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(Mason, H. M.)
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Helen Maria Chase

A

CENOTAPH

To a Woman of the Burman Mission;

OR,

VIEWS

IN

THE MISSIONARY PATH

OF

HELEN M. MASON.

———"Where loveliness
Stays, like the light after the sun is set."—SHEIL.

BY

FRANCIS MASON.

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PREFACE.

THE American missions are characterized by nothing so much as the pre-eminently laborious lives of the women of the missions; and it is found that there is a great disproportion between the deaths of American missionaries' wives and the wives of Europeans in India. Shall they then cease to labor? Shall they cease to feel that responsibility for the salvation of the heathen which leads them to warn them with tears, and which sometimes drives them to pray from their beds at midnight, and to the shady grove at noonday? Whenever a long, unblest life of uselessness, is to be pre-

ferred to a short one filled with "twice-blessed" deeds, they may! Whenever long years of the hidings of God's countenance, and cries of "my leanness, my leanness," are to be preferred to a few years in the sweet, passing sweet communings with God, and the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost, they may! Till then, palsied be the arm that would stay them in their free-will efforts for the salvation of the heathen!

Mrs. Mason held no undistinguished place among these worthies, but her motto was, "Love and be silent;" I have therefore raised a Cenotaph to her memory, which is not an elaborate marble monument, sculptured with her praises in alto-relief, by a hireling artist in a foreign land, but a few rude stones gathered amid the wild-flowers of her forest home, a free-will offering by the "sharer of her sympathies," and laid together unhewn, and with-

out mortar, like the sacred altar which God commanded Moses to erect: "Thou shalt not build it of hewn stone, for if thou lift thy tool upon it, thou hast defiled it."

Though Jacob had a long journey from Beersheba to Haran, yet there were put on record the events of the single night only, in which he met with God, and wrestled with the angel, and obtained the blessing—so I have depicted but few of the views in the pathway of one, to whom the poet might have said:

"Where'er the music of thy footstep knells,
The grass is green, as if a fairy trod.
Pale knots of violets, and pensive bells,
And dew-cups, offering incense up to God,
Thy path betray, where like a second spring,
Fresh showers of bloom thy hands in lavish beauty fling.

The breathed incense of a secret flower—
The dewey freshness of a morning dream—

A star at twilight's melancholy hour—
The woodman's solitary cottage-gleam—
A cloud at rest on heaven's eternal sea,
Are in my soul, engraved memorials of thee."

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VIEW I.

THE DECISION.

About twenty years ago, a small, low, dark room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was the scene of more practical Christianity; the resort of more warm, pious hearts; the theatre of more disinterested, wide, far-seeing plans to bring the blessings of the gospel to the doors, and hearts of all men, than perhaps any equal space in the United States. There, the hungry came to be fed; the naked to be clothed, and the sick to be ministered unto. There was not a tale of distress in the county, but it was told there; and never told but to be relieved: the widow and the orphan came there, but to have the tear wiped away by kind, sympathizing hands. If there was a half-built Baptist meeting-house in the state, moving slowly to completion; if there was

a benevolent society, languishing for funds anywhere; away the committee went to Deacon Farwell, for it was well known, that his purse, like the gates of heaven, always stood open to the worthy. If there was a student in the neighboring Theological Institution at Newton, unwell or homesick, Mrs. Farwell found it out, and *without being asked*, sent him money to pay his expenses home to visit his friends. Whatever a poor student needed, from shirts to books, some way or other she knew, and the means to procure the article required, was forthcoming.

That obscure back parlor, though the resort of the needy, was not the resort of the needy alone. It was the resort of the good, of all who sympathized with the Zacharias and Elizabeth that occupied it—of Bible Christians. It was holy ground. A Christian, if he enjoyed religion, found it difficult to pass the door without stepping in. Of the many that were thus attracted thither, about the time referred to, might have been seen occasionally, four young females, who after-

wards became missionaries to Burmah. One still lifts up her sweet voice on the wild banks of the mighty Brahmapootra, teaching the rude inhabitants of its valleys the songs of Zion; but where are the others? One sleeps beneath the cold flag-stones, and amid the Babel sounds of London, where she fell, worn out, on returning to leave her children on the green hills of her native land, and die. Another has her home with her noble husband, by the lair of the barking deer of Arracan.

—"Lovely in your lives, ye were
And in your early deaths divided not.
Ye were but two—and when that spirit pass'd,
Woe to the one, the last!"

The fourth is pillowed at the feet of the fragrant flowering trees of Tavoy; where amid their dense, drooping foliage, the tailor bird stitches up her leafy dwelling, the yellow oriole raises her matin song, and the glossy black paradise edolius performs her melodious vespers, loud as a Mussulman when he looks towards Mecca at sunset.

This last individual, HELEN MARIA GRIGGS, is the subject of the following pages. She was born in Brookline, near Boston, December 22, 1806, and was baptized and joined the Baptist church in Roxbury, August 11, 1822. In the first record of her pen, in the writer's possession, under the date of August 13, 1826, she says,

"An interesting anniversary. Thus far the Lord has preserved me, to Him be all the glory. After four years' experience, I can say, that 'wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' I renewedly devote myself to God, to be His, living or dying. May every faculty be consecrated to him while I have the use of them. Preserve me, O Lord, amid the snares and temptations to which I am exposed, and enable me to keep the great object of life, thy glory, in view. Enable me, through faith in Christ, to press onward until I reach the mark of the prize, and at last may I stand upon mount Zion, with those whose names are written in the Lamb's book of Life, and unite with them

in singing, for 'Thou, O Lamb of God, art worthy.'"

The succeeding year she writes, "How refreshing it is, to review the numberless tokens of God's mercy and goodness! Every day shows forth his love; but the review of a *year* is sufficient to awaken the liveliest emotions of gratitude and praise. This anniversary has been solemn, and I hope profitable. The day on which I first obeyed the Saviour's dying command, 'Do this in remembrance of me,' is gratefully remembered."

Her correspondence at this early period, developed that strong desire for usefulness, which was the most remarkable characteristic of her whole life. In writing to a sister of whose conversion she had recently heard, she remarked: "Need I tell you how much stronger the cords of union have become since I could recognize in you the lineaments of the Saviour? This makes strong ties more strong, and tender ones more tender. If his image were universally borne, it would amalgamate the world into one family. So far as I can

trace this in you, in answer to earnest, persevering prayer, it increases my attachment, and heightens my desires for your usefulness. The world stands in need of all that we can do, and, in the language of Dr. Griffin, 'The blood of Calvary expects it of us; the angels expect it of us; the church expects it of us; the world expects it of us.' The first thing to be secured is, an interest for ourselves in the redemption of Christ, then comes the test of our discipleship,—'Take up the cross, and follow me.' This, you will find, requires much self-denial, but it is always easier to take up the cross than to walk around it."

A letter to the same sister, written the following year, breathes a like spirit.

"The first question which arises from the consideration that time is giving way to eternity, or rather that we are in eternity already, its realities concealed only by robes of mortality, is, what advances have we made in holiness? Are we any more like God than when we parted? Your last letter excites the hope that your afflictions have been sanctified. Try

to feel every night, that the object for which your life is spared has been lost, unless your conformity to God has been increased during the day.

"The more the love of God is shed over our hearts here, the greater will be our meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light. A slight knowledge of the worth of the soul, will convince us that the achievement of anything to the neglect of its salvation, will be like mingling a cup with gall for our dying moments; and not only are we commanded to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, but we are encouraged to attempt to save others; and if we can by the blessing of God, by any possible effort, 'convert a sinner from the error of his ways,' the achievement of an Alexander, compared with it, would dwindle into insignificance."

She took a deep interest in the formation of the Baptist church in Brookline, in 1828, was one of its first members, and taught its first Bible class; of which she says, "The Bible class, which is under my care, is no

small charge, as it requires all Saturday for preparation by study and prayer."

The first indication of her intention to devote herself to the mission work is found in her journal of August, 1829, in which she says, "When I review the past year, and endeavor to recollect the exercises of my mind, I regret that I have not made some minutes to which I might turn, and trace the increasing interest which I have felt upon the subject of Missions. But I can only say, that the more deeply my mind has been exercised on the subject, the more fervency and enlargement I have felt in prayer; and the more have I enjoyed the enlivening influences of the Holy Spirit."

In November she writes, "Thus far the Lord has led me under circumstances of peculiar mercy; and shall his gifts be expended upon me, and I at the close of the year be found as unfruitful as ever? May I no longer be guilty of withholding a "part of the price," whether that be prayer, influence, or personal effort, in the cause of Christ Father in

heaven! in personal piety, let me rest satisfied with nothing short of perfect conformity to thee.

"In regard to Missions, all which can be urged in favor of the advantages to be derived from Christian society, and the privileges of the gospel as enjoyed in our own country, or, against the deprivation of the comforts which increase domestic happiness; the parting for life with our nearest and dearest friends; exposure to the influence of an unhealthy climate; want of sympathizing attendance in sickness; if placed in opposition to the assurance of Christ, 'Lo, I am with you always,' or with the worth of *one soul*, will not, in the minds of those who think intently upon the subject, form any obstruction in the accomplishment of the object.

"The work of instruction is one to which my mind has been directed. It is in prospect more pleasant than any other employment this side eternity, to instruct the untutored and depraved minds of heathen children. To be the instrument of guiding one to heaven,

would be more than an equivalent for the requisite sacrifices. Verify thy promise, O Lord, 'I will lead thee, and instruct thee, and guide thee with mine eyes.'"

Under date of December 14, she says, "The resolution which I formed in my closet, after many prayers, conflicts, and tears—and which after long concealment, I ventured to make known to my friends, and they to the Board of Missions, has this day been seconded, and I was enabled to stay my mind upon God, during the examination, so that all those agitated feelings which I had anticipated, were suppressed.

"I have voluntarily chosen the service to which I have been assigned; and the thought that it is voluntary, *from a conviction of duty*, enables me to look to Christ to qualify and direct me."

The last entry in her journal is under date of May 17, seven days before her departure for Burmah, in which she says, "The way in which the Lord leads his people, is always, in review, cheering to their minds. When the

efforts which they make, to promote his cause, are blessed, and sinners through their instrumentality are converted, they are encouraged to renew their efforts. The possibility of increasing the glory of God, and the happiness of heaven by any means, should make us willing to sacrifice ease, personal enjoyment, or anything else which would hinder the accomplishment of these objects. 'Tis to the Spirit's agency that I am indebted for any success in my Sabbath-school labors. To know that one and another of my class have become hopeful subjects of grace, is cause of humility and gratitude."

On the twenty-fourth of May, one thousand eight hundred and thirty, Mrs. Mason, accompanying her husband, sailed from Boston for Calcutta, to join the American Mission to Burmah, at Tavoy.

VIEW II.

THE LAND OF HER ADOPTION.

On all the ancient maps there is seen near the Golden Chersonesus, on the east side of the Bay of Bengal, a place marked Daonae, which is quite as near the present native name, Daway, as is the English Tavoy, and occupying the same place on the map, as does the modern province of Daway, there cannot be a doubt but the Daonae of Ptolemy is the modern Tavoy.

The Tavoyans have no records as ancient as Ptolemy's Geography, but they have a tradition, that they are the descendants of a colony of Arracanese, that originally settled in the province; and this tradition is confirmed by the peculiar dialect of the Burmese language spoken by them, and which is nearly allied to the Arracanese.

The first event recorded in Tavoy history is the coming of Narabadesatha, king of Pagan, who is said to have reached the mouth of Tavoy river, A. D. 1204, and to have built the pagoda on Tavoy Point, now regarded as the most ancient in the province. He next proceeded up the river, and founded a city on the west side, about fifteen miles above its mouth, and having established his son as king, he returned to Pagan. According to tradition, this was the first city built in Tavoy, the people having formerly dwelt in villages. This monarch was probably the first to introduce Buddhism into Tavoy; and, indeed, Buddhism as an *established* religion in Chin-India, is probably much more modern than is usually supposed.

Nausatha, king of Pagan, who came to the throne in A. D. 1017, seems, according to the Burmese historians themselves, to have been the first to establish the worship of Gaudama in Burmah on a permanent basis; its first introduction into Siam and Laos is only dated back in native histories to A. D. 638; and an old Talaing informed me, that there

were two parties among his nation, after the foundation of Pegu in A. D. 1152; a part contending for their ancient customs, and a part for the new religion.

Nine different royal capitals have been built in the province, since the first in A. D. 1204, the ruins of which are still remaining. The last was the present city of Daway, which was founded, according to some authorities, in A. D. 1751. In a treaty made by the English with Alompra in A. D. 1753, "A particular clause was specified," says Symes, "that aid should be given to the Burmans against the king of Tavoy;" which proves that Tavoy was a power of some importance at that period. Still, "the king of Tavoy" wore an uneasy crown. The one referred to in the treaty quoted above, was the last of the race, and his history shows the difficulty of his position. In the early years of his reign, he was an ally, or tributary, of the Peguans; but having subsequently given one of his daughters to the king of Siam, it was construed by the Peguans as giving in his allegiance to that monarch: they, therefore,

made a sudden onset upon Tavoy, and utterly destroyed Salüng the capital, about fifteen miles north-west of the present city. The king, however, escaped with a part of his army, and entrenched himself on the plains, near the site of Tavoy town, and when the Peguans abandoned the province, he built the present city, which is called after the province, Tavoy. A few years subsequent to this event, the Burmese became the most powerful of the nations, with which he was surrounded; and the "king of Tavoy" proceeded forty miles up Tavoy river with presents, to meet Alompra, and tender his allegiance, but he was there seized at one of the advanced posts of the Burmese army, and put to death with his whole family.

Tavoy province is bounded on the north by a large belt of highlands; on the east it is separated from Siam by an unbroken chain of mountains, that wander down through the Malayan Peninsula to Singapore, and on the west lies the Bay of Bengal. For missionary purposes, when Mrs. Mason joined the mission,

the southern boundary was the island of Mergui, and the delta of the Tenasserim. The northern highlands form a water-shed from which descends the Attran to the north, a large branch of the Meinam to the east, Tavoy river and the Tennasserim to the south, and Tay river to the west. South and west of these, from a lofty ridge of mountains, sweeping north and south through the centre of the province, come tumbling down the Toungbyouk, Pai, Palouk, with its large tributary Patsauoo, Pyeekhya, Tamenmasa, Palan, Katay, Kapa, Kabin, and a few others, all falling into the sea between the mouths of the Tavoy and Tenasserim rivers.

The population within these limits consists, according to the official returns, of fifty thousand Burmans, and about four thousand Karens, with a heterogeneous mass of foreigners.

The province is one succession of hills and vales, with a few alluvial plains near the mouths of the rivers. Above the alluvium, tertiary beds are often seen, especially in the valley of the Tenasserim, which contain lig-

nite, petrified wood, shale, with impressions of leaves and shells, granular gypsum, and slate clay containing alum.

Excepting the mountain limestone, no secondary rocks have been seen, the tertiary resting often on graywacke, or primitive rocks. Nearly all the hills and mountains are formed ef clay-slate, mica-slate, granite, or green-stone, with an occasional knoll of clay-stone porphyry, and sometimes a ridge of old red sand-stone.

But few attractive minerals have been found. The most curious, perhaps, is the andalusite macle, so abundant in Lancaster, Massachusetts.

The province is rich in metals, particularly in tin; and one of the earliest English voyagers to India, mentions Tavoy as the place that "supplies all India with tin;" which would indicate that it was worked more extensively a few centuries ago than it is at present. Blende, an ore of zinc, is sometimes seen, and the limestone probably contains lead. About three miles north-west of Tavoy city is a

large rock, which is a powerful, natural loadstone, and the hill from which it protrudes, appears to be almost wholly composed of magnetic iron ore. A new mineral, Tremenheerite, nearly allied to anthracite, has also several localities in Tavoy. No precious stones have been found in the province, except garnets, but every considerable stream "rolls down its golden sand." Gold mixed with tin is found in the sands of Henzai river, which falls into the sea thirty miles north of the city; and it has been collected in considerable quantities near the head-waters of Tavoy river; and Halfar stated that all the tributaries of the Tenasserim, from the east, contain a little gold, and, near the old city of Tenasserim, persons may be almost constantly seen washing the sands for gold. Tavoy then may justly claim a place in the golden peninsula of Ptolemy.

"The city of Tavoy stands in an alluvial bottom, and is hidden in the distance by the tall palms, and glossy-green jacks, and yellow-flowered cassias, and twenty other flowering

Mrs E.H.B.Mason del

trees unknown to song, which overshadow its humble dwellings; but on Siam Hill, a conspicuous knoll in the suburbs, there suddenly opens out before the spectator a prospect of indescribable beauty, "like a sleeping child too blessed to wake." At his feet lie spread out the level paddy-fields, divided into numerous one-acre lots by little mounds raised around them to retain the water, so as to suggest a gigantic chess-board. On the south a silver stream, fringed with the dark foliage of wild fig-trees, and the thick straggling bushes of a species of hibiscus, covered with large yellow and red flowers, is seen pursuing its tortuous course beneath the shadows of Mount Burney, which rises twelve hundred feet above its southern bank. On the east, "hills peep o'er hills," like the seats of a vast amphitheatre, bounded by the Ox's Hump, rising in a most picturesque outline four thousand feet above the plains. Yonder, at the distance of fourteen miles, is seen a foaming cascade making a fearful leap from a gorge half-way up the highest mountains. Green forests are

diversified with white lichen-covered precipices, while here and there a whitened pagoda lifts its conical head above the summit of an isolated hill, or the smoke of a solitary hamlet is seen curling up in the midst of the Wood-oil tree forests or Liquid amber groves.

—"Fern, flowers, and grasses creep,
Fantastically tangled: the green paths
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes,
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
At every door the odorous jasmines rise,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seem fragrant from the skies."

Almost every house in Tavoy is either shaded by a fruit tree, or shades a flowering plant.

The most remarkable flowering tree in the provinces is the Amherstia. I have heard it called "the most splendid flowering tree in existence." It has thick drooping branches, and its large pea-blossom flowers, dressed in gorgeous red and yellow, hang down in

bunches, more than a yard long. It was discovered by Dr. Wallich, on the Salwen, and named by him, in honor of the Governor General's Lady, *Amherstia nobilis*, the noble Amherstia. It has been introduced into England, where, it is said, "every tree is worth fifty pounds."

The nodding clerodendron is indigenous in the mountain glens of Tavoy and Mergui, and is the most elegant flowering shrub I ever saw.

The flowers are white, in long panicles at the extremities of the branches, from which they make a graceful curve, and hang down perpendicularly from ten to fifteen inches, like an inverted cone. The flowerets are few, the divisions of the panicle being remote, and each bearing only three or five flowers. The divisions and subdivisions being all rectangular, and each blossom hanging from its pedicel like an ear-drop, order and elegance are inseparable associations with this rare plant. It flowers when less than five feet high, and rarely grows in its native soil, higher than ten.

Roxburgh's calpicarpum is another of our handsome wild flowering shrubs. The flowers are very similar to those of the rosy periwinkle; red in the throat, and pink on the limb.

Michelia champaca is a favorite tree with the Burmans, a single flower of which will scent with its strong fragrance, a whole room. It belongs to the same natural family as the American magnolias, and is sometimes erroneously supposed to be a species of that genus. The flowers are yellow, and much smaller than the magnolias, which are usually white, though the heart-leaved cucumber-tree, magnolia cordata, has yellow flowers. Several species of jasmine are cultivated, and the tree of mourning, belonging to an allied genus, is frequently seen.

The delicate tube-rose, whose snowy bell flower pours its sweetness on the tropic evening, has been introduced from Mexico, and is the most common bulbous plant in the native gardens. The fragrant-flowered mimurops, and the henna-tree, or camphire; the gorgeous jonesia, and a hundred other ornamental

plants, are either indigenous, or cultivated. The Tavoy flora is remarkable for a great variety of those curious flowers—the orchids, or air plants, by a misnomer often denominated parasites. The genus dendrobium furnishes perhaps the largest number of species, and some of them the most highly-valued flowers of the tribe. One species, delightfully fragrant, has flowers three or four inches in diameter; and there are about a dozen other species, some of which bear purple and orange blossoms, as well as white. Another orchid belongs to the genus saccolabium, or bag-lipped; the flowers are white, variegated with rose violet, and stand on little pedicels around the stalk, so as to form an elegant plume a foot long.

More than a dozen other genera might be enumerated, which furnish flowers remarkable for their beauty, their fragrance, or their bizarre forms.

Dr. Carey remarked with much truth: "The fruits in India, though so famed in Europe, will be found far short of those in Eng-

land, both in quality and flavor, except a very few." Three of the most abundant fruits in the provinces—the pine-apple, the guava, and the papay—have been introduced from America; two others, the dorian and the mangosteen, from the Malay country; and the only indigenous table fruits, at all abundant, are the mango, and the plantain.

The country is peculiarly rich in medicinal plants, the most of which are very little known. The writer was first to bring to the notice of the Asiatic Society the existence among our indigenous plants of the gamboge-tree, the gum Kino tree, the liquid amber-tree, and a new species of pine, which he has described under the name of Pinus Latteri, and which is remarkable for containing more resinous matter, than perhaps any other species of the pine family.

Among the quadrupeds, there is an unusual variety of apes and monkeys. The first sounds that usher in the morning among the glens of the Karen mountains, are the wailing cries of the gibbon, or long-armed ape.

The interior of the provinces is all alive with them, and their habit of screaming, at dawn of day, is celebrated in Karen poetry. In a dirge it is said,—

"The Gibbon will cry when the morn draws near
But the loved there in silence, will never more hear;
The Gibbon will scream at the morn's first glow,
But the loved, and departed, will never more know."

The tapir, an animal that was long supposed to be confined to America, is a denizen of the forests; as is also the black tiger, neither of which has been found north of Tavoy. One or two species of the rhinoceros are found in most parts of India, but Tavoy province contains three, which is without a parallel in so small a district of country. The pig-bear, or sand-badger, is a very peculiar animal, not uncommon in the interior. The Burmese name signifies half-hog, half-dog, which is a brief description of the animal. The binturong, or monkey-tiger, is another extraordinary animal, partaking in part of the characteristics of the bear, and the paradoxure.

The flying-fox, the pangolin, or scaly ant-eater, the chevrotain, the goat-antelope, the wild ox, and more than fifty other species of quadrupeds roam the Tavoy forests.

This province contains a great variety of birds, but they are more remarkable for their plumage, than for their singing. The Karens say, that the sweetest songster in the country is the Paradise edolius, remarkable for two long naked shefts to its tail, like the king-bird of paradise. It commences its song near sunset, and pours its flute-toned music, loud and clear, throughout the dusk of evening. We have one species of trogon, several fly-catchers, and fruit-eating bulbuls; two or three species of that rare genus, the broadbills; more than a dozen species of sunbirds, in appearance and habit much like the American humming-bird; several cuckoos, a few warblers, thrushes, and babblers, with the yellow-capped weaver bird, gaudy parrots, green pigeons, and many others. Among the larger birds are four species of hornbills, the peacock, three species of pheasants, a large crane, the cormorant, the darter,

and half a dozen species of herons. The Chinese export the skins of a species of king-fisher to China, where their feathers are used for ornaments; and the edible bird-nest swallow builds its nests on the islets near the coast, which sell for their weight in silver. The annual tax paid by the nest-gatherers amounts to several thousand dollars.

The fish on the coast rarely belong to genera found in Europe or America; but there is one species of mullet, and another of shad, which are not uncommon. The mango-fish, and a species of lates, are favorite fish with Europeans. Rib-boned fish, two or three species of the herring family, two or three nearly related to the sole, several dorees, and the half-billed gar-fish, are also found. Flat-fish, saw-fish, hammer-headed and other sharks abound; and the dried fins of the latter form an article of commerce with the Chinese.

Among the fresh-water fish are numerous species of the carp family, including three or four barbels, several species of cat-fish, some of which are nearly related to the cat-fish of

the Mississippi valley, three species of macrognathus, a fish bearing some resemblance to an eel, a species of notopterus of the herring family, two species of perch, one of which is the climbing perch, and three or four species of ophiocephalus, one of which is remarkable for living a long time out of water, and making its way on land.

The first reptile that attracts the attention of new-comers is the *gecko*, or house lizard. They are everywhere, under the sides of the tables, and chairs, in the closets, and book-cases, and among the food, and clothing. They sometimes tumble from the roof upon the tables, but they usually come struggling with a centipede, or some other vermin, in their mouths; and so far from having any wish to destroy them, Mrs. Mason often said their services were invaluable—the best "help" she had. This harmless little creature is represented by American, English, French, and German authorities, as "a species of poisonous lizard;" yet I have had them rest on the back of my hand, and hang suspended from

my fingers, without the slightest disagreeable effect being produced. This is the animal mentioned in Proverbs xxx. 28, correctly rendered by Jerome:

> "The gecko taketh hold with her hands,
> And dwelleth in kings' palaces."

Persons new in the country are often startled, on laying their hands on a flower, to see an odious-looking lizard leap from the branch, with its gular pouch, and spiny dorsal ridge. It is *Calotes versicolor*, or the bloodsucker, an allied species with the Hebrew 'homet, which Bush calls *Lacerta stellio*, and is rendered in the English version, "the snail." It has the property of changing its colors, and owing to this characteristic, many English residents call it the chameleon; but there is no chameleon in the country.

The most deadly serpent in the province is a water snake, a species of hydrus; but the most common is the cobra, which is remarkable for having only a single ring on its hood, instead of two united like a pair of spectacles,

as is usual with the Indian species. The power of charming serpents is generally attributed to music; but without any music whatever, the Burmese perform all the feats ascribed to the Hindoos. It is worthy of remark, that excepting occasionally a species of bungarus, the cobra is the only poisonous serpent, which the charmers exhibit. Instead, then, of the charm being in the power of music, may it not be in the natural docility which the cobra among serpents, like the domestic cat among the tiger tribe, is capable of acquiring? A large python, usually called a boa, from ten to twenty feet long; two species of crocodiles, two or three of varanus, and the flying lizard, are among the most remarkable of the Tavoy reptiles.

There are some splendid butterflies in Tavoy, but the most remarkable insect of the lepidoptera, is the Atlas moth, which is sometimes nearly a foot across from wing to wing. When the candles are lighted, our tables are often literally covered with insects of every size, form, and color. Tiger beetles, ground beetles,

snapping beetles, snouted beetles, capricorn beetles, with cockchafers, scarabs, and earwigs, fireflies, cockroaches, crickets, grasshoppers, cicadas, and soothsayers, are constant guests. A species of Hercules beetle is common, and the Atlas beetle is met with occasionally. The Karens string the green wing cases of one or two gorgeous species of buprestis for necklaces, and several species of specters are common, one of which is the walking-leaf insect. A small troublesome beetle, of the melontha tribe, often flies directly into the eye, to which it seems to be attracted as other insects are to a light. Several species of the cimex family give frequent annoyance, by their offensive odors; and one or more species of fulgora, remarkable for its long rostrum, is occasionally seen.

The sea-shells on the coast, with a few exceptions, are the same species as those found on the western side of the Bay of Bengal, but less in variety, and inferior in beauty. It is remarkable, however, that the land and freshwater shells are by far the greater part new

species. Of a number of land and fresh-water shells which I sent Dr. Gould of Boston, he wrote : "It was a rare collection. There were in all thirty-five species, and as far as my most thorough research can determine, not less than thirty of them were undescribed. I do not believe there is another region on earth, unless it may be the interior of China, where so large a proportion of a collection would prove to be new. Some of them are the most noble of the genera to which they belong. They are really quite a treasure, not only on account of the number of new species, but because some of them are so remarkable."

VIEW III.

THE ARRIVAL.

"Your introduction to the mission work," wrote Mrs. Mason to her husband, "will, I imagine, leave an impression upon your mind never to be effaced. Your visit to the jungle must have surpassed in interest any previous event in your life. Were you not disposed to cry out as you stood by brother Boardman when dying, 'my father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof?' For it seems to me that his dying *at midday in the field*, must have been to you more like a translation, than dying does under ordinary circumstances."

After reaching Maulmain, Mrs. Mason became so unwell as to render it impracticable for her to proceed, but the state of the mission at Tavoy made it necessary for me to go down

without delay; and it was during my absence that she wrote as above on receiving intelligence of Mr. Boardman's decease.

Our introduction to mission labors was indeed one of surpassing, but of painful interest. The solemn march into the jungles, with our brother upon his dying couch; the baptism of thirty-four Karens in his presence; his return unsheltered amid the pelting storm; his glorious death on the banks of the mountain stream, which he had been the first to ford, to seek and to save those very Karens, that hung around his dying pillow, and the crowds of inquirers entreating us to lead them to Jesus before we could understand their language, rendered it a scene unparalleled in the history of missions.

The dawn of a tropic April morning, two months subsequent to the date of Mrs. Mason's letter, saw us where six centuries before king Narabadesāthu, the first pagoda-building missionary to the Tavoyers, had been seen, and where the first labors of his hands, the little white pagoda on Tavoy Point, was looking

down upon us, all unconscious that our object was to destroy the works of our regal predecessor. The bright features of that glorious sunrise, when our little bark rounded into the wild scenery of the river, lie spread out in the chambers of memory with all the freshness of yesterday, as if fixed there by a mental daguerreotype. Its gorgeous hues give it the semblance of a fancy picture, yet consciousness recognizes it for the pencillings of nature.

We had essayed in vain the night before to double Tavoy Point, for a heavy squall nearly blew us on to Cap Island, and the captain reluctantly put back to sea, where a few miles from the coast we lay at anchor all night. As is usual, the morning was as mild and quiet, as the evening had been rough and stormy, and a strong tide urged us forward at early dawn into the estuary of Tavoy river, many miles wide, but the opposite sides narrowing in the distance to a silver thread. The rocky, precipitous shore on our left, clothed with its eternal verdure, was within the sound of the

coo of the turtle-dove; and near enough for us to admire the milk-white herons with their coal-black legs, clustering on every overhanging tree like snow-drops; while on our right we saw the level, sandy shores bounded by a long fringe of Casaurinas that strongly reminded us of the pines of the never to be forgotten 'Bay state,' that we had left behind.

Mountain peered beyond mountain, clothed in all the fantastic drapery of the morning clouds, ever changing its fleecy folds. The smoke of the village alternated with the virgin forest, and the trackless heath 'with the cloud-piercing peak.'

When Mrs. Mason looked on nature's lovely scenes, it was to her like communing with the Almighty, and this morning her face shone like Moses' on the mount. "How beautiful! How charming!" she exclaimed, quoting in the reminiscence the exquisite lines of an American poet:

"How charming to the heart that covets rest,
The cooling freshness of the morning hour,
In quiet and seclusion, while the mists

Yet hang upon the bosom of the hills,
And clothe their verdant foliage with a veil
Of light and airy texture.—The river too,
Whose bosom is tranquillity, glides on
As silent as a fay at midnight's hush
Among the dreaming flowers. Its waves are still,
So still and calm they scarcely seem to flow.
All things conspire to harmony; the air,
The earth, the waters, every element
Is redolent of purity and peace.
—Oh the bliss,
The dear delight of unadulterate scenes,
Where in the deep seclusion of the wild,
Quiet distils, with soft and gentle power,
Like dew upon the landscape."

A few hours' sail brought us to the usual anchorage for ships, eighteen miles below the city, where the river is narrowed to less than a mile in width by a large flat alluvial island. The stemless nipa palm with which it appeared to be nearly covered, attracted our attention, by the peculiarity of its foliage. The plants grow together, thick as a Mississippi cane-brake, and their fronds, or leaves, which resemble the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, from six to ten feet high, spread over many miles

of swamps, with here and there a crocodile gliding about, half covered in the mud, forcibly reminded us of those fancy pictures which the geologists give us of the early days of the earth, when the giant Saurians held undisturbed possession of its magnificent fern groves.

When we anchored the tide was half in, and the sun hot, but our captain got out the ship's boat immediately and started off with us at once, and for an hour or two we did very well; but when the tide ebbed, the men, with every effort, could not advance a mile an hour.

There are fourteen or fifteen different islands between the anchorage and the city of Tavoy, sometimes two or three abreast, and the passage through them is very intricate. Endeavoring in one place to go across the head of two islands, we found ourselves carried down in the passage between them, in despite of every effort, while a cluster of snags, a few yards below us, threatened the certain upsetting of the boat, if not avoided. For a few

minutes, the loss of my wife and child looked me fearfully in the face; but the men did manfully in the emergency, and pulled us out of danger. Mrs. Mason remained silent, but she remarked afterwards, "I thought of Felix Carey's journey up the Irrawaddy, and I expected that a similar catastrophe was about to befall you."

It was eight or nine o'clock before we reached Mrs. Boardman's bamboo dwelling. It was a frail-looking building, and frail as it looked; but the light of home shining pleasantly through the lattice work, fell like sunshine on our hearts; and there was an air of neatness within, which told of the character of the occupants.

A moment only elapsed, and Mrs. Boardman stood before us with her wonted smile. It was the same smile, that I had met in the same place three months before, when I entered with her husband; and yet it was not the same. There was the same child by her side, and yet it was not the same. A cloud of sadness overshadowed the one, and early grief,

too early for childhood, sat upon the countenance of the other. Then we remembered, what in our own joyous emotions of having at length reached our long sought for home, we had almost for the time forgotten, that she was a widow, and he an orphan.

VIEW IV.

THE FORERUNNER.

Men are what God makes them, and he makes them, not so much by any direct influence which he exerts upon them, as by the circumstances which he throws around them, and in which they must act. Most Christians are able to see a long train of providences, through which they were led before conversion, each necessary to bring them to the point, where the Spirit of God came with power to their hearts; and on reaching that point, a small amount of evangelical labor sufficed to lead them to Christ.

The conversion of the Karens has been deemed remarkable, because, as has been usually supposed, they were converted at once, without these preparatory influences; but this is an error. The Christian Karens may be di-

vided into two classes: those who "received the word with gladness," almost as soon as they heard it; and those for whose salvation the missionaries and assistants have toiled year after year, before they were brought to repentance. The change in the former, has been truly remarkable; not, because there was so little instrumentality used, but because a part of the instrumentality was so peculiar, and unparalleled.

"Take this book, and observe its precepts," remarked a white man to a Karen in the jail at Tavoy, nearly half a century ago, as he put into his hand "the Book of Common Prayer, with the Psalms, printed at Oxford."

Who this "white man" was, or what the motive that induced him to present to a Karen an English copy of the Psalms, must forever remain unknown. He may have been a kind-hearted Christian, in connection with some trading vessel, who sympathized with the wild forester, and, in the hope that the gospel would ultimately reach the Karens, gave him a portion of the Bible. But utterly

unknown to him, must have been the tradition, that the "Book of God" would be brought to them by the "white foreigners"; or, the influence that his gift was destined to have in preparing the Karens for the religion of the Psalms.

This Karen had been thrown into jail on the charge of "praying, and teaching others to pray, for the arrival of the white foreigners." He had taken upon himself the character of a religious teacher; and had acquired great influence over his countrymen in Tavoy and Mergui. He assured the people that God was about to appear for their deliverance, and wherever he went, he caused his followers to assemble for divine worship, exhorting them to remember their ancient tradition;—that God once dwelt among them, and that he had departed to the west, but that they had the promise of his return, and though long delayed, he would assuredly re-appear; and would come with the white foreigners, with whom he had departed; and whose ships were from time to time then seen on the coast.

"When God returns," said he, "the dead trees will blossom again; the tigers and serpents will become tame; there will be no distinction between rich and poor; and universal peace will bless the world."

It is remarkable, that similar expectations were indulged by the Aztecs, an ancient people of South America, among whom, it is said, "a tradition existed, concerning a demi-god, or superior intelligence of some description; who had formerly reigned among them; but at length had departed westward, with the promise of a return, and a more brilliant reign; to which the natives looked forward as to a certain millennium; and when the Spanish ships first reached their coasts, many of them believed it was their returning deity."

If America was peopled from the eastern shores of Asia, the tradition may, after all, have had a common origin.

"It was a glorious dream that hung
Around that race of old:
By chiefs believed—by poets sung—
By saint and seer foretold.

The sage amid his mystic lore,
The chieftain in his hall,—
And the weary peasant, waited for
That promised hope of all—
The god, whose presence early blest
The children of the golden East.

His coming brightened childhood's hour,
And crowned the hopes of youth;
And manhood trusted in the power
Of its unvarnished truth;
And eyes upon whose light had fallen
The mists of time and tears,
At death's dark portals linger'd on
To see those glorious years,
Which, to their life and land, should bring
The blossoms of eternal spring."

At length in Divine Providence, Mr. Boardman removed to Tavoy, thinking little of the Karens, but God thought of them, and no sooner was it noised abroad that the white teacher had come with the "Word of God," than the Karens began to think their prophecies were about to be fulfilled, and their "great teacher," with his sacred book of Psalms, hastened in from the jungles to visit the missionary. It was to this man's village,

Tshickkoo, that Mr. Boardman went when he crossed the mountains, and to this man's followers that he preached; and the first Karen baptized after Ko-Thah-byu, and his wife, was this man's principal supporter, Ko-so, or Saw-kamapāw, the chief of the village; who is now a magistrate, and at the head of all the chiefs in the north and eastern sections of Tavoy province.

Thus, we are justified in regarding "the old sorcerer," who had been the depositary, and expounder of the psalm-book, and who had prepared the way for the successful labors of the missionary, as the *forerunner to the conversion of the Karen nation;* for, it was not until Mr. Boardman had commenced reaping, that the field was entered by other laborers.

When Mrs. Mason reached Maulmain, in 1830, the whole number of baptized Karens was only *sixteen*, but before Mr. Boardman's decease in February, 1831, the number had increased in Tavoy to seventy; and at the same date, five others had been baptized from

the Maulmain jungles, which were all that had been admitted to the ordinance out of Tavoy.

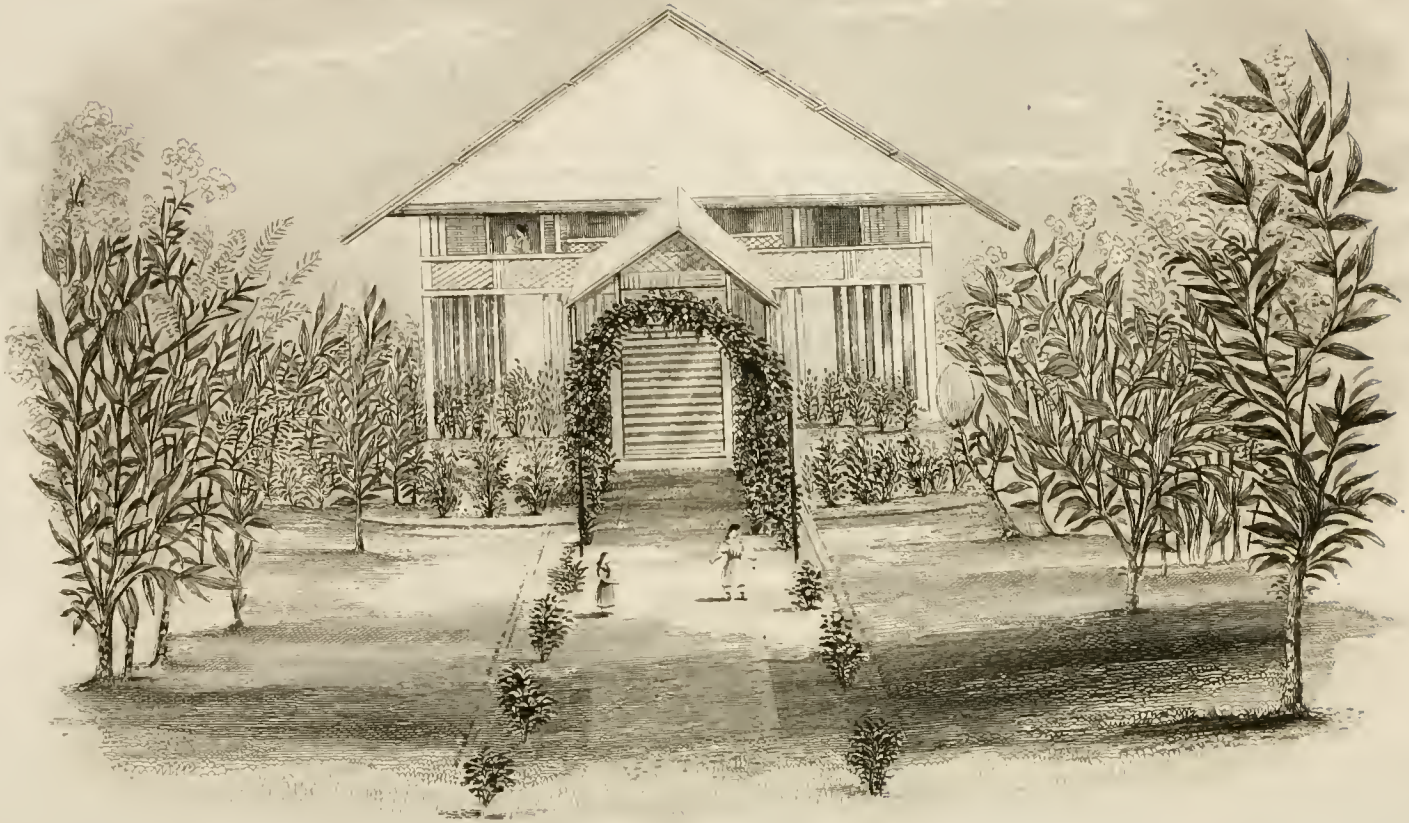
It was at this juncture, when the field was, without a figure, "white for the harvest," that Mrs. Mason commenced her mission labors, and before the close of her life, the Karen converts were estimated at ten thousand. The Tavoy missionaries alone had baptized more than eight hundred of the nation, from a population which, according to the census, numbered only four thousand; a larger number of disciples than is often found where Christianity has been professed a thousand years.

VIEW V.

DOMESTIC MISSIONARY LIFE.

Although Mrs. Mason purchased her "outfit" in the "City of Palaces," where the most expensive and fashionable articles are always recommended as "the cheapest in the end," she did not furnish herself with damask couches, mahogany side-boards, cut glass, or even silver forks. "I wish to live," she would say, "in such a manner, that were the poorest contributors to missions to walk into my house, they would not feel offended with anything they might see :—for we are the representatives to the heathen, of a Saviour who *chose* to be poor."

Her whole establishment was in keeping with the house she occupied; which was of bamboo, and cost the mission less than one hundred and fifty dollars, with an annual ex-



Mr. W. H. Mason, del.

pense of about sixteen more. Her drawing-room and parlor served, also, for dining, sometimes for conferences, and often for recitations. Instead of stuccoed walls, glazed windows, rich hangings, and pier-glasses, a bamboo partition, about two cubits high, separated it on three sides from the verandah, beyond which were seen the sapphire windows of heaven, and the emerald carpet of earth. The room was fitted up with a teak-wood dining table, side-table, stand, book-case, a few common chairs, an old couch, and a vase of flowers. Though Mrs. Mason was a lover of the fine arts, yet, instead of "portfolios of rare prints," there lay upon her table some religious periodicals, and in place of articles of *vertu*, were a few choice shells, gathered from the bordering shores.

She never dreamed of keeping a carriage, but walked wherever she went, except when, wearied out in her jungle excursions, she was carried in a common chair, supported by bamboos, and from which I have seen her precipi-

tated on the rugged sides of the mountain, at the imminent risk of her life.

Concerning her table, and servants, she wrote to a friend: "We have a Madras man to cook, as no European woman attempts to cook in this hot climate, not even a soldier's wife, though her husband's pay is a mere trifle. We have a convict from the jail to keep the yard in order, work in my little garden, and take care of the goats and poultry; a Karen girl within doors, to sweep, make beds, and look after our little boy. Our washing is put out, according to the custom from one extremity of India to the other; and our bread is baked by a Chinaman in the bazar. In the dry season we are able to procure a good article, but when I tell you that we had more than two hundred inches of rain during the last south-west monsoon, you will not wonder that we were troubled. All the vegetables we have, are quite inferior to those of New England, which makes bread an article of much importance; and we have sometimes been obliged to substitute rice cakes for months to-

gether; but our only oven is the bake-kettle, and our cooking room three or four rods from the house."

Mrs. Mason's wardrobe was particularly neat, and in good taste, yet unexpensive. Gold ornaments, silk dresses, costly shawls, or embroidery, she found no occasion to use. Nor did she practise this rigid economy in order to lay up money, no; her motto was the same as that of the Serampore missionaries in their palmy days: "Let us," said they, "give ourselves unreservedly to this glorious work. Let us never think that our time, our gifts, our strength, our families, or even the clothes we wear, are our own; let us sanctify them all to God, and his cause." And, as proof that these were Mrs. Mason's principles of daily action, it may be remarked, that, a few months previous to her death, the accounts showed a gain of a fraction over three hundred dollars, in fifteen years; and though paying at that time, with her family, at the rate of ten rupees per month to the mission society, yet she proposed to give indirectly two hundred

dollars of this, also, to the mission, until it was suggested that it might be needed to defray the expense of sending our two little daughters home to America.

The following extracts from her letters, will show how effectually the friends at home aided in her missionary labors; and how she made their assistance contribute to the funds of the Board:

"We feel very grateful to you all, and to our heavenly Father for what you send us, and to make some return, we are boarding a young Karen this season, that he may study medicine, for the benefit of his kindred."

Some years subsequently, she wrote; "The articles sent, will be especially valuable, as coming ready made. I have taught a couple of Burmese girls to do plain sewing, but for a cap, or a dress, I must look elsewhere; and I should have felt very sorry to have left my work to fit up our wardrobes. The pantaloons could never have been more acceptable, as Mr. Mason had just returned from Pyeekhya with his last pair [of thick ones] all in tatters.

I was obliged to take a short trip to sea, after my illness, to recover strength, and had the approbation of the mission, which is necessary before we can charge such expenses to the public funds; but when I returned and found your box, I thought, as we were about even at the close of last year, and as your presents would save us considerable outlay, that we would bear the expense of my trip ourselves, and consider it paid by you just as much as though we had received the amount in cash."

On another occasion, she wrote, "An interesting death occurred here last week, and several other pupils have been ill, and demanded much of my time, so that I know not how I should have been able to make preparations for going to the jungle next month, as I contemplate doing, had it not been for the *ready-made* clothing we received from Boston, Brookline, and Richmond; and I know of no way by which I can cancel my obligations, but by more devotedness to the work of my station."

VIEW VI.

FIRST EXCURSION TO THE JUNGLE.

"ALL that we have seen confirms us in the opinion, that the religion of Gaudamā has passed its zenith. The pagodas are overgrown with moss, the timber of the Kyoungs is food for white ants, and many of the images seem to be left to the 'moles and the bats,' being in such a decayed state, as to be the sport of the passing breeze."

Thus wrote Mrs. Mason after making her first jungle tour through the Burman villages up Tavoy river to the Karen jungle, in 1831, and in a letter to a relative she continues:

"We left home this morning soon after sunrise in a Burman boat, wide enough to spread our mattrass for a seat and high enough to sit upright in the middle, and arrived here about 10 o'clock, after a pleasant sail of a few hours.

The contrast to your comfortable stage travelling would much amuse you. Such is the country, and such the people, that you must take everything with you that there is any probability of wanting. All kinds of clothing, from the thin dress of the torrid zone, to the wadded school cloak, thick blankets, and woollen shawls of America. Every article I have of the last-mentioned class is invaluable, for the like is not procurable in this country, and homespun articles are all the better.

Every cup, knife, and spoon must be taken, and every article of provision; for Mr. Boardman, in some of his excursions, found it impossible to get a fowl, a cup of buffalo's milk, or even a plantain, when near by an orchard full of them.

After taking our breakfast of boiled eggs, bread without butter, and coffee without milk, we walked out a mile or more on quite a decent road, which bespoke at once the place to which it would lead us,—to a pagoda or kyoung. The road terminated at a pagoda, by which we found three large images of Gau-

dama, and some small ones, a white elephant, made of bamboos, white cloths, and paper, with an umbrella over him, and tinsel ornaments, corresponding to the taste of the people.

We wandered about among these decaying relics of idolatry until weary; and on our way back, meeting with half a dozen persons sitting on the ground enjoying the shade of one of their sacred trees, we halted and rested ourselves, while one of the native Christians with us read part of a tract to them. The countenance of one in particular indicated that she did not like to hear any one exalted above Shen Gaudama. A few books were given them, and a few left at the pagoda in hopes that the Holy Spirit will impart light to the mind of the readers, that their souls may be saved.

Passed the night in the zayat, (or shed,) the like of which could scarcely be found in all New England, the wind blowing little short of a hurricane all night, and about eight this morning started off and sailed pleasantly up

the river several miles, and are now at a small village called White-water, on the west side of the river.

The zayat at this place is even worse than the other, and a woman with a family has interested herself in our favor, and given us a part of her house for our accommodation. The moment we arrived, the villagers began to flock together, as the cry "The great teacher has come," was uttered in every direction. A child, perhaps four years of age, screamed out as we passed as if a tiger had caught it; such misfortune it is to have a white face in this country. I suppose even the oldest inhabitant of the village cannot recollect the day when a white female, or white infant, was to be seen here, or even a white man.

In coming up the river this morning we saw several monkeys, the largest of which was not equal to a common cat. We landed on the west side of the river, and after looking in vain for a building into which we could put our heads, we took a seat under the shade of the bamboos, and there ate our meals. In our

walk after dinner to an old pagoda we were frightened by buffaloes, six or seven of which came running towards us, and but for the natives we should probably have climbed the sides of the pagoda in vain. In returning to the water's side we saw a deer grazing, which did not discover us until he had made half of the distance between us, and when he did, bounded off to his native shrubbery for concealment. The peacocks have been feeding in sight, but not sufficiently near to have a view of their plumage. Perhaps you will ask, what good can you accomplish by such a trip as this? I reply, we are endeavoring to make known the gospel to those who never heard it before. We have given tracts to every family, wherever we have stopped. Yesterday, before we could get our dinner, a Karen man, with his wife, and child, came to the shore and sat down with us. As our young Karen man belonging to the boarding-school accompanied us, we soon entered into conversation with our visitors. The man said there were no Burman houses above here, but that he lived about

half a day's journey up the river. When the conversation turned upon religious subjects, he said he had entered Gaudama's religion, and after listening some time to the gospel, he observed, as he rose to go away, that the great teacher had never been among them, and he had never heard of Christ before. We intend to proceed up the river after breakfast, in order to see him and his neighbors. A lover of novelty and a lover of natural scenery would be delighted with the prospect on this river. The wildness of the shrubbery, and forest trees, the grandeur of the mountains, above which the sun rises on one hand, and behind which he descends on the other, excite admiration.

We encamped on a bank on the east side of the river about three o'clock, and had posts put up to make an awning from the sun. At candle-light, had worship in Burman, and then retired to the boat and were lulled to sleep. Had large fires made in different places to keep off the tigers, upon whose domains we had encroached.

We shall remain here until after the Sabbath. May that God before whom you assemble by hundreds and thousands, be with us. May his name yet be known in this eastern wilderness, and his word be read with prayerful interest by its scattered inhabitants!

After an early breakfast, we started in our chairs through a bamboo forest for the Karen village, which we had been told was near here, but to which we could not go in the boat on account of the trees that had fallen across the stream."

It was pleasant to stand, as we did, on the romantic banks of a Karen brook, whose crystal waters come tumbling down unsullied by the curse, but the emotion was chastened when we looked on the degraded wrecks of the fall, who drank of the pure fountain. Up to that day Mrs. Mason had seen no streams, since she left the clear brooks that wander among the blue hills of her native land, excepting rivers with muddy banks, and filled with muddy waters; but here was one of our Tavoy mountain streams,—streams that can-

not be surpassed in romantic beauty even in the annals of poetry itself. In some places they are seen leaping in cascades over precipices from fifty to one hundred feet high; in others they spread out into deep quiet lakes. In some places they run purling over pebbles of milk-white quartz, or grass-green prase, or yellow jasper, or sky-blue slate, or variegated porphyry; in others they glide like arrows over rounded masses of granite, or smooth, angular dykes of greenstone. In some places naught can be heard but the stunning sounds of "deep calling unto deep;" in others the mind is led to musing by the quiet murmur of the brook, that falls upon the ear like distant music. The missionary's path often leads up the middle of one of these streams, and every turn, like a turn in the kaleidoscope, reveals something new, and pleasing to the eye.

Here a daisy-like flower nods over the margin, as if to look at her modest face in the reflecting waters; there the lotus-leafed wild arum stands knee-deep in water, shaking

around with the motion of the stream, the dew-drops on its peltate bosom, like drops of glittering quicksilver. Here the bare fantastic roots of a willow sprinkled with its woolly capsules, come down to the water's edge, or it may be an eugenia tree with its fragrant white corymbs, or a water dillenia, with its brick-red scaly trunk, and green, apple-like fruit occupies its place; there the long, drooping, red tassels of the barringtonia hang far over the bank dropping their blossoms on the water, food for numerous members of the carp family congregated below. Now we come on a little patch of impenetrable reeds, a Mississippian cane-brake in miniature; and anon the pink corymbs of a shrubby species of ixora look down upon us from a steep bank; a flower which appears so much like a geranium, though belonging to a different family, that the English ladies call it "the country geranium."

Often the waters breathe the odor of the lily from the water crinums that float their large blossoms on the surface, while on the margin, the glowing red flowers of the amo-

num peep up from the base of their green stems; or a creeping species of acacia entwines its globular, scentless flowers with the fragrant, one-sided spikes of the hopea, high in the lofty tree tops. Here an ebony-tree droops beneath the weight of its persimmon-like fruit, and there a gamboge-tree lifts up its graceful head with its delicate little mangosteens in miniature; or the large creeping oleaster swings from the forest tree, to which it clings, its rich bunches of sour, scarlet plums.

The Karen village was some miles distant from the place where we left our boat, and though both of us were so unwell that we had to be carried most of the way in chairs, yet the interest of the excursion had such an effect on Mrs. Mason's spirits that she never seemed better, nor trod with a lighter step, than when she ascended the tall, tottering ladder of the first Karen house she reached. Of the deep impression which the scenes of her first day in the Karen jungle produced in her mind, I had proof a dozen years after-

wards; for when I asked her to give me a drawing of a Karen house for Ko Tha-byu's Memoir, she sat down and sketched an exact likeness of the house in which she spent that day, and where I still see her in the midst of a listening circle of Karen women who had never before seen a white face, and never before heard of a Saviour. It was human nature beaming with all the halos that Christianity has thrown around it, and human nature as robbed and degraded by the fall, yet looking upward with longing eyes to that better state which the gospel reveals.

Mrs. Mason has left nothing on record in respect to her conversations with the people, though she labored much while there, through an interpreter, for their salvation; and I recollect baptizing a Pwo woman and her husband a year or two subsequently, near Merta, who had removed from this village in order to enjoy Christian privileges, among the disciples. And among the Burman villagers at White-water, mentioned by Mrs. Mason as flocking together to the cry, "The great

teacher has come," was one man who often visited her afterwards, and sought her instructions in town, and whom she had the pleasure ultimately of seeing baptized in his native village.

VIEW VII.

THE FIRST KAREN FEMALE SCHOOL.

"I AM really tired," observed Mrs. Mason, as she seated herself with torn garments and wet feet, on a bare rock at the summit of a foaming cascade, that cried and fretted like a prattling daughter of Niagara, "and here," she continued, "is a pleasant place to rest." The path for the last two miles had led through a deep sinuous gorge, that the stream had worn for itself among a thick cluster of hills, and we had now reached a spot where the valley widened out with a pretty knoll on one side; but all was as wild as the world in which Adam and Eve found themselves, when driven from Eden. Hills a thousand feet high, or more, rose almost in precipices on every side, and wound around the little area at the base, like the sides of an extinct volcano. It was a

place, such as no child of civilization would choose to dwell in, and yet, precisely such a one as a Karen prefers above all others, in which to erect his tabernacle; and here had been just formed a Karen village.

Scarcely had Mrs. Mason time to gaze around upon the shaggy hills above, or to take her little daughter from the man who had borne her swinging in a sack behind him, when down came from the hill-sides in every direction, men, women, and children, to meet their teacher, and teacheress; but more especially the latter, as no white woman had ever before entered their solitary glen.

During the rainy season previous to this visit, Mrs. Mason had, with the aid of the assistants, taken a census of the children of the Karen Christians in the province; and she remarks in her journal, "The present number of Karens connected with the church is one hundred and fifty-four. The whole number of their children one hundred and sixty-six; forty-nine of whom are girls; all over three years of age." It was to this latter class that

her attention was particularly directed, and she had, therefore, opened a school for them in town; though during the first season she had only twelve pupils. Most of these were on the verge of womanhood; some of them members of the church; others had become Christians while in school, and a few had returned to the jungles without giving evidence of a change of heart.

Those girls being the first Karen females that had ever left their mountain homes to come under regular instruction in the city, she felt especially interested in their good deportment; well knowing that their behavior would have considerable influence in giving character to the school in future years. She had therefore left town after the close of the rains on an excursion with me to their jungle hamlets, to see how her pupils lived at home, and to follow up the instructions she had imparted to them in the city. And a happy meeting was that of teacher and pupil;—the younger ones, especially, were wild with delight, each one pressing around, eager to do

something for their teacher, or her babe. Among the group were several who, in after years, graced the classes of her city school. Of one of these pupils, converted, as was believed, some time after, through her instrumentality, she gave a brief notice to some ladies in Boston.

"When the English came into possession of the Tenasserim Provinces," she wrote, "Thaughamu was a child, and her parents were among the first to embrace the Christian religion. When of a suitable age she came into my school for Karen females, and there is reason to believe that the truth was blessed to her conversion about that time. She was married when fifteen to a promising young man, and was lovely in her behavior, and modest in her manners. At length she was seized with fever, and laid upon her death-bed. While lingering there she would sometimes pray, "Let me not fall into hell, O Lord, but take me to thyself in heaven." When asked if she felt resigned, she replied, "I do feel resigned to all that God appoints me." One of

her last acts before reason left her was to clasp her hands and pray; and when her husband said to her, "Do not forget God, Thaughamu," she would reply, "I do not forget God, I think of him all the time."

Some of the children who came to greet Mrs. Mason on this visit, were orphans, whom she afterwards watched over when sick, both in town and jungle; in childhood, and in married life; and among the married females who flocked around with unusual interest, was Naughapo, "Daughter of Goodness," a woman of uncommon energy and benevolence. She was never a direct pupil in Mrs. Mason's school, but was often about her, seeking knowledge herself, and encouraging others. She was justly one of Mrs. Mason's favorites, and shared largely in her instructions. This woman was the Dorcas of the glen, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, soothing the afflicted, and often made her cottage the home of the poor, that they might enjoy the privileges of schools. And God rewarded her even in this life. Passing through the place some

ten years subsequent to Mrs. Mason's visit, I found her dwelling on the declivity of the hill, overlooking an extensive garden, with more than a thousand areca-nut trees, forty or fifty dorians, numerous jacks, guavas, limes, cashew-nuts, Bengal quinces, and in short almost every fruit tree that natives value, with many fine flowering trees and shrubs; and beside it the murmuring cascade, leaping like a playing fountain, and pouring forth its eternal harmony. But Naughapo had not forgotten the source of their comforts. Her house was still full of the motherless, the sick, and the homeless.

My Burman cooley had remarked on stopping, "This is a pleasant place—a *fearfully* pleasant place!" I took occasion to ask the owners, if God were to call them from their garden to the grave, if they would not feel alarmed. "No, indeed," they replied. "*We do not consider that anything we have is our own. All,* ALL *is God's.*" The day before I left, a Hindoo pedlar had called with his tempting fabrics; but though this good woman was

in poor habiliments, yet she had only *one rupee* for purchases, while on the following morning she, with her family, put *thirteen* rupees into my hands for the mission treasury.

The experience of this Daughter of Goodness only exhibits another proof, that when Christians give themselves unreservedly to the interests of God's kingdom, he will take care of their concerns; and notes might be made of many such individuals who enjoyed the benefit of Mrs. Mason's instructions and example.

For those twelve pupils of her first Karen school she ever felt a tender interest. She had asked God for all of them, and while thankful for the conversion of one, she could not rest without that of the whole; and her habit was, as illustrated in the tour mentioned above, to pursue the subjects of her prayers with every practicable effort for their salvation. And what she asked, she obtained, though the last of the number was not baptized until about ten years after that school had closed.

VIEW VIII.

BURMAN DAY SCHOOLS.

For many years, Mrs. Mason had day schools in Tavoy, for the Burman children, and numerous references to them occur in her correspondence. Several of the following extracts were from letters in reply to inquiries made by a lady in Arracan, who was desirous of establishing similar schools.

Of the plan of her operations—"My time has been given principally to the Tavoy day schools, of which I have six, numbering upwards of one hundred and forty children. About half of them have completed the spelling-book, and a number have committed many pages of Scripture to memory, and have, I trust, acquired sufficient knowledge of the way of life to guide their souls to heaven.

"The plan I have pursued, is much the same

as the one acted upon by Mrs. Judson when here. She found it difficult at first to obtain a female who could read, and still more difficult to find one who was willing to teach 'Jesus Christ's books;' but she finally found a woman in a distant part of the town, who collected a few children, and commenced teaching them the alphabet. The first rains after we came, one or two more women were found willing to commence, though the parents of the children were very much afraid of our books. I well recollect that some of the little boys used to run out of the house, as soon as the catechism was opened, though they would recite the multiplication table without any uneasiness. For the last three years, all who have engaged in teaching, have been required to attend worship on Lord's day, and to bring their pupils."

"I have reduced the pay for boys, and give them much more direct religious instruction than formerly; the prejudices of the people having rapidly vanished away by acquaintance with us." "Formerly, a higher price was paid for teaching girls than for boys, to induce

teachers to use their influence to procure girls, but the prejudices against female education are so weakened, that that is no longer necessary.

"Two male teachers have been converted, and joined the church."

Of her labors in the schools—"I give them religious instruction; hear every lesson, and pay the teachers according to what they learn. I keep all moneys, and all the accounts, pay out every anna for the mission that is paid, provide everything for the family, give all necessary directions, settle all difficulties that may arise between those around us, and while meals are being prepared, I must be ready to give a look and a word to every one who calls for it;—it may be to fit off an assistant for the jungles—give pencils, books, or medicines to the teachers—converse with visitors on the subject of religion, or, perhaps, attend the female prayer-meeting. Then, there is Lucy, who is sitting at table with me now, reading proof-sheets for the Karen hymn-book, which she can do quite as well as a Karen,

and also reads Burmese well; she has no other instruction than what I can give amid my cares, and varied employments; and both she and her brother must be kept almost constantly in my sight lest they be taught something hurtful.

"I have school in the morning five days in the week, and the other morning, or forenoon, is devoted to the female prayer-meeting. I have given more time to the schools this year than ever before, and have the satisfaction of feeling that more good has been accomplished. We have great advantage in beginning with the young, as their 'ears are not so full of Gaudama's religion that they cannot hear about Jesus Christ's law,' as the old people tell us theirs are. What I do will make so much the less for my successor, though it be not all I might wish."

"My days are fully occupied to the extent of my strength, and often beyond it; still, I feel it to be a great privilege to be allowed to labor in the Lord's vineyard; and only wonder

that one so unfit, so unworthy, is not turned out."

Of the degradation of the natives—"The teacher of heathen children has much more unpromising subjects to work upon, than can be found in the streets, or garrets of any Christian country. The children whom I daily teach, are far below any poor emigrant children with whom I ever met."

Of the comparative readiness of Burmans and Karens for the reception of Christianity—"Since coming to India I have had both Karen and Burman schools, and it has been as much my primary and daily effort to convert the one as the other; but, as among the former, there is but little idolatry to contend with, the work is far easier, and the number of converts always larger."

Of books used in the schools—"In regard to the books read by those educated in our schools, it is a cause of frequent complaint among parents here, that their children do not know how to read the palm-leaf, because we have taught them exclusively on printed paper.

This, of course, is what we desire, that they should read what the missionaries prepare for them, and not the pernicious tales found in their storied palm-leaves."

Of the wants of the schools—"I labor to great disadvantage in not having the helps of good books, and good *pictures*, as teachers have in America. I want some of the very best scripture prints that the book-stores afford. Some of the pictures we have in the house are too small, and confused, and some too ill, both in design and execution, to show these ignorant children. Such pictures as those in Gallaudet's 'Bible Stories,' and 'Picture Defining Book,' are what I want—something sufficiently large and clear, to be easily explained, and, also, true to the story. 'The Child's Scripture Book,' embellished with sixty-three engravings of scriptural subjects, would be invaluable. Scripture cards, with pictures, would also be very useful. These children of the East know nothing of any other part of the world. They have no geography, or history of any nation but their own, consequently,

they know nothing of the manner of living in other countries. Truly, the knowledge this people have of men and things, is more limited than the horizon that encircles their native place."

Of the objections urged against mission schools—"Some one has remarked, that among all the Burmans they know of no one who is regarded as the fruit of schools. But I feel quite sure that Mrs. Wade, and Mrs. Judson could tell of several. To say nothing of others, one teacher, a middle-aged man, and three pupils have joined the Burman church in Tavoy while under my care. Some object to our school operations on the ground, that the pupils often reject idolatry, without embracing Christianity, and therefore become hardened infidels. But these objections, however weighty, are not applicable to Burmah.

"It is thought by some, that the conversions in the mission schools, are attributable rather to special pastoral efforts, than to the instructions given in the schools. But it should be borne in mind, that but for these in-

stitutions the pastor would have had no such congregations for whom to make special efforts."

"One very discouraging feature in this work, is, that almost every child is removed from school as soon as put into scripture lessons. But without these schools I could not gather the youth into a Sunday-school. Now, all meet on the Sabbath, and I pour all the instruction I can into their minds while they remain."

Encouraging others—"I am glad to hear that you are not intimidated by the obstacles that rise in your way, but go straightforward, and remove as many as you can. You will always find that you must be head and hand in everything. The natives are but tools, and some of them miserable enough; but we have encouragement, after all. If we can but get the young under our care, and train them under our own eye, we may hope for better helpers in future."

"Do not be discouraged on account of frequent illness; if you live two, three, or five

years, you will accomplish *something*, though it may not be all you desire. I have not been able to walk more than half a mile at a time since leaving Maulmain, but I keep about, and every day do a little."

One from the vicinity of Matah, I had the pleasure of baptizing the next dry season. Some of the number returned home to become instructors to their younger brothers and sisters. Of this I had a pleasing example the following year, when establishing Sabbath-schools in the jungles. On one occasion, passing the book round to a group of young girls who had never been to town, I was happily surprised to see a little maiden stand up and read off with as much ease and correctness as the boarding-school pupils in the city. I found on examination that she had been taught solely by one of the pupils of Mrs. Mason's school.

Of the fruits of her schools, Mrs. Wade also bears witness. Speaking of an awakening in her schools, she wrote: "There were several girls from Matah, who dated their conversion to Mrs. Mason's instructions in school."

VIEW IX.

THE CHURCH IN THE MOUNTAINS.

It was one of those evenings, of which we have many at the close of the rains, when the spirit of life and beauty looks out from every prospect,—when the gardens, the fields, and the forests are not only green, but colored with a vivifying green, that radiates pleasure to the eye which gazes on them,—when the flowers, and the fruits, seem to smile in the face of the admirer, and to thank the hand that plucks them.

The western hills that separate the valley of Tavoy river from the ocean, were sitting majestic in deep shadow, while the rounded granite summits, lichen precipices, and silver cascades of the lofty eastern mountains were seen fifteen miles distant, illumined with the last burning rays of a tropic sun. Mrs. Mason had just stepped from her verandah, and the

children were chasing the pied starlings, which hopped about the compound, as tame as chickens, when her attention was arrested by a company of strange Karens, men, women, and children, entering the gate near which she stood. One was recognized as a man seen before from Toungbyouk; but none of the others had ever been in Tavoy. Addressing them on the subject of religion, she was not a little surprised to hear them say: "We believe in Jesus Christ, and have come up to town to find the teacher, and to be baptized."

It appeared on inquiry, that one of the assistants had spent a night in their village the previous rains, and had held worship with them, and that was all the preaching they had ever heard. But there was one man among them who could read Burmese, and this man had obtained some portions of Scripture, and some tracts in that language, and had become teacher to the rest. For more than six months they had observed the Sabbath-day, abstaining from labor, and assembling together for religious worship.

This interesting company remained with us several days, Mrs. Mason devoting nearly all her time to the religious instruction of the females, among whom was one clever little girl, who afterwards became her pupil, and was converted through her instrumentality. There were ten adults in the company, all of whom requested baptism, which, however, was deferred, with the promise that we would visit their forest-homes.

It was a dark night in December, some years after this visit, that Mrs. Mason was aroused from her slumbers by the rocking of the forest, the hoarse whispers of the tall bamboos, and the dash of waters near the rapids of Toungbyouk river. The tide had rushed in upon the shore, so that the poor boatmen, who lay outstretched upon the beach, found themselves hemmed in between a wall of water on one side, and a fearful tiger thicket upon the other. But God protected them, and after three days' journeyings she reached the landing,—a spot remarkable in the history of the Tavoy mission for being the southern boundary

of Mr. Boardman's travels among the Karens. He had purposed visiting the people on Palouk river, a wild, impetuous stream, two or three days' journey farther south, but was suddenly recalled home, on reaching this place on the banks of Toungbyouk; and the region beyond was not visited by missionaries until the year after Mr. Boardman's death, when Mrs. Mason proceeded in an open boat out to sea, and round to Pai, to meet her husband who had been over by land.

Toungbyouk, is a large stream among the rivers of Tavoy Province, and above tide-waters, divides into two branches, which, with their tributaries, cover a large extent of country; and sustain a comparatively dense population, of both Pwos and Sgaus. The southern branch describes a semicircle, with a precipitous chain of lofty hills on its inner bank; and here, in this quiet, rocky amphitheatre, Mrs. Mason found the strange band of praying Karens, which, with some additions, now constitute the Church in the Mountains.

It was mid-day when Mrs. Mason left the

boat to proceed on to the village, still about seven miles distant. Her path lay through a rough, uneven tract of country, now up, now down; now over a stream with no other crossing than a log, and now up the steep bank, where she kept herself erect only by clinging to the gnarled roots that jut from the ground. Writing of this trip in her journal, she said:

"Though I had made preparations for being carried a part of the way, I found the road so bad, that I could use the chair but little, and on reaching the zayat, I was glad to have my mat spread immediately."

Mrs. Mason found there a comfortable chapel which had been built by the villagers, "all of whom," she says, "seemed truly glad to see us, testifying their joy, not by words merely, but by doing everything they could for our comfort." Rice, eggs, fowls, plantain, sweet-potatoes, papayas, and sugar-cane were piled round in votive offerings.

Continuing her journal, she wrote: "I felt to pray earnestly this morning for myself, and the people here, that God may pour his Spirit

upon me, and upon them, that it might be a time of refreshing from his presence. I am happy to learn that one of my pupils has become hopefully pious."

Again she wrote: "I have tried to realize the great responsibility resting upon me in relation to the people here. I have never been here before, and may never come again; how diligent ought I then to be in exhorting and teaching while I stay."

And again: "Went out both forenoon and afternoon, to converse with and instruct the women. Towards night several unbelievers came in, and since worship, the Christians have been preaching to them with great earnestness." "Monday and Tuesday, went from house to house instructing the women. Wednesday, had a pleasant meeting with them in the zayat. When we left, a great part of the villagers accompanied us to the boat. May they be enabled, by Divine grace, to pursue the way to heaven, and wax stronger and stronger."

VIEW X.

THE PWO MAGISTRATE.

"Is not that a Karen?" inquired Mrs. Mason one balmy evening, as we stood together beneath the lengthened shadow of a rose-apple tree. I was busied in looking among its large myrtle blossoms, when Mrs. Mason continued, "My dear, that convict is a Karen." Turning towards the street, I immediately recognized one or two with the features of Karens, and the idea of establishing in the jail a Sabbath service in Burmese, for such as understood the language, was at once suggested; and for two successive years Mr. Wade or myself, when not in the jungle, held worship every Sabbath under a covered passage-way in the interior of the jail. At the end of two years, the two Pwos were set at liberty, when one immediately returned to his home, and to his former wicked prac-

tices, but Tongdee sought our door, desirous of further religious instruction; and during that fall this tall brawny man might have been often seen seated at Mrs. Mason's feet, listening to her quiet, unostentatious instructions. He was exceedingly desirous of learning to read, and improved his time diligently until the time for travelling arrived, when he accompanied me on my long circuitous tour through southern Tavoy and Mergui. He had not, however, forgotten his family, but was urgent that I should visit them, and tell them also the news of salvation. One hot afternoon, at the end of six weeks, we found ourselves climbing a steep ascent in the valley of Palaw river; and wearied with my repeated journeyings, and the heat of the weather, I walked slowly up the path which lay along the margin of the forest, skirting an old clearing full of stumps, but destitute of every object of interest. The cicada, or singing locust, which often makes the forests ring with her pealing monotonous notes, had not yet commenced her song. Not even a bird could be seen, other

than a solitary barbut displaying his glittering plumage on the branch of a fragrant vateria-tree, his little bosom panting with the labor of his incessant cry. As my eye turned from the gorgeous little bird, it rested, unexpectedly, on two Karen girls in the path before me. One had just put on the features of womanhood, and had a tall, elegant form, a remarkably intelligent countenance, and was uncommonly fair for a Karen. As she approached, all on a sudden, she sprung with the agility of a squirrel upon a stump by the way-side, and looked in silence down the path behind me, with intense anxiety depicted on her countenance, till her eye rested on the liberated convict, who brought up the rear; when with mingled emotions of joy and surprise lighting up her dark eye, she exclaimed, "Why! father's head has turned white." No marvel thought I, that six years' separation from such children, and the mother of such children, spent in chains, and the sufferings of a convict life, should change his jet-black hair to silvery gray.

That evening we reached his home, and I

soon recognized in his wife, a woman, who some years before came dashing through the waters of Palaw river up to her waist, calling out as I passed on the opposite side, "Do you know my husband in Tavoy?" At that time, I was not aware that any Karens were living in town, and after various inquiries concerning her husband, I assured her there was no Karen in Tavoy. She turned back disappointed, and sad, but added, with emphasis, "Oh, but he does live in Tavoy." I now found the poor woman was right, but was so mortified with his situation, that she could not tell me he was in jail.

We held worship that evening in a grove on the banks of Kaināk̄ah creek, the man's house being too small for the assembly; and in the midst of the discourse the meeting was interrupted by the convict's son-in-law, the husband of the girl we met, who was a young prophet. He began to mutter and sing in an unintelligible language, and fell down in our midst as if in a fit. The people conveyed him to the house, saying his spirit had come upon

him, and after worship I found him singing, with his wife holding a light beside him, for she said without the light he would certainly die. He seemed wholly unconscious of everything in the exterior world, and I found the burden of the spirit's communication seemed to be that the people ought not to listen to the missionary, but to adhere strictly to their nat offerings, or demon worship.

On bidding farewell to the old convict and his family, he said, "Do not be discouraged, teacher: this is the first hearing of the truth, and though my wife and family are now opposed, when they have thought more, they will like it better."

Mrs. Mason did not forget the poor prisoner, but daily besought God to make him a blessing to his countrymen, and one day when the rain was pouring upon our palm-leaf roof, she was called to the stairs, and lo, there was the young prophet and his wife, whom I had left at Palaw. She was surprised, and delighted to find, that both gave good evidence of love to God, and had walked six weary days'

journey to receive further instruction, and to learn to read. The young man said, that from the time I left him, he had not been visited by his familiar spirit, and he looked upon the whole as the work of the devil. These extraordinary conversions, Mrs. Mason regarded as in answer to prayer; and she immediately took the convict's daughter to her heart, devoting much time to her improvement; and before the close of the rains she had the pleasure of seeing her and her husband baptized, and the following year to hear that the old convict himself had publicly confessed Christ before his pagan friends; that his wife had become a believer, and some of his neighbors promising inquirers, who, in a subsequent year, followed him into the baptismal waters.

This lovely band of disciples was afterwards given in charge to the Rev. Mr. Brayton, who named the place "Kamāka," from the stream flowing through it; but they were subsequently removed to the banks of the Tenasserim, where they founded the Pwo church of Ulah; and when the British government were seeking a

man suitable for the office of magistrate to the Karen nation, Christianity had wrought such a transforming influence on the life of Tong-dee, that government selected him as the head of all the Mergui Karens, in the valley of the Tenasserim; and there, this man, who was once a fettered convict on the Tavoy roads, and who listened so meekly to Mrs. Mason's instructions, has sat for many years distributing justice and preaching the gospel to his countrymen! And the young prophet, who was commissioned by Satan, to prohibit the people from listening to the gospel, is now a most valuable missionary assistant, proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ to Karens, Siamese, and Selungs. Thus:

> "The priest in full career
> Rides forth, an armed man, and hurls a spear
> To desecrate the fane which heretofore
> He served in folly—Woden falls, and Thor
> Is overturned;—
> Temple and altar sink, to hide their shame
> Amid oblivious weeds."

VIEW XI.

THE PARTING.

When Mrs. Mason, setting out on her long, lone voyage home, bade adieu to the native Christians on the shores of Tavoy, they mourned not lightly—

"No; they remembered well, how oft in lone
Secluded spots, she'd knelt with them, and wept,
And fervent prayed, that life eternal might be theirs.
When sickness came, how angel-like,
She hover'd round their wearied couch, and smoothed
Their anguish'd pillow; poured on them the balm
Of Heaven's own love."

But the parting hand had been given.

The moon had set in clouds, and the night was dreary and dark, when Mrs. Mason, myself, and children, passed out to sea in the little mission-boat, beneath the tall shadows of the precipices at Tavoy Point and Cap

Island. The wind blew in fresh from the seaward, the waves ran higher and higher as we proceeded, and in the intervals between the thunder-roar of the surf, was heard the loud, mournful bellowing of the night heron, called by the natives from its note, the sea-cow. The elements seemed to forbid our advance, all nature appeared to frown upon our plans. This impression was deepened in my mind as I stood up in the centre of the boat, and looked now on the unpropitious scenery around, and anon, on my little family sleeping at my feet. Had I been at the oars I should have dropped them, but the boatmen nerved themselves for their task, and brought up the boat to the top of every wave, like a sea-bird ; or broke through it with a dash, and a yell of defiance. They were not going forth to fling—voluntarily fling, all they held dear to themselves on earth, to the winds and the waves ; so on they went, and anchored near the low shore beyond, where it had been previously arranged by our kind commissioner, Mr. Blundell, that the steamer should come in on her return from Mergui,

and take up Mrs. Mason, and the children to Maulmain, on their way to America. I almost wished the captain of the steamer would fail to fulfil his appointment, and go by. But no, true to the hour, we saw the steamer throwing out her fire and smoke in the ocean a little after daylight; and shortly after we were lashed alongside. The closing scene was but the work of a moment. I embraced my children for the last time forever, implanted one more kiss upon the cheek of my companion, passed them up the accommodation ladder, and before I could wipe away the parting tear, the heavy surge of the machinery again set in motion, fell on my ear like "dust to dust" as it rattles on the coffin of the beloved.

It was some two years after this parting scene, and after Mrs. Mason had twice traversed the dark blue waters, and had laid her precious babes upon the altar of missions, that she wrote to a friend in America:

"We have heard of the tortures of the Inquisition, but I do not know that any could exceed this *self-sacrifice*. When I was leav-

ing my children, Lucy, who was old enough to understand something of her loss, clung around me, saying, 'other little girls have their mothers, and I want mine.'"

No female, without the martyr spirit, ought to become a missionary to the East. She will, in all probability, see times, when to lay down her life for those she loves, will seem a light thing, in comparison with that far beyond crushing agony of soul, and desolation of spirit which she must endure. Ask the fond mother as she looks down upon the cherub nestling in her bosom, with all the unfathomable yearnings of maternal affection, if less than the martyr spirit could nerve her arm to thrust away her darling, and put "half the convex world between." To commit it for life to the cold hands of strangers, where it will never more know a mother's love, and where it will forget to use that sweet word, "Mother!" which is never lisped without dipping into the deepest fount of feeling in the human heart. Ask sister Comstock, as she held her children "to her breast, imprinting upon them a *mother's* kiss,

and bestowing upon them a *mother's farewell*, no tears affording relief to her bursting heart, but her face and lips as pale as if life had retreated from its citadel, when, with the deepest feeling, but with Christian calmness, she said, '*This I do for Jesus my Saviour, this I do for the heathen.*' "

When Mrs. Comstock parted with her children in 1842, the announcement was made in the public prints under the head of "The Noble Mother;" but when Mrs. Mason left hers in America in 1838, a kind, unknown friend deemed it necessary to defend her in the newspapers from the charge of having "no more affection than a Sandwich Island mother." Such was the change in public opinion, in four short years! The retrospect affords encouragement to do right, though opposed and censured by the great, and the good, deeply painful as that opposition may be. And painful it is to bruised hearts. "The late Mrs. Osgood told me," wrote Mrs. Mason, in a letter to a relative, "that the first she felt of the complaint of which she afterwards died, was when

people spoke to her in an unkind and reflecting way about her leaving her *only child* in America. She said it produced a choking sensation in her throat."

In a letter to Mrs. Comstock, Mrs. Mason says, that even "the *jail* keeper's wife, a few rods from sister ——'s door, said she would not see such a woman, and when both happened to be in a meeting-house together, she took pains to leave the house before the benediction was pronounced, lest I should cross her path. It seems very unnatural for parents to trust their charge to other hands, and those who are not acquainted with the circumstances which compel us to do so, are not sparing of their censures. Some whom I met while in America, scarcely treated me with common civility, and yet never asked me one of my reasons for so doing.

I mention these things with the less reluctance because Mrs. Mason testified at the time she was in America, to the abundant sympathy she received in some circles, and attributed the want of sympathy in others only to

the want of knowledge. Writing to her husband, she said, "My motives have been misapprehended by persons uninformed of our reasons, but in every instance where the latter have been fully stated, I have found the warmest sympathy. The mothers of the Charles-street, and Federal-street Maternal Association, seemed ready to give me their hearts to help me bear my distresses. There was a universal burst of grief among them, and we mingled our tears together until I was quite exhausted."

Missionaries do not send home their children from a lack of parental affection, but from its abundance; not from the weakness of that feeling, but from its strength. Taylor has a passage in his "Home Education," quoted by Mrs. Mason in a letter to her mother, which describes clearly the kind of affection for their offspring which burns in the breasts of missionary parents that send their children home, "There is a parental affection," he says, "rational and steady, which may be quite sufficient to secure a consistent regard to the

welfare of a family ; *but there is an affection going very far beyond any such passive measured love.* There is a love of offspring that knows no restrictive reasons ; that extends to any length of personal suffering or toil ; a feeling of absolute self-renunciation, whenever the interests of children involve a compromise of the comfort or tastes of the parent. There is a love of children in which self-love is drowned ; a love which sees through, and casts aside every pretext of personal gratification, and steadily pursues the highest and most remote welfare of its object, with the determination at once of an animal instinct, and of a well-considered, rational purpose. *It is a feeling which possesses the energy of the most vehement passions, along with the calmness and appliancy of the gentlest affections.*"

As a specimen of feelings, I transcribe the following apostrophe to her youngest child, written on shipboard, during her return voyage :

"Sleep, lov'd one, sleep! thy gentle rest,
Ah! how unlike to mine!
What would I give, could once my breast
But beat as light as thine.

Sweet flow'ret! might the storms of life,
But spend their wrath on me;
Glad would I bear their wildest strife,
And smile to think of thee.

Heaven shield thee, tender little rose,
As thy soft beauties spread;
And temper every wind that blows,
To thy defenceless head."

"O, my darling, you will never know how many hours your mother has wept at the loss of you.—How many times her pillow has been wet, because you were not there to share it with her.—Nor how many prayers she has offered for your welfare. You saw her not, when she in her unutterable agony knelt beside your cradle, and gave you up to God, before she left you. No, your sleep was as quiet that morning as ever, and your heart as light when you awoke. It grieves me, *distresses me*, to think I may never hear you call me

mother ; never teach you how to pray ; never minister to your wants, nor soothe your sorrows. God grant that others may be disposed to do for you, that which I would gladly do. *It is not want of love that has separated us.* If you will love God as I love you, you will always be happy."

"*Tears will flow*," she wrote to a friend, "when I think of them, but Christ supports me. Nothing, *nothing* I have ever met with, bears any comparison to the scene of going to Sarah's cradle for the *last time*, when she lay asleep. I lay out little Henry with my own hands, for want of a friend to do it for me, but that was nothing compared with giving up Sarah. My judgment still approves the step, but my feelings always murmur. Well do I know how to sympathize with Jochabed, when she wove the ark of rushes, and laid her little Moses among the flags."

When in prospect of death she was making dying bequests to her friends, she selected a plain pencil-case for this child, for the sake of

the motto engraven on the seal affixed to one end; and which reads,

"FORGET THEE! NO!"

There was also the sundering of other ties to add anguish to her riven spirit. The second parting from her widowed mother seemed even more bitter than the first; and the recollection of her kindness in sacrificing ease and comfort, in order to take charge of our own dear children, often brought the tear to her cheek.

To her youngest sister she wrote: "We, as a band of sisters, may be less in number than the daughters of Atlas, yet are we as closely united. Oh!

> "'Turn to the sister Pleiades, and ask
> If there be grief in heaven? A blight to fall
> Upon the brightness of unfrosted hair?
> A severing of fond hearts?'

"But 'tears are our birthright,' and your weeping eyes, your anguished look, your waving kerchief, are now before me. I stood, and

gazed until it was impossible to distinguish one form from another, and when the last carriage started, tears rushed to my eyes, as though the pall had been thrown over my last friend. I could not help drawing a contrast between my first and second departure. Then, when all others had taken leave,

> "'I turned
> To him who was to be sole shelter then,
> And placed my hand in his.'

But now I was desolate as the last leaf of autumn."

VIEW XII.

JUNGLE SCHOOLS.

The first years after Mrs. Mason joined the mission, when the Christians were confined to the eastern section of Tavoy, there were but three jungle schools in operation; but in subsequent years, until a moiety was set off to Mergui, there were twelve schools among the southern Karens alone;* and all these were,

* Within the sixteen years of Mrs. Mason's missionary life, the Tavoy missionaries established and sustained day schools, for a longer or a shorter period, in the following Karen villages or hamlets: Tshiek-koo, Kway-tha, or Panamee upper and lower villages, Koon-tha, Nya-li-kyi, Nya-pauk-taung, or Ta-khe-hta, Mata, Kyet-pwey, Ya-kyn, Tha-lu, or Lung-lung, and Wa-gung, in the eastern section of the province; Newville, Ya, and Yaville, in the northern district; and Toungbyouk, Pai, Palouk, Patsauoo, Pyee-khya, Lo, Nau-tsa-hay, Little Pyee-khya, Head-waters of Pyee-khya, Tamemnatsa, Head-waters of Palaw, Katay, Kapa, or Thimbong, Kabin, Ma-

to a great extent, in Mrs. Mason's charge. She constantly gave instruction to the teachers, supplied them with books, pencils, and all necessary articles, and sometimes visited them in their districts, and occasionally a part of the pupils came to her in town.

These nurseries formed rallying points, around which the people clustered—lights on their mountain-tops, and lamps in their hidden glens, to which they thronged for illumination; and the teachers soon learned the importance of their positions, and the necessity of applying themselves to the acquisition of knowledge, in order to sustain their influence with the people. Among other things, they made some proficiency in the study of medicine. During the early years of Mrs. Mason's missionary life, she had oftentimes to spend hours with applicants from the jungles for the sick. Each case had to be inquired into, minute directions given, and the prescriptions measured from

zan, or Patsau, Tamla, Yaboo, Teewa, and Tsarawa, in southern Tavoy and Mergui. From twenty-six of these out stations, more or less converts have been gathered into the church.

the mission stores; but during her latter years, the schoolmasters were almost the only applicants, and they came with the marked prices of the drugs they required in hand, thus saving many dollars annually to the mission. During one of my excursions, I received thirteen rupees for medicine, and orders for thirty more. A like spirit was manifested in other things. After it was known that the Karen hymn-book was out of press, the three little villages of Pyee-khya, Patsauoo, and Palouk, alone purchased nearly one hundred copies, while at the same time they provided their schoolmaster with his house, and nearly all his food, and furnished a list of subscribers to the missionary society, of about three hundred names. It is true the sums contributed by each were small, but the fact that so many were interested in giving anything, was an encouraging feature in the mission.

The teachers of these schools, being always of their own nation, they fostered a spirit of independence, and intrepidity, and the youth trained in them came out not "overgrown

children," but men. Many valuable assistants were thus raised up, one of which I have now in mind, a member of the school at Patsauoo.

This village is in a pleasant, retired valley, deriving its name from the little stream that waters it, which is an arm of the Palouk river. It was a sultry afternoon, the thermometer standing, as is usual in the hot months, at about 90° in the shade, when I first wended up through the long areca groves, stopping at every cabin, and preaching the gospel to all who would listen. At one time, the congregation would be two or three tall, slim figures, seated upon the floor, at their footless spinning-wheels, or buckled to the woof of their little frameless looms; at another time, a troop of mirthful, gazelle-eyed maidens warping their pieces upon a few sticks of bamboo, stuck into the ground beneath the shade of a lofty mango. Again, it would, perhaps, be the heads of a family cropping betel-leaves, surrounded by a full complement of obstreperous children; or, a brawny, half-naked basket-weaver, swinging the hammock of his noisy babe, while his wife

was grinding rice for their meal. The people were more permanently located there than is usual with Sgaus, and were surrounded with buffaloes, and paddy-fields. They made no objections to the gospel, but presented one aspect, and one only, that of withering indifference,—the aspect which so often sends a chill to the heart of the missionary abroad, and of the minister at home. However, an assistant was placed there, and a school established; and better than our hopes, God, in infinite mercy, poured out his Spirit, and in a few years, *every house became a house of prayer;* and, at the time of Mrs. Mason's death, there was a church in the valley of seventy-nine members, all in good standing.

On one occasion, having been escorted by the pupils of Patsauoo school, several miles to my boat in Palouk river, they heard that I was going up to a Burman village, and should not go out to sea until next day. Nothing was said, but the day following, when near the mouth of the river, the boatman says, "Teacher, some one is calling from the opposite

bank." I told them to pull, for I knew no one could be doing anything there, it being a place of mud and sharp excrescences, like cypress knees in miniature, which rendered it painful walking. We had passed the place pointed out, when, on looking beneath the drooping drapery of the petalless Sonneratia, I saw a pupil of Patsauoo school, with a joint of the gigantic bamboo, full of milk for me. This lad had come, unsolicited, several miles' travel, over a way, to walk which was next to impossible, in order to gratify his teacher with a little buffalo's milk, knowing that at sea it would be particularly acceptable. He was subsequently baptized, and was an ornament to his jungle school, where he learned all the elementary branches of a Karen education.

A few years went by, and an assistant was required, from my theological school, for a church in the province of Mergui, in very peculiar circumstances. Who should go? Who would leave father and mother, brother and sister, and go forth a missionary to his perishing brethren? The subject was prayed over,

and the lot fell upon the jungle milk-boy of Patsanoo—it being believed that he above, all others, possessed that "*meekness of wisdom*" necessary for the pastor of a distracted people, and for which he was much indebted to the example of his teacheress. Subsequent years have shown that the selection did honor to the judgment of Mrs. Mason in recommending the appointment. He succeeded in strengthening the things that were ready to perish, and in bringing harmony out of discord. Three different missionaries have, in their turn, been placed "over him in the Lord," and their unanimous testimony has been, "We find no fault in this man."

This is one specimen of the fruit of jungle schools, but there were some "devout women" also, raised up from among them. One was from Palaw, the most difficult village of access that was ever ferreted out by a missionary. It is literally embosomed in mountains, with a single narrow gorge, through which foams and roars the wild mountain torrent. The easiest mode of access is by crossing over on two

lofty spurs of the range, following up the course of one stream, and descending by another that is a tributary of Palaw river, and falls into it a few miles below the village. The ascending stream often falls in cascades of more than fifty feet at a single leap, and when there are a long series of these water-falls, the path on the bank is up and up, from rock to rock, like ascending the steps of a tower. At the highest point to be reached is a level space of table-land, covered with an impenetrable undergrowth, so that there is no possible path but the body of the stream, which is often several feet deep. The descent on the other side is scarce less difficult than the ascent, and is seldom performed without sundry falls and bruises. But when the high-land vale is reached, where the wild Karens, like the hornbills, have perched their nests, a scene is presented of surpassing grandeur and beauty, where the lover of rural sights and sounds may have his soul flooded with the melody of nature ; melody piped from the lofty

beetled rocks that frown above him, down to the springing crinum at his feet.

On my first visit to these mountain rangers, they appeared favorable to Christianity, but no saving influences seemed to rest upon them for several years. A few broke away from their intemperate habits, but, though they often promised to abandon nat-offerings, they as often broke their promises. And had it not been a rule in my mission labors to follow up all who appeared favorable to Christianity, however difficult of access, until they either received or rejected it, this skyey glen would long ere this have been abandoned.

I was discussing in my mind the wisdom of spending so much time and strength, in so fruitless a field, one morning after a journey of clambering toil, when a Karen girl in the distance was heard calling out to another: "The teacher has come, and I am so glad that the rice would not go down my throat this morning!" Never fell words on the ears of a weary, dispirited missionary more soothingly, more musically, or with more thrilling effect

than did those. Her language seemed sent from heaven to reprove our weakness of faith, and to cheer our fainting hopes.

In 1846, the glen of Palaw was echoing with the songs of Zion, wafted up from a little church of seventeen members, one of whom was a promising young preacher, with five applicants for baptism; and the number of unbelievers left in the place did not exceed those professing Christianity. And these results were much to be attributed to that interesting Karen girl, the first child of that glen to embrace the religion of Jesus.

About the time the gospel first reached Palaw village, this young maiden was left motherless, with the care of an infant brother, and other young members of her family. She would gladly have come into town for instruction, and no one more rejoiced than she did when a school was commenced in her native hamlet. Many and varied as were her domestic cares for so young a girl, yet, she was not one to plead them as an excuse for not attending school. The very first season after a

schoolmaster was located in her neighborhood, she learned to read and write, and diligently improved every moment of leisure. Whenever any of the assistants visited her place she was always plying them with questions, and begging for instruction. At one time, she would have a long list of difficult passages from Mr. Wade's Epitome of the Old Testament, at another time, hard questions in arithmetic. So she continued seeking knowledge, yet without neglecting her home duties, until she became a very intelligent Christian ; but she was not content to sit down in the enjoyment of religion, and read her portions of Scripture alone, but went about daily among the children of the forest, soothing the afflicted, relieving the distressed, and everywhere exerting all her influence in favor of the Christian religion.

Though this young woman received all her education in her native wilds, yet Mrs. Mason remarked, that she would rank, in every respect, with the best pupils of the city boarding-schools. Nor did her education cost the mission so much as five dollars, for the assistant

in her district was also the schoolmaster, and received a great part of his living from the people, so that he was never paid more than about two dollars per month from the mission.

These results of the jungle schools were particularly cheering to Mrs. Mason, when it was recollected that at the time of her first excursion to the jungles, none of these people had ever seen a missionary in their native hamlets; and it was after one of her tours to their villages, that she wrote to a friend, in allusion to the changed aspect of the people: "It is truly encouraging to go about, and see what a change the introduction of the gospel has made. Instead of drunkenness, we meet with sobriety; instead of bickerings and fightings, all is harmony and love; and instead of total darkness, we meet in every village with some who can read the holy Scriptures."

VIEW XIII.

THE SGAU CHIEFTAIN.

A HUNDRED armed Karens were scattered in small parties, each with its chief, as sharp-shooters beneath the walls of Mergui, and were pouring volley after volley upon the British troops, as they neared the shore in their boats, the morning before they took the city in 1825. But the boats moored, and out leaped the men, answering the fire with deadly aim. At this time, a tall, majestic figure was seen passing from one Karen post to another, rallying and encouraging the men, who were all manifestly under his authority. Born to command, was written on his high, dark brow, and his whole mien spoke him one of nature's nobility. The Karens were soon in the midst of two fires, the British facing them, and the Burmans on the city walls behind them, and

it was expected every moment that their chieftain would fall beneath the storm of bullets that flew like hail around him. But he walked unscathed, because God threw his armor about him—because the king of heaven had a command for him in reserve in the life-giving wars of Christianity.

It may not be wholly irrelevant to introduce here this man's story, as he with his family constituted one of the rich clusters growing along the side of Mrs. Mason's mission pathway.

Some years had gone by after the siege of Mergui, when one sunny afternoon, on returning from a preaching excursion among the Burmese, the first object that my eye rested upon on entering our Tavoy cottage, was this fiery-eyed chieftain, seated like a child at Mrs. Mason's feet. He was pleading earnestly with the teacheress to go down to his village and visit the Karens there, and in the neighboring region. "We have heard of Christianity," he said, "and it seems to us something wonderful. We do not understand it, and yet it seems

to be the thing we want, the thing we have many years longed for. Come, teacher," "come to our jungle homes, and preach to us on our native streams. Many will believe. I have a Burman wife, and I have daughters, and sons-in-law, and brothers, and nephews, all of whom will become Christians as well as myself, as soon as we really understand."

It was a pleasant afternoon in the cool season next succeeding this visit, that the teacher and his company were resting beneath the dark shadows of a clump of liquid amber trees, on the banks of a crystal stream, on which were floating like water-lilies innumerable, large flowered crinums, baptizing with their fragrance the drooping willows, that cast the mantle of their shadows upon them. Pyee-khya was still half a day's journey distant, and darkness would overtake us in less than half that time. While discussing the difficulties of our situation, two Karens came up and informed us, that a large portion of the settlement were at a funeral feast, two hours' walk out of the principal path, and near the sources of the stream by

which we were seated. We were soon on our feet, following the new guides through a thick forest of graceful gamboge-trees, and tall, wild dorians, interspersed with the elegant pensile flowering shrub, the nodding clerodendron.

Darkness had mantled the horizon, when we found ourselves in the midst of a large encampment of Karens; and as soon as it was announced that the teacher had arrived, half a dozen men with their blazing wood-oil torches were before me, leading us to a comfortable little zayat. There we took up our abode for forty-eight hours; and during all that time, nearly, night and day, were listeners to the gospel present, as it was proclaimed by the teacher and his assistants; and during all that time, too, the sound of revelry, and the song, and the solemn step of the bands marching round the sacred bones, were ringing in the ear.

That year we failed of reaching the great chief's residence, but we found at the feast two who professed their belief in the gospel amid the surrounding turmoil, and who ever after, to the close of their lives, gave undoubted

evidence of the genuineness of their faith. Another year led us to the chief's dwelling, but he obtained light and strength slowly, and felt his way continually before daring to step. But when this man had once decided, he never turned back. He went on in this way for five or six successive years before he was wholly clear of the trammels of heathenism, and stood forth Christ's freed man.

For *five years* I travelled throughout the length and breadth of Pyee-khya before there was a single soul baptized! And this chieftain was not quite ready even then; but soon after he was made willing through the Spirit of God to give up all for Christ; and from that time down to his dotage he was the most efficient laborer we ever had among the Mergui and southern Tavoy Karens. He labored of his own accord, and out of pure love for souls, never having been employed, or reported as an assistant. Mostly through his efforts, I was permitted to baptize at different times, and in different localities, his intelligent wife, two daughters, two sons-in-law, two or three broth-

ers, and an unknown number of grandchildren, nephews, and other relatives. Nearly all within his influence—and his was second to none—were made to feel the power of Christianity.

Mrs. Mason repeatedly visited the chieftain at his jungle-home, and had, at different times, several of his descendants under her instructions. While in his hamlet on one occasion, she wrote, "The old man, formerly head of the Mergui Karens, has appeared uncommonly well, and is now gone to bring his unconverted brother." The last time I saw him was two years after Mrs. Mason's notice, when he had just returned from another visit to that same brother. His tall form, now doubled like a withered leaf, was on the back of a young man. His brother's dwelling was a long day's journey distant; and most of the journey had been performed, as he told me, as I saw him, on the back of his grandson! The lad was a fine, intelligent Christian youth, and my admiration of the willingness manifested, to perform such fatiguing service to carry the gospel

to a hardened old sinner, who had heard it more than a hundred times, was only equalled by the zeal of the old man, who seemed to forget his aching bones in the delight he felt at having once more exhorted his brother, and seen in him some hopeful appearances. "*I can't die*," he exclaimed at the close of his relation to me, while a gleam of his youthful fire glowed through his feeble frame,—"*I can't die, till I see my brother converted!*"

VIEW XIV.

THE CAMP MEETING.

"Mr. Mason, myself, and the children," wrote Mrs. Mason, "are all going to Pyeekhya, a Karen village in the Mergui province. We shall not have passage in a steamboat, and be found, but in a Burman paddy boat, with a floor sunk down to sleep upon, and a thatch roof over our heads. About two hundred of the Karen church members live in that region, and this will be the yearly pastoral visit, and also intended to be a 'protracted meeting.'"

The boat was like, and yet unlike a common native boat, and the air of oddity about it drew more observation than would a regularly built English vessel. The old mission-boat had been declared unseaworthy, so the mission purchased this, a hull, unfitted up, for which

we gave one hundred rupees, and paid for it from the profits of a small edition of "Ko-Tha-byu," which Mr. Bennett printed and sold. Had it been registered, it would have been named the "Ko-Tha-byu," for it was devoted indirectly to a work—the preaching of the gospel, in which it was his meat and drink to labor with untiring zeal, down to the latest hour of his life. When it came into my hands it was a large canoe of hopea, raised on each side with two or three flaring boards, about forty feet long, by eight or nine on the beam. Over some twelve or fifteen feet of the hind part of the boat, I had a roof of nipa palm leaves erected, sufficiently high to stand under, and fitted up on the sides with rude bamboo seats, or lockers. The space between the roof and the top of the boat served for windows, and made the cabin airy. This was Mrs. Mason's home, with her three children, for the voyage; and though not quite so comfortable as a North River steamer, was a great improvement on anything she had ever had to journey in before.

The sun was sinking behind the undulating outline of Tavoy Island, six miles distant, when we dropped anchor opposite to the mouth of Palouk river, four miles out to sea. The sea is here studded with islands, all of which are mountainous ridges, with here and there a sandy cove and cool spring. Tavoy Island, called by the Burmese *Melu-zune*, Jasmine Isle, is the largest, and though fifteen miles long, with hills rising from the water's edge, from two to three thousand feet, its average breadth is not more than two miles. A pretty knoll, a few miles south of the anchorage, has the Burman name of Kune-hla, *Handsome Isle;* and north-east of this is a larger island between the mouths of Palouk and Pyee-khya rivers, while rocky islets, like green emeralds amid the foaming breakers, dimple the coast both north and south. On the east, just peeping out of the dark, solemn forest is a white, sandy beach, rising above which is a small fishing village; and beyond the beach at no great distance, north and south of each other, are two solitary hills, differing in no respect

from the islands out at sea, excepting that those are surrounded by water, and those by mangrove swamps. Wide passages for boats around them still remain, as evidence that they were once sea-islets like their associates.

Beyond all this profusion of insular scenery, from twenty to thirty miles' distance, the magnificent range of mountains, which divides the waters of the Tenasserim from those falling into the sea, are seen from three to five thousand feet high, and at close of day, they reflect the parting rays of the setting sun in a sea of splendor, and seem not more than a morning's walk to their summits.

Nearly east, several peaks rise up as perfectly sharp-pointed cones, as the geometrician can draw; and north of these, looms up from its broad base the highest mountain in the province, and I think the highest I have seen in the country. This mountain gives rise to the Tenasserim, which flows north until it reaches Mata, where it is joined by the north branch, when their united waters take a southerly course, and fall into the sea by several

mouths at Mergui. The large globular base of this monarch mountain is capped by an inaccessible peak, apparently as much as one or two thousand feet high, and on the face of this precipice, twenty-five miles distant, is plainly discernible with the naked eye, a white streak like a foaming cataract, yet having its origin in the very summit of the range, it cannot be water. I should think it a mass of mural limestone, had I not crossed this central ridge in six or seven different points, and always found it composed of clay-slate, greenstone-slate, and granite, with the limestone down in the valleys outside.

The boat lay on the edge of a dangerous sand, some twelve miles long, by four or five in width, and the way across could only be tracked by daylight, with a rising tide, so it was not until after sunrise that she was again got under way. As she moved in, a breeze from the north-east sprung up, so that it was with difficulty we got into harbor abreast of the fishing village; and it was not until the next day that we succeeded in getting into the

mouth of Pyee-khya river. A few years before, Mrs. Mason had lain four days a few hundred yards from this anchorage, on her way to assist me at Pyee-khya, but the wind arrested her course, and blew so incessantly, that forward she could not go, so she put back again for Tavoy, but came so near being swamped out at sea, that her old experienced boatman said he was never so much afraid of being lost in all his life as on that occasion. Two or three years previous, the east wind carried out Mrs. Bennett between Tavoy Point and Tavoy Island, into the open ocean, while in this same boat, and she was not able to make the coast again until after passing the lower point of King's Island, below Mergui; and all the time was in hourly danger of being swallowed up by the waves.

The landing was reached about half a mile from the village, in the middle of the night, and the first sight that met Mrs. Mason's eyes in the morning was more than a hundred happy Christian faces, male and female, looking down upon her from the high bank. No

sooner was the signal given for removal, than one picked up a child, another a box, a third a bundle of bedding, and so on; so instantaneously, that the boat was emptied with a simultaneous movement, as if by magic; and in the cool freshness of the morning, while the mists still threw down their refreshing shades, she was able to walk up slowly to the zayat without much fatigue. Her path was a winding way, fringed by the feathery, silver plumes of the wild sugar-cane, the sweet-smelling cone of the clerodendron, the purple flowers of the melastoma, a plant strongly resembling the American rhexia, and the thick clumps of the cardamom plants; with here a vateria-tree throwing down a balmy fragrance from the thick bunches of her pure white flowers, then in full bloom, and there a climbing jasmine, swinging in the breeze her thick clusters in our faces.

In some places the path was strown with the handsome fringed petals, macled with pink and white, of a species of bignomia, a flower which Mrs. Mason said reminded her of

a magnificent catalpa, that flung its shadows over the home of her childhood.

> "And as in forts to which beleaguerers win
> Unhoped for entrance, through some friend within,
> One clear idea awakened in the breast,
> By memory's magic, lets in all the rest."

In some places she looked down from a perpendicular bank on the deep, still, transparent waters below, where the barbels in their large burnished scales of gold and green, were playing innumerable; in others the path was by the margin of a pebbly brook, where the minute loaches might be seen darting about close to the bottom, and the little purple streaked breams, dimpling the surface in pursuit of insects. The green bee-eater was laving her glittering plumage in the limpid stream, the white-browed fantail flitting from spray to spray, while in the tree-tops the little red-rumpt lorikeet lifted up her child-like voice, and in the distance the quiet coo of the turtle-dove spoke peace to her soul.

The place of meeting was a plain in the

forks of the great and little Pyee-khya rivers, or more properly rivulets, surrounded nearly on every side by low ranges of hills through the gorges of which the streams worm their way. On the margin of the village a large shed had been erected for a meeting-house, and the usual place of assembly had been partitioned off for a temporary dwelling for the teachers and teacheress. On the banks of the nearest stream, each beneath the cool shade of a clump of bamboos, were erected numerous booths filled with families, that had come in from the neighboring villages, and who constituted the principal part of the congregation; so our assembly was more of a camp-meeting, as terms are used in America, than a "protracted meeting."

Here Mrs. Mason spent three or four weeks, devoting her time exclusively to religious conversation, praying, and singing praises. We had large and attentive congregations to unite with us, and the quiet influences of the blessed Spirit in our midst, "as the dew of Hermon," if not like "the river of God." No wonders

were performed at the meeting, but good was done; not the awakening of mere transient emotions, but the arousing of the deep current of the soul, which at the distance of several years still runs on, diffusing moral health and vigor. It has been a characteristic feature of these meetings, that much more has been done in deepening the work of grace on the hearts of Christians, than in conversions from the world; and this is what is universally more and more needed. The church to be an efficient instrument in the conversion of the world, must be herself more like what she asks others to be. She must bring forth more of the fruits of the Spirit, before it will be poured out abundantly in answer to her prayers; her arm must be nerved by more of the Spirit's strength, before she can wield effectively the sword of the Spirit.

During the meeting Mrs. Mason wrote under different dates: "The elderly women came again, and there was much evidence of the presence of the Spirit of Truth. Several wept, and felt much in prayer; they were evidently

deeply affected, as were also two others who related their experience. The Lord is with us of a truth."—"Near three hundred at worship, and several gave in their names as resolved to become Christians."—"Had a season alone that will long be remembered."—"Had the children with me, and about fifteen said they wished to become Christians."—"The afternoon was devoted to prayer in private by all, and the Holy Spirit descended, and helped us,—was more assisted myself to-day than at any previous time since I came. Appearances have been more favorable among the people from that day to this. Sins have been confessed, and humiliation manifested."—"Early in the afternoon an elderly man and his wife came to set down their names as those resolved to become Christians. No one had called them, and the power of God was manifest."

Writing of this meeting to a friend, she says, "There were not the distinct features of a revival that there were last year, but the Christians were much awakened, and we see an increase of piety which promises not to be

of the usual evanescent character. Some of the women seemed to have more true piety than any with whom I have been acquainted. They said they had been enabled to live near to God the past year, and had gained the victory over their evil propensities beyond what they had ever done before.

"Some sinners were hopefully converted—thirty-five were baptized; but the recent converts were deferred to another year."

When on her dying bed, quoting Toplady's incomparable hymn, she said,

> "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee."

And continued, "If ever sinner got into that cleft, I did while at Pyee-khya. You and Br. Vinton had been conversing together about that hymn, and when you went to meeting, I remained behind in the house. That was a memorable occasion. One *long* to be remembered."

VIEW XV.

SHADED LABORS.

Mrs. Mason entered her Mission path a working Christian, and such she continued eminently to be, until her strength failed at the portals of death; but her labors often lay under the pall of shadows.

Before she could teach efficiently in the native languages, she assisted in the English and Burmese school, taught by Mrs. Boardman, but on that lady's removal to Maulmain, the school was discontinued, and never again resumed. Up to this time, there had been but few native teachers, and as it was particularly desirable to increase their number, and qualifications, a few of the most suitable candidates were collected together into a school, and to this school Mrs. Mason immediately directed her attention; rendering much valua-

ble service, by teaching the assistants' wives, nursing the sick, and by superintending the boarding and clothing of the pupils. The ensuing year, Mr. Wade having joined the station, this school was merged in the one commenced by Mrs. Wade, in which Mrs. Mason often taught. In one of her letters she says, "I have three classes a day from Mrs. Wade's boarding-school; Mr. Mason also has one in addition to his book-making."

When the theological seminary for Karen assistants was established in 1842, Mrs. Mason cordially gave her time and influence to that; and during the rainy seasons of the three successive years that it remained in my charge, and the fourth year, when a Pwo school was in operation, up to her last illness, she attended to all the concerns of the boarding department, taught the students' wives, gave frequent instruction in arithmetic, and while the terms continued, gave the students daily lessons in geography. This last study she succeeded in making particularly interesting; and by the aid of English maps, and

plates of natural history, which she always kept before them during recitations, she impressed upon their minds many ideas not communicable by printer's types. "I have been assisting Mr. Mason," she wrote about this period, "by taking charge of all the domestic affairs of the seminary, and by teaching the students geography, together with twenty pupils, one hour a day, from Mr. Bennett's school. On Sunday afternoons I have had some of the impenitent boys from Mr. Bennett's school to converse with respecting their immediate conversion. Some, we trust, have been born again, and several have applied for baptism."

Mrs. Mason's constitution was extremely delicate, and she was often compelled to linger in town while others could go forth to teach the natives in their own villages. During one of those lonely seasons, her anxiety to go out was so great, that she called up a few Burmans, and taking her two children, was soon out to sea in her frail bark, and on her way to Pyee-khya. Alluding to her disappointment on that occasion, and the illness which followed,

she says, "I was attacked with jungle fever before reaching the place, and compelled to return home; though to a home in many respects cheerless, my husband, the Wades, and Miss Gardner being all away among the Karens, and no lady in Tavoy."

During one dry season, she had a school of young maidens from the southern churches several months in her charge, and during another season, she aided Mrs. Wade in a similar school of Karen girls from the eastern parish. It was while engaged in the latter, two years before her death that she wrote: "Yesterday was a day of deep interest here. I had the whole school to an inquiry meeting, in the afternoon, as I used to have the boys in the rains; and again this afternoon, after the geography lesson was over. Do 'pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified even as it is with you.' It is delightful work to labor to win souls to Christ. May we not hope, that, while we are trying to bring Karens to the Saviour, some one will

take Lucy and Albert,* and lead them to the gospel pool? Let us pray for it."

A day or two later she writes, "The pupils appear quite as interesting to-day, if not more so, than any day before. If we cannot go with you into the villages, and labor for the people at their homes, it is pleasant to have them come to us to receive instruction, which, with the blessing of God, may save their souls.

In another letter of a date a few days subsequent to the above, she says, "In the afternoon we had our prayer meeting as usual, and we felt that we had help from above. Friday was a quiet day, and we had more evidence of the Spirit's work on the hearts of the Karen children, than ever before. Eleven professed to have received the forgiveness of their sins. Saturday was also a solemn day, and two more, who were not in on Friday, think they have obtained new hearts, and two more, who were not satisfied on the point, and went away to pray on Friday night, now say, they should not be afraid to die, as they think their sins

* Her two children then in America.

are all forgiven them. Happy company! Fifteen precious souls, brought into the kingdom, as we have reason to think, in a few days. These are nearly all who have appeared at all serious. There are several careless ones, but they are very young. Last evening, Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Bennett, and myself, met together to pray for ourselves and our charge, and this morning a fast was observed, the same as last Sabbath."

While alone in the city another rainy season, the parents of a pupil belonging to one of the Burmese day-schools, were induced to attend upon her instructions, and profess faith in Christ. They were soon after baptized, and have ever been steadfast Christians. Referring to this family Mrs. Wade wrote: "The conversion of Moung Kai, when we were all in the jungles one season, I always thought *remarkable*, and that it was through her instrumentality alone; and all who have been baptized from that family, I always thought of as *her converts*, besides the little one of the family who died trusting in Christ."

Mrs. Mason was never happier than when imparting instruction to her dusky sisters, and encouraging them on in a course of holy living, yet she was ever willing to do small things, and worked with the same cheerfnl spirit in the shade as in the light. It was often her pleasure to relieve me of proof-reading, when printing my Karen grammar in Sgau, Pwo, and English; and she frequently did the same for the "Morning Star," a newspaper commenced in Tavoy in 1842;* and by her earnest co-operation in every plan for usefulness, she did much to promote the formation of the Tavoy Missionary Society in 1833. The practicability of such a society on the coast, had been doubted, until it was suggested by two praying brethren at the station; one of whom sold his horse, thinking it too great a luxury to keep, and paid *fifteen* rupees per month to the society. Having a large family to support, and his pay small, he was advised to make a less subscription, but no, "It is my *privilege*," said he, "to pay fifteen rupees

* This is the oldest native newspaper in Farther India.

per month." And what was the result? Did his family suffer? No! "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." In a few months after he commenced casting into the Lord's treasury, he suddenly and unexpectedly received a promotion, doubling his former pay, and from that time, the leaves of prosperity have fallen thickly over his habitation, covering it with peace and plenty.

Mrs. Mason was enough of a philologist to acquire the Burmese and Sgau Karen languages, so as to teach and write in both; and though her varied employments prevented her bestowing much time upon the preparation of books, yet she has left for the Karen youth a "geography," the only work on the subject ever printed in the language, which is in general use at all the stations, and of which there has been recently printed a new edition. She also translated into Karen, "Colburn's Mental Arithmetic," with pictorial illustrations; and in Burmese, she prepared small histories of Samuel, David, and Elijah; all of which have been found useful helps in the Burman schools.

During the early years of her residence on the coast, she frequently accompanied me to the highland districts, where the only road was the bed of a mountain torrent; for the Karens, in order to seclude themselves as much as possible from observation, often build their cabins where nature has wrapt herself in savage wildness—on the most craggy summits, and in the most secret dells—traceable only by the murmuring brooks that come leaping from their rocky boundaries. From Toungbyouk river to the delta of the Tenasserim on the south, and from twenty miles north of the city, to the head-waters of Tavoy river, the country had never been explored; but before her death, Mrs. Mason had gone from house to house, among the highest settlements on the northern frontier; and had visited Burman, Taling, and Karen hamlets, from the sea-board to the farthest Karen villages west of Siam. And her name is indissolubly associated with the preparatory labors involved in the formation of the first churches at Toungbyouk, Palouk, Patsauoo, Pyee-khya, Palaw head-waters, Pa-

law Pwo church, Katay, Kapa, Kabin, and in the interior valley of the Tenasserim at Tamla.

Thus Mrs. Mason walked calmly and unfalteringly on, over the pleasing vales and gloomy hills of her mission path—now rejoicing in its glorious colorings,—and now watering its desolateness with tears. But at all points, through lights and shades, scattering the seeds of love, and toiling unweariedly, yet unobtrusively, to bring into bloom the immortal plants of pagan India—the same dark, withered, scathed plants as border the pathways of every woman of the Burman mission—a misson, over which the Sun of Righteousness hath risen with morning brightness, pouring down his illuminating beams, and cheering the hearts of its benefactors with many a cluster of golden fruit.

The baptismal records show additions to the church from the Burmans, the Talings, the Toung-thus, the Pwos, the Sgaus, and the Selungs. Nor have the foreigners been wholly neglected. The missionaries have visited the

baptismal waters with Hindus and Muhammadans, Chinese, and Shans, and the writer once baptized a Kyen. Europeans and Eurasians, the private soldier and his commanding officer, have gone with the converted heathen to where "much water" is, and put on Christ by baptism. The mountains of Hindustan, the plains of the Punjaub, and the barracks of many a military depot, are vocal with the prayers of those who first learned to pray on the Tenasserim coast. The American Baptist missionaries to Burmah have results of their labors here in at least four regiments that have gone home to the three kingdoms, in the universities of America, and in the ministry at the "far west." One of their converts, the colonel of a British regiment, lately paid the passage of a missionary from England to Madras, to watch mainly over those who, like himself, had been converted in the Tenasserim provinces.

The languages of wild tribes have been reduced to writing; a good moral and scientific literature created; hundreds, not to say thou-

sands of the people, have learned to read and write, some have become better acquainted with mathematics than many common school teachers in Europe, and a few have become pastors, and preachers, who would hold a respectable standing among clergymen in Europe or America.

On looking at these facts, the questions arise, can these churches, and schools, for which Christians have toiled, and hearts have bled, ever lose their vitality? Can the sunshine hues that now skirt the horizon of Daonăe, ever pale, and fade down in the surrounding blackness? But we have only to glance our eyes over the mission-fields of the primitive Christians, and to the churches founded by the apostles, to be convinced, that these Christian assemblies may, indeed, vanish away; or they may be gloomed by the dark pall of infidelity; or they may sink into slumberous, medieval darkness—but not while the peal of prayer from the American churches is heard in heaven—not while the incense of consecrated "mites" is wafted up from their

mission treasury; not while Christian men and women clad in the panoply of love, shall thrust from them ease, wealth, and honor, and lay down their lives in this burning clime, for perishing souls.

No, the American mission to Burmah, like a living fountain, will continue to pour its fertilizing waters over the seared shores of paganism; and though now is seen only here and there a glimmering stream of righteousness, yet these streams will widen and lengthen, and mingle, and roll, until the glorious sea of Christianity shall sweep over the land; and the millennial aurora, so long hung around the visions of these border tribes, shall burst into one eternal flood of day.

Then, peal, ye wild billows! o'er foam-pillars sounding!
Roll, jubilant chords to all nations surrounding;
On! sound the high anthem to valley and mountain,
And tell how the death-cords are lifted and riven,
How pagans exult over Mercy's free fountain,
And pour grateful praises, sweet incense, to heaven!

And ye, choral breezes! with pean-tones thronging,
The convert's glad song on your pinions prolonging!
Tune, tune, for the systems of Darkness are reeling,
And Buddha like mighty Taaroa shall fall;

Peguans and Burmans to Jesus are kneeling,
Triumphantly rending Idolatry's pall.

Auspicious, high radiant choirs are descending,
O'er dim eastern jungles their symphonies blending;
Around the Karens rosy wings are infolding,
Like rainbows that hung o'er the seers who are gone:
A glorious day in perspective beholding,
Ten thousands bid welcome the bright-footed Dawn.

Though Gaudama's bells are beguiling these nations*
With mystical chimings and soft intonations,
Yet soon Zion's harps shall sweep over their glory,
And hush their wild cadence o'er mountain and vale;
Already Bassein, hymning Calvary's story,
Bids brightening Tenasserim joyously "hail!"

Then, chaunt to Jehovah, ye "thirty blest nations!"†
Send up from the chancel heart-gushing oblations;
Ring out the deep organ, breathe warm thrilling numbers,
And marshal for Burmah your heralding bands;
For still must ye battle with Deva-fanned slumbers,
That blind the rude millions of dark Buddhist lands.

Yes, speed the high Angel from station to station!
Blow, blow the loud clarion to every dark nation!‡

* The pagodas of Burmah are wreathed with small chiming-bells, meritorious offerings to the enshrined divinity.

† Martin F. Tupper styles the United States the "thirty noble nations."

‡ By Ellen H. B. Mason.

VIEW XVI.

THE DYING SCENE.

During the last few years of Mrs. Mason's life, she suffered more from debility than during any previous period, but not enough from disease to create apprehension in the minds of her friends. Still, upon her own spirit the shadow of death seemed to have been thrown back; for she would occasionally remark, half playful, half serious, "I shall vanish away from you before long," recalling to us the graphic lines of the poet:

"The sadness of thine eye
Is beautiful as silvery clouds
On the dark blue summer sky!
And thy voice comes like the sound
Of a sweet and hidden rill,
That makes the dim woods tuneful sound—
But soon it must be still.

Upon thy gentle head,
Like heavy dew on the lily's leaves,
A spirit hath been shed!
And the glance is thine which sees
Through nature's awful heart—
But bright things go with the summer breeze,
And thou, too, must depart!

Might we follow in thy track,
This parting might not be;
But the spring shall give us jasmines back,
And every flower but thee!
—And spring return'd,
Bringing the earth her lovely things again,
All, save the loveliest far! A voice, a smile,
A dear, sweet spirit gone."

Mrs. Mason did not die of disease. She died of sheer debility, induced by the enervating influences of the climate. Her physician remarked, as he sat by her dying bed: "She has had no symptom that would be at all dangerous in another person who had vigor in her system. But there was nothing for art to work upon." She was sensible of the state of her constitution long before others were, and observed to me: "I thought it probable I

should wear out in this way, and therefore, had clothes made up beforehand for you and the children, that you might be well provided for, but prepared none for myself."

The most remarkable trait apparent during her sickness, was the calm and unruffled peace that *constantly* pervaded her mind. During the three or four months that I stood by her sick bed, the breath of trouble never once appeared to agitate her bosom. It was manifestly, as she dictated to her aunt, two or three weeks before her death: "From the commencement of my illness to the present time, my peace has been like a river; and the words of my Saviour have been verified unto me: 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.' At eighteen my spirits would have been more buoyant. Then I should have felt like mounting on the chariots of Aminadab; but, be assured, I prize far more,

'This heavenly calm within the breast,
The dearest pledge of glorious rest.'"

She often chastened my sanguine hopes for her recovery, when ground for hope appeared, and as often cheered my desponding spirits when these prospects were beclouded. "Remember," she would say, "what is your loss is my eternal gain." Never did she show any anxiety to live. Once, she said her mind was much in the same state as Paul's, when he wrote, "I am in a strait betwixt two; having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful to you."

In the early stages of her sickness, when danger was first apprehended, she observed, "I have not the slightest anxiety about the issue; not the *slightest*. I have no choice to live, or to die." One of her most common ejaculations throughout her sickness was, "Thy will be done;" and would often add in tones of deep emphasis,

> "Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
> And feel no will but His."

I never saw her weep but once during her

whole sickness; and that was what proved to be the last time she saw her infant. As I held it to her lips, before it was returned to Mrs. Bennett, for a parting kiss, she embraced it fervently, and bursting into tears said, "Poor babe, you will never know a mother's love!" A mother's love! *There* were chords of feeling which I rarely dared to touch; and never, but to draw my fingers lightly over them, like a casual, careless breath. I feared to agitate what my own trembling hand was but ill able to quiet again. Little appeared on the surface, but there was clearly a deep under-current in the soul, which grace repressed. At two or three different times, as I sat watching her slumbers, I heard her call out in sleep the names *Deborah* and *Harriet.*

On one occasion, I observed, if missionaries do not die, yet circumstanced as they are in this country, they have to part with their children with little less anguish than on the death of one of the parties. "Ah," she replied, "missionary work is hard work, and none ought ever to engage in it that are not called

to it. No, certainly, none ought ever to come, unless specially called."

I said her uninterrupted peace was remarkable; but it was not remarkable to one who knew the previous exercises of her heart while in health. She was truly dead to the world, long before death itself came in sight. Conversing on death, at one time, she said,

> "But timorous mortals start and shrink
> To cross this narrow sea,
> And linger, trembling on the brink,
> And *fear* to launch away."

"I have no fear," she added, "that fear has been taken away." Speaking, on another occasion, of the goodness of God in exempting her from the temptations and doubts that often assail Christians in their last days, she observed, "Bless God for the gracious influences of the Spirit that he has vouchsafed me within the last two years."

The equanimity of which I have spoken, the absence of choice to live, or to die, continued until the morning of the seventh day before

her death. There was no apparent cause, she was not worse than usual, but she remarked to me, "Hitherto I have felt passive, but I awoke this morning with *strong* desires to depart." She repeatedly observed in reply to my remarks through the day, "Do not call me back. It is much easier dying than coming back to life again." The next day she appeared to be improving in health, and I spoke to her of the hope I still entertained of her final recovery. "Oh!" she answered, "if you only knew what I feel, you would not wish to detain me. Do not hinder me; do not put up one petition, I *beg* of you, to have me stay." "Why, my dear," I asked, "where are you in pain?" thinking she spoke of her sufferings. "It is not the *body*, to which I had reference," she quickly replied, "what is the body, that is nothing! I had reference to my mind. The strong desires I have to go and be with my Saviour." Then, after a pause, she exclaimed, "Why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming?" On Sunday she observed, "The desire to depart is above everything else. I had

hoped He would have called me to-day to commence an eternal Sabbath." This desire continued until she left us. The last time she spoke of it she said, "The desire to depart becomes more intense."

The closing scene was mercifully attended with little acute suffering. When the doctor called in the morning and asked her if she was in pain anywhere, she readily replied in the negative. She did not appear to be conscious, excepting once after two o'clock in the afternoon. After repeated attempts to arouse her attention, but in vain, Mrs. Bennett said, about four o'clock, "My dear sister, do you want anything?" Much to our surprise, she replied, in a still, low whisper, just loud enough to be heard distinctly, "*No.*" It was the last word she attempted to utter, and the last sign of consciousness she gave. Life continued to ebb weaker and weaker, for three hours more, when she ceased to breathe without a struggle.

She would frequently, during her protracted sickness, allude to her apparent uselessness.

"Lying here, doing nothing," was a common remark; but added once, after a pause, "yet,

'Those who wait, serve too.'"

Once in pain, she observed, "Moth taumuth,* [Dying thou shalt die,] is the curse that rests upon man. It must be passed through, though the sting of death be removed." She often quoted Pope's "Dying Christian to his soul," and when in pain, would frequently breathe out with deep feeling, the last strain of the following couplet,

"Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!"

As I turned her aching frame in the bed, she would often, in sweetly plaintive tones, exclaim, "Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest."

* She understood Hebrew. We had been in the constant practice, for many years, of reading the Hebrew Scriptures together at family worship.

It was with great difficulty that she could articulate, so as to be understood, even in the early part of the day she died. Several times she spoke to me, without my being able to understand her, though she repeated her words two or three times. She could understand, however, when spoken to, very readily, and signify assent or dissent in an equally satisfactory manner. I once asked, "Is your mind calm?" She gave the ready sign of assent in reply. An hour subsequently, I inquired, "Is your mind in peace?" On receiving the usual indication of assent, I said, "Then, my dear, try and say peace." She made the attempt. It was peace when it left her heart, but the organs of speech performed their office so imperfectly, that it required the ear of affection to understand it when it left her lips. It was after this, when the sisters were around the bed, that I took up her "Daily Food," and read to her the portion for the day, which seemed peculiarly appropriate to her circumstances. "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my

kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.

'Let the wind blow, and billows roll,
Hope is the anchor of my soul;
It fastens on a land unknown,
And moors me to my Father's throne.'

"Hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost."

Conversing, on one of her last days, on the great work to be done for the heathen, and on how little we understood the ways of God in removing well-qualified laborers from the field, as he was constantly doing; she said it was probably to make them more useful in some way that we did not understand, or words to this effect, and added, "Tell the native Christians that I loved them to the *end*, and that had it been the will of God I would have willingly stopped, and taught them longer. Tell them to *strive* to get to heaven; that 'the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the

violent take it by force!' Tell them," she continued, stretching out her poor withered arm, with an energy such as she manifested on no other occasion, and in tones so loud and sonorous that I was startled, "Tell them to *lay hold* on eternal life."

Thus she reached the goal of her mission path, and left us, like the disciples on Mount Olivet, looking steadfastly towards heaven.

"From the bright stars, or from the viewless air,
Or from some world, unreached by human thought,
Spirit, sweet spirit! if thy home be there,
And if thy vision with the past be fraught,
Answer me, answer me!

Have we not commun'd here, of life and death?
Have we not said that love, such love as ours,
Was not to perish, as a rose's breath,
To melt away, like song from festal bowers?
Answer, Oh! answer me!

Thine eye's last light was mine—the soul that shone,
Intensely, mournfully, through gathering haze;
Didst thou bear with thee, to the shore unknown,
Naught of what lived in that long, earnest gaze?
Hear, hear, and answer me!

Thy voice—its low, soft, fervent, farewell tone,
Thrill'd through the tempest of the parting strife,
Like a faint breeze:—Oh! from that music flown
Send back *one* sound, if love's be quenchless life!
But once, Oh! answer me!

In the still noon-tide, in the sunset's hush,
In the dead hour of night, when thought grows deep;
When the heart's phantoms from the darkness rush,
Fearfully beautiful, to strive with sleep;
Spirit! then answer me!

By the remembrance of our blended prayer;
By all our tears, whose mingling made them sweet;
By our last hope, the victor o'er despair;
Speak!—if our souls in deathless yearnings meet,
Answer me, answer me!

The grave is silent—and the far-off sky,
And the deep midnight;—silent all, and lone!
Oh! if thy buried love make no reply,
What voice has earth?—Hear, pity, speak! mine own!
Answer me, answer me!"

VIEW XVII.

THE UNCOMMON CHRISTIAN.

Mrs. Mason was not an ordinary Christian. It is not said that she was "the best of Christians," or that she was better than a goodly number of her sisters at home and abroad. It is merely affirmed that she was not such a Christian as is ordinarily found in our churches. The account of her sickness and death proves this. A dying bed is "the great detecter of the heart." It shows the true depth of the Christian's experience. Christians do not usually mingle in the world, and engage in its duties, in the spirit with which they feel willing to die. Hence when death stands before them, they have to seek with agonized hearts for that deadness to the world, and that communion with God, which it was their duty and privilege to have enjoyed while

in health, and about their usual avocations. Mrs. Mason "had only her usual feelings," nor did she wish for any others to die by. Like J. B. Taylor, she might have said, "I have so tried to live that when I came to die, I might have nothing to do but to die."

She was remarkable for her mildness of spirit. Her husband, through the whole sixteen years of their acquaintance, never once saw her manifest any indication of anger. Her voice was *ever* soft, gentle, and low.

One of the most marked epochs in her christian experience, was the separation from her children. The anguish of heart she then suffered, led her instinctively to God, and he blessed her. The "fearful chasm" then made, he filled up with himself. She made the sacrifice from a sense of duty; and thus he ever rewards those who have moral courage enough to deny themselves. Writing to a relative in America, after her return to Burmah, she says,

"Previous to the decision in my own mind to become a foreign missionary, if God opened

the way, I heard Dr. Griffin preach on the church being guilty of 'keeping back a part of the price,' and often during my lonely voyage did I inquire, 'have I kept back anything?' If my heart clung to anything on earth, it was to my children, yet I willingly gave them back to God, though the act lacerated my heart to the core. No place, since I left Miss Aspinwall's, has been such a Bethel to me as that 'dreary room,' in which we parted. There I was permitted to understand, better than ever before, what familiarity Abraham was allowed to use with Jehovah, when pleading for Sodom; Moses for the Israelites; and Elijah when praying for rain."

In one of her letters of January 1844, she says, "Your letters came in while I was hearing my Karen class in Geography, but I left to read your epistle, and truly my soul has been refreshed. The Lord is evidently among you, and I trust much good will be accomplished, though you may not see it all before you leave. If the church will go forward and do her duty, the work will go forward, and

sinners will be converted. You are right to make the Bible your only reading in your circumstances. I have seen times when I would not have given anything for all the books in the world. The Bible was my all in all.

"I trust you will have many souls as the seals of your ministry; not that I think I have been as fervent as I ought on your behalf, *but because God honors those who honor him.* Pray much and often for me that I may be able to 'abide in Christ,' to 'live in the Spirit' and 'walk in the Spirit.'

"As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My waiting soul doth pine;
Oh! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine?"

"I daily and hourly wish you the best of Heaven's blessings, and pray that you may have much communion with God. It was in the wilderness Moses saw the burning bush;

on Pisgah that he saw the promised land; and from Mount Nebo that he went up to take possession of the heavenly Canaan. In each of these places we may suppose he had very intimate communion with God."

On another occasion she says, "O, what encouragement we have to put forth effort, when we see God so ready to hear and answer prayer. Have you read the 'Notice of the Rev. John Smith,' the man Major Fraser so often spoke of? It appears that he was more easy to learn 'what is meant by wrestling with God in prayer,' than some clerygmen we have known, and Mr. Winslow, in his sermon on the death of Mr. Smith, says, 'In the course of the principal religious revival which blessed his ministry in this place, he seemed to get new views of what is meant by 'wrestling with God in prayer.' Of this I was not only aware at the time, but in our delightful intercourse on the way to Vizagapatam, he spoke freely of it, also of his general religious experience.'"

In a note to one of her missionary sisters,

she says: "It is now two or three weeks since I renewedly consecrated all to God; and during the evening after, I could say unhesitatingly, I am the Lord's, and he is mine. He drew me, and I followed on; but the faith of acceptance being weak, I afterwards drifted away, and fell into sin; but still, I am resolved not to give up. The text for Sunday was, 'If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful,' and I could truly say that if I never obtained the blessing I would subscribe to his faithfulness, and attribute the failure to myself in not fully complying with the conditions required."

While I was attending the protracted meeting at Mata she wrote, "I trust you are to have a rich blessing. When can we so reasonably expect God's blessing, as when the church and her pastors are assembled together with one accord in one place, and all engaged in supplication? I cannot see that anything is wanting now, unless it should be *fervency* in prayer; such a feeling as Dr. Griffin had when he went up to the house of God, saying

as he went, 'My soul, wait thou only, *only*, ONLY upon God, for my expectation is from him!' He remarks on the same page, 'The last time that I heard that 4th of November referred to at New Hartford, I was told that between forty and fifty of those who had been received to the church, dated back their convictions to that day.' A similar state of feeling would no doubt be followed with similar results at Mata. God is still a hearer of prayer, and answers it too."

Again she says, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah? Why is it that we have not power in prayer as he had? We are cut off from the thought that there was anything peculiar in him, for we are expressly told, he was a man with like passions as ourselves. The peculiarity must have been in the strength of his faith above ours, in his conformity to the divine likeness, in a higher tone of piety. We have every encouragement to be as holy and as useful as he was. God's grace is all-sufficient; the Holy Spirit is omnipotent."

She was emphatically a woman of a pray-

ing spirit. If more evidence be desired, more is contained in the following extract of a letter addressed to me on another occasion, "I do not recollect," she says, "one instance in which special preparation for religious services, was not followed by the feeling, or the aid desired, and I know that these night-seasons of devotion are precious beyond expression. How many times did I sit up in bed last rains, when all was quiet around me, in the dead of night, and lift my thoughts to God. The season of my life most rich in spiritual blessings, was one, when for some time, I took only about half the usual amount of sleep, and I knelt so often that my knees were blistered. I long for that happy world where, 'Love shall never die,' nay, more, never decay." Nothing can be more literally true than,

——"The midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of her prayer."

Often, often, times without number, have I awoke in the silent watches of the night, and found that she had stolen away from my

side, and was holding earnest communion with God. Her silver whispers, her bosom swelling with suppressed 'groanings that cannot be uttered,' would awe me into stillness, lest a motion should indicate that her hallowed converse with the Holy One was observed. She struggled with the angel of the covenant and prevailed, and he blessed her, and she dwelt in Beulah.

"How enviably blest
Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
The peace of God within his single breast."

VIEW XVIII.

TAVOY MISSION CEMETERY.

"A GARDEN—and in the garden a sepulchre." Such, in brief, is the Tavoy mission burial-ground. The tree on the right is a stunted specimen of the Tenasserim gum-kino-tree, whose rich terminal bunches of yellow flowers diffuse, when in blossom, their fragrance to the distance of hundreds of yards. Near by stands a weeping casuarina, with its leafless, striated, jointed shoots, answering to every breeze in the tones of an Eolian harp. On the west is an aspen-leaved pupul, the godly fig-tree, devoted to Gaudama; while the grove of large trees, looming up in the centre are mesuas—sacred with the Buddhists, for they believe that Arematàya, the next Buddha, will enter the divine life while musing beneath its hallowed shades. The flower of the mesua is

large, resembling the rock-rose, and is very fragrant. The petals are pure white, the stamens orange yellow, and the germ and style in the centre of the numerous stamens, white again. It was one of Mrs. Mason's favorite flowers. "The grandees of Ava are said," by Roxburgh, "to stuff their pillows with the dried anthers of the flowers on account of their fragrance."

It is called in Sanscrit nagacessary, of which Sir W. Jones writes: "This tree is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odor of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of Camadeva, or the god of love." Hence the allusion of the poet:

> "And those sweet flowrets that unfold
> Their buds on Camadeva's quiver."

Within the rectangle formed by these trees in the picture, and beneath their impervious shade, are the missionaries' graves. And what place more befitting? It was a place of prayer before it was a place of graves. Though originally a sacred spot to the Buddhists, Mr.

Boardman obtained a grant of this and the adjoining land for a mission-compound, and when we arrived in Tavoy, the mission-house was about one hundred and fifty yards west of those trees. Beneath them, in the cool shade of the inner angle, Mr. Boardman erected a small bamboo hut, and fitted it up with a table, a chair, a bible, and a hymn-book, for an oratory. Here he retired daily for devotional exercises; here he prayed into existence the Karen mission; and to these shades he was borne from the field in which he fell, and was laid to rest where he had so often knelt to pray. To this spot his bereaved companion made constant visits throughout the whole of her three years' widowhood, and there by the tomb of her husband is the vacant place she left for her own last couch, and where she expected to be buried; but the place is still vacant, and destined to be vacant forever. She now rests upon "the rock of the sea,"

"The ocean beneath her,
The turf on her breast."

In that bower Mrs. Mason, with drooping form, and pallid brow, yet with quiet submission to her Father's will, had folded under the green turf her beautiful Henry, and lovely Stella—and there she had spent days in fasting and prayer—communing with God, and feeding on angels' food. The following notice from her diary indicates her habit of resorting thither with her children for prayer: "To-day," she says, "has been Lucy's birth-day, and I took her with me in the morning to the bethel, and commended her to God, praying that she might early become a lamb of the Saviour's flock, and be instrumental of promoting his glory." There, in after years, she often wept for her absent children, and there by the steps of that little bethel, I saw her laid to rest like a weary babe upon its mother's bosom. It was meet that where she had so often agonized in prayer, she should be composed to her quiet sleep, and that her grave should be where she had so often gone up to commune with God. But her prayer no longer lingers on earth, and the following poem may be sup-

posed to tremble forth from the broken harp-strings of her scattered family.

OUR MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"Lone, tremulous symphonies, startling the air!
O, bear ye a note of our Mother's fond Prayer—
A sigh from her tropical, Indian vale
On the quivering strings of the wandering gale!

Were ye twined o'er her sweet-scented water-lime-bower,*
And toned with her murmurs at vespers' mild hour?
No, the garlands exhaling soft fragrancies there,
No longer are veiling our Mother's warm Prayer.

The bower, and the tube-rose still showering their smiles,
And our old silent river there gladdening its isles,
Were arched with home-glories, transcendently fair,
But alas! they dissolved with our Mother's last Prayer.

Gilt idols, and abbeys, and glistening fanes
There garnish the hill-tops, the valleys, and plains;
And proud, royal Burmans, and highland Karens
Are chaunting to Buddha in cities and glens:

Yet mother, no more, for Tenasserim daughters
May traverse their mountains, or jungle-girt waters;
Nor mourn for the pagan in dark pupul-shades,
Nor weep for her babes in the coco arcades:

* Passiflora laurifolia.

Green, bowering mesuas deep shadowing her slumbers
Are sighing her requiem in spirit-toned numbers,
While her beauty is brightening their blossoms so rare
Whose incense oft wafted her sorrowing Prayer.

But I hear her—I hear her—the breathings of love
Seem floating through whispering alleys above;
Aye! nearer, and nearer, they wind down the sky
Alluring to Eden, blue Eden on high.

Then hail, angel-mother! awaked from the tomb
To banquets of music mid heavenly bloom,
To soar with our loved ones in beauty unfading,
Where the amaranth-boughs are forever o'ershading.

Yes, mother is ranging the palace of light,
And joining the harpers all gloriously bright;
Still we weep—often weep, and can never forbear
To crave a dear Mother's low, solacing Prayer.

Those silvery pleadings—they soothe us no more—
Nor father's night-greetings on Burmah's glad shore:
Yet, Saviour! O, Saviour! we plead for thy care
Though reft of a Mother's meek, hallowed Prayer!"*

* By Mrs. Ellen B. Mason.

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