partment belonging to the institution be separated from it.

These modifications were suggested with the intention of making the school more strictly missionary and more consonant with the design of the Missionary Union. The object, it was argued, was not to take care of orphans or otherwise destitute children; but to raise up missionary laborers. Financial considerations undoubtedly also entered in because, comparatively speaking, these schools were a heavy financial drain and their continuation at the time seemed impossible.

The result was that the young institution died within a few years. The conditions were not yet ripe for so radical a change, even though the policy suggested may be considered as more sound than the policy which missionaries had followed. It is comparatively easy to appreciate the deputation's point of view. They feared that the school would produce lazy proteges, and a community of Christians who would be entirely dependent on the mission. On the other hand, the missionaries argued that the surest and safest way to win Assam for Christ was by winning the young through teaching. The Assam missionaries were a unit in their conviction that the late orphanage was a wise and Scriptural agency for propagating Christianity among the heathen people, as well as an indispensable means of training converts to be missionaries to their own countrymen.[2] They felt that preaching among heathen was emphatically and pre-eminently teaching — "to make wise unto salvation." Who was right and who was wrong is difficult to say; but the equilibrium of the mission was shaken considerably.

The psychological reaction upon the missionaries was greater than they themselves or the deputation

realized at the time. The goal which seemed to be just within reach was snatched away and the missionaries, overburdened with a multitude of duties and broken in health, were discouraged. Mr. Bronson speaks of considerable embarrassment in connection with his resuming the charge of the institution upon his return from America.[3]

Another calamity that befell the mission was the leaving and subsequent resignation from the mission of its founder, Nathan Brown. The twenty-two years which he had spent in the orient without vacation had taken their toll. His robust constitution began to crumble and it became evident that the only relief was a journey home. It was not hard work and exposure alone, nor wholly malarial climate that had sapped his iron strength. Mental anguish had done its part. Repeated discouragement and hope often deferred had not been without their physical effects; and now the time had come when he could do no more. It was unfortunate that his departure should come at a time when the mission needed him more than ever. His leaving was a shock, not only to the undermanned missionary staff but also to the Christian natives who looked upon him as a spiritual father. Mrs. Brown wrote of the farewell at Sibsagar and told how the Christians began to collect around the bungalow at early dawn on the thirteenth of February, 1855. The whole Christian community was soon on the veranda. Gray-haired, decently attired matrons, quiet mannered young mothers with wondering children clinging to their skirts, and wide-eyed infants in their arms; converts, preachers, and office hands had all gathered to bid their pastor and friend good-bye. "It was one of the hardest partings (and I have had many)," wrote Mrs.