

the best of humor and health. The latter portion of the journey was fraught with illness and untold hardships. Bronson, being too ill to navigate, was forced to moor in a low and unhealthy jungle a little below the mouth of the Dibruh River. Mr. Thomas was sent ahead in a small canoe to Sadiya to get help and to bring intelligence of their condition.

When Thomas was only three hours from Sadiya and within sight of the town, two large trees fell on his boat and killed him. He was pinned to the canoe so that the men could not extricate him. The sadness and discouragement which fell upon the hopeful missionaries when they received the news of the tragedy is easily understandable. Mr. Cutter wrote, "I am now in a small boat, on my way to Sadiya, with our dear brother Thomas, lying before me, a cold and lifeless body . . ." His feelings took expression in a poem:

*"Death, like an overflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away; our life's dream,  
An empty tale, a morning flower,  
Cut down and withered in an hour."*

The accident is further described in Mr. Cutter's account as he received it from the natives who were with Thomas at the time of his death.

"The men who were in the front and back of the boat, say they gained their footing on the ground, and sprang to the relief of brother Thomas, at the same time calling the other men, who were soon on the spot. They said they used every endeavor to get him out — two taking hold of each arm, two hold of each shoulder, and one hold of his head, but they could not move him, as he was pressed so closely against the boat, and the trunk of the largest tree lay across his bowels. They stated they had neither knife nor axe with which they could cut away the trees and with their united efforts they could move neither that nor the boat:

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neither could they raise his head above the water. He raised one or both of his hands above the surface for a moment, but they never heard a groan or perceived any further struggle. Finding, they said, all efforts to rescue him, vain, one boat immediately proceeded to Sadiya, to bring us the distressing intelligence. O, what a shock it was to us all! What gloom instantly spread over our fond anticipations and bright prospects! Brother Brown was unable to go out today, having a slight fever; but as quickly as possible, I got a boat and men provided with spades, hoes, axes, blankets, etc., and went with all speed, to the fatal spot. Our friends, as well as myself, feared I should be unable to recover the body; but, before I arrived, the strong current had moved the position of both the tree and boat, and I was soon enabled to raise the body of my lifeless brother from its watery grave."

Mg. Brown, sick though he was, proceeded down the river to the aid of Bronson and the comfort of Mrs. Thomas. He found them moored in an unhealthy jungle just below Dibru. The coming of Brown was an encouragement to the Bronsons, but it was a difficult task for Brown to bring the sad news of Thomas' death. He wrote: "Brother Bronson is in a very low state, and we fear the journey will be more than he is able to bear, especially since we can procure no food suitable for a sick person."

On July 5, 1837, the party finally landed at Sadiya at the very height of the rains.

The following two years were full of incidents that proved to be of great importance to the development of the missionary enterprise in Assam. The struggle which these missionaries experienced in order to sustain life was not small, and sickness and death were their ever-near companions. They were in constant danger of hostile raids by the Khamtis and Singhpos. Their missionary activities were checked by continuous tribal

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