

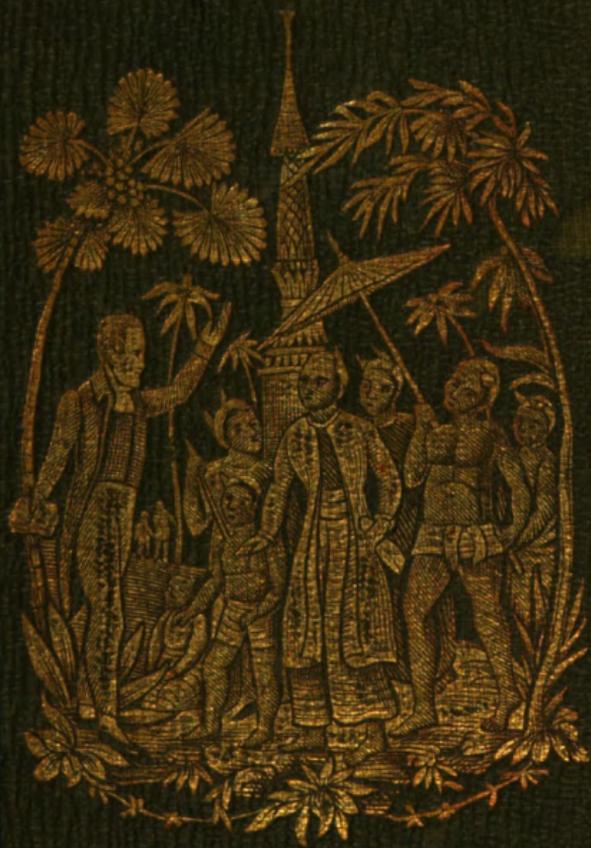
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THE  
JUDSON OFFERING,

INTENDED AS

**T**oken of **C**hristian **S**ympathy

WITH THE LIVING

AND A

**R**ememo of **C**hristian **A**ffection

FOR THE DEAD.

---

EDITED BY

JOHN DOWLING, D. D.

"Author of "History of Romanism," &c. &c

THIRTEENTH THOUSAND.

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New-York :

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## PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

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THE visit to the United States of the venerated pioneer of American Missions to the East, the Rev. Dr. Judson, is an event too interesting to be suffered to pass without some appropriate memorial. Spared by the kind providence of God for more than a third of a century, amidst dangers and sufferings unparalleled in the history of modern Missions—honored as the translator of the whole Bible for the millions of Burmah—it was not surprising that an earnest desire had long been felt by American Christians, of every name, to look upon the man, whom God had thus highly honored.

That desire has, at length, been gratified. After declining repeated invitations to revisit his native land, providential circumstances, of a peculiarly afflictive kind, have brought him in our midst. Nothing but the hope of restoring the health of his late beloved wife, could have induced him to consent to this temporary relaxation from his long-continued labors, on behalf of the perishing heathen. He is already longing to resume his arduous, but loved employ; and soon he will be on his return to Burmah, the land of his sufferings, his toils, and his future grave.\*

---

\* Since the publication of the first edition, Dr. Judson, in company with several other missionaries, has returned to Burmah.

The "Judson Offering" has been prepared with a view to perpetuate, among the thousands of his Christian friends in America, of every name, the memory of his long-wished, and welcome visit to his native land. The design of this work is not to present to the beloved missionary himself the incense of praise. That he neither desires nor needs. By the grace of God, he is what he is, and has done what he has done ; and to God belongs the glory.

In addition to the design of serving as a memorial of the visit of Dr. Judson to America, and as a permanent repository for several valuable and touching effusions, both in prose and verse, expressive of sympathy and affection towards the bereaved Missionary himself, the work is also intended as a memento of Christian affection to the memory of three American missionary wives, whose remains lie in three widely distant spots, in different parts of the earth : — Ann H. Judson, who has long slept beneath the Hopia tree, in Burmah — Harriet Newell, her early bosom friend, who lies in her lonely grave, on the Isle of France — and Sarah B. Judson, whose sainted dust has been laid to rest on the Rock of St. Helena ; — names, which are the common property of all denominations of Christians, dear alike to the whole family of Jesus, of every land and of every name.

The editor cannot withhold the expression of his sincere thanks, for the very acceptable original contributions for the "Judson Offering," from the pens

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# SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE

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## No. I.—THE DEPARTURE.

EDITOR.

\* \* "The voice of my departed Lord,  
'Go teach all nations,' from the Eastern world  
Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear;  
And I will go." *Anon.*

On the nineteenth of February, 1812, might have been seen, passing out of the harbor of Salem, a vessel, bound for the sunny climes of India, freighted with the richest boon that America had ever presented to that luxurious and benighted land. Often had her stripes and stars waved at the mast-head of her richly freighted ships, laden with the wealth of both the Eastern and the Western world; but on board that brig, now scudding before the wind, with colors flying and sails all set,—is a treasure far more valuable than the richest merchandize of America, the spices and the gold of India, or the silks and the teas of China; ——— THE FIRST COMPANY OF AMERICAN MISSIONARIES TO THE BENIGHTED IDOLATERS OF THE EAST.

O Burmah! land of lofty pagodas and countless idols! little do thy teeming millions dream, as they bow prostrate before the images of Gaudama, that on the opposite side of the globe a noble vessel is sailing towards thy shores, freighted with the blessings, which, in the lapse of a few years, shall convert thy moral wilderness into an Eden, and thy deserts into the garden of the Lord; and that on the deck of that vessel stands a youthful servant of God, now straining his moistened eyes to catch another glimpse of objects long familiar and dear, in that native land, which he has renounced for love of thee, who shall be spared to give thy children that blessed book which tells of Jesus, of salvation, and of heaven; and to open to thee those treasures of wisdom divine, where thou may'st read, in thine own tongue, the wondrous works of God!

That vessel was the brig Caravan, commanded by the courteous and gentlemanly Captain Heard; and that first company of American Missionaries were the Rev. Adoniram Judson, with Ann Haseltine Judson, his devoted and heroic wife; and the Rev. Samuel Newell, with Harriet Newell, his youthful and lovely companion, who so soon found a grave on the Isle of France;—names, which have long been

familiar as household words to Christians of America and of Britain, as well as of every other land where Christian heroism, of the highest and noblest order, is appreciated and admired. About the same time, Messrs. Gordon Hall, Luther Rice, and Samuel Nott, with the wife of the latter, had sailed from Philadelphia in the *Harmony*, bound for the same port, on the same errand of love to the perishing heathen.

Let it not be supposed, from the willingness with which these devoted pioneers of American Missionary enterprise embarked on their errand of mercy to the heathen, that they were insensible to the severity of the painful sacrifice they were making. Far, very far from it! It was no small thing, and they painfully felt it was not—to tear asunder the tender and endearing ties which bound them to country, to home, and to friends; to part with venerable and beloved fathers and mothers, and weeping brothers and sisters, with the almost certain assurance that they should see their faces no more; to renounce the comforts and privileges of a refined and Christian land,—its social circles, its Christian sympathies, its holy Sabbaths, its solemn assemblies, and sacred teachings—to give up all these, and in return to hope only for an humble shelter

among rude and savage heathen, with coarse and homely food and furniture, and the simple privilege of pointing those dark idolaters to Jesus. It was no small thing to make a sacrifice like this; especially, when by many, their zeal was despised as fanaticism, and their self-consecration to their holy work, derided as wild extravagance and romantic folly.

The Missionary cause was not then regarded with that popular interest with which the laurels of success have since invested it. Even the professed friends of Zion and followers of Jesus, at that time, very generally looked coldly upon the enterprize, and multitudes regarded it as perfectly utopian. Now, hundreds assemble at the embarkation of a missionary; he sails away amidst the prayers of friends, who have accompanied him to the ship, and the gentle breeze which wafts him from the shore, carries on its wings the music of songs of congratulation, of joy, and of hope, from the lips of the group who remain on the dock, straining their eyes to retain the view of his ocean-home, till the vessel fades away in the distance. Far different was the scene when the noble pioneers of American Missions embarked on their errand of love. Then, even the friends and supporters of the enterprize seemed to lack the courage to brave

the popular contempt, by accompanying the missionaries to the ship ; no minister of Christ was there to cheer them by his parting blessing ; no public parting prayer commended Judson and Newell, and their devoted wives, to the God of the winds and the waves, when they went on board the Caravan, and retired in sadness of heart to their lonely cabin, to implore strength from on high to sustain them in that hour of trial. Yet, notwithstanding all, they made the sacrifice. They heard the voice of their Master calling them, and they went at the bidding of their Lord.\*

---

\* In a brief address at the Cannon-street Baptist Church, New-York, in November last, uttered in a feeble voice by Dr. Judson, and reported to the congregation by the Rev. Henry Davis, the pastor, the veteran missionary remarked : " I have frequently read, and often heard it asserted, that modern missions are a failure. Thirty-three years ago," said he, " there was but very little interest felt by Christians in this land, for the perishing heathen. When your missionaries left your shores, very few were willing to be known as approving of their enterprize. Two young men, about to go far hence to the heathen, on the morning of their departure from their native land, were addressed by the Secretary of a Missionary Society, as they sat at his breakfast table, as follows : ' Brethren, I have business that demands my attention to-day in a neighboring town ; you will therefore have to excuse me from going with you to your vessel ? ' Those young men went silently and alone ; and though there was not a minister who was willing to hazard his reputation, by

If any doubt the strength of those ties which these devoted missionaries severed, for the sake of Christ and of the heathen, let them read the following touching and beautiful entry of Mrs. Judson in her journal, on the day of embarkation; and the extract which follows, from an entry made a few days later, at sea: "Still my heart bleeds. O America! my native land; must I leave thee? Must I leave my parents, my sisters and brother, my friends beloved, and all the scenes of my early youth? Must I leave thee, Bradford, my dear native town; where I spent the pleasant years of childhood; where I learnt to lisp the name of my mother; where my infant mind first began to expand; where I learnt the endearments of friendship, and tasted of all the happiness this world can afford; where I learnt also to value a Saviour's blood, and to count all things but loss, in comparison with the knowledge of him? Yes, I must leave

countenancing what was regarded as an enthusiastic enterprise, yet when they threw themselves on their knees in their lonely cabin, they heard, or felt, a voice, saying: '*You are not alone, for I am with you.*'—Now, when missionaries return to their native land, such is the interest taken in the cause of missions, that the largest houses of worship are crowded with multitudes, anxious to see and to hear them; and they are welcomed by the smiles and greetings of thousands, and of hundreds of thousands. *Does this look as if modern missions were a failure?*"

you all, for a heathen land, and uncongenial clime. Farewell, happy, happy scenes—but never, no, never to be forgotten.”

“Feb. 27.—I spent some time this evening on deck. The weather was pleasant; the motion of the vessel gentle, though rapid; the full moon shone clearly on the water; and all things around conspired to excite pleasing, though melancholy sensations. My native land, my home, my friends, and all my forsaken enjoyments, rushed into my mind; my tears flowed profusely; and I could not be comforted. Soon, however, the consideration of having left all these for the dear cause of Christ, and the hope of being, one day, instrumental of leading some poor degraded females to embrace him as their Saviour, soothed my griefs, dried up my tears, and restored tranquillity to my mind.”

Thus keenly did those devoted missionaries feel the sacrifice they were making, and thus cheerfully did they make that sacrifice for the sake of Christ and the perishing heathen.

“Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee,  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shall be.”

---

THE MISSIONARY FOR THE LAST TIME AT THE  
FAMILY ALTAR.

I SAW them as they slowly gathered round  
To burn the morning incense to the Lord.  
Sweet o'er each humble soul, the heavenly Dove  
Hover'd with peaceful wing. Devotion's fire  
Now kindled to a flame : — on every brow  
Its mellow radiance shed ; yet they were sad.  
Fond sisters look'd and wept ; — the brother's cheek  
Where time, the seal of manhood firm, had stamp'd,  
Was moistened by a tear : the mother, too,  
Meek, humble, and resigned, covered her face  
And wept ; and e'en the godly sire, whose hope  
Was on the Rock of Ages built, the sigh  
Could not suppress, as on the sacred page  
The tear unconscious fell.—

Has Death, with ruthless hand, some tender tie,  
That bound together souls of kindred mould,  
Too rudely snapp'd ? Or is the roseate cheek  
Of youth and beauty, by the chilling touch  
Of sickness, bleach'd ? Ah ! no ; — the holy love  
That brought, from Heaven's high throne to sinful  
earth,

The Lord of life and glory, sweetly caused  
Those hallowed tears to flow. The last command  
Of Him, who, o'er the grave, victorious, rose,  
Is echoed from afar : two tender hearts,  
Melted by love divine, haste to obey  
The Saviour's heavenly mandate. They have heard

The thrilling strains, by seraphs sweetly sung,  
 When to the swains of Bethlehem they announc'd  
 The tidings of salvation : — their full hearts  
 With holy love o'erflowed, and (angel-like)  
 They long'd a Saviour's dying love to tell.  
 Awhile on childhood's happy home they gazed ;  
 Then turn'd, and, to their cov'nant God, resigned,  
 With cheerful hearts, their ALL. —

•   •   •   •   •   •

They prayed, — they wept ; but oh ! how impotent  
 Is language to portray a scene like this !  
 No heart which has not felt its power, can know :  
 But, sure, if fervent prayer, meekly submissive,  
 Much avails with God, *that* prayer was heard in  
 Heaven." ANON.

---

PARTING WORDS TO A MISSIONARY.

Go ! thou messenger of Heaven,  
 Bound for Asia's burning shore ;  
 Tell of sins by blood forgiven,  
 Take the heaven-sent message o'er ;  
Some will listen ; —  
 Tell the tidings o'er and o'er.

Home and country — would they bind thee ?  
 Would they urge thy guilty stay ?  
 Look not, look not once behind thee ;  
 Onward — onward lies thy way ;  
Farewell, stranger !  
 Hasten ! onward lies thy way.

Do a mother's arms infold thee ?  
Do they clasp thee to her heart ?  
Let not fond affection hold thee ;  
Louder duty calls, Depart.  
Duty calls thee,  
Herald of the Cross, depart.

Dost thou fear the withering power  
Of the tropic's sickening ray ?  
Dost thou dread the midnight hour, —  
Deserts lone, and beasts of prey ?  
Trembling stranger !  
Trust : not lonely is thy way.

Israel's cloudy vale will shade thee  
From the noonday's dazzling light ;  
Israel's burning pillar lead thee  
Through the desert's darkest night.  
Trust the promise ;  
God, thy God, will be thy light.

Go in faith, thou silent weeper !  
Sow the precious Gospel-seed ;  
Thou shalt come a joyful reaper ;  
Souls thy harvest, Heaven thy meed.  
Faithful laborer,  
Go, and sow the Gospel-seed.

ANON.

## SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

---

### NO. II.—THE FIRST MISSIONARY TRIALS.

EDITOR.

“ Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer,  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low and keep me there.”

*Cowper.*

THE life of the Missionary is a life of labor, of toil, and of suffering. He, above all men, must be prepared to endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; and the American missionary band were not long in discovering, from sad experience, that, like that Master whom they served, they must be “acquainted with grief.”

After a voyage of only four months, we find them enjoying the hospitalities of the venerable and beloved pioneer English Missionaries, Carey, Marshman, and Ward, at the Mission establishment at Serampore, a few miles from Calcutta; at which city they landed on the 18th of June, 1812. The few weeks passed in the hospitable abode of the beloved mission family of Serampore, afforded a sweet and welcome repose from the weariness of a long voyage; and

presented an opportunity for consultation and advice, with respect to the field of their future missionary labors, from those veterans in the same glorious work, who were best qualified to give it; and in future years of toil and of anguish, this brief period of sweet repose, and of social intercourse, and Christian fellowship with the wise and the good, was looked back upon, as a smiling oasis amid the rough and stormy desert of missionary life.

“The Friday after our arrival,” says Harriet Newell, “we took a boat and came to Serampore, 15 miles from Calcutta. This is a delightful spot, situated on the river Ganges. It is inhabited chiefly by Danes. This retired spot is best calculated to prepare us for our future trials, and our arduous work. \* \* \* We were affectionately received by the good Dr. Carey; and treated with the greatest hospitality. Imagine a small bald-headed man of sixty; such is the one whose name will be remembered to the latest generation. He is now advanced to a state of honor, with six thousand dollars a year.\*

---

\* As Professor of Sanscrit, Bengali, and the Mahratta languages, in the College of Fort William; to which honorable post, Dr. Carey was appointed by Marquis Wellesley, Governor-General of India, in the year 1800.

At this happy dwelling of the friends of Immanuel, peace and plenty dwell ; and we almost forget that we are in a land of Pagan darkness."

In describing the first public religious service in India, the same lovely and devoted woman remarks :—" Yes, my friend, there is in heathen Asia a favored spot, where the darkness of heathenism is scattered, and the benign influences of the Holy Spirit are felt. Here Jesus has a people formed for his praise, redeemed by his precious blood from eternal woe, and made heirs of bliss everlasting. ' Bless the Lord, O our souls, and all that is within us, bless and praise his holy name.' Last Sabbath afternoon, I shall ever remember with peculiar emotions. Mr. Ward, a missionary blessed and beloved of our God, preached in Bengalee to a large collection of Hindoos and Mahometans. The dear converted natives appeared to enjoy the precious season greatly. To hear them join in singing one of Zion's songs ; to see them kneel before the throne of Almighty grace, and listen with eagerness to the Word of Life, was sufficient to draw tears of joy from eyes which never wept before. After service, each dear Christian Hindoo, of both sexes, came to us with looks expressive of their joy to see new missionaries ;

and, offering us their hands, they seemed to bid us a hearty welcome. I said to myself, such a sight as this would eternally silence the scruples, and the criminal opposition to missions, of every real believer."

But this season of tranquillity and happiness was not long to continue. The British East India Company, from the fear of shaking the stability of their government over the native population, — were at that time strongly opposed to the introduction of Christianity in India; and more especially to the labors of Christian missionaries. In consequence of this feeling, before two weeks had elapsed from their landing, Messrs. Judson and Newell received an order of the government, requiring them at once to leave India, and to return to the United States. At the time of the reception of this order, they were prayerfully considering the question, in what field they should commence their missionary labors. Burmah, to which their attention had been specially called by the Society that sent them forth, had been already given up as impracticable, partly on account of the despotic character of the government, partly from the failure of previous attempts to introduce the gospel there, and partly on account of the reported savage and barbarous character of the

people of that empire. South America, Persia, Madagascar, and Japan, had successively come under consideration ; but at length they decided upon an island, about 150 miles in circumference, some 400 miles east of Madagascar, and petitioned the government, instead of sending them back to America, and thus frustrating all their hopes of missionary usefulness, to allow them to go to Mauritius, or the Isle of France.

Succeeding in their request, exertions were immediately made to procure a vessel sailing for the Isle of France. This was soon accomplished, but here another embarrassment presented itself. The vessel was of small capacity, and could accommodate but two passengers. If this opportunity is embraced, the little missionary band, for the first time since leaving their beloved New-England, must be separated, perhaps to meet no more on earth. It was resolved that the Newells should go, and the Judsons should wait for another opportunity. They sailed on the first of August. In prospect of separation from the beloved missionaries of Serampore, the youthful Harriet wrote, in words which have a tender and melancholy interest when taken in connection with her early death. "July 29—A world of changes this! Early this morning, brother Judson called at our

room unexpectedly from Calcutta. Captain C. has agreed to carry two of us in his vessel for 600 rupees. Sail next Saturday. \* \* \* I shall go far away without one single female acquaintance; the dangers of a long voyage must be hazarded at a critical period. \* \* \* I will go, leaning on the Lord, and depending on him for direction, support, and happiness. We shall leave the dear mission family at Serampore, when another rising sun dispels the darkness of the night. Have packed all our things to-day; fatigued much, and very sleepy. The wanderer and the stranger will, ere long, repose sweetly on the bosom of Jesus. It is sweet to be a stranger and a wanderer for such a friend as this. \* \* \* After a visit of six weeks with my dear Serampore friends, I regret parting with them exceedingly. But such are the changes of this changing world. Friends must be separated; the parting tear will often flow; how consoling is the hope that there is a world where separation will be for ever unknown!"

Soon after the departure of the Newells, the Harmony arrived at Calcutta on the eighth of August, with the missionaries who had sailed from Philadelphia; but they were almost immediately ordered by the government to leave the

country. As Mr. and Mrs. Judson continued in Calcutta some two months after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Newell, waiting for a passage to follow them to the Isle of France, the government began to suspect that they intended to continue in Bengal, and issued a peremptory order for them to leave in one of the government vessels, then bound for England; at the same time sending an officer to their residence, commanding them not to leave the house without permission. Thus a dark cloud seemed once more to gather over their heads, and threatened to blight all their expectations of usefulness to the benighted heathen. Their names were inserted by official authority in the public papers as passengers to England, and there appeared but little hope of deliverance. Yet God had designs of mercy for Burmah, and even now, he opened a door of escape.

Messrs. Judson and Rice learnt that a ship was soon about to sail for the Isle of France, and though refused a pass by the chief magistrate, they ventured on board without one. They embarked at 12 o'clock at night, and the next morning they were sailing down the river. For two days they proceeded on their way without molestation, and were doubtless already anticipating the time when they

should rejoin their beloved associates at the Isle of France, and commence their labors for the salvation of the heathen.

But they were again to endure a painful disappointment. A government dispatch was received forbidding the vessel to proceed, as it was suspected that passengers were on board of her who had been ordered to England. Fearful of remaining longer in the ship, the missionaries proceeded to a tavern on shore. It was still unsafe to remain there, and it was resolved to go down the river to another tavern, 16 miles below. The baggage was still on board the ship. The brethren did not think it safe for them to go on board again to look after it, and that task was undertaken by Mrs. Judson, who was invited to remain on board till opposite the tavern below, instead of accompanying her husband exposed in a small boat. After going on shore to inform Mr. Judson of this decision, she returned with some danger and difficulty to the vessel, which had been driven by the wind some distance down the river.

The hardship and the peril of the task she thus accomplished, we will permit this heroic woman to tell in her own words:—“Imagine how uncomfortable my situation. In a little boat rowed by six natives, entirely alone, the

river very rough, in consequence of the wind ; without an umbrella or anything to screen me from the sun, which was very hot. The natives hoisted a large sail, which every now and then would almost tip the boat on one side. I manifested some fear to them, and to comfort me, they would constantly repeat, *Cutcha pho annah, sahib, cutcha pho annah.*' The meaning, Never fear, madam, never fear. After some time we came up with the ship, where I put our things in order to be taken out in an hour or two. When we came opposite the tavern, the pilot kindly lent me his boat and servant, to go on shore. I immediately procured a large boat to send to the ship for our baggage. I entered the tavern, a *stranger, a female, and unprotected.* I called for a room, and sat down to reflect on my disconsolate situation. I had nothing with me but a few rupees. I did not know that the boat which I sent after the vessel would overtake it, and if it did, whether it would ever return with our baggage : neither did I know where Mr. J. was, or when he would come, or with what treatment I should meet at the tavern. I thought of *home*, and said to myself, *These are some of the many trials attendant on a missionary life, and which I had anticipated."*

Upon the arrival of Mr. Judson, they made known their trouble to the tavern keeper, who sympathized with them, and encouraged them to expect a passage with a friend of his who was coming down the river, a captain of a vessel bound to Madras. On the third day after their arrival at this tavern, the expected vessel anchored directly before the house. But again their hopes were frustrated. The captain would not take them.

What to do next they were at a loss to tell, when in an unexpected moment, deliverance came. A letter was put into their hands which they hastily opened, and found to contain a *pass* by the Creole, the vessel bound for the Isle of France, which they had quitted a few days before. Who procured this pass for them, they were unable to imagine, or by what means it was obtained. They could only regard it as an answer to prayer, and praised God for his delivering mercy in the hour of their extremity. Still, it was doubtful whether they could now overtake the vessel before it put to sea. The best they could expect was to find her anchored in Saugur roads, about 70 miles distant. It was evening when they received the letter; yet they set off at once, and amid the darkness of that dreary night pursued their voyage in an

open boat, and before night of the next day, to their inexpressible joy and gratitude, succeeded in reaching the Creole, which would have been at sea before this time, had it not been providentially detained at anchor in Saugur roads, waiting for some of the crew. Thus did the God whom they served appear for their help in a way that they little expected, when they seemed to be driven almost to the verge of despair. Well might they say in describing this deliverance—"We never enjoyed a sweeter moment, than when sure we were in sight of the Creole. After spending a fortnight in such anxiety, it was a very great relief to find ourselves safe on board the vessel on which we first embarked." Thus did they realize the fulfilment of the pious confidence expressed in the lines of the good John Newton,

"Though troubles assail and dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us whatever betide,  
The promise assures us, 'The Lord will provide.'"

## THE MISSIONARY'S CALL.

REV. N. BROWN, OF ASSAM.

MY soul is not at rest. There comes a strange  
And secret whisper to my spirit, like  
A dream of night, that tells me I am on  
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows  
Of God are on me, and I may not stop  
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,  
Till I my work have done, and rendered up  
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,  
"Go teach all nations," from the Eastern world  
Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear,  
And I will go.

I may no longer doubt  
To give up all my friends, and idol hopes,  
And every tender tie that binds my heart  
To thee, my country! Why should I regard  
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure  
Have had enough of bitter in my cup,  
To show, that never was it His design,  
Who placed me here, that I should live in ease.  
Or drink at pleasure's fountain.

Henceforth, then,  
It matters not, if storms or sunshine be  
My earthly lot—bitter, or sweet my cup;  
I only pray—"God fit me for the work,  
God make me holy, and my spirit nerve

For the stern hour of strife." Let me but know  
There is an arm unseen, that raises me up,  
An eye that kindly watches all my path,  
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done —  
Let me but know I have a friend that waits  
To welcome me to glory, — and I joy  
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness.

And when I come to stretch me for the last,  
In unattended agony, beneath  
The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes  
From Afric's burning sands, it will be sweet  
That I have toiled for other worlds than this.  
I know I shall feel happier, than to die  
On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven —  
If one that has so deeply, darkly sinned —  
If one, whom ruin and revolt have held  
With such a fearful grasp — if one for whom  
Satan has struggled, as he hath for me,  
Should ever reach that blissful shore ! — O then  
This heart will glow with gratitude and love !  
And thro' the ages of eternal years,  
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent  
That toil and suffering once were mine below.

## SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE

No. III.—THE FIRST BEREAVEMENT: H. NEWELL

EDITOR.

“There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found,  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep  
Low in the ground.”

*Montgomery.*

GRATEFULLY did the missionary wanderers ascend the deck of the Creole, and turn their eyes towards the Isle of France, comforted with the hope of at length finding a place where they could labor for God in peace. After a voyage of about seven weeks, they had arrived within sight of their destination, and were joyfully anticipating the delight of again meeting their beloved associates in labor and in sorrow, and of holding converse with them, relative to their past sufferings and disappointments, and their future plans of usefulness and duty.

But another bitter cup awaits them, a cup which has already been drank to the very dregs by the disconsolate and heart-broken Newell, who comes on board to claim their prayers and their sympathies, as he tells them his devoted companion, the youthful and lovely Harriet, has fallen in death.

The afflicted Mrs. Judson thus describes her feelings at this painful bereavement. — “*Jan.*

17, 1813. Have at last arrived in port; but O what news, what distressing news! Harriet is dead. Harriet, my dear friend, my earliest associate in the Mission, is no more. O death! thou destroyer of domestic felicity, could not this wide world afford victims sufficient to satisfy thy cravings, without entering the family of a solitary few, whose comfort and happiness depended much on the society of each other? Could not this infant Mission be shielded from thy shafts? But thou hast only executed the commission of a higher power. Though thou hast come, clothed in thy usual garb, thou was sent by a kind Father to release his child from toil and pain. Be still, then, my heart, and know that God has done it. \* \* \* \* Brother Newell has just been on board. Poor, disconsolate, broken-hearted widower! He has borne his afflictions alone, without a single Christian friend to comfort his heart. His feelings allow him to give us a few broken hints only of Harriet's death. Poor girl, she suffered much. She became a mother on board ship, where she was exposed to the wet weather, and took a cold, which terminated in consumption. She died tranquil and happy, longing for the hour of her release. And she is happy now—all her trials over—all her tears wiped away.—

She is gone, and I am left behind, still to endure the trials of a missionary life. O that this severe dispensation may be sanctified to my soul; and may I be prepared to follow my dear departed sister."

They had longed once more to see the beautiful countenance and to hear the sweet voice of the lovely Harriet, but that privilege was denied them. They could now only mingle their tears with those of the stricken widower, as they walked with him to the lonely burying-place, where, in this Isle of the sea, her remains repose till the resurrection morn.

Thus true are the lines of the youthful poet, Henry Kirke White, whose early death, like that of the lovely Harriet, so soon afforded a touching illustration of the sentiment.

“ The most beloved on earth  
Not long survives to-day ;  
So music past is obsolete,  
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,  
But now 'tis gone away.  
Thus does the shade  
In memory fade,  
When in forsaken tomb the form below'd is laid.”

Oh, it is mournful to cover up, in the damp cold ground, the cherished forms of the loved and the lovely, even where a thousand objects of interest

present themselves to fill up the void in the aching and bereaved heart. How much more so, to the wanderers on a heathen shore, seeking in vain for a place to rest their feet, with none but strange faces to look upon, and with scarcely one Christian voice to utter the words of sympathy and consolation.

Farewell to thee, Harriet! thou sweet and gentle one. Early didst thou quit the scene of toil for the land of rest, while thy associates were spared to labor and to suffer for the perishing and the lost. Yet thy missionary life has not been useless as it was brief. Though not permitted to share in the labors and the triumphs of the apostles of benighted Burmah, thy brief career has not been in vain. Hundreds have melted into sympathetic tears, and kindled with missionary fire and zeal, at the touching recital of thy youthful piety, thy stern self-sacrifice, thy early death, and thy island-grave; and some already have, and others doubtless shall be prompted by thy bright example, to devote themselves to the salvation of the perishing heathen, through whose labors many shall be turned from idols to serve the living God, and thus in the great day of account, generations of heathen yet unborn, shall rise up, and call thee blessed!

## THE PARTING SPIRIT'S FAREWELL.

EDMESTON.

FAREWELL, thou vase of splendor,  
I need thy light no more :  
No brilliance dost thou render  
The world to which I soar.

Nor sun nor moonbeam brightens  
Those regions with a ray,  
But God himself enlightens  
Their one eternal day.

Farewell, sweet nature ! waving  
With fruits and flow'rets fair ;  
Of these but little craving  
Of what thou well canst spare, —

Only an earthly pillow  
To bear my death-cold head,  
And the turf and drooping-willow  
To deck my lowly bed.

The world to which I'm going  
Has fairer fruit than thine,  
Life's rivers ever-flowing,  
And skies that ever shine.

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Farewell, each dearest union  
That blest my earthly hours ;  
We yet shall hold communion  
In amaranthine bowers.

The love that seems forsaken  
When friends in death depart,  
In heav'n again shall waken,  
And repossess the heart.

The harps of heav'n steal o'er me,  
I see the jasper wall, —  
Jesus, who pass'd before me,  
And God, the Judge of all.

So sang the parting spirit,  
While round flow'd many a tear,  
Then spread her wings t' inherit  
Her throne in yonder sphere.

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DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

MRS. HEMANS.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit ! rest thee now !  
Ev'n while with ours thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath  
Soul, to its place on high !  
They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die.

o\*

## CHRIST IS LEFT.

MRS. A. M. C. EDMOND.

LET the winds of sorrow blow  
Roughly o'er this track of mine,  
Let the fount of grief o'erflow,  
Hope's sweet star forbear to shine.  
Though of every comfort shorn,  
Though of every joy bereft,  
Weak, defenceless and forlorn,—  
I am rich, if Christ is left.

Let the spoiler's ruthless blow  
Sunder all my cherished ties,  
Let affection bend in wo,  
Where the last, the dearest lies ;  
Clinging to each shattered shrine,  
Of its idol sweet bereft,  
Never can my soul repine,  
While it grieves, — if Christ is left.

Earthly treasures, hopes and joys,  
Ye may leave me if ye will ;  
'Mid the wrecks where time destroys,  
I am rich in Jesus still.  
E'en when death's keen pangs shall wring  
This weak frame of life bereft,  
Joyful still my soul shall sing,  
All is mine, for Christ is left !

## I AM WEARY.

I am weary of straying — oh fain would I rest  
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest,  
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,  
And tears and temptations for ever are fled.

I am weary of hoping — where hope is untrue,  
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew ;  
I long for that land whose blest promise alone,  
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,  
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth —  
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage,  
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

I am weary of loving what passes away —  
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, may not stay !  
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,  
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

I am weary, my Saviour ! of grieving thy love ;  
O when shall I rest in thy presence above !  
I am weary — but oh, never let me repine,  
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise  
are mine. ANON.

## SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE,

### No. IV.—THE CLOUDY PILLAR.

EDITOR.

“Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,  
’Tis mine to obey, ’tis His to provide.” *Newton.*

“THOU shalt remember,” said the God of Israel, to his chosen people, when their wanderings in the desert were almost ended — “thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee, these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thy heart; whether thou wouldst keep his commandments or not.” It was the design and the promise of Jehovah, to bring them to the land of Canaan; yet how strange, how entangled, how circuitous, the path through the wilderness, by which they passed from the land of their bondage to the land promised to their fathers! Now, we see them stand by the shores of that sea which has destroyed their enemies, and listen to their songs of exultation and of joy, — “I will sing unto the Lord, for He has triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.” — Again, we behold them travelling southward, in a direction

away from the promised land, tasting the bitter waters of Marah, gathering manna in the wilderness of Sin, fighting with Amalek at Rephidim, and trembling at the voice of the trumpet, waxing louder and louder, amidst the awful summits of Sinai. We follow them as they direct their course northward, to the very borders of the promised land, to Kadesh Barnea, where, after a journey of two years, which might have been accomplished in as many months, they send spies to view the land, which they expect so soon to enter. Again, we see them travelling southward, with their backs to the land of Canaan, sentenced, for their ingratitude and rebellion, to wander forty years in the wilderness, till at length,—their weary pilgrimage nearly ended, and the promised land in view,—they are addressed in the touching language we have cited, — “Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God hath led thee, these forty years in the wilderness.”

And how did Israel know when to journey and when to rest? how did they know what direction to pursue in their intricate wanderings through the “waste howling wilderness?” The answer is furnished in the words of inspiration, — “The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud to lead them the way,

and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light. \* \* \* And when the cloud was taken up from the tabernacle, then after that the children of Israel journeyed ; and in the place where the cloud abode, there the children of Israel pitched their tents. \* \* \* Whether it were two days, or a month, or a year, that the cloud tarried upon the tabernacle, remaining thereon, the children of Israel abode in their tents, and journeyed not ; but when it was taken up they journeyed."

What a beautiful emblem is this of the leadings of divine providence, guiding and directing the Christian pilgrim, in his wanderings through the wilderness of this world ; leading him, as the " blind, by a way that he knows not," and making " darkness light before him, and crooked things straight." And what a striking analogy between the **CLOUDY PILLAR**, which guided Israel through all their wanderings, backward and forward, to the land which the Lord designed to give them for a possession, and that guiding hand which conducted the beloved Judsons, by a strange and intricate way, to Burmah, the land of which he designed they should be the apostles, and to which one of them should live to present the inestimable boon of his own precious Word !

It was necessary that they should be disciplined

for the work by trial and sorrow ; and we have already seen that they had been tried in the furnace of affliction. It was necessary that they should be taught to live by simple faith in God ; and this lesson they had now to learn in a way they little anticipated, when leaving their native shores.

This band of pioneers had come out to Asia, depending for support upon an organization, then in its infancy, but which has since grown to that noble and gigantic institution of missionary benevolence — the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. Mr. and Mrs. Judson, together with Mr. Rice, had adopted, from the most conscientious convictions, as all will readily admit, who consider the painful sacrifices involved in that change, the sentiments of the Baptist denomination ; and had been baptized at Calcutta, by one of the Serampore missionaries, the Rev. William Ward. They had thus virtually given up their connections with the Society that sent them forth, which had liberally supplied them with funds, and which was pledged for their future support, while no Baptist Society existed in America, to which they could look for the necessary supply of their bodily wants.

Thus these beloved missionaries found themselves sojourners in a heathen land, with the

supply they had brought with them, though generously liberal, now nearly exhausted; driven from place to place, with no spot to rest the sole of their feet, and ignorant of the earthly source from which their necessary wants were in future to be supplied. Yet they thought of Elijah's God, who sent ravens in the desert to feed his servant, the prophet; and they resolved to trust in the same God, and to go forward. Nor did that God, in whom they trusted, disappoint their expectations. Luther Rice returned from the Isle of France to his native land; and succeeded, by his faithful appeals to the Baptists of America, in organizing the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, under whose patronage and support, the Judsons, and other devoted missionaries to Burmah, have labored from that time till the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson were now alone on the Isle of France. Rice had returned to America, and the widowed Newell, soon discovering that the island was unpropitious as a missionary field, anxious to be about his Master's work, had torn himself away from the grave of his lovely wife, and embarked on the 24th of February for Bombay. We can hardly wonder at the vein of chastened sadness pervading the following entry in the journal of Mrs. Judson,

when they were forced to the conviction that they must again commit themselves to the deep in search of another spot to labor for the perishing heathen; and yet in all these wanderings, God was leading them about by a **RIGHT** way; and they were but to follow the **CLOUDY PILLAR**, that went before them to point to their future field of labor and of success: — “No prospect of remaining long on this island. It seems as if there was no resting-place for me on earth. O when will my wanderings terminate? When shall I find some little spot, that I can call my home, while in this world? Yet I rejoice in all thy dealings, O my heavenly Father; for Thou dost support me under every trial, and enable me to lean on Thee. Thou dost make me feel the sweetness of deriving comfort from Thee, when worldly comforts fail. Thou dost not suffer me to sink down in despondency, but enablest me to look forward with joy, to a state of heavenly rest and happiness. There I shall have to wander no more, suffer no more; the face of Jesus will be unveiled, and I shall rest in the arms of love, through all eternity.”

It has already been remarked, that **Burmah** was the special field of labor, to which the attention of the missionaries had been, in the first place, directed by the managers of the

Society which sent them forth. This, however, upon consultation with the Serampore missionaries, had been given up as impracticable; and yet was God leading his servants,—by a circuitous route, it is true, like that of the Israelites,—and yet by a right way, to the very spot to which their attention had first been called. In sailing from Calcutta, south-westward to the Isle of France, their backs had been turned on Burmah, and the distance between them and that land had been increased some two or three thousand miles; and yet, as God, by the cloudy pillar, directed Israel to travel southward from the passage of the Red Sea; and again in the same direction from Kadesh Barnea, though Canaan was at the north; so did he point his servants to the Isle of France, on their way to Burmah, though it lay in a precisely opposite direction.

And now it became a question of great anxiety, to the solitary couple at the Isle of France, in what direction their steps should next be turned.

“The world was all before them where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.”

They looked to God for guidance; and finally decided upon an island inhabited by Malays, called Penang, or Prince of Wales

Island, situated upon the coast of Malacca. And now, how blind must be that eye, which does not see the hand of God in directing them to Burmah, contrary to their own plans and intentions, while seeking to carry into effect their design of a settlement at Penang. As it was impossible to obtain a passage to that place from the Isle of France, they ventured, though with fear and trembling, to take passage in a vessel bound for Madras, a city in British India, several hundred miles southwest of Calcutta, — but where they would still be subject to the power of the hostile government which had already driven them from its shores, — with the hope, that at Madras, they might find a vessel to convey them to Penang. They arrived at Madras in the month of June; but again they were disappointed. The cloudy pillar pointed not to Penang; and after a fruitless search of several days, they failed in finding a vessel bound to that island.

What course next to pursue it seemed impossible to tell. Their way appeared hedged up with thorns. They were fearful of continuing longer in Madras, lest the government should again molest them, and send them on board a vessel bound for England; and they could discover no way by which they could reach the missionary

field upon which they had resolved. The **PILLAR OF A CLOUD** was lifted up and it pointed in another direction. God had work for them to do in Burmah; and he hedged up their way that they could enter no other field. A vessel was found at Madras, which was to sail in a few days for Rangoon, one of the principal ports in the Burman empire. There appeared no other way of escape; and they resolved to cast themselves upon the protection of Jehovah, and to sail for Burmah.

There seemed to be a foreboding of the trials that awaited them, if not of the triumphs they were to achieve, as they contemplated the prospect of entering upon this rugged and forbidding field. "We have at last concluded, in our distress," says Mrs. J., "to go to Rangoon, as there is no vessel about to sail for any other place, ere it will be too late to escape a second arrest. O, our heavenly Father, direct us aright! Where wilt Thou have us go? What wilt Thou have us do? Our only hope is in thee; and to Thee alone we look for protection. O, let this mission yet live before Thee, notwithstanding all opposition; and be instrumental of winning souls to Jesus in some heathen land.  
\* \* \* Though our trials may be great, and our privations many and severe, yet the

presence of Jesus can make us happy; and the consciousness that we have sacrificed all for His dear cause, and are endeavoring to labor for the salvation of immortal souls, will enable us to bear our privations and trials with some degree of satisfaction and delight. The poor Burmans are entirely destitute of those consolations and joys which constitute our happiness; and why should we be unwilling to part with a few fleeting, inconsiderable comforts, for the sake of making them sharers with us in joys exalted as heaven, durable as eternity! We cannot expect to do much, in such a rough, uncultivated field; yet if we may be instrumental in removing some of the rubbish, and preparing the way for others, it will be a sufficient reward. I have been accustomed to view this field of labor with dread and terror; but I now feel perfectly willing to make it my home the rest of my life. \* \* \* Adieu to polished, refined Christian society. Our lot is not cast among you, but among Pagans, among barbarians, whose tender mercies are cruel. Indeed, we voluntarily forsake you, and for Jesus' sake, choose the latter for our associates. O, may we be prepared for the pure and polished society of heaven, composed of the followers of the

Lamb, whose robes have been washed in his blood.”

At length, on the 15th of July, 1813, about seventeen months from the time of their sailing from America, the missionaries landed at Rangoon, the very spot to which their attention had first been called, after having been tossed about, from place to place, for more than a year since their arrival in India.

Thus far had the CLOUDY PILLAR gone before them in the way, and here it rested. “And they will tell it to the inhabitants of this land ;

\* \* \* that thy cloud standeth over them, and thou goest before them ; by day-time in a pillar of cloud, and in a pillar of fire by night.”

\* \* \* “Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.”

“ Since all the varying scenes of time  
 God's watchful eye surveys,  
 O, who so wise to choose our lot,  
 Or to appoint our ways.

Good when he gives, — supremely good,  
 Nor less when he denies ;  
 E'en crosses from his sovereign hand,  
 Are blessings in disguise.”

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**"IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID."**

When the storm on the mountains of Galilee fell,  
And lifted its waters on high ;  
And the faithless disciples were bound in the spel  
Of mysterious alarm, — their terrors to quell,  
Jesus whispered, " Fear not, it is I."

The storm could not bury that word in the wave,  
For 'twas taught through the tempest to fly :  
It shall reach his disciples in every clime,  
And his voice shall be near in each troublous time,  
Saying, " Be not afraid, it is I."

When the spirit is broken with sickness or sorrow,  
And comfort is ready to die ;  
The darkness shall pass, and in gladness to-morrow,  
The wounded complete consolation shall borrow  
From His life-giving word, " It is I."

When death is at hand, and the cottage of clay  
Is left with a tremulous sigh,  
The gracious forerunner is smoothing the way  
For its tenant to pass to unchangeable day,  
Saying, " Be not afraid, it is I."

When the waters are passed, and the glories unknown  
Burst forth on the wondering eye,  
The compassionate "Lamb in the midst of the throne,"  
Shall welcome, encourage, and comfort his own,  
And say, " Be not afraid, it is I."

ANON

## THE HEATHEN'S CRY.

REV. AMOS SUTTON.

Hark ! what cry arrests my ear ?  
 Hark ! what accents of despair !  
 'Tis the heathen's dying prayer ;  
                   Friends of Jesus, hear.  
 Men of God, to you we cry,  
 Rests on you our tearful eye ;  
 Help us, Christians, or we die, —  
                   Die in dark despair !

Hasten, Christians, haste to save,  
 O'er the land and o'er the wave,  
 Dangers, death, and distance brave :  
                   Hark ! for help they call.  
 Afric bends her suppliant knee,  
 Asia spreads her hand to thee,  
 Hark ! they urge the heaven-born plea,  
                   Jesus died for all.

Haste, then, spread the Saviour's name,  
 Snatch the firebrands from the flame,  
 Deck his glorious diadem  
                   With their ransomed souls.  
 See ! the Pagan altars fall,  
 See ! the Saviour reigns o'er all !  
 Crown him ! crown him Lord of all !  
                   Echoes round the poles.

## SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

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### No. V.—THE PATIENCE OF FAITH.

EDITOR.

“Though seed lie buried long in dust,  
It sha'n't deceive your hope;  
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
For grace insures the crop.” *Watts.*

THE process of planting the gospel in heathen lands, in the means and the measure of its success, bears a striking analogy to the labors of the husbandman, in bringing under cultivation a new country, overgrown with a luxuriant vegetation of forest, underbrush and weeds. There must be a toilsome and protracted service of clearing and ploughing, and harrowing and sowing, before, in either case, the soil can be expected to yield a harvest; and before either the natural, or the moral and spiritual wilderness can be changed into a fruitful field. The pioneer missionary in a heathen land, perhaps in a higher degree than any other laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, is prepared to enter into the spirit of that remarkable promise — “They that SOW IN TEARS, shall reap in joy. He that

goeth forth WEEPING, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Like the husbandman, he "waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath LONG PATIENCE for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain."

And such a long and painful process of toil, and expectation, and prayer, is designed by the great Lord of the harvest, not only to prepare the soil to produce a luxuriant crop, but also to prepare the husbandman to receive it. The missionary needs to be eminently a man of faith; and often God chooses to nurture and to strengthen his faith, by painful trials and protracted delays. And is not *this* the trial of the faith of the missionary pioneer? to labor and to pray, and to preach, month after month, and year after year, uncheered by a single instance of conversion; and regarded by the millions of perishing heathen around him, only as an object of idle curiosity, of sovereign contempt, or of utter indifference?

Comparatively easy is it, when the ground is cleared, and the soil prepared, to scatter in the seed and to gather the harvest; not so the work of the hardy, the patient, and laborious pioneer of the uncultivated wilderness. Thus, when a missionary station is well-established, when

books are prepared, (perhaps an alphabet first invented,) when portions, or the whole of the Scriptures are translated, and some converts are gathered in, — a man of comparatively feeble faith, may carry forward the work thus auspiciously begun ; but to lay this foundation-work, and to wait and look for fruits, till hope deferred has almost made the heart sick, and amid all this discouragement and delay, to “ have faith, and struggle on ;” this requires a measure of faith which is the privilege of but few, and these, like Abraham and Elijah, mighty men of God.

O ! it is an interesting spectacle of unwearied patience and unwavering faith, to contemplate the devoted Carey, laboring on, patient and persevering, for upwards of seven years, from November, 1793, till December, 1800, before he was permitted to baptize the first Hindoo convert to Christianity. After the blessing had been so long deferred, no wonder that it was the cause of such unwonted joy. No wonder, as Krishna Pal was led down into the waters of the Ganges, by the faithful Carey, that Ward should exclaim, with gratitude and joy : “ The chain of caste is broken, and who shall be able to mend it ?” and that another missionary should ask — “ Ye gods of stone and clay, did ye not

tremble, when, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one of your votaries shook you, as dust, from his feet ?”

Thus, too, our own beloved Judson, with his devoted companion, labored on, in faith and prayer, for nearly six years after their arrival at Rangoon—that is, from July, 1813, to June, 1819,—before they were permitted to rejoice over the baptism of a single convert.

Men of less faith would long before that have given up the ground as impracticable. Some such in America had, doubtless, already begun to manifest impatience for the news of success ; and, perhaps, to question the wisdom of persevering on so barren a field. For, as early as 1816, we find Mr. Judson writing, in a letter to Mr. Rice, “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 was considered a shame to the cause of missions : but now the blessing begins to descend. \* \* \*

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 make the attempt : and let you come, and 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.”

The name of the first Burman convert to Christianity was MOUNG NAU ; and he was baptized on the 27th day of June, 1819. “Twenty or thirty years,” to refer to the words of Mr. Judson, have passed away since then ; and, blessed be God ! we have heard from them again ; and now, they can tell us of their hundreds, and even thousands of rejoicing converts, of a faithfully translated Bible, of a wilderness and solitary place, which are glad ; and of deserts, which rejoice and blossom as the rose. They waited for the precious fruit, and had **LONG PATIENCE** for it. They went forth **WEEPING**, bearing precious seed, but now they have truly “ come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.”

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**HAVE FAITH, AND STRUGGLE ON.****R. S. S. ANDROS.**

A swallow in the spring  
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves  
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring  
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled  
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,  
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled.  
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought;  
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,  
And with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought,  
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed  
The last soft feather on its ample floor,  
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,  
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,  
And toiled again; and, last night, hearing calls,  
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept  
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O, man!  
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?  
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?  
**HAVE FAITH, AND STRUGGLE ON!**

**JESUS NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN.****KRISHNA PAL, THE FIRST HINDOO CONVERT.**

If any are inclined to doubt the reality of conversions from Idolatry to Christianity, let them read the following beautiful devotional hymn, which is an accurate translation of one composed in his own language by Krishna Pal, the first Hindoo convert baptized by Dr. Carey. There are but few of our devotional hymns which contain in so short a compass, so much of the expression of genuine piety and correct evangelical sentiment. Krishna was baptized in the river Ganges, December 28th, 1800.

O thou, my soul, forget no more  
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore ;  
Let every idol be forgot ;  
But, O my soul, forget Him not.

Renounce thy works and ways with grief,  
And fly to this divine relief ;  
Nor Him forget, who left his throne,  
And for thy life gave up his own.

Eternal truth and mercy shine  
In Him, and he himself is thine ;  
And can'st thou, then, with sin beset,  
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget ?

O, no ; till life itself depart,  
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;  
And, lipping this, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.

## SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

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### No. VI.—DANGER AND DELIVERANCE.

EDITOR

“Just in the last distressing hour,  
The Lord displays delivering power;  
The mount of danger is the place,  
Where we shall see surprising grace”

*Watts.*

FIVE years had nearly rolled away, since the baptism of the first convert, in June, 1819. It was now the month of April, 1824. In the interval, many events of interest and importance had transpired in connection with the mission. Clouds and sunshine, and sunshine and clouds, had followed each other, in quick and varied succession. Other laborers had arrived on the field, and some had been removed by death. Colman and Wheelock had gone to their rest. Visits had been paid to the capital of the empire, and attempts had been made to propitiate the favor of the despotic monarch of Burmah. The first in 1820, by Judson and Colman, with marked and alarming failure; the second, by Judson and Dr. Price, in 1822, with as marked and evident success. Mrs. Judson had left Burmah for America, in quest of health; and after an

absence of two years and four months, had returned to Rangoon, in company with the beloved Wades, in December, 1823.

The circumstances of the mission seemed now to be more promising than ever. The New Testament had been translated into the Burman language. The little band of disciples, who had dared to renounce their idols, and to put on Christ by baptism, had increased to eighteen; and one of them, Mah Myat-la, had already joined the assembly of the redeemed above, expressing with her dying breath, her trust in the crucified Saviour, and her hope to be with Jesus in heaven. There were now two missionary stations, and eight missionaries: Wade and Hough with their wives, at Rangoon, and Judson and Price with their wives, at Ava; and all, apparently, at liberty to pursue their labors of love without molestation or hindrance. Such was the state, and such were the prospects of the mission, at the close of the month of April, 1824.

But this sunshine is soon to be succeeded by a cloud. Rumors of war between Britain and Burmah are heard, like the hoarse mutterings of approaching thunder; and soon the dark and portentous cloud bursts with fury on the heads of the beloved missionaries at Ava and Rangoon.

The latter of these cities lies several hundred miles nearer to the mouth of the river than the former ; and consequently, the storm burst over Rangoon before it reached the capital. It was about the beginning of May, 1824, that the intelligence that war was declared, first reached the missionaries at Rangoon ; and at the same time, that vessels of war had arrived at the mouth of the river with 6,000 troops, under the command of Sir Archibald Campbell.

The first act of the Burman government in Rangoon, was to order every foreigner, or "every person who wore a hat," to be taken prisoner. Messrs. Wade and Hough came under this description ; and on Monday, the 10th of May, were torn away from their families, under the dreadful apprehension of meeting them no more ; and, with other foreigners, hurried away to a dungeon. Their legs were bound together with ropes, and eight or ten armed Burmans placed over them as a guard. "An hour or two afterwards," says Mr. Wade, describing their sufferings, "the blacksmith came, bringing a rough, heavy chain. It consisted of three links, each about four inches in length, and pounded together so close as to completely prevent it from bending any more than a straight bar of iron. This was designed for Mr. H. and

myself. He was first seated, his leg laid upon a block, the ring placed upon the ankle, and then pounded down close with heavy blows. The other ring was put upon my ankle in the same manner. Our situation afforded no convenience for lying down; and, of course, allowed us no sleep, or even rest.

The next day the guard of the prison was considerably strengthened, and enjoined strictly to keep us close; all communication with our servants, and things without, was cut off. Shortly after, orders from the Ray-woon were communicated to our guard, through the grates of the prison, viz. that the instant the shipping should open a fire upon the town, they were to massacre all the prisoners without hesitation. This blasted all our hopes. The guards immediately began sharpening their instruments of death with bricks, and brandishing them about our heads, to show with how much dexterity and pleasure they would execute their fatal orders. Upon the place which they intended for the scene of butchery, a large quantity of sand was spread to receive the blood. Among the prisoners reigned the gloom and silence of death—the vast ocean of eternity seemed but a step before us. Mr. H. and myself threw ourselves down upon a mattress, expecting never to rise again, and calmly

waited to hear the first gun that should be fired upon the town, as the signal for our certain death.

In the meantime, an account of our real situation, which we had used various means to conceal, reached the ears of our afflicted wives. Their feelings can be better conceived than expressed. Who can tell with what agony of soul they listened to hear the first gun, the messenger which would relate a tale, more sad and awful, than death itself could relate.

At length the fleet arrived, and the attack commenced. The first ball thrown into the town, came with a tremendous noise directly over our heads. Our guards, filled with consternation and amazement, seemingly unable to execute their murderous orders, slunk away into one corner of the prison, where they remained perfectly quiet, until a broadside from the Liffey, which made the prison shake and tremble to its very foundations, so effectually frightened them, that, like children, they cried out through fear; and openly declared their intention of breaking open the door. They soon found means to break open the door: which being done, they all went out, but took the precaution to secure the door again, by fastening it with rattans upon the outside."

After the missionaries and other prisoners had remained quiet about half an hour, says Mr. Wade, "about fifty armed Burmans came rushing into the prison like madmen. We were instantly seized, dragged out of the prison, our clothes torn from our bodies, and our arms drawn behind us with a cord, so tight that it was impossible to move them. I thought mine would have been cut entirely to the bone: indeed, we were treated just as they would treat criminals, whom they were about to lead to the place of execution. We were now put in front of several armed men, whose duty it was to goad us along with the points of their spears. After making an exhibition of us through almost every street in the town, we were at length brought to the Yongdau, or place where all causes are tried, and sentences passed. Here sat the dispenser of life and death, surrounded by other officers of the town. He ordered us to be placed before him in a kneeling posture, with our faces to the ground; to which we submitted in the most respectful manner. On one side of us was a noisy rabble, crying out all together: 'Let them be put to death!' The cries of the multitude prevailed. The executioner, who stood on one side with the knife in his hand, waiting the decision, was *ordered to proceed*.

It was a critical moment. The order for death had already been given; the executioner had lifted the huge knife to strike off the head of the prisoner nearest to him! Mr. Hough begged for a moment's delay; and proposed that one or two of the prisoners should be sent on board the shipping; in which case, he would engage that the firing should cease. The Ray-woon beckoned to the executioner to delay for a moment the fatal blow; and was about to reply to the proposition of the missionary, when just at that instant, the awful roar of the cannons, from a broadside of the Liffey, so terrified the Ray-woon and the other officers, that they instantly dispersed, and took refuge under the banks of a neighboring tank; leaving the missionaries still on their knees, with their necks bared, awaiting the fatal stroke of the executioner's knife. God had a work for his servants to do; and thus wonderfully did He appear, to save them from impending death!"

They were not yet, however, delivered from the hands of their enemies. "We were now," says Mr. Wade, "permitted once more to stand upon our feet, which but a moment ago we never expected to do again. The firing increased; and the multitude began to flee with great precipitancy. Though our ankles were

already miserably galled with our chains, the cords on our arms intolerably painful, and destitute of any clothes, except pantaloons, urged along with spears, we were obliged to keep pace with those whom fear impelled with hasty step. At length they bent their course towards the place of public execution, whither, we supposed, they intended carrying us. Our afflicted wives saw us as we passed. They knew they were driving us towards the place of execution; and said to each other: 'That is the last time we shall see our husbands.' Their first impression, as they have since told me, was to follow us, and share our fate; but a moment's reflection convinced them of the impropriety of such a step; it would make the parting intolerable, both to them and to us, to be murdered before their eyes. Fortunately for us, we did not know that they saw us, until all was over. We soon after found they did not design to carry us to the place of execution; for, having passed by this spot, they proceeded in the direction of the Great Pagoda."

The Ray-woon now accepted Mr. Hough's proposal, and sent him to the General; consigning Mr. Wade, and the other prisoners, to a miserable dungeon, with strict orders to have them all put to death, if he did not succeed.

There they spent the second miserable night, exhausted with the galling of their chains, fatigue and hunger. Early in the morning of the 12th, a party of Burmans came to the dungeon door, evidently with the design of putting them to death; but just at this moment, some one from without exclaimed: "The English are coming! Instantly the whole of them fled with the utmost precipitancy and alarm; and the prisoners were soon after delivered from their prison and their chains by the British soldiers.

The situation of the missionaries' wives, through all these dangers and trials, must have been painful in the extreme. On the first gloomy night, though not particularly molested, they had been entirely unable to sleep, from anxiety and alarm. One of the native Christians, MOUNG-SHWA-BA, had stayed with them through the night, and endeavored to comfort them by his pious conversation and his prayers. They had learned that their beloved husbands were to be beheaded at the firing of the first gun. When they heard the roaring of the cannon, they could not but regard it as the death-knell of those so dear; and their terrified imaginations pictured the merciless Burmans, at that fatal moment, imbruing their hands in their husbands' blood. They also had much reason

to fear, that a few moments more would bring them to the same fate. Moungh-Shwa-ba still remained with them, declaring that he would do all in his power to protect them and the property ; which he did, even at the risk of his own life. He told them plainly, that the Burmans would come in search of them ; it being an invariable custom among them, when they put a man to death under our circumstances, to sacrifice also his wife, children, and all his relations ; even to the sixth generation. Finding, therefore, that they could not remain in the house with the least prospect of escape, they disguised themselves as Burmans, by blackening their faces, and dressing in the clothes of their servants ; and thus, though the streets were crowded with Burmans, passed along undiscovered, while they several times heard Burmans inquiring for the teachers' wives. It was while in this disguise that they saw, as they supposed, their beloved husbands, on the way to execution ; and almost resolved to give themselves up to the same fate.

At length, however, God granted deliverance, and husbands and wives were permitted to meet each other in a place of safety. Their feelings can only be described by one of the sufferers himself, who closes his account of this wonderful

deliverance, in the following words:—“ I need not attempt to describe the feelings produced by meeting again, after we had passed through so many, and so great dangers; but, at length, we found ourselves again all together, well, and beyond the power of barbarous and unmerciful Burmans. For my own part, I was rendered almost delirious by so sudden a transition from the deepest distress to the highest pitch of joy.

In reflecting upon those scenes of danger through which we all passed, and the narrow escapes which were afforded, when hope seemed entirely gone, I cannot help thinking, that our deliverance was almost miraculous. More than once, the danger which threatened us was so near, that I could only say: ‘ Lord, save now, or we perish.’ God was my only hope; and this hope did not fail me, even in the greatest extremity. Oh how invaluable is the hope of the gospel; which, like an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, enters into that which is within the veil! And, standing upon the very border of eternity, as we viewed ourselves, how insignificant appeared all the objects which so much attract us in this world; how vast the concerns of a never-ending duration; and how invaluable a well-grounded hope in the merits of HIM, whose name is the only one given under

heaven, and among men, whereby we must be saved !”

“Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ”—Such was the memorable encomium pronounced by the church at Jerusalem, upon Paul and Barnabas, when sending them to the Christian brethren at Antioch. And the same encomium is no less applicable to those devoted men of God, who, in the wonderful manner above related, were saved from the uplifted knife of the barbarian executioner, just as all possibility of escape seemed to be precluded, and every door of hope to be closed.

“I am immortal,” said the pious Whitefield, “till my work is done !” God had still work for his servants to do ; and therefore it was out of the power of their savage oppressors to kill them. Their necks were bared, and their heads were bowed to receive the fatal blow ; the man of blood had lifted the terrible instrument of death !—The voice of Jehovah was heard :—  
“TOUCH NOT MINE ANOINTED, AND DO MY PROPHETS NO HARM !” The weapon dropped from the palsied arm of the executioner ;—

“Jehovah had triumphed, his people were free.”

## IT IS TOLD ME I MUST DIE.

RICHARD LANGHORNE, A. D. 1679.

The following extraordinary composition, which is somewhat abridged, may be appropriately inserted here. The author, who wrote it shortly before his execution, was an eminent English lawyer, unjustly executed for treason, in 1679, during the reign of King Charles II. The Quarterly Review justly remarks—“It is a most singular and passionate production. A poem it must be called, though it is not verse. Perhaps there is not, in this or any other language, a poem which appears to have flowed so entirely from the heart.”

‘ It is told me I must die.

O happy news !

Be glad, O my soul,

And rejoice in Jesus thy Saviour.

If He intended thy perdition,

Would He have laid down his life for thee ?

Would he have called thee with so much love,

And illuminated thee with the light of his Spirit ?

Would He have given thee his own cross,

And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience ?

‘ It is told me I must die.

O happy news !

Come on, my dearest soul,

Behold thy Jesus calls thee ?

He prayed for thee upon his cross ;

There He extended his arms to receive thee ;

There He bowed down his head to kiss thee ;

There He opened his heart to give thee entrance ;

There He gave up his life to purchase life for thee.

'It is told me I must die.  
O what happiness!  
I am going  
To the place of my rest;  
To the land of the living;  
To the haven of security;  
To the kingdom of peace;  
To the palace of my God;  
To the nuptials of the Lamb;  
To sit at the table of my King;  
To feed on the bread of Angels;  
To see what no eye hath seen;  
To hear what no ear hath heard;

To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

'O my Father,  
O thou the best of all fathers,  
Have pity on the most wretched of all thy children!  
I was lost, but by thy mercy found;  
I was dead, but by thy grace am now raised again:  
I was gone astray after vanity,  
But am now ready to appear before thee.

O my Father,  
Come now in mercy and receive thy child!  
Give him the kiss of peace,  
Remit unto him all his sins,  
Clothe him with thy nuptial robe,  
Receive him into thy house,  
Permit him to have a place at thy feast,  
And forgive all those who are guilty of his death.'

## SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

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### No. VII.—THE SPOTTED FACE, AND THE NIGHT IN THE DEATH-PRISON.

EDITOR.

“Man may trouble and distress me,  
’Twill but drive me to thy breast:  
Life, with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest  
Oh! ’tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me;  
Oh! ’twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmix’d with thee.” *Anon.*

IN a suburb of the vast capital of the Burman Empire, Ava, amidst the multitude of idol worshippers, who thronged the temples of Gaudama, a little company of the friends of Jesus had assembled for prayer and praise. It was the morning of the Lord’s day, May 23d, 1824; and the little band of Christian worshippers had met in the house of the missionary, Price, at Sagaing, on the bank of the Irrawaddy, opposite the “golden city.” The rumors of war had already reached the devoted missionary band; and aware of the suspicious and despotic character of the Burman government, they could not but feel somewhat alarmed at the probable trials and

sufferings that awaited them. They had met to comfort one another in their sorrows, and to commend each other to that God and Saviour in obedience to whose command they had come to that heathen land to labor and to suffer, and if HE required of them the sacrifice, to die.

They had just concluded worship, and felt strengthened to bear whatever God might see fit to lay upon them. The visitors were about dispersing to their homes, when a messenger, with alarm and anxiety depicted on his countenance, came to announce the astounding intelligence that had just reached the capital; that twelve days before, *Rangoon had been taken by the British troops!* The news could not but add to the apprehensions for their personal safety, already entertained by the missionaries, and the other few foreigners residing in Ava; and as they glided through the multitudes of dark-browed idolaters that crowded the streets of the "golden city," conversing on the alarming intelligence, and fevered with excitement and rage, casting upon the white-faced strangers many a suspicious glance, or contemptuous scowl, they felt they needed all that grace, and all that strength, for which they had just been praying. The fears of the missionaries were, however, soon partially allayed, by a reply made by the king's brother to a young

English merchant, named Gouger, who afterwards became the companion of Judson in suffering, "that his majesty had said the few foreigners residing in Ava had nothing to do with the war, and should not be molested."

Two more weeks passed by, and the missionaries were still at large; yet harrassed and alarmed by the dark suspicions and rumors that rapidly gained ground in the city, that the white foreigners were spies, and in the pay of the invading foe. This painful uncertainty, however, was soon to be exchanged for still more painful reality.

It was on the morning of Tuesday, the eighth of June, that the beloved Judsons, with the two little Burman girls whom they had taken under their protection, were preparing their frugal dinner, when a company of fierce-looking Burmans rushed into the apartment. The leader was an officer, holding a black-book in his hand, and the *spotted face* of another, told, alas! too plainly, that he was the executioner, "the son of the prison."

"You are called by the king," said the man with the black book.

The terrible spotted face produced the instrument of torture, a small cord for pinioning prisoners—violently threw the unresisting mission-

ary on the floor ; and, with hellish cruelty, proceeded to tighten the torturing cords around his suffering victim.

“ Stay !” exclaimed the agonized and suffering wife ; “ O, have pity, and loose that torturing rope ! Stay ! and I will give you money !”

But mercy dwelt not in the breasts of those savages. A scowl of terrible ferocity fell from the dark brow of the cruel persecutor, upon that weeping suppliant woman, as he yelled out in tones of dreadful rage : “ She ! she also is a white foreigner ! tie her too !”

At these terrible words, the tortured husband forgot, for a moment, his own sufferings, in the fearful apprehension that like indignities and cruelties were to be inflicted on his meek and gentle wife, and implored, in impassioned tones of tenderness and anguish, that they would let that beloved one remain till further orders.

They turned away from the imploring wife, who still continued begging them, with all the eloquence of a woman's tears and a wife's entreaties, to loosen the cords ; but in vain. The horrid spotted face, as though the infliction of pain was a greater pleasure to the terrible man of death than even the acquisition of money, spurned the offer of the silver ; dragged the suffering missionary from the house, and then at

a quarter of a mile's distance, threw his helpless prisoner on the ground, and placing his knee on his victim's back to increase the purchase, drew the cords with the utmost of his strength, so as almost to deprive him of the power to breathe.

"Now give us silver," said the spotted face, "and the cords shall be loosened."

A Christian native stepped forward and offered to go back for the money; but the anguish of the almost fainting sufferer was so great that he could hardly endure it for the brief interval that elapsed before the return of the messenger.

"Is there no one who knows me?" exclaimed the tortured missionary. "Is there no one who will be my security for the money till the messenger returns? Is there no one who pities me? I am a priest, and though a foreign one, deserve not such indignity, such torture."

But there was none to pity or to interpose on his behalf, and the cruel spotted face persisted in tightening the cords till the arrival of the messenger with ten ticals of silver. The arms of the sufferer were then somewhat relieved so as to allow him to breathe more freely; he was then hurried forward a distance of nearly two miles; the order of the king was read to him, three pairs of fetters were placed upon his limbs, he was fastened to a bamboo pole with the other unhappy

foreigners, and the doors of the terrible DEATH PRISON were closed upon them.

How dreadful now was the situation of these victims of heathen cruelty and oppression! Enough, one would think, to appal the stoutest heart, and to drive the most sanguine to utter despair. But even in this dark and miserable death-prison, the religion of Jesus sustained his suffering servants, and like Paul and Silas, in the prison at Philippi, whose feet also were made fast in the stocks, "at midnight they prayed and sang praises to God." Price, the beloved fellow missionary of Judson, who was also seized and imprisoned, has left on record the sad story of the first night in the death prison, and we will permit him to tell it in his own words :

"I was carried," said Mr. Price, "to the Yongdau or court-house, to listen to the laconic royal order : 'Price and Judson, catch, and put in prison.' My heart sunk at the appalling words—still they seemed repeated ; again and again I repeated them to myself, till the town clerk roused me from my reverie, by diving into my pockets, and securing everything movable about me. I was now led at a quick pace across the street, ushered into a small crowded compound or yard, and ordered to sit. I made towards a bench, but was pushed off it. I then

seated myself on a small stone slab, which I soon found was meant for another purpose. For while undergoing an examination as to my name, place of abode, occupation, &c., a man with his hands full of irons came forward, and rudely shoving me off the stone, seized one of my legs, and began knocking on one pair of fetters after another, until I thought he was never going to stop.

My heart now died within me. I looked around; all was gloomy and dark and silent, except the dull clanking of chains. My three pairs of fetters were no sooner well fastened on, than I was ordered roughly to go in. A little bamboo door opened, and I rose to go towards 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 step, 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, 60 or 70 wretched

objects, some in long rows made fast in the stocks, some strung on poles, some simply fettered; but all sensible of a new accession of misery, in the approach of a new prisoner. Stupified, I stopped to gaze, till goaded on; I proceeded towards 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 case, and I was again urged forward.

Here, side by side, we were allowed the only gratification left, of condoling (in the Burman language) with each other. "Now you are arrived and our number is complete; I suppose they will proceed to murder us," was the first thing suggested, and no one could say it was improbable. To prepare for a violent death, for immediate execution, was our consequent resolution. And now we began to feel our strength, our strong hold, our deliverer, in this dark abode of misery and despair. He who has said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you," manifested his gracious presence; a calm, sweet peace succeeded to our hurried minds, and alternate prayer and repeating of hymns, soon brought our minds to a state of comparative

gladness and joy. We became lifted above our persecutors; and the hymn containing the words,

Let men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword, the hand is thine;

was peculiarly applicable and refreshing. Now ye scoffers, say what you will, here is a triumph you cannot attain. Religion! Oh, the sweets of religious communion with God! Let them now, even now come, we said, 'we are prepared for the worst you can do; you cannot deprive us of our hope in God, our sweet peace of mind.' Thus we whiled away the hours of that night. Nature shuddered, but the soul was unshaken; our confidence was in the Rock of ages."

Thus did the consolations of the gospel sustain these suffering servants of God, and enable them, in the words of the heavenly minded Samuel Pearce, to sing, though in a dungeon and in fetters,

"In the floods of tribulation,  
While the billows o'er us roll,  
Jesus whispers consolation,  
And supports our fainting souls.  
Sweet affliction! sweet affliction  
Thus to bring our Jesus near."

## COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

When gath'ring clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienc'd every human pain.  
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies ;  
Yet He, who once vouchsaf'd to bear  
The sick'ning anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When mourning o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend ;  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while ;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou did'st weep o'er Laz'rus dead.

And, O ! when I have safely pass'd  
Through every conflict but the last ;  
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed—for thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

## SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE

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### No. VIII.—THE CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

EDITOR.

“ Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love  
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,  
One Peace-Branch from above !  
Then sorrow touch'd by thee grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray ;  
As darkness shows us world's of light  
We never saw by day.” *Moore.*

SAD and suffering was the night in the death-prison ; yet its miseries were alleviated by the opportunity of mutual encouragement and consolation ; for Christian sufferers were together. Not less sad was that sorrowful night of agony to those afflicted missionary wives, who passed its sleepless hours, each in her own separate abode, in anxious agony for their tortured husbands, or in earnest prayer for grace and strength ; with no Christian sister to sympathize or console. And yet, even here was the promise fulfilled : “ As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.” One of them has left the touching recital of that night of agony ; and we give the substance of it in

her own affecting words: "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 Mounng Ing saw him 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. I then went out into the verandah, 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, and 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 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 us resolved in disregarding their orders, they took the two

Bengalle servants, and confined them in the stocks, in a very painful position.

I could not endure this ; but called the head man to a 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."

In the morning she ascertained by a messenger that her beloved husband and all the white foreigners were committed to the horrible death-prison, loaded with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a pole to prevent them from moving. She longed for liberty, that she might make some effort for their deliverance or for the alleviation of their sufferings, but she was a prisoner herself, and her keepers refused to permit her to leave the house to petition some member of the government. She wrote to one of the king's sisters, but the note was returned with a refusal to interfere ; and she passed another dreadful night under guard, tormented by the

dreadful idea of her husband stretched on the bare floor in irons and confinement, which, to use her own words, "haunted her mind like a spectre, and prevented her obtaining any quiet sleep, though nature was almost exhausted."

On the third day, by a bribe of about one hundred dollars in silver, she obtained the melancholy privilege of visiting her afflicted husband at a door in the prison. But what a meeting! The fettered sufferer crawled to the door of the prison, for Mrs. J. was not allowed to enter, and a few words of sad endearment passed between them before she was rudely ordered to depart. Even the heart of one of the keepers was melted at this touching sight, and, says Dr. Price, he was affected "even to sobbing."

But the exertions of this Christian heroine did not stop here. Deeply affected at the "wretched, horrid situation" of the missionaries, she rested not till by her perseverance she succeeded before night in removing them from the horrible death-prison to an open shed in the prison enclosure. They were now free from the noisome stench of the prison; they could breathe the open air, and were released from the pole to which they had been chained. Their limbs were still loaded with fetters, but compared with the two horrid nights in the death-

prison, their situation was one of comparative comfort.

In a few days, the officers of government came to the house of Mrs. Judson to confiscate and take possession of all they could find: but even in this additional trial, this noble woman's fortitude and presence of mind did not forsake her. She succeeded in secreting several articles of value and a considerable sum of money, which were of incalculable worth in the long season of trial and extortion which followed.

But her beloved husband was still in confinement, and in fetters, and she could rest satisfied with nothing short of his release. Her next expedient was a petition to the queen; but here an obstacle presented itself. It was contrary to Burman regulations for a person in disgrace with the king to be admitted to the palace, and she could not therefore gain access to the queen. She finally succeeded, though with great difficulty, in presenting it through the medium of the wife of the queen's brother, and waited with the utmost anxiety for the result. At length she learned the fate of her petition, and all her hopes of speedy deliverance were blasted by the indifferent and unfeeling reply of the queen: "The teachers will not die—let them remain as they are." With a heavy heart, she turned her steps

to the prison, to communicate the result to her husband. Upon reaching the prison-gate, however, she was harshly repulsed; and for the ten days which followed, notwithstanding her daily and earnest entreaties, she was constantly refused admittance.

During the seven or eight succeeding months, scarcely a day passed in which this heroic woman did not traverse the crowded streets of Ava, for the purpose of imploring the pity and aid of some members of the government or of the royal family to accomplish her husband's release: "The continual extortions and oppressions to which the missionaries, and the other white prisoners, were subject during these dreary months, 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," says this Christian heroine, "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 was given me by friends at Boston, and endeavored to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners. \* \* \* But the point, the acme of my distress, consisted in the awful uncertainty of our final fate. My prevailing opinion was, that my husband would suffer a violent death; and that I should, of course, become a slave, and languish out a miserable though short existence, in the tyrannic hands of some unfeeling monster. But the consolations of religion, in these trying circumstances, were neither 'few nor small.' It taught me to look beyond this world, to that rest, that peaceful happy rest, where Jesus reigns, and oppression never enters."

In the touching narrative penned by the afflicted sufferer herself, there is scarcely an allusion to the fact, that during these months of sorrow, her tender and delicate situation was such, as vastly to increase the severity of the exhaustion and fatigue, consequent upon her almost incredible exertions on behalf of her imprisoned husband. Yet, is there a tender eloquence, which must come home to the heart of every Christian mother, in the simple mention

of the fact, that in the very midst of these sufferings, and while the distressed and sympathizing father was chained in his miserable dungeon, she gave birth to her little daughter Maria; and that her weary visits to the prison, and to those she hoped might befriend or succor her husband, were continued almost up to the very time of her sad and solitary confinement.

“ Who can describe the sufferings of that day,  
When in her lap the child of sorrow lay, —  
Who, mid the scenes of anguish, war and strife,  
In heathen darkness struggled into life;  
On whose sad brow, already marked with wo,  
No father smiles, nor tears are felt to flow.”

It was on the 26th of January, 1825, that little Maria was thus ushered into the world, amidst scenes of sadness and sorrow: and as soon as returning strength would permit, did that heroic mother again renew her exertions to effect, if possible, the deliverance of her husband; and if not, to visit him in his prison, and to soothe his sufferings, by her words of tenderness, or to beguile his sadness by the sight, for one brief hour at a time, of the tender pledge of their mutual love, his gentle baby daughter. A touching memorial is recorded, of

one of these visits of the mother and her babe to the prison, which "the jailor's voice, in accents harsh," forbade to continue longer than one hour, in the affecting lines which follow the present sketch, so mournfully expressive of the conjugal and paternal tenderness of the suffering husband and father.

But another, and still more bitter cup of affliction awaited them. About two months after the birth of the little Maria, a message was sent by her unfortunate father to Mrs. Judson, that he and the other white prisoners had again been thrust into the horrible death-prison, and that two additional pairs of fetters, making five in all, had been put on their galled and wearied limbs. The cause of this additional rigor was the defeat of the Burman general Bandoola, and the advance of the British troops from Rangoon up the river towards Prome.

This was a dreadful shock to Mrs. Judson. She hastened to the governor's house, but he was not at home. He had, however, left orders with his wife, that if she called, she should be told not to ask to have the additional fetters taken off or the prisoners released, for it could not be done. In the evening she called again, and with a woman's eloquence and tears pleaded on behalf of her husband. It was now evident, however,

that the governor's orders were positive, and that it was beyond his power to grant her request. By her repeated visits, she had gained a powerful influence over the old man, and on this occasion his heart was melted, and he wept like a child; told her that he had received repeated intimations from the queen's brother to put the white foreigners to death; promised her that though he should execute all the others, he would never execute her husband; and ended by telling her firmly that he could not release her husband from his fetters and imprisonment, and *she must not ask it.*

It was now the commencement of the hot season, and the situation of the poor fettered prisoners, shut up in one close and filthy apartment, was dreadful beyond description. Mrs. Judson sometimes obtained the liberty of going for five minutes to the door of the prison, but her sympathizing heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. After continuing in the inner prison for more than a month, Mr. Judson's health gave way, he was seized with an alarming fever, and probably his life would have been the sacrifice, had it not been for the persevering energy and tender assiduity of his heroic wife. With the hope of effecting his deliverance, and in order to be constantly near him, she removed

from the house, and erected a small bamboo room in the governor's inclosure, which was nearly opposite the prison-gate. Here did that faithful woman take up her station to watch over her suffering husband, and to besiege the governor with her incessant entreaties, till at length the old man, worn out with "her continual coming, gave orders to place Mr. Judson in a more comfortable apartment, and granted her permission to go in and out all times of the day to administer the necessary medicine and nourishment. Now," says she, "I felt happy indeed; and had Mr. J. 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."

This state of comparative happiness had lasted but two or three days, when Mrs. Judson was suddenly sent for by the governor, from the prison where she had gone to carry her poor husband some breakfast. The governor pretended he wished to consult her about his watch, though his real object was to detain her from her husband until time could be afforded for driving the prisoners off.

Upon her leaving the governor's to return to her little bamboo room, she met one of the servants who informed her with a ghastly coun-

tenance that the white prisoners were all carried off, he knew not whither. This was terrible news. She ran through the city from one street to another, almost in a state of distraction, hoping, but in vain, to get a glimpse of them, that she might know in what direction they had been driven. She inquired of all she met, but scarcely one would answer. At length, an old woman told her the white prisoners were to be carried to Amarapoorra, and had gone towards the little river. She ran to the river, a distance of about half a mile, and concluded she had been deceived. She hurried back to the governor's, who informed her they had been removed to Amarapoorra, and added the fearful words: "you can do nothing more for your husband, take care of yourself!"

This was a trying moment indeed; and never before or after did this heroic woman come so near giving up in despondency and despair as at this distressing crisis. "With a heavy heart," says she, "I went to my room, and having no hope to excite me to exertion, I sunk 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 towards the gate with a kind of melan-

choly feeling, but no wish to enter. All was the stillness of death ; no preparation of my husband's food ; no expectation of meeting him at the usual dinner hour ; all my employment, all my occupations seemed 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."

Yet even under this blow was she still supported by an arm unseen, and strengthened for yet further exertions of Christian heroism, on behalf of that suffering man of God, her beloved and persecuted husband.

Noble and heroic woman ! thou shalt be had in everlasting remembrance ; and when the names of the world's heroes, of victorious conquerors, and of mighty monarchs, shall be forgotten in oblivion, thy honored and beloved name shall be a watch-word of all that is tender in conjugal affection,—all that is elevating in female piety,—all that is ennobling in female heroism,—all that is holy in Christian love. Centuries may roll away, and the idols of Gaudama fall before the cross of Jesus ; but still shall thy name be cherished as one of Burmah's first and truest benefactors ; as one of the noblest ornaments of thy sex, and one of the purest and the brightest gems in the crown of thy country's glory !

## THE PRISONER'S LULLABY.

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON.

The following touching verses were inserted in the American Baptist Magazine, for July, 1827, under the title of "Lines addressed to an infant daughter, twenty days old, in the condemned prison of 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 can'st not know  
The pangs that rend thy parents' hearts,  
The keenness of their wo.

Sleep, darling infant, sleep,  
May Heaven its blessing shed,  
In rich profusion, soft and sweet,  
On thine unconscious head.

Why ope thy little eyes ?  
What would my darling see ?  
Her sorrowing mother's bending form ?  
Her father's misery ?

Would'st view this drear abode,  
Where fettered felons lie ;  
And wonder that thy father dear  
Such place should occupy ?

Would'st see the dreadful sights,  
That stoutest hearts appal,  
The stocks, the cord, the fatal sword,  
The torturing iron maul ?

No, darling infant, no ;  
Thou see'st them not at all ;  
Thou only mark'st the rays of light,  
That flit along the wall.

Thine untaught infant eye  
Can nothing clearly see ;  
Sweet scenes of home and prison scenes  
Are all the same to thee.

Stretch then thy little limbs,  
And roll thy vacant eye,  
Reposing in thy mother's arms,  
In soft security.

Go, darling infant, go ;  
Thine hour is pass'd away ;  
The jailor's voice, in accents harsh,  
Forbids thy longer stay.

God grant we yet may meet  
In happier times than this ;  
And with thine angel-mother dear,  
Enjoy domestic bliss !

But should the gathering clouds,  
That Burmah's sky o'erspread,  
Conduct the fatal vengeance down  
Upon thy father's head —

Where could'st thou shelter find ?  
Ah, whither would'st thou stray ?  
What hand support thy tottering steps,  
And guide thy darkling 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 covenant God,  
My darling I commend ;  
Be thou the helpless orphan's guide,  
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 wo.

Thou sleep'st again, my lamb,  
And heed'st nor song nor prayer,  
Go, sleeping in thy mother's arms,  
Safe in a mother's care ;

And when, in future life,  
Thou know'st thy father's tongue,  
These lines will show thee how he felt,  
How o'er his babe he sung.

## SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

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### No. IX.—THE BLOOD-TRACKED MARCH.

EDITOR.

“His way was much rougher and darker than mine,  
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?”

*Newton.*

AMONG all the sufferings endured by the missionaries during their two years painful captivity, there is no scene more heart-rending than the *blood-tracked march* of the white foreigners from Ava to Amarapoora, on their journey to Oung-pen-lay. A march like this, of 8 or 9 miles, under a burning sun, with naked feet, exposed to the scorching sand and the sharp gravel, would have been a severe infliction, even for a healthy man; how much more so for these poor suffering victims, whose limbs were stiffened and bruised with the torturing fetters they had so long worn; and whose bodies were emaciated with the privations and sickness of their protracted and painful imprisonment.

The particulars of their removal from the prison at Ava, were as follows: “As soon as Mrs. Judson had left her husband at the call of the governor, one of the jailors rushed into the

little bamboo room — roughly seized Mr. J. 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 Mr. Judson's feet became dreadfully blistered. 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, leaving behind, as they passed along, *the bloody tracks of their raw and lacerated feet.*

Mr. J.'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, he begged the Lamine Woon to allow him to ride on his horse a mile or two, as he could proceed no further 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 to them, and seeing his distress, took off his head-dress, 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, and was almost carried by him the remainder of the way. Had it not been for the support and assistance of this man, he would probably 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. Being a corpulent man, 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, then 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-lay the same day. An old shed was appointed for their abode during the night, but without even a mat or pillow, or any thing 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 as 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-lay, and saw the dilapidated state of the prison, they immediately, all as one, concluded that they were there to be burnt, 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."

About an hour or two after their arrival at this miserable place, Mr. Judson, with his fellow sufferers, chained two and two, were seated on the ground under a little low projection, outside of the prison, almost dead with exhaustion and fatigue. He was probably thinking of his heroic and devoted wife, who was left behind in Ava; and picturing to himself, the anguish of her affectionate heart, when she had returned from the governor's to the prison, and had found him gone. Perhaps he was, at that moment, offering up a prayer, that God would sustain her in that hour of bitter agony.

\* \* \* \* \*

He lifted up his eyes, and who should he see approaching, but his still undaunted and noble wife, with her little Maria, a babe of three months old, in her arms, to take her station by his side, to bind up his bleeding feet, and to kiss away the tears which coursed each other down his care-worn cheeks.

The first words of her afflicted husband were those of sadness and of pity — “Why have you come?” said he. “I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here.”

And what though it were true, that she could not *live* there; still, thought that Christian heroine, she could *die* there, since duty and love demanded her presence.

And would it not be worth the sacrifice of her life, to soothe the sufferings and alleviate the sorrows of one so dear? — to contribute, by her conjugal assiduity and care, to preserve a life so precious, that he might live to labor for the spiritual good of his persecutors? or, if God designed that he should fall a victim to their cruelty — to soothe his dying moments by accents of tenderness, of piety, of love?

\* \* \* \* \*

So that ministering angel had found out the spot to which her suffering husband had been driven, by cruel and bloody men. Love lent her wings to traverse the burning sands of the desert; and she had flown on those wings, with her sad-hearted baby at her breast, to the side of her beloved.

**THE WEARY CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER.****SARAH ELIZABETH.**

Go, traveller ; still onward go ;  
And if the scene be fair,  
If mountains shade, and waters flow,  
And woods and fields be there,  
Thou must not rest among the flowers,  
Nor linger in the fairy bowers.

Go, traveller ; and if the sky  
Be stormy, wild, and drear,  
And torrents fall, and lightnings fly,  
And thunders fright thine ear—  
Fly not to hide thy trembling form,  
Where caverns deep shut out the storm.

And while amid the desert land  
Thou tread'st the unknown way,  
Fear not the red, the scorching sand,  
Nor the hot noontide ray :  
The God of Israel guides thee right,  
With cloud by day, with fire by night.

Beside the blue horizon's verge,  
A glorious city stands,  
Before it spreads a swelling surge,  
Around it angel bands.  
Faith, with her glass of softest light,  
Displays it to thy wondering sight.

Poor weary traveller, thy home  
    Within that city lies ;  
When foes of savage nations come,  
    Think on that glorious prize ;  
Then fire thine heart, and nerve thy hand,  
And join thee with Immanuel's band.

The flowery path thou must not tread,  
    The mountain-pass is thine ;  
Dark are the rocks that shade thy head,  
    Yet trees around them twine ;  
And many a bright oasis stands  
To cheer thee in those desert lands.

Soon shalt thou come to Jordan's side,  
    And hear its billows chafe ;  
Dread not the darkly-rolling tide,  
    Poor traveller, thou art safe ;  
One parting pang, one struggle more,  
And thou art on the heavenly shore.

What glittering sights are those around ?  
    What music meets thine ear ?  
Who, who is He with glory crown'd ?  
    Here, ransom'd sinner; here,  
For ever bow, for ever praise,  
Through bright, eternal, blissful days.

## HOW FAR FROM HOME P

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I hear the rising tempest moan,  
My failing limbs have weary grown,  
The flowers are shut, the streams are dried,  
The arid sands spread drear and wide,  
The night-dews fall, the winds are high,  
How far from home, O Lord, am I ?

I would not come with hoards of gold,  
With glittering gems, or cumbrous mould,  
Nor dim my eyes with gathered dust  
Of empty fame, or earthly trust ;  
But hourly ask, as lone I roam,  
How far from home ? how far from home ?

Not far ! Not far ! The way is dark,  
Frail hope hath dimm'd her glow-worm spark ;  
The trees are dead, beneath whose shade  
My youth reclin'd, my childhood play'd ;  
Red lightnings streak the troubled sky,  
How far from home, my God, am I ?

Reach forth thy hand with pitying care,  
And guide me through the latest snare ;  
Methinks e'en now its bursting beams  
The radiance from thy casement streams ;  
No more I shed the pilgrim's tear,  
I hear Thy voice, my home is near.

## SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE

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No. X.—OUNG-PEN-LAY.

EDITOR.

“Then let the rude tempest assail,  
The blast of adversity blow ;  
The haven, not distant, I hail,  
Beyond this rough ocean of woe :  
When safe on the beautiful strand,  
I'll smile at the billows that foam,  
Kind angels to hail me to land,  
And Jesus to welcome me home.”

*Jane Taylor.*

MEMORABLE in the history of the suffering missionaries, is that obscure and miserable Burman village of Oung-pen-lay. As memorable as the fiery furnace of Babylon, in the history of the three faithful Hebrews ; as the den of lions to Daniel, into which “ God sent his angel, and shut the lions' mouths ;” or as the prison at Philippi, to Paul and Silas, where the feet of the apostles were made fast in the stocks, and where, at midnight, “ they prayed and sang praises to God.”

When the faithful missionary wife had found her afflicted husband at that, (to use her own

expressive epithet,) *never-to-be-forgotten place*, Oung-pen-lay, her first thoughts were directed to find a way by which she might be constantly near him. Upon her arrival, she had not even a place to lay her weary head for the night. She begged permission of one of the jailers, that she might put up a little bamboo-house near to the prison; but this request was denied her. This jailer, however, gave her liberty to occupy a miserable apartment in a filthy little hovel, that was half full of grain; and there, pressing her baby to her aching heart, on a mat spread out on a heap of rice did she throw her wearied limbs, to obtain, if possible, a few hours of repose.

Here, in this wretched hovel, without a single article of comfort or convenience, with not even a chair or seat of any kind, except the bamboo-floor, did this devoted woman, with her sad-hearted baby, and her two little Burman girls, whom she called Mary and Abby Hasseltine, spend the next long six months of weariness, sickness, and sorrow.

Mary, though herself a small child, was the only assistant she had in taking care of the babe. Her husband's fever continued, in prison, and his feet were so dreadfully mangled by the horrible march from Ava, that for several days

he was utterly unable to move. But, she had hoped to be able to leave her baby with the little Burman girl, while, from day to day, she might go to the prison, and bind up the wounded feet of her husband. Even this expectation, however, was frustrated. On the very morning after her arrival, Mary Hasseltine was taken down with that fearful disorder, *the small-pox!*

Now her situation was trying indeed. The small-pox in her miserable dwelling, her husband in a suffering and mangled condition, requiring her attention, no medicines to be procured, no assistance to be obtained from the neighbors, and a sorrowful baby, (yet dearer to the suffering mother, because it was a child of sorrow,) hanging at her breast, and seeking, almost in vain, for that nourishment, which excess of sorrow and weariness had nearly dried up!

Yet, even then, she trusted in God, and struggled on. Anxious to attend to both her patients, she would spend the day in passing from the house to the prison, and from the prison to the house, with her "little Maria" in her arms, occasionally relieved for an hour, when she could lull her baby to sleep, by leaving it by the side of its father in the prison, while she returned to look after the poor little patient

in the house, now covered with eruptions, and raging with delirium.

But the cup of affliction was even yet not full. She inoculated Abby and the babe. The former escaped by this means the terrible disease; but with poor little Maria, inoculation did not take, and she was soon seized with the disease in the natural way, and though her life was spared, required a large share of the attention and the time of the afflicted mother for three long months of sorrow, before the little sufferer recovered entirely from the disease.

No sooner were the children recovered, than a new affliction awaited her; she was seized with a distressing and dangerous sickness herself, and thus deprived of the power of ministering to others. But of this new affliction, we must permit her to tell in her own affecting words: "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 Bengalee

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-lay 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-lay. 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.

I just reached Oung-pen-lay 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.”

What mother can help dropping a tear of sympathy with this suffering woman, as she

reads the following touching extract from her pen : " 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 little 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."

When we reflect upon the accumulated trials and sufferings which now pressed upon Mrs. J., we are ready to wonder at the strength of that grace which sustained her under them, and are not surprised to hear her say : " 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-lay, are beyond enumeration or description."

Never would the white prisoners have left that dreadful place, had it not been for the merciful interposition of divine providence. The report they had heard at their first removal from Ava was founded in truth. They had been sent there by the orders of the Pakan Woon, a cruel Burmese general, who had been appointed to the command of the army after the death of Bandoola, and who had assured the king, in the most confident terms, that he would expel the foreign invaders from the country, and restore the places which had been conquered by the English. The object of the Pakan Woon, in sending the white foreigners to Oung-pen-lay, was to offer them up as a sacrifice to the gods. They were destined by him to the horrible death of *burning alive!* This cruel man,

however, fell into the pit that he digged for others. He was detected in embezzling the money entrusted to him for the pay of the army, suspected of treason, and executed without ceremony. Thus did the providence of God deliver his servants from this cruel and dreadful death, and preserve their precious lives for future labors of love for the perishing heathen.

At length the time arrived for their deliverance from that "detested place," Oung-pen-lay. After enduring its horrors for upwards of six months, an official order arrived for the removal of Mr. Judson to Ava; and after some difficulty with the avaricious jailers, who, with the hope of getting more money, tried to detain Mrs. J., upon the pretence that she was not included in the order, (though she was not a prisoner)—the missionaries, at last, with thankful hearts, turned their backs upon the place, where they had drunk so deeply of the bitter cup of sorrow and affliction: "It was noon," says Mrs. J., "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, to which place he

arrived some time in the night. I took my own course, procured a boat, and reached our house before dark."

Thus, at length, were the missionaries released from the sufferings of that wretched place of misery and gloom, Oung-pen-lay. But, O how bitter that cup of sorrow and agony which they had there drank to the very dregs! And what was it which kept them from sinking under these almost unparalleled sufferings? What, but the love and the presence and the sympathy of Jesus! They thought of the bitterness of HIS cup, and then shrank not from their own. They remembered that HE was a man of sorrows, and were content to share in his griefs.

"HE was a Man of Sorrows — HE  
Who lov'd and sav'd us thus ;  
And shall the world that frown'd on him,  
Wear only smiles for us ?  
No, we must follow in the path  
Our Lord and Saviour run ;  
We must not find a resting place  
Where he we love had none."

## WAY-WORN PILGRIM.

Way-worn pilgrim, child of fears,  
Cease thy sorrows, dry thy tears ;  
Earth has pierced thee : reft, alone,  
Urge to heaven that bitter moan.  
Pilgrim, wanderer, though thou be,  
Heaven shall soothe thy agony ;  
Soon that pulse shall throb no more :  
But heaven has life, when life is o'er ;  
Soon thou shalt thy Saviour see,  
Soon shalt with thy Saviour be,  
For this mortal shall be free,  
Clothed with immortality.

List, ye weary ; list, ye faint :  
List, the martyr and the saint ;  
Ye who tremble, ye who sigh,  
Ye who, living, daily die,  
Pleased to tread to meet your God,  
The path of thorns your Saviour trod ;  
List from heaven that Saviour's voice,  
Which bids you, midst your tears, rejoice ;  
That tells of worlds to earth unknown,  
And calls those blissful worlds your own.  
Yes, ye shall your Saviour see,  
Soon shall with that Saviour be,  
Where this mortal shall be free,  
Clothed with immortality.

ANON

## MY REST IS IN HEAVEN.

H. T. LYTE.

My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,  
Then why should I tremble when trials are near ?  
Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can come,  
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
Or building my hopes in a region like this ;  
I look for a city that hands have not piled,  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,  
I would not lie down upon roses below ;  
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,  
Till I find them for ever on Jesus's breast.

Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy,  
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy ,  
And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,  
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose,  
They only make heaven more sweet at its close ;  
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,  
An hour with my God will make up for all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,  
I march on in haste, through an enemy's land ;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,  
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with  
song.

## SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE

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### No. XI.—THE DARK CLOUDS BREAKING.

EDITOR.

"Ye feeble saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head." *Cowper.*

THOUGH the missionaries had left Oung-pen-lay, their sufferings were by no means at an end. The dark clouds still hung over them, though they were soon to break in blessings on their heads. Mr. Judson was still in the hands of the government officers. He was soon, however, dispatched to the Burmese camp, at Maloon, where he remained six weeks, acting in the capacity of translator and interpreter. In his absence, Mrs. J. was seized with the spotted fever, which had well-nigh ended her sorrows and her life. She lost her reason, became insensible, had her head shaved, and her feet covered with blisters, and at length was so far

gone, that the Burmese neighbors, who had come in to see her expire, said : " She is dead ; and if the king of angels should come in, he could not recover her."

More than a month elapsed after she recovered her reason before she was able to stand. At length she was informed that Mr. Judson had returned to Ava, had been re-conducted to prison, and that the report was, that he was to be sent back to Oung-pen-lay. Referring to this additional shock, she says : " 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 Moug 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. Moug 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-lay.

If I ever 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."

Nor was this confidence in God misplaced. The hour of complete deliverance from these dreadful trials was at hand. The English army had penetrated far up the Irrawaddy, and were rapidly approaching Ava. The capital was in a dreadful state of alarm, and the government was at length convinced that some speedy measures must be taken to save "the golden city." Judson and Price were now sought out, and their assistance requested in inducing the English general to grant a peace. Dr. Price was sent as an ambassador to the English camp. He returned with a demand from Sir Archibald Campbell of a hundred lacks of rupees, or about five millions of dollars, to be paid in four instalments, and the release of all the white prisoners, including the American missionaries. The king objected to the release of the latter, and said "they are not English, they are my people, and shall not

go;" and so discouraging to Mrs. J. did their prospects of release appear, even at this juncture, that she says: "At this time I had no idea that we should ever be released from Ava. The government had learned the value of Mr. Judson's services, having employed him the last three months; and we both concluded they would never consent to our departure."

Another attempt was made to repel the English by fortifying the ancient city of Pahgan, but the English took it with perfect ease, and advanced towards Ava. The whole palace was now in motion; gold and silver vessels were melted up, and the utmost alarm prevailed. Mr. Judson was dispatched to the British camp to implore the English general and army to stop their march and make peace. At the same time, several of the white prisoners and six lacks of rupees were sent down instead of twenty-five. Sir Archibald, however, would not receive it, but promised if the sum complete should reach them before they arrived at Ava, they would stop in their march. Mr. Judson was also commissioned by the British general to collect the remaining foreigners, of whatever country, and to 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,

and upon this condition only would he consent to make peace.

There was now no time for parley or delay. The twenty-five lacks of rupees were soon obtained, the rest of the prisoners at Oung-pen-lay released; and "on a cool moonlight evening in the month of March," with hearts overflowing with gratitude to that God who had brought them through so many hardships and dangers, they passed down the Irrawaddy accompanied by all they had on earth: "We now," says Mrs. J., "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 we behold the masts of the steam-boat, the sure presage of being within the bounds of civilized life."

They were welcomed with the greatest kindness and delight by General Campbell and his brother officers. They daily received the congratulations of their deliverers, whose kind and generous conduct was the more welcome and affecting to the ransomed prisoners, from the striking contrast which is exhibited to the brutal and inhuman treatment of the Burman government. We are not surprised to hear them say: "we presume 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 our minds, 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 these, '*What shall we render unto the Lord, for all his benefits towards us?*'

The treaty of peace was soon concluded, signed by both parties, and a termination of hostilities publicly declared. The missionaries left Yandabo, after a fortnight's residence, and safely reached the mission house in Rangoon, before the end of March, 1826, after an absence of two years and three months."

Thus, at length, was that dark cloud dispersed, which had, for more than two years, been hanging over their heads, and obscuring all prospects of usefulness or success in that work, for which they had left a peaceful and happy home to encounter all these hardships, and which still lay nearest their hearts,—the salvation of the perishing heathen.

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When delivered from the fearful dangers and trials to which they had been so long exposed, it was natural that these servants of God should

inquire for what reasons, or with what designs, God in his mysterious providence had suffered these things to come upon them. Yet it is but seldom that we can see the design of peculiar afflictions while suffering under them, or even *immediately* upon being delivered from them. In all probability, Joseph did not see the design of God in suffering him to be torn from his home, and from his affectionate father, immediately after being delivered from the pit, nor even when he became a favored servant in Potiphar's house. Yet in the lapse of a few years, when time had unravelled the mystery of the Lord's dealings with him, he could say to his brethren: "As for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive."

It is not therefore to be wondered at, if the beloved missionaries were, at first, unable to perceive the designs of their heavenly father. "A review of our trip to, and adventures in Ava," says Mrs. J., "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.*'"

“Our Society at home,” she adds, “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.”

In a similar strain of perplexity and doubt as to the design to be accomplished by their afflictions, writes Mr. J., when giving the following detail of their sufferings: “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;—sufferings which, it would seem, have 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.”

That their sufferings were blessed to the promotion of their own spirituality of mind, and were eminently conducive to the future "capacity for usefulness," of that one of them whose valued life was spared to give the Bible to Burmah in return for his bonds and imprisonments, no one will doubt, who is acquainted with their subsequent history. But there were other designs which God had in view in permitting this dark cloud of war to gather over the mission in Burmah, and in the severe and accumulated trials with which his missionary servants were visited; and though years were required for the developement of those designs of wisdom and mercy, all has long since become perfectly plain; and the venerated sufferer of Ava and Oungpen-lay can now say, "The Lord hath done all things well."

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain."

Yes, in looking back from the post of observation afforded by the lapse of twenty years, the beloved Judson can see much more plainly, than while the scars of his wounds and the marks of his fetters were still fresh upon him, the design

of God in his sufferings, and like Joseph, can now say to his persecutors: "As for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it for good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive."

Previous to the commencement of these sufferings, though a few of the American Baptists were partially awake to the salvation of the heathen, yet a death-like apathy benumbed the energies of by far the larger portion of that denomination in the United States. The contributions for the mission were meagre, and the interest it had excited was comparatively small. Something that was of a thrilling, striking, and exciting character, was needed to arouse them from their indifference and lethargy; something, which should touch their sympathies and affect their hearts, and show them somewhat of the nature and extent of the sacrifices made by those devoted missionaries, whom they were called upon to sustain by their benefactions and their prayers.

Such a stimulus was afforded, when, after two years of painful suspense for the missionaries, during which time it was not known whether they were dead or alive, the touching recital of their unparalleled sufferings for Christ's sake, and of their wonderful deliverance, at length burst

like a shock of electricity upon the American churches. And though twenty years have since passed away, this electric shock has not yet spent its force, as we have recently seen in the effect produced by the simple, silent presence, in the assemblies of the saints, of the venerated man of God, who, in the words of the president of the late convention, "Can say with the Apostle to the Gentiles: 'Henceforth, let no man trouble me — I bear in my body the scars of the Lord Jesus.' "\*

The scarred and worn veteran of Ava and Oung-pen-lay has but to arise before a Christian assembly, and preach a sermon by his silent

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\* Previous to the special meeting of the Triennial Convention in New-York, in November, 1845, the Board of Foreign Missions had been embarrassed, and almost crushed, by a heavy debt of *Forty Thousand dollars*. About \$25,000 had been pledged by individuals, before the convention, conditionally, that the whole amount should be obtained. At that memorable meeting, which will never be forgotten by those who were there, such was the intense interest excited by the presence of the missionaries, and especially of Dr. Judson, that the whole amount, and some thousands over, were subscribed on the spot!

A similar remarkable and gratifying result followed a series of missionary meetings at Philadelphia, held in the month of December, at which Dr. Judson was present. In about two weeks upwards of **FOURTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS** were subscribed for the work of Foreign Missions, from the Baptist churches in that city alone!

presence, and a thrill of sympathy is sent through the multitude, thousands and thousands of dollars are pledged on the spot, a pressing and heavy debt is liquidated at a single stroke, and hundreds resolve, in the strength of Judson's God, that they will in future consecrate all they have, and all they are, more unreservedly to the service of HIM who loved them and gave Himself for them. Such is one of the results produced, and no doubt intended, by HIM who is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

Another of the consequences of the war between Britain and Burmah, which was the immediate occasion of the dreadful sufferings of the missionaries, and a result, too, which seems to have been necessary for the very existence of the mission in subsequent years, was the acquisition, by Great Britain, as one condition of the treaty of peace, of several provinces, previously under the despotic government of the Emperor of Burmah. By the cession of Arracan, on the western coast, and of the Tenasserim provinces, consisting of Amherst, Tavoy, and Mergui, in the southeast, a safe asylum was provided for the missionaries, and for the Christian natives, when driven by persecution from Burmah proper, where they might worship God in peace, and pursue their labors of love for the heathen,

under the sheltering wing of the powerful and friendly government of England.

Now, never let it be forgotten, that for the provinces of Arracan, Amherst, Tavoy, and Mergui, the exclusive field of our present efforts for the salvation of Burmah, we are indebted solely to the kind providence of God, in the results of that very war, which was the occasion of such intense anxiety to the friends of missions in America, and of such unparalleled sufferings to the missionaries at Ava and Oung-pen-lay. Never let it be forgotten, that so far as we can now see, had it not been for that war, our Burman mission must long since have been altogether abandoned, in consequence of that intolerant and persecuting spirit, by which our missionaries have been driven from those places under the government of the Emperor. How true is it that God maketh "the wrath of man to praise Him; and the remainder of that wrath He restrains!"—"Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour!"

## PRAISE FOR AFFLICTIONS.

CAROLINE FRY.

For what shall I praise Thee, my God and my  
King ?

For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring ?  
Shall I praise Thee for pleasure, for health, or for  
ease ?

For the spring of delight and the sunshine of peace ?

Shall I praise Thee for flowers that bloomed on my  
breast ?

For joys in perspective, and pleasures possessed ?  
For the spirits that brightened my days of delight ?  
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night ?

For this I should praise Thee : but only for this,  
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss ;  
I thank Thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,  
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear.

For nights of anxiety, watchings and tears,  
A present of pain, a perspective of fears ;  
I praise Thee, I bless Thee, my King and my God,  
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed—

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown,  
They yielded no fruit, they are withered and gone!  
The thorn, it was poignant, but precious to me—  
'Twas the message of mercy, it led me to Thee!

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**SUBMISSION TO AFFLICTIONS****SWAINE.**

There is a secret in the ways of God  
With his own children, which none others know,  
That sweetens all he does; and if such peace,  
While under his afflicting hand, we find,  
What will it be to see him as he is,  
And past the reach of all that now disturbs  
The tranquil soul's repose? To contemplate,  
In retrospect unclouded, all the means  
By which His wisdom has prepar'd his saints  
For the vast weight of glory which remains!  
Come, then, Affliction, if my Father bids,  
And be my frowning friend: A friend that frowns  
Is better than a smiling enemy.

## SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

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### No. XII.—DEATH AMONG STRANGERS.

EDITOR.

“When languid nature, in deep fever burning,  
Feels all her vital springs are parched and dry,  
From side to side, still restless, ever turning,  
And scared by phantoms of delirium by;  
How sweet, but for a moment's space, to ponder  
Surrounded by those bitter, burning things,  
Where fresh cool life and gushing health flow yonder,  
From pure, celestial, and immortal springs.’

*Edmeston.*

It was in the month of October, 1826, that the Christian heroine, so lately escaped from the horrors of Oung-pen-lay, lay on her couch of suffering, in a newly-built house, at Amherst, a town then in the process of erection, as the place of government for the territory lately ceded by the Burmans to the British.

The burning brow of the sufferer, as she rolled from side to side, in her anguish, told of the raging fever that was consuming within. Dark-browed daughters of Burmah were noiselessly moving to and fro; but no mother or

sister, or other white female, was there, to soothe the anguish of the lovely sufferer, or in her native tongue to whisper words of tenderness and love. Even the beloved husband was not present, to watch over that ministering angel who had so tenderly watched over him. He had listened to a summons of duty, and was now hundreds of miles away.

Yet pitying hearts were there, and eyes that wept at the anguish of the dying missionary, and voices that whispered accents of love, though in a foreign tongue, yet not unwelcome or unknown, to her whom they strove to comfort and to soothe. One earthly relative alone was there, to weep with that dying mother. It was that little Maria, who most needed her maternal care, too young to understand the cause of the sadness and sympathy that was stamped on every countenance in that house of sorrow. The delirium of the raging fever caused the mind of the sufferer occasionally to wander; yet, even then, her broken expressions afforded an index to judge of the wanderings of her fevered mind. The weeping Burman attendant approaches to moisten the parched lips, and to cool the burning brow of the sufferer, as she gives utterance to her broken thoughts: "O, the teacher is long in coming. — The new missionaries are long

in coming. — I must die alone, and leave my little one. — Tell the teacher, the disease was most violent. — Tell him I could not write. — Tell him how I suffered and died. — Tell him all you see.” — And again she sinks into the lethargy of approaching death.

At length she lies apparently insensible to all external objects; little Maria is asleep in her cradle; no sound is heard, except the quick and shortened breathing of the sufferer, and the suppressed sobs of the Burman Christian sisters, who watch at the bed-side of the dying teacher. But hark! an infant cry breaks the stillness of the apartment. It is the little mourner in the cradle, weeping to be taken to its mother's arms. Alas! those arms shall infold it no more. Yet the feeble cry vibrates upon that maternal heart, whose throbbings had well-nigh ceased. The eyes of the sufferer once more open, her parched lips again unclose, consciousness has again returned. Hark! a gentle whisper from the bed of death — “Nurse, be kind to my darling Maria — indulge it in everything till its father comes home — precious, precious baby!”

\* \* \* \* \* “She made a sign  
To bring her babe—’twas brought, and by her placed.  
She looked upon its face, \* \* and laid  
Her hand upon its little breast, and sought

For it, with look that seemed to penetrate  
The heavens — unutterable blessings — such  
As God to dying parents only granted,  
For infants left behind them in the world.  
' God keep my child !' we heard her say, and heard  
No more ; the Angel of the Covenant  
Was come, and faithful to his promise, stood  
Prepared to walk with her thro' death's dark vale."

The lethargy which precedes dissolution again gathered over her faculties, and for some hours she continued insensible to all around. Her attention is once more aroused by repeated questions, and she utters her last sentence upon earth — " I AM QUITE WELL, ONLY WEAK." Again, a brief interval — a single exclamation of distress, uttered in the Burman language, and at 8 in the evening of the 24th of October, she falls asleep in Jesus. " And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth : yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them." " These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple — and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

## ON READING THE MEMOIR OF ANN H. JUDSON.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I saw her on the strand. — Beside her smil'd  
Her native land, and her beloved home,  
With all their pageantry of light and shade,  
Streamlet and vale. There stood her childhood's  
friends, —

Sweet sisters, who had shar'd her inmost thoughts,  
And saint-like parents, whose example rais'd  
Those thoughts to Heaven. It was a strong array !  
And the fond heart clung to its rooted loves.  
But Christ had given it panoply, which earth  
Might never overthrow.

And so she turn'd  
To boisterous ocean, and forsook the clime  
Whose halcyon bowers had nurs'd her joyous  
youth.

Again I look'd. — It was a foreign shore.  
The tropic sun had laid his burning head  
On twilight's lap. A gorgeous palace caught  
His last red ray, while hoarse the idol song  
To Boodah, mingled with the breeze that curl'd  
Broad Irrawaddy's tide. Why do we point  
To yon lone prison ? Who is he that gropes  
Amid its darkness with those fetter'd limbs ?  
Mad pagans ! do ye *thus* requite the man  
Who toils for your salvation ?

See that form  
Bending in tenderest sympathy to soothe  
The victim's sorrow. Tardy months pass by,  
And find her still intrepid at the post  
Of danger, and of disappointed hope.  
Stern sickness smote her, but she felt it not,  
Heeded it not, and still with tireless zeal  
Carried the hoarded morsel to her love ;  
Dar'd the rude arrogance of savage power  
To plead for him, and bade his dungeon glow  
With her fair brow, as erst the angel's smile  
Arous'd imprison'd Peter, when his hands,  
Loos'd from their chains, were lifted high in praise.

There was another scene, drawn by *his* hand  
Whose pallid pencil blotteth all the grace  
And loveliness of man. Keen anguish pours  
Its fiercest darts into that martyr's soul,  
Who is about to wash her garments white  
In the Redeemer's blood, and glorious rise  
From tribulation to a world of rest.

Dark Burman faces are around her bed,  
And *one pale babe*, — to hush whose wailing cry  
She checks the death-groan, and with fond embrace  
Still clasps it firmly to her icy breast,  
E'en till the heart-strings break.

He comes ! he comes !  
The wearied man of God, from distant toil.  
His home, while yet it seems a misty speck,  
His glance descries, — half-wondering that the step  
Of his beloved glides not o'er the heath,  
As wont, to meet him.

Ah! what heathen lip,  
 In its strange language, told him, that on earth  
 Nothing remain'd which to his throbbing heart  
 In that hour's desolation he might press,  
 Save that poor, famish'd infant. Days of care  
 Were measur'd to him, and long nights of grief  
 Weigh'd out, — and then that little moaning one  
 Went to its mother's bosom, and slept sweet  
 'Neath the cool branches of the Hopia tree.

'Twas bitterness to think that bird-like voice  
 Must breathe no more. *This is to be alone!*  
 ALONE in this wide world. Yet not without  
 A Comforter. For the meek heart that trusts  
 Its all to Heaven, and sees its treasur'd things  
 Unfold their hidden wing, and thither soar,  
 Doth garner up its hopes more firmly there,  
 And toward that blessed hour look joyously,  
 Which binds its sever'd links, to break no more.

## EARTH AND HEAVEN.

G. F. RICHARDSON.

Earth.

There is grief, there is grief — there is wringing of  
 hands,  
 And weeping and calling for aid;  
 For sorrow hath summon'd her group, and it stands  
 Round the couch where the sufferer is laid.  
 And lips are all pallid, and cheeks are all cold,  
 And tears from the heart-springs are shed;  
 Yet who that looks on, the sweet saint to behold,  
 But would gladly lie down in her stead!

There is grief, there is grief — there is anguish and  
strife,

See, the sufferer is toiling for breath !  
For the spirit will cling, Oh ! how fondly to life,  
And stern is the struggle with death !  
But the terrible conflict grows deadlier still,  
Till the last fatal symptoms have birth ;  
And the eyeball is glazed, and the heart-blood is chill ;  
And this is the portion of Earth !

**Heaven.**

There is bliss, there is bliss — in the regions above  
They have opened the gates of the sky ;  
A spirit hath soared to those mansions of love,  
And seeks for admittance on high.  
And friends long divided are hasting to greet  
To a land, where no sorrow may come,  
And the seraphs are eager a sister to meet,  
And to welcome the child to its home !

There is bliss, there is bliss — at the foot of the throne,  
See the spirit all purified bend ;  
And it beams with delight since it gazes alone,  
On the face of a father, a friend !  
Then it joins in the anthems for ever that rise,  
And its frailty or folly forgiven ;  
It is dead to the earth ; and new-born to the skies ;  
And this is the portion of Heaven !

## TO A DYING CHRISTIAN.

EDMESTON.

Parting soul ! the flood awaits thee,  
And the billows round thee roar :  
Yet look on — the crystal city  
Stands on yon celestial shore !  
There are crowns and thrones of glory,  
There the living waters glide ;  
There the just in shining raiment,  
Wander by Emmanuel's side

Linger not — the stream is narrow,  
Though its cold dark waters rise ;  
He who pass'd the flood before thee,  
Guides thy path to yonder skies ;  
Hark ! the sound of angels hymning  
Rolls harmonious o'er thine ear :  
See ! the walls and golden portals  
Through the mist of death appear.

Soul, adieu — this gloomy sojourn  
Holds thy captive feet no more ;  
Flesh is dropt, and sin forsaken,  
Sorrow done, and weeping o'er.  
Thro' the tears thy friends are shedding,  
Smiles of hope serenely shine ;  
Not a friend remains behind thee,  
But would change his lot for thine.

## SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

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### No. XIII.—WIDOWED AND CHILDLESS.

EDITOR.

“He on the threshold stood.  
No foot, no voice was heard within. \* \*  
None came to meet him; for that day had seen  
That mourner lay within the narrow house  
The last of all his family; and now  
He stood in solitude, — in solitude  
Wide as the world; for all that made to him  
Society, had fled beyond its bounds.  
Wherever strayed his aimless eye, there lay  
The wreck of some fond hope, that touched his soul  
With bitter thoughts, and told him all was passed.  
His lonely cot was silent, and he looked  
As if he *could not* enter.” *Pollok.*

At the time of the death of the beloved Ann H. Judson, her husband was at the scene of his former sufferings, Ava, a distance of a thousand miles or more from Amherst. The object of this journey was, to unite his efforts with those of the British commissioner, in an attempt, which however proved unsuccessful, to obtain the insertion of an article in the treaty, favorable to religious toleration in the dominions of the Burman emperor. On this errand of Christian philanthropy, had the self-denying missionary





MRS JUDSON'S GRAVE.

torn himself away from the beloved companion of his sufferings and labors, on the 5th of July, little imaginig that he should see her face no more.

While pursuing, to the utmost of his ability, the object of his visit to the capital, a letter was one day handed to him, sealed with a *black seal*, and written by a stranger's hand. He tore it open, and read, with feelings of anguish and desolation, which it would be presumption to attempt to describe, the following words: "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.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

A few weeks later, a solitary mourner might have been seen, passing from the landing-place at Amherst towards the now lonely dwelling, where, a few months before, he had exchanged the last kiss with that devoted woman, whose remains were now reposing beneath the Hopia tree that threw its shadow over her grave. As he passes towards the house, here and there is seen a sympathizing Christian Burman, from a little distance, gazing mournfully upon the

bereaved teacher as they see him approach, and giving vent to their feelings in tears. They grasp his hand in tenderness, and attempt to utter their sympathy. The task is in vain. Their emotion forbids them the use of words. They can speak but the eloquence of tears.

But let us hear the widowed and desolate mourner himself: "At length," says he, "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, (who had arrived at Amherst about a month after Mrs. Judson's death,) a poor little puny child, who could not recognize her weeping father, and from whose infant mind had long been erased all recollections of the mother who 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 whoever 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 only pleasant reflection — the only one that assuages the anguish of retrospection — is, that she now rests far away, were no spotted-faced executioner can fill her heart with terror;

where no unfeeling magistrate can extort the scanty pittance which she had preserved through every risk, to sustain her fettered husband and famishing babe; no more exposed to lie on a bed of languishment, and stung with the uncertainty what would become of her poor husband and child when she was gone. No, she has her little ones around her, I trust, and has taught them to praise the source whence their deliverance flowed. Yes, her little son, his soul enlarged to angel's size, was perhaps the first to meet her at heaven's portals, and welcome his mother to his own abode.

\* \* \* \* \*

“O, with what meekness, patience, magnanimity and Christian fortitude she bore her 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."

\* \* \* \* \*

What Christian heart but must sympathize with the suppressed, but bitter anguish, the tender conjugal affection, and the sweet spirit of piety, that pervades the following extract from the stricken mourner to the mother of his sainted wife: "I will not trouble you, dear mother, with an account of my own private feelings—the bitter, heart-rending anguish, which for some days would not admit of 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  
Possess'd of boundless bliss in thee.'

And there, my dear mother, we also soon shall be, uniting and participating in the felicities of

heaven with her for whom we now mourn.  
'Amen; even so, come Lord Jesus.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

But the stricken mourner was soon to drink yet another bitter cup of anguish. Though he was *widowed*, he was not yet *childless*. He had still his darling little Maria—that child of sorrow, who had been ushered into the world while her father was in fetters in the death-prison; that little one, whose baby-smile had sometimes distilled balm into the heart of the prisoner of Oung-pen-lay, while lying for a few minutes by its fettered father, during the absence of its mother; and the mourner had already begun to hope that little Maria might yet supply, at least in some degree, the vacancy in his desolate heart, occasioned by the loss of that tenderest of mothers and best of wives. Yet this tender tie also must be severed: angels are waiting to carry the little mourner to its mother, and their glorified spirits must reunite in heaven.

Sweet babe! she glanced into our world to see  
A sample of our misery,  
Then turned away her languid eye,  
To drop a tear or two and die.  
Sweet babe! she tasted of life's bitter cup,  
Refused to drink the potion up;

But turned her little head aside,  
Disgusted with the taste, and died.  
Sweet babe ! she listened for a while to hear  
Our mortal griefs, then turned her ear  
To angels' harps and songs, — and cried  
To join their notes celestial, — sighed, and died.

On the 26th of April, 1827, writes the *widowed and childless* mourner, "My sweet little Maria lies by the side of her fond mother. 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 feelings, she ceased to breathe on the 24th inst., at three 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, the exact pattern of her mother's, on her cold breast. The next morning we made her last bed, in the small enclosure which surrounds her mother's lonely grave. Together they rest in hope, under the hope tree, (Hopia,) which stands at the head of the graves; and together, I trust, their spirits are rejoicing, after a short separation of precisely six months.

"Thus I am left alone in the wide world. My father's family and all my relatives have

been for many years separated from me, by seas that I shall never repossess. They are the same to me as if buried. My own dear family I have actually 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 ? ’ ”

\* \* \* \* \*

WIDOWED AND CHILDLESS ! O, the sadness that is embodied in this expressive phrase ! To return from the grave of the last of all the family, to the deserted dwelling, and stand upon its threshold, and feel “as if he could not enter.”—O, how utterly powerless is language to portray the agony of a moment like that ! Yet, even there, Religion can sustain the sinking spirit of the solitary mourner, as she lifts up her radiant hand, and points to a world where “there shall be no more death,” and where “the days of our mourning shall be ended.”

There Faith lifts up the tearful eye,  
The heart with anguish riven ;  
It views the tempest passing by,  
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in Heaven.

## TO THE DYING LITTLE MARIA.

MRS. SARAH H. BOARDMAN.

Ah ! this is death, my innocent ; 'tis he,  
Whose chilling hand has touch'd thy tender frame.  
With placid feeling, we behold thee still,  
For thou art lovely in his cold embrace —  
Serene thy whitened brow, — and thy mild eye  
Tinged with a deeper blue than when in health.  
Thy trembling lips are pale — thy bosom throbs ;  
Yet still we weep not — for full well we know,  
This agitation is thy soul's release  
From its low tenement to mount above.

Thou heed'st us not ; not e'en the bursting sigh  
Of thy dear father, now can pierce thine ear.  
And yet that look, that supplicating glance,  
What would it crave ? what would'st thou ask, my  
love ?

Has e'er thy father told thee of a spot,  
A dwelling-place from human ken concealed ?  
A mansion where the weary, and the sad,  
And broken-hearted, find a sweet repose ?  
And has he told thee, in that resting-place  
There calmly slumbers one, whose gentle hand,  
From earliest infancy, supplied thy wants ?  
Whose bosom was thy pillow ; and whose eye  
For ever beamed on thee, with fondest love ?

And would'st thou seek thy mother in the grave ?  
(For 'tis the grave I speak of) — *there* is rest —  
And thou art weary, love, and need'st repose.

Though short thy life, full many a day of pain,  
And night of restlessness, has been thy lot.  
Born in a heathen land, — far, far removed  
From all thy parents loved, in former years —  
When thou first saw'st the light, these were not there,  
To kneel beside thy mother, and implore  
Blessings upon thy little head, and sing  
The song of gratitude, and joy, and praise.  
Strangers were there ; strangers to truth and peace ;  
Strangers to feeling ; strangers to *her* God.  
Thy father came not then to kiss his babe,  
And glad the heart of her who gave thee birth.  
Alas ! a loathsome, dark, and dreary cell  
Was his abode, — anxiety his guest.

Thy mother's tale, replete with varied scenes,  
Exceeds my powers to tell ; but other harps,  
And other voices, sweeter far than mine,  
Shall sing her matchless worth, her deeds of love,  
Her zeal, her toils, her sufferings, and her death.

But all is over now. She sweetly sleeps,  
In yonder new-made grave ; and thou, sweet babe,  
Shalt soon be softly pillowed on her breast.  
Yes, ere to-morrow's sun shall gild the west,  
Thy father shall have said a long adieu  
To the last ling'ring hope of earthly joy :  
Thy throbbings will have ceased ; thine eye be closed ;  
And thou, Maria, wilt have found thy rest.  
Thy flesh shall rest in hope, till that great day,  
When He who once endured far greater woes

Than mortal man can know ; who when on earth  
Received the little children to his arms,  
Graciously blessing them, shall come again :  
Shall come — not in the garb of sinful man —  
But clothed in majesty, arrayed in power.  
Then shall thy dust arise — nor thine alone ;  
But all who sleep shall wake and rise with thee.  
Then, like the glorious body of thy Lord,  
Who wakes thy dust, this fragile frame shall be.  
Then shalt thou mount with him on angel's wings ;  
Be freed from sorrow, sickness, sin, and death,  
And in his presence find eternal bliss.

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**GOD A REFUGE IN TRIALS.****BEDDOME.**

My times of sorrow and of joy,  
Great God, are in thy hand ;  
My choicest comforts come from Thee,  
And go at Thy command.

If Thou should'st take them all away,  
Yet would I not repine  
Before they were possessed by me,  
They were entirely Thine.

Nor would I drop a murmuring word,  
Though all the world were gone,  
But seek enduring happiness  
In Thee, and Thee alone.

## SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

### No. XIV.—DEATH IN THE JUNGLE.

EDITOR.

“Let me but know  
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,  
An eye that kindly watches all my path,  
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done —  
Let me but know I have a friend that waits  
To welcome me to glory, — and I joy  
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness,  
And when I come to stretch me for the last,  
In unattended agony . . . . .  
. . . . . it will be sweet  
That I have toiled for other worlds than this :  
I know I shall feel happier than to die  
On softer bed.”

*Brown.*

Just one week previous to the death of “little Maria,” the Rev. George D. Boardman and his wife, Sarah B., arrived at Amherst. Mr. Boardman paid a visit to Maulmain a few days after his arrival, and returned an hour or two after the little sufferer had breathed her last, “just in season to construct the coffin, and make other preparations for the funeral. At nine o’clock the next day, they took a last look at little Maria, and placed her by the side of her mother’s new-made grave.”

Such was the first meeting of the bereaved Judson with *her*, who, after his seven long years of widowhood, of loneliness and toil, became his second wife, and whose precious remains now sweetly repose on the rock of St. Helena. Those seven years were mostly spent by him in the accomplishment of that great work upon which his heart was set — the translation of the Bible into Burman. By her, four years of the seven were spent as the affectionate companion and fellow-laborer of the beloved Boardman, ere she was called to close his dying eyes in the Karen jungle; and the remaining three in a state of widowhood, faithfully laboring for the spiritual welfare of her “beloved Karens.” Mr. and Mrs. Boardman sailed from Philadelphia in July, 1825, while the fate of the missionaries at Ava was yet unknown. They arrived at Calcutta in December following, where they continued till after the termination of the war, when they sailed for Amherst, in March, 1827.

For about four years was the beloved Boardman spared to labor, with the most encouraging success, for the salvation of the Karens; and the circumstances of his “death in the jungle,” two days after having witnessed the baptism of thirty-four Karen Christians in their native wilderness, constitute one of the most affecting

passages in the history of the mission to Burmah.

At the time of this event, which occurred on the 11th of February, 1831, Dr. Judson was busily pursuing his work of Bible translation, and, under the date of February 18th, 1831, records a beautiful testimony to the worth of the departed missionary, in the following words: "One of the brightest luminaries of Burmah is extinguished—dear brother Boardman is gone to his eternal rest. He fell gloriously at the head of his troops, in the arms of victory—thirty-seven 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 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.' "

O, there is a moral sublimity attending the circumstances of the departure of this man of

God from the scene of his labor to his rest in heaven, which might claim the attention even of an angel, and cannot but send a thrill of Christian sympathy and affection to every pious heart!

The hand of consumption, that insidious but fatal complaint, had long been laid upon him, and for months he had calmly looked forward to his expected departure. In the month of September previous, he had written an affectionate farewell letter to his "parents, brothers, and sisters," collectively, in which he calmly tells them that he is "laboring under a long protracted disease, which, though sometimes slow in its progress, is most assuredly fatal in its termination."

In that letter he had stated fully and explicitly the ground of his comfort and his hopes, as a dying man. "The general conviction I have," says he, "that God, of his matchless grace, has adopted me into his family, and given me a title to an incorruptible inheritance in heaven, has supported me hitherto; and the expectation that, as soon as I am dismissed from my Master's service on earth, I shall be permitted to resume it in heaven, has made death seem rather pleasant than otherwise. Freedom from sin and pollution, (my great burden here,) and nearness to my God

and Redeemer, are ideas that fill my bosom with joy.

I often wonder that I should be willing to be detained another day or hour in these low, sultry plains, when, by passing the narrow, but gloomy stream of death, my weary feet would rest on the heavenly shore, and my soul be set at liberty from the bondage of sin, far beyond the reach of temptation, to exult for evermore in its nearness and likeness to its blessed Saviour. As to my hope and my confidence of acceptance with God, if any man has cause to renounce all his own righteousness, his prayers, his tears, his self-denial, his labors for Christ and the gospel, and in fact all that he is, or has, or has done, or will do, or can do, and to trust entirely and solely, and without conditions, to grace, sovereign grace, flowing through an atoning Saviour, I am that man. Grace, sovereign grace, is my only confidence.

A perfectly right action, with perfectly right motives, I never performed, and never shall perform, till freed from this body of sin. I cannot even ask aright for pardoning, quickening, or sanctifying grace. Never did I feel so deeply as I have of late, that I must lie at the door of sovereign mercy, and depend entirely on that wondrous love, which from eternity wrought in

the bowels of divine compassion, and, in due time, was manifested in the sufferings of God's incarnate Son. 'An unprofitable servant,' is the most appropriate epitaph for my tomb-stone."

To such a man, animated by hopes so glorious, and resting upon a foundation so sure, we are not surprised to learn that death had no terrors; that the message found him at his post, willing literally to die upon the field; and that, in the words of Judson, "he fell gloriously, at the head of his troops, in the arms of victory."

The circumstances attending his departure are related by Mr. Mason, who arrived in Tavoy a few weeks before his death. "At my arrival, in January," says he, "I found that twenty-two Karens had been baptized, and brother Boardman preparing to go into the jungle to examine others for this ordinance. He told me the Karens were building him a zayat near the foot of the mountain, which he crossed two years ago, and were coming in to carry him out there. When he met me on the wharf, I clearly saw the characters of death in his countenance. He was unable to walk to meet me; yet, unwilling to show me anything but the kindest attention, he had himself brought in a chair to the jetty, to welcome me on my landing. Though I looked upon him as a dying man, yet, as I saw his heart

was set on visiting the Karens, and as the physician not only approved, but even encouraged the journey, I did not advise against his going. Indeed, I felt unwilling to deprive him of the privilege of exhibiting so fine an illustration of the 'ruling passion strong in death.' Accordingly, we proposed to start on the thirty-first of January, the Karens having come in two days previous.

It was not contemplated, at first, that Mrs. Boardman should accompany us; but, on the morning of our departure, she felt unwilling to be absent from him, without any one to perform those kind offices which his situation required, and which no one can perform like a wife. We therefore all started together in the afternoon, leaving the mission premises under the guard of a couple of Sepoys,\* with which the military commander here readily furnished us. Brother Boardman was carried on a cot-bed all the way, except when the path round a precipitous hill was too narrow for two to walk abreast, and arrived at the place of our destination on the evening of the third day, without any particular exhaustion. During our stay, however, he so evidently lost strength, that Mrs. Boardman on one occasion advised him to return. He replied,

\* *Sepoys* : native soldiers in the pay of the British.

with more than common animation, '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.'

Last Wednesday morning, however, it became so apparent that he could not live long, that we deemed it expedient to return without delay; and on condition we completed the examination of the females and of the old men that day, and baptized in the evening, he consented to return on the day following. Accordingly, a little before sunset, he was carried out in his bed to the water-side, where, lifting his languid head to gaze on the gratifying scene, I had the pleasure of baptizing, in his presence, thirty-four individuals, who gave satisfactory evidence to all, that they had passed from death unto life. After this, he seemed to feel that his work was done; he had said, in the course of the day, that if he could live to see this ingathering, he could in special mercy say, '*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*'

On Thursday morning we started on our return; when we arrived at the first house, its inmates refused us admittance. With some difficulty we got him into a covered corner of

the verandah in a very exhausted state. Through the assiduous attention, however, of Mrs. Boardman, he appeared to revive, and he did not seem materially different on the succeeding morning from what he had been for several days. Still it was evident that the close of his earthly existence was rapidly approaching, and we concluded, with his approbation, to take him in a boat down a stream that was near, and which passes within three or four miles of Tavoy. He was carried out of the house, or rather *from* the house, by the Karens, who put him on board the boat, and Mrs. Boardman and myself followed. But on turning to see if he wanted anything, we found his countenance fixed in death, and it were difficult to determine whether he breathed or not!

Thus did this indefatigable missionary die, as every missionary would wish to die, about his Master's business, and surrounded by those in whose conversion from heathenism he had been instrumental."

A circumstantial and deeply-affecting account of this "death in the jungle," written by the bereaved widow, may be found in the interesting memoir of Boardman, from which we avail ourselves of an extract or two, detailing some affecting particulars, which were not mentioned by

Mr. M. After the baptism, "all the disciples, 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 for ever the same. Love Jesus Christ with all your hearts, and you will be for ever safe.'

The next morning, after the baptism in the jungle, the missionaries left, with the hope of reaching their home, in Tavoy, before the dying Boardman should breathe his last. On this journey, they were accompanied by nearly all the Karen brethren, and by some of the sisters. "At four in the afternoon," says Mrs. B., "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 Mr. Boardman 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 verandah, 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 Mr. Boardman as a 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.'

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. Miserably wretched as his situation was, he did not complain; on the contrary, his heart was 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. And then how many, in addition to pain of body, have anguish of soul, while my mind is sweetly stayed on God.'

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. 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 Tavoyer was to us as if he were continually saying, 'begone.'

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 if he could, he would return the pressure; but, alas! for the first time, he was insensible to my love, and for ever.

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. Mr. Mason wept, and the sorrowing Karens knelt down in prayer to God — that God of whom their expiring teacher had taught them — that God into whose presence the emancipated spirit was just entering — that God with whom they hope and expect to be happy for ever. We came in silence down the river, and landed about three miles from our house. The Karens placed his precious remains on his little bed, and with feelings which you can better imagine than I describe, we proceeded homewards.

The mournful intelligence had reached town before us, and we were soon met by Moug Ing, the Burman preacher. At the sight of us, he burst into a flood of tears. Next we met the two native Christian sisters who lived with us. But the moment of most bitter anguish was yet to come, on our arrival at the house. They took

him into the sleeping-room, and when I uncovered his face, for a few moments, nothing was heard but reiterated sobs. He had not altered; the same sweet smile with which he was wont to welcome me, sat on his countenance. His eyes had opened in bringing him, and all present seemed expecting to hear his voice; when the thought, that it was silent for ever, rushed upon us, and filled us with anguish, sudden and unutterable. There were the Burman Christians, who had listened so long, with edification and delight, to his preaching — there were the Kafens, who looked to him as their guide, their earthly all — there were the scholars whom he had taught the way to heaven, and the Christian sisters, whose privilege it had been to wash, as it were, his feet.

By his own request, he was interred on the south side of our darling first-born. It is a pleasant circumstance to me that they sleep *side by side*. But it is infinitely more consoling to think, that their glorified spirits have met in that blissful world, where sin and death never enter, and sorrow is unknown."

\* \* \* \* \*

O blessed thought to the sorrowing and bereaved mourner, turning in speechless anguish from the graves of the loved and the lost!

Beyond the flight of time,—  
Beyond the reign of death, —  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath ;  
Nor life's affections, transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown ;  
A long eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone,  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Transported to that glorious sphere.

And there, at length, after a separation of a few short years, have met again, that once bereaved mourner, and those for whom she wept. The precious remains of the husband and his first-born may slumber on the shores of Burmah, and the dust of the sainted wife may repose on the lonely rock of St. Helena ; but their glorified spirits have re-united in that happy, happy land, where "the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick," and where "there shall be no more death."

## OH, TALK TO ME OF HEAVEN.

## BOWLES.

Oh, talk to me of heaven ! I love  
To hear about my home above ;  
For there doth many a loved one dwell  
In light and joy ineffable.  
Oh tell me how they shine and sing,  
While every harp rings echoing ;  
And every glad and tearless eye  
Beams like the bright sun, gloriously.  
Tell me of that victorious palm  
Each hand in glory beareth ;  
Tell me of that celestial calm  
Each face in glory weareth.

Oh, happy, happy country ! where  
There entereth not a sin ;  
And death, who keeps his portals fair,  
May never once come in.  
No grief can change their day to night—  
The darkness of that land is light.  
Sorrow and sighing God hath sent  
Far thence to endless banishment.  
And never more may one dark tear  
Bedim their burning eyes ;  
For every one they shed while here,  
In fearful agonies,  
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem  
In their immortal diadem.

Oh, lovely, blooming country ! there  
Flourishes all that we deem fair.  
And though no fields nor forests green,  
Nor bowery gardens there are seen,  
Nor perfumes load the breeze ;  
Nor hears the ear material sound ;  
Yet joys at God's right hand are found,  
The archetypes of these.  
There is the home, the land of birth  
Of all we highest prize on earth :  
The storms that rack this world beneath  
Must there for ever cease —  
The only air the blessed breathe  
Is purity and peace.

Oh, happy, happy land ! in thee  
Shines th' unveil'd Divinity.  
Shedding through each adoring breast  
A holy calm, a halcyon rest.  
And those blest souls whom death did sever,  
Have met to mingle joys for ever.  
Oh ! soon may heaven unclose to me !  
Oh ! may I soon that glory see !  
And my faint, weary spirit stand  
Within that happy, happy land !

## LAND A-HEAD

REV. GEORGE BRYAN.

Sweet music in the wave-worn ear !  
It is the seaman's cry,  
When the first speck of home-land near  
Broaks on the eager eye ;  
Then, loud as lip the news can spread,  
The top-mast man shouts — " Land a-head !"

O, as those gladsome tidings speed,  
Down through the decks below,  
All hearts begin to melt indeed,  
And eyes to overflow ;  
And blithe ones to the top-mast thread  
The way to see the " Land a-head."

Once — and 'tis still a happy day —  
I heard these accents fall,  
Where earth had but a shadowy sway,  
And seas no sway at all ;  
The heavens seemed past, and light instead  
Broke out and beamed from " Land a-head."

I sat me by a dying man —  
A good old man was he —  
Whose years had through life's little span  
Been less on land than sea ;  
Where he had fought, and watched and bled,  
And shared bright hopes from " Land a-head."

Those scenes are now for ever past ;  
His heart was on the shore  
Where holy brethren meet at last,  
And storms are heard no more :  
And rising from that lowly bed,  
Would bound to see a " Land a-head."

I gently pressed his feeble hand,  
So soon to turn to clay ;  
And wonder'd if his heart was mann'd  
To meet that dreadful day ;  
When, as if in my looks he read  
The thought, he cried out — " LAND A-HEAD !"

O he could see beyond the skies —  
Beyond the grave could see —  
Where mansions of salvation rise  
For such poor worms as he :  
And nobly trod the path that led  
Up straightway to that " Land a-head !"

And thither he went up at length,  
And walks the regions o'er  
Which arm'd those lingering hours with strength,  
And cheer'd for years before.  
If sweet to see, how sweet to tread  
Celestial land — the " Land a-head !"

## THE DEIFIED BOOK OF THE KARENS.

REV. ROBERT W. CUSHMAN.

In the year 1828, a Karen prophet, and several of his disciples visited Rev. George D. Boardman at Tavoy with a book, of the language of which they were entirely ignorant; but which they had worshipped for twelve years. Having a tradition among them that light should come to the Karens from the West, they had travelled from their native wilderness for the purpose of laying the deified book before the missionary: "We have heard of the Gospel of Jesus Christ," said they, "and are persuaded of its truth; and we wish to know if this book contains the doctrines of that gospel."

The old man then opened a large basket, and after having removed fold after fold of wrappers, produced an old tattered volume, which, upon examination, the missionary found to be none other than an English copy of *The Book of Common Prayer*! Mr. B. told them it was a good book; and they must worship, not the book, but the God of whom it spake. This remarkable circumstance was often related by the Rev. Jonathan Wade, and his wife, during a visit to the United States, in 1833 and 1834, with two native converts, and it was on the occasion of a farewell meeting, previous to the return of these missionaries, that the following lines, under the title of "*The quest of the Karen*," were composed and sung:

Lo! on a mount that Burmah rears  
To greet the morn in eastern skies,  
A sable son of Shem appears,  
And westward turns his longing eyes.

No sacrifice the man prepares,  
For gods of stone, or gods of gold;  
But, near his heart, he fondly bears  
A book, in many a careful fold.

That book contains the words of prayer,  
And tells of Christ for sinners slain :  
But he has no interpreter,  
To make its mystic pages plain.

But he has heard of holy men  
Who yet should come, and pour a ray  
Upon the soul of the Karen,  
And turn his darkness into day.

The tidings spread, "They're come, they're  
come !"

"They stand on western shores afar!"  
With bounding joy he leaves his home,  
And hastes the word of life to share.

Before him lies the lengthening plain ;  
Before him rolls the swelling flood ;  
And on him falls the ceaseless rain ;  
And near him tigers thirst for blood.

But tigers' howl affrights him not ;  
The wilderness, the swelling flood,  
And falling storms, are all forgot :  
He hastes to seek the unknown God.

And shall he, with no Bible given  
To cheer his path, go home again ?  
Forbid it, love ! forbid it, Heaven !  
We'll haste to bless the dark Karen

## KO THAH-BYU IN PRAYER.

HENRY.

Ko Thah-Byu, the first Karen convert, was baptized by Mr. Boardman, May 16th, 1828. He afterwards became a godly, zealous, and efficient preacher of the gospel to his countrymen; and so great was his success, that he has been called the "Karen Apostle." One secret of his usefulness, is, doubtless, to be found in the fact recorded by the missionaries, that he frequently retired to the jungles to hold communion with God; and "was in the habit of spending several hours daily in prayer." He rested from his labors September 9th, 1840, and an interesting memoir of him has been prepared by Rev. Francis Mason, of Tavoy.

T'was midnight in the jungle,  
And not a leaf was stirred;  
No restless stream was babbling,  
No moonbeams woke the bird, —  
When the fearful traveller started,  
And held his listening breath,  
His trembling fingers grasping  
His instrument of death.

A sound had broke the stillness,  
And filled his soul with dread!  
'Twas not the dead leaf rustling  
Beneath the foemen's tread;  
'Twas not the tiger's velvet step,  
When creeping from his lair;  
But 'twas a sound more dear to God, —  
Ko Thah-Byu in prayer.

Ko Thah-Byu is gone !  
His jungle-prayer is done ;  
The war of life is ended,  
The crown of life is won !  
But Karen converts tell,  
That prayer with God could gain,  
And he has sent the answer,  
He did not pray in vain.

I wonder not the eye of man  
Cowers lions to their den ;  
Or that a child of genius  
Can sway the minds of men :  
I wonder not the conqueror  
Moves nations with his rod ;  
But rather that a pagan child  
Can move the arm of God !

He sleeps not where the Ganges rolls,  
Or sainted beech-reed nods ;  
Beside his grave no lotus leaf  
Bore up the god of gods.  
He sleeps on Pegu's mountain,  
And nought disturbs him there :  
With Karen hearts for monuments '  
His epitaph his prayer !

His simple grave has eloquence,  
Which living tongues have not ;  
For know, the love of Jesus  
Has sanctified the spot.  
Go thither, proud idolater,  
And kneeling on that sod,  
Own that a prayer—a heartfelt prayer—  
Alone avails with God.

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#### THE DYING KAREN AND HIS TRACT.

In Dr. Judson's journal of January 12th, 1832, he mentions the case of a Karen and his wife, near the head of the Patah river, who, though they had never been baptized, and had never seen the face of a foreign missionary, both died in the faith of the gospel ; the man enjoining it upon his friends to have the Burman tract, from which he had learned the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, laid on his breast, and buried with him. This tract was entitled the "View of the Christian Religion." The following lines were suggested by this interesting incident.

——— " He never saw  
The book of Heavenly wisdom, and no saint  
Had told him how the sinner might be saved.

——— But to his hut  
A little *Tract*, a messenger of love,  
A herald of glad tidings, found its way :  
Borne over rapid streams, and deep blue lakes

Embower'd in trees, and o'er the waving woods,  
 Perchance upon the pinions of the breeze,  
 At length it came. It was not like the bunch  
 Of brittle palms on which he learn'd to read ;  
 Its letters were more nice, its texture fair,  
 Its words — he wonder'd as he look'd on them.  
 There was some holy love he never knew ;  
 There was a spirit breathing in each line ;  
 He felt unutterable thoughts, as now  
 He scann'd the whole, now read each wondrous  
 word.

It told of God the Maker, and of Him  
 Who died for man's salvation.  
 He wept, and pray'd, and mourn'd a wretched life  
 Of constant sin ; and gave himself to God.

—— The hue  
 Of death was on his cheek. His burning brow  
 Told of the pain he felt. Still no saint was near  
 To tell of joys to come. No man of God  
 Stood by his bed to soothe the final hour.

—— But he had peace.  
 "When I am dead," he saith, "put ye the little  
 book  
 Upon my breast, and let it go with me  
 Down to my sepulchre. It taught me all  
 That I have learn'd of God, and heaven, and hell.  
 I love the man who wrote it, and that God  
 Who brought it to my home." ANON.

**THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US.**

REV. DR. JUDSON.

In the month of February, 1832, Dr. Judson commenced a missionary tour among the Karen villages on the river Salwen, accompanied by several Christian native assistants. Under date of March 11th, the missionary relates the following circumstance, with the delightful reflections appended. The extract is inserted as a specimen of the encouraging incidents of missionary life. On their way down the river, they had met a boat full of men.

“On hailing them,” says Dr. J., “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. He went on his way, rejoicing aloud, and declaring his resolution to make known the eternal God, and the dying love of Jesus, on all 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 the world from hell "*

## APPEAL FOR BURMAH.

REV. DR. JUDSON.

The following impressive and truly eloquent appeal from the missionaries in Burmah, was written by Dr. Judson, and signed by himself and Messrs. Wade, Bennett, Cutter and Jones. It produced, at the time of its publication, the deepest sensation in the minds of American Christians; and is deemed worthy of a place in the present volume, as the most thrilling and remarkable production of its kind that has ever fallen under the observation of the editor. It is dated, Maulmain, June 4th, 1832, the day of the monthly concert, and is addressed to the American Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, Boston.

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 heart bleeds 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 Zen-mai. There have been several communications between the government of Maulmain and Lah-bong, the present capital of that country. Moug 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 Zen-mai are various tribes of Karens, Toung-thoos, Lah-wahs, &c. 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 northwest, 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.

Kyook-pyoo, 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-pyoo 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-pyoo, the way is open into the four provinces of Arracan, namely, Rek-keing, Cheduba, Ram-ree and Sandoway, — and what a grand field for our tracts and the New Testament now in the press? Of all the places that now cry around us, we think that Kyouk-pyoo cries the loudest — No; we listen again, and the shrill cry of golden Ava rises above them all. O 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, and 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 Amarapoorra. Have mercy on Pah-gan 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 Sal-wen, the Thoung-yen and the Gyeing. 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 Bankok 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 Wah-garoo, and Amherst, and the island of Bee-loo, with its villages of Taleings

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 language of these heathen. Oh, keep our faith from failing, our spirits from sinking, and our mortal frame 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 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 upon them, and the precious love of Christ and 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.

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LINES ON JUDSON'S APPEAL.

A cry — a cry — is on the air!  
It comes from Asia's peopled plain;  
A voice of grief, of love, and prayer —  
O Christian, shall it come in vain?

Hear us, for we are in distress!  
It is not for ourselves we plead!  
Though toils and cares upon us press,  
Our toils and cares we little heed.

But oh, to see on every side,  
Souls wrapt in error's darkest gloom;  
Borne on by sin's tremendous tide,  
Hastening to sin's eternal doom!

To see new realms to truth expand,  
Where truth was never known before ;  
Fields ripened to the reaper's hand, —  
Mines rich in everlasting ore ; —

To see, to hear, to think, to know,  
All this — for deathless souls are there !  
And yet have none for us to go —  
This, this is more than we can bear !

O Christians ! in the land we love,  
And only left these souls to save —  
Have ye no feeling hearts to move,  
When pity pleads across the wave ?

Oh, hear the thrilling cries we hear,  
From Bangkok, Yah-heing, and Lah-bong ,  
From tribes whose names ne'er reached your ear,  
Unknown to science and to song.

Pity imploring Arracan !  
Remember sainted Colman's dust,  
Kyouk-pyoo awaits the man,  
Who shall accept the sacred trust.

And Ava, with her golden towers,  
Dear, dreaded Ava ! leave her not ;  
For God shall haste the destined hours,  
When all our sufferings there forgot :

We shall behold her sovereign bow,  
Lowly before the King of kings ;  
And souls that trust in idols now,  
Shall fly to Jesus' sheltering wings.

## SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE

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### No. XV.—THE LAST LEAF OF BURMAH'S BIBLE.

EDITOR.

“O when the heart is sad and lone,  
And wearily the spirit droops,  
And blessings perish one by one,  
As pass away our youthful hopes—  
Where should the drooping spirit turn,  
But to that page of sacred truth,  
Where wisdom may true knowledge learn,  
And age know brighter hopes than youth.”

*Anon*

NEARLY seven years had passed away since the grave had closed over “the last of all the family” of that widowed and childless mourner. Solitary, and alone, had the bereaved missionary toiled on, during all those long and weary years, to accomplish the great work (though not the *only* work) for which God had raised him up, and covered his head in the day of battle and of strife—the work of giving a faithfully translated Bible to the millions of Burmah. On the last day of January, 1834, might have been seen the man of God, kneeling down in the study, where he had so long wept, and prayed, and toiled, to

accomplish this work, holding **THE LAST LEAF OF THE TRANSLATED BURMAN BIBLE** in his hand, and with streaming eyes and throbbing heart, returning his thanks to God that he had spared his life to see that long-wished-for day!

O how many an hour of loneliness and sorrow had that widowed mourner beguiled in this laborious, but welcome task! How often, as he had passed on from page to page of this blessed volume, had the studious abstraction of the scholar given way to the grateful emotion of the Christian, as he would pause in his blessed work, with throbbing heart and moistened eyes, to apply to his own sorrowing spirit the precious promises he was translating into the language of Burmah, or to wing his thoughts to heaven, that bright and happy land to which his sainted wife and babes had already preceded him, and where "the weary are at rest."

It was meet that he should betake himself, at once, from the graves of the loved departed, to the sweet refuge of his closet, his study, his Bible, and his God. In an entry in his journal, dated July 3d, 1827, a little more than two months after the death of little Maria, Dr. Judson says, "For a month past, I have been chiefly employed in revising the New Testament, in several points which were not satisfactorily set-

tled when the translation was made." Two days afterwards, July 5th, he records the fact that he had begun his labors upon the Old Testament, by commencing "a translation of *the book of Psalms.*"

We would not intimate that the ruling motive in the heart of the bereaved missionary, in betaking himself, so soon after he was left widowed and childless, to the almost exclusive study of God's holy Word, was the desire of there obtaining a balm for his wounded spirit. Such balm he doubtless did obtain there, yet unquestionably his motive was of a nobler and more disinterested character,—the desire of giving to the perishing millions of Burmah that book, which, with the blessing of its divine Author, might win them from the miseries and cruelties of idolatry, and point them to Jesus and to heaven. And yet, is it at all improbable that, in selecting the Psalms of David with which to commence his labors, he was guided by that need which he now specially felt of the support and comfort to be derived from the "exceeding great and precious promises," so copiously and so richly scattered through that portion of the word of God.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions, in April, 1830, an earnest invitation

had been tendered to Dr. Judson to recruit his enfeebled health, by a visit to the United States. At the time this invitation reached him, he had just re-commenced his laborious task of Bible translation, after a long interruption occasioned by travelling for the purpose of preaching, baptizing, and other important duties. Sweet as it would have been once more to revisit his native land, he felt that duty to God and the perishing heathen forbade, and therefore he resolutely declined. The WHOLE BIBLE was not yet given to Burmah, and he could not quit his post till that great and glorious task was done.

“ \* \* \* \* \* The vows  
Of God were on him, and he could not stop  
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,  
Till he his work had done.”

“I must confess,” said the self-denying missionary, in his reply to the invitation, “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 vallies of my own native land, to recognize the still surviving companions of my youth, and to witness the wide-spread and daily-increasing

glories of Emmanuel's kingdom in that land of liberty, blest 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."

From this time onward the missionary devoted nearly the whole of his time to this great work of giving the Bible to Burmah; and notices of his progress are scattered along, at intervals, through all his journals. In June, 1831, he speaks of Genesis, Psalms, Solomon's Song, Isaiah, and Daniel, as completed, and says: "I am surprised to see, that my last date is three months ago. The truth is, I have been so absorbed in translating, that I have been hardly sensible of the lapse of time."

Two years and a half longer of study and of toil, and his laborious, but welcome, task drew near its completion. Under date of December 31st, 1833, he says: "I did hope, at one time, to have been able to insert, under this date, a notice of the completion of the translation of the

Old Testament ; but though I have long devoted nearly all my time to that work, I have found it so heavy, and my health so poor, that though near the goal, I cannot yet say I have attained."

A single month longer — and the noble work was done ! O, it was a sight which angels might have stooped down from heaven to gaze upon with the deepest interest, — to see that devoted man of God, after his long years of toil, on his knees in that room where he had so long studied, and wept, and prayed over this work, with the last leaf of Burmah's Bible in his hand, and to witness the thrill of holy rapture which glistened in his eyes and glowed in every feature, as, rising from his knees, he seized his pen and wrote the following record of this day, so memorable in the history of Burmah : — " **January 31, 1834 : 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 AND PRAISES TO OUR GREAT GOD AND SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST! AMEN."

Come hither, now, ye despisers of the Bible and of the cross! Contemplate the spectacle that is here presented, and say — is there nothing in a religion which can prompt to deeds like this? Is there nothing in that constraining love of Christ, which thus sweetly draws its possessor to tread in the footsteps of HIM who forgave his enemies, and prayed for his murderers, thus exemplifying the heavenly lesson he taught, to return blessing for cursing, and good for evil. — Jesus, the Master, was rejected and despised; He was scourged, and buffeted, and crucified, by those whom He came to benefit and to save; and He gave His murderers, in return, His prayers, His forgiveness, His BLOOD — His sin-atoning blood. Judson, the servant, looked, at humble distance at the blessed example of his Lord and Master. The love of Christ constrained him. The Burmans, to benefit whom he left the endearments of country and of home, inflicted on him tortures, and fetters, and bonds, and imprisonment; and he gave them, in return, THE BIBLE! — after long years of study, of toil, and of weariness — THE FAITHFULLY TRANSLATED BIBLE!

## GOD'S WORD FOR THE HEATHEN.

REV. JOSHUA MARSHMAN.

"On the 7th day of February, 1804, Mr. Ward, of Serampore, writes — '*This day, we have finished composing the New Testament in Bengalee,*' translated by Dr. Carey. It was a suitable occasion for a meeting of thanksgiving, which the missionaries held accordingly, and the native converts united with them."—*Dr. Cox's History of the Mission*, p. 41. It was on this occasion that the following lines, by one of the missionaries, was composed and sung :

Hail ! precious book divine !  
Illumined by thy rays,  
We rise from death and sin,  
And tune a Saviour's praise ;  
The shades of error dark as night  
Vanish before thy radiant light.

We bless the God of grace  
Who hath his Word revealed  
To this bewildered race,  
So long in darkness held ;  
His love designs, his people pray !  
His providence prepares the way.

Now shall the Hindus learn  
The glories of our King !  
Nor to blind gurus turn,  
Nor idol praises sing ;  
Diffusing heavenly light around,  
This book their Shasters shall confound.

Deign, gracious Saviour, deign  
To smile upon thy word ;  
Let millions now obtain  
Salvation from the Lord ;  
Nor let its growing conquests stay,  
Till *earth exult* to own its sway.

## WELCOME TO JUDSON IN 1830.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

At the annual meeting of the Baptist Board of Missions, at Hartford, in 1830, a resolution had been passed, affectionately and earnestly inviting this beloved missionary to revisit his native land. It was in anticipation of his compliance, and previous to the reception of his answer, declining the invitation, that the following lines were written.

Welcome to thee ! long lapse of time  
Hath come and glanced and gone between ;  
Since thou for yonder idol clime,  
A wanderer from our coasts wast seen.

Of toil and watchings nigh to death,  
And bonds, we've heard, 'mid wrathful foes ;  
And war's wild stir, where once the breath  
Of worship, from thy Zayat rose.

We wept, when persecution's rod  
Gave type to thee of Satan's hour ;  
And joys gushed freely forth, when God  
For succor, bared his arm of power.

Well hath he owned the men of toil,  
— Foes to their ease, the friends of man—  
Who gather souls, a precious spoil,  
From Burmah and from Indostan.

The breezes thence have flung along  
Sweets, richer than their spices are ;  
Hark to a voice ! — 'tis India's song —  
Her pagan sons are bowed in prayer.

Welcome to thee — thou wilt not leave  
The god-like embassy undone ;  
There yet are fadeless wreaths to weave,  
And lofty conquests to be won.

More mothers, taught aright to pray,  
Will point their lispings ones to Boodh  
No more, — but from the Pagoda  
Will lead them to the Great and Good.

And stilled some little orphan's moans,  
Will it not lift its heart on high,  
While warbling hymns go forth in tones  
Rich as the beautiful Pali ?\*

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\* A dialect of the Sanscrit, rich and harmonious, now a dead language. Malte Brun affirms that the Pali is the language of religion.

Yet while Idolatry its bands  
Links closer round the heir of thrall.  
Upon our ears in Christian lands  
His far-off cries but faintly fall.

On these thy native shores to men  
Who bask in beams of living light;  
Thou'lt tell of those beyond its ken —  
Of Burmah's millions wrapt in night.

And other pleaders thou wilt bring —  
The wan cheek and the sunken eye;  
Tokens that round *her* memory cling,  
Who fled before thee to the sky.

Whose smile illumed thy prison's gloom,  
Whose noble spirit soothed thy care, —  
Who kneels in yonder bowers of bloom,  
With raiment bathed in glory there

Then on! — his joys cannot be dim,  
Who, trusting, goes to seek the lost:  
O there are coronals for him,  
Who toils for Christ, nor shuns the cost.

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**WELCOME TO KINCAID.****MRS. BAXTER.**

The Rev. Eugenio Kincaid arrived in Burmah in 1830. After more than twelve years of faithful missionary labor at Ava, and other places, during which he encountered many dangers and persecutions, he arrived on a visit to his native land, in April, 1843. The following unpretending lines were sung, during a visit of this beloved missionary to the Sunday School of the Berean Baptist church, New-York.

Welcome, dear servant of the Lord,  
Back to thy native land, —  
And we with joy will list thy word  
From Burmah's distant strand.

Full many a day in faith and prayer  
Where heathen feet have trod,  
Thou'st labored with a father's care  
To point their souls to God.

And O what joy thy spirit felt,  
When at the Saviour's feet,  
With thee the anxious heathen knelt,  
God's mercy to entreat ;

Or when beneath the yielding wave  
Of Irrawaddy's tide,  
Burmah's dark sons allegiance gave  
To HIM, the crucified.

Go on, dear servant of the Lord,  
And still his love proclaim,  
Till Burmans all may read his Word,  
And praise his holy name.

**THE COMSTOCKS' PARTING WITH THEIR CHILDREN.****REV. EUGENIO KINCAID.**

The following affecting account of the parting of Mr. and Mrs. Comstock with their children, is written from notes, taken by the editor, of one of Mr. Kincaid's thrilling missionary addresses. The extract is inserted here partly on account of its affecting interest, and partly as an introduction to the poem which follows.

I shall never forget, said Mr. Kincaid, 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 towards 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 towards 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 along-side, 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 28th, 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; and sister Abbott and her children are buried in the same ground.

Ah, my Christian friends, could you have witnessed the parting of these beloved missionaries with their children;—could you have stood with the survivors by the graves of the loyed ones who lie buried on those heathen shores, you would then have known something of what it is to make sacrifices for the missionary cause.

Once more let me call upon this audience to remember the last parting words of the beloved Comstock! and then let me ask, in the name of my departed brother, and of Jesus, the Master whom he served—shall we go back to that heathen land without **'SIX MEN FOR ARRACAN?'**

## THIS I DO FOR MY SAVIOUR.

SPENCER WALLACE CONE.

Morn came in that silent bay  
Beneath the Burman sky,  
So motionless the vessel lay,  
You could not dream ere close of day  
How swiftly she would fly ;  
How, like a mist of summer, part  
From that deep inlet's quiet berth,  
And sever from a mother's heart  
All that she loved on earth.

A woman, in a stranger land,  
Ten thousand miles away  
From kindred soul or friendly hand ;  
A mother, too ! Can Heaven demand  
Her life's last earthly stay ?  
Her children ? From her throbbing breast  
Cast forth the babes that on it grew,  
And nightly go alone to rest  
Where once they slumber'd too !

Was the cup bitter to the taste —  
The cross a weary load ?  
Friendless and childless to be placed  
Alone, amid a darkling waste,  
By hostile footsteps trod ?

Ah! whence shall strength to bear this ill  
To woman's gentle heart be given?  
Proud man, be all thy boasting still:  
Such strength descends from Heaven.

But who shall paint the agonies,  
The wrung soul's torturing power,  
When woman's startled fondness flies  
Thought-swift o'er years of memories,  
And crowds them in an hour.  
Yea, it is death! for woman's heart  
No middle feeling owns or knows,  
And once its tendrils torn apart —  
No other tendril grows.

The livelong night that mother's prayer  
Went up to Christ above,  
That as for her, the cross he bare,  
Her cross for Him she too might wear,  
Supported by His love.  
O! how she kissed them as they slept,  
And sobbed that prayer each kiss between,  
And closer, closer to them crept  
When the first light was seen.

Morn came. She led them to the strand,  
And pointed o'er the main.  
It was almost too much to stand,

And clasp in her's the little hand  
She ne'er might clasp again :  
It was too much to see the face  
That she had pillow'd on her heart,  
Turned up to plead for her embrace,  
And tell them they must part !

One burning kiss — one wild good-bye ?  
Put off — put off from shore —  
In mercy to the mother fly,  
And swiftly waft them from her eye,  
For she can bear no more !  
She knelt and cried, as o'er the sea  
Faded their forms like sunset ray,  
“ *O, Saviour ! I do this for thee !*”  
And sobbing, turned away.

Lov'st thou thy Lord ? Ask of thine heart  
A sacrifice like this : —  
And when thou dar'st with such to part —  
Though scalding tears unmaster'd start,  
And wild farewell and kiss,  
'Till thy dear heart-strings bursting be —  
O blest art thou ! if thou can'st say,  
My Saviour ! I do this for thee !  
And turn, to tread *his way*.

## SIX MEN FOR ARRACAN.

CHARLES THURBER.

The mother stamp'd a burning kiss  
Upon each little brow ;  
So dear a sacrifice as this,  
She never made till now ;

Go, go, my babes, the Sabbath bell  
Will greet ye o'er the sea ;  
I'll bid my idol ones farewell,  
For Thee, my God, for Thee.

But off they'd gone — those little ones —  
I saw them gaily trip,  
And chatter on in merry tones,  
To see the gallant ship.

The stricken sire — he'd often drank  
Sad draughts at duty's beck —  
He leads them calmly o'er the plank,  
And stands upon the deck ;

As pale as polished Parian stones,  
As white as Arctic snows,  
Beside those young and cherished ones  
The stricken father bows.

He breathes one prayer — he prints one kiss,  
And turns him toward the shore —  
He felt, till now, the babes were his,  
But they were his no more ;

The silken tie, more strong than death,  
That bound their hearts, was riven,  
And floating on an angel's breath,  
Rose up and clung to heaven.

Why lingers he upon the shore ?  
Why turns he to the deck ?  
Perhaps, to say farewell, once more,  
Perhaps, one look to take.

O! no; but calm as angels now,  
That kneel before the throne,  
Where twice ten thousand, thousand bow,  
And say, "Thy will be done" —

He said, — "My brother, when you stand,  
Beyond the raging deep,  
In that delightful, happy land,  
Where all our fathers sleep ;

When you shall hear their Sabbath bell  
Call out their happy throngs,  
And hear the organ's solemn swell,  
And Zion's sacred songs —

Tell them a herald, far away,  
Where midnight broods o'er man,  
Bade ye this solemn message say,  
"Six men for Arracan."

While in that happy land of theirs,  
They feast on blessings given,  
And genial suns and healthful airs,  
Come speeding fresh from heaven ;

Tell them, that, near yon idol dome,  
There dwells a lonely man,  
Who bade ye take this message home,  
“*Six men for Arracan.*”

Sweet home — ah, yes ! I know how sweet  
Within my country, thou,  
I've known what heart-felt pleasures meet —  
I've felt — and feel them now.

Well, in those lively scenes of bliss,  
Where childhood's joys began,  
I'd have ye, brother, tell them this,  
“**SIX MEN FOR ARRACAN.**”

O ! when the saint lies down to die,  
And friendship 'round him stands,  
And faith directs his tearless eye,  
To fairer, happier lands —

How calm he bids poor earth adieu !  
With all most dear below !  
The spirit sees sweet home in view,  
And plumes her wings to go.

Stop, dying saint — O ! linger yet,  
And cast one thought on man —  
Be this the last that you forget —  
“**SIX MEN FOR ARRACAN.**”

**ELEVEN YEARS' MISSIONARY TOIL : 1834—1845.**

From the date of the completion of the Burman Bible, in January, 1834, till the embarkation of Dr. Judson for the United States, on a visit to his native land in April, 1845, his history was unchequered by any startling or extraordinary incidents, such as those which have furnished the subjects of several of the preceding "sketches of missionary life." He was married on the 10th of April, 1834, to Mrs. Sarah B. Boardman, with whom for eleven years he lived, with an interesting family of children growing up around him, in the enjoyment of perhaps a larger share of domestic happiness than often falls to the lot of the missionary of Christ.

These eleven years of his missionary life were passed chiefly at Maulmain, the capital of British Burmah, under the protection of the English government, by whom he has ever been held in the highest estimation for his character and services. The time of Dr. Judson, during these years, was divided between missionary jounies for preaching the gospel in the surrounding region, superintending the printing of the Burman Bible, the thorough revision of the translation, the preparation of a Dictionary of the Burman language, (a work of incalculable value

to future missionaries,) and the performance of pastoral duties in Maulmain.

The most interesting occurrences which diversified the laborious routine of missionary duties, were the arrival, from time to time, of additional laborers from America, to occupy different portions of the missionary field. In 1833, a mission was commenced at Bangkok, the capital of Siam, to the southeast of Burmah; and, in 1835, among the Shans in Asam, on the northeast. In allusion to the occupancy of these and other stations in the missionary field, in the *Magazine* for January, 1836, Dr. Judson gives utterance to his grateful feelings in the following glowing language: "My heart leaps for joy, and swells with gratitude and praise to God, when I think of brother Jones at Bangkok, in the southern extremity of the continent, and brother Brown at Sadiya in Asam, on the frontiers of China — immensely distant points, — and of all the intervening stations, Ava, Rangoon, Kyouk-pyoo, Maulmain and Tavoy, and the churches and schools which are springing up in every station, and throughout the Karen wilderness. Happy lot, to live in these days! O happy lot, to be allowed to bear a part in the glorious work of bringing an apostate world to the feet of Jesus! Glory, glory be to God!"

The printing of the first edition of the whole Scriptures in the Burman language was completed in three large octavo volumes, on the 29th of December, 1835. Dr. Judson soon discovered, however, the necessity of a thorough revision of the whole work, and five years more of his precious time were chiefly devoted to his important, but laborious, task. In recording the completion of this revised edition of the Burman Bible, the last sheet of which was put to press October 24th, 1840, Dr. Judson says, "The revision of the work has cost me more time and labor than the first translation;" and afterwards adds, with characteristic modesty and humility: "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. I commend the work, such as it is, to God, to the church in Burmah, and to my successors in this department of labor."

About one year and a half after the publication of the revised edition of the Bible, that is, in the month of May, 1842, at the earnest and repeated solicitation of the Board, Dr. Judson commenced, with a view of facilitating the labors of future missionaries, the laborious task of writing a complete Dictionary of the Burman language. In relation to this work, he writes, under date of July 13th, 1843: "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 set my heart when I first came 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 Burmese and English, the second English and Burmese. 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 day-light 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.”

The hope expressed, in the above extract, of being able to complete the Burman Dictionary by the end of 1845; was frustrated by the dangerous sickness of Mrs. Judson, which rendered a long voyage and an entire change of climate necessary, as the only hope of preserving her valuable life.

## THE VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

The circumstances which rendered it necessary that Dr. Judson should quit, for a season, that land where he had labored for more than thirty years for the salvation of the perishing heathen, are related by the missionary himself, in a letter written about two weeks before his embarkation, and dated "Maulmain, April 13th, 1845. 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, ensure 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 again 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 wo.'

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 the 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."

\* \* \* \* \*

It pleased God, however, to frustrate this arrangement. In the former part of the voyage, Mrs. Judson's health had so much improved, that her husband resolved to return to Burmah, and allow her to pursue her voyage to the United States with the children. On their arrival at the Isle of France, the prospect continued so favorable, that Dr. Judson sent back the native assistants, intending shortly to follow them to Maulmain. It was while at this port, that Mrs. Judson, expecting soon to part from her beloved husband, addressed to him the tender and affecting lines which follow the present article. Before the vessel proceeded on its voyage, and after the return of the native assistants, however, Mrs. J. was seized with a relapse, and her husband resolved not to leave her. She became weaker and weaker on the voyage, while sailing round the Cape of Good Hope, till she departed this life, on ship-board, in the port of St. Helena, on the 1st of September, 1845.

THE PARTING.

MRS. SARAH B. JUDSON.

The circumstances which prompted the following affecting lines, will be best explained by the note from the bereaved widower, which accompanies them. It was addressed to Mrs. Allen, editor of the *Mother's Journal*, an early friend of the beloved departed,—in which publication the lines were first inserted.—“My dear sister:—I send you the accompanying lines by my late beloved wife, written on board ship, near the Isle of France, when she was so decidedly convalescent, that it appeared to be my duty to return to Maulmain, and leave her to prosecute the voyage alone. After we arrived, however, at the Island, she became worse, and I was obliged to relinquish my first purpose. She continued to decline until we reached St. Helena, when she took her departure, not for the “setting sun,” but the sun of glory, that never sets, and left me to pursue a different course, and under very different circumstances, from those anticipated in the lines.

We part on this green islet, love,—  
Thou for the eastern main,  
I for the setting sun, love—  
Oh, 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 the Boodh shall fall, and Burmah's sons  
Shall own Messiah's sway.

And so, God willing, I will endeavor yet to do; and while her prostrate form finds repose on the rock of the ocean, and her sanctified spirit enjoys sweeter repose on the bosom of Jesus, let me continue to toil on all my appointed time, until my change, too, shall come. Yours affectionately

A. JUDSON."

And so, God willing, I will endeavour  
yet to do, and while her prostrate form  
finds repose on the rock of the ocean, & her  
sanctified spirit finds sweet repose in  
the bosom of Jesus, let me continue to  
tell you, all my appointed time, until my  
change too shall come.

Yours affectionately,

A. Judson.



## DEATH-BED SCENE OF MRS. S. B. JUDSON.

REV. DR. JUDSON.

The following account of the death and burial of the late Mrs. Judson, is taken from an obituary notice prepared by the bereaved husband, published in the Baptist Magazine for February, 1846.

It is most gratifying to the feelings of the bereaved husband, to be able to say, in truth, that the subject was, in every point of natural and moral excellence, the worthy successor of Ann H. Judson. He constantly thanks God that he has been blest with two of the best of wives; he deeply feels that he has not improved those 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 · “ 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 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 dear 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. J. gradually declined, I expected to be under the painful necessity of burying her in the sea. But it was so ordered in 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 recollections. On the evening of the 31st of August, she appeared to be drawing near 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 2 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 the 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 at St. Helena.

I exceedingly regret that there is no portrait of the second, as of the first Mrs. Judson. Her soft blue eyes, her mild aspect, her lovely face and elegant form, have never been delineated on canvass. They must soon pass away from the memory even of her children; but they will remain for ever enshrined in her husband's heart.

To my friends at St. Helena I am under great obligations. 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 friends, who 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 grave-stones, 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 42d year of her age, and in the 21st 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.

## THE DEATH-BED.

THOMAS HOOD.

We watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing, soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her being out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied ;  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed ; — she had  
Another morn than ours.

## JUDSON'S DEPARTURE FROM ST. HELENA.

REV. S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

"I was obliged to hasten on board ship, and immediately went to sea. On the following morning, no vestige of the island was visible 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."—DR. JUDSON.

Farewell, thou rocky isle of deathless fame!  
Lonely, and sad, thy fading cliffs I see;  
But not that he, of earth-immortal name;  
There died in exile, bids me turn to thee:  
Oh, dearer far to me, that sacred trust,  
Which thou shalt hence in solemn stillness keep;  
Till in the resurrection of the just,  
She wakes to life from death's brief night of sleep.

Thus waned Helena from his lingering sight,  
As o'er the waves the home-bound vessel sped;  
While deep he felt, in all its cheerless blight,  
A heart bereft, and sorrowing for the dead.  
Ah! who can tell the grief of that dark hour,  
Save he whose spirit knew its keenest pang,  
When voices of the past, with throngful power,  
Thro' memory's halls in mournful cadence rang!

And there's a lovely group, with weeping eyes,  
Of children dear, bereaved and motherless,  
For cold in death that precious bosom lies,  
On which they oft had shared the sweet caress,  
To which did they in full affection cleave,  
While changeless love watched o'er their infant  
years ;

'Twas meet — 'tis nature's impulse to relieve  
The sadness of the heart in gushing tears.

That other scene now fills his heart once more,  
Of sorrow deep, which none could feel but he,  
When called to lay, on Burmah's distant shore,  
His early trust beneath the Hopia tree —  
Her, who to him with quenchless love had clung,  
And cheered his heart in peril's darkest day,  
Whose winning voice in angel accents rung,  
To guide the lost in wisdom's peaceful way.

The Hand that took the boon itself had given,  
Another dear, angelic form bestowed,  
A spirit chastened by the love of Heaven,  
A soul where naught but pure affection glowed.  
Again bereft — who shall the grief reveal,  
When thus were sundered life's endearing ties ?  
What untold anguish may the heart conceal,  
When its own self in its companion dies !

On, speed the ship that bears the man of God,  
While o'er his spirit flows the tide of grief ;  
And sorrowing, sinking 'neath affliction's rod,  
His heart with anguish wrung, finds no relief ;

Until amid the thick, surrounding gloom,  
Come the sure promises of truth divine,  
And bear his soul aloft, while o'er the tomb  
Their clustering beams in glorious beauty shine.

Faith cleaves the sky, as in an upward flight,  
She wings her way to opening realms of bliss ;  
And views those spirits in that world of light,  
So fondly loved while they sojourned in this :  
She whispers — Thou, ere long, shalt meet them  
there,

No more to part while endless ages roll ;  
For Heaven's eternal life excludes all care,  
And Heaven's eternal love fills all the soul.

Now, lost in light, the darkest scenes of time,  
Faith bids the toil-worn pilgrim's heart rejoice ;  
Speaks of the raptures of that holier clime,  
And hope and heaven are in her cheering voice  
Oh, when the grave at Amherst yields its trust,  
When lone Helena gives its precious dead,  
And glorious bodies rise from mouldering dust,  
What radiant gems will deck each sainted head !

Island of fame ! when comes the last great day,  
That summons all before the judgment-seat ;  
When earth and heaven dissolved, shall pass away,  
And each must hear the Judge his doom repeat :  
Which then, of those who here surrendering life,  
On thee were laid in death's deep slumber down —  
The mighty warrior, and the Teacher's wife —  
Oh ! tell me which shall take the brighter crown ?

**MRS. JUDSON'S FUNERAL.**

H. B. H.

The initials prefixed to the following interesting particulars of the funeral of the late Mrs. Judson, at St. Helena, will be recognized as those of one of the esteemed Professors of the Newton Theological Institution.

The circumstances which attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Judson, at St. Helena, were marked with unusual interest. Nothing appears to have been omitted which the proprieties of the occasion demanded, or which friendship could have desired. The particulars, as communicated to the writer by a friend who was present, have not, so far as is known, been given to the public; and a brief statement of them will not, perhaps, be uninteresting to those who knew the deceased, or feel an interest in her memory.

The death of Mrs. Judson took place on the night of the first of September, on board the ship *Sophia Walker*, while lying in the harbor at St. Helena. On the following morning, the captain directed the colors of the ship to be hoisted at half-mast; and immediately the other American vessels in port, and some of the English, hung out the same signal. Information

of the event was conveyed to the American Consul, Mr. Carrol, who exerted himself to render every service in his power on the occasion. It may be proper to say that he procured, at his own expense, suits of appropriate mourning apparel for the three bereaved children.

The burial service was fixed for four o'clock in the afternoon, and the requisite notice given as widely as possible. On the arrival of the hour, the cabin was crowded with the officers and seamen of the American vessels at the island; and the crew of the *Sophia Walker* appeared with crape on the arm as mourners. Mr. Bertram, a Baptist clergyman at St. Helena, performed the religious services on ship-board, consisting of a prayer, and a pertinent, affecting address to those assembled on the occasion. The coffin was then removed from the cabin to the boat which was to convey it on shore. Several other boats were connected with this, so arranged as to form a funeral procession — three going ahead, towing the one which contained the corpse, and moving forward with a slow, heavy beat of the oar; and another following, in which Mr. Judson and his three children, together with the captain of the ship, were seated as chief mourners.

Meanwhile a large assemblage had already

collected on the shore, awaiting the arrival of the melancholy train. Here a new procession was formed. The body was transferred from the boat to the bier, which was carried by a number of the seamen, with ladies acting as pall-bearers, and preceded by the chaplain. The other seamen, the American Consul and his family, and the principal residents of the place, followed. As the procession passed along, the shops were closed, and all business suspended. On arriving at the grave, another religious service was performed, and the body then committed to its narrow home, amid demonstrations of the deepest interest, from those who witnessed the proceeding. One of the choicest spots in the burying-ground had been selected for this purpose. A beautiful overhanging tree spreads its deep shadow over the grave, and will serve, until some more definite mark be added, to guide the steps of the visitor to her lowly resting place. At a little distance on one side, by a peculiar appropriateness of position, lies the body of an English lady, who laid down her life in the prosecution of the same missionary work; and, on the other, that of a fellow-countryman, an esteemed American captain, who died some years ago at St. Helena.

The chaplain, anxious to perpetuate in some

worthy manner the memory of so precious a name, has requested that a slab, with an appropriate inscription, may be sent out from this country, with the promise that it shall be placed in the walls of the church. At the conclusion of the solemnities, Dr. Judson expressed his thanks to the friends and strangers who had manifested so tender a sympathy in his affliction; and at nine o'clock in the evening, having all re-embarked, the ship again spread her sails upon her homeward voyage.

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THE BURIAL AT ST. HELENA.

H. S. WASHBURN.

Mournfully, tenderly,  
Bear onward the dead,  
Where the warrior has lain,  
Let the Christian be laid:  
No place more befitting,  
O 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,  
O ! 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 !

## B U R I A L

OF MRS. JUDSON AT ST. HELENA,

September 1st, 1845.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Mournfully, tenderly  
Bear on your load, —  
The oars keeping time  
O'er the billowy road,

While boat after boat  
Gliding slowly the while,  
Approach the rude shores  
Of the ocean-beat isle.

What moveth the Teacher  
Who labor'd so long  
For the cause of his God  
'Mid idolatry's throng ?

That Teacher who stood  
Unappall'd and sublime  
'Mid the prisons and chains  
Of idolatry's clime.

Why weep his young children  
Who cling to their guide ? —  
Ask me not ! — Ask me not ! —  
But pass on by their side.

Over hill, — over dale,  
The procession doth bear  
The lov'd and the lovely  
Who ceaseth from care, —

And then, with the tear-drops  
That flow for the blest,  
'Neath a green, waving tree  
They have laid her to rest.

Oh ! deep must affection  
With anguish deplore  
The wife and the mother  
Returning no more, —

And wild will the wail be  
Of wo uncontroll'd,  
When on Burmah's dark strand  
Shall this burial be told.

St. Helena guardeth  
With rock and ravine  
The gem thus entrusted  
Her casket within ; —

But where is that Chieftain,  
The dread of the free,  
Who laid down his sceptre  
To slumber with thee ?

The gray islet answer'd, —  
“ No peace could he find, —  
So his ashes rode forth  
On the wave and the wind . —

Let him sleep, if he choose,  
In his glory afar, —  
Will it soften the doom  
At Eternity's bar ?

Away, thou blood-shedder ! —  
Earth-troubler, — away !  
Hide not 'neath my cliffs  
On the terrible day, —

But rest, — sainted sister !  
And hallow my dust, —  
Till the last trump shall waken  
The souls of the just.”

## A REMINISCENCE OF MRS. S. B. JUDSON.

REV. STEPHEN P. HILL.

Mrs. SARAH B. JUDSON, and the writer of the following lines, were the two youngest members of the First Baptist church, in Salem, Mass., at the time she left this country, in July, 1825, for the scene of her future labors, as the wife of the Rev. George D. Boardman. He can never forget the manner in which, previous to her departure, she arose in church meeting, and closed a few very impressive remarks, with the following words: "*If thy presence go not with me carry me not up hence.*"

I see thee now by memory's light, as then, —  
So calm in dignity, so strong in faith,  
Thy soft blue eye half-veiled; — thy angel face  
Half-bowed, — the mirror of thy modest mind;  
Placid and gentle, as thou always wast;  
I see thee stand 'mid Zion's sacred seats, —  
Thy home and mine, — where pious friendship dwelt,  
And heaven's own glory canopied the scene;  
I hear thee there declare thy firm resolve;  
Yet in such tones — so full of gentleness;  
So full of all thy soul; so free from art;  
So true to thy peculiar nature; — calm,  
Collected, clear; — that, like an angel's voice  
At hush of eve, it seem'd — and e'en an Angel  
Might have stopp'd to hear.

How beautifully in thee were blended  
Meekness with majesty, by blessed bands,  
As leaning on Omnipotence, on God,  
Weak in thyself, but all-possess'd in Him,

Thou mad'st thy purpose known to go far hence,  
And bear to heathen lands the wealth of Christ ;  
Yet if His presence went not with thee, there, —  
Thou would'st not go — thy strength was in the LORD.

Years passed away. Scenes strange and various  
Passed o'er thy painful path ; but faith fail'd not,  
And power Divine gave energy to Truth,  
And brought the seed, sown with much weeping,  
forth ; —

And it was multiplied a hundred-fold,  
And gave a harvest of immortal souls.

But while thy feet were found in duty's path ;  
And in abundant labors, still, thine hands,  
Finding thy task delight, and from the heart,  
Doing thy Master's will and work, tho' faint, —  
Nature gave way, and life's intensest flame,  
Nurs'd to bless others, soon thyself consumed ; —  
'Till *he*, the last companion of thy toils,  
The partner of thy love — from death escaped —  
Sought for thee, with thee, in thy native clime,  
That hope of health and life, denied elsewhere.

Yet how fallacious are all human hopes,  
Save one, the hope of Heaven ; and oh, how soon  
Must all, the fondest, yield to that at last. —  
That hope was *thine* ; and as the earthly house  
Of this frail tenement dissolv'd, thy soul,  
With brightening bliss, looked out to that not made  
With hands, eternal in the Heavens.

And thus prepared, and longing to depart  
And be with Christ, thou gav'st a parting kiss  
To him, who had conducted thee thus far  
To Jordan's brink, and with sweet gratitude  
For all the past, and trust for all to come,  
Thus took thy leave ; — like some sweet seraph, sent  
Awhile to cheer and bless life's sorrowing scene,  
Then bade to hasten from this present world,  
Smiles as he goes, and soothes the stricken heart,  
With sweet assurance of a happier home.

Go, gentle spirit, to thy wish'd-for rest ;  
Thy work was done ; thy Saviour's will obey'd ;  
His presence *was* with thee, in every scene  
Of duty and of trial ; and when He  
Saw fit that thou should'st leave thy toils, and come  
To him, 'twas best, 'twas infinitely best,  
To change the dimmer sphere of earth, for Heaven.

And thou who still remain'st behind, bereft,  
Like lone Elisha, when in converse sweet,  
And holy travels, suddenly he saw  
The sainted Seer ascend in glory's Car,  
Dazzling with fire, and sped by steeds of fire ; —  
Gird thee ! O man of God ! fresh for thy toil ; —  
Still press thy pilgrim path, — and with thine eye  
Bright from the radiant scene yet lingering,  
Gather up *her* mantle, till thou comest  
Back to the Jordan she did lately pass,  
And find its waters, burst apart, for *thee*.

## RECEPTION AT BOSTON.

REV. WM. CROWELL.

Dr. Judson landed in Boston on Wednesday, the 15th of October, after a voyage of about six weeks from the grave of his beloved wife, at St. Helena. The following thrilling account of his public reception in Boston, on the day following, is slightly abridged by the editor of the present work, from an editorial in the *Christian Watchman* of October 4th, 1845.

The arrival of this devoted missionary in his native land, has produced a thrill of emotion in a multitude of hearts, which may be imagined, but cannot be described. His appearance among us was like life from the dead; for although he has been known to us by abundant labors, and been cheered in these labors by the sympathies, prayers and sacrifices of hundreds of thousands of Baptists, during a period of time usually considered as the measure of a whole generation of men on the earth, yet he was unknown by face, not only to the churches, but even to the members of the Board, with whom he held official intercourse. He is the oldest surviving American missionary to the East, and the first who gave himself personally to that work. His whole course of life has been signalized by devoted piety, unwavering faith, ardent zeal for the glory of Christ in the conversion of the

world, great constancy of purpose, diligence and perseverance in carrying out a definite plan of effort, and a noble, generous, disinterestedness, which all must admire, though few can appreciate.

When it was known that he had arrived in the city, thousands were eager to look upon the face of a man whom God had so highly honored as the messenger of his grace to the heathen. To gratify this desire, intelligence was circulated on Friday, verbally, in order to avoid all publicity, that the friends of missions would meet in the Bowdoin Square church, in the evening, to see and welcome him. The house was densely filled. The pastors of the churches in the city and vicinity were present, and a more affecting meeting we never before attended. We never before saw so large a congregation all moved by so deep and mighty an impulse. Language could not give vent to emotions which struggled in every bosom. The eye affected the heart. There he stood, among the pastors of our churches—the long-loved, the toil-worn missionary—the man who had been brought before kings and councils for the testimony of Jesus; who had been in bonds, in dungeons, and in chains; who had been led away to be put to death, but, by the overruling hand of God, had

been preserved ; who, when let go, returned to his own company, and, with a fortitude which the terrors of martyrdom could not shake — love, which neither ingratitude, nor cruelty, nor fear, could quench, — again set himself patiently and quietly to the work of turning the deluded Burmans from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

How rapidly did the thoughts run over the history of the past ! — to the events of the Burman war — to the more than romantic fidelity, devotion, and heroism of his now glorified companion — the first Mrs. Judson ; — to his deep sorrow and loneliness when bereft of that incomparable wife — to his repeated afflictions in the loss of his children — to his deep depression and heaviness of soul under accumulated trials and afflictions — to the rapturous joy of his heart when he knelt before God with the last leaf of his Burman Bible translated in his hand, to offer thanksgiving that he had been spared to complete it — to additional years of labor, which at last he was compelled to relinquish, to accompany his companion to her native country ; till, on the passage, he was called a second time to part with a beloved wife. His first companion lies entombed at Amherst, in British Burmah ; the second, in St. Helena.

After the services had been introduced by singing and prayer, Rev. Dr. Sharp arose, and, as President of the Board of Missions and the oldest pastor of the churches, addressed Dr. Judson, in the name of the friends of missions, whose missionary he had so long been, though not originally sent out by them, as follows :

“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 towards 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 have 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 an accurate 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 ministerial 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 require 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."

\* \* \* \* \*

During the singing which followed, a gentleman was seen to pass rapidly up the aisle into the pulpit, and to embrace Mr. Judson with uncommon warmth and ardor, which was as ardently reciprocated; while the emotions which lighted up their countenances gave to silence more than the expressiveness of language. As the gentleman was a stranger to the audience, every one appeared deeply desirous to know who he was. He was soon, however, introduced to the assembly as the Rev. Samuel Nott, Jr., the only surviving member, besides Mr. Judson, of that first company of missionaries, five in number, sent out from this country by the American Board. Samuel Newell, Gordon Hall, and Luther Rice are gone to their reward. Mr. Nott, after remaining a few years in the mission field, was compelled to return to this country, and is now the pastor of the Congregational church in Wareham, Mass. As soon as he heard of the arrival of Mr. Judson, he set out with all speed for Boston, to greet him; and hearing that he was in the Bowdoin Square church, he had come there to see and to take him by the hand.

Being introduced to the audience by Dr. Sharp, with the request that he would gratify them with a few remarks, he said he had given the hand of fellowship to his brother Judson in youth, when they were fellow-students and fellow-missionaries. "And," said he, "though on our reaching the missionary field he became a Baptist and I did not, yet I did not withdraw the hand of fellowship from my brother Judson." He spoke of their early conversations on the subject of missions, and said it was of no importance whether Adoniram Judson, Jr., or Samuel J. Mills, Jr., was the first who conceived the enterprise of foreign missions to the East. Of one thing he was sure: it was not Samuel Nott, Jr.; though he was also sure, that he had thought of it before any one had mentioned the subject to him. His belief was, that the minds of several had, separately and independently, been turned to the subject by the Spirit of God.

After some devotional exercises, the meeting was dismissed, and many improved the occasion to offer their personal greetings to the beloved missionary. He is in somewhat feeble health, and appears somewhat worn with labor, yet his step is elastic and energetic, and his hair very slightly gray. He is but little over 57 years of age.

## WELCOME HOME.

MRS. H. L. C.

Written on the occasion of a social gathering at the house of her brother-in-law, G. C., in Boston, Nov. 1st, 1845, to greet the return of Dr. Judson.

The man of God, O give him welcome home !  
For many long and weary years he's roam'd ;  
And now, once more, he hails his native land ; —  
O give him greetings warm, a brother's hand

In a lost world's benighted, trackless waste  
A pioneer, with messages of grace,  
He sought the wilds, where India's heathen gloom  
Binds men in darkness, worse than living tomb.

With heavenly truth he sought to make them free,  
No more to idol gods to bow the knee ;  
To know within them, all around, above,  
The God that made them, and whose name is LOVE.

The desert bloom'd, the seed a harvest bore,  
Rejoicing tribes a pardoning God adore ;  
A Saviour's love, the wond'ring heathen hear,  
And with glad hearts receive, obey, and fear.

Receive him, then, the faithful of the Lord !  
Who seeks not honors here as his reward,  
But in the path his suffering Saviour trod,  
Waits meekly for the blessing of his God.

Pray that our hearts, with his, one wish may know,  
The bliss of doing good while here below ;  
That thus our crowns, with sparkling jewels bright,  
May shine with lustre fair in heaven's own light.

## THE VISIT OF THE VETERAN MISSIONARY.

MRS. T. P. SMITH.

Life's shifting drama brings our brother near,  
Once more the voice of Christian love to hear —  
The green hills of his native land to roam —  
To see the village church — his childhood's home.

He left when life was green upon that brow  
Which pain and anxious thought have furrowed now ;  
When hope lit up young manhood's flashing eye,  
He left for Christ — in heathen lands to die.

But where is she, the gentle, lovely one,  
Who leaned, a youthful bride, his arm upon ?  
O where is she, the truest of her kind,  
Who left with him the broken heart to bind ? —

Ask not the winds that o'er the Hopia blow —  
Ask not at Amherst of the green-sward low —  
Ask of the choir with golden harps in Heaven —  
'Tis there she sings 'mid happy souls forgiven.

Once more our brother hath been called to know  
The widowed heart's unspoken, crushing wo ;  
St. Helena the touching tale will tell  
Of the last hours of her he loved so well —

Of the last look — the parting kiss — the tear  
Shed by the motherless around her bier ;  
To Christians that lone isle, for her dear sake,  
An interest hath, Napoleon ne'er could wake.

But, brother, though thy precious ones are laid  
In lonely graves, oh look from hopes that fade,  
To a blest vision in the skies above,  
Where they for ever sing redeeming love.

Oh think, then, veteran, when thy work is done,  
Angels in Heaven await thy welcome home ;  
And let it cheer thee in thy loneliness,  
That such pure spirits "minister" and bless.

And, brother, o'er thy path is cast, methinks,  
A precious chain, whose sacred triple links  
Unite the spirits of the loved in Heaven,  
The saints on earth and heathen souls forgiven.

While *Christians* all revere thy cherished name,  
The *Pagan* world thy blessed work proclaim —  
To *Heavenly* hosts thy faithfulness is known —  
*Three worlds* the Missionary's toil shall own.

Press on, then, veteran, on — let new hope spring —  
The Christian church a richer aid will bring  
Since thou hast come, our eyes and hearts to cheer ;  
God bless thee, brother, and thy visit here !

## FATHER PRAYS FOR US.

CHARLES THURBER.

A lady in America said to a little daughter of Dr. Judson, who accompanied him to his native land, "Were you not afraid to come so far, over the sea?" "Why, no," said the little girl, with that peculiar emphasis which perfect confidence inspires, "why, no, father prayed for us." The writer has endeavored to embody the *morale* of the story in the following lines.

Happy, happy little girl,  
Happy, above thought or measure,  
Proudest king and haughtiest earl  
Never had so rich a treasure,  
As thou carriest in thy bosom;  
O! thou little Burman blossom.

'Tis a charming sight to see  
Faith so deeply, sweetly graven!  
O! she will thine angel be,  
Teaching thee to trust in Heaven;  
Wafting thee on golden pinions,  
Up to bliss in love's dominions.

Doubts and fears that others feel,  
Cannot harm, for Faith will guide thee ;  
When thou go'st, in prayer, to kneel,  
She'll be there, and kneel beside thee,  
Scattering in the path of duty,  
Flowers of joy and gems of beauty.

Little children, *learn to trust,*  
Like this rosy girl from Burmah ;  
Early faith in Jesus must  
Be the dearer and the firmer ;  
Yes, ye'll grow for heaven the meeter  
And, when there, ye'll sing the sweeter.

Parents, ne'er this tale forget,  
Sweet its truth and deep its warning :  
Faith's bright seal is firmest set,  
In life's gay and rosy morning,  
When the parent, daily kneeling,  
Shows the grace and does the sealing.

## WELCOME AT THE CONVENTION IN NEW-YORK.

REV. DR. WAYLAND.

A special meeting of the Triennial Convention was held in New-York, commencing Wednesday, November 19th, at which were present four of our beloved missionaries from the East — Judson, Kincaid, Abbott, and Davenport. The scene, at the presentation to the audience of Dr. Judson, was eminently impressive. The Rev. Dr. Cone offered resolutions, which were most cordially adopted, expressive of gratitude to God for the return of Dr. Judson, and requesting the President, in the name of the Convention, to extend to him a cordial welcome home.

The mover of the resolutions then took brother Judson by the hand, and with deep emotion and a faltering voice, presented him to Dr. Wayland, with the expressive and well-understood words: — "I present to you **JESUS CHRIST'S MAN.**"\* The President then addressed the missionary in the following beautiful and impressive remarks :

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

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\* The allusion in this remark will be readily understood by all familiar with the missionary journals of Dr. Judson. For the sake of such as are not familiar with them, it may be well to say, that it refers to an eager inquiry, addressed many years ago to the missionary by a poor heathen, who had travelled far to find him: "*Are you Jesus Christ's man?*" The missionaries are still frequently called, by the heathen, "*Jesus Christ's men.*"

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 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 Amarapoor. 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 unremitting 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 example, 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.

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**ABANDON ARRACAN!**

A Scene at the Convention.

In a report, presented to the Convention on the third day, the possibility had been suggested of abandoning Arracan as a missionary station, when the following touching scene occurred, never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Dr. Judson, though charged by his departed wife, and forbidden by his physician to speak in public, arose, and exclaimed aloud: "Though forbidden to speak by my medical adviser, I must say a few words. **I MUST PROTEST AGAINST THE ABANDONMENT OF THE ARRACAN MISSION!**"

Here his voice failed him, and Dr. Cone repeated his words, now fallen to a feeble whisper:—After alluding to different reasons for not abandoning Arracan, he added:—“And lastly, 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 ——”

Here Dr. Cone was overpowered by emotion, and wept. There was scarcely a member of the Convention, who was not completely unmanned. Many could not help sobbing aloud; and in the midst of the scene, the voice of Dr. Cone was heard, exclaiming in tones of impassioned prayer — “If his life be spared! — *Oh, God! bless him!* —— AND SPARE HIM! ——”

After a pause, amidst the deep emotion of the whole audience, Dr. Cone continued — “or if my life shall be spared to finish my dictionary, I will go there afterward, — and labor there, — and *die*, — and BE BURIED THERE!”

The relation of this affecting incident may serve as an appropriate introduction to the poem which follows, from a gifted son of Dr. Cone, and which was suggested by the scene above described.

## JUDSON AND ARRACAN.

SPENCER WALLACE CONE.

## I.

He hath come back to us once more !  
Look on him well. Aye, grasp his hand ; —  
That hand the gospel standard bore  
Victorious thro' the Eastern land.  
Gaze on ! — Ye meet not often here ;  
Spirit to spirit, eye to eye,  
A heart so true, a form so dear  
To God and to humanity :  
Grasp it ; thy fingers may not strain  
Such hand in fellowship again.

## II.

Is his face dark ? The glad sun set  
A fiery kiss upon his brow,  
When there his beam in Burmah met  
The gospel sunlight's earliest glow,  
And kissed a kindred beam away —  
To bear thro' error's gloomiest night  
The pledge of an unfading day,  
The promise of eternal light.  
Is his face dark ? No, very fair,  
For Heaven's own light is shining there.

## III.

He speaks! be still. The strong man's tone  
 Hath dwindled to a whisper small,  
 But every power it lost hath gone  
 To break the idol's iron thrall;  
 Whilst even to that whisper low,  
 Such might a mighty God hath given  
 That it hath made the pagan bow,  
 And wooed the wanderer back to heaven;—  
 Like angel-whispers from the skies,  
 Or echoes heard from Paradise.

## IV.

And yet that voice, so sadly weak,  
 The toil-worn veteran's iron will  
 Commands, if it indeed must break,  
 To break at least in thunder still.  
 He spake; a charging host might hear,  
 And wide the stirring echo ran,  
 When said the assembled leaders' fear—  
 "We must abandon Arracan!—  
 Too weak to hold so large a field,  
 We must at least an outpost yield!"

## V.

As the worn war-horse starts to hear  
 The trumpet's piercing echo toss  
 High ~~o'er~~ the battle-sounds of fear,  
 So starts the warrior of the cross:

Abandon Arracan ! — he cried ; —  
Abandon Arracan ! Oh no !  
Where once hath rolled the gospel tide,  
Impurer waters ne'er must flow ; —  
Where once our bannered cross doth fly,  
No meaner flag must flout the sky.

## VI.

Abandon not ! — the breach is made :  
The foremost ranks have won the wall ;  
And will ye sheath a bloodless blade,  
And tamely see your brethren fall ?  
Perish the thought ! Where God hath given  
A pathway for His conquering host,  
There lies the straightest road to heaven ;  
And he who leaves the ranks is lost !  
If worthier lack, — give me the van,  
“ And let me die in Arracan ! ”

## VII.

Millions of Arracan, rejoice !  
Your warrior conquered in your right ;  
And oh ! may God, who lent him voice  
To plead so well, still lend him might  
To bear again o'er mountain seas,  
And deserts rude, and kingdoms wide,  
The tidings of eternal peace,  
The message of the crucified.  
Go ! thou brave Judson, lead the van,  
And plant the Cross in Arracan.

## WELCOME AT THE SOUTH.

REV. J. B. JETER,

*President of the Southern Board of Foreign Missions.*

Besides the public reception of Dr. J. at Boston and New-York, scenes of similar interest have been witnessed at Providence, Albany, Hamilton, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, and other places. Addresses of welcome, of equal cordiality and kindness with those of Drs. Sharp and Wayland, have been addressed to him by pastors in several of these places, the insertion of which the limits of this volume forbid. The beautiful address of Rev. J. B. Jeter, at Richmond, Va., at a mass missionary meeting held February 8th, from the position of the speaker as the President of the Southern Board, may be regarded as expressive of the equally affectionate and cordial feelings of southern Christians towards the beloved Judson, and is, therefore, eminently worthy of insertion here.

Brother Judson:—I address you on behalf of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention in Richmond, and, I may add, of the whole Baptist denomination in the South. The service is at once pleasing and painful—pleasing, because we had scarcely expected to enjoy the privilege of seeing your face and grasping your hand—painful, because your want of voice prevents you from imparting to us the instruction and encouragement which you are well-qualified to communicate; and the brevity of your visit will make the pain of separation almost equal to the pleasure of meeting.

I seize the present opportunity to present a few remarks ; and I do it the more readily, as the state of your health does not permit us to expect many from yourself.

It is interesting to stand at the head spring of a great river, which, traversing a continent, spreads through kingdoms fertility, and all the blessings of commerce. The position awakens emotions of sublimity. It cannot be less interesting and inspiring to contemplate events which, in themselves seemingly unimportant, have produced momentous results. To such an event our attention is drawn by your presence.

When you and your honored associates, Nott, Mills and Newell, presented to the General Association of Congregationalists in Massachusetts, assembled in Bradford in 1810, a paper expressing your desire to engage in the work of foreign missions, and asking their advice and aid, who could have anticipated the result of the application? At that time the churches were slumbering profoundly on the subject of missions ; there were no missionary societies, no plans matured for conducting missions, and no funds collected for the support of missionaries.

The application originated the A. B. C., for Foreign Missions. A noble institution it is—superior to any in our own land, and vieing, in

the wisdom of its measures and the success of its efforts, with the best-ordered and most renowned missionary organizations of the old world. Its annual expenditure is not far, if at all, short of one-third of a million of dollars ; and its mission stations have dotted almost the whole extent of heathendom.

Under the patronage of this Board, after considerable hesitation and delay on their part, you embarked, with your companion, and revered associates, in 1812, for the East. On your arrival there, an event occurred deeply affecting your own course, and the cause of Missions. — You, Mrs. Judson, and the lamented Rice, became Baptists. Whatever may be the said or thought of the change, your sincerity in making it cannot be reasonably called in question. You abandoned a Christian denomination, wealthy — with whose members you were intimately acquainted — to whom you were tenderly attached, and from whom you expected a liberal support, and connected yourself with one comparatively poor — to whose members you were a stranger, and from whom you had no prospect of receiving assistance. The hand of God was in it. The change was the means of arousing, among the Baptists of the United States, the Missionary spirit, and forming the Baptist Triennial Con-

vention, under whose patronage you have so long labored.

By a remarkable train of events, among which was the breaking out of the war between this country and Great Britain — you were led, or rather driven into Burmah. God had selected that field for you, and designed that you should accomplish a great work there.

I pass over the story of your toils and sufferings, your chains and imprisonment, and the almost superhuman fortitude of your now sainted companion. It is familiar to every American, and indeed every Christian reader. It forms an essential and thrilling chapter in the history of missions.

And now, my brother, to say nothing of what has been effected by the missionaries of the Baptist Triennial Convention, among the aborigines of America, in France, in Germany, in Denmark, in Greece, in Africa, in China, in Siam, in Hindostan, in Asam — behold, what a change God hath wrought in Burmah, and in the contiguous provinces! The Bible has been translated in the Burman language, carefully revised, printed, put into circulation, and read by thousands. We watched with intense interest the progress of the translation. We prayed that your life might be spared to complete it. We

saw you when, having finished the last leaf of the precious volume, you took it in your hand, and bowing beside your desk, gave thanks to God that he had enabled you to accomplish the work. To that thanksgiving we subjoined our hearty Amen! In that land, so recently enveloped in the darkness of heathenism, churches have been founded, to worship the name, and keep the ordinances of Jesus. Native preachers have been raised up to proclaim in their own tongue, and among their own countrymen, "the unsearchable riches of Christ." The Karens, a simple-hearted and singular people, are turning by hundreds and thousands to the Lord. Among them, the gospel has had a success rarely equalled since the days of the Apostles. On Burmah "the morning light is breaking." The time to favor her has fully come.

We cannot penetrate futurity. I pretend not to be skilled in prophetic interpretation. But in the next half century, we may anticipate great accessions to Christianity. We found our hope on *past success*. Wherever the gospel has been preached, plainly and faithfully, from the equator to the poles, among civilized or savage men, it has been the "power of God unto salvation." The success of the Missionary enterprise, has everywhere corresponded, in a

remarkable manner, with the measures of ability, zeal and diligence employed in its prosecution. We base our expectation on the *increasing prevalence of the Missionary spirit*. When, more than half a century ago, the work of Foreign Missions commenced among the Anglo-Saxon Christians, led on by the immortal Carey, it was predicted that its advocates would soon grow weary, and relax their efforts. The prediction has not been fulfilled. At no previous period has it been so much the settled policy and purpose of the churches, to make efforts and sacrifices in the work of evangelizing the world, as it is now. And, above all, we found our hope on the *divine promises*. Unless we have misconceived their import, they point to a time of greater light, purity and triumph in the church, than the world has yet seen. This sin-darkened earth is to be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God. From the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, the name of Christ shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered unto His name, and a pure offering.

Henceforth, my brother, you and we shall labor in connection with different Boards. Events, which neither you nor we could control, produced the separation; and God, we trust,

will overrule it for good. One thing is certain : the southern Baptists have no thought of abandoning the missionary field. We are buckling on our armor, and marshalling our hosts for a fiercer onset on the powers of darkness than we have yet made. We have selected China as our battle-field — a vast, interesting, and inviting field it is. It contains one-half, if not two-thirds, of the heathen population of the globe. The wall, which for centuries presented an insuperable barrier to the introduction of Christianity, has recently been levelled with the dust, and the banner of the cross now floats in triumph in Canton.

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 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.

## SONNET.

THE MISSIONARY JUDSON.

REV. W. B. TAPPAN.

Burmah's Apostle ! I can style no less  
Him who for Burmah freely yielded all —  
Soul to sharp pangs, limbs to the fetter's thrall —  
Wrung for the Master with so strange distress.

Whether of joy or grief, 'twere hard to guess  
Those Voices of the Past that on thee call !  
For in their sweet, yet melancholy fall  
Come memories of the gone that sorely press  
On thy twice-smitten heart ; and still inwrought  
With these, sublimely soars th' extatic thought,  
That Pagans in far Ava and Rangoon,  
Where in wild beauty Irrawaddy flows,  
By thee are dowered with the Gospel boon.  
*Such* grief, *such* joy, the Missionary knows !

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**FAREWELL TO THE CHURCHES WITH WHICH I  
HAVE BEEN CONNECTED.****MRS. EMILY JUDSON.**

On the second of June, 1846, the Rev. Dr. Judson was married at Hamilton, N. Y., to Miss Emily Chubbuck, a highly esteemed member of the Bethel Baptist church, Utica, a lady who had obtained considerable distinction as the authoress of several useful Sabbath-school books, and under the signature of "Fanny Forester," as a writer for some of the popular periodicals of the day. The clergyman who officiated on this occasion was the venerable Nathaniel Kendrick, D. D., for many years the president of Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution. The following beautiful and touching farewell, was written at Boston, previous to the embarkation of the missionaries.

In dissevering the various ties which bind me to the land of my birth, I find one of peculiar strength and interest. It is not easy to say farewell, when father and mother, brother and sister, and those scarce less dear, are left behind us at the word; it is not easy to break away from the sweet, simple attractions of social life, or the increasing fascinations of a world but too bright and beautiful; but there are other ties to break, other sorrowful farewells to be spoken. The parents and friends, brothers and sisters, whom Christ has given us, and who for his sake have loved us, occupy no remote corner of our hearts. Such friends of mine are, I trust, scattered over various parts of the country;

those whose prayers are at this very moment strengthening both hand and heart. Oh, I know you have prayed for me, ye whose prayers "avail much;" for, casting away my broken reed, and trusting in God only, I have been made strong.

We do not always feel the deepest love for those with whom we are visibly connected; so, though the beloved church in the village of Hamilton has never been my home, the strongest tie binding me to it is not that the names of those to whom God first gave me, are enrolled among its members. I have often worshipped there; there a resolution, a consecration of self which cost — the Omniscient only knows how great an effort — received ready encouragement and sympathy; there prayers were offered, tears wept, and blessings spoken, which I shall bear upon my heart — a precious burden; and thither I shall turn for future prayers, future encouragement, and future sympathy. Oh, my eyes grow dim when I think of the loved ones, friends of Jesus, in my own dear home — the beautiful village of Hamilton.

There is another church with whom I have a more intimate connection — the one whose commendation I bear to a strange people in a strange land, but worshipping no strange God.

There are to me no dearer ones on earth, than a little circle at Utica, with whom I have hoped and feared, rejoiced, and wept, and prayed. God grant that I may join that same circle above! that the tremulous voice which thousands of times has borne a confession of our sins and follies up to our Intercessor, I may hear again in songs of praise; that when the thin gray hairs are brightened, and the heavy foot made swift and light, I may return heavenly love for the counsels to which I have so often listened. I do not *ask* to be remembered there, for I know that parting in person cannot mar the union of spirit; and when my hand is strong, and my heart light—when Christ confers upon me any peculiar blessing, I shall think that Deacon Sheldon and those who love him and me, are praying for me.

There is another little church worshipping God quietly away in an obscure village; and with that church before all others, I claim my home. All the associations of childhood cluster there; and there still sparkles the bright waters where the revered Chinese missionary, now on his way back to the scene of his labors, administered the initiatory rite of the church, when she consented to receive the trembling, doubting child into her bosom. Oh, the church at

Morrisville, the sober, prayerful ones who were my first Christian guides, must let my heart have a home among them still. There are my Christian fathers and mothers, my teachers in the Sabbath-school, and those whom I have taught; the dearest, sweetest associations of life cluster around the little Missionary Society, the evening Bible class, the prayer circle, in which I first mingled; and the little plans for doing good, in which I was allowed to participate, when I first loved my Saviour, are as fresh in memory as though formed yesterday.

Dear friends of Jesus at Morrisville, ye whose prayers first drew me to the protection of your church; whose prayers sustained me through the many years that I remained with you; whose prayers, I trust, have followed me during the little time that we have been separated, will you pray for me still? When dangers and difficulties are about me, will you plead earnestly, "God help her!" Will you pray for me, now that we are to see each other's faces no more in this world? Ah, I know you will; so let me ask the same for those among whom I go to labor; those who know not Christ and his salvation, and yet "are without excuse." Pray for them, and for me, that I may do them good.

*Boston, July 6th, 1846.*

EMILY JUDSON.

## TO MY FATHER.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

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 for ever burn,  
Far over land and wave,  
The child whom thou hast loved, would make  
Her hearth-stone 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.

## FAREWELL SERVICES IN BOSTON.

REV. S. S. CUTTING.

We are indebted for the following interesting account, which we have slightly abridged, to an editorial letter in the *New-York Recorder*.

At three o'clock, on Tuesday, June 30, I had gone with the multitude to the house of God, the Baldwin-Place Church, where an immense audience was gathering to witness the designation of missionaries about to embark for the East. There was the veteran missionary, who had seen more than thirty years of service amid the paganism of Burmah, and leaning on his arm, in modest attire, the young bride, who leaves the companionship of early friends and the pleasant paths of literature, to be the successor of illustrious women, in the sympathies of his home, and the labors of missionary life. There were two young soldiers of the cross, going forth to the conflict, the Rev. John N. Beecher and the Rev. Norman Harris, with their wives; and there, too, was another, going as the companion of Mrs. Judson, Miss Lillybridge, whose countenance betokens extraordinary fitness for missionary labor, and from whom, if her life is spared, we shall hear in the records of her successes. Seven missionaries

in all — a goodly sight — assembled to be commended to God's care and blessing by the prayers of the great congregation, and those who were recruits in the service, to receive their instructions.

After a voluntary, the Rev. Rollin H. Neal, of Boston, read select passages of Scripture, when a chant and anthem were impressively performed, and an appropriate and solemn prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Ripley, of Newton, was addressed to the throne of grace. The Rev. Baron Stow, of Boston, then rose and delivered an address, in which he traced with graphic distinctness and power, the marks of Divine Providence in the progress of our missions from the beginning, and deduced thence lessons of faith, of duty, and of expectation. God has been said to be in history — he had been especially present in the history of our missions. Mr. Stow proved this from the circumstances of their rise — circumstances, which, however familiar, can never lose their interest. And here he showed how Judson was called to his work in another denomination — how he embraced our views, and how his appeals, which came to our fathers from the distant East, passed through our ranks like the rallying cries of battle, and awakened to their duty a denomination which had hitherto slum

bered. He went into details, and showed the guiding hand of Providence in the mysterious paths which led the Judsons to plant themselves on the banks of the Irrawaddy.

Mr. Stow next remarked, that the benignant interposition of the Divine hand was manifest in the severe discipline through which the Burman mission had been called to pass. He alluded to the vexations and difficulties to which the missionaries were subjected,—to the doubtings of the timid and the scoffings of the profane, and the deaths of missionaries, who followed close on each other's steps to the tomb. But he showed how darkness had given place to light, and how even the deaths of Mrs. Judson, and Mr. Boardman, and others, had accomplished even more than their lives. He then spoke of missionaries who had been compelled to return to their native land, and showed that even these dark providences had been overruled to the greater advancement of the cause of missions.

Finally, he traced the hand of God in the results of our missions. Different measures of success had been manifested in different stations, but none had been abandoned. More than \$900,000 had been contributed by our churches to this good cause. The Bible had been translated—more than 8000 converts had been won

to Christ. Then there was the influence of the cause of missions on the churches at home. This he illustrated, and then asked where was the vandal hand that would put back the churches into the condition in which the rise of this cause found them ?

Mr. S. then made kind and brotherly allusions to the missionaries present, bidding them go to lands hallowed by the toils of their predecessors, and to go cheered by the prayers of those left behind. His allusion to Dr. Judson was particularly touching : "Go," said he, "finish the revision of the Scriptures, and bow before God, as when you completed the translation,—bow, and we will bow with you in thankfulness and joy. Then may we hear of you again at Ava—not a prisoner tracking the desert with your blood, but received as an ambassador of Christ."

A hosannah was now sung, and the Rev. Dr. Sharp commended the missionaries to the care and blessing of God in earnest prayer, after which the *instructions* to the missionaries were read by the Secretary, Rev. Solomon Peck.

Singing followed, and then Dr. Judson came forward to address the audience, now hushed in breathless silence. Previous to the reading of his written address, he spoke nearly as follows :

"It has been announced that I am to make

an address, which I exceedingly regret. It is well known that I am unable to sustain my voice through more than a few sentences; and I have therefore requested the Rev. Mr. Hague to read a few remarks which I have written.

“I wish, however, with my own voice, to praise God for the proofs which he has given of his interest in missions; and to thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for the kindness which I have received from you. I regret that circumstances beyond my control have prevented my being much in this city, to make more intimate acquaintance with those whom a slight acquaintance has taught me so much to love. I am soon to depart; and, as is in the highest degree probable, never to return. I shall no more look upon this beautiful city—no more visit your temples, or see your faces. I have one favor to ask of you;—pray for me, and for my associates in the missionary work; and though we meet no more on earth, may we at last meet where the loved and the parted here below, meet never to part again.”

Dr. Judson spoke these words with perfect distinctness, and so as to be heard over the entire assembly. His tones indicated the deepest emotion, and those who witnessed, will never forget the scene.

## FAREWELL ADDRESS AT BOSTON.

REV. DR. JUDSON.

The following address was read to the meeting described in the preceding article, at the request of its author, by the Rev. William Hague.

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 recollections, 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 land and 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, are 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 this 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, as 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."

**EMBARKATION OF THE MISSIONARIES.****REV. H. A. GRAVES.**

For the following brief account of the sailing of the missionaries from Boston, on Saturday, July 11th, 1846, we are indebted to an editorial of the Christian Reflector.

We have now, at the writing of this, — Saturday afternoon, at 1 o'clock — just returned from being witnesses of a scene that can never fade from the vision. At the foot of Central Wharf, a large company, despite the oppressive heat of the weather, had collected; many of whom had stood on the ground for hours, that they might exchange the parting salutation, and catch the parting look of the loved and the venerated, going far hence to the heathen, 'to them that sit in darkness, in the region and shadow of death.' An appropriate and fervent prayer was offered by Rev. A. D. Gillette, of Philadelphia, and the beautiful hymn, which follows the present article, written for the occasion by Mrs. Edmond, was then sung. The voice of prayer, the sounds of music, hallowed by such a scene, who can ever forget?

On a small raised platform, as the noble vessel, the Faneuil Hall, was loosed from her moorings, stood the little group of missionaries, with him, their pioneer and chief, and her, who in fidelity to Christ accompanies him, conspicuous to the view. Rev. Adoniram Judson, D. D.,

and Mrs. Emily Judson, Rev. John S. Beecher and wife, Rev. Norman Harris and wife, and Miss Lydia Lillybridge, were the company.

“Bear them on, thou restless ocean,  
Let the winds their canvass swell.”

Before a sweet and favoring breeze, the ship bore them away as if proud of her treasure, and the sight of waving signals from the sea and the shore soon disappeared from the sight. The face of each missionary, so far as we could discern, wore a cheerful aspect, as if the smile and the love of Jesus, for whose sake they had given themselves up to this service, were during these very moments richly enjoyed. None appeared more so than she to whom her own sweet lines find now so fit an application :

“ I shrink not from the shadows sorrow flings  
Across my pathway ; nor from cares that rise  
In every foot-print ; for each shadow brings  
Sunshine and rainbow as it glooms and flies.

But heaven is dearer. There I have my treasure ;  
There angels fold in love their sunny wings ;  
There sainted lips chant in celestial measure,  
And spirit-fingers stray o'er heaven-wrought strings.

Then let me die. My spirit longs for heaven,  
In its pure bosom evermore to rest ;  
But if to labor longer here be given,  
‘ Father, thy will be done ’ and I am blest.”

Who will not bless God and take fresh courage, in view of the reinforcement that from the present and the late embarkation at New-York,\* is likely to result to our missions?

Another scene remains to be described for which we wait the lapse of time, and the decisions of a good providence. It is the joy of the Christians on the shores of Burmah, who shall receive to their hearts this company with their old "teacher," to guide them, and lead their wandering brethren in paths of holiness and of peace. Who will say that the latter scene will not send a warmer thrill to the spirit, than that which has now passed before our eyes!

How religiously sublime the spectacle of such a company aided by a few others, throwing themselves thus into the moral breaches of creation, going forth as the messengers of eternal life to millions of the perishing! Heaven grant that as in the past, so the prediction may more abundantly be verified in the future: "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." Let us never forget that these missionary friends go forth from **America**, and that *we* have sent them.

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\* This refers to the sailing of Rev. Mr. Dean and other missionaries for China, June 22d, 1846.

## FAREWELL TO THE MISSIONARIES.

MRS. A. M. C. EDMOND.

Fare ye well, O friends beloved !  
Speed ye on your mission high ;  
Give to lands of gloomy error  
Living truths, that never die.  
Tell, O tell them,  
Their redemption draweth nigh.

Bear abroad the gospel standard,  
Till its folds triumphant wave,  
And the hosts of sin and darkness  
Find forevermore a grave :  
Till, victorious,  
Jesus reigns, who died to save.

Fearless ride the stormy billows,  
Fearless every danger dare ;  
Onward ! in your steadfast purpose,  
We will follow you with prayer.  
Glorious mission !  
'Tis the cross of Christ ye bear !

Though our parting waken sadness,  
'Tis not all the grief of wo ;  
There are tears of Christian gladness  
Mingling with the drops that flow.  
'Tis for Jesus,  
That we freely bid you go:

Yes ! we would not here detain you,  
But our daily prayers shall rise,  
Earnest with the love we bear you,  
While you toil where error lies.  
Fervent pleadings,  
For rich blessings from the skies.

Man of God ! *once more* departing  
Hence, to preach a Saviour slain ;  
With a full, warm heart, we give thee  
To the glorious work *again*.  
Faithful servant !  
Thou with Christ shalt rest and reign.

Fare ye well ! till toils are ended,  
And on earth we cease to dwell ;  
Till around the throne we gather,  
Rapt in bliss no tongue can tell ;  
Friends in Jesus !  
Precious kindred — fare you well !

APPEAL FOR THE MISSION CAUSE.

ART THOU JESUS CHRIST'S MAN?

REV. JAMES D. KNOWLES.

The following stirring appeal on behalf of the mission cause, is founded upon the eager inquiry once made by a poor heathen to Dr. Judson: — "Art thou Jesus Christ's man?" This is the last poetic effusion but one, from the pen of Professor Knowles, the lamented biographer of Ann H. Judson.

Art thou Jesus Christ's man?  
 Redeemed by precious blood?  
 Baptized into his death, and raised,  
 In emblem from the flood?  
 Dost thou heed his last command—  
 "Preach my word in every land!"

Art thou Jesus Christ's man:  
 His image dost thou bear—  
 His love for guilty man, his zeal,  
 His self-denial share?  
 Canst thou see the Burman die,  
 Hear unmoved his wailing cry?

Art thou Jesus Christ's man ?  
Thyself hast freely given,  
To live for Him alone, till He  
Shall call thee home to heaven.  
And wilt thou still refuse to go,  
To rescue men from endless wo ?

Art thou Jesus Christ's man ?  
And does He let thee live,  
Where freedom, peace, and plenty reign ?  
And dost thou grudge to give  
Thy gold, to speed the gospel's flight,  
And fill the world with truth and light ?

Art thou Jesus Christ's man ?  
This question must thou meet,  
When thou, with all mankind, shalt stand  
Before His judgment-seat.  
How wilt thou then endure His eye,  
And what ! oh ! what, wilt thou reply ?

## WE WILL NOT SAY FAREWELL.

ADDRESSED TO REV. A. JUDSON.

R. A. R.

We may not tell thee what we feel,  
For words are powerless to reveal  
Love deep as ours to thee ;  
Love, which no stain of earth partakes —  
Love, pure and holy — for *His* sake,  
Whose image lives in thee.

We may not *praise* : we dare not tell,  
The love with which our bosoms swell,  
Nor can we cheer thy heart ;  
But with a power unfelt till now,  
We would call down upon thy brow,  
A blessing ere we part.

We *bless* thee. Feelings long repressed,  
Emotions ne'er before expressed,  
Break from their long control.  
We bless thee with no uttered word, —  
But Heaven the voiceless prayer hath heard —  
The language of the soul.

We *bless* thee, for the living light,  
Poured upon Burmah's starless night,  
    Bidding its darkness flee ;  
Let heathen converts tell the rest :  
*They* bless thee, and thou shalt be blest,  
    Through all eternity.

Farewell ! we may not call thee ours,  
Beloved from childhood's early hours, —  
    Thy home is far away.  
Thou art not of us, and thy heart  
E'en now is longing to depart, —  
    We may not bid thee stay.

Yet, yet 'tis hard to let thee go,  
Feeling that never more below  
    Thou in our midst may dwell  
How will our spirits cling to thee,  
Though we no more thy face may see ;  
    **WE WILL NOT SAY FAREWELL !**

We will go with thee. Seas may roll  
Between our homes, but the free soul  
    Across their waves shall glide.  
God grant us, when this life is o'er,  
To meet thee on a happier shore,  
    And still be by thy side

JUDSON LONGING FOR HIS BURMAN HOME.

H. S. WASHBURN.

The following lines, written for the present work, by the author of "The Burial at St. Helena," the first poetical effusion relative to Mrs. Judson, that appeared after the arrival of the bereaved widower in his native land, (see page 228,) will form an appropriate conclusion to the "Judson Offering."

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

---

\* This refers to an infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Judson, who died in Burmah after their departure for America.

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 !







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