

A portrait of Adoniram Judson, a man with dark hair, wearing a dark suit and a white cravat. He is holding a book or paper in his hands. The background is dark and textured.

CHRISTIAN HEROES

*Adoniram*  
JUDSON

APOSTLE OF BURMA

L. HELEN PERCY



# **ADONIRAM JUDSON**

**Apostle of Burma**

**By**

**L. Helen Percy**

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To the  
Youth of America  
With the Hope that in the  
Life of America's Pioneer Missionary  
You May Catch a New  
Vision of the Joy  
of Sacrificial  
Service



*Adoniram Judson*

## Introduction

Faith! Courage! Conviction! Sacrifice! In these four words are summed up the life of that heroic missionary of the cross of Jesus, Adoniram Judson of Burma.

It is hoped that the fire of conviction will be lighted in every heart and mind of the youth who read these pages. It is hoped that this life of one who wore out the very fiber of his earthly being for the souls of heathen for whom Christ Jesus died will impel others to a life of devotion, denial, and sacrifice in the cause of Christian missions.

The Publisher





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## Chapter I

### A Youthful Solver of Riddles

A small urchin lying flat on his back with well-worn hat over his face was gazing intently with one eye through a circular hole in the crown up into the genial face of a midday New England sun. His eyes were swollen and red, but he was unmindful of that. He was bent on settling to his own satisfaction whether or not the sun really stood still and the earth moved around it as he had been instructed. His little sister said the sun did move, for she had seen it move. Of course Adoniram, for that was the lad's name, could have asked his father or mother, but that was not his way of finding out things. He wished first-hand proof and this he was intent upon getting when he was interrupted by his father's stern voice.

“Adoniram, what are you doing?”

“Looking at the sun, Father,” replied the boy.

And that was as much as he would tell his father, but he later assured his sister he had solved the problem as to the sun's moving.

This lad is our hero, Adoniram Judson, and this is but one of the many problems he solved during his lifetime. We shall hear more of them later. Let us now turn back a few years—just seven

to be exact—and take a peek into his cradle. It was not an expensive or luxurious one, but it was comfortable enough and it served our little hero quite as well as a more elegant one. It became a part of the furnishings of the home of Rev. Adoniram Judson, pastor of the Congregational Church in Malden, Mass., early in August, 1788. And on August 9, the baby boy who had come into Reverend Judson's home to bring sunshine and gladness and who later was to carry the sunshine of a Savior's love to a dark heathen land, was first nestled beneath his snowy, homespun coverlet. *Adoniram* they named him, for his father, and he lived to be proud of his name, for altho stern and quiet in his manner, his father was a man of honest upright Christian character, greatly respected and honored by those who knew him and much loved by his son for whom he cherished high ambitions. To him Adoniram owed much of his fame, as he did also to his mother, Abigail Judson.

It was at his mother's knee that Adoniram learned to read—and that when he was only three years old. His father was gone on a journey and to surprise him upon his return she taught Adoniram to read a chapter in the Bible. This he did with ease. When he was only four he gathered his playmates about him for an audience and mounting a chair preached to them with great solemnity and earnestness. His favorite hymn on such occasions was the one beginning, "Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord."

Like boys today—and girls, too, for that matter—Adoniram was fond of riddles and always kept a good stock on hand to puzzle his school-fellows. One day he found a riddle in the newspaper with a boastful challenge to "solve it if you can." He set himself to work and as he had expected, arrived at a satisfactory answer which he carefully copied, addressed to the editor, and delivered to the post-office. There its progress was halted by a

suspicious postmaster who thought it only a prank of the minister's son and gave the letter to the boy's father. Imagine Adoniram's surprise and chagrin to see it come forth from his father's pocket with "Is this yours, Adoniram?"

Yes, sir.

"What is it all about?"

"Please read it. Father."

"I do not read other people's letters. Break the seal and read it yourself."

To which command Adoniram was obedient, and then he handed it over to his father. Mr. Judson read it, compared it with the newspaper copy, and then sat thoughtful for a long while gazing into the fire. Adoniram watched his father in silence with alternating feelings of hope and fear. When at last his father awoke from his reverie the subject was changed and no comment made on the letter. The next morning, however, Mr. Judson told Adoniram he had bought him a book of riddles and after he had solved these he would get him a more difficult book. And then he praised his son and told him he expected him to become a great man.

Somewhat to Adoniram's disappointment the book of riddles turned out to be an arithmetic such as the larger boys in school were using. But then his father had said he was a smart boy and he must maintain his reputation, so he delved into his new "book of riddles" with such avidity that by the time he was ten years old he had acquired an enviable reputation as a young mathematician. A man, hearing of his skill in solving problems, sent him one with the offer of a dollar for its solution. Adoniram shut himself up in his room determined to maintain his reputation and to win the dollar. The second day had not seen its solution when he was summoned

to amuse his little brother, who was ill. Reluctantly he left the problem to engage in building a cob-house. He proceeded deliberately, placing the foundation with precision and care. The superstructure was well started when he sprang to his feet, sending the half-built cob-house to destruction and exclaiming, "I've got it, I've got it." Hurrying off to his room he recorded the result that won the dollar.

However, Adoniram was not noted as a mathematician alone. When he was ten years old he took lessons in navigation and made excellent records in that. He also stood well at the head of his class in languages. We are not to think that he learned all these things without work, for he studied very hard. In fact, he was more fond of study than he was of play. He was a veritable bookworm. As there were scarcely any books for children in those days and as the only ones his father's library afforded were on theology, he read books far beyond his years.

## Chapter II

### Looking into the Future

When Adoniram was fourteen years old he was stricken with a peculiar illness, the nature of which was baffling. For a long time it carried him down near the gates of death. Then the affliction lost its grip, but it left him so weak that it was months before he was able to leave his bed.

During these long, weary days Adoniram had plenty of time to think—to dream of the future. Have you ever fancied yourself some great man to whom the eyes of the world are turned in awe and admiration? Then you know something of the dreams Adoniram had. As he lay there in stillness he would see himself famous—yes he would be a great man. One day he would be a great orator—greater than Demosthenes. He would sway crowds with his powerful oratory. Thousands would applaud him and he would be thrilled by their homage.

He would reach the pinnacle of that dream, the glamor of it would soon pass from his mind, then he must start all over again. This time he would be a poet of renown, then a statesman of national fame. Always he pictured himself at the height of success.

But one day his dreams were all shattered by a single thought that came straying into his mind from somewhere. It was this:

“Suppose I should attain to the very highest eminence of which a human being is capable; what then? Could I hold my honors forever? Could I?”

In answer came flooding a stream of memories of heroes of past ages now sleeping with never a care that the world still praised them. Bitter thought to a seeker of fame!

One day his fancies took flight to the pinnacle of the pulpit. He would become a noted divine and here—ah, yes, here his glory would not be fleeting. It would precede him to the world beyond because he would be toiling for that which is eternal. And then like a flash of lightning from a clear sky there pierced his mind the burning thought, “Not unto us, not unto us, but to Thy name be the glory.”

It left him stunned. But gradually he recovered and with his recovery he saw the utter folly of worldly fame. Yet he determined to become great, for had not his father told him he would some day be a great man?



## **Chapter III**

### **A Wise Choice**

Adoniram had just entered his sixteenth year when he enrolled in Providence College, now Brown University. He had lost one entire year due to his illness, yet he was entering college a year in advance of the average student. Painfully conscious of his lost year he spared himself no diligence in pursuing his course. His strongest competitor for first place in his class was John Bailey, who later sat in the highest legislative halls of the land. Imagine his elation when in the entrance examinations he won first place over his rival. It is said that he hastened to his room upon receiving the news and penned the following note to his father: "Dear Father, I have got it. Your affectionate son, A. J." And then because his heart was beating such an excited tattoo he had to take a circuitous route to the post-office that he might not appear too elated before his fellows and especially before his erstwhile rival.

Not only as a student did Adoniram excel, but he provoked the praise of Dr. Asa Messer, president of the University, for his "uniform propriety of conduct." In writing to Adoniram's father, Dr. Messer said, "I most heartily congratulate you, my dear sir, on that charming prospect which you have exhibited in this very amiable and promising son; and I most heartily pray that the Father of mercies may make him now, while a youth, a son in his spiritual

family, and give him an earnest of the inheritance of the saints in light.”

It was well for Adoniram that prayers were being offered for his salvation, for it was at this time that he faced the greatest crisis of his life. Among his college friends was a brilliant lad named E—.

He was clever, refined, sociable, and altogether a likable fellow; but he was an unbeliever in all the miraculous and supernatural in religion. Being a zealous advocate of his deistic views, he left no stones unturned to win our hero over to unbelief. The two held long conferences together, which resulted in Adoniram’s declaring himself a confirmed deist.

To Adoniram’s father this turn of his son was a great blow and disappointment, and he sternly reprimanded him for such an unwise course. Adoniram staunchly defended his stand, answering, as he thought, his father’s every argument. Not so his mother’s tears and pleadings. He had no answer for them and they followed him through the months of roving life which followed.

Out of school Adoniram determined to see some of the world. His father lent him a horse and he started out. He traveled as far as an uncle’s in Sheffield, Conn., where he left his horse and proceeded to Albany to see the marvelous invention of Robert Fulton’s—the first steamboat. She was making her second voyage to New York City. Adoniram took passage on her. This was indeed a thrilling experience in those days when wind was the only known propeller of seagoing vessels. This trip down the Hudson was never forgotten. The beautiful scenery along its banks made such an impression upon Adoniram that in his declining years he described it in as glowing terms as tho he had seen it yesterday.

When Adoniram arrived in New York City he assumed the name of Johnson, for which his real name was frequently mistaken, and joined a party of theatrical performers, as he said, "to familiarize himself with their regulations should he enter upon his literary projects, and partly from curiosity and love of adventure." Had his younger brother been in his place he should have been greatly grieved, but for himself he said, "I have too much self-respect to do anything mean or vicious." Nevertheless in future years he regretted the days he had spent thus recklessly and altho it is probable that he did not disgrace his father's name or go deep into sin, yet he found it necessary to retrace his steps in some cases and make amends by way of paying some debts that he had contracted and left unpaid.

After a time in New York Adoniram returned to his uncle's, where he had left his horse, and again started his travels. The first night out he secured lodging at a country inn. He was assigned to a room next to that of a dying man. Adoniram retired, but not to sleep. Groans and sighs came from the room next door and in spite of all Adoniram's determination not to let them disturb him he could not go to sleep. But that was not his worst difficulty. He—a confirmed unbeliever in the Christian's hope of a life beyond the grave and in the necessity or possibility of one's being saved from sin—could not stem the tide of thought that flooded his mind. "Was the dying man prepared to die? Where would he have to spend eternity? Was he a Christian, calm and strong in the hope of life in heaven? Or was he a sinner shuddering on the dark brink of the lower regions?" He blushed with shame at what he called his own weakness at entertaining such thoughts. He chided himself with what his brilliant friend E— would have to say to him if he knew how childish he had been. But still the thoughts came: "Perhaps this man had been taught the stories of the Bible at his

mother's knee. Perhaps he had been taught to pray, had had a Christian home and then had drifted away from its influence and now among strangers with no one to pray with him, no one to point him back to Father's house, he was dying. Lost! Lost! Lost!"

And then in spite of his efforts to shut out such thoughts he saw himself upon the dying bed. Thus he wore the long night through. He welcomed the daylight, thinking it would bring an end to his troubles. He arose, dressed, and proceeded at once to the proprietor to make inquiry about the man next door.

"He is dead," said the proprietor, "poor fellow. The doctor did not think he would pull through the night"

"Do you know his name?" asked Adoniram.

"Oh, yes," replied the man. "He was a brilliant young fellow from Providence College. E— was his name."

"E— ! E— ! E— ! was dead! Was lost! lost! lost!" Over and over those words rang in Adoniram's ears. Yes, he knew E— was lost. For he was convinced in spite of his efforts to believe otherwise that the Bible is true, that there is a reality in salvation, that there is a heaven and a hell. He felt the truth of it, and his soul was deeply troubled. In this troubled state he started on his journey that day, but his horse's head was turned toward home. He could not continue his travels in this condition. He felt keenly his need of a personal knowledge of sins forgiven. He would return to his father's house.

But his troubles were not ended at once. He felt himself a sinner. He was thoroughly dissatisfied with his former views of unbelief, but he had not yet yielded himself to God. Just what he should do until he was settled in his course was the question.

By way of good fortune two professors from the theological seminary at Andover visited his father at this time and offered to make special arrangements for Adoniram to enter the seminary as a student. He could be admitted to the courses of instruction as one deeply interested in becoming a Christian. At first he could not decide to accept this offer, but instead became an assistant teacher in Boston. He did not remain with this position long, however, for soon he returned to Andover and entered the seminary.

Here under the guidance and influence of godly men he soon sought God for the pardon of his sins and dedicated his life to the Master's service. The change that came into his life with this event was very marked. He no longer dreamed of fame and honor for himself. His one ambition now was to plan his life to please God.

## **Chapter IV**

### **A Decision for Life**

In 1809, the same year in which Mr. Judson united with the Congregational Church there came into his hands a printed sermon, "The Star of the East," which Dr. Claudius Buchanan had preached in Bristol, England. Mr. Buchanan had been a chaplain to the East India Company. In this sermon based on the visit of the three Wise Men to the infant Jesus he told how Christianity had successfully routed sin and idolatry in India, that great empire of the East. He spoke eloquently of the devoted and untiring labors of Dr. Schwartz, a German missionary in the Madras district. The devotion of this hero proved a challenge to Mr. Judson. From the reading of that sermon he felt a personal responsibility to carry the gospel to the heathen. But several years were to pass before an avenue would be opened for him to go.

We must remember that at this time there were in existence no missionary boards in America which had sent a missionary from our shores to carry the gospel to the heathen. But it seems that at about the same time Mr. Judson received his first impressions to missionary endeavor God was also speaking to the hearts of others. In Williams College three young men, Samuel J. Mills, Jr., James Richards, and Luther Rice formed a missionary society with the end in view of training themselves for foreign work. The

outstanding character in this society was Mr. Mills. About the same time a young man named Samuel Nott, Jr., was strongly impressed with a personal duty toward the heathen. Can we doubt the direction of the Holy Spirit in the lives of these consecrated young men in turning their minds into the same channels and especially in bringing them together in Andover Seminary in 1809 and 1810?

Mr. Judson vividly portrays the details of his own call to missions and of his associations with these young men at Andover in the following letter to Luther Rice:

“My dear Brother Rice: You ask me to give you some account of my first missionary impressions, and those of my earliest associates. Mine were occasioned by reading Buchanan’s ‘Star in the East,’ in the year 1809, at the Andover Theological Seminary. Tho I do not now consider that sermon as peculiarly excellent, it produced a very powerful effect on my mind. For some days I was unable to attend to the studies of my class, and spent my time in wondering at my past stupidity, depicting the most romantic scenes in missionary life, and roving about the college rooms, declaiming on the subject of missions. My views were very incorrect, and my feelings extravagant; but yet I have always felt thankful to God for bringing me into that state of excitement, which was perhaps necessary, in the first instance, to enable me to break the strong attachment I felt to home and country, and to endure the thought of abandoning all my wonted pursuits and animating prospects. That excitement soon passed away; but it left a strong desire to prosecute my inquiries, and ascertain the path of duty. It was during a solitary walk in the woods behind the college, while meditating and praying on the subject, and feeling half inclined to give it up, that the command of Christ, ‘Go into all the world, and

preach the gospel to every creature,' was presented to my mind with such clearness and power, that I came to a full decision, and tho great difficulties appeared in my way, resolved to obey the command at all events. But, at that period, no provision had been made in America for a foreign mission, and for several months after reading Buchanan, I found none among the students who viewed the subject as I did, and no minister in the place or neighborhood who gave me any encouragement; and I thought that I should be under the necessity of going to England and placing myself under foreign patronage.

"My earliest missionary associate was Nott; who, tho he had recently entered the seminary (in the early part of 1810), was a member of the same class with myself. He had considered the subject for several months, but had not fully made up his mind.

About the same time, Mills, Richards, and others joined the seminary from Williams College, where they had, for some time, been in the habit of meeting for prayer and conversation on the subject of missions; but they entered the junior class, and had several years of theological study before them. You were of the same standing, but from some engagement (a school, I believe) did not arrive so soon, tho you ultimately finished your course before the others, and joined the first party that embarked.

"Newell was the next accession from my own class. As to Hall, he was preaching at Woodbury, Connecticut. I heard that he once thought favorably of missions, and wrote him a short letter. He had just received a call to settle in that place, and was deliberating whether it was his duty to accept it or not, when the letter was put into his hand. He instantly came to a decision, and the next rising sun saw him on the way to Andover. I think that he arrived about the time of the meeting of the General Association of



Ministers at Bradford, in the summer of 1810. I do not, however, recollect him present at that meeting, nor was his name attached to the paper which we presented to the association, and which was originally signed by Nott, Newell, Mills, Rice, Richards, and myself, tho, at the suggestion of Dr. Spring, your name and Richards', which happened to stand last, were struck off, for fear of alarming the association with too large a number.

"I have ever thought that the providence of God was conspicuously manifested in bringing us all together, from different and distant parts. Some of us had been considering the subject of missions for a long time, and some but recently. Some, and indeed the greater part, had thought chiefly of domestic missions, and efforts among the neighboring tribes of Indians, without contemplating abandonment of country, and devotement for life. The reading and reflection of others had led them in a different way; and when we all met at the same seminary, and came to a mutual understanding on the ground of *foreign* missions and *missions for life*, the subject assumed in our minds such an overwhelming importance and awful solemnity, as bound us to one another, and to our purpose, more firmly than ever. How evident it is that the Spirit of God had been operating in different places, and upon different individuals, preparing the way for those movements which have since pervaded the American churches, and will continue to increase until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Anointed!"

Mr. Judson and his friends were wont to resort to a haystack on the college grounds, where they earnestly united their petitions to God for the salvation of the heathen and for the opening of the way for their going to minister to them. This historic spot has been

ADONIRAM JUDSON



*"Mr. Judson and his friends were wont to resort to a haystack on the college grounds."*

marked by the Haystack Monument as the birthplace of missions in America.

They not only appealed to God in behalf of the cause they had so ardently espoused, but they grasped every opportunity to impress upon the minds of others the urgency of their enterprise. They approached the clergymen of their acquaintance and their professors and instructors in the seminary. Whenever they were asked to fill a vacant pulpit, as was frequently the case, they enthusiastically presented the cause of missions. They finally sufficiently impressed enough influential persons so that a number of professors, several clergymen, and a few others met with them for consultation. This little meeting took place on June 25, 1810. It was a memorable occasion. The outcome was that on the next day Mr. Judson and his associates presented the following petition to the General Association of Massachusetts, which convened that day at Bradford, Mass., signed by Mr. Judson, Samuel Nott, Samuel J. Mills, and Samuel Newell:

“The undersigned, members of the Divinity College, respectfully request the attention of their reverend fathers, convened in the General Association at Bradford, to the following statement and inquiries:

“They beg leave to state, that their minds have been long impressed with the duty and importance of personally attempting a mission to the heathen; that the impressions on their minds have induced a serious and, as they trust, a prayerful consideration of the subject in its various attitudes, particularly in relation to the probable success, and the difficulties attending such an attempt; and that, after examining all the information which they can obtain, they consider themselves as devoted to this work for life, whenever God, in his providence, shall open the way.

“They now offer the following inquiries, on which they solicit the opinion and advice of this association: Whether, with their present views and feelings, they ought to renounce the object of missions as visionary or impracticable; if not, whether they ought to direct their attention to the eastern or the western world; whether they may expect patronage and support from a missionary society in this country, or must commit themselves to the direction of a European society; and what preparatory measures they ought to take previous to actual engagement.

“The undersigned, feeling their youth and inexperience, look up to their fathers in the church, and respectfully solicit their advice, direction, and prayers.”

Mr. Judson eloquently presented their cause to the Association and won a favorable response. Before the meeting adjourned the first American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was elected, and the aspiring missionaries were advised in the way of earnest prayer and diligent attention to suitable studies and means of information, and they put themselves under the patronage and direction of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, humbly to wait the opening and guidance of Providence in respect to their great and excellent design.

## **Chapter V**

### **India Bound**

Mr. Judson and his friends indeed won a great victory on that June day in 1810, but they were still far removed from their goal. There remained the raising of funds to send out the expedition. However, the leaven of missions had barely begun to work in America and the possibility of raising sufficient funds here was soon abandoned.

As the only alternative the commissioners decided to send Mr. Judson to England to arrange if possible to unite the efforts of the American society with the London Missionary Society. He had his first exciting adventure on this trip. He sailed on the English vessel the Packet. The English and French were at war at this time, not only on land, but on sea, and the vessels of the contending nations were constantly on the watch for each other. So it happened that a French privateer sighted the Packet with its British flag and set out in pursuit. The Packet being a small vessel was soon captured and Mr. Judson with the other two passengers was taken prisoner. Mr. Judson, being unable to speak French, was at a distinct disadvantage. His captors thrust him into the hold with the common sailors where the air was foul and the environment filthy. A rough sea brought on a severe spell of sea-sickness.

The ship's doctor visited Mr. Judson, but as they could not understand each other the visit was practically useless. To take his mind from his unpleasant circumstances Mr. Judson utilized the time in translating the Scriptures from the Hebrew Bible into Latin. One day the doctor picked up his Bible, examined it, then addressed him in Latin. Joyously Mr. Judson responded in the same language, telling the doctor all about who he was and his mission. The doctor at once had him released from the hold to a berth in the upper cabin.

After several exciting days, during which the privateer came near to being captured by a British vessel, the prisoners were conveyed to Bayonne, France, and marched through the streets in company with the crew of the Packet. Mr. Judson's indignation found ill expression in the few French words he had acquired. Indeed, his attempts brought only laughter from the passers by. Then it occurred to him that he was likely to meet some person who understood English. Accordingly he gave vent to his inflamed feelings in English, making as much noise as possible. The guards threatened violence if he did not hush, but he gave them no heed. At last a stranger approached him and in English advised him to lower his voice.

"With the greatest pleasure possible," Mr. Judson answered, "If I have at last succeeded in making myself heard. I was only clamoring for a listener."

"You might have got one you would have been glad to dismiss if you had continued much longer," replied the American. Mr. Judson hastily told the man his circumstances and received a promise of relief.

It was a dark, dismal underground prison into which Mr. Judson and the crew were thrust. It was cold and damp and the foul

musty air almost made the prisoners sick. The straw on the floor was far from inviting and rather than to lie on it Mr. Judson determined to walk the floor until his friend should come to his relief—provided his already weary legs would stand the strain. The prison did not afford so much as a chair or a stool.

Before many hours the prison door opened and in stepped his American friend. Feigning indifference to Mr. Judson, the American passed around the room examining the prisoners and then with the remark, “No, no friend of mine,” he swung his great military coat about Judson, enveloping his slight figure in its ample folds. Mr. Judson made himself as inconspicuous as possible. To the surprise of both himself and the American they reached the street in safety.

“Now run,” ordered his deliverer and together they made their way to the wharf, where Mr. Judson was placed temporarily on an American merchantman to await the necessary papers for his release.

Mr. Judson spent six weeks in Bayonne and made the best of his time by learning what he could of French society. A very interesting account is given of his experience by Mrs. E. C. Judson, as follows:

“He attended various places of amusement with his fellow-boarders, pleading his ignorance of the language and customs of the country as an excuse for acting as a spectator merely, and in general giving such evasive replies as enabled him to act his part without attracting undue attention. It was not long, however, before his companions became pretty well aware that indifference formed no part of his real character. His shrewdness was at variance with his implied ignorance of the world, and his simplicity sometimes wore a solemn impressiveness, from the influence of which it was

impossible to escape. The last place of amusement that he visited was a masked ball; and here his strong feelings quite overcame his caution and he burst forth in his real character. He declared to his somewhat startled companions that he did not believe the infernal regions could furnish more complete specimens of depravity than he then beheld. He spoke in English and at first addressed himself to the two or three standing near him; but his earnestness of manner and warmth of expression soon drew around him a large circle, who listened curiously and with apparent respect. He spoke scornfully of the proud profession of the (so-called) philosophy of the age, and pointed to the fearful exhibitions of that moment as illustrative of its effectiveness. He rapidly enumerated many of the evils which infidelity had brought upon France and upon the world, and then showed the only way of escape from those evils—the despised but truly ennobling religion of Jesus Christ. Finally he sketched the character of man as it might have been in its original purity and nobleness, and then the wreck of soul and body, to be ascribed to sin, and then wound up all by a personal appeal to such as had not become too debased to think and feel. He had warmed as he proceeded with his subject, noting with pain and surprize the great number of those who seemed to understand the English language, and drawing from it an inference by no means favorable to his traveled countrymen. Most of the maskers evidently regarded the exhibition as a part of the evening's entertainment; but those who understood his remarks seemed confounded by the boldness and perhaps unexpectedness of the attack, and when he had finished stood aside and allowed him to pass from the place without a word."

Mr. Judson was received most cordially by the English Board, but they did not favor the proposal he presented to them. However, they did offer to accept Mr. Judson and his friends as missionaries



to go out under the English Board. When Judson had returned to America this report was brought before the American Board. They saw themselves face to face with the following situation: either they must surrender these four young men to the London society or they must undertake their support themselves.

To their credit be it said that they took the more difficult course—the latter—and appointed Mr. Judson, Samuel Newell, Samuel Nott, and Gordon Hall as missionaries “in Asia, either in the Burman empire, or in Surat, or in Prince of Wales Island, or elsewhere, as . . . Providence shall open the most favorable door.”

It was a great disappointment to Mr. Judson’s parents when they learned of his decision to be a missionary. To convert the heathen seemed such an impossible thing and to have their brilliant son throw away his life in so unpromising a vocation was almost more than they could bear. But above their tears and pleadings and tempting offers rang clear and distinct in his ear that voice that had brought him to his decision: “Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” And not once did he waver in his decision to obey that voice.

When Mr. Judson had gone to Bradford with his companions to present their case before the Association he was entertained at dinner there at the home of Mr. Hasseltine. Mr. Hasseltine had two daughters; one was charming, black-eyed, curly-headed Ann, full of life and desire for adventure. She entirely captivated our hero at first glance, tho she never thought it for in spite of all her artful cunning to engage his attention during the meal he gazed steadfastly at his plate. But all the time his whole attention was centered upon her, for he was at the moment composing a sonnet to her.

About a month after this meeting, Ann received from Andover a letter which brought to her a challenge to give up the comforts and enjoyments home afforded and to sacrifice her affection for her relatives and friends that she might with Mr. Judson blaze the trail of American foreign missions—a challenge no other American woman had ever been called upon to face. Her final decision was made after a frank consideration of the dangers, trials, and hardships attendant on a missionary life, and was based not only upon her deep affection for Mr. Judson but also upon a sense of her obligations to God and with a full conviction of its being a call of providence.

We cannot doubt her heroism when we read this frank letter from Mr. Judson describing the hardships that she would share as a missionary's wife, in the face of which she never wavered:

“January 1, 1811. Tuesday Morn. It is with the utmost sincerity, and with my whole heart, that I wish you, my love, a happy new year. May it be a year in which your walk will be close with God; your frame calm and serene; and the road that leads you to the Lamb marked with purer light. May it be a year in which you will have more largely the Spirit of Christ, be raised above sublunary things, and be willing to be disposed of in this world just as God shall please. As every moment of the year will bring you nearer the end of your pilgrimage, may it bring you nearer to God, and find you more prepared to hail the messenger of death as a deliverer and a friend. And now, since I have begun to wish, I will go on. May this be the year in which you will change your name; in which you will take a final leave of your relatives and native land; in which you will cross the wide ocean, and dwell on the other side of the world, among a heathen people. What a great change will this year probably effect in our lives! How very

different will be our situation and employment! If our lives are preserved and our attempt prospered, we shall next New Year's Day be in India, and perhaps wish each other a Happy New Year in the uncouth dialect of Hindustan or Burma. We shall no more see our kind friends around us, or enjoy the conveniences of civilized life, or go to the house of God with those that keep holy day; but swarthy countenances will everywhere meet our eye, the jargon of an unknown tongue will assail our ears, and we shall witness the assembling of the heathen to celebrate the worship of idol gods. We shall be weary of the world, and wish for wings like a dove, that we may fly away and be at rest. We shall probably experience seasons when we shall be 'exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.' We shall see many dreary, disconsolate hours, and feel a sinking of spirits, anguish of mind, of which now we can form little conception. Oh, we shall wish to lie down and die. And that time may soon come. One of us may be unable to sustain the heat of the climate and the change of habits; and the other may say, with literal truth, over the grave—

'By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed;  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed;  
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned;

but whether we shall be honored and mourned by strangers, God only knows. At least, either of us will be certain of one mourner. In view of such scenes shall we not pray with earnestness, 'Oh, for an overcoming faith'? Judson."

On Feb. 5, 1812, Mr. Judson and Miss Hasseltine were united in marriage. A few days later the sad farewell was said to home folk and they were on their way to Boston to embark for India. Mr. Judson's younger brother, Elnathan, accompanied them to the ship. He was as yet unsaved. The thought of parting with his brother and

him outside the kingdom of God was sad. He could not refrain pleading with him to accept his Savior.

Along the way they stopped under some trees and there prayed until the eternal light of glory shone into Elnathan's dark heart.

The good ship Caravan cast her moorings from Salem harbor on Feb. 19, 1812, bound for Calcutta, India. On board were Mr. and Mrs. Judson.

The voyage to India required four months, but it was made pleasant by the amiable captain, the association of Mr. and Mrs. Newell, who were also going as missionaries, and by the calm weather which attended their voyage.

Mr. Judson availed himself of the wonderful opportunity the voyage afforded for study. He was working on a translation of the New Testament and this occupied much of his time. In this work he came upon a problem the solution of which was a stern test for his sincerity. This problem concerned the mode of baptism. He secured books on the subject and studied them assiduously.

Coming to conclusions contrary to those held by the board under which he went out, he knew that this change would necessitate a change in his board connections. And so conscientious was Mr. Judson that tho for a time he was cut off from all means of support, he made the change and arranged to work under another American board which was founded purposely to support him.

## Chapter VI

### First Experiences on Foreign Soil

Troubles came thick and fast to Mr. Judson upon his arrival in India. But for his rare courage and indomitable spirit, we should have no story to tell. The East India Company was emphatically opposed to the preaching of the gospel among Hindus. To allow such would undoubtedly curtail their revenues. So they summoned Mr. Judson to their headquarters in Calcutta, where they read to him an order to set sail at once for America.

But Mr. Judson had not come all the way to India merely to return. He would not be so easily disposed of. At first he petitioned for the privilege to reside in some other part of India. But he was refused admittance to any of the Company's territory. As the next alternative he appealed for permission to go to the Isle of France.

He was granted the privilege of going to the Isle of France, but a delay of two months was necessary to await passage. Before his ship arrived he received orders to board one of the Company's ships and proceed at once to England. In an effort to avoid being forced out of India the Judsons found a ship bound for the Isle of France and boarded it. When two days out the ship was overtaken by a government dispatch ordering Mr. Judson ashore.

Every effort to secure permission to continue to the Island failed. Several days were spent in futile endeavor to escape the order of the Company. Then when apparently every hope was gone a letter from some unknown source was placed in Mr. Judson's hand. He opened it and to his unbounded surprise saw a pass from the magistrate for a passage on the ship off which he had been ordered. Who secured the pass Mr. Judson never knew, but in his heart he cherished it as one of God's good providences to his servant.

The voyage to the Isle of France was a tempestuous one. Nor was its unpleasantness relieved by congenial companions, for the other passengers were not interested in religion.

On January 17 the Judsons arrived at the Isle of France. They remained here only a few months, taking leave for Pulo Penang, or Prince of Wales Island, by way of Madras. On this island they hoped to open a mission. In Madras they were hospitably entertained in the home of Mr. Lovelace, an English missionary. But the ever watchful eye of the East India Company was again upon Mr. Judson here, and to escape another order to England they took the first available ship out of Madras, which was the Georgiana bound for Rangoon instead of Prince of Wales Island. This was by no means a desirable exchange, for Rangoon was governed by a bloodthirsty tyrant and they would be entirely out from under the protection of the British flag. However, here they would at least be out from under the thumb of the East India Company.

The Georgiana was an old, unseaworthy vessel, the captain of which was the only one on board who could speak English. Rough sea was encountered at the very outset of the voyage, and to further complicate matters Mrs. Judson became very ill. The woman who



*"Rough sea was encountered at the very outset of the voyage."*

had been engaged as nurse fell dead a few hours out at sea. Mrs. Judson grew worse and Mr. Judson said that but for the fact that the vessel was blown into a narrow strait out of reach of the tempest she surely would have died.

By God's good providence the little ship reached Rangoon on July 13, 1813, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson were at home at last, a gloomy, dejected pair. Never before in their experience had they leaned so heavily upon God as upon that first night in the harbor of Rangoon. But when they had prayed, peace and courage came into their souls and they were refreshed.

They were not the first missionaries to land at Rangoon. In 1807 two missionaries spent a few months there. Their report was favorable and later several others went out. At the time of Mr. Judson's arrival, Felix Carey, son of the famous William Carey, was the only one remaining. In his home Mr. and Mrs. Judson found a welcome. The Judsons remained there only about six months, however, as the house was outside the city walls and was in danger of robbers.

Burma at this time was an absolute monarchy ruled over by a native despot who looked upon every citizen as his slave and upon foreigners with ill favor. Law and order were rather conspicuous by their absence; so one scarcely knew when he was safe. The several million inhabitants were steeped in idolatry as ancient as their Empire. The Burmese language is probably the most difficult to acquire, except possibly the Chinese. The first concern of the young missionaries was to master this language. Mr. Judson determined to become as familiar and as conversant with Burmese as with English, that he might accurately transfer into it the oracles of God. Perhaps no one has ever surpassed him in his command of the language, which in India was considered of the highest order. It



is said that he “wrote and spoke it with the familiarity of a native and the elegance of a cultivated scholar.” Early in his study of the language he prepared a concise grammar which authorities said “indicated the genius of the man.”

This accomplishment, of course, was possible only by the most diligent study. He delved deep into Burmese literature in which he found rich literary treasures, and he was tempted to translate some of the best into English. Being a man of one purpose and that to preach the gospel to the Burmese, was all that saved him from this diversion. He would allow himself no other pursuit than that to which God had called him, so conscientious a servant of God was he.

Mrs. Judson gives us a glimpse of him at language study: “Could you look into a large open room, which we call a veranda, you would see Mr. Judson bent over a table, covered with Burman books, with his teacher at his side, a venerable-looking man, in his sixtieth year, with a cloth wrapped round his middle, and a handkerchief round his head. They talk and chatter all day long without hardly any cessation.”

Mrs. Judson had been in Rangoon about a year and a half when her health necessitated a trip to Madras for medical aid. During her absence Mr. Judson tells of his loneliness and at the same time it exhibits his undaunted courage:

“There is not an individual in the country that I can pray with, and not a single soul with whom I can have the least religious communion. I keep myself as busy as possible all day long, from sunrise till late in the evening, in reading Burman, and conversing with the natives. I have been here a year and a half, and so extremely difficult is the language—perhaps the most difficult to a foreigner of any on the face of the earth, next to the Chinese—that

I find myself very inadequate to communicate divine truth intelligibly. I have, in some instances been so happy as to secure the attention, and in some degree to interest the feelings, of those who heard me; but I am not acquainted with a single instance in which any permanent impression has been produced. No Burman has, I believe, ever felt the grace of God; and what can a solitary, feeble individual or two expect to be the means of effecting in such a land as this, amid the triumphs of Satan, the darkness of death? The Lord is all powerful, wise, and good; and this consideration alone always affords me unfailing consolation and support. Adieu, A. Judson, Jr.”

A few months after Mrs. Judson’s return a baby boy came, as it were, like a fleeting sunbeam to brighten the lives of the missionaries for a day and then to fade away at dusk. They named him Roger Williams, after that staunch supporter of religious liberty. For eight months his happy prattle made glad the parents’ hearts. But one day in May his merry eyes were closed and the laughter died from his rosy lips, and they laid him to rest beneath a great mango tree.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson’s sadness was great, but they were very brave, and were comforted because they believed that what God had permitted was best

## Chapter VII

### A Perilous Voyage

Mr. Judson had been studying so hard that his health began to fail. He suffered much with his eyes and head. A sea voyage was planned, as it became evident that he must have a change and rest. Before the day of sailing, however, word came that two new missionaries were soon to arrive from America, Mr. and Mrs. Hough; consequently the voyage was postponed.

More good news came to Mr. Judson at about this time. This was in the form of a press and Burman type—a gift from the brethren at Serampore. Mr. Hough, being a printer, the operation of the press was soon begun. The first product was a tract which Mr. Judson had prepared, *A View of the Christian Religion*, in three parts, Historic, Didactic, and Preceptive. This was followed by a catechism and the Gospel of Matthew which Mr. Judson had translated.

A printed copy of this pamphlet and one of the catechism were the means of bringing to Mr. Judson his first inquirer after a knowledge of the true religion, about which Mr. Judson tells in the following letter:

“March 7, 1817. As I was sitting with my teacher, as usual, a Burman of respectable appearance, and followed by a servant,

came up the steps, and sat down by me. I asked him the usual question, where he came from, to which he gave no explicit reply, and I began to suspect that he had come from the government house, to enforce a trifling request which in the morning we had declined. He soon, however, undeceived and astonished me, by asking, 'How long time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?' I replied that such a question could not be answered. If God gave light and wisdom, the religion of Jesus was soon learned; but, without God, a man might study all his life long, and make no proficiency. 'But how,' continued I, 'came you to know anything of Jesus? Have you ever been here before?' 'No.' 'Have you seen any writing concerning Jesus?' 'I have seen two little books.' 'Who is Jesus?' 'He is the Son of God, who, pitying creatures, came into this world, and suffered death in their stead.' 'Who is God?' 'He is a being without beginning or end, who is not subject to old age and death, but always is.' I cannot tell how I felt at this moment. This was the first acknowledgment of an eternal God that I had ever heard from the lips of a Burman. I handed him a tract and catechism, both which he instantly recognized, and read here and there, making occasional remarks to his follower, such as, 'This is the true God; this is the right way,' etc. I now tried to tell him some things about God and Christ, and himself, but he did not listen with much attention, and seemed anxious only to get another book. I had already told him two or three times that I had finished no other book, but that in two or three months I would give him a larger one, which I was now daily employed in translating. 'But,' replied he, 'have you not a little of that book done, which you will graciously give me now?' And I, beginning to think that God's time is better than man's, folded and gave him the first two half sheets, which contain the first five chapters of Matthew, on which

he instantly rose, as if his business was all done, and, having received an invitation to come again, took leave.

“Throughout his short stay, he appeared different from any Burmans I have yet met with. He asked no questions about customs and manners, with which the Burmans tease us exceedingly. He had no curiosity, and no desire for anything, but ‘MORE OF THIS SORT OF WRITING.’ In fine, his conduct proved that he had something on his mind, and I cannot but hope that I shall have to write about him again.

“March 24. We have not yet seen our inquirer; but today we met with one of his acquaintance, who says that he reads our books all the day, and shows them to all that call upon him. We told him to ask his friend to come and see us again.”

It would be difficult for us even to imagine the joy this inquirer brought to the heart of Mr. Judson. For four years he had labored patiently in acquiring the language, in translating, writing, and preaching, and this was the first visible sign of earnest seeking after the message he had left all to come to India to proclaim. We are sorry we cannot know whether or not this inquirer became a disciple of Jesus. The last time the Judsons knew anything of him, he said, “I have not yet become a follower of Jesus, but I am thinking and reading in order to become one.” Mr. Judson had made remarkable progress with the language as far as writing it and reading it were concerned, but he could not speak it as fluently as he should to do effective preaching. He thought if he only had a native helper who could assist him in learning to speak the language he could make more rapid progress. At one time there had been a Baptist mission at Chittagong, a flat coast lying along the border of Bengal, which was British property, but whose inhabitants spoke Burmese. Mr. Judson heard that altho the

mission had been abandoned there were still some converts there. He thought if only he could get one of these converts to help him it would be a great boon to his work. Accordingly he took passage for Chittagong for a voyage which under ordinary circumstances would require only ten or twelve days. But the vessel was unseaworthy, the captain incompetent, and the weather rough—a bad combination indeed. The course of the vessel was lost and they found themselves bound for the Coromandel Coast. This would seem trouble enough, but on top of all this Mr. Judson's nerve affection of his head and eyes returned in so violent a form that he was confined to his bed. The vessel's being thrown out of its course, the food and water supply became so low that moldy, broken rice and limited quantities of water constituted his diet. A slow fever set in.

When he reached Masulipatam, Mr. Judson was weak and haggard from lack of food, unshaven and dirty from lack of care, and downcast and discouraged from lack of companionship. It was with some difficulty that the captain persuaded him to write a note to "any English resident of Masulipatam," asking for a place to die, so disheartened and discouraged had he become. In response to the note several English officers came on board the ship. Mr. Judson in relating the experience to his wife said, "The white face of an Englishman never looked to me so beautiful, so like my conception of what angel faces are, as when these strangers entered my cabin."

One of the officers took Mr. Judson to his home, where he fed and clothed him and provided him with a nurse. Mr. Judson recovered rapidly under proper care and soon took leave for Madras to catch a boat back to Rangoon. In Madras he enjoyed the kind hospitality of some missionaries during his wait for a boat. It

was seven long months after his departure from Rangoon before he was able to secure a vessel thitherward.

Meantime things were going badly with Mrs. Judson and the Houghs and but for Mrs. Judson's rare heroism he would have found the post at Rangoon deserted and might never have met his wife again. Three months—long weary months of waiting—passed for the missionaries at Rangoon before any word was heard from Mr. Judson or the vessel on which he sailed, and then it was to learn that neither he nor the vessel had reached Chittagong. Several months of suspense passed for the anxious waiters with no further news. To add to their distress a new viceroy was sent to Rangoon who showed a very unfriendly attitude toward the missionaries.

Then the cholera broke out among the natives. To drive away the evil spirits which were supposed to cause the plague the people thronged the streets, beating the houses with clubs and firing cannon. To this din was added the melancholy “tum tum” of the death-drum. In the midst of this trouble the rumor came that the British had declared war on Burma.

At the best the missionaries had had little protection from the government and of course could expect none if they were at war with the British. Mr. Hough deemed it wise for them to embark at once for Bengal. Reluctantly Mrs. Judson went on board the ship that was to carry them to safety. Several days elapsed before the ship sailed. Before it lifted anchor Mrs. Judson decided to return alone to the mission-house—the only place her husband knew about where she was to be found.

In about two weeks she was rewarded with the news that the long-lost ship on which Mr. Judson had sailed away was in Rangoon harbor. Mrs. Judson eagerly sought out the captain and received the reassuring news that her husband had reached harbor

## ADONIRAM JUDSON

safely and had gone to Madras. This reinforced her hope of again seeing her husband, which hope was realized two weeks later when Mr. Judson sailed into Rangoon harbor.



## Chapter VIII

### The First Converts

Mr. Judson had failed in his attempt to secure a native convert to help him start regular services of worship, but he was none the less determined to open a public place where he could gather a crowd and preach to them. Up to this time he had confined his labors largely to individuals. Accordingly a piece of ground was procured not too far removed from the mission premises and facing a public thoroughfare.

The structure built on these grounds, made of bamboo and thatch without doors or windows and entirely open on the side to the road, was erected at a cost of about two hundred dollars. At the rear was a room with whitewashed walls used as a schoolroom. On Apr. 4, 1819, this “zayat” was nearly complete, and Mr. Judson wrote in his journal as follows concerning the first meeting:

“Today, the building of the zayat being sufficiently advanced for the purpose, I called together a few people that live around us, and commenced public worship in the Burman language. I say commenced, for, tho I have frequently read and discoursed to the natives, I have never before conducted a course of exercises which deserved the name of public worship, according to the usual acceptation of that phrase among Christians; and tho I began to

preach the gospel as soon as I could speak intelligibly, I have thought it hardly becoming to apply the term *preaching*, since it has acquired an appropriate meaning in modern use, to my imperfect, desultory exhortations and conversations. But I hope, tho with fear and trembling, that I have now commenced a course of public worship and regular preaching. This would have taken place just a year ago, had I returned to Rangoon, as I expected, and still earlier, had I not been under a government where I thought it prudent to gain a considerable acquaintance with the language before commencing public operations, lest I should be unable properly to vindicate my conduct when called to a judicial account.

“The congregation today consisted of fifteen persons only, besides children. Much disorder and inattention prevailed, most of them not having been accustomed to attend Burman worship. May the Lord grant his blessing on attempts made in great weakness and under great disadvantages; and all the glory will be his.”

In order that he might better know how to conduct his services to appeal to the natives, Mr. Judson visited a Burman *zayat* where a native conducted services. The preacher sat on a raised platform about eighteen inches high in the center of the room. As the men and women came in they seated themselves on mats, the men on one side of the house, the women on the other. About one hundred people were present

When Mr. and Mrs. Judson entered some one whispered, “There come some wild foreigners.” But when the missionaries sat down properly and removed their shoes, the people said, “No, they are not wild, they are civilized.”

When it was time for the service to begin some one called out three times, “Silence.” Flowers and leaves had been passed around and when all was still the people placed these between their fingers

and raised them to their heads. This evidently was an attitude of reverence and in this attitude they remained until the close of the service, which lasted for about thirty minutes. The exercise consisted of a recitation from their sacred writings. At the close the congregation burst into a short prayer, after which they rose and went out.

Day after day Mr. Judson sat in the zayat reading aloud or repeating simple gospel truths to attract the passers-by. It mattered not if the day was sultry, or if he was weary and worn, or if his heart ached with the burden for souls, he remained faithfully at his task. Oft times as he read he thought of his neglected study table, of his patient, toil-worn wife, of the letters remaining unwritten, of the devotional books which his soul was starving to read, but with firm resolve he determined to let none of these lure him from the task he now deemed first of all in importance. Should he desist for one moment some seeking soul might pass by who would never pass that way again and who would lose his only opportunity of hearing the words of life.

Nor did his labors cease with nightfall. Then he retired to his secret closet and there prayed fervently for those who had passed heedlessly by that day as well as for those who had stopped to inquire. Mr. Judson was a firm believer in the power of prayer. And he believed that the Word of God would carry conviction to the hearts of people and would there work the change necessary to make them Christians. He believed in his message and because he believed in it he did not become discouraged when he did not see immediate results.

On Apr. 30, 1819, Mounge Nau called. He was silent and reserved, quite the opposite to a visitor who had called the previous day and for whom Mr. Judson entertained bright hopes. He was

less hopeful for MOUNG NAU; nevertheless this man returned the next day and the next and when the more promising ones had ceased to come, MOUNG NAU was there giving close and respectful attention to the message. In fact, he paid such good heed that on days when the visitors were numerous he was able to assist Mr. Judson in explaining things to newcomers. The grace of God seemed to be taking hold of his heart. Tho he was poor and must of necessity work every day, his visits were regular.

On May 9 in the presence of a number of persons he declared himself a disciple of Christ and asked for baptism. Altho he realized that the consequences of such a course meant persecution and possibly death, he thought it better to die for Christ and be happy forever than to live a few days and be forever wretched. On June 27, in a lake near the *zayat*, Christian baptism was administered to the first Burman convert. "Oh, may it prove the beginning of a series of baptisms in the Burman empire which shall continue in uninterrupted success to the end of time!" wrote Mr. Judson in his journal that day. A week later he added: "We have had the pleasure of sitting down, for the first time, to the Lord's table with a converted Burman; and it was my privilege—a privilege to which I have been looking forward with desire for many years—to administer the Lord's Supper in two languages."

Just before MOUNG NAU's baptism, MOUNG THAH-LAH, a young man who had been living near the mission for several months, paid the *zayat* a visit. He was thoughtful and teachable from the first and his visits continued at frequent intervals. Before many months passed he gave evidence of a changed heart, but expressed fearfulness of making a public confession of faith. Mr. Judson told him that unless he loved Christ above his own life he did not love him sincerely and need not hope for pardon. Two days later Mr.

Judson wrote in his Journal: “Another conversation with MOUNG THAH-LAH, which at length forces me to admit the conviction that he is a real convert; and I venture to set him down the second disciple of Christ among the Burmans. He appears to have all the characteristics of a new-born soul, and tho rather timid in regard to an open profession, has, I feel satisfied, that love to Christ which will increase and bring him forward in due time.”

Another neighbor to the mission, MOUNG BYAA, became a regular visitor at the *zayat* and became an earnest seeker after a better understanding of the new religion. He attended the night school, where he learned to read, tho fifty years of age. He was a man of sterling character and believed that his good work would avail for him in the future life. However, in a remarkably short time he came to realize his need of a Savior and expressed a desire to be baptized with MOUNG THAH-LAH. Mr. Judson held both of them off for some time until he was convinced that tho they desired a quiet baptismal service they would not deny their Lord were they brought to task for their convictions. One evening just before sunset, accompanied by a few friends, the two converts and the missionaries proceeded to the lake near at hand. As the sun sank from sight behind the encircling hills, MOUNG THAH-LAH and MOUNG BYAA bore testimony of their changed life and of their determination to walk in the steps of the Savior.

The following Wednesday witnessed the first Burman prayer-meeting ever held. The three converts and Mr. Judson constituted the group—a small beginning to be sure, but none the less fervent.

The following Sunday the converts met at the *zayat* and held a prayer-meeting of their own accord.

## Chapter IX

### Before the King

One morning as Mr. Judson went for his usual ride to the woods to bathe in the mineral tank, he was halted on one of the pagoda roads. The man who accosted him informed him that he was to ride there no more; to disobey that order would mean a severe beating. This order was so unexpected—nothing like it had ever been known in Burma before—that Mr. Judson questioned whether it were official. Upon investigation, however, he found that the viceroy had really issued an order to the effect that no person wearing a hat, shoes, or umbrella, or mounted on a horse, should enter the grounds of the great pagoda.

The order was unquestionably aimed at the foreigners, and while it was not of any great consequence in itself, it indicated plainly the attitude of the viceroy toward them. With the death of the old king who had been opposed to religion, there was a revival of worship among the natives. They built new pagodas, renewed the old ones, and reestablished some of their forms of worship which they had abandoned.

A seeker who had been regularly visiting the *zayat* was summoned to the viceroy. He at once made his peace with the principal ecclesiastical authority in Rangoon. The interests in the

*zayat* automatically ceased when this news was heralded abroad. All day long no visitor came, or perchance but one. Rumors of the viceroy's disfavor reached the ears of the missionaries. Without government sanction there was little use to continue in Burma. It became evident that the only course open was to visit the emperor, present their case, and ask for favor. In the meantime they would look earnestly to the One in whose hands the destinies of emperors lie.

On Nov. 27, 1819, Mr. Judson reached his final decision to visit the capital at Ava to entreat the protection of the emperor. Arrangements were made for Mrs. Judson to remain in Rangoon. A boat six feet wide and forty feet long was purchased in which to make the voyage up the Irawadi River to Ava. The boat was provided with a temporary bamboo deck and two low rooms in one end barely high enough to allow the passengers to sit upright. A crew of sixteen was secured—ten row-men, a steerman, and a head man, a steward, a cook, a Hindu washerman, and an Englishman who was to act as guard, having charge of all the guns and blunderbusses. He was a very essential member of the crew, as the Irawadi was infested with robbers.

To gain admittance into the presence of the king of Burma was no trifling matter. One thing very essential was a gift worthy of his majesty. Mr. Judson was much concerned about what he should take because his means were very limited and at the same time he wished his gift to be in harmony with his message. He finally decided upon the Bible in six volumes, richly embossed in gold leaf in Burman style and luxuriously wrapped. Gifts to the lesser dignitaries of the king's household were necessary. Several pieces of fine cloth and other articles were chosen to supply this need.

After twenty-seven days of constant exposure to the peril of robbers who committed their crime both before and in the wake of the little boat, Mr. Judson safely arrived at Pagan, famous as the ancient capital of Burma. From the heights of one of its edifices of former splendor Mr. Judson surveyed the once proud city now fast crumbling in decay. Here eight hundred years previously. Buddhism was established as the imperial religion. Here Ah-rah-han, the first Buddhist apostle to Burma, taught the people to seek after annihilation as the one source of happiness and good. After gazing upon the scene of the starting-place of this deceptive religion, Mr. Judson wrote: "We looked back on the centuries of darkness that are past. We looked forward, and Christian hope would fain brighten the prospect. Perhaps we stand on the dividing line of the empires of darkness and light. O shade of Ah-rah-han, weep over thy falling fanes; retire from the scenes of thy past greatness. But thou smilest at my feeble voice. Linger, then, thy little remaining day. A voice mightier than mine, a still small voice, will ere long sweep away every vestige of thy dominion. The churches of Jesus will soon supplant these idolatrous monuments, and the chanting of the devotees of Buddha will die away before the Christian hymn of praise."

At Pagan they were not far from their destination. Another week's travel brought them to O-dig-man, four miles distant from Ava and the nearest point they would be allowed to land at this season. Mr. Judson first sought out some of the former officials at Rangoon with whom he was acquainted. Of these, Mya-day-men proved the most helpful in his securing admittance to the king's presence. Mr. Judson did not reveal to him his full mission, but appealed to him for assistance to behold the "golden face." This assistance Mya-day-men seemed pleased to give introducing Mr. Judson to Mounng Yo, one of his favorite officers, with instructions



that Mr. Judson be introduced to Moug Zah, a private minister of state. This eliminated much red tape and much giving of gifts that would otherwise have been necessary. It also hastened the great event.

The very next day Moug Yo informed Mr. Judson he should look upon the “golden face.” Before retiring for the night Mr. Judson committed to his journal the anxiety of his heart: “Tomorrow’s dawn will usher in the most eventful day of our lives. Tomorrow’s eve will close on the bloom or the blight of our fondest hopes. Yet it is consoling to commit this business into the hands of our heavenly Father—to feel that the work is his, not ours; that the heart of the monarch before whom we are to appear is under the control of Omnipotence; and that the event will be ordered in the manner most conducive to the divine glory and the greatest good. God may, for the wisest purposes, suffer our hopes to be disappointed; and if so, why should short-sighted, mortal man repine? Thy will, O God, be ever done; for thy will is inevitably the wisest and the best.”

After a sleepless night Mr. Judson accompanied Moug Yo to the palace gate, where there was considerable delay, as the various officers must each be satisfied as to his right to enter. When admittance to the yard was gained a gift was sent in to Moug Zah and they were ushered into the presence of this minister of state. He received the visitors very graciously and manifested a degree of interest in Mr. Judson’s mission, which was now made known for the first time since his arrival in Ava. In the midst of their conversation the approach of the “golden foot” was announced and Moug Zah hastened to put on his robes of state. Then he led Mr. Judson, Moug Yo, and another officer to a hall of magnificent splendor, far exceeding Mr. Judson’s wildest expectations. Down a

spacious hall lined with numerous stately pillars and surmounted with a magnificent dome all completely covered with gold they proceeded until Moug Zah halted and gave orders as to how they should sit. Moug Zah sat to one side and opposite him was the present. Slightly behind Mr. Judson, Moug Yo and the officers took their position.

For about five minutes they waited in respectful attention for his majesty to appear. Proudly, majestically the monarch came unattended. He was richly clad and carried a gold, sheathed sword in his hand. As he strode along every head, except those of the little group kneeling with eyes fixed intently upon him, was “in the dust.” When he caught sight of the visitors he plied them with many questions as to who they were, whence they came, and their mission. He was not a little surprized that the teacher spoke Burman. The answers Mr. Judson gave seemed to please him and he sat down upon an elevated seat and earnestly gazed upon the foreigner, while Moug Zah read the following petition:

“The American teachers present themselves to receive the favor of the excellent king, the sovereign of land and sea. Hearing that, on account of the greatness of the royal power, the royal country was in a quiet and prosperous state, we arrived at the town of Rangoon, within the royal dominions, and having obtained leave of the governor of that town to come up and behold the golden face, we have ascended and reached the bottom of the golden feet. In the great country of America, we sustain the character of teachers and explainers of the contents of the sacred Scriptures of our religion. And since it is contained in those Scriptures, that, if we pass to other countries, and preach and propagate religion, great good will result, and both those who teach and those who receive the religion will be freed from future punishment, and enjoy,



*"The emperor took the tract, read the opening sentences concerning the one eternal God, and dashed it to the ground."*

without decay or death, the eternal felicity of heaven—that royal permission be given, that we, taking refuge in the royal power, may preach our religion in these dominions, and that those who are pleased with our preaching, and wish to listen to and be guided by it, whether foreigners or Burmans, may be exempt from government molestation, they present themselves to receive the favor of the excellent king, the sovereign of land and sea.”

When he had reached the end the emperor manifested his desire to take the petition in his hand and MOUNG ZAH crawled forward and presented it to him. He read it deliberately, and handed it back without comment. Then Mr. Judson gave MOUNG ZAH an abridged copy of a tract to give to his highness. He took it, read the opening sentences concerning the one eternal God, and dashed it to the ground. With haughty indifference to any further efforts to arrest his attention he arose in all his dignity and strode away while Mr. Judson was unceremoniously hurried from the royal palace.

Repulsed, but not discouraged, Mr. Judson determined to make a confidential appeal to MOUNG ZAH in the hope of yet gaining his point. The only satisfaction gained from this interview, however, was that an unpardonable crime had been committed in presenting the petition. But still that noble man of God would not give up. He wrote down his desire in brief and sent it to MOUNG ZAH, asking if he might attain his desire should he wait a few months. To this the reply was: “Tell them that there is not the least possibility of obtaining the object stated in this paper, should they wait ever so long; therefore let them go about their business.”

As his last appeal, Mr. Judson sent to MOUNG ZAH the tract which the king had so unceremoniously cast aside, asking that he read it or hear it read. It gained a hearing with that officer of state,

who committed it to one of his men to keep, saying as he did so, "The doctrines and commands are very good; but it will be a long time before Burmans can be convinced that there is a God and Savior."

While this messenger was on his mission Mr. Judson looked up Mr. R., whom he had known in Rangoon. He told him of his purpose in Ava and of his recent disappointment.

"I knew it would be so," said Mr. R. "About fifteen years ago a Burman was converted to the Catholic faith. He was a talented young man whom they desired to become a priest. He was sent to Rome to receive training to that end. When he returned, his nephew, a clerk in the high court of the empire, accused him of having renounced Buddhism. This incensed the emperor so that, tho he was not a Buddhist himself, he demanded that the Catholic convert recant. This the convert refused to do. He was thrown into prison by his own nephew, fettered and finally subjected to the torture of the iron mall. This is almost too terrible to relate. He was beaten from his feet to his breast until his flesh was one livid wound. I gave money to the executioners to strike gently. With each blow the victim breathed the name of Christ and he affirmed afterward that he suffered little or no pain. Some kind-hearted person told the king the man was mad whereupon the king issued a warrant for his release. He was then sent to Bengal, where he spent his last days. As for the Catholic priests, they never tried to make any more converts after this terrible event, but were content to shepherd the foreigners in the land. The man who had his uncle thus treated is now one of the private ministers of state, taking rank before Moungh Zah. Besides his influence on the king, the present chief queen is a devout Buddhist and she has much influence with

him, too. You can see that your new religion under these circumstances finds little favor with the king.”

Mr. Judson’s appeal to the king without in any measure gaining his point made his situation more perilous than before. He would now be under suspicion by the royal authorities and at the mercy of any outlaw. The news that the king, flushed with his recent victory over the Kathays, was set upon waging war with Siam, further complicated matters.

A less courageous man than Mr. Judson might have been thoroughly disheartened by the situation and determined to leave the land forthwith. But not he. Such was his confidence in his God, in his message, in his call, that his faith would not be shaken, his trust could not be broken, his hope could not be shattered.

## Chapter XI

### Rich Reward

If Mr. Judson's disappointment at Ava was sad—and it was—there was an experience waiting for him in Rangoon that was to thrill him with joy unspeakable. When he arrived he called the three disciples together and recounted all that had happened in Ava. He spared them none of the painful details, but told them plainly the grave dangers of their situation as well as his own. He told them under the circumstances he had decided to leave and go to a place more remote from the king's immediate jurisdiction. He expected them to flee from his very presence and to back down under the prospects of enduring persecution. Perchance one might remain loyal, but that was the best he had hoped for.

But Mr. Judson had reckoned with human hearts and not with hearts made fearless by the grace of God. With the courage of martyrs they to a man reaffirmed their allegiance to God's cause come what might. With optimism born only of implicit trust in an omnipotent God they began to explain away the difficulties and to paint a more hopeful picture than that presented by Mr. Judson. With the utmost devotion, not only to God but to the missionaries, MOUNG NAU declared his intentions to follow them to the ends of the earth if necessary. MOUNG THAH-LAH said, "As for me, I go where preaching is to be had." For a time MOUNG BYAA was silent

and thoughtful. He had a wife and could not so freely follow the missionaries. But at last he said, "If I must be left here alone, I shall remain performing the duties of Jesus Christ's religion; no other shall I think of."

Several days were spent in making inquiries concerning Chittagong, the principal city of a territory lying between Bengal and Arracan, under the rule of Bengal but inhabited chiefly by Arracanese, who spoke a language similar to the Burman. Here they would really be in Burma and yet perchance would enjoy some protection. But again Mr. Judson had not sufficiently reckoned with his converts. MOUNG BYAA and his brother-in-law, MOUNG MYAT-YAH, paid him a call one evening which entirely reversed his plans. "Teacher," said MOUNG BYAA, "my mind is distressed; I can neither eat nor sleep, since I find you are going away. I have been around among those who live near us, and I find some who are even now examining the new religion. Brother MYAT-YAH is one of them, and he unites with me in my petitions. Do stay with us a few months. Do stay till there are eight or ten disciples; then appoint one to be the teacher of the rest; I shall not be concerned about the event; tho you should leave the country, the religion will spread of itself; the emperor himself cannot stop it. But if you go now, and take the two disciples that can follow, I shall be left alone. I cannot baptize those who may wish to embrace this religion. What can I do?" MOUNG NAU entered at this point and urged the same course. A few days later MOUNG THAH-LAH argued similarly. "Teacher," he said, "your intention of going away has filled us all with trouble. Is it good to forsake us thus? Notwithstanding present difficulties and dangers, it is to be remembered that this work is not yours or ours, but the work of God. If he give light, the religion will spread. Nothing can impede it." And again MOUNG BYAA interceded, with great earnestness.



“Let us all,” he said, “make an effort. As for me, I will pray. Only leave a little church of ten, with a teacher set over them, and I shall be fully satisfied.” To strengthen their argument they had brought in three seekers.

Such courage, devotion, and faith on the part of the three native converts were sufficient proof to Mr. Judson that God was not through with him in Rangoon, as was clearly manifested by future developments.

In spite of the fact that the *zayat* could no longer be open and that all public services had to be stopped, new inquirers came. The old ones showed marked signs of sincerity of purpose and one, Moungh Shwa-ba, after bearing satisfactory fruit of conversion, was baptized. So the prospects continued bright for the future. Others asked for baptism, but as Mr. Judson wished them to be thoroughly convinced they were ready fully to commit themselves to the way of Christ before taking that step, he was in no hurry to administer the rite.

In July, 1820, Mrs. Judson’s physical condition became so serious that immediate medical attention was necessary to save her life. She was too weak to travel alone. Mr. Judson then must accompany her. This turn in affairs came suddenly, as he had planned sending her to Bengal alone. Hurried preparations were made to depart. Moungh Gway and Moungh Nyo-dwa insisted on receiving baptism, as it would be an indefinite time before Mr. Judson’s return. After reexamining them he granted their request. This increased the little band to six. Others became concerned about being baptized and before the ship sailed Mah Men-la, the first woman and the tenth Burman convert, was baptized. Among the last to be baptized was Moungh Shwa-gnong, a teacher of rank

and ability, who had long been an inquirer, but who had weighed the matter carefully before declaring his allegiance to Christ

The morning before embarking an impressive worship service was held in the mission-house. MOUNG THAH-LAH and MOUNG SHA-BA prayed fervently. At noon the little party started for the boat. About one hundred people followed them, bidding them Godspeed and urging their early return.

## **Chapter XI**

### **Favor at Court**

The sea voyage and several months in Calcutta under competent medical attention worked wonders for Mrs. Judson's health. Six months after their departure from Rangoon they were again anchored in that port. MOUNG SHWA-GNONG, MOUNG THAH-IAH, MAH MEN-LA, and others were on the wharf with the warmest greetings for their beloved teacher. During the day as others of the converts heard of their return they gathered in and in the evening enjoyed a special season of thanksgiving for the safe return of the missionaries.

It was a source of deep joy to the missionaries to learn that every convert had remained faithful during their absence tho deprived of meeting for worship, and tho driven from their homes into the woods or to the protection of some government person through fear of heavy extortions or oppression of petty officers. The inquirers, too, were still interested. On some occasions as many as twenty-five converts and inquirers were present at worship on the Lord's Day. Sometimes as many as twenty and thirty inquirers were present at once.

"How impossible it seemed, two years ago, that such a precious assembly could ever be raised up out of the Egyptian

darkness, the atheistic superstition of this heathen land!” wrote Mr. Judson in his journal. Some priests began inquiring concerning the new religion as well as some teachers of a semi-atheistic doctrine. Moungh Ing, one of the first inquirers, but a man who had moved away before making his decision, now returned and asked for baptism. The viceroy and his wife granted Mr. and Mrs. Judson several friendly interviews and gave promises of religious toleration that were encouraging.

Moungh Shwa-ba was taken into the service of the mission, as he had from his conversion felt a call to the ministry. His character and deportment were favorable to his call as were also his zeal and devotion. Moungh Shwa-gnong also began to entertain hopes of becoming a minister of the gospel. Mah Myat-lah, the second woman convert, was baptized.

So the days passed by—days filled with incessant toil for lost souls. When he was not conversing with some inquirer Mr. Judson was busy on his translation of the New Testament. The Gospel and Epistles of John were the first portions finished, then he started in on Acts.

In the hot summer months both Mr. and Mrs. Judson became victims of a fever which laid them very low for some time. As they recovered from this, however, Mrs. Judson’s old affliction of the liver returned and it became evident from the alarming rate at which it was undermining her health that her only recourse was a trip to America. This was a great grief to both Mr. and Mrs. Judson. As she left Mr. Judson wrote a friend: “I feel as if I was on the scaffold, and signing, as it were, my own death warrant. However, two years will pass away at last. Time and tide wait for no man, heedless alike of our joys and sorrows.”

The thought of their long separation strongly tempted Mr. Judson to leave Burma and settle somewhere where they might labor together in peace their remaining days. But as he looked to Jesus such thoughts fled away and he wrote Mrs. Judson, "Life is short. Happiness consists not in outward circumstances. Millions of Burmans are perishing. I am almost the only person on earth who has attained their language to such a degree as to be able to communicate the way of salvation. How great are my obligations to spend and be spent for Christ! What a privilege to be allowed to serve him in such interesting circumstances, and to suffer for him! . . . Oh, let me travel through this country, and bear testimony to the truth all the way from Rangoon to Ava, and show the path to that glory which I am anticipating."

Accordingly he threw himself without reserve into his work. When inquirers were few he spent long hours on the translation of Acts. When conditions were favorable for preaching he spent his time giving religious instruction. For four months he labored without other associates than the natives and then the glad day came when Jonathan Price, M.D., and his family arrived in Rangoon. About a month later Mr. and Mrs. Hough returned from Calcutta.

Thus reinforced the mission assumed the most favorable proportions since its establishment. Eighteen converts had been baptized. The only thing needed now to insure the rapid growth of the church was toleration throughout the Empire. And even this seemed on the eve of realization.

Dr. Price began his practise immediately upon his arrival and was successful in several operations. On several occasions he removed cataracts from eyes and the news of his fame soon spread to Ava, where it came to the ears of the king. No sooner had the

king heard of his marvelous skill than he sent for him. Being unfamiliar with the language of the country and customs of court, Dr. Price could not make the journey alone. Mr. Judson, therefore, must needs accompany him, tho much against his desires on account of his former rebuff. Also as he had completed the translation of Acts and was making good progress with Romans he did not like to leave this important task. But the path of duty lay before him and like a good soldier of Christ he followed it.

On Sept. 27, 1822, Dr. Price and Mr. Judson were ushered into the presence of the king. Dr. Price was received very cordially, but the king did not recognize Mr. Judson. Moungh Zah did, however, and inquired as to his welfare. On a later visit to the palace the king showed more interest in the interpreter and asked some embarrassing questions of Mr. Judson.

“And you in black, what are you? A medical man, too?” was his first interrogation.

“Not a medical man, but a teacher of religion, your majesty,” Mr. Judson replied.

“Have any Burmans accepted your teaching?” further inquired the king.

“Not here,” evaded Mr. Judson.

“Are there any in Rangoon?” persisted the king.

“There are some foreigners, and some Burmans,” confessed Mr. Judson, shielding the native church as much as possible.

Silence for several minutes followed this reply and then the king, without showing any displeasure whatever burst forth with a volley of questions on religion, geography, and astronomy, the answers to which won the approval of the court. After the king had

retired Mr. Judson continued for some time to converse with one of the royal secretaries on the subject of religion. One of the witnesses to this whole scene was the man who had had his uncle so cruelly beaten with the iron mallet years ago for embracing the Catholic religion. Yet Mr. Judson had found favor with the court this day. How he praised God for the encouragement this brought!

The following days were interesting ones for Mr. Judson. He did not let any opportunities pass to converse on the subject so dear to his heart. One of his most interested inquirers was Prince M., eldest half-brother of the king. He was a cripple, being partly paralyzed. As this handicap shut him off from manual pursuits he had given much attention to foreign sciences. At first he treated the gospel message lightly. But after several conversations his understanding seemed enlightened and some truth he received with joy. He and his half-sister, Princess of S., became much attached to Mr. Judson and urged him to remain in Ava and to bring his wife there upon her return, promising him a tract of land on which to build.

One day when Prince M. seemed particularly interested in the gospel message, Mr. Judson told him about his own conversion and concluded by urging the Prince to prepare to meet God. For a moment conviction seemed to take hold of him, but throwing it off, he replied lightly, "I am yet young—only twenty-eight. I am desirous of studying all the foreign arts and sciences. My mind will then be enlarged, and I shall be capable of judging whether the Christian religion be true or not"

"But suppose your highness changes worlds in the meantime," protested Mr. Judson.

With a note of sadness in his voice the Prince replied, "It is true, I know not when I shall die." But he was not yet willing to renounce the state religion.

Among others to whom Mr. Judson was privileged to communicate the divine message were Prince T., brother of the king, Moungh Zah, and other members of the royal court.

After Prince M's promise of a piece of land on which to build a *kyoung*, Mr. Judson made bold to present a petition to the king asking for a piece of ground within the walls of the town. His request was granted provided land not already occupied could be found. Then followed many days of almost endless searching, for it seemed almost every piece of ground was either occupied or had been occupied and was therefore sacred and untenable by a foreigner. Several times he appeared before the king in an effort to close a deal, but each time he lost. On one of these occasions the king was particularly curious about Mr. Judson and his mission and asked a number of questions. "Are your converts real Burmans?" he asked. "Do they dress like other Burmans?" When Mr. Judson mentioned that he preached in Burman nothing would do but that he give a demonstration. This Mr. Judson did to the evident satisfaction of the entire court.

But still his land was not forthcoming. The king was avowedly favorable to his making his home in Ava; the only question was to find a piece of ground not sacred. At last Mr. Judson despaired of finding a place and decided to return to Rangoon. Before he could secure passage, however, he remembered Bruce and the spider and decided to make one more effort. Accordingly he sought an interview with the chief *woon-gyee*, a more difficult task even than to get an interview with the king. Providentially he found him lying down in his house in a favorable mood. "If you want the little



enclosure, take it!” he said, which kind offer Mr. Judson gratefully accepted. Here the second time he was called upon for a sample sermon, which Mr. Judson cheerfully gave, even at greater length than to the king. Whenever he paused he was urged to go on until the man was satisfied and lay down again.

Next day Mr. Judson weighed out the money for the land and again appeared before the *woon-gyee*. But his excellency would have none of it. “We take no recompense, lest it become American territory,” he explained. “We give it to you for your present residence only, and, when you go away, I shall take it again.

“When I go away, my lord, those at whose expense the house is to be built, will desire to place another teacher in my stead,” objected Mr. Judson.

“Very well, let him also occupy the place; but when he dies, or when there is no teacher, we will take it,” explained the *woon-gyee*.

Before leaving Ava, Mr. Judson built a small house on the property and placed one of the converts in it until he should return.

After four months in the capital city Mr. Judson took leave of the king and Prince M., both of whom were very eager for him to return and make his residence in Ava.

On February 2, Mr. Judson found himself again in Rangoon impatiently waiting the return of his wife. Persecution and oppression had scattered the little flock. Some of their homes had been destroyed. Mah Myat-la, one of the women converts, had died, but she left a rich testimony of her acceptance with Jesus. “I am not afraid of death—shall soon be with Christ in heaven,” were her parting words.

A letter from Mrs. Judson awaited his arrival, stating that she was just leaving England for America and would not return for some months. These would be long, weary months indeed for Mr. Judson, but he was determined not to let his loneliness hinder him in his labor for the Master. He spent much time on his translation of the New Testament, finishing it about four months after his return. Then he wrote a summary of the Old Testament so that those reading the New Testament might know the events that had preceded it

While Mr. Judson was engaged in his translating and in teaching others how to be saved and to live a Christian life, he wanted his own life to be an example to the people of what a Christian should be.

Accordingly he adopted a set of rules which practised daily would help him to be more like Christ.

Here are the rules:

“Rules adopted on Sunday, April 4, 1819, the era of commencing public ministrations among the Burmans; revised and readopted on Saturday, December 9, 1820, and on Wednesday, April 25, 1821.

“1. Be diligent in secret prayer, every morning and evening.

“2. Never spend a moment in mere idleness.

“3. Restrain natural appetites within the bounds of temperance and purity. ‘Keep thyself pure.’

“4. Suppress every emotion of anger and ill will.

“5. Undertake nothing from motives of ambition, or love of fame.

“6. Never do that which, at the moment, appears to be displeasing to God.

“7. Seek opportunities of making some sacrifice for the good of others, especially of believers, provided the sacrifice is not inconsistent with some duty.

“8. Endeavor to rejoice in every loss and suffering incurred for Christ’s sake and the gospel’s remembering that tho, like death, they are not to be willfully incurred, yet, like death, they are great gain.”

That he lived in accordance with his rules as far as one consistently could we shall see evidenced throughout his life.

The fifth one was particularly exemplified when he received word that the honorary degree of “doctor of divinity” had been conferred upon him by Brown University and was being used after his name in a certain magazine in America. He wrote the editor of the magazine requesting that the letters of the degree no longer be attached to his name. His request, however, was ignored and contrary to his wishes he is known throughout America as Dr. Judson.

## **Chapter XII**

### **Almost a Martyr**

“Can it be only two and a quarter years since you sailed away?” asked Mr. Judson upon Mrs. Judson’s return. To him it had seemed like ages. To Mrs. Judson it had seemed quite long enough, tho she had received most royal greetings wherever she went. In London she had been entertained by the family of Mr. Butterworth, member of Parliament, who said concerning her visit that it had reminded him of Paul’s admonition, “Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.” Upon her return from America she was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Wade, new missionaries to Burma.

Preparations were well under way for going to Ava when Mrs. Judson arrived; and in a few days they were on their way up the Irawadi. Rumors of war between the British and the Burmans were afloat, but there appeared to be nothing to be alarmed about, for they were American, not British subjects, and this fact was well known at court. However, an unpleasant surprize was awaiting their arrival in Ava. Instead of the welcome of which Mr. Judson had been assured when he left, he was greeted with suspicion which all too soon changed to fear and hatred.

A house was begun upon the ground the king had given Mr. Judson the year before and in just two weeks from that time they were occupying it. Their situation seemed most delightful indeed. It was out of the dust of the town and in a healthful location. The main disadvantage was that the house was a frame structure which did not shut out the intense tropical heat of that country.

Regular evening worship was established in the Judson home. On Sunday Mr. Judson went across the river to Dr. Price's home to conduct preaching services. Mrs. Judson started a school for girls where she taught reading, sewing, etc. Her first pupils were three little girls, two of whom were sisters whose mother was deranged. The father gave them to Mrs. Judson to educate. She named them *Mary* and *Abby Hasseltine*. The prospects for her school were very promising when the war-clouds began to loom large upon the horizon.

A previous allusion has been made to the lack of cordiality showed upon the missionaries' return to Ava. Mr. Judson called at the palace several times, each time to receive little attention from the king. The queen, who had seemed eager for Mrs. Judson's arrival, now ignored her presence.

A new palace in Ava was completed soon after Mr. and Mrs. Judson's arrival and great pomp and ceremony accompanied its occupancy. The royal family moved to Amarapoora a short time before the new palace was ready for them so that they might make a great display in taking possession. Millions of people witnessed the grand procession which brought the king and queen to their new home. All the important officers were present dressed in gorgeous splendor. The most spectacular object in the procession was the great white elephant decorated with gold and precious gems. The procession of elephants, horses and vehicles of different

descriptions seemed endless. Only the king and queen were in simple native dress. Hand-in-hand they entered the garden, where they were feasted.

Just shortly after they took possession of the palace the king issued an order to the effect that only Lanciego of all foreigners should be allowed in the new palace. News of this order alarmed the missionaries for a time, but as nothing seemed to come of it their fear subsided. Several weeks passed by and then one night word came that Rangoon was in the hands of British conquerors. At once the Empire was in a turmoil. An army was sent out from Ava to meet the foe.

No sooner was the army off than the eyes of the government were turned upon the foreigners in Ava. What was more probable than that they were spies? Three Englishmen were examined and confined. The missionaries began to fear the worst for themselves. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were summoned, examined, and dismissed, as there seemed to be no evidence to convict them of being spies. However, in a few days the officials learned that Mr. Judson and Dr. Price had received a large sum of money from one of the Englishmen imprisoned. To the unenlightened mind of the officer this made them appear as paid spies and orders were issued for their arrest and imprisonment.

The fatal day was June 8, just at the noon hour. Unceremoniously an officer of the law accompanied by a dozen Burmans, one of whom by his spotted face was recognized as an executioner, rushed into Mr. Judson's house and demanded in no uncertain tone, "Where is the teacher?"

Mr. Judson appeared.

“You are called by the king,” affirmed the officer, whereupon the spotted one seized Mr. Judson, threw him to the floor, and producing a small cord, an instrument of torture, was about to administer it when Mrs. Judson interposed.

“Stay,” she cried. “I will give you money.” But the officer only attempted to take her too, for was she not a foreigner? Mr. Judson pleaded for her liberty, begging that they wait further developments to take her. A considerable scene was enacted. All the neighbors gathered in, the Burman children screamed with fright, the servants stood dumb with amazement, while the spotted-faced one with a fiendish glee securely bound his prisoner and in spite of Mrs. Judson’s entreaties, tears, and offered silver dragged him away.

Mrs. Judson gave Moug Ing some silver with instructions to follow and if possible secure some relief for her husband or at least to learn his ultimate fate. After going a short distance the officers threw Mr. Judson to the ground again and tightened the rope almost to the extinction of his life. He was taken before the governor and other officers where was read an order from the king to cast him into the death prison. Moug Ing followed him to the door and saw him hurled in and the door closed behind him.

This was the beginning of prolonged sufferings, which had they not been mitigated by the ceaseless entreaties and ministrations of Mrs. Judson would have ended Mr. Judson’s labors in Burma. He and the other foreign prisoners each were bound with three pairs of iron fetters and fastened to a long pole so they could not move.

For three days Mrs. Judson was retained a prisoner in her home, but by letter she endeavored to reach someone who could grant relief to her husband. At last a letter to the governor asking

an interview was favorably received and with a large gift of silver she entered his presence. He received her kindly and promised on receiving the silver to give her husband some relief. She then secured an order from the governor allowing her to see her husband. His situation was too horrible for her to describe when after the ordeal was past she wrote of their experiences to Mr. Judson's brother. That night, however, Mr. Judson and the other foreign prisoners were taken out of the common prison and put in an open shed in the prison yard. In addition to this privilege Mrs. Judson was allowed to furnish them mats to sleep on and to send them food.

For seven long months Mrs. Judson almost daily visited some of the officers or members of the royal family in behalf of the prisoners. The only encouragement she received was promises of future relief. For as many months the prisoners were subjected to continual extortions and ill treatment. Constant demands of money, pieces of cloth, handkerchiefs, etc., were made of them. Sometimes they were forbidden to speak to each other. Sometimes they were not allowed to talk to their friends who came. Often Mrs. Judson was not allowed admittance until after dark, and then she must trudge two long miles alone to her home through the dark. She said in her letter, "Oh, how many, many times have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night, solitary, and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and thrown myself down in that same rocking chair which you and Deacon L. provided for me in Boston, and endeavored to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners. Sometimes, for a moment or two, my thoughts would glance toward America, and my beloved friends there; but for nearly a year and a half, so entirely engrossed was every thought with present scenes and sufferings, that I seldom reflected on a



single occurrence of my former life, or recollected that I had a friend in existence out of Ava.”

The home of the missionaries was searched and many valuables were confiscated. Mrs. Judson hid what she could and by artifice prevented their taking some of her most needed possessions. The translation of the New Testament she guarded jealously. It represented so many long weary months of arduous toil at the study table. Then, should anything happen to Mr. Judson who was there, who could replace this translation? She hid it with her silver in the earth under the house. But when the rainy season came it had to be removed from there or it would be ruined by mold. It was Mr. Judson’s most prized possession. He knew just how much labor it had required and just how valuable it would be in future missionary work. It was entirely unsafe to allow the manuscript in the house, which might be searched at the caprice of the officials. So Mr. Judson suggested that it be sewed up in a pillow too mean and uncomfortable looking to be coveted by anyone and that he keep it with him in the prison.

During all this suffering a baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Judson and for some time Mrs. Judson was not able to visit the prison and the governor as often as before. In this way she lost considerable prestige she had gained and Mr. Judson was again cast into the inner prison. This time he was bound with five pairs of fetters.

All their mats and pillows were taken and divided among the jailers. Mrs. Judson later managed to get a better pillow which he exchanged with the keeper for the old one that contained his priceless manuscript.

Mrs. Judson went at once to the governor and pleaded earnestly for her husband. The governor broke down before her

entreaties and wept like a child. "I pity you, Tsa-yar-ga-dau, I knew you would make me feel," he said. "But you must believe me when I say I do not wish to increase the sufferings of the prisoners. When I am ordered to execute them, the least that I can do is to put them out of sight. I will now tell you," he continued, "what I have never told you before—that three times I have received, intimations from the queen's brother to assassinate all the white prisoners privately; but I would not do it. And I now repeat it, tho I execute all the others, I will never execute your husband. But I cannot release him from his present confinement, and you must not ask it." Such was the influence Mrs. Judson had gained upon the governor in her husband's behalf by her frequent visits. Indeed, so great was the favor she had gained with him that he looked forward with pleasure to her frequent visits.

The governor's admission that he could give no further help did not satisfy Mrs. Judson. Her husband's condition was too grave for her to remain satisfied. With one hundred men he was shut up in a room which had no ventilation except the cracks in the walls. The heat and vermin together with this crowded condition threw Mr. Judson into a fever. Mrs. Judson persisted in her pleas with the governor until he gave her permission to remove Mr. Judson to the lion cage in the prison yard. The lion's cage was low and ill protected from the tropical sun, but it was a palace compared with the main prison. Here Mrs. Judson could come and minister to her husband's needs, bring his meals, and enjoy many privileges hitherto denied.

There is a story connected with the lion's cage which shows the utter brutality of some of the Burmans. About a year before the war a foreigner had presented the king with a live lion. The king was very proud of his pet and took great pleasure in presenting it to



*"Here Mrs. Judson would come and minister to her husband's needs."*

his friends. After the war had begun and the Burman army had been humiliated in defeat at the hands of the British the queen's brother declared that the British had a demoniac ally in the king's palace. Now it was rumored that the British bore a lion upon their standard and this superstitious Burman argued that therefore the king's pet was the British ally. He won others to his view and at last much against the king's wishes succeeded in having the lion thrust into this cage.

The king gave orders that the animal's life was not to be taken without his orders, but the queen's brother gave secret orders that the beast was not to be given food or drink. The cage was carefully fortified against the animal's most desperate attempts to escape. Day after day the animal gave vent to his misery in roarings that struck terror to the hearts of the prisoners and seemed to rock the very prison on its foundations. The gnawing pangs of hunger and unquenched desire for water drove the beast to the most desperate attempts to burst his prison bars. But he succeeded only in increasing his misery by bruising and tearing his flesh. As he beat against his bars his persecutors said he was the British lion struggling against the Burmans. Sometimes at night some one would steal a morsel of meat to the beast, but it would only be enough to tantalize him. Again the keeper would throw pails of water over him to hear his almost human screams of delight. At last the end came and the wasted carcass was dragged out of the cage for burial.

One morning Mrs. Judson brought her husband his breakfast, which on account of his fever he was unable to take. She remained with him for a considerable time that morning and while she was there the governor sent a messenger to her asking that she appear before him immediately. Fearful of what new development had

come about Mrs. Judson hurried away with the promise to return as soon as possible with news. Imagine her relief when the governor had only some questions about his watch to ask her. Little did she dream that this was only a ruse.

No sooner was Mrs. Judson away from the prison than the pailers rushed in and dragged Mr. Judson out of the cage, stripped him of all his clothing except his shirt and trousers, removed his chains, tied a rope about his waist, and roughly dragged him before the governor. There were the other prisoners. Now they tied the men together two and two and delivered them over to the *lamine woon*. At midday, under the most scorching sun, the prisoners were driven by slaves out of Ava and across the river eight miles before stopping. The long months of confinement to say nothing of the fever with which he was suffering rendered Mr. Judson almost unable to walk. The hot sand had made his feet two huge blisters before they had gone half a mile. While they were crossing the river he was seized with a desire to throw himself in and drown, so great was his suffering. Only his consciousness of the terribleness of such a sin held him from thus committing suicide. The blisters on his feet soon burst and the hot sand was like red hot coals to the unprotected flesh.

Half way on the journey a pause was made for water. Mr. Judson was so exhausted he begged the *lamine woon* to allow him to ride his horse for a short distance, but a malicious look was his only reply. Then he asked Captain Laird, to whom he was tied, to let him take hold of his shoulder. The kind-hearted captain was a strong man, but he could only support him for a mile or two. A Bengalee servant in the crowd, seeing Mr. Judson's plight, removed his headdress and tearing it in two gave half of it to his master and half to Mr. Judson. This Mr. Judson wrapped about his

bleeding feet. The servant was further touched by Mr. Judson's sad plight and offered him his shoulder. He almost carried Mr. Judson the rest of the way, and but for this support, Mr. Judson would undoubtedly have shared the fate of the Greek who died on the way.

The *lamine woon* had intended completing the journey the first day, but as so many of his prisoners were exhausted and one was dead he decided to halt for the night. The prisoners were thrown into an old shed without any bedding whatever and without food. The wife of the *lamine woon* came out of curiosity to visit the men and seeing their pitiable condition ordered some refreshments brought to them and next morning had food served them.

With the dawn of the next day they were again put on their way. As none of them could walk, rough carts were provided. As yet the prisoners had no idea as to their fate. When they arrived at Oung-pen-la and saw the ramshackle prison they were to be cast into they decided that they must be going to be burned alive. Their weary hours were passed in trying to picture their awful end until this notion was dispelled by repairs being made on the prison.

About two hours after the prisoners had arrived at Oung-pen-la, Mrs. Judson and her little family, baby Marie, Mary and Abby Hasseltine, and the Bengalee cook, arrived. That devoted woman had followed her husband as soon as she could ascertain in what direction he had been taken. For six months the little family struggled against great odds at Oung-pen-la. But in spite of their privations and sufferings God's loving hand of care was over them. When Mrs. Judson's health was broken and she could no longer minister to Mr. Judson or her babe, the faithful Bengalee cook stepped into her place and did everything he could for them.

At last the joyful news came that an official order had been issued for Mr. Judson's release. He was hurried back to Ava and thence to the Burmese camp to act as translator and interpreter. There he remained for six weeks, but his condition was little improved, altho he was no longer in chains. However, he was suffering from fever and was obliged to work in spite of it. Then without five minutes' notice he was hurried back to Ava. It was night when he arrived. As he was taken past his own home he saw a faint light. He pleaded, threatened, and bribed, to be allowed to stop for five minutes to see his family, to no avail. He had not had a word from Mrs. Judson for six weeks and he did not know what might have happened to her and Maria. His guards assured him they had orders only to deliver him to the court-house and that they could not let him stop.

He was placed in a hovel under guard to pass the weary night. The next night Mounng Ing found him and conveyed to him the message that Maria was well. He said that Mrs. Judson was eager to see him, but after the servant had gone to appeal to the governor for his release he thought the man had concealed something from him. Could it be that something serious had befallen her who had been his ministering angel throughout those long years of his imprisonment? Throughout the night in sleepless suspense he detailed in his mind what Mounng Ing had withheld concerning Mrs. Judson, for he was sure he had withheld something.

With the breaking of the dawn came the governor's order of release. Mr. Judson hastened to his home as fast as his maimed feet and ankles would allow. The door was ajar and he entered. There before the hearth sat a half-clad Burman woman with a grimy babe, half-starved in appearance. He never dreamed it was his own. He hastened to the next room. There across the bed lay a

human form, shrunken, emaciated. The features were sharp, the head was shaven, the garments were filthy. This was his wife. Shortly after his departure for the Burman camp she had been stricken with spotted fever. That very day a Burmese nurse came and offered her services for Marie. But for that the little one would surely have died during the following weeks of Mrs. Judson's illness. Mrs. Judson became unconscious and the Burmese neighbors thought she was surely dying. But for the fact that Dr. Price secured permission to visit her and minister to her Mr. Judson would probably not have found her alive.

The kindly governor who had risked his life to grant them many favors now took them to his home, where they enjoyed his hospitality during their remaining days in Ava. The British were fast approaching the capital; so it was only a matter of time until peace must be negotiated or the city taken. Mr. Judson was constantly employed as interpreter and adviser by the Burman officials. At length the Burman officials were convinced that they must accept the British terms—pay one hundred *lacks* and release the foreign prisoners.

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“One evening several persons at the Judson home were repeating anecdotes of what different men in different ages had regarded as the highest type of sensuous enjoyment; that is, enjoyment derived from outward circumstances. ‘Pooh!’ said Mr. Judson; ‘these men were not qualified to judge. I know of a much higher pleasure than that. What do you think of floating down the Irawadi on a cool, moonlight evening, with your wife by your side, and your baby in your arms, free—all free? But *you* cannot understand it, either; it needs a twenty-one months’ qualification; and I can never regret my twenty-one months of misery, when I



recall that one delicious thrill. I think I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be ever since.’ ”

## **Chapter XIII**

### **In the Shadows**

Upon Mr. and Mrs. Judson's return to Rangoon they found the mission station in a pitiable condition. The house was in ruins, the converts were widely scattered and some were dead, and the city was overrun with Peguans, wild Burmese. It was evident that the mission could not well be reestablished. True, the king had invited Mr. Judson to take up his residence at the capital promising honor and reward, but refusing to grant religious toleration. This would practically tie Mr. Judson's hands so far as doing missionary work was concerned, consequently this offer did not tempt him.

Mr. Judson now turned his eyes to those portions of Burma recently captured by the British. Here he would have a Burman population with freedom to preach the gospel under British protection. As he was looking out for a location Mr. Crawford, the British civil commissioner, invited him to assist in selecting a site for the capital of the newly acquired territory. This Mr. Judson was very glad to do, as it would afford him an excellent opportunity to select the new location for his mission also.

An unoccupied site near Point Kyaikamee was chosen and named Amherst after the then governor general. This would be the seat of British government in that region, and as the Burman

population would naturally flow there Mr. Judson decided to locate his mission there. On July 2, 1826, he and Mrs. Judson reached their new home and were hospitably received by the British captain stationed there.

A commercial treaty was yet to be negotiated between the British and the Burmans. Mr. Crawford was appointed to negotiate it. He had found Mr. Judson such an able interpreter and such a help in other ways that he was very desirous of getting him to go with him to Ava to make this treaty. After promising to do his best to have inserted in the treaty an article guaranteeing religious liberty for the Burmans he succeeded in getting Mr. Judson to promise to go.

On July 5, 1826, they set out, arriving at Ava on September 30. Mr. Judson's sanguine hopes of gaining religious toleration were dashed to earth again, for the king would not agree to the insertion of the clause in the treaty. Several long, weary months were spent over the negotiations. The Burmans were very difficult to deal with, as they were suspicious of the British and would not make any more concessions to them than necessary.

At last on November 23, the negotiations were completed. Mr. Judson had chafed under the tedious delay and was eager to return to his little family. The next day before they had undertaken their journey a letter was handed him from Amherst. The bearer told him that it brought the tidings of baby Maria's death, but the letter itself disclosed the sad fact that, one month before, Mrs. Judson had closed her eyes to earthly scenes. The sorrow he felt is expressed as well as words could in a letter to Mrs. Judson's mother:

"Amherst, February 4, 1827. Amid the desolation that death has made, I take up my pen once more to address the mother of my

beloved Ann. I am sitting in the house she built, in the room where she breathed her last, and at a window from which I see the tree that stands at the head of her grave, and the top of the 'small rude fence' which they have put up 'to protect it from incautious intrusion.' "Mr. and Mrs. Wade are living in the house, having arrived here about a month after Ann's death; and Mrs. Wade has taken charge of my poor motherless Maria. I was unable to get any accounts of the child at Rangoon; and it was only on my arriving here, the 24th ultimo, that I learned she was still alive. Mr. Wade met me at the landing-place, and as I passed on to the house, one and another of the native Christians came out, and when they saw me they began to weep. At length we reached the house; and I almost expected to see my love coming out to meet me, as usual. But no; I saw only in the arms of Mrs. Wade a poor little puny child, who could not recognize her weeping father, and from whose infant mind had long been erased all recollection of the mother who loved her so much.

"She turned away from me in alarm, and I, obliged to seek comfort elsewhere, found my way to the grave. But who ever obtained comfort there? Thence I went to the house, in which I left her, and looked at the spot where we last knelt in prayer, and where we exchanged the parting kiss.

"The doctor who attended her has removed to another station, and the only information I can obtain is such as the native Christians are able to communicate.

"It seems that her head was much affected during her last days, and she said but little. She sometimes complained thus: 'The teacher is long in coming; and the new missionaries are long in coming; I must die alone, and leave my little one; but as it is the will of God, I acquiesce in his will. I am not afraid of death, but I

am afraid I shall not be able to bear these pains. Tell the teacher that the disease was most violent, and I could not write; tell him how I suffered and died; tell him all that you see; and take care of the house and things until he returns.' When she was unable to notice anything else, she would still call the child to her, and charge the nurse to be kind to it, and indulge it in everything, until its father shall return. The last day or two, she lay almost senseless and motionless, on one side, her head reclining on her arm, her eyes closed; and at eight in the evening, with one exclamation of distress in the Burman language, she ceased to breathe.

"February 7. I have been on a visit to the physician who attended her in her illness. He has the character of a kind, attentive, and skilful practitioner; and his communications to me have been rather consoling. I am now convinced that everything possible was done, and that, had I been present myself, I could not have essentially contributed to avert the fatal termination of the disease. The doctor was with her twice a day, and frequently spent the greater part of the night by her side. He says that, from the first attack of the fever, she was persuaded she should not recover; but that her mind was uniformly tranquil and happy in the prospect of death. She only expressed occasional regret at leaving her child, and the native Christian schools, before her husband, or another missionary family, could arrive. The last two days she was free from pain. On her attention being roused by reiterated questions, she replied, 'I feel quite well, only very weak.' These were her last words.

"The doctor is decidedly of opinion that the fatal termination of the fever is not to be ascribed to the localities of the new settlement, but chiefly to the weakness of her constitution, occasioned by the severe privations and long-protracted sufferings

she endured at Ava. Oh, with what meekness, and patience, and magnanimity, and Christian fortitude, she bore those sufferings! And can I wish they had been less? Can I sacrilegiously wish to rob her crown of a single gem? Much she saw and suffered of the evil of this evil world, and eminently was she qualified to relish and enjoy the pure and holy rest into which she has entered. True, she has been taken from a sphere into which she was singularly qualified, by her natural disposition, her winning manners, her devoted zeal, and her perfect acquaintance with the language, to be extensively serviceable to the cause of Christ; true, she has been torn from her husband's bleeding heart, and from her darling babe; but infinite wisdom and love have presided, as ever, in this most afflicting dispensation. Faith decides that it is all right, and the decision of faith eternity will soon confirm.

"I have only time to add—for I am writing in great haste, with very short notice of the present opportunity of sending to Bengal—that poor little Maria, tho very feeble, is, I hope, recovering from her long illness. She began indeed to recover, while under the care of the lady who kindly took charge of her, at her mother's death; but when, after Mr. Wade's arrival, she was brought back to this house, she seemed to think she had returned to her former home, and had found in Mrs. Wade her own mother. And certainly the most tender, affectionate care is not wanting to confirm her in this idea. I remain, my dear mother, Yours, in the deepest sorrow, A. Judson, Jr."

A few months later little Maria was laid to rest beside her mother, under the *hopia* tree. Judson was left alone. One by one his treasures had passed to that other land, "meek, blue-eyed Roger," affectionate little Maria, and angelic Ann. The physical and mental suffering through which he had passed, severe tho it had been, was

a mere trifle compared with the heart suffering caused by the loss of his loved ones and especially Ann. He felt that he must have been essentially selfish to have such suffering brought upon him, with the result that he withdrew himself much from the society of others and denied himself comforts and pleasures that he might devote himself more whole-heartedly to spiritual development. He did not for a moment question the wisdom and goodness of God, but he felt that this loss must have been permitted to draw him nearer to God. It could not but do that, for the dearest objects of his affections were now with God. From reading the Christian experiences of others he became convinced that there remained for him to find a closer relation with God. To subdue every impulse and conquer every habit that interfered with his supreme love to God and his disinterested love to man became the passion of his life. The following rules were adopted to this end:

“Observe the seven seasons of secret prayer every day.

“Set a watch before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips.

“See the hand of God in all events, and thereby become reconciled to his dispensations.

“Embrace every opportunity of exercising kind feelings, and doing good to others, especially to the household of faith.

“Consult the internal monitor on every occasion, and instantly comply with his dictates.”

He strove to overcome whatever selfishness he possessed by giving to the mission board his whole patrimonial estate. He built for himself on the edge of the jungle a bamboo house which he called the “hermitage.” Here for weeks he lived on nothing but rice and saw only those who came to him for religious instruction. This time he spent in devotions and in translation. Once when needing a

rest from translating he went far into the thick jungle uninhabited save by wild animals, where under one of the jungle trees he read his Bible, prayed, and meditated. The next day he returned to the same spot to pursue his devotions and found someone had been there and woven the branches of trees into a canopy over his head. One of his converts had done this to show his devotion for the missionary. These trips into the jungle unattended by harm were considered by the natives as miraculous as Daniel's experience in the lions' den, for the jungle was infested with tigers.

During this period Mr. Judson revised his translation of the New Testament which had been miraculously recovered by Moungh Ing on that fateful day when Mr. Judson was hurried away from Ava to Oung-pen-la, completed part of the Old Testament, and worked out tracts, catechisms, etc.

These events took place at Maulmain, whither the mission had been moved because the capital had been located there instead of at Amherst as it was at first intended.



## Chapter XIV

### Completing a Great Task

Mr. Judson pursued his life of seclusion and strict discipline only for a short while. When reinforcements arrived to care for the work in Maulmain his pioneer spirit pushed him out into new fields. Mr. and Mrs. Wade had reopened the work at Rangoon and they were desirous of a visit from him. This he decided to grant them. From there he pushed out into the interior with Prome as his ultimate goal. As he traveled he engaged the people in conversation and gave out tracts. He would produce a few tracts, read and talk enough to get a number of people interested, then with reluctance give a tract to one of the most attentive listeners. He would enjoin upon him solemnly the necessity of his reading the tract prayerfully and thoroughly. This would so excite the curiosity of the crowd that they would begin to clamor for a tract. In this way he distributed a great many tracts.

At Prome he opened a *zayat* and endeavored to start a work there, but reports were circulated that he was a British spy and the minister of state advised him that as the king was very much vexed with his going to Prome he should confine his labors to Rangoon. After three and one-half months he took boat for Rangoon.

Prome was an ancient city, dating several hundred years before the Christian era. Mr. Judson found great satisfaction in the thought that after so many centuries of darkness these people had been granted the gospel message. Through his few months' ministry there thousands heard of God whose ancestors for untold generations had never heard of God. Returning to Rangoon, he took up his work of translation on the Old Testament again besides giving much time to the inquirers who came in increased numbers.

Mr. Judson was invited by the Board to return to America on furlough because of ill health, but he maintained that his health was sufficiently recovered to permit him to remain with his work.

About seven months later Mr. Judson returned to Maulmain, where he became interested in the Karens, a tribe of meek, peaceful people who responded readily to the Gospel. His work among them took him out into the wilderness. In all he made three tours among them and in about three years 292 Karens were baptized. About twenty thousand of these people confessed Christianity within twenty-five years after Judson's labors there.

Mr. Judson's missionary vision was all-embracing. It was not limited to the heathen but included all men in need of being reconciled to God. His sympathies went out especially to the Jews and he was obsessed with a desire to restore at least "one of the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Accordingly, Mr. Judson sought to establish a mission in Palestine. He raised ten thousand dollars in India for that purpose and then took the matter up with ministers in Boston. However, his plan was not received with favor. In fact, he did not receive any reply from those with whom he communicated.

Apparently Mr. Judson's effort for the salvation of the Jews was in vain, but not so. Years afterward he learned that a tract

concerning his work in Ava was published in German. It fell into the hands of some Jews and was the means of their conversion. The tract was translated for the Jews, awakened among them a keen interest in the gospel, and resulted in their requesting that a missionary be sent.

Mrs. Judson tells as follows of Mr. Judson's great joy upon learning this just before his death:

"His eyes were filled with tears when I had done reading, but still he at first spoke playfully, and in a way that a little disappointed me. Then a look of almost unearthly solemnity came over him, and, clinging fast to my hand, as tho to assure himself of being really in the world, he said, 'Love, this frightens me. I do not know what to make of it'

" 'What?' I asked.

" 'Why, what you have just been reading. I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came, at some time—no matter at how distant a day—somehow, in some shape—probably the last I should have devised—it came. And yet I have always had so little faith! May God forgive me, and, while he condescends to use me as his instrument, wipe the sin of unbelief from my heart.' "

On Jan. 31, 1834, Mr. Judson completed his translation of the Bible into Burman and wrote to the corresponding secretary of the missionary board: "Thanks be to God, I can now say I have attained. I have knelt down before him, with the last leaf in my hand, and imploring his forgiveness for all the sins which have polluted my labor in this department and his aid in future efforts to remove the errors and imperfections which necessarily cleave to the work, I have commended it to his mercy and grace; I have

dedicated it to his glory. May he make it his inspired Word, now complete in the Burman tongue, the grand instrument of filling all Burma with songs of praise to our great God and Savior Jesus Christ.”

The cost of this translation to Mr. Judson was very great. He treated the task as a sacred trust—one worthy of his utmost effort. He took advantage of all the helps modern scholarship could give, but he did not allow himself to be swayed by them. He thought every point through thoroughly. He revised and re-revised the text in his effort to make it as exact a translation as possible and at the same time to make it as clear and easily understood in the Burman as possible. That he might better transfer his thoughts to the Burman language he denied himself the pleasure of conversing, preaching, or reading in his mother-tongue. During his whole residence in India, it is said he preached but one sermon in English. He allowed himself to read but one newspaper and a few devotional books in English. He denied himself to a great extent the society and correspondence of his English friends that he might gain a greater command of the Burman language through his intercourse with the natives.

While the translation of the Bible was completed in 1834, it was not until 1840 that its revision was completed.

Mr. Judson spent more time and labor on the revision of the text than on the actual translation. He said of himself that he had a “lust for finishing” things and this was well exemplified in his “finishing” of the Bible in Burman. As soon as a missionary had acquired enough Burman to qualify him as a critic Mr. Judson asked him for criticism. Each correction offered or suggested he examined with minutest care and most of them he adopted.

Those who have judged Mr. Judson's translation pronounce it perfect as a literary work—the most perfect of its kind that has yet appeared in India. It was undoubtedly Mr. Judson's greatest contribution to the people among whom he chose under God's guidance to spend and be spent for Christ's sake.

## Chapter XV

### Declining Years

On Apr. 10, 1834, Mr. Judson was married to Mrs. Sarah H. Boardman, widow of George D. Boardman, who had died three years previously. The more favorable circumstances under which the mission now existed made for greater domestic happiness than had been Mr. Judson's lot upon first going to Burma. The mission was established, free from persecution, and provided with more conveniences.

The eight years following Ann Judson's death he had lived first with one missionary family and then another when he was not traveling in the wilderness among the Karens or conducting excursions into the interior. Consequently, he greatly appreciated having a home once more. Writing to his sister concerning his wife, Mr. Judson said: "I am very happy with her. She is possessed of a very affectionate, amiable, pious spirit; is well acquainted with the Burmese language, and is a great help to me in all respects. We keep house by ourselves, and shall probably remain in Maulmain at present, perhaps all the rest of our lives. I have a church of eighty-four converted natives under my care, and am also revising and superintending the printing of the Old Testament."

In another letter of later date to his mother and sister he wrote: "Since I have attained, in some measure, the great objects for which I came out to the East, and do not find it necessary to be so exclusively and severely engrossed in missionary labors as I have been for a long course of years, my thoughts and affections revert more frequently, of late, to the dear home where I was born and brought up; and now especially, after having been childless many years, the birth of a daughter, and the revival of parental feelings, remind me afresh of the love with which my dear mother watched over my infancy, and of all the kindness with which she led me from youth to man. . . . It is my particular object, in writing at the present time, to engage your prayers for our little Abigail, that she may become early interested in the same divine love, and be one of our happy number in the bright world above. . . .

"I alluded above to the attainment of the great objects of my missionary undertaking. I used to think, when first contemplating a missionary life, that, if I should live to see the Bible translated and printed in some new language and a church of one hundred members raised up on a heathen ground, I should anticipate death with the peaceful feelings of old Simeon. The Bible in Burmese will, I expect, be out of press by the end of this year; and—not to speak of several hundred Burmans and Karens baptized at different stations—the Burmese church in Maulmain, of which I am pastor, contains ninety-nine native members, and there will doubtless be several more received before the end of the year. Unite with me, my dear mother and sister, in gratitude to God, that he has preserved me so long, and, notwithstanding my entire unworthiness, has made me instrumental of a little good." Three years later he wrote with great joy that more than one thousand converts had been baptized.

Mrs. Judson had a son, George, who was sent to America to be educated. Mr. Judson was very devoted to him and wrote him frequent letters of affection and advice. The following shows with what tenderness he regarded his foster son:

“Maulmain, August 23, 1836. Very dear George: I send you a little idol, that you may not forget what sort of gods they worship in this country, and your mother is sending you another. But, what is better, I send you a little book, called the Only Son, which I took so much pleasure in reading that I want to have you read it through two or three times. I am afraid you will forget how much your mother loves you. This book will help you to remember. I am not much afraid that you will ever become like poor Jonah, whose history you will find in the book. But when any companions shall attempt to persuade you to join them in doing some bad thing, remember poor Jonah, and remember his poor mother, and remember how dreadfully your own mother would suffer, and how she would go down to the grave in sorrow, if you should become a bad boy. You cannot tell how much she loves you. She talks about you every day; and we never pray together without praying for you. And tho it cannot be that I should love you as much as your mother does, yet I love you very much, my dear George. And I am always sorry that I was so closely engaged in study, that I was able to spend but very little time with you, after we came up from Tavoy. When I think of that last pleasant, sad afternoon I carried you down to Amherst, and left you on board the Cashmere, I love you very much, and want to see you again. Perhaps we shall live to see you come out a minister of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. We sometimes pray that, if it be the will of God, it may be so.

“Your little sister Abigail is a sweet, fat baby. You would love her very much if you were here. Pray for her, that she may live,



and may become a child of God. Your affectionate father, A. Judson.”

The Judson home was brightened by the joyful prattle of baby voices. Abigail came first; then Adoniram, a chubby little fellow; then Elnathan, blue-eyed like his mother; and later Henry; and then Edward. The youngest, Charlie, lingered here but a brief space and then was carried by the angels to heaven. In 1839 Mr. Judson developed a lung and throat trouble which remained with him in varying degrees until his death. At times he reached such a severe stage that it became necessary for him to take long sea voyages which always brought relief.

In 1845 Mrs. Judson’s health, which had been declining for some time, reached the stage where a change of climate was imperative. At first Mr. Judson thought he would send her to America, much as it would mean to them both to be separated, but her strength failed so rapidly she was soon unable to travel alone; consequently, he must go with her. On Apr. 26, 1845, Mr. and Mrs. Judson and the three older children embarked on the ship *Paragon*. Mr. Judson in writing of this said, “The three younger children, the youngest but three months and a half old, we must leave behind us, casting them, as it were, on the waters, in the hope of finding them after many days.”

Mr. Judson took with him two assistants that he might be able to continue his work on the Burmese dictionary which he was engaged in writing.

Mrs. Judson’s health declined rapidly and at St. Helena her spirit took its flight. She was buried beside Mrs. Chater, a missionary to Ceylon who also had died on her way home.

On Oct. 15, 1845, thirty-two years after embarking from the port of Boston, Mr. Judson again stepped upon American soil. The receptions that greeted him wherever he went can well be imagined when we consider that he was the only missionary remaining in a heathen land of those who had left America for India, and that his unceasing toil, his excruciating sufferings, his marvelous accomplishments were known to millions, while probably not more than fifty of those who had heard these things had ever seen him. Wherever he went the largest church available was always packed with people long before Mr. Judson appeared to address them. Both religious and secular papers heralded his coming and his greatness.

All this homage was entirely unexpected to our hero. In fact, as he approached Boston he was much concerned as to where he might secure lodging. He never dreamed that hundreds of homes would be thrown open to him. He did not consider that he had done anything deserving of honor or of special respect. This fact coupled with his natural retiring disposition made all the honor paid him extremely painful. This affected his nervous system and aggravated his old throat trouble insomuch that he frequently was unable to address the large audiences that thronged to hear him except through having someone at his side repeat the sentiments of his speech.

In the midst of the greatest kindness and hospitality shown Mr. Judson wherever he went it was very evident that his heart was in Burma. Small wonder then that he should embrace the first opportunity to return, remaining in America only nine months. About one month before embarking he was married to Emily Chubbuck, a young woman of unusual charm and ability.

Upon his arrival in Burma his first care was the completion of the dictionary upon which he worked steadily the remaining three years of his life.

In the month of November, 1849, he took a severe cold while taking care of one of the children who was ill. Altho he lingered until the next April he was never well again, the cold having been followed by a fever that held him tenaciously in its grip. His only relief was gained through sea voyages. Early in April, 1850, he undertook what was to be his last voyage. Three days out of sight of the mountains of Burma his spirit took its flight as quietly as tho he were only falling asleep. At 4:15 P. M. on April 12 he breathed his last and at 6 o'clock that night the crew of the vessel assembled to witness the committal of his body to the ocean.

Mrs. Judson wrote Mr. Judson's sister: "Neither could he have a more fitting monument than the blue waves which visit every coast; for his warm sympathies went forth to the ends of the earth, and included the whole family of man."

The following resolution was passed by the Executive Committee of the Missionary Board upon hearing of Mr. Judson's death:

"As God, in his righteous administration, has been pleased to remove, by death, the senior missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, the Rev. Adoniram Judson, D. D., and as the event is one of such peculiar importance as to demand of this committee a more than ordinary expression of interest; therefore

*"Resolved,* That we recognize with devout gratitude the special grace of the Head of the church, in providing for us such a pioneer of our missionary enterprise; in endowing him with such eminent qualifications for the service; in preserving him so long

through a series of extraordinary labors, sufferings, and perils; and in enabling him to execute so much for the glory of Christ and the welfare of the heathen.

*“Resolved,* That, while we bow submissively to the will of Him who has thus, in a mysterious way, elevated his servant from the work of earth to the reward of heaven, we are happy to cherish a grateful recollection of the many excellences of our beloved brother, and to place on permanent record our cordial and unqualified testimony to the great purity of his personal character; to the singular uniformity with which he has exemplified the spirit of his vocation; and to the distinguished patience, perseverance, and fidelity with which, ever since the date of his appointment, May 25, 1814, he has prosecuted his appropriate work.

*“Resolved,* That, in the absence of the Foreign Secretary, the Home Secretary be requested to address to Mrs. Judson a letter of condolence, assuring her of the tenderest sympathy of the committee in her most afflictive bereavement; of the high estimation in which they held the eminently good man of whom she has been thus painfully deprived; and of their readiness, should she so desire, to facilitate the return of herself and family to her native land.

*“Resolved,* That the Home Secretary be requested to communicate to the mission with which Dr. Judson was connected, a fraternal expression of our sympathy with them in the severe loss which they have sustained, and of our fervent desire that this dispensation of Providence may be so graciously overruled as to subserve the advancement of that cause to which they and we are mutually pledged.

*“Resolved,* That the secretaries be requested to take the steps necessary to secure the materials for the preparation of a Memoir of Dr. Judson.

*“Resolved,* That immediate arrangements be made for a public discourse, and other religious services appropriate to this afflictive occasion.

*“Resolved,* That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to Mrs. Judson, and to the Maulmain mission; also to Miss Abigail B. Judson, the only surviving sister of the deceased.”

With the passing of Judson, the world lost one of its greatest missionary heroes. Few missionaries have waited as long for their first convert as did Judson—six years—yet few have seen as rich rewards for their labors as he saw before his death. And the increase of the harvest has continued through the years. A few years ago the government census gave the Christian population of Burma as two hundred and ten thousand, or one to every fifty-eight of the population. Mr. Judson spoke wiser than he thought, perhaps, when on that memorable trip to Ava as he gazed upon the temple of Buddha he said, “A voice mightier than mine, a still small voice, will ere long sweep away every vestige of thy dominion. The churches of Jesus will soon supplant these idolatrous monuments, and the chanting devotees of Buddha will die away before the Christian hymn of praise.”

While this state has not come to pass as yet, its approach has been greatly hastened through the impetus given it by Judson and his successors and its dawning is growing rosier with the passing years.





