visiting Baltimore, where he was welcomed at a most enthusiastic missionary meeting, he turned northward again.

While on this tour through the country, everywhere kindling missionary enthusiasm, he met, during a visit in Philadelphia, a young lady, Miss Emily Chubbuck, who, under the *nom de plume* of Fanny Forester, had achieved a wide literary reputation. The acquaintance culminated in marriage. This lady, who was to take the place at his side left successively vacant by Ann Hasseltine and Sarah Boardman, had been disciplined in the hard school of poverty. She was born August 22, 1817, at Eaton, a little town in Central New York, and near a stream which, with its fringe of alders, murmurs here and there in her prose and poetry under the name of Alderbrook. Her parents, Charles Chubbuck and Lavinia Richards, had moved to Eaton from New Hampshire. Her childhood days were spent in a little house which can still be seen on the road from Eaton to West Eaton, perched against a hill so close beneath the road that, as she says, one would feel half disposed "to step from the road where you stood to the tip of the chimney."[64] Her parents were very poor, and she thus describes a winter she passed when she was about thirteen years old:

"We suffered a great deal from cold this winter, though we had plenty of plain food. Indeed, we *never* were reduced to hunger. But the house was large and unfinished, and the snow sometimes drifted into it in heaps. We were unable to repair it, and the owner was unwilling. Father was absent nearly all the time, distributing newspapers; and the severity of the winter so affected his health that he could do but little when

he was at home. Mother, Harriet, and I were frequently compelled to go out into the fields, and dig broken wood out of the snow, to keep ourselves from freezing. Catherine and I went to the district school as much as we could."

Again she wrote:

"*November, 1830.* Father's attempt at farming proved, as might have been expected, an entire failure, and for want of a better place he determined to remove to the village. He took a little old house on the outskirts, the poorest shelter we ever had, with only two rooms on the floor, and a loft, to which we ascended by means of a ladder. We were not discouraged, however, but managed to make the house a little genteel as well as tidy. Harriet and I used a turn-up bedstead, surrounded by pretty chintz curtains, and we made a parlor and dining-room of the room by day. Harriet had a knack at twisting ribbons and fitting dresses, and she took in sewing; Catherine and Wallace went to school; and I got constant employment of a little Scotch weaver and thread-maker at twisting thread. Benjamin returned to his old place, and Walker was still in the printing-office."

Her little hands very early learned to contribute to the support of the family. When eleven years old she earned a dollar and twenty-five cents a week splicing rolls in a woolen factory. She says of this period: "My principal recollections are of noise and filth, bleeding hands and aching feet, and a very sad heart." Little did the residents of Eaton then dream that this little factory-girl was afterward to become such an honor to their humble village. Subsequently, when she first applied for the position of teacher in the district school, a young farmer who was acting trustee replied, "Why, the scholars will be bigger than their

teacher." But the little schoolmistress made her teaching a success, and before she was twenty years of age had contributed to the village newspaper poems of great literary merit. About this time she attracted the attention of the Misses Sheldon, who were conducting a well-known ladies' school at Utica. They offered her gratuitous instruction for a single term, and subsequently proposed to complete her education without present charge. This afforded her an excellent opportunity for self-improvement. Her health, however, had been shattered by the hardship and labors of her earlier years, and it was through great weakness and suffering that she pressed toward higher literary excellence. She was continually spurred on by her desire to secure a home for her aged parents. It was for this purpose that she wrote those charming stories in which grace and strength of style are combined with the purest moral tone. It was under such circumstances as these that she sent to the press the stories for children, entitled "The Great Secret," "Effie Maurice," "Charles Linn," "Allen Lucas," "John Frink," and also the fascinating tales for older readers, which were afterward gathered together, under the name of "Alderbrook." Her biographer[65] relates the following incident:

"As Miss Sheldon was at one time passing near midnight through the halls, a light streaming from Emily's apartment attracted her attention, and, softly opening the door, she stole in upon her vigils. Emily sat in her night-dress, her papers lying outspread before her, grasping with both hands her throbbing temples, and pale as a marble statue. Miss S. went to her, whispered words of sympathy, and gently chided her for robbing her system of its needed repose. Emily's heart was already full, and now the fountain of feeling

overflowed in uncontrollable weeping. 'Oh, Miss Sheldon,' she exclaimed, 'I *must* write, I *must* write; I must do what I can to aid my poor parents.'"

While making a visit in New York during the month of June, 1847, Miss Chubbuck wrote a letter to the *Evening Mirror*, which at that time was an exceedingly popular magazine, edited by George P. Morris and N. P. Willis. In a graceful and sportive vein she offered her literary services to this periodical:

"You know the shops in Broadway are very tempting this spring. *Such* beautiful things! Well, you know (no, you don't know that, but you can guess) what a delightful thing it would be to appear in one of those charming, head-adorning, complexion-softening, hard-feature-subduing neapolitans; with a little gossamer veil dropping daintily on the shoulder of one of those exquisite *balzarines*, to be seen any day at Stewart's and elsewhere. Well, you know (this you *must* know) that shop-keepers have the impertinence to demand a trifling exchange for these things even of a lady; and also that some people have a remarkably small purse, and a remarkably small portion of the yellow 'root' in that. And now, to bring the matter home, *I* am one of that class. I have the most beautiful little purse in the world, but it is only kept for show; I even find myself under the necessity of counterfeiting—that is, filling the void with tissue paper in lieu of bank-notes, preparatory to a shopping expedition.

"Well, now to the point. As Bel and I snuggled down on the sofa this morning to read the *New Mirror* (by the way, Cousin Bel is never obliged to put tissue paper in her purse), it struck us that you would be a friend in need, and give good counsel in this emergency. Bel, however, insisted on my not telling what I wanted the money for. She even thought that I had better intimate

orphanage, extreme suffering from the bursting of some speculative bubble, illness, etc., etc.; but did not I know you better? Have I read the *New Mirror* so much (to say nothing of the graceful things coined 'under a bridge,' and a thousand other pages flung from the inner heart), and not learned who has an eye for everything pretty? Not so stupid, Cousin Bel; no, no!

"However, this is not quite the point, after all; but here it is. I have a pen—not a gold one, I don't think I could write with one, but a nice, little, feather-tipped pen, that rests in the curve of my finger as contentedly as in its former pillow of down. (Shocking! how that line did run down hill! and this almost as crooked! dear me!) Then I have little messengers racing 'like mad' through the galleries of my head; spinning long yarns, and weaving fabrics rich and soft as the balzarine which I so much covet, until I shut my eyes and stop my ears and whisk away, with the 'wonderful lamp' safely hidden in my own brown braids. Then I have Dr. Johnson's dictionary—capital London edition, etc., etc.; and after I use up all the words in that, I will supply myself with Webster's wondrous quarto, appendix and all. Thus prepared, think you not I should be able to put something in the shops of the literary caterers? something that, for once in my life, would give me a real errand into Broadway? May be you of the *New Mirror* PAY for acceptable articles—may be not. *Comprenez-vous?*

"O, I *do* hope that beautiful balzarine like Bel's will not be gone before another Saturday! You will not forget to answer me in the next *Mirror*; but pray, my dear Editor, let it be done very cautiously, for Bel would pout all day if she should know what I had written. Till Saturday,

"Your anxiously-waiting friend,

"FANNY FORESTER."

This letter attracted the attention of Mr. Willis,

and drew from him a characteristic reply:

"Well, we give in! On *condition* that you are under twenty-five, and that you will wear a rose (recognizably) in your bodice the first time you appear in Broadway with the hat and balzarine, we will pay the bills. Write us thereafter a sketch of Bel and yourself, as cleverly done as this letter, and you may 'snuggle down' on the sofa, and consider us paid, and the public charmed with you."

Mr. Willis at once introduced her through his columns to the American public, and, though they never saw each other but once, he became from this time on her life-long literary adviser and friend. And so, after the long struggle with poverty and ill-health, this woman, by dint of an imperious will and an unmistakable genius, began to take her place among the foremost literary characters of America. We quote from her biographer, Dr. Kendrick, who is well qualified by his intellectual acumen and fine poetic nature to judge of the quality of her mind:

"Those who now turn over the stories of Alderbrook will, I think, be at no loss to explain the popularity which they attained. They will find in them a truth to nature—a freshness and raciness of thought and diction—a freedom from the hackneyed conventionalisms of ordinary story-telling, a descriptive and dramatic power, which lend to them an unfailing charm. The language is ever plain and simple. They never affect 'big' words, nor deck themselves out in fripperies of expression. If there are occasional conceits of thought—and such are almost inevitable in a young woman's first converse with the public—the style is almost wholly free from them. It delights in that plain Anglo-Saxon that comes freighted with home associations to every heart; and yet this simple style, under her delicate

handling, has all the grace of ornament.

"Another source of the popularity of her sketches is found in the spirit and vivacity of her descriptions—showing a clear and close eye for the observation of nature—and in the lifelike truthfulness of her character-drawing. Her personages are not mere pegs on which to hang a story—a train of external incidents: they are themselves the story. They are not mere labelled embodiments of the virtues and vices of the Decalogue, but actual men and women, brought by a few simple but effective touches livingly before the eye, and, even in her lightest sketches, sharply individualized. Thus the interest of her stories is emphatically a human interest. It is not what the actors *do*, but what they *are*, that rivets our attention, and chains us to her fascinating pages. As might be inferred from this, she possesses extraordinary dramatic power. The *dramatis personæ* live and breathe and move through the story. The author transports herself into the scene; identifies herself with her characters; and instead of conducting her narration by cold, second-hand details, makes it gush warmly and livingly from the lips of the speakers. Not unfrequently nearly the whole story is unfolded by dialogue, natural, racy, and spirited, and that which in its mere outward details would be but a trivial incident, under this warm, dramatic handling, and imbedded in human passion, is impregnated with life and interest. Equally happy, too, is Emily in the conduct of her narrative—in the management of the plot—in so seizing upon the hinging-points, the *nodes* and crises of the story, and so coloring, and grouping, and contrasting them, as to give them their utmost effect. With the instinctive eye of genius, she separates the incidental from the essential, and strikes to the inmost core of her subject.

"And finally—and here perhaps was pre-eminently the secret of Emily's power—she was drawing from her own life, 'coloring from her own heart.' With every

stroke of her pen she daguerreotyped herself upon the page before her. The trials of her youth—her own harsh experiences—quivered through her bright and glittering fancies, and compelled many a tear from hearts unknowing of the cause. She was unconsciously obeying the dictum of the great Master; she moved others because she had first been moved herself. The tear that trembled in their eye answered to that which had first glistened in her own. The emotion that swelled their bosoms was responsive to that which had throbbed in her own breast. True to herself, she was true to the universal elements of humanity.

"And yet she was far from being the mere recorder; she dealt not in the mere statistics of experience. Her power of fancy was equal to her power of feeling. The germ of her conception sprung from the actual, but it developed itself in the realm of the ideal. When fancy supplied the groundwork, her feelings insensibly blended themselves with it, giving it genuineness and vitality. When she started from experience, fancy instantly stood as its servitor, ready to invest the creation with her bright and glittering hues. Thus her heart and life-experiences were so transfigured and idealized that she did not obtrude herself indelicately or painfully before the public. 'Grace Linden,' 'Lilias Fane,' 'Dora,' 'Nora Maylie,' 'Ida Ravelin,' even, were all born in he depths of her own nature, all embodied a certain portion of her spiritual essence; yet all were so wrought and moulded, so blended with imaginative elements, that she for whom they really stood 'passed in music out of sight.' So amidst the deeper emotions of later life her power of imagination kept pace with her power of passionate emotion. 'My Bird,' 'Watching,' 'My Angel Guide,' are beautifully idealized, and it is only perhaps in 'Sweet Mother' that the bleeding, agonizing heart of the stricken wife and daughter comes nakedly before the public. And with all this, there breathes through all her pages a tenderness and delicacy of sentiment which

impart to them a nameless charm.

"In this slight analysis I am not claiming for 'Fanny Forester's' sketches the highest order of genius. They are a woman's production, and are thoroughly womanly. They aspire to no heights of masculine eloquence, no depths of philosophical teaching. They deal with the heart, the fancy, and the imagination. Nor in mere vigor and grasp of intellect is she, perhaps, to be classed with Joanna Bailie, Mrs. Browning, and Miss Bronté; although looking at *all* which she did, I am satisfied that she approaches much nearer to them in intellectual vigor than they do to her in womanly delicacy and softness. It is one of her high excellences that she never compromises her womanhood; and yet to her who could write the 'Madness of the Missionary Enterprise,' and render such contributions as she did to the memoir of her husband, is to be assigned no mean rank among the intellects of the world. Mr. Willis, Dr. Griswold, and Mr. H. B. Wallace, than whom our country has produced no more competent literary critics, estimated her genius as of a very high order, and regarded her true sphere as that not of popularity, but of fame."

But, besides her intellectual gifts, Miss Chubbuck had an intensely religious nature. She was the child of pious parents, and was subject to very early religious impressions. She writes:

"The first event of any importance which I remember is the conversion of my sister Lavinia, when I was about seven years of age. My little cot was in her room; and as she grew worse after her baptism, the young members of the church were in the habit of spending the night with her, partly in the character of watchers, partly because of a unity of interest and feeling. She and her visitors spent the greater part of the night in conversation and prayer, without any thought of

disturbing so sound a sleeper as I seemed to be, I was a silent, sometimes tearful listener when they talked; and when they prayed I used to kneel down in my bed, and with hands clasped and heart uplifted, follow them through to the end. I can not recall my exercises with any degree of distinctness; but I remember longing to go to heaven, and be with Christ; some moments of ecstasy, and some of deep depression on account of my childish delinquencies. My sister used often to converse with me on religious subjects; and I remember on one occasion her going to the next room and saying to my mother, 'That child's talk is wonderful! I believe, if there is a Christian in the world, she is one.' For a moment I felt a deep thrill of joy, and then I became alarmed lest I should have deceived them. The effect was to make me reserved and cautious."

In subsequent life she dated her conversion as occurring when she was eight years old. She used to attend all the religious services in the neighborhood. She writes:

"Indeed, I believe my solemn little face was almost ludicrously familiar to worshippers of every denomination, for I remember a Presbyterian once saying to me, as I was leaving the chapel, after having, as usual, asked prayers: 'What! this little girl not converted yet! How do you suppose we can waste any more time in praying for you?'"

Indeed, she seems from her earliest years to have been haunted by the conviction that she was, some time or other, to be a missionary to the heathen; but she was always striving to rid herself of this irksome thought. She said to a friend:

"I have felt, ever since I read the memoir of Mrs. Ann H. Judson when I was a small child, that I must become

a missionary. I fear it is but a childish fancy, and am making every effort to banish it from my mind; yet the more I seek to divert my thoughts from it, the more unhappy I am."

It was by a strange coincidence that this gifted woman, who had been from childhood so deeply impressed by the story of Ann Hasseltine, should meet Mr. Judson in January, 1846. It was at the house of Dr. Gillette in Philadelphia, Mr. Judson had been invited to come from Boston, and Dr. Gillette had gone there to bring him on. The journey was long and cold, and an accident caused a delay of three or four hours. Dr. Gillette saw in the hands of a friend a collection of light sketches called "Trippings," by Fanny Forester. He borrowed it, and handed it to Mr. Judson that he might read it, and so while away the tedious and uncomfortable hours of delay. Mr. Judson read portions of the book, and recognizing the power with which it was written, expressed a regret that a person of such intellectual gifts should devote them to the writing of light literature. "I should be glad to know her," he remarked. "The lady who writes so well ought to write better. It's a pity that such fine talents should be employed on such eesubjects."

Dr. Gillette answered that he would soon have the pleasure of meeting her, because she was at that time a guest in his own house. Upon their arrival, Mr. Judson was entertained at the residence of Mr. Robarts, and the next morning called at Dr. Gillette's. His first meeting with Miss Chubbuck is thus described by Dr. Kendrick:

"Promptly on the next day he came over to Mr. Gillette's. Emily (in her morning-dress) was submitting to the not very poetical process of vaccination. As soon

as it was over, Dr. Judson conducted her to the sofa, saying that he wished to talk with her. She replied half playfully that she should be delighted and honored by having him talk to her. With characteristic impetuosity he immediately inquired how she could reconcile it with her conscience to employ talents so noble in a species of writing so little useful or spiritual as the sketches which he had read. Emily's heart melted; she replied with seriousness and candor, and explained the circumstances which had drawn her into this field of authorship. Indigent parents, largely dependent on her efforts—years of laborious teaching—books published with but little profit, had driven her to still new and untried paths, in which at last success unexpectedly opened upon her. Making this employment purely secondary, and carefully avoiding everything of doubtful tendency, she could not regard her course as open to serious strictures. It was now Dr. Judson's turn to be softened. He admitted the force of her reasons, and that even his own strict standard could not severely censure the direction given to filial love. He opened another subject. He wished to secure a person to prepare a memoir of his recently deceased wife, and it was partly, in fact, with this purpose that he had sought Emily's acquaintance. She entertained the proposition, and the discussion of this matter naturally threw them much together during the ensuing few days."



Alex. Cameron, Eng.r

Emily C Judson

Mr. Judson and Emily Chubbuck were married in Hamilton, N. Y., on the 2d of the following June.

The marriage was pleasing neither to the literary nor to the religious world. The one thought that the brilliant Fanny Forester was throwing herself away in marrying “an old missionary“; the other feared that the moral grandeur of the missionary cause was compromised by an alliance between its venerable founder and a writer of fiction.

These conflicting opinions made, however, but a slight impression upon Mr. Judson’s mind. He was not dependent for his happiness and well-being upon the opinion of others. He had long before learned to think and to act independently, otherwise he would never have become a missionary, least of all a

Baptist. He wrote to his betrothed:

"I have been so cried down at different periods of my life—especially when I became a Baptist—and lost all—all but Ann—that I suppose I am a little hardened. But I feel for you, for it is your first field. Whatever of strength or shield is mine, or I can draw down from heaven, is yours."

But the missionary's heart kept turning toward the field of his labors far across the sea. If his two Burmese assistants had been with him, he might have contented himself a little longer in this country, for he could then have worked more effectively on his dictionary.

The following poem (by Mr. H. S. Washburn, of Boston) seems to gather up and express that longing for his Burman home which impelled him to re-embark even before he had been nine months in the United States. The author of these stanzas read them to Mr. Judson while he was busy packing his boxes for the voyage, and found that they seemed exactly to voice the desire of his heart:

Judson Longing for his Burman Home.

"A stranger in my native land!
O home beyond the sea,
How yearns with all its constant love,
This weary heart for thee.
"I left thee, when around my hearth
Was gathering thickest gloom,
And gentle ones have since that hour
Descended to the tomb.
"A flower has withered on thy breast,
Thou wilt that treasure keep;
And sweet her rest, whose grave is made
Away upon the deep.
"I once trod lightly on the turf

That I am treading now;
The flush of hope was on my cheek.
And youth was on my brow—
"But time hath wrought a wondrous change
In all I loved—and *me*!
I prize thee, native land—but more,
My home beyond the sea.
"O Burmah! shrouded in the pall
Of error's dreadful night!
For wings—for wings once more to bear
To thy dark shores the light:
"To rear upon thy templed hills.
And by thy sunny streams,
The standard of the Cross, where now
The proud Pagoda gleams.
"One prayer, my God! Thy will be done—
One only boon I crave:
To finish well my work,—and rest
Within a Burman grave!"

Less than six weeks intervened between his marriage to Miss Chubbuck and his embarkation. Many tender farewells had to be spoken. He well knew that the dear ones from whom he was parting would probably never be seen again on earth. He thus wrote to his boys, Adoniram and Elnathan, whom he left with Dr. and Mrs. Newton at Worcester, and to his daughter Abby, whom he had committed to the care of his only sister at Plymouth:

"BOSTON, *July* 10, 1846.

"MY DEAR SONS: Farewell. We embark to-morrow about noon. Many a time I shall look at your likenesses, and weep over them, and pray that you may early become true Christians. Love your brother George, and your uncle and aunt Newton. Pray every morning and evening. Your new mamma sends you her best love. Forget not

"Your affectionate father,

"A. JUDSON."

"BOSTON, *July* 10, 1846.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER: Farewell. We embark to-morrow about noon. I think the likenesses taken of your face very good. I shall take one with me, and shall many a time look at it, and weep over it, and pray that you may early become a Christian. The other I shall give to George, to keep a while at Worcester, and finally give to your aunt Judson when he visits Plymouth.

"Love your dear aunts and cousins, with whom you live; pray every morning and evening, and may we meet again on earth, and if not, O, may we meet in heaven, and be happy together. Your new mamma sends her best love.

"Your affectionate father,

"A. JUDSON.

"Write me once in three months."

To his only sister, also, the fond playmate of his childhood, the sole survivor of the dear family group that had clung to him so tenderly when, many years before, with the flush of youth on his cheek, he had set his face toward the rising sun, he speaks the parting word:

"BOSTON, *July* 10, 1846.

"DEAR SISTER: Farewell. We embark to-morrow about noon. I have two likenesses of Abby Ann. One I take myself, The other I hand to George, that he may take it to Worcester, and keep it with the boys, until he visits Plymouth, in about a month or six weeks, when he is to give it to you. I left Abby Ann at Bradford yesterday forenoon; gave the twenty dollars, which they will place to your credit. Take care of yourself, dear sister, and spare no expense that is necessary for your health and comfort.

"Emily sends her best love. Every blessing rest upon you, until we meet in heaven.

"Ever most affectionately,

"A. JUDSON."

The following is his last public utterance in America:

"My friends are aware that it is quite impossible for me, without serious injury to myself, to sustain my voice at such a height as to reach this large assembly, except for a few sentences. I have, therefore, taken the liberty of putting some thoughts on paper, which the Rev. Mr. Hague will do me the honor of reading to you.

"I wish, however, in my own voice, to praise God for the deep interest in the cause of missions manifested by the friends of the Redeemer in this city and the vicinity, and to thank them for all their expressions and acts of kindness toward me during my brief sojourn among them. I regret that circumstances have prevented my spending more time in this city, and forming a more intimate acquaintance with those whom a slight acquaintance has taught me so much to love.

"It is as certain as any future event can be, that I shall never again revisit the shores of my native land; that, after a few days, your beautiful city, this great and glorious country, will be forever shut from my view. No more shall I enter your places of worship; no more shall I behold your faces, and exchange the affectionate salutations of Christian love.

"The greatest favor we can bestow on our absent friends is to bear them on our hearts at the throne of grace. I pray you, dear friends, remember me there, and my missionary associates, and our infant churches, and the poor heathen, among whom we go to live. And though we do meet no more on earth, I trust that our next meeting will be in that blessed world where 'the loved and the parted here below meet ne'er to part again.'"

Address.

"There are periods in the lives of men who experience much change of scene and variety of adventure, when they seem to themselves to be subject to some supernatural illusion, or wild, magical dream; when they are ready, amid the whirl of conflicting recollection, to doubt their own personal identity, and, like steersmen in a storm, feel that they must keep a steady eye to the compass and a strong arm at the wheel. The scene spread out before me seems, on retrospection, to be identified with the past, and at the same time to be reaching forward and foreshadowing the future. At one moment the lapse of thirty-four years is annihilated; the scenes of 1812 are again present; and this assembly—how like that which commended me to God on first leaving my native shores for the distant East! But, as I look around, where are the well-known faces of Spring, and Worcester, and Dwight? Where are Lyman, and Huntington, and Griffin? And where are those leaders of the baptized ranks who stretched out their arms across the water, and received me into their communion? Where are Baldwin and Bolles? Where Holcombe, and Rogers, and Staughton? I see them not. I have been to their temples of worship, but their voices have passed away. And where are my early missionary associates, Newell, and Hall, and Rice, and Richards, and Mills? But why inquire for those so ancient? Where are the succeeding laborers in the missionary field for many years, and the intervening generation who sustained the missions? And where are those who moved amid the dark scenes of Rangoon, and Ava, and Tavoy? Where those gentle, yet firm spirits, which tenanted forms—delicate in structure, but careless of the storm—now broken, and scattered, and strewn, like the leaves of autumn, under the shadow of overhanging trees, and on remote islands of the sea?

"No, these are not the scenes of 1812; nor is this the assembly that convened in the Tabernacle of a neighboring city. Many years have elapsed; many

venerated, many beloved ones have passed away to be seen no more. ‘They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.’ And with what words shall I address those who have taken their places, the successors of the venerated and the beloved, the generation of 1812?

“In that year American Christians pledged themselves to the work of evangelizing the world. They had but little to rest on, except the command and promise of God. The attempts then made by British Christians had not been attended with so much success as to establish the practicability, or vindicate the wisdom of the missionary enterprise. For many years the work advanced but slowly. One denomination after another embarked in the undertaking; and now American missionaries are seen in almost every clime. Many languages have been acquired; many translations of the Bible have been made; the Gospel has been extensively preached; and churches have been established containing thousands of sincere, intelligent converts. The obligation, therefore, on the present generation, to redeem the pledge given by their fathers, is greatly enhanced. And it is an animating consideration, that, with the enhancement of the obligation, the encouragement to persevere in the work, and to make still greater efforts, is increasing from year to year. Judging from the past, what may we rationally expect during the lapse of another thirty or forty years? Look forward with the eye of faith. See the missionary spirit universally diffused, and in active operation throughout this country; every church sustaining, not only its own minister, but, through some general organization, its own missionary in a foreign land. See the Bible faithfully translated into all languages; the rays of the lamp of heaven transmitted through every medium, and illuminating all lands. See the Sabbath spreading its holy calm over the face of the earth, the churches of Zion assembling, and the praises of Jesus resounding

from shore to shore; and, though the great majority may still remain, as now in this Christian country, without hope and without God in the world, yet the barriers in the way of the descent and operations of the Holy Spirit removed, so that revivals of religion become more constant and more powerful.

"The world is yet in its infancy; the gracious designs of God are yet hardly developed. Glorious things are spoken of Zion, the city of our God. She is yet to triumph, and become the joy and glory of the whole earth. Blessed be God that we live in these latter times —the latter times of the reign of darkness and imposture. Great is our privilege, precious our opportunity, to co-operate with the Saviour in the blessed work of enlarging and establishing His kingdom throughout the world. Most precious the opportunity of becoming wise, in turning many to righteousness, and of shining, at last, as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, forever and ever.

"Let us not, then, regret the loss of those who have gone before us, and are waiting to welcome us home, nor shrink from the summons that must call us thither. Let us only resolve to follow them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises. Let us so employ the remnant of life, and so pass away, that our successors will say of us, as we of our predecessors, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

At Boston, July 11, 1846, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, in company with the newly-appointed missionaries, Miss Lillybridge, the Beechers, and the Harrises, embarked on the *Faneuil Hall*, Captain Hallett, bound for Maulmain. Many friends mingled in that farewell scene. He was leaving behind him fragrant memories. In many a household his prayers are cherished as a "precious benediction." He had been entertained in the house of his friend, Gardner Colby,

of Boston, and at the family altar he thus prayed for the family of his host: “May they, and their children, and their children’s children, in every generation to the end of time, follow each other in uninterrupted succession through the gates of glory,”[66] a prayer that has borne fruitage from that time until now. The Colbys came to the ship to bid him good-bye, and the Lincolns, and the Gillettes, and Mrs. Judson’s bosom friend, Miss Anna Maria Anable, with, among others, and dearer than all the rest, a slender youth of eighteen, the child of her who had been laid at rest at St. Helena, George Dana Boardman. But how, even at that hour, Mrs. Judson’s thoughts must have wandered again and again to the humble roof at Hamilton, beneath which her aged parents were commending their departing daughter to the heavenly Father’s merciful care!

To my Father.

“A welcome for thy child, father,
A welcome give to-day;
Although she may not come to thee
As when she went away;
Though never in her olden nest
Is she to fold her wing,
And live again the days when first
She learned to fly and sing.
“Oh, happy were those days, father,
When gathering round thy knee,
Seven sons and daughters called thee sire—
We come again but three;
The grave has claimed thy loveliest ones,
And sterner things than death
Have left a shadow on thy brow,
A sigh upon thy breath.
“And one—one of the three, father,
Now comes to thee to claim
Thy blessing on another lot,

Upon another name.
Where tropic suns forever burn,
Far over land and wave,
The child, whom thou hast loved, would make
Her hearthstone and her grave.
“Thou’lt never wait again, father,
Thy daughter’s coming tread;
She ne’er will see thy face on earth—
So count her with thy dead;
But in the land of life and love,
Not sorrowing as now,
She’ll come to thee, and come, perchance,
With jewels on her brow.
“*Perchance*;—I do not know, father,
If any part be given
My erring hand, among the guides
Who point the way to heaven;
But it would be a joy untold
Some erring foot to stay;
Remember this, when, gathering round,
Ye for the exile pray.
“Let nothing here be changed, father,
I would remember all,
Where every ray of sunshine rests,
And where the shadows fall.
And now I go; with faltering foot
I pass the threshold o’er.
And gaze, through tears, on that dear roof,
My shelter nevermore.”

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58. Died in infancy.
59. See Map II.
60. In public speech.
61. By H. S. Washburn, Boston.
62. Mr. Thomas Nickerson, of Newton Centre.
63. I am indebted for this reminiscence to Mr. H. S. Washburn, of Boston.
64. The road has since been changed and now passes below the house.

65. The reader is referred to Dr. Kendrick's Memoir of Mrs. E. C. Judson.

66. See the graceful sketch of "The Life and Character of Gardner Colby," by his son, the Rev. Henry F. Colby.

CHAPTER XII.
LAST YEARS.
1846-1850.

More than four months elapsed after Mr. and Mrs. Judson parted from their friends in Boston before they arrived at Maulmain. The passage, though long, was pleasant. Under date of November 27, 1846, Mr. Judson writes to his friend, Mr. Gardner Colby:

"One hundred and thirty-nine days from Boston, and the mountains of Burmah appear in the horizon. None ever had a pleasanter passage than we have been favored with, though rather long, from the prevalence of head-winds. The *Faneuil Hall* was a good sailer, an excellent sea-boat, and furnished with the best accommodations. The table was well supplied, and the captain endeared himself to us, not only by unremitting kindness, but by the interchange of congenial sentiments and feelings on the subject of religion. Two services on Lord's days, the one a Bible-class in the saloon, and the other, public worship on deck with the crew, together with evening worship every day, have given the character of a Bethel to our floating home.

"In regard to my studies, I have not much to boast of. Not having my native assistants with me, I have not ventured *to go forward* in the dictionary, but have employed myself in revising and transcribing for the press the first half of the English and Burmese part, that

had been previously sketched out. This work I had hardly completed when the cry of Land, ho! saluted my ears."

In passing the Island of St. Helena, his thoughts dwelt tenderly upon her who, like Rachel of old, had died "on the way, when it was but a little way to go unto Ephrath."

"The precipitous, rocky cliffs, however, that form the outline of that spot on the ocean, the narrow ravine winding between them and leading to the walled mansion of the dead, the low, overshadowing tree, and the swelling turf, marked, perhaps, by the white gravestones, are all distinctly before me. And, did the misty mythology of antiquity still obtain, I could fancy the spirit of the departed sitting on one of the cloud-wrapped peaks that overhang her grave, and pensively observing the *Faneuil Hall* on her circuitous route to the south-east. 'Why are you wheeling away at such a distance from me and my lonely dwelling? The dear little ones that I left in your charge, where are they? And who—what slender form is that I see at your side, occupying the place that once was mine?' But the mistiness and darkness of pagan mythology have been dispelled by beams of light from those higher heights where she is really sitting. And thence, if departed spirits take cognizance of things on earth, she sees, with satisfaction, that I am *hastening* back to the field of our common labors. She sees, with delight and gratitude to God, that all her children are situated in precise accordance with her last wishes and prayers. And glad she is to see me returning, not unattended.

"Farewell, rock of the ocean. I thank thee that thou hast given me a 'place where I might bury my dead.' Blessings on the dear friends of the Saviour who dwell there. And, if any of the surviving children of the departed should ever enjoy the privilege, which is

denied me, of visiting and shedding a tear over her grave, may a double portion of her heavenly spirit descend and rest upon them."

When off the Isle of France, he wrote:

"About thirty-three years ago I went with my dear wife to the populous city of the dead in Port Louis, on the adjacent island, to visit the new-made grave of Harriet Newell, the first American missionary who left this world for heaven. It has been my privilege, twice since, to make a pilgrimage to the same spot. The last time, my second departed one expected to find her resting-place by the side of Mrs. Newell; but the grave was digging in another island. It is a thought that presses on me at this moment, how little the missionary who leaves his native land can calculate on his final resting-place. Out of twenty-five missionaries, male and female, with whom I have been associated, and who have gone before me, five or six only found their graves in those places to which they were first sent. Strangers and pilgrims, they had no abiding-place on earth; they sought a permanent abode beyond the skies; and they sought to show the way thither to multitudes who were groping in darkness, and saw it not.

"At last the promontory of Amherst loomed into sight. And now, on the green bank just beyond, I discern, with a telescope, the small enclosure which contains the sleeping-place of my dear Ann and her daughter Maria. Like my missionary associates, the members of my own family are scattered far and wide; for the mounds that mark their graves stud the burial-places of Rangoon, Amherst, Maulmain, Serampore, and St. Helena. What other place shall next be added to the list?

"Above eighteen months ago I sailed from these shores with a heavy heart, distressed at leaving my friends and my work, and appalled at the prospect of

impending death. With mingled emotions I now return. But these things suit rather the eye and the ear of private friends. I will only add my fervent wish that the Heaven-blessed land where I have been so warmly received during my late brief visit may pour forth her representatives, her wealth, and her prayers, to enlighten and enrich this my adopted land, whose shores are just now greeting my eyes."

On the 30th of November he arrived at Maulmain, and clasped once more in his arms his little children, Henry and Edward, from whom he had parted more than eighteen months before. But, alas! one little wan face was missing.

He wrote to his sister:

"I have set up housekeeping in my old house; and it seems like home, notwithstanding the devastation that death and removal have made. Emily makes one of the best wives and kindest mothers to the children that ever man was blessed with. I wish you were here to make one of the family; but I suppose that can not be. I shall now go on with the dictionary and other missionary work as usual. Your likeness is an excellent one. I keep that and the children's by me constantly. Shall I ever forget that last parting in Boston? No, never, till we meet in heaven."

And in a fond letter to his boys in America, he gives a glimpse of the little home in Maulmain from which unbending necessity had exiled them forever:

"MAULMAIN, *December* 20, 1846.

"I can hardly realize that I am sitting in the old house, where we all lived together so long; and now your mamma, yourselves, your sister Abby Ann, and little Charlie are gone. It is now evening. I am writing in the hall where I used to sit and study, when your mamma had gone down the coast with Captain and

Mrs. Durand. Your new mamma has just put your little brothers, Henry and Edward, to bed. They lie in the room where you used to sleep before you removed to the corner room. Henry is singing and talking aloud to himself; and what do you think he is saying? Your new mamma has just called me to listen. 'My own mamma went away, away in a boat. And then she got wings and went up. And Charlie, too, went up, and they are flying above the moon and the stars.' I preach in the chapel, as I used to do, but have not yet begun to work at the dictionary; for we have been very busy seeing company and getting our house and things in order. Everything looks as it used to do when you were here.... We found Henry in this place, when we arrived. My dear boys, I don't know when I shall see you again. If I ever should, you will not be the dear little fellows I left at Worcester. But I hope that as you grow larger, and change the features that are now so deeply engraven on my heart, you will also grow wiser and better, and become more worthy of my fondest love. That you will give your hearts to the Saviour is my most earnest desire. Love your dear uncle and aunt Newton. Mind all they say, and ever try to please them."

Upon his return Mr. Judson found that the mission had flourished during his absence, and was able to send an encouraging report to the Corresponding Secretary.

"The native church, under the care of brother Stevens, is not much enlarged, but it is much improved, in consequence of the exclusion of several unworthy members, and the admission of more promising characters, chiefly from among the children of the converts. Brother Howard's school has greatly improved both in numbers and in qualifications. Brother Binney's school, which was just beginning when I left, has attained a high degree of respectability and usefulness.

The Karen missionaries and their disciples are mostly absent from Maulmain at this season; but I understand that prospects in that department of the mission were never more encouraging. The printing-office and the secular business of the mission are managed by brother Ranney with promptitude and efficiency. Brother Haswell resides here at present, superintending the printing of the New Testament in the Peguan, and is preaching on all occasions. Brother Stilson is also here, making and superintending the printing of elementary books for schools in the Burman—a work for which he has a peculiar tact and *penchant*."

But for himself he still ardently cherished the purpose to enter Burmah proper. His eye was upon his old field, Rangoon. To be sure, the new Burman king was a bigoted Buddhist, and therefore bitterly opposed to the propagation of the Christian religion. But in Maulmain there were laborers enough; while in Rangoon he would be favorably situated for completing the dictionary, as he would there have access to learned men, and also to books not to be found in Maulmain. Moreover, he hoped that Burman intolerance might at last yield, and he was eager to press into the interior of the empire and establish a mission in Ava, the scene of his sufferings.

Even before leaving America he had written to the Corresponding Secretary on this point:

"The accounts of the late revolution in Burmah are so contradictory, and the prospect of more toleration so indefinite, that no certain expectation can well be entertained. It is possible, however, that, on my arriving in Maulmain, there may be an opening for me to proceed to Ava. There is sometimes a tide in affairs which, once lost, returns not again. Have the Board sufficient confidence in me to authorize me, by an overland dispatch which shall meet me on arriving in

Maulmain, to attempt a mission at Ava, without waiting for further permission, or being under the necessity of debating the matter with other missionaries, who may demur, for want of something express from the Board?

"The dictionary would not be done *so soon*, if I should go to Ava; but it would be done *much better*, by means of the aids which the capital would furnish."

Impelled by these motives Mr. and Mrs. Judson, taking with them their two little boys, embarked at Maulmain for Rangoon on February 15, 1847.

Only two months and a half had passed since their return from America. They might have been pardoned had they remained longer in the society of their missionary associates in Maulmain. But it was not their purpose to seek their own pleasure. They willingly left the twilight of Maulmain, in order to penetrate the dense darkness of Rangoon, although, as Mr. Judson wrote, "it seemed harder for him to leave Maulmain for Rangoon than to leave Boston for Maulmain."

After a voyage of five days they and their two children arrived in Rangoon. Mr. Judson had previously made a visit there alone, in order "to ascertain the state of things in Burmah more definitely before making an attempt to settle there." He had on that occasion hired, for fifty rupees[67] a month, the upper part of a large brick house, which Mrs. Judson subsequently named "Bat Castle." He describes it as—

"A place dreary indeed, and destitute of almost all outward comforts, but one which will afford an opportunity of building up the feeble church by private efforts, and of seizing the first opening for more public efforts that God in His providence may present, in answer to the prayers of His people in beloved, far-

distant America."

Before engaging the house he wrote to Mrs. Judson: "The place looks as gloomy as a prison.... I shrink at taking you and the children into such a den, and fear you would pine and die in it." It was into this forbidding abode that Mr. Judson introduced the lady to whom he had been so recently married. He wrote:

"We have had a grand bat hunt yesterday and to-day —bagged two hundred and fifty, and calculate to make up a round thousand before we have done. We find that, in hiring the upper story of this den, we secured the lower moiety only, the upper moiety thereof being preoccupied by a thriving colony of vagabonds, who flare up through the night with a vengeance, and the sound of their wings is as the sound of many waters, yea, as the sound of your boasted Yankee Niagara; so that sleep departs from your eyes, and slumber from our eyelids. But we are reading them some lessons which we hope will be profitable to all parties concerned."

But we are indebted to Mrs. Judson's pen, in a letter to her younger sister, for a still more vivid portraiture of "Bat Castle":

"BAT CASTLE (Rangoon), *March* 15, 1847.

"DEAR KITTY: I write you from walls as massive as any you read of in old stories and a great deal uglier—the very eyeball and heart-core of an old white-bearded Mussulman. Think of me in an immense brick house with rooms as large as the entire 'loggery' (our centre room is twice as large, and has *no* window), and only one small window apiece. When I speak of windows, do not think I make any allusion to glass—of course not. The windows (holes) are closed by means of heavy board or plank shutters, tinned over on the outside, as a

preventive of fire. The bamboo houses of the natives here are like flax or tinder, and the foreigners, who have more than the one cloth which Burmans wrap about the body, and the mat they sleep on, dare live in nothing but brick. Imagine us, then, on the second floor of this immense den, with nine rooms at our command, the smallest of which (bathing-room and a kind of pantry) are, I think, quite as large as your dining-room, and the rest very much larger. Part of the floors are of brick, and part of boards; but old 'Green Turban' whitewashed them all, with the walls, before we came, because the Doctor told him, when he was over here, that he must 'make the house shine for madam.' He did make it shine with a vengeance, between whitewashing and greasing. They oil furniture in this country, as Americans do mahogany; but all his doors and other woodwork were fairly dripping, and we have not got rid of the smell yet; nor, with all our rubbing, is it quite safe to hold too long on the door. The partitions are all of brick, and very thick, and the door-sills are *built up*, so that I go over them at three or four steps, Henry mounts and falls off, and Edward gets on all-fours, and accomplishes the pass with more safety. The floor overhead is quite low, and the beams, which are frequent, afford shelter to thousands and thousands of bats, that disturb us in the daytime only by a little cricket-like music, but in the night—oh, if you could only hear them carouse! The mosquito curtains are our only safeguard; and getting up is horrible. The other night I awoke faint, with a feeling of suffocation; and without waiting to think jumped out on the floor. You would have thought 'Old Nick' himself had come after you, for, of course, you believe these firm friends of the *ladies of the broomstick* incipient imps. If there is nothing wickeder about them than about the little sparrows that come in immense swarms to the same beams, pray what do they do all through the hours of darkness, and why do they circle and whizz about a poor mortal's head,

flap their villainous wings in one's face, and then whisk away, as if *snickering* at the annoyance? We have had men at work nearly a week trying to thin them out, and have killed a great many hundreds; but I suppose their little demoniac souls come back, each with an attendant, for I am sure there are twice as many as at first. Everything, walls, tables, chairs, etc., are stained by them. Besides the bats, we are blessed with our full share of cockroaches, beetles, spiders, lizards, rats, ants, mosquitoes, and bed-bugs. With the last the woodwork is all alive, and the ants troop over the house in great droves, though there are scattering ones beside. Perhaps twenty have crossed my paper since I have been writing. Only one cockroach has paid me a visit, but the neglect of these gentlemen has been fully made up by a company of black bugs about the size of the end of your little finger—nameless adventurers."...

The Judsons were scarcely settled in these forbidding quarters when they learned that the house in Maulmain, where they had deposited their best clothing and most valuable goods—many of them presents from dear friends whom they were to see no more—had taken fire and had been burned to the ground with all its contents. They had brought but a few articles with them, not being willing to trust the most valuable part of their personal effects to the rapacious Government at Rangoon. They had thought it best to draw their supplies from Maulmain, and now the precious consignment of articles which they had brought with them from their dear native land had been consumed in the flames. But Mr. Judson had long since mastered the science of contentment. He had been instructed both "to be full and to be hungry; both to abound and to suffer need." He wrote to the Rev. E. A. Stevens, a beloved fellow-sufferer in this calamity:

"RANGOON, *March* 2, 1847.

"'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; *blessed be the name of the Lord*.' My heart overflows with gratitude, and my eyes with tears, as I pen these precious inspired words. There are some other lines, quaint in garb, but rich in core, that are worth more than all your house and contents:

"'Blessed be God for all,
For all things here below;
For every loss and every cross
To my advantage grow.'

"But I sympathize with you and dear sister Stevens. Brother Bullard has also sustained a heavy loss. Brother Brayton's will not, on the whole, be any great loss. As to me—the leeks and onions that were packed up in those two valuable boxes, worth about seven or eight hundred rupees, were very bright to the eye and soft to the feel; and many of them we shall greatly need if we live a year or two longer; but they have gone to dust and ashes, where I have seen many bright, dear eyes go, to rescue any pair of which I would have given those boxes ten times over.

"I am glad and thankful that the New Testament and the manuscripts are not wholly lost, though some are. And I am glad that so much interest has been excited in the Christian community at Maulmain. I am glad, also, that my house was empty, and ready to afford you immediate shelter.

"We arrived here the Saturday after leaving Maulmain, and got our things through the custom-house on the next Monday, a week ago yesterday. We now begin to feel a little settled, and are about commencing a routine of study, and, I may add, missionary labor; for though the Burmese converts are few and timid, the Karens flock in from different parts, and occupy a good deal of my time. All the men understand Burman pretty well, and I have had some

interesting meetings among them....

"I have recommenced the work of the dictionary, which has been suspended nearly two years. Why has this grievous interruption been permitted, and all this precious time lost? And why are our houses and property allowed to be burned up? And why are those most dear to us, and most qualified to be useful in the cause, torn from our arms and dashed into the grave, and all their knowledge and qualification with them? Because infinite wisdom and love will have it so. Because it is best for us, and best for them, and best for the cause, and best for the interests of eternity, that it should be so. And blessed be God, we know it, and are thankful, and rejoice, and say, Glory be to God."

Missionary operations in Rangoon were obstructed from the very outset by the intolerance of the Burmese Government. It must be remembered that the missionaries were no longer under the protection of the English flag, as they had been at Maulmain. They were exposed to the barbarities of a bigoted and unlimited despotism. The Burman monarch and his younger brother, the heir apparent, were both rigid Buddhists. And the administration of the Government, though more friendly to strangers, had become more doggedly intolerant of Christianity than that of the late king Tharawadi. Buddhism was in full force throughout the empire, and the prospects of a missionary were never darker. The vice-governor of Rangoon, who was at that time acting-governor, is described by Mr. Judson as being the most ferocious, bloodthirsty monster he had ever known in Burmah. His house and court-yard resounded day and night with the screams of people under torture.

"Even foreigners," Mr. Judson wrote, "are not beyond

his grasp. He lately wreaked his rage on some Armenians and Mussulmans, and one of the latter class died in the hands of a subordinate officer. His crime was quite a venial one; but in order to extort money, he was tortured so barbarously that the blood streamed from his mouth, and he was dead in an hour."

It must be remembered that Mr. Judson had been received and patronized by the Government, not as a missionary or propagator of religion, but as the priest of a foreign religion, ministering to the foreigners in the place.

Missionary operations, accordingly, had to be conducted with the utmost secrecy. Any known attempt at proselyting would have been instantly amenable at the criminal tribunal, and would probably have been punished by the imprisonment or death of the proselyte, and the banishment of the missionary. Nothing but a wholesome fear of the British Government kept these bloodthirsty wretches from the throat of the missionary himself. Every step was cautious—every movement slow. Mrs. Judson quietly pursued the two tasks of learning the language and writing a Memorial of Mrs. Sarah Boardman Judson, which was finished during this trying period at Rangoon. Mr. Judson kept at work on the dictionary, while he gathered for secret worship the few scattered members of the native church, and the inquirers who, at the risk of imprisonment and death, visited him by night. He thus wrote to the Hon. Heman Lincoln and family:

.... "From this land of darkness and intolerance I address a line to you, my dear, very dear friends, in blessed America, in bright, beautiful Boston and vicinity. It seems like an Elysian vision, that I have so lately seen your happy dwellings and elegant

surroundings—a vision, however, dispelled instantly by a crushing nightmare feeling, on looking round upon the wretched habitations, the rude, filthy population, the towering pagodas, and the swarms of well-fed priests which everywhere here pain the eye and the heart. Buddhism has come out in full bloom. The few traces of Christianity discoverable in the early stages of the mission seem almost obliterated. The present king and his brother, the heir presumptive, are devoted Buddhists, especially the latter. He begs his elder brother to allow him to turn priest, that he may gratify his pious propensities; and on being refused, he does, poor man! all that he can. He descends from his prince-regal seat, pounds and winnows the rice with his own hands, washes and boils it in his own cook-house, and then, on bended knees, presents it to the priests. This strong pulsation at the heart has thrown fresh blood throughout the once shrivelled system of the national superstition; and now every one vies with his neighbor in building pagodas and making offerings to the priests. What can one poor missionary effect, accompanied by his yet speechless wife, and followed by three men and one woman from Maulmain, and summoning to his aid the aged pastor of Rangoon and eight or ten surviving members of the church? But as the Mussulman says, *God is great.* He sitteth on the heavens, he setteth His foot on the earth, and the inhabitants are as grasshoppers before Him. He dwelleth also in the humble and contrite soul; and the rays of indwelling glory appear more resplendent, gleaming through the chinks of the humble tenement. O for that humility and contrition, O for that simplicity of faith, which will secure the indwelling glory! May such sinners as we are hope for such a blessing? O help us with your prayers, ye who sit under the droppings of the sanctuary, and are sometimes allowed to approach the presence; O Thou that hearest prayer, help Thou our unbelief!

"Last Sabbath was our stated communion season,

occurring once in four months. No alcoholic liquor can be procured in this place, the importation of all such being strictly forbidden. Our wine was a decoction of raisins, the unadulterated juice of the grape. Ten Burmans, one Karen, and two Americans came around the lowly, glorious board. To-day I had about the same number of disciples, and several listeners, two of whom remained long after worship, and, with two others whom I have found since arriving here, make up the small number of *four hopeful inquirers*. But all our operations are conducted in secrecy. I have been introduced to the Government, not as a missionary—though the governor and the vice-governor both knew me well from old acquaintance—but as a minister of a foreign religion, ministering to foreigners in the place, and as a lexicographer, laboring to promote the literature of both nations! In one room, therefore, of the upper story of the brick house—for which upper story I am obliged to pay fifty rupees a month—will the Christian public bear me out in this extra expense?—I have paraded my lexicographical apparatus, and commenced hammering at the anvil of the dictionary, which has hardly resounded with my blows for two years past; two years, alas! lost, lost, in tossing on the sea, closing dear eyes, digging graves, rending heartstrings, and feeling about for new ones. Thanks be to God, I have a sweet little family around me once more—F. F., Harry, and Eddy. God is not only 'great,' but good. God is love. And He can change our hard, selfish hearts, and make them full of love. Do I not love you, dear friends? Shall I see you no more? Yes, in heaven, whither we are fast hastening."

The condition of the missionaries in Rangoon was made still more distressing by sickness. The great brick house became a hospital. One member of the family after another was prostrated by disease. Their maladies were also aggravated by the want of

nourishing food.

Mrs. Judson gives an interesting reminiscence of this doleful episode in Rangoon:

"In the meantime the rainy season set in; and it proved a season of unusual sickliness, even for that sickly place. To add still more to the uncomfortableness of our situation, the season for the Buddhistic Lent, which continues several months, came round; and, probably for the first time in fifty years, foreigners were so far compelled to observe it as to abstain from eating flesh or fowl. If we had known of the prohibition in season, we could have been prepared; but it took us quite by surprise. A few fish were exhibited in the bazaar; but it was so disreputable to trade, even in these, that they could scarcely be found, except in a half-putrid state. The only baker in town left soon after our arrival; and we were forced to live almost exclusively on boiled rice and fruits. To the former I unfortunately took an unconquerable disgust; and the latter proved unwholesome to all of us. One child was seized with erysipelas; the other with a complication of diseases brought on, as we supposed, by the meagre diet, and exposure to the damp winds; and Dr. Judson himself had a most violent attack of dysentery, which kept him from his study-table six weeks. For myself, my appetite had failed in proportion to the means of gratifying it; so, without being ill, I was so reduced in strength as often, in walking across the room, to fall, or rather slide, down on the floor, not from faintness, but sheer physical weakness. One of the assistants also took the fever; and the nurse I brought from Maulmain, the only woman besides myself in the household, became seriously ill. Of course we had no medical adviser; and if we had desired it ever so much, we could not get away, as the monsoon was now at its height, and the small native vessels in the harbor were not only without accommodations for invalids, but too frail to be trusted

with the freight of human lives."

And thus again to her friends in America she wrote:

"RANGOON, *June* 16, 1847.

"Trouble on trouble—trouble on trouble! You could scarce imagine, dear aunt Cynthia, people in a worse condition than we are now. Last Saturday evening Dr. J. came into my room with red eyes and a voice all tremulous with weeping. 'We must be at the worst now,' he said; 'and in all my troubles in this dreadful country, I never before looked on so discouraging a prospect. We are hunted down here like wild beasts; watched by Government and plotted against by Catholic priests. The churches at home have made no provision for our going to Ava, the governor is importuned to send us out of the country, the monsoon is raging, and we could not go to Maulmain if we wished, and you are failing every day—it seems to me dying before my eyes—without the possibility of obtaining either medicines or a physician."...

To what straits the family was reduced for food may be seen in the following sketch from Mrs. Judson's pen:

"Our milk is a mixture of buffaloes' milk, water, and something else which we can not make out. We have changed our milk-woman several times, but it does no good. The butter we make from it is like lard with flakes of tallow. But it is useless to write about these things—you can get no idea. I must tell you, however, of the grand dinner we had one day. 'You must contrive and get something that mamma can eat,' the doctor said to our Burmese purveyor; 'she will starve to death.' 'What shall I get?' 'Anything.' 'Anything?' 'Anything.' Well, we did have a capital dinner, though we tried in vain to find out by the bones what it was. Henry said it

was *touk-tahs*, a species of lizard, and I should have thought so too, if the little animal had been of a fleshy consistence. Cook said he *didn't know*, but he grinned a horrible grin which made my stomach heave a little, notwithstanding the deliciousness of the meat. In the evening we called Mr. Bazaar-man. 'What did we have for dinner to-day?' 'Were they good?' 'Excellent.' A tremendous explosion of laughter, in which the cook from his dish-room joined as loud as he dared. 'What were they?' '*Rats!*' A common servant would not have played such a trick, but it was one of the doctor's assistants who goes to bazaar for us. You know the Chinese consider rats a great delicacy, and he bought them at one of their shops."

But amid all the discouragements and sufferings of his life in Rangoon, Mr. Judson did not lapse into despondency. He wrote to a friend:

"My sojourn in Rangoon, though tedious and trying in some respects, I regard as one of the brightest spots, one of the greenest oases in the diversified wilderness of my life. May God make me thankful for all the blessings which have hitherto fallen to my lot, and for the hope of those richer blessings which are just concealed by the cloud of sense from our spiritual vision. If this world is so happy, what must heaven be? And as to trials, let us bear up under them, remembering that if we suffer for Christ's sake, with Him we shall reign."

At last, however, the intolerance of the Government became so fierce that there was no hope of retaining a foothold in Rangoon, without going to Ava in order to secure the favor of the royal court.

"One Saturday morning," says Mrs. Judson, "we were startled by some private intimations that the bloody ray-woon, as one of the vice-governors was called, had

his eye on us; and a little before evening the hints were fully confirmed. We learned from an undoubted source that a police guard had been stationed in the vicinity of our house, with orders to seize every native, not known to be a servant of the house, seen coming out of it. We inferred that their policy was not to disturb *us* at present, but the blow was first to fall on the poor Christians. Several Karens were stopping with us, and in addition to our usual company of worshippers quite a number of invited friends and strangers had promised to be with us on the next day. The church had been making individual efforts to enlarge the congregation. I shall never forget the expression of my husband's face, as though really piercing to the invisible, when he exclaimed, 'I tell you, if we had but the power to see them, the air above us is thick with contending spirits—the good and the bad, striving for the mastery. I know where final victory lies, but the struggle may be a long one.' There was not much time for talking, however. He communicated the state of things, as far as he thought expedient, to his two native assistants, and sent them out to warn the nearer worshippers. In this, great caution was necessary, in order to prevent a panic; and I suppose that the Rangoon Christians have never, to this day, known the extent of their danger. As the assistants, by an especial arrangement, did not return till after our landlord's hour for closing the gate, Dr. Judson, with some difficulty, got the key into his own possession; and so, in the first gray of the morning, the Karens were guided out of town, and advised to return to the jungle. The last place to which the assistants carried their warning, on Sunday morning, was a little village five miles from Rangoon, where they remained till toward evening. Dr. Judson was afraid of compromising the Christians by going to any of their houses that day; but he had advised them, through the assistants, how to hold worship, and we knew of several places where little knots of men and women were

gathered for prayer.

"These demonstrations on the part of Government were followed up by a series of petty annoyances and insults, which effectually precluded the possibility of accomplishing much good. The governor was friendly, but weak and cowardly; and we soon found that his protection was really worthless, except as he could hold the petty officers in awe. The bloody ray-woon laughed at his authority, and once actually assembled the troops against him, when the poor governor yielded. Both Christians and inquirers, however, still came to us in private; and many a man, who refused to take even a book from the teacher's hands, would watch his opportunity, when going out, to snatch one from a box placed near the door for that purpose, and hide it in his dress, congratulating himself, no doubt, that he was unsuspected even by us."

Under these circumstances, the only hope lay in a visit to Ava. Mr. Judson's heart was set upon this. He believed that it was the only way by which the Gospel could be established in Burmah proper; besides, in the completion of his dictionary, he desired to avail himself of the help of the scholars and the literature to be found only at the capital. And bitter indeed was his disappointment when the policy of retrenchment at home not only prevented his pushing on to Ava, but also compelled him to retreat from Rangoon. It was with an almost broken heart that this wise and intrepid leader, after this last fruitless effort to break the serried ranks of Burman intolerance, returned to Maulmain in obedience to the timid and narrow policy of his brethren in America. He wrote:

"I am persuaded, as I have been for years past, that the only way to keep footing in Rangoon is to obtain some countenance at Ava. My principal object in

coming hither was to ascertain the practicability and probable advantage of proceeding to the capital. The present governor has given his permission, and the season favorable for going up the river is not far distant. But at the approaching crisis, I find myself destitute of the requisite means. The Board have approved the measure, but have not been able to accompany their approval with the needful remittance. On the contrary, I learn from my last letters from Maulmain, that the annual appropriation for the Burman mission is ten thousand rupees less than the current expenses require. The brethren have been obliged to retrench in every department, instead of being able to make an appropriation for a new enterprise. My extra expense in Rangoon for assistants and house-rent is eighty-six rupees a month, and they have been able to allow me seventeen and a half only. The Mission Secretary writes me that for anything beyond that sum I must look, not to their treasury, but to the Board. Instead, therefore, of entering on a new and expensive undertaking, I find myself unable to remain in Rangoon. But no; I might hope that an appeal home would provide the means for remaining here; but in present circumstances, unable to remain to any advantage without making friends at Ava, and having no hope that the Board will be able to commence a new station, or even sustain the old ones much longer, there remains nothing for me but to fall back upon Maulmain.

"It is my growing conviction that the Baptist churches in America are behind the age in missionary spirit. They now and then make a spasmodic effort to throw off a nightmare debt of some years' accumulation, and then sink back into unconscious repose. Then come paralyzing orders to re-trench; new enterprises are checked in their very conception, and applicants for missionary employ are advised to wait, and soon become merged in the ministry at home. Several cases of that sort I encountered during my late visit to the

United States. This state of things can not last always. The Baptist missions will probably pass into the hands of other denominations, or be temporarily suspended; and those who have occupied the van will fall back into the rear. Nebuchadnezzar will be driven out from men, to eat grass like an ox, until seven times pass over him. But he will, at length, recover his senses, and be restored to the throne of his kingdom, and reign over the whole earth."

And how deeply his heroic nature mourned over the signal to retreat may be seen in the description of the situation at Rangoon, as given by her who shared-with him this bitter experience:

"Dr. Judson, when he could keep down his groans, used to speak of our position as 'the pass of the Splugen,' and say he had no doubt we should find sunny vales and fruited vineyards the other side. The Government was certainly very bad, and our prospects, at the best, misty; yet as soon as his health and the children's began to amend, our courage revived. We could not bear, now we had gone so far, and been through so much, to think of retreating, without an effort to get to Ava. For myself, as I believe is natural to the practical minds of women, I sat down to examine the worst features of the case in detail. We should of course be subjected to inconceivable annoyances, but we must trust Providence to give us wise thoughts. We very likely might be banished; but we could always hold ourselves in readiness to go, and the loss of the few goods we had would not be much. Possibly we should be imprisoned; but I did not think that very likely, and we should always have means of informing our friends in Maulmain. Death was the worst. We *must* endure it some time. If it came a little earlier, it would be in a good cause; and there would be faithful Christians about us, who would never rest till they had

taken the children to Maulmain. The way seemed clear to me. Dr. Judson said it was scarcely possible for us to encounter the complication of troubles that we had already passed through in Rangoon. Ava, he said, was always better governed than Rangoon; and this starving of people during Lent had never occurred before in all his missionary-life, and was not likely to occur again; besides, the rains were less heavy, and consequently the rainy season less sickly. In addition to this, he had a friend at court—a Burman of rank, who loved him, and was exerting himself to the utmost to gain respect for the 'wise man,' and to explain that Americans were not Englishmen. The plan of going to Ava really seemed, on the whole, feasible. Accordingly Dr. Judson used his first returning strength to call on the governor, to obtain permission to go. Not that we could not go without permission; but it was polite and conciliatory to ask, and in the permission would be an implied exemption from annoyance in getting away, and protection—probably that of a Government flag or official umbrella—on the river. The Lent was not yet over; but what with boxes of biscuit from Maulmain, bribing a Mussulman—a rascally fellow, who afterward came and robbed us of our dearly-bought treasure—to obtain fowls for us secretly, and the improved health of some of us, we began to be quite valorous. As Dr. Judson expressed it, 'our faces began to shine.' Indeed, we had not been very desponding any of the time. Never, except during an occasional hour, when his illness was most alarming, did his courage falter. It was delightful to be so directly in the hands of God. Then, we had not expected much when we left Maulmain. The church in Rangoon had been aroused, a few baptisms had taken place, and several more hopeful conversions; and the *way* to Ava, if not the golden city itself, was open before us.

"The letter from Maulmain with no appropriation for our contemplated expedition, and giving us only twenty

rupees to cover the eighty-six rupees we were even then monthly expending, came upon us like a sudden tornado in a sunny day. Oddly enough, it had not once occurred to us that the *money* could be wanting. You will readily appreciate the one broad feature of the case, which would have made the blow heavy to any sincere Christian having much of the missionary spirit; but to my husband there was additional bitterness in the manner of his disappointment, and in the hands from which it came. 'I thought they loved me,' he would say, mournfully, 'and they would scarcely have known it if I had died.' 'All through our troubles, I was comforted with the thought that my brethren in Maulmain, and in America, were praying for us, and they have never once thought of us.' At other times he would draw startling pictures of missionaries abandoning the spirit of their mission, and sacrificing everything to some darling project; and at others he would talk hopelessly of the impulsive nature of the home movements, and then pray, in a voice of agony, that these sins of the children of God might not be visited on the heathen. This was an unnatural state of excitement—for *him* peculiarly unnatural—and he was not long in recovering from it. He very soon began to devise apologies for everybody, and said we must remember that so far as *we* were concerned, or the missionary cause itself, God had done this thing, and done it, as He always does, for good. It was not His will that we should go to Ava then, and we had no right to complain of the means He made use of to prevent it. He insisted, too, that our obedience was not to be yielded grudgingly; that it must be a cheerful acquiescence in all that God had done, and a sincere, careful study of the indications of His providence afterward, without any suspicion that our ways were hedged by anything harder or thornier than His love and mercy. By the time he had an opportunity to send letters to Maulmain and Boston, his mind was restored to its usual serenity. My

impression, however, is, that his first letter to the Board was written in a slightly discouraged tone. He wrote more hopefully to Maulmain, but I have sometimes thought that his generosity took the point from his letter, and that his meaning was not understood in saying that it was *for the best*. I think now that they mistook resignation to God for a personal willingness to abandon the enterprise."

Two years afterward, only a few months before his death, he received permission from the Board to go to Ava. It was couched in the following resolutions:

1. "That the Executive Committee accede to the proposition of Dr. Judson to visit Ava, for the purpose of perfecting his Burman dictionary.
2. "That the sum of one thousand rupees be appropriated to defray the expense of said visit.
3. "That the Foreign Secretary be requested to assure Dr. Judson of the earnest wish of the Committee, that he should carefully avoid all that may jeopard his life, or interfere with his invaluable labors."

But this permission came too late. The opportunity of penetrating Burmah proper had passed, and the aid of an excellent Burmese scholar, once a priest at Ava, had been secured at Maulmain, and then the toiling translator replied to the resolutions as follows:

"Considering, therefore, the uncertainty of life, and the state of my manuscripts, so effaced by time, or so erased and interlined as to be illegible to any other person but myself, I have thought it was my duty to forego, for the present, what I can not but regard as an interesting expedition, in order to drive forward the heavy work of the dictionary in the most satisfactory manner, and without increasing the hazard of any

serious interruption."

Thus after spending half a year of toil and suffering at Rangoon, he was compelled to fall back upon Maulmain. He arrived there with his family on September 5, 1847.

From the time of his return to Maulmain until his last sickness, he worked steadily at the dictionary. Again and again in his letters he alludes to this colossal undertaking.

"Since my return from America, with the exception of a visit of a few months at Rangoon, I have been occupying my old stand, engaged chiefly in preparing a Burmese dictionary, which is now in the press; that is, the English and Burmese part. The Burmese and English part will, I hope, be ready for the press in the course of another year. They will make two quarto volumes of five or six hundred pages each.... I am still hard at work on the dictionary, and shall be for above a year to come, if I live so long. The work will make two volumes quarto, containing above a thousand pages. No one can tell what toil it has cost me. But I trust it will be a valuable and standard work for a long time. It sweetens all toil to be conscious that we are laboring for the King of kings, the Lord of lords. I doubt not we find it so, whether in Maulmain or in Philadelphia."...

"I have taken shelter in the house lately occupied by brother Simons, though remote from missionary operations, where I intend to make an effort to finish the dictionary."

His wife, in one of her letters, thus describes his indefatigable industry:

"*July 18, 1849.*

.... "'The goodman' works like a galley slave; and really it quite distresses me sometimes, but he seems to

get fat on it, so I try not to worry. He walks—or rather *runs*—like a boy over the hills, a mile or two every morning; then down to his books, scratch-scratch, puzzle-puzzle, and when he gets deep in the mire, out on the veranda with your humble servant by his side, walking and talking (kan-ing we call it in the Burman) till the point is elucidated, and then down again—and so on till ten o'clock in the evening. It is this *walking* which is keeping him out of the grave."

At the same time he took a general oversight of the mission work in Maulmain, being, in the nature of the case, a guiding and inspiring force. He preached occasionally in the native chapel, "one sermon at least every Lord's day." When his beloved fellow-missionary, Mr. Haswell, was compelled to return home for a short visit on account of his ill health, the whole care of the native church devolved on him.

These literary and pastoral labors were, however, lightened by social and domestic pleasures. Though he had come to the ripe age of sixty, he had within him the fresh heart of a boy. It has been truly said of him that his spirit was intensely, unconquerably youthful. He loved to romp with his children, and early in the morning to brush

"With hasty steps the dew away."

In a life of self-sacrifice he had discovered the perennial fountain of joy. While he followed the narrow path of stern duty, the butterfly pleasure which the worldling chases from flower to flower, had flown into his bosom. Byron, on his thirty-ninth birthday, breathed the sigh:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flower and fruits of life are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief

Are mine alone."

How different Judson's words uttered on his death-bed:

"I suppose they think me an old man, and imagine it is nothing for one like me to resign a life so full of trials. But I am not old—at least in that sense; you know I am not. Oh, no man ever left the world with more inviting prospects, with brighter hopes, or warmer feelings—warmer feelings."

We are indebted for the following description of his personal appearance at this time to Dr. Wayland's Memoir:

"In person, Dr. Judson was of about the medium height, slenderly built, but compactly knitted together. His complexion was in youth fair; but residence in India had given him the sallow hue common to that climate. His hair, when in this country, was yet of a fine chestnut, with scarcely a trace of gray. The elasticity of his movement indicated a man of thirty, rather than of nearly sixty years of age. His deportment was, in a remarkable degree, quiet and self-possessed, and his manner was pointed out as perfectly well bred, by those who consider the cultivation of social accomplishments the serious business of life. A reviewer writes on this subject as follows:

"'A person overtaking Judson in one of his early morning walks, as he strode along the pagoda-capped hills of Maulmain, would have thought the pedestrian before him rather under-sized, and of a build showing no great muscular development; although the pace was good and the step firm, yet there was nothing to indicate great powers of physical endurance, in the somewhat slight and spare frame tramping steadily in front of the observer. The latter would scarcely suppose that he had before him the man who, on the 25th of March, 1826, wrote, "Through the kind interposition of our

heavenly Father, our lives have been preserved in the most imminent danger from the hand of the executioner, and in repeated instances of most alarming illness during my protracted imprisonment of one year and seven months; nine months in three pairs of fetters, two months in five, six months in one, and two months a prisoner at large." Illness nigh unto death, and three or five pairs of fetters to aid in weighing down the shattered and exhausted frame, seemed a dispensation calculated for the endurance of a far more muscular build. But meet the man, instead of overtaking him, or, better still, see him enter a room and bare his head, and the observer at once caught an eye beaming with intelligence, a countenance full of life and expression. Attention could scarce fail of being riveted on that head and face, which told at once that the spiritual and intellectual formed the man; the physical was wholly subordinate, and must have been borne through its trials by the more essential elements of the individual, by the *feu sacre* which predominated in his disposition. Nor was this impression weakened by his conversation. Wisdom and piety were, as might be expected in such a man, its general tone; but there was a vivacity pervading it which indicated strong, buoyant, though well, it may be said very severely, disciplined animal spirits. Wit, too, was there, playful, pure, free from malice, and a certain quiet Cervantic humor, full of benignity, would often enliven and illustrate what he had to say on purely temporal affairs. His conversation was thus both very able and remarkably pleasing.'"

His reputation had extended through the whole of India, and he was held in the highest esteem even by eminent Buddhists, as may be seen in the following letter addressed to him by his Royal Highness, the Crown Prince of Siam, who subsequently became king:

"*August, 1849.*"

.... "I put together with my box, comprising a few artificial flowers, two passion flower, one mogneyet, or surnamed flower, and three roses, manufactured by most celebrated princess the daughter of late second

king, or sub-king, who was my royal uncle, for your memorial, but are, indeed, that I don't know what would be in your necessity from me, beg to let me know without hesitation, I shall endeavor for your desire how my power would allow.

"If you desire to visit Siam some time, don't come by land, as the strangers are prohibited to come by northern way from command of his majesty, and you would be tributed for coming by way of three pagodas, though traveling of strangers by it was allowed by political authority. It would be best if you embark on board the steamer for Singapore, and lodge little while at residence of my beloved friend Tan Tock Sing, whom I can request to comfort or make attention to you respectfully, and take passage by Siamese vessels that visit the Singapore almost every month to our country, and on your ascending and descending to and fro between this post and Singapore you need not expend any of your own, as I can pay or request the owners of ships for you if you let me be aware.

"Whenever do you please to send me packet or letters, or to certain of your friend herein, you shall send by sea to Singapore with the direction thus:

"*To His Royal Highness, T. V. Chaufa Mongkut, of Bangkok, Siam.* Kind care of Tan Tock Sing, of Singapore.

"If you have opportunity to send by land, you shall send by hand of Rahany messengers, or credible traveling trademen of the same, for care of my friend the Rahany chief governor, with Siamese characters in direction as follows [here is inserted the direction in Siamese], because there is none interpreter of English. I am not pleasing the Peguen, or Pegunese, or Mons messenger, who were dignified and appointed to visit Maulmein once for a year from our court, as they generally are proud in vain and ignorant of foreign custom, and wondering or surprising themselves that they are embassadors from the king improper to carry letters from others. I think if you commit your letter or

pack to them, lest they might say or do any laughable.

"All white race at Bangkok, both clergymen and merchant, are well during time of cholera, as the missionaries were generally prevented themselves from filling of disease by using of drinking the dissolved mixture of calomel and opium with some spirit and oil put in water, and others by generally use of brandy.

"On the ninth day of the current month, eight of Roman Catholic French priests disputed away from Siamese kingdom, on account of disagreement with the king, for ordinance the annual taxes, which were ordained upon all inhabitants of district of Bangkok. You will hear exactly from letters, perhaps, of your friends. I have no time to write you more.

"I wrote you so long to fulfill your desire to hear from again as you had requested, in your addressed, as I am seeming to be, your curious but little as I was just studied of some way of English 4 years ago, commencing June, 1845, during one less of which I learned from mouth of my teacher, and on rest but by reading only.

"I have the honour to be your friend,

"T. Y. CHAUFA
MONGKUT."

To his fellow-missionaries his wide experience and affectionate disposition made him an invaluable adviser and friend. When they found themselves in trouble and sorrow they were sure to receive from his lips words of comfort and counsel. To Mrs. Moore, of Maulmain, who had lost her child, he wrote:

"DEAR SISTER: I do sympathize with you while suffering under the loss of your little babe. It is true that it breathed the breath of life a day or two only; but your heart—a *mother's* heart—feels anguish never before conceived of; and as the coffin-lid shuts out the

sweet face from your longing gaze, and bars all further maternal care, the tears you shed will be, O, so bitter!

"You need not my suggestion that God has done this thing in infinite wisdom and love. While, therefore, you mourn, be thankful. A part of yourself has gone before you to heaven. Yours is the early privilege of furnishing a little seraph to occupy its place in Paradise. There it will wait to welcome its mother's arrival. The prayers you have frequently offered for the little creature will yet all be answered; the warm affections now apparently crushed in the bud will expand and bloom in heavenly glory; and every succeeding age of eternity will heighten your song of praise to God for making you the mother of a little immortal, and then, for some special purpose, bearing it away thus early to the grave, and to heaven.

"Your sympathizing friend and brother,

"A. JUDSON."

And to his afflicted fellow-laborer, the Rev. Mr. Osgood, he sends these words of comfort:

"So the light in your dwelling has gone out, my poor brother, and it is all darkness there, only as you draw down by faith some faint gleams of the light of heaven; and coldness has gathered round your hearth-stone; your house is probably desolate, your children scattered, and you a homeless wanderer over the face of the land. We have both tasted of these bitter cups once and again; we have found them bitter, and we have found them sweet too. Every cup stirred by the finger of God becomes sweet to the humble believer. Do you remember how our late wives, and sister Stevens, and perhaps some others, used to cluster around the well-curb in the mission compound at the close of day? I can almost see them sitting there, with their smiling faces, as I look out of the window at which I am now writing. Where are ours now? Clustering around the well-curb of

the fountain of living water, to which the Lamb of heaven shows them the way—reposing in the arms of infinite love, who wipes away all their tears with His own hand.

"Let us travel on and look up. We shall soon be there. As sure as I write or you read these lines, we shall soon be there. Many a weary step we may yet have to take, but we shall surely get there at last. And the longer and more tedious the way, the sweeter will be our repose."

The great pressure of his public cares and other labors did not make him moody or absent-minded at home. His love for his children was deep and tender. To his daughter Abby, who was living at Bradford in the old homestead of the Hasseltine family, he wrote as follows:

.... "We are a deliciously happy family; but we think much of the three dear absent ones, and my tears frequently fall for your dear, dear mother in her lone bed at St. Helena. And any time I enter the burial-place here, I see the white gravestone of poor little black-eyed Charlie. Ah, we had to leave the poor little fellow to die in the arms of Mrs. Osgood. It was hard, but we could not help it. God's will be done. He is now happy with his mother. If you should die, would you go to them too? O that I could hear of your and your brothers' conversion!

"You can never know how much I want to see you, how much I think of you, how much I pray for you, always when I pray for myself. O my dear daughter, my motherless daughter, meet me at the throne of grace; meet me in the bosom of Jesus, and we shall live in His blessed presence on high, together with your dear mother, lost to us for a time, but not forever; whose spirit ever watches over you, and will rejoice with joy yet unfelt, when you turn to the Saviour and give your heart to Him.

"Your longing, hoping father,
A. JUDSON."

Nor does he forget his boys who are pursuing their studies in Worcester:

"Is it possible that I have letters from you at last? I had waited so long that I began to think it would never be. And I am so glad to hear of your welfare, and especially that you have both been under religious impressions, and that Elnathan begins to entertain a hope in Christ! O, this is the most blessed news. Go on, my dear boys, and not rest until you have made your calling and election sure. I believe that you both and Abby Ann will become true Christians, and meet me in heaven; for I never pray without praying for your conversion, and I think I pray in faith. Go to school, attend to your studies, be good scholars, try to get a good education; but, O, heaven is all. Life, life, eternal life! Without this, without an interest in the Lord of life, you are lost, lost forever. Dear Adoniram, give your heart at once to the Saviour. Don't go to sleep without doing it. Try, try for your life. Don't mind what anybody may say to the contrary, nor how much foolish boys may laugh at you. Love the dear Saviour, who has loved you unto death. Dear sons, so soon as you have a good hope in Christ that your sins are pardoned, and that Christ loves you, urge your pastor and the church to baptize and receive you into communion. They will hold back, thinking you are too young, and must give more evidence. But don't be discouraged. Push on. Determine to do it. *Determine to stand by Christ, come what will.* That is the way to get to heaven.... Will Elnathan tell me what little book it was that was so much blessed to him? I have forgotten what I sent him. I have sent you copies of your mother's Memoir. You will be delighted to read it, so beautifully and so truthfully is it written. Ever love to cherish the memory

of your own dear mother—how much she loved you to the last gasp—and prepare to follow her to heaven.

"Your fond father,

A. JUDSON."

And the two little boys who formed a part of the family group at Maulmain, often found in their father an ardent companion in their play. One of them well remembers how his father used to come into his room in the morning and greet him upon his first awakening with a delicious piece of Burmese cake, or with the joyful tidings that a rat had been caught in a trap the night before! He wrote to Mr. Stevens in Rangoon:

"I have to hold a meeting with the rising generation every evening, and that takes time. Henry can say, 'Twinkle, twinkle,' all himself, and Edward can repeat it after his father! Giants of genius! paragons of erudition!"

On December 24, 1847, Emily Frances Judson[68] was born at Maulmain. The happy mother addressed to her infant the following exquisite lines, which have been since treasured in so many hearts in many lands:

My Bird.

"Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest.
And folded, O, so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.
"From morn till evening's purple tinge
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.
"There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;

O God, Thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!
"This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven—
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me—to me. Thy hand hath given.
"The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;—
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine.
"A silent awe is in my room;
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future with its light and gloom,—
Time and Eternity are here.
"Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer:
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel-plumage there!"

But dark shadows began to gather around the path of the missionary. Soon after the birth of Emily, Mrs. Judson's health began to decline. Mr. Judson thus wrote to her friend, Miss Anable:

"A crushing weight is upon me. I can not resist the dreadful conviction that dear Emily is in a settled and rapid decline. For nearly a year after the birth of baby, she enjoyed pretty good health, and I flattered myself that she would be spared for many years. But three or four months ago her appetite almost entirely failed her. Soon after, baby was taken very ill, and in the midst of it our usual help left us, and she was obliged to undergo a great deal of severe fatigue; and I see now that she has been declining ever since. She soon became unable to take our usual walks, and I procured a pony for her, and she tried riding, but without any good effect. I next sent her to Tavoy in a steamer, on a visit to the missionaries there. She was gone ten days, and returned thinner in flesh and weaker than ever. I now take her

out every morning in a chaise, and this is all the exercise she can bear. She is under the care of a very skilful doctor, who appears to be making every possible effort to save her; but the symptoms are such that I have scarcely any hope left. She is thinner than she has ever been; strength almost gone; no appetite; various pains in the region of the lungs; a dry cough, which has hung on pertinaciously for two or three months. She was preparing some 'Notes,' to append to the Memoir, but has been obliged to leave them unfinished, being unable to write, or even read, without aggravating her pains. I look around in despair. If a change to any place promised the least relief, I would go anywhere. But we are here in the healthiest part of India, and in the dry, warm season; and she suffers so much at sea that a voyage would hardly be recommended for itself. My only hope is, that the doctor declares that her lungs are not seriously affected, and that as soon as her system is fairly brought under the influence of the course of medicine he is pursuing—digitalis being a principal ingredient—there will be a favorable result. I shall dissuade her from writing by this month's mail, though she has mentioned that she wants to write to you and her family. Nor does she know that I am writing to you. Her family I don't want to distress at present. She may get better. But I suffer so much myself, that I felt it would be some relief to sit down and tell you all about it.... When she was at Tavoy, she made up her mind that she must die soon, and that is now her prevailing expectation; but she contemplates the event with composure and resignation. Within a few months she has grown much in devotional feelings, and in longing desires to be wholly conformed to the will of Christ. She had formerly some doubts about the genuineness of her early conversion, but they have all left her; and though she feels that in her circumstances prolonged life is exceedingly desirable, she is quite willing to leave all at the Saviour's call. Praise be to God for His love to her."

Little did he imagine while he cherished these doleful forebodings, that, in the journey through the valley of the shadow of death, he was to precede his wife by several years. In November, 1849, only a few months after he wrote the above lines, he was attacked by the disease, which, after a period of a little over four months, culminated in his death. One night, while sharing with Mrs. Judson the care of one of the children who had been taken suddenly ill, he caught a severe cold. This settled on his lungs and produced a terrible cough with some fever. After three or four days, he was attacked with dysentery, and before this was subdued a congestive fever set in, from which he never recovered. A trip down the coast of Mergui afforded only partial relief. He tried the sea air of Amherst, but only sank the more rapidly, and then hastened back to Maulmain. The following is his last communication to the Board:

To the Corresponding Secretary.

"MAULMAIN, *February* 21, 1850.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: I can not manage a pen; so please to excuse pencil. I have been prostrated with fever ever since the latter part of last November, and have suffered so much that I have frequently remarked that I was never ill in India before. Through the mercy of God, I think I am convalescent for the last ten days; but the doctor and all my friends are very urgent that I should take a sea voyage of a month or two, and be absent from this a long time. May God direct in the path of duty. My hand is failing; so I will beg to remain

"Yours affectionately,

"A. JUDSON."

His only hope now lay in a long sea voyage. He was never so happy as when upon the deep. The ocean breezes had never failed to invigorate him. But

it was a sore trial to part with his wife and children when there was but little prospect of ever seeing them again. There was, however, no alternative. A French barque, the *Aristide Marie*, was to sail from Maulmain on the 3d of April. The dying missionary was carried on board by his weeping disciples, accompanied only by Mr. Ranney, of the Maulmain mission. There were unfortunate delays in going down the river; so that several days were lost. Meantime that precious life was ebbing rapidly away. It was not until Monday, the 8th, that the vessel got out to sea. Then came head winds and sultry weather, and after four days and nights of intense agony, Mr. Judson breathed his last on the 12th of April, and on the same day his body was buried in the sea. He died within a week from the time that he parted with his wife, and almost four months of terrible suspense elapsed before she learned of his death. The tidings were sent to her by the Rev. Dr. Mackay, a Scotch Presbyterian minister of Calcutta. Who can fathom her experience of suffering during those weary months of waiting! On the 22d of April, within three weeks of the time when she said farewell to her husband, exactly ten days after his body without her knowledge had found its resting-place in the sea, she gave birth to her second child, whom she named Charles, for her father. But the same day his little spirit, as though unwilling to linger amid such scenes of desolation, took its upward flight to be forever united with the parent who had entered the gates of Paradise only a little in advance. The same lyre that had echoed such glad music upon the birth of Emily, breathed the following soft, pensive strains of sorrow:

Angel Charlie.

“He came—a beauteous vision—
Then vanished from my sight,
His wing one moment cleaving
The blackness of my night;
My glad ear caught its rustle,
Then sweeping by, he stole
The dew-drop that his coming
Had cherished in my soul.
“Oh, he had been my solace
When grief my spirit swayed,
And on his fragile being
Had tender hopes been stayed;
Where thought, where feeling lingered
His form was sure to glide,
And in the lone night-watches
’Twas ever by my side.
“He came; but as the blossom
Its petals closes up,
And hides them from the tempest,
Within its sheltering cup,
So he his spirit gathered
Back to his frightened breast,
And passed from earth’s grim threshold,
To be the Saviour’s guest.
“My boy—ah, me! the sweetness,
The anguish of that word!—
My boy, when in strange night-dreams
My slumbering soul is stirred;
When music floats around me,
When soft lips touch my brow,
And whisper gentle greetings,
Oh, tell me, is it thou?
“I know, by one sweet token,
My Charlie is not dead;
One golden clue he left me,
As on his track he sped;
Were he some gem or blossom
But fashioned for to-day,
My love would slowly perish
With his dissolving clay.

"Oh, by this deathless yearning,
Which is not idly given;
By the delicious nearness
My spirit feels to heaven;
By dreams that throng my night sleep,
By visions of the day,
By whispers when I'm erring,
By promptings when I pray;—
"I know this life so cherished,
Which sprang beneath my heart,
Which formed of my own being
So beautiful a part;
This precious, winsome creature,
My unfledged, voiceless dove,
Lifts now a seraph's pinion
And warbles lays of love.
"Oh, I would not recall thee,
My glorious angel boy!
Thou needest not my bosom,
Rare bird of light and joy;
Here dash I down the tear-drops,
Still gathering in my eyes;
Blest—oh! how blest!—in adding
A seraph to the skies!"

The following account of the closing scenes in Dr. Judson's life was communicated to his sister by Mrs. Judson:

"MAULMAIN, *September* 20, 1850.

"MY DEAR SISTER: Last month I could do no more than announce to you our painful bereavement, which, though not altogether unexpected, will, I very well know, fall upon your heart with overwhelming weight. You will find the account of your brother's last days on board the *Aristide Marie*, in a letter written by Mr. Ranney, from Mauritius, to the Secretary of the Board; and I can add nothing to it, with the exception of a few unimportant particulars, gleaned in conversations with Mr. Ranney and the Coringa servant. I grieve that it

should be so—that I was not permitted to watch beside him during those days of terrible suffering; but the pain which I at first felt is gradually yielding to gratitude for the inestimable privileges which had previously been granted me.

"There was something exceedingly beautiful in the decline of your brother's life—more beautiful than I can describe, though the impression will remain with me as a sacred legacy until I go to meet him where suns shall never set, and life shall never end. He had been, from my first acquaintance with him, an uncommonly spiritual Christian, exhibiting his richest graces in the unguarded intercourse of private life; but during his last year, it seemed as though the light of the world on which he was entering had been sent to brighten his upward pathway. Every subject on which we conversed, every book we read, every incident that occurred, whether trivial or important, had a tendency to suggest some peculiarly spiritual train of thought, till it seemed to me that, more than ever before, 'Christ was all his theme.' Something of the same nature was also noted in his preaching, to which I then had not the privilege of listening. He was in the habit, however, of studying his subject for the Sabbath, audibly, and in my presence, at which time he was frequently so much affected as to weep, and sometimes so overwhelmed with the vastness of his conceptions as to be obliged to abandon his theme and choose another. My own illness at the commencement of the year had brought eternity very near to us, and rendered death, the grave, and the bright heaven beyond it, familiar subjects of conversation. Gladly would I give you, my dear sister, some idea of the share borne by him in those memorable conversations; but it would be impossible to convey, even to those who knew him best, the most distant conception of them. I believe he has sometimes been thought eloquent, both in conversation and in the sacred desk; but the fervid, burning eloquence, the deep

pathos, the touching tenderness, the elevation of thought, and intense beauty of expression, which characterized those private teachings, were not only beyond what I had ever heard before, but such as I felt sure arrested his own attention, and surprised even himself. About this time he began to find unusual satisfaction and enjoyment in his private devotions, and seemed to have new objects of interest continually rising in his mind, each of which in turn became special subjects of prayer. Among these, one of the most prominent was the conversion of his posterity. He remarked that he had always prayed for his children, but that of late he had felt impressed with the duty of praying for their children and their children's children down to the latest generation. He also prayed most fervently that his impressions on this particular subject might be transferred to his sons and daughters, and thence to their offspring, so that he should ultimately meet a long, unbroken line of descendants before the throne of God, where all might join together in ascribing everlasting praises to their Redeemer.

"Another subject, which occupied a large share of his attention, was that of brotherly love. You are, perhaps, aware that, like all persons of his ardent temperament, he was subject to strong attachments and aversions, which he sometimes had difficulty in bringing under the controlling influence of divine grace. He remarked that he had always felt more or less of an affectionate interest in his brethren, as brethren, and some of them he had loved very dearly for their personal qualities; but he was now aware that he had never placed his standard of love high enough. He spoke of them as children of God, redeemed by the Saviour's blood, watched over and guarded by His love, dear to His heart, honored by Him in the election, and to be honored hereafter before the assembled universe; and he said it was not sufficient to be kind and obliging to such, to abstain from evil speaking, and make a general

mention of them in our prayers; but our attachment to them should be of the most ardent and exalted character; it would be so in heaven, and we lost immeasurably by not beginning now. 'As I have loved you, so ought ye also to love one another,' was a precept continually in his mind, and he would often murmur, as though unconsciously, '"As I have loved you,"—"as I have loved you,"'—then burst out with the exclamation, 'O, the love of Christ! the love of Christ!'

"His prayers for the mission were marked by an earnest, grateful enthusiasm, and in speaking of missionary operations in general, his tone was one of elevated triumph, almost of exultation; for he not only felt an unshaken confidence in their final success, but would often exclaim, 'What wonders—O, what wonders God has already wrought!'

"I remarked that during this year his literary labor, which he had never liked, and upon which he had entered unwillingly and from a feeling of necessity, was growing daily more irksome to him; and he always spoke of it as his 'heavy work,' his 'tedious work,' 'that wearisome dictionary,' etc., though this feeling led to no relaxation of effort. He longed, however, to find some more spiritual employment, to be engaged in what he considered more legitimate missionary labor, and drew delightful pictures of the future, when his whole business would be but to preach and to pray.

"During all this time I had not observed any failure in physical strength; and though his mental exercises occupied a large share of my thoughts when alone, it never once occurred to me that this might be the brightening of the setting sun; my only feeling was that of pleasure, that one so near to me was becoming so pure and elevated in his sentiments, and so lovely and Christ-like in his character. In person he had grown somewhat stouter than when in America; his complexion had a healthful hue, compared with that of his associates generally; and though by no means a

person of uniformly firm health, he seemed to possess such vigor and strength of constitution, that I thought his life as likely to be extended twenty years longer, as that of any member of the mission. He continued his system of morning exercise, commenced when a student at Andover, and was not satisfied with a common walk on level ground, but always chose an up-hill path, and then frequently went bounding on his way with all the exuberant activity of boyhood.

"He was of a singularly happy temperament, although not of that even cast which never rises above a certain level, and is never depressed. Possessing acute sensibilities, suffering with those who suffered, and entering as readily into the joys of the prosperous and happy, he was variable in his moods; but religion formed such an essential element in his character, and his trust in Providence was so implicit and habitual, that he was never gloomy, and seldom more than momentarily disheartened. On the other hand, being accustomed to regard all the events of this life, however minute or painful, as ordered in wisdom, and tending to one great and glorious end, he lived in almost constant obedience to the apostolic injunction, 'Rejoice evermore!' He often told me that although he had endured much personal suffering, and passed through many fearful trials in the course of his eventful life, a kind Providence had also hedged him round with precious, peculiar blessings, so that his joys had far outnumbered his sorrows.

"Toward the close of September of last year, he said to me one evening, 'What deep cause have we for gratitude to God! Do you believe there are any other two persons in the wide world so happy as we are?' enumerating, in his own earnest manner, several sources of happiness, in which our work as missionaries, and our eternal prospects, occupied a prominent position. When he had finished his glowing picture, I remarked—I scarcely know why, but there

was a heavy cloud upon my spirits that evening—'We are certainly very happy now, but it can not be so always. I am thinking of the time when one of us must stand beside the bed, and see the other die.'

"'Yes,' he said, 'that will be a sad moment; I felt it most deeply a little while ago, but now it would not be strange if your life were prolonged beyond mine—though I should wish, if it were possible, to spare you that pain. It is the one left alone who suffers, not the one who goes to be with Christ. If it should only be the will of God that we might go together, like young James and his wife! But He will order all things well, and we can safely trust our future to His hands.'

"That same night we were roused from sleep by the sudden illness of one of the children. There was an unpleasant, chilling dampness in the air, as it came to us through the openings in the sloats above the windows, which affected your brother very sensibly; and he soon began to shiver so violently that he was obliged to return to his couch, where he remained under a warm covering until morning. In the morning he awoke with a severe cold, accompanied by some degree of fever; but as it did not seem very serious, and our three children were all suffering from a similar cause, we failed to give it any especial attention. From that time he was never well, though in writing to you before, I think I dated the commencement of his illness from the month of November, when he laid aside his studies. I know that he regarded this attack as trifling; and yet one evening he spent a long time in advising me with regard to my future course, if I should be deprived of his guidance, saying that it is always wise to be prepared for exigencies of this nature. After the month of November, he failed gradually, occasionally rallying in such a manner as to deceive us all, but at each relapse sinking lower than at the previous one, though still full of hope and courage, and yielding ground only inch by inch, as compelled by the

triumphant progress of disease. During some hours of every day he suffered intense pain; but his naturally buoyant spirits and uncomplaining disposition led him to speak so lightly of it, that I used sometimes to fear that the doctor, though a very skilful man, would be fatally deceived.

"As his health declined, his mental exercises at first seemed deepened; and he gave still larger portions of his time to prayer, conversing with the utmost freedom on his daily progress, and the extent of his self-conquest. Just before our trip to Mergui, which took place in January, he looked up from his pillow one day with sudden animation, and said to me earnestly, 'I have gained the victory at last. I love every one of Christ's redeemed, as I believe He would have me love them—in the same manner, though not probably to the same degree, as we shall love one another in heaven; and gladly would I prefer the meanest of His creatures, who bears His name, before myself.' This he said in allusion to the text, 'In honor preferring one another,' on which he had frequently dwelt with great emphasis. After further similar conversation, he concluded: 'And now here I lie at peace with all the world, and what is better still, at peace with my own conscience. I know that I am a miserable sinner in the sight of God, with no hope but in the blessed Saviour's merits; but I can not think of any particular fault, any peculiarly besetting sin, which it is now my duty to correct. Can you tell me of any?'

"And truly, from this time no other word would so well express his state of feeling as that one of his own choosing—*peace*. He had no particular exercises afterward, but remained calm and serene, speaking of himself daily as a great sinner, who had been overwhelmed with benefits, and declaring that he had never in all his life before had such delightful views of the unfathomable love and infinite condescension of the Saviour as were now daily opening before him. 'O, the

love of Christ! the love of Christ!' he would suddenly exclaim, while his eye kindled, and the tears chased each other down his cheeks; 'we can not understand it now—but what a beautiful study for eternity!'

"After our return from Mergui, the doctor advised a still further trial of the effects of sea air and sea bathing; and we accordingly proceeded to Amherst, where we remained nearly a month. This to me was the darkest period of his illness—no medical adviser, no friend, at hand, and he daily growing weaker and weaker. He began to totter in walking, clinging to the furniture and walls, when he thought he was unobserved (for he was not willing to acknowledge the extent of his debility), and his wan face was of a ghastly paleness. His sufferings, too, were sometimes fearfully intense, so that, in spite of his habitual self-control, his groans would fill the house. At other times a kind of lethargy seemed to steal over him, and he would sleep almost incessantly for twenty-four hours, seeming annoyed if he were aroused or disturbed. Yet there were portions of the time when he was comparatively comfortable, and conversed intelligently; but his mind seemed to revert to former scenes, and he tried to amuse me with stories of his boyhood, his college days, his imprisonment in France, and his early missionary life. He had a great deal also to say on his favorite theme, 'the love of Christ'; but his strength was too much impaired for any continuous mental effort. Even a short prayer, made audibly, exhausted him to such a degree that he was obliged to discontinue the practice.

"At length I wrote to Maulmain, giving some expression of my anxieties and misgivings, and our kind missionary friends, who had from the first evinced all the tender interest and watchful sympathy of the nearest kindred, immediately sent for us—the doctor advising a sea voyage. But as there was no vessel in the harbor bound for a port sufficiently distant, we thought it best, in the meantime, to remove from our old

dwelling, which had long been condemned as unhealthy, to another mission-house, fortunately empty. This change was, at first, attended with the most beneficial results; and our hopes revived so much, that we looked forward to the approaching rainy season for entire restoration. But it lasted only a little while; and then both of us became convinced that, though a voyage at sea involved much that was exceedingly painful, it yet presented the only prospect of recovery, and could not, therefore, without a breach of duty, be neglected.

"'O, if it were only the will of God to take me now—to let me die here!' he repeated over and over again, in a tone of anguish, while we were considering the subject. 'I can not, can not go! This is almost more than I can bear! Was there ever suffering like our suffering?' and the like broken expressions, were continually falling from his lips. But he soon gathered more strength of purpose; and after the decision was fairly made, he never hesitated for a moment, rather regarding the prospect with pleasure. I think the struggle which this resolution cost injured him very materially; though probably it had no share in bringing about the final result. God, who saw the end from the beginning, had counted out his days, and they were hastening to a close. Until this time he had been able to stand, and to walk slowly from room to room; but as he one evening attempted to rise from his chair, he was suddenly deprived of his small remnant of muscular strength, and would have fallen to the floor but for timely support.

"From that moment his decline was rapid. As he lay helplessly upon his couch, and watched the swelling of his feet, and other alarming symptoms, he became very anxious to commence his voyage, and I felt equally anxious to have his wishes gratified. I still hoped he might recover; the doctor said the chances of life and death were, in his opinion, equally balanced. And then

he always loved the sea so dearly! There was something exhilarating to him in the motion of a vessel, and he spoke with animation of getting free from the almost suffocating atmosphere incident to the hot season, and drinking in the fresh sea breezes. He talked but little more, however, than was necessary to indicate his wants, his bodily sufferings being too great to allow of conversation; but several times he looked up to me with a bright smile, and exclaimed, as heretofore, 'O, the love of Christ! the love of Christ!'

"I found it difficult to ascertain, from expressions casually dropped from time to time, his real opinion with regard to his recovery; but I thought there was some reason to doubt whether he was fully aware of his critical situation. I did not suppose he had any preparation to make at this late hour, and I felt sure that, if he should be called ever so unexpectedly, he would not enter the presence of his Maker with a ruffled spirit; but I could not bear to have him go away without knowing how doubtful it was whether our next meeting would not be in eternity; and perhaps, too, in my own distress, I might still have looked for words of encouragement and sympathy to a source which had never before failed.

"It was late in the night, and I had been performing some little sick-room offices, when suddenly he looked up to me, and exclaimed, 'This will never do! You are killing yourself for me, and I will not permit it. You must have some one to relieve you. If I had not been made selfish by suffering, I should have insisted upon it long ago.'

"He spoke so like himself, with the earnestness of health, and in a tone to which my ear had of late been a stranger, that for a moment I felt almost bewildered with sudden hope. He received my reply to what he had said with a half-pitying, half-gratified smile; but in the meantime his expression had changed—the marks of excessive debility were again apparent, and I could not

forbear adding, ‘It is only a little while, you know.’

“‘Only a little while,’ he repeated mournfully; ‘this separation is a bitter thing, but it does not distress me now as it did—I am too weak.’ ‘You have no reason to be distressed,’ I answered, ‘with such glorious prospects before you. You have often told me it is the one left alone who suffers, not the one who goes to be with Christ.’ He gave me a rapid, questioning glance, then assumed for several moments an attitude of deep thought. Finally, he slowly unclosed his eyes, and fixing them on me, said in a calm, earnest tone, ‘I do not believe I am going to die. I think I know why this illness has been sent upon me; I needed it; I feel that it has done me good; and it is my impression that I shall now recover, and be a better and more useful man.’

“‘Then it is your wish to recover?’ I inquired. ‘If it should be the will of God, yes. I should like to complete the dictionary, on which I have bestowed so much labor, now that it is so nearly done; for though it has not been a work that pleased my taste, or quite satisfied my feelings, I have never underrated its importance. Then after that come all the plans that we have formed. O, I feel as if I were only just beginning to be prepared for usefulness.’

“‘It is the opinion of most of the mission,’ I remarked, ‘that you will not recover.’ ‘I know it is,’ he replied; ‘and I suppose they think me an old man, and imagine it is nothing for one like me to resign a life so full of trials. But I am not old—at least in that sense; you know I am not. O, no man ever left this world, with more inviting prospects, with brighter hopes or warmer feelings—warmer feelings,’ he repeated, and burst into tears.[69] His face was perfectly placid, even while the tears broke away from the closed lids, and rolled, one after another, down to the pillow. There was no trace of agitation or pain in his manner of weeping, but it was evidently the result of acute sensibilities, combined with great physical weakness. To some suggestions

which I ventured to make, he replied: 'It is not that—I know all that, and feel it in my inmost heart. Lying here on my bed, when I could not talk, I have had such views of the loving condescension of Christ, and the glories of heaven, as I believe are seldom granted to mortal man. It is not because I shrink from death that I wish to live, neither is it because the ties that bind me here, though some of them are very sweet, bear any comparison with the drawings I at times feel toward heaven; but a few years would not be missed from my eternity of bliss, and I can well afford to spare them, both for your sake and for the sake of the poor Burmans. I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world; yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from his school. Perhaps I feel something like the young bride, when she contemplates resigning the pleasant associations of her childhood for a yet dearer home—though only a very little like her, for *there is no doubt resting on my future*.' 'Then death would not take you by surprise,' I remarked, 'if it should come even before you could get on board ship?' 'O, no,' he said, 'death will never take me by surprise—do not be afraid of that—I feel *so strong in Christ*. He has not led me so tenderly thus far, to forsake me at the very gate of heaven. No, no; I am willing to live a few years longer, if it should be so ordered; and if otherwise, I am willing and glad to die now. I leave myself entirely in the hands of God, to be disposed of according to His holy will.'

"The next day some one mentioned, in his presence, that the native Christians were greatly opposed to the voyage, and that many other persons had a similar feeling with regard to it. I thought he seemed troubled, and after the visitor had withdrawn, I inquired if he still felt as when he conversed with me the night previous. He replied, 'O, yes; that was no evanescent feeling. It has been with me, to a greater or less extent, for years, and will be with me, I trust, to the end. I am ready to

go *to-day*—if it should be the will of God, this very hour; but I am not *anxious* to die; at least when I am not beside myself with pain.'

"'Then why are you so desirous to go to sea? I should think it would be a matter of indifference to you.' 'No,' he answered quietly, 'my judgment tells me it would be wrong not to go; the doctor says *criminal*. I shall certainly die here; if I go away I may possibly recover. There is no question with regard to duty in such a case; and I do not like to see any hesitation, even though it springs from affection.'

"He several times spoke of a burial at sea, and always as though the prospect were agreeable. It brought, he said, a sense of freedom and expansion, and seemed far pleasanter than the confined, dark, narrow grave, to which he had committed so many that he loved. And he added, that although his burial-place was a matter of no real importance, yet he believed it was not in human nature to be altogether without a choice.

"I have already given you an account of the embarkation, of my visits to him while the vessel remained in the river, and of our last sad, silent parting; and Mr. Ranney has finished the picture. You will find, in this closing part, some dark shadows that will give you pain; but you must remember that his present felicity is enhanced by those very sufferings; and we should regret nothing that serves to brighten his crown in glory. I ought also to add, that I have gained pleasanter impressions in conversation with Mr. Ranney than from his written account; but it would be difficult to convey them to you; and, as he whom they concern was accustomed to say of similar things, 'you will learn it all in heaven.'

"During the last hour of your sainted brother's life, Mr. Ranney bent over him, and held his hand, while poor Panapah stood at a little distance weeping bitterly. The table had been spread in the cuddy, as usual, and the officers did not know what was passing in the cabin,

till summoned to dinner. Then they gathered about the door, and watched the closing scene with solemn reverence. Now—thanks to a merciful God!—his pains had left him; not a momentary spasm disturbed his placid face, nor did the contraction of a muscle denote the least degree of suffering; the agony of death was passed, and his wearied spirit was turning to its rest in the bosom of the Saviour. From time to time he pressed the hand in which his own was resting, his clasp losing in force at each successive pressure; while his shortened breath—though there was no struggle, no gasping, as if it came and went with difficulty—gradually grew softer and fainter, until it died upon the air—and he was gone. Mr. Ranney closed the eyes, and composed the passive limbs; the ship's officers stole softly from the door, and the neglected meal was left upon the board untasted.

Of these days, Mr. Ranney thus wrote to the Corresponding Secretary:

"Dr. Judson was carried on board the French barque *Aristide Marie*, bound for the Isle of Bourbon, with the reluctant assent of his friends, his physician having recommended such a voyage as the only possible means of restoration. It being desirable to get to sea as soon as practicable, application was made to the commissioner of the provinces, to permit the barque to be towed out of the river by the steamer *Proserpine*, which was that morning to proceed southward with troops. Permission was granted, and on Wednesday, April 3, by the kindness of Captain Lawford, commandant of artillery, a palanquin and bearers took Dr. Judson, then too weak to stand, and carried him on board. There they learned, with surprise and sorrow, that the steamer would not take them in tow. The commander of the troops claimed that, while employed as a military transport, the vessel was not subject to the commissioner's order, and on the

ground that it might endanger the lives of the soldiers, declined to comply with it. The consequence of this collision of authorities was, that, instead of getting to sea in twenty-four hours, they were five days in reaching Amherst, and it was six days before the pilot left the vessel. How much was thus lost it is impossible to conjecture.

"The delay permitted Mrs. Judson (who would gladly have accompanied her husband, though at the hazard of her life, if he had consented), and Mr. Stilson, and Mr. and Mrs. Stevens to visit him repeatedly, and minister to his comfort. He bore the fatigue of embarkation very well, and on Thursday took more refreshment than for several days previous. This gave hope of a favorable change; but on Friday he was not as well, and his two Burmese assistants, Ko En and Ko Shway Doke, disciples of many years' standing, who remained on board till the pilot left the vessel, requested that he might be taken back to Maulmain. They were confident he was near his end, and could not endure the thought of his burial in the ocean; they wanted his grave to be made where they and the other disciples could look upon it.[70] But any attempt to do this would have proved fatal, and there was no choice but to fulfil their original purpose, Mr. Stilson reminding the affectionate disciples of the death and unknown burial-place of Moses.

"On Saturday he was perceptibly weaker. Such was his pain that he said he would willingly die if he could. On Sunday, being more calm and free from pain, he conversed freely and more at length than he had been able to do, describing somewhat minutely the causes of his pain. He said that no one could conceive the intensity of his sufferings. Death would have been a glad relief. The idea of death caused no peculiar emotion of either fear or transport. His mind was so affected by suffering that he could not think, or even pray. Nay, he could not think of his wife and family. He had bitter sorrow in parting with them at first; but in

Mrs. Judson's subsequent visit, speech had been almost denied him; and when they parted the day before, perhaps the last time on earth, it was without a word, and almost without a thought, so entirely had pain absorbed every faculty. Yet he felt he had nothing to complain of. He knew it was the will of God, and therefore right. Alluding to the swelling of his feet, he said: 'The natives are frightened when they see this. They regard it as a sure sign of approaching death; but I do not. I have talked with the doctor about this, and have myself remarked, at different times, the swelling and subsiding. I still feel that there is so much of life in me that I shall recover.'

"On Monday, the 6th, at half-past three o'clock P.M., the pilot, with the two assistants above named, and Moung Shway-moung, of the Amherst church, left the ship. At the request of Dr. Judson, Mr. Ranney wrote to Mrs. Judson his opinion of himself, that 'he went out to sea with a strong feeling that he should recover.' But on the same day the violence of his pains returned, and his left side was swollen much, from which he gained partial relief. On Tuesday morning, the Tenasserim coast being yet visible, they enjoyed a fresh and invigorating breeze; but a violent thunder-storm came on, followed by a calm. For a short time Dr. Judson suffered less pain; but a hiccough increased upon him. He said, 'This hiccough is killing me; can you think of anything to do for it?' He afterward slept considerably, and took some slight refreshment; but in the afternoon a new symptom appeared, which continued to the last —frequent vomiting and an inability to retain anything upon his stomach.

"During the night and the next day the weather was exceedingly hot. Dr. Judson refused all nourishment, and inclined to sleep, probably on account of the laudanum and ether administered. He said he should weary them but little longer. The captain gave several prescriptions without effect; on which he said, 'It is of

but little consequence. I do not wish any one to think I died because all was not done that could be done for me. Medicine is of no use. The disease will take its course.' While suffering the acute pain which invariably preceded vomiting, he said, 'O that I could die at once, and go immediately into Paradise, where there is no pain.'

"On the evening of Wednesday, as Mr. Ranney was sitting by his bedside, he said, 'I am glad you are here. I do not feel so abandoned. You are my only kindred now—the only one on board who loves Christ, I mean; and it is a great comfort to have one near me who loves Christ.' 'I hope,' said Mr. Ranney, 'you feel that Christ is now near, sustaining you.' 'O, yes,' he replied, '*it is all right there*. I believe He gives me just so much pain and suffering as is necessary to fit me to die—to make me submissive to His will.' The captain—who spoke but little English, but took unwearied pains to make himself understood by a frequent resort to a French and English dictionary, and was a pattern of kindness and benevolence—offered another prescription; but Dr. Judson thanked him, and declined. He spoke of the invigorating influence of the wind, and expressed a fear that they would lose it during the night; which proved true. After midnight there was a dead calm, and a very oppressive atmosphere. At two o'clock his breathing became very difficult; but afterward he breathed more freely.

"On Thursday morning his eyes had a dull appearance, remained half-closed while sleeping, and seemed glassy and death-like. His stomach rejected all refreshment. At ten and twelve o'clock he took some ether, which he said did him good. After vomiting, with the suffering which preceded it, he said, 'O, how few there are who suffer such great torment—who die so hard!' During all the night his sufferings increased, so that it was inexpressibly painful to behold his agony—sometimes calling for water, which gave relief only

while he was drinking it, to be followed by the pain of ejecting it. At midnight he said his fever had returned. His extremities were cold, his head hot. It was the fever of death. His weakness was such that he now seldom spoke, except to indicate some want, which he more frequently did by signs.

"During the forenoon of Friday, the 12th, his countenance was that of a dying man. About noon he showed some aberration of mind; but it was only transient. At three o'clock he said, in Burman, to Panapah, a native servant, 'It is done; I am going.' Shortly after, he made a sign with his hand downward, which was not understood; drawing Mr. Ranney's ear close to his mouth, he said, convulsively, 'Brother Ranney, will you bury me? bury me?—quick! quick!' These words were prompted, perhaps, by the thought of burial in the sea crossing his mind. Mr. Ranney here being called out for a moment, Dr. Judson spoke to the servant in English, and also in Burman, of Mrs. Judson, bidding him 'take care of poor mistress'; and at fifteen minutes past four o'clock he breathed his last. 'His death,' says Mr. Ranney, 'was like falling asleep. Not the movement of a muscle was perceptible, and the moment of the going out of life was indicated only by his ceasing to breathe. A gentle pressure of the hand, growing more and more feeble as life waned, showed the peacefulness of the spirit about to take its homeward flight.'

"It was first determined to keep the body until Saturday for burial; but Mr. Ranney was admonished of the necessity of immediate preparations. A strong plank coffin was soon constructed; several buckets of sand were poured in to make it sink; and at eight o'clock in the evening the crew assembled, the larboard port was opened, and in perfect silence, broken only by the voice of the captain, all that was mortal of Dr. Judson was committed to the deep, in latitude thirteen degrees north, longitude ninety-three degrees east, nine days

after their embarkation from Maulmain, and scarcely three days out of sight of the mountains of Burmah."



MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON AND HER FAMILY.
From an Ambrotype taken at Hamilton, N. Y., in 1853.

The record of these last days may be fittingly closed, by a poem written by Mrs. Judson after her husband's departure from Maulmain:

Sweet Mother.

"The wild south-west monsoon has risen,
  On broad gray wings of gloom,
While here from out my dreary prison
I look as from a tomb—alas!
  My heart another tomb.
"Upon the low thatched roof the rain
  With ceaseless patter falls:
My choicest treasures bear its stain,
Mould gathers on the walls—would Heaven
  'Twere *only* on the walls!
"Sweet mother, I am here alone,
  In sorrow and in pain;

The sunshine from my heart has flown,
It feels the driving rain—ah, me!
  The chill, and mould, and rain.
“Four laggard months have wheeled their round
  Since love upon it smiled,
And everything of earth has frowned
On thy poor stricken child,—sweet friend;
  Thy weary, suffering child.
“I’d watched my loved one night and day,
  Scarce breathing when he slept,
And as my hopes were swept away,
I’d in his bosom wept.—O God!
  How had I prayed and wept!
“They bore him from me to the ship
  As bearers bear the dead;
I kissed his speechless, quivering lip,
And left him on his bed—alas!
  It seemed a coffin bed.
“Then, mother, little Charlie came,
  Our beautiful, fair boy,
With my own father’s cherished name,—
But O, he brought no joy,—my child
  Brought mourning and no joy.
“His little grave I can not see,
  Though weary months have fled
Since pitying lips bent over me,
And whispered, ‘He is dead.’—Ah, me!
  ’Tis dreadful to be dead!
“I do not mean for one like me,
  So weary, worn, and weak,—
Death’s shadowy paleness seems to be
Even now upon my cheek,—his seal
  On form, and brow, and cheek.
“But for a bright-winged bird like him,
  To hush his joyous song,
And prisoned in a coffin dim,
Join death’s pale phantom throng,—my boy
  To join that grisly throng!
“O mother, I can scarcely bear
  To think of this to-day:

It was so exquisitely fair,
That little form of clay,—my heart
Still lingers by his clay.
And when for one loved far, far more
Come thickly-gathering tears,
My star of faith is clouded o'er,
I sink beneath my fears,—sweet friend,
My heavy weight of fears.
O but to feel thy fond arms twine
Around me once again!
It almost seems those lips of thine
Might kiss away the pain—might soothe
This dull, cold, heavy pain.
"But, gentle mother, through life's storms
I may not lean on thee;
For helpless, cowering little forms,
Cling trustingly to me.—Poor babes!
To have no guide but me.
"With weary foot and broken wing,
With bleeding heart and sore,
Thy dove looks backward sorrowing
But seeks the ark no more—thy breast
Seeks never, never more.
"Sweet mother, for the exile pray,
That loftier faith be given;
Her broken reeds all swept away,
That she may rest in heaven—her soul
Grow strong in Christ and heaven.
"All fearfully, all tearfully,
Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eye lifted to the sky—
Fast to the cross I cling—O Christ!
To Thy dear cross I cling."

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67. About twenty-five dollars.

68. Now the wife of the Rev. T. A. T. Hanna, of Plantsville, Conn.

69. "There is nothing outside of inspiration more touchingly and sublimely beautiful; nothing which,

in its blending of the gushing tenderness of the man, with the hallowed raptures of the saint, gives a juster conception of the real elements of heaven."—*Dr. Kendrick's "Life and Letters of Emily C. Judson."*

70. Mr. Judson's departure caused the deepest sorrow among the disciples whom he left behind. The following story is told concerning Ko Dwah, one of the deacons in the native church at Maulmain: "This man was devotedly attached to Dr. Judson. Both were taken sick at nearly the same time, so that during their illness they met but once, and the old deacon could not, with the other disciples, accompany the dying pastor to the wharf. As soon as Dr. Judson removed, the house which he occupied, and which had long been condemned by Dr. Morton for its unhealthiness, was removed. Ko Dwah was not aware of the circumstance, though living in the vicinity, until the spot was left bare. He then insisted upon leaving his bed to look upon the ruin. He hobbled on his staff across the road, ascended the chapel steps with great difficulty, and then sitting down, rested his chin on his palms, and burst into a loud, wild sort of lamentation, like the wailing at a funeral. Neither mind nor body ever recovered from the shock, though he lingered on for some time longer."

CHAPTER XIII.
POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

Mr. Judson did not live to complete the Burmese dictionary. He finished the English and Burmese part, but the Burmese and English was left in an unfinished state. In accordance with his desire, expressed only a few days before his death, Mrs. Judson transmitted his manuscripts to his friend and associate in missionary toil, Mr. Stevens, upon whom accordingly the task of completing the work devolved. Mrs. Judson thus wrote to Mr. Stevens:

"MAULMAIN, *September* 4, 1850.

"MY DEAR MR. STEVENS: Parting with the manuscripts which were every day before my eyes during three happy years, almost carries me back to that sad morning in April when *he* passed from the door never again to return. But I well know that my heavenly Father is ordering all these things, and I have nothing to do but submit—nothing to say but 'Thy will, O God, be done!'

"A few days before Mr. Judson went away, he told me, if he should never return, to place the dictionary papers in your hands, and it is in compliance with that request that I now send them. I suppose that he would not have improved the English and Burmese part very essentially while carrying it through the press; and the second part, the Burmese and English, is, as far as he

had advanced, equally complete. The last word he defined was ——, and the corresponding initial vowel ——.

"The only request he made was that there might be some distinct mark, both in the dictionary and grammar, to indicate where his work ended and yours commenced. The grammar was intended to preface the Burmese and English portion of the dictionary, but is complete only as far as through the cases of nouns—thirty-two manuscript pages. I believe this grammar was on a somewhat different plan from the old 'Grammatical Notices'; but I send a printed copy of that, in which he has marked several errors, as it may be of some service to you. In addition to the finished parts of the dictionary, you will find the two old manuscript volumes which he had in use ever after his first arrival in Burmah; and these I beg to have returned to me when the work is completed. Interlined and erased as they are, you will have great difficulty in deciphering them, and will no doubt find some parts quite illegible. I think I mentioned to you the plan of having Moung Shway-loo make out, from the old printed dictionary and his own memory, a list of words more or less synonymous, and I send the books, which, although not to be implicitly relied on, are, I believe, quite valuable.

"There is one bound volume which I do not recollect having seen before; but I think it must be a vocabulary arranged from an original Burmese one, as I have heard Mr. J. speak of having such a work. The remaining papers, consisting of two or three little vocabularies, and the like, are, I suppose, of no great value; but I thought it best to send everything in any way connected with defining words. I also put in with the rest the old proof-sheets, as he sometimes had occasion to refer to them.

"And now, may the blessing of God rest upon this work—on you, or whoever else may finish it—on all who, for Christ's sake, study it, and upon poor Burmah,

in whose behalf so much time and labor have been expended.

"Very affectionately, your sister,

"EMILY C. JUDSON."

During the long winter of our Northern States, sometimes a mass of snow accumulates, little by little, in the corner of the farmer's meadow. Under the warm rays of the spring sun the dazzling bank gradually melts away, but leaves upon the greensward which it has sheltered a fertilizing deposit. It now remains for us to ask what stimulating residuum this great life which we have attempted to describe left behind it upon the surface of human society.

Mr. Judson's achievements far transcended the wildest aspirations of his youth. During the early years in Rangoon, when the mighty purpose of evangelizing Burmah began to take definite shape in his mind; even before the first convert, Moung Nau, was baptized; when indeed the young missionary was almost forgotten by his fellow-Christians at home, or merely pitied as a good-hearted enthusiast —the outermost limit reached by his strong-winged hope was that he might, before he died, build up a church of a hundred converted Burmans and translate the whole Bible into their language. But far more than this was accomplished during the ten years in Rangoon, the two years in Ava, and the twenty-three years in Maulmain. At the time of his death, the native Christians (Burmans and Karens publicly baptized upon the profession of their faith) numbered over seven thousand. Besides this, hundreds throughout Burmah had died rejoicing in the Christian faith. He had not only finished the translation of the Bible, but had accomplished the larger and the more difficult part of the compilation

of a Burmese dictionary. At the time of his death there were sixty-three churches established among the Burmans and Karens. These churches were under the oversight of one hundred and sixty-three missionaries, native pastors, and assistants. He had laid the foundations of Christianity deep down in the Burman heart where they could never be washed away.

This achievement is the more startling when we consider that all divine operations are slow in the beginning, but rush to the consummation with lightning speed. Many long days elapse while the icy barriers are being slowly loosened beneath the breath of spring. But at last the freshet comes, and the huge frozen masses are broken up and carried rapidly to the sea. The leaves slowly ripen for the grave. Though withered, they still cling to the boughs. But finally a day comes in the autumn when suddenly the air is full of falling foliage. It takes a long time for the apple to reach its growth, but a very brief time suffices for the ripening. Tennyson's lark

> "Shook his song together as he neared
> His happy home, the ground."

Nature is instinct with this law, and we may well believe that though the processes are slow and inconspicuous by which the ancient structures of false religions are being undermined, yet the time will come when they will tumble suddenly into ruins, when a nation shall be converted in a day, when, "As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations." In the baptism of ten thousand Telugus in India within a single year,

do we not already see the gray dawn of such an era of culmination?

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray.
Hark! what soundeth? 'Tis creation
Groaning for its latter day."

But it was Mr. Judson's lot to labor in the hard and obscure period of the first beginnings. And not only so, but he undertook the task of planting Christianity not among a people, like the Sandwich Islanders, without literature and without an elaborate religious system, but rather in a soil already preoccupied by an ancient classical literature and by a time-honored ritual which now numbers among its devotees one-third of the population of our globe. The difficulties of such an attempt are well described in one of his sermons, from which Mrs. Stevens has preserved a striking illustration:

.... "In comparing labors among a people without a national religion to labors among idolaters or Mussulmans, Dr. Judson used a figure which ought to be published in the *Macedonian* in reply to some things which have appeared there and elsewhere, to the import that difference of success among Burmans and Karens is owing to difference of labor performed among them. He supposed a man offering to fill two jars, one of which stands empty, the other filled with earth oil. Now, the force of the illustration will not appear to you as to us, because we are so familiar with this oil; and you are not, as we are, obliged to make frequent use of it; but you can judge of its character by a translation of

the Burman name for it, ‘stinking water.’ The smell of it can not be extracted from a jar which has been emptied of it, except by burning. I should never think of using a vessel which had once contained it for any other purpose. To return to the illustration. A man goes to the owner of the empty jar, and asks if he may fill it with pure and sweet water. ‘O, yes, I shall consider it a favor.’ So the Sandwich Islander, so the Karen receives the truth, the benefits of a written language, and instruction in books, and the elevation that follows, as favors conferred; and as there are no stains of ancient superstitions, they are better Christians than converts from heathenism. When I say *no* stains, of course comparatively is meant.

“Let the missionary next go to the owner of the jar filled with earth oil. He must first empty it, which the owner considers robbery. He would say, ‘You are taking away my property; this is my merit, which I have been many years gathering. You wish to deprive me of my offerings. I will apply to the king and priests to uphold me in clinging to my property.’ But the missionary says, ‘If you drink that oil it will be poison to you; let me give you water, which will insure life eternal.’ ‘O, my ancestors have all drunk of this, and I wish to do the same; this is good for me, and yours for you. My books are good for me, and my religion, and so yours for you.’ But, after long argument and persuasion, he gains the man’s consent to give up his earth oil, and he labors through the process of dipping it out, and cleansing the jar; he rubs and washes; the man all the while begging him not to deprive him of *all* of it; to allow him some of his former customs, and some of the practices of his worldly neighbors and relatives; and often so much of the oil is left, that the water is very offensive, and by-standers say, ‘We do not perceive that the water is any sweeter than the oil.’ Sometimes the man himself joins in, and says he does not know but the smell is as bad as before, and the change has been of no use; so he upsets

the jar and apostatizes."

When these considerations are taken into account, the tangible results which Mr. Judson left behind at his death seem simply amazing. But these are only a small part of what he really accomplished. Being dead, he yet speaketh. The Roman Church has preserved an old legend that John, the beloved disciple, "did not die at all, but is only slumbering, and moving the grave mound with his breath until the final return of the Lord."[71] And in a sense it is true that a great man does not die at all. You can not bury a saint so deep that he will not sway the lives of those who walk over his grave. The upheavals of society are mainly due to the breath of those who have vanished from the surface of the earth and lie beneath its bosom.

The early actions of Mr. Judson and his fellow-students at Andover resulted in the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. This society, representing the Congregationalists of this country, may justly claim to be the mother of American foreign missionary bodies. It was organized for the support of certain young men while they were engaged in the work to which the Lord had called them. Societies do not call men into being, but men create societies. The society is only a convenient vehicle through which the Christian at home can send bread to the missionary abroad, whose whole time is devoted to feeding the heathen with the bread of life.

In the year 1880, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions received and expended over six hundred thousand dollars. It is conducting successful missionary operations in Africa, Turkey, India, China, Japan, Micronesia,

Mexico, Spain, and Austria, as well as in our own western land. In these different countries it has two hundred and seventy-two churches, over seventeen thousand church members, and sixteen hundred and eighty-five missionaries, native pastors, and assistants.

The change in Mr. Judson's views on the subject of Baptism led almost immediately to the formation of a Baptist Missionary Society, now known as the American Baptist Missionary Union. In the year 1880, there passed through the treasury of this Board nearly three hundred thousand dollars, given by the Baptists of the United States for the evangelization of the heathen. This society is at work in Burmah, Siam, India, China, Japan, and also in the countries of Europe, and it reports nine hundred and eight native churches, eighty-five thousand three hundred and eight church members, and twelve hundred and fourteen missionaries and native preachers.

A few years after Mr. Judson's departure from this country, and the organization of these two societies, the Episcopalians and also the Methodists of America organized themselves for the work of foreign missions. For many years the Presbyterians joined hands with the Congregationalists, and poured their contributions into the treasury of the American Board. But in 1836 they organized a society of their own, now known as the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. Its fields of operation are Syria, Persia, Japan, China, Siam, India, Africa, South America, Mexico, and the Indian tribes, with an annual expenditure of nearly six hundred thousand dollars. It supports ten hundred and ninety-nine missionaries and lay missionaries, and reports fourteen thousand five hundred and eighty-eight communicants, with eighteen thousand two hundred

and sixty scholars in the native schools.

All these vigorous Christian societies sustained by the missionary conviction of the churches in America, with their vast army of missionaries and native communicants now pressing against the systems of heathenism at a thousand points, when they come to tell the story of their origin, do not fail to make mention of the name of Adoniram Judson. His life formed a part of the fountain-head from which flow these beneficent streams which fringe with verdure the wastes of paganism.

Not only in this country has Mr. Judson's career of heroic action and suffering stimulated Christian activity among all denominations, but his influence has been an inspiration everywhere. Just as a steamer in its course along a river generates a wave which will lash the shore long after the disturbing force has passed, so the words and behavior of a good man will sometimes set in motion streams of influence in the most unlooked-for places. How many by his life and his labor have been spurred to missionary endeavor we know not now, but shall know hereafter. But an interesting instance of the wide-reaching character of this influence has been preserved by Dr. Wayland. Mr. Judson had been deeply interested in establishing a mission among the Jews of Palestine, but to his great disappointment the enterprise proved a failure.

"It, however, pleased an all-wise Providence to render His servant useful to the children of Abraham in a manner which he little expected. Two or three days before he embarked on his last voyage, not a fortnight before his death, Mrs. Judson read to him the following paragraph from the *Watchman and Reflector*:

"'There[72] we first learned the interesting fact, which was mentioned by Mr. Schauffler, that a tract had been published

in Germany, giving some account of Dr. Judson's labors at Ava; that it had fallen into the hands of some Jews, and had been the means of their conversion; that it had reached Trebizond, where a Jew had translated it for the Jews of that place; that it had awakened a deep interest among them; that a candid spirit of inquiry had been manifested; and that a request had been made for a missionary to be sent to them from Constantinople. Such a fact is full of meaning, a comment on the word of inspiration: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that."'"

Mrs. Judson, in her relation of these facts, continues:

"His eyes were filled with tears when I had done reading, but still he at first spoke playfully, and in a way that a little disappointed me. Then a look of almost unearthly solemnity came over him, and, clinging fast to my hand, as though to assure himself of being really in the world, he said, 'Love, this frightens me. I do not know what to make of it.' 'What?' 'Why, what you have just been reading. I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came; at some time—no matter at how distant a day—somehow, in some shape—probably the last I should have devised—it came. And yet I have always had so little faith! May God forgive me, and, while He condescends to use me as His instrument, wipe the sin of unbelief from my heart.'

"'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.'"

Indeed there are very few of those who have gone from this country as missionaries to the heathen who are not indebted to Mr. Judson for methods and inspiration. The writer will not soon forget a scene he witnessed at Saratoga in May, 1880. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was in session.

Dr. Jessup, an eminent missionary in Syria, then on a visit to this country, had been elected moderator. When the session of the Assembly had ended, he entered the Convention which the Baptists were then holding also in Saratoga. As an honored guest he was invited to speak. There was a breathless silence through the house as the veteran missionary arose, and with inspiring words urged the prosecution of the missionary enterprise. He closed by saying that when he should arrive in heaven, the first person whose hand he desired to grasp next to the Apostle Paul would be Adoniram Judson.

A life which embodies Christ's idea of complete self-abnegation can not but become a great object-lesson. A man can not look into the mirror of such a career without becoming at once conscious of his own selfishness and of the triviality of a merely worldly life. A New York merchant in his boyhood read Wayland's "Life of Judson," and laying the book down left his chamber, went out into a green meadow belonging to his father's farm, and consecrated his young life to the service of God. How many unknown souls have been attracted to Christ by the same magnetism! How many others have been lifted out of their self-love! How many have been drawn toward the serener heights of Christian experience by the example of him whose strong aspirings after holiness are depicted in "The Threefold Cord!"[73] O that some young man might rise from the reading of these memoirs and lay down his life in all its freshness and strength upon the altar of God, so that he might become, like Paul of old, a chosen vessel of Christ to bear His name before the Gentiles and kings and the children of Israel!

The memory of Mr. Judson's sufferings in Ava will never cease to nerve missionary endeavor. They

appeared at the time unnecessary and fruitless. He himself, upon emerging from them, spoke of them as having been "unavailing to answer any valuable missionary purpose unless so far as they may have been silently blessed to our spiritual improvement and capacity for future usefulness." But the spectacle of our missionary lying in an Oriental prison, his ankles freighted with five pairs of irons, his heroic wife ministering to him like an angel during the long months of agony, has burned itself into the consciousness of Christendom and has made retreat from the missionary enterprise an impossibility. It is God's law that progress should be along the line of suffering. The world's benefactors have been its sufferers. They "have been from time immemorial crucified and burned."[74] It seems to be a divine law that those who bestow roses must feel thorns. The sufferings of Mr. Judson's life were as fruitful of blessing as the toils.

The graves of the sainted dead forbid retreat from the ramparts of heathenism. It is said that the heart of the Scottish hero Bruce was embalmed after his death and preserved in a silver casket. When his descendants were making a last desperate charge upon the serried columns of the Saracens, their leader threw this sacred heart far out into the ranks of the enemy. The Scots charged with irresistible fury in order to regain the relic. Christianity will never retreat from the graves of its dead on heathen shores. England is pressing into Africa with redoubled energy since she saw placed on the pavement of her own Westminster Abbey the marble tablet in memory of him who was "brought by faithful hands, over land and sea, David Livingstone, missionary, traveller, philanthropist." Until that day shall come when every knee shall bow and every tongue confess

the name of Jesus, Christian hearts will not cease to draw inspiration from the memory of those who found their last resting-place under the hopia-tree at Amherst, on the rocky shore of St. Helena, and beneath the waves of the Indian Ocean.

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71. Schaff's "History of the Christian Church," Vol. I., p. 79.

72. At the house of Mr. Goodell, in Constantinople.

73. See Appendix C.

74. Goethe.

APPENDIX.

A.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECORD OF DATES AND EVENTS.

BY A. JUDSON.

ADONIRAM JUDSON, sen., was born at Woodbury, Conn., June, 1752, the youngest son of Elnathan and Mary Judson, and was married Nov. 23, 1786, to Abigail Brown, who was born at Tiverton R. I., Dec. 15, 1759, the eldest daughter of Abraham and Abigail Brown.

1788, Aug. 9, Adoniram Judson, jun., was born at Malden, Mass.

1791, March 21, Abigail Brown Judson was born at Malden, Mass.

1793, Jan. 10, the family removed to Wenham, Mass.

1794, May 28, Elnathan Judson was born at

Wenham.

1796, Feb. 18, Mary Ellice Judson was born at Wenham.

1796, Sept. 12, Mary Ellice Judson died, aged 6 months and 24 days.

1800, May 22, the family removed to Braintree, Mass.

1802, May 11, removed to Plymouth, Mass.

1804, Aug 17, A. J., jun., entered Providence College, subsequently Brown University, one year in advance.

1807, Feb. 23, closed a school of thirty pupils, taught six weeks in Plymouth.

1807, April 30, received the highest appointment in the ensuing commencement exercises of the class —an appointment to pronounce the last English oration, and the *valedictory addresses*.

1807, Sept. 2, received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

1807, Sept. 17, opened a private academy in Plymouth.

1808, Feb. 25, completed “The Elements of English Grammar.”

1808, July 28, completed “The Young Lady’s Arithmetic.”

1808, Aug. 9, closed the “Plymouth Independent

Academy."

1808, Aug. 15, set out on a tour through the Northern States.

1808, Sept. 22, returned to Plymouth.

1808, Sept. 29, became an assistant teacher in a private academy in Boston.

1808, Oct. 12, entered the Theological Institution at Andover, Mass., one year in advance.

1808, Nov., began to entertain a hope of having received the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit.

1808, Dec. 2, made a solemn dedication of himself to God.

1809, May 28, made a public profession of religion, and joined the Third Congregational Church in Plymouth.

1809, June, received an appointment to a tutorship in Brown University, but declined it.

1809, Sept., read Buchanan's "Star in the East," and began to consider the subject of missions.

1810, Feb., resolved on becoming a missionary to the heathen.

1810, May 17, received a license to preach from the Orange Association of Ministers in Vermont.

1810, June 28, united with Messrs. Nott, Newell, and Mills, in submitting to the General

Association of Ministers, convened at Bradford, Mass., a statement of views and desires on the subject of missions, which originated the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

1810, July 28, commenced an acquaintance with Ann Hasseltine.

1810, Sept. 5, received the degree of Master of Arts from Brown University.

1810, Sept. 24, completed my course of study at the Theological Institution.

1811, Jan. 11, embarked at Boston on the ship *Packet*, bound to Liverpool, to visit the London Missionary Society.

1811, Feb. 2, the ship was taken by the French privateer, *L'Invincible Napoleon*, and myself, passengers and crew transferred to the privateer.

1811, Feb. 15, put in at Le Passage, in Spain.

1811, Feb. 23, was conveyed to Bayonne, in France, where, after a short imprisonment, I was permitted to remain at large.

1811, April 16, arrived in Paris.

1811, May 3, crossed the English Channel from Morlaix to Dartmouth.

1811, May 6, arrived in London.

1811, May, June, visited the Missionary Seminary at Gosport.

1811, June 18, embarked at Gravesend, on the ship *Augustus*, bound to New York.

1811, Aug. 7, arrived in New York.

1811, Sept. 19, was appointed by the American Board of Commissioners a missionary to the East, in company with Messrs. Nott, Newell, and Hall.

1812, Feb. 3, took a final leave of my parents in Plymouth.

1812, Feb. 5, was married to Ann Hasseltine, born at Bradford, Mass., Dec. 22, 1789, the youngest daughter of John and Rebecca Hasseltine.

1812, Feb. 6, received ordination at Salem, in company with Messrs. Nott, Newell, Hall, and Rice, from the Rev. Drs. Spring, Worcester, Woods, Morse, and Griffin.

1812, Feb. 7, took a final leave of my sister and brother in Boston.

1812, Feb. 19, embarked at Salem, with Mrs. J. and Mr. and Mrs. Newell, on the brig *Caravan*, Capt. Heard, bound to Calcutta.

1812, June 17, arrived in Calcutta.

1812, Aug. 8, Messrs. Nott, Hall, and Rice, with Mrs. Nott, arrived in the ship *Harmony*, from Philadelphia.

1812, Sept. 1, announced to the Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M. my change of sentiment on the subject of baptism.

1812, Sept. 6, was baptized in Calcutta, with Mrs. J., by the Rev. Mr. Ward.

1812, Nov. 1, Mr. Rice, on a similar change of sentiment, received baptism.

1812, Nov. 30, fled from the arrest of the East India Company's government, and embarked privately with Mrs. J. and Mr. Rice, on the ship *Belle Creole*, bound to Port Louis, Isle of France.

1813, Jan. 17, arrived in Port Louis.

1813, March 15, Mr. Rice took passage for America.

1813, April 1, completed the sermon on "Christian Baptism."

1813, May 7, embarked at Port Louis with Mrs. J. on the ship *Countess of Harcourt*, bound to Madras.

1813, June 4, arrived in Madras.

1813, June 22, embarked with Mrs. J. on the ship *Georgiana*, bound to Rangoon, in Burmah.

1813, July 13, arrived in Rangoon, and joined the mission conducted by Felix Carey.

1814, Aug. 20, Mr. Carey and family removed to Ava, and soon after seceded from the mission.

1815, Jan. 25, Mrs. J. embarked for Madras, to obtain medical advice.

1815, April 13, returned with Emily Vansomeren,

to be brought up in the family.

1815, Sept. 5, received information of the establishment of the American Baptist Board of Foreign Missions in March, 1814, and their appointment of me their missionary.

1815, Sept, 11, Roger Williams Judson was born in Rangoon.

1816, May 4, Roger Williams Judson died, aged 7 months and 23 days.

1816, July 13, completed "Grammatical Notices of the Burman Language."

1816, July 20, completed Tract No. 1 in Burman, being a view of the Christian Religion, in three parts, Historical, Didactic, Preceptive.

1816, Oct. 15, Mr. Hough and family arrived and joined the mission.

1817, May 20, completed a Burman translation of the Gospel of Matthew.

1817, May 22, began to compile a Burman dictionary.

1817, Aug., wrote "A Letter to the 3d Church in Plymouth, Mass.," on the subject of baptism.

1817, Dec. 24, embarked at Rangoon, on the ship *Two Brothers*, bound to Chittagong.

1818, Jan. 26, the ship's destination was changed from Chittagong to Madras.

1818, March 18, landed at Masulipatam.

1818, April 8, arrived in Madras by land—distance 300 miles.

1818, July 20, left Madras.

1818, Aug. 4, arrived in Rangoon.

1818, Sept. 19, Messrs. Colman and Wheelock and wives arrived and joined the mission.

1818, Nov. 1, Mr. Hough and family departed from Bengal.

1819, April 4, commenced public worship in the Burman language.

1819, April 25, commenced occupying a public zayat.

1819, May, wrote “A Letter Relative to the Formal and Solemn Reprimand.”

1819, June 27, baptized Moung Nau, the first Burman convert.

1819, July 29, completed a revision and enlargement of Tract No. 1, and a revision of Tract No. 2, being a Catechism in Burman by Mrs. J.

1819, August 7, Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock departed for Bengal.

1819, Nov. 30, completed a revision of the sermon on Christian Baptism, for fourth edition.

1819, Dec. 21, left Rangoon on a visit to Ava, in company with Mr. Colman.

1820, January 27, appeared before the king, and was refused liberty to propagate religion in his dominions.

1820, Feb. 18, returned to Rangoon.

1820, March 27, Mr. and Mrs. Colman embarked for Arracan.

1820, July 18, baptized the tenth Burman convert.

1820, July 19, embarked with Mrs. J. for Calcutta.

1820, Aug. 18, arrived in Calcutta.

1820, Nov. 23, embarked with Mrs. J. for Rangoon.

1821, Jan. 5, arrived in Rangoon.

1821, Aug. 21, Mrs. J. and Emily embarked for Bengal, and ultimately America.

1821, Dec. 13, Dr. Price and family arrived and joined the mission.

1822, Jan. 20, Mr. Hough and family returned.

1822, May 2, Mrs. Price died.

1822, Aug. 21, baptized the eighteenth Burman convert.

1822, Aug. 28, left Rangoon on a visit to Ava, in company with Dr. Price.

1822, Sept. 27, arrived in Ava.

1823, Feb. 2, returned to Rangoon.

1823, July 12, completed the translation of the New Testament in Burmese, together with an epitome of the Old.

1823, Dec. 5, Mrs. J. returned to Rangoon.

1823, Dec. 13, left Rangoon for Ava, in company with Mrs. J.

1824, Jan. 23, arrived in Ava.

1824, June 8, was fettered and imprisoned by the king's order, in consequence of war with Bengal.

1825, Jan. 26, Maria Elizabeth Butterworth Judson was born in Ava.

1825, May 2, was removed from the king's prison in Ava to the prison in Oung-pen-la, a few miles distant.

1825, Nov. 5, was taken out of irons and reconducted to Ava.

1825, Nov. 7, was sent under guard to Maloon, the headquarters of the Burmese army, to act as interpreter.

1825, Dec. 17, was sent away from Maloon, in consequence of the advance of the British army from Prome.

1825, Dec. 29, reached Ava and was recommitted to prison.

1825, Dec. 30, was released from prison and put

under charge of the North Commandant of the palace.

1826, Feb. 21, left Ava, with Mrs. J. and Maria, for the British camp at Yantabo.

1826, Feb. 24, the treaty of peace was signed by the British and Burman Commissioners.

1826, March 6, left Yantabo for Rangoon on the *Irrawaddy* gun-boat.

1826, March 21, arrived in Rangoon.

1826, March 31, left Rangoon, on a visit to Martaban, with the Civil Commissioner, Mr. Crawford.

1826, April 6, landed at Hyaikamee, where the Commissioner selected the site of a new town to be called Amherst.

1826, April 10, arrived in Rangoon from Amherst.

1826, June 29, embarked with Mrs. J. and family on the *Phœnix*, bound to Amherst.

1826, July 2, arrived in Amherst.

1826, July 5, left Mrs. J. and family at Amherst, and re-embarked on the *Phœnix* for Rangoon.

1826, July 9, arrived in Rangoon.

1826, Sept. 1, left Rangoon for Ava with the Envoy, Mr. Crawford.

1826, Sept. 30, arrived in Ava.

1826, Oct. 28, the Embassy removed to Chagaing.

1826, Nov. 24, heard the news of Mrs. J.'s death at Amherst, Oct. 24, 1826, in the 37th year of her age.

1826, Dec. 12, left Chagaing on return to Rangoon and Amherst.

1827, Jan. 24, arrived in Amherst, and joined the family of Mr. and Mrs. Wade, who arrived Nov. 23, 1826.

1827, April 17, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman arrived in Amherst.

1827, April 24, Maria died at Amherst, aged 2 years and 3 months.

1827, May 28, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman removed to Maulmain.

1827, July 11, heard of the death of my father, Rev. Adoniram Judson, sen., at Scituate, Mass., Nov. 25, 1826, in the 75th year of his age.

1827, August 10 and 11, left Amherst and joined the Boardmans at Maulmain.

1827, Nov. 14, Mr. and Mrs. Wade also and the native Christians removed to Maulmain.

1827, Dec. 28, finished translating thirty psalms, begun July 16.

1828, Jan. 11, commenced occupying a public *zayat* in Maulmain.

1828, March 29, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman removed to Tavoy.

1828, May 9, renounced the title of D.D., conferred on me by the corporation of Brown University, Sept., 1823.

1828, May 29, gave away my private property to the Board.

1828, Oct. 24, removed to the Hermitage.

1829, Feb., wrote “The Threefold Cord” in English.

1829, March, wrote “The Golden Balance,” Tract No. 3, in Burmese.

1829, Nov. 14, finished revising the New Testament, the epitome of the Old, and the Septenary, or Seven Manuals, in Burmese.

1829, Dec. 15, heard of the death of my brother, Dr. Elnathan Judson, at Washington, D. C., May 8, 1829, aged 35 years.

1830, Jan. 14, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett arrived in Maulmain.

1830, Feb. 21, Mr. and Mrs. Wade removed to Rangoon.

1830, April 26, left Maulmain.

1830, May 2, arrived in Rangoon.

1830, June 11, arrived in Prome.

1830, Sept. 25, returned to Rangoon.

1831, July 19, finished the translation of Genesis, twenty chapters of Exodus, Psalms, Solomon's Song, Isaiah and Daniel.

1831, July 31, arrived in Maulmain from Rangoon.

1831, Oct., wrote the Letter on Female Dress.

1832, May 21, retired to the rooms adjoining the native chapel, with a view to prosecuting the translation of the Old Testament.

1832, Nov. 27, Mr. and Mrs. Wade sailed for America.

1832, Dec. 15, sent to press the last sheet of the New Testament in Burmese.

1833, Jan. 1, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock and others arrived from America.

1833, Sept. 8, baptized the one hundredth Karen convert north of Maulmain, the first fourteen of whom were baptized by Mr. Wade.

1834, Jan. 31, finished the translation of the Old Testament.

1834, April 1, left Maulmain for Tavoy.

1834, April 10, was married to Mrs. Sarah H. Boardman, who was born at Alstead, N. H., Nov. 4, 1803, the eldest daughter of Ralph and Abiah O. Hall; married to George D. Boardman, July 4, 1825, left a widow Feb. 11, 1831, with one surviving child, George D. Boardman, born Aug. 18, 1828.

1834, April 16, arrived in Maulmain from Tavoy.

1834, Dec. 7, the *Cashmere* arrived from America, with Mr. and Mrs. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood, and several other new missionaries.

1834, Dec. 13, George D. Boardman embarked on the *Cashmere* for America.

1835, Jan. 4, the Wades removed from Maulmain to Tavoy.

1835, Sept. 26, finished the revision of the Old Testament.

1835, Oct. 31, Abby Ann Judson was born in Maulmain.

1835, Nov. 29, baptized the one hundredth member of the Burman Church in Maulmain.

1835, Dec. 29, sent to press the last sheet of the Old Testament.

1836, Feb. 21, the *Louvre* arrived from America with Mr. Malcom, agent of the Board, and several new missionaries.

1836, May 23, moved into the new chapel.

1836, Nov., visited the Tavoy station in company with Mrs. J. and Mrs. Vinton.

1837, Jan. 31, finished a new revision of the New Testament.

1837, March 22, sent to press the last sheet of the revised New Testament.

1837, April 7, Adoniram Brown Judson was born in Maulmain.

1837, April 30, Mr. and Mrs. Howard arrived from Rangoon, and joined the Maulmain station.

1837, Nov. 18, finished “A Digest of Scripture,” in Burmese.

1837, Nov. 27, the Hancocks removed from Maulmain to Mergui.

1838, Feb. 19, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens arrived from America, and joined the Maulmain station.

1838, July 15, Elnathan Judson was born in Maulmain.

1839, Feb. 19, embarked for Calcutta.

1839, March 9, arrived in Calcutta.

1839, March 30, embarked for Maulmain.

1839, April 13, arrived in Maulmain.

1839, Oct. 27, began to preach in the native chapel, after an interval of ten months.

1839, Dec. 31, Henry Judson was born in Maulmain.

1840, Oct. 24, finished the revision of the quarto edition of the Burmese Bible.

1841, March 8, Luther Judson was still-born.

1841, June 26, embarked with Mrs. J. and family for Bengal, on account of their health.

1841, July 11, arrived in Bengal.

1841, July 30, Henry Judson died at Serampore, aged 1 year, 27 months.

1841, Aug. 16, embarked with my family on the *Ramsay*, Capt. Hamlin, bound to the Isle of France.

1841, Oct. 1, arrived at Port Louis.

1841, Nov. 1, re-embarked on the *Ramsay* for Maulmain.

1841, Dec. 10, arrived in Maulmain.

1842, Feb. 21, moved into the new house.

1842, July 8, Henry Hall Judson was born in Maulmain.

1842, Aug. 29, heard of the death of my mother at Plymouth, Mass., Jan. 31, 1842, in the eighty-third year of her age.

1843, Dec. 18, Charles Judson was born in Maulmain.

1844, Dec. 27, Edward Judson was born in Maulmain.

1845, Feb. 15, Mrs. J. left Maulmain on a voyage down the coast, for the benefit of her health.

1845, April 3, Mrs. Judson returned.

1845, April 26, embarked with Mrs. J. and the three elder children on the *Paragon*, bound to

London.

1845, May 3, sailed from Amherst.

1845, July 5, arrived from Port Louis in the Isle of France.

1845, July 23, embarked on the *Sophia Walker*, Capt. Codman, bound to the United States.

1845, July 25, sailed from Port Louis.

1845, Aug. 26, arrived at St. Helena.

1845, Sept. 1, Mrs. J. died at 3 A.M., was buried at 6 P.M., and we sailed from St. Helena in the evening.

1845, Oct. 15, arrived in Boston.

1845, Nov. 13, parted with my children, leaving Adoniram and Elnathan at Worcester, and sending Abby Ann to Plymouth.

1845, Nov. 28, heard of the death of little Charlie at Maulmain, August 5, 1845, aged 1 year and 7½ months.

1846, Jan. 5, commenced an acquaintance with Emily Chubbuck.

1846, April 6, removed Abby Ann from Plymouth to Bradford.

1846, June 2, was married at Hamilton, N. Y., to Emily Chubbuck, born at Eaton, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1817, the daughter of Charles and Lavinia Chubbuck.

1846, July 4, took leave of Adoniram and Elnathan at Worcester.

1846, July 9, took leave of Abby Ann at Bradford.

1846, July 11, took leave of George D. Boardman, the Lincoln families, the Colbys, the Gillettes, Anne Maria Anable, and numberless other friends, and embarked with Mrs. Judson, Miss Lillybridge, the Beechers, and the Harrises, on the ship *Faneuil Hall*, Capt. Hallet, bound to Maulmain.

1846, Nov. 30, arrived in Maulmain.

1847, Feb. 15, embarked with my family for Rangoon.

1847, June 1, Mrs. J. finished the memoir of the late Mrs. J.

1847, Aug. 31, re-embarked for Maulmain.

1847, Sept. 5, arrived in Maulmain.

1847, Dec. 24, Emily Frances Judson was born in Maulmain.

1848, Feb. 25, removed into the old house.

1849, Jan. 24, finished the English and Burmese dictionary.

B.

MR. JUDSON'S FIRST TRACT FOR THE BURMANS.

There is one Being who exists eternally; who is exempt from sickness, old age, and death; who was, and is, and will be, without beginning, and without end. Besides this, the true God, there is no other God. The true God is diverse from all other beings. Uniting three in one, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, these three are one God. God is a spirit, without bodily form. Although omnipresent, it is above the heavens that he clearly discovers his glory. His power and wisdom are infinite. He is pure and good, and possessed of everlasting felicity. Before this world was made, God remained happy, surrounded by the pure and incorporeal sons of heaven. In order to display his perfections, and make creatures happy, God created the heavens, the sun, moon, and all the stars, the earth, the various kinds of brute creatures, and man. The first man and woman, at their original creation, were not liable to sickness or death; they were exempt from every kind of evil, and their mind was upright and pure. Afterwards, because, by violating the command of God, they transgressed against their Benefactor, the sum of all perfections, beyond compare, the light of the divine countenance disappeared, and those two, together with all their posterity, became darkened, and unclean, and wicked; they became subject, in the present state, to sickness, death, and all other evils; and they became deserving of suffering, in the future state, the dreadful punishment of hell. Above four thousand years after mankind was thus destroyed, God, being moved with compassion for man involved in misery, sent to the earth, the abode of man, God the Son, the second yadana among the three *yadanas*

[anything superlatively excellent—in the present application it conveys no additional idea, but is requisite in Burman to the intelligibility of the sentence]. The circumstances of his being sent were thus:—God the Son, uniting the divine and the human natures, without destroying or confounding them, in the land of Israel, and country of Judea, in the womb of a virgin, was conceived by the divine power, and was born. This God-man, who is named Jesus Christ, being man, endured in our stead severe sufferings and death, the punishment due to our sins; and being God, is able by virtue of having endured those sufferings, to deliver all his disciples from the punishment of hell, redeeming them with his own life, and to instate them in heaven. On the third day after Jesus Christ suffered death, his soul re-entered his body, and he lived again. For the space of forty days he remained, giving instruction to his disciples, after which he commissioned them thus—"Go ye into all countries on earth, and proclaim the glad news to all men. He that believeth in me, and is baptized, shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned, or shall suffer endless punishment in hell." Then, in the presence of many of his disciples, he ascended to heaven, and took up his abode in the place where God displays his glory. According to the final command of Jesus Christ, his disciples, beginning with Judea, travelled about through various countries and kingdoms, and proclaimed the glad news; and many believed, and became disciples of Jesus Christ. The true religion afterwards spread into the countries of the west; and now to this country of Burmah, among the countries of the east, a teacher of religion, from the country of America, has arrived, and is beginning to proclaim the glad news. About one or two hundred years hence the

religion of Boodh, of Brahma, of Mahomet, and of Rome, together with all other false religions, will disappear and be lost, and the religion of Christ will pervade the whole world; all quarrels and wars will cease, and all the tribes of man will be like a band of mutually loving brothers. [*End of Part 1.*]

A disciple of Jesus Christ is one that is born again; the meaning of which is, that the old nature, which is successively inherited from the first man and woman, begins to be destroyed, and the new nature, which is implanted by the Holy Spirit, is obtained. The unrenewed man loves himself supremely, and seeks his own private interest. The renewed man loves the true God supremely, and desires that the divine glory may be promoted. He loves all others, also, as himself, and seeks their interest as his own. The desire of the unrenewed man is to enjoy sensual pleasure, worldly wealth, fame, and power. The renewed man contemns sensual pleasure, etc. His desire is to be pure in mind, to be replete with grace, to be useful to others, to promote the glory of God, and to enjoy the pure and perpetual happiness of heaven. The unrenewed man, influenced by pride, hates the humbling religion of Jesus Christ. When seized with alarm, he endeavors to perform meritorious deeds in order to make atonement for his sins, and obtain salvation. The renewed man, knowing surely that man, having sinned against God, and contracted great guilt, can not perform meritorious deeds, firmly fixes in his mind that it is on account of the God-man, Jesus Christ alone, that sin can be expiated, and the happiness of heaven obtained; and therefore, through supreme love to Jesus Christ, and a desire to do his will, endeavors to avoid evil deeds, and to perform good deeds only, according to the divine commands. Sometimes, when

through the assaults of the remaining old nature he slides and transgresses the divine commands, he repents that he has sinned against his superlatively excellent and lovely Lord, and, trusting only in the death of Christ, he humbly confesses the sin he has committed, and begs pardon of God. He who is unrenewed, and therefore is not a disciple of Christ, in the present life obtains no true wisdom; his sins are numerous and heavy. And because he has no regard to the Lord, who can deliver from sin, he will, in the present life, obtain no refuge or resting place; but soul and body will fall into hell, as his sins deserve; and having transgressed against an eternal God, he must accordingly forever suffer eternal misery. He who is renewed and becomes a disciple of Jesus Christ, in the present life, is acquainted with true wisdom, and attains the state of a *Thautahpan* [one that has acquired a new and excellent nature, which will issue in final salvation]. And when he changes worlds, his soul having obtained the pardon of sin through the death of Christ, will, through the grace of God, enter into the divine presence. The body, also, though it be burnt with fire, or consumed in the earth, and thus destroyed for a time, will, at the end of the world, by the power of God, with whom nothing is impossible, live again; and thus, soul and body united, will forever enjoy eternal happiness in the presence of God. [*End of Part 2.*]

The commands of Jesus Christ are as follow:—Repent, or be changed in mind; that is, extirpate the old nature, and cultivate the new. Have faith in the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. Love God supremely. Love others as yourself. Set not your heart on worldly goods and riches; but look forward to, and long for, those riches which are free from defilement, and eternal in the heavens. Suppress haughtiness,

pride, and insolence, and cherish an humble, meek, and lowly mind. Return not evil for evil, but have a disposition to forgive the faults of others, and to bear injury with patience. Love your enemies, and pray for them. Be compassionate to the poor and needy, and give alms. Covet not the property of others; therefore, take not by violence; steal not; defraud not in trade; trespass in no manner on the property of others. Speak no falsehood. Bear not false witness. Without being invested with governmental authority, take not the life of man. Drink not intoxicating liquor to excess. Despise not marriage, whether of a teacher of religion, a ruler, or a private person. Beside your own husband or wife, have no desire for any other man or woman. Honor parents, and willingly assist and support them, according to your ability. Listen reverently to the instructions of religious teachers, and make offerings for their support. In regard to rulers, whether disciples of Christ or not, honor them, pay them tribute, pray for them, and obey their lawful commands. Pray to God always. On the first day in seven, assemble to worship God, and hear his word. On becoming a disciple of Jesus Christ, receive baptism in water. Afterwards, in memory of his flesh and blood, which he gave for the sake of his disciples, reverently, from time to time, eat bread and drink wine. Use all diligence that your relations, and neighbors, and countrymen, who are not disciples of Christ, may be converted. With a compassionate mind, use all diligence that the inhabitants of towns, and countries, and kingdoms, that are in darkness, not having obtained the light of the knowledge of the true God, may become disciples of Christ. The above are commands of Jesus Christ. [*End of Part 3.*]

The teacher who composed this writing, seeing the

great evil which is coming on the Burmans, left his own country from compassion, and from an immense distance has arrived, by ship, to this, the country of Burmah. He desires neither fame nor riches. Offerings and gifts he seeks not. The disciples of Christ in his own country, moved with compassion for the Burmans, make offerings sufficient for his use. He has no other motive but this: Being a disciple of Christ, and therefore seeking the good of others as his own, he has come, and is laboring that the Burmans may be saved from the dreadful punishment of hell, and enjoy the happiness of heaven.

In the year of Christ, 1816; in the Burman year, 1178; in the 967th day of the lord of the Saddan elephant, and master of the Sakyah weapon; and in the 33d year of his reign; in the division Pashoo; on Tuesday, the 12th day of the wane of the moon Wahgoung, after the double beat, this writing, entitled, *The Way to Heaven*, was finished. *May the reader obtain light. Amen.*

C.

THE THREEFOLD CORD.

ECCLES. iv. 12.

Written by a Missionary in Burmah.

YOU hope, my dear brother, that you have repented of sin, and put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. You now desire, above all things, to grow in grace, and attain the perfect love and enjoyment of

God. But you find yourself perplexed about the way, amidst the various directions of various classes of the Christian world; and you ask for a short manual of advice, plain to the understanding and convincing to the heart. I present you, therefore, with *the threefold cord*. Lay hold of it with the hand of faith, and be assured that it will draw thy soul to God and to heaven.

The first is the cord of *Secret Prayer*. Without this the others have no strength. Secret prayer is commonly considered a duty which must be performed every morning and evening, in order to keep a conscience void of offence. But do not, my dear brother, entertain an opinion so defective. Consider secret prayer as one of the three great works of thy life. Arrange thy affairs, if possible, so that thou canst leisurely devote two or three hours every day, not merely to devotional exercises, but to the very act of secret prayer and communion with God. Endeavor, seven times a day, to withdraw from business and company, and lift up thy soul to God in private retirement. Begin the day by rising after midnight, and devoting some time, amid the silence and darkness of the night, to this sacred work. Let the hour of opening dawn find thee at the same work; let the hours of nine, twelve, three, six, and nine at night witness the same. Be resolute in this course. Make all practicable sacrifices to maintain it. Consider that thy time is short, and that business and company must not be allowed to rob thee of thy God. At least, remember the morning, noon, and night seasons, and the season after midnight, if not detrimental to thy health.

Dost thou ask how to pray? There is One who is able and willing to teach thee. Whenever thou intendest to pray, draw towards Calvary; kneel at the

foot of the mount; lift up thine eyes, tremblingly and in tears, to thine incarnate God and Saviour dying on the cross; confess that thou art the guilty cause; implore his forgiveness; and, believe me, my dear brother, that the Holy Spirit will quickly come and teach thee how to pray.

The second is the cord of *Self-denial*—rough, indeed, to the hand of sense, and so abused in the Roman Catholic church that Protestants have become afraid of it, and thrown it away. But lay hold, my brother, with the hand of faith. It is one of the three; and without it the other two, although they may do some service, will not have firmness and consistency.

It is an acknowledged principle, that every faculty of the body and mind is strengthened and improved by use, weakened and impaired by disuse. It is needless to produce proofs or illustrations; they are to be met with in every day's experience. Self-love, or the desire of self-gratification in the enjoyment of the riches, the honors, and the pleasures of this world, is the ruling principle of fallen man. In the new-born soul this principle, though wounded to death, still lives. And the more it is indulged, the stronger it becomes. But

"The love of God flows just as much
As that of ebbing self subsides;
Our hearts, their scantiness is such,
Can not sustain two rival tides.
Both can not govern in one soul;
Then let self-love be dispossessed;
The love of God deserves the whole,
Nor will she dwell with such a guest."

And the way to dispossess self-love is to cease indulging it; to regard and treat self as an enemy, a vicious animal, for instance, whose propensities are

to be thwarted, whose indulgences are to be curtailed, as far as can be done consistently with his utmost serviceableness; or, in the language of Scripture, to deny self and take up the cross daily; to keep under the body, and bring it into subjection; to mortify the members which are upon the earth; to cease from loving the world and the things of the world.

Alas for those whose days are spent in pampering their bodies, under the idea of preserving their life and health; who toil to lay up treasures upon earth, under the idea of providing for their children; who conform to the fashions of the world, under the idea of avoiding pernicious singularity; who use every means to maintain their character, and extend their reputation, under the idea of gaining more influence, and thereby capacity for serving the cause! How can such enter the kingdom of heaven? “Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life; and few there be that find it.” Wouldst thou, my brother, belong to the happy few? Wouldst thou subdue that inordinate self-love which has hitherto shut out the love of God from thy heart, and impeded thy progress in the heavenly way? Adopt a course of daily, habitual self-denial. Cease gratifying thy appetite; be content with the plainest diet; reject what most pampers the palate; fast often; keep thy body under. Cease adorning thy person; dress in coarse and poor apparel; discard all finery; cut off the supplies of vanity and pride. Occupy a poor habitation; suffer inconveniences, yea, prefer them ever to slothful ease and carnal indulgence. Allow no amusements; turn away thine eyes from the pleasant sights, and thine ears from the pleasant sounds, of this vain world. Engage in no conversation, read no book, that interrupts thy communion with God; nor

indeed any that has not a devotional tendency, unless it be necessary in thy calling. Get rid of the encumbrance of worldly property; sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, especially those who are in spiritual poverty. As to character, that last idol and most deadly tyrant of poor fallen man, follow the advice of that eminent saint, Archbishop Leighton: "Choose always, to the best of thy skill, what is most to God's honor, and most like unto Christ and his example, and most profitable to thy neighbor, and most against thy own proper will, and least serviceable to thy own praise and exaltation." And again: "Not only be content, but desirous, to be unknown, or, being known, to be contemned and despised of all men, yet without thy faults or deservings, as much as thou canst."[75] Finally, renounce all terms with this world, which lieth in the arms of the wicked one; renounce all thy worldly projects and pursuits, except what is absolutely necessary for thine own sustenance and that of those dependent on thee; avoid, as much as possible, the contaminating touch of worldly things; and by shutting the avenues of thy soul against the solicitations of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, endeavor to weaken that deadly and tremendous influence which the world has gained over thee, and of which thou art scarcely suspicious.[76] And when thou hast done all thou canst, remember that on account of the hesitation with which thou didst admit the light; the reluctance with which thou didst enter on thy duty; the carnal reasonings which at every step thou hast indulged; the readiness which thou hast sometimes felt to give up the effort; and the unfaithfulness which has marred, the sin which has polluted thy best performances—thou deservest nothing but hell.

Art thou ready, on reading these pages, to say in despair, Alas for me! bound by a thousand chains, and loaded with a thousand burdens, how can I ever live a holy life of self-denial? Remember that there is One who is able and willing to help thee. It is commonly, if not always, the case with young converts, that the Holy Spirit draws them towards the path of self-denial. We can all, perhaps, remember the time when we had such a sense of our unworthiness that we were desirous of denying ourselves of every indulgence; when we had such a sense of the danger of temptation, and the dreadful power of sin, that we were willing to renounce all things in order to live a holy life. But in the Protestant church we were frightened by the phantoms of Romish austerities, self-inflicted mortifications, overmuch righteousness, religious enthusiasm, etc.; we shut our eyes to the dawning light, turned away our ears from the heavenly call, the Spirit ceased to strive, and we have been swept away with the tide.

Return, O mistaken soul, to thy first love. God is still waiting to be gracious. Dost thou not feel a latent impulse, as thou readest these lines? a secret conviction that this is the truth? an incipient desire to comply? Yield thyself to the heavenly influence. Make an immediate beginning. Wait not till thou seest the whole path clearly illumined; expect not meridian brightness, while thy sun is yet struggling with the dark, malignant vapors which rest on thy earthly horizon, the confines of a still darker world. The path of self-denial is, to carnal eyes, a veiled path, a mystery of the divine kingdom. While thou hesitatest at the first sacrifice required, expect no further admonition, no further light. But if thou wilt do what thy hands find to do this hour, if thou wilt,

in childlike simplicity and humble obedience, take the first step, thou shalt see the second, which now thou seest not; and as thou advancest, thou shalt find the path of self-denial open most wonderfully and delightfully before thee; thou shalt find it sweet to follow thy dear Lord and Saviour, bearing the cross, and shalt soon be enabled to say,—

> "Sweet is the cross, above all sweets,
> To souls enamored with thy smiles."

The third is the cord of *Doing good*. This imparts beauty and utility to the rest. It is written of the Lord Jesus that *he went about doing good*. Art thou his disciple? Imitate his example, and go about doing good. DO GOOD. Let this be thy motto. Do good—all the good in thy power—of every sort—and to every person. Regard every human being as thine own brother; look with eyes of love on every one thou meetest, and hope that he will be thy loving and beloved companion in the bright world above. Rejoice in every opportunity of doing him any good, either of a temporal or spiritual kind. Comfort him in trouble; relieve his wants; instruct his ignorance; enlighten his darkness; warn him of his danger; show him the way of salvation; persuade and constrain him to become thy fellow-traveller in that blessed way. Follow him with all offices of kindness and love, even as thou wouldst be pleased to have another do to thee. Bear with all his infirmities. Be not weary in well doing. Remember that thy Saviour bore long with thee, and is still bearing with thee, beyond all conception, and covering thy pollution with the robe stained with his own blood, that the wrath of God may not strike thee. And when he thus forgives thine immense debt, canst thou not bear with thy fellow-debtor?

Do good to the Lord thy Saviour. Is he far beyond thy reach? True, he reigns on high; but still he lives in all his members. “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” As thou hast, therefore, opportunity, do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith. As a true follower of Christ, seek not thine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved. Since Christ has suffered, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life, extend thy good wishes to earth’s remotest bounds; and wherever a human being exists, let thy prayers and thine efforts combine to bring down eternal blessings on his beloved soul. But let the members of the household of faith, whatever be their language, country, or religious denomination, share in thy warmest love. Regard each one as a part of thine own dear Saviour; and be as happy to wash his feet as if they were the feet of thy Lord himself. Remember that, notwithstanding present imperfections, ye are hastening to be united to one another, and to God, in a manner most ineffable, even as God is in Christ, and Christ in God; that the bosom of infinite love is even now opening to receive you all, and that ye will all bathe together, for endless ages, in “that sea of life and love unknown, without a bottom or a shore.”

By practising self-denial, thou weakenest the debasing principle of inordinate self-love; and by doing good, thou cherishest and strengthenest the heavenly principle of holy benevolence. Let these exercises, then, quickened and sanctified by secret prayer, be the regular work of each day of thy life.

Thus I present thee, my brother, with the threefold cord—the three grand means of growing in grace—of gaining the victory over the world, the flesh, and the

devil—of drawing the soul from earth to heaven. Means, I say; for I speak not now of faith, the living operative principle within—the hand, with which thou must lay hold of the threefold cord. Wilt thou accept my present? Art thou inclined to lay hold? Cherish the Heaven-born inclination. It is worth more to thee than all the treasures of the earth. Go into thy place of prayer, stretch out the hand of faith, and implore the Holy Spirit, who is even now hovering over thee, to strengthen thee to lay hold for life. Dost thou hesitate? O my brother, do not, I beseech thee. O, do not grieve the Holy Spirit. Disappoint not the fond hopes of thy longing Saviour. Renounce the world, renounce thyself, and flee into his loving arms, which are open to receive and embrace thee. Angels will rejoice over thy second conversion, as they did over thy first. Thou wilt soon find such sweetness as thou hast never yet conceived. Thou wilt begin to live in a new world, to breathe a new atmosphere, and to behold the light of heaven shining around thee; and thou wilt begin to love the Lord thy God in a new manner, when he is "pacified towards thee, for all that thou hast done."

Postscript.

In taking leave of thee, my brother, the thought occurs, that, notwithstanding thy prevailing hope, thou mayst yet have fearful doubts about thy spiritual state, and mayst think that thou hast not yet the hand of faith, with which to lay hold of what I send thee. And I fancy I hear thee cry, What shall I do? Art thou *sensible* of thy maimed state? Then there is some hope. *Do what thou canst*: stretch out what thou hast, however maimed or withered, and try to lay hold. Try to pray in faith, to practice self-denial, and to do good. And be assured, my brother, that thou wilt quickly find the hand of faith where

thou thoughtest it was not. There is one near thee whom yet thou knowest not—He who gave sight to blind Bartimeus, and said to the deaf man, Ephphatha, Be opened; He who heareth the young ravens when they cry, and much more, the cry of man, the dearest of all his creatures; He, who is ever moved with the yearning feelings of a tender parent, when he sees, at a distance, his poor prodigal son returning, famished and forlorn, from the far country.

MIZAR, *February, 1829*.

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75. See *Rules and Instructions for a Holy Life*, a piece which, though not elaborately finished, contains the very marrow of true religion. Study also Law's *Treatise upon Christian Perfection*, and Kempis's *Imitation of Christ*.

76. To guard against extremes, take the two following short rules: 1st. Avoid such privations and severities as do really injure thy bodily health. 2d. Avoid affected singularities in dress and deportment, which only cherish pride; and while thou aimest to be poor and mortified in all outward things, still retain the garb and costume of thy country, and respect those national usages which are common to the high and the low, the rich and the poor, unless there be some special reason for a change.

D.

ADVICE TO MISSIONARY CANDIDATES.

To the Foreign Missionary Association of the Hamilton

Literary and Theological Institution, N. Y.

MAULMAIN, *June* 25, 1832.

DEAR BRETHREN: Yours of November last, from the pen of your Corresponding Secretary, Mr. William Dean, is before me. It is one of the few letters that I feel called upon to answer, for you ask my advice on several important points. There is, also, in the sentiments you express, something so congenial to my own, that I feel my heart knit to the members of your association, and instead of commonplace reply, am desirous of setting down a few items which may be profitable to you in your future course. Brief items they must be, for want of time forbids my expatiating.

In commencing my remarks, I take you as you are. You are contemplating a missionary life.

First, then, let it be a missionary *life*; that is, come out for life, and not for a limited term. Do not fancy that you have a true missionary spirit, while you are intending all along to leave the heathen soon after acquiring their language. Leave them! for what? To spend the rest of your days in enjoying the ease and plenty of your native land?

Secondly. In choosing a companion for life, have particular regard to a good constitution, and not wantonly, or without good cause, bring a burden on yourselves and the mission.

Thirdly. Be not ravenous to do good on board ship. Missionaries have frequently done more hurt than good, by injudicious zeal, during their passage out.

Fourthly. Take care that the attention you receive at home, the unfavorable circumstances in which you will be placed on board ship, and the unmissionary examples you may possibly meet with at some missionary stations, do not transform you from living missionaries to mere skeletons before you reach the place of your destination. It may be profitable to bear in mind, that a large proportion of those who come out on

a mission to the East die within five years after leaving their native land. Walk softly, therefore; death is narrowly watching your steps.

Fifthly. Beware of the reaction which will take place soon after reaching your field of labor. There you will perhaps find native Christians, of whose merits or demerits you can not judge correctly without some familiar acquaintance with their language. Some appearances will combine to disappoint and disgust you. You will meet with disappointments and discouragements, of which it is impossible to form a correct idea from written accounts, and which will lead you, at first, almost to regret that you have embarked in the cause. You will see men and women whom you have been accustomed to view through a telescope some thousands of miles long. Such an instrument is apt to magnify. Beware, therefore, of the reaction you will experience from a combination of all these causes, lest you become disheartened at commencing your work, or take up a prejudice against some persons and places, which will embitter all your future lives.

Sixthly. Beware of the greater reaction which will take place after you have acquired the language, and become fatigued and worn out with preaching the gospel to a disobedient and gainsaying people. You will sometimes long for a quiet retreat, where you can find a respite from the tug of toiling at native work—the incessant, intolerable friction of the missionary grindstone. And Satan will sympathize with you in this matter; and he will present some chapel of ease, in which to officiate in your native tongue, some government situation, some professorship or editorship, some literary or scientific pursuit, some supernumerary translation, or, at least, some system of schools; anything, in a word, that will help you, without much surrender of character, to slip out of real missionary work. Such a temptation will form the crisis of your disease. If your spiritual constitution can sustain it, you

recover; if not, you die.

Seventhly. Beware of pride; not the pride of proud men, but the pride of humble men—that secret pride which is apt to grow out of the consciousness that we are esteemed by the great and good. This pride sometimes eats out the vitals of religion before its existence is suspected. In order to check its operations, it may be well to remember how we appear in the sight of God, and how we should appear in the sight of our fellow-men, *if all were known*. Endeavor to let all be known. Confess your faults freely, and as publicly as circumstances will require or admit. When you have done something of which you are ashamed, and by which, perhaps, some person has been injured (and what man is exempt?), be glad not only to make reparation, but improve the opportunity for subduing your pride.

Eighthly. Never lay up money for yourselves or your families. Trust in God from day to day, and verily you shall be fed.

Ninthly. Beware of that indolence which leads to a neglect of bodily exercise. The poor health and premature death of most Europeans in the East must be eminently ascribed to the most wanton neglect of bodily exercise.

Tenthly. Beware of genteel living. Maintain as little intercourse as possible with fashionable European society. The mode of living adopted by many missionaries in the East is quite inconsistent with that familiar intercourse with the natives which is essential to a missionary.

There are many points of self-denial that I should like to touch upon; but a consciousness of my own deficiency constrains me to be silent. I have also left untouched several topics of vital importance, it having been my aim to select such only as appear to me to have been not much noticed or enforced. I hope you will excuse the monitorial style that I have accidentally

adopted. I assure you, I mean no harm.

In regard to your inquiries concerning studies, qualifications, etc., nothing occurs that I think would be particularly useful, except the simple remark, that I fear too much stress begins to be laid on what is termed a thorough classical education.

Praying that you may be guided in all your deliberations, and that I may yet have the pleasure of welcoming some of you to these heathen shores, I remain

Your affectionate brother,

A. JUDSON.

E.

THE KATHAYAN SLAVE.

AT the commencement of the English and Burmese war of 1824, all the Christians (called "hat-wearers," in contradistinction from the turbaned heads of the Orientals) residing at Ava were thrown unceremoniously into the death-prison. Among them were both Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries; some few reputable European traders; and criminals shadowed from the laws of Christendom "under the sole of the golden foot." These, Americans, English, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, and Armenian, were all huddled together in one prison, with villains of every grade—the thief, the assassin, the bandit, or all three in one; constituting, in connection with countless other crimes, a blacker character than the inhabitant of a civilized land can picture. Sometimes stript of their clothing, sometimes nearly starved, loaded with

heavy irons, thrust into a hot, filthy, noisome apartment, with criminals for companions and criminals for guards, compelled to see the daily torture, to hear the shriek of anguish from writhing victims, with death, death in some terribly detestable form, always before them, a severer state of suffering can scarcely be imagined.

The Burmese had never been known to spare the lives of their war-captives; and though the little band of foreigners could scarcely be called prisoners of war, yet this well-known custom, together with their having been thrust into the death-prison, from which there was no escape, except by a pardon from the king, cut off nearly every reasonable hope of rescue. But (quite a new thing in the annals of Burmese history), although some died from the intensity of their sufferings, no foreigner was wantonly put to death. Of those who were claimed by the English at the close of the war, some one or two are yet living, with anklets and bracelets which they will carry to the grave with them, wrought in their flesh by the heavy iron. It may well be imagined that these men might unfold to us scenes of horror, incidents daily occurring under their own shuddering gaze, in comparison with which the hair-elevating legends of Ann Radcliff would become simply fairy tales.

The death-prison at Ava was at that time a single large room, built of rough boards, without either window or door, and with but a thinly thatched roof to protect the wretched inmates from the blaze of a tropical sun. It was entered by slipping aside a single board, which constituted a sort of sliding-door. Around the prison, inside the yard, were ranged the huts of the under-jailers, or *Children of the Prison*, and outside of the yard, close at hand, that of the head-jailer. These jailers must necessarily be condemned

criminals, with a ring, the sign of outlawry, traced in the skin of the cheek, and the name of their crime engraved in the same manner upon the breast. The head-jailer was a tall, bony man, with sinews of iron; wearing, when speaking, a malicious smirk, and given at times to a most revolting kind of jocoseness. When silent and quiet, he had a jaded, care-worn look; but it was at the torture that he was in his proper element. Then his face lighted up—became glad, furious, demoniac. His small black eyes glittered like those of a serpent; his thin lips rolled back, displaying his toothless gums in front, with a long, protruding tusk on either side, stained black as ebony; his hollow, ringed cheeks seemed to contract more and more, and his breast heaved with convulsive delight beneath the fearful word—MAN-KILLER. The prisoners called him *father*, when he was present to enforce this expression of affectionate familiarity; but among themselves he was irreverently christened the *tiger-cat*.

One of the most active of the Children of the Prison was a short, broad-faced man, labelled THIEF, who, as well as the Tiger, had a peculiar talent in the way of torturing; and so fond was he of the use of the whip, that he often missed his count, and zealously exceeded the number of lashes ordered by the city governor. The wife of this man was a most odious creature; filthy, bold, impudent, cruel, and, like her husband, delighting in torture. Her face was not only deeply pitted with small-pox, but so deformed with leprosy, that the white cartilage of the nose was laid entirely bare; from her large mouth shone rows of irregular teeth, black as ink; her hair, which was left entirely to the care of nature, was matted in large black masses about her head; and her manner, under all this hideous ugliness, was insolent

and vicious. They had two children—little vipers, well loaded with venom; and by their vexatious mode of annoyance trying the tempers of the prisoners more than was in the power of the mature torturers.

As will readily be perceived, the security of this prison was not in the strength of the structure, but in the heavy manacles, and the living wall. The lives of the jailers depended entirely on their fidelity; and fidelity involved strict obedience to orders, however ferocious. As for themselves, they could not escape; they had nowhere to go; certain death awaited them everywhere, for they bore on cheek and breast the ineffaceable proof of their outlawry. Their only safety was at their post; and there was no safety there in humanity, even if it were possible for such degraded creatures to have a spark of humanity left. So inclination united with interest to make them what they really were—demons.

The arrival of a new prisoner was an incident calculated to excite but little interest in the hat-wearers, provided he came in turban and waistcloth. But one morning there was brought in a young man, speaking the Burmese brokenly, and with the soft accent of the north, who at once attracted universal attention. He was tall and erect, with a mild, handsome face, bearing the impress of inexpressible suffering; a complexion slightly tinted with the rich brown of the east; a fine, manly carriage, and a manner which, even there, was both graceful and dignified.

"Who is he?" was the interpretation of the inquiring glances exchanged among those who had no liberty to speak; and then eye asked of eye, "What can he have done?—he so gentle, so mild, so manly, that even these wretches, who scarcely know the

name of pity and respect, seem to feel both for him?" There was, in truth, something in the countenance of the new prisoner which, without asking for sympathy, involuntarily enforced it. It was not amiability, though his dark, soft, beautiful eye was full of a noble sweetness; it was not resignation; it was not apathy; it was hopelessness, deep, utter, immovable, suffering hopelessness. Very young, and apparently not ambitious or revengeful, what crime could this interesting stranger have committed to draw down "the golden foot" with such crushing weight upon his devoted head? He seemed utterly friendless, and without even the means of obtaining food; for, as the day advanced, no one came to see him; and the officer who brought him had left no directions. He did not, however, suffer from this neglect, for Madam Thief (most wonderful to relate!) actually shared so deeply in the universal sympathy as to bring him a small quantity of boiled rice and water.

Toward evening the Woon-bai, a governor, or rather Mayor of the city, entered the prison, his bold, lion-like face as open and unconcerned as ever, but with something of unusual bustling in his manner.

"Where is he?" he cried, sternly; "where is he? this son of Kathay? this dog, villain, traitor! where is he? Aha! only one pair of irons? Put on five! do you hear? five!"

The Woon-bai remained till his orders were executed, and the poor Kathayan was loaded with five pairs of fetters; and then he went out, frowning on one and smiling on another; while the Children of the Prison watched his countenance and manner, as significant of what was expected of them. The prisoners looked at each other, and shook their heads in commiseration.

The next day the feet of the young Kathayan, in obedience to some new order, were placed in the stocks, which raised them about eighteen inches from the ground; and the five pairs of fetters were all disposed on the outer side of the plank, so that their entire weight fell upon the ankles. The position was so painful that each prisoner, some from memory, some from sympathetic apprehension, shared in the pain when he looked at the sufferer.

During this day, one of the missionaries, who had been honored with an invitation, which it was never prudent to refuse, to the hut of the Thief, learned something of the history of the young man, and his crime. His home, it was told him, was among the rich hills of Kathay, as they range far northward, where the tropic sun loses the intense fierceness of his blaze, and makes the atmosphere soft and luxurious, as though it were mellowing beneath the same amber sky which ripens the fruits, and gives their glow to the flowers. What had been his rank in his own land, the jailer's wife did not know. Perhaps he had been a prince, chief of the brave band conquered by the superior force of the Burmans; or a hunter among the spicy groves and deep-wooded jungles, lithe as the tiger which he pursued from lair to lair, and free as the flame-winged bird of the sun that circled above him; or perhaps his destiny had been a humbler one, and he had but followed his goats as they bounded fearlessly from ledge to ledge, and plucked for food the herbs upon his native hills. He had been brought away by a marauding party, and presented as a slave to the brother of the queen. This *Men-thah-gyee*, the Great Prince, as he was called, by way of pre-eminence, had risen, through the influence of his sister, from the humble condition of a fishmonger, to be the Richelieu of the nation.

Unpopular from his mean origin, and still more unpopular from the acts of brutality to which the intoxication of power had given rise, the sympathy excited by the poor Kathayan in the breasts of these wretches may easily be accounted for. It was not pity or mercy, but hatred. Anywhere else, the sufferer's sad, handsome face, and mild, uncomplaining manner, would have enlisted sympathy; but here, they would scarcely have seen the sadness, or beauty, or mildness, except through the medium of a passion congenial to their own natures.

Among the other slaves of Men-thah-gyee, was a young Kathay girl of singular beauty. She was, so said Madam the Thief, a bundle of roses, set round with the fragrant blossoms of the champac tree; her breath was like that of the breezes when they come up from their dalliance with the spicy daughters of the islands of the south; her voice had caught its rich cadence from the musical gush of the silver fountain, which wakes among the green of her native hills; her hair had been braided from the glossy raven plumage of the royal edolius; her eyes were twin stars looking out from cool springs, all fringed with the long, tremulous reeds of the jungle; and her step was as the free, graceful bound of the wild antelope. On the subject of her grace, her beauty, and her wondrous daring, the jailer's wife could not be sufficiently eloquent. And so this poor, proud, simple-souled maiden, this diamond from the rich hills of Kathay, destined to glitter for an hour or two on a prince's bosom, unsubdued even in her desolation, had dared to bestow her affections with the uncalculating lavishness of conscious heart-freedom. And the poor wretch, lying upon his back in the death-prison, his feet fast in the stocks and swelling and purpling beneath the heavy irons, had participated in her

crime; had lured her on, by tender glances and by loving words, inexpressibly sweet in their mutual bondage, to irretrievable destruction. What fears, what hopes winged by fears, what tremulous joys, still hedged in by that same crowd of fears, what despondency, what revulsions of impotent anger and daring, what weeping, what despair must have been theirs! Their tremblings and rejoicings, their mad projects, growing each day wilder and more dangerous—since madness alone could have given rise to anything like hope—are things left to imagination; for there was none to relate the heart-history of the two slaves of Men-thah-gyee. Yet there were some hints of a first accidental meeting under the shadow of the mango and tamarind trees, where the sun lighted up, by irregular gushes, the waters of the little lake in the centre of the garden, and the rustle of leaves seemed sufficient to drown the accents of their native tongues. So they looked, spoke, their hearts bounded, paused, trembled with soft home-memories—they whispered on, and they were lost. Poor slaves!

Then at evening, when the dark-browed maidens of the golden city gathered, with their earthen vessels, about the well, there, shaded by the thick clumps of bamboo, with the free sky overhead, the green earth beneath, and the songs and laughter of the merry girls ringing in their ears, so like their own home, the home which they had lost forever—oh, what a rare, sweet, dangerous meeting-place for those who should not, and yet must be lovers!

Finally came a day fraught with illimitable consequences; the day when the young slave, not yet admitted to the royal harem, should become more than ever the property of her master. And now deeper grew their agony, more uncontrollable their

madness, wilder and more daring their hopes, with every passing moment. Not a man in Ava but would have told them that escape was impossible; and yet, goaded on by love and despair, they attempted the impossibility. They had countrymen in the city, and, under cover of night, they fled to them. Immediately the minister sent out his myrmidons—they were tracked, captured, and brought back to the palace.

"And what became of the poor girl?" inquired the missionary, with much interest.

The woman shuddered, and beneath her scars and the swarthiness of her skin, she became deadly pale.

"There is a cellar, Tsayah," at last she whispered, still shuddering, "a deep cellar, that no one has seen, but horrible cries come from it sometimes, and two nights ago, for three hours, three long hours—such shrieks! Amai-ai! what shrieks! And they say that he was there, Tsayah, and saw and heard it all. That is the reason that his eyes are blinded and his ears benumbed. A great many go into that cellar, but none ever come out again—none but the doomed like him. It is—*it is like the West Prison*," she added, sinking her voice still lower, and casting an eager, alarmed look about her. The missionary, too, shuddered, as much at the mention of this prison as at the recital of the woman; for it shut within its walls deep mysteries, which even his jailers, accustomed as they were to torture and death, shrank from babbling of.

The next day a cord was passed around the wrists of the young Kathayan, his arms jerked up into a position perpendicular with his prostrate body, and the end of the cord fastened to a beam overhead. Still, though faint from the lack of food, parched with thirst, and racked with pain, for his feet were swollen and livid, not a murmur of complaint

escaped his lips. And yet this patient endurance seemed scarcely the result of fortitude or heroism; an observer would have said that the inner suffering was so great as to render that of the mere physical frame unheeded. There was the same expression of hopelessness, the same unvarying wretchedness, too deep, too real, to think of giving itself utterance on the face as at his first entrance into the prison; and except that he now and then fixed on one of the hopeless beings who regarded him in silent pity, a mournful, half-beseeching, half-vacant stare, this was all.

That day passed away as others had done; then came another night of dreams, in which loved ones gathered around the hearth-stone of a dear, distant home; dreams broken by the clanking of chains, and the groans of the suffering; and then morning broke. There still hung the poor Kathayan; his face slightly distorted with the agony he was suffering, his lips dry and parched, his cheek pallid and sunken, and his eyes wild and glaring. His breast swelled and heaved, and now and then a sob-like sigh burst forth involuntarily. When the Tiger entered, the eye of the young man immediately fastened on him, and a shiver passed through his frame. The old murderer went his usual rounds with great nonchalance; gave an order here, a blow there, and cracked a malicious joke with a third; smiling all the time that dark, sinister smile, which made him so much more hideous in the midst of his wickedness. At last he approached the Kathayan, who, with a convulsive movement, half raised himself from the ground at his touch, and seemed to contract like a shrivelled leaf.

“Right! right, my son!” said the old man, chuckling. “You are expert at helping yourself, to be sure; but then you need assistance. So—so—so!” and

giving the cord three successive jerks, he succeeded, by means of his immense strength, in raising the Kathayan so that but the back of his head, as it fell downward, could touch the floor. There was a quick, short crackling of joints, and a groan escaped the prisoner. Another groan followed, and then another —and another—a heaving of the chest, a convulsive shiver, and for a moment he seemed lost. Human hearts glanced heavenward. "God grant it! Father of mercies, spare him farther agony!" It could not be. Gaspingly came the lost breath back again, quiveringly the soft eyes unclosed; and the young Kathayan captive was fully awake to his misery.

"I can not die so—I can not—so slow—so slow—so slow!" Hunger gnawed, thirst burned, fever revelled in his veins; the cord upon his wrists cut to the bone; corruption had already commenced upon his swollen, livid feet; the most frightful, torturing pains distorted his body, and wrung from him groans and murmurings so pitiful, so harrowing, so full of anguish, that the unwilling listeners could only turn away their heads, or lift their eyes to each other's faces in mute horror. Not a word was exchanged among them—not a lip had power to give it utterance.

"I can not die so! I can not die so! I can not die so!" came the words, at first moaningly, and then prolonged to a terrible howl. And so passed another day, and another night, and still the wretch lived on.

In the midst of their filth and smothering heat, the prisoners awoke from such troubled sleep as they could gain amid these horrors; and those who could, pressed their feverish lips and foreheads to the crevices between the boards to court the morning breezes. A lady with a white brow, and a lip whose delicate vermilion had not ripened beneath the skies

of India, came with food to her husband. By constant importunity had the beautiful ministering angel gained this holy privilege. Her coming was like a gleam of sunlight—a sudden unfolding of the beauties of this bright earth to one born blind. She performed her usual tender ministry and departed.

Day advanced to its meridian; and once more, but now hesitatingly, and as though he dreaded his task, the Tiger drew near the young Kathayan. But the sufferer did not shrink from him as before.

"Quick!" he exclaimed, greedily. "Quick! give me one hand and the cord—just a moment, a single moment—this hand with the cord in it—and you shall be rid of me forever!"

The Tiger burst into a hideous laugh, his habitual cruelty returning at the sound of his victim's voice.

"Rid of you! not so fast, my son; not so fast. You will hold out a day or two yet. Let me see!" passing his hand along the emaciated, feverish body of the sufferer. "Oh, yes; two days at least, perhaps three; and it may be longer. Patience, my son; you are frightfully strong! Now these joints—why, any other man's would have separated long ago; but here they stay just as firmly—" As he spoke with a calculating sort of deliberation, the monster gave the cord a sudden jerk, then another, and a third, raising his victim still farther from the floor, and then adjusting it about the beam, walked unconcernedly away. For several minutes the prison rung with the most fearful cries. Shriek followed shriek, agonized, furious, with scarcely a breath between; bellowings, howlings, gnashings of the teeth, sharp, piercing screams, yells of savage defiance; cry upon cry, cry upon cry, with wild superhuman strength, they came; while the prisoners shrank in awe and terror, trembling in their chains. But this violence soon exhausted itself, and

the paroxysm passed, giving place to low, sad moans, irresistibly pitiful. This was a day never to be forgotten by the hundred wretched creatures congregated in the gloomy death-prison. The sun had never seemed to move so slowly before. Its setting was gladly welcomed, but yet the night brought no change. Those piteous moans, those agonized groanings seemed no nearer an end than ever.

Another day passed—another night—again day dawned and drew near its close; and yet the poor Kathayan clung to life with frightful tenacity. One of the missionaries, as a peculiar favor, had been allowed to creep into an old shed, opposite the door of the prison; and here he was joined by a companion, just as the day was declining towards evening.

"Oh, will it ever end?" whispered one.

The other only bowed his head between his hands —"Terrible! terrible!"

"There surely can be nothing worse in the West Prison."

"Can there be anything worse—can there be more finished demons in the pit?"

Suddenly, while this broken conversation was conducted in a low tone, so as not to draw upon the speakers the indignation of their jailers, they were struck by the singular stillness of the prison. The clanking of chains, the murmur and the groan, the heavy breathing of congregated living beings, the bustle occasioned by the continuous uneasy movement of the restless sufferers, the ceaseless tread of the Children of the Prison, and their bullying voices, all were hushed.

"What is it?" in a lower whisper than ever, and a shaking of the head, and holding their own chains to prevent their rattle, and looks full of wonder, was all

that passed between the two listeners. Their amazement was interrupted by a dull, heavy sound, as though a bag of dried bones had been suddenly crushed down by the weight of some powerful foot. Silently they stole to a crevice in the boards, opposite the open door. Not a jailer was to be seen; and the prisoners were motionless and apparently breathless, with the exception of one powerful man, who was just drawing the wooden mallet in his hand for another blow on the temple of the suspended Kathayan. It came down with the same dull, hollow, crushing sound; the body swayed from the point where it was suspended by wrist and ankle, till it seemed that every joint must be dislocated; but the flesh scarcely quivered. The blow was repeated, and then another, and another; but they were not needed. The poor captive Kathayan was dead.

The mallet was placed away from sight, and the daring man hobbled back to his corner, dangling his heavy chain as though it had been a plaything, and striving with all his might to look unconscious and unconcerned. An evident feeling of relief stole over the prisoners; the Children of the Prison came back to their places, one by one, and all went on as before. It was some time before any one appeared to discover the death of the Kathayan. The old Tiger declared it was what he had been expecting, that his living on in this manner was quite out of rule; but that those hardy fellows from the hills never would give in while there was a possibility of drawing another breath. Then the poor skeleton was unchained, dragged by the heels into the prison-yard, and thrown into a gutter. It did not, apparently, fall properly, for one of the jailers altered the position of the shoulders by means of his foot; then clutching the long black hair, jerked the head a little farther on

the side. Thus the discolored temple was hidden; and surely that emaciated form gave sufficient evidence of a lingering death. Soon after, a party of government officers visited the prison-yard, touched the corpse with their feet, without raising it; and, apparently satisfied, turned away, as though it had been a dead dog that they cared not to give farther attention.

Is it strange that, if one were there with a human heart within him, not brutalized by crime, or steeled by passive familiarity with suffering, he should have dragged his heavy chain to the side of the dead, and dropped upon his sharpened, distorted features the tear, which there was none who had loved him to shed? Is it strange that tender fingers should have closed the staring eyes, and touched gently the cold brow, which throbbed no longer with pain, and smoothed the frayed hair, and composed the passive limbs decently, though he knew that the next moment rude hands would destroy the result of his pious labor? And is it strange that when all which remained of the poor sufferer had been jostled into its sackcloth shroud, and crammed down into the dark hole dug for it in the earth, a prayer should have ascended, even from that terrible prison? Not a prayer for the dead; he had received his doom. But an earnest, beseeching, upheaving of the heart for those wretched beings that, in the face of the pure heavens and the smiling earth, confound, by the inherent blackness of their natures, philosopher, priest, or philanthropist, who dares to tickle the ears of the multitude with fair theories of “Natural religion,” and “The dignity of human nature.”

F.

WAYSIDE PREACHING.

BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

THE sunlight fell aslant upon the fragile framework of a Burman zayat; but though it was some hours past midday, the burning rays were not yet level enough to look too intrusively beneath the low projecting eaves. Yet the day was intensely hot, and the wearied occupant of the one bamboo chair in the centre of the building, looked haggard and care-worn. All day long had he sat in that position, repeating over and over again, as he could find listeners, such simple truths as mothers are accustomed to teach the infant on their knees; and now his head was aching, and his heart was very heavy. He had met some scoffers, some who seemed utterly indifferent, but not one sincere inquirer after the truth.

In the middle of the day, when the sun was hottest, and scarcely a European throughout all India was astir, he had received the greatest number of visitors; for the passers-by were glad of a moment's rest and shelter from the sun. The mats were still spread invitingly upon the floor; but though persons of almost every description were continually passing and repassing, they seemed each intent on his own business, and the missionary was without a listener. He thought of his neglected study-table at home; of his patient, fragile wife, toiling through the numerous cares of the day alone; of the letters his friends were expecting, and which he had no time to write; of the last periodicals from his dear native land, lying still unread; and every little while,

between the other thoughts, came real pinings after a delicious little book of devotion, which he had slid into his pocket in the morning, promising it his first moment of leisure. Then he was naturally an active man, of quick, ardent temperament, and with such views of the worth of time as earnest American men can scarcely fail to gain; and it went to his heart to lose so many precious moments. If he could only do something to fill up these tedious intervals! But no; this was a work to which he must not give a divided mind. He was renewing a half-tested experiment in wayside preaching, and he would not suffer his attention to be distracted by anything else. While his face was hidden by his book, and his mind intent on self-improvement, some poor passer-by might lose a last, an only opportunity, of hearing the words of life. To be sure, his own soul seemed very barren, and needed refreshing; and his body was weary—wearied well-nigh to fainting, more with the dull, palsying inanity of the day's fruitless endeavors, than with anything like labor. Heavily beat down the hot sun, lighting up the amber-like brown of the thatch as with a burning coal; while thickly in its broad rays floated a heavy golden cloud of dust and motes, showing in what a wretched atmosphere the delicate lungs were called to labor. Meantime a fever-freighted breeze, which had been, all the hot day, sweeping the effluvia from eastern marshes, stirred the glossy leaves of the orange tree across the way, and parched the lip, and kindled a crimson spot upon the wan cheek of the weary missionary.

"God reigns," he repeated, as though some reminder of the sort were necessary. "God Almighty reigns; and I have given myself to him, soul and body, for time and for eternity. His will be done!" Still, how long the day seemed! How broad the space

that blistering sun had yet to travel, before its waiting, its watching, and its laboring would be ended! Might he not indulge himself just one moment? His hand went to his pocket, and the edge of a little book peeped forth a moment, and then, with a decided push, was thrust back again. No; he would not trifle with his duty. He would be sternly, rigidly faithful; and the blessing would surely come in time. Yet it was with an irrepressible yawn that he took up a little Burman tract prepared by himself, of which every word was as familiar as his own name, and commenced reading aloud. The sounds caught the ear of a coarsely-clad water-bearer, and she lowered the vessel from her head, and seated herself afar off, just within the shadow of the low eaves. Attracted by the foreign accent of the reader, few passed without turning the head a few moments to listen; then, catching at some word which seemed to them offensive, they would repeat it mockingly and hasten on.

Finally the old water-bearer, grinning in angry derision till her wrinkled visage became positively hideous, rose, slowly adjusted the earthen vessel on her head, and passed along, muttering as she went, “Jesus Christ!—no Nigban!—ha, ha, ha!” The heart of the missionary sunk within him, and he was on the point of laying down the book. But the shadow of another passer-by fell upon the path, and he continued a moment longer. It was a tall, dignified looking man, leading by the hand a boy, the open mirthfulness of whose bright, button-like eyes was in perfect keeping with his dancing little feet. The stranger was of a grave, staid demeanor, with a turban of aristocratic smallness, sandals turning up at the toe, a silken robe of somewhat subdued colors, and a snow-white tunic of gentlemanlike length and

unusual fineness.

"Papa, papa!" said the boy, with a merry little skip, and twitching at the hand he was holding, "Look, look, papa! *there* is Jesus Christ's man. *Amai!* how shockingly white!"

"Jesus Christ's man" raised his eyes from the book which he could read just as well without eyes, and bestowed one of his brightest smiles upon the little stranger, just as the couple were passing beyond the corner of the zayat, but not too late to catch a bashfully pleased recognition. The father did not speak nor turn his head, but a ray of sunshine went down into the missionary's heart from those happy little eyes; and he somehow felt that his hour's reading had not been thrown away. He had remarked this man before in other parts of the town; and had striven in various ways to attract his attention, but without success. He was evidently known, and most probably avoided; but the child, with that shy, pleased, half-confiding, roguish sort of smile, seemed sent as an encouraging messenger. The missionary continued his reading with an increase of earnestness and emphasis. A priest wrapped his yellow robes about him and sat down upon the steps, as though for a moment's rest. Then another stranger came up boldly, and with considerable ostentation, seated himself on the mat. He proved to be a philosopher, from the school then recently disbanded at Prome; and he soon drew on a brisk, animated controversy.

The missionary did not finish his day's work with the shutting up of the zayat. At night, in his closet, he remembered both philosopher and priest; pleaded long and earnestly for the scoffing old water-bearer; and felt a warm tear stealing to his eye, as he presented the case of the tall stranger, and the

laughing, dancing ray of sunshine at his side.

Day after day went by, as oppressively hot, as dusty, and bringing as many feverish winds as ever; but the hours were less wearisome, because many little buds of hope had been fashioned, which might yet expand into perfect flowers. But every day the tall stranger carried the same imperturbable face past the zayat; and every day the child made some silent advance towards the friendship of the missionary, bending his half-shaven head, and raising his little nut-colored hand to his forehead, by way of salutation, and smiling till his round face dimpled all over like ripples in a sunny pool. One day, as the pair came in sight, the missionary beckoned with his hand, and the child, with a single bound, came to his knee.

"Moung-Moung!" exclaimed the father in a tone of surprise blended with anger. But the child was back again in a moment, with a gay colored Madras handkerchief wound around his head; and with his bright lips parted, his eyes sparkling, and dancing with joy, and his face wreathed with smiles, he seemed the most charming thing in nature. "*Tai hlah-the!*" (very beautiful) said the child, touching his new turban, and looking into his father's clouded face, with the fearlessness of an indulged favorite.

"*Tai hlah-the!*" repeated the father, involuntarily. He meant the child.

"You have a very fine boy there, sir," said the missionary, in a tone intended to be conciliatory. The stranger turned with a low salaam. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, as though struggling between his native politeness and his desire to avoid an acquaintance with the proselyting foreigner. Then taking the hand of the little boy who was too proud and happy to notice his father's confusion, he

hastened away.

"I do not think that zayat a very good place to go to, Moung-Moung," said the father, gravely, when they were well out of hearing. The boy answered only by a look of inquiry strangely serious for such a face as his.

"These white foreigners are——." He did not say what, but shook his head with mysterious meaning. The boy's eyes grew larger and deeper, but he only continued to look up into his father's face in wondering silence.

"I shall leave you at home to-morrow, to keep you from his wicked sorceries."

"Papa!"

"What, my son?"

"I think it will do no good to leave me at home."

"Why?"

"He has done something to me."

"Who? the *Kalah-byoo*?"

"I do not think he has hurt me, papa; but I can not —keep—away—no—oh, no!"

"What do you mean, Moung-Moung?"

"The sorcerer has done something to me—put his beautiful eye on me. I see it *now*." And the boy's own eyes glowed with a strange, startling brilliancy.

"*'Mai, 'mai!* what a boy! *He* is not a sorcerer, only a very provoking man. His eye—whish! It is nothing to my little Moung-Moung. I was only sporting. But we will have done with him; you shall go there no more——"

"If I can help it, papa!"

"Help it! Hear the foolish child! What strange fancies!"

"Papa!"

"What, my son?"

"You will not be angry?"

"Angry!" The soft smile on that stern, bearded face was a sufficient answer.

"Is it true that she—my mother——?"

"Hush, Moung-Moung!"

"Is it true that she ever *shikoed* to the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Who dares to tell you so?"

"I must not say, papa; the one who told me said it was as much as life is worth to talk of such things to *your* son. Did she, papa?"

"What did he mean? Who could have told such a tale?"

"Did she, papa?"

"That is a very pretty *goung-boung* the foreigner gave you."

"Did she?"

"And makes your bright eyes brighter than ever."

"Did my mother *shiko* to the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"There, there, you have talked enough, my boy," said the father, gloomily; and the two continued their walk in silence. As the conversation ceased, a woman who, with a palm-leaf fan before her face, had followed closely in the shadow of the stranger—so closely, indeed, that she might have heard every word that had been spoken—stopped at a little shop by the way, and was soon seemingly intent on making purchases.

"Ko Shway-bay!" called out the missionary. A man bearing a large satchel, which he had just newly filled with books, appeared at the door of an inner apartment of the zayat.

"*'Ken-payah!*"

"Did you observe the tall man who just passed, leading a little boy?"

"I saw him."

"What do you know about him?"

"He is a writer under government—a very respectable man—haughty—reserved——"

"And what else?"

"He hates—Christians, *Tsayah*."

"Is he very bigoted, then?"

"No, *Tsayah*; he is more like a *päramät* than a Boodhist. Grave as he appears, he sometimes treats sacred things very playfully, always carelessly. But does the teacher remember—it may be now three, four—I do not know how many years ago—a young woman came for medicine——?"

The missionary smiled. "I should have a wonderful memory, Shway-bay, if I carried all my applicants for medicine in it."

"But this one was not like other women. She had the face of a *nät-thamee*" [goddess or angel], "and her voice—the teacher *must* remember her voice—it was like the silvery chimes of the pagoda bells at midnight. She was the favorite wife of the *Sah-ya*, and this little boy, her only child, was very ill. She did not dare ask you to the house, or even send a servant for the medicine, for her husband was one of the most violent persecutors——"

"Ay, I do recollect her, by her distress and her warm gratitude. So this is her child! What has become of the mother?"

"Has the teacher forgotten putting a Gospel of Matthew in her hand, and saying that it contained medicine for *her*, for that she was afflicted with a worse disease than the fever of her little son; and then lifting up his hands and praying very solemnly?"

"I do not recall the circumstance just now. But what came of it?"

"They say," answered the Burman, lowering his

voice, and first casting an investigating glance around him—"they say that the medicine cured her."

"Ah!"

"She read the book nights, while watching by her baby, and then she would kneel down and pray as the teacher had done. At last the *Sah-ya* got the writing."

"What did he do with it?"

"Only burnt it. But she was a tender little creature, and could not bear his look; so, as the baby got out of danger, she took the fever—"

"And died?" asked the missionary, remarking some hesitation in the manner of his narrator.

"Not of the fever altogether."

"What then? Surely, *he* did not—"

"No, *Tsayah*! it must have been an angel-call. The *Sah-ya* was very fond of her, and did everything to save her; but she just grew weaker, day after day, and her face more beautiful; and there was no holding her back. She got courage as she drew near Paradise, and begged the *Sah-ya* to send for you. He is not a hard-hearted man, and she was more than life and soul to him; but he would not send. And so she died, talking to the last moment of the Lord Jesus Christ, and calling on everybody about her to love him, and worship none but him."

"Is this true, Shway-bay?"

"I know nothing about it, *Tsayah*; and it is not very safe to know anything. The *Sah-ya* has taken an oath to destroy every body having too good a memory. But,"—and the man again looked cautiously around him—"does the teacher think that little Burman children are likely to run into the arms of foreigners without being taught?"

"Aha! say you so, Shway-bay?"

"I say nothing, *Tsayah*."

"What of the child?"

"A wonderful boy, *Tsayah*. He seems usually as you have seen him; but he has another look—so strange! He must have caught something from his mother's face just before she went up to the golden country."

The missionary seemed lost in thought; and the assistant, after waiting a moment to be questioned further, slung his satchel over his shoulder, and proceeded up the street.

The next day the missionary remarked that the *Sah-ya* went by on the other side of the way, and without the little boy; and the next day, and the next the same. In the meantime, the wrinkled old water-bearer had become a sincere inquirer. "The one shall be taken and the other left," sighed the missionary, as he tried to discern the possible fate of his bright-eyed little friend.

The fourth day came. The old water-bearer was in an agitated state of joy and doubt—a timid but true believer. The self-confident philosopher had almost ceased to cavil. Fresh inquirers had appeared, and the missionary's heart was strengthened. "It is dull work," he said to himself, though without any expression of dullness in his face; "but it is the Saviour's own appointed way, and the way the Holy Spirit will bless." Then his thoughts turned to the stern *Sah-ya* and his little boy; and he again murmured, with more of dejection in his manner than when he had spoken of the dullness of the work, "And the other left—the other left!"

The desponding words had scarcely passed his lips when, with a light laugh, the very child who was in his thoughts, and who somehow clung so tenaciously to his heart, sprang up the steps of the zayat, followed by his grave, dignified father. The boy wore

his new Madras turban, arranged with a pretty sort of jauntiness, and above its showy folds he carried a red lacquered tray with a cluster of golden plantains on it. Placing the gift at the missionary's feet, he drew back with a pleased smile of boyish shyness, while the man, bowing courteously, took his seat upon the mat.

"Sit down, Moung-Moung, sit down," said the father, in the low tone that American parents use when reminding careless little boys of their hats; for, though Burmans and Americans differ somewhat in their peculiar notions of etiquette, the children of both races seem equally averse to becoming learners.

"You are the foreign priest," he remarked civilly, and more by way of introduction than inquiry.

"I am a missionary."

The stranger smiled, for he had purposely avoided the offensive epithet, and was amused and conciliated by the missionary's frank use of it. "And so you make people believe in Jesus Christ?"

"I try to."

The visitor laughed outright; then, as if a little ashamed of his rudeness, he composed his features, and with his usual courtesy resumed, "My little son has heard of you, sir; and he is very anxious to learn something about Jesus Christ. It is a pretty story that you tell of that man—prettier, I think, than any of our fables; and you need not be afraid to set it forth in its brightest colors; for my Moung-Moung will never see through its absurdity, of course."

The missionary threw a quick, scrutinizing glance on the face of his visitor. He saw that the man was ill at ease, that his carelessness was entirely assumed, and that underneath all, there was a deep, wearing anxiety, which he fancied was in some way connected with his boy. "Ah! you think so? To what

particular story do you allude?"

"Why, that of the strange sort of being you call Jesus Christ—a *nät*, or prince, or something of that sort—dying for us poor fellows and so—ha, ha! The absurdity of the thing makes me laugh; though there is something in it beautiful, too. Our stupid *pongyees* would never have thought out anything one half so fine; and the pretty fancy has quite enchanted little Moung-Moung here."

"I perceive you are a *pâramät*," said the missionary.

"No—oh, no; I am a true worshipper of Lord Gaudama; but of course neither you nor I subscribe to all the fables of our respective religions. There is quite enough that is honest and reasonable in our Boodhistic system to satisfy me, but my little son" (here the father seemed embarrassed, and laughed again, as though to cover his confusion) "is bent on philosophical investigation—eh, Moung-Moung?"

"But are you not afraid that my teachings will do the child harm?"

The visitor looked up with a broad smile of admiration, as though he would have said, "You are a very honest fellow, after all;" then regarding the child with a look of mingled tenderness and apprehension, he said softly, "Nothing can harm little Moung-Moung, sir."

"But what if I should tell you I do believe everything I preach, as firmly as I believe you sit on the mat before me; and that it is the one desire of my life to make everybody else believe it—you and your child among the rest?"

The *Sah-ya* tried to smile, tried to look unconcerned; but his easy nonchalance of manner seemed utterly to forsake him in his need; and finally abandoning the attempt to renew his former tone of

banter, he answered quietly, “I have heard of a writing you possess, which, by your leave, I will take home and read to Moung-Moung.”

The missionary selected a little tract from the parcel on the table beside him, and extended it to his visitor. “*Sah-ya*,” said he, solemnly, “I herewith put into your hands the key to eternal life and happiness. This active, intelligent soul of yours, with its exquisite perception of moral beauty and loveliness,” and he glanced toward the child, “cannot be destined to inhabit a dog, a monkey, or a worm, in another life. God made it for higher purposes; and I hope and pray that I may yet meet you, all beautiful, and pure, and glorious, in a world beyond the reach of pain or death, and above all, beyond the reach of sin.”

Up to this time the boy had sat upon his mat like a statue of silence; his usually dancing eyes fixed steadfastly upon the speakers, and gradually dilating and acquiring a strange, mystic depth of expression, of which they seemed at first incapable. At these words, however, he sprang forward.

“Papa! papa! hear him! Let us both love the Lord Jesus Christ! My mother loved him; and in the golden country of the blest she waits for us.”

“I must go,” said the *Sah-ya* hoarsely, and attempting to rise.

“Let us pray!” said the missionary, kneeling down.

The child laid his two hands together, and placing them against his forehead, bowed his head to the mat; while the father yielded to the circumstances of the case so far as to re-seat himself. Gradually, as the fervent prayer proceeded, his head drooped a little; and it was not long before he placed his elbows on his knees, and covered his face with his hands. As soon as the prayer was ended, he rose, bowed in silence, took his child by the hand, and walked away.

Day after day went by, the *Sah-ya*, as he passed the zayat, always saluting its occupant respectfully, but evincing no disposition to cultivate his acquaintance farther. He was accompanied by the boy less often than formerly; but, from casual opportunities, the missionary remarked that a strange look of thoughtfulness had crept into the childish face, softening and beautifying, though scarcely saddening it. And when occasionally the little fellow paused for a moment, to ask for a book, or exchange a word of greeting, the gay familiarity of his manner seemed to have given place to a tender, trustful affection, somewhat tinctured with awe.

Meanwhile that terrible scourge of Eastern nations, the cholera, had made its appearance, and it came sweeping through the town with its usual devastating power. Fires were kindled before every house, and kept burning night and day; while immense processions continually thronged the streets with gongs, drums, and tom-toms, to frighten away the evil spirits, and so arrest the progress of the disease. The zayat was closed for lack of visitors; and the missionary and his assistants busied themselves in attending on the sick and dying.

It was midnight when the over-wearied foreigner was roused from his slumbers by the calls of the faithful Ko Shway-bay.

"Teacher, teacher, you are wanted!"

"Where?"

The man lowered his voice almost to a whisper; but, putting his hands to each side of his mouth, sent the volume of sound through a crevice in the boards. "At the *Sah-ya's*."

"Who?"

"I do not know, *Tsayah*. I only heard that the cholera was in the house, and the teacher was

wanted, and so I hurried off as fast as possible."

In a few minutes the missionary had joined his assistant, and they proceeded on their way together. As they drew near the house, the Burman paused in the shadow of a bamboo hedge.

"It is not good for either of us, that we go in together; I will wait you here, *Tsayah*."

"No, you need rest; and I shall not want you—go!"

The verandah was thronged with relatives and dependents; and from an inner room came a wild, wailing sound, which told that death was already there. No one seemed to observe the entrance of the foreigner; and he followed the sound of woe till he stood by the corpse of a little child. Then he paused in deep emotion.

"He has gone up to the golden country, to bloom forever amid the royal lilies of Paradise," murmured a voice close to his ear.

The missionary, a little startled, turned abruptly. A middle-aged woman, holding a palm-leaf fan to her mouth, was the only person near him.

"He worshipped the true God," she continued, suffering the individuality of her voice to glide away and mingle the wail of the mourners, and occasionally slurring a word which she dared not pronounce with distinctness; "he worshipped the true God, and trusted in the Lord our Redeemer—the Lord Jesus Christ, he trusted in Him. He called and he was answered, he was weary, weary and in pain; and the Lord who loved him, He took him home to be a little golden lamb in His bosom forever."

"How long, since, did he go?"

"About an hour, *Tsayah*." Then joining in the wail again, "An hour amid the royal lilies; and his mother—his own beautiful mother—she of the starry eyes and silken hand——"

"Was he conscious?"

"Conscious and full of joy."

"What did he talk of?"

"Only of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose face he seemed to see!"

"And his father?"

"His father—oh, my master! my noble master! he is going, too! Come and see. *Tsayah!*"

"Who sent for me?"

"Your handmaid, sir."

"Not the *Sah-ya*?"

The woman shook her head. "The agony was on him—he could not have sent, if he would."

"But how dared *you*?"

There was a look such as might have been worn by the martyrs of old upon the woman's face as she expressly answered, "God was here!"

In the next apartment lay the fine figure of the *Sah-ya*, stretched upon a couch, evidently in the last stage of the fearful disease—his pain all gone.

"It grieves me to meet you thus, my friend," remarked the visitor, by way of testing the dying man's consciousness.

The *Sah-ya* made a gesture of impatience. Then his fast stiffening lips stirred, but they were powerless to convey a sound; there was a feeble movement, as though he would have pointed at something, but his half-raised finger wavered and sunk back again; and a look of dissatisfaction amounting to anxiety passed over his countenance. Finally renewing the effort, he succeeded in laying his two hands together, and with some difficulty lifted them to his forehead; and then quietly and calmly closed his eyes.

"Do you trust in Lord Gaudama in a moment like this?" inquired the missionary, uncertain for whom the act of worship was intended. There was a quick

tremor in the shut lids, and the poor *Sah-ya* unclosed his eyes with an expression of mingled pain and disappointment; while the death-heavy hands slid from their position back upon the pillow.

"Lord Jesus, receive his spirit," exclaimed the missionary, solemnly.

A bright, joyous smile flitted across the face of the dying man, parting the lips, and even seeming to shed light upon the glazed eyes; a sigh-like breath fluttered his bosom for a moment; the finger which he had before striven to lift, pointed distinctly upward, then fell heavily across his breast; and the disembodied spirit stood in the presence of its Maker.

The thrilling death-wail commenced with the departure of the breath; for although several who had been most assiduous in their attentions, glided away when it was ascertained that he who would have awarded their fidelity was gone; there were yet many who were prevented, some by real affection, some by family pride, from so far yielding to their fears, as to withhold the honors due to the departed.

"You had better go now," whispered the woman, "you can do no further good, and may receive harm."

"And who are you that you have braved the danger to yourself of bringing me here?"

"Pass on, and I will tell you."

They drew near the body of the child, which, by the rush to the other apartment, had been left, for a moment, alone.

"See!" said the woman, lifting the cloth reverently. A copy of the Gospel of Matthew lay on his bosom.

"Who placed it there?"

"He did, with his own dear little hand—*Amai! amai-ai!*" and the woman's voice gave expression to one swell of agony, and then died away in a low wail, like that which proceeded from the adjoining

room. Presently she resumed, “I was his mother’s nurse. She got this book of you, sir. We thought my master burned it, but he kept, and maybe studied it. Do you think that he became a true believer?”

“To whom did he *shiko* at the last moment, *Mah-aa*?”

“To the Lord Jesus Christ—I am sure of that. Do you think the Lord would receive him, sir?”

“Do you ever read about the thief who was crucified with the Saviour?”

“Oh, yes; I read it to Moung-Moung this very day. He was holding his mother’s book when the disease smote him; and he kept it in his hand, and *went up*, with it lying on his bosom. Yes, I remember.”

“The Lord Jesus Christ is just as merciful now as he was then.”

“And so they are all——oh, *’ken-payah*! it is almost too much to believe!”

“When did you first become acquainted with this religion, *Mah-aa*?”

“My mistress taught me, sir; and made me promise to teach her baby when he was old enough; and to go to you for more instruction. But I was alone, and afraid. I sometimes got as far as the big banyan tree on the corner, and crawled away again so trembling with terror, that I could scarcely stand upon my feet. At last I found out Ko Shway-bay, and he promised to keep my secret; and he gave me books, and explained their meaning, and taught me how to pray, and I have been getting courage ever since. I should not much mind now, if they did find me out and kill me. It would be very pleasant to go up to Paradise. I think I should even like to go to-night, if the Lord would please to take me.”

It was two or three weeks before the missionary resumed his customary place in the zayat by the

wayside. His hearers were scattered widely; in the neighboring jungles, in far-off towns, and in that other place from whence “no traveller returns.”

Where was his last hopeful inquirer?

Dead.

Where the priest?

Dead.

Where the philosopher?

Fled away, none knew whither.

And the poor old water-bearer?

Dead—died like a dog in its kennel; and but that some pitying Christian had succeeded in discovering her at the last moment, without a human witness. But—and the missionary’s heart swelled with gratitude to God as he thought of—there were other witnesses, nobler, tenderer, dearer to that simple, lone old creature, than all the earthly friends that ever thronged a death-bed; and these had been her bright, rejoicing convoy to the Saviour’s presence.

Oh! how full of awe, how fearfully laden with the solemn interests of eternity, appeared this wondrous work of his! And how broad and clear seemed his sacred commission, as though at that moment newly traced by the finger of Jehovah!



FINIS

Transcriber’s Note

On p. 65, there is an unmatched opening double quotation mark. There does not seem to be a clear place to close it, and

were it removed, the following words (“he himself heard him mutter...”) make better sense.

The final line on p. 244 seems to end a paragraph (‘...to open the gate.’). However, the first line on the following page begins in mid-sentence (‘...used to carry’). It is apparent that p. 244 should end with ‘I’, which we have adopted.

Errors deemed most likely to be the printer’s have been corrected, and are noted here. The references are to the page and line in the original.

33.17	[‘/“]having prepared myself	Replaced.
65.30	[“]just before the drop fell	Removed.
98.36	How do you know[?] that?	Removed.
113.20	[n/m]ust be briefly mentioned	Replaced.
134.13	mentioned Moung Thah[-]lah	Inserted.
230.19	with a dozen Burmans[./,]	Replaced.
227.3	who will do the work better.[’]”	Inserted.

244.30	to open the gate. [I] used to carry	Added.
256.34	He could not recover her. ["/']	Replaced.
287.8	a strip of country along the[the]sea	Removed.
303.24	['']Virtues they have	Removed.
314.14	In the "Threefold Cord,["]	Added.
324.37	with which he striv[/ e]s to comfort	Restored.
328.19	spears, knives, etc[,/.]	Replaced.
383.12	['']*wages*'	Added.
453.17	the translation of[,] the New Testament	Removed.
513.7	over the whole earth['/"]	Replaced.

555.42	composed the passive limbs decent[/l]y	Restored.
595.22	become a sincere inquirer[,/.]	Replaced.
598.29	I shall not want you—go![”]	Added.
598.30	The ver[a]ndah was thronged	Restored.
600.2	receive his spirit[’/”],	Replaced.

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