

CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to Religious and General Intelligence.

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"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. 7.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1854.

NO. 35.

The Dying Christian.

Tea following lines, says the Christian Witness, were suggested by hearing an account of a converted heathen, who, when dying, exclaimed to a Missionary present, "My boat is on the sea; its sails are spread; and I am only waiting for a breeze to rise to waft me home!"

My boat is on the sea,—
Tempestuous winds are gone,
The waves float past his joyfully,
While I look calmly on.

Not so in days gone by,—
When launched upon the deep,
Winds howl'd, and clouds roll'd in the sky,
While waves my boat would sweep.

My sails above I spread—
Those sails how white they are!
How pure white flying overhead,
Like some bright beacon star!

Once they were black as night,
With sin all stained and dark;
But Christ's pure blood has washed them white,
And hung them o'er my bark.

My boat is on the sea—
Its sails are spread to day;
I only wait a friendly breeze
To bear me hence away.

Away! away! I long to go;
Kind words, oh come, oh come!
I'm weary of my stay below—
I pine, I pait for home!

Home! home! sweet home!—Dear word!
When will the moment come!
Joy! joy! I love—my sails are stirred,—
Home! home!—I'm going home!

Judson's Imprisonment at Ava.

[CONTINUED.]

This is the language of the first Mrs. Judson, who for several months was engaged in harassing efforts to obtain relief for the prisoners, in the midst of which she gave birth to an infant. During all this time she was uncertain what would be their fate and her own: "My prevailing opinion was," she says, "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 tyrannic hands of some unfeeling monster." "After the birth of your little niece," she continues, "I was unable to visit the prison and the governor as before, and found I had lost considerable influence, previously gained; for he was not so forward to hear my petitions when any difficulty occurred, as he formerly had been.—When Maria was nearly two months old, her father one morning sent me word that he and all the white prisoners were put into the inner prison, in five pairs of fetters each, that his little room had been torn down, and his mat, pillow, &c., been taken by the gaolers. This was to me a dreadful shock, as I thought at once it was only a prelude to greater evils."

"The situation of the prisoners was now distressing beyond description. It was at the commencement of the hot season. There were above a hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without a breath of air, excepting from the cracks in the boards. I sometimes obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white prisoners from incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I made daily applications to the governor, offering him money, which he refused; but all that I gained was permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this continued but a short time.

"After continuing in the inner prison for more than a month, your brother was taken with a fever. I felt assured he would not live long, unless removed from that noisome place. To effect this and in order to be near the prison, I removed from our house, and put up a small bamboo room in the governor's enclosure, which was nearly opposite the prison gate. Here I incessantly begged the governor to give me an order to take Mr. Judson out of the large prison, and place him in a more comfortable situation; and the old man

being worn out with my entreaties, at length gave me the order in an official form, and also gave orders to the head gaoler to allow me to go in and out, all times of the day, to administer medicines, &c. I now felt happy indeed, and had Mr. Judson instantly removed into a little bamboo hovel, so low that neither of us could stand upright—but a palace in comparison with the place he had left.

"Notwithstanding the order the governor had given for my admittance into prison, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade the under-gaoler to open the gate. I used to carry Mr. Judson's food myself, for the sake of getting in, and would then remain an hour or two, unless driven out. We had been in this comfortable situation but two or three days, when, one morning, having carried in Mr. Judson's breakfast, which, in consequence of fever, he was unable to take, I remained longer than usual, when the governor, in great haste, sent for me. I promised to return as soon as I had ascertained the governor's will, he being much alarmed at this unusual message. I was very agreeably disappointed when the governor informed me that he only wished to consult me about his watch, and seemed unusually pleasant and conversable. I found afterwards that his only object was to detain me until the dreadful scene about to take place in the prison was over. For when I left him to go to my room, one of the servants came running, and with a ghastly countenance, informed me that all the white prisoners were carried away. I would not believe the report, and instantly went back to the governor, who said he had just heard of it, but did not wish to tell me. I hastily ran into the street, hoping to get a glimpse of them before they were out of sight, but in this was disappointed. I ran first into one street, then another, inquiring of all I met; but no one would answer me. At length an old woman told me the white prisoners had gone towards the little river; for they were to be carried to Amarapoora. I then ran to the banks of the little river, about half a mile, but saw them not, and concluded the old woman had deceived me. Some of the friends of the foreigners went to the place of execution, but found them not. I then returned to the governor, to try to discover the cause of their removal, and the probability of their future fate. The old man assured me that he was ignorant of the intention of government to remove the foreigners till that morning; that, since I went out, he had learned that the prisoners were to be sent to Amarapoora, but for what purpose he knew not. 'I will send off a man immediately,' said he, 'to see what is to be done with them. You can do nothing more for your husband,' continued he; 'take care of yourself.' With a heavy heart I went to my room, and having no hope to excite me to exertion, I sank down almost in despair. For several days previous, I had been actively engaged in building my own little room, and making our hovel comfortable. My thoughts had been almost entirely occupied in contriving means to get into prison. But now I looked towards the gate with a kind of melancholy feeling, but no wish to enter. All was the stillness of death; no preparation of your brother's food, no expectation of meeting him at the usual dinner hour; all my employment, all my occupations, seemed to have ceased, and I had nothing left but the dreadful recollection that Mr. Judson was carried off. I knew not whither. It was one of the most insupportable days I ever passed. Towards night, however, I came to the determination to set off the next morning for Amarapoora, and for this purpose was obliged to go to our house out of town.

"Never before had I suffered so much from fear in traversing the streets of Ava. The last words of the governor 'Take care of yourself,' made me suspect there was some

design with which I was unacquainted. I saw, also, he was afraid to have me go into the streets, and advised me to wait till dark, when he would send me in a cart, and a man to open the gates. I took two or three trunks of the most valuable articles, together with the medicine-chest, to deposit in the house of the governor; and after committing the house and premises to our faithful Mounng Ing and a Bengalee servant, who continued with us though we were unable to pay his wages, I took leave as I then thought probable, of our house in Ava for ever.

"On my return to the governor's, I found a servant of Mr. Gouger, who happened to be near the prison when the foreigners were led out, and followed on to see the end, who informed me that the prisoners had been carried before the lamine-woon, at Amarapoora, and were to be sent the next day to a village he knew not how far distant. My distress was a little relieved by the intelligence that our friend was yet alive; but still I knew not what was to become of him. The next morning I obtained a pass from government, and with my little Maria, who was then only three months old, Mary and Abby Hasseltine, two of the Burman children and our Bengalee cook, who was the only one of the party that could afford me any assistance, I set off for Amarapoora. The day was dreadfully hot; but we obtained a covered boat, in which we were tolerably comfortable, till within two miles of the government house. I then procured a cart; but the violent motion, together with the dreadful heat and dust, made me almost distracted. But what was my disappointment, on my arriving at the court-house to find that the prisoners had been sent on two hours before, and that I must go in that uncomfortable mode four miles farther with little Maria in my arms, whom I held all the way from Ava. The cartman refused to go any farther; and after waiting an hour in the burning sun, I procured another, and set off for that never-to-be-forgotten place, Oungpen-la. I obtained a guide from the governor, and was conducted directly to the prison-yard. But what a scene of wretchedness was presented to my view! The prison was an old, shattered building, without a roof; the fence was entirely destroyed; eight or ten Burmese were on the top of the building, trying to make something like a shelter with leaves; while under a little low projection outside of the prison sat the foreigners, chained together two and two, almost dead with suffering and fatigue. The first words of your brother were, 'Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here.' 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 Amarapoora, and I had no shelter for the night. I asked one of the gaolers 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 could 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 my tea, and, worn out with fatigue, laid myself down on a mat spread over the paddy, and endeavored to obtain a little refreshment from sleep. The next morning your brother gave me the following account of the brutal treatment he had received on being taken out of prison:

[To be continued.]

Tobacco, its Use and End.

Some years ago, a youth aged sixteen, while at college, had a severe tooth-ache; his grandmother gave him a piece of tobacco to put in his mouth to remove the pain; it did so, and from that time he chewed it for nine or ten years almost incessantly. While at college, and during a three years' course at a theological seminary, he applied himself closely, paid no attention to the rules of health, took little or no exercise, and soon after he was settled as a clergyman he became dyspeptic, and during warm weather suffered greatly from depression of spirits and mental lassitude, which seemed to incapacitate him for the proper discharge of ministerial duty; and as this duty had to be performed, he began to use brandy and water to dispel the lassitude, but only on occasions of making a public effort at first; in three or four years he felt that the use of spirits of some kind was a daily necessity. If omitted for a single day, he could not bring his mind to bear on any subject. About this time he began to find that he could not calculate with certainty upon the effects of the stimulus, as to time or amount; occasionally it almost overpowered him, and as irretrievable disgrace would have been the result, he substituted laudanum, some twenty drops thrice a day, or often enough to keep up a uniform sensation.—Whenever the stimulus was about exhausted, he would begin to gape; this was the signal for a new supply. After a while laudanum was not strong enough, and he began to take the pure opium, the amount being increased from time to time, until he found himself asking half an ounce a week, which is two hundred and forty grains, or nearly thirty-five grains a day, equivalent to three or four table-spoonful of laudanum, which is thirty times more than a dose for a full-grown man.

"At this time," he writes, "I became greatly disordered in body, not merely through the opium, but also through the baneful habits connected therewith. I sat at my books and papers, day after day, from breakfast until past midnight, in a hot study filled with smoke from a cigar kept perpetually alight. I suffered martyrdom from costiveness, often going nearly a week without a passage. Sometimes too, I got into a physical state which opium would not stimulate, and then I was compelled to employ alcohol. But alcohol acting upon opium-drugged nerves, is exceedingly apt to produce maniacal intoxication."

At this juncture, he made an effort to break up these habits. For ten days and nights he was not conscious of one moment of sleep; he was half delirious for several days; the blood in his veins felt like boiling water, and rushing with such fury to the head as to make it feel as if it would split open. For a whole year he was as feeble as a child, "a walking depository of aches and distressing sensations;" he then quit his profession and retired to the country to study law; he was attacked with neuralgia in the head and face; this at length became unendurable, and he was advised to take morphine and quinine, which fixed the habit of using opium as firmly as ever. For two years he made no decided effort to escape from his habits, when he applied for admission into an asylum; and for eighteen months never felt well, free from pain, "for one day." Troubles came, and he returned to the use of his opiate, and continued for two years, when he found himself using sixty grains of sulphate of morphine, that is, nearly nine grains a day, or thirty-six times more than a dose for a strong man—enough to destroy life in a few hours. He now took charge of a country parish, where he remained for two years, but found it impossible to perform his official duties, mentally or physically, without the aid of a quarter of an ounce of morphine, and sometimes more, a