

opening work there for the Nagas. Mr. and Mrs. Cutter were in Calcutta during the process, but returned on April 5, that same year (1839). The Browns were compelled to live within the cantonment. Sadiya became less and less desirable as a station from which to do missionary work. Sickness in the crowded cantonments, where the missionaries were now located, increased. A persistent, dreadful odor of the virulent small-pox made it a deadly place. In the meantime the population of Sadiya and vicinity was daily fleeing. Fields and villages were deserted. "Khamtis, Singphos, and Mishmis combined," wrote Mr. Brown, "have been plundering and carrying off the peaceable inhabitants." To the weary missionaries, it seemed that their work had been taken out of their hands; and the prospects for the time were quite blasted. Many of the Khamtis, among whom they were particularly desirous of laboring, were entirely dispersed.

The headquarters of the government had been removed to Sibsagar; and, wrote Mr. Brown, there "is no prospect that Sadiya will recover . . . for many years to come; and we have at last concluded to relinquish that port at present and to locate ourselves at the more central situation at Jaipur." Hence, after a little over three years at Sadiya, after all its experiences, having gathered no converts, they left homes, zayats, and school houses; and with all their goods, including printing presses, they pushed off from Sadiya on the twelfth of May, 1839, with Jaipur as the object and hope for further missionary activities.

THE CALL OF THE HILLS

Sadiya, with its sad experiences, was left behind. It turned out to be a barred door rather than an open gateway to China. It was not a central place from which to reach the influential Shan tribe, but rather an outpost for the British army. The wild Khamtis refused to submit to the government, and they were beyond the reach of the gospel. Instead of being a mission haven, Sadiya had turned the missionaries into fugitives, and they had barely escaped with their lives. Sadiya's importance melted away with the removal of the army. Its glory, like that of ancient Babylon, became shrouded in infamy. Its streets became overgrown with jungle and its inhabitants were scattered in all directions. The unoccupied huts of the natives became the abode of jackals and wild beasts who filled the air at night with piercing yelps and threatening roars as they fought for the bleaching bones of peasants, soldiers, and prospectors. All in all, Sadiya was a disappointment, and the hope the missionaries had placed in it was shattered. Brown went to Sadiya a couple of years later to view, as he says, "the desolations of the place and visit the graves of brother Thomas and our little Sophia."¹ He found the graves dug open and the bones of the dead scattered over the ground. These he gathered up and brought in a basket to Jaipur for interment. He spoke of Sadiya as a melancholy spot — a place which he had no desire or wish ever to visit again.