VIEW ON THE GANGES.
A SKETCH OF ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.
The BURMAN APOSTLE.

BY DANIEL C. EDDY.

"ART THOU JESUS CHRIST'S MAN?"

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INTRODUCTION.

Several months ago I published in a secular newspaper a series of Sketches, entitled "The Ministers of the Olden Time." Among others, was a sketch of Dr. Judson, who was then living, and from whom no sad intelligence had been received. When, borne across the deep, came sadly to our hearts the melancholy tidings that the good man had found that rest which remaineth for the weary, the publisher of this work requested permission to republish that Sketch, so amended and enlarged as would render it interesting to the friends of the departed missionary, promising to bestow a certain part of the profits thereof upon the Nowgong Orphan School, in Assam. To that proposition I acceded, with the hope that the offering might be acceptable to the friends of Missions, and that, until a full memoir could be prepared by authorized persons, this little book might furnish interest for a leisure hour.
As the Board of the Missionary Union has decided to publish the life of this eminent man, at some future time, I have not felt at liberty to use materials which might have fallen into my hands, and to which I might have had access, which would have increased the value of this volume. I have inserted entire the accounts given of the visit of Mr. Judson to Ava in 1820, and his sufferings there in 1824. No abridgment of these would have been allowed by the reader; and though they have been read, again and again, they will not lose their interest, until men look upon the missionary enterprise as a useless expenditure of money, time, and labor.

The facts stated have been examined by Rev. Dr. Sharp, and several other gentlemen of eminence, and pronounced correct, with the exception that Dr. Judson was informed of the action of American Baptists in 1813, instead of 1815. A letter was written to him by Dr. Sharp, which communicated the joyful intelligence, and his heart was cheered with the idea that his new ecclesiastical friends were to be his warm supporters.

The following extract from a letter written by Rev. Dr. Woods, of Andover, the former instructor and ever faithful friend of our subject, will be read with interest; and as a valuable testimonial to the worth of a good man, and as a just appreciation of motive and character, it is here inserted. The letter was addressed to the author under date of Nov. 25, 1850, more than forty years after Mr.
Judson, then an unconverted man, presented himself as a pupil, to the venerable friend who now remembers so kindly his former charge.

"When Mr. Judson came to Andover, he was not a professor of religion, and gave no evidence of being a Christian. We consented to his staying in the Seminary for a time, but did not then admit him as a member. Within a month or two, however, he became thoughtful and anxious; and after a time he showed signs of a change, which we hoped was the saving work of the Holy Spirit. He was naturally the subject of manifest pride and ambition, and it required time and experience, and discipline and divine influence, to bring him to a considerable degree of humility, meekness, and gentleness.

"After awhile he set his heart upon the missionary work, and showed great ardor and decision in pursuit of that object. He possessed very active and promising talents, and attained to distinguished scholarship. You ask, whether he and his associates appeared to be impelled by extravagant romantic ideas. I think it was quite otherwise. They appeared to enter on the work after careful consideration, and with very sober scriptural views. They engaged in the enterprise as a serious Christian duty, — a work of benevolence, self-denial, and piety.

"Mr. Judson afterwards evinced great improvement of Christian character. His labors and trials were, through
the grace of God, the means of manifest growth in grace. When I spent a Sabbath with him at Hamilton, a little while before his departure, four or five years ago, he seemed to me to have made great progress in overcoming indwelling sin, and in attaining to the elevation and love-liness of the Christian.

"In a word, he was a man of eminent qualifications, and did a great work; and his decease is a subject of sorrow to the friends of missions of all denominations."

This volume is now given to the public with the prayer that it may awaken a missionary interest in the minds of the young, and be a source of good. It is not a memoir, but simply a Sketch, reprinted and enlarged, and adapted to more general circulation than it would have received in its original form; and to DANIEL SHARP, D.D., ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST ORNAMENTS OF A LIVING MINISTRY, IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, AS A MEMORIAL OF THE DEPARTED.
ADONIRAM JUDSON,

THE

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"God is in History," is a statement, the truth of which nations and ages are conspiring to prove. The last half century has wonderfully developed the plans of God, and unfolded to the eye of faith the most sublime visions of coming time. The dead past is being linked to the living present and to the unborn future with convincing certainty, and many of the predictions of the old prophets, which have long been buried beneath the rubbish of mysticism and doubt, now sparkle with light, and boast of their accomplishment. Men are beginning to see through the thin drapery of time, and hail the great purposes of a world's creation, with gladness. The last fifty years have been years of change, years of mingled light and darkness, years of peace and years of bloodshed. The world has
been startled by Freedom's life-cry, and by Freedom's groan. Truth has been crushed to the earth, and, Phoenix-like, has started up from her own ruins. The world has had its Napoleon and its Wilberforce; its Kossuth and its bloody Haynau. Adverse influences and principles have contended for the mastery; and banners, white and red, have waved side by side. The events, which have transpired within the half century, are not so important in themselves, as in their connection with other events, which they foreshadow. They are so many fingers,—some emaciated, and some red with blood; some trembling, and some held up fearlessly; but all pointing forward to more dire convulsions and more glorious and important revolutions. They are

"The baby figures of the giant mass
Of things to come at large."

But of all the great events by which the last half century has been signalized, no one is more important, and, to the Christian, no one is more precious than the great revival of missionary enthusiasm. When the clangor of the midnight bell announced the death of one century and the birth of another, the darkness which brooded over the earth was not more dense than the moral night was cheerless. The Christian world had not begun to feel the mighty motive to Christian activity, and religion sat with folded wings, nor spread herself for flight. The clergy,
instead of arousing men to action, were educating them in doctrine. Great men wasted time in writing ponderous volumes, which the world has no time to read, and which now moulder in dusty alcoves, food for the book-worm. The church saw nothing beyond herself, and, contented with her lot, desired no advancement. But a change has come;—a change as marvelous as that which came over Eden, when God said "Let there be light." Controversy, in which bitter feelings swallowed up all good, has been forgotten in the great desire to lift up the race, and save mankind. Christianity has spread her wings, and prophesied of a regenerated world; and man has learned to reeognize the poor Hindoo, the darkened Ethiopian, and the wandering Arab, as brother men. Religion has more than kept pace with literature, art, science, liberty, and equality.

As far as our own land is concerned, this great missionary revival is intimately connected with the movements of five young men, connected with the Divinity College at Andover; who, in the early part of the century, determined to go abroad as heralds of salvation. The idea was a lofty one, and involved results which those noble disciples could not have foreseen nor imagined. Their enterprise, which was eommeneed in trembling and fear, which was presented to the world hesitatingly and prayerfully, was immediately connected with the salvation of the whole human family. Its bare announcement started an
entire continent to thought and action. The slumbering energies of God's people were aroused, and a new impulse given at once to the cause of Christian benevolence.

Those five young men, who felt their souls thrilled with the great ideas connected with a regenerated world, and who formed a plan for the establishment of a mighty mission to the empires of darkness, have often been compared to seven spirits, who, in the Chapel at Mont-martre, centuries ago, founded the order of the Jesuits, and, headed by the unconquerable Loyola, went out to bring the world to the feet of the Roman pontiff. And, in many respects, they resembled each other. Each contemplated a mighty object; each was borne onward with an irresistible enthusiasm; each had conquered self; each was determined to subdue the world. But the motives were not alike: the results were to be far different. "The Society of Jesus" was originated in the unbounded ambition of its founder. Disappointed in the acquisition of military fame, crippled by his wounds, restless beneath his defeats, and mad with his race, he determined to found an Order which should be man's most bitter foe; which should hesitate at no crime, which should suffer no defeat. And out they went from the Chapel, in which their vows had been exchanged, sharp and shining as the sword of war. They entered the church of God, and stood in disguise beside the altar of the Protestant religion: they found their way into the courts of kings, and looked upon the most intricate affairs
of government; they knew the secrets of cabinets, councils, churches, and families. They went everywhere; practising all kinds of deceit, and making all manner of pretensions. They went as the monk of the shaven crown goeth, or as the courtly knight, or as the profound scholar, armed with ponderous volumes, as would best suit their purpose. They became the world's scourge, the plague of the earth; and, to this hour, though three centuries have rolled away, men tremble at their name.

The young men who met at Andover, and there determined to be the first American missionaries to the benighted tribes of the earth, were swayed by no restless ambition; impelled by no desire to injure man, or build up a faction; governed by no purpose of mortified pride, defeated cupidity, or desire for fame. They saw the condition of the human family; they understood the woes which had rolled in upon the human race; they were acquainted with the remedy; and, full of holy ardor, they determined to go forth, and hold up the cross, that the dying nations might look and live. They were entirely given up to the will of God; they had a twofold desire—to promote God's glory, and bless mankind.

"Henceforth, then,
It matters not if storm 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 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."

The disciples of Loyola went out to conquer fame. They went with a determination to make the cause of their leader prosperous among the nations of the earth. They went, full of desires for personal, political predominance. The young men at Andover went in view of privations, and knowing that on earth they could not receive their reward. They went, looking death and suffering in the face. They used the language of one who has succeeded them:

"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 hath struggled as he hath for me,
Should reach that blessed shore,—Oh then
This heart will glow with gratitude and love!
And, through the ages of eternal years,
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine below."

One of these young men,—a sketch of whose life and labors is now to be portrayed,—was Adoniram Judson, a youth then unknown, but whose fame now extends as far as the civilized world; and whose toils, so abundant, so severe, and so successful, are mentioned with gratitude by all who love our Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Judson was born at Malden, Mass., August 9, 1788. He was the son of a Congregational clergyman, who endeavored to educate the heart as well as the mind of his child. But, notwithstanding the prayers, tears, and counsels of his father, young Judson grew up without religion, and somewhat skeptical in relation to the great cardinal truths of Christianity. In this state of mind and heart, he entered upon a course of instruction at Brown University, where his standing in his class was such as to give satisfaction to all his teachers and friends. He graduated in 1807, and spent some time in travel, becoming acquainted with men and things, and securing a practical knowledge of life, which, in after years, was of much benefit to him.

Soon after he left the University, his mind was turned to the great themes connected with the salvation of the soul; and, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, his deistical notions vanished, and he saw his need of a vital union to Christ as his Saviour. He felt himself to be a
lost sinner, sold under sin, and having nothing to recommend him to God, but a carnal nature and a depraved heart.

To find light in his darkness, and peace in his sorrows, he went to Andover, and applied for admittance to the Theological Institution, which had just been established in that town. His object doubtless was, to avail himself of the benefits of the gospel. The idea of being a missionary, or even a minister, was far from his mind. His soul was like a vessel in a moonless, starless night, driven, an unmanageable wreck, upon the bosom of the water. He was admitted to the privileges of the Seminary, though the rules required evangelical piety, and a desire to preach the gospel, in all who presented their applications. The singularity of his condition led the officers to feel that the hand of Providence had presented a case which could not be controlled by their laws. And subsequent events proved that they had acted wisely, and they were led to adore the wisdom of Him whose ways are higher and better than the ways of men. In a short time, the new pupil became a convert, not only to the doctrines, but also to the experience, of Christianity. He rejoiced in a "new heart," and "a right spirit," and was made to glory in the cross of Christ.

Soon, he began to feel the claims of the ministry, and, conferring not with flesh and blood, determined to enter into the work which his Master was spreading out before
him. His conversion caused him to enter into his studies with new zeal and diligence, and light and peace broke in upon him at every step. Little did he know what God was preparing for him, and to what wild and desolate scenes he was soon to be led, and what sufferings he was soon to endure.

While residing at Andover, his mind was turned to the subject of missions. Dr. Buchanan's "Star in the East" aroused his attention, and filled him with the high and holy purpose which has animated him in all his labors since that time. That article went down into his heart, as lead goes down into the ocean, and stirred up its hidden thoughts and feelings, and led him to abandon home, and country, and all the joys of civilized life, for chains, and dungeons, and torture.

At that time there was no missionary organization in our country which could send him out to a heathen land, and he wrote to the London Missionary Society for facts and instruction upon a subject with which the people of America were then but little acquainted. The reply which he received had an encouraging effect upon his mind, and, from henceforth, he was determined upon a life in heathen lands, though it should prove a life of tears and sorrow. His own feelings were communicated to several other young men, who entered into them with pious zeal. After a plan had been somewhat matured, and opinions had been carefully and prayerfully formed,
they together made known their feelings to the Massachusetts Association of Congregational ministers, meeting at Bradford, in June, 1810. The document presented to this body was the following:

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

"They beg leave to state, that their minds have been long impressed with the duty and importance of personally attempting a mission to the heathen; that the impressions on their minds have induced a serious, and they trust a prayerful consideration of the subject in its various attitudes, particularly in relation to the probable success, and the difficulties attending such an attempt: and that, after examining all the information which they can obtain, they consider themselves as devoted to this work for life, whenever God, in his providence, shall open the way.

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

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

"Adoniram Judson, Jr.,
Samuel Nott, Jr.,
Samuel J. Mills,
Samuel Newell."

The committee, to whom this paper was referred, pondered and measured the whole subject. They carried it to the throne of grace; they laid it out before a prayer-answering God, and, at length, made the following report, which commended itself to the hearts of all who were convened:

"The object of missions to the heathen cannot but be regarded, by the friends of the Redeemer, as vastly interesting and important. It deserves the most serious attention of all who wish well to the best interests of mankind, and especially of those who devote themselves to the service of God in the kingdom of his Son, under the impression of the special direction, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' The state of their minds, modestly expressed by the theological students who have presented themselves before this body,
and the testimonies received respecting them, are such as deeply impress the conviction, that they ought not to renounce the object of missions, but sacrdely to cherish their present views, in relation to that object: and it is submitted whether the peculiar and abiding impressions by which they are influenced ought not to be gratefully recognized as a divine intimation of something good and great in relation to the propagation of the gospel, and calling for correspondent attention and exertions.

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

But there being no money at hand, no great encouragement could be given, and Mr. Judson was sent to England, to procure assistance from the London Missionary Society. On his way, the vessel in which he sailed fell into the hands of the French, and he was imprisoned awhile at Bayonne. Through the interference of Americans he was released, and arrived in England in May, 1811. Successful in some points, and unsuccessful in others, Mr. J. returned, and, with his associates, urged their claims, and the claims of missions, upon the Christians of America; stating to them that, in case their friends at home refused to act, they must place themselves under the care of Eng-
lish missionary organizations. Impelled by a love of souls, the Board at length decided to send them out, and trust in God for the funds with which to support them.

Mr. Judson became acquainted with Miss Ann Hasseltine in 1810, at the time of the sitting of the Association in Bradford. When it was decided that he should go out on a foreign mission, he invited her to accompany him, as the sharer of his sufferings and his rewards. After due consideration, in which interest and duty, love of home and love of Christ, struggled for the ascendancy, she gave him an affirmative reply, and they were married at Bradford, Feb. 5, 1812.

The ordination of these young disciples took place on the 16th of February, of the same year, under circumstances of peculiar interest and solemnity.

On a bleak day in mid-winter, a crowd of thoughtful men and women were seen passing along the snow-covered streets of one of our most beautiful New England towns, towards an ancient and venerable-looking sanctuary, built after the fashion of Whitfield’s Tabernacle, in London. They came from the foot of Witch Hill, from along the line of old wharves, across the north and south bridges, leaving the church of the venerable Hopkins on one side, and that of Bently on the other; swelling the joyful tide, which, from the “Manse of the Hawthorne’s,” in one part of the town, to the old Bell Tavern, just beyond the borders of the other, was flowing into the church, where
ADONIRAM JUDSON, 

preached the first secretary and faithful friend of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Whoever entered on that day, might have seen gathered in the pulpit, and around the altar, men of deep thought, and men of decided action. The most beloved ministers on the continent were assembled to perform an ecclesiastical service, evidently of the utmost importance. The vast, crowded assembly; the array of intellect, eloquence, strength, purity; the deep, thoughtful appearance of the whole assembly, all combined to give the service an aspect of unutterable solemnity. Before the pulpit sat five young men. The old pew, though remodeled, still remains; and when, a few years ago, Dr. Judson returned to this country, and entered that time worn sanctuary, whose walls so long echoed the eloquence and fervor of Worcester and Cornelius, names dear to missions, he sat down in it and wept aloud. These young men had come together, not to have the cross bound upon their shoulders, as it was upon the garments of the old Crusaders, — it was already engraven on their hearts, — but to receive a commission to go forth, and hold up that cross, that dying men might look upon it, and live.

The Rev. Dr. Griffin led the way to the Throne of grace, in a most hearty and honest prayer, in which, it is said, by those who heard him, that his soul seemed to glow, and be on fire with a holy enthusiasm, as, in the fullness of his heart, he referred to the great event which
had called together such a vast concourse of people. Rev. Dr. Woods, that good old athlete of the faith of the puritans, preached a sermon, full of the most judicious sayings and profound thoughts,—thoughts of high meaning, and fitly uttered. Dr. Morse offered the consecrating prayer, in which the church gave back to God those whom He had given to be her sons. Rev. Dr. Worcester gave the right hand of fellowship; and, while the tears trickled down his cheeks he addressed them with the most tender and touching language, until all hearts were melted, and the great congregation was in tears. Rev. Dr. Spring gave an impressive charge, in which the importance of piety, prayer, and humble dependence on God, were warmly set forth.

The service closed; and the young men went forth with the vows of God upon them, to suffer and die in the holy service. They had counted the cost, and were able to estimate the difficulties which were to be encountered. The future they were determined to brave; and, though prisons, stripes, and chains might await them, they were ready for the sacrifice or the toil. They went out from that old sanctuary with the highest good of man in view, and followed by the prayers of the church of God. They went not to found an empire; not to win fresh laurels on the field of blood; not to secure high honors in the halls of science; but to hold up a crucified Savior before men who had long been accustomed to the worship of senseless images, carved out of stone and wood. They went in
humble dependence on the Infinite, and the result has more than realized the most sanguine expectations of those who sent them forth, and who were constant in their appeals to God in their behalf.

Messrs. Judson and Newell, with their wives, took passage for Calcutta, on board the brig "Caravan," and sailed on the 19th of February, 1812. The day was cold; and, as the vessel floated down the harbor, and disappeared from the view of the inhabitants of the lower part of the town of Salem, but few realized what a precious cargo she carried to a world in darkness. The missionary enterprise was in its infancy, and the church had not been aroused to its importance and grandeur; and when the "Caravan," spread her white wings to catch the gales of ocean, some loved and prayed, but more pitied and condemned. To Mr. Judson himself, the contrast between his first and second sailing, must have presented itself with peculiar force, as he embarked the last time for his Indian home. He went out first, in doubt, and scarcely knew where on God's green earth he should find a resting-place. He went ere the hearts of Christians had been inspired with true ideas of duty, and when a comparatively small number were willing to identify themselves with a course so unpopular, even among the disciples of the Saviour. He went with no experience, no formed and fixed principles of action, but leaving all to God's providence. He started from the wharf almost alone. None were there to bid
him a kind farewell, or sing the parting hymn, or offer the Christian benediction.

But the second time, how different! The wharf was alive with human beings; all denominations were represented on the holy occasion. Mingled tones of joy and sadness were heard; prayers were offered, and hymns were sung, and Judson sailed amid the pious ejaculation, "God of heaven defend him," from a thousand lips.

Nothing very remarkable occurred upon the voyage. The great object for which they were going out employed all the thoughts of the missionaries, and they spent the time in better preparing themselves for active and successful labors. The winds and waves, held by Jehovah's hand, conspired to render the passage a safe and easy one; and though a "home on the deep" is seldom pleasant to lady passengers, yet the prospect of soon being in their field of usefulness, and the anxiety to prepare for the work before them, made the hours pass away very rapidly. Not only Mr. Judson and Mr. Newell, but also their wives, had many hours of pleasure and delight, while tossed by the tempest.

They landed at Calcutta, June 18, 1812, and were kindly received by Dr. Carey, who was connected with the English mission at Serampore. The doctor took them to his residence, fifteen miles from Calcutta, where they enjoyed his hospitality for some time, becoming acquainted with his associates, Marshman and Ward.
On his outward bound passage, it occurred to Mr. Judson that he should meet the Baptist missionaries at Calcutta, and perhaps be brought into controversy with them. He determined to examine the whole matter of difference between them and himself, and be armed at all points against their arguments. He commenced the study of the Scriptures, with the aid of such books as he had at hand, and gave himself up to a serious, candid search for truth. But as he advanced, doubts began to thicken around him, and the more he studied, the more perplexed he became. He was soon convinced that, in some of his views, he was mistaken, and with an agitated mind confessed to his companion that he must leave the denomination to which he then belonged, and by which he was being supported. The circumstances under which Mr. Judson was placed, forbid the idea of selfishness on his part. Everything must have been against the decision which he made, and the struggle in his mind must have been fearful. Whatever we may think of the truth of his new views, we can but admire the courage and manliness displayed in their avowal, under such circumstances of trial. Far from home, dependent upon the American Board for support, without any hope of being employed by any Baptist organization, he boldly declared that his views upon certain subjects had undergone an entire change, and that he must withdraw from a communion, the members of which had been so kind, and were still so dear to him. Mrs. Judson, though
she hesitated for awhile, and declared to her husband, “that if he became a Baptist she would not,” finally embraced the same opinions, and before the voyage ended was as strongly entrenched in her new views as was he. On landing at Calcutta, they communicated with Dr. Carey and his associates, and very soon united with the mission church at Serampore. They were baptized by Rev. Mr. Ward, in the Mission Chapel, in September, 1812.

Mr. Judson announced his change of views in the following letters.

TO DR. BALDWIN.

Calcutta, August 31, 1812.

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

A. Judson, Jr.

TO MESSRS. CAREY, MARSHMAN AND WARD.

Calcutta, August 27, 1812.

As you have been ignorant of the late exercises of my mind on the subject of Baptism, the communication which I am about to make may occasion you some surprise.
It is now about four months, since I took the subject into serious and prayerful consideration. My inquiries commenced during my passage from America, and after much laborious research and painful trial, which I shall not now detail, have issued in entire conviction, that the immersion of a professing believer is the only Christian Baptism.

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

Adoniram Judson, Jr.

TO REV. DR. WORCESTER.

Calcutta, September 1, 1812.

Rev. and Dear Sir: My change of sentiments on the subject of Baptism, is considered by my missionary brethren, as incompatible with my continuing their fellow-laborer in the mission which they contemplate on the island of Madagascar;—and it will, I presume, be considered by the Board of Commissioners as equally incompatible with my continuing their missionary. The Board will, undoubtedly, feel as unwilling to support a Baptist missionary, as I feel to comply with their instructions, which particularly direct us to baptize "credible believers, with their households."
The dissolution of my connection with the Board of Commissioners, and a separation from my dear missionary brethren, I consider most distressing consequences of my late change of sentiments, and indeed, the most distressing events which have ever befallen me. I have now the prospect before me of going alone to some distant island, unconnected with any Society at present existing, from which I might be furnished with assistant laborers or pecuniary support. Whether the Baptist churches in America will compassionate my situation, I know not. I hope, therefore, that while my friends condemn what they deem a departure from the truth, they will at least pity me, and pray for me.

With the same sentiments of affection and respect as ever,

I am, Sir, your friend and servant,

Adoniram Judson, Jr.

TO DR. BALDWIN.

Calcutta, October 22, 1812.

The missionaries at Serampore agree with us in opinion, that, if their Baptist brethren in America are disposed to enter into the plan, the cause of Christ will be best promoted by having an American Baptist Mission in these parts, as well as an English Baptist Mission. If, however, the number of those in America who are favorable to such a mission be so small, and their resources so scanty,
as to be inadequate to the undertaking, the Serampore missionaries doubt not that their Society in England will receive us as their missionaries, depending on assistance from the American Society as an auxiliary. The former plan, as you will easily imagine, would be more congenial to our feelings, and we cannot doubt the pecuniary resources of the Baptist churches in America. It is, however, necessary to state, that the expenses of a mission in the East will much exceed your expectations. The Serampore missionaries, who adopt the most economical measures, found it necessary to allow Mr. Robinson and wife, who were intended some months ago for Java, but have not yet sailed, one hundred and forty rupees — seventy dollars — per month. They also allow Mr. Chater and wife, with two children, in the island of Ceylon, one hundred and sixty rupees per month.

I wish also to state the following plan of the Serampore mission, which we cordially approve and wish to adopt. All the pecuniary avails of any of the brethren, as well as all moneys received from the Society in England belong to the common treasury. Dr. Carey’s salary in the college, of twelve thousand rupees per annum, Dr. Marshman’s income from the school, and Mr. Ward’s avails of the printing-press, are as much devoted to the common cause, as receipts from England. Out of the public treasury, each man, woman, and child, belonging to the mission, receives a monthly allowance for clothes, &c., which varies
according to age and circumstances, from twenty to forty rupees. The whole family, as well as the boarders, eat at a common table. The table expenses, as well as all the expenses of the mission, arising from building, repairs, servants, pundits, native preachers, &c., are defrayed by appropriations from the public fund. The fund for translating and printing is preserved distinct, in order to secure the subscriptions of some who might be unwilling to contribute to the common object. A missionary in an out-station receives an allowance proportioned to the expense of his situation. Should he be able to lessen this by a school, or by any other means, he is obliged to do so; and should his avails exceed his expenditure, the surplus reverts to the public treasury. Still farther, all the lands and buildings, belonging to the mission at Serampore and elsewhere, are deeded to the Society in England.

A. Judson, Jr.

Soon after this change of views upon this subject took place, Mr. Judson preached a sermon, giving the argument which had operated so powerfully upon his own mind. This sermon has passed through several editions, and is deemed, by the denomination to which the author lately belonged, as incontrovertible.

The arrival of such a body of missionaries from America, excited the suspicions of the British East India Company, a body at that time very unfriendly to the cause of Christ.
Orders were accordingly issued, that they leave the country, for the United States, without delay, and the most vigorous measures were taken to have these orders executed. Permission was, however, obtained to proceed to the Isle of France. Mr. and Mrs. Newell sailed at once, but the others, owing to unavoidable detention, aroused the anger of the officers of government, and another order was issued that they sail at once for England; but after many fears, and much perplexity and danger, they succeeded in evading these unjust demands, and at length permission was given that they embark in a vessel about to sail for the Isle of France, at which place they arrived January 17, 1813. The passage was long and tedious, and when they landed they were weary and discouraged. Mr. Newell met them on the shore with the sad intelligence that his beloved companion was no more; that already one of that little company, set apart in the Tabernacle church in Salem, had gone to her reward.

At this place, Mr. Judson and his wife remained a few months, endeavoring to do good to the souls of men; and then, committing themselves to the providence of God, embarked for Madras, and from thence sailed to Rangoon, at which place they arrived July 14, 1813. Dark was the cloud which went before them, and yet they followed it with cheerfulness. The all-wise God was preparing for them a home, which was to be consecrated with tears, and groans, and sufferings.
At Rangoon, Mr. Judson found the vestiges of a missionary station which had been nearly abandoned some time before. Here he determined to plant himself, and live and labor for perishing men. Thus commenced a mission around which glory now beams in lines of light, and which is endeared to the hearts of all Christians by its toils and its success.

While laboring on, Mr. Judson received the cheering intelligence that his appeals had awakened the Baptist denomination to action upon the subject of Missions, and stirred up a great people to take part in the regeneration of the world. The tidings that a Missionary Society had been organized, and funds were to be procured, that he might labor efficiently and happily in his new field, were borne across the ocean, and fell upon his ears, at a time when he needed encouragement and sympathy, and was a star in the dark night which had thus far been gathering about him. Of the action of American Baptists he was informed in the autumn of 1815, up to which time he had lived in a state of uncertainty, depending on God, and using his utmost endeavors to acquire a knowledge of the language and habits of the people.

The resolves passed in relation to Mr. Judson were as follows:

"Resolved, That the Rev. Adoniram Judson, Jr., now in India, be considered as a missionary, under the care
and direction of this Board, of which he shall be informed without delay. That provision be made for the support of him and his family accordingly; and that one thousand dollars be transmitted to him by the first safe opportunity. That the secretary of the Particular Baptist Society for Missions, in England, be informed of this transaction; and that this Board has assumed the pledge given by the Boston Mission Society, to pay any bills which may be drawn on them, in consequence of advances they may have made in favor of Mr. and Mrs. Judson.

"Resolved, That our brother Judson be requested, for the present, to pursue his pious labors in such places as, in his judgment, may appear most promising; and that he communicate his views of future permanent stations to this Board, as early as he conveniently can.

"Resolved, That the proceedings of the late Convention and of this Board, be communicated to the Baptist Missionary Society in England, and to their missionaries at Serampore, assuring them that it is the desire of this Board to hold an affectionate intercourse with them, in the work of the Lord: that they will ever be grateful for any information which the extensive experience of their brethren may enable them to impart on the subject of fields for missionary action, &c., &c., and will derive joy from the reflection that though, in these transactions, their respective seats of council be remote from each other, their hearts and aims are harmonious."
With so much zeal did the friends in this country enter into the work, that, the year following, Rev. George H. Hough and his wife, were sent out as a reinforcement. Mr. Hough carried with him a printing-press and a font of types, a welcome donation to the mission, from the English missionaries at Serampore. Mr. Judson received this valuable addition with tears of joy, and words of praise, and the arrival of his co-laborer was a bright and sunny spot amid the sombre shadows of his journey.

The manner in which Mr. Judson was engaged will be seen from the letters which were received by his friends in this country. The first is dated Rangoon, August 3, 1816, and is addressed to the Rev. Dr. Staughton, of Philadelphia.

"Four months have now elapsed since I was seized with a nervous affection of my head and eyes, which has prevented my making any advance in the language, and, the greater part of the time, has incapacitated me for even writing a letter. I had fully made up my mind to take passage to Bengal, with Captain Kidd, a pious man, who has been living with us for the last two months, when the news reached us that brother Hough had arrived in Bengal, and might be expected here in a few weeks. I consequently concluded to wait for the present, and take some future opportunity of trying the sea air, and getting some medical assistance, without which I have, for some time, feared that I should never be able to apply myself
again to my studies. Within a few days, however, I have felt more relief from the pain and distressing weakness of my eyes, than I have known since I was first taken; and I begin to hope that the measures I am now pursuing will issue in my recovery, without a voyage at sea.

"Since the 11th of last April, I have not been able to read a page in a Burman book. During this period, I found that I could attend, with less pain, to the compilation of a Burman Grammar, than to any other study. And this I was induced to persevere in, from the hope that, if I was never again able to prosecute the study of the language, the knowledge I have hitherto acquired would not be wholly lost to a successor. The grammar is now completed, and I had fully intended to forward you a copy by this conveyance; but I find that in my present state, it is impossible for me to transcribe it.

"All that I can do at present is to send you a copy of a Burman tract, which has been chiefly composed during the same period, and which I accompany with an English translation. The Burman original is pronounced, by my teacher and others, not only intelligible, but perspicuous; and to get this printed was one object that I had in view in going to Bengal. Brother Hough has, however, just sent round a press and types, which are now in the Rangoon river; and as he expects to follow himself, the first opportunity, and, as I have heard, understands the printing business, I hope the time is not far distant, when we
shall have a bit of bread to give to the starving, perishing Burmans, around us.

“'It will probably be impossible to keep the press long in Rangoon. It will be ordered up to Ava, as soon as the news of such a curiosity reaches the king's ears. Nor is this to be regretted; under the overruling providence of God, it may open a wide door to missionary exertions. Two of us would remove to Ava. But we could not subsist there, without an intermediate station at Rangoon. In this view of things, it would be very desirable, that another man should be found to accompany brother Rice. If I should say two men more, with brother Rice, as I wish to do, it might appear inconsistent with something I wrote some time ago. However, the press and a station at Ava quite alter the circumstances. I have been led to think and inquire more about Ava of late, by a report that is in circulation, that I am soon to be ordered up to Ava myself. And the more I think of it, the more I am inclined to believe, that it is the way in which the gospel is to be introduced into this empire. But whoever comes, I hope they will have more grace, more talent, and more sweetness of disposition than I have. These are three essentials requisite in a missionary, especially the latter, if he expects to be united with others.

"The British Baptists have made a noble beginning in Western India. It remains for the American Baptists to make an attempt on the Eastern side. But we need a
ADONIRAM JUDSON,

Carey, a Marshman, and a Ward. As for myself, I fear I shall prove only a pioneer, and do a little in preparing the way for others. But such as I am, I feel devoted to the work, and with the grace of God and the help of the Society, am resolved to persevere to the end of my life."

The progress made by Mr. Judson, in acquiring a knowledge of the language and an influence over the heathen mind, will be set forth most clearly by a few extracts from his letters and journals.

TO MR. WARD.

Rangoon, January 18, 1816.

I have finished the Ubidhan, to my great joy. But I know but little yet about the grammar and internal structure of the Pali. My object has been words simply, without much regard to their terminations. My collection amounts to four thousand three hundred and twenty words. And here I must let the matter rest for the present, being grieved at having spent so much time already on a work not directly Burman. I have heard of a new Pali grammar, lately compiled at Ava, said to be greatly superior to those now in use, and have taken measures to procure a copy. If I should succeed, I shall probably give a little more attention to the language.

I am now beginning to translate a little. I am extremely anxious to get some parts of Scripture into an intelligible state, fit to be read to Burmans that I meet.
with. I have nothing yet that I can venture to use. The Portuguese missionaries have left a version of some extracts of Scripture, not very badly executed, in regard to language, but full of Romish errors. This, however, will afford me some assistance."

TO DR. BALDWIN.

Rangoon, August 5, 1816.

It is about seven months since I wrote to America. The first three months of this time, I was employed on the Burman language, in a more interesting manner than I had ever been. I began to enter into my studies with such pleasure and spirit, and to make such rapid progress, as encouraged me to hope that the time was not far distant when I should be able to commence missionary operations. I was going forward in a course of most valuable Burman reading, and at the same time had begun to translate one of the gospels and to write a view of the Christian religion, in Burman, which, in imagination, were already finished, and circulating among the natives, when all of a sudden, in the midst of the hot season, which in this country is most severe during the months of March and April, I was seized with a distressing weakness and pain in my eyes and head, which put a stop to all my delightful pursuits, and reduced me to a pitiable state indeed. Since that time, excepting at some intervals, I have been unable to read or write or make any exertion whatever. Sometimes
I have almost given up the hope that I should ever be of any more service; sometimes I have been on the point of trying a short voyage at sea. This last was my intention, when I heard of brother Hough's arrival in Bengal, and concluded to wait until he should be settled here, when I could leave more conveniently. But, thanks be to God, it is now ten days since I have experienced a turn of severe pain, though I still feel great weakness in my head, and indeed throughout my whole nervous system. I begin now to hope that I shall gradually recover, though I fear I never shall be as I formerly was.

During my illness, when able to do any thing, I have employed myself in collecting what knowledge I have hitherto acquired of the language, and putting it together in the shape of a grammar, that it might not be wholly lost to others. My tract also is at length ready for the press, and I send a copy by this conveyance to Philadelphia, which may be some gratification to the Board. I would send a copy of the grammar also, if I were able; but it is too bulky to be transcribed, in my present state.

I expect it will not be long before I shall be ordered up to Ava. The press also, which has just arrived from Bengal, will not probably be allowed to stop long in Rangoon. This will open a wide field, and make it necessary to support two stations. I beg, therefore, that the Board will endeavor to send out one or two men with brother Rice, or as soon after as possible. The sooner they are on
the ground, learning the language, the sooner they will be fit for service. I have never before thought it prudent to write for more men, in addition to those I knew were destined to the place; but some favorable prospects lately begin to open; and the more I become acquainted with the state of things, the less reason I have to fear that the government of the country will, at present, oppose the work.

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

"I do not say, several hundred missionaries are needed here. This, though true, would be idle talk. My request, I think, is modest. Five men, allowing two or three to each of the stations, is the smallest number that will possibly answer."

Feb. 18, 1817. — "I have just heard that a person whom we have some time calculated on as a letter-carrier to Bengal, is unexpectedly going off in the course of an hour; have therefore time only to accompany the enclosed tracts with a line or two.

"We have just begun to circulate these publications, and are praying that they may produce some inquiry among the natives.

"And here comes a man, this moment, to talk about religion. What shall I do? I will give him a tract, to keep him occupied a few moments, while I finish this. There, my friend, sit down and read something that will
carry you to heaven; if you believe and receive the glorious Saviour therein exhibited.

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

March 7, 1817.—"Since the beginning of this year we have printed two tracts; the one, a view of the Christian
Religion — seven pages, one thousand copies; the other, a Catechism of six pages, 12mo — three thousand copies. After which, finding that we had paper sufficient for an edition of eight hundred of Matthew, we concluded to undertake this one gospel, by way of trial, and as introductory to a larger edition of the whole New Testament. I am now translating the eleventh chapter; and, in the printing-room, the third half sheet is setting up. Having premised thus much concerning the present posture of our affairs, I proceed to mention the circumstance which induced me to take up my pen at this time. I have this day been visited by the first inquirer after religion, that I have ever seen in Burmah. For, although in the course of the last two years, I have preached the gospel to many, and though some have visited me several times, and conversed on the subject of religion, yet I have never had much reason to believe that their visits originated in a spirit of sincere inquiry. Conversations on religion have always been of my proposing; and though I have sometimes been encouraged to hope that truth had made some impression, never, till today, have I met with one who was fairly entitled to the epithet of Inquirer.

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

TO MR. RICE.

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

"If any ask what success I meet with among the natives?—tell them to look at Otaheite, where the missionaries labored nearly twenty years, and, not meeting with the slightest success, began to be neglected by all the Christian world, and the very name of Otaheite began to be a shame to the cause of missions; and now the blessing begins to come. Tell them to look at Bengal also, where Dr. Thomas had been laboring seventeen years, that is, from 1783 to 1800, before the first convert, Krishno, was baptized. When a few converts are once made, things move on. But it requires a much longer time than I have been here, to make a first impression on a heathen people. If they ask again, what prospect of
ultimate success is there? — tell them, as much as that there is an Almighty and faithful God who will perform his promises, and no more. If this does not satisfy them, beg them to let me stay and try it, and to let you come, and to give us our bread; or if they are unwilling to risk their bread on such a forlorn hope as has nothing but the word of God to sustain it, beg of them at least not to prevent others from giving us bread. And if we live some twenty or thirty years, they may hear from us again.

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

Mr. J.'s first son was born in 1815, and to him was given the name of Roger Williams. He lived eight months,
twined himself around the hearts of his parents, and was then taken away by the cold and iron hand of death. His sainted mother says of him: "He was a remarkably pleasant child,—never cried except when in pain, and, what we often observed to each other was most singular, he never, during his little existence, manifested the least anger or resentment at anything."

In December, 1817, Mr. Judson left the station at Rangoon, to visit Chittagong, to perfect himself in the Burman language and to restore his failing health. His voyage was unsuccessful, and many fears were entertained that the vessel and her precious cargo had gone beneath the waves. Soon after his departure, Mr. Hough left for Bengal, removing with him the printing-press which had rendered so much service. By this step, the mission was brought into a crippled condition, and the heart of the good man, who returned, as one from the dead, just in time to bear alone the heavy sorrow, was almost broken. But, in September, 1818, hope revived, in consequence of the timely arrival of Messrs. Edward W. Wheelock and James Colman.

From this time, the prospects of the mission were more encouraging. Though, in a single year, Wheelock, broken down with consumption, and enfeebled by arduous labors, started for America, on the voyage to which fair land he found a watery grave, having, in his feverish insanity, thrown himself from the window of the cabin into the deep
blue ocean, whose waves closed over his form, and he was seen no more; though one sorrow came after another, God gave his toiling servants much reason for encouragement, even in the midst of their most severe trials.

The event, long anticipated, long prayed for, but long deferred; the event which must give so much joy to the heart of a Christian missionary—the conversion of a darkened heathen to Christ—at length came. Moung Nau, an intelligent and respectable native, was led to embrace Christianity, and become a faithful follower of the Lamb. He was baptized June 27, 1819; and, amid the prayers, and smiles, and tears of that little company of disciples, made a good profession, which was strictly maintained, until he was called to join the Church on high.

As the sun went down on that holy day, a heavenly scene was witnessed. The pale faced teacher sat down to the communion-table with the converted heathen, and, in two different languages, pronounced the words of the impressive and significant service; and, doubtless, the language of Moung Nau, the first convert baptized, was some thing like the language used by Krishno, the first Hindoo who ever broke the chains of idolatry, and became a follower of Jesus. This beautiful hymn was translated from the Bengalee into the English language, by Rev. Mr. Ward:

"O Thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy mis'ry bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget Him not.

Brumhu* for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
Discharging all thy dreadful debt;—
And canst thou e’er such love forget?

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

Infinite truth and mercy shine
In Him, and He himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

Ah! no—till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I’ll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

Ah! no—when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

In 1819, Mr. Judson and Mr. Colman determined to ascend the Irrawaddy, visit Ava, and see the monarch of the Empire, and urge upon him the claims of God and the

* The Hindoo name of the One God.
mission. Taking such presents with them as would be well calculated to dazzle the eyes of a rude and idolatrous king, they started for the Burman capital, and on their arrival, had an interview with the proud monarch. The whole effort failed, and with heavy hearts, they returned to their desolate homes. They were driven away from the feet of the sovereign in disgrace, and all their presents spurned and scorned.

Mr. Judson's visit to Ava is thus described in his journal, which will be read with much interest.

"Dec. 21, 1819. — After having made arrangements for our wives' residence in town, during our absence, brother Colman and myself embarked. Our boat is six feet wide in the middle, and forty feet long. A temporary deck of bamboos is laid throughout, and on the hinder part of the boat, the sides are raised with thin boards, and a covering of thatch, and mats tied on, so as to form two low rooms, in which we can just sit, and lie down. Our company consists of sixteen, beside ourselves; ten row men — a steersman — a headman, whose name is inserted in our passport, and who, therefore, derives a little authority from government, — a steward or cook for the company, which place is filled by our trusty Moung Nau — our own cook — a Hindoo washerman — and an Englishman, who, having been unfortunate all his life, wishes to try the service
of his Burman majesty; and this last personage may be
called our gunner, he having charge of several guns and
blunderbusses, which are indispensable on account of the
robbers that infest the river.

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

"Thus manned and furnished, we pushed off from the
shores of Rangoon. The teacher, Moung Shwa Gnong,
had not been to see us for several days, ashamed probably
of having declined accompanying us; but just as we were
pushing off, we saw his tall form standing on the wharf.
He raised his hand to his head, and bade us adieu, and
continued looking after the boat, until a projecting point
shut Rangoon and all its scenes from our view. When
shall we redouble this little point! Through what shall
we pass, ere the scene now snatched away be re-presented!

"The expedition on which we have entered, however it
may terminate, is unavoidably fraught with consequences momentous and solemn, beyond all conception. We are penetrating into the heart of one of the great kingdoms of the world, to make a formal offer of the gospel to a despot-ic monarch, and through him to the millions of his subjects.

"May the Lord accompany us, and crown our attempt with the desired success, if it be consistent with his wise and holy will.

"Jan 17. — Reached Pah-gan, a city celebrated in Burman history; being, like Pyee, the seat of a former dynasty. It is about two hundred and sixty miles from Rangoon.

"Jan 18. — Took a survey of the splendid pagodas, and extensive ruins, in the environs of this once famous city. Ascended, as far as possible, some of the highest edifices, and at the height of one hundred feet, perhaps, beheld all the country around, covered with temples and monuments of every sort and size — some in utter ruin — some fast decaying — and some exhibiting marks of recent attention and repair. The remains of the ancient wall of the city stretched beneath us. The pillars of the gates, and many a grotesque, decapitated relic of antiquity, check-ered the motley scene. All conspired to suggest those el-evated and mournful ideas, which are attendant on a view of the decaying remains of ancient grandeur; and
though not comparable to such ruins as those of Palmyra and Balbee, (as they are represented,) still, deeply interesting to the antiquary, and more deeply interesting to the Christian missionary. Here, about eight hundred years ago, the religion of Boodh was first publicly recognized and established as the religion of the empire.

"Here, then, Ah-rah-han, the first Boödhist apostle of Burmah, under the patronage of King Anan-ra-tha-men-zan, disseminated the doctrines of atheism, and taught his disciples to pant after annihilation, as the supreme good. Some of the ruins before our eyes were probably the remains of pagodas designed by himself. We looked back on the centuries of darkness that are past. We looked forward, and Christian hope would fain brighten the prospect. Perhaps we stand on the dividing line of the empires of darkness and light. O, shade of Shen Ah-rah-han! weep o'er thy falling fanes; retire from the scenes of thy past greatness. But thou smilest at my feeble voice. Linger then, thy little remaining day. A voice mightier than mine, a still small voice, will ere long sweep away every vestige of thy dominion. The churches of Jesus will soon supplant these idolatrous monuments, and the chanting of the devotees of Boodh will die away before the Christian hymn of praise.

"Jan. 25. — Passed Old Ava, the seat of the dynasty immediately preceding the present, and Tsahgaing, a place
of some note, distinguished for its innumerable pagodas, and the residence of one or two late emperors; and about noon, drew up to O-ding-man, the lower-landing place of New Ava, or Ahmarapor, about three hundred and fifty miles from Rangoon. At our present distance of nearly four miles from the city, and we cannot get nearer this season, it appears to the worst advantage. We can hardly distinguish the golden steeple of the palace, amid the glittering pagodas, whose summits just suffice to mark the spot of our ultimate destination.

"Jan. 27. — We left the boat, and put ourselves under the conduct of Moung Yo. He carried us first to Mya-day-men, as a matter of form; and there we learned that the emperor had been privately apprized of our arrival, and said, Let them be introduced. We therefore proceeded to the palace. At the outer gate, we were detained a long time, until the various officers were satisfied that we had a right to enter, after which we deposited a present for the private minister of state, Moung Zah, and were ushered into his apartments in the palace yard. He received us very pleasantly, and ordered us to sit before several governors and petty kings, who were waiting at his levee. We here, for the first time, disclosed our character and object: told him, that we were missionaries, or 'propagators of religion;' that we wished to appear before the emperor, and present our sacred books, accompanied with a petition.
He took the petition into his hand, looked over about half of it, and then familiarly asked several questions about our God and our religion, to which we replied. Just at this crisis, some one announced, that the golden foot was about to advance; on which the minister hastily rose up, and put on his robes of state, saying, that he must seize the moment to present us to the emperor. We now found, that we had unwittingly fallen on an unpropitious time, it being the day of the celebration of the late victory over the Cassays, and the very hour when His Majesty was coming forth to witness the display made on the occasion. When the minister was dressed, he just said, 'How can you propagate religion in this empire? But come along.' Our hearts sunk at these inauspicious words. He conducted us through various splendor and parade, until we ascended a flight of stairs, and entered a most magnificent hall. He directed us where to sit, and took his place on one side; the present was placed on the other, and Moung Yo, and another officer of Mya-day-men, sat a little behind. The scene to which we were now introduced really surpassed our expectation. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently were great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the further avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the
parade, which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Moung Yo whispered, that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall, as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward, unattended—in solitary grandeur—exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strided on. Every head, excepting ours, was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned towards us: 'Who are these?' The teachers, great king, I replied. 'What, you speak Burman—the priests that I heard of last night?' 'When did you arrive?' 'Are you teachers of religion?' 'Are you like the Portuguese priest?' 'Are you married?' 'Why do you dress so?' These, and some other similar questions, we answered; when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat—his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us. Moung Zah now began to read the petition, and it ran thus:—

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

"The emperor heard this petition, and stretched out his hand. Moung Zah crawled forward and presented it. His Majesty began at the top, and deliberately read it through. In the mean time, I gave Moung Zah an abridged copy of the tract, in which every offensive sentence was corrected, and the whole put into the handsomest style and
dress possible. After the emperor had perused the petition, he handed it back, without saying a word, and took the tract. Our hearts now rose to God for a display of his grace. 'O have mercy on Burmah! Have mercy on her king!' But, alas! the time was not yet come. He held the tract long enough to read the first two sentences, which assert that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that, beside Him, there is no God; and then, with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground! Moung Zah stooped forward, picked it up, and handed it to us. Moung Yo made a slight attempt to save us, by unfolding one of the volumes, which composed our present, and displaying its beauty; but his majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments, Moung Zah interpreted his royal master's will, in the following terms: 'Why do you ask for such permission? Have not the Portuguese, the English, the Mussulmans, and people of all other religions, full liberty to practise and worship, according to their own customs? In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them, take them away.'

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

"As for us and our present, we were huddled up and hurried away, without much ceremony. We passed out of the palace gates, with much more facility than we entered, and were conducted first to the house of Mya-day-men. There his officer reported our reception, but in as favorable terms as possible; and as his highness was not apprized of our precise object, our repulse appeared, probably to him, not so decisive, as we knew it to be. We were next conducted two miles through the sun and dust of the streets of Ava, to the residence of the Portuguese priest. He very speedily ascertained, that we were in possession of no wonderful secret, which would secure the emperor from all disease, and make him live for ever; and we were accordingly allowed to take leave of the reverend inquisitor, and retreat to our boat.

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

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

"We went to the house of Moung Zah, some way beyond the palace. He received us with great coldness and reserve. Mr. Gauger urged every argument that we suggested, and some others. He finally stated that, if we obtained the royal favor, other foreigners would come and settle in the empire, and trade would be greatly benefited. This argument alone seemed to have effect on the mind of the minister, and, looking out from the cloud which covered his face, he vouchsafed to say, that, if we would wait some time, he would endeavour to speak to his majesty about us. From this remark it was impossible to derive any encouragement, and having nothing farther to urge, we
left Mr. Gauger, and, bowing down to the ground, took leave of this great minister of state, who, under the emperor, guides the movements of the whole empire.

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

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

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

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

"Feb. 12.—Reached Pyee, two hundred and thirty miles from Ava; our descent on the river being, of course much more rapid than our ascent. Here, to our great surprise, we met with the teacher, Moung Shwa Gnong. I hinted our intention of leaving Rangoon, since the emperor had virtually prohibited the propagation of the Christian religion; and no Burman, under such circumstances, would dare to investigate, much less to embrace it. This intelligence evidently roused him, and showed us that we had more interest in his heart than we thought. 'Say not so,' said he; 'there are some who will investigate, notwithstanding; and rather than have you quit Rangoon, I will go myself to the Mangen teacher, and have a public dispute. I know I can silence him. I know the truth is on my side.' Ah, said I, you may have a tongue to silence him, but he has a pair of fetters and an iron mall to tame you. Remember that. This was the substance of our conversation, though much more prolix; and he left us about nine o'clock at night.

"This interview furnished matter for conversation till past midnight, and kept us awake much of the remainder of the night. Perhaps on arriving in Rangoon, we shall find the disciples firm, and some others seriously inquiring. Perhaps we shall discover some appearances of a
movement of the divine Spirit. Perhaps the Lord Jesus has a few chosen ones whom he intends to call in, under the most unpropitious and forbidding circumstances. Perhaps he intends to show, that it is not by might, nor by power, but by his Spirit. In a word, perhaps in the last extremity, God will help us. Ought we, then, hastily to forsake the place? Ought we to desert those of the disciples that we cannot take with us, and some others, for whom perhaps Christ died, in such an interesting crisis of their fate? Would it be rashness to endeavor to trust in God, and maintain the post, though disallowed by government, and exposed to persecution? But again, can we bear to see our dear disciples in prison, in fetters, under torture? Can we stand by them, and encourage them to bear patiently the rage of their persecutors? Are we willing to participate with them? Though the spirit may be sometimes almost willing, is not the flesh too weak?

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

"Feb. 18. — Arrived in Rangoon."
"Feb. 24. — We have spent three or four days in enquiring about Chittagong, and the prospect of getting a passage directly thither, or by the way of Bengal.

This evening Moung Bya came up with his brother-in-law, Moung Myat-yah, who has lived in our yard several months, and formerly attended worship in the zayat. I have come, said Moung Bya, to petition that you will not leave Rangoon at present. I think, replied I, that it is useless to remain, under present circumstances. We can not open the zayat; we cannot have public worship; no Burman will dare to examine this religion; and if none examine, none can be expected to embrace it. 'Teacher,' said he, 'my mind is distressed; I can neither eat nor sleep, since I find you are going away. I have been around among those who live near us, and I find some who are even now examining the new religion. Brother Myat-yah is one of them, and he unites with me in my petitions. (Here Myat-yah assented that it was so.) Do stay with us a few months. Do stay till there are eight or ten disciples. Then appoint one to be teacher of the rest; I shall not be concerned about the event; though you should leave the country, the religion will spread of itself. The emperor himself cannot stop it. But if you go now, and take the two disciples that can follow, I shall be left alone. I cannot baptize those who may wish to embrace this religion. What can I do?' Moung Nau came in, and expressed himself in a similar way. He thought that several would
yet become disciples, in spite of all opposition, and that it was best for us to stay awhile. We could not restrain our tears at hearing all this; and we told them that, as we lived only for the promotion of the cause of Christ among the Burmans, if there was any prospect of success in Rangoon, we had no desire to go to another place, and would, therefore, reconsider the matter."

We here have an admirable specimen of the courage of the missionary, in thus boldly and fearlessly presenting himself before a heathen monarch, to ask permission to plant the Gospel throughout his dominions. That monarch was surrounded by his priests, and the altars of his false gods, and by his ministers of state, who were all devoted to the service of Boodhism, and active in sustaining it. They, of course, would oppose the religion of Christ, which if successful must overturn their temples and altars, destroy their system of idolatry, change the whole aspect of government, and affect seriously, for good or evil, all the departments of the state. But he went to Ava notwithstanding all the discouraging and appaling features of the case. He felt somewhat as Paul felt, when called to Rome, to preach to the enemies of the cross. Stripes, and chains, and prisons, and death might await him, but he must go. The voice of duty, the dictates of conscience and benevolence he must obey. The same God who had called him out of the dark shades of infidelity, who had inspired him
with the great idea of a missionary life, who had brought him across the ocean in safety, was able to deliver him, and even if he suffered martyrdom at the foot of the golden throne, he could trust in the same Deliverer and Friend.

His unwavering confidence in the success of missions was clearly evinced. On his way, and as he arrived within sight of the imperial city, and saw on every side, the pagodas and temples, he could invoke the shade of the mighty Shen Ah-rah-han, and bid him weep over his falling fanes, and assure him, that the dominion of his delusive religion was nearly at an end. And doubtless through all the course of Dr. Judson, God has given him a faith which is not usually conferred upon his brethren. He has ever seemed to walk in a clearer, purer light than that which encircles most of the ministers of Jesus. From the day when with Mills and Newell he was seen kneeling in the field in Andover and consecrating himself to the holy cause, down to the hour of his decease, his life has borne more of the impressions of exalted faith, than almost any other man of our times. When all others have bowed in discouragement, and all hearts yielded to the heavy pressure of adverse and calamitous considerations, his eye discerned amid the gloom, signs of coming good. The promises of God, made so solemnly and so often repeated, were enough to sustain him in the dark hours which came upon those who were first sent out. His faith wavers not under any circumstances. Whether taken a prisoner by the
French while on his way to England for aid, or tossed and plunged upon the ocean, or driven from India by the government, or wearied and fainting at Rangoon, or imprisoned at Ava, or weeping over the grave of his first love at Amherst, or burying the form of his second companion in the hard cold bosom of St. Helena, or lying on his own death bed, his soul is always cheered by the holy declaration, "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end."

Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that the great head of the Church, had given him a clearer revelation of his holy purpose, than we have yet received. Selected, and appointed to a specific work, and sent out by God as a pioneer in the service of the church, it seems to have been in accordance with the Divine plan, that he should have a broader and more comprehensive view, not only of the vast fields to be cultivated, and the horrid degradation of the people, but also of the glorious changes which are to transform this earth from a Golgotha of wickedness to a garden blooming with the rose of Sharon, from the shades of sin and wickedness, and the wiles of crime and woe, to the residence of holy men, and the songs of salvation and eternal life.

So much were these servants of God perplexed, that it was at once decided that Mr. Colman should seek some new field of labor, while Mr. Judson remained at Rangoon to comfort the hearts of the three converts who had broken loose from heathen folly, and given their hearts to God.
But God was more gracious than his people supposed, and within a few months Mr. Judson led seven others down into the waters of baptism.

The home of Mr. Judson at R. was rendered lonely in 1821, by the departure of Mrs. J. for the United States. Her object was two-fold. Her health had been injured by continued labor, and she needed a season of rest and recreation to restore it. Besides this, she desired to awaken an interest on behalf of missions, among the women of America. This she was successful in accomplishing. By her letters and addresses she aroused and kindled to a flame the decaying embers of missionary interest, and her visit will long be remembered with pleasure by those who were enabled to form an acquaintance with her.

In 1821, Jonathan Price, M. D. and his wife were sent out to labor with Mr. Judson. Their arrival in December caused great joy in the heart of the solitary missionary, who welcomed them with gladness. Soon after, Mr. Hough returned from Serampore, with his printing-press, and the prospects of the mission appeared still more encouraging.

In 1823, Mr. and Mrs. Wade were sent out, and, on their arrival, it was decided that Mr. Judson should proceed to Ava, to attempt a mission there beneath the very shadow of the throne. This measure originated in the fact that Dr. Price was received at the Court with much favor on account of his medical skill, and it was determined to take advantage of this circumstance to advance, in that
idolatrous city, the cause of the Redeemer. The work at Ava commenced well, and continued well until the war with the English broke out, and most serious troubles ensued. At the onset the missionaries at Ava and Rangoon were seized, cast into prison, and treated with the most horrible cruelty. Mrs. Judson, who had returned from America a short time before, exerted herself to obtain their release, but all in vain. Her applications to the inferior officers were all fruitless, and all she could do, was to visit the wretched prisoners in their distress, and, to a very limited extent, relieve their wants. After the most unparalleled sufferings, they were released, and permitted to leave the capital of the golden monarch; and by invitation of Mr. Crawford, the English commissioner, Mr. and Mrs. Judson took up their residence at Amherst, a town which was designed to be the centre of English influence in the Burman Empire.

The following account of the imprisonment of the beloved servants of God, will be read with interest. It is from the pen of one who endured those horrid cruelties, and drank the cup of suffering.

"The news of the fall of Rangoon, reached Ava on Lord's day, May 23d, 1824, when nothing could exceed the rage and bustle of the population. A considerable force was hurried off the next morning, under the Kee Woongee, with particular instructions to make all imagina-
ble haste, lest the audacious marauders should escape the vengeance in store for them. On Monday morning, about 25 gold boats, each mounting a small piece of artillery, and well provided with muskets, started with orders to raise the whole country if necessary, to drive out the insidious banditti, who had come thus unawares upon an unoffending town. The current of feeling was now so strong against the English residents, that Mr. Gouger sent over to me to enquire, if it would not be more safe for him to remove to Sagaing, and put up with me out of the way of the popular fury. I informed him I should be very happy to entertain him at any other time, but at present, I thought our herding together would only excite suspicion, and hasten the ruin of us both.

"For three or four successive days, we were informed of repeated attempts to get permission to lay violent hands upon us. But Mr. Laird as often defeated them, by means of his great influence with the king. Finally our friend, a mussulman, with a long beard, went in to make a particular complaint against us. This I was informed of on Saturday noon, while on my way to the house of Prince M. On my return I met Mr. G's. horse without the rider, and was then made acquainted with the too fatal success of the diabolical accuser. Fear for my own safety, now succeeded that of sympathy for my friend, and I firmly expected on my arrival, to find a band of ruffians to take charge of my person also. But my time was not yet."
"On the following day, however, while absorbed in deep musing, with my face towards the door, I was roused by the dread approach of a constable. You are ordered to the Palace, was the appalling signal (I thought) of my fate. I arose, followed the messenger with fearful forebodings, was ushered into the secret council chamber; presently a writer of the privy council appeared and questioned me as to my country, my calling, my acquaintance with Mr. T., Mr. M. A., Mr. R., &c. of Rangoon, and finally, whether I had seen a bundle of newspapers, brought up to Ava, by Capt. L., and said to contain an account of the intended attack on Rangoon; my reply in the affirmative to this last query, decided my crime, and I was remanded to the guard room, when Mr. J. was called and questioned on the same points; likewise Mr. G., Mr. R., and Mr. L., by whose separate examinations it came out too plain to be denied, that the said five white men were in the dangerous practice of visiting at each other's houses, eating and talking together, and that each and every one of the said five, together with Mr. Arrekill, an Armenian, and Mr. Constantine, a Greek, were past all doubt acquainted with and communicated information unto all or most of the foreigners in Rangoon, who had all unequivocally gone over to the side of the enemy. These facts being plainly established, the said prisoners were remanded into close custody, in separate guard rooms, near the secret council chamber, with the exception of myself and Dr. J., who were permitted to
return to our houses, with orders to be ready against we
might be wanted.

"On the 8th of June an order was given 'to keep safe
all the foreigners.' On this very morning I had unwit-
tingly resolved to visit once more our friend Prince M.
On my way I heard a friendly voice calling out to me;
when turning aside, I found it to be no other than my first
and oldest friend Moung yay, the keeper of the king's ward-
robe. He just gave me a hint of my danger, and then
hurried away. Darkly lowering seemed my prospect, yet
I pushed on to the house of Prince M.; but all his kind
soothing could not dissipate the cloud which hung like night
upon me. While I was sitting here the five white men
were taken from the king's guard room, stripped of all their
articles of clothing, except the shirt and pantaloons, drag-
ged out to the Loots or House of Lords, thence hurried
forward to the Court House in the greatest imaginable sus-
pense, and delivered over to the keeper of the king's pris-
on, called by way of distinction, the 'Stick at nothing,'
or 'Dreadnought.' (Let ma gune.) Here they were each
honored with three pairs of chains and strung on a pole
together. Mr. J. was just about preparing for dinner
when a number of people entered his ground. On asking
two or three women, (who were hastily mounting his ve-
randah,) what they wanted, they replied they had come to
look on; in a moment the verandah was thronged, and a
rough voice called out for the teacher. Mr. J. came for-
ward, and without any warning, was immediately seized, thrown on the ground, and his arms tied with all the force the barbarian was capable of. Mrs. J. came forward (in agony better to be conceived than described,) and offered to give money to have the rope eased off her husband. But the wretch, instead of listening to the grief-impassioned request, cried out, She is also a white foreigner, tie her too. For a moment Mr. J.'s own exquisite torment was forgotten in the heart-rending apprehension, that Mrs. J. was about to undergo the same cruel indignity. The assurance, however, that this was not the case, softened the pain occasioned by the violence offered in dragging him roughly away towards the town, so tightly bound that he could not half draw in his breath. At a quarter of a mile's distance, he was again thrown down in the street, the cords drawn more tightly, with repeated strokes of the knee on his back, so as almost to induce fainting, and money demanded in order to their being loosened.

"A Christian native who had followed at a distance, now came forward and offered to go back for the money, but before his return, the anguish endured was so great, that Mr. J. was obliged to appeal to the numerous bystanders. — 'Is there no one who knows me; is there no one who will be my security for the money, no one who pities me? I am a priest, and though a foreign one, deserve not such indignity, such torture.' But none stepped forward, and the cruel monster persisted in tightening the cords until
the arrival of Moung Ing with ten ticals of pure silver, when his arms were somewhat relieved, so as to allow a more free respiration, and he was again hurried forward a distance of nearly two miles to the prison house, and there, after being fettered, strung on the same bamboo with the preceding five unhappy men.

"In the mean time, I had left the house of Prince M. at 3 P. M. having just missed the horrid sight of Mr. J.'s agony, and had reached the river side with a heavy heart, which was not at all lightened by a black look I there received from the chief man of the golden navy, who had on all previous occasions met me with a smile. I passed over to Sagaing, fully impressed with the idea that something dreadful was approaching, though I knew not what. Having arrived at home, the sight of my dear wife and child was painful in the extreme. I dared communicate nothing of my apprehensions, but after a slight attempt to dine, hurried to the top of my house and endeavoured alone to compose myself; but all in vain. At dusk I was joined by Mrs. P. and child; we had taken only a few turns, when a dreadful noise was heard below; knowing too well the cause of the uproar, I hastened down, and was informed that more than fifty men were preparing to surround and take possession of my house. My scattered senses seemed to collect of themselves; I saw the long dreaded hour had arrived, and I was myself again—yea more, I was or seemed to myself to be supernaturally assisted; I looked
down on the treacherous breach of all formerly plighted royal faith; I felt a martyr, and determined to shrink from nothing which was before me. In answer to loud demands from without, I opened the door, was ordered immediately to sit down on the floor, to give an inventory of my effects, to shut and bar the doors and windows, and follow them. Having committed all to the care of my wife, who by this time had found her way to me, I commended her to our common Protector, and took my leave of my newly-built mansion, never expecting to enter it more. My conductors attempted at first to extort money, by threatening to tie my arms, but finding me ready to submit to any thing, they betrayed their want of any warrant to use me roughly; and changing their line of conduct, immediately began to treat me uncommonly well, and actually carried an umbrella over me to guard me from the rain, all the way to the government house. Arrived here, the great man said I was called for to be asked some questions he supposed; the real cause he knew not, but we must repair to the Court House.

"Hand in hand we proceeded to the Yong dau, or Court House, where I was delivered over to the Ava town clerk, and heard the laconic order, 'P. and J. 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 every thing mov-
able about me. The head executioner now received a wink, which authorized him to seize me rather rudely by the shoulder, and caused me to descend without the trouble of seeking the stairs. 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. Four or five young women in a like predicament manifested some pity; but all else was savage, unfeeling complacency. My three chains 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, sixty or seventy 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. Stupefied, 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. Poor old R. wishing to retain the end of the bamboo, made way for me to be placed along side of Mr. J. 'We all hoped you would have escaped, you were so long coming,' was the first friendly salutation I had yet received; but alas, it was made by friends whose sympathy was now unavailing.

"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 Stronghold, 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 the night. Nature shuddered, but the soul was unshaken: our confidence was in the Rock of Ages. We were not left, however, without many a pang; for ever and anon the situation of our dear families presented itself to us, and the thought of what they might even now be suffering on our account, and in their own persons, was like racks and tortures to our hearts. Still we reflected, they too are in the hands of a merciful God; they too may be now enjoying a portion of that support which we ourselves feel, and we concluded to commit them to his Almighty keeping, and our minds were much relieved. The night was rainy, and we were much incommoded by the circumstance; the stench of the place was almost in-
ADONIRAM JUDSON.

Tolerable; we had no bed but the greasy filthy floor of our prison; and unable to move our bodies for the bamboo, which passed between our legs, our situation became exceedingly distressing, when at length the morning dawned upon our sleepless eyes. For a long time we were doubtful of the day light. The rain continued to descend in torrents, and no window or door was there to the room. At length the bamboo wicket was opened, and a figure approached us of a most terrific appearance and a horrid countenance. He jocursively saluted us, hoped we had slept well, and in reply to our repeated requests, said he would order us to be let out for five minutes. He was as good as his word. And now commences the history of our luxuries. First and foremost, to find ourselves again on our feet, to be able to move our limbs, shackled as they were. Ye who ride for pleasure, believe me when I assert you never enjoyed an hour worthy to be compared with these few minutes; and then to get out into the fresh air! the rain, the mud, we heeded not, our enjoyment was pure; but, alas! like all things here below, soon to cease. Again we were turned in, and notwithstanding our remonstrances, again obliged to take our station as before. The arrival of our breakfast afforded another short interval of relief; but we were not allowed to communicate with our people who brought it, and hence still kept ignorant of the situation of our dear families; our appetites being not very keen; were soon satisfied; and our dishes sent away we relapsed.
into our former reflection, What is to be done with us? The night was inconvenient to have us executed; no doubt the day will be fixed on for the purpose. Every thing around us was alarming— we were in the worst prison, in the worst part of it, and most rigorously treated. Our crime too admitted of no advocate, the populace even seemed to join in cursing us. Among our fellow-prisoners, few sympathized with us; and it was the invariable custom of the country, that such as we should not be permitted to live. Many groans were uttered, and many tears shed, before this weary day passed off. Poor old—— thought it a very hard case he should have served the king of Burmah forty years, and be rewarded thus at last.

"Mr. J., Mr. G., and myself spent the day in as composed a frame as could be expected, considering our noisy company, want of rest, and uneasy situation. The night passed off tolerably well; tired nature's sweet restorer, cast in over us the mantle of a temporary oblivion.

"The next morning, Mr. J. was called out early, by some man of consequence, who wanted to know if he meant to stay inside forever; asked why he had not applied with a proper present to procure the liberty of the yard—which would have saved him the trouble of calling at this time to offer him the choice of paying three hundred ticals, (four hundred S. R.) or of being still more rigorously treated. Mr. J. told him it was an exorbitant demand; that he was a priest, and ought not to be compelled to pay money at
all. On which the man, who proved to be the town clerk, assumed an air of high authority; said he would go down to his house and see for himself whether he had the ability of paying or not; ordered him immediately to give in a true account of all his effects, and by no means to leave out an article; at the same time using very abusive and threatening language. This unauthorized conduct excited the indignation of a woman present, (Ma Cathai) who sharply interposed, and the examination was stopped. I was then called out, and the same demand was repeated, to which I made the same reply. Highly exasperated, he called for the old jailor, and ordered me back to be more tightly kept (kyat kyat 'tah.) Mr. J. was also ordered in, and a hint given that if one hundred pieces were given, we should be let out of the close room. Mr. G. and Mr. R. were let out this morning on the payment of about four hundred.

"Just after breakfast a meeting took place between Mr. and Mrs. J. of such a nature as to affect even to sobbing our hardened keeper who was also a fellow prisoner. We were now informed, for the first time, that immediately after Mr. J’s departure, the house was surrounded with guards, every thing in the yard broken or destroyed, or carried away, and at length she was obliged to suspect them of intending the same thing in the house. She accordingly retired within, and having fastened all the doors remained quietly to wait the event. Soon the de-
mons appeared at the door, and ordered it to be opened, threatening to break it down. But not obtaining their purpose, they seized on the cook and consumer, tied them by the feet, and hoisted them towards the ceiling. The cries of these poor wretches effected what the threats of the others could not; and to relieve her people, Mrs. J. opened a wicket and threw out to them six or seven handkerchiefs, on which they desisted from further violence, keeping up nevertheless a most deafening noise the whole night. In the morning the head of the district came to see her; to whom she complained of the conduct of his people. On which he reprimanded them severely, ordered them to give back the handkerchiefs, and in a day or two removed them entirely from the house: when Mrs. J. was left quite at liberty to go where she chose; of which liberty we often, very often reaped the benefit; for although her house was full two miles off, she almost daily walked this distance to alleviate our miseries and complain to the proper authority when the understrappers used us ill.

"On the day she first visited the prison, we had a most grateful proof of her assistance; for so soon as she witnessed the scene of our sufferings, she rested not until she had procured, on the same day, the enlargement of us both. The day following, Princee Tlarawottee sent and ordered the enlargement of Capt. L. The remaining two were relieved the next day, no money being obtained from them.

"Being all seven now placed in a comfortable room by
ourselves, we began to take that enjoyment which so great a change in our circumstances was calculated to produce. Mr. G. even proposed sending for chairs, and tables, &c. that we might have every thing in as good style as possible.

"While we were quietly consulting on these matters, a crowd of people thronged into the prison, bringing a man who was accused of robbing jewels to a very high amount. He was confronted by the accuser, a woman who affirmed him to be the man who had put a dagger to her throat, and prevented her crying out for aid. Refusing to confess, his torture commenced, to which we were obliged to be unwilling spectators, for besides that we were all naturally averse to such a sight, we only anticipated in every contortion and groan of the unhappy man, the state we might soon be in. He was first jerked suddenly by the hair of the head, from the floor of the hall, and landed on the ground; next his hands were tied very tight behind him, and drawn up to a high pole, so as almost to dislocate the shoulder. Last of all, his knees were bound fast together, and two hand spikes put in the figures of the letter X between his thighs, when with an immense advantage of power, the two levers were brought, each to a perpendicular, like the letter H, the hip joints almost or quite dislocated; and the wretched sufferer uttering a horrid shriek, fainted away. After using means to recover him, he was ordered into five pairs of fetters, as an incorrigible culprit, and turned into the prison.
"On Saturday evening, June 12, we were informed that Rangoon was surrounded by the Burman troops, and that they were only waiting orders, whether to catch the white men alive, or kill them at once:—also we were told, for our satisfaction, that some great man, a general, perhaps, or more likely the king himself, had been taken prisoner, and was nearly arrived at Ava. Each began to imagine the probability that he should be forced to behold, in the new made prisoner, some bosom friend. It may be Mr. H. or Mr. W.; it may be Mr. S. or Mr. A. or Mr. T.; there was no end to our fruitless conjectures. At length the celebrated prisoner arrives about 12 at night, each of us looking out on the rack of intense curiosity; but he was brought in covered with a cloak, and no one could satisfy his mind on the interesting particular. At 3 o'clock, A. M. an order came to put us all inside again. Oh! what a prospect now presented itself, 'that no faith should be kept with heretics.' Was this the cause of our being put again inside, when they had promised us the outside, and taken an enormous sum of money from us on this express condition? Or were they about to put us to death to day, along with the new prisoner? The latter seemed the most probable, and our minds were again filled with unspeakable anxiety, and sleep departed from our eyes. At 8 A. M. the town clerk came in and informed Mr.—that the king had sent to inquire after his watch. He said it was at his house—'and the key of his strong box?' it was
at home. Now, said Mr. ——, I am sure they will kill me on account of my property. I shall never survive this day. He became much agitated, requested me to pray with him once more, which I did, with many tears. He then gave me particular messages to be delivered, if ever I escaped to his surviving friends. 'O, tell them, above all,' said he, 'that I die in faith and hope; Christ is my portion, my Saviour; I die happy?' My heart was ready to burst. I promised, nevertheless, every thing that was required, little hoping, however, that I should ever live to deliver them; and reminded by the very circumstance of the reason I had myself of making the same preparation.'

Thus far we have followed the narrative of Dr. Price, and we now close the account of almost unparalleled sufferings in the language of Mrs. Judson, the heroic woman whose memory is associated with all that is hallowed in missions, and all that is dear in piety.

"But new and dreadful trials were yet before us. I had gone in one morning to give Mr. Judson his breakfast, and intended spending a few hours, as usual, when the governor, in great haste, sent for me. I was agreeably disappointed, on appearing before him, to find that he had nothing in particular to communicate, and that he was uncommonly kind and obliging. He had detained me a long time, when a servant came in hastily, and whispered that the foreign prisoners had all been taken out, and he knew not where they were carried. Without speaking to the gov-
ernor, I ran down stairs into the street, hoping to catch a
sight of them; but they were beyond the reach of my eye.
I inquired of all whom I met, which way the white prison-
ers were gone; but no one knew: I returned again to the
governor, who declared that he was perfectly ignorant of
their fate; and that he did not know of their being taken
out of prison till a few moments before. This was all false;
as he had evidently been detaining me, to avoid witnessing
the scene that was to follow. He also said, with a meaning
countenance, 'You can do no more for your husband:
take care of yourself.' This was a day never to be forgotten.
I retired to my little bamboo house, and endeavored to
obtain comfort from the only true source; but my mind
was in such a distracted state, that I could not steadily
reflect on any thing. This one thought occupied my mind
to the exclusion of every other — that I had seen Mr. Jud-
son for the last time, and that he was now probably in a
state of extreme agony. In the evening I heard that the
prisoners were sent to Ummerapoorah; but what was to be
their fate was not yet known. The next day I obtained
a pass from government, to follow Mr. Judson, with
my little Maria, who was then only three months old;
and, with one Bengalee servant, set out on my jour-
ney. We reached the government house at Ummerapoo-
rah; and were informed that the prisoners had been sent
off two hours before, to Oung-pen-lay, (a place similar
to Botany Bay,) whither I immediately followed. I found
Mr. Judson in a most wretched state. He had been dragged out of his little room the day before: his shoes, hat, and clothes, excepting his shirt and pantaloons, had been taken from him, and in his feeble state of health, and in the hottest part of the day, had been literally driven ten miles with a rope tied round his waist. His feet were torn in such a manner, that for six weeks he was unable to stand. He was nearly exhausted with pain and fatigue, when a servant of Mr. Gauger's who had followed his master, took from his head his turban, gave part of it to Mr. Judson, who hastily wrapped it about his feet, which enabled him to proceed without sinking. He and Dr. Price were now chained together; and with the other prisoners, put inside of a small wood prison, almost gone to decay. We afterwards were informed that the pagan Woongyee had sent the foreigners to this place, with a design to sacrifice them, in order to secure success in his contemplated expedition: but the king, suspecting him of treasonable intentions, caused him to be executed before he had time to accomplish his designs.

"I here obtained a little room from one of the jailors, where I passed six months of constant and severe suffering. Mr. Judson was much more comfortably situated than when in the city prison, as he had only one pair of fetters; and, when recovered from his fever and wounds, was allowed to walk in the prison enclosure. But I was deprived of every single convenience; and my health, which
had enabled me to bear severe trials hitherto, now began to fail. I was taken with one of the country disorders; and, for two months, was unable to go to Mr. Judson's prison. Our little Maria, who had just recovered from the small-pox, was near starving to death, as I could neither obtain a nurse nor a drop of milk in the village.

"Our merciful Father preserved us all, through these dreadful scenes; and, at the expiration of six months, an order arrived for the release of Mr. Judson, and I was allowed to return to our house in town.

"The King was much in want of an interpreter, and, from selfish motives, had given orders for the release of Mr. Judson, who was immediately conducted to the Burmese Camp, then at Wialown, where he remained six weeks translating for his Majesty: he was then sent back to Ava; and as a reward for his services, ordered back to the Oung-pen to prison; but before the order could be executed, I sent Moung Ing to Koung-tong, who was now high in office, and had for a long time manifested a disposition to help us; and begged that he would intercede for Mr. Judson, and prevent his being sent again to prison. Koung-tong complied with my request, offered to become security for Mr. Judson, and took him to his house, where he was kept a prisoner at large nearly two months longer.

"The British troops were now so rapidly advancing, that the King and Government felt the necessity of taking some measures to prevent their arrival in the capital. They
had several times refused to listen to the terms which Sir Archibald Campbell had offered; but they now saw that there was no other hope for the preservation of the 'golden city.' Mr. Judson was daily called to the palace, and his opinion requested in all their proceedings; and the Government finally entreated him to go as their Ambassador to the English Camp. This he entirely declined; but advised their sending Dr. Price, who had no objection to going. Dr. Price being unsuccessful in his mission, on his return Mr. Judson was taken by force, and sent with him again. Sir Archibald had before this demanded us, together with the other foreign prisoners; but the King had refused, saying, 'They are my people; let them remain.' We then did not venture to express a wish to leave the country, fearing that we should be immediately sent to prison. Mr. Judson communicated our real situation to the General, who with all the feelings of a British officer, now demanded us in a way that his Majesty dared not refuse; and on the 21st of February, after an imprisonment of nearly two years, we took our leave of the 'golden city' and all its magnificence, and turned our faces toward the British Camp, then within forty miles of Ava."

While confined in the death dungeon at Ava, Mr. Judson composed a most touching poem to his infant, Maria Eliza Butterworth, who was born at Ava, Jan. 26th, 1825, and who was at this time but twenty days old. The poem, under such circumstances, must have spoken out a father's
heart—a heart which he supposed would, in a short time, cease its wild and tumultuous throbings.

"Sleep, darling infant, sleep,  
Hush'd on thy mother's breast;  
Let no rude sound of clanking chains  
Disturb thy balmy rest.  

Sleep, darling infant, sleep,  
Blest that thou canst not know  
The pangs that rend thy parents' hearts,  
The keenness of their 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?  

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

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

No, darling infant, no;  
Thou seest 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 past away;
The jailer'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 couldst thou shelter find?
Ah, whither wouldst 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 ruin'd race from sin and death,
And raise them from the grave."

Leaving Mrs. Judson at Amherst, Mr. J. accompanied Mr. Crawford to Ava, to negotiate a treaty with the proud Court. During his absence, his beloved and amiable companion was called from time into eternity. Dying alone, with scarcely one kind hand to wipe the death-drops from her brow, she left words of encouragement for her husband. Mr. Judson returned to find himself the father of a motherless child, and to weep beside the grave of one who had shared his most severe and awful trials. Dark was his lot and cold his hearth-side, as he sat down to weep, when the native Christians told him how fondly and how anxiously the deceased had asked, "Will the teacher never come?"

And here we may pause to speak of her—the first, the most wonderful of all the women who have left home for God and a perishing world. Educated in refinement and luxury, and possessed of every attraction to render her a favorite with her friends, she gave her life to a cause which demanded trial, privation, and suffering. She was chosen of God, and but for her, Judson might have died long ago, and to the church might have been lost those arduous labors which he has performed. Her sufferings were most incredible, and her watchings and fastings equal to any
which are mentioned of the holy women who lived in the time of Christ. Her death, while it was full of sadness, had nothing connected with it to tarnish the brightness of her life.

She died alone. The husband who had suffered with her was not present to hold her dying hand, or wipe the death damp from her brow. Engaged in the service of God, he was far away, entirely unconscious of the scenes which were transpiring in his own dwelling. He knew not what groans, and pains, and dying struggles were heard, and seen, and felt, in the bosom of his family; and he returned only to find his hopes blasted, and to mingle his tears with those which were already falling upon the new made grave. The remains of Mrs. Judson now repose at Amherst, under the shadow of the Hopia tree, which waves its branches as if conscious of the tender trust committed to it. And there she will sleep until the morning of the resurrection. It would be sacrilege to rob the soil of India of such a precious treasure as it now contains. The time will come when that grave will be visited by thousands of converted heathen, who will remember her, as the first woman who came to tell the fallen females of the East, of those things which are more precious than life.

And soon the child, the dear little Maria, was taken out of the arms of the stricken father, and again Judson was alone—alone. Of the death of this lovely and interesting child, the good man thus writes to his mother-in-law.
"My little Maria lies by the side of her fond mother. The complaint, to which she was subject several months, proved incurable. She had the best medical advice: and the kind care of Mrs. Wade could not have been, in any respect, exceeded by that of her own mother. But all our efforts, and prayers, and tears, could not propitiate the cruel disease; the work of death went forward, and after the usual process, excruciating to a parent's heart, she ceased to breathe, on the 24th inst. at 3 o'clock, P. M. aged two years and three months. We then closed her faded eyes, and bound up her discolored lips, where the dark touch of death first appeared, and folded her little hands on her cold breast. The next morning, we made her last bed, in the small enclosure that surrounds her mother's lonely grave. Together they rest in hope, under the hope-tree, (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.

"And I am left alone in the wide world. My own dear family I have buried; one in Rangoon, and two in Amherst. What remains for me, but to hold myself in readiness to follow the dear departed to that blessed world,

'Where my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Where God, my Saviour, reigns?'"

After the death of his dear companion, Dr. Judson gave himself up entirely to his holy employment, and with increased diligence devoted himself to the great and important
work, of bringing lost men to Christ. He went forth scat-
tering the seed of divine truth on every side, and winning
to Christ the trophies of saving grace.

As the best way of portraying the arduous labors of this
servant of God, we give a few extracts from his journal
of a "tour among the Karens."

"March 8th, 1832. Went several miles inland to visit
Nge-Koung's village; but the people being Boodhist Ka-
rens, would not even treat us hospitably; much less, listen
to the word. In the afternoon, reached Yabdan's village,
and visited the little church, chiefly to receive the confes-
sion of two female members, who have been implicated in
making some offering to the demon who rules over dis-
eases—the easily besetting sin of the Karens. Spent the
rest of the day in preaching to the villagers and visitors
from different parts. Several professed to believe. Had
a profoundly attentive, though small assembly at evening
worship, on the broad sand bank of the river, with the
view to the accommodation of certain boat-people. We
felt that the Holy Spirit set home the truth in a peculiar
manner. Some of the disciples were engaged in religious
discussion and prayer, a great part of the night.

"9th. Several requested baptism. In the course of the
day, we held a church meeting, composed of the disciples
from Maulmain and others from the neighboring village,
and received three persons into our communion, all men,
formerly disciples of the new prophet Areemaday. In the afternoon proceeded up the river, as far as Zatzan's village, where two old women of some influence in these parts, listened with good attention. At night, several of the disciples went inland, a few miles to Lai-dan, where the inhabitants are chiefly Boodhist Karens; but finding Nah Kee-kah, the widow of Pan-mlai-mlo, whose death is mentioned Jan. 12th, her parents and sister drank in the truth. I hope to visit them on my return.

"10th. Went on to the mouth of the Yen-being, and as far as the great log, which prevents a boat from proceeding further. Providentially, met with Wah-hai, of whom I have heard a good report for some time. He was happy to see us, and we were happy to examine and baptize him. We then visited the village, whence they formerly sent a respectful message, desiring us to go about our business, and found some attentive listeners.

"11th. Lord's day. Again took the main river, and soon fell in with a boat, containing several of the listeners of yesterday, among whom was one man, who declared his resolution to enter the new religion. We had scarcely parted with this boat, when we met another full of men, coming down the stream; and, on hailing to know whether they wished to hear the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, an elderly man, the chief of the party, replied, that he had already heard much of the gospel; and there was nothing he desired more, than to have a meeting with the
teacher. Our boats were soon side by side; where, after a short engagement, the old man struck his colors, and begged us to take him into port, where he could make a proper surrender of himself to Christ. We accordingly went to the shore, and spent several hours very delightfully, under the shade of the overhanging trees, and the banner of the love of Jesus. The old man's experience was so clear, and his desire for baptism so strong, that though circumstances prevented our gaining so much testimony of his good conduct, since believing, as we usually require, we felt that it would be wrong to refuse his request. A lad in his company, the person mentioned Jan. 30th, desired also to be baptized. But though he had been a preacher to the old man, his experience was not so decided and satisfactory; so that we rejected him for the present. The old man went on his way, rejoicing aloud, and declaring his resolution to make known the eternal God, and the dying love of Jesus, 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 a world from hell.’

‘12th. Alas! how soon is our joy turned into mourning.
Nah Nyah-ban, of whom we all had such a high opinion, joined her husband, not many days after their baptism, in making an offering to the demon of diseases, on account of the sudden, alarming illness of their youngest child; and they have remained ever since in an impenitent, prayerless state! They now refuse to listen to our exhortation, and appear to be given over to hardness of heart and blindness of mind. I was, therefore, obliged, this morning, to pronounce the sentence of suspension, and leave them to the mercy and judgment of God. Their case is greatly to be deplored. They are quite alone in this quarter; have seen no disciples since we left them, and are surrounded with enemies, — some from Maulmain, who have told them all manner of lies, and used every method to procure and perpetuate their apostacy. When I consider the evidence of grace, which they formerly gave, together with all the palliating circumstances of the case, I have much remaining hope, that they will yet be brought to repentance. I commend them to the prayers of the faithful, and the notice of any
missionary who may travel this way. In consequence of
the advantage which Satan has gained in this village, the
six hopeful enquirers whom we left here, have all fallen
off; so that we are obliged to retire with the dispirited
feelings of beaten troops.

"Returned down the river, — re-entered the Yen-being,
— had another interview with the listeners of yesterday, —
met with a Taleing doctor from Kan-blah, near Maulmain,
who listened all the evening with evident delight.

"13th. Spent the day and night at Zatzan's, See-hais and
the village of Lai-dan, where we failed of finding Nah Kee-
kah; but found her parents, who listened well. In these
parts, I leave a considerable number of hopeful inquirers.
May the Lord bless the seed sown, and give us the pleas-
ure of reaping a plentiful harvest at no very distant period.

"16th. The opposition here is violent. The man who
was baptized on my last visit, has been obliged to remove
to the outskirts of the village; but he remains steadfast
in the faith; and to-day, another man came out and
having witnessed a good confession, was received into the
fellowship of the persecuted. At night, run down to Poo-
door's village, about five miles, — found him at home, and
spent the evening in persuading him to forsake all for
Christ. His language is that of Aggrippa, 'Almost,' &c.
I have great hopes and great fears for his immortal soul.
Three of the disciples went several miles inland to a village,
where there are some hopeful inquirers.
17th. Returned up the river to Chummerah. In the evening, had a considerable assembly of disciples, preparatory to the administration of the Lord's supper.

18th. Lord's day. Administered the Lord's supper to thirty-six communicants, chiefly from villages on the Salwen.

The beloved missionary remained in all the loneliness of widowed woe, until the 10th of April, 1834, when he was married to Sarah Boardman, the widow of George D. Boardman, who, about four years previous, was laid to rest. The marriage service was performed at Tavoy, by Rev. Francis Mason, and the newly-married couple started for the new scene of labor and tears. From this time, Mr. Judson continued laboring on in his Master's service — at one time persecuted, and at another time reduced by fatigue and hunger. The mission was prospered by God; new laborers were sent forth; a vast amount of work was accomplished, and the servant of God endeared himself to the Christian world, by the many tokens of his faithfulness and love to Christ.

TO DR. BOLLES.

Newville, March 12th, 1834.

I have spent a few days in this place, where, on my arrival, I found the church consisting of twenty-five members only; several having removed to the vicinity of the Chum-
merah church; which, though of later origin, is now five or six times larger than the Newville. Day before yesterday, and to-day, nine new members have been received at this place, and there are five or six others, with whom I feel satisfied; but, for various reasons, their baptism has been deferred. In the number received, the most noticeable case, is that of Lausau, and wife. He is a petty chief, and possesses more personal influence, than any Karen yet baptized in these parts. He has been considering the Christian religion, with approbation, for three years, but has had great difficulties to encounter, resulting from his family connexions, and from his inveterate habit of *temperate drinking*. Until the present time, he could never resolve on adopting the principle of entire abstinence; but I trust that conviction of truth, and love of the Saviour, have enabled him to gain the victory.

16. On leaving Newville, it was my intention to go up the Patah river; but, not finding sufficient water this season, I turned into the Houng-tarau; and, having visited a village, where there are several inquirers, returned to Maulmain.

April 1. Have been closely engaged in revising a few books of the Old Testament for the press,—the regular printing of the whole being now commenced. I say, commenced,—for the edition of the Psalms, which is out of press, we do not consider as forming a part of the present edition of the Old Testament; for it will probably be ex-
pended before long, and have to be reprinted in course with the rest of the work.

To-day, dispatched Pallah, and three younger Karen assistants, to the aid of Ko Thah-byoo, in the vicinity of Rangoon, intending to proceed thither myself before long.

Tavoy, April 10. I arrived here on the evening of the sixth instant. Am delighted with this station, and every thing about it. The few native Christians, whom I have seen, together with the schools, appear excellently well. But the glory of this station, the two hundred Karen converts, and their village of Mee-tahmyo, I found myself not at leisure to visit. Indeed, I have hardly found time to step out of the mission inclosure, since my arrival; and, to-day, having received the benediction of the Rev. Mr. Mason, I embark for Maulmain, accompanied by Mrs. Judson, and the only surviving child of the beloved founder of the Tavoy station. Once more, farewell to thee, Boardman, and thy long-cherished grave. May thy memory be ever fresh and fragrant, as the memory of the other beloved, whose beautiful, death-marred form reposes at the foot of the Hopia tree.

A. Judson.

By his second wife, Dr. Judson became the father of eight children, several of whom now survive. With some of them he has been called to part; and the ties which have linked him to the earth have been severed, one by
one. And still he lived on, doing the will of God, and serving the purpose of his generation.

One great object, for which the good man has prayed and labored, is the compilation of his Burmese Dictionary, which will afford to future missionaries a great aid in the study of the language. His many translations, also, mark his life as one of the utmost diligence and labor. But few men have been enabled to accomplish so much good, even under the most propitious circumstances, and the thanks of the Christian church are due to her servant, who has given his labor and his life, to spread abroad a knowledge of her doctrines and duties.

In 1845, the health of Mrs. Judson became so impaired as to render a sea-voyage necessary, and, in company with her husband, she sailed for the United States. For a while, high hopes were cherished, but they were vain, and, on the 1st of September, 1845, she died on shipboard, while the vessel was lying in the port of St. Helena. She was buried in all the majesty of death, and the lonely husband, left in sorrow a second time, pursued his solitary way to the land of his birth.

When it became apparent that Mrs. Judson could not live much longer, her companion addressed the following letter to the Board, under date of April 13, 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, insure her recovery. All medical skill has been exhausted. She has spent six weeks with our commissioner and his lady, in a trip down the coast, touching at Tavoy and Mergui, and returned weaker and nearer the grave than when she set out. She is willing to die, and I hope I am willing to see her die, if it be the divine will; but though my wife, it is no more than truth to say, that there is scarcely an individual foreigner now alive, who speaks and writes the Burmese tongue so acceptably as she does; and I feel that an effort ought to be made to save her life. I have long fought against the necessity of accompanying her; but she is now so desperately weak and almost helpless, that all say it would be nothing but savage inhumanity to send her off alone. The three younger children, the youngest but three months and a half old, we must leave behind us, casting them, as it were, on the waters, in the hope of finding them 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 woe.'—

"But I leave them in the hands of my dear brethren; and there are no persons in the world to whom I should be so willing to commit so dear a charge.

"The course that I have uniformly pursued, ever since I became a missionary, has been rather peculiar. In order to become an acceptable and eloquent preacher in a foreign language, I deliberately abjured my own. When I crossed the river, I burnt my ships. For thirty-two years, I have scarcely entered an English pulpit, or made a speech in that language. Whether I have pursued the wisest course, I will not contend; and how far I have attained the object aimed at, I must leave for others to say. But, whether right or wrong, the course I have taken cannot be retraced. The burnt ships cannot now be reconstructed. From long desuetude, I can scarcely put three sentences together in the English language. I must, therefore, beg
the Board to allow me a quiet corner, where I can pursue
my work with my assistants, undisturbed and unknown.

"This request I am induced to urge from the further
consideration, that my voice, though greatly recovered
from the affection of the lungs which laid me aside from
preaching nearly a year, is still so weak that it can only
fill a small room; and whenever I attempt to raise it
above the conversational tone, the weak place gives way,
and I am quite broken down again for several weeks. I
hope, therefore, that no one will try to persuade me to be
guilty of such imprudence while in America; but since
there are thousands of preachers in English, and only five
or six Burmese preachers in the whole world, I may be
allowed to hoard up the remnant of my breath and lungs,
for the country where they are most needed."

Sad and affecting was the passage of his estimable lady
from time to eternity. After the birth of her last child, in
1844, she was attacked by a disease from which she never
recovered. Her husband, after her death, wrote an affectionate
tribute to her worth, to which many hearts in Burmah and America were able to respond. In that
notice he says: "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 besides?' quoting the language of a familiar hymn, were the expressions which revealed the spiritual peace and joy of her mind; yet, at times, the thought of her native land, to which she was approaching after an absence of twenty years, and a longing desire to see once more her son George, her parents, and the friends of her youth, drew down her ascending soul, and constrained her to say, 'I am in a strait betwixt two,—let the will of God be done.'

"In regard to her children, she ever manifested the most surprising composure and resignation; so much so, that I was once induced to say, 'You seem to have forgotten the 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 to the end of her pilgrimage. The children took leave of her, and retired to rest. I sat alone by the side of her bed during the hours of the night, endeavoring to administer relief to the distressed body and consolation to the departing soul. At two o'clock in the morning, wishing to obtain one more token of recognition, I roused her attention and said, 'Do you still love the Saviour?' 'O yes,' she replied, 'I ever love the Lord Jesus Christ.' I said again, 'Do you still love me?' She replied in the affirmative, by a peculiar expression of her own. 'Then give me one more kiss;' and we exchanged that token of love for the last time. Another hour passed,—life continued to recede,—and she ceased to breathe. For a moment I traced her upward flight, and thought of the wonders which were opening to her view. I then closed her sightless eyes, dressed her, or the last time, in the drapery of death; and, being quite exhausted with many sleepless nights, I threw myself down and slept. On awaking in the morning, I saw the children standing and weeping around the body of their dear mother, then, for the first time, inattentive to their cries. In the course of the day, a coffin was procured from the
shore, in which I placed all that remained of her whom I had so much loved; and after a prayer had been offered by a dear brother minister from the town, the Rev. Mr. Bertram, we proceeded in boats to the shore. There we were met by the Colonial chaplain, and accompanied to the burial-ground by the adherents and friends of Mr. Bertram, and a large concourse of the inhabitants. They had prepared the grave in a beautiful shady spot, contiguous to the grave of Mrs. Chater, a missionary from Ceylon, who had died in similar circumstances on her passage home. There I saw her safely deposited; and in the language of prayer, which we had often presented together at the throne of grace, I blessed God that her body had attained the repose of the grave, and her spirit the repose of paradise. After the funeral, the dear friends of Mr. Bertram took me to their houses and their hearts; and their conversation and prayers afforded me unexpected relief and consolation. But I was obliged to hasten on board ship, and we immediately went to sea. On the following morning no vestige of the island was discernible in the distant horizon. For a few days, in the solitude of my cabin, with my poor children crying around me, I could not help abandoning myself to heart-breaking sorrow. But the promises of the gospel came to my aid, and faith stretched her view to the bright world of eternal life, and anticipated a happy meeting with those beloved beings,
whose bodies are mouldering at Amherst and Saint Helena."

Mr. Judson arrived upon his native shores Oct. 15, 1845. He was received with open arms by the American churches. Christians of all denominations turned out to welcome him, and he went through the country, everywhere arousing men to think and feel, in relation to the conversion of the world. A service was held in Bowdoin Square Church, in Boston, in which the veteran missionary was publicly congratulated on his safe arrival. An affectionate and touching address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Sharp, one of the oldest pastors in the city. At the close of the exercises, hundreds pressed forward to shake the hand which had been chained in the dungeons of Ava, and which had led the first Burman convert down into the baptismal sepulchre.

While in America, this venerable man sought out one who would write a memoir of the dear companion whom he had buried on the rocky bosom of "the sea-girt isle." He was directed to Miss Emily Chubbuck, of New York, as a person suitable to perform this work. Miss C. had been a popular writer for several magazines and newspapers, and was extensively known as "Fanny Forrester." With this young lady the Doctor had an interview, which resulted in an offer of marriage, which was accepted, and they were united in wedlock at Hamilton, N. Y., by Rev. Dr. Kendrick. That Mrs. Judson has not regretted the
step then taken, we may judge from a few verses of her late poem, entitled "The two Mammas."

* * * * * * * * * *

"But poor papa's thoughts turned back
To Burmah and to you.

"He talked of wretched heathen men,
    With none to do them good;
Of children who are taught to bow
    To gods of stone and wood.

"He told me of his darling boys,
    Poor orphans far away,
With no mamma to kiss their lips,
    Or teach them how to pray.

"And would I be their new mamma,
    And join the little band
Of those who, for the Saviour's sake,
    Dwell in a heathen land.

"And when I knew how good he was,
    I said that I would come;
I thought it would be sweet to live
    In such a precious home.

"And look to dear papa for smiles,
    And hear him talk and pray;
But then I knew not it would grow
    Still sweeter every day."

But the stay of the veteran missionary in this country was short. The heathen world had stronger claims upon him, and stronger attractions too, than the land of his birth; and soon, in the spacious church in Baldwin Place, were held.
the solemn services of the farewell occasion. Rev. R. H. Neale, opened the sacred word, and read the solemn lessons of inspiration, adapted to the occasion; Rev. Dr. Ripley led the vast, yet deathlike silent congregation up to the throne of grace; Rev. Dr. Stow addressed the assembled people, tracing the evidences of divine providence in the missionary movement, and especially in the labors and toils of Judson; Rev. Dr. Hague read the farewell address of the beloved servant of God, who, too weak to be heard by the immense throng, yet desired to leave his testimony for the church; Dr. Judson himself, uttered words few, solemn, earnest; the closing scene then came, the tearful eye, the pressure of the hand, the warm word of sympathy and love, and it was done.

Then came the hour of departure — the service on shipboard — the last parting, and the devoted man was on his way to his Burman home — to his Burman grave.

"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."
The following is the farewell address read by Rev. Dr. Hague, in behalf of Dr. Judson.

"There are periods in the lives of men, who experience much change of scene and variety of adventure, when they seem to themselves to be subject to some supernatural illusion, or wild, magical dream,—when they are ready, amid the whirl of conflicting recollection, to doubt their own personal identity,—and, like steersmen in a storm, feel that they must keep a steady eye to the compass, and a strong arm at the wheel. The scene spread out before me seems, on retrospection, to be identified with the past, and, at the same time, to be reaching forward and foreshadowing the future. At one moment, the lapse of thirty-four years is annihilated; the scenes of 1812 are again present; and this assembly—how like that which commended me to God, on first leaving my native shores for the distant East! But, as I look around, where are the well-known faces of Spring, and Worcester, and Dwight?—Where are Lyman, and Huntington, and Griffin? And where are those leaders of the baptized ranks, who stretched out their arms across the water, and received me into their communion?—Where are Baldwin and Bolles? Where Holcombe, and Rogers, and Staughton? I see them not. I have been to their temples of worship, but their voices have passed away. And where are my early missionary associates,—Newell, and Hall, and Rice, and Richards, and Mills? But why inquire for those so an-
cient? 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 ac-
quired; 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 encouragements 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 imposition. Great is our privilege, precious is our opportunity, to coöperate 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.'"

The remarks made by Dr. Judson orally, on the same occasion, were these, uttered in broken accents:—

"My friends are aware, that it is quite impossible for me, without serious injury to myself, to sustain my voice at such a height as to reach this large assembly, — except for a few sentences. I have therefore taken the liberty of
putting some thoughts on paper, which the Rev. Mr. Hague will do me the honor of reading to you.

"I wish, however, in my own voice, to praise God for the deep interest in the cause of missions, manifested by the friends of the Redeemer in this city and the vicinity, and to thank them for all their expressions and acts of kindness toward me, during my brief sojourn among them. I regret that circumstances have prevented my spending more time in this city, and of forming a more intimate acquaintance with those, whom a slight acquaintance has taught me so much to love.

"It is as certain as any future event can be, that I shall never again re-visit the shores of my native land,—that after a few days, your beautiful city,—this great and glorious country, will be forever shut from my view. No more shall I enter your places of worship,—no more shall I behold your faces, and exchange the affectionate salutations of Christian love.

"The greatest favor we can bestow on our absent friends, is to bear them on our hearts at the throne of grace. I pray you, dear friends, remember me there,—and my missionary associates, and our infant churches, and the poor heathen among whom we go to live. And though we do meet no more on earth, I trust that our next meeting will be in that blessed world, where 'the loved and the parted here below, meet ne'er to part again.'"
After the return of Dr. Judson to India, letters were received from him, giving cheering indications of his progress in his sublime work.

TO THE REV. E. BRIGHT.

"Rangoon, March 28, 1847. — I have just returned from baptizing a Burman convert, in the same tank of water where I baptized the first Burman convert, Moung Nau, twenty-eight years ago. It is now twenty-five years since I administered baptism in Rangoon, the few converts that have been made during that period being generally baptized by the native pastor. My time has been mostly spent in Maulmain, where, having been instrumental, with others, of raising up a few Burmese and Karen churches, I have left them, since my return from America, in the care of my dear and excellent missionary brethren, and am now making a small attempt once more in Burmah Proper.

"The attempt, however, is made under very discouraging circumstances. The present administration of government, though rather more friendly to foreigners, is more rigidly intolerant than that of the late king Tharawaddy. Any known attempt at proselyting would be instantly amenable at the criminal tribunal, and would probably be punished by the imprisonment or death of the proselyte, and the banishment of the missionary. The governor of this place has received me favorably, not as a missionary (though he well knows, from old acquaintance, that that is my char-
acter,) but as a minister of a foreign religion, ministering to foreigners resident in the place, and a dictionary maker, laboring to promote the welfare of both countries.' Our missionary efforts, therefore, being conducted in private, must necessarily be very limited. It is, however, a precious privilege to be allowed to welcome into a private room a small company, perhaps two or three individuals only, and pour the light of truth into their immortal souls—souls that, but for the efficacy of that light, would be covered with the gloom of darkness—darkness to be felt to all eternity.

"Another discouraging circumstance is the very low state of the Burman church in this place. There are about twenty nominal members still surviving; but they are much scattered, and not half of them appear to be living members. I have, therefore, been making an attempt to reorganize the church, and have found four individuals who have united with myself and wife in renewing our church covenant, and establishing a new church. We have, this day, received one new member, and we hope to find a few more of the old members who will come up to our standard."

TO THE SAME.

"Rangoon, May 20, 1847. — This is the first Lord's day on which I have had no regular worship. A private order of government was issued day before yesterday, to
have the house I occupy watched by police officers, in order to apprehend any who might be liable to the charge of favoring "Jesus Christ's religion." Seasonable information was communicated to me and the disciples, by friends at court, so that they have all escaped for the present. None came near me, except two from the country; and with them I had a very interesting and affecting time, in a private room; and they got off undiscovered. Four Karen lads, who had been waiting for a passage to Maulmain, decamped before light this morning, for their native jungle.

"The vice-governor of the place, who is indeed the acting governor at present, is the most ferocious, bloodthirsty monster I have ever known in Burmah. It is said, that his house and courtyard resound, day and night, with the screams of people under torture. Even foreigners are not beyond his grasp. He lately wreaked his rage on some Armenians and Mussulmans; and one of the latter class died in the hands of a subordinate officer. His crime was quite a venial one; but, in order to extort money, he was tortured so barbarously that the blood streamed from his mouth, and he was dead in an hour.

"I am afraid that, while the present monster is in power, I shall not be able to convene the disciples for worship, as hitherto. He is, however, only acting on the orders which are understood to be in force all over the country, proscriptive of the Christian religion. I feel the blow most deeply, for I had just succeeded in reorganizing a
little church out of old materials and some lately baptized, amounting in number to eleven, nearly all pure Burmese; and last Sunday I had an assembly of above twenty. Several new ones were expected to-day; and two would probably have been baptized. I had become so attached to the little church and assembly, and so glad on every returning Lord's day to lay aside my tedious dictionary labors, and spend all the day in obtaining and communicating spiritual refreshment, that the present interruption seems almost too hard to bear. However, I hope to do something yet in private, to aid a few perishing souls, who are struggling through darkness and terror, to find a way of escape from the more dread darkness and terror of eternal death. But everything must be done in private. Not even a tract can be given publicly. That point I ascertained a few years ago, on a visit to the place, which, I believe, I never mentioned in writing home. In order to test the real extent and efficiency of the king's order, prohibiting the distribution of books at Ava, I opened a box of tracts in the front part of the house where I was a guest for a few days. The people took them greedily; but in less than an hour my assistant, Ko En, was arrested and placed in confinement. It cost me a great deal to get him free; and when he was released, it was on condition that he would give no more tracts. This time, therefore, I brought no tracts for distribution, and have confined myself to pri-
vate conversation, except convening an assembly for worship (and that in an "upper room") every Lord's day.

"June 6. Lord's-day. No formal worship; but a fine young man whom we had concluded to receive into the church, son of one of the oldest converts, spent the day with me, in company with two or three others; and just at night we repaired to the remote side of the old baptizing place, and under cover of the bushes perpetrated a deed which I trust our enemies will not be able to gainsay or invalidate to all eternity.

"8. Yesterday morning the young man, on returning to his residence, a few miles distant, met his father under arrest, in the hands of the myrmidons of government, on their way to the court of the governor,—not, I was glad to learn, the ferocious vice-governor above mentioned. One of the converts ran to give me notice; and for two or three hours I sat expecting the worst. But the blow was averted as suddenly as it was aimed. 'What have you brought the man before me for?' said the officer. 'To be examined on a charge of heresy, and frequenting the house of Jesus Christ's teacher,' said the leading accuser. 'On what authority?' 'Here is your written order.' 'What—who—I have given no order. It must be one of my petty clerks. It is all a mistake. Go about your business.' 'I thought it strange,' rallied the arrested, 'that you should summon me on a charge of heresy, as it is well known that I worship the true God.' 'God,' said the
ADONIRAM JUDSON,

officer, rather nettled, 'worship any god you like'—'or the devil,' promptly added a virago, sitting on an official cushion, at his side,—'if you villagers just pay your taxes, what more do we want of you?'

"As near as we can ascertain the truth of this strange affair,—the officer, after sending off the order early in the morning, not entertaining the least doubt that the measure would be approved, as the religion of Jesus Christ is understood to be universally proscribed, stepped, however, into the government house, and reported what he had done; and the governor, remembering his pledge to me on my first arrival, quashed the proceedings. Thanks be to God."

The great works of Dr. Judson's life, were the translation of the Bible into the Burmese language and the compiling of a Burmese Dictionary. The former, he was enabled to complete; the latter was not entirely finished when he went down to his watery tomb. When the translation was completed, he took the last leaf in his hand and kneeled before God, and thanked him for the aid which had been rendered in the service, and for the success which had crowned the effort.

We now approach the closing scene in the life of our subject. That the manner of his death should be a theme of sad and melancholy pleasure cannot be doubted, and we have all read of the closing hours of his life with much satisfaction. His death was worthy of his exalted station,
and his career of usefulness and honor. In March last, the sad intelligence was received in this country, that the beloved man, whose life stretched itself through all the history of American missions, was in a declining state, and had left his companion and her children, to try the efficacy of a voyage upon the deep. A melancholy sensation was felt throughout the land. The conviction could not be resisted, that Judson was near his end; that his long and useful labors were winding to a close. The hearts of Christians went up to God in prayer, that, if possible, he might be spared; but, even ere those prayers were offered, the sea had become his grave, and the coral his coffin. We waited in anxiety to learn the result: and it soon came.

Dr. Judson died April 12, 1850. He was on board the French barque Aristide Marie, on his way to the Isle of Bourbon. When a few days out, it became evident that he could not long survive. The two Burman disciples who accompanied him to the vessel, and remained on board until the pilot returned, bore back to the native Christians the melancholy intelligence, that the "teacher" would soon be buried in the ocean. After Ko En and Ko Sway Dake had left the vessel, the illness of the invalid increased, and his disease rapidly gained the advantage over him. He was not permitted to talk much. His bodily distress was so great that all power of speech was frequently taken away, and yet his hope in Christ wavered not. He was calm and composed, though aware that he should soon be buried
in the sea. When asked "If his hope in God was strong," he replied, laying his hand on his heart, and looking upward, "It is all right there."

On Friday, about four o'clock, his sun went down; and along life of usefulness and honor closed. "His death," says the attendant, "was like falling asleep. Not the movement of a muscle was perceptible, and the moment of the going out of life was indicated only by his ceasing to breathe. A gentle pressure of the hand, growing more and more feeble as life waned, showed the peacefulness of the spirit about to take its heavenward flight."

The evening came, and solemn stillness reigned on board that heaving vessel. Whispering voices were heard, telling of death and the grave. The hardy, sun-bronzed mariners gathered to the larboard port, which was opened, and a strong plank coffin was lowered into the sea. A splash was heard — the sound of the gushing water, as it closed over the cold remains of the Pioneer Missionary, whose life had been chequered with many a scene of sorrow and suffering, and whose death was like the extinguishment of one of the brightest luminaries which ever shone in the horizon of a missionary Church.

The event teaches its own solemn and important lessons; and while the sad and afflictive providence is fresh in our minds, those lessons should be learned. The facts in the life of Dr. Judson are extensively known. They have furnished matter of interest to many a pious heart, and
the recital of them has awakened emotions of the holiest character in many a heaven-aspiring soul. That this good man was above the frailties of men, we do not affirm; that he was a sinner, like others around him, is not denied, and we would present no object of worship to the human mind. But that he was a better man, a more self-denying man, a more useful man, than most others, can hardly be denied. His very position strengthened his faith, and gave a high tone to all his religious feelings. He left the world when he stepped upon the deck of the Caravan, and henceforward was enabled to live above its debasing influence. We have not his grave—the waves to-day are sweeping over his bones, and the monsters of the deep are playing around his narrow tenement. The storm moans above his head, and the wild winds, as they sweep on, pour out upon the silence of the sea their sad and solemn requiem.

But though that sacred dust is not committed to our care,—though we are not permitted to rear a monument over those hallowed relics, God will keep them; and on the morning of the resurrection the sea shall give up its dead, and that once chained and fettered body shall come forth to a glorious change. It fell corruptible; it shall rise incorruptible: it died a natural body; it shall rise a spiritual body: and as the glory of the celestial surpasses the glory of the terrestrial, so shall the new body surpass the old, and be the theme of angelic wonder, as the hosts
on high behold the once sinful man wearing the same form as that in which Christ ascended after his crucifixion.

"Unfold thy vesture, changing sea,
And keep this sacred form from harm;
Wail out your dirge, and let it be
The moanings of the midnight storm."

It is natural for the living to love the graves of the dead. There gathers around the place where rest the ashes of loved ones, the most tender and hallowed associations. Weeping fathers, and broken-hearted mothers, resort to the field of graves, long after the bodies of their children have returned unto the dust. They plant flowers, and water them with tears, though they are sensible that nothing but corruption slumbers beneath the sod. They leave the busy walks of life, to hold communion with the memory of the fallen; and of all places on earth, the graveyard is the one in which tears are most freely and sincerely shed. If a brother or sister departs this life, far from home, amid scenes of savage wildness, money, time, and labor are expended to return the cold remains, that they may slumber within sight of the roof which covers the living. From distant lands, the decaying body often comes, unaccompanied by the spirit, that stricken relatives may have the poor consolation of guarding it from the profane tread of the sacrilegious stranger.

It is also the natural and often expressed wish of the dying, to be buried at home, amid the habitations of
kindred and clime. There is something lonely in the idea of being buried where no friend can ever come to muse in sadness, and where not even a rough stone will tell to the passing traveler, that a fellow-being lies beneath. It gives an anguish to the parting hour, to remember that the bones will be borne away—covered up—forgotten. Hence, men have sought out pleasant groves, and set them apart to a holy purpose. They have adorned them, with many a token of skill and art: they have raised monuments and inscribed tender sentences upon them; they have chosen the very spots where their own bones shall repose, and planted roses which hereafter shall be nurtured by their own perishing systems.

"There shall the yew her sable branches spread,
And mournful cypress rear her fringed head;
From thence shall thyme and myrtle send perfume,
And laurel evergreens o’ershade the tomb."

This attention to the resting-places of the dead, is not peculiar to the highest state of civilization. The semi-barbarous nations, yielding to the natural convictions and longings of humanity, have their cemeteries, and their tombs; and even dark, benighted heathenism is not altogether destitute of holy reverence for the ashes of the dead.

Such being the natural, universal feeling of our nature, it is not strange that the great denomination to which Dr. Judson belonged, should have desired him to die in some spot where a monument of marble could have been
erected over his grave. It is not surprising that the thousands of Christians who have marked his course, and beheld his labors, should have wished his bones to remain as a legacy to his brethren; that his grave might have been made beneath the hopia-tree, or on the roeky bosom of "the seagirt Isle," where, with one or the other of those noble women, it might have remained until the sound of the last trumpet was heard, calling all men to judgment. But He who presides over all things, has otherwise ordained. This hope of a waiting, praying Church has been disappointed—disappointed in wisdom and goodness.

For the same reason that the Israelites were not allowed to have the bones and the grave of Moses, has the body of the "Apostle of Missions" been wrapped in seaweed, and given to the waves. Endeared as he was to all sects and parties, the monument reared to his memory might have been too proud and costly to mark the grave of a herald of salvation. The living might have been injured by too much attention to a corpse from which life had departed, and praise might have been written there, which should have been ascribed to Him whose name is God, and whose dominion is over all. And who would wish to alter this wise and judicious arrangement? It would be mockery, to raise a monument of marble to the memory of such a man as Judson. His works will live after marble has decayed; his name is written on the hearts, and in the lives, of a multitude of converted heathen; his worth is
acknowledged by the whole Christian world; his piety is recorded on the very fetters and prisons of the vast Burman empire. It is not fitting that a train of pilgrims should yearly visit the grave of such a servant of God, to weep there; for every year a train goes up from the scene of his toils—a train of converted barbarians, to ascribe, under God, their salvation to the instrumentality of his labors. It is not well that his name should be seen carved and gilded; it is written in the Book of Life; it is pronounced in heaven; it is repeated by the Redeemer.

"Deep in the ocean wave, in coral bed,
    The hero of a hundred battles sleeps;
Above his watery tomb no prayer is said,
    But round the sinking form the billow sweeps.

"Far down where mighty monsters howling dwell,
    In seaweed for his shroud, the Christian lies;
No marble mausoleum the spot doth tell,
    No willow weeps, no heathen convert cries.

"But o'er that watery grave, the angels keep
    Their ceaseless vigils; and the stars of night
Look down, with tenderness, upon the sleep
    Of him, who waketh not to pray or fight.

"The funeral dirge is sung in every land,
    By men of every age, and tribe, and tongue;
The wild Karen, the rescued Burman band,
    With paler men, the mournful lyre have strung.

"Howl on, ye winds, and wildly moan, ye breath;
    Ye heard his sigh, ye bore to heaven his prayer;
As from this world of sorrow, sin, and death,
    He turned to one more beautiful and fair."
ADONIRAM JUDSON,

We have now followed Dr. Judson through his long and arduous life. We have seen, in his time, the commencement of an undertaking which will never be finished until all the kingdoms of this world shall be brought into the service of Christ. The fall of this early laborer has stirred the depth of feeling in the religious community; and it now remains to be seen, whether his death is to give that impulse to our exertions which God so evidently intends it should give. The death of every missionary places the Christian church under obligation to the heathen world, and increases to a great degree the responsibility of those who profess the name of Christ. Almost every ship which comes from a heathen land, brings the intelligence that some new grave has been made, and some new form has been laid to rest. Since the organization of the Triennial Convention, many have been the occasions of mourning over losses which have been sustained; and often have the gatherings of the Board been rendered scenes of sadness, on account of new intelligence of this afflictive character. The whole of heathendom is dotted with the graves of the just, and each year new names are added to the already lengthened catalogue. If we go back in time, and far away in distance, we find, reposing at Chittagong, the remains of James Coleman, over which "the daughters of Arraean mourn;" Edward Wheelock, his bosom companion and friend, sleeps in the ocean, into which he threw himself, in a moment of delirium, on his voyage to this
country; at Tavoy, we find the grave of Boardman, and are urged to hear his eulogy in the songs of ransomed heathen; at Amherst, sleeps the first Mrs. Judson, and at St. Helena, is the second; Mrs. Shuck has made her grave in the celestial empire; the bones of Mrs. James are whitening in the harbor of Hongkong, clasped in the fleshless arms of her husband, who went down with her to the same grave; the form of Mrs. Comstock reposes at Ramree, and that of Miss Macomber in the jungles of Dong Yahn; Crocker is among the dark Ethiopians, where naught disturbs his rest; Mr. Comstock is at Akyab, where his grave calls more loudly for laborers than did his living voice, when he exclaimed, "Remember, brother Kincaid, six men for Arraean;" Mrs. Abbott lies at Sandoway, with a child on either side of her; Tavoy claims the sainted form of Mrs. Mason; Canton is the sleeping-place of Mrs. Devan; Mr. Clark was buried in the waves on his return from Africa, and many others on land and in the ocean, endear the cause in which they suffered and died to every pious heart. And now, as the ocean has engulfed a new form, and closed over one whose life was a long, bright illustration of Christian virtues, Religion asks her weeping children, what effect it shall have upon their lives, and what new impulse it shall give to the missionary cause.

We cannot look upon the death of Judson as a judgment, or a warning, neither do we view it as a calamity;
and though the event is surrounded with sad and tearful remembrances, such a departure from earth to heaven can only be regarded as a victory over the last and most terrible enemy frail man ever has to encounter. His death was a glorious life brought to a glorious close; and though the sea claims his bones, the solid land is covered with his mourners, who move about as the evidences of his faithfulness.

And when the time of restoration shall come, and the earth shall send up its millions, and the sea shall deliver up the dead that are in it, that body will appear, and mingle with the loved company of redeemed and glorified ones, who have toiled in the divine and life-giving cause, for which Christ himself became the first and most glorious martyr. Then, from Ramree and Akyab, and Sandoway and Amherst, and Dong Yahn and St. Helena, and from the sea, shall come forth those who fell with their armor on, upon the battle-field of life, and perished in the cause of human salvation. They shall come, not as they fell, but clothed afresh, and prepared for immortal being; and if among them is one whose head wears a crown of greater brilliancy than any other, whose robe has been purified by more severe trials, whose life had more of faith, and hope, and holiness, we doubt not that one will be The Pioneer missionary, the Apostle of Burmah, the lover of his race, the friend of God,

Adoniram Judson.
APPENDIX.

It has been thought advisable to append to this Sketch, short biographical notices of the early associates of Dr. Judson. Well worthy are they of enduring honor, such as few other men have been able to secure, and their names are registered almost alone, in the moral daring and holy grandeur of their glorious enterprise.

GORDON HALL,

Was born at Tolland, amid the mountains of Berkshire. He was educated in all the stern old habits of "the fathers," and grew up loving and respecting religion. In early life, he became a disciple of Christ, and numbered himself with the followers of the first great missionary. He was educated at Williams College, and graduated in 1808, with much honor. Though not so brilliant as many of his classmates, none surpassed him in general scholarship; and the stand taken by him, in his class, was creditable to himself and gratifying to his friends. He went out from College with a strong heart, to do battle for God and the right, and to lift up the Cross, as the great reformatory agent before which every chain should be broken, every vice disappear, and every sin be forgiven. He studied theology, and drank deep at the fountains bowled out by the New England divines of a century ago. His soul wandered, with Edwards, Hopkins, and Emmons, through the unfathomable depths, and along the awful heights, of the sublime doctrines of grace.
At Andover, he became acquainted with the heroic young men who were planning the world's conversion, and at once entered into their mighty project, and gave his heart and hand to its accomplishment. He heard the Saviour saying to him, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." He felt and owned the obligation, and made immediate preparation to go far hence to the Gentiles, among them to declare the word of life.

While the subject of a missionary life was under discussion, he received a very advantageous invitation to become the pastor of a favored church in New England, but he could not accept it. There were young men enough at home, and none to go abroad; and, at the sacrifice of his worldly influence and prosperity, he declined the call, and decided, with generous devotion to the cause of Christ, to go forth to the region and shadow of death; to meet pleasure or pain, joy or sorrow, as the providence of God might arrange. The consecration to the work was made; he was accepted by the Board, and, with his associates, was ordained in the Tabernacle Church in Salem, on the 6th of February, 1812. Living witnesses describe that scene as one of surpassing interest. The most eminent men of the land had congregated to participate in it, and the great object contemplated awed each heart, and gave solemnity to every exercise.

Mr. Hall sailed in the Harmony, from Philadelphia, and, in a few months, was on heathen soil. But new difficulties met him at every step; the change of opinion on the part of Messrs. Judson and Rice, the hostility to missions of the British East India Company, and the early death of Mrs. Newell, all tended to dishearten and perplex. But, with firm reliance upon the arm of Jehovah, the young men went forward, knowing no home but heaven, no service but the work of God. After being exposed to severe trials, and meeting obstacles where none were expected, he finally selected Bombay as his field of labor. He arrived in February, 1813, and at once commenced preparations for preaching the gospel. Everywhere he was looked upon with suspicion and distrust, his
most honest motives were impugned, and, against the current of native and foreign population, he was forced to urge his way. But a missionary should know no discouragements; he should be appalled at no obstacles; he should hesitate at no dangers. It is his work to advance, streaming the light of Calvary along his path, leaving the consequences with God, who is able to direct them to his own glory.

For thirteen tedious years, did Mr. Hall labor in Bombay. In season, and out of season, he toiled to win men to Christ, and, at last, laid down his life, covered with the sears of battle, and with the laurels of victory. His chief work was the revision of the New Testament in the Mahratta language, that they, who had never seen the glory of the gospel, might read in their own tongue. He was happy in being able to give the words of salvation to the people, and had this been his only work, he would not have lived in vain. He also published an "Appeal to American Christians, in behalf of the Twelve Millions speaking the Mahratta Language." This Appeal was written with a pen touched with the fire of the Holy Ghost, and, scattered through America, burned in many pious hearts, and drew forth its response in floods of gold and silver, and in streams of prayer. It was a Macedonian cry, coming up from the very heart of heathendom, and echoing along the battlements of Zion. Old men read it; and said, "Who will go forth, bearing for us, and supported by our money, the banner of the Cross?" Young men read it; and, with tearful eyes and prayerful lips, said, "Here are we; send us!" Tender, shrinking women read it; and, with all the ardor of the females, who, with the cross bound upon their arms, pressed down with the mad Crusaders upon the land of the Sepulchre, offered themselves as candidates for the life of toil. It stirred the blood of age, and gave direction to the panting energies of youth. It was to scores what Buchanan's "Star in the East" was to Judson and Newell, and to this day some are laboring for missions, who were first aroused by its holy strains.

Mr. Hall also wrote, in connection with Mr. Newell, an appeal, entitled "The Conversion of the World, or the Claims
of Six Hundred Millions, and the Ability and Duty of the Churches respecting them." Doubtless the facts contained in this interesting document, were those which moved the heart of Mr. Hall to undertake a missionary life. By these same facts, which came pressing upon him as soon as he arrived on heathen soil, he was urged on to the most severe duties, and the most thankless toils.

After being among the heathen awhile, he became so familiar with the Mahratta language, that the British East India Company offered him a salary of $13,000 annually, if he would lay aside his missionary work, and assist them in making contracts with the natives. When he refused this very generous offer, and decided to remain a laborer for God and perishing souls, they offered him fifty dollars per week, if he would labor for them two hours each day. But even this offer he declined, being determined to give his whole attention and time to the work to which God had called him, and to which he had been set apart by his brethren.

But the most useful life must have an end; the most devoted man must die. Life, though for awhile a scene of arduous toil, ends to the pious man in bliss divine.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground;
The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose."

That hallowed calm, beneath the soil, was found by Gordon Hall, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. He left his associates and friends of the mission station, and was away on a visit to the interior, preaching, as he went, the word of life. As if conscious of his speedy departure, he urged men to believe on Christ, and become Christians. The claims of religion he set
forth as a dying man, and urged his hearers to give their immediate attention to a work of the most awful importance. While on this emphatically missionary journey, he was seized by the hand of death, and on March 20, 1826, fell asleep in Jesus. His disease was the cholera; his sickness lasted only eight hours. There were but few present to see him die, but those few saw the power of faith to conquer the grave, and tread down, at the mouth of his own citadel, the monster Death.

Mr. Hall had peculiar excellences as a missionary. He had received from God a stout frame and vigorous constitution. He was well fitted to endure the hardships of a missionary life. He was able to endure toils and cares under which other men would have fallen exhausted into the arms of death. He was also prudent in all his movements. While he labored hard, and hesitated at no dangers, he did not needlessly expose himself to disease and death. He regarded, with much care, the laws which govern the material system, and, by avoiding all those excesses into which most young men are liable to run, saved himself for many years to the cause of his divinc Redeemer. His habits were very regular, and life was reduced to a complete system, each part of which had its own appropriate time.

He had a clear perception of the windings of human nature. He knew how to deal with men, and find his way to the cold hearts of his opposers. He seldom made a misstep, and, like his friend Judson, who was laboring in the same cause, in another part of the great field, he was ever ready to take advantage of the vast variety of doubtful circumstances. And, had not these men been endowed with a high degree of discretion and judgment, the whole enterprise might have been a failure, and the cause of missions would have been retarded for a century. They went out in all the inexperience of youth, with no journals of other missionaries in their hands. They went to seek out their own fields, to adopt their own line of conduct, to be their own counsellors and guides. One wrong movement might have been fatal, and their sailing out to
distant lands would have proved in the end disastrous. But God kept them, and they moved on, while over them the cloud and the fire hovered.

Mr. Hall was also a man of ardent piety. He was moved by a love of souls. He was not impelled by any romantic notions of a life among the heathen. "How can they be saved?" was his cry, as he looked upon the heathen — as he went forth to save them from degradation and woe: He felt the words of his own appeal, written from his missionary home; he was moved by his own argument:—

"Until Christians do take up the work, with a zeal and activity answerable to their belief and hopes in the gospel, the unbeliever may continue to say — and how cutting is the reproach — yes, sinners may still ask, 'If Christians really believe that Christ has tasted death for every man, that there is salvation in no other, and that a great part of the world are actually perishing in ignorance of this only Saviour of sinners; if they really believe all this, why do they not concern themselves to have this gospel made known to every creature? Why has this been neglected so long?'

"And, alas! the heathen join in the same bitter reproach. The missionary tells them that he has come to proclaim to them a Saviour, the Son of God, who has shed his blood to atone for the sins of the world; and who has commanded his servants to publish the glad tidings everywhere for the salvation of all men. 'When,' says the pagan, 'did this Saviour die?' 'Eighteen hundred years ago,' replies the missionary. 'When did he command his servants to publish everywhere these good tidings?' 'Just before he ascended from earth to heaven, which was shortly after his resurrection.' 'Surprising!' says the pagan. 'If you Christians have known all these things, and really believe that "where there is no vision the people perish!" how could you leave so great a part of the world for so many generations, without coming sooner to tell us of this only way in which we can be saved?' What can the missionary say? This is not idle fancy: it is a matter of distressing fact."
But, such as he was, he is gone. The men of India will never be thrilled by his voice again; the Christians of America will never be moved by another of his eloquent appeals—

"He sleeps his last sleep; he has fought his last battle; —
No sound can awake him to labor again."

On the lone secluded spot, away from the busy walks of men, he slumbers. Tears are shed; requiems are sung; sermons are preached; prayers are offered over his ashes, but he heeds them not. With Newell, and a host of others, from stations of toil and suffering, he is resting from his labors, and his works do follow him.

Sleep on, noble martyr to the truth! sleep, ashes of the dead! until, from on high, is heard the trumpet of the archangel; then rise, and live, and reign. Until then,

"Thy single 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."
LUTHER RICE.

This Christian laborer was one of the first heralds of salvation. He was ordained with his brethren, and sailed with Hall and Nott, from Philadelphia, in the Harmony. On his voyage, he was converted to the sentiments of the Baptists, and was baptized by the missionaries at Serampore. He was a man of true heart and laborious life, and his connection with the Baptist church at Serampore, gave great joy to Judson, who alone, and against a tide of circumstances, had pursued the same course, and taken upon himself the same service.

Soon after his baptism, he addressed the following letter to the Baptist Mission Society, in this country, which body adopted him as a laborer. It will be read, at this distance of time from the hour which gave it birth, with interest.

"Probably, before this, you have received communications from Mr. Judson, one of the missionaries lately sent out to India by 'The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions,' announcing his recent change of sentiments in relation to baptism, and soliciting aid from the Baptist churches in America, to enable him to prosecute missionary labors among the heathen. A communication from me, of a somewhat similar purport, may also have been received. If these communications have been received, and others from Dr. Carey, or from any of the missionaries at Serampore, it may occasion surprise to learn that I am on my way, returning to America. The truth of the matter is, that brother Judson and myself being at the Isle of France, and having determined upon attempting to effectuate a mission at Penang, having the Malay countries, generally, for its ultimate object, were waiting the opportunity of a passage to that place. But as an opportunity unexpectedly offered of getting to the United States, by coming to this place in a Portuguese vessel, the posture of affairs was such, that we judged it expedient for me to avail myself of it, and visit our brethren in our native country. On account
of the war, which may a merciful God soon terminate, we apprehended that it would be a long while before we could possibly hear from our brethren in America; and we were likely to continue for a long time in uncertainty respecting support; and though we could avail ourselves of some temporary aid from our beloved and very excellent friends, the missionaries at Serampore, and might obtain perhaps ultimately the patronage of a foreign Society, should all other resources fail us; still, under a sincere conviction that the missionary cause would be more advanced by the formation of a Baptist Society in America, that should afford us the necessary patronage, than by our becoming the missionaries of a foreign Society, it was, we conceived, clearly our duty, as well as much better comported with our feelings than the other alternative could, to cast ourselves into your hands, and the hands of the Baptist churches in America. Nor could we allow ourselves to doubt, that, as the Lord had manifested peculiar mercy in leading us to adopt more apostolic views than we had formerly entertained in relation to the ordinances of his house; he would also incline our brethren to extend to us that patronage which might enable us to prosecute those missionary purposes and labors, to which we have, I trust, sincerely and sacredly devoted our lives. We could not, indeed, be insensible that our brethren, as well as others, must feel the pressure of public calamity and burden created by the war, in which, unfortunately, the country is involved. But we know also that the Baptist churches in England, notwithstanding the incessant wars in which that country has been involved, have patronized missionary operations to an extent which has accomplished objects of the greatest magnitude and importance, and erected monuments of successful efforts which cannot be destroyed even by the dissolution of the world and the death of time. Nor could we do otherwise than assure ourselves that our brethren in the United States have equal love for the Lord Jesus; and certainly not less zeal for diffusing the savor of his precious name among those who must, otherwise, perish for lack of vision. Of the indispensable obligations of Chris-
tians in general to make, in some way or other, missionary efforts, a missionary himself cannot be supposed to entertain a doubt. The command of his divine Master, in this particular, he conceives to be as plain as it is binding, and to be of the utmost consequence to be fulfilled. And with respect to brother Judson and myself, you will suffer me, dear sir, to remark, that, having experienced in so remarkable a manner the good hand of our God upon us, in leading us to renounce the prepossessions of education, and our preconceived, but mistaken opinions, and to adopt views in relation to the sacred and important ordinance of baptism, conformable to Scripture and to apostolic practice, and to take upon us the solemn profession of Christ in this appropriate rite, by being immersed, after the example of our divine Master himself; we could not but feel as if those who are led into the truth in this particular are bound to make great sacrifices, and determined efforts for disseminating in its holy simplicity and purity, the truth as it is in Jesus. And I allow myself freely to indulge the hope, that the sentiments and feelings of our brethren will happily respond to our own on this subject.

"To the venerable and beloved Board, I have, as yet, made no communication of a decisive character, except in regard to the simple fact of my change of sentiments. And even that communication may never have arrived. However, as I could not justify myself in presuming on the continuance of their patronage, I have perceived no impropriety in uniting with brother Judson in soliciting aid and patronage from our Baptist brethren in America. Nor have I any doubt that my interesting connection with the venerable Board may be immediately and satisfactorily dissolved on my arrival, so as to leave me at your disposal, my dear sir, should you be pleased to accept me as your missionary. I must indulge the freedom to observe, however, that I shall be extremely solicitous to return to India as soon as possible. I shall strongly wish to avail myself of the very first opportunity, even should it occur early in autumn, of returning to the Brazils in some Portuguese vessel, unless, which cannot be expected, a more direct
passage to India, should offer. My solicitude is the more keenly ardent in this particular, because, in addition to the loss of time, brother and sister Judson, with whom I have the happiness to be no less united in affection than in sentiment, must remain alone till my return. Impelled by the strong tide of my anxious feelings, I should proceed to use entreaties relative to the formation of a Baptist Missionary Society, or the adoption of some measures by the Baptist churches in America, for the effectual and permanent patronage of a mission offered to them by so remarkable a dispensation of divine Providence; but that I conceive it my duty, in submission to your age and wisdom, and in confidence of your love and zeal for the name of the Lord Jesus, to commit myself to your direction, trusting that the Lord himself will put it in your heart to do that in relation to this important concern, which shall best subserve the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the purposes of his own glory."

Mr. Rice was baptized a short time subsequent to the baptism of Mr. Judson and his companion. The same hand which led them down into the water, conducted him to the liquid sepulchre; the same witnesses gazed on to behold the deed, and the same joyful song swelled out, sung by converted heathen and Christianized idolaters. This change of religious opinions caused a separation in the little company of disciples. Mr. Judson and Mr. Rice, made immediate arrangements to withdraw from the American Board, and place themselves under the patronage of another body. The order being issued for them to leave the country, Mr. Rice and his fellow-laborers sought refuge in the Isle of France, where, after remaining awhile, he determined to return to America, and stir up the churches to action upon the great question of the age. He accordingly sailed, via San Salvador, and arrived in the States, in September, 1813, having been absent from home and country nearly two years. He was immediately appointed agent of the Baptist Missionary Society, and went into the Southern States to secure funds for the purpose proposed.
In 1814, delegates from the Baptist churches throughout the Union, assembled in Philadelphia, to "organize a plan for eliciting, combining, and directing the energies of the whole denomination in one sacred effort for sending the glad tidings of salvation to the heathen, and to nations destitute of pure gospel light." At that meeting, resolutions were passed, making Mr. Rice the agent of the Convention, and a Home Missionary, to labor among the churches for the promotion of missionary objects.

The College in the District of Columbia was under the control of this body until a separation occurred between the North and South, in 1846, when it was relinquished, and became the care of the Southern Board, which had just been organized. For the Convention, Mr. Rice labored with untiring assiduity, and, though he was not always prudent in his movements, though his business habits did not altogether qualify him for his station, yet, as a lecturer upon missions, he had but few equals. He had been on heathen ground, had witnessed the degradation of the people of the world, and his voice thrilled like a trumpet from Maine to Georgia.

Awhile before his death, Mr. Rice closed his connection with the Convention, and gave himself to other duties. The estimation in which he was held by the members of the denomination to which he attached himself, cannot better be expressed than in the language of the author of the "History of the American Baptist Missions." Prof. Gammell, as the organ of the "Missionary Union," doubtless echoes the voice of the Baptists generally, in relation to this one of the missionaries:—

"He had every quality essential to the discharge of a great executive office, excepting discretion alone,—that one, without which knowledge and piety, and zeal the most disinterested, are clearly unavailing. The inextricable confusion in which his affairs were at length involved, proved so serious an embarrassment to all the interests of the Convention, as, at last, in some degree, to cast a shade over his distinguished services, and almost to eclipse the singular disinterestedness which
shone so brightly through all his character. Yet, notwithstanding his imperfections and errors,—and these had their origin in a too ardent and unrestrained imagination,—his name deserves to be enrolled among the ablest and most devoted of the founders of our American Missions, for he accomplished a work which no one of his cotemporaries could have possibly achieved."

Mr. Rice would hardly have made an efficient missionary. His zeal, his imagination, would have played strange freaks with his judgment, and while he would have been abundant in labors, he might have lacked that discrimination which is so essential to a man of God among the heathen. The qualifications for a missionary life are admirably set forth in the following brief letter, from his former associate and friend:—

"RANGOON, Nov. 14, 1816.

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

And here again we see the wisdom of God, in withdrawing Mr. Rice from the foreign field, and giving him employment at home, where he could have counsellors, and judicious associates and advisers. Here, he was the means of awakening a mighty energy, and giving direction to a mighty impulse. There, he might have endangered the cause by a rash step, and
a heedless movement. Well for Zion, that to the judicious Judson was given the work of preaching the gospel, and planting the church in the Burman empire.

Mr. Rice died at Edgefield District, S. C., September 25, 1836. His illness was short, and his words few; his spirit left the world, going up to meet the ransomed ones, who through the labors of Judson, Newell, and Hall, had been gathered from heathendom, to swell the chorus of the skies. He died in the vigor of manhood, in the 54th year of his age, leaving behind him his arduous toils as his richest legacy.

He was not mourned as were Newell and Hall, because, from the circumstances, in which he was called to act, his place could be more easily supplied. Though one of the first missionaries, he died not on the field of battle, but on the shores of his own loved land; and yet, he had far more to do with the great work, which, since his death, has been going on with new power and glory, than men are willing to acknowledge. It was his stirring appeal, uttered in the crowded city, and in the retired village, which awoke the spirit of missions, and called a missionary church to imitate her Lord. The money which came pouring into the treasury, was the golden response made to his fervent addresses, which none could hear without being moved by the wants and woes of a world in sin.

If Mr. Rice had faults, if he was too impetuous, if he sometimes said rash things, let them be forgotten; while memory dwells with pleasure upon his indefatigable labors, and his honest exertions to glorify God. Raise high the monument, and inscribe upon it,

PEACE TO HIS ASHES.
SAMUEL NEWELL.

This servant of God was a graduate of Harvard College. He was a member of the class of 1807, and was not considered as an inferior scholar. He became associated with Judson, and the other pioneers in this good work, during his course of theological study at Andover. He was known among his friends as a devoted and conscientious young man, ready for toil and sacrifice. He became acquainted with Harriet Atwood, about the time of the meeting of the Congregational Association in Bradford, and at once proposed that she should accompany him to a world of darkness. For this daring scheme she was ready, and soon made known to him her determination to share his suffering, and enjoy his reward.

Against the advice of friends, and the counsels of some to whom she had been accustomed to look for guidance and direction, her plan was formed with prayerful dependence on Him who is wiser and better than any of the sons of men. The step, involving sacrifice and toil, and self-denial and hardship, was taken for Jesus Christ, and the souls of thousands who were perishing for lack of vision, and for want of the knowledge of our divine and glorious Saviour, who brought life and immortality to light.

They were married in the early part of 1812, and soon sailed in the Caravan, with Mr. and Mrs. Judson, never to return to the shores of New England. The voyage was chequered with the usual amount of sea-sickness, storms, calms,—scenes of beauty and terror. The vessel arrived in June, and Mr. Newell and his companions were warmly received by the missionaries under the direction of an English Missionary Society. But now commenced a series of sorrows and trials, which ended in the death of Mrs. Newell, and the overthrow of all the hopes of her companion.

In consequence of the order received, to leave the country, Mr. Newell sailed for the Isle of France. The voyage was a severe one. They embarked on the 4th of August, and did not arrive
at the desired haven until November. To that cruel order, and that trying voyage, the death of Mrs. Newell may be attributed. About three weeks before her arrival, she gave birth to an infant daughter, which lived but five days, and then returned to the God who gave it. The violence of the motion of the ship, the damp air, and the heavy rains, threw the mother into consumption, from which it was impossible to deliver her. Each day she drew nearer and nearer to the gates of death, until, on the 30th of November, she died at Port Louis, a martyr to the cause of missions. The bereaved husband bowed himself over the grave with sadness and tears. The object of his affections was removed from him. Far from home and kindred, she had found a grave; and there her ashes sleep, awaiting the sound of the last trumpet.

A year of changes! The marriage festival; the ordination in Salem; the parting from friends; the last adieu; the embarkation on that cold, severe day; the voyage, with all its sickness and sorrow, trials and joys; the arrival in Calcutta; the meeting with the Baptist missionaries there; the cruel order to leave the country; the voyage to the Isle of France; the birth and death of their infant; the death of the wife and mother;—were crowded, to that afflicted husband, into one single twelvemonth. The cup of bitterness was filled up to the very brim; deep called unto deep, and the sorrow-stricken mourner bowed himself in grief and resignation. His were fearful trials; and yet he kissed the rod which had smitten him, and refused not to love the being who had given him tears to drink.

Very soon after the death of his wife, Mr. Newell embarked at Mauritius, and proceeded to Ceylon. His original intention would have led him to join the missionaries at Bombay; but, having some evidence that the government would not permit a mission to be established at that place, he sought an interview with Governor Brownrigg, who promised him protection and assistance at Ceylon. With the great desire of doing good before him, he set himself to work at once, and preached several times each week, to such of the people as were disposed
to come out and hear him. He did not very long remain in this uninviting field. When it became known that the authorities at Bombay would allow the mission to proceed, and the word of God to be preached, Mr. Newell embarked at once to join his brethren, with whom he had associated in America, and with whom he was to die in India. Taking Goa and Cochin on his way, he arrived at Bombay, March 7, 1814, and immediately devoted himself to missionary labor.

The people, whom he had just left, were not permitted long to remain without the word of life. The Ceylon mission was soon commenced. Rev. James Richards, one of the immortal number who first signed the document which was sent to the Congregational Association in Bradford, and four others, were sent out in the brig Dryad, with instructions to commence a mission in the northern part of Ceylon, and though this company is usually regarded as the originators of that mission, yet Mr. Newell, doubtless, deserves the honor which can flow from such an achievement. He was, in reality, the founder of the Ceylon mission, and it was through his influence and appeals that the five brethren were sent out, and kindly received on their arrival. He led the way, prepared the ground, and opened the door, that other laborers might enter and do good. But for him, any and all efforts, for the evangelization of Ceylon, might have been delayed a quarter of a century.

The mission at Bombay was weakened in 1815, by the return of Mr. Nott to the United States. A disease, incident to the country and climate, fastened on him soon after his arrival, and he was obliged to return to America, having suffered for Christ a few years only. His place was soon filled by Rev. Horatio Bardwell, who was a printer as well as a minister. A printing-press and types were soon secured, which added very much to the strength and efficiency of the station. Books were soon prepared in the language of the natives. The first was a tract of eight pages, of which fifteen hundred copies were distributed far and wide, with the most wholesome effect. Soon, the gospel of Matthew was issued, in an edition of fifteen hundred. This work gave great satisfaction to the Christian
toilers. They regarded these books as so many preachers, sent out to speak where the voice of the living preacher could not be heard, and draw the attention of the people to the great truths of revelation at seasons when the missionary would not be allowed to enter the rude habitation.

On the 23d of February, 1818, a company of missionaries from the United States arrived at Bombay, among whom was Miss Philomela Thurston, who went out to join Mr. Newell, and become the partner of his labors. They were married March 26, of the same year, and lived in the service of the same Master, until the devoted husband was called away to reap an eternal reward.

Mr. Newell died in 1821. In April of that year, the cholera, that scourge of the East, made most frightful ravages on the Island of Bombay. In the city alone, nearly one hundred were swept away each day, and the living became so alarmed, that scarcely any were found to bury the dead. At such a time, the beautiful features of Christianity were developed. The beloved servants of God went from town to town, from dwelling to dwelling, endeavoring to do good to the bodies and the souls of the sick and dying. On the 28th of April, while on his mission of mercy to Tannah, in company with Mr. Nichols, he found himself attacked with the first premonitory symptoms. The next day his disease had gained new ground, and all the efforts of medical men were found unable to stay its progress. The good man continued to sink very rapidly, until death closed the scene at a quarter past one, on the morning of the 30th. His death made deep and solemn impressions on the minds of his fellow-laborers, who, by the suddenness of the stroke, knew not how to act without his counsel.

When the tidings of his death reached this country, all religious denominations sympathized with the American Board. The early decease of Mrs. Newell had thrown a charm around the name, and the sensation produced in America was greater, perhaps, than it would have been by the death of any one of his associates. He died, not as did his companion, at a time when few were willing to take the place of the departed one, but
at an hour when the subject of missions was dear to all pious hearts, and hundreds were consecrating themselves to the holy work. He saw the fruits of missions in the conversion of souls and the reformation of society.

His afflicted widow remained at Bombay several years; she became the wife of James Garnett in 1822; and returned in 1831, shortly after the death of her second husband. She was born at Rowley, Mass., and, while on heathen soil, labored hard to glorify God, and do good to the thousands of dying heathen who thronged around the mission station.

SAMUEL NOTT.

The missionary life of Mr. Nott was very short. He sailed in the Harmony from Philadelphia, after having been ordained in the Tabernacle in Salem. He remained at Calcutta awhile after his arrival, and from thence proceeded to Bombay, in company with Mr. Hall. Here a mission was established, which until this day has been prospered of God; but Mr. Nott was not long permitted to labor in its service. He was soon attacked with a disease of the liver, which compelled him to return with his companion to this country. By the sea-voyage and the change of climate he was completely restored to health, and is now living, after nearly a half century has passed away, the only survivor of the early missionary band.

At present, he is pastor of the Congregational Church in Wareham, Massachusetts, and is much beloved by the flock to whom he has long ministered in holy things. Though not permitted to continue on heathen soil, as a missionary of the cross, he has been permitted to see the work of the Lord prospered in his hands, at home; and from his quiet village has looked abroad upon the unfolding purposes of Jehovah, and rejoices in the success of the work, to which he first devoted himself. He still lives in a good old age, enjoying the confidence of men, and the smiles of God.

A few years since, when Dr. Judson was in America, a scene
of touching tenderness occurred, which is thus described by an eye-witness—the event taking place at the meeting which was held to welcome the returned missionary to his native land.

"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."

JAMES RICHARDS.

It matters but little who of the heroic men first determined to go forth to the Gentiles. By some, the honor is given to Mr. Judson; by others, to Mr. Mills; and by others, to Mr. Richards. They all seemed to act in harmony, and to be proved by the Holy Ghost about the same time.

Mr. Richards was born in Abington, February 23, 1784. His parents soon after removed to Plainfield, where James spent his younger days. He became acquainted with Samuel J. Mills at Williams College, and there laid the foundation of his future missionary enthusiasm. He graduated in 1809, with a good degree of honor. He pursued a systematic course of study at Andover, and acquainted himself with the science of medicine at Philadelphia. Having resolved to be a missionary, he was ordained at Newburyport, on the 21st of June, 1815, in company with Daniel Poor, Horatio Bardwell, Benjamin C. Meigs, and S. J. Mills. On the 23d of October, Mr. Richards sailed from Newburyport, in the brig Dryad, bound for Ceylon. Here he lived and labored for a long time, and was the instrument of much good. He died, August 3, 1822, of a pulmonary complaint, and his ashes now repose with those of his missionary associates. He is resting from his labors, and his works do follow him. Mr. Richards was noted for his ardent piety, and was led to embrace a missionary life from real devotion to the service of his Master. He was a man of God, and the Mission Board sustained a heavy loss when he descended to his grave.

SAMUEL J. MILLS.

Mr. Mills is usually considered by his brethren, as having been the founder, in fact, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Dr. Griffin, speaking of a
missionary society connected with Williams College, in the meetings of which the holy theme of a world's salvation was discussed by the young men, says: "I have been in situations to know, that, from the counsels formed in that sacred conclave, or from the mind of Mills himself, arose the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Bible Society, the United Foreign Missionary Society, and the African School, under the care of the Synod of New York and New Jersey; besides all the impetus given to Domestic Missions, to the Colonization Society, and to the general cause of benevolence in both hemispheres."

Samuel J. Mills was born in Torringford, Connecticut, April 21, 1783. His father was a Congregational minister, of much piety and prayer. He was early converted to God, having had a deep and awful sense of his sinfulness as an enemy of God, and an heir of wrath. He was educated at Williams College, and graduated with the usual honors, in 1809. While in college, he caught the fire of missions, and conceived the mighty enterprises into which he entered in after years with all his soul. He pursued a theological course of study at Andover, where he became associated with Nott, Hall, and others, men of kindred spirit and kindred hopes. In 1812, he made a journey through our western country, in company with J. F. Schermerhorn, awakening everywhere the slumbering churches to feel and act for the salvation of dying men. He was ordained at the same time and place with Mr. Richards. In 1815, his attention was turned to the destitution of our country of the Word of God, and at once gave himself to the formation of the American Bible Society. In 1817, he was appointed to visit the coast of Africa. He was successful in the object of his voyage, but on his return was cut down by death, and was not permitted to revisit his native land. He died June 16, 1818, and was buried in the ocean. Memoirs of this good man have been prepared by Dr. Spring, and read by hundreds and thousands of Christians. Rev. Joseph Tracy, in his History of Missions, thus remarks: "The Ameri-
can Colonization Society had invited him to visit Africa, as their agent, to explore the coast with reference to a place for their first settlement. He selected as his companion in this voyage, the Rev. Ebenezer Burgess, now Dr. Burgess, of Dedham, Mass., to whom he wrote: 'My brother, can we engage in a nobler enterprise? We go to make freemen of slaves. We go to lay the foundations of a free and independent empire on the coast of poor degraded Africa. It is confidently believed, by many of our best and wisest men, that, if the plan proposed succeeds, it will ultimately be the means of exterminating slavery in our country. It will eventually redeem and emancipate a million and a half of wretched men. It will transfer to the coast of Africa, the blessings of religion and civilization; and Ethiopia will soon stretch out her hands unto God.' Having spent some time as an agent of the Society at home, in forming auxiliaries, he sailed for Africa, with Mr. Burgess, on the 16th of November, 1817. Having had extensive intercourse with the chiefs on the coast, and collected much important and encouraging information, the brethren embarked for England, on their return, on the 22d of May, 1818. Mr. Mills had a stricture on the lungs, and a dangerous cough, before he left home. The damp and chill atmosphere of England, had aggravated the disease. While in Africa, it abated, and he was capable of labor. On his return, on the 5th of June, he took a severe cold, and from that time rapidly declined, till, on the 16th, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, after delightful conversation on the prospect before him, his strength failed; he gently folded his hands across his breast, and with a smile of meek serenity, ceased to breathe. As the sun went down, all on board assembled, and, after solemn prayer to the 'God of the spirits of all flesh,' the body was committed to the ocean. It was fitting that the remains of such a man, whose character no monument could suitably represent, should rest where none could be attempted. Though not permitted to engage personally in a foreign mission, he had done much for the conversion of the world.'
Thus two of the original number have found a home beneath the waves, as if in token that the memory of the departed belongs to every shore upon which the ocean dashes its spray. When the trumpet sounds, the ocean will send up its dead, and together Mills and Judson will appear, to render up their account and receive their reward.