WOMEN WHO VENTURED

THE LIFE STORIES OF
PANDITA RAMABAI
AND
ANN H. JUDSON

PICKERING & INGLIS
LONDON GLASGOW EDINBURGH

London: 14 Paternoster Row, E.C.4
Glasgow: 229 Bothwell Street, C.2
Edinburgh: 29 George IV Bridge

MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE MOVED THE WORLD

Volumes in this Series:

1. PATHCLEARERS IN CENTRAL AFRICA
   DAVID LIVINGSTONE F. S. ARNOT
2. AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST
   JOHN WESLEY D. L. MOODY
3. PIONEERS IN AFRICAN WILDS
   ROBERT MOFFAT DAN CRAWFORD
4. WOMEN WHO VENTURED
   PANDITA RAMABAI ANN H. JUDSON
5. NONE DARING TO MAKE THEM AFRAID
   JAMES HANNINGTON WILLIAM CAREY
6. VISION AND VICTORY
   C. H. SPURGEON GEORGE MULLER
8. THEY WHO COMFORTED
   FANNY CROSBY AGNES WESTON
9. TORCHBEARERS FOR THE TRUTH
   JOHN BUNYAN MARTIN LUTHER
10. CANNIBALISM CONQUERED
    JOHN G. PATON ALEX. MACKAY

Made and Printed in Great Britain

PANDITA RAMABAI

PANDITA RAMABAI

Frontispiece

PANDITA RAMABAI

A GREAT LIFE IN
INDIAN MISSIONS

BY

JENNIE CHAPPELL

Contents

Illustrations

PANDITA RAMABAI

CHAPTER I

A Forest Child

AT the beginning of the last century a young Brahmin student at Poona, Ananta Shastri by name, chanced to have for his tutor in Sanskrit a gentleman who was also tutor to one of the royal Princesses. How it came about that this little Princess was thus taught we are not informed, for at that time it was a thing almost undreamt of in India for a woman to learn so much as to read and to write. However, Ananta Shastri was so much impressed by the fact that a girl actually could be taught as well as a boy, that he conceived the revolutionary idea that he would like an educated wife!

His own course of study completed, the young Brahmin returned to his home in the Mangalore district, full of a generous enthusiasm to impart to the girl bride who was waiting for him all he himself had attained.

But neither the maiden herself nor Shastri's mother was inclined to give him any encouragement. "He will be wanting to teach a primer to the chickens next!" they derisively said.

So he was forced to relinquish his hopes.

In course of years, Ananta Shastri's children grew up, and his wife died. At about forty years of age, being an earnest and devout man, he undertook a pilgrimage to one of the sacred rivers of India, and bathing one morning in its waters, he met with a fellow-pilgrim of his own caste. The latter was a man with several daughters to dispose of, who, having learned a few particulars as to the clan and position of the stranger, agreed, gladly enough, to give him in marriage a fine little girl of nine years old.

Needless to say, the wishes of the child or her mother were not deemed of any account whatever. She was soon prepared for her journey of nine hundred miles to her future home, and Ananta Shastri set out to return, all his blighted hopes of an educated wife springing once more into life.

This time, although he bargained with his mother that he should teach his little bride

to read, he still found the opposition of relatives and fellow-Brahmins so great that at last he carried her off to a rude home in the forest, where they could pursue their studies unmolested. Here many a night the tiny wife lay under her quilt, shaking with terror at the howls of the wild beasts that prowled around, while Ananta Shastri, like a true knight, kept guard with drawn sword outside. He seemed indeed to have treated her with a tender and chivalrous solicitude that invests the strange story with the beauty of true romance, and must have taught love to the child's young heart while her mind was imbibing the Puranas' sacred lore.

As the years passed by, and a son and daughter were born, the father, still adhering to his enlightened views with regard to education, caused them all to be instructed in reading, writing, and the sacred learning of the Brahmins. His wife gladly aided him in teaching her children, but so utterly did his friends disapprove of such revolutionary proceedings, that he found himself socially ostracised, and so took up a permanent abode in the forest.

Here, in April, 1858, was born their youngest child, a little girl, who was given the name of Ramabai. This means "sister of Rama," the goddess of light—an unconscious prophecy of her future life, for truly Ramabai became a light to those who for ages had sat in impenetrable gloom.

The child was unusually bright and intelligent. Early taught by a fond mother in the scriptures of Hinduism, she at the age of twelve years had committed to memory no less than eighteen thousand verses from these sacred writings. Sanskrit, the language in which they are written, thus became perfectly familiar to her. From hearing her parents speak Marathi, she became fluent in this dialect also, and then, during the long weary wanderings of the family, she acquired a good knowledge of the Kanarese, Hindustani, and Bengali dialects.

Along with Ananta Shastri's advanced ideas on the subject of the education of women, he held opinions completely different from those of his co-religionists on the question of child-marriage, the Indian custom of betrothing girls when they were still mere children.

Therefore we find Ramabai at fifteen or sixteen years of age still living with her parents, sister, and brother at home. On other points, however, the family observed the utmost strictness in regard to Brahminical usages. On one occasion, during a sea-voyage of three days' duration, when meals prepared in accordance with their own caste codes could not be obtained, they all not only fasted totally from all solid food, but did not relieve their thirst by a single drop of water, lest it should contain ceremonial defilement.

In advanced age the good old pundit was overtaken by blindness, infirmity, and poverty, the last named affliction resulting more or less from a too lavish hospitality towards religious pilgrims and students. Then came the terrible famine of 1874-77. The family of Ananta Shastri, though so well versed in the sacred learning of the Brahmins, possessed no secular education by which money might be earned, and to engage in any kind of manual labour would involve loss of caste—to them an inconceivable degradation. So, believing their misfortunes to be the punishment for some unknown sin, there was nothing left for them

but to endeavour to propitiate the gods, and so secure "a change of luck."

This they essayed by spending a large proportion of the little money that remained to them in alms to Brahmin priests, and in pilgrimages to sacred tanks and streams; also in gifts to astrologers, from whom they hoped to learn the mind of the gods concerning them. Their constant prayer was for wealth, learning, and renown, which they believed would be showered upon them from Heaven, without any more practical efforts on their own part. Yet, though the gods of brass and stone were dumb, the cry of these poor, earnest, sincere people had entered the ears of the God of Heaven, the one God who can hear and answer prayer, and the only God who can help, and His answer to the prayer of these sincere though ignorant people was already on its way. This answer was, however, only to be received and experienced, at least in this world, by the youngest of them—Ramabai.

To human sight things went from bad to worse. Clothing, jewellery, silver-ware, even the cooking vessels of copper and brass were sold—not to procure food; but to give yet more

alms to the obdurate deities, while the family lived sparingly on grain of the coarsest kind. Ramabai's brother, a fine young fellow a few years older than herself, fasted so continuously in the hope of winning divine favour that his constitution was injured beyond recovery.

At length the last coin was spent, the last handful of rice gone, and this sad little group of five who so helplessly loved one another realised that the time to die of starvation had indeed come. They decided to meet the end hidden in the depths of the forest, and thither they accordingly retreated.

But release from suffering was tardy. For eleven days and nights they lingered, subsisting miserably on leaves, water, and a few wild dates. At length a voluntary death by drowning in a sacred tank, which is regarded as a meritorious rather than a sinful action by the Hindus, was decided upon to put an end to their hopeless and protracted sufferings.

The dear old father resolved to die first, and bade a solemn farewell to his children one by one, the turn of his youngest child, the girlish Ramabai, coming last. That touching scene can be described in none but her own simple words:

"I shall never forget his last injunctions to me. His blind eyes could not see my face, but he held me tight in his arms, and stroking my head and cheeks, he told me in a few words, broken by emotion, to remember how he loved me, and how he had taught me to do right, and never to depart from the way of righteousness. His last loving command to me was to lead an honourable life if I lived at all, and to serve God all my life. He did not know the only true God, but as the Apostle Paul described it, he 'ignorantly worshipped the Unknown God.' This Unknown God he served with all his heart and strength; and he was very desirous that his children should serve Him to the last. 'Remember, my child,' he said, 'you are my youngest, my most beloved child. I have given you into the hand of our God; you are His, and to Him alone you must belong, and serve Him all your life.' "

But the movings of the Spirit of God, whom he in darkness faithfully obeyed, preserved the good old man from suicide. Ananta Shastri's son at this critical hour rose up and bravely said he would renounce all caste pride, and do any honest work that he could find to support

his parents. The old Brahmin was persuaded to give up his idea of death in the sacred tank, and though almost too weak to move, the pitiable little group made their way out of the jungle and once more sought the abodes of man.

In a village at the foot of the mountain, which they reached after two days' weary and painful journeying, the family at first took refuge in a temple, but the priests, whose religion teaches little pity for the weak and suffering, turned them out. The next day they found temporary refuge in a ruin, and a young Brahmin gave them some food.

Here, after a few days' illness, Ananta Shastri's release came. Alone, his son carried the body out beyond all human habitation, and buried it according to the directions of the sacred code.

The same day the mother was taken ill, but she lingered for some weeks. Though the young man found himself by this time too weak to work even if he could have obtained employment, they were still too proud to beg, and lived wretchedly on what was given them by kind-hearted neighbours. Once, towards the last days of her life, the sick woman suffered

so terribly from hunger that she sent Ramabai to the house of a Brahmin lady to beg a piece of coarse cake.

Although kindly received, the young girl could not force her tongue to frame the humiliating request; but her silence and irrepressible tears spoke for her, and the bread was given. Alas! it was too late to be of any service to the dying woman. A few days later the three young wanderers were orphans indeed.

In later life Ramabai felt no doubts as to the salvation, through God's loving mercy, of both her parents, and said: "If any one wishes to say that my father, so eager to learn of God, and my mother, so tender and sweet, are eternally lost merely because no Christian ever reached them with the glad tidings of Christ, I have only to tell you never to say so in my presence, for I will not hear it, and I cannot bear it."

We will not linger longer over this saddest part of Ramabai's life, a part mysterious to us, yet doubtless wisely ordained in the inscrutable providence of God. The elder sister was the next victim of starvation, and Ramabai and her brother were left to struggle on alone.

PANDITA RAMABAI DISGUISED AS A LOW-CASTE WOMAN
FOR PURPOSES OF INVESTIGATION AND RESCUE

To face page 16

PUPILS OF PANDITA RAMABAI AT THE SHARADA SADAN, POONA

They travelled on foot, without shelter from the cold at night or the heat by day, to the northern boundary of India, then back to the east as far as Calcutta. Sometimes the young man got work to do at wretchedly low wages, but even this was most precarious, and most of the time the pair were still on the verge of starvation.

Two results, however, that were good came of those weary trampings—the sister and brother gradually lost faith in the Hindu religion, and gained, through what they saw and heard, increased enthusiasm in the cause of the downtrodden Hindu women.

They began to speak publicly on the subject, endeavouring to enlist the sympathy of their co-religionists. Ramabai herself, so young and so gifted, attracted such attention among the Brahmins of Calcutta, which city they eventually reached, that she was invited to appear before a solemn conclave of Pundits. These wise men were so much amazed at the girl's learning—mistress of seven languages, as well as of the sacred books—that they conferred on her the title of "Sarasvati," or "Goddess of Wisdom," and permitted her, the only

women ever so honoured, to be called "Pandita."

Thenceforth poverty and privation were of the past. Together Ramabai and her brother travelled throughout Bengal, holding meetings on the education and emancipation of women. Notwithstanding the opposition their father had endured, and the scepticism of the Brahmins of his day as to the possibility of cultivating female intellect, a concrete example of what could be done in the person of the Sarasvati was everywhere received with enthusiasm and generously supported.

But the mutual happiness of this devoted pair was all too short-lived. Ramabai's brother was taken ill in Calcutta, and his strength, wasted by years of privation and hardship, soon succumbed. His last thoughts were for his young unprotected sister. "God will take care of me," she said, to comfort him.

"If God cares for us," said he, "I fear nothing." So he passed away, and Ramabai was left alone.

CHAPTER II

The Hindu Wife

TO the fact that Marathi women are not confined in the zenana, as are so many women in the North-West and other parts of India, is chiefly owing the liberty with which Ramabai Sarasvati moved among the Brahmins of the more southern provinces. But she showed herself of so independent a mind as to assert her freedom from the bonds of caste by remaining unmarried until she was twenty-two years of age, and then uniting herself to a man of her own choice.

Ramabai's husband was a Bengali gentleman, a graduate of Calcutta University, Bipin Bihari Medhavi by name, and, to the scandalization of the women round about, she dared to call him by his first, or, as we should say, his "Christian" name. Such familiarity with the exalted being whom a Hindu wife is taught to regard as "like unto a god," was surely enough to make the Brahmins' hair stand on end.

For less than two years the pair led a happy life in the husband's home in Assam, during which time a baby girl was born to them. She was a welcome gift—not disliked or despised, or regarded as a misfortune, as a firstborn daughter usually is in India. And she was named Manorama, or "Heart's Joy," to signify her parents' love for her.

Before little Manorama was twelve months old, her father was stricken down by cholera, and once more Ramabai was called to suffer the agony of bereavement.

This time her loss placed her in what, under ordinary circumstances, would have been the most painful condition imaginable to a high-caste Hindu woman—that of a widow without a son. But the Sarasvati's education, her emancipation from the tyranny of caste, and her knowledge of the world gave her a tremendous advantage, and rising bravely above her own grief, she set herself to allievate the sufferings of her sisters in sorrow.

Often as we have heard of the extreme sadness of the lot of the Indian widow, the reasons which have brought about this deplorable state of things are not clear to all our

minds. It is naturally a puzzle to many how the "mild Hindu," whose Vedas teach him to "consider the life of every animal as precious as his own," and who has actually founded a hospital for disabled horses, dogs, bullocks, and monkeys, can be so inhumanly cruel to infants and women of his own race.

The cause lies in the degradation of woman by the Hindu Scriptures.

In most Oriental countries woman is regarded as immeasurably the inferior of man. Even the Jews before the time of our Lord were not untouched by this idea, though it never reached the pitch of absolute brutality as it has done in India. The Hindu is taught by his sacred writings that man is everything that is noble and good; but woman, his temptress, is as naturally prone to all evil. No doubt it is the sin of our first mother, Eve, that has borne bitter fruit in the misery of countless millions of her daughters. Woman, according to the Hindu Vedas, is vain, immodest, unfaithful, and her heart "more deceitful than that of a viper."

Therefore the urgent need of every possible restraint to keep her within the rules of decent

behaviour. Hence the deplorable system of early marriage, with its subsequent imprisonment in the zenana. A gentleman who allowed his daughters to remain unmarried after ten, or at the utmost twelve years of age, was thought to have disgracefully neglected his duty towards them. Vast numbers were consequently married as mere infants, sometimes to boys of their own age, but often to men of mature years, while to get a girl married to a Brahmin was considered a specially meritorious act.

As a rule, the betrothed girl was sent away to her husband's home long before she reached a marriageable age, that she might be prepared for the duties of wifehood by her husband's mother. Then her troubles began. Sometimes the mother-in-law was considerate and kind, but too often she was tyrannical and hard to satisfy, and occasionally, especially if it should happen that her son was not pleased with the bride chosen for him, she treated the poor little creature with bitter cruelty. In any case, the loneliness of the child-wife torn from her mother and all whom she loved, and sent perhaps hundreds of miles away to a home among strangers, may well be imagined.

Yet marriage is looked forward to with more hope than terror by most little Hindu girls, for they know it will be a time of feasting and merriment, of sweetmeats, fireworks, and the donning of gay clothes, when each one for a brief, bright season is the centre of interest and petting, and reigns as a little queen. Of the long years of misery that may follow their innocent young hearts know nothing.

The position even of the beloved wife is to our Western minds one of humiliating servility. Her main business is to prepare her husband's food and to serve him with it, meekly standing by till he has finished, then gratefully making her own meal from what he has been pleased to leave upon the dish.

The one way in which the Hindu woman may raise herself to high esteem is by having sons born into the family. For a Hindu man to look upon the face of a living son is a certain passport to future blessedness, while a husband having died sonless has no right to heaven or immortality. Therefore the wife who is the mother of a son is rewarded by gifts of sweetmeats, jewellery, and fine dresses, these being the only goods which the inferior mind of a

woman is supposed to appreciate. Of course the Hindu is commanded by the Veda to take care that his wife is made happy, in order that his welfare and that of his children may not suffer.

Should her sons live to man's estate, the lot of the Hindu woman reaches its highest possible pinnacle of bliss, for she rules supreme over them, and their wives and families. A son is commanded always to honour his mother.

But even a favoured wife has not for a moment her husband's trust. She is believed to be always liable to betray him unless closely watched. Hence the excessive severity of her seclusion. Ramabai relates the story of a lady who, seeing from a window that her little son—her only one—was in imminent peril in the street, impulsively rushed out to save him. If anything could have excused the violation of purdah rules it was surely such an emergency as that. But although the husband, on hearing of the incident, did not openly blame her, she was seen alive no more.

Such then is the condition of the happy wife in India—she who by securing the eternal bliss of her lord has won the approval of himself and his relations—classed by Hindu Shastras among

the valuable domestic properties of her husband, such as "cows, mares, camels, goats, and ewes."

But on the reverse side of the picture is the fate of the sonless wife, and that of the sonless widow is darkest of all. Nothing can be more sad than the wholly unmerited sufferings of the child-widow whose husband has died between the time of betrothal and that of the actual marriage. To be thus left a widow is considered a sure sign that at a previous state of being the poor little girl committed some fearful crime, for which not she alone, but the man who was unlucky enough to marry her has to suffer—he being hurried, sonless, to a hopeless doom on her account. The feelings with which she is regarded by his relations can therefore be conceived.

Some sad day the child is suddenly snatched from her companions, her pretty clothes and ornaments are all stripped off, and her dark hair shorn close to her head. This disfiguring shaving is repeated by some castes every two weeks, for they believe that the widow's long tresses would "bind her husband's soul in hell"! She is then clad in a single, coarse,

ugly garment, to mortify her vanity; her tinkling silver bangles and sparkling gems are confiscated to humble her pride, while the scantiest food and frequent fastings are ordained for the subduing of the evil passions with which her young soul is believed to be filled. The hardest work, the worst names, and the most brutal blows are hence-forward her daily portion—for is she not in essence a murderess? She may never again join in any festivity, she may not even be seen at a family gathering, for her touch is pollution, the sight of her an omen of ill-luck. And this as long as her life lasts, for re-marriage is strictly forbidden. No wonder that many of the unhappy creatures seek relief from their miseries in suicide.

The practice of burning alive the widow on her husband's funeral pyre was put an end to by decree of the British Government as far back as 1829, but "cold suttee," as a leading reformer has well named it, still remained. Said a Hindu widow to a European friend: "The British have abolished suttee, but, alas, neither the British nor the angels know what goes on in our houses, and the

Hindus not only do not care, but think it good."

Another widow touchingly said: "Bruised and beaten, we are like dry husks of sugar-cane from which the sweetness has all been extracted."

This, then, was the class to which Ramabai herself now belonged, and whose earnest champion she had become.

It was years before, when a mere child herself, that the Pandita's sympathies had been first aroused on behalf of the victims of cruel Hindu notions about women.

In part of her father's house there lived a man with his mother and his young wife of sixteen. The poor girl's heartrending cries, when brutally beaten for some trifling fault, filled the happier child with an indignation that after nearly thirty years was keenly remembered. She believes it was her first call to the service of her ill-used sisters.

Later, the troubles of a friend, a high-caste young lady named Rukhmaibai, confirmed the Pandita in her longing to see Indian women placed in a less unfair position with regard to marriage.

Rukhmaibai was a well-educated girl, betrothed in her childhood to a boy of her own age on the understanding that he was to receive education equal to her own. Her relations must have been among the few who sympathized with the enlightened views of Ananta Shastri, for she was also allowed to remain at home till she was nineteen years of age. Then, when her young husband claimed her, it was found that his parents had neglected their part of the contract. He was illiterate, and in many ways quite repulsive to his bride.

Rukhmaibai appealed against the union, but even a British judge was compelled to come to the decision that as the law stood there was nothing for it but to order the girl to join her husband, or endure six months' imprisonment. She chose the latter alternative, but subsequently a compromise was effected, and by bearing the cost of the trial, and paying the disappointed bridegroom 2000 rupees wherewith to marry another wife, she was released.

But Ramabai's first real *protégée* was a poor little Arab of the streets, a little Brahmin girl cast out by her husband's relations after his death, and who had been able, chiefly

owing to extreme lack of physical beauty, to lead a virtuous if starving life up to the age of twelve years.

This homeless wanderer Ramabai took under her protection, and brought her up till she was able to live a happy and useful life as a Christian Bible-woman.

But there were myriads of others—in 1891 the number of widows in India was estimated at 23,000,000—many of them quite young girls and children in similarly wretched cases, and Ramabai could not rest till she had wrought some practical work for the alleviation of their lot.

CHAPTER III

A Bold Project

ALL this time, though Ramabai was, like her father, in her loving sympathy for suffering unconsciously following "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," she knew not the source of her good impulses, nor Who was guiding her. But she had already heard of the Christian religion, and was deeply interested in it, insomuch that she procured a Bible and began to study its teachings.

For a while, after her husband died, Ramabai supported herself and her little daughter by lecturing on the Education of Women. Her intimate acquaintance with the Hindu scriptures enabled her to assert that their most ancient teaching enjoined that women should be taught, and this the Brahmins were unable to deny. She was so favourably received, especially in Poona, that a society of high-caste Marathi ladies was actually formed, with

branches in various cities, for the avowed purpose of encouraging the education of girls, and postponing marriage till maturity.

In 1882 Ramabai spoke on these subjects before the members of a British Commission on Education in India; and the President was so much impressed by her views, and the clear and able way in which she stated them, that he had them translated from Marathi and printed in English.

Soon after this the Pandita conceived the idea of further improving her education and acquainting herself with the English language and literature, by a visit to the British Isles.

A Christian mission at Poona recommended her and her little daughter to the hospitality of an Anglican institution at Wantage. Here she was received, and remained for a year studying English and the Christian Scriptures with the result that before leaving she had embraced the Christian faith, and, with little Manorama, she was baptized according to the rites of the Church of England.

After this twelve months' preparation, Ramabai accepted the post of Professor of Sanskrit at the Cheltenham Ladies' College, which she

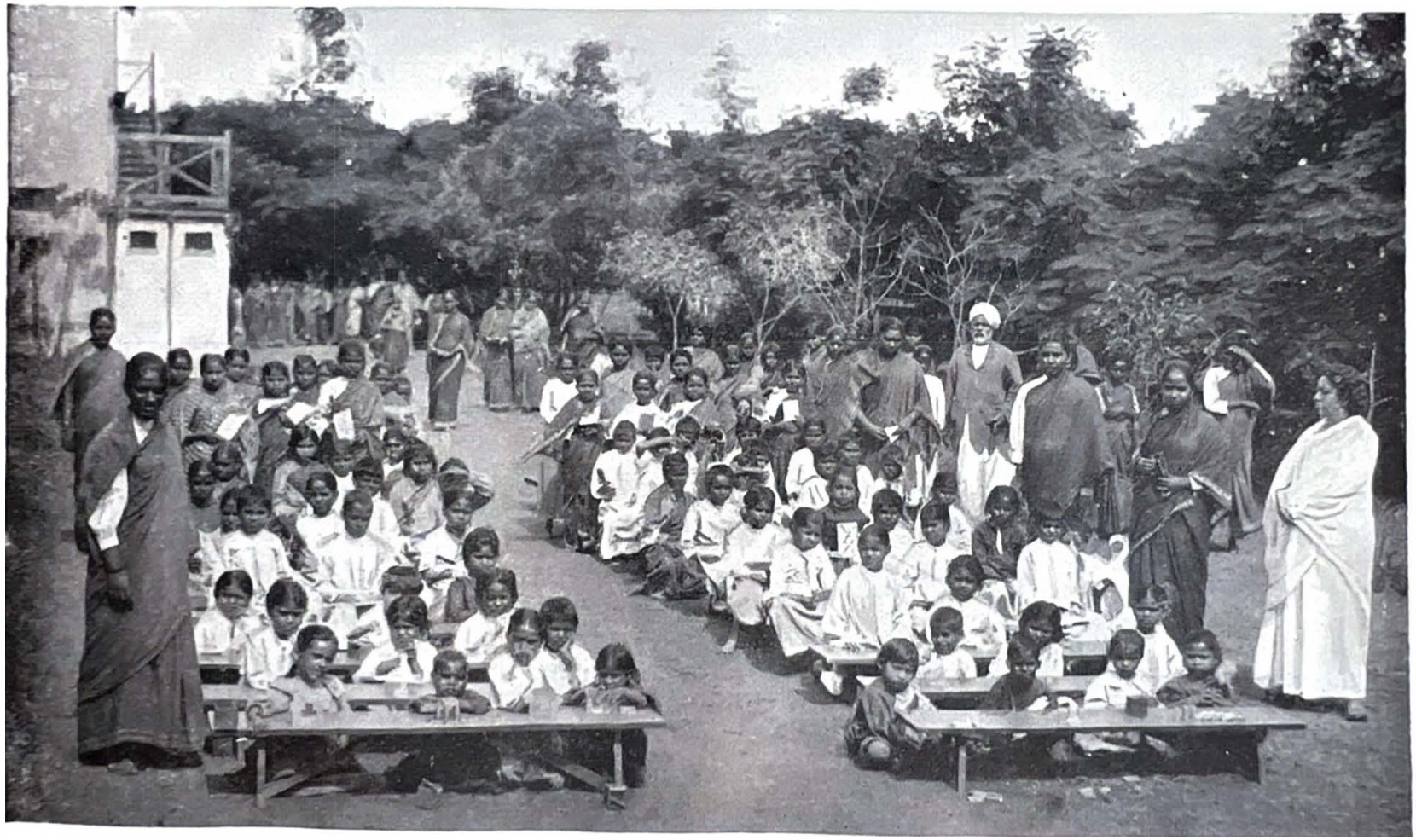
held for a year and a half, continuing her own studies at the same time.

It is interesting to learn that, even in the cold, damp, and variable climate of Great Britain, this Brahmin lady faithfully adhered to the rules as to diet in which she had been brought up. Never did she taste fish, flesh, fowl, or even an egg, for that contains the germ of life which is so sacred in the estimation of Hindus. Nor can we suppose that this was any great piece of self-denial, for the sight and smell of meat is rather disgusting to those who have never tasted anything but fruit and grain. She was also a strict abstainer from alcoholic beverages.

When Ramabai had been at the Cheltenham College for over a year, she was invited by a fellow-countrywoman, Anandibai Joshi, of Poona, to go and see the latter receive her medical degree in Philadelphia, U.S.A. Thus was another new world opened before the Pandita's eager gaze, and in reaching America, she met the famous Frances Willard, whose picture of our heroine in early womanhood is as graphic and graceful as one might expect. After stating that "Ramabai can trace her Brahmin ancestry

A LITTLE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

KRUPA was picked up on the road as a small baby, and taken to Pandita Ramabai, where she grew into this fine little girl of four years old. About this time some famine waifs, who had been brought to Mukti, were formed into an infant class. Observing that their teacher had tried in vain to arouse their interest, Ramabai sent for Krupa, who soon had the little ones beating time with their hands, and singing after her, "Jesus loves me."



THE KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL AT MUKTI

for a thousand years," she tells us that "the Pandita has dark grey eyes full of light, a straight nose with a tiny tattoo between the brows, mobile lips, close-cut blue-black hair, and perfect white teeth. She dresses in grey silk, very simply made, with a boyish, turn-down collar, and a white chuddah (a native shawl) draping her head and shoulders.

"In personal characteristics she is full of archness and repartee, handling our English tongue with a precision attained by but few of us who are to the manner born. Yet in disposition she is incarnate gentleness, combined with celerity of apprehension, swiftness of mental pace, and adroitness of logic."

To which fascinating description Miss Willard's mother, in her diary of that memorable visit, added: "Pandita Ramabai is a marvellous creation. She has a surprisingly comprehensive intellect, as open to perceive truth as a daisy is the sun; with face uplifted she marches straight into its effulgence, caring for nothing so she find the eternal truth of the eternal God—not anxious what that truth may be. Tenderness towards all living creatures is also one of Ramabai's winning traits; even of

flowers she thinks we ought to let them grow and to admire them in their bright living beauty rather than to pull them from their stems. The stuffing of birds for ornamental use seems to her a pitiable vulgarity."

This, then, was the woman who took to America—a land where certainly woman is crowned with honour—her harrowing story of the Hindu wife and widow.

Ramabai at once found a true friend in Dr. Rachel Bodley, the Dean of the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia, and the early death of Dr. Bodley's former Hindu pupil, Anandibai Joshi, soon after her graduation, seemed to draw the American lady's heart the more closely to this second freedom-seeking Indian lady.

The Pandita's sojourn in America extended to three years. During that time she took every opportunity of studying the educational methods of that country, and especially the kindergarten system, which greatly aroused her interest. She also travelled much, with a view of enlisting public sympathy in the important scheme which was now definitely shaping itself in her mind.

This was nothing less than the founding of a school where Hindu widows of high caste could be received and educated by their own countrywomen in such a way as to enable them to earn their own living when their school course was finished. Especially did Ramabai hope to train teachers who might be received into native homes, and even penetrate the seclusion of the zenana itself with the light of knowledge and truth.

With this end in view she addressed drawing-room meetings everywhere, and larger audiences whenever she could, evoking enthusiasm and gaining supporters among the most cultured and intellectually advanced of American women in all sections of the Christian Church.

While with Dr. Bodley, Ramabai also wrote her deeply interesting book, *The High-Caste Hindu Woman*, which is unique as throwing light upon the existing condition of things from the inside, which could only be done in an absolutely accurate and reliable manner by one who had actually lived from childhood in the midst of the abuses of which she so graphically spoke.

This work further aroused the sympathies

of American women, and as the profits arising from the sale of it were devoted to the cause which Ramabai had at heart, she was able to start at once on the production of educational material for her projected school. Before leaving America she had sufficient money to purchase about six hundred electrotype plates for illustrating her complete series of books, which were to comprise a primer, five graduated reading-books, a geography, and a natural history—the first series of the kind for girls ever published in India.

But perhaps the most valuable fruit of Ramabai's visit to America was the formation, in 1887, of "The Ramabai Association," to which was almost entirely owing the Pandita's ultimate ability to realise the dream of her life. The headquarters of the Association were in Boston, and the office-bearers represented five different religious denominations. The Board of Trustees secured some of the best business intellects of that city, and the Executive Committee was composed entirely of women. The object of the Ramabai Association was the formation of "circles" in every part of the States, which should pledge themselves to

provide a certain sum annually for ten years, to start and maintain a home and school in India for high-caste widows.

After travelling and speaking throughout Canada and in most of the cities on the Pacific coast, Ramabai bade good-bye to her generous Transatlantic friends and admirers, and set out for her Indian home *via* San Francisco and Hong Kong.

Parting from Dr. Rachel Bodley, the Pandita begged her to remember, when making mention of her (the Pandita's) book, *The High-Caste Hindu Woman*, that "it was out of Nazareth that the Blessed Redeemer of mankind came; that great reforms have again and again been wrought by instrumentalities that the world despised. Tell them to help me to educate the high-caste child-widows, for I solemnly believe that this hated and despised class of women, educated and enlightened, are by God's grace to redeem India."

Ramabai's personal humility (indelible mark, perhaps, of her race and sex), notwithstanding her courage and high aspirations, is well illustrated by her own comparison. "Christ," she once said, "came to give different

gifts to different people. Some He made prophets; some He made preachers; some He made teachers. Since I have become a Christian I have thought He has given me the gift of being *a sweeper*. I want to sweep away some of the old difficulties that lie before the missionaries in their effort to reach our Hindu widows."

After making the most of her opportunities while journeying to still further enlarge the circle of her sympathizers, the Pandita landed in Bombay early in the year 1889.

Here was awaiting her the welcome of her little Manorama, now about eight years old, who had arrived in India from England a short time before in the care of a friend Pandita had made while in Wantage. Asked by another friend why she had not left the child to finish her education in England, Ramabai said, "I want her to grow up among her own people, to know them as they are, and to prepare herself for the work there is before her. If I left her in England, she would grow up to be an English girl, and not one of us."

So truly did this pioneer of the education of women in India realise that to make culture and Christianity really acceptable to the

Hindus, it must be shown to be perfectly compatable with the retention of native customs in regard to both food and dress.

In this spirit, therefore, and with the broadest ideas upon most subjects, Ramabai, in the year of her return to Bombay, opened her Widows' Home in that busy Anglo-Indian city.

CHAPTER IV

Sharada Sadan

SHARADA SADAN, or "The Abode of Wisdom," was the somewhat high-sounding name, attractive to Oriental ears, which Ramabai gave to her boarding-school.

She commenced with two pupils, one of whom was a poor young widow who had three times essayed to put an end to her own wretched existence, and was only deterred by the fear that even if she did so she might again be born a woman. An efficient helper was found in Miss Soonderbai Powar, another Hindu lady reformer, and an elementary study of three languages, Marathi, Sanskrit, and English, was at once commenced.

As to the ground which the Sharada Sadan was to take with regard to the delicate and difficult question of religion, Ramabai had definitely made up her mind. Strict neutrality she believed to be the only practicable position.

Already it had been proved that Christian

missions were of small avail as affording refuge for the high-caste widow. Their avowed object being the conversion of the heathen, no Hindu woman with any regard for the faith of her fathers would be willing to place herself under proselytising influences for the sake of material comforts. If we substitute the term "loyal Brahmin" for that of "obstinate idolater," which is too often used to describe faithful souls who are not ready all at once to embrace what is to them a new and false religion, we shall be the better able to sympathize with their position. The worthiest are not the soonest won; it is the thin rock-soil which produces the quickest crop.

Ramabai felt that to make her school an institution for the promulgation of Christianity would defeat its primary object. Therefore she pledged herself to her Brahmin friends that the utmost liberty would be accorded to all inmates of her Homes to maintain their own religion, and facilities afforded for the performance of all sacred rites and for the strictest observation of the customs of caste. And although she claimed equal liberty for herself and her assistants to worship in accordance

with their own Christian beliefs, she promised that no pressure whatever should be brought to bear upon the minds of her pupils.

Certain well-intentioned persons were disposed to find fault with this arrangement, but other Christian teachers have been unwise enough to promise non-interference with the religious ideas of Hindu pupils, and then break their word!—a course which must have inflicted more injury upon the cause they wished to serve than the work of many missionaries could undo. But Ramabai was faithful.

The school increased rapidly, and in three years "The Abode of Wisdom" was removed to Poona, as being in every way a more desirable locality for the purpose. A lady missionary, who was present on the occasion of the opening ceremonies, described it thus: "There are about forty pupils, including a specially bright group of little girls from ten to twelve years of age. It is difficult to believe that the latter rest under the cruel ban of widowhood. The school, a fine bungalow, stands in a garden, which is dotted here and there with fine shady trees, the gold mohur, the plumeria, and

others, which are covered with gorgeous flowers in their season. Roses and lilies, jasmine and elemanta, variegated crotons, caladiums, bougainvillea, and the hundred and one tropical shrubs that are cherished greenhouse plants in our colder atmpsphere luxuriate in the beautiful climate of the Deccan of India. . . . A shaded fernery planted around a fountain close to the house affords a cool retreat for the heat of the day. . . . The pupils just come and go everywhere, learning their lessons in groups in the drawing-room, or walking in the garden by twos and threes, gathering roses and lilies for each other and the visitors, making wreaths of jasmine and decking each other's hair."

A glimpse of Paradise indeed to the child-widow, whose portion had previously been that of a hated outcast, to whom everything pleasant was to be rigorously denied!

"I wish them," said Ramabai, "to see the contrast in everything where love rules. I wish them to become acquainted with as many good people as possible; to learn what the outside world is like from pictures and books; and to enjoy the wonderful works of God as they ramble in the garden, study with the

microscope, or view the heavens from the little verandah on the roof."

No wonder that the girls followed their dear friend and teacher all about the bungalow, and clustered around her like bees! No wonder that her good night kiss was a boon on no account to be missed, but to be claimed twice over if a little innocent scheming could compass it! No marvel, either, that the religion which was known to be the source of all this sweet motherly kindness should ere long begin to attract some of the young hearts thus within the range of its tender influence.

It was the custom of Ramabai to meet with her companion-helper Soonderbai and her little Manorama for Bible-reading and prayer every morning before the duties of the day were begun. If any of the pupils voluntarily chose to join them, they, of course, were not forbidden. As time went on not a few did so, and ere long quite half the widows in the Sharada Sadan had formed the habit of attending this family worship, several apparently being deeply impressed.

When the Brahmin supporters of the school heard of this they were indignant. They

wished the pupils to be kept to the strictest observance of the Hindu religion, and not to be free to attend Christian services. This, Ramabai pointed out, was not that absolute *neutrality* which had been laid down as one of the fundamental rules of the institution. She appealed to the parent committee in America, and was of course upheld by them.

About twenty-five girls, however, were withdrawn from the school by those in authority over them, and bitter tears were shed. Ramabai knew that many were going back to hardship and ill-usage which would seem more unendurable to the poor things than ever, and some even to the imminent danger of moral ruin. The case of one girl, a Gujerathi, whom Ramabai had adopted as her own, was so desperate that the principals of the school had recourse to unusual stratagems to rescue her.

These, which never overstepped the bounds of strict legality, were successful, yet so annoyed the leading Hindus of the Bombay Presidency that the extinction of the Sharada Sadan seemed at one time imminent. But Ramabai was staunchly supported by her American friends, and the storm was weathered.

Meditating much upon plans for the continued support of her school, the Sarasvati hit upon the idea of starting a fruit farm. A suitable piece of land having been found at Khedgaon, about forty miles south of Poona, the trustees of the American Fund were applied to for help. This they were reluctantly compelled to refuse, as such money could not legally be used for the purchase of land. Copies of Ramabai's appeal were, however, sent round to several friends.

Greatly disappointed at this refusal, Ramabai went to Bombay to try to raise money on her own life insurance, but without success. Returning to Poona, heavy-hearted, she noticed as the train rushed along a tiny bird sitting on the branch of a tree, undisturbed by the fiery monster with all its smoke and noise. "Then," as she says, "she thought of what the Bible said about the sparrows, and felt ashamed of her lack of faith."

On reaching home she reminded her teachers that although she had so failed, they had a rich Father in Heaven who would yet give them that farm; and she and her friend Soonderbai, remembering the Saviour's promise, agreed to

pray together for the money wherewith to purchase the farm.

"Not long after," she wrote, "I was awakened very early in the morning, and a cablegram from America put into my hand. I trembled, fearing I knew not what, but raised my heart in prayer to God to help me bear whatever the cablegram contained. I opened it, and—*the farm was mine!*"

Half a dozen American friends had responded to her appeal with sufficient generosity to start a special fund for the acquiring of the longed-for farm; other contributions were subsequently added, and in 1894 the purchase of the land was an accomplished fact.

By degrees the spot was cleared and planted with fruit trees and various crops, but one rocky portion still remained unutilized. What it was reserved for was presently to be seen.

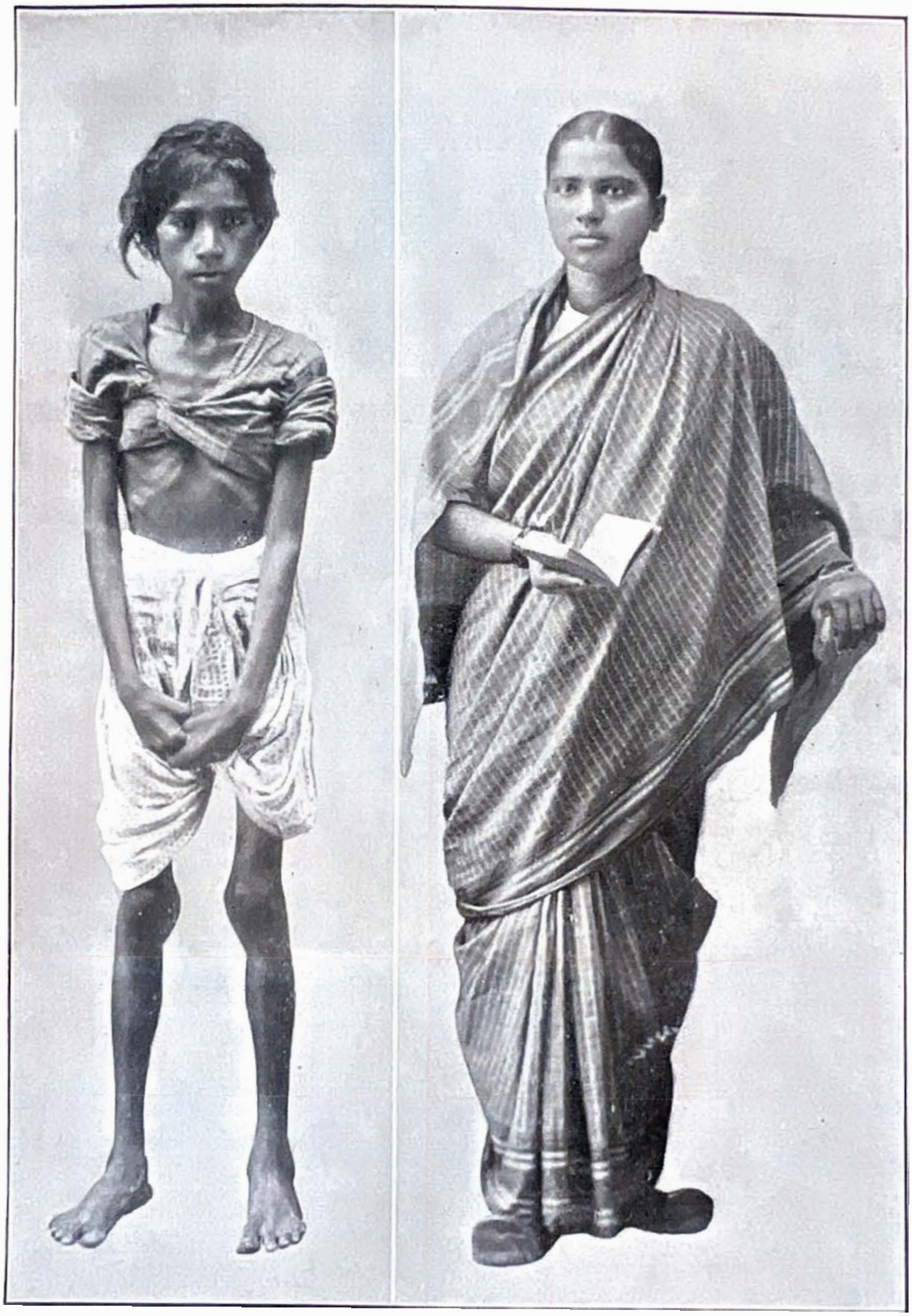
The terrible famine which arose three years after the purchase of the farm aroused in Ramabai a passionate desire to do something for the rescue of the hundreds of young widows whom she knew to be exposed to even worse perils, in such a crisis, than those of starvation only. The difficulties in the way were tremen-

dous, but at length she resolved to travel to the Central Provinces, where the distress was the greatest; and money for her needs began to flow in.

Having found shelter for the first sixty girls and women she gathered in, Ramabai told their pathetic story in a letter to *The Bombay Guardian*, and this, being reprinted in pamphlet form, was circulated largely not only in India, but also in Britain, and America, with the result that still more support was given.

An outbreak of bubonic plague, however, put a stop to the reception of famine victims at the Sharada Sadan, and arrested the erection of new premises at Poona for their accommodation.

At once Ramabai's thoughts turned to the piece of unoccupied land at Khedgaon. Permission from America was cabled for and promptly obtained, and grass huts were speedily built to shelter the poor outcasts. The pupils at the Sharada Sadan were as enthusiastic as their dear teacher on behalf of their poor sisters. They willingly denied themselves food to help to provide for the famine-stricken, and when Ramabai appealed to them for volunteer



BEFORE AND AFTER

A VICTIM OF THE DREADFUL FAMINE AS SHE CAME TO PANDITA'S

AFTER BEING CARED FOR AND TRAINED, NOW A NOBLE BIBLE WOMAN

To face page 48

DINNER TIME AT MUKTI

mothers for several very tiny children who had been brought in along with older ones, the response was ready and tender.

At a camp-meeting, some six months before the dread famine had arisen, Ramabai had felt strangely prompted to ask God for the apparently impossible boon of an increase of the fifteen spiritual children (converts) which up to that time He had given her, to two hundred and twenty-five! It seemed almost madness to dream of obtaining, let alone of providing for, so many, yet the desire was urgent, and the words coming into her mind, "Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh; is there anything too hard for Me?" convinced her that it was to be granted.

Now the way was made open. When the famine was over, and Ramabai had placed in various mission orphanages all of the rescued ones that she could, she found herself with just three hundred girls to whom she was free to teach the Gospel. In less than ten months from the commencement of her famine campaign, ninety of these rescued ones were baptised as Christians.

About this time, after ten years' existence,

the original school was able to report that fourteen pupils had been trained as teachers, nine of whom were occupying good positions, two having opened schools of their own. Of eight trained nurses, five were in employment. Seven girls had become matrons, two were housekeepers, and ten had happy homes of their own. Of the three hundred and fifty widows who had been in the home a longer or shorter period, forty-eight had become Christians through the unconscious influence of the principals, twenty-three of whom were voluntary Christian workers, all retaining their Hindu customs and dress.

Ramabai's hope, however, that at the expiration of these ten years of support pledged by the Boston Association, the Hindus themselves would be sufficiently enlightened to take up the work, was not fulfilled.

In 1898 she therefore paid a second visit to America, the result of which was that the Ramabai Association was reorganized, and started afresh on a satisfactory basis.

Meanwhile a new building at Khedgaon was being erected to accommodate the great increase of scholars; a new friend, Miss Abrams,

an American missionary, being in charge of the settlement there.

After a busy time of mingled trial and encouragement, and a brief visit to Britain, Ramabai reached India again in time for the dedication of these new premises. They were called by their foundress, "Mukti," which means "Salvation." A large number of missionaries and Christian friends were gathered on this occasion, as well as the entire establishment from the parent school at Poona. To this building was added a special rescue home for those women who had been wronged and deserted by wicked men.

Visitors to Khedgaon have unanimously described in favourable terms the flourishing state of the Mukti home, both as to its temporal and spiritual work, and the many industries which were being carried on; dairy-work (promoted by a special gift of money to buy cows), oil-making, the cultivation of grain and red pepper, and the weaving of sarees upon handlooms, being among the most profitable. The undertaking was thus to a large extent self-supporting, but it was also from time to time greatly helped by those almost miraculous

gifts, arriving exactly when most needed, which the history of every good work can record.

Another clever stroke of business carried through by Ramabai's practical wisdom was the purchase of a farm by the Mukti settlement. This belonged to a liquor-dealer, and was in danger of becoming the site of a liquor-shop. On this vacant spot Ramabai invited the hawkers from the surrounding country to establish a weekly bazaar, and this proved a great success, becoming quite a boon to the neighbourhood, the nearest having previously been eight miles away. Then, when the people were assembled to buy and sell, a splendid opportunity was thus afforded of telling them the story of the Gospel.

In 1900 a recurrence of famine once more taxed Ramabai's resources to the uttermost, but many of the converted girls who were themselves rescued in the preceding famine gladly helped to tend the poor victims that were brought in, many of them suffering from loathsome diseases resulting from starvation and neglect.

Among the older native women who helped at this distressing time were three whose love

and zeal their leader specially records with warmest praise. They were named Gangabai, Kashibai, and Bhimabai. These travelled hundreds of miles on foot, unprotected and enduring great hardships, in their search for starving girl-outcasts, to gather them into the shelter of Ramabai's home.

Not least among the difficulties in the way of rescuing the poor young creatures was the almost unconquerable suspicion and fear with which they often regarded their would-be benefactors. Ignorant heathen acquaintances, as well as those who wilfully planned their ruin, had filled their minds with horrible stories of the selfish and cruel purposes to which they would be sacrificed if once they fell into the hands of the Christians. It was the work of months, and sometimes years, to convince them, for example, that they were not being fed and fattened that oil might by and by be extracted from their bodies by roasting or grinding in a mill! Nothing was more eloquent of the social condition of the child-widow, than the fact that it seemed almost impossible for her to conceive the idea of being cared for and loved. But this was the heavenly lesson which,

above all others, Ramabai's school was founded to teach.

Chundrabai, Ramabai's head teacher, a very capable person for this post, was herself a widow at twelve years old. But being singularly favoured in possessing a mother wise and strong-minded enough to insist on sending the child, first to a mission school in Bombay, and subsequently to the Sharada Sadan to be educated to support herself, her life was preserved from much of the suffering that would otherwise have been her lot.

In the Annual Report for that famine year might be found paragraphs like these:

"I have now altogether nearly seven hundred and fifty girls under training."

"Eighty-five of the old and new girls have found work in their own mother institutions, and sixty-five of the old girls are either married or earning their living as teachers and workers in different places.

"I have had a hundred requests from missionaries and superintendents of schools to give them trained teachers, Bible-women, or matrons. I have had quite as many, perhaps more, requests from young men to give them

educated wives. It will not be difficult to find good places and comfortable homes for all these young girls when the proper time comes.

"My aim is to train all those girls to do some work or other. Over two hundred of the present number have much intelligence, and promise to be good school teachers after they receive a few years' training. Thirty of the bigger girls have joined a training class for nurses. . . . . More than sixty have learned to cook very nicely. . . . Forty girls have learned to weave nicely; and more than fifty have learned to sew well and make their own garments.

"I hope there will be eventually a trained band of Bible-women, who will take the Gospel to their sisters in their own homes. Some girls have already begun to go about in the villages around here. They are working as Zenana Bible-women and Sunday School teachers in their spare time."

At one period after the great famine, Ramabai's family consisted of at least eighteen hundred widows, many of whom would bear the traces of that terrible time to the end of their lives. A large number in addition were already beyond possibility of rescue when brought to

Mukti, and only the five hundred small graves in the cemetery there bear witness to the efforts unavailingly made to save them.

In the midst of all her cares and responsibilities, Ramabai, the trusting child of a loving Father, always kept sunny and young. A gift from England, coming at a time of great necessity, enabled her to dispense new sarees, long needed, to her huge family. The little widows received the bright new garments with rejoicing, but Ramabai's heart was so light and glad that she playfully dressed herself up in one of the smartest of them, a bright green (her own dress was usually of pure white), and thus disguised, and with her head covered, paid a surprise visit to the room of one of her teachers, who for several minutes did not guess who the stranger was! The peals of laughter among the tiny widows who shared in this innocent joke must have seemed like the music of Heaven to those who heard.

It was while these new sarees were being distributed that one of the elder girls said: "We don't want sarees, or anything else ; we only want Bibles. Do give us a Bible!" "Wouldn't you rather," asked one of the

helpers, "have a big feast instead of a Bible?" "No," replied the girl, "for that would be only one day's pleasure, but this food for our souls will take us to Heaven."

Soon after their wish was gratified through the kindness of friends who had heard of their wise request.

CHAPTER V

Developments

AN interesting feature of Mukti is the little homes springing up all around, peopled by the families of the married pupils who are employed in the work in various capacities; Christian homes affording great interest and pleasure to Ramabai. They are for the most planted in a section of Mukti, called "Bethel." The children, of course, attend school at Mukti, where the kindergarten department is constantly increasing.

One thing that often struck the workers at Mukti, especially the European workers, was the way that these Indian children appreciated their home life. Then when the boys grew up and got homes of their own they made excellent husbands and good fathers, tenderly caring for their little ones, and lovingly helping the mothers to nurse them. Many of them came into real spiritual blessing, and took their turn at Gospel preaching. Prayer was continually made

at Mukti that God would call these young men and send them forth anointed to preach the Gospel.

The young woman made good, thoughtful wives. Not any of them were idle. They did their own cooking and washing, took care of their babies, and, in addition, each had some duties at Mukti which employed them several hours daily.

Many of the girls from Mukti married Christian men and went to live with them in distant parts of India, where they testified to the heathen around them of the Saviour's love. Good testimonies still come to hand of the godly lives of those who are working as Bible-women in other missions. In fact, you can go to any part of India and find women who have been trained by Ramabai or her successors.

A missionary, writing concerning one such who had worked as Bible-woman in a village mission in North India, and was leaving to be married to a preacher in another place, said: "This young Bible-woman's one desire during these years of preaching has been to give a helping hand to her brothers and sisters still in darkness. To this end she has worked and

prayed early and late. I have known her to rise in the small hours of the night while others have slept in order that, prior to cooking her food, she might spend an hour or two laying hold of God for the day's work in the villages."

Occasionally it has been found that some of the girls and young women rescued during famine times have been married in their heathen days, and the husband or some relative has come to claim them. One of these, a peculiarly fine girl, thoroughly converted and on fire for souls, was claimed by her husband from Gujerat. After ascertaining that his claim was genuine they were permitted to meet, when the young woman consented to go with him on his promise to allow her to remain a Christian. She wrote afterwards thanking Ramabai for what had been done for her, and telling of her endeavours to spread the Gospel message in the place where she was.

Several others have boldly declined to go back into heathen homes where they would not be allowed to confess their faith in Christ. It was a joy to Ramabai to stand by one and another of these as they testified boldly to their people.

Christmas time at Mukti is, of course, always a time of great joy, and friends in many lands send parcels and gifts to help make it a time to be looked forward to. But it is not always spent in the same way. On one occasion the boxes for Christmas did not arrive at the expected time. Prayer was earnestly made that the Christmas joy might not be diminished on this account. And the Lord answered prayer abundantly. There was not a murmur, but abounding happiness prevailed. Then some weeks after, when school was again in full swing and Christmas a thing of the past, the missing boxes arrived and every one received their gifts.

On another occasion one of the workers proposed that as the Mukti family had for years known the joy of receiving gifts from God through loving friends, it would be well for them to learn the joy of giving to the Lord. It was suggested that the Christmas morning service should take the form of a thanksgiving service, and those who were led to give would then have an opportunity of bringing what they wished towards the spread of the Gospel in India.

Knowing that many had not any money to give, Ramabai arranged for an early distribution of presents, so those who wished to do so could bring some of their gifts as offerings to the Lord at the morning service.

By 10 a.m. the steps of the Church platform presented a beautiful sight. Dolls, toys, books, clothing, and many other articles had been brought back willingly as offerings to the Lord, and happy faces could be seen in all parts of the Church, which told of the real joy which filled hearts to overflowing and then burst forth in hymns of praise. One worker noticed a touching little incident. A little child brought her doll, which she wished to give to the Lord. It was an offering that cost her something, and as she turned away to take her place in Church she felt drawn back to take one last loving look at the dollie. She took it up and kissed it, and then laid it down again that some other child might hear of Jesus.

In the evening there was a Christmas tree, to which non-Christian assistants and servants were invited with the Christian families and some four hundred villagers to hear the Gospel and to receive some of the gifts the children

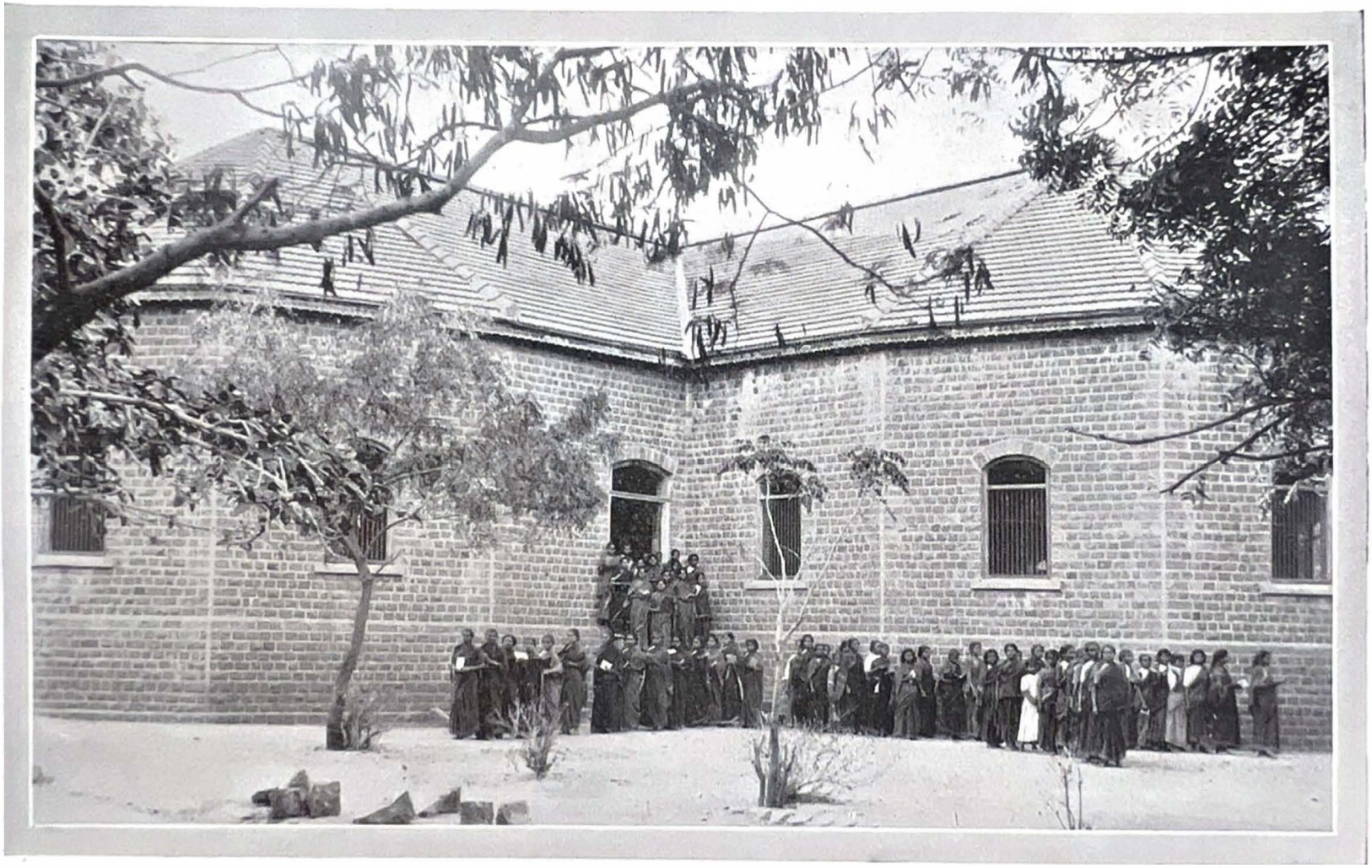
had given up. Some of the dolls went on a journey to Mr. Albert Norton's Boys' Home at Dhond! A box of presents was made up for the boys and a number of dolls somehow put in. As the boys were too old to appreciate dolls, the dolls were returned to be used elsewhere, but they did not come home empty handed. Around each doll's neck was tied an envelope with a few copper coins in each, contributed by the orphan boys towards the work of preaching the Gospel. Thus the doll's missionary trip was quite successful!

During the hot weather holidays the pupils at Mukti enjoy many picnics. a favourite resort being the dry bed of a river overhung with shady trees. "Mukti out for the day" is said to be a very delightful occasion. Those who work hard appreciate the release from tension such an opportunity affords. Under the green trees, and in the shelter of the great boulders, little groups are seen everywhere. There are swings and other delights. Some little groups gather for prayer, and others lead the blind girls, of whom there are a number at Mukti.

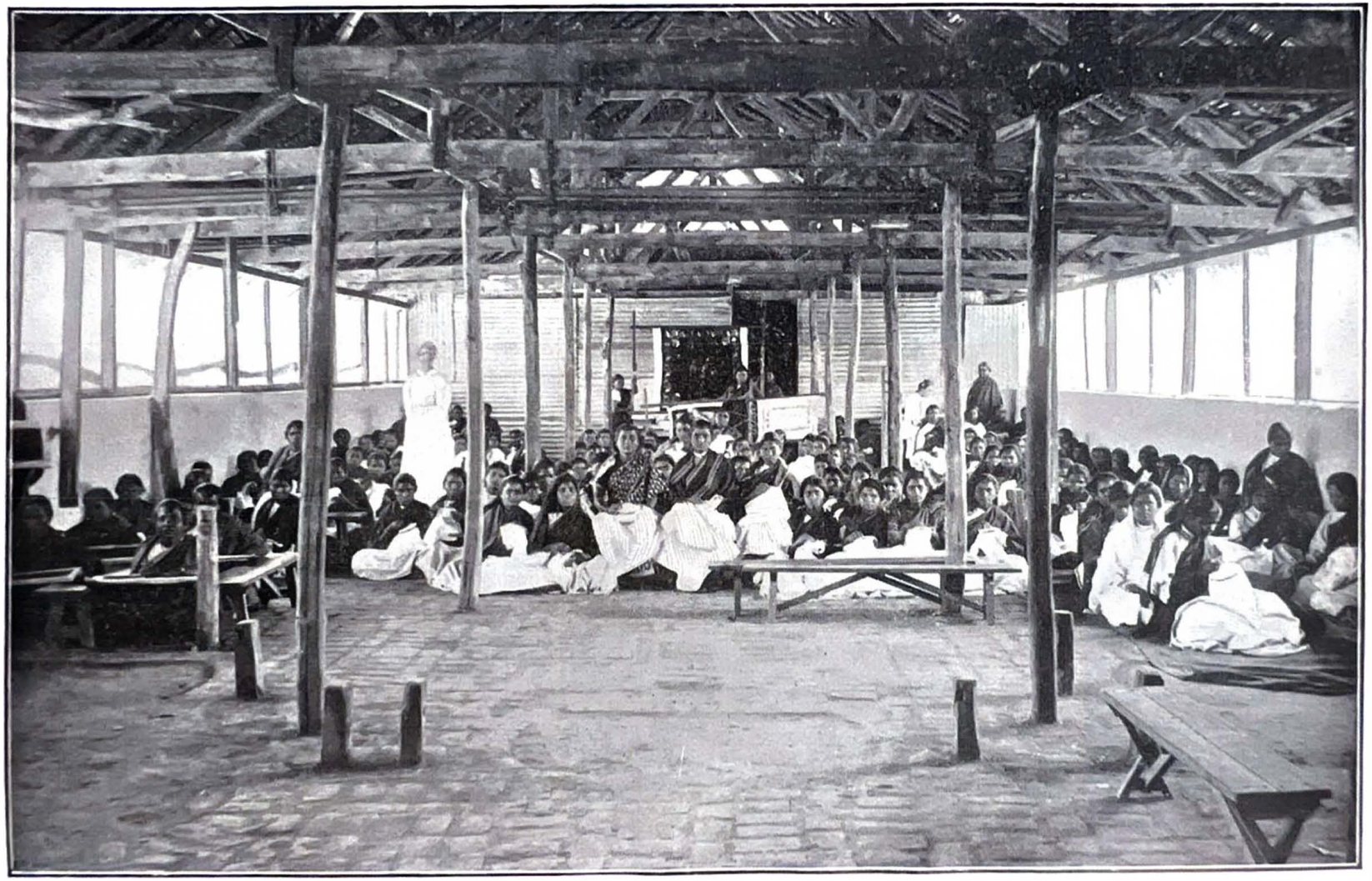
When occasion presents itself, some of the older girls are taken to one of the neighbouring

cities to be shown the sights, giving them a glimpse of city life. Coming from the Indian villages, such things as electric lifts, telephone exchanges, the docks at Bombay with all the shipping therein, are real eye-openers, and form a constant topic of conversation for weeks after. Another excursion that greatly took their fancy was a visit to the Mint in Bombay. The girls had learnt from the Bible about the refining fire, and as they saw the different processes through which the metal goes in the manufacture of money, they talked to one another about it, and seemed to understand. What impressed one most was that when the coin was not perfect it was not thrown away, but placed into the crucible to be melted down and go through all the processes again.

One day a call came to Pandita Ramabai asking her to open a school for girls at Gulbarga, in the Nizam's dominions, two hundred miles from Khedgaon. The idea had originated in a Bible-woman of another mission creating an interest among some Brahmin ladies. Apparently there would be an opening for Gospel work, so when these ladies asked that Pandita Ramabai would come and give them



GIRLS COMING OUT OF THE CHURCH, MUKTI



GIRLS AT NEEDLEWORK AT MUKTI

a lecture now and then, and, later on, open a school for their daughters, she agreed to do so.

Pandita found it inconvenient to go herself, so arranged that her daughter Manoramabai should go in her place. Manoramabai had been educated at the Chesbrough Seminary, North Chili, New York, at the expense of one of her mother's many kind friends. She had then returned to India to learn fully the details of the work at Mukti, and thereby relieve her mother of part of the heavy burden resting upon her.

Manoramabai, therefore, went to Gulbarga, and with the provison that the Bible would be taught, opened a school for girls. One European lady and a staff of teachers from Mukti went there to live. Then the Brahmins of the city decided that they would not send their daughters to a Christian school. While waiting and praying for guidance, and feeling distinctly that God had brought them there, a promise of one pupil was given them. One by one they came. In two years' time, there were twelve pupils; a year later, thirty-five. In one of her letters home to her mother at this time Manoramabai wrote:

"One day we were visiting a gentleman who had strictly forbidden his wife to have anything to do with a Christian school. He evidently knew something about the power of God's Word, for he said, 'Yes, your school will prosper. You Christians are not like other people. Others soon grow discouraged and give up in despair, but you drop a seed into the ground and you wait till it grows. You do not get discouraged when you do not see the result of your work. You drop a seed and you know that it will grow, and so you persevere.' How we longed to drop a seed which would take root in that man's heart! He was an orthodox Hindu gentleman of the old type, a very learned man of the highest caste, and in his own estimation far above us."

A promising zenana work was soon started, but the people who had promised to pay the expenses of the school did not fulfil their promise because the Word of God was made the basis of all the teaching. The difficulties were numerous from the first. The opposition was renewed from time to time. There was difficulty in getting premises, and then an outbreak of plague stopped the work, and when it was

safe for the workers to return from Mukti to take it up again the number of pupils had decreased from fifty-five to twenty-three. It was most difficult to rent premises. Then an opportunity occurred to purchase a plot. Little by little a fund had been accumulating, starting with gifts from two poor widows, and this enabled a suitable plot of land to be purchased.

The negotiations were carried through in Manoramabai's absence by a friend, who remarked on the occasion thus: "When I went to look at the plot, I found it was a beautiful piece of land which I had noticed during my first visit to Gulbarga four and a half years before. We had been out for a walk, and as we passed this beautiful stretch of open country, I had said to my companion, 'Would it not be splendid to have a school just here?' It had been just a passing thought, hardly framed into a desire, but the loving Father had taken note of it, and now, when we ourselves had quite forgotten, He had remembered, and granted the fulfilment of the passing wish. 'He shall give thee the desires of thine heart,' were the words that came first into our minds as we held our

first prayer meeting on our own land in the moonlight. And then followed the verse which had been our stay all through the eight months of waiting and opposition, 'They got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them, but Thy right hand and Thine arm and the light of Thy countenance, because Thou hast a favour unto them.'

"An idol was standing in the middle of the plot, which had been worshipped by the cultivators of the soil for years at the beginning of each rainy season. This we pulled down, and standing on the very spot where the shrine of the idol had been, we dedicated the land to the living God, and we prayed that very soon the people of Gulbarga might learn to know and worship Him who alone can satisfy every longing of their hearts. This wonderful gift of land, coming as it seemed straight from the hand of God, was all the more remarkable, because it came just at a time when the whole city was in a ferment of opposition against us. Several of our pupils who had learned to believe in the Lord Jesus as their Saviour had been confessing Christ each in their own homes."

This caused an uproar again, and the school was reduced from seventy pupils to two. One girl died as a result of the sufferings she had to endure in consequence of her earnest efforts to win her father to the same Lord and Master whom she served. "Such cases," said Manoramabai, "give us courage to go on," and soon her faith was rewarded by seeing the two solitary pupils increased to forty. And thus slowly but surely they recovered from the great blow which was intended to altogether uproot the Lord's work there.

The work at Gulbarga was carried on quite separately as to the finances from the Mukti work, and Manoramabai had the entire responsibility, spending a few days there each month. The means were supplied in answer to prayer. The work on the new school building, when in progress of erection in 1919, proved a great boon to the poor people during the famine, which was specially severe in the Nizam's dominions in that year.

But let us return to Mukti. To the glory of God it must be recorded that over and over again during the years in which the bubonic plague raged in India, it rarely even touched

Mukti, although thousands were carried off in the villages around.

The burden and trial of the late Great War were felt heavily in India. Prices of almost every necessity of life doubled, and sometimes trebled, yet at Mukti all needs were supplied. And not only so, but after the war, while the necessaries of life remained high, the famine again raged in Western India, and Ramabai had the joy of being able to feed about eight hundred starving people daily. It was computed that to keep Mukti in food alone the sum of several hundred pounds weekly was needed.

At the famine period above referred to, Mr. Wm. C. Irvine, Editor of *The Indian Christian*, visited Mukti and held a series of special Gospel services. From his experience and observation he subsequently described Ramabai's famine work as "splendid from the spiritual point of view." A circular letter, issued later from Mukti, spoke of Mr. Irvine's visit as a time of great blessing among the girls, and said: "On Sunday morning he gave a very clear and interesting Gospel address to the famine people. For more than two months over five hundred of them have been joining

us in our Sunday morning services. We did not ask them to come to Church, but they asked to be allowed to come and worship with us, rather than to be gathered in a different hall for separate Scripture teaching. The word which came to Ramabai when this request was made known to her was, 'My house shall be called the House of Prayer for all nations,' and so it was arranged that they should come inside. These people seemed much interested, and behaved reverently in Church. One day when these famine cases were waiting around for their pay, one man was heard to remark, 'If Bai did not pay so much money to these people she could build a very big bungalow.' 'Ah,' said the other, 'Bai is building bungalows in Heaven!'

"People around us who were so opposed to Christianity a few years ago that they would on no account enter our employ, are now pleading to be taken on to do work. Poor widows who belong to what were once wealthy families are now suffering from hunger and starvation. We are so glad to be able to help these needy ones, and thus to give them an object lesson which teaches them about the

love of God. At the same time our hearts are full of praise to God for the gracious way He is supplying the needs of our own family here at Mukti."

In the year 1908, when Manoramabai was again in England, seeking to bring the needs of the work before the Christians of that country, she proclaimed to all what great things the Lord had done for them. "The story of the work at Mukti," she would say, "is just the story of proving God. To my mother it is always God who has done all, never herself, for Ramabai always speaks of herself in the most humble manner. She never was self-asserting, but some years ago she felt that the Lord gave her Nahum 1. 14: 'The Lord hath given a commandment concerning thee, that no more of thy name be sown: . . . I will make thy grave; for thou art vile.' Thenceforth she was very careful to write and speak only of what the LORD was doing through the Mukti Mission."

When Miss Mary Macdonald, the second European missionary to join the work at Mukti, came in the early days of Ramabai, the latter said: "Now I want you to go through this institution and teach them all about the

Lord Jesus Christ. I am a sweeper; that is all I am. I sweep into this compound as many as I can get; child-widows, deserted wives, and orphans of every kind, and I want you missionaries to preach to them."

No honour was ever more unlooked for or unsought than the Kaiser-i-Hind medal given to Ramabai in January, 1919. While it was gratefully received, and the honour it conferred highly esteemed, seldom indeed was mention made of it by Pandita herself. The wonderful work that had been accomplished was not of her doing, it was the Lord's, and so she was unworthy of reward.

A visitor from Australia, who spent a few months at Mukti, wrote: "One of the workers remarked to me that 'Ramabai is as a Moses to her people,' and as I went in and out among them I found this to be true. Her intensity of aim to uplift and save, the deep soul-hunger and complete self-abnegation, savoured of the things of God, too high for common wordy praise."

Another who was privileged to see the work, recorded her impression thus: "I was not prepared for the impression I received of

Pandita Ramabai herself and of her work, which transcended all my anticipations. I would say without hesitation that she represents, in her single personality, the most remarkable combination of executive, intellectual, and religious power that I know of in recent times in either man or woman."

Then one of Pandita's own countrywomen, Heriabai, was constrained to describe her visit to Mukti in these glowing terms: "I came here to bring one of dear Ramabai's girls who has been a Bible-woman with us for nearly four years. Ramabai's mother-heart wished to see her daughter, so asked for her to come for a holiday. One almost holds their breath at the magnitude of this work, going on in every department without a hitch; and then to realise that the human head of this huge enterprise is just this most wonderful woman, Ramabai. My heart rejoices as I see what God is doing through one of India's daughters."

Lastly, we must mention what Mrs. Nalder, of Nova Scotia, said of Pandita, while speaking to Australian audiences on behalf of the work at Mukti: "I do thank God that I was permitted to entertain Ramabai in my home in

Nova Scotia. . . . My husband and I felt that we had a greater honour put upon us than if we had entertained her Majesty the Queen. I believe Pandita Ramabai is one of God's queens, . . . towering far above all the white queens. I look upon that brown-faced Christian as head and shoulders above many other Christians, of whom I have seen thousands. How is it? I will tell you. It is because of her single eye to God's glory; she has but one idea, but one ideal, and that is that she may reflect the Lord Jesus Christ. Without doubt, Pandita radiates the Lord Jesus! That is true, because you could not get into her presence without knowing that direct power of the Lord Jesus. If she were here to-night, she would not tell you of any of the things she has done, but would be telling you what Christ has done."

The interest of Mrs. Nalder in the work of Pandita was somewhat remarkable. As far back as 1892 she began speaking for Ramabai in her own neighbourhood, and gradually branched out into other towns in Nova Scotia and the near provinces. After four or five years of this work she, too, became a widow,

and thereupon devoted her life to spreading interest in Mukti over wider fields.

She came to England, her native land, and traversed the country, speaking wherever she could find or make an opening. Then in the United States and Canada. A year was spent in California, from whence she sailed to New Zealand, where she also spent a year, and then went on to Australia. In all these countries Mrs. Nalder found sympathetic friends, who were moved to help her to further openings as soon as her mission was fully understood.

In addition, Mrs. Nalder spoke with the thought of helping the spiritual life of her hearers, and for that alone her meetings and incessant travelling must have been an acceptable offering to the Lord.

CHAPTER VI

Domestic Economy

THE book-keeping class at Mukti was so small, and its work so different from that of the Gospel bands, that few realised what an important place it took in the affairs of the Mission. Yet the silver and the gold are His, and those who handle it may glorify God in their work as truly as those who preach the Word on the streets or visit in the homes of the people; and, as in the days of old, God chose men full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, and gave them a special commission to serve tables, so we believe that those whom God chose for what may have seemed to be trivial duties needed much wisdom and power from above.

In this class were those who, working under special direction of Pandita and her daughter, the Manoramabai, helped in many duties to which the latter were not free to devote their time as more important matters also required attention. We can best learn something of this "domestic economy" by repeating here an interesting

account given by Manoramabai of a tour of inspection. Let us therefore join her.

"First, we take a peep into a little passage-way which is at present 'Ramabai's office.' My mother moves her office to any place in Mukti where she feels she is needed most. At one time she may be in the printing office for five or six months, at another time her office is in the weaving-room. Perhaps she wishes to watch the masons and carpenters at work, and then her office for a time will be out of doors, where she is sheltered from the sun by a little shed, or we may find her on the veranda outside the kitchen, watching the food being served, seeing that each girl gets her right portion, and that the food is cooked properly, etc. In this way the mother of our family moves about from one department to another, and wherever her office is, there people from every part of Mukti come and consult her.

"Early in the morning my mother meets the head carpenter, the head mason, the head matron, the head of the weaving department, the chief type-setter, and the leaders of other departments, and gives them their orders for the day. It is the work of the girl who helps

my mother to put her paper and pencils ready for her on the table, and to place ready to hand the various notebooks and registers, dictionaries, concordance, rubber, scissors, and anything else she is likely to need. As one by one the helpers come and talk over their business, this girl stands ready at any moment to open any cupboard, take down from any shelf anything called for, to run any errand, look up any record, and help in any way she can.

"When this part of the day's work is over, perhaps the next thing on the programme is proof-reading. Every Marathi tract or portion of Scripture goes through Pandita Ramabai's hands. Sometimes my mother gets Hindu Pundits or other gentlemen to do a little work under her direction in the way of proof-reading or preparing manuscript for the press. These helpers are usually paid for the number of pages they have done, and so it is the duty of the girl who helps mother to keep a faithful record of the work of each person, to put away and keep in order all manuscripts of this kind, and to reckon and record the amount of money due to each.

"Then later in the day the Pandita may

turn her attention to the weavers. Perhaps five or six girls may come with pieces of cloth or *saris* which they have woven. Their work is received by one of our book-keepers. She examines each piece carefully and weighs it. Then she submits it to the Pandita for her inspection, and turning up various notebooks gives a correct estimate of the amount of material, yarn, dye, etc., that has been put into it, and states the exact time it has taken for the girl to weave it. The Pandita then takes these details into consideration and gives the price accordingly. This is marked by the young accountant on the goods and entered into a notebook with the sum to be paid to the girl for her work.

"But here comes a merchant. He has brought various samples of grain—wheat, rice, jwari, etc. He names his price but does not mean what he says, for this is the country where the shopkeeper asks a much higher price than he expects to get, and waits for his customer to beat him down to what happens to be the market price. When my mother has done this part of the business, and stated how many sacks of grain she has decided to buy, one of our

book-keepers comes forward and undertakes to measure the grain. She spreads a large piece of sacking on the ground; and the merchant, after emptying his grain upon it, proceeds to fill his measure and to count aloud measure after measure as he empties it into some sack brought for the purpose.

"An Indian merchant never begins by counting one, as that would bring ill-luck, and he might get only one rupee, so he begins by saying, "profit," and then goes on to count two, three, four, etc. The girl watches him closely, as he is likely to cheat if he can. Then she puts down in the grain book the exact number of measures and reckons the money due. A similar record is kept by the girl to whom this service is appointed of the number of quarts of milk purchased, the pounds of meat, the amount of wood and fuel, the kerosine oil, the sugar, the materials bought for every industry at Mukti.

"In the needlework classes the European helpers keep a record of each girl's work and send in their reports to us. The book-keeping girls copy these reports and record the amount due to each girl. Every now and then we have

a pay day, and then the book-keepers are very busy. While my mother and I do the actual paying of the money, the girls help to get it changed and counted, and keep the books straight. This is no easy matter when there are hundreds to pay, aud much of it in small change.

"Once a month my mother asks one of the village merchants to bring his shop to Mukti. He brings grain, curry, powder, spices, sugar, and other groceries, and spreads them out for sale. It is not easy in a large family like this to arrange for the girls to have much choice of food, or to consider all their likes and dislikes, so some of the elder girls have the privilege of buying their own food and cooking for themselves. But they have little experience of the world, and if they went to the bazaar the Hindu merchants would cheat them; so when the merchant's shop comes once a month one of the matrons assists them in the choice of what they want, and the book-keeper keeps a record of what each one buys, and the merchant is paid in a lump sum for what he sells. Nearly all those who cook separately are engaged in some work of responsibility and are paid a fixed sum every month. When what they

have bought of the merchant is deducted, they have the rest of the money for clothes and any little extras they may want. This system involves a lot of book-keeping, but we find it satisfactory.

"Once a week we have a market day, when the village people gather at the market-place near Khedgaon Station to sell their goods. This bazaar is a boon to the poor people, as it fixes the market price of goods. As we can only buy vegetables once a week, we need a large quantity, and on bazaar days the people are glad to bring their goods to our doors, and we spend a considerable time in buying small quantities from poor people who have grown them themselves, from one halfpennyworth upwards, from fifty to eighty poor people. This involves much work for the book-keepers, and many payments in copper coins; and while they are busy with the books and money one or two girls from the Bible School are going in and out among the poor people and talking to them of Jesus. Here also we have a small shop of our own, where other members of the book-keeping class do their best to sell articles made in the Mukti Industrial School. Every day all the petty

accounts are gathered up and entered in one large cash book.

"There are several other important kinds of work that these young helpers are learning to do. With our assistance they keep a record of all money which comes in by money or postal order, or of all the small amounts paid in cash. They see that the receipts are properly made out, and that no mistake has been made in reducing dollars and cents, pounds, shillings, and pence, marks and francs, into Indian money. They keep records which help to remind us of the need of the Gospel bands who are out in camp, and must have money to buy their provisions. They see that certain bills are paid by money order and others by cheque or cash, and keep a faithful record of all such proceedings. Of course every bit of their work is examined and corrected; they are just learning and make mistakes, but they are receiving a good business training, and learning lessons of faithfulness, accuracy, and patience, which will make them really useful women.

"Besides this, our girls are learning lessons in prayer and faith. God does not send us money for a whole year in advance, nor for a

month, nor even for a week. If He did we might forget the One Who in His great goodness gives us all these benefits. The manna came day by day, and as our God gives His children their spiritual food morning by morning, so He also supplies our temporal needs. Our book-keepers have learned to calculate just how much is needed day by day. They are trusted not to talk about the accounts to any who are not in their class, but we sometimes hear them talking among themselves, and making such remarks as this: 'What shall we do for to-morrow?' 'The poor villagers will be so disappointed if we do not buy their vegetables, for they are really in need of food.' 'To-morrow is the day for the money to be sent to the band in S— or B— or some other place. They will be needing it, and, look, the money bags are empty!' 'Oh, we must pray! Our Father God will send the money.' So we all go to our knees and tell the Heavenly Father. And in the morning, perhaps just in time, the supply comes—'all our needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus'—and as we thank Him for His goodness we wonder how we could ever have doubted Him."

CHAPTER VII

Home-Calls

AFTER a long season of weakness, during which she concluded her great work of translating the Holy Bible into the Marathi tongue, Pandita Ramabai literally "fell asleep in Jesus" in the early morn of 5th April, 1922. The end was so silent and peaceful that the watchers were not aware of the passing.

Miss M. Lissa Hastie, of the missionary staff, the Pandita's personal assistant and secretary for many years, said this of the triumphant Home-call of the great leader:

"What a glorious day-dawn that was for her! But words cannot express the meaning of the loss to us, to all the hundreds of girls here in Mukti, and to the hundreds all over India who call her 'mother.' She was truly a 'mother' to India, a 'Moses' raised up by God. 'Our Greatheart has gone from us,' said one. Her life of faith in God has been a blessing to thousands all over the world. We laid the

body to rest in our Mukti Cemetery, in the presence of a great concourse, old and young, Christian and Hindu, for all alike honoured and revered her."

Another member of the missionary staff, writing a few days later to her friends in the homeland, said:

"At 5 a.m. we were aroused by a cry, and knew without any telling what had happened. Only one word was on our lips—'Bai!' And only too true was the thought which filled our hearts with alarm, and which we hoped against hope was a mistaken one.

"The news flew to the various compounds, and I cannot tell you now of the grief of the children for their great mother. It was the deep, heart-rending grief of those who are orphaned, and who realise it. Their mother! Their beloved mother! She who had rescued so many of them from famine, she who had taken them into her heart and home when no one else wanted them, she who had broken her alabaster box of precious ointment over them for His dear Name's sake, she had gone from their sight and touch! The Master said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my

brethren, ye have done it unto Me,' and the fragrance of that broken box, that poured out life, is filling Mukti to-day. . . .

"From morning till evening a stream of village people from all the nearby villages to whom Bai had given famine relief in every year of scarcity since 1896 kept coming to pay their respects and show their love to the Great Bai, as they all call her. It was a strange incongruous gathering to see in a land where caste means so much—high castes, low castes, and out-castes, all intent on one thing—to fold their hands in reverence to the silent form of a Christian woman, of a caste and clan so high that she would in her youth have shuddered at the touch of many of those who wept about her and told brokenly of her great kindness to them. Surely never before in India had a woman who might have been worshipped far and wide, had she allowed it, for her great learning and holiness, been so strangely and beautifully honoured by the tears of those whose very touch or shadow would have been defilement if she had remained in the religion which makes human deification possible.

"One dear old Brahmin widow, bent with

old age and the fastings and hardships that are the lot of Brahmin widows in orthodox families, came, and leaning over the bed, cried: 'O, Great Mother, Great Mother, whom now shall I call Mother? Who will care for me?' Her grief was intense. Bai had been kind to her, had kept her alive during the famine and other years of scarcity, especially three years ago, and was still her succourer. Two Brahmin widows they were, but oh, what a difference! One had found the Saviour and yielded to Him her all, and the other was still groping in fear and darkness, not daring to step out of that religion that spurned her and gave her no place because she was a widow."

The New Zealand Council of the Mukti Mission, on hearing of the passing away of Pandita Ramabai, decided to initiate a fund of £5000 for further printing and circulation of her Marathi translation of Holy Scripture.

Manoramabai had preceded her mother by less than nine months, after a long and painful illness. The end came on Sunday morning, 24th July, 1921, at the Missionary Hospital at Maraj, where she was under the loving care of Dr. and Mrs. Wanless and their helpers.

During her last days she repeated again and again, "Rest, rest in the Lord;" "Safe, safe in the arms of Jesus." In breaking the news to a world-wide circle, Miss Hastie added: "In those blessed arms we leave her, knowing that it is only a little while, and we shall meet again." At a later date the same pen wrote: "We still have a very vivid sense of our loss, and we seem to be finding out more every day how much Manoramabai did. Hers was a poured out life, and yet given without attracting any attention to herself. She yet speaks to many."

The shock to Ramabai through the loss of her daughter, her anticipated successor, was followed by the call from earth of her greatly valued friend and former associate, Soonderbai H. Powar. This undoubtedly greatly affected her health and hastened her end. Soon she came to realise that preparations for the future had better quickly be made, and thus, in forethought of her home-call, Ramabai nominated Miss Hastie as her successor, stipulating that the work be continued on exactly the same lines. In accepting this great responsibility, Miss Hastie modestly wrote: "I hope only to

hold the post until an Indian lady can come forward to fill the place." Then a month or two after she had taken over control, we find her writing thus: "Directly after Pandita left us we were face to face with a tremendous test. We discovered we could not get any of the money which came for Mukti in her name; so here we were with a thousand people to feed, to say nothing of other expenses, and no money. The lawyer said he would do his best to get probate of the will quickly, but it would probably be two or three months, as it was holiday time in the Courts! We committed it all to our God, who can work quickly, and who still watches over His own. Oh, it was wonderful to just be still and watch Him work, and from day to day He has magnified His Name and sent enough to keep us going on. I could almost hear Him say, 'Wherefore did ye doubt?' and in answer, 'Forgive us Lord; we are going on in utter dependence on Thee.' Psalm 68. 9 became such a living word during these days.

"There are no guaranteed salaries. It is faith work all through, except where a missionary is possessed of a private income or is supported

by a Church in the homeland of which she is a member. Members of the staff, whether foreign or Indian, are a Christian sisterhood, though not such in name or organisation. And as we are helped by friends far from us, so we seek to help those who are near to us, and here let me tell you of an incident that took place last December. It will illustrate what I mean.

"The last market day our hearts were full of aching as we saw many of the people from the villages round with just a rag or two to cover them, and the nights and mornings are so cold now. One man was going home carrying his wife on his back; her legs were completely swollen, and she looked so miserable. We had a collection here in Mukti for them, and one and another gave a garment they could spare and a few coppers to supply their need. Tears of gratitude rained down their faces. They could not speak for a few minutes, so overcome were they. Then the man said, 'Oh, thank you! it is a year and a half since she was clothed so.'"

It may be asked: What was the secret of PANDITA RAMABAI'S success? One who was given the great privilege of visiting her at

Kedgaon, off and on for twenty-five years, unhesitatingly said that it was her childlike, yet profound faith in the Bible as the Word of the living God.

She herself acknowledged the influence the lives of GEORGE MULLER and HUDSON TAYLOR had upon her, as doubtless had the lives and writings of others, but she was pre-eminently a woman of faith, and her faith rested neither on Muller nor Taylor, but on God and His Word.

Hers was a live faith, as her works testify. Knowing from experience the emptiness and deadness of Hinduism, her great heart went out to the multitudes living around her. Unlike the many, she felt as keenly for those perishing for the lack of the Bread of Heaven as she did for those languishing in famine-stricken areas, whose sufferings are so much more apparent. I Without doubt the work of no single individual in India approaches that of the Pandita, with respect to providing for the need of the souls of her people.

Her great work for the widows would have more than satisfied most Christians, but her passionate love for Christ constrained her to

launch out in other directions. Bands of women workers were chosen, instructed, and sent forth to the villages around; countless numbers of pilgrims passing to and fro to Pandharapur were appealed to, the "Bai" herself sometimes speaking to them; passengers trains were regularly met and thousands upon thousands of Gospels and tracts, issued from the Mukti Press, were distributed freely, that none who could read should perish for lack of knowledge.

It was her deep love for God's Book which constrained her to undertake the Herculean task of translating from the original languages the Old and New Testaments into Marathi, and that with failing health and at the age when many would prefer to take things somewhat easier. This labour of love God permitted her to complete shortly before she fell asleep; and great is the boon she has conferred upon the Marathi speaking peoples in Western India by providing a more simple translation of the Holy Scriptures.

To those who worked with her she was always the same. Unworried, unharried, always abounding in the work of the Lord; generous, courteous, thoughtful for the welfare of her

visitors and all at Mukti. Though broadminded and large-hearted, she was truly separated to God, living with a single eye to His glory. She was greatly loved by those who knew her, and the little children of the great Institution loved to sit quietly in her company and receive her caresses.

And now, as we bid farewell to "a great life in Indian Missions," we doubt not that those who "follow in her train" will, with God's help and the invaluable assistance of a band of capable European and Indian workers, carry on the work in the same spirit, building faithfully on the foundation so truly laid, with, let us trust, an ever-increasing measure of blessing.

ANN H. JUDSON

The Missionary Heroine of Burma

BY

E. R. PITMAN

Author of "Missionary Heroines," etc.

ANN H. JUDSON

Frontispiece

Contents

Illustrations

ANN H. JUDSON

CHAPTER I

Early Years

ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON, wife of the renowned "Judson of Burma," was one of the bravest foreign missionaries who ever lived. A frail woman who dared to venture with the Gospel into a hostile, heathen land. She may also be regarded as the first woman missionary of modern times to foreign lands, the pioneer of mission effort by her sex. On this account an imperishable halo surrounds her life and memory. She lived, laboured, and suffered for the Gospel in the heathen country of Burma at a time when that country was under the awful regime of a barbarian and a blood-thirsty tyrant, when the country was in a ferment, when government was deranged, and when crime and murder were rife.

Mrs. Judson and her companion Mrs. Harriet Newell were, we believe, the *very first* ladies who ventured on going to heathen

lands as heralds of the Gospel to their dark-skinned sisters. An early grave—in fact before mission work could be commenced—was allotted to Mrs. Newell; but the subject of this memoir lived, laboured, and suffered for the Gospel in no common degree for many years. No compendium of feminine missionary biography would be complete without a notice of Mrs. Ann Judson, and no chronicle of self-denying efforts can excel that furnished by the plain, unvarnished record of her life.

Mrs. Judson was an American by birth, having been born at Bradford, Massachusetts, on 22nd December, 1789. We are told that from her earliest years she was distinguished for activity of mind, extreme gaiety, a strong relish for social amusements, unusually ardent feelings, a spirit of enterprise, and restless, indefatigable perseverance. This restless spirit, in girlhood, was often the cause of uneasiness to her mother, Mrs. Hasseltine, so that on one occasion this lady said to Ann, "I hope, my daughter, you will one day be satisfied with rambling." Her eager thirst for knowledge was probably, however, the cause of her restless, enterprising disposition. She was fond of study, and attained distinction in the Academy at

Bradford where she received her education. It was accepted as an indisputable conclusion by her preceptors and associates in this Academy, that Miss Hasseltine's talents and temperaments foreshadowed some destiny of an uncommon character; and her after-career abundantly verified this early expectation of her.

Miss Hasseltine first became subject to serious impressions in her seventeenth year. By a variety of experiences and influences she was then led to feel the necessity for a change of heart, and to resolve to live a new life. At first, while seeing these things but dimly, she dreamt of procuring salvation by her own good works, and endeavoured to live what she called "a religious life," so as to fit herself for heaven. She records, however, with much clearness, the difficulties which surrounded her, and how she was finally led to come to Christ, the true way of salvation. After many conflicts, and much prayerful seeking of the Lord Jesus, she found peace to her soul, and was able to rejoice in a sense of pardon. She realised fully the meaning of that striking fifth verse in the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans: "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him (Christ) that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is reck-

oned for righteousness." She had been working and doing when Christ had *finished the work*, and had done it all, and now she ceased *doing* and simply *believed.* It was believe and live—life first, then works; salvation first, then service. And, having truly believed on the Son of God, her life thereafter was spent in goodly works and noble service to her Master and Lord whom she loved and worshipped.

From the time of her conversion she strove to live according to the principles and promptings of the new life, doing whatever Christian service lay to her hand as far as opportunity and fitness suggested. The entries in her diary show that she "kept her heart with all diligence," and from her correspondence with intimate friends it appears that her growth in grace and self-knowledge was very marked. Some scattered observations will amply prove this. Such as for instance:

"A person who grows in grace will see more and more of the dreadful wickedness of his own heart."

"The more grace Christians have, the more clearly they can see the contrast between holiness and sin. This will necessarily lead them to pray more often, earnestly, and fervently, give them a disrelish for the vanities

of the world, and a sincere and hearty desire to devote all they have to Christ and to serve Him entirely."

"Growth in grace will lead Christians to know more about Jesus Christ, and the great need they have of Him for a whole Saviour."

About the age of eighteen she commenced teaching in a school, and filled engagements in this department of work at Salem, Haverhill, and Newbury, following the occupation with much success for some years. When twenty she obtained a copy of the *Life of David Brainerd*, and was stirred by it to consider the condition of the heathen world. She records in her diary that she "felt a willingness to give herself away to Christ, to be disposed of as He pleases." But the event which finally determined the nature of her future career was her betrothal to Adoniram Judson, who was then seeking to go to India as a foreign missionary.

A brief sketch of the early life of Adoniram Judson, the young man who was destined to become the "Apostle to Burma," would not be out of place at this juncture, so that will occupy our next two chapters.

CHAPTER II

Adoniram Judson

STANDING out in history, like a beacon light amidst the dark days of religious intolerance, is the moving account of the departure from England of the Pilgrim Fathers, who sought in the new world across the Atlantic, now known as the United States, a new home, and the liberty which was denied them in their own land.

Fourteen years after, in the year 1634, there followed William Judson, a Yorkshireman, who, taking with him his three sons, Joseph, Jeremiah, and Joshua, emigrated to the new land of America. The Biblical names indicate the Puritan home in Yorkshire, which was abandoned to be set up at Stratford, Connecticut. Through the son, Joseph, descended Adoniram Judson, who became a Congregational minister and married a godly woman named Abigail Brown.

Soon after his marriage he settled in the little village of Malden, Massachusetts,

which one day was to become the historic starting point of the great War of Independence, and here his eldest son was born, and also named Adoniram, and he it was who became the famous missionary.

HIS CHILDHOOD

Above the average height, the father was a man of decidedly imposing appearance. Tall, erect, and grave in manner, when age had whitened his hair his venerable figure was an admirable study for a portrait of one of the old Pilgrim Fathers. The boy's affection for his father must have been deeply tinged with awe, for Mr. Judson was very strict in his domestic administrations, though a man of inflexible integrity and uniform consistency of Christian character.

Young Adoniram early gave promise of unusual ability. Amiable in temper, his intellect was acute, his power of acquision great, and his perseverance unflagging. Self-reliant, he generally became acknowledged leader in the circles in which he moved.

At the age of three, while his father was away from home on a short journey, the mother, wishing to surprise her husband,

took the opportunity to teach her boy to read. To the astonishment of the father on his return, he found that the child was able to read through a chapter of the Bible.

Early premonition was given of his future life work, for when he was in his fourth year he used to collect the children of the neighbourhood, and, standing on a chair before them, gravely conduct a religious service.

About this time his sister Abigail was born, whom he greatly loved. She was the companion of his childhood, into her ear he poured all his confidences, and she became his life-long confidante. Vivid reminiscences of his young days have been left by his sister, and we will readily cull certain brief extracts from her illuminating pen as occasion requires.

Adoniram was about seven years old when, having been duly instructed that the earth is a spherical body, and that it revolves around the sun, it became a serious question in his mind whether or not the sun moved at all. He might have settled the point by asking his father or mother, but that would have spoiled all his pleasant speculations, and probably would have been the last

thing to occur to him. His little sister, whom he alone consulted, said the sun did move, for she said she could see it; but he had learned already, in this matter, to distrust the evidence of his senses, and he talked so wisely about positive proof that she was astonished and silenced. Soon after this he was one day missed about midday; and as he had not been seen for several hours, his father became uneasy, and went in search of him. He was found in a field, at some distance from the house, stretched on his back, his hat with a circular hole cut in the crown laid over his face, and his swollen eyes almost blinded with the intense light and heat. He only told his father that he was looking at the sun; but he assured his sister that he had solved the problem with regard to the sun's moving, though she never could comprehend the process by which he arrived at the result.

"He was noted," as his sister comments, "for uncommon acuteness in the solution of charades and enigmas, and retained a great store of them in his memory for the purpose of puzzling his schoolfellows. He had also gained quite a reputation for good scholarship, especially in arithmetic. A gentleman

residing in a neighbouring town sent him a problem with the offer of a dollar for the solution. Adoniram immediately shut himself in his chamber. The reward was tempting, but more important still, his reputation was at stake. On the morning of the second day he was called from his seclusion to amuse his little brother, who was ill. He went reluctantly, but without murmuring, for the government of his parents was of a nature that no child would think of resisting. His task was to build a cob house. He laid an unusually strong foundation, with unaccountable slowness and hesitation, and was deliberately proceeding with the superstructure when suddenly he exclaimed, 'That's it! I've got it!' and sending the materials for the half-built house rolling about the room, he hurried off to his chamber to record the result. The problem was solved, the dollar was won, and the boy's reputation established."

At the age of ten he took lessons in navigation, and at the grammar school became so proficient in the Greek language that his schoolmates nicknamed him "Virgil." At twelve, he attempted to procure and study a learned exposition of the Book of

Revelation, but his father wisely procured other books instead for one so young.

Adoniram's mental capacity was developed beyond his years, and in his passion for study it is not to be wondered at that his assiduous poring over books brought the inevitable breakdown. At this time his studies were interrupted by a serious illness; he was reduced to a state of extreme weakness, and for a long time his recovery was doubtful. His illness does not appear to have been due to anything lacking in his constitution, but simply because of his studious habits. All books and studies had to be laid aside, and for twelve months he was unable to pursue his customary occupations. Because of his incessant study he had not given much time to thought, but now in his enfeebled state, unable to read, he had ample time for reflection. And in his long dreary days he mused over the plans and course of his future career. Great were his plans and extravagant his ambitions, but this should hardly surprise us from one of such a studious character. Lying there in his room, he built his castles and soared high. The remarkable flights of his imagination and his outlook upon life during this period have been preserved,

and we have mirrored for us the workings of his mind.

"Now he was an orator, now a poet, now a statesman, but whatever his character or profession, he was sure in his castle building to attain to the highest eminence. His father had said that one day he would become a great man, and a great man he resolved to be."

Yes, he was to be a great man, but not in the manner he now anticipated. Marvellous are the ways of God in dealing with us, and this choice soul was yet to learn the worthlessness of worldly ambition and to be guided into God's channel to fulfil His plan and purpose.

HIS YOUTH

As the days slowly passed he recovered his old strength, and when sixteen entered Providence College, now Brown University. Twelve months' leeway had now to be made up, and he was obliged to devote himself very closely to his studies, and seldom gave himself any respite, even during the vacations. Ambitious to excel, he was a hard student.

The seeds of infidelity, the production of the French Revolution, had just then been

By courtesy of Indian Railways Bureau.

A TYPICAL BURMESE GIRL

To face page 16

wafted across the ocean and scattered throughout the land, producing their evil crop of tares, and an amiable and talented classmate of Judson's had imbibed these infidel ideas. Between them a strong friendship sprang up, and during the days they were together the infidel notions came up for discussion. They also often reverted to the subject of a profession, considering the scope for their ambitions in the drama. The influence of this fascinating personality had its evil effects upon the youth, so far safeguarded from infidel ideas, and resulted in young Judson becoming, or at least professedly so, as great an unbeliever as his friend.

After graduating as Bachelor of Arts, Adoniram determined on gaining a real experience of life, to see the dark side of the world as well as the bright. Arriving in New York he attached himself to a theatrical company, though from no particular reason.

A few nights later he stopped at a country inn to find the only accommodation to be had was a room next to one in which a young man lay dying. On rising next morning, he learned that the sick man had died. Enquiring who he was, Adoniram

was stunned to discover that he was his infidel classmate. This tragic event so wrought on him that he abandoned his tour and returned to Plymouth.

At this crisis two Professors in the Theological Seminary at Andover visited Adoniram's father, and proposed to him that his son should enter that seminary. Adoniram did not at first consent to the proposal, and engaged himself as an assistant to a teacher. This situation, however, he soon relinquished, and proceeded to Andover to enter the seminary. As he was neither a professing Christian, nor a candidate for the ministry, he was admitted only by special favour.

At this time he had not found forgiveness through Christ. He had become thoroughly dissatisfied with the views which he had formerly cherished, and was convicted of his sinfulness and his need of a great moral transformation. Yet he doubted the authenticity of revealed religion, and clung to the deistical ideas which he had lately imbibed. His mind did not readily yield to the force of evidence, but his is by no means an uncommon case; nor is it difficult of explanation. A deep-seated dislike to the humbling doctrines of the Cross frequently assumes

the form of inability to apply the common principles of evidence to the case of revealed religion.

Adoniram's moral nature was, however, thoroughly roused, and he was deeply in earnest on the subject of religion. The Professors of the seminary encouraged his residence there, wisely judging that so diligent an inquirer must soon arrive at the truth. The result justified their anticipations. In the calm retirement of Andover, guided in his studies by men of learning and piety, with nothing to distract his attention from the great concerns of eternity, light gradually dawned upon his mind, and he was enabled to surrender his whole soul to Christ as his Saviour and Lord.

The change wrought in Adoniram Judson was deep and real. With simplicity of purpose he yielded himself up once and for ever to the will of God, and, without a shadow of misgiving, relied upon Christ as his all-sufficient Saviour. From the moment of his conversion he seems never through life to have been harrassed by a doubt of his acceptance. His one ambition now was to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing."

At the age of twenty-one he began to consider seriously the subject of foreign missions, mainly through reading a sermon entitled *The Star in the East*, by Dr. Buchanan, formerly a chaplain of the East India Company. His thoughts were finally turned to Burma by reading Colonel Syme's *Embassy to Ava*, though he did not think exclusively of that country. Five other students, Mills, Richards, Rice, Hall, and Nott, of like aspirations, constituted themselves a missionary society and resolved to leave their native land to engage in missionary work as soon as providential openings should appear. There being then no suitable Foreign Missionary Society in the United States, these young men determined to seek English help and direction in the matter, unless a society could be formed.

An appeal was made by Mr. Judson and his fellow-students to the Congregational body of America for direction and support. None being immediately forthcoming, Mr. Judson sailed for England, to confer with the Directors of the London Missionary Society, with the result that this Society agreed to maintain him and his colleagues, provided the American Board of Missions could not, or would not, do so. Having

obtained this promise, he returned home.

And here we leave the brilliant young Adoniram Judson to speak more particularly of the subject of our sketch, the noble young lady who was to become his wife.

CHAPTER III

The Double Proposal

IN September, 1811, the American Board of Missions decided to establish a mission in Burma, and appointed Messrs. Judson, Nott, Newell, and Hall as their first missionary agents. Immediately his life course was thus determined, Mr. Judson made an offer of marriage to Miss Hasseltine, whom he had first met some little time previously.

In a frank, manly letter to her father he wrote asking his consent to their marriage, and like Abraham of old, this godly father yielded up his loved one at the call of God.

Mr. Judson was equally frank to Miss Hasseltine, so that she might arrive at a decision fully understanding what was involved, and in a letter to her from which we quote, he forecasts the future.

"May this be the year in which you will change your name; in which you will take 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 friends around us, or enjoy the conveniences of civilised life, or go to the house of God with those that keep holy days; but swarthy countenances will everywhere meet our eyes, the jargon of an unknown tongue will assail our ears, and we shall witness the assembling of 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, and anguish of mind, of which now we can form little conception. O, 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 honoured 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, 'O for overcoming faith!' "

Miss Hasseltine carefully considered Mr. Judson's proposal of marriage, and gave herself to prayer and much heart-searching. It was not easy to decide, as the proposition, which in itself was sufficiently momentous and important, was made doubly so when linked with the idea of spending herself for Christ in heathen lands. She had no example to guide her, and no prospect at this time of having any female companion in the mission field. She fully realised the many sacrifices that she would be called upon to make, and felt the need of being convinced that this was a call of God. Her many friends opposed the undertaking as wild and visionary.

One lady friend said to another, "I hear

that Miss Hasseltine is going to India! Why does she go?"

"Why, she thinks it to be her duty! Would you not go if you thought it your duty?"

"But," replied the lady, "*I would not think it my duty!*"

And more than all conflicting opinions was the remembrance and consideration of the fact that *no woman* had, as yet, ever left American shores to engage in mission work. It always takes strong faith to be a pioneer. One cannot appeal to precedents, or examples, and so is forced to stand firmly upon convictions of duty and Divine command. These, with providential indications of guidance and leading, constituted all that Miss Hasseltine could fall back upon wherewith to meet the objections of enemies, or the well-intentioned dissuasions of friends. Her path, in common with all those godly women who obeyed the Lord's summons into the mission field at that day, was infinitely harder and darker than that of any of her own sex who now depart in such numbers for mission work among the native women and children. The novelty is worn off, it is true, in great measure; but with this, the risk is gone, and the wide gulf

which formerly existed between those who went to heathen lands and those who remained at home has been bridged over, so that unmarried ladies now dare to go where their married sisters at first trod with feeble and hesitating footsteps.

That spirit of enterprise and adventure which had always distinguished Miss Hasseltine now came out, and stood her in good stead. She decided to go; and thus earned the honourable distinction of being *the first American lady* to engage in foreign-mission work. Indeed, it seems not incorrect to say that Mrs. Judson was *the first lady missionary*, whether America or Europe be considered, for Mrs. Moffat, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Krapf, Mrs. Gobat, and other eminent lady toilers in the mission field, were all later in point of time.

Writing of her decision, Miss Hasseltine says: "Might I but be the means of converting a single soul, it would be worth spending all my days to accomplish. Yes, I feel willing to be placed in that situation in which I can do most good, though it were to carry the Gospel to the distant benighted heathen. A consideration of this subject has occasioned much self-examination to know on what my hopes were founded, and whether

my love to Jesus was sufficiently strong to induce me to forsake all for His cause. At other times I feel ready to sink, and appalled at the prospect of pain and suffering to which my nature is so averse and apprehensive. But I have at all times felt a disposition to leave it with God, and trust in Him to direct me. I have at length come to the conclusion that if nothing in providence appears to prevent I must spend my days in a heathen land. I am a creature of God, and He has an undoubted right to do with me as seemeth good in His sight. He has my heart in His hands, and when I am called to face danger, to pass through scenes of terror and distrust, He can inspire me with fortitude, and enable me to trust in Him. Jesus is faithful, His promises are precious. Were it not for these considerations, I should, with my present prospects, sink down in despair, especially as no woman has, to my knowledge, ever left the shores of America to spend her life among the heathen. But God is my witness that I have not dared to decline the offer that has been made to me, though so many are ready to call it 'a wild, romantic undertaking.' . . . I am not only willing to spend my days among the heathen, in attempting

to enlighten and save them, but I find much pleasure in the prospect. Yes, I am quite willing to give up temporal comforts, and live a life of hardship and trial, if it be the will of God."

Yes, the decision was made, and Ann Hasseltine yielded herself to God for His great work.

CHAPTER IV

Departure for Burma

MR. AND MRS. JUDSON were married on the 5th of February, 1812, and on the next day Messrs. Newell, Nott, Hall, Rice, and Judson were bid God-speed by friends, in the Tabernacle Church, Salem, Massachusetts. Messrs. Judson and Newell, with their newly-married wives, sailed from Salem on the 19th of February, in the brig *Caravan* for Calcutta, amid the tearful "God-speeds" of their friends and relatives; the fears and forebodings of some, doubtless, mingling with the benisons of others upon their unwonted and perilous enterprise. The voyage presented the usual incidents only, and, although suffering much from sea-sickness, Mrs. Judson sustained a buoyant faith and a Christian deportment, improving the time in reading and studying works calculated to fit her for the arduous duties awaiting her. Their long voyage ended on the 17th of June, they having been

afloat on the billows for four unpleasant and weary months.

Landing at Calcutta on the 18th of June, they were welcomed by the venerable Dr. Carey, who immediately invited them to his mission quarters at Serampore, there to reside until their companions should reach India, and their future movements should be settled. After staying one night in Calcutta, therefore, they took a boat and proceeded up the river some fifteen miles to Serampore, the headquarters of the Baptist English Mission. Messrs. Carey, Marshman, and Ward were then residing with their families under Danish protection, for the British Government of that day, influenced by powerful trading concerns, was opposed to missionaries and mission operations. Dr. Carey was busily at work upon his translation of the Scriptures; Dr. Marshman and his family were engaged in educational work, and Mr. Ward was superintending the printing operations of the mission.

From a letter to her sister the following remarks are extracted. They will serve to show Mrs. Judson's first impressions on entering Eastern lands. Speaking of Dr. Carey's house, she says: "His house is curiously constructed, as the other European

houses are here. There are no chimneys or fireplaces in them. The roofs are flat, the rooms are twenty feet in height, and proportionally large. Large windows without glass open from one room to another that the air may freely circulate through the house. They are very convenient for this climate, and bear every mark of antiquity. In the evening we attended service in the English Episcopal Church. It was our first attendance at Divine service for about four months, and as we entered the church our ears were delighted with hearing the organ play our favourite tune 'Bangor.' The church was very handsome, and a number of punkahs, something like fans several yards in length, hung around with ropes fastened to the outside, which were pulled by some of the natives to keep the church cool. Very near the house is a school, supported by this mission, in which are instructed two hundred boys, and nearly as many girls. They are chiefly children of Portuguese parents, and natives of no caste. We could see them all kneel at prayer-time, and hear them sing at the opening of the school."

The mission life of the settlement was pleasant and bracing, but it was not to last.

They had only been there about ten days when a Government order arrived summoning Messrs. Judson and Newell to Calcutta. They went, and on their arrival at the seat of Government an order was read to them requiring them immediately to leave India and return to America. All students of missionary annals well know that the old East India Company, which then ruled India, was vehemently opposed to the introduction of Christianity among the natives. The Company professed to believe that the natives would be offended by the introduction of a new religion; but the truth is that a good revenue was brought in from such shocking spectacles as the Feast of Juggernaut. The Company were most reluctant of giving educational advantages to the natives, and the disgraceful treatment of the natives by the Company's officials would present a glaring contrast to the godly lives and compassionate treatment of the missionaries. The opposition to the American missionaries was also intensified because England and America at that time were not on friendly relations. But in 1813 the Charter of the Company required to be renewed, and the friends of missions in the British Parliament, such as Wilberforce, Thornton, and Smith, mustered

To face page 32

By courtesy of Indian Railways Bureau

A CHARMING LITTLE BURMESE MAIDEN

all their influence to secure toleration for missionaries and their work. Having succeeded in their noble effort, the English possessions were constituted into a bishopric, Dr. Middleton being the first bishop. He was succeeded by good Reginald Heber, author of the well-known hymn commencing, "From Greenland's icy mountains"; and ever since this new departure taken by the Government, missionary operations have been safe and welcome. Indeed, to some of the Governor-Generals of India the Christian churches owe much gratitude for the noble manner in which the strong arm of the law has been exerted on behalf of humanity and religion.

But this order to depart out of the country did not constitute the Judsons' only difficulty. The American Board of Missions had ordered them to start a mission in Burma, unless circumstances should render it *impossible* to attempt it. The Serampore missionaries were united in thinking that it *was* impossible, both considering the despotic nature of the Burmese Government and the failure of all preceding attempts to introduce the Gospel there. Under such united discouragements, it was decided to desist from the attempt, and Mr. Newell

and his wife very soon set sail for the Isle of France, as the island of Mauritius was then called, where Mrs. Newell soon after passed away before really entering at all upon mission work. But Mr. and Mrs. Judson remained in Calcutta, quietly awaiting the issue of events.

While in the company of the Serampore missionaries, and also during the voyage out, Mr. Judson and his wife were led to change their sentiments in relation to the mode in which Christian baptism should be administered. They did not make this change without much and serious consideration; but having come to a decision they took the painful step of leaving the communion of American Congregational Churches, and joining the Baptists without question or delay. Indeed, had they considered the question of self-interest, profit, or ease of mind, they would not have added to their other difficulties at this eventful period by changing their baptismal views, or their religious denomination. They were not alone in this change of opinion seeing that some of their missionary companions also adopted Baptist views.

Their connection with the American Board of Missions for the Congregational Churches

was thereafter considered dissolved. But as yet they were not connected with any Baptist Society, and while the Serampore missionaries were all that could be desired, it was obviously impossible for them to remain there. All that seemed certain was the fact that they must quickly leave India, or be shipped from there by force. Yet they were ready to go anywhere could any position or any promise of support be forthcoming. At one time Mr. Judson thought of going to South America, and commenced learning Portuguese in order for this move. Japan, Persia, Madagascar, and Burma, were all considered, seriously and prayerfully, as possible fields in which to commence missionary effort, while waiting for providential direction.

The following extract from a letter written to a friend by Mrs. Judson proves to what great straits they were brought at this juncture. She says: "We had almost concluded to go to the Burmese Empire when we heard there were fresh difficulties existing between the British and the Burmese Governments. If these difficulties are settled, I think it probable we shall go there. It presents a very extensive field for usefulness, containing seventeen millions of inhabi-

tants, and the Scriptures have never been translated into their language. This circumstance is a very strong inducement to Mr. Judson to go there, as there is no other place where he could be equally useful in translating. But our privations and dangers would be great. There are no bread, potatoes, or butter, and very little of any animal food. The natives live principally on rice and fish. I should have no society at all except my husband, for there is not an English lady in all Rangoon. But I could easily give up these comforts if the Government were such as to secure safety to its subjects. But where our lives would depend on the caprice of a monarch, or on those who have the power of life and death, we could never feel safe unless we always had strong faith in God. Notwithstanding these difficulties, we are perfectly willing to go, if our dear Lord opens the way."

Meanwhile the Bengal Government were extremely incensed by the sojourn of the Mission Party in the country, supposing very likely that they intended to remain there. At the end of two months they therefore issued a most peremptory order to the effect that the little band were to be at once sent on board one of the East

India Company's vessels, and shipped to England. Here was a dilemma! However, Messrs. Judson and Rice were equal to the occasion, and, having ascertained that a vessel named the *Creole* would sail for the Isle of France (Mauritius) in two days' time, they applied to the Government for a passport. This was refused. Then they told the captain their circumstances, and asked if he would take them without a passport. He replied that he would be neutral; there was his ship and they could do as they pleased. Under cover of night they boarded the vessel, but while sailing down the river they were overtaken by a Government despatch who commanded the pilot to conduct the ship no farther as there were persons on board who had been ordered to England. They were forced to leave the ship, and took refuge in a tavern on shore. Feeling that it was not safe to remain there, they proceeded to another tavern sixteen miles farther down the river.

The following extract from a letter written by Mrs. Judson to her parents describes the incidents at this critical time:

"We had now given up all hope of going to the Isle of France, and concluded either to return to Calcutta or to communicate

our real situation to the tavern keeper, and request him to assist us. As we thought the latter preferable, Mr. Judson told our landlord our circumstances, and asked him if he could assist in getting us a passage to Ceylon. He said a friend of his was expected down the river the next day, who was captain of a vessel bound for Madras, and who, he did not doubt, would take us. This raised our sinking hopes. We waited two days, and on the third, which was the Sabbath, the ship came in sight and anchored directly before the house. We now expected the time of our deliverance had come. The tavern keeper went on board to see the captain for us, but our hopes were again dashed when he returned and said the captain could not take us. We determined, however, to see the captain ourselves, and endeavour to persuade him to let us have a passage at any rate. We had just sat down to supper when a letter was handed to us. We hastily opened it, and, to our great surprise and joy, in it was a pass from the magistrate for us to go on board the *Creole*, the vessel we had left. Who procured this pass for us, or in what way, we are still ignorant of; we could only view the hand of God and wonder. But

we had every reason to expect the *Creole* had got out to sea, as it was three days since we left her. There was a possibility, however, of her having anchored at Saugur, seventy miles from where we then were. We had let our baggage continue in the boat in which it was first taken, therefore it was all in readiness; and after dark we all got into the same boat, and set out against the tide for Saugur. It was a most dreary night to me, but Mr. Judson slept the greater part of the night. The next day we had a favourable wind, and before night reached Saugur, where were many ships at anchor, and among the rest we had the happiness to find the *Creole*. She had been anchored there for two days waiting for some of the ship's crew. I never enjoyed a sweeter moment in my life than that when I was sure we were in sight of the *Creole*. After spending a fortnight in such anxiety, it was a very great relief to find ourselves safe on board the vessel. All of us are now attending to the French language, as that is spoken altogether at the Isle of France. Though it has pleased our Heavenly Father to afflict us, yet He has supported and delivered us from our trials, which still encourages us to trust in Him."

Though difficulties defied them, yet were they not daunted, and we cannot but feel the deepest admiration for this brave woman.

The passage was a long and stormy one, and after six weeks' sailing they arrived at Port Louis, Isle of France, on 17th January, 1813. Here they were met by Mr. Newell with the sad news of the death of his wife and baby girl, who had succumbed to the severe privations of the voyage. Thus died the first American woman martyr to foreign missions. It was not a promising or cheerful beginning for this new work, but, gathering up their energies, they proceeded to study French, so as to be better fitted for mission work on the island. While the Judsons remained here, illness compelled Mr. Rice to return to America, and there he sought to awaken the interest of the Baptist churches in the work of foreign missions. As a result, the Baptist General Convention was formed in Philadelphia, and one of the first acts of this Convention was to appoint Mr. and Mrs. Judson as their missionaries, leaving it to themselves to select a field of labour. Thus one great difficulty was cleared away.

After much consideration, Mr. and Mrs. Judson resolved to go to Madras in the hope

of obtaining a passage from thence to Penang, a town on the coast of Malacca, and inhabited by Malays. They took this step, reaching Madras in June, 1813. But here they were to experience fresh disappointments, for no vessel could be heard of bound to Penang. There was one, however, bound for Rangoon in Burma; and fearing a second expulsion from the country at the hands of the East India Company, Mr. Judson inquired the destination of vessels in the Madras roads. "I found none that would sail in season, but one bound to Rangoon. A mission to Rangoon we had been accustomed to regard with feelings of horror. But it was now brought to a point. We must either venture there or be sent to Europe. All other paths were shut up; and thus situated, though dissuaded by all our friends at Madras, we commended ourselves to the care of God." So, by a series of peculiar providences, they after all went to Burma. It was a remarkable illustration of the passage, "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps" (Prov. 16. 9).

But trials still dogged their course. A friendly European woman whom Mrs. Judson had engaged to go to Burma as her

personal attendant fell suddenly dead on the deck just before the vessel sailed. Then the vessel was old and unseaworthy, and they experienced imminent peril of shipwreck in the storms which overtook them. Mrs. Judson herself was very ill, and as yet they had not entered on the special work they were sent from America to do, because of hindrances over which they had no control.

However, at last they arrived at Rangoon, and in this city of 40,000 inhabitants, "wholly given to idolatry," they took breath, preparatory to beginning work for Christ. The Serampore missionaries had attempted a mission there once, but had failed to make much impression upon the natives. One of the missionaries had translated the Gospel of Matthew into the Burman tongue, but it was not yet printed. The only two of the band who still remained were Mr. and Mrs. Felix Carey, and they welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Judson to their quaint little house. Mr. Carey was mainly employed by the Government, and he was confined to the city of Rangoon.

The country of Burma to which they had come is productive of all that is needed for food, clothing, and shelter. The chief crops

are rice, maize, wheat, cotton, and indigo, while there is an abundance of delicious fruits—jackfruit, breadfruit, oranges, bananas, guavas, pine-apples, and the cocoa-nut. The earth yields iron, tin, silver, gold, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, amber, sulphur, arsenic, antimony, coal, and petroleum, those precious minerals which bring the foreigner to the country in search of wealth.

Wild animals, such as the monkey, elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, leopard, deer, and wild-cat swarm in the jungles, while venomous reptiles and offensive insects abound.

The inhabitants of Burma belong to the Mongolian race, who are noted for their long, straight hair, almost complete absence of beard, a dark-coloured skin, varying from a leather-like yellow to a deep brown, and prominent cheek bones. They are cheerful, and singularly alive to the ridiculous; buoy-ant and elastic, soon recovering from personal or domestic disaster. They are attached to their homes and children, are temperate and hardy, but idle, disliking constant employment or hard work, though this latter disability is by no means confined to the Burmese!

Writing home at this time, Mrs. Judson said: "We felt very gloomy and dejected the first night we arrived in view of our prospects, but we were enabled to lean on God, and to feel that He was able to support us under the most discouraging circumstances. The next morning I prepared to go ashore, but hardly knew how I should get to Mr. Carey's house, there being no method of conveyance except a horse, and I was unable to ride. It was, however, concluded that I should be carried in an armchair; consequently, when I landed, one was provided, through which were put two bamboos, and four of the natives took me on their shoulders. When they had carried me a little way into the town, they set me down under a shade, when great numbers of the natives gathered round, as they had seldom seen an English-woman. Being sick and weak, I held my head down, which induced many of the native women to come very near, and look under my bonnet. At this I looked up and smiled, at which they set up a loud laugh. They next carried me to a place they call the Custom House. After searching Mr. Judson very closely, they asked permission for a native woman to search me, to which

I readily consented. I was then brought to the mission house, where I have entirely recovered my health."

One day Mrs. Judson visited the wife of the Viceroy of Rangoon, and we give her account of her reception:

"I was introduced to her by a French lady, who frequently visited her. When we first arrived at the Government House she was not up; consequently we had to wait some time. But the inferior wives of the Viceroy diverted us much by their curiosity in minutely examining everything we had on, and by trying on our gloves, bonnets, etc. At last her highness made her appearance, dressed richly in Burmese fashion, with a long silver pipe in her mouth, smoking. At her appearance, all the other wives took their seats at a respectful distance, and sat in a crouching posture, without speaking. She received me very politely, took me by the hand, seated me upon a mat, and herself by me. She excused herself for not coming in sooner, saying she was unwell. One of the women brought her a bunch of flowers, of which she took several and ornamented her cap. She was very inquisitive whether I had a husband and children; whether I was my husband's first wife, meaning by

this whether I was the highest among them, supposing that my husband, like the Burmans, had many wives; and whether I intended tarrying long in the country. When the Viceroy came in I really trembled, for I never before beheld such a savage-looking creature. His long robe and enormous spear not a little increased my dread. He spoke to me, however, very condescendingly, and asked if I would drink some rum or wine. When I rose to go, her highness again took my hand; told me she was happy to see me, that I must come to see her every day, for I was like a sister to her. She led me to the door, and I made my salāam and departed."

Anxious to spare no time, Mrs. Judson began to study the language, and to mingle with the natives. Her former ideas of the ignorance and delusions of the Burmese people were in consequence deepened and intensified by what she saw and heard. Lying appeared to be universal, and it was common for them to say, "We cannot live without telling lies."

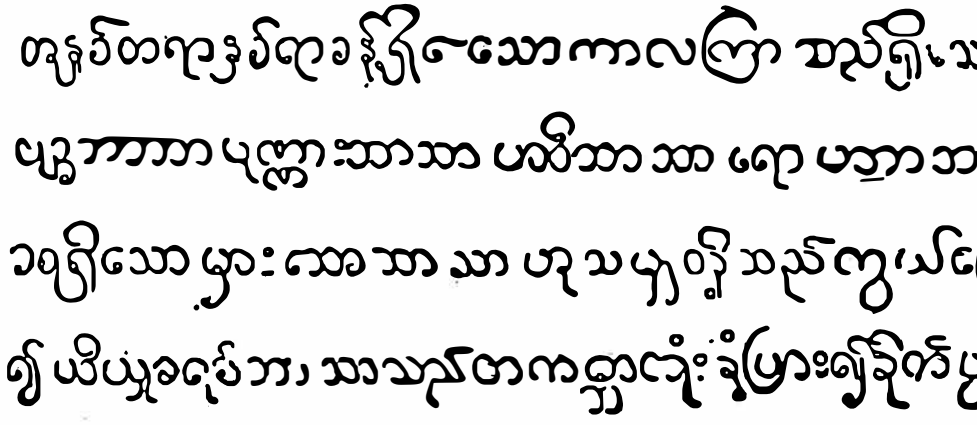
In regard to religion, they held the most absurd notions imaginable. As a case in point, Mrs. Judson's own teacher told her that whenever he died he should go to her

country—and this teacher was an able and intelligent man, far superior to the generality of his countrymen.

Among other things, the Burmese believed that there were four superior heavens; then below these twelve other heavens, followed by six inferior heavens; after which followed the earth, the world of snakes, and then thirty-two chief hells; to which were to be added one hundred and twenty hells of milder torments. They were also taught that the lowest state of existence was hell; and the next was the form of brute-animals —both these being states of punishment. The next ascent was to that of man, which was probationary, and so on, up to demi-gods and full-blown deities. Happiness, or eternal absorption in Buddha, was to be obtained by works of merit; and among works of the highest merit was the feeding of a hungry, infirm tiger with a person's own flesh!

The study of the language proved a difficult task. It was exceedingly hard to master, and to add to the difficulty, there were no grammars or dictionaries, or other helps, such as are mostly enjoyed by modern students. The language itself was called "the Round O Language," and contained

some syllables coinciding with the colloquial dialect of the Chinese. At that date the books were composed of the common palmyra leaf; but certain important documents were written on plates of gilded iron.



SPECIMEN FROM A TRACT IN BURMAN CHARACTERS.

The above sample of the language, taken from a tract written by Mr. Judson some years later, will serve to show how difficult the task of acquiring it must have been.

Writing of her occupations at this time, Mrs. Judson says: "As it respects ourselves, we are busily employed all day long. I can assure you that we find much pleasure in our employment. Could you look into a large open room, which we call a verandah, you would see Mr. Judson bent over his 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

Photo: Central News Ltd.

THE RICHLY CARVED STERN OF A BURMESE RIVER CRAFT, FROM WHICH THE BOATMAN SO GRACEFULLY STEERS

To face page 49

middle, and a handkerchief round his head. They talk and chatter all day long, with hardly any cessation. My mornings are busily occupied in giving directions to the servants, providing food for the family, etc. At ten my teacher comes, when, were you present, you might see me in an inner room at one side of my study table, and my teacher at the other, reading Burman, writing, talking, etc. I have many more interruptions than Mr. Judson, as I have the entire management of the family. This I took upon myself, for the sake of Mr. Judson attending more closely to the study of the language; yet I have found, by a year's experience, that it was the most direct way I could have taken to acquire the language, as I am frequently obliged to speak Burman all day. I can talk to and understand the others better than Mr. Judson, though he knows more about the nature and construction of the language."

Speaking of privations, she writes thus to a friend: "As it respects our temporal privations, use has made them familiar and easy to be borne. They are of short duration, and, when brought into competition with the work of saving souls, sink

into nothing. We have no society, no dear Christian friends, and, with the exception of two or three sea-captains who now and then call upon us, we never see a European face."

CHAPTER V

Sowing the Seed

AFTER six months of residence and study in Burma, Mrs. Judson's health gave way to such an extent that she was obliged to sail for Madras in order to procure medical treatment. After remaining in that city some three months, and gaining much benefit, she returned again to Burma. Some things occurred during this time which served to encourage her. The Viceroy was so favourably impressed with the missionary couple that he granted Mrs. Judson an order to take a native woman with her to Madras, free of expense—and this in spite of the Burmese law which forbade any female to leave the country. The captain of the vessel refused to take any fare for Mrs. Judson's passage; and the physician at Madras refused to receive anything for his services, so that on every hand she experienced unexpected kindness. At the same time cheering signs appeared in con-

nection with their work among the people, which hitherto was mostly conversational. The Burmese recognised the fact that the Judsons did not tell falsehoods, that they were to be depended upon, and that they always gave them kind treatment. Consequently they observed and listened attentively to the two pale-faced foreigners who had come from across the water to tell them of another and a better religion; and although they said again and again, "Your religion is good for you, ours for us; you will be rewarded for your good deeds in your way, and we in our way," they yet began to realise that in many essential points the religion of Jesus Christ was different from the religion of Buddha. There were also some very encouraging instances of inquirers seeking to know something more about this strange faith.

In May, 1816, their firstborn, a boy, aged eight months, was laid in the grave. This trial drew forth much sympathy from the wife of the Viceroy, who seems to have taken quite a liking to Mrs. Judson. She sometimes had opportunities of talking to this lady in the Government House, and did not fail to sow the seed of the Gospel in simple language.

About this time the American Baptist Society sent out two additional missionaries to the assistance of the Judsons—Mr. and Mrs. Hough. This circumstance was very encouraging, for they had been labouring in loneliness and sorrow for three years without seeing much spiritual fruit of their labours. True, they had been laying foundations, and preparing themselves for future usefulness; but foundation work is mostly work requiring faith, perseverance, and constancy. Mr. Judson had written two tracts in the language which were waiting to be printed and published. These tracts were soon after given to the Burmese world by Mr. Hough, who was a practical printer, and had brought with him a printing press, types, and other apparatus, as a present from the missionaries at Serampore. Experience had taught them that although this mode of procedure was slow it would prove to be the most effectual way ultimately of reaching the Burmese, for whenever anything was said to them on the subject of religion, they would inquire for the missionaries' holy books. They also found that most of the natives could read, and entertained an almost superstitious reverence for "the *written* doctrine." For these

reasons Mr. Judson concluded that it was now time to teach by means of the printed page. Of the two small tracts printed, one was a catechism of Simple Truths, and the other a summary of Christian Doctrine. Next, the missionaries determined to give the people some portion of the Scriptures.

One of the most memorable days in their lives was a certain day in March, 1817, when Mr. Judson was visited by the *first* inquirer after the Christian religion. And he was only the first of many who made the same inquiries, though sometimes with subdued and timid manner, as if afraid to let any one suspect their new interest. They gladly received copies of the two little tracts already printed, and asked for "more of this sort of writing." Some of these inquirers passed out into the great world and were heard of no more, but others made, afterwards, a good confession of faith. At the same time Mrs. Judson formed a Sunday class for women, for instruction in the Scriptures, for it had been long her ardent desire to lead some of her own sex in Burma to Christ. Her own account of this little society is graphic and interesting:

"How interested you would be, could you meet with my society of Burmese women on

the Sabbath. Interested, do I say? Yes, you would be interested, if it was only from this circumstance—that these poor idolaters enjoy the means of grace, and sit under the sound of the Gospel. I have generally fifteen or twenty. They are attentive while I read the Scriptures, and endeavour to teach them about God. One of them told me the other day that she could not think of giving up a religion which her parents and grandparents held and accepting a new one, of which they had never heard. I asked her if she wished to be lost simply because her grandparents were? She replied, 'If with all her offerings and good works on her head, she must go to hell, then let her go.' I told her if she were lost after having heard of her Saviour, her very relations would contribute to torment her, and upbraid her for her rejection of that Saviour of whom they had never heard, and that even she herself would regret her folly when it was too late. 'If I do,' said she, ' I will then cry out to you to be my intercessor with your God, who will certainly not refuse you.' Another told me that she *did* believe in Christ, and prayed to Him every day. I asked her if she also believed in Gautama, and prayed to him. She replied that she

worshipped them both. I have several times had my hopes and expectations raised by the apparent seriousness of several women, as Mr. Judson has had in regard to several men; but their goodness was like the morning cloud and early dew, which soon passeth away. Four or five children have committed the catechism to memory, and often repeat it to each other."

In November, 1817, the missionaries were joined by Messrs. Wheelock and Coleman, two additional missionaries from Boston, America. In December of the same year, Mr. Judson was forced by a breakdown in his health, on account of over-study of the language, to leave Rangoon for a sea voyage. The vessel was bound for Chittagong, in Arracan, but being caught by contrary winds, she became unmanageable in the difficult navigation along that coast. Her direction was therefore changed for Madras, but the vessel was borne to a spot three hundred miles distant from that city, so that Mr. Judson was compelled to travel to Madras by land. Once in Madras, he was detained until the 20th of July of the next year before he could return to his wife and work in Rangoon. Worse even than this; on account of the impossibility of

communicating with his wife, Mr. Judson could send no tidings of his whereabouts, so that she had to endure all the agonies of uncertainty for over six months. And, as if to add to her trouble, persecution broke out in Rangoon, and all foreign priests were ordered to quit the country. It had long been the law of the land that any Burman embracing a foreign faith should pay for his apostasy from Buddhism with his life, and as the friendly Viceroy who had favoured the Judsons had been removed, to make way for another and more tyrannical official, this law was imperatively announced to the trembling natives and equally helpless missionaries.

Indeed, under Divine providence, Mrs. Judson's firmness and faith alone saved the mission from abandonment at this stage. It seems that almost immediately after the arrival of the news from Chittagong, that Mr. Judson had not been heard of at that port, a peremptory and menacing order arrived at the mission house, requiring Mr. Hough, the missionary printer, to appear before the court, and to give an account of himself. He was informed that "if he did not tell all the truth relative to his situation in the country, they would write with his heart's blood."

The examination was conducted with such roughness and studied insult that it was very evident mischief was intended; and to complicate the matter still further, Mr. Hough could not speak the language fluently enough to carry on any conversation. Mr. Hough and Mrs. Judson resolved to appeal to the Viceroy, and Mrs. Judson's teacher drew up a petition which she tremblingly presented, somewhat like Esther of old, when she pleaded for the lives of her people. This petition was successful beyond expectation, for the Viceroy—in spite of the fact that no women were allowed to appear at his court, except by special favour of his wife—commanded that Mr. Hough should receive no further molestation.

This trouble was over; but the darker one yet remained. No tidings of her husband had yet arrived, and Mr. Hough, believing that the little attack they had experienced was only the first monition of a dark time of persecution, was anxiously eager that Mrs. Judson should accompany him and his family to Bengal. She partly complied with his wish, and even went on board, but returned again to the post of duty, determined to trust herself and her affairs to God's love

and keeping. The story is best told by herself in a letter to home friends:

"On the fifth of this month I embarked with Mr. Hough and family for Bengal, having previously disposed of what I could not take with me. I had engaged Mr. Judson's teacher to accompany me, that in case of meeting him at Bengal, he could go on with his Burmese studies. But the teacher, fearing the difficulties arising from his being a Burman, broke his engagement and refused to go. My disinclination to proceed in the course commenced had increased to such a degree that I was on the point of giving up the voyage myself; but my passage was paid, my baggage on board, and I knew not how to separate myself from the mission family. The vessel, however, was several days in going down the river. When on the point of putting out to sea, the captain and officers ascertained that she was in a very dangerous state, in consequence of having been improperly loaded, and that she must be detained for a day or two at the place where she then lay. I immediately resolved on giving up the voyage, and returning to town. Accordingly, the captain sent up a boat with me, and engaged to forward my baggage the next day. I reached town in the evening,

and to-day have come out to the mission house, to the great joy of all the Burmese left on the premises. Mr. Hough and his family will proceed, and they kindly and affectionately urge my going with them. I know I am surrounded by dangers on every hand, and expect to see much anxiety and distress; but at present I am tranquil, and intend to make an effort to pursue my studies as formerly, and leave the result to God."

The result proved that Mrs. Judson was right. In a few days Mr. Judson arrived home unexpectedly, to the rejoicing of his brave wife, and soon after two new missionaries arrived from America to reinforce the mission. Then she realised again, with a new thankfulness, the truth of the lines which she had so often sung in her fatherland:

"The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight."

Soon after this a preaching-place was opened, and public worship in the Burmese language commenced for all who would attend. In one part of the building, divided off, Mrs. Judson held her class of native

women, while in the other Mr. Judson preached, and talked, and argued, attracting congregations, more or less in number, on every day in the week. Inquirers came forward too, asking secretly to be taught all about the new religion, and one—Moung Nau by name—requested baptism as an earnest believer in the Lord Jesus. It may be of help to the reader to know that the prefix *Moung* signifies a young man. The Burmese use a number of titles to designate individuals, like ourselves. Thus, *Moung* denotes a young man; *Do*, an old man; *Mee*, a girl; *Mah*, a young woman; *May*, an old woman. Moung Nau was a young man of about thirty-five years of age, belonging to the middle ranks of life, and evidently much in earnest. It was after about two months of constant instruction that Moung Nau requested baptism—a most thorough proof of his sincerity, when it is considered that he thereby exposed himself to the risk of execution, through forsaking the old religion of the country.

Moung wrote a manly and intelligent letter to Mr. Judson, respecting the rite of baptism sought by him; and because of its straightforward simplicity, as well as its somewhat peculiar phraseology to English

readers, we make no apology for reproducing it. The letter runs thus:

"I, Moung Nau, the constant recipient of your excellent favour, now approach your feet. Whereas my lords three (the three missionaries) have come to the country of Burma not for the purposes of trade, but to preach the religion of Jesus Christ, the Son of the eternal God, I, having heard and understood, am with a joyful mind filled with love. I believe that the Divine Son, Jesus Christ, suffered death in the place of men, to atone for their sins. Like a heavy-laden man, I feel my sins are very many. The punishment of my sins I deserve to suffer. Since it is so, do you, sirs, consider that I, taking refuge in the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, and receiving baptism in order that I may confess myself to be His disciple, shall dwell one with yourselves in the happiness of heaven, and therefore grant me the ordinance of baptism. It is through the grace of Jesus Christ that you, sirs, have come by ship from one country and continent to another, and that we have met together. I pray, my lords three, that a suitable day be appointed, and that I may receive the ordinance of baptism. Moreover, as it is only since I have met you, sirs, that I have known about

the eternal God, I venture to pray that you will still unfold to me the religion of God, that my old disposition may be destroyed, and my new disposition improved."

This man was baptized on the 27th of June, 1819. It was the first profession of the Christian faith made by any of the subjects of the Burmese Empire, and it was an occasion of unutterable joy to the missionaries. They had long laboured in depression and gloom, while yet sowing precious seed in faith; now Moung Nau was the first sheaf of the harvest. Soon after this two others were baptized, but at sunset, as they were timid believers, and did not desire to proclaim their faith to a numerous concourse of onlookers. After the ceremony, the converts and inquirers repaired to the *Zayat*, and held prayer meetings *of their own accord*. This was a most encouraging sign.

But the unfriendliness and opposition of those in authority increased, so that the natives ceased to come to Mr. Judson or his wife for religious conversation. It seemed certain that it would be useless to persevere in their missionary labours unless they secured the favour of the King; they resolved therefore to visit the capital, endeavour to propitiate his Majesty, and, if possible, to

win his influence over to their side. Messrs. Judson and Colman were admitted to an an audience of the King, but their petition was received with disfavour, and their offerings of books rejected with disdain. They returned to Rangoon, dispirited and downcast. They found that the policy of the Burmese Government, in regard to the toleration of any foreign religion, was precisely the same as that of the Chinese; that no subject of the King who embraced a religion different from his own would be exempt from punishment; and that the missionaries in presenting a petition to the Sovereign relating to religious toleration had been guilty of a most serious blunder. As a proof, Mr. Judson was informed that some fifteen years previously a native who had been converted to Roman Catholicism had been nearly beaten to death, because of his apostasy from the national faith. The ruling powers entertained still the same spirit of hatred to Protestantism; therefore it seemed hopeless to endeavour to sow Gospel seed in or near the capital.

On returning to Rangoon, the saddened mission workers told the three converts of their ill-success, but to their great surprise they found that these men were firm and un-

By courtesy of Indian Railways Bureau

IN THE COURT OF A BURMESE PAGODA

To face page 64

moved in prospect of persecuting days. The only thing which seemed to disquiet them was the probability that the missionaries would leave their country, so that they, being left alone, would be unable to propagate the Christian faith. More especially was this the argument of the married convert; for the two unmarried ones would have followed Mr. Judson to India, whereas the married one could not, because no native woman was permitted to leave the country. It was finally determined that Mr. and Mrs. Colman should remove to Chittagong, and that Mr. and Mrs. Judson should remain with their beloved Burmese hearers, and dare all risks. In March, 1820, the Colmans removed as arranged, and, for some time, the Judsons laboured on bravely alone.

Within a month from the date of the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Colman another convert was baptized, and several native women professed to have received the faith of Christ. The harvest was now beginning to appear after a dreary waiting-time, but had the devoted servants of the Master given way to their very natural feelings of alarm, and fled the country, these converts would probably never have been heard of. In June, however, Mrs. Judson experienced such a

breakdown in health that it was deemed absolutely necessary for her to go to Bengal for proper medical treatment. This event, which caused Mr. and Mrs. Judson to leave Burma, became the means of leading other natives to come forward and make profession of faith, and among them was Mah-Men-la, one of Mrs. Judson's women scholars. She was baptized upon her confession of faith, saying, "Now I have taken the oath of allegiance to Jesus Christ, and I have nothing to do but to commit myself, soul and body, into the hands of my Lord, assured that He will never suffer me to fall away."

The voyage and treatment benefited Mrs. Judson so much that, in January, 1821, she and her husband returned from Serampore to Rangoon, and were welcomed by all classes. Even the wife of the Viceroy received the missionaries with unwonted friendliness, but the most cheering fact of all was this, that, though they were left to themselves for above six months, not one of the converts had dishonoured the Christian profession. Owing to the great caution observed, the little church had dwelt amidst many and powerful enemies at Rangoon quite unmolested. Mr. Judson records that it was not then generally known that any of the natives had professed

Christianity. It was the day of small things, and whether the religion of the Cross should ever spread over the benighted land of Burma was at that time an unsolved problem.

CHAPTER VI

Dark Days

IN May, 1821, the American Baptist Missionary Society set apart and sent out to assist Mr. and Mrs. Judson, Dr. Price. The Doctor was married, and having received a medical education was prepared to act both as missionary and medical man. But cholera and fever were their constant foes; and what with translation, teaching, preaching, and disputing, the days passed very quickly to both Mr. and Mrs. Judson until it became too evident that the health of the latter was being surely undermined by constant suffering from fever and liver complaint. It being painfully recognised that there existed no chance of her recovery in those Eastern climes, it was at last decided that she should pay a visit to America. In August, therefore, she embarked for Bengal, and after arriving in Calcutta in the following month she made further arrangements for visiting England *en route* for the United

States. On writing to a friend she thus referred to her departure from Burma:

"Rangoon, from having been the theatre in which so much of the faithfulness, power, and mercy of God has been exhibited, from having been considered for ten years past my home for life, and from a thousand interesting associations, has become the dearest spot on earth. Hence you will readily imagine that no ordinary considerations could have induced my departure . . .

"I left Rangoon in August, and arrived in Calcutta on the 22nd of September. My disorder gained ground so rapidly that nothing but a voyage to sea, and the benefit of the cold climate, presented the least hope of life. You will also realise that nothing else than the prospect of a final separation would have induced us to decide on this measure, under circumstances so trying as those in which we were placed. But duty to God, to ourselves, to the Board of Missions, and to the perishing Burmese, compelled us to adopt this course of procedure, though agonising to all the natural feelings of our hearts."

Mrs. Judson made arrangements to go to England first, solely because of the difficulty of engaging a passage in any American vessel; and, as it turned out, she was able

to do this, free of expense to the Board. She continued: "If the pain in my side is entirely removed while on my passage to Europe, I shall return to India in the same ship, and proceed immediately to Rangoon. But if not, I shall go over to America, and spend one winter in my dear native country. As ardently as I long to see my beloved friends in America, I cannot prevail on myself to be any longer from Rangoon than is absolutely necessary for the preservation of my life. I have had a severe struggle relative to my *immediate* return to Rangoon, instead of going to England. But I did not venture to go contrary to the convictions of reason, to the opinion of an eminent and skilful physician, and the repeated injunctions of Mr. Judson."

She reached England with somewhat improved health, and at once found a welcome among Christians of all denominations. After spending some weeks among English and Scottish friends, she proceeded in August, 1822, on her way to New York, arriving there on the 25th of September. She intended to have spent the winter in the New England States, but the coldness of the climate and her own exhaustion of strength forbade this plan being carried out. She therefore re-

moved to Baltimore in December, this place being more suitable to her constitution after the tropical heats of Burma. It is somewhat saddening to know, however, that the malignancy of poor human nature found vent in unworthy misrepresentations of Mrs. Judson's character and conduct during this winter. It was asserted by some envious and detracting persons that her health was not seriously impaired, and that she only visited the Southern States with a view to attracting attention and applause. But such detraction was (at) not all wonderful, seeing that the disciples of Christ must ever expect the same baptism of ill-will, defamation, and slander through which He passed. No Christian, indeed, who has been worth the name, has ever incurred the "woe" denounced on those of whom all the world shall "speak well"; and in passing through this experience, Mrs. Judson merely suffered like all the rest of Christ's disciples.

During the winter at Baltimore frequent consultations of medical men took place, and they all concurred in thinking that she could not expect to live if she returned to Burma, or indeed to the East at all. But she still anticipated the time of her departure for the scene of missionary toils and triumphs, and

expressed herself determined to labour for Burma as long as life should last. Yet her illness increased, and alarming complications ensued. Bleeding from the lungs came on in addition to liver symptoms, and for some time it grew even doubtful whether she would recover sufficiently ever to take the long voyage back. Meanwhile, encouraging reports arrived from Rangoon. The little band of native women whom she had been instructing there had nearly all given in their adhesion to Christianity, or had been baptized, and were actually carrying on a small prayer meeting *of their own accord*. Dr. Price had received the Burmese monarch's command to repair to Ava on account of his medical skill, and Mr. Judson had resolved to accompany him in order to make one more effort for toleration for the native Christians. These things made Mrs. Judson anxious to return to Rangoon early in April, should a vessel be sailing from either Boston or Salem.

During this waiting-time she published the *History of the Burman Mission*, a small work, but a valuable compilation of facts, which drew much attention to the condition of the country from both American and English Christians. As one result, doubtless, of the

increased interest excited, the American Board of Missions appointed Mr. and Mrs. Wade to proceed to Burma with Mrs. Judson, to assist in the mission there. The little party sailed from Boston on the 22nd of June, and after a prosperous voyage, arrived at Rangoon *via* Calcutta, on the 5th of December, 1823. But Mrs. Judson found that serious complications, endangering the safety of the mission, had arisen in her absence. Indeed, there can be little doubt that the cloud was now appearing, "small as a man's hand," which was destined to end only with her life. The difficulties and hardships she had hitherto experienced were few and small compared with those which now awaited her.

The new Viceroy of Rangoon was opposed to Christianity, and manifested his spirit by imposing illegal and burdensome taxes upon every Burmese suspected of favouring the principles taught by Mr. Judson. The houses of some of the disciples were demolished, and they themselves were gone, no one knew whither, for they had fled for dear life. The prospect of war between England and Burma was daily increasing; therefore the missionaries who had been occupying the land during her absence had a tale to tell of gloomy anticipation and lowering evil. Dr.

Price was resident at Ava, the "Golden City," having been commanded to remain there because of his medical skill; and Mr. Judson had also to take up his residence there because of some passing mood of indulgence or of toleration in the Imperial mind. Mrs. Judson's next home was therefore to be at Ava, several hundred miles farther up the Irrawaddy.

Immediately on her arrival therefore at Rangoon, Mr. Judson prepared to take her up the Irrawaddy to Ava, for the Emperor's behests could not be disregarded without fear of trouble. This state of matters, however, divided the mission party, one half being driven to reside in Ava, in the very teeth of danger, and the other half being left behind at Rangoon. The party at the capital consisted of Messrs. Judson and Price, with their families; that at Rangoon of Messrs. Hough and Wade, and their families. These two missionaries suffered much persecution and ill-treatment during the progress of the war, but still their sufferings were very little indeed compared with those of the Judsons and Dr. Price. Mrs. Price, before this climax arrived, found an early grave among those whom she sought to benefit.

The voyage up the Irrawaddy took about

six weeks, and was performed in Mr. Judson's small open boat, but as the season was cool and healthy, the voyagers performed the journey pleasantly and easily. The river banks were peopled by swarms of human beings, all anxious to get a peep at "the white woman from over the water"; and all wondering, when they did get a peep at her, how she could ever muster up sufficient courage to visit their land. Whenever the boat came to a halt for the night, Mr. and Mrs. Judson would get out, and sit in the shade of the trees; then a crowd would soon gather, to whom Mr. Judson would talk simply of the great and loving Saviour, Christ. He also seized these opportunities to distribute tracts, printed in Burmese, containing short and simple statements of Christian doctrine, which tracts were eagerly received and willingly read, for most of the Burmese could read their own language, and were fairly fond of discussing religious questions with the missionaries.

On arriving at Ava, they had to wait about a fortnight while a little wooden house was run up for them. It contained three small rooms and a verandah, and was raised on supports four feet from the ground. But as the house was not built of bricks,

its inhabitants soon began to suffer from the intense heat. Mrs. Judson writes: "I hardly know how we shall bear the hot season which is just commencing, as our house is built of boards, and before night is heated like an oven. Nothing but brick is a shelter from the heat of Ava, when the thermometer, even in the shade, frequently rises to 108 degrees. We have worship every evening in Burmese, when a number of the natives assemble; and every Sabbath, Mr. Judson preaches on the other side of the river, in Dr. Price's house. We feel it an inestimable privilege that, amid all our discouragements, we have the language, and are able constantly to communicate truths which can save the soul."

But the war-clouds loomed dark in the distance, and threatened, at no distant date, to overwhelm them and the whole mission in ruin. Indeed, although unknown to them, "the dogs of war" had been already let loose. For some time past rumours of approaching war with the Bengal Government had disturbed the public security. It had been known for a long period that the Emperor of Burma had cherished the ambitious design of invading Bengal. He had collected, in a neighbouring province, an army of 30,000

men, under the command of one of his most successful generals. It was also said that this army was furnished with a pair of golden fetters, wherewith to bind the Governor-General of India, when he should be led away into captivity in Burma.

But these preparations for triumph over a fallen foe were destined to premature failure as in many another case. The British rulers of India, as represented by the Bengal Government, decided to invade Burma, and to at once administer exemplary punishment in return for the encroachments and insults of the Burmese Government. All peaceable measures had been tried and failed; now it only remained to appeal by force of arms.

In May, 1824—or about five months after Mrs. Judson's return—an army of ten thousand British and East Indian Troops, under the command of Sir Archibald Campbell, arrived at Rangoon. This was about three months after Mr. and Mrs. Judson had arrived at their new home at Ava. The army struck terror into the hearts of the people at Rangoon, and the Viceroy revenged himself upon Messrs. Hough and Wade by inflicting cruel treatment, and threatening them with death. He pretended to believe that the Americans were in league with the English,

and treated them accordingly. These two missionaries were thrust into prison, loaded with fetters, and more than once brought out for instant execution. The landing of the British troops finally saved them from death; and after a while, both Messrs. Hough and Wade, with their wives, returned to Bengal, where they still carried on the work of translating and printing, as far as manuscript had been prepared. Mr. Wade chiefly employed himself in printing a Burmese Dictionary, which had been prepared by Mr. Judson, and which proved to be a work of much value to later missionaries.

But the tide of war rolled on to Ava, and the situation of the missionaries there became a matter of intense solicitude, not only to their fellow-workers, but also to the friends of the mission in America. Nothing had been heard of the Judsons or of Dr. Price for nearly two years, and at last even their nearest and dearest friends gave them up for dead. It was certain that, if alive, they were suffering bitter pains and persecutions for their supposed connection with the British, while it was almost equally certain that as the British troops proceeded from victory to victory, the Burmese authorities would wreak their vengeance upon the de-

defenceless missionaries who were all this time in their power.

At last, however, the British advanced so near the capital that Sir Archibald Campbell was able to dictate terms of peace, and the Burmese monarch was glad to comply. He agreed to cede a large portion of his territory, to pay about one million sterling, in four instalments, and to liberate unconditionally all the British and American prisoners. Mr. and Mrs. Judson, as well as Dr. Price, were thus rescued from the hands of their enemies, and on the 24th of February, 1826, they were received with the most courteous kindness at the British camp. Sir Archibald Campbell provided the missionaries with a tent, and also placed one of his gun-boats at their disposal, to convey them down the river Irrawaddy to Rangoon, whenever they decided to go. At this date Mrs. Judson was so weak with fever, hardship, and Burmese brutality that she could not stand or walk without support, yet she looked forward to being of some use to the benighted Burmese, provided she could settle down in some other part of Burma, under British protection.

Mrs. Judson wrote a complete account of their sufferings during this terrible time. Of

this account it has been well said, "Fiction itself has seldom invented a tale more replete with terror." From it we learn that their sorrows began immediately on their arrival at Ava, for Dr. Price was out of favour at the Burmese court, while all foreigners were looked upon with suspicion, as being naturally favourable to the British. As soon as the tidings of the capture of Rangoon reached Ava, an order was issued that all foreigners should be cast into prison. The storm burst upon the household of the Judsons on the 8th of June, 1824, just as they were preparing for dinner. Mrs. Judson thus describes the scene:

"In rushed an officer, holding a black book, with a dozen Burmese, accompanied by one whom from his spotted face we knew to be the executioner, and 'a son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the Emperor,' said the officer, a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm. 'Stay,' said I, 'I will give you money.' *'Take her too,'* said the officer, *'she also is a foreigner.'*

Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged that they would let me remain till further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighbourhood had collected: the masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools, and ran; the little Burmese children were screaming and crying, the servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master, and the hardened executioner, with a kind of insane joy drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off, I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted-face to take the silver, and loosen the ropes, but he spurned my offers, and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Moung Ing to follow after, and make some attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson, but instead of succeeding, the unfeeling wretches, when a few rods from the house, again threw their prisoners on the ground, and drew the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration."

A guard of ten ruffians was set over the house, and Mrs. Judson was closely watched, together with the little Burmese girls whom she had taken to teach and train up in her own family. Very soon, however, she was summoned forth to the verandah to be

examined by the magistrate for supposed complicity with the British foreigners. Previous to obeying this summons, however, she took the precaution of destroying all her letters, journals, and writings of every kind, lest they should disclose the fact that they had correspondents in England. After the examination, she was allowed to retire to an inner room with the children; but the carousings and vile language of the guard, her own suffering, unprotected, and desolate state, as well as the uncertainty of her husband's fate, combined to render it a most memorable night of terror and dismay, sleep being altogether out of the question.

She sent Moung Ing, however, early next morning to ascertain Mr. Judson's situation, and if possible, to give him and his fellow-prisoner food. He soon returned with the tidings that both the missionaries, with all the white foreigners, were confined in the death-prison, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole to prevent their moving. The fact of being a prisoner herself rendered it impossible to take any effectual steps for their release. She did try, however, what could be done, by sending letters, messages, and promises of rewards to various high officials and members of the

royal family, but all her endeavours were unsuccessful. She had obtained permission at last, upon paying about one hundred dollars to the head officer, to have one short interview with her husband; but when Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison, and commenced to give her directions as to her efforts for his release, the jailers roughly compelled her to depart, with threats of personal violence.

Next, the officers of the Burmese Government visited Mr. Judson's house and coolly proceeded to take possession of all they had. But, very fortunately, Mrs. Judson had received warning of this visit of confiscation, and had on the previous day secreted as much silver as she possibly could, knowing that if the war lasted long, she and the other missionaries would be reduced to utter starvation. Although the Burmese Government held them all as prisoners, it was considered a superfluous duty to feed them. No trouble whatever was taken either to provide mats or food for Mr. Judson or Dr. Price; consequently Mrs. Judson had to regularly send them food, together with mats to sleep upon. Only books, medicines, and wearing apparel were left in her possession now, so that had she not taken the precaution to hide

their money, she and the prisoners would have perished of starvation. Her almost daily journeys to the prison, however, which was two miles away, and her exhausting interviews with officials, greatly reduced her own strength. This went on for seven months, until her resources and her courage were both alike nearly exhausted. The extortions and oppressions they had to bear are quite indescribable, and the awful uncertainty of their fate was overpowering. Mrs. Judson says, in her account of this terrible time, "My prevailing opinion was that my husband would suffer a violent death, and that I should of course become a slave, and languish out a miserable, though short, existence in the hands of some unfeeling monster."

To add to the difficulties of the lonely woman's situation, she gave birth to a little daughter after Mr. Judson had been some time in prison. This babe comforted her heart a little, but it also added to her cares and duties. As often as possible, she would take it to the death-prison, in order that its father might look upon it, and we can well believe that the little unconscious infant, although by her tiny baby wiles serving to bring some ray of pleasure to the poor

prisoner's heart, would cause a pang to pierce through that heart as it contemplated the dark and unknown future.

Sometimes, however, Mr. Judson suffered with fever, and was in great danger; but once, as a special favour, his wife was permitted to erect a small bamboo house in the governor's enclosure, opposite the prison gate, and to remove her husband into it. She was also allowed to go in and out at all times of the day, to administer medicines to him, and she adds: "I now feel happy indeed—although the little bamboo hovel was so low that neither of us could stand upright."

But worse experiences were to come. One morning, when Mr. Judson was still ill with fever, he and the other white prisoners were taken out of the prison, and driven on foot some eight or ten miles, under the burning sun, both bareheaded and barefooted, to Amarapura. This cross-country march was so dreadful, that one of the white prisoners—a Greek—dropped dead.

At first nobody could tell Mrs. Judson where the poor captives were taken, but a servant who had witnessed the forced march brought her information. Nothing daunted, this devoted woman followed her husband,

carrying her infant in her arms, accompanied by her two little Burmese girls and a faithful Bengalee cook. Part of the journey was accomplished in a boat, and part in a rough country cart. She found Mr. Judson and his companions chained in couples with fetters, and almost dead from fever, exhaustion, and want. She says: "It was now dark; I had no refreshment for the suffering prisoners, or for myself, as I had expected to procure all that was necessary at the market of Amarapura, and I had no shelter for the night. I asked one of the jailers if I might put up a little bamboo house near the prison; he said, 'No, it was not customary.' I then begged he would procure me a shelter for the night, when on the morrow I would find some place to live in. He took me to his house, in which there were only two small rooms—one in which he and his family lived—the other, which was then half full of grain, he offered to me, and in that little filthy place I spent the next six months of wretchedness. I procured some half-boiled water instead of tea, and worn out with fatigue, laid myself down on a mat spread over the grain, and endeavoured to obtain a little refreshment from sleep."

The prisoners, meanwhile, were confined

in an old shattered building without a roof, and the rumour went forth that they were to be burnt alive, building and all. It came out afterwards, indeed, that, had it not been for the death of the officer whose duty it would have been to have seen them burnt, they would have perished in this dreadful manner.

Just at that juncture, as if to add woe upon woe, the little Burmese girls took the smallpox, and shortly afterwards the infant sickened with it too, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Judson vaccinated it, as best she could, with an old darning-needle. It however had only a slight attack in consequence of the vaccination; but, what with children to vaccinate, the little ones of her own family to nurse, and Mr. Judson to care and cook for, Mrs. Judson had her hands full. She had also to make a journey to Ava for medicines, and this journey, together with the exhaustion, anxiety, and hardships of her life, combined to lay her also low with malignant fever. During this time the Bengalee cook was most faithful, and served both his master and mistress night and day with unremitting fidelity; and sometimes the jailers would allow Mr. Judson to come out of prison to nurse his wife and babe for a

few hours. She tells us that for want of proper nursing the infant had grown to be a "little emaciated creature," while "her cries were heartrending."

Soon after, Mr. Judson was released from captivity and ordered to proceed to the Burmese camp, to act as translator and interpreter in the negotiations then being carried on with Sir Archibald Campbell for peace. The British Army advanced upon Ava, and in order to save the city, the Burmese King agreed to the most humiliating stipulations. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were sent forward to sue for peace. They brought back the message that the British would spare the city, provided the Burmese Government would pay one million sterling, and immediately liberate all foreign prisoners. After some haggling these conditions were accepted, and Sir Archibald Campbell received the whole of the prisoners, and entertained them in his own camp with every mark of respect.

During these negotiations for peace, Mrs. Judson was very ill with spotted fever. Her hair was shaved off, her head and feet covered with blisters, and she was so far gone that the Burmese who came in to sit by her said to one another, *"She is dead."*

She however rallied, but it was more than a month before she could stand.

At that time the Judsons had no idea of ever being able to leave Ava, not having the remotest notion that the British General would include them in his demands. But still the result proved better than their fears. Upon their arrival at the British camp, Mrs. Judson says, "Sir Archibald took us to his own table, and treated us with the kindness of a father, rather than as strangers. I presume to say that no persons on earth were ever happier than we were during the fortnight we passed at the British camp. For several days this idea wholly occupied my mind, that we were out of the power of the Burmese Government, and once more under the protection of the British. Our feelings continually dictated expressions like these, 'What shall we render to the Lord for all His benefits?'"

CHAPTER VII

Called Home

THERE is an interesting fact regarding Mr. Judson's manuscript translation of the New Testament which deserves to be recorded. When, at the commencement of this long season of suffering, the Burmese Government officials went to the Judson's house for the purpose of seizing all their property, Mrs. Judson, instead of burning the Testament together with the letters and journals, hid it in the earth. Unfortunately, however, it was the rainy season, and the manuscript ran the risk of being destroyed by damp. She therefore dug it up, and stitched it into the pillow, so dirty and mean that, as she supposed, not even a native official would be likely to covet it. Mr. Judson slept on it for some time, but was ultimately robbed of it by one of the officials, who, after stripping off the outer covering, threw away the pillow itself, because it was so hard. One of the native

converts, happening to be passing by, picked it up, took care of it, and months afterwards restored the precious manuscript to Mr. Judson intact.

In the beginning of May, 1826, the Judsons removed to Amherst, a new city under British protection. Four of the mission converts, with their families, had already settled there, besides many of the Burmese population, so that there was every prospect of a new and more successful time of service. But Mrs. Judson's work was almost accomplished. In July, Mr. Judson was summoned away to assist in negotiating a secondary treaty between the British and the Burmese, which was to secure toleration for Christianity, and establish peace on a firm basis. This was the final parting between husband and wife.

Before his return Mrs. Judson was seized again with malignant fever, and her shattered constitution was unable to withstand its attacks. The terrible sufferings she had passed through at Ava rendered her an easy prey. The surgeons and officers of the British regiment stationed at Amherst did all in their power to alleviate the sickness; and the wife of one of the men acted as nurse, most kindly and unremittingly. But Mrs.

Judson's strength declined very rapidly and her mind wandered; still the salvation of the Burmese people lay near her heart. She seemed to dwell much at intervals upon the idea of seeing her husband once more. One day she moaned out: "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 that 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 till he returns."

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 of the 24th of October, 1826, she passed into "the better land"—sinking to rest like a weary child. Mr. Judson returned too late to see her lifeless corpse.

She was buried at Amherst with civil and military honours; and a tree was planted near her grave. Afterwards, a monument was sent from Boston to mark the spot. Six months later the infant rejoined its mother, and was laid by her side in the little enclosure.

It certainly was a mysterious dispensation of Providence that Mrs. Judson should be called away from her beloved work just as she had the opportunity of an "open door," and had acquired capability for service. Familiar with the language, and rich in experience, she might, to our thinking, have done very much more service in the mission field. But previous hardships, trials of climate, and deprivation of comforts had all done their work, and "she was not, for the finger of God touched her." However, she had not lived in vain. Five converted Burmese had preceded her to heaven, nearly all of whom had heard the news of redemption from her lips.

Her name will be remembered in the churches of Burma in future times when the pagodas of Gautama shall have fallen: when the spires of Christian temples shall gleam along the waters of the Irrawaddy and the Salwen; and when the Golden City shall have "lifted up her gates to let the King of Glory in."

Mr. Judson outlived his wife for twenty-four years, and was permitted to carry on his noble work in Burma until his death in 1850. During the last years of his labours he again saw much antagonism to the

Gospel from the authorities, but he persevered and what a great monumental work Mr. Judson reared for God amidst tremendous difficulties and trials. Not only had he finished the translation of the Bible, but also had completed the larger and more difficult part of the Burmese dictionary. At the time of his death there were sixty-three churches established among the Burmans and Karens. Surely he had laid the foundations of the Gospel in Burman hearts which could never be overthrown, and a work was accomplished which shall redound to the glory of God throughout all eternity. He and his noble wife had fought a good fight; they had finished their course; henceforth there is laid up for them a crown of righteousness; and not for them only, but for all who, like them, crown Christ in their hearts as Lord and Saviour, and yield to Him for His service, in absolute surrender and consecration.

In conclusion, it may not be out of place to recount a few encouraging facts concerning the later state of the American Baptist Mission to Burma. Christianity had increased and prospered far more in this land than was generally known. There were six hundred Christian congregations, com-

prising about twenty-eight thousand members, and about seventy thousand adherents. These congregations were, as a rule, self-supporting, and were composed chiefly of Karens. Beside these there were about fifteen hundred Burmese converts. In four hundred schools there were also twelve thousand pupils. The whole Bible was freely circulated in the Burmese tongue as the result of Mr. Judson's labours; to say nothing of the Dictionary, Hymn Book, and thousands of smaller works, such as tracts, pamphlets, and catechisms. There was no system of caste in Burma, such as has been the curse of India, so that access to the different orders of people was more easy; while the majority of the natives could read their own language owing to the system of instruction pursued by the *phoongyes* or priests. It was arranged to build a Judson Centennial Memorial Church in Mandalay, the new capital of Burma, which is near the site of Ava, and only two miles from the dreadful prison of Oung-pen-la where the heroic Judson and his fellow-captive suffered so much torture. Several thousand pounds were required for the erection of this building; but one thousand was given as a starting-gift by Meh-

Nhinly, an aged Christian widow, who for many years had been the mainstay of the little Burmese church at Tavoy, and who was one of the very few then still alive who had been baptized by Mr. Judson himself.

More than a century has passed away since Mrs. Judson was laid to rest in that lonely grave at Amherst, but her work still bears fruit. The word of the Lord has not returned to Him "void, but has prospered in the work whereunto it was sent," even in idolatrous Burma. It is long past a century since—driven out of Calcutta by the old East India Company—Mr. Judson arrived in Rangoon, and first established the Baptist Mission. For a long time he laboured on in the face of discouragements which would have vanquished a less courageous man. But now we may well marvel at the multitude of the harvest fruits! Burma, which has become one of the most valuable possessions of the British Crown, may yet be one of the most enlightened lands owning the sway of "the King of kings."