

# CHRISTIAN



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REV. E. D. VERY,

"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

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## THE MISSIONARY'S CALL.

REV. N. BROWN, OF ASSAM.

My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange  
And secret whisper to my spirit, like  
A dream of night, that tells me I am on  
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The

vows  
Of God are on me, and I may not stop  
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,  
Till I my work have done, and rendered up  
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,  
"Go teach all nations," from the Eastern  
world

Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear,  
And I will go.

And when I come to stretch me for the last,  
In unattended agony, beneath  
The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes  
From Afric's burning sands, it will be sweet  
That I have toiled for other worlds than this.

## DR. JUDSON'S SUFFERINGS AND IMPRISONMENT.

Five years had nearly rolled away, since the baptism of the first convert. In the interval many events of interest and importance had transpired in connection with the Mission.—Clouds and sunshine, and sunshine and clouds, had followed each other in quick and rapid succession. Other laborers had arrived—the New Testament had been translated into the Burman language and the little band of disciples had increased to the number of eighteen. Mr. Judson had removed from Rangoon to Ava, the capital of Burmah. The Mission was now in a prosperous condition and promised increasing success.

But all at once, rumors of war between Britain and Burmah, were heard, like the hoarse mutterings of approaching thunder. These rumors were immediately succeeded by the arrival of 6,000 British troops at the mouth of the river. In the consternation which this intelligence created, the government issued an order that all persons in Rangoon wearing a hat, should immediately be arrested. Among other European residents, Messrs. Hough and Wade were seized, hurried away to prison, loaded with heavy fetters and placed in close confinement, under the charge of armed keepers. On the following morning the fleet arrived just below Rangoon, and the keepers were ordered to put all the prisoners to death, the moment the first gun should be fired upon the town. But no sooner did the firing commence, than the keepers immediately fled, having taken the precaution to make the prison doors fast, to prevent the escape of the prisoners. After the firing ceased, the prison was entered by fifty Burmans, who stripped the wretched captives of most of their clothing, bound them with cords, dragged them out of prison and hurried them away, goading them on with the points of their spears, to the place of execution. Here they were placed in a kneeling posture with their faces bent to the ground, and the executioner, who stood with his knife in hand, was ordered to proceed. It was a critical moment. The executioner lifted his huge knife to strike off the head of the prisoner nearest to him. When Mr. Hough begged for a moment's delay; and proposed that the execution should be stayed, and one or two of the prisoners be sent on board the frigate to entreat the English Commander to cease firing upon the town. Just at this moment an awful roar of canon was heard and the shot fell thick where they were assembled. This so frightened the whole company, officers and all, that they instantly dispersed and took refuge under a neighboring tank; leaving the missionaries still on their knees, with their necks bared, awaiting the fatal stroke of the executioner's knife. The petition of Mr.

Hough however was renewed and he was commissioned at once to go to the English General, to negotiate, while Mr. Wade and the other prisoners were consigned to a miserable dungeon, with strict orders to have them all put to death, in case Mr. Hough did not succeed in putting an end to hostilities.

On the morning following, a party of Burmans came to the prison, evidently with the design of putting them to death; but just at this moment some one from without exclaimed, "The English are coming!" Instantly the whole number fled in the greatest alarm, and soon after the prisoners were released from their prison and chains by British soldiers.

The intelligence of the fall of Rangoon reached Ava (the place of Mr. Judson's labors) about two weeks after its capture. All was confusion and excitement at the capital. The king immediately ordered the foreign teachers to be arrested.

While Mr. and Mrs. Judson were at dinner, a company of fierce looking Burmans, attended by a "Spotted-faced son of the prison" rushed into the house, seized and violently threw the unresisting Missionary upon the floor, drew forth a small cord for pinioning prisoners, and with hellish cruelty proceeded to tighten the torturing cords around the suffering victim.

"Stay!" exclaimed the agonized and suffering wife: "Oh have pity and loose that torturing cord and I will give you money!"—But the spotted-face, as if the infliction of pain were a greater pleasure than the acquisition of money, spurned the offer of silver; and dragged the suffering Missionary some distance from the house, then threw his helpless victim on the ground and placing his knee upon his back to increase the purchase, he drew the cords with the utmost of his strength, so as almost to deprive him of the power to breathe.

"Now give us silver" said the spotted-face, "and the cords shall be loosed!"

"Is there no one who knows me, (cried the tortured missionary) is there no one who pities me, and who will become security for the money till the messengers return?"

There was none. A messenger, however, soon arrived with silver; upon which the arms of the sufferer were somewhat relieved, so as to allow him to breathe more freely. He was then taken a distance of nearly two miles, three pairs of fetters placed upon his limbs, then fastened to a bamboo pole, and thrust into the death prison!

The horrible sensations and sufferings of this man of God, shackled like a common felon and under the guard of executioners, during the long hours of night in the death prison, I will not undertake to describe.

And what a night also, for his poor agonizing wife, who was left behind, ignorant of the fate of her husband! She also was a prisoner, being guarded by the officers of government, and not permitted to leave her house. On the third day, however, by a bribe of about one hundred dollars, she obtained the melancholy privilege of visiting her husband at the door of the prison; but what a meeting!—The fettered sufferer crawled to the door of the prison, for Mrs. Judson was not permitted to enter, and a few words of sad endearment passed between them only, when she was rudely ordered to depart.

By the exertions of this christian heroine the Missionaries were soon after removed from

\* The executioners in Burmah are reprieved felons, bound in service to the prisons. They are marked by a tattooed circle on their cheeks, on account of which they are termed "spotted-faced sons of the prison."

the death prison to an open shed in the prison enclosure. And here she continued to visit them, daily bringing them food, for seven months. Then in the midst of these labors and sufferings and while the agonized father was chained in his prison, she gave birth to a little daughter. But in a few days she was enabled by the good hand of Providence to resume her daily visits to the prison again.

About two months after the birth of her daughter, a message was brought to Mrs. Judson, that her husband and the other white prisoners, were again thrust into the horrible death prison, and that two additional pairs of fetters, making five in all, had been put upon their galled and wearied limbs. The cause of this additional rigor, was the defeat of the Burman General and the advance of the British troops up the river.

It was now the commencement of the hot season, and the situation of the fettered prisoners, shut up in a close and filthy apartment, was dreadful beyond description. After continuing in the inner prison about a month, Mr. Judson's health gave way; he was seized with an alarming fever, and probably his life would have been sacrificed, had it not been for the energy and assiduity of his heroic wife. In order to be near him she erected a bamboo room in the governor's inclosure, which was nearly opposite the prison gate.—And there she continued to watch over her suffering husband and to besiege the governor with her incessant entreaties, till at length worn out with her "continual coming," he gave orders that Mr. Judson should be removed to more comfortable apartments, and granted her permission to go in and out at all times a day, to administer the necessary medicine and nonishment.

But this state of comparative happiness lasted only two or three days; Mr. Judson, together with the other prisoners, was ordered to be removed to the prison of Oung-pen-la, a distance of eight or nine miles. The sufferings of the prisoners attendant upon this journey are most heart-rending. They were obliged to travel with naked feet upon the scorching sand and sharp gravel—their limbs were stiffened and bruised with the fetters they had worn so long—their bodies were emaciated with the privations and sickness of their protracted and painful imprisonment—and then in addition, they were compelled to make the journey under a burning sun in one of the hottest days in the year. They had proceeded only about half a mile when Mr. Judson's feet became dreadfully blistered. They had then eight miles to walk; the sand and gravel were like burning coals to the feet of the prisoners, which soon became perfectly destitute of skin; and in this condition they were goaded on by their unfeeling drivers, leaving at every step the bloody tracks of their raw and lacerated feet.

The debilitated state of Mr. Judson rendered him less capable of bearing such hardships, than the other prisoners. When about half way, Mr. Judson requested the officer to allow him to ride on his horse a mile or two as he could proceed no farther in that dreadful state. But a malignant look was all the reply he received. He then requested Captain Laird who was tied with him to allow him to take hold of his shoulder, as he was fast sinking. This Mr. Laird kindly granted for a mile or two, but found the additional burden insupportable. Just then a Bengalee servant, coming up and seeing the distress took off his head dress, which was made of cloth, tore it in two, gave a part to Mr. Judson, which he wrapped round his wounded feet; and the servant offering his shoulder, Mr. Judson was almost carried by him, the remainder of the way.

About two hours after the arrival of the prisoners, who should Mr. Judson see, but his noble and heroic wife, coming with her babe three months old in her arms. She had found out the destination, to which her husband had been driven by cruel and bloody men, and love had lent her wings to traverse the burning sands of the desert, and she had flown on those wings, with her sad-hearted babe at her breast, to the side of her beloved companion.

At this place they were destined to remain six long months in sufferings, quite as memorable as the fiery furnace of Babylon to the Jewish worthies—as the den of lions to Daniel—or as the prison at Phillippi to Paul and Silas, with their feet made fast in the stocks. Certain it is, that the sufferings of this six months, endured by this devoted Missionary and his wife, are beyond either enumeration or description.

Here Mr. Judson's fever continued, and his feet were so dreadfully mangled by the horrible march from Ava, that for several days he was utterly unable to move. While his heroic wife was making preparations to attend upon her husband, the next morning after her arrival, her eldest daughter was taken down with the Small Pox! Now her condition was most trying—her husband in prison, with a fever upon him, and in a mangled condition,—her little daughter with the small pox in a shed outside the prison, which she had been permitted to occupy—and her famishing babe at the breast, seeking almost in vain, for that nourishment which excess of sorrow, weariness and suffering, had nearly dried up.

But her cup of suffering is not even yet full. No sooner is her child recovered than she herself is seized with a distressing and dangerous sickness; and thus she is deprived of the power of ministering unto others, and with none to minister unto her. In this debilitated and distressing condition, she set off, in a cart to Ava, for medicine and suitable food; while absent, she became so much worse, that she had no hope of recovery left, and desired only to be able to return to die near the prison.—She did return and was confined to her shed, more than two months, before she was able to resume her accustomed duties again.

The prisoners, it afterwards appeared, had been removed to this prison by the orders of the Burmese general, for the purpose of being offered there as a sacrifice to the gods. They were destined by him to the horrible death of burning alive. But as he was about to consummate his diabolical purpose, he suddenly fell into disgrace, was charged with treason, and executed at an hour's notice. Thus God sent his angel from heaven to shut the lion's mouth, and save his servant from the fate which hung over him. Hence he, together with the other prisoners, was left at the prison of Oung-pen-la, uncared for, till the near approach of the English to the capital, induced the king to send for Mr. Judson to accompany the embassy to the English camp, to negotiate a treaty of peace.

Thus ends a single scene of suffering in the tragical life of this remarkable man. How peculiarly appropriate is the language of the Apostle, to this portion of his life. "In labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft." He had been in most imminent dangers in repeated instances from the hand of the executioner, from alarming sickness, and from sufferings in prison, one year and seven months—nine months in three pairs of fetters—two months in five, six months in one, and two months a prisoner at large. And yet God had delivered him out of them all, for his work was not done; and God's people are IMMORTAL TILL THEIR WORK IS FINISHED!