

**A CENOTAPH TO A WOMAN
OF THE BURMAN MISSION: OR,
VIEWS IN THE MISSIONARY
PATH OF HELEN M. MASON**

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A cenotaph to a woman of the Burman mission: or, Views in the missionary path of Helen M. Mason by Francis Mason

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FRANCIS MASON

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4/11. 1822. 1822.

A
C E N O T A P H

To a Woman of the Burman Mission;

OR,

V I E W S

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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P R E F A C E .



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 Beer-sheba 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."