

death, could not this wide world afford thee victims enough, but thou must enter the family of a solitary few whose comfort and happiness depended so much on the society of each other? Could not this infant mission be shielded from thy shafts? But be still, my heart, and know that God has done it. Just and true are thy ways, O thou King of saints."

On their voyage Mr. and Mrs. Judson had studied their Bibles and become convinced that immersion was the only true baptism. They therefore severed their connection with the Congregational churches, and went on their way trusting that they would be cared for by those with whose views they were in sympathy. Thousands of miles from home, these two travelers began their labors among a people cruel and vindictive, jealous of strangers and hating strange religions. They studied the language, worked among the people as best they could, built their little house and prayed and labored and waited. Mr. Judson was sometimes compelled to go to distant places, and his wife, unattended, remained behind. A little one came into the household, staid just long enough to show what good company it could be, closed its eyes and left two bleeding hearts to mourn its loss. Mrs. Judson's strength then failed and alone she sailed to Madras, returning after a time in improved health. Other missionaries joined and left them, but these two continued their work. From the extended history of Mrs. Judson's life, I will select three series of events illustrative of her marvellous heroism.

Having sufficiently acquired the Burmese language to be able to begin preaching, Mr. Judson decided to work for a time in a distant province. Leaving his wife with two other missionaries, he started to be absent about three months. At the end of that time the remaining missionary was summoned to the court with the threat, that if he did not "tell all he knew about the foreigners in the country they would write with his heart's blood." All was commotion; the converts were scattered; the missionary was kept in confinement. Then Mrs. Judson's wisdom and courage were manifested. Convinced that under-officers were not acting with authority, she went boldly to the Viceroy herself and told her story so eloquently that the missionary was released. After this, cholera began its ravages, followed by rumors of war between England and Burmah; and six months had passed with no word from her husband or the ship on which he sailed. The war-cloud grew larger and English ships hastened away. The other missionaries decided to leave the field. It seemed best for her to go; but how could she? No news from her husband; the war-cloud still increasing: if he should return and find her gone, would they ever meet again? Would they ever meet if he did not return? Even then she did not know whether he were alive or dead. At last prudence prevailed and the household goods were packed for the journey. She embarked on the last ship on which they could escape. And now I quote from her own words: "The vessel was sev-