

The Christian Messenger.

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"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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Poetry.

The Dumb Child.

She is my only girl.
I asked for her as some most precious thing;
For all unfinished was Love's jeweled ring,
'Till set with this soft pearl!
The shades that time brought forth I could not see
How pure, how perfect, seemed the gift to me!

Oh! many a soft old tune
I used to sing unto that deafened ear,
And suffered not the slightest footstep near,
Lest she might wake too soon;
And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay,
Ah! needless care! I might have let them play.

'Twas long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me;
Waited and watched—God knows how patiently!
How willingly deceived.
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,
And tended Hope until it starved to death.

Oh! if she could but hear
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me mother, in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred
To the deep music of that holy word!

My heart it sorely tries,
To see her kneel with such a reverent air
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
Or lift those earnest eyes
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,
Then move her own, as she were speaking, too.

I've watched her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And the long-pant-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,
All the grand music to which Nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her; the world of sound a tuneless void;
While even silence hath its charms destroyed.

Her face is very fair;
Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mould
The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold,
Ripples her shining hair.
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Will He the mind within
Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept free,
E'en that His still, small voice and step might be
Heard, at its inner shrine,
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?
Thou should I grieve? O, murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness; in her noiseless play,
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!
And, when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knees.
O, at such times, I know,
By his full eye, and tones subdued and mild,
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft,
Even now. How could I say she did not speak?
What real language lights her eye and cheek.
And renders thanks to Him who left
Unto her soul, yet open avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to use!

And God in love doth give
To her defect a beauty of its own;
And we a deeper tenderness have known
Through that for which we grieve.
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear,
Yea, and my voice shall fill it—but not here.

When that new sense is given,
What rapture will its first experience be,
That never woke to meander melody
Than the rich songs of heaven—
To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round,
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound!

Missionary.

For the Christian Messenger.

History of the Baptist Mission in Rangoon.

[No. 3.]

We have seen once before that when the prospects of the mission seemed shrouded in darkness, a cheering light dispelled it, and coloured every scene with its own bright rays. We have marked that light becoming dim, and the dark cloud settling over Rangoon. These events repeat themselves. We see with pleasure its pagodas and zayats again tinged with the golden beams of heaven. And then a dark thick cloud settles over the scene, filling us with sorrow, and for a time even vanishing all hope of returning light.

Let us return more immediately to our narrative. We have seen Mr. Judson lonely, weary and dispirited, but still determined not to forsake his chosen field until it was no longer possible to remain.

Events proved that his decision was dictated not more by piety, than by sound judgment. Mr. Judson soon found that his previous labours had not been wasted. There were found to be some, whose hearts "the sword of the Spirit" had pierced deeply. In the face of persecution there were a few who dared to ask, "What must we do to be saved?" There were some who dared to say, "See here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?"

Moung Shwa Gngong, the timid, sceptical Burmese, who had so long resisted the evidence of Christianity, who had so long rejected the claims of acknowledged truth, was now led into the baptismal waters by Mr. Judson. Six others followed his example. This was most encouraging to the lonely, care-worn missionary. Besides he had the satisfaction of finding in these converts, a brighter type of Christianity than he could have hoped for, under less trying circumstances. Persecution ensured zeal, sincerity and devotion to religion; it preserved the convert from the pernicious influence of old associates and old associations. As months roll on, the shadows which hang so darkly over Rangoon, are gradually dispersed.

The mission seems now to be in a prosperous, healthy state. More new actors appear on the stage, and the work is prosecuted with redoubled vigour.

Mrs. Judson was obliged in the summer of 1821 to leave Rangoon for America for a period, on account of her health, but her husband laboured on with hopefulness and perseverance. The mission now received a strong reinforcement. Dr. Price, a skilful physician, arrived at Rangoon in December, 1821, and soon after Mr. Hough arrived, bringing with him the press which lately had been much needed. The work of preaching the word was prosecuted with redoubled energy. The viceroys made no opposition, and now the church numbered eighteen members.

Every prospect was bright. Dr. Price attracted many, by his skill as a physician. Mr. Judson translated, Mr. Hough printed as fast as translations were made, and all preached the gospel, and conversed with inquirers as opportunity offered.

The skill of Dr. Price had reached the ears of the Emperor, and he was sent for to proceed at once to Ava. He obeyed the summons, and left Rangoon for the Imperial City in company with Mr. Judson. Here they remained for some months. An opening was made for the preaching of the Gospel, and a house was erected for the Missionaries. Early in 1823, Mr. Judson

returned to Rangoon to look after the interests of the church, and to complete his translation of the New Testament. He gathered the disciples around him, and prosecuted his labour of preaching, teaching and translating, with great zeal and perseverance, and during the year finished the translation of the New Testament. The prospect before the missionaries still brightened. Towards the end of the year Mrs. Judson arrived from America greatly improved in health, and having succeeded in exciting a new interest in behalf of missions at home, and in bringing with her as a reinforcement, another missionary family, Mr. and Mrs. Wade. It was now resolved to form a permanent mission at Ava. The Hough's and Wade's were to carry on their work in Rangoon. Mr. Judson and his wife were to proceed to the Imperial City to labour there in connection with Dr. Price.

There were now two missions. In Rangoon was a church of eighteen members. A spirit of inquiry had been excited. The New Testament had been translated and printed, and two zealous missionaries were ready to carry on the work. At Ava the prospects were good, an experienced missionary, a skilful physician, might hope, after what they had seen, to make a good impression here. If successful here, they might reasonably hope before long to obtain toleration for their religion throughout the Empire.

Thus matters stood during the beginning of the year 1824. But not long did they continue so. Scarcely had the missionaries been settled in Ava, when they noticed that a change had passed over the minds of the monarch and his dignitaries, regarding them. They no longer received the cordial greeting. The looks which were directed towards them, became darker and darker. Now it was whispered that there was to be a war between the East India Company and Burmah, then, that the English had taken possession of Rangoon. These whisperings were true. Some outlaws of Burmah had taken refuge in Chittagong, territory of the company. His majesty had determined to chastise these criminals, and for that purpose had raised an army of forty thousand men, with the intention of invading Chittagong. The company at once determined to anticipate him, and sent an army to Rangoon. The city fell with but little resistance.

Mr. Hough and Wade, with their families, after undergoing much danger and hardship, found themselves in security, after the taking of the city, but as most of the Burman population had left, they thought it useless to remain longer, and soon after embarked for Calcutta.

The English army, after remaining nearly a year in Rangoon, advanced up the Irrawaddy, towards Ava. At first but little danger was anticipated, on the part of the monarch and his nobles. But army after army was defeated. The city of Pagan, the sacred city, was in possession of the invaders. Yandaboo was in their hands. They were but two days march from Ava. It was time for his majesty to tremble for the safety of his capital. A treaty was concluded at Yandaboo, by which Assam, Arracan and the Tenasserim were ceded to the East India Company, and Mimpore was declared independent, under British protection.

In the meanwhile Mr. Judson and Dr. Price had been arrested, imprisoned, and threatened with death. The account of the miseries which they endured during their long imprisonment at Ava and Oung-penla, and of the heroic conduct of Mrs. Judson, you will find in Dr. Wayland's life of Judson.

As soon as possible Mr. Judson and his wife returned to Rangoon, leaving Dr. Price at Ava. They found the church at Ran-

goon scattered. Many of the disciples had been driven into the interior, some had died, but few remained to welcome them to the place where they had toiled so long and so faithfully.

They concluded to leave Rangoon for the present, and proceed to Amherst. Not long after, (while Mr. Judson was absent in Ava, on important business, connected with the completion of a treaty for peace) Mrs. Judson died, worn out by suffering and disease. She ended her days in Amherst on the 24th Oct., 1826.

A sad change had taken place in the prospects which were once presented in Rangoon. The church was scattered, the missionaries could not labour here without being constantly exposed to annoyance and exactions. The people could not visit them to hear the gospel, or to make inquiries respecting it, without incurring the anger of the tyrants, and the consequent fines and tortures. It was deemed advisable to remove the mission to one or more of the towns in the provinces lately ceded to the British.

Had then the labours and prayers of so many years been wasted? Was it for this the missionaries endured so much sickness, dared so many dangers, suffered so many afflictions? Was it for this the heroic Mrs. Judson spent the richest portion of her life, and dared the labours and the sorrows which caused her death? There is a God above who orders events, and this war which caused so great an injury to the mission at Rangoon, opened up for the admission of the gospel provinces in which the name of Jesus had never yet been uttered.

The self-denying labours of the missionary had not been wasted. The gospel had been preached to hundreds and thousands. The doctrines of the Eternal God, the way of salvation, had penetrated into the recesses of the Empire. A large portion of the Scriptures had been translated, and put in circulation. A Christian Church had been formed. The labours of the missionary had not been in vain.

Still more they had prayed that Burmah might receive the gospel. They had experienced the heavy hand of tyranny, and had prayed that it might be lifted from Burmah. They had marked the influence of the dark ruthless despotism in educating the people to meanness and treachery, in crushing out from their souls any reasonings for a pure religion, in inflicting upon the poor and the innocent wrongs great and numerous. They had prayed that this evil might come to an end. Now the great power had been put in operation. Nearly all the sea-coast of the Burman Empire had been separated from it, and placed under a mild and tolerant Government.

Those who believe that prayer is heard in Heaven, and that there is a God who governs this world, may not deem it enthusiasm if we suppose these great events to have taken place in answer to prayer, for the furtherance of his purposes of mercy. If so, when the name of the gallant, the generous, the successful soldier Sir Archibald Campbell shall have been long forgotten—the name of Judson shall be long remembered in Burmah and made immortal in heaven.

We shall now pass as briefly as possible over a period of fourteen years,—from 1826 to 1840. The missionaries, after the conclusion of the war, removed to Amherst, and subsequently to Maulmain, still the work at Rangoon did not at once cease. Ko Thah A, who had been baptized by Mr. Judson, exhibited a striking proof of the power of truth when it penetrates the heart. This convert showed himself to be a true successor of the Apostles. He collected