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COLMAN AND WHEELLOCK:

OR,

The Early Called

OF THE BURMAN MISSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN FIFTY YEARS AGO."

Philadelphia:

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY,
118 ARCH STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by the
AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY,
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STEREOTYPED BY GEORGE CHARLES.
PRINTED BY KING & SAIRD.

Preface.



WHETHER the subjects of this Memoir be considered, with regard to the period in the history of the Burman Mission, when they became connected with it—their own age at that time—or the period of their so much lamented death—in either of these aspects, they may be distinguished as the “Early Called.”

Their connection with the Mission in its formative state, gives, of itself, an interest to their names. The historic position which they occupy is, however, by no means, their sole claim to an honored remembrance.

The Author's thanks are due to those friends of the deceased who have kindly furnished original documents.

M. A. C.

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COLMAN AND WHEELOCK.

CHAPTER I.

Burmah—Labors of Mr. Judson—Interest felt at Home—Colman—Wheelock—Their desire for the Missionary work—Acceptance by the Board of Missions—Departure.

BURMAH, as a field of widening Missionary enterprise, is fast becoming familiar to us. We begin to understand that it is the finest and loveliest region of the remote East. We know that it abounds in vegetable and mineral riches. Its mountain ridges on the north are the sources of noble rivers, of which, as far as Burmah is concerned, the Irrawaddy is the chief. Flowing through the centre of the country from north to south, it enters the sea like the Nile, through many channels, on the north-eastern side of the Bay of Bengal. Here, where the main channel widens to meet the ocean, we find the city of Rangoon.

Attempts to introduce the Christian religion

into the empire, were made at this place as early as 1807. The English Baptist Missionaries at that time here took up their abode, and began the study of the language. They had left their Missionary friends at Serampore and come to a strange land shut out from the rest of the world, where the face of a white man was seldom seen. For while on the western shore of the Bay of Bengal, the English government held large possessions, on the eastern side it was far different. Here the British troops had not yet penetrated; the native kings held despotic sway, and but little intercourse was allowed with the rest of the world. They were not, however, at peace; wars, cruel wars, among the native princes, rent the country to pieces, and threatened to reach even to Rangoon.

Meantime, an extensive fire had destroyed the greater part of the town. Bursting out in several places at once, it proved itself to be *designed*, and the light, frail bamboo houses, with their roofs of thatch, disappeared rapidly before the flames. We do not find, however, that the Mission house was destroyed. A retired spot in the outskirts of the town, it escaped the general wreck.

In 1813, when Mr. and Mrs. Judson arrived at Rangoon, in this very place they took up their abode. The same roof that had covered their

English brethren now sheltered them, and the rays of the tropic sun fell for the first time upon an American Mission House in Burmah. The last of the English Missionaries had retired from the ground.* His family, shipwrecked on their voyage, had been swallowed up by the ocean waves; and he himself had been ordered by the King of the Burmans to visit the capital, some hundred miles up the river. Skilled in medicine, his services were claimed by the monarch, and he returned no more to Rangoon. Mr. and Mrs. Judson were thus left alone. Surrounded by dusky forms and strange faces, they sometimes passed months without the slightest word from a Christian, or from a fellow countryman. Little intercourse took place between Rangoon and Calcutta—but few vessels went and came in the course of a year.

Of books, such as we use, the Missionaries found none. The broad, shining leaves that made such thick shade, studded with such countless blossoms of every form and hue, were by the natives dried and polished, and used as we use paper. Upon these were written the Burman books, and from these the Missionaries studied.

Four years passed before there came a single Burman who appeared to be in earnest in seeking

* Mr. Felix Carey.

after the light which the Missionary was kindling in a dark place. Some tracts had, however, been prepared. Printing materials had been furnished by the friendly laborers at Serampore; a Missionary printer had also arrived; and portions of Christian truth had been circulated.

One day a Burman came inquiring after the writing that told of Jesus Christ.

"How came you," said the Missionary, "to know anything of Jesus? Have you been here before?"

"No."

"Have you seen any writings concerning Jesus?"

"I have seen two little books," was the reply.

"Who is Jesus?"

"He is the Son of God, who, pitying creatures, came into this world, and suffered death in their stead."

"Who is God?"

"He is a Being without beginning or end, who is not subject to old age or death, but always is."

"This," says the Missionary, "was the first acknowledgement of an Eternal God, that I had ever heard from the lips of a Burman."

Before this, the sympathies of Christians in America had been deeply awakened in behalf of the Missionaries and the heathen among whom

they toiled. "Surely," was the language of many, "God has a work to do in Burmah." They trusted in Him, that having manifestly a purpose to fulfill, he would raise up those who should accomplish it. They brought their offerings and cast them into the treasury of the Lord, and in prayer and hope awaited the fulfillment of his will.

The tidings from the far East awoke in the hearts of two young men, resident in Boston, a love for these distant heathen, such as we may believe our Saviour felt when he came forth from God to dwell with man on earth. They were in early youth. But a few years before, they had been school-boys. With their books under their arms, or their satchels swung from their shoulders, we may suppose that we see them in the morning, joining the throng of boys that gather around the door of the school-house. They spent their boyhood, too, among stirring times. A mighty warrior had swept over kingdoms with blood and fire, and the name of Napoleon was familiar to the lips of all. Many a boy, as he heard the tale of his renown, forgot the scenes of crime and slaughter through which the Emperor had passed, and longed to share in the glory to which he had attained. But, in the hearts of the two youths of whom we speak, a nobler ambition had arisen

—a purer flame burned—a diviner impulse led. The idol love that was lavished upon the warrior by his followers, these gave to the rightful Lord. They gave themselves to Christ. So great was their love to Him, that they thought no service hard, even to the laying down of their lives. COLMAN and WHEELOCK, for these were their names, at length desired of the Missionary Board that they might be sent to the heathen. But we hasten to a more particular account of each.

JAMES COLMAN, the elder of the two, was born in Boston in the year 1794. He was an only child, and his pious father was desirous that his son might be a servant of God. In this hope he was much encouraged, for even the childhood of the future Missionary was marked by the appearances of piety. Like many others who have lived to be preachers of the Word, young Colman loved to gather, even in boyhood, his companions around him and engage in religious exercises. As early as eleven years of age, such proof had he given of his fitness for the sacred privilege, that he was led by his pastor, Rev. Dr. Baldwin, into the baptismal waters, and his name enrolled among the members of the Second Baptist Church, in Boston. In these early days of the religious life, he expresses a high sense of enjoyment. This, however, was by no means uninterrupted.

Three years after his baptism, we find him among among a few who formed a new, a third Church. This was, not long after, placed under the pastoral care of Rev. Daniel Sharp. His new pastor, then but a youth himself, proved to young Colman an invaluable friend. His talents were discerned and appreciated, and, better still, his mind was judiciously guided by his spiritual adviser, who perceived the probability that he would one day be very useful in some way in the kingdom of Christ. With this view, he was directed by his pastor to the careful improvement of his mind, to useful reading, thereby treasuring up a valuable stock of knowledge. However public, or however private might be the sphere in which he should ultimately move, the pastor wisely judged that useful knowledge could never come amiss.

Early aspirations after the ministry became, as manhood approached, somewhat modified. As his mind expanded, his views increased in depth and seriousness. When questioned by his friends on giving himself up to this work, he would reply, that though his desire for it was very great, he felt himself unworthy. His reflective mind and conscientious spirit led him to look with awe upon the work, and to feel his insufficiency. So strong a hold had these desponding feelings upon

his heart, that before he reached his twentieth year, he had abandoned the expectation, and having formed a partnership with another person, he went into trade. But we give a record of his inward conflict in his own words. Speaking of the arduous responsibilities of the Christian minister, he proceeds:—

“When I had viewed these duties, I was led with the Apostle to exclaim, “who is sufficient for these things!” At different periods during two years, I was impressed with a sense of the difficult station which a faithful minister occupies. Whenever I was the subject of these impressions, solitude was my delight. Unfit for society, with pleasure I retreated to some lonely spot, and with feelings I cannot describe, would exclaim, ‘Lord, I am a child, and know nothing.’ At this time I viewed myself as the least of saints, and thought I was as able to pluck the sun from his station as to dispense the word of life. With these views, I began to consider it as the extreme of folly for me to indulge the least idea of preaching. I thought all my feelings were but the phantoms of a childish imagination, and should be entirely suppressed. But now the commandment lay heavy upon my mind; it seemed as though a woe was pronounced against me, if I preached not the

gospel. The words of Watts would often sound like a peal of thunder in my ear.

'Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord,
Bid the whole earth my grace receive.'

"This situation was very trying. I viewed myself as altogether unfit to perform the duties of a minister, and yet a solemn command was laid upon me to go forward in the work. In this condition I resolved to stifle all impressions of this kind. With sorrow, I look back to the time when I formed this resolution. I believe that it has been the cause of trials and difficulties unknown before. * * * * *

"During the winter of 1812, I was convinced that my feelings were not all imaginary, and made several attempts to unbosom them to the Pastor of the church of which I am a member. But all in vain—my heart failed; and now I renewed my former resolution to efface these impressions from my remembrance."

Not far from this time, he mourned with no light grief the death of his excellent and revered father, whose "upright and unblemished deportment," with his fervent prayers, had been blessed of God in the formation of the character of the son. He had also other trials, inseparable from

his position in business. Speaking of the ministry, he again says:—

“ I began to have different views of the work. The worth of souls lay heavily upon my mind. It appeared a pleasing employ to point the enquiring sinner to Jesus, and to establish the saint in every good work. Although I perceived in some measure the important duties of ministers, yet Jesus was sufficient for all their wants; he had promised to be with them always, even to the end of the world. I then felt resolved, that whenever the providence of God pointed the way, in his strength to go forward.”

In February, 1815, Mr. Colman preached before the church of which he was a member, several ministers also being present. These fathers and brethren in the ministry expressed much approbation, and a formal vote of the church set its seal to his vocation. He was placed under the care of Rev. Dr. Chaplin, then resident in Danvers, as a student for the ministry. Here he became associated with a class of young men, who, like himself, were to become preachers. Here he applied himself resolutely to study. He also enjoyed the privilege of corresponding by letter with his pastor. He thus found sympathy and companionship. Here he became acquainted with Mr. Wheelock, whose aspirations for the

Missionary work had already received encouragement. Few as yet knew that Colman had any leaning towards the life of a Missionary. But on this subject there had been emotions which he had long concealed, and now by intercourse with this young Missionary elect, that smothered fire was fanned into a flame.

The smile of Christian friends, their recognition of one designed by character as well as by desire for the Missionary work, opened in the heart of the young aspirant for that office gushing streams of love and joy. When the secret workings of the soul are made known, pleasant beyond all things else, is the ready response from other hearts. It is a pledge of success, an earnest of the approbation of God.

But with Colman, this pleasant aspect of things was reversed. When he announced his desire to join the Burman Mission, he met with strong opposition. The voices of his fathers in the ministry spoke to him no word of encouragement. With one consent, they appear to have advised him to remain at home. An expectation seems to have existed that he was to be very useful in some sphere of cultivated life. Eloquent in speech, and persuasive in manner, he was calculated to adorn society. Possessed of superior mental powers, capable of comprehensive views of divine truth,

an example of earnest piety, might he not, in coming years, take the place of a standard-bearer in our own American Zion? A feeling like this seems to have swayed the minds of those who threw obstacles in his path. These difficulties, we, at this late day, can hardly regret, when we read the words of expostulation with which they were met. After dwelling at some length on the wretchedness of heathen countries, he proceeds:—

“ Shall not we, who know the true God, and have been redeemed by the blood of Jesus, apprise them of their situation, and teach them the way of salvation through the great Redeemer? Some, perhaps, will say, ‘we have Missionary ground enough at home; you had better reserve your strength for your own countrymen!’ Ah! is this the voice of Christian benevolence? Is this the language of converted Hindoos? Is this the Macedonian cry from the wilderness? Is this following the example of Christ, or of the first disciples, who did not confine themselves to the Jews, (though no people in the world needed the gospel more,) but went everywhere preaching the word? Let us ever recollect the language of sacred truth, ‘He that watereth shall be watered himself.’ Have we not the most abundant reason to conclude that, if we send the ministers of Christ abroad, he will raise up an abundant supply, and thrust them

into the gospel vineyard at home? Do not Christians find, by happy experience, that it is 'more blessed to give than to receive.' It is according to the very genius of the gospel, that the liberal soul shall be made fat; that he who sows sparingly shall reap also sparingly; but he that soweth liberally shall reap an abundant harvest. But, indeed, if ministers were going by hundreds to India, there might be some cause for alarm. This, however, is not the case. There are only a few solitary individuals who have any desire to go.

"Perhaps, after what I have written, it will be unnecessary to say that I have an ardent desire to go to India. I pant for the Missionary work. I long to read the sacred oracles and explain their cheering contents to the miserable heathen. How animating the idea that, at some future period, under the covert of some shady tree, and, perhaps, within the sight of a Pagan temple, I shall have the unspeakable privilege of pointing the listening Burmans to the Lamb of God!"

At another time, he views the subject in another aspect.

"I am conscious that the bounds of our habitations are marked by God, and that we can never pass beyond them. There is, undoubtedly, a sphere allotted to every Christian, in which it should be his great aim to move. Out of this

sphere, he will neither enjoy his own mind, nor advance the interests of Zion. If the bounds of my habitation are fixed on American soil, and if my sphere of usefulness is confined to the American church, here I wish to stay and draw my latest breath. At times I have felt, and, if not greatly deceived, I now feel willing to go where He would have me go, and stay where He would have me stay."

Again, he says:—

"I cannot read a Missionary account, nor hear the subject conversed upon, without feeling distressed. The tear will often start from my eye, and the sigh heave from my bosom, when only the name of Burmah is mentioned. Notwithstanding the discouragement which I have met with, I feel the same desire for the Missionary work. In pointing the poor pagans to the Lamb of God, I fain would spend my latest breath."

The desires expressed were not to be unheeded. The Baptist Convention for Foreign Missions held its session in Philadelphia in 1817, and at that time Colman was recommended to their patronage. But we must hasten to some account of his coadjutor in the work.

EDWARD WILLARD WHEELOCK was also a native of Boston. He was born July 17th, 1796. He was, therefore, about two years younger than Colman. The memorials of his childhood and early youth are but few, yet those few are full of meaning. Like the beloved disciple does the subject of the sketch seem to have learned the meaning of those blessed words, "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." Since the events we are now recording occurred, many years have passed away; a generation has disappeared; yet there are still those among the old who delight to recall the presence, the conversation, the influence of this youthful saint. More than one aged face even now, lights up at the mention of his name, which has still power to unlock sacred and tender recollections. The remembrance is a joy, for in his life the joy that springs from holy love was constantly and beautifully illustrated. Wherever he was, there was a gentle and loving presence, animated with the spirit of prayer and praise. They, who doubted the reality of the life of God in the soul, were forced to believe in his case, that the light that burned so brightly must be fed from above.

One familiar with the daily outgoings of his life of piety and love, has placed in our hands a few valued memorials of distant days. We have

before us two small manuscript books, bearing date 1811. These, in the prim hand-writing of a school-boy, contain much that is illustrative of his character. One of these is completely filled with texts of sermons to which the writer had listened, and to which occasional short observations of his own are added. On the closing page, the following interesting record is made, the text immediately preceding it bearing date August 9th, 1812.

“When I began this book I was in nature’s darkness, but I humbly hope and trust that the Lord has in infinite mercy and tender compassion taken my feet out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock! O, what great obligations am I under to live to His honor and glory! I have great reason to lament how little I live as I ought to, yet the Lord is exceedingly good and kind, and I have great reason to adore and magnify his holy name forever.”

E. W. W.

His childhood had been, when compared with that of others, marked by a singular gentleness, and purity, and obedience; but as his eyes were opened to discern something of the spiritual glory of God, he felt his need of a changed heart, a renewed nature. Trusting in Christ for that salvation which he needed, and joying in the mercy of God which had been imparted to him, the

foundation was laid for that development of religious life and character which distinguished him. The seed had fallen into good ground, and was destined to bring forth fruit abundantly.

He was baptized by Rev. Dr. Baldwin. On that solemn occasion, the heart of another young person was impressed with the idea of preparation for another world. She was in the very bloom and brightness of early youth, when the great necessity of God's favor and the soul's return to Him, took possession of her mind. This was Eliza Harriet Newman, some years afterwards the wife of Wheelock, the companion of his wanderings in foreign lands, whose history is so intimately blended with his, and whose pen has also detailed so many of the scenes of their Missionary life, that the two cannot, in this memorial, be separated.

In the year 1817, we find Mr. Wheelock pursuing a course of study with reference to the ministry. Of his ability and adaptedness to this work, we need no other evidence than we find in his peculiar power over the minds and hearts of those with whom he came in contact. He now became a resident of Danvers, a member of the class of young men who were pursuing their studies under the care of Rev. Dr. Chaplin. These associated classes may be regarded as the begin-

ning of Waterville College, the presidency of which was afterwards held for so many years by their revered Instructor. During a portion of his residence here, Mr. Wheelock kept a regular diary, writing in it apparently every day. A few brief extracts may throw light upon his character and position.

“*March 5, 1817.*—This day wrote an address to the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, agreeably to the direction of my dear Pastor. Enjoyed a very solemn season and considerable freedom. O may the Lord direct his servants to the adoption of those measures which shall best promote his glory and the salvation of the heathen! Grant, blessed God, I humbly beseech thee, my ardent desire to advance thy kingdom among the poor Burmans. This has been a solemn day to me. One of the most important transactions of my life has occurred this day. O God! may it terminate to thy glory.”

The following is an extract from the letter to which reference is made, it being addressed to the Missionary Board:—

“To you, honored fathers, is my mind directed, as to those who, under God, must decide my case. To you I offer, freely and joyfully offer, myself to become your Missionary, to aid those already under your patronage, to turn the poor Burmans

from idols, to serve the living and true God. And oh, if it is consistent that one so unworthy and so unqualified as myself should engage in this glorious work, deny me not, I beseech you, the unspeakable privilege; deny me not the fondest, the most ardent desire of my soul, that can, in this world, be gratified. To deny me this, would be to deprive me of the greatest happiness which in this world I can possibly enjoy. I would rather be a Missionary of the Cross than a king on a throne. Let the men of this world possess its glittering toys; let the miser grasp his cankered gold; let the voluptuary enjoy his sordid pleasures; let the ambitious ascend to the pinnacle of earthly honor; but let me enjoy the sweet satisfaction of directing the poor Pagans to the 'Lamb of God.' I court no greater good; I desire no greater joy; I seek for no greater honor. To Burmah would I go; in Burmah would I live; in Burmah would I toil; in Burmah would I die; and in Burmah would I be buried."

We recur again to the diary.

"April 2.—This afternoon, my dear brother Colman and myself retired to a secret place, and united in repeatedly presenting our supplications to the Father of mercies, for his direction and blessing to rest upon his dear servants, who will decide our case with respect to our going to

India. It was a refreshing season to our souls. Blessed be God! we intend to practice it daily when we can."

"*May 6.*—This eve brother Colman and myself retired to our place of prayer, and poured out our souls to God. Of a truth He was there, and manifested himself to us as he does not unto the world. May our united petitions, together with those of our dearest friends, come up before the throne of God. May gracious answers be afforded."

"*Wednesday 7.*—This morn, brother Colman and myself, in our usual place of retirement, met to pour out our souls to God for his servants, who this day expect to meet to consult on the affairs of his kingdom. O! may our feeble supplications be heard and accepted. This eve we again united, and enjoyed a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. How great is the privilege of prayer! How sweet the exercise!"

"*July 16.*—Received a precious letter from my dear brother Colman, and the report of the Board of Foreign Missions from Philadelphia. Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Both Colman and Wheelock were accepted as Missionaries. But the fair prospect in which they rejoiced was soon overclouded by the dan-

gerous illness of the former. He recovered, and in September both were ordained. From these public services they retired to Danvers, but in a few weeks were again summoned to Boston. We quote again from the journal.

Oct. 20.—Received a letter informing me that two vessels are about to sail from Boston for India in about three weeks. May we be permitted to go, gracious Father, if it can be consistent with thy blessed will. O, lead us in the right way!

Nov. 8.—To-morrow morn I expect to give my hand to my dearest Harriet, to be united to her for life. How solemn, how important the act! May I realize it to be such. May I remember that *very happy or very miserable* will be the result of this union. God, I trust, has directed me in this choice; he, I trust, will bless us and make us *helpmeets* to each other. O, may this be the case. May I (as I doubt not I shall) find in my beloved Harriet all that which is necessary to render her an agreeable, a useful, and an affectionate wife. And O, may she find in her *unworthy friend* all that tenderness, that sympathy, that attention, that interest, and that affection which are so justly her due. To thee, Heavenly Father, do we unitedly look, for thy blessing to rest upon us. May this union be productive of great mutual good, productive of great good to thy blessed

cause, and to the poor heathen. United may we go to Burmah—there may we live, there may we labor, there may we die. O, God, how great are thy blessings! But they are not too great for thee to bestow.

The day of their departure arrived. It was the 10th of November, 1817. The farewell scenes, since so frequently repeated, had then the exciting interest of novelty. The crowded decks—the unwonted voice of prayer—the floating sound of solemn melody—the bursting sobs of friends—the contrasted calmness of the missionaries—such were the scenes of that solemn Sabbath morning. The order is given to clear the ship. The last words have been spoken—the last embraces given—the last tears kissed from the pale cheeks of mothers and sisters—the assembled friends are all on the wharf, and the vessel about to part from her moorings. Suddenly, the crowd opens. For whom does it make way? One of middle age and manly bearing appears; he stands by the vessel's side, with uncovered head.

“Willard, my dear son! let me see your face once more!”

Wheellock, thus addressed, advances to the vessel's side, and the youthful Missionary stands with uncovered brow before his loved and honored parent. The crowd hold their breath, while the

father takes one long look at the countenance of the son so worthy of his love, and turns away in silence to depart. Immediately the vessel is under way, the forms of the Missionaries are soon lost in the distance, even the waving of white handkerchiefs can be no longer seen—parents, sisters and brothers, return to their desolated homes in silence and in prayer.

CHAPTER II.

Journals of the Missionaries—Religious Interest among the Sailors—A storm at sea—Island of St. Anthony—A pleasant Sabbath—Sight of land—Arrival at Calcutta.

THE journals and letters of the Missionaries furnish interesting details concerning the events of the voyage from Boston to Calcutta.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. WHEELOCK'S JOURNAL.

At Sea, *Nov.* 29.—Mr. Wheelock writes:—
One day only has passed without sea-sickness. Harriet has been the least affected of our little band. For the greater part of the time, I have been confined to my room. Family prayers have been attended every morn and eve in the cabin, since last Lord's day. This, we consider a great privilege. As yet we have had no preaching on board. To-morrow we hope to be favored with it. Though confined to my bed, I have enjoyed the privilege of reading considerably. Prideaux on the connection of the Old and New Testament, I have found highly interesting and instructive.

It reflects much light upon the prophecies and historical parts of Scripture. Reading this work and the blessed Bible has occupied much of my time.

Dec. 4. (Thursday.)—We have had a most delightful day. The breezes were gentle, the water calm, the sun resplendent. I have been on deck the greater part of the day; have not felt so well one day since we sailed.

6. (*Saturday evening.*)—In peace I close another week; am more than two thousand miles from my dear native land, and still dearer friends. But GOD IS HERE. And *here* he sheds abroad his love in my heart, manifests his pardoning mercy, and affords the richest consolations. "*The Comforter,*" not a comforter, but *the Comforter* is here, sent down from Heaven. Jesus does not forget his ancient promise. How striking and how just is the name of the blessed Author of all our joys—" *The Comforter!*" He comforts the people of God. "Him the world cannot receive." Why? "Because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him, but ye know him," says Jesus to his disciples, "for he dwelleth with you and shall be in you." Blessed Jesus! make us thankful for this gracious promise, and fulfill it daily to our souls.

7. (*Lord's day.*)—We have been favored with divine worship all day. In the afternoon, brother

Colman preached from John 8: 37. It was an interesting season. Light winds—favorable to the meeting.

13.—To-morrow, the Lord willing, I shall speak on board for the first time. May I be prepared and assisted to speak a word in season.

It has been very justly remarked, that a life spent at sea affords very little variety.

14. (*Lord's-day.*)—In the morning attended divine worship below. The Captain favored us with his company. A portion of scripture and of "Owen on Spiritual Mindedness" was read. In the afternoon spoke on deck from Matt. 22: 42. "What think ye of Christ?" The season was very solemn. O, may it not be in vain. My heart feels for these poor sailors. It was pleasant to have the privilege of once more directing the attention of my fellow sinners to the blessed Saviour. This is the first discourse that I have delivered since I spoke for Mr. Colman at Dorchester.

28. (*Lord's-day.*)—Attended divine worship as usual. In the afternoon spoke from Luke 19: 10. May salvation come to the ship! We visit the sailors every Lord's day morning, to read and pray with them. Two of them we instruct in reading. They are very grateful.

31.—This year has drawn to a close. O, that

I may commence the approaching year with God, and, if my life is spared, spend it in his service.

“O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame.”

Christian, wouldst thou live? Forget not then to pray *much*, to pray *often* and fervently. Forget not to meditate much upon the love, the condescension, the dignity, the intrinsic excellencies and perfections of Jesus.

Feb. 1- (*Lord's-day*.)—In the morning had an interesting and solemn season in prayer with the sailors. Had some conversation with James, and obtained some evidence that he is a Christian. No public worship to-day on deck, on account of the weather. Below, however, we enjoyed divine service.

2.—This afternoon we have had our monthly prayer-meeting. It was a sweet season. It is good for me to draw near to God. In the evening, had some conversation with Stephen, another of the sailors, an amiable youth. He appeared deeply sensible of his sins. His heart appeared rent with anguish. He was desirous of conversing upon religion, and had been for some time. Blessed be God for this new expression of his mercy. *Surely he is in this (ship,) though I knew*

it not. My heart has felt, and does peculiarly feel for these sailors.

3.—Attended to our usual studies—Hebrew and Greek. My soul has been filled with admiration, on reading “Brown’s History of Missions.” Especially did the exertions and sufferings of the “United Brethren” touch my heart. They, indeed, manifested zeal and perseverance worthy of the Christian Missionary. They endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. They met death and danger in the face. To convert the wretched Greenlander from the error of his ways, they endured every privation.

6.—“The fear of man bringeth a snare.” For the Christian to fear to be singular, will bring death into his soul. To be independent and indifferent both to the smiles and frowns of the world, will best enable him to live like Christ.

20.—This day the power of God has been manifest. He is in the midst of us. This afternoon, James requested me to come below to converse with him. Another with whom I conversed seemed very solemn. L. was in an agony, said he never felt his sins so sensibly as yesterday, when brother Colman conversed with him. I promised to pray with him. All consented. We bowed the knee and called on God. Every person present was deeply affected. This even-

ing I was again sent for, to pray with the sailors. I went, and what did I behold? The place echoed with the groans of the wounded. God was evidently there. All were solemn. I addressed Jacob, one of the sailors, who was greatly distressed; but soon found it expedient to pray. After prayer I found brother Colman had also come down. We both conversed with them and then prayed again.

L. professed that he had found relief to his mind after prayer in the afternoon, and was now rejoicing in the Lord. Surely angels rejoiced. How good is the Lord! I feared that I was too unworthy to be employed in converting sinners to God. But, blessed be his name, he seeth not as man seeth. I pause, admire, and adore the riches of divine grace. We afterwards conversed with Mr. D., the second mate, who appeared very solemn. I longed to get to my room and pray. H. and myself, repeatedly joined in prayer. Let your prayers, my dear friends, repeatedly ascend with ours. Nor let us cease to pray while there is an unconverted soul upon the face of the earth.

21.—This has been a blessed day. Have had frequent conversation with the sailors. Every countenance is solemn. N. gives us much evidence that a gracious change has been wrought

in his heart. James is very happy to-day, though last night he was much tried. Samuel, whom I instruct in reading, appeared much affected this morning. Brother Colman visited them below. Mr. D., the second mate, still appears very serious. O, Lord, carry on the work, we humbly beseech thee. Accept our grateful praises for what thou hast done. O, glorify thyself. This evening had a precious meeting with brother Colman and brother Titcomb. The blessed Jesus was indeed present.

22. (*Lord's-day.*)—This is the most blessed Sabbath that I ever saw,' say James and N. Surely it is the most blessed by far, that I have seen on board. I cannot but admire the goodness and mercy of God. Enjoyed the privilege of praying with the sailors. Conversed, then sung,

“When God revealed his gracious name, &c.”

How delightful it was to see these sailors, who were, a short time since, swearing, now praying. Blessed be God! Even the man at the helm was released by the mate, who kindly took his place, and permitted him to attend prayers. In the afternoon, brother Colman delivered a very good discourse from John 3: 16. “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son.”

March 5.—I have omitted a number of circumstances purposely, fearing that I should write in too glowing terms of the young converts.

17.—Attended to my studies as usual in the morning, but in the afternoon I was called forward to converse with the sailors. Conversed with Stephen, who appeared much dejected. Afterward with another, who seemed very sensible of his sins. We feared that the latter had lost his impressions, and, indeed, he has appeared quite careless, but our hopes are again raised. O, may the Lord convert his soul. Endeavored to pray with him repeatedly. It was a solemn season.

18.—This eve, had some further conversation with the sailors. My hopes and fears are much excited about them. Of some, I feel much confidence in their piety; of others, I stand in doubt.

22.—This has been a very solemn day. In the morning had an excellent meeting. Capt. B. was present. We held our meeting in the cabin.

April 8.—This morning, our hearts were gladdened by the joyful sound of "land! land!" It was the coast of Golconda. The water assumed a new hue, and, indeed, we could smell the land. This was truly reviving. We had seen nothing but sky and water for one hundred and forty-three

days, except the glimpse of St. Anthony. We hope to arrive at Calcutta in about a week.

This evening, for the first time, saw the sun set beneath the distant hills, instead of sinking into the ocean. The sound of "Land!" this morning, reminded me of that far more blessed period when the dying believer, closing the voyage of life, beholds with rapture the Heavenly Canaan, and hails the blissful shore with unspeakable delight. May it be our happy case at last. Now we are approaching a land of darkness, the habitation of cruelty. But the dying saint approaches everlasting light—the Kingdom of Heaven—the abode of the blessed!"

The details of this voyage give pleasing proof that the Missionaries, though so desirous of preaching the gospel in foreign lands, were by no means guilty of the absurdity of neglecting the duties nearest at hand for those afar off. Aware that to these sailors who appeared forgetful of God a new life was as necessary and salvation as precious, as to the heathen to whom the gospel was to be carried by their efforts, they did not neglect to seek for that intercourse with those around, which resulted in affection and confidence, and with the blessing of the Most High in the conversion of several.

A few more particulars descriptive of the same

scenes we find in the journals of the other Missionaries. Mrs. Wheelock has detailed some of the occurrences of the voyage in a manner so interesting, that we make a few extracts from her pen.

“Ever memorable will be the 16th of November, 1817, a season when all the feelings of my soul, both painful and joyful, were called into action—painful, because I never expected to see those dear friends again, whose half-articulated sound, ‘farewell,’ then reached my ear—painful, because that, instead of spending the remainder of my life in a civilized land among moral and religious people, I shall pass away my earthly existence in a foreign, sultry clime, surrounded by pagans, who are destitute of the common feelings of humanity; yet joyful, because God has conferred on me the great privilege of walking in this self-denying path—joyful, because that at some future period, I hope to be useful to the poor deluded creatures who inhabit that part of the world, in being the instrument employed by a wise and gracious God, of bringing them to a saving acquaintance with the Saviour of lost sinners. When I entered the floating prison, a sweet serenity, unknown before, possessed my bosom. I remembered the season when, weeping over the deplorable state of the heathen, I pitied them; and now my soul was affected with the goodness

and condescension of God in giving me an opportunity of going to those benighted regions.

Nov. 31, 1817.—Among the most solemn of my days must be numbered the last Sabbath. On that day we hoped to enjoy divine worship on deck. In the morning attended prayers as usual. At 10 o'clock, we met in one of our little rooms for social, divine worship. Prayer was offered by brother Titcomb, after which a hymn was read, and then a chapter in 'Owen on Spiritual Mindfulness;' and the meeting was closed by prayer. At 12 o'clock we attempted to dine. We were seated around the table, when lo! a sudden storm arose. To describe the scenes of the next half hour requires an abler pen than mine. Every moment we expected to be engulfed in the mighty waves. After the storm had abated, Capt. Bangs said, that during all his voyages he had never suffered so much damage as on this occasion. The main and fore-top-sails, together with jib and fore-top main stay-sails and spanker, were very much split. The gaff was also broken. Through divine mercy no lives were lost. During this tempestuous season, I trust my soul was stayed on God. Never did I view death so near, and never did I feel so safe and happy. Truly, says the pious Psalmist, 'unto God, the Lord, belong the issues from death.' By his irresistible power, he has præ-

served us in the time of trouble. Underneath us were the everlasting arms. The Lord was our rock, and our fortress, and our deliverer. In the time of trouble he hid us in his pavilion.

Dec. 11.—It is now nearly four weeks since we embarked on the mighty waters, and we have just begun to taste the pleasures of a sea life. Yesterday we passed the island of St. Anthony. When first discovered, it appeared like a cloud; but as we approached it we were delighted with its craggy rocks and beautiful rivulets. Our dear friends cannot easily imagine our transports on beholding this huge mass. It is supposed to be more than three thousand feet in height. How delightful would it be, thought I, to walk upon its sandy plains, or climb its rugged steps. Capt. Bangs thought of stopping at St. Jago, but has concluded otherwise. We shall not probably see land again till we draw near to our desired haven.

17.—To-day, Capt. B. treated us with a sail in the small boat. This was highly gratifying to us. Imagine how we must have appeared, floating upon the vast Atlantic in this little bark. We sailed round the ship, which moved majestically upon the waters. With the last week we have had several calms. At times I feel very anxious that we should speed our way to the

heathen world. But why indulge this anxiety? If the Lord hath need of us there, he will surely prosper our way. He will command the winds and the waves to bear us with rapidity to our desired haven.

27.—This afternoon spoke a vessel, the Queen Elizabeth, fourteen weeks from London, bound to the Cape of Good Hope. After being on the Atlantic seventy-two days, it was refreshing to hear a human voice not of our number. There were some passengers on board; saw one female. We sail very fast. May we soon have the pleasure of speaking a vessel bound to beloved America!

Feb. 8.—God, we humbly trust, is about to manifest his glory and make his power known in this vessel. Several of the sailors are very serious, and one is under deep convictions of sin.

20.—Unite with us, my dear friends, in praising God for what he has wrought on board this ship. The person of whom I first wrote is brought, we humbly trust, to rejoice in the pardoning mercy of our God. For more than a week past he has given evidence of a change of heart, and now he rejoices with joy unspeakable and full of glory. With great simplicity and godly sincerity, he expresses his views, and feelings, and his hope in Christ. Several of the other sailors

are also deeply impressed. While I write Mr. W. is at prayer with them. O, what love and condescension has God manifested. These are the blessings that result from the life, the sufferings, and the death of the blessed Saviour. My soul, adore and praise.

21—This has been a pleasant day, and by far the most solemn that I have experienced on board. This morning, as usual, I went on the deck to walk. What a solemnity pervaded the place! Every countenance indicated a heart deeply affected with sin. Surely the Lord is in this place. What wonders hath he wrought! The progress of this work has not been rapid, but the *still small* voice of God has gently penetrated the heart, convinced it of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and spoken peace to the troubled conscience. May we never cease to praise him! May the recent manifestations of Almighty power and goodness encourage us to persevere in well-doing, even unto the end. *Should trials and opposition to the religion of Jesus threaten to hinder us from being useful to the poor Burmans, may we recollect what wonders God performed on board the Independence, and may the recollection stimulate us to diligence and activity in his service.*

March 15.—This has been a pleasant Sabbath. It is delightful to see the dear, young con-

verts, no less, we humbly trust, than six in number, listening to the words of life. Yet I tremble for them. How little do they anticipate the trials that await them. Keep these tender lambs, kind Shepherd of the flock, from the evil that is in the world.*

24.—We are now within three hundred miles from Sumatra. The idea of being so near land again is truly pleasant, and gives rise to many pleasant emotions. This afternoon a pretty land bird came and sat in the edge of the cabin window. He engaged our attention a few moments with his soft notes, and then took his flight to the rigging. Poor little wanderer! He was probably blown off the coast in some of the late squalls."

From a published journal of Mrs. Colman, we extract a few sentences descriptive of other parts of these same interesting events.

* We find from one of the English Missionaries, Rev. John Lawson, testimony in favor of these sailors after their arrival at Calcutta. Speaking of the occurrences on board of the Independence, he says, "What drunkenness and swearing have been prevented, and health and sobriety promoted! Instead of seeing this crew in the gutters of Calcutta, exposed to the sun and rain in a state of intoxication, we had the pleasure of seeing nearly all of them at worship, the first Sabbath after their arrival, dressed as neat and clean as we could wish, and fresh health and peace depicted as strongly as possible on their weather-beaten faces."

"On Thursday morning brother Titcomb saw one of the sailors, to whom he teaches navigation, standing at the helm. He observed to him, that at a certain hour in the forenoon, he would come forward for the purpose of giving him instruction. The sailor replied, 'You need not come to-day, for I have something of more importance than navigation to attend to.' He then freely related to Mr. Titcomb the distress which he felt on account of sin.

In the evening, Mr. Colman conversed with him and found him deeply concerned for his soul.

On Friday afternoon, brother Wheelock spent a considerable time conversing and praying with the sailors. He observed that there was a general solemnity on their minds. He and Mr. C. visited them in the evening. When they returned they remarked, that the scenes which they had witnessed were calculated to melt the hardest heart. Those who, but a few days ago, were living in opposition to God and profaning his sacred name, were now falling upon their knees, and appeared greatly distressed on account of their past transgressions. One person, who six days ago, did not believe there was a God, and made a ridicule of divine things, was now pierced to the heart, and anxiously enquired 'what must I do to be saved?' Indeed, the cry for mercy was general."

Thus, in their own words, have we suffered the Missionaries to portray the scenes and incidents of their outward voyage. So great had been their enjoyment of the Divine presence, so vivid their consciousness of the love and sympathy of the Saviour, that, in the words of Mrs. Wheelock, "the floating vehicle had been at times a floating heaven."

But their long voyage was now drawing to a close. The tokens of land became more numerous and distinct. One more terrific gale was encountered, but while some other ships were dismantled they escaped unharmed.

Mr. Wheelock remarks in his journal at this time :—

"To recount the goodness of the Lord is certainly an incumbent duty. Contrary to our expectations, the storm has not driven us out of our course. How mercifully were we preserved. If, as we expected, we arrive in Calcutta to-morrow, we shall be remarkably favored. The rich display of grace on board, too, should never be forgotten. The dear young converts were comforted yesterday. Some of them were very happy during the most violent part of the storm. Glory be to God! In two severe gales we have been preserved, all favored with good health the greater part of the time, and brought in safety to our desired haven.

Forever blessed be God! Our dear brother Titcomb's kindness we can *never* forget. Harriet and myself sung together, since the pilot came on board,

' Bless, O my soul, the living God !'

The shores of the eastern world, the land of strangers and of idolaters, now lay before the Missionaries, and anew they dedicated themselves to the service of God.

CHAPTER III.

Calcutta—Natives—English Missionaries—Letters home—
Sickness of Mr. Titcomb—Mr. Wheelock preaches to the
soldiers—Departure—Arrival at Rangoon.

PASSING the flat, monotonous region that marks the entrance to the waters of the Hoogly, our voyagers soon found themselves in the midst of busy life. Small boats float around the vessel, as, under the guidance of the English pilot, she slowly pursues her course up the river. Meantime, on all sides, objects of interest are continually increasing. The slight, half-naked, bronze figures of the natives are seen side by side with the pale yet comparatively robust European. Mingled with the unmistakable signs of heathenism, are also evidences of British rule—traces of wealth, civilization and refinement. Glimpses of white villas are seen from amid groves of embowering trees. Along with the Hindoo temples may now be seen also the spires of Christian churches.

On the 15th of April, 1818, while their own western home which they had left was clothed in

the first green robe of spring, the Missionaries arrived at Calcutta.

They received an affectionate welcome from the resident Missionaries, and found for the time a *home* at the English Mission House. From this place Mrs. W. writes to her sister :—

“ April 16, 1818.—Yesterday, at about four o'clock, we arrived here in palanquins. I need not assure you that it was really delightful once more to step on solid ground, to meet these dear Christian friends, and unite with them in a song of praise, and in family prayer. I am very much pleased with the harmony and union of these dear people. They are indeed a happy band of brethren and sisters. Mr. Carey has a boarding-school in the house, composed of eight European children and five more pupils who do not board in the family. These are all taught the English language, Geography, &c. Mr. and Mrs. Penney have also their respective schools, in which they are very useful. Mr. P.'s school consists of two hundred and ninety-nine scholars. Mrs. P.'s of about eighty. They are unwearied in their efforts to do good.

18.—Had a pleasant ride this morning in a buggy. The verdure of the country, and the breezes fanning us through the trees, were both delightful and refreshing. The dear friends here

do everything in their power to render us comfortable. May they be abundantly rewarded for their kindness.

May 3. (Lord's-day.)—May it ever be remembered with sensations of peculiar gratitude and love to God; this morning I sat with Europeans, Musselmen, Hindoos, and Americans at the table of the Lord. After being deprived of this great privilege for about six months, I need not assure you that it was exceedingly precious. And having before my eyes the subjects of divine grace out of *five* different nations of the earth, a part of whom were once 'joined to idols,' my heart was melted within me. Dr. Marshman received one female, a native of the country, into the church.

I now hasten to close this long letter. You can have no idea, my sister, of the intense heat which we daily feel. The people here dress very thinly, and always in white. The greater part of the natives go almost without clothes. An English lady is never seen walking in Calcutta. No person can wonder at this, when they are informed that it is absolutely necessary for every one who rides in a carriage or buggy to have a servant to clear the way."

The next letter is from Mr. Wheelock to his pastor, Rev. Dr. Baldwin of Boston.

MR. WHEELOCK TO REV. DR. BALDWIN.

"Calcutta, April 28th, 1818.

Dear Sir :

Permit me, from a heart filled with gratitude, to express my feelings to you, my *very dear* Pastor; and not only my feelings would I express, but the great goodness of the Lord to us his unworthy creatures. This day, while at dinner, was your very acceptable parcel presented to me. O, may I never cease to be grateful to my Heavenly Father for all his mercies manifested towards me! In a heathen land, a letter from the most distant friend would be highly interesting, but one from my dear Pastor is unspeakably so. I rejoice exceedingly in the prosperity of Zion in beloved America, and especially in that of the dear church with which I have so often engaged in Divine worship, and in celebrating the dying love of Jesus. My pen, alas! but feebly portrays the feelings of my soul.

On the fifteenth of this month, just five months from the time we left our dear native land, we arrived at Calcutta. We were soon met by our Missionary brethren Lawson and E. Carey, who very affectionately welcomed us to India, and invited us to their house. These dear men, with several others, are very kind to us indeed. They live in

much harmony and love. We have been endeavoring to prepare for our departure for Rangoon by the first opportunity. We have made a short visit to Serampore, and were received by the brethren there with much kindness and affection. We were highly gratified with the fatherly advice and instruction, relative to our temporal affairs and our spiritual course, that we received from our elder brethren.

In returning to Calcutta we beheld, in many places, the banks of the river thronged with the poor natives, who came hither *to wash and be clean from all pollution*. How painful to behold! Surely if Christians in America could be transported here only for a few hours, their hearts would be melted with pity, and would receive such a Missionary influence as would not cease to engage them in spreading the gospel among these poor benighted creatures.

I must now give you a few particulars of our voyage. The weather was, generally, very fine; we experienced but few storms. Capt. Bangs has treated us very kindly. We shall ever have occasion to speak of him with gratitude and much respect. He continued one unvaried course of kindness from the beginning to the end of the voyage. The other officers were attentive and polite in their treatment towards us. The kindness and

affection of our esteemed brother Titcomb, the supercargo, have been great, and many have been the offices of friendship which he has performed towards us."*

An account of the conversion of the sailors follows, which we omit.

We have already alluded to the fact, that thirty-five years ago, the Burman Empire held but little intercourse with the rest of mankind. The eastern shores of the Bay of Bengal were, to the dwellers towards the setting sun, as the shores of

* Captain Paul Titcomb, of Newburyport, Mass. Of the uniform friendship manifested by this officer for the Missionaries, we cannot speak too highly. When he learned that Colman and Wheelock wished to take passage on board the Independence, he expressed much pleasure. His knowledge of the sea, and of what was necessary in a voyage to India, was of great service to them, in preparing their outfit. He also used his influence in lessening their expenses, and in promoting continually their comfort and usefulness. A member of another denomination, he evinced, says one, "a noble superiority to those sectarian feelings which have so often kept good men asunder from each other."

During their stay in Calcutta, the Missionaries had the grief to see this beloved and valued friend brought very low with a fever, from which he never fully recovered. He died on the homeward passage, July 30th, 1818. "He enjoyed sweet peace of mind, and looked forward to his departure with calm and joyful hope."

A sketch of his truly Christian character may be found in the American Baptist Magazine, for March, 1819.

some distant planet. The following letter from Mr. Colman, illustrates this assertion. It is addressed to Rev. Dr. Sharp.

MR. COLMAN TO REV. DR. SHARP.

“Serampore, June 25th, 1818.

My dear and respected Pastor :

Before this time, you have, undoubtedly, concluded that we have joined our dear friends in Burmah. But the Lord has directed otherwise. The trade between Calcutta and Rangoon is very dull. No freight can be obtained for the latter place. In addition to this the south-east monsoon has set in, which is directly contrary to vessels proceeding to any port in the Burman dominions. But we feel more contented to remain here now, than we did a short time since.

Mr. Felix Carey has recently arrived at Serampore from Ava, and has generously offered to instruct us in the Burman language until an opportunity offers to convey us to Rangoon. Accordingly we have all commenced, and feel, I believe, real satisfaction in treading this new path. We find it rugged and intricate, but hope it will, ere long, conduct us to an extensive field of usefulness and pleasure. We look forward to the time when, in this language, we shall speak the words of eternal life to the perishing heathen. The

eye of the Missionary should not be bounded by external objects. He should look forward to the time when the difficulties which at first obstruct his path will be surmounted, and when he shall be engaged in the delightful employ of pointing pagans to the Lamb of God. For years his lips may be closed in silence. A foreign language must be acquired. This work will consume much of his time and youthful vigor. But this being accomplished, his reward begins to come—the sweet satisfaction of relating the proposals of mercy to the poor pagans. To them the gospel will be as new as it was to the shepherds on the plains of Judea, or to the apostles, when first they were called to follow the Saviour of mankind. To them the history of the Redeemer's life and death will be clothed with all the charms of novelty, as though it had never been known to an individual upon earth.

The quarter of the globe in which we expect to reside, must be interesting to a pious mind. Here our first parents were created; here Abraham lived, and Jesus died. Asia was the most distinguished part of the world for several thousand years. And have we not reason to believe that it will yet be highly distinguished for the triumphs of Divine grace? Other sections of the world are thinly inhabited compared to this. And when

the Hindoos, and Burmans, and Chinese, are converted, what a loud anthem of praise will ascend to our blessed Lord !*

With much pleasure I received your letter. It afforded us great satisfaction to learn that you remembered us in your petitions to God. O ! forget us not. Pray that we may be fitted for our work, may be clothed with humility, patience, and zeal, and may be rendered abundantly useful. Could I see you, my dear Pastor, and some others of my American friends, one of the dearest wishes of my heart would be gratified. But this privilege I expect not to enjoy on earth. O, may we meet in heaven, never, never, to be separated."

Yours, affectionately,

JAMES COLMAN.

The next letter is from Mr. Wheelock, and is addressed to Rev. Dr. Baldwin. We give a few extracts.

MR. WHEELOCK TO REV. DR. BALDWIN.

"The fatherly advice, which from time to time you have given me, and the tender interest which

* The present aspects of China are full of bright and unexpected promise—calling for increased prayer and exertion in behalf of her teeming millions.—[J. N. B.

you have manifested in my welfare, can never be forgotten, can never fail to excite emotions of gratitude. Especially do I remember your kindness in bringing me forward to enjoy the advantages of an education, that, under God, I might in some degree be qualified for the great work which he has been pleased to assign me. Language can but feebly describe the feelings of my heart towards you. Forgive, dear sir, the freedom with which I write. For "out of the abundance of my heart does my mouth speak." Happy am I under these considerations to remember that you will not, that you can not, lose your reward."

From a journal kept by the same hand and sent to Rev. Dr. Baldwin while at Calcutta, we make the following extracts.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF MR. WHELOCK.

"Calcutta, May 17th, 1818.

Attended Bengalee worship this morning. After sermon, brother Peters arose and made a very fervent prayer. He is considered the best of the native preachers, has a very fine commanding voice, and obtains much attention from the natives. Between nine and ten o'clock, we went from the chapel to a Bengalee place of worship

made of bamboos and mats. Our English brethren, E. Carey and J. Penney, accompanied us. Here we had another meeting, which lasted nearly three hours. Four addresses were delivered, two by brother Carey, and two by the native brethren. Several hymns were sung and prayers offered. Though the speakers were *barbarians to me*, the meeting was highly interesting.

I am quite at a loss to know how to give you any description of the place of worship, or of the assembly. I never beheld anything of the kind before, and both are so unlike anything in America, that I fear no language of mine can convey a correct idea to your mind. I can only say that I believe that the *same gospel* was preached here that is preached there. The pulpit was composed of bamboos, stuck into the ground on a little raised spot of earth. The house would probably contain one hundred and fifty people. Sometimes it was nearly full, but, perhaps, in a few minutes, the number of people would be quite reduced. Many were continually passing, engaged in their worldly occupation. They frequently stopped and listened for a few minutes to what was said, made their remarks and went their way. One said, "the common people do this (preach) to get their bread." Another, "this is not right." An

old woman, who had listened for some time, said, "*that is very true, that is very true.*"

The preachers were repeatedly interrupted by being questioned. One enquired, "what are tithes?" The subject of the speaker was the Pharisee and Publican. Another was so inquisitive and talkative, that he nearly broke up the assembly. Some would frequently come and inquire of their native brethren, "what is this?" The answer given, is "Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ." May we not then conclude, that many will hear of this sacred name, and will seek a knowledge of him? During worship, the image of one of their gods passed by, attended by much noise and many people. Some went out, but the greater part remained.

The *offence of the cross* is great unto them. I am informed by our brethren, that they will hear a discourse on moral subjects, but if they are told that there is no Saviour but Jesus Christ, they are quite offended and frequently go away. After meeting, a number of tracts were distributed among them. They appeared very anxious to obtain them, but are quite fond of any books.

I was not a little interested at beholding a Burman present, though it is probable he did not understand. What bowels of compassion I felt for him! How did I long to preach to him, and

to his nation, 'the unsearchable riches of Christ!' What would our congregations in America have thought, to have beheld this almost naked assembly; to have seen some with baskets, some with bundles on their heads, others sitting on the ground, and some constantly coming or going from meeting? What feelings of pity, of compassion, of love, would have been excited in every pious soul! What devout aspirations would have ascended to God for the salvation of these deluded pagans!

June 6.—Towards night, I walked out with brother Penney among the native huts. They are principally built of mud and straw. They are exceedingly numerous, and stand very close to each other. The natives are quite civil; indeed, they are remarkable for their politeness. Some of the females were much afraid of us, and ran away as we approached them.

We went among some of the farmers. What a difference between them and our American farmers! Their cattle looked very meagre, as if roughly treated,* and quite small. All of their cattle appear small when compared with ours.

* The same remark occurs in the Journal of Bishop Heber. Describing a drive in the vicinity of Calcutta, he says: "The crowd of people was considerable, and kept up something like the appearance of a fair along the whole line of road. Many

How did I long to preach to these people the unsearchable riches of Christ! But, alas! my mouth was shut. May I soon arrive at Burmah, and commence the acquisition of their language. Several years, however, will undoubtedly elapse before I can direct the poor Burmans to the Lamb of God. Brother Judson says truly, that "the thoughts of these people run in channels opposite to ours."

We also went into a bazaar. The noise and bustle reminded me of Boston market. Here, again, I remarked a very striking contrast between the two. I saw no meat at all. A few little fishes, fruit and vegetables, were the principal commodities for sale. The people who sold were seated on a mat spread upon the floor.

14. (*Lord's-day.*)—Spoke in the morning in the chapel, in the afternoon heard brother Ward preach in Bengalee. About one hundred of the natives were present, twenty of whom are members of the church. Evening, heard Dr. Carey deliver a most excellent sermon; text, Rom. 12: 2.

were in bullock carts, others driving along bullocks before them; a few had wretched ponies, which, as well as the bullocks, bore too many marks of neglect and hard treatment. The manner in which the Hindoos treat their horned cattle, sacred as they are from the butcher's knife, appears far worse than that which often disgusts the eye and wounds the feelings of a passenger through London."

Received a precious letter from our dear sister P. It was truly refreshing. It is another proof that our beloved friends have not forgotten us.

16. (*Tuesday*.)—This evening received a packet of magazines and letters from our beloved Dr. B. Never before was I so affected by a letter. It contained a hymn, composed on our departure from America. Surely it is enough to draw tears from eyes which never wept before. But, ah! while I weep for you, permit me also to weep for the poor heathen. Even now, while I write, the horrid din of their music, at this late hour, strikes my ears. Thousands of them are preparing for a grand festival of Juggernaut, which we expect to behold in a day or two. Let me then weep also for these wretched idolators. And while a spark of life, or a drop of vital blood remains, let me labor for the salvation of their immortal souls. O, my dear Pastor, how great are my obligations to God and to you! O, that this evening I could express to you the gratitude which I feel. While I live, I humbly trust that the Lord will enable me to pray for you.

I have read a good part of your Magazine, and my heart rejoices at the cheering news which it contains. I have had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Rev. Messrs. Townley and Keith. They preach in Calcutta, and appear much en-

gaged in the cause of missions. While America manifests so much zeal in this blessed work, may immortal blessings be continually poured upon her. May she become a 'mountain of holiness, and a habitation of righteousness.' How highly favored is she already! *And how highly favored may we conclude she will be, if she continues to exert herself in the cause of God!*

Go on, my Christian friends, go on in the work of the Lord; nor cease from your noble and glorious efforts, while one fellow sinner is ignorant of the adorable Jesus. You shall not labor in vain, God is faithful; and in due time you shall reap, if you faint not. Expect not immediate success. Could you see the heathen, I am inclined to think that you would utterly despair of their conversion, did you not possess unshaken confidence in the promises of the eternal and immutable Jehovah. His word is settled in Heaven. It *must* be accomplished. The gospel *must* prevail. The kingdoms of this world *must* become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The period *must* arrive when "the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." O, blessed era! I hail thee with delight. I lift my mournful eyes from this, at present, dark world, and look forward with divine rapture. What cannot Omnipotence perform? When it ceases to be

an attribute of our God, let us then despair of the success of his cause. Yes; then, and not till then, may we despair of success.

18.—Witnessed the awful scene—the worship of Juggernaut. Dr. Marshman calculated that there were at least 500,000 people present!”

While detained at Calcutta the Missionaries were by no means idle, as may be seen, indeed, from what has been already stated.

A sermon preached before a portion of the British soldiers of the fifty-ninth regiment, by Mr. Wheelock, was so favorably received, that at their own expense they caused it to be published. The subject stated is, “*Humility.*” Among the invincible troops of Britain, the conquerors of the wide and rich domains of the East, one is hardly prepared to look for the gentler and lowlier fruits of Christianity. The story of European conquest in Bengal is not surely suggestive of the meekness and gentleness of the gospel. Yet as among the Roman legions of old were found one or two centurions truly humble and devout, so among these men of war and blood were those upon whose ear the persuasive words of piety fell even as refreshing rain from Heaven. They listened with joy to the winning words of our Saviour, “Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.” With

eager delight they imbibed the pious thoughts of the young Missionary, who, from the ends of the earth, had sought that sultry clime, there to dispense the words of eternal life.

From this sermon, which bears date, "Colombo, Wesleyan Mission Press, 1818," we copy a few closing paragraphs. The preacher dwells with much animation upon the *rest* of soul which is the portion of the lowly in heart. In conclusion, he remarks, the *rest of the humble* will be consummated in the skies.

"There remaineth a rest, says the Apostle, to the people of God. They will arrive at that blessed abode, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. They will possess rest, inasmuch as they will be secure from the attacks of their enemies. The world, which has so often allured them from the right way of the Lord, will no longer allure them. The devil will no longer harrass them. No more will they be oppressed with a body of death. They will be delivered from all corruption, and made completely holy, even as God is holy. They will be with their blessed Saviour, and behold his glory; nay, they will be like him, for they will see him as he is.

"*This rest is strikingly typified by the Sabbath.* On the Sabbath, we cease from worldly employ-

ments, and engage in the service of God. In Heaven, where the eternal Sabbath will be enjoyed, the believer will be delivered from all worldly concerns, and engage with all the powers of his soul, in the service of God. Worldly care and anxiety will no more disturb his bosom. The perplexities of his life will cease. No more will he meet with disappointments of any kind. All tears will be wiped from his eyes by the soft hand of everlasting love. He will enjoy *rest*—undisturbed, unmolested, eternal rest. There will the service of God be constantly performed with ever new delight. Dull mortality will no longer clog his active soul, but with the ardor of angels will he praise and adore his God.

“On the Sabbath, we are permitted to hear the servants of God describe his character. In Heaven, the believer will be favored with the most clear and enlarged views of it. God himself will unfold to the mind of every saint his adorable perfections. Each of them will learn more of God in one hour, (if we may use the expression,) than all of them could learn together during their stay in this world.

“On the Sabbath the character of Christ is exhibited to our view; but, alas! how faintly! In Heaven, Jesus will discover himself to his dear disciples in the most glorious manner. Low, in-

deed, are our present conceptions of him. How exalted will they be, when, without a glass between, we shall gaze upon his uncreated glory! Then shall we feel most deeply sensible, that he is the chief among ten thousand—the only one altogether lovely.

“On the Sabbath, the way of life and salvation is held up to our view. But our ideas of its glory are contracted compared with what they will be, when upon our astonished souls will burst the full vision of God and the Lamb! For ‘eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.’

“On the Sabbath, the saint obtains fresh strength to go forward in the Divine life. In Heaven, his soul will be constantly invigorated by receiving fresh communications of grace and love.

“On the Sabbath he enjoys an antepast of glory; he sips at the stream which issues from the fountain of eternal love. In Heaven, he will drink large draughts of the water of life, drink from the fountain; forever will he allay his thirst from the river of God.

“Our description of the rest that remains for the people of God must be faint. On this subject ‘thought is poor, and poor expression.’ Let it suffice, therefore, to say, it consists in the full,

perfect, everlasting enjoyment of God and the Lamb!

“Here, Christian, repose your weary soul. To you, Jesus says, Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls!”

The spiritual life and warmth that pervade this discourse were, without doubt, grateful to those who listened to it. They sought, by its publication, to perpetuate the emotions called forth by its delivery. On the printed page, however, we miss the beaming countenance and persuasive tones that gave power to its utterance. The warmth of holy love, the brightness of heavenward hope, the fervent sympathy of spirit that gave to this young servant of God such access to the souls of others, we are told, by those who bear in their hearts the pleasant remembrance of that early day, was wont to engrave itself upon his features and pervade their entire expression, giving power to his words, and impressiveness to his tones.

The next letter is from Mr. Colman, addressed to Rev. Dr. Sharp, and announces the fact that after so long a detention, they have at last a prospect of sailing for Rangoon.

The Missionaries had now been residing in Bengal three months and a half, and gladly

availed themselves of the first opportunity that presented to pursue their voyage. Pleasant and tender friendships had been formed among these English brethren, who were laboring in the same cause to which Colman and Wheelock had dedicated their lives; and much valuable information and advice had been received from those who had been long laboring among the heathen. With many prayers and blessings from these devoted fellow-laborers and friends, our wanderers once more found themselves on board ship, and with favoring breezes, were soon far at sea upon the great Bay of Bengal.

They sailed from Calcutta on the 19th of August, and arrived at Rangoon in about four weeks. The reception of the Missionaries by their friends in Rangoon, is described by Mr. Colman.

“We found, upon arriving at the landing-place, our beloved brethren waiting to receive us. For a short time we could do no more than take each other by the hand. The sensations of our minds destroyed the power of utterance. In about an hour the females came on shore, when the whole Mission family met, and by mutual expressions of love and joy attracted universal attention. This was a memorable season. Such a combination of unusual feelings never rushed upon my mind before. We were immediately conducted to the

king's *godown*, where, according to the custom of the country, we were strictly searched. We then proceeded to the Mission house. Imagine, if you can, our sensations when we stepped beneath its roof, and found ourselves in that dear company which we had long desired to enjoy. That was a season of feasting. How swiftly the hours passed away! How varied, how cheering was the conversation! How fervent were the prayers and thanksgiving to Almighty God! The events of those sweet days can never be effaced from my memory. I feel something of their influence at the present time."

The same scenes are further detailed by Mr. Wheelock.

"At the mouth of the river we were favored with a note from brother Judson, informing us that brother Hough, or himself, would be ready to meet us at the wharf, or, more properly, the landing-place. Judge of our feelings when we arrived before the town, which is to be, as we trust, our home on earth! We were all soon landed, and in the company of our *dear* Missionary friends. What a meeting was this! Never before did I experience such a joyful season. To behold our beloved brethren, and their companions, afforded me such joy as I cannot express! Indeed, the joy was mutual. We felt our

souls united. After we had been searched by the officers of government, we, a happy Missionary band, proceeded to the Mission House. Here we arrived at about dark on Saturday evening. 'Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!'

The Mission House is delightfully situated among the trees, about two miles from town. A large piece of ground is attached to it, containing a number of fruit trees.

Shortly after our arrival, brother Judson went with brother Colman and myself to introduce us to the Viceroy. We found him in his garden-house, surrounded with his officers of government. We took off our shoes before we came into his presence (which is the same thing here as taking off the hat in America), and then seated ourselves on a mat opposite him. He observed that we were not accustomed to the Burman mode of sitting, and said to brother Judson, 'Let them sit comfortably.'

We had brought with us, from Calcutta, a small chest of carpenters' tools for the use of the Mission. The Viceroy heard of it, and expressed a desire for it. As there never was one like it seen here before, it was a great curiosity. We carried it with us as a present, knowing that he must have it. Accordingly, it was placed before him,

and he arose himself (a thing very uncommon on such occasions), and opened it. He appeared much gratified with it, and called one of his artificers to examine it also. He inquired if we intended to remain here, and had brought our women? Mr. Judson observed that we had, and that 'we wished to take shelter beneath his glory.' To which he answered, 'stay! stay!' and desired that Mr. Judson might come with our women. Business being entirely suspended while we remained, he seemed to desire our departure. We therefore again paid him our respects and retired, much gratified with the favor shown us, and which we hope, through the overruling hand of our Heavenly Father, will be continued."

Descriptive of these same initiatory scenes, Mrs. Wheelock writes with some variety of details and reflections.

"Our arrival at Rangoon apparently afforded much diversion to many of the Burmans. A sight of eight foreigners, and four of them newly arrived, was sufficient to collect many of the inhabitants together. Had you been a spectator of our meeting the dear friends here, I think you would have congratulated each of us. Brother Judson and brother Hough were waiting on the shore to receive us.

Our united desire is to be useful to the souls

of this people. This is the object, the only object for which we left our native land. To accomplish this, we trust that we constantly have your prayers, and the prayers of all the dear people of God. For Zion's sake may Christians not hold their peace, and for Jerusalem's sake may they not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth; until this desert rejoice and blossom as the rose, and streams of living water, from the river of God, refresh this *parched* ground.

Since our arrival, we have enjoyed the privilege of meeting around the sacramental board, and commemorating the dying love of our ascended Redeemer. It was, indeed, a precious season. The Saviour's fruit was sweet to our taste, and his banner over us was love. In this benighted region, the ordinances of the Gospel shine with redoubled lustre. Everything around is calculated to incite us to activity in his blessed service."

The Missionaries having now, after nearly a year from the time they left Boston, attained their destination, and entered the dwelling so long regarded as their future home, we leave them for the present in the enjoyment of much happiness, closing this chapter with a short extract from a letter of Mr. Judson, with reference to the newly

arrived members of the Mission family at Rangoon.

"We have had, I can truly say, a most joyful meeting. You have never seen them, or it would be unnecessary to add that they are four *lovely* persons, in every sense of the word, and appear to have much of an humble, prayerful spirit."

CHAPTER IV.

Illness of the Missionaries—Journal—Continued illness of Mr. Wheelock—Fatal delay—Final departure—Temporary aid—Increased fever—Delirium—Death.

THE joy of meeting portrayed at the close of the last chapter was destined soon to be overclouded.

The passage from Calcutta to Rangoon had been long, the accommodations poor, the voyage on the whole uncomfortable. The rainy season had set in, and the dampness of the bedding, &c., induced coughs and colds. Both Colman and Wheelock, neither of whom were of robust constitution, suffered from affections of the lungs. The same letter from Mr. Judson that expresses his satisfaction at their arrival, adds his regret at their ill-health. But while the one soon recovered, the other remained prostrate under the influence of disease. Mr. Wheelock writes thus, in one of his earliest letters after his arrival. It is addressed to his parents.

MR. WHEELOCK TO HIS PARENTS.

“The excessive heat of Bengal, combined with my exertions in private and public, considerably enervated my system. My extreme sea-sickness reduced me much lower. But after our arrival in Rangoon, I forgot my weakness and exerted myself *too much* in attending to our affairs, the difficulty of which can only be known by experience. The Saturday evening following our arrival (a week before,) after engaging in family worship, I was attacked with a slight turn of raising blood. It was very unexpected and alarming at first. But, in a few days, I ceased to raise any more, and have now gained considerable strength in my lungs. Through Divine mercy, I trust that I am getting better. Blessed be God, that I have an encouraging prospect of returning health. I have a Burman teacher; engaged him the 5th instant, and attempted to study, but was obliged to relinquish it. Harriet, however, employs him, and has now begun to read the Burman.”

The ensuing months brought partial recovery. In Mrs. Wheelock's Journal we find the following entries at this period, illustrative of their new condition and progress.

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF MRS. WHEELOCK.

March 29, 1819.—This afternoon, we visited our Burman teacher, who, for several days past, has been sick of a fever. He was extremely feeble, but his mind appeared somewhat tender, when Mr. Wheelock endeavored to direct him to the Saviour of whom he had so often read, and about whom he had so often conversed. He received it kindly, and answered with a look expressive of his feelings, that he had never yet learned to pray to that Being, who, so unlike all others, is not the subject of old age, sickness, or death. We both left this miserable little dwelling with sensations different from what we ever felt before. By contrasting our situation with his, we could not forbear exclaiming: ‘Oh! how rich is the goodness of our covenant God towards us!’

April 7.—The Burmans have no coin among them. Their money, which consists of gold, silver, and lead, is always dealt out by weight. At first it was a strange thing to weigh out a few pounds of lead to purchase vegetables in the market, and little pieces of silver, also, for other necessary articles. From our first residing here, I have taken the care, exclusively, of providing for our family. This I did at first that Mr. W. might have more time to study, and not have his

mind in the least burdened. But his health has not yet permitted him to attend closely to any thing."

The services of the Burman teacher were, however, still continued, and efforts for the acquisition of the language perseveringly made. We continue our extracts.

"17.—Could my dear Mrs. — make us a short visit, she would see us sitting in a long, open verandah with our teacher, eagerly catching the instruction which he imparts. To get hold of the idiom of a foreign language, and to be able to communicate one's ideas intelligibly, is no small task. It must be the labor of years. Work preparatory to study, such as copying off the grammar and dictionary, has hitherto employed the greater part of my time. I have now finished copying the grammar and four hundred and twenty pages of the dictionary, which is all that brother Judson has yet prepared. These will be invaluable helps. We find it to be a great assistance to hear Burman conversation, and with this we are frequently favored, on account of our occupying the two middle rooms, which are better situated for the reception of Burmans than any other in the house.

Sometimes they are disposed to hear the truths of the Gospel, and will listen attentively while two

or three chapters of Matthew are read. To-day, two or three women appeared particularly anxious to hear and understand, and seemed to feel the propriety of several remarks. They had never before thought of the existence of a God. They could not conceive that they had been sinning against Him all their lives, as they had never before heard the mention of his name. We should often have our hopes raised of these Burmans who appear so attentive to the words of life, had we not so frequently been disappointed. We are daily, nay, hourly convinced that nothing short of Almighty grace can effect the conversion of their souls.

"*April 28.*—God has been pleased to deprive us of the privilege of an intense application to study, and has blighted our prospects of present usefulness by visiting Mr. Wheelock with sickness. He raised blood soon after our arrival, and has never been well since."

Again, under date of *July 14.*—"Mr. W. has had a slight cough, which has increased and preyed upon his constitution. It is attended with a fever, night sweats, and sometimes a pain in his side. My fears respecting him are greatly excited. Could we obtain medical advice here, my mind would be greatly relieved. But with this we cannot be favored without taking another voy-

age at sea. We have seriously thought of going to Bengal, and hesitate only at the expense which must necessarily be incurred. We know not the path of duty, nor the will of God respecting us. Guide us, O thou great Jehovah, and glorify thyself of us !”

The Missionaries hesitated long whether they should impose upon the Board at home the expense of their voyage. Mr. Wheelock, in a journal kept occasionally by himself at this time, asks, “Is money to be put in competition with life ?” He was himself desirous of going. In the intervals of a flattering disease, he felt that, under more favorable circumstances, health might be regained. This hope was not shared by his Missionary brethren. Mrs. W., after expressing regret at the necessity of acting without the advice of the other friends, proceeds :

“Feeling a settled conviction that it is his duty to use every means in his power to regain his health, Mr. W. has made application to Captain Snowball, for a passage on board the *Britannia*. He will take us for three hundred rupees (one hundred and fifty dollars). The vessel is large, of eight hundred tons. It has already dropped down the river, and we shall probably go the day after to-morrow. On account of the expense, I have thought of remaining in Rangoon, but I can

not think this is a sufficient reason. *No; I will go with him.*"

LETTER OF MRS. WHEELOCK.

On board the Britannia, August 13, 1819.

"Five days since we left the Mission house. Mr. Wheelock was carried in a chair by four men, to the house of Mr. Turner, near the water side. From this place, after a little rest, we embarked in a large boat, and sailed about ten miles ere we reached the ship. Capt. H. and brother C. accompanied us. Mr. Wheelock is now much better than he has been for several weeks past. Our accommodations on board are excellent. We have a large cabin, in which are two doors, and five windows with venitian blinds, and one glass window. One door opens into a spacious gallery, half of which we also occupy, and the other into the dining room. We can have as much or as little air as we please. This we highly prize.

"I think Mr. W. is stronger and better now than when we left Rangoon, though his dreadful cough, fever, and night-sweats still attend him. We have at present, however, reason to believe that the voyage will be beneficial to him. When we left Rangoon, I thought him too low to survive the voyage; but my hopes and expectations are now a little raised, and I think I may yet see

him in the enjoyment of health. He is able to speak stronger, sit up longer, and take more nourishment than when he came on board. We hope our passage will not exceed fourteen days. Nearly half that time has already expired; and I would record it among the greatest of our temporal mercies, neither Mr. W. nor myself has yet experienced the most slight attack of sea-sickness. This is, probably, owing to the free circulation of air which we constantly enjoy, and to the size of the ship. It rides upon the waters with perfect ease, and we scarce feel the motion."

Again, at another date, Mrs. W. proceeds:—

"Mr. Wheelock's mind was in the same comfortable, happy state for seven or eight days after we embarked, that it had been for six months before. 'My dear Harriet,' said he to me at one time, 'I feel sweetly resigned to the will of God, as it respects my present and future state of health. I feel that I have done my duty in leaving Rangoon, and that *God will accept my desires to do something for the poor Burmans*, even if he should never permit me to return.' At another time he said, 'I feel my soul enlarged in prayer for the salvation of the heathen. O, if it is the will of God that I shall be again restored to health, with how much delight shall I enter upon the work of preaching Christ unto the Burmans.'

At another time, thinking him a little dejected, I inquired why he was cast down. 'I am not cast down,' said he; 'on the contrary, I am tranquil and happy. I feel the truth of that passage in John, *'God is love!'* He has manifested his love to my soul in such a manner, he has given me such blessed assurances of a final victory over all my sins and corruptions, that my heart is melted within me. O, the amazing love of God!

This voyage was also made comfortable and happy by the captain of the ship, who was most assiduously kind in providing every comfort and indulgence grateful to an invalid. The ship afforded many little luxuries not to be obtained in Rangoon; the absence of which, unnoticed in health, is in sickness always regretted by those whose duty it is to minister to the suffering. In the means of rendering life comfortable, they were far better off on ship-board than on shore.

But this pleasant aspect of things was of short duration. Symptoms of an unfavorable nature appeared. These are regretfully recorded by Mrs. W., and, as before, she casts her care on God.

But darker days were to come. The seat of the disease seemed changed. The mind, hitherto calm and clear as crystal waters beneath a summer sky, was overclouded. The bitterest of all

griefs awaited the lone watcher by the couch of the dying. How often does the mystic chain, which binds soul and body together, cause the one to suffer through the infirmities of the other. So it was now. The soul, which had often plumed its wing and soared to the heights of religious joy, was now cast down into the depths of despondency. The lips, which had hitherto spoken only words of love, now addressed her who stood at his side, as an utter stranger! The tones that had so often, and with so much sweetness, revealed to others the great idea of the Divine glory, now bewailed the imagined misery of having become an outcast from God.

The journal of Mrs. W. proceeds :

“ His depression of spirit increased. The fever also increased, and, from that time, raged principally in his head, and deprived him of his senses. Several times, during the two first days of his distress, he looked very wild, and complained of a severe pain in his head. I had not then, however, the least idea of his being delirious. But the next morning, as I was sitting reading the Bible to him, he suddenly rose up from the chair in which he reclined, and went out of the cabin door into the quarter gallery. I instantly followed him, and began to express my surprise that he should have attempted going there without my

assistance (a thing which he had never done before). He had, by this time, reached a window in the back part of the ship, and was just ready to jump out. I caught him, clasped him in my arms, and then led him back to the bed. When a little revived, (for he was quite exhausted by the effort which he had made, and was as helpless as an infant,) I endeavored to converse with him, and found that he was entirely ignorant of what he had attempted to do, and that he did not even know where he was. Towards evening he again attempted to get out of the cabin to destroy himself.

“From the time that I at first discovered his delirious state, I never left him a moment without charging the servant to take particular care of him, and I now redoubled this charge not to let him rise from the chair or bed till I returned. But with all my anxious care and watchfulness, I could not preserve him from death. During the whole of the night he appeared very wild, and never closed his eyes in sleep. Early in the morning he was quite insensible to anything that occurred, but expressed great anxiety to know what place he was in. This morning, however, he went into the public room and breakfasted. Capt. S. then observed, that he was an altered person. I had desired Mr. W. to let me take

breakfast with him in our cabin, being afraid to leave him even with the servant, but to this he would not consent and therefore went with me. All the forenoon he was in great distress of body and mind. I endeavored to comfort him, but it was all in vain. He believed me to be an evil spirit sent from the Lord to afflict him. At noon he took more nourishment than usual, and I thought him better."

They were now, (Aug. 20th,) approaching Calcutta, and sailing very rapidly. In the expectation that a post-boat would be alongside in the morning, Mrs. Wheelock thought it best to make the earliest possible effort to procure medical aid. The sufferer was reclining in an easy chair. More comfortable than he had been before at any previous hour of the day, he had apparently fallen into a slumber. Mrs. W. sat down to inform the English Missionary friends of the state of things—well knowing that every aid in their power would speedily be afforded. In order to write, the motion of the vessel obliged her to turn partially away. She had but just put pen to paper, when she heard the door of the quarter gallery close. Supposing it to have been left ajar, she arose to secure it, that its swaying might not awaken the sleeper. On returning to the spot which she had left, the easy chair was vacant!

Shrieks of fearful agony rung through the vessel; a frantic form flew up and down and searched in all directions for the missing; others joined in the search. It was in vain! The huge ship was holding on her rapid way; but the fever-wasted form of the stricken child of suffering rested beneath the waves.

Lamented youth! How like the orb of day,
Brilliant and cloudless rose thy morning ray;
Rejoicing myriads hailed the lovely light
Ascending swiftly towards meridian height;
The hardy sailor blest it on the sea,
The awe-struck soldier owned its purity;
When lo! struck down, ere half thy course was run,
Our startled eyes beheld thy setting sun!
The mournful tidings spread a sudden gloom—
'Wheelock has sunk into an ocean tomb—
Denied his fondest wish, his fervent prayer,
To die in Burmah, and be buried there:
Lo, widowed Love, and pure Religion weep—
Their hopes, with ours, are buried in the deep!"

Speak, sainted spirit, from thy new-found sphere—
If Heaven permit—into the mourner's ear;
'Though worn with sickness and harassed with pain,
Dark shadows gathered o'er my fevered brain;
They had no power immortal ties to rend,
My much loved Master loved me to the end;
And His calm voice broke through the shades of death—
Why didst thou doubt—O thou of little faith?
When dim delirium o'er my senses stole,
A glorious vision brightened on my soul,

Of Jesus walking on the midnight sea—
And my heart cried, Lord, bid me come to thee!
I sprang, like Peter, at the welcome word,
On the sea's heaving waves to meet my Lord:
I sank, like Peter—but more highly blest—
My Saviour caught me to His Heavenly rest!

J. N. B.

CHAPTER V.

The Mission reduced—Journey of Judson and Colman to Ava
—The visit to the Palace—The petitions—The disappointment—The return to Rangoon.

COLMAN was now the only assistant of Judson. In the early part of 1819, he writes thus, concerning the people among whom he was preparing to labor.

“In the mind of a Burman there are none of those strings which preachers in Christian lands touch with success. He denies the existence of a SUPREME and ETERNAL BEING.” If this denial be true, there can be no sin against him, and consequently, there can be no necessity for an atonement. These great truths, which lie at the foundation of revealed religion, never glanced into a Burman’s mind. He has not the least conception that this world was created and is upheld by Almighty power, wisdom and goodness. When puzzled in argument, he still remains unaffected, unimpressed. The utmost which he acknowledges is, that superior genius compels him to bow. Here, generally, conviction ends.

Among a people so dark and impenetrable, how clearly do we see the necessity of Divine operation! Vain are the powers of reason; vain are the charms of eloquence. O, that our American friends would pray for us and for the poor heathen to whom we are sent. Could they but see the thousands which, once every week, press to the great Pagoda, their hearts would be deeply affected, and a new spring be given to their Missionary efforts.

The house in which we live, stands at some distance from any public road. It is advantageously situated for those who are acquiring the language. We can just hear the bustle of the town without being disturbed by it. This retired spot, however, is but poorly calculated to attract the attention of the Burmans. This is one reason why so few call to inquire about the religion of Jesus.

Feeling this to be a serious obstacle to Missionary exertions, we have finally purchased a small piece of land adjoining a part of the premises which previously belonged to the Society. Here a temporary house in Burman style is erecting, in which brother Judson intends to pass the principal part of each day. It will stand upon one of the roads, which lead to the great Pagoda.

The passing is immense, especially on worship days.

We hope and pray that the Divine blessing will attend this effort. It is the most public one that has yet been made. The Gospel must be openly preached—the event must be left with God.”

A description of this first Christian temple in Burmah, (opened April 25th, 1819,) we find in a letter of another Missionary.

“The Zayat is situated thirty or forty rods from the Mission House, and in dimensions is twenty-seven by eighteen feet. It is raised four feet from the ground, and is divided into three parts. The first division is laid entirely open to the road without doors, windows, or a partition in the front side, and takes up a third part of the whole building. It is made of bamboo and thatch, and is the place where Mr. Judson sits all the day long, and says to the passers by, ‘Ho! every one that thirsteth!’ &c. The next and middle division is a large, airy room, with four doors and four windows, opening in opposite directions, made entirely of boards, and is white-washed to distinguish it from the other zayats around us. In this room we have public worship on the Sabbath. The third and last division is only an entry way, which opens into a garden leading to the Mission House.”

But these improved arrangements had been made but a few months, when difficulties arose, such as had been unknown before. Hitherto, in their peculiar labors, the Missionaries had been free from irksome restraint on the part of the Burman government. The retired lives of the white foreigners, the few and obscure converts that had been made, had attracted little attention. But it could not be always so. A Burman teacher, a person of some literary distinction, was known to be examining into the truth of the new religion. A single remark from the viceroy, when informed of this, spread terror among the inquirers. 'The White Zayat' was forsaken.

Mr. Judson became convinced that without the favor of the monarch of Burmah, protection was not to be expected for those who might embrace Christianity. He finally resolved to visit the capital to petition for the privilege of preaching the gospel. In this most interesting journey he was accompanied by Mr. Colman.

The city of Ava, the capital of Burmah, is also on the Irawaddy, some three hundred and fifty miles from Rangoon. The pointed, canoe-like boats, manned and guided by the natives, presented the mode of traveling, and on the 22d of December, 1819, in the dry season of the year, when vegetation is in all the richness and beauty

of that tropic clime, they bade farewell to their home and companions, and set out on their untried journey. Their course lies, for many days, through a flat, level country, its sameness scarcely relieved by a hill, though abounding with populous villages. As they ascend the river the surface becomes gradually more undulating and the scenery changed. The green hills are crowned by gilded Pagodas. Ah, how pleasant, how joyful would be the sight, were these pointing spires the indexes of Christian temples!

"Like moral telegraphs that bear
The upward thoughts of the forgiven."

But the Missionaries cannot forget that these are idol shrines, and though they crown the green hill-tops with splendor, yet to the thoughtful mind there is evermore a blight upon their beauty, a mildew upon their brightness.

Yet the travelers went cheerfully on, for their minds were full of the sunshine of hope. Would the monarch of all this wide realm but smile upon their petition, then, without molestation, they could preach the Divine word. The native villages furnished opportunities to distribute tracts, telling of the Eternal God, and the Missionaries could leave their boat and walk among the thatched houses that stood upon the river banks.

Now the little vessel sails slowly by the magnificent ruins of an ancient city—deserted, but not entirely dismantled of its splendor. Weeks pass, yet still the frail barque holds on her way. Rumors are heard of daring robberies. These two Missionaries have truly taken their lives in their hands. They meet nowhere a familiar face, save the faithful Moug Nau, the first Burman convert, who accompanies them; they know not of a Christian in all that region, so new, so strange.

After a voyage of five weeks, they arrived, Jan. 25th, 1820, at Amarapooa, the seat of government, four miles above Ava, the present capital.

Here they found Mya-day-men, the former viceroy of Rangoon. He was known to the Missionaries, had treated them with consideration at their home, and his wife had extended very courteous regards to Mrs. Judson. To appear before a Burman officer of government without a gift would be considered rude. The Missionaries were therefore provided with suitable presents. An elegant gilt Bible was designed for the King. It was in six volumes, each volume being enclosed in a rich envelope. Valuable gifts had also been prepared for the officers of government. The kindness of Mya-day-men formerly extended to the Missionaries, was not withheld now. The presents brought to himself and wife were received

and the petition for leave *to behold the golden face* passed to the person proper to attend to it. This was a private minister of state called an *Atwenwoon*. Little idea can they, whose home is in a land of freedom, where government is based upon the equality of men, where rulers are made so by the voice of the people, know of the homage paid in the eastern world to royalty. Little even does the European know of the craven humility, the abject fear, with which the East Indian approaches his lord.

The favor of Mya-day-men saved the Missionaries much trouble and delay. But for this, together with his high standing as an officer of state, their petition, instead of going so directly to the King, would have passed up through various grades of officers, attended, at each successive step, with outlay and inconvenience.

Evening came, and in their boat, their only home, they had leisure to think upon their situation and prospects. Their hopes were kept alive by a visit from Mounng Yo, the officer who was to conduct them to the *Atwenwoon*. He would, he said, attend them on the morrow. What thoughts filled their minds, what prayers sprung from their lips, as, at that eventful period, they together awaited the morning. They could not sleep. Their position, the remembrance of the object for

which they had come, the royal word, so big with joy or grief for them, with spiritual life or death for that vast realm, as it then seemed to them, held their eyes waking. What could they do but again and again commend themselves to the Almighty, taking, as the hours of night waned slowly, firmer and firmer hold on that strength which is Eternal.

The next day the Atwenwoon, Moug Zah, received them graciously. Here they disclosed their object. They were "propagators of religion." They wished to have leave to exercise this privilege in the Burman Empire. The minister of state took their petition and began to read. At that moment he was told that *the golden foot was about to advance*. Rising, he told the petitioners that he must seize that very moment to present them to the Emperor. Arrayed in full dress, he exclaims, "*Come along*." They followed, and through many passages and up a flight of stairs, were ushered into a magnificent hall. Its lofty dome was supported by pillars, the whole blazing with burnished gold. From the further end of this princely saloon, the monarch advanced. "Every head," says Mr. Judson, "excepting ours, was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we

caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned towards us—"Who are these?" "The teachers, great king," I replied. "What, you speak Burman—the priests that I heard of last night?" "When did you arrive?" "Are you teachers of religion?" "Are you like the Portuguese priests?" "Are you married?" "Why do you dress so?" These and some other similar questions, we answered; when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat—his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us."

The officer who had presented them, now seizing the favorable moment, began to read the petition. It was to the effect that they be permitted to preach and propagate their religion without molestation. The king heard it through, and reached out his hand for the paper. How did the hopes of the Missionaries rise! He looks at it, reads it through deliberately. Then a tract is handed out by Mr. Judson. This was a moment of hope and prayer. Will the *golden face* smile upon the petitioners? Nay, will he believe? For in that little paper which he holds in his hand are the words of Eternal Life. But no; he has read a sentence or two—he dashes it to the ground! He rises with the port and stateliness befitting a king, but little weens that he has cast

away the knowledge of the King of the universe—the pearl of great price, for which it were wisdom to sell all the kingdoms of the earth, parting even with all the gems and gold of the Indies to buy.

Both Judson and Colman knew that this decision was final. They had ascertained beyond a doubt, that the toleration of the Burman government extended no further than merely to allow to foreigners the exercise of their own religious worship. The converts among the natives were, and must be, by this rule, entirely unprotected. So fully aware were they of the defeat of their hopes, that they were ready at once to return. With hearts saddened by disappointment, yet sustained by a trust in God, and a belief in the ultimate wisdom and perfection of all which he ordains, they repaired to their boat. After a rapid passage of twenty days down the river, (they had been more than thirty in ascending it,) they were welcomed once more to the Mission House at Rangoon.

CHAPTER VI.

Chittagong—Labors of De Bruyn—Contemplated removal—
Remonstrances of the Burman converts—City of refuge—
Departure of Colman for Chittagong—The Arracanese con-
verts—Cox's Bazaar—Plans for native schools—Sickness of
Mr. Colman—Death.

HAVING failed to obtain favor from the Burman king, Messrs. Judson and Colman turned their attention to a region where they would be out of his power.

Half way between Rangoon and Calcutta lay the little province of Chittagong. About one hundred and twenty miles in length, its inhabitants, of the Arracanese nation, speak the Burman language. This province, with its chief town of the same name, was, even at the time of which we speak, under the British rule. Here was a promising field of Missionary labor. An Englishman, named De Bruyn, by profession a teacher, had here labored and gathered sixty or seventy converts. The work was progressing in his hands, when he lost his life through the treachery of a young man who had been received into his

family, and repaid the kindness given by murdering the bestower. Mr. de Bruyn was, at the time of the arrival of Colman and Wheelock, the most successful of the English Missionaries. Mr. Judson had himself, not far from this time, undertaken a voyage to Chittagong to obtain some aid from the native converts. In this he was unsuccessful—having been, against his will, carried to the Coromandel coast and detained from his labors many months.

Safety for the Christian Burmans in Rangoon could no longer be expected. A word from the residing governor, the representative of the *golden face*, might at any time disperse the crowd of inquirers that filled the Zayat. The Missionaries felt that in the beginnings of the religious life, the first dawning of the day, they could hardly look for the strength of martyr zeal from all the baptized. They thought of leaving the Mission House in Rangoon for a more inviting field at Chittagong. They wished also to prepare a place to which persecuted Burman Christians could flee, without losing the religious privileges to which they might be accustomed.

The faith, however, of the converts in this time of trial, exceeded their expectations. They gathered around the Missionaries, they entreated movingly that the teachers would stay. One

declared that he would never leave them but would follow them to any part of the world ; another, that he would go " where preaching was to be had." Said another, " if I must be left here alone, I will remain performing the duties of Jesus Christ's religion ; no other shall I think of."

The Missionaries wept. They had not been aware that the converts had for themselves so strong a regard, for the Christian faith so pervading and absorbing a love. How shall they leave this little band of brethren to whom their hearts are knit, and who are entreating them not to go ? Though the King of Burmah has frowned upon their labors, is not the smile of God resting upon them ?

It was now suggested that one missionary might remain, and the other go. If Colman go to Chittagong, should persecution rage in Rangoon, the former place would be as a *city of refuge* to such converts as might be obliged to flee. This measure at first seemed grievous. Shall the missionary, who labored so long single handed, be again left ; and that without the hope of toleration ! Again, shall Colman leave this little band of disciples in the very paw of the lion, to go himself to a place of greater security ? Having braved so much of danger along with Judson, shall it be said that he deserted the sta-

tion in its day of darkness? Thus he reasoned. This, however, was overruled. "It was," said Mr. Judson, "for the good of the whole mission." The matter was freely canvassed, and the result was the establishment of the new station.

On the 27th of March, 1820, Mr. and Mrs. Colman left Rangoon for Chittagong, now called Arracan. It was necessary to go by sea to Calcutta, crossing the Bay of Bengal, and then skirting along the northern coast, arrive at their destination.

Mr. Colman writes, June 17th.—"The district of Chittagong contains 1,200,000 inhabitants. As yet I have been able to ascertain but little concerning the converted Arracanese. They reside between forty and fifty miles from the place, and as the rainy season has commenced, I shall be under the necessity of deferring a visit to them for several months. This is a severe disappointment, as I anticipated the happiness of immediate intercourse with them. I expect, however, in a short time to obtain a teacher, by means of whose assistance I hope to be better qualified to afford them instruction."

At this place also (the city of Chittagong) difficulties assailed the missionaries. No sooner was their object known than they were informed by the resident magistrate, that without an order

from the English government, they would not be permitted to remain. This proceeding on the part of the magistrate was dictated evidently by a sense of duty to his superiors; as he had, since the arrival of Mr. Colman in the territory, treated him with much politeness. Difficulties from the East India Company, similar to those experienced by Messrs. Judson and Newell, some years before, were apprehended. With much misgiving as to success, efforts were now made by Mr. Colman for permission to remain in this remote part of the Company's dominions, in the capacity of a Christian teacher. The English Missionaries at Calcutta aided Mr. Colman in this with much zeal—thus adding another proof of their truly fraternal regard for their American brethren. The magistrate also added his testimony in favor of the character and conduct of the applicant. The result was, the order was obtained, and the Gospel made free in the province. There had been, however, unavoidable delays with regard to missionary labor.

Jan. 17, 1821, Mr. Colman writes, "I have just returned from a visit to the Arracanese converts. On Saturday, the 25th of December, I arrived at a small village, the inhabitants of which, I had been informed, were all the disciples of Christ. Pushing our boat into a creek and walking a short

distance, I came to their place of worship. The roof consists of thatched leaves, the sides are made of bamboo, and nature has supplied it with a floor. The inhabitants were assembled previous to my arrival, and in a short time divine worship commenced. The head man of the village addressed the throne of grace, while the whole assembly kneeled. He then read and expounded a part of the fifth chapter of Matthew. I was so much animated by the scene before me that, almost involuntarily, I commenced speaking. I had never made the attempt before, and soon recollecting my incapacity, asked them whether they understood me. They simultaneously exclaimed, "*we understand.*" I now proceeded more rapidly, often repeating my interrogation, and was as often gratified with the same answer. In the afternoon I spoke to them concerning the character of God, and quite exhausted my little stock of words. The evening now approached, and with feelings of regret, I bade them adieu. We rowed about an hour and came to Cox's Bazaar. At this place I spent the Sabbath, opening the scriptures to the disciples."

Mr. C. in the next paragraph alludes to an evil, probably inseparable from the history of native converts, when for any cause they are left destitute of intelligent Christian teachers.

“ My visit to these disciples would have afforded unalloyed pleasure, had I not found them very defective in their views of Christianity. They have mixed its doctrines with many of their heathenish notions, and have thus attempted to form an harmonious system out of the most discordant ideas.”

Mr. and Mrs. Colman were now comfortably situated at Chittagong, but they were not among Burmans. The Mahometan and Hindoo population spoke a language they could poorly understand, and much as these people needed the Gospel, to them it could not be communicated. A severe disappointment had been experienced in not finding, as had been anticipated in this place, an Arracanese population. They resolved to take up their abode in a native village where they might bring the Gospel of Christ into contact with the hearts of the people. A populous place (Cox's Bazaar) was selected as their residence. It was regarded by the English as an unhealthy spot, and on this account, to render an abode there at all practicable, a more substantial dwelling must be erected than the huts of the natives. An airy site was selected and a bungalow or cottage was built.

“ We hope soon,” writes Mrs. Colman, “ to pitch our tent in the midst of those who (with a

slight difference of pronunciation) speak the same language that we have been studying. There we shall, on the Sabbath, be surrounded with a group of heathens, to whom Mr. C. can make known the joyful tidings that Christ has suffered and died to save guilty sinners. Pray for us, my sister, particularly on the Sabbath. Pray that while we are situated in this parched land, where no cooling streams flow from earthly sanctuaries to refresh our souls, we may be supplied from the fountain above."

On the 12th of November, 1821, the Missionaries arrived at Cox's Bazaar, and commenced their labors. Opposition soon arose. A Buddhist priest, not a resident of the place, but a visitor from Ceylon, on hearing of the arrival of a teacher of a new religion, excited numbers of the people, who surrounded the dwelling of the Missionaries for the purpose of destroying their goods and expelling them from the town. These designs were, however, overruled, and ultimately protection found from the magistracy. Plans for the establishment of schools, similar to those of Calcutta, were formed by the Missionaries, and one school was put in operation.

Reference to their labors and prospects is made in a letter addressed by Mr. Colman to Rev. Dr Sharp.

"April 16, 1822.—Since our arrival I have had considerable conversation with many who live around us, and with many who live in different parts of the Burman Empire. The imperfect views of Divine truth which have been given, and imperfect they must be, with my limited knowledge of the language, will not, I hope, be in vain. From some we have been favored with several visits, and one or two afford considerable evidence of being renewed by Divine grace. Inquiry has been excited. The people frequently meet together, and have warm debates respecting the Christian religion.

I had scarcely finished the preceding sentence, when a man came in, of whose conversion we entertain strong hopes. I told him I was writing to a teacher in the great country of America. 'Tell the people there,' said he, 'that among all the kindreds that dwell upon the earth, the Arracanese are the darkest. They are as dark as the darkest night in the rainy season. Let the disciples of Christ therefore be diligent in praying and laboring for their salvation.'

Is not this, thought I, a Macedonian cry from the wilderness? Here are two-thirds of a nation, not inconsiderable in point of numbers, exiled from their country, and compelled to take shelter in one governed by Christian rulers. This move-

ment has placed them within reach of benevolent exertions. May we not hope that He who guides the affairs of kingdoms has sent them from the land of their fathers, that they may become acquainted with the Gospel? Until within a short time past, they have been in too unsettled a state to admit of the residence of a Missionary among them. But now they have built for themselves towns, and planted vineyards. The field of labor among them is open—open to American Baptists. Shall the privilege be granted them in vain?"

A solemn interest invests this letter from the consideration that it was probably the last Mr. Colman ever wrote. It was written but a few days before he was attacked with the fever which caused his death. A part of a letter from Mrs. C. is subjoined. It is addressed to the mother of the deceased.

LETTER OF MRS. COLMAN.

"Cox's Bazaar, July, 1822.

On the arrival of your letter, which was the eighth of June, Mr. C. was well, and enjoyed an unusual flow of spirits. He was warmly engaged in the cause of his Divine Master, and his life, to human appearance, was never more necessary. But just at this interesting period, Infinite Wisdom saw fit to remove him. On the 28th of June,

he was attacked with an intermittent fever. He took such medicines as are commonly used in such cases. They produced a good effect, and such were the favorable symptoms of his disease, and so slight were his sufferings during the first five days, that neither of us apprehended the least danger.

On the sixth day, however, (July 6th,) he suddenly grew worse, and early in the evening the fever came on in a more alarming manner than it had done at any preceding time. I gave him some medicine which considerably abated its violence. He became quite composed, and after speaking a few words to me, fell into a gentle sleep. I remained by him in a state of great anxiety, but still thought there was every appearance of his having a comfortable night, and I determined, as I saw his disorder increasing so fast, that should we both be spared till the next day, I would remove with him to Chittagong, hoping that a change of air might be beneficial. But, alas! he was not permitted to see the light of another sun. After remaining composed for a short time, I had the disappointment to perceive that he grew extremely restless. I awoke him, and O! what agony of mind I felt, when I found that delirium had made its approach! It was then about eleven o'clock. After this, the fever in-

creased in a rapid and violent manner, and made ineffectual every effort which I made to save a life *so dear to me*. His sufferings were very extreme towards the close, when it pleased God to lessen their severity. Although unable to speak, yet he seemed entirely delivered from pain, and breathed his last without a groan or a struggle."

Thus early closed (July 6, 1822,) the life and labors of the first American missionary to the Arracanese. How apt, in this connection, seem the words of one,* afterwards herself, for many years, a beloved and honored missionary :

" Mourn, daughters of Arracan, mourn !
The rays of that star, clear and bright,
Which so lately on Chittagong shone,
Are shrouded in black clouds of night,
For Celman is gone !"

* Mrs. Sarah B. Judson.

CHAPTER VII.

The two survivors—Mrs. Colman—Mrs. Wheelock—Arrival at Calcutta—Letters home—Native schools of India—Marriage of Mrs. W.—Residence in the east—Interest in Missions—Death of Mr. Jones—Return voyage—Death—Conclusion.

HERE we might bring this brief narrative to a close. We are, however, sure that our readers will inquire concerning the future fate of the two, now early widowed, who shared with Colman and Wheelock in their heart dedication to the work, and followed them in their wanderings. Every vicissitude, by land and sea, had been shared by the companions of the missionaries till the hour of death—the one finding his grave in "the deep, deep sea," the other amid the green hills of Chit-tagong.

With the history of Colman and Wheelock, that of their devoted companions has been necessarily blended. Of one of these survivors we in this chapter endeavor briefly to trace the course till the hour of her death. The other still lives.

Mrs. Colman, after her husband's death, returned to Calcutta. She was subsequently married to Rev. Amos Sutton, and became an honored and useful laborer in the Orissa Mission.

Mrs. Sutton has twice revisited her native country, having sailed the last time for India as lately as 1850. So long a life, so faithfully spent in the service of missions, is rare. Many who started in the race since Mrs. S., have lain down, even in their armor, and died. She continues still to labor in the service of Christ, and that too, in a most interesting field, though not the one of her first selection. We but express the feeling of many hearts in saying, may it be yet many years before these labors shall cease, and her name also, "a gathered flower," be enshrined on some page with those who have gone before.

Mrs. Wheelock, soon after the death of her husband, in 1819, arrived in Calcutta. She was received with much love by the missionaries of that place, who were solicitous, by every means in their power, to befriend and console. At the dwelling of Messrs. Lawson and Pearce she found a home. With mournful pleasure she records the Christian kindness, the fraternal and sisterly affection, that made her once more a member of a mission family.

Letters written at this period are before us.

One of the earliest of these is addressed to Rev. Dr. Staughton of Philadelphia, the Secretary of the Missionary Board, requesting the decision of that body with regard to her future course. The residence of an unmarried female missionary among the Burmese would at that time have been unprecedented, and Mrs. Wheelock awaited the decision of the Board.

From a letter, bearing date, Calcutta, March 7th, 1820, we make some extracts. It is addressed to the mother of Mr. Wheelock. After acknowledging the receipt of several letters addressed to the deceased, she proceeds :

LETTER OF MRS. WHELOCK.

“ Like my other letters these have opened, and caused to bleed with fresh anguish, the wound which has been rent in my heart. I dread to read letters directed to my dear Edward; they awaken all the tenderness I possess, and lead me with a melancholy dejection to dwell upon the past; yet I could not but receive these letters. They are kind tokens of remembrance from his and my friends, for which I trust I am very thankful.

Mr. Ropes called here to-day to inform us that his vessel will leave Calcutta for Boston in a few weeks. By this opportunity I want to send you

a long letter, and I wish I had any thing of a pleasing nature to communicate, that would interest my much-loved mother's heart. I have nothing at present particularly interesting to communicate, except, indeed, that I think the goodness of God in restoring to me, in a great measure, the flow of spirits I formerly enjoyed is cause for great thankfulness, and should be mentioned by me with humble gratitude and praise.

My various trials have, I trust, had a sanctified effect; and, my dear mother, I can now say, I believe that God has led me in a right path. I have to regret that I have so long suffered my spirits to be depressed, and my heart to despond. I believe that I should never have been so exceedingly depressed and borne down as I have been, had I but cast my burden more on God. He is ever ready to hear the cries and complaints of his children, and to impart to them all needful strength. Every disappointment and trial, every bereavement, and affliction, that they are exercised with, is from his covenant love, and is planned and arranged by his infinite wisdom for their good.

These truths often rest upon my mind, but they do not always produce the happy effects that they ought. It is only when they are applied with divine energy, that I enjoy a calm and

composed frame. And O! how precious those moments are, when heavenly resignation takes possession of the heart!

Of late, one passage of scripture has been almost constantly in my mind. It is this: 'Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.' I have experienced more delight and satisfaction, have derived more comfort, and more lasting benefit in meditating upon it, than I can possibly express. I can indeed rejoice that the reins of government are with God alone. I have been so filled with a consciousness of his sovereignty, his wisdom, and his love and goodness to me, that I cannot repine at any of his dealings with me. His own great and Holy name will be glorified by them, perhaps in a way that I least expect. O! then, I would resign myself and my all into his hands, and await the fulfillment of his will. Yes! and I will praise the Lord for the bestowment of resignation to his will, which I have frequently enjoyed, and which I now enjoy. I will praise him for that grace, which has enabled me to bear up under trials, and for that faith, which directs my view to a peaceful home beyond the grave.

In heaven, my dear mother, we shall never murmur that we were exercised with too many trials while inhabitants of this vale of tears. —

'O happy day that brings the pilgrim home!' I could wish the days of separation shortened that I might be with our heavenly Father; and meet in that blessed world, where pleasures never die, his dear saints, and my own dear bosom friend, who has left me in this dark maze of sin to mourn his loss, and to pursue my course upward without his kind aid. Lamented saint! I did not sufficiently appreciate thy worth, and thy benignant smiles while I enjoyed thy endearing company. O! could I once more embrace thee! But no. The example of patience and resignation which thou hast left, the remembrance of that grace, which supported thee through the languishing hours of sickness, the undissembled piety, and unshaken faith in God which thou didst possess, and which shone 'like a halo around thy brow,' thy last sufferings and agonies, when deprived of the greatest faculty with which man is endowed, will forever remain impressed in indelible characters upon my heart. But I can rejoice that thou hast now passed Jordan's cold waves, that thou art seated near our blessed Saviour's side, never again to be exercised with external or internal trials, nor to pillow again thy head upon the thorny bed of disease.

Forgive me, dear mother, this digression. When I began this letter I did not intend to men-

tion our dear Edward's name, nor to write any sentence that would again present the much-loved object to your recollection. There is a melancholy pleasure, known only to a widowed heart, in calling to remembrance the virtues, the piety, the Christian graces, which departed friends possessed ; but I hope that I have not wounded you by giving vent to my feelings.

March 24.—A few days since we had the pleasure of welcoming to these heathen shores two Independent English Missionaries, who are to join others already here, in their labors of love for the spiritual welfare of the nations. They indeed seem to come to us in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. Long may their lives be spared to occupy spheres of usefulness, and to enlighten the benighted minds of the degraded and superstitious idolators of this country. Their labors are much needed here, and we rejoice that they have come. We could welcome to this single spot (Calcutta) a hundred more."

The next letter is addressed by Mrs. Wheelock to her sister. This endeared relative was even as herself, a mourner. Newly wedded, she had been called to lay her husband suddenly in the tomb, exchanging her bridal adornings for a widow's weeds.

LETTER OF MRS. WHEELOCK TO HER SISTER.

Calcutta, Sept. 14th, 1820.

“ My very dear Sister,

When I first took up my pen on the 6th instant to answer your very kind and affectionate letter, want of time did not allow me to write you half that I wished to communicate. I can hardly realize your situation, though I know that you are indeed a widow; that your fond hopes of happiness and enjoyment with your dearest friend are cut off. But how sudden! His sun set ere it reached its meridian. What shall I say that will have a tendency to comfort your mind under this bereavement! I know that a heart thus wounded, must be indulged in the luxury of grief; *but He who wounds can heal*. I know, my dear sister, that you can derive consolation only from God. Go then to him, and cast your sorrows at his feet. You are allowed to grieve, though not to murmur before him; and if God is indeed your God, you will feel more than ever to cleave to Him.

If, my dear sister, your affliction have the happy effect of enlivening your faith, fixing your hope, purifying your affections, and rendering your desires more holy and heavenly, you will have cause to number it among your choicest

blessings. O, let us not repine at our afflictions! They are measured to us by Infinite Love, and we have no more given us than is necessary to wean us from this sinful, dying world, and fit us for Heaven. It was right that our dearest friends should be removed from us. God undoubtedly saw that they sometimes held too large a place in our hearts, and that in possession of them and their smiles, we were too often contented without His life-giving presence and the light of His reconciled countenance.

I recollect a few months before Mr. Wheelock's death, when my mind was beclouded, I said to him, 'O! that I had an assurance in my own soul, that I love my Redeemer as surely as that I love you, I should then never be unhappy, and Heaven and all its bliss would be mine forever!' He tenderly reprov'd me, prayed with me, and expressed his fears that we should be separated if we gave more of our affections to each other than to God. I can never forget this.

The removal of our friends shows us where to look for permanent happiness, and teaches us the importance of being in readiness for the hour of our own dissolution. Happy indeed should we be, if, with an old saint, who was deeply afflicted, we could say, 'whatever I possessed I enjoyed

God in it all, and now that all I had is removed, I enjoy all in God!"

The next is extracted from a letter to the mother of Mr. Wheelock. As will be perceived, it has reference to the sailors, whose conversion on the outward voyage has been already related.

MRS. WHELOCK TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"Sister E——'s letter to her late dear brother, Dr. Baldwin's, and the letters from the sailors belonging to the Independence, were almost too much for me. My spirit nearly fainted under a deep sense of the Divine goodness. Has God indeed conducted them to the bosom of our much-loved friends to relate his dealings with them, his grace manifested to their souls? Are any of them the epistles of our deceased Edward? Epistles not written with ink and paper, but by the Spirit of the living God? O yes! To Him, whose salvation has been extended to them be all the praise. Was your heart affected, my dear mother, at seeing these pious sailors, and hearing them converse? Did tears of joy flow down your cheeks when you received our first communications? Imagination has often brought you near, and I have rejoiced and wept with you.

Ah! how will the pious mother's heart be wrung with anguish when she receives the long

account of her Edward's sufferings and melancholy death. But I know that God is able to support you under this bereavement, as he has me. To Him I often commit you. He has an undisputed right to dispose of all his creatures as he pleases. I bow in submission to his righteous will. I feel my affections loosed from earth, and more intently fixed on divine things than they ever were before.

I hope that all my dear Edward's friends will write to me as often as if he was still living. I sometimes fear that they will not. But no! For his dear sake they will not forget me, though unworthy of their kind regards and attentions. I shall ever esteem a correspondence with any of them a great privilege."

During the sojourn of Mrs. Wheelock with the missionaries in Calcutta, she became deeply interested in the native schools. Words occasionally fall from her pen, expressive of her desire to spend her days in laboring in this sphere. The difficulties in the way of her residence in Rangoon did not exist here.

Her heart was often deeply touched at beholding the absurdities and superstitions of the Hindoos. Of all religions that have place in human regard, theirs may be emphatically called the most cruel. Humanity feels itself outraged at

the indifference so long manifested by Europeans in India on this subject.* A single extract from the correspondence of Mrs. Wheelock reveals her employments and views. It is taken from a letter addressed to her sister, dated July 5th, 1820.

TO HER SISTER.

“ I am still with these excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, and Mr. and Mrs. Pearce. My time has been much occupied in school. The employment is pleasant and profitable to me. It leaves me no time to brood over my trials. But I cease not to remember the chastenings of my heavenly Father; my soul is humbled within me when I think that my sins have provoked him to anger; and that they are the procuring cause of all the trials of life. I can say it is good for me to be afflicted.

I have been much interested of late in what is doing for the education of Bengalee female children. A society, called the ‘ Female Juvenile Society, for the establishment and support of Bengalee Female Schools,’ has been formed.”

Subsequent events concurred to fix the residence of Mrs. Wheelock in India.

* A better state of feeling is now in progress, and the government is now active in suppressing the evils in question.

Her return to Calcutta under circumstances so affecting could not but enlist in her behalf the sympathies of others as well as the members of the mission family. Young, lovely, a stranger, and in deep, heart-breaking sorrow, she could not fail to find that many were interested in her welfare. Among these was one, an English resident in the service of the East India Company, whose interest in her fate was more than the dictate of friendship. But the offer of his hand was declined. The widowed heart turned in grief from another love.

Some time after this, Mrs. W. learned that, if it was her wish to return to her native land, an individual stood ready to meet the expenses of her voyage. This was found to be the same person who had sought her hand. Permission to aid her return home, provided such was her desire, was asked with that delicacy which seemed rather to crave a privilege than to confer a favor.

A regard so singularly disinterested could not but touch the heart of a stranger. That this act was but the index to a noble and excellent character, she became after some time fully aware.

In December, 1820, she was married to Mr. David Jones. By this event the color of her life was changed. Seldom, in the annals of missionary life do we find the Christian laborer trans-

ferred from its heart-wearing toils, amid the degradations of idolators, to a home of wealth and elegance and the amenities of polished life. Yet so, in the present instance, it was.

In the subsequent history of Mrs. Jones, we find a pleasing instance of one retaining, under these changed aspects of life, the same warmth and ardor of Christian zeal that distinguished her earlier days. Letters from Calcutta at various periods, sufficiently evince this. In the native schools of India, employment and benevolent interest for these poor children, had the effect to calm the fever of the soul in its first great grief. In these schools, while she lived, she never lost her interest. In the "Society for the establishment and support of Bengalee Female Schools," she held an office until her death. In every effort for the good of the Hindoos, she delighted to cooperate. To strengthen the weak faith of the native convert, and lead the new-born soul to green pastures and still waters, was a privilege she always loved.

A brief record of her labors which lies before us, says:—

"In the church to which she belonged, she held a useful station. She was one of the two appointed to converse with the native female converts, to hear their experiences, to assist at their

baptisms, to inquire into their circumstances, to give them counsel and instruction, and to visit and pray with them in affliction. These duties she faithfully performed."

The Missionary character hitherto publicly borne by the subject of this sketch, has induced us to follow the traces of her continued devotion to the cause which she had formerly espoused. Her feelings towards it were modified only by circumstances and duties. Pleasant and refreshing is this view of her character, and beautifully and completely harmonious. Her early and overflowing Missionary zeal is thus fully proved, by the severest of all tests, to have been no transient impulse, no evanescent flame. We seek her now, however, in her allotted sphere of usefulness, her own East Indian home.

Mr. Jones had been previously married, and there remained of this first union, three children. These orphaned ones Mrs. J. took straight to her heart.

In 1822 she writes:—

"I have a precious gift and a lovely charge in Mr. Jones' little girl, about five years old. She has been with her aunt for two years; but now I have her at home, and can call her my own sweet child. She is a very affectionate little creature. I cannot tell you how much I love her. Sure, I

think while my life is spared, she will never know the want of her own loved mother."

In a mixed state of society like that of India under the English dominion, where the houses of wealthy residents are necessarily filled with native servants, the utmost watchfulness is necessary over children whose parents have any foresight with regard to their future. In a constant giving of herself to this work, Mrs. Jones found ample employment for the energies of her active mind and finely tuned affections. To preserve these precious little ones from the contaminations with which they were surrounded, and to form their minds to virtue and piety, was a work in which she took heartfelt pleasure. A solace and a rich reward she found in the filial affection which was awarded her. One still lives, in that far off Indian clime, having returned to the land of his early childhood, whose heart, we are sure, will respond to the sentiments recorded upon this page.

The circumstances of life in which Mrs. Jones was placed gave her much to enjoy. That she felt and realized this, is evident from expressions in her letters. "I hope," she says, "that I shall be watchful over my own heart, and rightly appreciate my blessings." At another time, she says, "I have all I would or can reasonably wish for in this world. O, for a thankful heart and

a disposition to improve them all. I hope I know, indeed, I am *sure* I know, what it is at times to enjoy God in all my mercies—but my forgetful heart—how apt, alas! is it to rove.”

We are often told of the enervating effects of a tropical clime upon natives of colder countries. The apathy into which many, particularly females, sink after a residence of years beneath a hot sun upon a humid soil, finds a singular contrast in a sentence taken from a letter written in 1826, more than seven years after her first arrival in India. It breathes a strong and healthy spirit of cheerfulness.

“Myself and dear family are now pretty well. Mr. Jones’ health is quite established again, and for the present, he has given up the thoughts of going to England. My family cares are very numerous, having at home four of Mr. Jones’ brother’s children, which makes ours a large family. But, while I can retain health, I much prefer having a great deal to do, rather than have nothing to employ my time.” In the present case, however, she pleasantly intimates that it is possible to have “*more than enough* to do.” Notwithstanding the pressure of domestic duty, she will, “by no means, allow an opportunity to send to Boston to slip, without writing at least a few lines.”

Nor ought we to omit to record the hospitality that marked this household. The Christian and the Missionary found there always a welcome and sympathy.

In 1824, Mrs. Jones writes to Rev. Dr. Baldwin, a letter of affectionate regrets that she was deprived of the privilege of entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Wade, on their arrival at Calcutta on their way to Burmah, to commence their Missionary life. A part of this letter we extract.

LETTER TO REV. DR. BALDWIN.

“Dear and much respected Pastor,

I had not the gratification and pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Wade while they were in Calcutta. On account of my own health and that of our little Emily, I was induced to accompany Mr. Jones on a visit to the Sand Heads for three months, and it was at this time of absence from home, that they arrived in India. I should have been delighted to have had them for guests, had I been at home. Mrs. Wade must, I think, be a lovely woman, or persons would not have been so generally pleased with her. I trust they will both live to be useful to the benighted Burmans.”

Since we have begun to pen these pages, recollections come to us from an East India Captain,

who, after so long a time, at the mention of the names of these beloved friends, recalls their kindness, and the *home* feeling with which, when in that foreign clime, he was wont to repair to the residence of Mr. Jones. Again and again, were these welcome guests made, on their return to the United States, the bearers of mementoes of love to friends in Boston. And now an epistle is in our hands intended for no eye save her's to whom it is addressed. A sacred relic it is, and reflecting new and gentle tints of beauty upon the character we would fain portray.

It had come to the knowledge of Mrs. Jones, that an endeared friend of early youth, had, in the vicissitudes of a changing life, fallen into poverty, made more bitter by other and grievous afflictions. She addresses to this child of sorrow a letter breathing the kindest sympathy. At its close, she says:—

“Tell me what I can do for your comfort. What shall I, what can I do? My heart and hands are ready to assist you as far as means are good. What sum of money, remitted to you, will render your situation comfortable? It is in my power, and my dear Mr. Jones is quite willing that I should do something in this way, for you. When Mr. — leaves this place for Boston, I hope to put a small sum in his hands for you. I hope you

will keep nothing, as it regards your situation, from me."

This was written in 1825, and subsequently we find traces of repeated and generous remittances to the same afflicted friend. Hallowed deposits of love are these letters; but more of their contents we cannot unveil.

Wherever a light shines beautifully on earth, is not its shadow near? However subject to reverse are all earthly allotments, are they not doubly so to the exiles of Indian climes? Upon the life of Mrs. Jones a change and a shadow fell. Her noble-hearted husband was summoned away. His life and death gave evidence of preparation for such a change. After enumerating, when about to depart, the instances of the goodness of God through the scenes of an eventful life, particularizing some remarkable events in which it had been manifested, he adds, "God is *supremely good in death.*"

Her feelings in view of this second bereavement she thus expresses.

"Sept. 1830—I have recently been called to mourn the loss of my dear husband. Many have been the strokes of my Heavenly Father's hand. But doubtless they were all needful. He gave, and he has taken away, and blessed be his name. Though nature feels her loss, and mourns over the

severed ties, I cannot repine at the Divine dealings—cannot think it unjust or unkind in God to remove my dearest earthly friend, a little before myself, to enjoy his smiles, and the society of holy, happy spirits.”

The health of Mrs. Jones had become much impaired. She had been visited repeatedly with severe sickness, and had long since given up the hope of any more enjoying entire health. After the death of her husband, she purposed an immediate voyage, with the children, to the United States. After mentioning her intention of returning to her native land for her health, she observes, “I sometimes fear such happiness will not be mine to enjoy, on account of my long and troublesome cough. If it be my Heavenly Father’s will that I go home, I can rejoice in it; if it be his will for me to remain and die here; I can say, ‘It is well;’ ‘thy will be done.’”

Again, a few days previous to her embarkation, she writes:

“I know in whom I have believed, in whom I do believe, and can, and do, cheerfully and joyfully commit the keeping of my soul, for time and for eternity, into his gracious hand. I am safe and happy in his love—a love which mortals can never fathom, and which renders me happy beyond description. O, if it were not for the consolations of the Gospel, I should sink. This

supports me. I have known something of its value for many years, but never so much as in seasons of disappointments, bereavements and bodily sufferings. It now supports me in view of death, the king of terrors.

'Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress.'

Yes, to be owned and accepted by the Judge! In view of entering soon upon eternal blessedness, I confess it sometimes seems as if I could stay here no longer. A barren wilderness the world appears. I wonder how it is that I have loved life so well and so long."

As will have been seen; by the extracts, her health on leaving India was very low. She was in fact suffering under a seated pulmonary complaint. She embarked for America on board the ship *Corvo*, Feb. 17th, 1831.

The last words which she penned were found, after death, under her pillow. They are addressed to her sister, and the letter begun was never finished.

"April 22, 1831.—I feel like what I believe I am, a dying creature in dying circumstances. If S—— has received my last letter, he is prepared to hear the worst, or rather, I should say the *best*, for to die is gain, *great gain*; yes, *glorious gain*. I can look upon death without fear—as a

friend, not as an enemy. To die is not ceasing to be; it is a change in our being, which introduces us into our future state."

"May 12th.—Since writing the above, I have been much worse, but I feel resigned to the will of my Heavenly Father. He knows what is best for me."

She died at sea in lat. three degrees south, and long. twenty-nine west, aged 33 years.

How indefinite the index that points us to the place of her end! Yet does it not suggest the thought that, far away on the tossing billows, that make "old ocean's grey and melancholy waste," there is a spot made sacred as the place of her death and burial. There orphaned wanderers wept, and sailor hearts softened at their childish grief. And there was ONE present, who knoweth his own, in whatever spot of earth or sea they may be hidden, and who will at last gather them all to himself on the morning of the resurrection.

Once more, and we have done. At the time of Mrs. Jones' death, an association of Christian ladies sustained in Boston a *ministry to the poor*. This circle comprehended many who were to her friends of youth, beloved ones, whose sympathy had fanned the first enkindling of her missionary zeal. In that solemn hour that witnessed the rending of cherished hopes, telling the "home-

ward bound" that she must die on the ocean, what throngs of tender remembrances rushed upon her soul. Must she forego the thought of seeing once more her brothers, her sister, her Christian friends, her native land? How vividly now came back the thoughts of her early days, her Christian vows, and among these sacred recollections, that associated circle of friends. Their sweet communion in social prayer, their hymns of joyful praise, mingled softly with her dreams; broken melodies of old, blending themselves with the creaking of cordage and the rushing of the midnight surge. Yes, she remembered these. True to the instincts of the Christian life, she remembered also the destitute. The jewels which were hers in India, the lavish gifts of her English husband, perchance her bridal ones, she bequeathed to this very association, "to be sold for their full value." As the City Missionary went from house to house among the poor and miserable of a crowded city, the Pariahs of the Christian world, the demands of this ministry were met, during a portion of the year 1831, by the avails of the bequest of Mrs. Jones. Two years after the same association acknowledged from her executors in Calcutta a handsome legacy—the will which she left in India making provision to that effect.



