

## STORIES OF ANSWERED PRAYERS.

## IN PERILS OF ROBBERS.

REV. GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN, who a year later became the first missionary to the Karens, in 1827 established himself among the Burmans of Moulmein, which had just previously come under English control. The Martaban River separated it from the province of Martaban, which was still Burman territory, and the resort of thieves and cut-throats, from the opportunity it afforded of plying their infamous occupations. Armed companies of twenty or thirty would frequently go over to Moulmein and commit the most daring depredations, and even taking life when resisted, and destroying entire villages when found defenceless and unarmed. They bad but to recross the river to be out of reach of the English.

Moulmein had been made the capital of British Burma, and Mr. and Mrs. Boardman were invited to make their home at headquarters, but they declined, from a desire to have the freest intercourse with the Burmans. Mr. Boardman therefore built a frail dwelling on a spot which, however lovely, was very lonely, and to Jehovah he committed himself and family for safe-keeping. In about a month they were visited at night by the dreaded robbers; but the Lord kept watch, and husband, wife and infant child were held in profound slumber. Not a hair of their head was touched, and no alarm of danger disturbed them, and so the danger passed.

## A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

George Dana Boardman, Jr., son of the missionary, at the age of six years was in a native row-boat on his way to the ship which was to bear him to the United States. He was in care of the missionaries Jones and Dean; but the little company was attacked by brutal pirates bent on securing a box of letters standing in the middle of the boat, which they supposed to contain treasures such as they were seeking. One of the boy's protectors was thrown overboard and the other, not so easily disposed of, received wounds with spear and cutlass. The poor child, hidden from sight behind a bench, saw Mr. Dean reeling and bleeding on the bottom of the boat. Another blow from a fishing spear with barbed points penetrated the wrist, from which the heavy wooden handle was left hanging! A pale face appeared at the side of the boat, and Jones is dragged in, saved from the waves, but saved for what?

Was it a mother's prayers that made these fierce men stop their attack and by gestures explain their desires? The box was gladly given up to them, and the pirates left as suddenly as they came.

## A CONQUEST OF THE CROSS.

Great was the peril of Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, of the Arcot Mission, India, in a walled town in Hyderabad. The natives, in a rage at his telling of a different God than theirs, bade him leave at once. He replied that he had a message which he must first give; but they declared that if he should say another word he would be instantly killed. He saw them standing with arms filled with paving stones, and heard them say one to another, "You throw the first stone, and I will throw the next;" but he lifted his heart to Him who can subdue man's angry passions, and asked

leave to "tell them a story," with the understanding that then, if they pleased, they might stone him.

It was the "old, old story" that he told them, beginning with the birth of Jesus. When he spoke of the cross, and explained that the agony there suffered was for each one of them, they listened with wonder. Surely God was speaking through the words of the missionary. Their anger ceased; their hearts were touched; they threw down their paving stones. After telling of Jesus Christ's cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" of His resurrection and ascension to heaven, and of the glorious offer of salvation for all, Dr. Chamberlain said he was done—now they might stone him. But he had nothing to fear, for those men, lately so infuriated were weeping. They gathered around to buy his books, that they might read for themselves of these wonderful things.

## ANSWERED PRAYERS IN BURMA.

Eugenio Kincaid, while descending the Irrawaddy, after an exploring tour in the northern part of Burma, found himself beset with dangers. Civil war prevailed, and bands of banditti were prowling about, robbing, burning villages, taking prisoners, and committing the most appalling deeds of violence. Kincaid, accompanied by four Burman boys who had been under his instruction, was in an open boat. At a certain village near the river he was told that his course would take him through a deep ravine where many robbers had their headquarters. He soon saw a boat of armed men approaching, but the displaying of a musket which he carried, according to the order of the governor, sent the robbers back toward the shore, and a second boatful was similarly repulsed.

Soon, however, the ruffians returned, largely re-enforced; five or six boats came toward him at full speed, their armed occupants looking like fiends and uttering terrible yells. Mr. Kincaid's little crew was in abject terror, and surrender seemed his only course. When his assailants were within hailing distance, he spread out his hands, saying in Burmese, "Come and take all we have." "Sit down! sit down!" was shouted back, and thirty muskets were pointed at him. He answered that "he was a foreigner, and if they harmed him they would suffer for it, for he had been promised protection by the governor." His words had no effect, and a shower of bullets fell about him. In a few moments these desperate fellows surrounded his boat. He was completely surrounded by steel points, and could not move without feeling the points of their spears. "But," he says, "God was with me. . . . In these trying circumstances I lifted up my heart for protection."

Afterward his captors held a council to decide whether they would release him or take his life. At the close of the conference the youngest of the Burman boys came to him and told him the decision, that he was to be beheaded at sundown. As the hour approached the men fell into a dispute, and by their loud excited talk Mr. Kincaid saw that they were not agreed as to his fate, to which he had resigned himself as the will of God. He took courage; however, and implored protection. The robbers were on the point of fighting one another in their passion, but quieted down, and all of them, even to a man, departed to make a depredation on a neighboring village, and under the friendly cover of the night, their prisoners, though weak and worn, escaped.