

one to care for it, and all in a strange land among bitter enemies. Mrs. Judson recovered. The Burmese wanting her husband for interpreter, they returned to the capital. There she was attacked by spotted fever and was even given up for dead. But the everlasting arms were underneath her. Soon the war ended and the prisoners were saved. But for her, every one of them would probably have been dead long before. From a Calcutta paper of the period this statement has been taken:

“Mrs. Judson was the author of those eloquent and forcible appeals to the Government which prepared them by degrees for submission to terms of peace never expected by any who knew the haughtiness and pride of the Burman court. And, while on this subject, the overflowing of grateful feelings on behalf of myself and fellow-prisoners compel me to add a tribute of public thanks to her who, though living at a distance of two miles from our prison, without any means of conveyance, and very feeble in health, forgot her own comfort and infirmity, and almost every day sought us out and administered to our wants. . . . When we were all left by the Government destitute of food, she, with unwearyed perseverance, by some means or other, obtained for us a constant supply.”

Professor Gammel, writing of her, says:

“History has not recorded, poetry itself has seldom portrayed, a more affecting exhibition of Christian fortitude, of female heroism, and of all the noble and generous qualities which constitute the dignity and glory of woman. In the midst of sickness and danger, and every calamity which can crush the human heart, she presented a character equal to any trial and an address and a fertility of resources which gave her an ascendancy over the minds of her most cruel enemies, and alone saved the missionaries and their fellow-captives from the terrible doom which constantly awaited them.”

The war was over. Sir Archibald Campbell, the English commander, honored her with distinguished compliments and attentions, and all the English who still lived in that part of Burmah looked to her as their saviour. She had had no helper or adviser. With her babe upon her breast, her husband in a pen not fit for swine, and all the nation against her, she had never faltered.

Brighter days seemed to have dawned, and hope revived with their coming. The mission station was changed to the new town of Amherst. There the weary missionaries built a little home and prepared to rest, and teach once more the good news of Him whose love they had so thoroughly tested. Dr. Judson was called to Ava to assist in the making of the treaty; and while he was absent, with few acquaintances about her, with no hand of kindred to sooth her pain and with a little child calling for her, she passed from earth who had crossed the oceans alone, followed her husband from prison to prison, and been a friend to the friendless in their distress. Under a hopia, or hope tree, they buried her, and the native converts mourned for one they loved to call “Mamma Judson.”

Thus lived and died the woman whom I have deliberately chosen as the representative heroine—might I not almost say the representa-