

# Among the Lions: A Story of Mission Work in Burmah

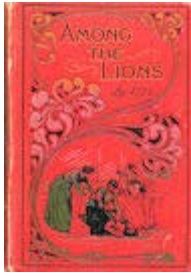
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## Chapter 1. Far Off and Long Ago.



It is nearly forty years since a book that lies near me as I write came fresh and new from the hands of its printers. The bright crimson binding is a good deal faded now, and there is an old out-of-date look about the volume. Still I remember, as I turned its pages, the delight with which I first read the thrilling story those pages tell; a story, too, that I hope we shall all think more interesting, because it is quite true, than any make-believe tale could possibly be.

But some of you are getting a little impatient and want to know "what my book is about."

"Perils among the Heathen." But perhaps a few of my young friends say they hardly know yet if the book will suit them. A boy I know told me one day, Oh, I forgot it was to be a secret, so you won't tell, will you? "That he did not care much for reading except when he could get stories about shipwrecks or lion hunts."

Have a little patience, Master Harry, for as the country I am going to tell you about is so far off from England or America that it can only be reached by a long sea voyage, I shall have something to say about the perils of the deep. And as many miles of it are covered by jungle, and as, of course, you know that many kinds of wild creatures find in the jungle the homes they like best, I think I may promise you one or two stories about lions before we have to say good-bye to each other.

We have all read in our geography books about Burmah, forming as it does part of the great Indian Empire. We know that ivory, sweet spices and costly woods are among its exports. We shall, I hope, all learn some things we did not know before about the country and its people before I close my old book and put it back into its place on the shelf. But just now what I want to tell you is a story of long ago.

Six hundred and twenty-four years before the Lord Jesus, the Son of God, became the Babe of Bethlehem, we are told by Hindoo writers that an Indian prince was born. He was an only son, and so heir to the throne. His father, who loved him dearly, had

given orders to his servants that they were never even to speak of death or dying in the presence of their young master; if any of them were ill they were to be sent away at once, and the prince, whose name was Gautama, was never to be allowed to hear of any one being sick or in trouble. We must remember that the poor king, though he was so rich and powerful, had no Bible, and did not know anything about the one true God; so perhaps it is not so very surprising that he wished his son to think this world a beautiful and happy place, and to believe that he could stay in it forever.

But sickness and sorrow and death are such very real things that all the care of his father could not keep Gautama from knowing something about them. It is said that one day when returning from a hunting-party he saw a leper all covered with sores, and though his attendants drove the poor man away they were not able to do so quickly enough to prevent his being seen by the prince, who seemed much interested and asked a number of questions, which, however, his servants were afraid to answer, so they tried to divert his attention by talking of other things. But all their efforts failed, for Gautama remained for a long time silent and thoughtful.

On another occasion he met a very aged man with whom he insisted on stopping to converse, and appeared much troubled on learning that all his riches could not prevent him from growing old.

Gautama had learned two things, that old age and sickness are in the world, and before very long he was to turn another page in the lesson-book of life and find out something of the stern reality of death.

Riding one day at a distance from the palace he caught sight of a funeral procession. At first he could not understand what it all meant, but as the truth dawned upon his mind he became very unhappy, and finding his servants were unwilling to answer his questions, went, we are told, to the wisest men in the kingdom with the question, "Must I die, too?" filling his heart.

In vain the sages pleaded the commands of the king. Gautama had set his heart upon knowing, and would go away, he said, when his question was answered, but not before. So at last, slowly and sorrowfully they were obliged to reply in some such

words as, "To die, O prince, is the lot of all things. Death comes alike to the high and low, the rich and the poor."

Gautama returned to his home feeling, we may be sure, as if all the light and joy had gone out of his life. He no longer cared for his beautiful palace or his royal robes, for he knew that one day he must leave them and go away: he did not know *where*.

After thinking about it for a long time, he resolved to leave all his friends and live by himself in the woods, so that he might spend his whole time in trying to find out what would become of him after death. I cannot help feeling sorry for the poor young prince, can you? For he was just like one who in blinding darkness tries to find his way along a road he does not know. And Gautama had no light.

You all know what I mean, don't you? Perhaps some of you are already thinking of a verse from one of the psalms that tells us of the only true light: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." (Psa. 119:105) But I must go on with my story. He was about twenty-nine years of age when the Hindoo books tell us he kissed his sleeping wife and infant son, and leaving the palace in the silence and darkness of night, went far into the forest. But he did not find it so easy as he expected to live alone, for a great many people who looked up to and thought Gautama a good and great man, followed him and he became their teacher. They called him Buddha, and said that he was a god, and when he died at the age of eighty they believed that his soul had gone to live in the body of a white elephant, of which they took great care and always treated very kindly.

What did Gautama teach the people? Some very strange, sad things, one being that the soul after the death of the body would pass into the body of some animal, such as a sheep or a dog. The followers of Buddha think that after a very long time the soul goes out or becomes nothing.

Do many people believe what I have been telling you? Yes, far greater numbers than you or I could count; they are to be found in vast numbers all over India and China, and are called Buddhists.

It was among these far-away people who had never heard of the Lord Jesus and His love that the little band of missionaries I

promised to tell you about were called to live and work. They had a message from God for those dark ignorant people. They were to tell them that light had come into the world. Light, too, that shone so brightly that the darkness could not bear it, and so man in his pride and self-will put out the Light. But you know the "old, old story" just as well or perhaps even better than I do.

You know how the Lord Jesus, God's Lamb, was nailed to the cross, bearing in His own body on the tree the sins of all who believe on Him. (See 1 Peter 2:24) You know, too, that God raised Him from the dead, and that He is a living Saviour now at God's right hand in heaven.

But it was to those that did not know that the Judsons were to make Christ known. It was among those who had never heard the good news of the gospel that they were to speak of their own precious Saviour. In my next chapter I hope to tell you something about the early years and school-days of two of that mission band. Two to whom God gave the sowing-time, though others were, I think, allowed to share in the joy of harvest.

## **Chapter 2. Two Homes.**

Rather more than a hundred years ago, I think it was in the year 1788, a New England home was gladdened by the coming of a baby boy, who received the name of Adoniram. Baby's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, were earnest Christians, who received their precious little one as a loan from the Lord, and really desired to train it up for Him.

The child thus wisely and lovingly trained, soon began to take an interest in Bible stories, and it must have been a pretty sight to watch the little fellow, even before he was quite three years old, listening with deep attention to his mother's voice as she told him in very simple words some Bible history, such as that of Joseph and his coat of many colors. We can almost seem to see the look of awe and wonder that would come over the child's face, uplifted to his mother's, as he heard of Samuel and his early call by God.

His mother taught him to read; he learned so quickly that, when little more than three years of age, his father having been away from home for a few weeks, Adoniram was able on his return to

surprise him by reading a chapter in the New Testament. At four years of age he would gather the neighbor's children together and hold a meeting, at which his mother remembered in after years the hymn he almost always gave out was one beginning with the line:

"Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord."

He had hardly reached his seventh birthday when a friend gave him a book called "Easy Lessons in Astronomy." What he read filled him with wonder and delight, though at times he got a good deal puzzled. One statement in the book gave him a lot of trouble. He read that the earth is a sphere, and that it moves round the sun. He tried hard to think it out, but all to no purpose, so talked it over with his little sister. "Does the sun," he asked her, "move at all?" The child replied, "Yes, I am sure it does, for I can see it." But the boy shook his head gravely, and said, "That will not do. I must have some proof. I cannot trust my eyes, they have deceived me more than once."

A day or two later he was missing at the family dinner-hour. "Where is Adoniram?" his mother asked, but in vain; no one had seen him for several hours. At last his father, growing uneasy at his long absence, went to look for him. After crossing two or three fields he found Adoniram stretched at full length on his back, looking through a hole he had cut in the crown of his hat, his eyes swollen and half blinded by the great heat and light. "What are you doing?" his father inquired in a tone of stern reproof. "Only looking at the sun," the boy replied, as he rose and calmly followed his father to the house. During the evening he whispered to his sister, "I have it now."

Mr. Judson, who seems to have been a man of few words, was so much pleased with the report Adoniram brought home from school in his tenth year, not only of diligence, but of progress in all his studies, that, placing his hand on the head of his little son, he said with more than usual tenderness, "You will be a great man one day, Adoniram." Little did that father know how honored a servant of the Lord that son would one day become, or how many souls he would in the hands of God be the means of leading out of the darkness of heathenism into the light of the gospel.

Space will only allow me to give one or two from among many recorded incidents of young Judson's school-days. He got on so well with his arithmetic as to stand at the head of his class. A lawyer from a neighboring city one day visited the school and gave the boys a difficult sum in one of the more advanced rules, offering a reward of a dollar (about four shillings) for a correct answer. The day following was a holiday, and Judson shutting himself up in his room, covered his slate with figures and was soon hard at work. Hour after hour he toiled on, only stopping for a few minutes when called to meals, but without getting the wished-for result. Many, perhaps most boys, would have said, "This stupid old sum won't come right," and gone off to play. But Adoniram Judson never even thought of giving up, and kept on till bed-time. Early the next morning he was again at work. After breakfast, his mother, whom he loved dearly and was anxious to please, asked him if he would mind going into the nursery to amuse his little brother who was very ill, while she went to attend to some household duties.

He went cheerfully, and was soon sitting on the nursery carpet building a two-story house with toy bricks, but still trying to think out the troublesome sum. The house was not more than half finished when the boy sprang to his feet with a bound that sent the bricks rolling all ways, and made the wee sufferer start with surprise, exclaiming, "I've got it," and ran off to write out the answer, the prize to his great delight being soon after awarded to him.

The boys who were his class-mates often spoke of him in after years as a quiet, thoughtful boy who did not care much for their games, and was much more frequently to be found during play-hours reading a favourite book in some quiet corner than taking part in any of their sports, though he could play cricket, and his kindness to any of the boys who found it hard work to keep up with their class-mates rendered him a general favourite.

The son of Christian parents, he had many opportunities of hearing the way of salvation through faith in Christ. He often read his Bible too, but it was not till some years after the time you have been reading about that Judson (the future Indian missionary) really came to Jesus. In my next chapter I hope to tell you the story of his conversion to God; but just now I am going to ask you to turn with me to another New England home,

where a girl of six was learning her lessons, feeding the chickens, or running errands for mother.

What a restless little creature that child must have been. So full of fun and energy, liking above all things a ramble in the woods, often returning home with torn frock and scratches on her hands that told their own tale of a forced passage through a tangle of blackberry bushes, or a climb up some slippery bank in quest of wild flowers.

But I do not want you to think of Ann Haseltine as an idle, careless little girl. Her love of books was greater even than her love of rambling. A retentive memory enabled her to learn her lessons with ease. She attended a good public school, passing rapidly from class to class till, at the age of thirteen, she stood high in every class she attended. Still a cloud would come over that bright young face, and her heart would ache with a dull sense of sorrow and disappointment.

What could be the cause of her trouble? She had a sheltered, happy home, loving friends, and many nice and pleasant things. I think she was learning for herself the truth of words written many, many years ago by one who had tried the world and all its pleasures and found they could not satisfy. They are not Bible words, I know, but I believe they have been made a blessing to numbers of souls. I am sure they have to me; you shall read them for yourselves, "Lord, thou hast formed us for thyself, and we are restless till we find our rest in thee."

After these seasons of soul trouble, Ann H. would make any number of resolutions. From being quite a child, she had been careful to speak the truth and never forgot to say a form of prayer. But she knew something more was needed. Being a bright, lively girl, she was often invited by her young friends to parties, which she took great delight in attending. Sometimes she would refuse an invitation to one without giving any reason, but really because she thought God would be pleased with her for doing so. At other times she would take part in worldly amusements and try to make herself and others believe she was really happy.

I cannot stay to write, and if I could you might not care to read of all the soul exercises through which Ann passed before she saw God's way of peace and went to Christ, just as she was, a



lost, guilty sinner.

### **Chapter 3. From Darkness to Light.**

We lingered so long over Judson's school days in our last chapter that we seemed to know him quite well as a bright, clever boy, a great favourite with his masters as well as a leader in the playground. But school-days, we all know, cannot last more than a few years, and are in themselves a preparation for the real work of our lives, and Judson often asked himself, "What shall I be when I am grown up?" Naturally ambitious, he wished to be well known and much talked about. Sometimes he thought he would go to sea and discover new countries, as Columbus and others had done. But he was not quite sure he should like the life of a sailor. Perhaps he would study law and become one day a great lawyer. Or he might write books that would be read by hundreds of people. Sometimes he thought he should become a famous preacher. It must be very pleasant, the boy thought, to have crowds listening to his words. But this "could never be," he would say sadly to himself, for he knew he had not really come to Jesus, so how could he tell others about One whom he did not really and truly know as his own precious Saviour? Besides, he was sure the Lord would not care for work that did not spring from love to Himself; and though he could say quite a number of psalms and chapters by heart, and knew nearly all the Bible histories deep down in his heart, the boy felt that there were stories in his school-books of brave men and their mighty deeds that seemed to him far more interesting than the gospel narrative of the life and death of the meek and lowly Saviour, the suffering Son of God.

But if he knew himself to be unsaved, unforgiven, unsheltered by the precious blood of Christ, could he be content to remain where he was? Content to go on with his lessons, or his day-dreams of future fame and greatness, while he turned a deaf ear to the voice of a loving Saviour?

Did not Adoniram Judson even wish to become a Christian? Yes, I am sure he did, at least sometimes. One winter he was very ill, so ill that the doctor hardly thought his recovery possible. Learning his danger from the tears his loving, patient mother could not always hide, he became much alarmed. "What if he were going to die and have to meet God!" The thought made

him very unhappy. But when the danger was passed he again grew careless about the things of eternity, and the return of spring found him more than ever absorbed with his studies.

But some boy or girl may ask, "Was it wrong for a youth to take pains with his lessons and do his best not only to win but keep a good place in his classes?" Oh, no; the wrong was not, could never be, in doing thorough painstaking work. The wrong was in that he had not come as a lost sinner to Jesus. Like the young man of whom we read in the gospels, "One thing thou lackest" (Mark 10:21), might have been said of Adoniram at the time of which I am now writing.

When sixteen years of age he entered Providence College, engaging in several new studies. The much coveted title of "first man of his year" was bestowed at the close of a stiff examination upon the student who gained the highest number of marks in every subject.

Judson made up his mind to carry off this honor. He worked hard for it and succeeded, though most of his class mates were much older than himself. Late at night, after what must have been a very trying day, he wrote home:

"Dear Father,—I have got it.

"Your affectionate son, A. J."

One of Judson's college friends, a young man five or six years older than himself, was possessed not only of remarkable talents, but of such a bright, lively disposition that it seemed hardly possible to help liking him. Judson first admired, then loved him, and though I think the son of godly parents must have been shocked and grieved when he found that his chosen companion, his trusted friend, was one who did not believe the Bible was true, he began to wonder if one who knew so many things could be mistaken as to this, and allowed himself to be dragged into the troubled waters of unbelief. Both had a desire to write plays. When their term at college ended, they wished each other good-bye with mutual promises of a life-long friendship.

Judson was about to leave college and decide on his profession, but before doing so his father wished him to visit New York, Albany and other places of interest in the Northern States. On reaching Albany, he found everybody talking about a new

steamboat, the "Robert Fulton," which had been launched only a few days before. On the second trip of the boat to New York he was one of the passengers and enjoyed the trip very much.

One evening, while staying in New York, he went to the theater, and next morning sought and obtained an engagement in a company of actors, thinking he would be able to learn many things he should find useful to know when he began to write plays. But a week of an actor's life was quite enough for him and he gave it up in disgust, perhaps wondering very much why he felt so tired and sick at heart of all the gay scenes around him.

Could it be otherwise? Words that fell long years ago from the lips of the Lord Jesus, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again" (John 4:13), might truly be written over every earthly pleasure. None but Christ can really fill and satisfy the heart. In patient grace He was seeking the wanderer, saying to him, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11:28), and the time when there should be joy in the home of his childhood over his conversion, joy, too, in the presence of the angels of God (Luke 15:10) drew very near.

I told you of his college friend, how and when they parted; were they ever to meet again? You shall hear.

On his way home, Judson wished to visit an uncle whom he had not seen for several years. Finding him from home on his arrival, he accepted a cordial invitation to stay all night, and was introduced to a young man, who, having found the Lord Jesus precious to his own soul, loved to speak of Him to others.

There was something so kind and pleasant in the manner and words of the stranger that Judson could not help liking him, and the young men talked together far into the night. We can only guess at what passed between them, but we may be sure that Judson was lovingly urged by his new friend to accept the gift of God, "eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. 6:23) Still, when the time came for him to say "Good-bye," he was, he tells us, though much softened, not fully decided to be a Christian. "Almost persuaded."

The night following he was to sleep at a wayside inn. "I am very sorry, sir," the landlord said as he shewed him to his room, "very

sorry indeed, but I shall have to put you next door to a man who is very ill, I fear dying. The doctor says he can't be moved, and we have no other spare room."

Judson turned cold and trembled all over. He would much rather not have been in such close quarters to the dying. But it was getting late, and there was no other inn in the place, so saying he was only sorry for the sufferer and did not mind for himself at all, he wished the landlord good night and went to bed, but not to sleep, for only a thin wooden wall parted the two rooms, and he could not help hearing the moans of the poor young man.

He could hear, too, the whispers of those who watched by the dying bed, and the thought of the eternity into which the stranger was about to enter would not be dismissed. "Was he ready? Did he know where he was going? Were his sins forgiven?" were questions he asked himself over and over again. Then he wondered if any one was in the room who would tell him, of Christ and His salvation, who would speak to him about his soul as his own godly father or gentle mother would have done.

Once or twice he half rose from his bed as if about to go himself. But how could he tell another of a Saviour whom he did not know for himself? How should he speak of salvation while he was unsaved?

His first question on going to breakfast was, "How is my sick neighbor?" "Dead, sir," was the answer. Judson could only repeat the word "Dead," and the landlord continued, "Yes, sir. It's quite true, the doctor told us last night he could not live many hours. I am very sorry, for he was a fine young fellow. His name was E—n. I believe he was a student at Providence College."

Judson reeled and would have fallen had not the landlord prevented his doing so by placing him in a chair. The name was that of the friend to whom he had given such devoted love, and he had died in all the bright promise of early manhood. Died, too, Judson feared, without Christ, and so without hope. For to die without Christ is to spend eternity without Christ.

"The Bible is true, I know it, and I am a lost sinner," Judson said over and over to himself as he continued his journey. He reached his father's house a day or two later. Six weeks after he wrote to a friend, "From the moment I simply believed in Jesus I have

never had a doubt. I am as sure that I am a new creature as I am that I am alive."

#### **Chapter 4. A Prisoner of War.**

Out of darkness into light. Turned from the power of Satan unto God was true of Judson, as it is of every soul who really and truly accepts Christ. And it was no half-hearted or unwilling service the future missionary to Burmah longed to yield to the Master in heaven whom he so loved and wanted to please.

An important sphere of Christian work very near the home of his boyhood had been offered him, and his resolution (if according to the will of God) to devote his life to preaching the gospel in heathen lands may have wavered for a moment when his sister, to whom he was greatly attached, laid her hand on his arm and begged him in low, earnest tones and with tear-filled eyes to give up the thought of going abroad and settle down near them.

But if so, it was only for a moment. Perhaps the Lord's own words, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15), might have seemed to come with fresh power and meaning to his mind. His face was already turned towards far-off India, and he must not, would not, look back. So he told his much loved sister, and a few days after wrote to the London Missionary Society offering to go out to Burmah to preach the gospel, teach in a school, and do many other things.

Those were not the days of fast sailing mail steamers, and it took a long time, sometimes weeks or even months, before letters from America could be received in London. So as many things had to be arranged, it was decided that Judson should pay a visit to England.

But the times of which I am writing were neither quiet nor peaceable ones. France and England, though the two countries were just as near neighbors then as now, were far from being good friends. The ship in which Judson had sailed from New York was one carrying the English flag. It had been at sea little more than a fortnight when it was captured by a French frigate, its passengers and crew made prisoners of war and thrust into the hold of the vessel, a prison more dreary, dark and comfortless it would perhaps be difficult to picture to oneself.

There had been a good deal of fighting on deck, and several of the sailors were badly wounded. Judson lay among them very weary, sea-sick, and heart-sick too, we may say, and a little home-sick as well. Had his intended voyage to England been a mistake? Would it not have been better to accept the work offered him in Boston? Many such questions passed through his mind. One only comfort remained to him, he could turn to God in prayer and say with the simple faith of a little child, "Lord, thou knowest."

His Hebrew Bible seemed to him just like an old and very dear friend. There was not light enough in the ship's hold for him to read it by, still he did not feel so lonely when the precious volume was near him.

One day the ship's doctor, who could not speak a word of English, seeing the book, took it up and, carrying it to the gangway, read a few passages. He seems to have been a kind man, and as he had already begun to feel an interest in Judson, thought that a man who could read the scriptures in the language in which they were written would most likely understand Latin, returned the Bible and addressed the patient in that language.

Judson, who had a thorough knowledge of Latin, was much pleased at finding it was possible to make himself understood, and had soon told the doctor who he was and his object in wishing to go to England. Through the doctor's influence, Judson was removed from the crowded, ill-smelling hold and allowed on the upper deck to enjoy light and air. Better food, too, from the captain's table was often sent him, and during the remainder of the voyage he was treated with more kindness.

But he was still a prisoner, and his troubles as such were far from being at an end. All the delay and disappointment must have been very trying to the man who had so longed to go at once to Burmah. Still, it was one of the training-schools in which God was preparing His servant for work among the heathen day by day. Burmah's future missionary was learning lessons of trust in the love and wisdom of Him who had said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." (Psa. 50:15)

The French frigate touched at a Spanish port and the prisoners were landed, Judson among the number. As they were marched

through the streets toward the prison, Judson tried to arouse the sympathy of the onlookers by using what little French he knew. But nobody seemed to understand what he said, so he tried English, speaking very loudly in the hope of gaining a listener. At last, just when he began to think his efforts all in vain, a voice from the crowd said, "Don't talk so loud."

A sudden ray of hope came like a sunbeam into the heart of the lonely youth as he replied, "I will be as quiet as you wish now that I have made myself heard." In a few words the stranger explained that he was an American merchant and quite willing to do all in his power to help his countryman. "But," he added, "You must go quietly to prison now. I have no power to take you out of the hands of your captors."

In one of the back streets of that old Spanish town stood, in those days, the Government prison. Ernest and Willie are sure to ask what kind of place it was, so I must try to answer their question. It was just one large room underground and very damp and dirty. It had no windows, and so would have been quite dark but for the feeble light of a single lamp tied to a post in the center of the room.

There were no chairs, tables, or beds in the prison, only a little straw so wet and moldy that Judson, though very tired, could not make up his mind to lie down. Hour after hour he walked up and down feeling the time very long. His head ached badly, and he felt faint and ill, still he was not without hope that his new friend the American merchant would visit him, and perhaps be able to do something for his release.

He listened anxiously to every creak of the rusty iron gate that led to his dungeon. He was without any means of knowing the time, but thought it must have been about midnight when the stranger arrived. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man and wore a long, loose cloak.

Making a sign to Judson to remain quiet, he took down the lamp saying in English, "Let me see if I know any of these poor fellows." As he replaced it he was so near Judson that he was able to throw the folds of his ample cloak round him and whisper, "Keep close to me." The prisoner obeyed, though wondering greatly if the guard would allow him to pass.

But the merchant placed a golden dollar in the hand of the soldier who was on duty and he did not ask any questions. When they reached the street his guide said, "Now follow me, but you must run." Forgetting how tired he was he did so until they reached a very poor lodging where his friend told him he could hide in safety until an order for his release could be obtained from the Governor.

After about ten days' waiting he was again at sea and on his way to England. The week following he was in London, where he received a very kind welcome from many friends of the mission. It was decided that he should return to America and sail from one of its seaports for his beloved Burmah.

But I have lingered so long over his eventful voyage to England that I must not begin to tell you about his return journey or of all that came after it till our next chapter.

## **Chapter 5. Delays and Disappointments.**

Dear young friends, I want you to go with me on an imaginary journey. Once more we will pay a visit to that pleasant New England home, where, nearly twenty years before, a little girl of six had dressed her dolls or learned her lessons. The old brown house is but little changed, its garden is still gay with flowers, and the tall maple-trees that shelter the farm buildings, still put on their lovely autumn tints of crimson and gold.

But as we did not come to look at trees or flowers we must not linger among them, so we will go into the house, thinking, it maybe, of the child who used to play there, and wondering what changes the years have brought to her. Ah! there she is: a child no longer, but a tall, graceful woman. We are only just in time to hear her say "Good-bye" to her old home, for in a few days, perhaps hours, she will have left it, never to return.

I have already told you how Ann Haseltine was led to Christ. Knowing Him as her own precious Saviour, and loving the One who had first loved her, we are not surprised to find that she had often wished, if according to the will of God, too, that a way might be opened for her to go to India, learn the native language, and there work for the Lord among the women and girls of that far-off land. So when the future missionary Judson asked her if



she were willing to leave the home and friends of her girlhood, and go to Burmah as his wife, she believed the call was from God, and said "Yes" with all her heart.

It was on February 6th, in the year 1812, that Mr. and Mrs. Judson, who had at that date been married only a few weeks, sailed for India. Their voyage was a long and trying one, and they had to learn many lessons of patience and simple trust in the love and care of their heavenly Father before they were allowed to begin work among those whom they had traveled so far over ocean and land to seek.

They had been at sea a hundred and twelve days when the ship's captain, calling them on deck, pointed out a far-away coastline, and said they were within a few days' sail of Calcutta. The Judsons, we may be sure, were much pleased, and looked long and anxiously; but they could not see much, only a range of mountains, those of Golconda, among which some of the largest and most valuable diamonds in the world have been found. Two days later they cast anchor in the Bay of Bengal, and as the wind was in their favor were able to begin to sail up the Hoogly, a branch of the great river Ganges, so near land that they were able to see not only groves of palm and cocoanut-trees growing almost close to the water's edge, but also great numbers of Hindoo huts or cottages.

Mrs. Judson was greatly interested, and wrote to her friends in America: "These native houses are very small, but built so closely together that the people must be very near neighbors. Indeed, I was reminded of the crowded dwellings in which the very poor live in the back streets of our large towns; only these huts look very much like haystacks; they have no windows or chimneys. A few natives seem quite busy, some fishing in the river, others working in the rice fields; but by far the greater number are sitting or lying idly in the sunshine."

"We have seen a few pagodas; they are much larger than the houses, and seem to have been built with more care."

Do you know what a pagoda is? It is the house or temple of some Hindoo idol, and I am sure that the sight would lead our little band of missionaries to pray earnestly that they might soon be able to tell these poor people in their own language about the only true God, and of His wondrous love in the gift of His own

Son. (John 3:16)

A surprise awaited them at Calcutta. They did not know any one in that busy town, and yet almost before they had time to step from the boat on to the landing-stage they were warmly welcomed to India, and as they listened to the friendly voice and grasped the outstretched hand of William Carey, they would, I think, forget that the stranger was other than an old and very dear friend.

Carey took them into his study and showed them the work that had cost him long years of steady, patient work, translating the Bible into one of the many languages of India. He then prayed with Mr. and Mrs. Judson, asking the Lord to use them as His honoured servants in the dark land to which they had come. I do not know if he had time to tell them much about himself, but his story always seems to me one so full of interest that I am going to tell you who he was and why he went to India.

Born in a village in one of our Midland counties, the son of poor hard-working parents, but little time or money could be spared for his schooling; so he grew up without learning many things most boys are now taught. He was converted to God in early life, and often as he sat quietly working at his trade (that of a shoemaker), he would think of the words of his risen Lord, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15), and wonder why so few Christians had gone, till large tears filled his eyes, and a deep longing to go himself in his heart.

Sometimes he would get a few Christians together, show them what is called a missionary map of the world, in which all the places where idols are served and prayed to are painted black, and ask them if they did not think it high time that English Christians should try to send the good news to the perishing millions of India?

William Carey had to pray and wait for a long time before the way was made plain for him to go to India. But the Lord, who had Himself put that deep love for souls into the heart of His servant, allowed him to go and do good work both in preaching the gospel and making translations of the scriptures.

But the Judsons were not going to stay in Calcutta, and we must

follow them on their journey. They had gone fifteen miles up the country, when Mr. Judson received an order commanding his return to Calcutta, as he was required to attend at the Government House. He went, but much to his surprise found that he, as well as some other foreigners, were under orders to leave India, and sail at once for England or America.

This must have been a great, almost a crushing, disappointment to both husband and wife; so great, that the only way in which they could bear it was by taking it to God in prayer and asking Him to open a door for the message of His grace in that land of heathen temples and idol worshippers.

After laying the matter before the Lord, the Judsons thought there might have been some mistake in the order, and decided to remain in India till they could get letters from England advising them what to do.

The few months that followed must have been a time of great trial, as they were obliged to be almost constantly moving from place to place, and were not allowed to settle or build a house anywhere.

It was not till almost the close of the year that the long-looked-for permission to go to Burmah was given, and with glad and thankful hearts the missionary and his wife went to live among a people who had not even heard of the Lord Jesus.

"But was Mr. Judson able to preach to them?" some of my young friends may ask. No, not for a long time; for as the Burmans did not understand English, and he could not speak their language, he had to find a teacher and study very hard indeed, not for a week or even a month, but for two whole years, before the native Burmans were able to understand what he wanted to say to them.

## **Chapter 6. The Mission-House.**

A poor place it was in which Mr. and Mrs. Judson began housekeeping. They had few, if any, of the comforts of an English or American home. Still tall palm-trees stood near their humble dwelling, and melons and cucumbers might, they knew, be raised with but little care or trouble in their garden. It must have seemed a long time, much longer perhaps than it really was,

to both husband and wife since they said a tearful good-bye to their loved ones and sailed for that far-off land. The days had been so eventful, and often such trying ones, still they had learned some very precious and never-to-be-forgotten lessons of the love and care of their great Good Shepherd, and we may be sure that as they knelt together in their new home, they not only prayed that their coming to Burmah might be the means of winning many souls for Christ, but gave thanks to the Lord for every step of the way He had thus far led them.

Mr. Judson engaged as teacher a native Burman—whom he describes in a letter home, as "a grave but pleasant-looking man, about sixty years of age, who wore a many-colored turban, and always left his shoes or sandals in the outer court before entering the house"—and set to work to learn the language.

Some of my young friends are learning French or German, and know quite well that verbs are not always easy to remember; and that it needs a good deal of care and painstaking before exercises can be written correctly.

But I want you to think for a moment how much more difficult your lesson would be if you were unable to get any proper books. Not a single printed book was to be had in Burmese, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson soon found, if they wished to make any real progress in the language, they must be content to study their lessons from palm-leaves, such as we often see used as fans or stove-ornaments, on which their teacher had written a number of dots and circles, which were, he told them, the letters of the Burmese alphabet.

They did not learn very quickly; yet, through the blessing of the Lord on steady, patient work, they were after a few months able to read and write a little Burmese, also to converse with the natives who often paid them visits.

Letters written about this time, tell how deeply these lonely workers for Christ often longed to see and speak with those who loved their precious Saviour. Daily they read their Bibles and prayed together. Very often, too, they used to tell their servants about the one true God and His love in the gift of His Son. But very often they were met by some such answer as, "Your religion is very good for you; but ours is very good for us." Sometimes the teacher would ask Mr. Judson a question; but when an

answer was given, he would shake his head and say, with a sad look, "I cannot understand what you say about a God who is eternal, without beginning or end."

Mr. Judson had made good progress in the language, when a long and severe illness laid him aside for many weeks. Sometimes he thought his work on earth was almost done, and the Lord about to take him to the rest and joy of His own presence. Still there seemed one little thing he could perhaps do for his beloved Burmah. He might help whoever should take his place to learn Burmese, by writing down all he had learned or could remember in the form of a short grammar and easy reading book.

"There would be no need," so he told his wife, with an attempt at a smile that must have brought tears to her eyes, "for the next labourers in that lonely mission field to pore, as they had often done, with tired eyes and many a bad headache, over lessons written on leaves of trees."

So, page by page, a small volume, not unlike a dictionary, was written; and as the work neared its close, Mr. Judson began to gain strength, and in a few weeks was able to sit up and take notice of an infant son, born while its father lay between life and death.

What a change the presence of that baby boy seemed to make to both parents. Mrs. Judson wrote home (as she still called America): "I know, my dear mother, you long to see my little darling. I wish you were here to see him. He is such a bonny boy; though only a few weeks old, he begins to take notice and smiles at us. We pray that if his life be spared he may one day be a missionary to Burmah."

In another letter she wrote: "Our little Roger is a great comfort to us. He is very good and gives hardly any trouble. When our work is done we carry him into the garden for air and exercise."

For eight months this precious little one brought sunshine and gladness into their home, then after an illness lasting only a few days, and during which both father and mother watched and tended it with the most devoted love, the Lord gently took its spirit to be with Himself, and though Mr. Judson and his wife felt very sad and lonely, they were, through grace, enabled to say

from their hearts, "He hath done all things well." (Mark 7:37)

Baby's funeral took place in the afternoon of the same day on which the little one died. A tiny grave was dug in a corner of the mission garden, and the simple service performed by the sorrowing father was attended by about fifty natives, who seemed really very sorry for Mr. and Mrs. Judson. It was the first time words of Christian faith and hope had ever been used at the side of an open grave in Burmah.

Ten days after the death of their little Roger, a native princess, who had often seen and noticed the child, whose fair skin and rosy cheeks made him so unlike Burman babies, paid Mrs. Judson a visit of sympathy. It was quite a state visit, as the princess was attended by her whole court, numbering about two hundred persons.

She asked Mrs. Judson why she had not sent for her to attend the funeral? Mrs. Judson replied she did not think of it in time as her sorrow was so great. The princess then tried to comfort Mrs. Judson, and listened with great attention while the weeping mother told her of the Saviour who loved and blessed little children, and who had taken the soul of her darling to be with Him in the glory where He now is.

The mission-house must have seemed very silent and lonely after Roger's death, yet they worked steadily on. Mr. Judson, after much prayerful study, wrote a short tract explaining the way to salvation by faith in Christ, and began to translate some portions of the New Testament.

Very glad they must have been to welcome as a beloved brother and fellow worker a young missionary from America, who took with him not only a supply of books for the mission, but also what Mr. Judson had long wanted—a printing press and several sets of type.

The press was quickly set up, and as the new corner knew how to use it, it was soon at work. One thing gave Mr. Judson great encouragement. Educated Burmans often called at the mission house, and after conversation would ask, "Cannot you give us your holy books, or at least some part of them, so that we may read them for ourselves?" We may be sure that very real thanksgiving went up to God when even a few chapters from one

of the gospels were ready, and as the precious portions were placed in the hands of some who had long waited for them, it must have been a cheer and comfort to remember the words of David: "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." (Psa. 119:130)

## **Chapter 7. First Fruits.**

Mr. and Mrs. Judson had been in Burmah about five years, and very busy ones they had been. From early morning till often late at night the missionary sat at his desk translating scripture texts or gospel books into the Burmese language, for the printing press was doing good work, and quite a number of tracts had been given to the people who thronged the bazaars and markets, or came in crowds on every holiday to visit the idol temple at no great distance from the mission station.

Mrs. Judson had very little spare time; household cares and duties took up some hours of every day, while her willingness to correct proofs, reading with great care the first printed sheets of every book as they were passed through the press, as well as the patient, thorough way in which the work was done, must have been a great help to Mr. Judson.

She wished very much to open a day-school for native girls; but as Burmese fathers and mothers did not seem quite willing to trust their young daughters to her care, she could only wait and pray that in His own time and way the Lord would give her the joy of seeing those in whom she felt so great an interest taught the way of salvation, and go quietly on sowing good seed in the minds of her servants, or telling Bible stories in very simple words to a few poor women who attended a Sunday afternoon class of which she was the teacher.

Glad and thankful as the labourers were for the work done, one thing caused them very real sorrow: they felt quite sure that it was the Lord who had opened a door for the gospel in Burmah, and He would bless His own word; but at the time of which I am telling you they could not rejoice over even one soul won for Christ. Though Mr. J. often received visits from natives, who came to ask questions about what they called "the new religion," the inquirers did not seem to feel the burden of their sins, and though they said the Christian books were "very good," they

went on going to the heathen temples just as they had done before.

What could the Judsons do? In one sense of the word—nothing, for they were quite helpless in this matter; and deeply they must have felt their own utter weakness. And so, in simple faith and dependence upon God, they turned to Him in prayer, asking His blessing upon words spoken and books given in the name of Christ.

And I think the way in which these prayers were answered must have filled their hearts with joy and praise.

One morning, as Mr. Judson sat busily writing, a Burmese gentleman, attended by his servant, might have been seen going up the steps that led to the mission-house. His face had an earnest, thoughtful look, and he made several low bows on seeing the missionary. He was kindly received and seated near Mr. Judson. He did not seem in any hurry to speak, and the missionary waited. At last the stranger said almost in a whisper "How long will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?"

Had Mr. Judson heard or understood the question rightly? For a moment he could hardly believe that he had done so, his joy was so great, for, as far as he knew, his visitor was the first Burman who had ever really wanted to know, in the words of the Philippian jailor, "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts 16:30)

Again a brief pause, and we may be sure that a cry went up to God for all the grace and wisdom needed to lead that poor troubled soul to Him who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." (John 14:6)

I will tell you as nearly as I can, in his own words, what Mr. Judson said: "If God gives light and wisdom, the religion of Jesus is soon learned. But without God a man may study all his life long and make no progress."

The stranger bowed his head as if in assent, but did not speak, so the missionary asked, "But how came you to know anything of Jesus? Have you been here before?"

"No, Sir," replied the Burman.

"Have you seen any of the Christian writings?"



"Yes, I have read two little books," was the reply.

"Who is Jesus?" Mr. Judson next asked. The head of the stranger bent lower still, and for a moment he seemed unable to speak, then said in a voice unsteady from deep feeling, "He is the Son of God."

"Who is God?" was the next question.

"He is a Being without beginning or end; One who cannot grow old or die, but always is."

Mr. Judson next handed two small tracts to his visitor. He took them, read the titles, smiled as if he had met old and very dear friends, and said:

"I have seen these books before, they have been my teachers." Then turning to his servant, he read a few passages to him, saying as he closed the book, "Yes, this is the true God. This is the right way."

Before leaving, he asked, "Have you not another book?" Mr. Judson told him that in a few weeks he hoped to be able to give him a much larger book (the Gospel of Matthew) which he was then engaged in translating, a book from which he would, he told him, learn many things about the life and death of the Lord Jesus.

"But have you not even a few pages of this book ready now? Cannot you give me a small part of it?" the stranger pleaded.

Two sheets of paper, on which the first five chapters of the gospel had been printed, lay at that moment on Mr. Judson's study table. With a silent prayer for blessing, he rose from his chair, folded the sheets and gave them to his visitor, who seemed much pleased, and said "Good-bye," without stopping to ask a single question about the laws, manners or customs of England and America.

About the same time Mrs. Judson was much cheered by signs of real interest among the women who attended her class. About twenty names were on her attendance register, and though her scholars were rarely, if ever, all present at one time, still she thanked God and took courage.

The day had been a very hot one, and Mrs. Judson, who we may

be sure was feeling tired, sat resting for a few minutes after her pupils had gone, when one of them returned, and sitting down at the feet of her teacher said:

"I am troubled and know not what to do. My mother, my grandmother, and my great-grandmother all went on feast days to the temple of the idol; they all gave offerings of rice and money to the priests. How can I give up the old religion for one of which I have not long heard?"

"But you do not wish to go to hell because your relations have done so, do you?" asked Mrs. Judson.

A long, earnest talk followed. The way of salvation through faith in Christ was clearly pointed out. After some weeks, the same young woman, the first, as far as we know, of Burmah's daughters to accept the gift of God (see Rom. 6:23), again sought an interview with her teacher, saying with tear-filled eyes, "I do believe in Christ, and I pray to Him every day."

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Rom. 10:9)

Dear young reader, have your lips confessed, has your heart believed on this same Jesus, not only as Son of God, but as your very own Saviour?

## **Chapter 8. Perils by Land and Sea.**

The tokens of blessing which the Lord so graciously gave Mr. and Mrs. Judson we may be sure cheered and encouraged them. Still not one of the few who were, they had reason to believe, really interested in the things of God, had openly confessed their faith in Christ.

"The Emperor," they told Mr. Judson, "would not allow any of his subjects to give up the old religion, and would be sure to punish with imprisonment or perhaps, even death, any who refused to take part in a great yearly feast held in honor of their idols."

Sometimes Mr. Judson thought it might perhaps be best for him to set out on a long journey to the Court, try to obtain an

interview with the much-feared Emperor, and ask his leave for any who wished to become Christians, to own Christ as Lord and Saviour, by receiving baptism. But just then his hands were so full of work that he could not feel sure that it was the will of God he should leave Rangoon, even for a few weeks.

So he worked on, hardly allowing himself time for exercise or sleep, till the hot season set in, and he became so ill as to be unable to sit at his desk. His head ached badly, and the strange-looking letters, of which told you in a former chapter, seemed to dance before his tired eyes every time he tried to write or read even a few lines.

The doctor said he must have rest and change of air. The cool sea-breezes were what he needed, it was thought, to give him fresh strength and energy for work. So after united prayer, it was decided he should take a short holiday and go for a sea voyage, hoping to return in three or four weeks.

He left Rangoon in a native ship, hoping to return by the same vessel. More than five months, however, had passed before Mr. and Mrs. Judson were permitted to taste the joy of meeting. But you will wonder what made Mr. Judson stay away from home so long, when his presence there seemed so greatly needed.

The vessel had only been out at sea a short time when a contrary wind obliged the captain to alter his course. Very bad weather followed, and Mr. Judson, who seemed to get worse instead of better, was far from having a good time as he lay sick and weary in the close, ill-smelling cabin. For many days he had been too ill to go upon deck. The vessel was two months in making a voyage that in fine weather would not have taken more than ten or twelve days, and all on board suffered much from want of proper food, a very small quantity of broken, moldy rice being the daily allowance served to each. The supply of drinking water, too, was so scanty that poor Mr. Judson was never able to get enough at one time for a really good drink, parched as he was by fever.

At last the vessel cast anchor in a small bay, and the captain asked Mr. Judson if he would not like to be carried on shore. "The shore, the land!" he replied feebly, as if it were almost too good to be true. And then rousing himself, he took a pencil in his trembling fingers. Who was he going to write to in a place where

all were strangers to him? He really did not know; but it must have been a cheer to remember that he had a Father in heaven, One who knew all about the need of His child. So just asking Him to guide his note into the hands of the right person, he wrote a few words telling how sick and tired he was, and bade one of the crew take it to any Englishman he could find living on shore.

An hour or two passed, and one of the sailors came below to tell him that a boat was putting off from the shore. He just managed to crawl to the window of his cabin, and to his great delight saw the boat was rowed by two men; both looked like Englishmen, one wore the uniform of a British officer. Judson could only weep tears of joy and thank God. In a little while the visitors were on board, and in after years Mr. Judson often spoke of the great kindness he received from these strangers, not only as an answer to prayer, but also a precious proof of the shepherd care of the Lord for His own. (John 10:4)

Good nursing and better food did much good for the sick missionary. But he was many miles from home, and we can picture to ourselves how much he longed to be there once more. He had no means of sending a letter or even a message to his wife, and could not help feeling anxious on her account. Still, though sharply tried, he was enabled to say in the words of David, "I will trust, and not be afraid."

After an overland journey of three hundred miles he reached Madras, where he hoped to find a ship about to sail for Rangoon. But two long months had to be spent by him in waiting before one was ready to leave the harbor.

Mrs. Judson must have been a good deal puzzled to understand why his return had been so long delayed. Before many days the husband and wife, who had been so strangely parted, were not only to meet, but to unite in praise to their ever gracious God for every step in the way He had led them.

Mrs. Judson had not been without her trials. Three months after her husband had left Rangoon, an order had been received from the government commanding Mr. Hough, who had gone to help Mr. Judson in his work, and was, as you already know, the mission printer, to appear at the court-house and give account of the books he was making.

It was even said that the Emperor had made up his mind to send all foreign teachers out of the country. Mr. Hough attended and was received in a way that showed him the minds of those in office were filled with a desire to put a stop to the printing and circulation of Bibles.

It must have been a time of very real sorrow to that little band of Christians; but it was to God, who is a very present help in trouble (Psa. 46:1), they turned in their hour of need. Though the wife of the Viceroy, who had been so kind to Mrs. Judson, did all in her power to get some change made in the order, matters grew worse daily, till at last Mr. Hough decided to embark with his wife and children on board a ship going to Bengal. They were very anxious that Mrs. Judson should go with them, telling her it would not be right or kind to leave her with her baby girl alone in the deserted mission-house.

Mrs. Judson was very unwilling to leave Rangoon, but at last yielded to the wishes of her friends, and went with them on board ship. The captain said it would take several days, perhaps a whole week, to get out to sea. Day by day poor Mrs. Judson grew more restless and unhappy. Added to her anxiety about her husband was the fear that she had acted wrongly in leaving Rangoon. She could not feel sure that the Lord was with her in the step she had taken. It must have been a great relief when the captain, who was detained owing to repairs, consented to send her ashore in a boat. Tearful good-byes were said; then taking her infant in her arms she returned to the old house, feeling less lonely and friendless than she had done for many days, for her heart was resting in the secret strength and gladness of communion with Him who hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." (Heb. 13:5)

A few days after her return she was joined by Mr. Judson. The meeting must indeed have been a joyful one.

Two young men, who wished to help in the glorious work of making Christ known to the heathen, joined the mission about this time, and Mr. Judson, who spoke the language almost as well as if his whole life had been spent in Burmah, asked and received permission from the Viceroy to build a zayat, or native hut, where he hoped the Lord would give an open door for preaching the gospel. It would also serve as a meeting-place for

any who wished to receive books, or to have the way of salvation through faith in Christ explained to them.

## **Chapter 9. Native Christians.**

Hoping to preach the gospel, Mr. Judson opened a large room, called by the Burmans a zayat, in the early spring of the year 1819.

Under the shade of its palm-leaf roof would, he thought, be a nice, quiet place for a talk with any who wanted to hear more about the only way of salvation.

There had been much prayer before beginning to build the zayat, and both Mr. and Mrs. Judson had worked so hard to get it ready, inviting quite a number of Burmese to hear the glad tidings, that I think it must have been quite a disappointment when only fifteen grown up people and about half as many children were present at the first preaching service.

Had they been quiet and attentive, Mr. Judson would have been encouraged; but they would not even listen quietly. Some only looked about with a good deal of surprise, partly perhaps because the simple service was so unlike anything they had ever seen before, while others laughed, talked, and behaved very rudely, one or two even telling Mr. J. they did not wish to understand or listen to his words about, what they called, "the new religion."

It must have been a trying time for those lonely workers, but they remembered that "God giveth the increase," and so the very trial of their faith proved a blessing. Sooner perhaps than they thought, their sorrow was to be turned into joy.

One Lord's day evening a young man, who was quite a stranger to the missionary, entered the zayat. Like many others he seemed wild and noisy, but soon became quiet and attentive, and on leaving accepted some gospel books.

Only two days later, as Mr. Judson was sitting in his veranda writing, the young man, whose name was Monny Koo, made his appearance. He wanted, he said, to learn more about the Lord Jesus Christ, and as he listened to the gospel story of the sufferings and death of the Saviour he could not hide his tears. Before saying "Good night," he begged Mr. Judson to pray for

him, that he might become a true disciple of Christ. Early the next morning, Monny Koo was again at the mission-house, where he remained nearly all day, asking questions and listening to the reading of the scriptures.

Before sunset another visitor had received a welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Judson, "Monny Nan," a man about thirty-five years old, who came, he said, to learn how he might be saved from going to hell. He showed a very humble, teachable spirit, and it was not long before, in both cases, there was reason to believe that the grace of God had really touched their hearts, making them willing to accept salvation as a free gift.

Monny Nan expressed great sorrow for sin, often saying, "There is only one true God, and yet for many years of my life I have prayed to idols. Will the great and holy God forgive me for what I have done? Ah! yes, through Jesus Christ, for it is only by Him I can be saved."

After several visits, he told Mr. Judson that he wished to confess his faith in Christ by a public profession, and asked if he might receive baptism. Wishing to test him, Mr. Judson replied, "Remember, Monny Nan, if you become a Christian, your countrymen will forsake you. You may be called upon to suffer and perhaps even to die for Christ."

"Your words are true," was the dauntless answer of the new convert; "but I think it better to die for Christ, and be happy forever, than to live a few days, or even years, and go to hell."

"But are you not afraid to be the first Burman to become a Christian?"

"No; I think it is a great honor, and I hope you will receive me very soon."

Six weeks later, the zayat was crowded, for many who had heard that Monny Nan had given up praying to the idols of Burmah, and was about to own himself a disciple of Christ, were anxious to see him and hear from his own lips if it were really true. After giving a gospel address, Mr. Judson asked Monny Nan several questions about his knowledge of what Christ had done for him. Every question having been answered in a simple, straightforward way, Mr. Judson baptized the first Burman

convert. On the following Sunday, Monny Nan took his place at the Lord's Table. He also became of great use to the missionaries by helping to explain the way of salvation to new comers.

Perhaps some of you are wondering what an idol temple in Burmah is like. Mr. Judson and his brother missionaries paid a visit to one not very far from the zayat. It was lighted by a great number of lamps; mats covered the floor; and a great number of people were present, the men seating themselves on one side, the women on the other. Each person took a flower and some leaves, and holding them in his hand, said a short prayer, not to God, but to Buddha.

One of the priests then read or repeated some of the strange wild stories of the sayings and doings of Guatama, of which there are so many in Hindu books. After listening for about half an hour, the people repeated another prayer and then dispersed quietly to go to their homes.

We may be sure the missionaries felt very sorry for the poor people, so many of whom had never heard of the one only way of salvation. How they must have longed to tell them about their own precious Saviour; of all that He had done for them by His death upon the cross; of all that He was to them day by day in that land of idols, and of the bright future that awaited them; of the glorious home where they should see His face.

They were able to speak to a few, telling them in very simple words of the one true God, and several, who had never paid a visit to the mission-house, asked for and seemed glad to get Christian books, which they promised to read.

Seed sown that day was, through the blessing of the Lord, to spring up and bring forth much fruit.

The zayat had not been open many weeks before, to Mrs. Judson's great delight, she was able to begin a day-school for girls. At first the number of scholars was very small, but as the room in which she taught them was not much larger than a good-sized cupboard, a large school would have been quite out of the question.

Going to school at all was quite a new thing to these Burman girls, and at first they did not seem quite sure as to how they



would like it. But their kind, patient teacher soon won their love, and they got on well with their lessons, though you will smile when I tell you that having very few books, they read, wrote their copies, and worked their sums on small black boards about the size of school slates.

Mrs. Judson taught them to repeat texts and sing hymns which she translated into their language. Most of the girls liked singing, and many of them had very sweet voices. They would often ask leave to sing as they sat at work, and the sound of their tuneful voices as they joined in singing

"There is a happy land,  
Far, far away"

or,

"I think when I read that sweet story of old"

must have been a great cheer to the faithful teacher who was, as we find from letters written about this time, really happy in her work.

## **Chapter 10. Storm Clouds.**

But what was Mr. Judson doing all day long, while his wife was so busy in her girls' school? Sometimes he wrote or translated portions of scripture into the native language; but I do not think that at the time of which I am writing the progress he made was what we should call rapid. Quite a number of Burmans were received every week at the zayat, and very often one guest would stay for many hours asking questions, or listening attentively while Mr. Judson read and explained one or more chapters from the New Testament.

Among those who came oftenest and stayed longest was a merchant, who at one time had belonged to the army. After several conversations, the teaching of the Holy Spirit showed him that as a sinner he needed a Saviour, and with tear-filled eyes he said to Mr. Judson, "I, too, wish to be a disciple." The love of Christ touched him deeply. "How wonderful," he would say, "that the Son of God, who is holy, should love sinners. This is what my heart has long wanted—the gods of the Hindoos

cannot love."

And surely the Burmese convert was right: deep down in every human heart there is a desire for affection, a longing to love and be loved. Shall I tell you how, not very long ago, the life of a poor little child grew bright and glad in the sunshine of love?

A kind, Christian gentleman, who has a home for "Little Wanderers" in one of the large towns of America, got a message one day from a city magistrate, asking him if he would step round to the police court. He went at once, and the magistrate said, pointing to a tiny child not more than six years old: "I sent for you, Mr. T., to ask if you can do anything with this poor little thing. The police brought her in this morning; she was found wandering about the streets, and here she is charged with no crime but being homeless and friendless. I cannot bear to send her to prison, she is such a mite, so I sent for you to ask if you would make room for her in the home?"

"Yes, I will take her," Mr. T said, with a smile; "and with the blessing of the Lord make a woman of her."

He turned to look at the little girl as he spoke. She was dirty and ragged, but then Mr. T. was so used to seeing dirty ragged children that he did not think much of that. It was the sad look on the face of the child that made him so sorry for her. He thought it must have been a very long time since that pale thin face had smiled.

Mary, for I believe that was the little girl's name, was taken to the home, some good food was given her, and after having a bath, and nice clean clothes, she looked quite a different girl. Still the old sad look was on her face. The next morning she went into school with the other children. After school the teacher went into Mr. T.'s office and said, "What a strange, sad-looking child little Mary is! I tried for quite an hour this morning to get a smile from her and failed. Oh, do teach her to be happy!"

So Mr. T. called the wee stranger to him, and taking her on his knee, said in his kind pleasant way, "Mary, I want to tell you something. We had a little girl here for a whole year. Her name was Mary, and she was just about as old as you are. She used to be my little friend. She would run to get things for me, and she used to tidy up my office. Now she has gone away. Some rich

people in New York have adopted her, and she lives with a kind lady and gentleman just as if she were their own child. I am very glad she has got such a happy home. But I miss her so much. Will you take her place, and be my little Mary now?"

Mary was too shy to talk, but she nodded her head and smiled.

So Mr. T. gave her a penny, and told her she might go and buy some sweets. While she was gone he tore up some old letters and threw them on the floor. When she came back he said, "Mary, just look what a litter my office is in. I want you to pick up all these papers for me. Will you put them in this basket?"

Mary set to work with a will and soon had all the scraps of paper in the basket. Under such wise, loving training she soon lost her sad look, and grew into a bright, happy little girl. She is almost grown-up now, and I hope has tasted for herself the sweetness of the only love that can really fill and satisfy the heart, "the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." (Eph. 3:19) But we must go back to our story of missions in Burmah.

Dark clouds of trouble were gathering, and though the storm did not break till some months later, the outlook was on the whole anything but an encouraging one. But please do not begin to be sorry for Mr. and Mrs. Judson, or say what a pity it was they had gone to live in Burmah.

They had the joy of knowing that their labour had not been in vain in the Lord. Three Burmans had confessed Christ as their own Saviour, and if, at times, they seemed timid and fearful, their friends at the mission-house felt sure they were true believers, and so counted upon God to give them all the courage and grace they needed.

"What could have happened?" Mr. and Mrs. Judson asked each other one morning as they looked out from the door of the zayat. People were hurrying backwards and forwards, or talking to each other in low voices, often looking round as if to be sure no one was listening. News had reached Rangoon, but no one seemed to know for a long time what that news was.

Mr. Judson had quite a number of visitors that day. One whispered, "The king is sick," while another made signs to show that he was dying, or perhaps even dead. No Burman would dare

to say openly, "The king is dead," as he knew only too well that if any of the government officers heard of it he would be punished by fines and imprisonment.

After some days a royal messenger visited Rangoon. "The king," he said, "had gone away, but his grandson, the new lord of land and water, was now their king. They were to remain quiet and obey him in all things, as they had his grandfather."

Every one looked sorry, for the new king, though he might be obeyed from fear, was not a man likely to win the love and trust of his subjects. "He will send away all the teachers," said one, while another told Mr. Judson the new emperor had given orders that all his subjects should attend the idol temples; while a third begged him to take a journey to Ava, obtain an interview with the monarch, and try to get his permission to remain in Burmah and go on with his work.

Should he go or not? Sometimes he thought it would be the best. But he wanted to be quite sure as to the will of God about the journey, so waited. The Lord, he knew, was quite able to open a way for the gospel in Burmah, even should the king refuse to listen to the message of peace.

About the same time, a Burmese fisherman was converted and added to the little band of native Christians. There were now four Burmans who remembered the Lord's death in the breaking of bread. These converts showed a great love for prayer and reading the scriptures, often holding little meetings among themselves, while almost every day Mr. Judson was asked by one or another how soon he would be able to give them the whole Bible in their own language.

"As soon as God permit," the missionary would answer with a smile. But it was a long time before Judson had the joy of seeing even the New Testament in the hand of his beloved Burmans.

## **Chapter 11. A Visit to Ava.**

A long journey, many miles of which must be taken in a native boat, lay between Rangoon and the royal city of Ava; part of the way, too, lay through a district where bands of wild, lawless men were ready to rob or even murder travelers. Would it be right to go in the face of so many dangers?

Had Mr. Judson been allowed to go quietly on with his work of teaching and preaching the gospel, he might perhaps have decided to remain where he was. But every week he found that some native Burman, who had begun to visit the zayat, and even to ask questions about God's way of peace, gave up coming and even went back to the idol temples; though now and then, long after sunset, the missionary would hear the sound of footsteps in the yard, or compound, followed by a timid knock. And when he rose to answer it, he would hear such words as these: "Ah, teacher, I know I have done wrong, for I do not believe in idols now; but what could I do? for the officer came to my house and said, 'The king is our master; all we are his slaves. He will not allow his subjects to learn the religion of Jesus, but will punish any who dare to do so?' Cannot you go to the king and make known to him your sacred books, then we may have more liberty?"

After much prayer, Mr. Judson and his fellow-labourer, Mr. Hough, made up their minds to go to Ava. When I tell you that the time fixed for their journey was daybreak one December morning, many of you will, I expect, think of some time when you have been out very early on a cold, foggy morning, with perhaps fast-falling snow or rain. But you will remember that the climate of India is much hotter than that of England, so do not be much surprised when I tell you that the air was warm and soft, and the sun shone brightly as Mr. Judson said good-bye to his weeping wife, and the native rowers pushed off from the shore.

"How long would he be away?" I do not think Mrs. Judson even asked her husband. She had tried, oh, so hard, to keep back her tears when they parted; tried, too, to speak cheering, hopeful words as he stepped into the boat; but we may be sure she felt very sad and lonely as she turned from the riverside and bent her steps homewards.

No one was allowed to leave Rangoon without permission from the viceroy or governor, and the pass the missionaries carried must have been a very curious piece of writing, giving them leave "to go up to the golden feet, and lift up their eyes to the golden face." Would that face smile or frown upon them? They could not tell; but all through the day that followed, while their boat moved slowly up the river, it must have been very restful to

open their Bibles and read such words as "Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." (Psa. 37:5)

It must have been a long journey, three hundred and fifty miles from Rangoon, and may have seemed still longer, because they wished so much to reach the end of it. When going on deck one morning, they saw the marble roofs and gilded domes of the royal city glittering in the sunshine. In a few hours they were able to land, and went at once to the house of the viceroy, whose wife had taken so much notice of Mrs. Judson's first child, the little Roger, of whose early death you read in a former chapter. He received them kindly, and promised to do all in his power to obtain them an interview with the king, on whom he was, at the time of their visit, in personal attendance.

Returning to their boat, they must have been thankful for a little quiet time for prayer and study. When in the cool of the evening an officer, wearing the imperial uniform, stepped on board, his errand was to tell them the emperor had already heard of their arrival, and had been pleased to command them to attend at Court the next morning.

The sun had only just risen when they were on their way to the palace; but, early as their visit was, they found on their arrival quite a number of native chiefs and others, who were waiting to offer tribute or present petitions to the king. They were taken to the prime minister, who treated them with great politeness and gave them seats of honor. "Who are you? and why do you come to Ava?" he asked.

"We are Christian teachers," was Mr. Judson's reply; "and we come to bring the emperor a copy of our sacred books, and also a small present."

A short conversation followed, interrupted by a signal from the palace guard, who gave warning of the approach of the king. The prime minister rose hastily and put on his Court dress, saying as he did so, "I will present you; but I do not think you will be allowed to teach religion in our great Burman empire."

It must have been an imposing scene at Court that day. A victory had been gained in a distant part of the empire, and the troops were to pass in a grand military review before the emperor. The

long looked-for moment came at last. Conducted by the prime minister, the missionaries entered the royal presence and respectfully saluted the monarch. "Who are these?" he asked. "We are teachers, great king," Mr. Judson replied in Burmese. The king looked surprised at hearing his own language correctly spoken by a foreigner, and asked several questions; then seated himself on his throne, his right hand resting on the hilt of his jeweled sword, and his dark eyes fixed on the strangers. After a short silence, he commanded one of his officers to read their petition. It was not a very long one, asking in simple but respectful words the king's permission to live in Burmah, to teach and preach the gospel. It also asked him to allow any of his subjects who wished to become Christians to profess their faith in Christ without fear of punishment.

The emperor heard it to the end, then taking it from the hand of the officer, read it through. As he read we may be sure the missionaries were turning to God in prayer. When read, he returned it without saying a word; but took a little book, printed in Burmese, offered him by Mr. Judson, opening it at the first page he read, "There is one eternal God." It was enough; a dark frown gathered on his face, and with a gesture of contempt he threw the tract on the ground.

The prime minister stepped forward, and began to unroll the present the missionaries carried; but the king took no notice. Hearing, however, that Mr. Judson understood the use of medicine, he gave orders that the strangers should be taken to the house of the Court physician, where they were asked such questions as "Can you make the king live forever?" "Have you any medicine that will prevent him from growing old?" "We have no such power or medicine," Mr. Judson replied. After a long and trying interview they were allowed to return to their boat.

In many ways the child of God is called to walk by faith, not sight (2 Cor. 5:7), and though the missionaries could not understand why their visit to Ava should have ended so strangely, and it must have seemed to them so sadly, still they could not, dare not, doubt that in His own time and way God would open a door for the gospel of His grace in Burmah.

And already the door was open, though it was not in king's

palaces, but in strange, out-of-the-way places that the first converts were to pray and sing praises. The work was of God, and none could hinder it or put a stop to it.

## **Chapter 12. Joy in the Midst of Sorrow.**

Some of Mr. Judson's friends thought he might, at least, obtain a royal order for the protection of his person and goods, telling him that as the country was in a very unsettled state he might be robbed, or even murdered, if he attempted to travel without it.

But after praying about it, he decided not to ask for the order. One reason being he could not have, he well knew, an interview with the emperor without another costly present. Another, and still stronger, was that he felt it better to trust in God than in man. How glad and thankful he must have been to open his Bible and read such words as "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." (Psa. 91:1) Under that shadow he could look up in perfect peace, and say from his heart, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee."

A day or two later they left Ava. One evening or two after, as the boat was moored for the night near a town on the banks of the river, Moungh Shwa-gnong stepped on board. Mr. Judson knew him as one who had at one time seemed to feel his need of salvation, but had given up his visits to the zayat as soon as it was whispered that the new emperor would not allow his subjects to become Christians.

Mr. Judson told him they had been to Court, and also that the little band of Christians at Rangoon must expect to suffer, and perhaps even to die, for the sake of Christ.

"Do not fear for me," was the reply of Moungh Shwa. "Since you left Rangoon, I have not once lifted up my folded hands before the image of the idol, or offered a prayer to any but the one true God."

Mr. Judson looked grave, and his voice must have sounded very sad and low, as he answered, "I do not fear for you, Moungh Shwa. Why should I? You are not yet a true disciple of Christ; you feared you might be called upon to go to prison if you



confessed Christ by receiving baptism, and you drew back."

Moung Shwa seemed sorry and ashamed. He said, "I do believe in my heart; I believe in God, and in His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. But it is true that I go sometimes to the pagoda. I do not pray to the idol; I only look in and go away very quickly."

Perhaps the words of the Lord Jesus, as they are recorded in the gospel by Mark, were the answer Moung Shwa received, "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words...of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." (Mark 8:38)

When Mr. Judson arrived at Rangoon, he was welcomed by the three native converts. The meeting must have been something like that of an affectionate father and his children. He told them how he had been received by the king at Ava. "What will you do now?" they asked. "Will you go away from Rangoon?" "It may be the will of God for us to do so," Mr. Judson said. A silence followed, broken only by sobs. Then the first convert said, "Oh, my father, my much loved teacher! if you go away, I will follow you, even to the other side of the world." Another said, "As for me, I must go where I can hear the word of God."

The third did not speak for some time. He was a married man, and the laws of Burmah would not allow any native woman to leave the country. At last he spoke, "I cannot follow you to America," he said with tears, "for it would be wrong to leave my dear wife in Burmah. But if I must be left here alone, I hope I shall have grace to remain a true disciple of Christ; I cannot return to the worship of an idol."

The interview was, we may be sure, a great cheer to Mr. and Mrs. Judson. Two or three days passed, during which they spent much time in prayer for light as to where they were to go. One evening a visitor came; his errand was to beg them not to leave Rangoon. He told them that for some months past he had not been to the pagoda. One of the converts, who was his brother-in-law, had spoken to him about his soul, he had believed on Christ, and he wished to own himself a disciple.

"Oh do not go away yet!" he pleaded; "stay with us for a little while longer, for I know several of my friends and neighbors

who do not pray to idols, but wish to learn about the true God. Will you not stay till there are eight or ten Christians in Rangoon? Then we can help and encourage one another. The work of God must go on. Not even the emperor can stop it."

Mr. and Mrs. Judson could only thank God for what they had been allowed to see and hear. How could they leave Burmah? They knew that by remaining they might expose themselves to suffering, but it would be for the sake of Christ; and so they made up their minds not to go away until quite sure that there was no longer an open door for the gospel.

A quieter time followed: though Mr. Judson could not open the zayat for preaching, he received a great many visits from Burmans who wanted to have the word of God explained to them. Sometimes the inquirers came singly in the silence and darkness of night. At others, two or three would go to him very early in the morning, and stay for five or six hours, asking questions, or listening to the reading of the scriptures.

The whole of the gospel of Matthew had by this time been translated and printed in Burmese, and we may be sure that the joy of Mr. and Mrs. Judson was very great when they were able to add to the very small stock of books the native Christians possessed some copies of Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. We can almost imagine we hear them saying to each other, "Now even if we are obliged to leave Burmah, the dear native converts will have at least a small part of the precious word of God for their own."

Several gave proof of true conversion; among these was Moungh Shwa, and in a few months the number of native Christians had risen to ten, nine men and one woman. Very loving and united these disciples of Christ were. It was a real cheer and comfort to the missionaries to live and work among them.

For some time Mrs. Judson had been far from well, and in the spring of 1821 the hot climate and overwork so told upon her health that she became very ill, and Mr. Judson found he should be obliged to take her to Bengal for change of air and rest.

"How long would they be away?" He could not tell, but knew that their absence might last five or six months. We may be sure the little band of Christians looked very sad when they heard that

their much-loved teachers were about to leave them. But Mr. Judson told them he was going to leave them in the care of One who could alone keep them from falling, the Saviour who had loved them, and washed them from their sins in His own blood.

And though "good-byes" were said with many tears, the day Mr. and Mrs. Judson went on board the boat that was to take them to Bengal, their absence proved a real blessing to the converts, as it cast them more simply on the Lord, teaching them how very real and blessed it was to go to Him with daily cares and needs.

Only the other day I heard a sweet true story that may help to make what I mean plain to you.

Two little girls were on their way home from a children's service they had attended, when the younger, whom I will call Mary, was overheard saying to her companion, "Maggie, do you know the Lord Jesus?" Maggie's reply was "Oh yes, Mary, I am in the first class in Sunday school, and I have two scripture prizes from my day school, and—and"—

But Mary put in with a very wistful look, "That isn't quite what I mean, Maggie; *Do you know Him to speak to?* I do, and I tell Him everything."

### **Chapter 13. Meetings and Partings.**

Mr. and Mrs. Judson were not able to return to their much-loved work in Rangoon so quickly as they had hoped. Their absence lasted nearly six months. They must often, I think, have wondered why they were obliged to be away so long, when they were so greatly needed by the little band of native Christians, who, as you will remember, were not able to read the word of God for themselves, as only one or two portions of the New Testament in their own language were at that time to be had.

These few scattered copies of the gospel by Matthew were, we may be sure, very precious, they were valued as hid treasure—treasure which they longed to share with others; so, often in the silence and darkness of night, the possessor of one of these copies would invite a few of his friends to listen to "the wonderful words of life."

They felt their own weakness, too; and so there was much real

prayer, earnest waiting upon God for the grace and strength they needed to confess Christ as their Saviour and Lord in the midst of so much that was trying and painful.

One bright morning in January 1821, news reached Rangoon that the teachers' boat had been seen slowly sailing up the river, and very soon the converts, with a few other friends of the mission, gathered at the landing-stage, all eager to meet and welcome those from whom they had been parted so long.

The meeting must have been one of the deepest possible interest. Going at once to the mission-house they united in thanking God for the way in which each of the converts had been kept from going back to idol-worship; then the native Christians told Mr. and Mrs. Judson how hard it had seemed to them at first to go on without their beloved teachers; but the very feeling of how weak and lonely they were had really proved a blessing to them, as it had cast them upon the Lord in prayer, as well as drawn them closer to each other. So they had a great deal to praise as well as to pray about.

Hardly a week after Mr. Judson's return, a Burmese doctor, On Yan, was converted. He was a man of great intelligence, and one who, having received a good education, had been in the habit of thinking deeply, and some words he had heard on his first visit to the zayat had led him to visit Mr. Judson, ask questions, and at last to accept with the simple faith of a child salvation as the free gift of God.

"How interesting it is," Mr. Judson wrote to a friend in America, "to see—and I can almost see it with my eyes—the light of truth dawning upon a precious soul who has long walked in darkness."

Not many days after On Yan's visit a stranger entered the zayat; he, too came, to ask "How a sinner could be saved."

Moung Ing was the name of the new-corner, and his story was indeed a strange one. Some months before Mr. Judson had given a tract beginning with the words "There is but one true and eternal God" to two men. On their way home they had called at the house of a friend; the "new teaching," as it was called, had been the subject of conversation. The three Burmans had grown angry and torn up the tract; but before doing so had read a few sentences aloud. And so a tiny seed of truth had fallen into good

ground, into a heart prepared by the Holy Spirit to hear and believe the word of God, for Moug Ing had been present.

And so another Burmese disciple was led to the Saviour's feet, and at his own request Moug Ing was publicly baptized. He had only been on a visit to Rangoon, his home being in a distant part of Burmah, and soon, all too soon, we may be sure the time came for him to say "goodbye" to his friends at the mission-house.

But the Saviour in whom he had believed was, they well knew, "able to keep him from falling." (Jude 1:24) And so they commended the new convert to God in prayer, giving him also a large parcel of tracts, &c., which he promised to give to his countrymen.

I have already told you how, in many ways, the viceroy or governor of Rangoon had shown himself a real friend to the missionaries. His wife, too, seemed much attached to Mrs. Judson, and would often invite her to visit her at the palace. It was during one of these visits she said that the new king, though he did not wish to force foreigners living in Burmah to attend the idol temples, had given fresh and very strict orders that all his subjects should do so. He did not know, Mrs. Judson was told, that even one native Christian was to be found in his kingdom.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson could hardly help feeling anxious, not for themselves, but for those whom, in God's hands, they had been the means of leading out of darkness into light.

You will, I think, remember my telling you in an earlier chapter of Mr. Judson's visit to Ava. He had, it is true, been unable to obtain permission from the emperor for any of his subjects who wished to become Christians to do so. Yet he often wondered if he ought not to take "Try, try again" as his motto, and pay another visit to the royal city. Perhaps he might get on better at a fresh interview than he had done at the last. Might not "God who openeth, and no man shutteth," make him willing to listen to, and even to accept the gospel? But just at that time the hands of the missionary were very full of work.

In a village not more than half a mile from the mission station, two souls were seeking the way of life. A tradesman and his wife, who had for some time attended the evening preaching at the zayat, had become truly anxious for salvation. After many

long talks, and much Bible reading and prayer, Mr. Judson felt sure they were real, though timid Christians, and agreed to baptize them on the following Lord's day. Much to his surprise the female convert called at the mission-house a day or two later, and asked Mr. Judson if he would baptize her as soon as it was dark? It must have seemed a strange request, and of course Mr. Judson wanted to know why she made it.

She told him with tear-filled eyes that her father and brothers, having heard she had become a Christian, were very angry, and said they would go to the zayat with a number of their friends, and the priest of the idol temple, and carry her off by force, rather than allow her to be baptized.

And so the soft, pale moonlight fell, and the stars shone on a strangely solemn scene that night, the baptism of another convert from idolatry. Her love to Christ soon found a way of telling itself out in service. She began at once to teach some poor children, who lived near her cottage, to read, saying as she did so, "There will be no need now for their parents to send them to the idol priests to learn."

She did what she could, but her opportunity of serving Him, whom having not seen, she loved, was soon over. Six months later and she lay pale and gasping for breath on what proved to be her death bed. She had been stricken down by fever, and when told that she was dying, said, "I am not afraid to die," for I know that I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and very soon I shall see His face in heaven."

A few hours later and the Lord gently took her to be with Himself.

#### **Chapter 14. Ava Revisited.**

Just one more story of a native convert, and then I must turn to other scenes, for much remains to be told, and I know Harold will not forget that I promised to tell him something about real lions.

You will, I think, remember that Mah Myat and her husband were working people, who lived at a small village at no great distance from the mission station. I think they had only one rich neighbor, a man who, having been an officer in the army, and

also holding a good situation under government, had become the owner of quite a large property. Do you think he was a happy man? Ah, no, I am quite sure he was not, for try as he might he could not forget that a day was coming, how soon he could not tell, when the nice house he had taken so much pains to build, as well as his fields of rice and bamboo, would not belong to him any more. He must leave them all and go away, he did not know where. In other words, he knew that he must die.

He knew he could not carry his money into the grave with him, and he was quite willing to spend it freely, if by so doing he could buy the forgiveness of sins, and be sure of happiness after death. He took long journeys to almost every temple he could hear of, making costly offerings to the idols, and giving large sums of money to the priests. But he only grew more anxious and unhappy, till hearing one day that a poor woman who lived near him, and was very ill, had said "that she was not afraid to die," said, too, that her sins were all pardoned, and that she was trusting in the work of another; he became greatly interested, and made up his mind to call at the cottage and find out for himself if what he had been told was really true. He went and found Mah Myat suffering great pain, but very happy in soul. Too ill to talk much, she told him in a few simple words she had found pardon and peace through faith in the finished work of Christ, and begged him to go to Mr. Judson, who would, she said, give him a book from which he would learn more.

And so in much weakness some tiny seeds of truth were sown. God, and He only, knew how much fruit they were to bring forth.

A few days later and the officer sat by Mr. Judson in the zayat, asking questions as humble and as teachable as a little child, nor was it long before he too could rejoice in Christ as his own precious Saviour.

The rainy season that year proved a long and trying one, and Mrs. Judson, who had a fresh attack of fever, became so very weak and ill that the doctor told Mr. Judson he must take or send her to England, as he did not think she could live if she remained in Burmah. Mr. Judson felt he could not leave his work in Rangoon, so after husband and wife had prayed together, it was decided that Mrs. Judson should undertake the voyage alone. We may be sure the parting of Mr. and Mrs. Judson was a very sad

one. But they were learning how to trust in God, not only for themselves, but, which had at first seemed harder still, for each other.

Sea breezes did Mrs. Judson much good, when after a long voyage she reached Liverpool there was a faint tinge of color in her cheeks, and her eyes had something of their old light in them. Many friends of the mission both in England and Scotland gave her a loving welcome to their homes. Shall we leave her among them for a time and return to the husband in his far-off home?

One of Mr. Judson's fellow labourers was a very clever doctor named Price. Perhaps it is owing to the great heat of the country, also to the strong light of the sun, that the number of blind persons in India is so great. Soon after his arrival in Rangoon, the skilful way in which (by the blessing of the Lord) he had treated several of these cases began to be talked about, and even reached the ears of the king, who for some months had been suffering from a troublesome complaint of his eyes. He thought it would be a good thing if the foreign doctor could cure him, so sent a boat to Rangoon with a royal order commanding his attendance at Court.

As Dr. Price had not been in Burmah long enough to learn the language very well, he wished his brother missionary to go with him as interpreter. Mr. Judson, thinking it might be the long-looked-for opportunity of making the sweet gospel known to the king, consented. So after saying a hasty goodbye to his friends at Rangoon, they both stepped into the boat.

On reaching Ava, they were told the king would see them at once, so they were conducted into the royal presence, and very kindly received. After talking for some time to the doctor, the monarch turned to Mr. Judson, and addressing him as "man in black," said:

"You are not another doctor, are you?"

"No, your Majesty," he replied, "I am a teacher."

"Ah, yes, I remember, of the new religion. Are there any of my subjects who believe in it?"

"I do not know of any at Ava, O King."



"Are there at Rangoon?"

"Yes, there are a few," was the reply.

"Are they foreigners or Burmese?" was the next question. It must have been a trying moment; as the king, who had given orders that all his subjects should attend the idol temples, would perhaps be very angry with those who had dared to disobey him, and order them to be imprisoned, or even put to torture.

But Mr. Judson did not forget that he was God's servant, and must speak the truth, so he said:

"Some are foreigners and some native Burmese."

The king was silent for a short time, but soon began to talk of other things; so the missionary could only thank the Lord for this another proof of His tender love and care.

They were kept at Ava for many weeks, and the king, who found his eyes were getting better, often sent for them. One day, when he seemed in a more than usually good temper, they asked leave to buy a piece of ground near the palace.

"What do you want it for?" the king asked.

"We, with your royal permission, O King, will build a zayat or preaching-place, where any who wish it may hear our sacred books read and explained.

The king said they might have the ground, but on being reminded by a Buddhist priest that it had once belonged to a temple, and that the idol might be angry, ordered another piece of land to be given or sold to them.

It took a long time to find a spot on which no one tried to hinder their building, and longer still before they were allowed to take possession of it. But the zayat was built at last, and Dr. Price, with Mr. Judson, set out for Rangoon, having promised the king they would return to Ava as soon as the hot season was over.

The voyage only took seven days. But Mr. Judson, who was down again with fever, must have been very thankful when it was over, and he could lie down in the mission-house.

Another long illness followed, but even before he was strong

enough to sit up he was at work translating other portions of scripture into the native language. And so by the end of the year the whole of the New Testament was ready for printing. Mrs. Judson, who had heard of the illness of her husband, lost no time in returning to Burmah, and in a few months the two faithful workers for Christ had again the joy of meeting.

### **Chapter 15. Prison Scenes.**

Not very long ago I told you of how a dark cloud of trouble seemed to be gathering over the mission work in Burmah, and now I want to tell you about some lessons of faith and patience; God, who is, we know, always wise and loving, saw would be best learned in the school of sorrow. Many of you will, I think, remember that Mr. Judson had already, as a French prisoner-of-war, seen the inside of a Spanish prison, and though he had only been kept there for a short time, still it was, I think, quite long enough to make him value the blessing of freedom in a way that perhaps he had never done before.

When Mr. Judson returned to Ava he found the king too much engaged to spare him more than a few moments, and even in that short interview he could not help noticing how cold and almost unkind his manner was. The emperor was about to take possession of a new palace, which had been built for him at great cost, and all the princes and nobles of his empire had received his royal commands to be present at its opening.

The scene must indeed have been an imposing one when the procession, several miles in length, was formed. The white elephant, in the body of which many of the Burmans believed the soul of their god Buddha had once lived, almost covered with gold and jewels, was led in front, attended by priests from all the idol temples for many miles round; next came native princes and governors, all wearing their Court dresses, while the trappings of the horses on which some of them rode glittered with gems; these were waited upon and followed by long lines of servants and soldiers. The king and queen, who wore no ornaments and appeared in the simple dress of native Burmans, entered the palace hand in hand, and, seated on a double throne of ivory inlaid with gold, received the homage of their subjects. Yet even in that moment of triumph, any one who looked closely at the proud monarch might have felt sure that he was not really happy.

For some time he had not been on friendly terms with the British government, and war was about to break out between England and Burmah.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson were, as you will remember, not English but Americans. They had nothing to do with war or politics. They had gone to live in Burmah because they believed the Lord had opened a door for the gospel there; and they longed to tell its poor, perishing people about their own precious Saviour.

But the king did not know or understand all this. Perhaps he did not even wish to know or understand; he only knew that the missionaries were foreigners, so thought they must be spies.

It was not long before Dr. Price and Mr. Judson received an order to appear at the court house. They were asked if they had not written to foreigners, telling them of the state of the country and advising an invasion by British troops.

"We have, it is true," Mr. Judson replied, "written letters in English to our friends in America, but never to any person employed by the government. We have always wished, not for war, but peace. We pray to our God for His blessing on the king and people of Burmah."

They were then asked questions about some money collected by Christians in America to pay for printing Testaments and tracts, which had been sent to Mr. Judson through some British merchants at Rangoon. After a long, weary waiting time they were allowed to leave. But only a few days after, as they were sitting down to dinner, a guard of twelve Burman soldiers, led by an officer who carried a black book, rushed in without even knocking. They were followed by a man who was, Mr. Judson knew by his strange dress and spotted face, the public executioner.

"Where is the teacher?" they asked in loud, angry voices.

"I am here," Mr. Judson replied, quietly stepping forward as he spoke, though knowing quite well that the errand of the soldiers was to arrest him.

"You must come with us; the king has called for you," said the officer. As he spoke, two soldiers threw him down, binding him

with cords so tightly that he could not breathe without pain. In vain Mrs. Judson begged them to loosen the cords, promising to give them money if they would do so; but they only laughed at her tears, drawing them tighter.

"You will at least tell me where you are going to take my husband," pleaded poor Mrs. Judson.

She had not long to wait for the answer, which must have seemed to her like a crushing blow: "To the death prison; it is the king's orders," was the reply.

She had been in Burmah long enough to know that only those who were accused of some great crime, and for whom there was little if any hope of obtaining pardon, were sent to that much-feared prison.

Hardly a moment for farewell was allowed Mrs. Judson, as, after telling her they would come for her soon, the soldiers led or rather dragged away their prisoner.

While I think Mrs. Judson, who all through the many trials of their work in Burmah acted like the brave, loving, Christian woman she was, would have been quite willing to go with her husband in the terrible prison where they were taking him, still she knew that even for his sake it was best she should be free, as if she could not obtain his release, she could send him food and perhaps do other things for his comfort.

For a little time she was allowed to remain quiet in the strangely empty and silent room, and we need not ask how she used those precious moments: in laying the trouble that must have seemed so very, very great before the Lord in prayer; in seeking grace and strength in His presence, where they are alone to be found.

What made her start and look round as she rose from her knees? There were footsteps outside, and a strange voice calling her to come out. The soldiers had returned and were about to search the house in the hope of finding letters, papers, or other things, which might prove Mr. Judson to have been a spy sent out and paid by the English government.

She must go to them, but not till she had taken from her husband's desk one or two much-valued packets of letters from friends in America and destroyed them by burning. Then, pale

but peaceful, for her heart was fixed trusting in God, she went out.

For two days she was kept a strictly-guarded prisoner in her own house, though once or twice she was able to send a little food to her husband. On the morning of the third day she was allowed to visit the prison. One look into the face of the keeper must have made her feel almost heart-sick; he was, she felt sure, a hard, cruel man.

"The prisoners," he said to her, "and yourself also are quite in my power; I cannot set them free, but they are loaded with chains: I can take the chains off your husband if you will give me enough money." He then named a sum equal to about twenty pounds in English money, adding, "Do not tell any one you have given me money."

The sum was paid, and the husband and wife were allowed to see each other, though only for a few moments. Mrs. Judson was able, however, to send him a daily supply of food, also a mat to sleep upon.

### **Chapter 16. A Prison Visitor.**

"Not now; for dungeon walls look, stern and gloomy,  
And prisoners' sighs sound strangely on the breeze  
Man's prisoners—but thy Saviour's noble freemen—  
Hast thou no ministry of love for these?"

Mr. Judson's imprisonment must I have been a very trying time alike to the missionary and his wife. They had said "Good-bye" to their pleasant home, and to their many friends in America, to live in Burmah. They loved the poor heathen Burmese, and longed to tell them about the one true God; and it must have seemed hard at times to trust the love of that God, when His servant, who seemed so needed for teaching and preaching the word, was shut up in prison; and such a prison, too. The death prison, as it was called, was not unlike a cattle shed, its walls and roof being of planks roughly fastened together. There were no windows, so no light or fresh air could get in, except such as found its way through cracks between the boards. The prisoners, loaded with heavy iron chains, were crowded so closely that they could hardly move. No regular food was given them, and many

of them died from hunger, or the much dreaded prison fever, and yet the place was always full.

The prison keepers, too, were hard, unfeeling men, who often added by their cruelty to the sufferings of the poor captives committed to their care. These keepers, who were called "the children of the prison," had nearly all been guilty of some great crime, formed a class who were looked down upon by their fellow countrymen, and treated as the lowest of the low.

No ray of sunlight ever brightened the dark gloomy place I have been trying to describe to you, and yet the prison had a visitor whose coming must have often brought comfort and hope during the long weary days they passed without books or writing material—to some at least of its inmates.

For some time Mrs. Judson had worn the same kind of dress as the native women of Burmah. It was at once simple and pretty, and its tight-fitting jacket of bright red or yellow, with its long flowing skirt of silk, suited her tall figure and graceful movements. She visited the prison as often as she was allowed to do so, and would often carry food or fetch water for others beside her husband.

One day the governor, to whom she had given money, sent for her. He was very angry, saying in a loud, harsh voice as she entered, "You are very bad; why did you tell the king's officer that you had given me money not to ill-treat your husband?"

Mrs. Judson replied, "I am sorry to have displeased you; but the officer asked me if I had given you anything, and what could I say?"

"Say? Why you ought to have said you had given me nothing."

"But that would have been untrue, and I cannot tell a lie. The Christian religion differs from that of the Burmese. The God of the Christians is holy, and His children are forbidden to lie." The governor, still looking very much out of temper, said, "But I would have made the teachers more comfortable; I could even have taken off their chains, and now perhaps I shall put them back into the inner prison."

Tears were in Mrs. Judson's eyes, but her trust in God was unshaken as she answered, "If you had been standing by my side

with your knife raised to kill me when the officer came to question me I could not have said what you wish."

"She is right! she is right!" interposed the wife of the governor, "and I like her for being so honest. There must be something good in the religion of Jesus when it can make its followers so brave and true; you must not be angry with her." And from that day she became her firm friend.

Mrs. Judson was not free to go to the prisoners at any time. Sometimes she had to wait for hours under a burning sun in the prison yard, in the hope of being allowed to see and speak to her husband for just a few minutes. When she took a fever and was for some days too ill to leave her bed, she tried to send Mr. Judson a note by a trusty native servant. But the attempt was found out and the messenger driven away with blows.

A present of cloth and a pocket-knife induced the head keeper to allow Mr. and Mrs. Judson to converse for a short time in the prison yard one evening. They spoke in low tones and in English of a treasure they much wished to preserve—a translation of the New Testament which had cost Mr. Judson many months of hard work to prepare, and which Mrs. Judson had hidden by burying in the mission garden just before the house was searched. So far it had been safe, but the rainy season was coming on, and the damp would spoil it if it were allowed to remain in the ground; and yet they knew, only too well, it would not be safe to keep it in the mission cottage.

What was to be done with it? It was decided that Mrs. Judson should sew it up in a pillow so hard and uncomfortable, and with such a ragged cover, that even the prison keepers would not be likely to take it away, and that Mr. Judson should have it. The pillow proved a success, and years after the missionary, when telling a friend about it, said, "I had been too long loaded with chains and with only the ground to sleep on to take much notice of a hard pillow."

Mrs. Judson was again laid aside by illness, and when three weeks later she returned to the prison gate, a baby girl only a fortnight old, and very small and sickly, lay in her arms. Maria, as the wee, wan stranger was named, was the third child of Mr. and Mrs. Judson. Her two little brothers were with the Lord, and the sight of his infant daughter, born while her father was in

prison, must have given as much pain as pleasure to the loving heart of Mr. Judson.

Seven long weary months of imprisonment had dragged slowly by, when late one night a band of rough soldiers entered the prison, loaded the prisoners with more chains, and thrust them into the inner prison. News had reached Ava of a victory gained in Burmah by the British troops, and it was said that all the white prisoners were to be put to death next morning.

Mr. Judson's first thought on hearing this was, "Am I to go like this? Without one good-bye to my wife: without one last kiss to my child." Then the rest and peace of knowing that he and they were in the hands of a loving Father filled his soul, and he could say, "All is well; my wife will be spared some hours of suffering by not hearing of this till all is over and I am forever with my Saviour." And he pressed the pillow, which in all the confusion he had not lost, still closer, as he prayed that the "glad tidings" hidden there might one day be known and loved in Burmah.

A silence like that of death had fallen upon that terrible prison—a silence only broken by Mr. Judson's voice as he prayed, not so much for himself as for his loved ones and fellow prisoners.

The sentence of death was not carried out. Long years of work for the Master he served lay between that dark night in the death prison at Burmah and the moment when the faithful servant was to see His face, and know the joy of being at home with the One who had loved him and washed him from his sins in His own blood.

"When Satan appears, to stop up our path,  
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
He cannot take from us, the' oft he has tried,  
The heart-cheering promise, The Lord will provide.

"Should life sink apace, and death be in view,  
This word of His grace shall comfort us through;  
No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,  
Through faith we'll die shouting, The Lord will provide."

## **Chapter 17. The British Lion.**



One day a strange prisoner was brought into the courtyard of the prison. A Court favourite had fallen into disgrace with its royal master, though I do not think for any fault of its own, and was condemned to a cruel lingering death.

But Violet looks quite in a puzzle, and Daisy says, "She cannot even guess what I mean;" so I must begin my story at the beginning, and then I think you will all understand.

Some time before Mr. Judson was shut up in prison, the emperor had received a present of a very fine young lion from his subjects in Bengal, which soon became a great favourite, not only with the king, but with all his officers.

Though of great size and strength, it would lick the hand of the emperor and lie down at his feet like a dog. Any of my young friends who have looked closely at the arms of Great Britain will not have failed to notice that a lion forms part of what is called its armorial bearings; a lion, too, is in the British flag or standard.

You will remember that a war was going on in Burmah between the Burmese and the English, and that several victories had been gained by the British soldiers; indeed, it was expected they would soon reach Ava, and the king gave up all for lost. Like most heathen nations, the people of Burmah believed in witches, charms and many such things, by which Satan, who is, we know from scripture, the god and prince of this world, has blinded the eyes and hearts of his subjects. It began to be whispered at Court that perhaps the lion was really a friend and ally of the English: its death might save the country.

So one morning the royal pet, secured in a strong iron cage, was sent to the death prison, the orders being that no food or drink was to be given to it. It was to be left to die of hunger and thirst. But sometimes a woman, touched by the sufferings of the poor creature, would venture near enough to the cage to throw a morsel of food between the bars, or one of the guards would pour a pail of water over the captive monarch.

One day it was found dead, and was dragged out and buried in the prison court. Mr. Judson was again ill with fever, and so closely chained that he could not turn or even move without pain.

What a comfort it would be, he thought, if only his jailers would allow him to be removed to the empty cage of the lion. There he would have room to lie down, and also get some fresh air. At first they refused, but after some time the gentle pleadings of Mrs. Judson prevailed with the governor and he consented. She was also allowed to pay daily visits to her husband, who soon began to get better.

A message from the governor was one day brought to Mrs. Judson as she sat by her husband reading to him. "You are to go," said the servant, "to his house at once, as he wishes to speak to you about something of great importance." She went, and though the governor said he had only sent for her to ask if she would wind up his watch, she soon found it was only an excuse to get her away from the prison. She was detained for some time. As she left, one of the servants told her that all the white prisoners had been taken away, but he did not know where. Mrs. Judson hurried to the prison, to find that what she had heard was only too true.

No one could or would tell her where they had been taken. Returning to the governor, she begged for some information. "I knew this morning," he replied, "that they were to be taken away; but I did not wish you to hear of it. I know but little more than yourself; I will, however, send off a man to find out what is to be done with them: you can do nothing more for your husband; take care of yourself now."

Later in the day Mrs. Judson heard they had been sent to a place some miles up the river. She wished to follow them at once, but the governor told her it would not be safe for her to go alone, promising that if she would wait till nightfall, he would send her in the care of a trusty servant. She consented, and went to the mission-house to get a few things. On her way there she met one of the native Christians, who gave her what was indeed a treasure, the pillow in which the New Testament had been sewn up with such care. It had been taken from Mr. Judson by one of the prison keepers, who had been induced to give it up in exchange for something he thought of much greater value.

It must have been a comfort to Mrs. Judson, lonely and sorrowful as she was, even to touch once more the dirty cotton wrapper that covered the precious roll. Yes, and her faith seemed to go

stronger as she thought of it. The gospel should yet be the light of Burmah.

And what of the prisoners? Tied two and two by ropes, they had been driven at noon, and under the fiery rays of an Indian sun, over rough stones and burning sand, till their feet were blistered and bleeding. Mr. Judson, who was still very weak, almost fainted from pain and loss of blood. Still they were obliged to journey on, mile after mile, without once stopping to rest.

At night they were crowded into a shed, but no food or water was given to them. A native woman kindly brought them some fruit.

The next morning, after a welcome meal of rice, they were placed in carts, and soon afterward lodged in an old tumble-down prison near an Indian village. They had not been there more than two hours before Mrs. Judson arrived, carrying her baby, and looking very pale and tired.

"Why did you follow me?" the husband asked; adding, "you cannot live here; this is no place for you."

In vain Mrs. Judson begged the guard to allow her to put up a little hut outside the prison, as she had done at Ava. He refused, and at last she was obliged to seek the shelter of a shed at some distance, overgrown by tall, damp grass. The guard gave her a little water, and worn out by fatigue she fell asleep.

A day or two after it was plain she had taken the smallpox; she became too ill even to attend to her baby, and the poor little thing would have died from want of food if Mr. Judson, still wearing his chains, had not obtained permission from his guards to carry it every day to the village, where a Burmese mother, whose infant was about the same age as Maria Judson, fed the wailing sickly baby.

Six months later and the king, who could not speak or write English very well, remembering Mr. Judson, thought he might be of use as an interpreter, and ordered his return to Ava. On the way there he had another very bad attack of fever, and became so ill that for many days he did not know what was passing around him.

When he got a little better, though still too weak to sit up, he

was kept at work, reading and explaining Government papers.

Mrs. Judson, who had again followed her husband and returned to the mission-house at Ava, took what was known in Burmah as the "spotted fever," and was so ill, being unable to move or speak, that several Burmese women, who were in the room, said, "She is dead! She is dead! Who will comfort the teacher now?"

But it was only a fainting fit, and in a few days the fever abated, though for many weeks she was not able to stand. But the days of Mr. Judson's imprisonment were almost at an end. After a year and seven months spent in prison, an order for his release was granted, and once more a free man, he was able to join his wife and child in the mission-house.

### **Chapter 18. Mission Work in Burmah.**

"Rest after labour,  
Sweet rest at last."

A few weeks after Mr. Judson's release from prison he received permission to return to Rangoon. I cannot tell you how much he and his wife longed to see the dear native Christians, whose faith, they knew, must have been greatly tried by the imprisonment of their beloved teacher. Perhaps another reason, that made him glad to get away from Ava, was the hope that change of air would be good for Mrs. Judson. She did not seem to get any stronger, and though she was very patient and cheerful, he could not help seeing how pale and tired she always looked.

Rest was very near for her, but it was the rest and glory of her home. Her work was almost done, her journey almost ended. For her there would be no more weary watching at a prison gate, "no more waiting, no more weeping." Only the "far better of being forever with the Lord."

Not many weeks after their return to Rangoon, Mr. Judson left his wife, who was, he thought, looking much better than she had done for many weeks, to undertake a journey on some mission business. He did not know how long he might be away, and as there were no posts in that part of India to which he was going, he was not at all sure of being able to send or receive any letters.

He had not been gone long when Mrs. Judson was again laid aside by fever. From the first she seemed to think that she should not get better, and though a kind English doctor and several Christian friends did all that skill or love could do for her, she grew weaker and weaker, and after nearly a week of great suffering, she fell peacefully asleep in Jesus, October 24th, 1826.

Seven weeks after, Mr. Judson stood by her grave, and though his grief was very real and deep, yet he gave himself afresh to the work of Christ in Burmah. Once more, after an interval of two and a half years, he was able to gather the native converts round him for prayer and Bible reading. After a meeting for prayer, Moug Ing stayed after the others had gone to their homes, saying that he wished to tell Mr. Judson of something that was "like a fire in his heart."

From the time Moug Ing had confessed Christ by baptism, his quiet consistent walk, as well as his love for souls, had given real joy to his friends at the mission station. And now he said, "I want to go to my countrymen and tell them I have found the true riches. I want to preach the gospel. Oh do not hinder me."

A fortnight later another prayer-meeting was held, and with full hearts and tear-dimmed eyes the little band of Christians commended Moug Ing to God and the word of His grace. (Acts 20:32) The next day he said good-bye to his friends and sailed on board a native boat for the province of Tavoy.

In a letter he wrote to Mr. Judson some time afterward, he said: "In the street, in houses, in shops, in the market, in every place, and to all I meet, I am preaching the gospel. Some say it is not true, others revile, but there are a few who listen and say, 'Your words are very good. We will come again and hear more.'"

One day a Burmese woman, who had been married to a French trader at Rangoon, came to see the missionary, and asked if he would allow her to be baptized as a Christian? Finding that she did not really understand the way of salvation, he spoke to her about the need of the new birth, telling her that as a sinner she must trust herself to Christ. She was very attentive and asked several questions. It was not long before she could sing with her whole heart:

"I came to Jesus as I was,

Weary and worn and sad,  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He has made me glad."

There were other inquirers, too, whose visits to the zayat took up a good deal of Mr. Judson's time, so that with preaching, teaching, translating the scriptures, and conversing with the anxious, his hands were again filled with work, when the shadow of death again fell darkly across his path.

You will remember reading of his little daughter Maria, born while her father was in prison at Rangoon. She was at the time of her mother's death nearly two years old, very small for her age, a pale, delicate little thing. But I think her weakness only made her more dear to the heart of her lonely father. She was such a loving, gentle child, and her coaxing, clinging ways seemed to comfort him in his great sorrow for the death of his wife. Sometimes when his head ached badly, and his tired eyes could hardly see the strange-looking letters he was writing, the touch of her baby fingers would lead him from his desk to carry her round the garden where, after a few moments spent out of doors, he would return to his work feeling almost rested.

But the Saviour who, when on earth, said of such as Maria Judson, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God" (Mark 10:14), took the motherless child to be with Him where He is. She died from an attack of fever, aged two years and three months. Her father pressed one last kiss on the cold lips, closed her eyes, and folded her small hands on her breast. The next morning they laid her in a tiny grave, near that of her mother, under the shadow of a hopia (hope) tree, and Mr. Judson wrote: "I am alone in the wide world. My wife and three infant children are with the Lord, and I often long to follow them."

A few weeks passed, and the missionary was sent for by one of the native Christians. She was very ill, but calm and happy. She said, "I have done with the things of earth; my name is, I know, written in heaven. I shall soon be there." She spoke of Mrs. Judson and Maria, saying, "I shall see them again; but first of all, I shall see my Saviour. I shall fall down before Him and thank Him for His great love in sending the teachers to Burmah to show me the way to heaven."

Very soon after she fell asleep in Christ, and Mr. Judson felt he could only thank God and take courage. But other fields were white to harvest, and the Lord was, in His own gracious way, training other labourers.

We must return to America, where one evening in the year 1827, a number of Christians were assembled in a school-room, in the State of Maine, to say good-bye to two young missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, who were to sail for Burmah the next day. Both had been converted in early life; both longed to tell the heathen about the precious Saviour who had loved them and given Himself for them, and so they turned gladly from home and friends in America to spend and be spent for Christ in Burmah.

We may be sure they received a kind welcome from Mr. Judson. After a short stay with him at the mission-house, where they made good progress in learning the language, they went to live on the banks of a broad river, in a light but pretty house, built of bamboo canes, and roofed over with palm leaves. Behind the house lay a great Indian forest or jungle, where at night they could hear the howl of the tiger and the loud bark of the hyena. It must have been a strange, lonely place. But I do not think that Mr. and Mrs. Boardman were afraid to live there. Shall I tell you why? Because they knew that God was quite able to take care of them.

I must not make this chapter any longer, or I would tell you how He in His grace used and blessed them there, giving them the joy of seeing many Burmans truly converted to Christ.

## **Chapter 19. A Strange People.**

During the years Mr. Judson had lived in Burmah he had often heard of a strange race, who, though living in Burmah, were not Burmans. They were called Karens, their homes were in scattered villages among the mountains. No one seemed to know, and perhaps very few even cared to ask, how long they had lived there, or the name of the country they came from.

One thing Mr. Judson heard about the Karens we may be sure interested him greatly: he was told they did not worship idols, but prayed to God. They had no Bibles, were very poor and often

ill-treated by their Burman neighbors; yet many of them were looking, as their fathers and grandfathers had done, for the coming of white teachers, who would bring good news and speak words of peace to the Karen nation.

The missionary often thought of them, and prayed that some way of preaching the gospel in Karenland, as their country was called, might be opened up to him by the Lord. And an answer to prayer was given, although not, I think, quite in the way Mr. Judson expected.

A Karen youth, MOUNG SHAN-BYN, left his home in one of the villages, and, after four days' journey over the mountains, reached the nearest town. He was only fifteen years of age, but his wild, daring spirit soon made him the terror of all the country round. He got into the company of a gang of robbers, and took part in many robberies and even murders. He was going to be sent to prison for debt, when a native Christian offered to pay the debt for him if the boy would become his slave—a very common thing in Burmah.

The kind offer was accepted, and MOUNG SHAN-BYN went to live under the roof of one who often spoke to him about the Lord Jesus and His love. Here for a time his outward conduct was a little better; but after some weeks he behaved so badly that his master was obliged to send him away.

Mr. Judson took him at once into his service, and though at first much tried by his fits of violent temper, went on in faith and prayer, not only teaching him to read his Bible, but explaining to him what he read; and in less than a year light from the true and only lamp, the word of God, shone into the soul of the wild, wicked Karen boy. Like one of old, he could say, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." (John 9:25k) He saw himself as a lost sinner; but by faith he saw in the Lord Jesus just the Saviour he needed. He was truly a new creature in Christ Jesus. He longed to tell his relations and friends of Christ, and when at last the way was cleared for Mr. and Mrs. Boardman to live among the Karens, he begged that he might be allowed to go too, and act as their interpreter, as the language of the Karens differs greatly from that of the Burmese.

His request was granted; and as soon as the missionary party reached a Karen village, he would collect the people, who came



in crowds to listen to the gospel. Once the boat stopped near a village during harvest. All the inhabitants were at work in the fields. The only person to be found at home was an old man, the brother of the chief. When he heard of the coming of white teachers from over the sea he was much pleased, and gave orders that a horn should be blown as a signal to the people to leave their work and assemble in an open space before his tent, saying, "They have come: they have brought us words of peace; but ah! how long we have been waiting for them!"

Many of the poor people brought presents of fowls, fish, fruit, and other things, and all listened with great attention while Mr. Boardman spoke to them from John 3:16 of the wonderful love of God.

Mr. Boardman was much encouraged, and wrote: "I believe the God of all grace is about to work in a wonderful way among these poor people. Moug Shan-byn is a great comfort and a real helper to us. He will often ask leave to visit distant Karen villages, where he preaches the gospel. Once he was away for seven weeks. We began to get quite anxious about him, but he returned, bringing with him ten persons who, having believed in Christ, wished for Christian baptism."

Mr. and Mrs. Boardman had two children, a little girl of not quite three years old, and a baby of only a few months. The eldest, whose name was Sarah, was a very lively and engaging child. Her rosy cheeks, blue eyes and long yellow curls made her so unlike the dark-skinned native children that her mother would often look at her, thinking she was very much like some fair flower, bursting into bloom and beauty among dark, unsightly weeds.

Although so young she could speak Burmese and English quite nicely, and knew a number of Karen words. But, better still, the little one loved to hear "the sweet story of old," often saying, "Please, mamma, tell me more about Jesus." Only a day or two before her death, her mother heard her say to a Karen girl, who had been playing with her, "I cannot play now, for I wish to be alone and pray."

And the Lord Jesus, who when on earth called a little child unto Him, had need of Sarah. Her illness was so short that her sorrowing parents could hardly believe their darling was about to

be taken from them, till all was over, and they knew their precious lamb was "safely folded."

It must have been a great trial. But through grace they were enabled to bow and say, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." Mr. Boardman turned from the grave of his much-loved child to the work of making Christ known to the perishing Karens, with a new strange feeling that for him the time was very short, that what he had to do must be done quickly. And so he was always at work, preaching, teaching in school, talking to those who often came from long distances across the mountains to get gospel books and tracts, or translating the scriptures.

His wife thought sometimes that he looked paler and thinner every day; his cough, too, was troublesome, and he could not sleep well at nights; but he did not complain, and was so bright in soul, and so happy in his work, that even her watchful eye failed to see that he was really very ill.

But we must leave the Boardmans for a time to peep at Mr. Judson. Many hours of every day he spent in the zayat, where many came to hear the gospel, or ask for Christian books. Tracts and gospels had been carried into places many, many miles from the mission station, and from time to time the heart of the missionary was gladdened by hearing of one and another who through reading had been led to give up the worship of idols and pray to the true God.

There had been a remarkable work, too, of conversion among the elder girls, some of whom had been among Mrs. Judson's first scholars, and though Satan, who, we know, always tries to hinder the work of God, raised a good deal of opposition, the young converts held steadily on their way.

One day a woman, whose daughter had confessed Christ, but who was herself a heathen, came to the school. She was very angry, and began to shake and beat her, saying, "I have been robbed of my daughter. She has become a Christian, and Christians do not cheat or steal or tell lies. She is of no use to me now. She will never be able to get her own living, and no one will wish to marry a woman who prays."

The poor girl took her mother's blows and abuse in a meek, quiet spirit, only saying, "Please, dear mother, do not be so vexed with

me for loving the Lord Jesus. I always remember you when I pray to God."

After a time the enraged woman became more quiet, and before leaving promised that she would allow her daughter to remain at school and not force her to go to the idol temple on her return home.

## **Chapter 20. Seed-Time and Harvest.**

After a few more weeks of suffering, during which Mr. Boardman grew weaker, he fell asleep in Jesus. It took some time before a letter telling of Mrs. Boardman's great loss could reach her friends in America; but when her father and mother knew that their much-loved Sarah was a widow with one little boy in a land of strangers, they lost no time in writing a long, loving letter, saying that they thought it would be best for her to return as soon as possible to the home of her childhood, where they assured her a warm welcome awaited not only her but her child.

But was she really free? Was her work for Christ in Burmah done? Could she leave the Karens, about whom I told you so much in my last chapter, at a time when many seemed really anxious to know "How they could be saved."

Come with me to the mission-house, and you shall judge for yourselves. It is late in the evening, but a group of Karen women, some of whom came many miles to see their beloved teacher, still linger in Mrs. Boardman's room. All day long she has been so busy visiting the sick, teaching in the schools, or caring for her little George, that they were obliged to wait before finding an opportunity of telling her of their love and sympathy.

What are they saying? They speak in a language we do not understand, but their pitying looks show that they share the grief of one they all love, and tears are on the faces of several.

One, a Christian from Rangoon, says "I was telling a native disciple that it had pleased God to call our beloved teacher to Himself, and that now you would be very sad and lonely. He said, That is true, so you must go and comfort her."

Another said, "My home is in a village, far away among the

mountains, where many worship idols; there are a few Christians; we are all very poor but very happy, for we love God and each other. Our only sorrow is the death of our beloved teacher; if you go away too, we shall feel like children who have lost both father and mother."

Many, too, were beginning to show great interest in the gospel, and is it any wonder that Mrs. Boardman decided to stay where she was and work on among her scholars and the native women, who, though very ignorant, were as humble and teachable as little children?

Writing to her friends in America, she says: "The love some of these poor people show for the gospel often makes me feel quite ashamed of my coldness. Some of them will come from forty to fifty miles to attend a Bible reading or beg a Christian book; and that, too, when the way lies through pathless forests, known to be the haunts of the lion and tiger. A Karen woman, who has been for some time living at the mission-house, told me that when she came she was often obliged to cross streams so deep that the water almost touched her chin. I asked her if she was not afraid. She said, 'Only of the alligators,' that make their homes among the tall grass and reeds growing on their banks."

Mr. Boardman had been dead about a year and a half when his widow became the second wife of Mr. Judson. And now I must tell you how the Lord in His grace gave His faithful labourer what must have been a very sweet and precious foretaste of the joy of harvest.

Day after day Mr. Judson would sit for hours in the wayside zayat, sometimes speaking to natives who ventured in, sometimes alone, reading aloud some simple gospel book, in the hope that some passer-by might listen, if only for a few moments, to "the wonderful words of life." It was on one of the hottest days of the Indian summer. The palm-leaf roof of the zayat hardly seemed to shelter him from the rays of the sun, and the missionary felt so tired he would gladly have closed the book and indulged in a brief rest.

But he would not, for perhaps he remembered how once his Lord and Master had, when very tired with a long journey, lingered at noon by Jacob's well, telling one lonely, sorrowful woman of living waters. (John 4) And it might be that the same gracious,

loving Lord would guide some passing strangers that way, and incline them to stop and listen. So Mr. Judson read on.

"Look, father, look, that is Jesus Christ's man! Oh, how very white he is." The speaker was a dark-skinned, bright-eyed little boy, who passed holding the hand of a tall Burmese gentleman, whose dress and manner marked him as belonging to the educated upper-class. Mr. Judson, who loved children dearly, smiled at the boy, who returned his smile with a look so bright and open, that the missionary quite longed to take the little fellow on his knee and tell him "the sweet story of old."

The next day, at about the same hour, the father and son passed again, and the next Mr. Judson made a sign to the boy, whose name was MOUNG MOUNG, that he wanted to speak to him. In a moment the child was at his side. The missionary knew it would not be well to say many words, or detain him long. But taking a gaily colored Madras handkerchief, he folded it into a turban and twisted it round the boy's head. MOUNG MOUNG, much pleased, ran back to his father, saying, "See what a beautiful turban Jesus Christ's man has given me."

The father looked grave, and said in a low, troubled voice, "Yes, MOUNG MOUNG, it is very pretty; but I do not care for your going to the zayat. It is not a very good place for you. These white foreigners have strange ways of making people believe things. Why do you always wish to walk this way?" "Oh, my father, the white teacher will do me no harm..."

"We will not talk any more of these things, MOUNG MOUNG. The white teacher was very kind to give you such a pretty handkerchief..."

Father and son were out of sight, a cluster of bamboos had hidden them from the missionary, and he began once more to read aloud the little book he had already read and re-read so many times that he could have repeated every word from memory. But the words seemed to come with greater sweetness and power to his own soul, and he felt almost rested.

## **Chapter 21. An Outbreak of Cholera.**

MOUNG MOUNG, with all his boyish love of play, was an observant, thoughtful child. His father, who was thought by all

who knew him to be a stern, grave man, was very kind to his little son, often allowing him to ask questions.

One day a conversation something like the following took place between father and son.

"Is it true," asked Moungh Moungh, "that she, my mother, worshipped the Lord Jesus Christ?"

A frown seemed to cast its own dark shadow upon the father's face, as he asked in a low, hoarse voice, "Who dared to tell you? Who dares to speak of such things to my son?"

Moungh Moungh trembled at his father's angry look. But his answer was, "I cannot tell you, dear father, for I promised I would not. The one who told me said it was as much as life was worth to talk of such things under your roof. But I want very much to know if what I heard is true. Will you not please to tell me?"

"We will talk of it another time, Moungh Moungh; you must not ask any more questions to-day, it is too hot even to talk now."

Who were the father and child? Let us enter the mission zayat just as Mr. Judson calls a native helper to his side, and pointing to them as they turn a corner, asks, "Do you know that gentleman and his little boy?"

"Ah, yes, teacher, I know them well; the father is a writer under Government. He is a rich man. He lives in a large house, and keeps many servants, but—."

"But what?"

"Teacher, you have asked me, and I must tell you the truth, he hates Christians."

"Does he? How is it then that his son always smiles at me as if I were an old and dear friend?"

"Ah, that is because he has been taught to love you. Burmese children are very shy of strangers. Does the teacher remember how one morning, it may be six or even eight years ago, a young woman came to ask for medicine for her baby, who was very ill?"

"

"No, indeed, I do not remember," the missionary said with a smile; "my memory would be very good if I could remember all to whom I have given medicine."

"But you must remember her," the helper continued, "for she was very beautiful, and her voice was like the sound of silver bells at midnight. Well, she was the wife of this gentleman, and her little boy, who was only a baby then, was very ill. The native doctor could do him no good, so she came to you, even though she feared it would make her husband angry.

"You gave her medicine for her child, and then you told her that she was sick, too, of a worse disease than the fever that burned in the veins of her baby. You told her that she was a sinner, and then you spoke to her about the Lord Jesus.

"When she left you gave her the Gospel by Matthew, and kneeling down you prayed God to bless her and make her a true believer in Christ."

"Yes, I think I remember her now," said Mr. Judson. "But what came of it? did she read the book?"

"Yes, she read it at night as she watched by her baby, and she used to pray, too, for she would kneel down; at first she would speak in a whisper, saying the words you had used, or all she could remember of them. But I am sure God heard her, for she believed in Jesus, and had a great wish to be baptized as a Christian; but when she told her husband he was very angry and would not allow it.

"Moung Moung got well, but his mother was never strong, and day by day she grew weaker and looked more like a fading flower. Her husband, who was really very fond of her, was grieved, and bought her all kinds of beautiful things to wear, but he would not let her send for you. A little while before she died the Lord gave her faith and courage, and she spoke to all around her of Christ, telling them to love Him and worship none but Him.

"Sometimes Moung Moung has his mother's look, such a far-away look, and I am told he will ask questions, too, about God and heaven. I often think it may be that God, who so long ago called the child Samuel, may have spoken to the heart of that

boy."

The Indian summer had been hotter than usual and a terrible outbreak of cholera had visited Rangoon. Day after day the missionary and his helpers had been from early morning till late at night carrying medicine and needed comforts to the houses of the plague-stricken. Speaking, too, we may be sure, of Christ as a living, loving Saviour, and many who, when in health, had not cared to listen to his message, now seemed anxious to hear words whereby they might be saved.

Late one evening he was told that the cholera had broken out in a house he often wished he was free to visit; the pleasant home of MOUNG MOUNG. "Who is sick?" Mr. Judson asked anxiously; "is it the boy or his father?"

"Ah, teacher, I cannot tell," replied the messenger, "I only know the cholera is there, and that you are wanted."

A little later the tired missionary reached the house. The doors were all open, and passing quickly through the courtyard he reached an inner room, guided to it by a wild, wailing sound, he knew told of the presence of death. Lifting a white cloth, Mr. Judson looked with deep feeling at the lifeless form of MOUNG MOUNG. Pale and cold, but beautiful in death, the child lay as if asleep.

"He has gone up to the glorious country, to bloom forever among the white lilies of paradise," said a voice close to his ear. Turning quickly, he saw a middle-aged woman holding a palm-leaf fan before her face. Speaking in quick, low tones, she went on to say, "I am sure of it, for he worshipped the true God, and trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ. He called on Him and He answered. MOUNG MOUNG was tired. Oh, so tired, and in pain, and the Lord who loved him, took him home to be a little lamb in His bosom forever."

"When did he go?" asked Mr. Judson.

"About an hour ago," was the reply. "He was able to speak, and full of joy to the last. He talked only of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose face he so longed to see."

"Was his father here?" said the missionary.



"His father! Ah, my noble master, teacher, he is going, too; come and see him."

"Did he send for me?"

"No, his pain was so great that he could not, even if he would; it was I, your handmaid, who sent for you."

"How did you dare to do it? The danger to you was very great," Mr. Judson said.

"God was here, and I forgot to be afraid," the woman replied gently.

"How did you learn about Christ? I do not remember ever having seen you at the zayat."

"Ah, teacher, I do not know very much, but it was my dear young mistress who taught me. She would read to me from the book you gave her, and just before she died she made me promise that when her baby was old enough I would teach him to pray to the true God.

"She said I was to go to you to learn more; but I was afraid, and did not. After a long time I found out a native Christian. He kept my secret, but he got me books and told me all he had heard from you, and I taught Mounng Mounng."

Mr. Judson was not without hope that the father of his little friend, who died the same night, was really a believer in the Lord Jesus. So he and the faithful nurse could rejoice together over a whole family safe in heaven.

## **Chapter 22. Two Paths.**

I have told you many things that you will, I hope, remember about some of the different kinds of work that made Mr. Judson's life in Burmah such a busy one; but I do not want any of you to run away with the idea that when a Burman had believed the gospel the work of the missionary was done. In one sense it had only just begun, for, though we know from the word of God that the Lord Jesus Christ always loves and will never lose one of His own sheep (John 10), still the native converts needed much patient, loving care to lead them on in the things of the Lord. Perhaps a true story will help you to understand what I mean.

One day a Burmese woman, who had been a Christian for about two years, went to Mr. Judson to ask his advice about something she very much wished to do, but which he saw at once would be very wrong for her, as it might lead her to dishonor the name of Christ, and perhaps in the end even tempt her to return to the worship of idols. He told her just what he felt about it; but though she listened to his faithful words, he saw she still wished to have her own way.

Taking a ruler from the table, Mr. Judson made a rather crooked line on the mud floor of the zayat. Pointing to it with his finger, he said to the weeping woman, "Look here, look here! this is where you have been walking: very often you have got out of the right path, but you have kept near it, you have not gone far away; you have grown in grace, though not so much as you might have done, and you know more than when you started of how good the Lord is. You know, too, where this path leads; you know that after only a few more sorrows, a few more trials, it will end in glory, and you will be with your Saviour.

"Now you have come to a place where two paths meet—one is narrow, the other is broad. Will you, dare you, go right out of the narrow path? You think you will only go a very little way out of it, and you will soon come back to it; but I tell you, you will not, you may never even be able to find it again. Will you, dare you, give it up?"

Some years after, the woman, then an active and useful Christian, herself told the story, adding, "I could not speak, for I was crying bitterly; but the dear teacher knelt down and prayed that God would give me grace to walk in the narrow path. And very many times since, when I have been tempted to do what I knew to be wrong, I have seemed to hear his voice, saying, 'Will you, will you, will you?'"

Mrs. Judson, too, was very busy, far too busy to write many letters to her friends in America, though I think a peep into one or two of those she did write will help us to understand a little about her work. In one she says: "Yesterday twenty-six Burmese came to see me. Several begin to ask very thoughtful questions about the way of salvation, and nearly all ask me to read the Bible to them. The little ones play nearly all day, and amuse themselves while I am busy writing. The room where I sit is

open to the road, so natives very often stop and talk to me.

"The other day I looked up from my work and saw a man standing by the door and looking in. I asked him if he wanted anything.

"He said he had been watching me write. At once the thought came into my mind, perhaps this man may be one of the Lord's dear chosen ones, and he may have been guided here to hear the gospel. So I invited him in, and we had quite a nice long talk about the truth. He told me he would pray to the true God to teach him to believe in His Son Jesus Christ, of whom he says he never heard till to-day. He is a trader, and lives in his boat; but coming on shore to-day was led, he could not tell why, to walk this way—I pray that it may be for the salvation of his soul."

We all know what it means to get tired, do we not? Even boys and girls, who are getting ready for the real work of their lives, often find their sums hard or their lessons difficult to understand; and I think we sometimes forget that getting tired and giving up do not mean quite the same thing.

Perhaps just a few of my young friends may remember reading how patiently and bravely Mr. Judson, when a boy of not more than ten years old, had worked at a very troublesome sum till it came right. It will not surprise them much to hear that as a man he undertook a far larger and more important piece of work—the translation of the whole Bible into the language of the Burmans.

Early and late he was at the desk, sometimes writing, at others reading, with tired eyes and aching head, the strange-looking letters written on palm leaves, I have already told you about. Sometimes he would stop for a moment, then there was a light in his eyes and a smile on his face that seemed almost to say, "Yes; I have found something worth all the trouble I have taken; worth, too, the precious hour I have spent looking for it."

What had he found? Why, just some word or phrase that would help him in making the real meaning of God's word more clear to his much-loved Burmans. And then with a thanksgiving and a prayer for guidance and help, he would bend once more to his task.

What is Harry saying? "That it must have taken Mr. Judson a long time to translate the whole Bible."

Yes; it did indeed take a very long time. Twenty-one years had passed from the time Mr. Judson first landed in Burmah before the Bible in their own language was ready for the use of the native Christians.

But as he looked at the first printed copy glad tears filled his eyes, and his head bent low in silent prayer. He was thanking God for the mercy that had kept him through so many dangers and allowed him to finish so great a work.

Mrs. Judson, too, who knew the language of the Burmans almost as well as if she had spent her whole life among them, did good work as a translator; we know she loved the children dearly, and it always gave her great pleasure to do anything for them. She wrote or translated several books for the use of her girls' school, and many a Burman child has learned its first Bible lessons from her "Scripture Questions and Answers."

But again the shadow of death fell darkly over the mission-house. One day Mrs. Judson, who had been out some hours teaching school in a neighboring village, was met on her return by her husband, who told her, in a voice broken by sobs, that little Henry was dying.

Could it be true? The bright little boy who only that morning had been so full of life and spirits, who had kissed such a loving good-bye to his mother, could he be dying?

She hurried to the room where he lay. Yes; it was true, her darling Henry, the pet of the household, lay pale, cold and gasping for breath.

With anxious hearts they watched the little sufferer through the night. All that love and care could do were done, but in vain. The sick child grew worse, and for some hours did not seem to know either parent; towards morning he opened his eyes and smiled at his father, then one sigh, and all was over—his body lay cold and lifeless on the bed, but his spirit was with the Saviour, who long ago had taken little children in His arms and blessed them. (Mark 10:16)

The next day the body of their much-loved child was laid in the

mission burial ground, and though Mr. and Mrs. Judson felt his loss very much, they were enabled, through grace, to say with all their hearts: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

### **Chapter 23. "St. Helena."**

Nineteen years had passed since Mrs. Judson, then in all the fair promise of her early womanhood, said "Good-bye" to her friends in America, and went to live in Burmah. Did she not long sometimes to see her father and mother again, both of whom were growing old? Yes; I am sure her heart often turned fondly to the home and friends of her early years. But her life in Burmah had been such a busy one that she never seemed able to spare time to take the long holiday that would have been needed to pay even a short visit to the land of her birth.

So she worked on, teaching in the school, holding Bible and other classes for native women and girls, copying books, writing letters for Mr. Judson, visiting the sick, guiding the house, nursing and teaching her own three children, and doing many other things. But day by day she grew paler and thinner; her step, too, was slow; and, though she did not complain of feeling ill, it was easy to see that she was weak and tired.

She had a bad cough, too. One day she looked so ill that Mr. Judson, feeling really anxious about her, sent for a doctor, who on seeing her said she must give up work at once. Indeed, she had gone on far too long for her fast-failing strength. Medicine would do her little if any good while she remained in Burmah. Only one thing seemed to him to hold out any hope of bringing back color to her pale cheeks or strength to her frail form.

A sea voyage might do her good, and if that could be followed by a nice long rest in the old farm-house that had been the home of her childhood, she might, he thought, return in about a year to her loved work among the heathen.

Mr. Judson felt he could not be away from the mission station so long, and so after praying that they might see the will of God clearly in the matter, it was arranged that he should go some distance with his wife, then leave her and the children to go to America, while he took passage on a ship bound for Rangoon.

So Mrs. Judson got ready for her journey. She was indeed "near home," but it was not the one of her childhood. She was going to be with the Saviour who had loved her and washed her from her sins in His own precious blood.

Thus, amid loving words of farewell from friends and native Christians, the mission party set out. The beach was crowded with Burmans, and the girls of Mrs. Judson's school pressed on board with tear-stained faces, bringing little gifts of fruit and flowers for their much-loved teacher. She had a smile and a kind word for each, and so they parted, little thinking that they were to see her no more on earth.

The ship put out to sea, and for some time Mrs. Judson seemed to gain strength daily; she was able to sit or lie on deck for several hours each day, and much enjoyed having a quiet time with her husband and children. Almost the last day they expected to spend together had come, when she became very ill, and Mr. Judson felt it would not be right to allow her to go on alone, so took their passages on board an American ship, sailing for Boston. But she was sinking fast; her children printed their last kiss on her pale lips, and her husband bending over her whispered gently, "We think you will soon be with your Saviour."

"What can I want beside?" the dying Christian replied with a smile; and just as the ship came within sight of the island of St. Helena, calmly fell asleep in Jesus.

Early the next morning, with flags half-mast high—a ship's mourning—the vessel entered port. The same afternoon Mr. Judson and his three motherless children stood by her newly-made grave. I cannot tell you how lonely and sad the tired missionary felt as he turned away, only God and his own soul knew how real and deep his grief was. But God's own precious word is full of comfort for those who mourn, and he could open his well-worn Bible at such words as: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." (I Thess. 4:13,14)

An hour or two later, he and the children were again on board ship, and that night they were once more on their voyage to

America.

When they reached Boston every one wanted to see the man who, thirty years before, had gone to live and work for Christ in far-off Burmah. Some who remembered his going wished very much to talk to him about old times and old friends; while others, who did not know but had heard of him, were just as anxious to see the man who had been a prisoner at Ava, and whose long years of steady, patient work had given the people of that great empire a Bible in their own strange language.

Many friends, old and new, wished him to preach and address large meetings; but to all such requests his answer was that for some time, owing to weakness and loss of voice, he had found himself unable to do much in public.

Those who knew him best saw that all the attention he received gave him more pain than pleasure. He would often say, "If any good has been done, it is all the Lord's doing; I am only a servant, and a very poor one, too."

One day he consented to say a few words at the close of a meeting where many hundreds were present. He spoke for about a quarter of an hour, telling his hearers in very simple, earnest words of the love of Christ, and asking any who were still unsaved to accept Him as their very own Saviour.

The people listened with great attention; but when the meeting was over, a friend of Mr. Judson's said to him, "I am afraid the people were a little disappointed to-day."

"Were they," replied Mr. Judson; "I am sorry, but as I know my voice is still weak, perhaps they could not all hear what I said."

"No; I do not think there was any difficulty in hearing you," was the reply; "what I mean is, that knowing as they do that you have lived so long among the heathen and traveled so many thousands of miles, I think they rather expected you would tell them some interesting story." "Well, did I not tell them the most interesting of all stories?" he asked. "I told them as well as ever I could of One who loved them even unto death; of One who came all the way from heaven to earth to seek and save that which was lost."

"Yes; I know that," said his friend; "but still, I think they expected something rather different."

"Did they? Well, I am glad they did not get it; glad that they have gone away saying that a man who had traveled thirty thousand miles had nothing for them but the gospel. Besides," he added with deep feeling, "I shall have to appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. When I meet my Master I should not like Him to say to me, 'I gave you one opportunity of telling those people about Me, and you let it slip that you might talk about yourself and your doings.'"

Mr. Judson remained in America about a year. A few days before his return to Burmah he was united in marriage to Miss Emily Chubbock, a Christian lady who was at that time a well-known writer of books for the young. She had to give up much pleasant work, as well as to say "good-bye" to many loved ones, among others her aged father; but she saw how greatly Mr. Judson and his children needed her care and love, and the very need seemed to her like the voice of Christ bidding her go forth for His sake and in His strength.

#### **Chapter 24. The Overcomer.**

I wonder if any of the dear young readers who have shown so much interest in my true story of the life and labours of a missionary, who has been called by many "The Apostle of Burmah," are getting a little tired of its many chapters? Well, my task is almost done, for little more remains to be told. The shadows of life's evening were gathering fast round the honored head of Mr. (then Dr.) Judson; and the once full, rich voice that had so often preached Christ to crowds of eager Burmese listeners was so weak and broken that it could seldom be raised above a whisper. Rest and Home were very near, but it was the rest of being forever with the Lord; the home to which he was going was in the Father's house.

When Dr. and Mrs. Judson reached Ava they found new troubles awaiting them. The old king was dead, and though the heir to the throne received them kindly and gave them leave to live in Rangoon, Dr. Judson was told that, though he would be quite free to teach any English or American children who lived at Rangoon, or preach the gospel to their parents, the new king would not allow any of his subjects to become Christians, and did not wish the missionaries to speak to them or give them



books.

All this was, we may be sure, very discouraging; but it was a comfort to remember that the God of all grace would still, in His own time and way, carry on His work in Burmah. He did not feel that he ought to leave the few native Christians, who, though often called upon to suffer for Christ's sake, kept steadily on, so he made up his mind to remain at Rangoon, doing what he could. If he must not go among the people he loved so well, the Lord was, he knew, well able to bring to him any who really wished to know what they must do to be saved.

He was very busy, too, with a piece of work which he wished very much, if according to the will of God, to finish. You may remember reading of the long years of work it had cost him to give the Burmese the Bible in their own language. And again he was just as hard at work, spending many hours every day at his desk, sometimes busily writing, at others reading and making corrections in printed sheets brought to him by a native helper from the printing-room at the back of the mission premises.

He was working away at a Burmese and English Dictionary. But Millie looks up with a quick glance of wonder, saying, "Well, I do not know however he could have had the patience to write a whole dictionary—I find half a page of one quite enough to learn for a lesson, and I think it is rather a stupid kind of book."

Well, Millie dear, I know the dictionary is not at all a favourite book with most of my young friends. Indeed, I sometimes hear it called very unkind names by those who forget what a useful servant the much-abused book is; for it is only as we take a little trouble to find out the real meaning of words that we are any richer for our knowledge of them.

I think, too, that Dr. Judson had learned a lesson many of us are slow to learn, that it is not so much the kind of work we are doing, as the way and spirit in which it is done, that gives it its true value; and seeing as he did how greatly such a work would help in writing or translating other books for the Burmese, he bent over its pages with the joy of knowing that even in this seemingly uninteresting task he was serving the Master he loved so well.

And day by day the Lord gave His faithful servant tokens of His

blessing and approval. There were several Burmese inquirers; three or four new converts, "not fearing the wrath of the king," confessed Christ by baptism. Though during the day the mission-house was often closely watched by government officers, yet under cover of darkness parties of Karens would come from their far-away homes to ask for gospels or tracts, or to tell the missionary that they, too, were trusting in Christ, and asked to be counted among His disciples.

Month after month he worked patiently on, till at last the first part of his dictionary, a book of six hundred pages, was finished. The next day he began the second part, saying as he did so, "I shall not be surprised if I do not live to finish it; men almost always leave unfinished some work which they or their friends have been very anxious about. All is well—it may be God's way of showing us that He can do without His workmen."

He worked on till late one November evening, then the pen fell from his powerless hand, and Mrs. Judson saw that her husband was very ill. Days of great pain and weakness followed, but through all he was calm and happy in soul, often saying to his wife, "Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ; I cannot tell you how precious it appears to me now." One day he said, "I am not tired of my work, and I have been very happy with you and the dear children; but when Christ calls me home I shall go, oh so very gladly."

The doctor thought sea air might do him good, and after some delay he consented to try a short sea voyage. He was then too weak to walk or even stand alone, but native Christians carried him on board a small ship lying in the harbor. After a tearful "goodbye," Mrs. Judson and the children returned to the mission-house, only Mr. Ramsey, a brother missionary, and a Burmese servant going with the sufferer.

After sailing, the attacks of severe pain from which he had suffered much before leaving Burmah came oftener and lasted longer. One evening he seemed a little better, and said to Mr. Ramsey: "I am glad you are here; it is a great comfort to me to have one who loves Christ near me now—we are one in Him, our precious Saviour."

"I trust you feel He is near you now," Mr. Ramsey said gently, as he bent over his dying friend.

"Oh yes, it is all right there; but the pain at times is very great," Dr. Judson answered feebly. Through the night he grew weaker, and about noon the next day he said in Burmese to his servant, "All is done—I am going home. Take care of your poor mistress; be very kind to her." And soon after fell peacefully asleep in Christ, April 12th, 1850, at the age of sixty-two.

That evening there was a funeral at sea—the body of the worn-out missionary was committed to the deep, a sacred trust to be restored when the Lord shall come for His own in the air; for them also which sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him. (I Thess. 4:14) And if the voice of Mr. Ramsey faltered at times as he thought of the deep sorrow with which the news of Dr. Judson's death would be received at Rangoon, he thought, too, of the joy that was now his, the joy of being forever with the Lord, and went bravely through with the simple service.

And now, dear young friends, my task is done. I have tried, and I trust not in vain, to interest you in the simple record of trials and triumphs, joys and sorrows among the heathen. Together we have followed, in our thoughts, Dr. Judson all the way from the happy home of his boyhood to far-distant Burmah. We know a little of his sufferings while a prisoner at Ava; something, too, of his joy over the first Burmese converts. And now, as I say a loving good-bye to my readers, I would say to each, Are you on the Lord's side? Are you sheltered by the precious blood of Christ? If you can answer "Yes" to my question, I know you will be among those of whom it is written: "Him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." (Rev. 3:21)

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