

and who had been deeply impressed with the self-denying labors of the early missionaries to India, particularly with those of Schwartz, to preach a sermon in the parish church of Bristol, England, setting forth "The Evidences of the Divine Power of the Christian Religion in the East."

This preacher was the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, for some time a Chaplain to the British East India Company. That sermon was published under the title of "The Star in the East." Guided by God, it crossed the Atlantic, and ultimately fell into the hands of a young student at the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts.

This young man was no other than Adoniram Judson, destined with her who afterwards became his wife—Miss Anne Hassletine, the first American woman who consecrated herself to the work of foreign missions, the Christian heroine, the martyr-wife who sleeps in hallowed dust at Amherst, "neath the cool branches of the hopia tree"—to become the pioneer Protestant missionary to Burma, then a dark and wholly heathen land, almost unknown to the Christian world, and under the sway of a proud, cruel, intolerant king—a hater of "foreign religions," one from whom they had nothing to hope, and almost every thing to fear.

Thus we are able to trace, link by link, the golden chain of influences that run through the missionary movement of that wonderful era in the history of the Church—an era when the life of each that went forth on his lonely and hazardous mission seemed quickly to find a new and unlooked-for expression in the lives of others, not alone of those who were stirred in spirit to follow them, but of the many who, from their quieter places in the homelands, stretched out willing and eager hands for their support.

The rallying-cry had been given a century and a half before, when the heart of British Christianity in its first faint pulsation on behalf of the Indians of their own colonies in America, found expression in the life of John Elliot. It had wandered on and on, gaining accessions of power from year to year through such men as those whose names have been noted in these sketches, and many others whose names have no place in earthly records. It had grown stronger, louder, and more urgent as voice after voice from almost every land where Jesus' name was known had been raised, until, in the beginning of the present century, it had become the shout of a great host, whose echoes went round the earth, and were sent back from every shore. Everywhere Christians were waiting, listening, and responding; and as tidings came of the need of laborers, earnest, consecrated laborers to enter the vast fields of spiritual desolation, men and women were starting to their feet on every hand and exclaiming in the eagerness of their newly-kindled zeal for God:—"Here am I, Lord, send me!"

Judson and his young wife responded with their whole hearts; and their responses, with those of several others on whom the same burden had been laid, kindled the churches of the West into a flame of missionary zeal, which has never ceased to glow—God grant it never may, until the heathen are all gathered in, and there is no more mission work to do.

The history of Mr. Judson and his heroic wife belongs so truly to our own day that, to every one at all familiar with the details of modern missions, it is a thrice-told tale; and yet it never loses its interest. With what eagerness we follow them in their long, and, at the same time, perilous voyage! With what interested suspense we stand in imagination beside them in their little room on board ship, as they turn the pages of God's word in

perplexity and doubt, while the foundations of some of their cherished beliefs seem to be slipping from under them; and, as convictions of truth come home with overwhelming force to their minds, witness the half-affrighted glance with which they survey the gulf that is opening between them and their cherished denominational associations! With what a thrill of admiration, not unmingled with awe, we see them rise at length as the cloud is lifted—see them cast themselves upon God and his word, and at the earliest opportunity step on shore, and demonstrate the force of their convictions by submitting to the sacred rite which is to separate them forever from denominational connection with those who sent them forth with their blessing upon their heads, and cast themselves, not knowing whether it will be to receive a welcome or not, upon another which, in America, has not as yet united in any organized effort in the foreign mission cause!

Mr. Judson's idea on leaving America was to labor somewhere among the Islands of the East; but in this he was singularly thwarted; until, at last, after many disappointments and hindrances, and almost against his own will, he found himself in Burma—the land marked out by God as the scene of his future toils, sufferings, and successes for Christ.

We may imagine something of the dreary heart-sinking of this young couple when at last they stood upon the shores of that dark land, and began to realize something of the reality of that arrogant, unsympathizing, heathenism hitherto seen only from a distance, and concerning which, on a nearer view, they wrote so prophetically:

"We had never before seen a place where European influence had not contributed to smooth and soften the rough features of uncultivated nature. The prospect of Rangoon as we approached was quite disheartening. I went on shore just at night to take a view of the place and the mission house; but so dark, and cheerless, and unpromising did all things appear, that the evening of that day after my return to the ship we have marked as the most gloomy and distressing that we ever passed. Instead of rejoicing, as we ought to have done, in having found a heathen land from which we were not immediately driven away, such were our weaknesses that we felt we had no portion left here below, and found consolation only in looking beyond our pilgrimage which we flattered ourselves would be short to that peaceful region where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

It may be well here to explain that the "mission house" mentioned in the above extract was one that had been built in connection with the work begun some time before by Felix Carey, but which was not carried much beyond the preliminary arrangements and the preparation of a small Grammar. This, however, was so defective as to prove of very little use to the Judsons in acquiring the language. Mr. Carey, soon after he began his work, was summoned by the King to act as physician at the court, and accordingly his mission-plans were abandoned. His father said of him—"My son Felix went to Burma as a missionary, but was shrivelled up into an ambassador."

It is not our purpose here to enter into the history of the trials, persecutions and heroic endurance of Mr. and Mrs. Judson. That is a page of mission-history with which all are more or less familiar already; and however interesting in itself, is foreign to our present purpose. Mr. Judson has been styled "Apostolic" in his spirit and aims, and few men, if any, have been more so. He very literally counted all things as loss that he might win the heathen to Christ, and in this he was eminently success-