

band of consecrated men regard the offering of their lives to foreign missions; and two women, Ann Haseltine Judson and Harriet Atwood Newell, joined the rash enterprise. The audience looked on with deep interest; the house was full of sighs and tears; the interest was so deep and intense that it betrayed itself, now in silence and now in sobs. There began this apparent waste—sending such men and women to pagan and heathen lands; withdrawing such gifts and graces from the field at home. Before the Caravan and Harmony left the wharf the compensation began, and may especially be noted in three particulars:

1. The American Board had its birth. 2. The Monthly Concert received its grand impulse. 3. Such examples of consecration begat similar devotion in others. Parents, young men and maidens, even little children, felt the contagion of such enthusiasm, and other “Samuels” and “Josiahs” were raised up in Israel to take the place of these devoted and heroic souls.

Samuel J. Mills died on mid-ocean in the service of Africa, and Nott broke down during the first year of acclimation. Follow to their chosen field, India, the rest of this little pioneer band. How hopeless seemed work among the Hindus! Henry Martyn compared the conversion of a Hindu to the resurrection of a dead body. At the outset they were met by the opposition of the East India Company, and at the same time followed by a fire in the rear. Read the arguments of Sydney Smith, in the *Edinburgh Review*, against Foreign Missions. With pungent satire and merciless invective he argued that there would be: 1. Danger of insurrection among pagan peoples; 2. Want of success—obstacles would prove insuperable; 3. Present inevitable misery of converts; 4. Danger of simply destructive effect, pulling down without building up; and that, 5. The virtues of the Hindus were superior to those of most Europeans, etc. By such lampooning as this he proposed to “rout out the nest of consecrated cobblers,” represented by Wm. Carey. Mr. and Mrs. Newell, by permission, sailed for the Isle of France—*i. e.*, Mauritius, 480 miles east of Madagascar; and Harriet Newell died on the Isle of France, and was buried there. Her dying utterances were: “I have no regret that I left my native land for Christ. It was in my heart like David to do a work for God, and my desire is accepted by the Lord.” What a brief record was hers! At 17 she mourned over the pagan world; at 18 went forth as Newell’s bride; at 19 died a stranger in a strange land, “before she found rest for the sole of her foot.” Mr. Nott said of the effect of her death, a half century later, it was one of the “providential and gracious aids to the establishment of the first Foreign Mission and strengthening of the purposes of survivors.” The alabaster box was not broken in vain! Leonard Woods wrote her life. It has been widely circulated, and has made many a missionary. Its simple story of a heroic self-sacrifice