

in order to be successful in his labors among the Burmese, must become familiar with their language, manners, and habits of life. Mrs. Boardman saw the path of duty and did not wait to be urged, but applied herself to the study of the language with the same diligent and persevering energy which had characterized her early life.

In the spring of 1828, they moved to Tavoy, where their missionary career properly commenced. The time previous had been spent in acquiring a knowledge of the language; but now, schools must be established, translations made, &c.; consequently Mr. Boardman had to take long and frequent tours among the neighboring tribes. During one of his tours among the Karens, Mrs. Boardman is comforted by the following short address from one of the female native converts—"Weep not, mama; the teacher has gone on a message of compassion to my poor, perishing countrymen. They have never heard of the true God, and the love of His Son Jesus Christ,—Christ who died upon the cross to save such sinners as we. They know nothing of the true religion, mama; and when they die they cannot go to the golden country of the blessed. God will take care of the teacher; do not weep, mama." How simple and consoling.

We might suppose that the glorious cause in which Mrs. Boardman was engaged, and the external trials she was called to endure, would exempt her from those severer afflictions, which even in this happy land deeply wound a mother's heart. But not so. He, whose "judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out," saw fit to take from her her little daughter, about four years of age, whom in her loneliness she almost idolized. But this bereavement, severe as it may seem, was but a foretaste of the future. In February, 1831, she was called to experience in the death of her husband a still greater affliction, and drink as it were, the bitter cup to its very dregs. In all her trials he had borne a part—he had alleviated her grief.

If in her own native land, when surrounded by friends and relations, the loss of a bosom friend would be deeply felt and lamented, what must be her feelings, as thus isolated in this far distant portion of the globe, she gazes on his lifeless corpse and performs the last mournful rights? What is her conduct under this afflicting dispensation of Providence? Does she repine and murmur at her lot? Does she wish she had never left America, or resolve to return immediately? No! but with true christian fortitude she submits to the heavy stroke, and with fastings and prayers and tears, seeks wisdom and direction from God.

The first time she stood beside the grave of her husband, reflecting on the loneliness of her situation, and the helpless state of her fatherless son standing by her side, she says, "I thought I must go home with little George, but these poor, enquiring, and christian Karens and the school-boys, would then be left without any one to instruct them; and the poor, stupid Tavoyans would go on in the road to death, with no one to warn them of their danger. How then, oh, how can I go? We shall not be separated long! A few more years and we shall all meet in yonder blissful world. I feel thankful I was allowed to come to this heathen land."

What christian philanthropy! She resolves to stay and labor on at God's command. Prior to this she was a missionary's wife, and a sharer in his duties and toils; but now she becomes emphatically the missionary. Around her the wild mountaineers flock to receive from her lips the gospel truths, and learn the way to heaven. The success of the schools, as far as human agency is concerned, depends upon her—all the translations devolve upon her, and various other duties. But her labors are not confined to the place where she resides. She frequently traversed the Karen wilderness accompanied by the native converts, who carried little George in their arms, often fording creeks and marshes to reach her destination.

Thus, for more than three years she toiled in the missionary field. At the commencement of the fourth year of her widowhood she was married to one equally devoted to the work, and leaving her beloved Karens, removed to another part of the vineyard. On her return to Maulmain she occupied most of her time in acquiring a knowledge of the Peguan tongue, into which she translated many tracts, catechisms, and a portion of the New

Testament. She also revised the greater part of "The Pilgrim's Progress" and many of Watts' Hymns into Burmese.

But her work was nearly finished, and the time close at hand when she was to hear her master saying, "Well done! thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The disease which had hung upon her feeble frame, since her arrival in Burmah, was now making rapid inroads upon her constitution. Every means employed for her restoration to health proved useless: finally, a voyage to America was suggested by the Physician, as her only hope. This was not, as might have been expected, joy's news to her. She could not think of leaving those "dear people," (as she calls them) without deep regret. What! unwilling to leave this benighted people to return to New England, after being an exile more than twenty years? Yes, she would rather have died peaceably in Burmah; but duty demanded the sacrifice, and it was made.

After they embarked, her health was so much improved that recovery seemed almost certain; and it was thought unnecessary for Mr. Judson to accompany her any farther. But how transient is their hope! ere they reached the isle of St. Helena, the disease made a violent attack—her life-strings broke, and her happy spirit winged its way to mansions in the skies—September 1st, 1845, in the forty-second year of her age, and twenty-first of her missionary life.

Oh! is it not a noble thing to die,  
As dies the Christian, with his armour on.

Fanaticism men may call the motive which actuated her, and indeed it might have been, were there no eternity—were not the souls of heathen immortal, were not the glorious tidings of salvation so warming, expanding and ennobling to both the impartor and receiver of its truths.

On earth she was a pilgrim indeed. Her life, from childhood, was a series of energetic actions and self-denials; But let us look beyond this world of toil and care to that blessed country "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest"—there, forever free from sorrow, she unites with loved ones gone before in singing "Hosannas to God and the Lamb;" and in the morning of the resurrection, how many happy spirits will join that song, who but for her instrumentality would have been doomed to endless misery. Think you she regrets leaving her native land, or the dangers and privations she endured? No! but if regret could dwell within that bosom now, it would only be that she was not more zealous, more devoted. What are a few years of toil and suffering here, in comparison to the everlasting glory which shall be revealed hereafter. F.B.P.

For the Calliopean.

A Geographical Enigma.

BY ANDER.

I AM composed of fourteen letters:

- My 3 14 3 is a city in India.
- My 14 1 7 3 is a town in Spain.
- My 12 8 11 11 13 is a town in Prussia.
- My 6 9 10 is a town in Finland.
- My 1 11 2 is a river in Great Britain.
- My 13 9 9 is a cape in the United States.
- My 12 6 9 3 is a river in Asia.
- My 8 12 8 is a town in Tartary.
- My 9 8 12 6 is a river in Africa.
- My 10 7 13 9 is a town in Algiers.
- My 4 10 7 10 9 4 10 is a city in Canada.
- My 11 3 12 4 is a lake in South America.
- My 2 5 8 14 3 is a town in Independent Tartary.
- My 11 5 13 7 2 11 is a bay in Australia.
- My whole is a town in Russia.

Hamilton, August 2, 1848.