

the first Burman convert, Moug Nau, who was soon followed by many more, and at the end of the next three years the little church in Rangoon had grown to eighteen members, the Zapat had been built, schools established, a printing-press sent them from America, and two missionaries were on the ground with their wives to care for the infant church. There seemed no reason why he should not move into "the regions beyond," as he always longed to do. So, on the 13th of December, 1823, he set out for Ava, where he arrived January 23rd, 1824.

PRISON HORRORS.

The outlook was encouraging. But a dark cloud of persecution, however, quickly gathered on the horizon. War broke out between Burmah and the English Government in India, and suspicion fell at once on all the white foreigners residing in Ava. It was thought that they were in collusion with the English.

Mr. Judson was seized on the 8th of June, 1824, and for twenty-one months endured the prolonged horrors of confinement in a loathsome Oriental prison. For nine months he was confined in three pairs of fetters, for two months in five, for six months in one; for two months he was a prisoner at large; and for two months, although released from prison, he was restrained in Ava under the charge of the governor of the north gate of the palace.

In this room were confined one hundred persons of both sexes and all nationalities, nearly all naked and half famished. The prison was never washed or even swept. Putrid remains of animal and vegetable matter, together with other nameless abominations, strewed the floor.

But his sublime faith in God never faltered, though the Burman Bible remained unfinished, and the work of ten years in Rangoon was going to pieces in his absence. At last he was released from his irons, and compelled to act as translator and interpreter for the Burmans in treating for peace with the English.

LIFE IN AMHERST.

The English desired to retain his valuable services as interpreter, and offered him a salary of three thousand dollars; but he declined.

When he arrived in Rangoon, he found his little mission, the result of ten years of labor, completely broken up. It was out of the question to think of remaining at Rangoon.

One of the results of the war was that the English had wrested from them a large part of their sea-coast. Just at this time Mr. Judson was invited by Mr. Crawford, the British Civil Commissioner of the new province, to accompany him on an exploring expedition, the purpose being to ascertain the best situation for a town which should be the capital of the new territory, the seat of Government, and the headquarters of the army. Mr. Judson's knowledge of the language made him an invaluable assistant in such an enterprise, and finally he and Mr. Crawford selected as the site of the new city the promontory where the waters of the Salwen empty themselves into the sea. The town was named Amherst, in honor of the Governor-General of India, and to this spot Mr. Judson decided to transplant the Rangoon mission, with the four faithful disciples as the nucleus of a native church.

But before missionary operations were fairly begun, Mr. Judson was compelled reluctantly to visit Ava, the scene of his imprisonment. During his absence Mrs. Judson while conducting the affairs was smitten with fever, and died on October 24th, 1826, at the age of thirty-seven.

Mr. Judson returned to Amherst January 24th, 1827. But though worn out with sufferings and sorrows, he did not remit for one moment his missionary labors. His motherless child, too, was taken from him on April 24th, 1827, at the age of two years. Thus, at the age of thirty-nine, he found himself alone in the world bereft of wife and child.

The time soon came when the little mission at Amherst thus established with such mournful omens was to be broken up. Amherst was rapidly being eclipsed by the town of Maulmain, situated on the coast about twenty five miles farther north, at the very mouth of the Salwen, and it seemed best to transfer the mission to that place.

LIFE IN MAULMAIN.

Taking with him from Amherst the whole little flock of native converts and inquirers, together with nineteen scholars, work was at once begun in four widely separated centres of Gospel influence, and he soon had the happiness of baptizing his first convert; and many others speedily followed, yielding little by little to his solemn and gentle persuasion. School work progressed, and here he began the task of translating the Old Testament into Burmese.

While thus engaged, he was not unmindful of the smouldering camp-fires at Rangoon and Amherst. At Rangoon he re-organized a native church under a Burman pastor, who was one of the original converts. This has since grown so, that in 1881 the Rangoon mission embraced 89 churches and 3,700 members. At Amherst, also, Mr. Judson established a native church under a native pastor.

After eight years of domestic solitude, Mr. Judson was married, on the 10th of April, 1834, to Mrs. Sarah Hall Boardman, widow of the sainted George Dana Boardman, one of his missionary associates. He found in her a kindred spirit.

On the 31st of January, 1834, Mr. Judson completed the Burman Bible. Seven years more were spent in revising the first

While in Philadelphia he met Miss Emily Chubbuck, who, under the *nom de plume* of Fanny Forrester, had achieved a wide literary reputation. He secured her to prepare a suitable memoir of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson, and the acquaintance thus formed terminated in marriage on the 2nd of the following June.

LAST YEARS.

More than four months elapsed after Mr. Judson parted from his friends in Boston before he arrived in Maulmain. He still ardently cherished the purpose of entering Burmah proper, and his eye was upon his old field, Rangoon, just within the empire, and with his wife and two surviving children set out for Rangoon on the 15th of February, 1847.

How bitter was his disappointment when the policy of retrenchment at home compelled him to retreat.

Two years afterwards, only a few months before his death, he received permission from the Board to go. But it was too late.

In November, 1849, he was attacked by the disease which, after a period of a little over four months, terminated in his death. His only hope lay in a sea voyage. A French barque, the "Aristide Marie," was to sail on the 3rd of April. The dying missionary was carried on board by his weeping disciples, accompanied only by Mr.



ADONIRAM JUDSON.

work, and on the 24th of October, 1840, the last sheets of the revised edition were sent to press.

VISIT TO AMERICA.

While working at his gigantic task of compiling a Burman Dictionary, undertaken at the request of the Board of Missions in America, Mr. Judson was obliged to embark on a voyage to America, in order to preserve Mrs. Judson's life. Her life was of immense value, not only to her husband and her little family of six helpless children, but also to the mission; as, next to Mr. Judson himself, she spoke and wrote the Burman language more perfectly than any white foreigner then living; while her marked ability and earnest missionary spirit would render her loss one impossible to repair.

But the voyage was without the desired effect. She died on ship-board off the port of St. Helena, on the 1st of September, 1845.

Mr. Judson, with three of his children, reached Boston on the 15th of October, 1845. He was ill prepared for the enthusiastic greeting that awaited him in America. Every home was thrown open to him, and soon his progress from city to city almost assumed the proportions of a triumphal march. His movements were chronicled alike by secular and religious newspapers.

Ranney, of the Maulmain Mission. There were unfortunate delays and it was not until Monday, the 8th, that the vessel got out to sea. Then came head-winds and sultry weather and, after four days and nights of intense agony, Mr. Judson breathed his last, on the 12th of April; and on the same day, at eight o'clock in the evening, the crew assembled, the larboard port was opened, and in perfect silence, broken only by the voice of the captain, his body was lowered into the Indian Ocean, without a prayer.

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

Mr. Judson's achievements far exceeded the wildest aspirations of his boyhood. The utmost limit reached by his strong-winged hope, was that he might before he died build up a church of a hundred converted Burmans, and translate the whole Bible into their language. But far more than this was accomplished.

At the time of his death, the native Christians (Burmans and Karens publicly baptized upon profession of their faith) numbered over seven thousand. Besides this, hundreds throughout Burmah had died rejoicing in the Christian faith. He had not only finished the translation of the Bible, but had accomplished the larger and more difficult part of the compilation of a Burmese Dictionary. There were sixty-three churches established among the

Burmans and Karens. These churches were under the oversight of one hundred and sixty-three missionaries, native pastors and assistants. He had laid the foundations of Christianity deep down in the Burman heart, where they could never be destroyed.

NEW OCCUPATIONS.

When people who have "seen better days" sit down to look poverty in the face, it may at first seem that the world has not sufficient employment to offer its hungry millions. It usually happens, however, that there is still room for one more among the laborers, though the right man may not fall immediately into the right place. Courage, enterprise, and readiness to do with one's might the first honest work that is at hand, seldom fails to ensure success.

A few years ago a young woman, whose father was a well-to-do butcher, was left an orphan and poor. Her father's creditors seized upon the shop, and even the furniture of the house, and the landlord, not finding his rent forthcoming, soon turned the girl and her little sister into the street.

They had absolutely no friends from whom they could take help. The younger sister was a mere child, and therefore could not attempt earning her own living, and the elder had neither accomplishments nor physical strength. Therefore, as there was no channel open to her, she proceeded to create one.

Everyone has seen the hams that swing from hooks in front of meat shops. They are as typical of the butcher's trade as three gilded balls are of the pawnbroker's, or a striped pole of the barber's. They look like the genuine, sugar-cured articles, but they are mere pretences—dummies filled with sawdust.

The girl had made several of these for her father's shop, and it occurred to her that she might sell some elsewhere. She made two dummy hams, sold them at once, and received an order for more. Hard work was involved, but her trade was started, and the result is thus told by the writer of this incident, from whom we quote:

"Now two women besides herself are busy every day in the little back room of her house, sewing bags of yellow cloth which are exact counterparts of those used for genuine hams. In the same room the energetic young woman's little sister and another little girl stuff the bags with sawdust from a bin in the corner, tie up the tops, and paste labels on the bags just like those on real hams, giving the false presentment a very plausible exterior.

"From being set into the streets without a penny in her pocket, two and a half years ago, the butcher's daughter now has a comfortable home and a growing bank account, and she finds the demand for dummy hams so large that she and her assistants have their hands well employed all the time."—*Youth's Companion*.

THOUGHTS FOR THE UNCONVERTED.

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God."

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed."

"There is none that doeth good; no, not one."

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

"Every man shall give an account of himself to God."

"To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

"Behold, now is the accepted time. Behold, now is the day of salvation."

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

THE BEST WAY to honor our sainted dead is to be more saintly in our spirit and our lives. The money needlessly spent in mourning apparel would sustain hundreds of missionaries and print millions of Bibles. —*Herald and Presbyter*.