





1788. AUGUST 9th, 1888.

JUDSON CENTENNIAL SERVICES.

A COMPILATION

OF THE

ADDRESSES, PAPERS, AND REMARKS,

GIVEN AT THESE SERVICES;

TOGETHER WITH

*EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE
COMMITTEE, ETC.:*

BY

REV. J. NELSON LEWIS, PASTOR,

OF

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH,

MALDEN, MASS.

MYSTIC SIDE PRESS :

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A. Medon

PREFACE.

It was but natural that the Baptist church, occupying the field so distinguished as the birthplace of Adoniram Judson, should make the memorable 9th of August, 1888, a day for especial memorial services. At the first the more local observance was in mind, but as the matter was entered upon, the wide significance of the day in the calendar of Baptist mission history, and all mission history, led to a widening of the plan, until it included in its invitations the churches in the immediate vicinity, and officers of the National and State Baptist bodies, with leading men of other faiths. Had it been less wide in its representation, the service would not have called for an extended report. But the correspondence of the Committee became so interesting, the speeches of the visiting brethren were so able and valuable, and so many choice things were crowded out for want of time, that it seemed but justice to the church itself, and to the denomination at large, that a full report of the proceedings should be made ; and more, that they should be made in convenient and permanent form.

For these reasons we have issued the present pamphlet, and trust that the labor of compiling may find its reward in a wider impulse to foreign missions being given to the churches where these pages shall come. In the make-up we have followed as nearly as practicable the programme of the day.

J. NELSON LEWIS.

Pastor's Study, Malden, Nov. 1, 1888.

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DECORATIONS AND DEVOTEES.

[*From Zion's Advocate.*]

"The church was elegantly decorated for the occasion. On the wall at the left of the pulpit is a marble tablet, placed there many years ago by the late Dea. Charles Merrill, containing this inscription written by S. F. Smith, author of "America: "

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON.

BORN AUG. 9, 1788.

DIED APRIL 12, 1850.

MALDEN HIS BIRTHPLACE,

THE OCEAN HIS SEPULCHRE.

CONVERTED BURMANS AND

THE BURMAN BIBLE

HIS MONUMENT.

HIS RECORD IS ON HIGH.

Above the tablet an oil portrait of Dr. Judson was hung. On either side were red and blue silk pennants, while evergreens and vines enclosed the tablet. Below was an open copy of Judson's Burmese Bible adorned with flowers, and beneath, an inscription, "Rangoon, Mandalay, Ava, 1788-1888." On the pulpit platform, at the left, resting on a bank of ferns, was a beautiful floral representaion of the bark "Caravan," in which Judson and his wife sailed from Salem, Mass., Feb. 19, 1812. The hull was composed of white China asters, with a water line

of purple immortelles. On the right of the pulpit platform was an old arm-chair, used by Dr. Judson while translating the Bible into the Burmese language. It is the property of Rev. Dr. A. P. Mason, and was a gift to him from Dr. Judson. On the wall back of the pulpit were the words, "America, Burma." There was also on exhibition, in an open frame under glass, the first letter written by Ann H. Judson after she became a Baptist. It was addressed to Mrs. Jonathan Carleton, of Boston, and was signed "Nancy Judson." In it she says: "We have found by experience since we left our native land that the Lord is indeed a covenant-keeping God, and takes care of those who confide in Him. I have ever considered it a singular favor that God has given me an opportunity to spend my days in a heathen land."

At the hour for the afternoon service, half-past two, the house was crowded in every part. Missionaries, pastors, representatives of churches, each wearing a white silk badge on which was printed in blue, a sketch of Judson's birthplace, with an appropriate inscription, were there from all parts of the country, a notable company, while on the pulpit platform were grouped the various participants in the service.

A reception at the Judson birthplace, a description of which is given in this pamphlet, immediately followed the afternoon service, and the honored and widely-known son, Edward Judson, D. D., here extended the hand of welcome, to the tribute paying friends of the infant first sheltered by the same roof that now sheltered the son.



CONDENSED HISTORY
OF THE
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH,
MALDEN, MASS.

Taken from Church Manual.

THE town of Malden was incorporated in 1649. About that time a Congregational church was formed, which continued to be the only church at the Centre until 1803, when the First Baptist church was organized.

For several years before the formation of this church, a few persons in the town were known to entertain Baptist sentiments. Various circumstances had led some of the more pious people to examine the subject of believers' baptism. Not a few of the members of the Parish church, admitted through infant baptism, had become the active opponents of the great revival which was then commencing in New England. An energetic protest to the settlement of Mr. Judson, the father of our beloved Burman missionary, had been entered on the records, because he was of the "Bade Hopkintonian Principles." The opposition to what was then so properly called "experimental religion," at length prevailed, and Mr. Judson retired. But the eyes of many were opened. They began to inquire whether the so-called "infant believers' baptism" was the only authorized baptism; and hence, by that scriptural precedent to which all appealed, according to which, baptism is required before the communion, those who had not received believers' baptism were not suitable candidates for the "table of the Lord." But while some professed their

convictions, and united with Baptist churches in this vicinity, others remained waiting to see whereunto this thing would grow. Meanwhile, there was in this town an alarming dearth of spiritual religion. Such was the state of things when in 1797 Rev. Dr. Shephard, of Brentwood, N. H., visited Malden, and was invited to preach at the house of Mr. John Tufts. This sermon, the first Baptist sermon ever preached in the town, attracted immediate attention, so different was its whole spirit from anything heard at the Parish church. Meetings were continued on the afternoon and evening of every third Wednesday, Rev. Messrs. Shephard, Peak and Smith officiating. God blessed the enterprise, and a revival of religion was the result. Sabbath preaching began in the year 1800. The first person baptized in Malden was Mrs. Lois Tufts, who received the ordinance at the hands of Rev. E. Smith.

In 1803, Rev. Henry Pottle visiting the place, was invited to preach. He was a zealous and warm-hearted man, and under his fervent appeals a very large number were awakened, about fifty of whom he subsequently baptized. From the Centre school house where services had been held, persecution soon drove the little band. No other place could be found, except the barn on Salem street, owned by Mr. Benjamin Faulkner. It was an humble sanctuary, and there, undeterred by the winter storm, or the opposition of their enemies, the little band enjoyed the favor of their God.

Near the close of the year 1803, forty-two persons who had been baptized, agreed, under the direction of Mr. Pottle, to form a Baptist church. They met at the house of Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Joseph Dyer was chosen clerk. A committee was appointed to call a Council, that their proceedings might be regular in form, and that the new church might be in fellowship with the surrounding churches of their "Faith and Order." The Council, composed of delegates from the Baptist churches in Boston, Newton and Beverly, convened on the 27th of December, 1803, in the barn, when the brethren and sisters, forty-two in number, were duly constituted and recognized as a church, under the name of the First Baptist church in Malden. Rev. Dr. Stillman, of Boston, preached the sermon of recognition, from 1 Chron. 29:5, "*Who is willing to consecrate this day his service*

unto the Lord?" The Hand of Fellowship was given to the representative of the new church by Rev. T. Baldwin, of Boston.

It will be seen that this church originated in a *revival of religion*, and this revival was induced, under God, by the study of the scriptures. The stand taken by our fathers upon the matter of baptism for believers only, was instrumental in calling the public attention to the need in which men stood of becoming, personally, believers. And the founders of this church, and their successors, have always insisted upon credible evidence of personal piety before admitting any to the ordinance of baptism.

The church thus constituted, continued to meet in the barn until September, 1804, when their first house of worship was so far completed that they could occupy it. It was built on Salem street, on the ground now set apart as a rural cemetery, and when finished, it was publicly dedicated to the service of God. The sermon was preached by Rev. T. Baldwin, from 1 Sam. 7: 12, "*Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*" The prayer of dedication was offered by Rev. E. Williams.

On the 10th of April following, the committee engaged Mr. Pottle to be pastor for one year. In January, 1804, the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time, when sixty-four persons sat down to commemorate "the Lord's death," fifty-two of them being recent converts.

The pastors of this church have been Rev. Mr. Pottle, 1804-1807; Rev. William Bentley, 1807-1808; 1808-1816, no settled pastor; Rev. Ebenezer Nelson, 1816-1823; Rev. John Cookson, 1824-1826; Rev. J. N. Brown, December, 1826-January, 1828; Rev. Avery Briggs, 1828-1832; Rev. Conant Sawyer, 1832-1835; Rev. E. N. Harris, 1837, about one year; Rev. Joseph M. Driver, 1838-1840; Rev. Nathaniel W. Williams, 1840-1843; Rev. John Cookson (2d time), 1843-1848; Rev. Charles B. Smith, 1848-1850; Rev. William F. Stubbett, September, 1851-1859; Rev. D. W. Faunce, D. D., May, 1860-August, 1866; Rev. George F. Warren, June, 1867-November, 1869; Rev. S. W. Foljambe, D.D., July, 1870-1887; Rev. J. Nelson Lewis, October, 1887, present pastor.

MEMORIAL HYMN,

Written for the occasion by Rev. S. F. SMITH, D. D.,

AUTHOR OF "AMERICA."

—
Tune:—Duke Street.
— — — — —

What grateful mem'ries o'er us throng!
Like billows on the boundless sea,
Bursts of heav'n's mighty song,
Grand foretastes of eternity.

'Twas here the cradle song began,
'Twas here the pulse of life was stirred,
Of him, the great, th' heroic man,
Whose name round the whole world is heard.

What sounding honors shall we bring,
What hymns of holy triumph raise
To Him who plumed the infant wing
O'er distant lands to waft His praise ?

Our eager hands with joy shall lift
The banner which be first unfurled,—
To myriad souls a priceless gift,—
The signal of a conquered world.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS,

BY

REV. J. N. MURDOCK, D. D., LL.D.,

Foreign Sec'y of The American Baptist Missionary Union.

Mr. Chairman, and Christian Friends :—

I WAS glad while in England to learn that this church, located in the ancient town where Adoniram Judson was born, was making arrangements to commemorate the centennial of his birth. The public records verify this as the place, and this 9th of August, 1788, as the date, of the birth of one of the greatest men of his time. Malden does itself honor in honoring the memory and recalling the services of its most distinguished son. Though it fell to my lot more than thirty years ago, as editor of the *Christian Review*, to write an account of Dr. Judson's life and work, in reviewing his memoirs by the late President Wayland, and though I have so recently written and published a centennial sketch, grouping the incidents of his life around the two thoughts, that God selected him as the Apostle of Burma, and kept Burma open for his coming, and can therefore hardly expect to say anything very fresh on this occasion, I gladly contribute what I can in carrying out your most worthy design.

We can scarcely fail to be reminded of the vast changes that have taken place during the hundred years since Judson entered into this earthly life. The rural community in which he made his advent has become involved in a great metropolitan centre. The town of Boston, which was then only a slightly

overgrown village, has become an imperial city, in which the lines of commerce and the communication of thought converge. The scattered and widely-separated nations, once so remote in point of time and space, have become so connected by steam and electricity as to constitute only a dense and vast community. One hundred years ago there were less than 3,000,000 inhabitants of a new republic where there are now more than 65,000,000. Then, all the members in the evangelical churches numbered less than 300,000; now there are more than 14,000,000. There was then no well-organized missionary society in all the land, though John Eliot and David Brainerd had wrought nobly for the conversion of some of the Indian tribes. The church had not yet come to understand the command of her Lord to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." In fact, with the exception of the Moravian movement of 1732, and the Halle-Danish Society, neither of which had produced very marked results, there was not a sign of world-wide evangelistic purpose. I do not mention the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for that was not designed as an evangelizing agency. Now there are more than 150 missionary societies, employing 7,000 agents who are preaching the gospel to the benighted peoples of the earth, and the foreign missionary enterprise has become the centre and focus of the Christian activities of the time. A hundred years ago, the churches were indifferent or doubtful, while all the governments of the world, Christian as well as pagan, were arrayed against missions to the heathen. Now, every spiritual church in all the world is committed to the great work, while the powers of the earth are in active league with it, or are consenting to it. When the babe of one hundred years ago was born in yonder Puritan parsonage, there were a little over 40,000,000 Protestants in all the world; now there are about 170,000,000. What a century this dawning life began! If the next hundred years shall go on in the same ratio of progress, the second centennial of Judson's birth will be kept amidst the dazzling glories and jubilant songs of the millennial day!

It is not too much to say that the man, whom we have met here to commemorate, contributed his full share to the marvelous religious progress of the last hundred years. His life com-

prised only sixty-one years and eight months of the century we are contemplating, but how great and far-reaching was the work he did, and the agencies he set in motion. His share in the constitution of the American Board was very considerable, if it was not leading; and without a doubt he was the occasion of calling the Baptist Board into existence and vigorous action. When we reflect how vast and beneficent the issues of these two societies have been, and how incommensurable are the possibilities involved in their foundation, their missions, their missionaries, their thousands of converts, every one of whom is a multiplication of evangelistic force, their colleges and theological seminaries, and other schools of various grades, all contributing to consolidate the people into effective factors of future progress, we only get glimpses of the significance of the life which opened a century ago.

We cannot account for the results to which we have alluded by saying that the life of Judson fell on a period of dawning light, and of an unfolding divine purpose. We sometimes say that men are formed by the circumstances in which their lives are cast. But circumstances do not make men. At the most they only test the qualities of men, and show what their real making is. All the great predestinated movements in society are brought to pass through the instrumentality of predestinated men,—men of giant mould and exceptional endowments. The hour and the man are always matched in the providential plan. Dr. Judson was a great man in the highest sense of that phrase; great in intellect, great in will, great in moral qualities, fertile in resources, inflexible in purpose, and unswerving in integrity. These endowments were informed and pervaded by a spiritual consecration, which subordinated every faculty and power to the obedience of faith. Here, then, was the hiding of his power. He accomplished the great results of his life, not from the intensity of his love for humanity, not even under the fervors of his love for Him whom he had deliberately accepted as his Lord and Pattern, but from an overmastering and all-comprehending sense of *Duty*. From the day that he accepted Christ as his Saviour, he also accepted the law of service. Having been bought with a price, he belonged henceforth to his Master, and gave himself up to obey His Word and do His will.

This sense of loyalty to Christ led to the effort which he made, in company with others, to organize a society for foreign missions. The petition which he drafted for the General Association of Massachusetts, the interviews he held with the leading ministers of the Commonwealth, and the importunity with which he followed them, all came from this lofty principle. This sustained him in the face of difficulties, rendered him superior alike to ridicule and reproach, and held him steadily to the one end he had set before him, as at once the guide and inspiration of his life.

See also the force of this supreme motive in enabling him to sever the ties and surrender all the privileges and hallowed associations of country and home and Christian fellowship, to go to a land of darkness and barbarous customs, to dwell among, and labor for a people whose tender mercies were cruel. He stood, as a soldier of Christ, on a forlorn hope, not counting his life dear unto himself, that he might finish the ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God to the heathen. Closing his eyes to all the seductions of home and friends, and the sanctified pleasures of Christian associations, he went forth, bound in the Spirit, to his divinely appointed and accepted work. In spite of the doubts of the majority of his brethren, the remonstrances of well-meaning friends, and the jeers and contempt of a scoffing world, he resolutely pursued his way, not knowing the things that would befall him.

Moreover, we are able to see, in the light of this motive, how he was borne on in the careful investigation which he instituted, as to the grounds of the faith and practice which he had received from the traditions of his fathers. Far be it from us to refer to Dr. Judson's change of ecclesiastical relations in any controversial or sectarian sense. It is only because the change belongs to his history, and contributed so largely to shape his subsequent life, that it is referred to here. He had only one thought in beginning and prosecuting his researches, which was to be sure of his ground, and to know the way of duty. When Mrs. Judson begged him to desist from the investigations relating to the form and subjects of Baptism, in view of the unhappy consequences to which they might lead, he re-

plied that "his duty compelled him to satisfy his own mind, and to embrace those sentiments which appeared most concordant with scripture." Whatever we may think respecting the soundness of the conclusions which he reached, no one can doubt the bitter trial he experienced, at a time when tolerance of his new views was immeasurably less than it is to-day, in severing his connection with the church of his father and family, with all his friends and co-laborers in the new missionary enterprise, with the Board he had helped to organize, and in forfeiting, to all human appearance, the prospect of support in his chosen work. A less courageous man, a man of a less uncompromising sense of duty, might have felt satisfied in stifling the convictions of conscience, as many have done since his day in respect to doctrines more vital than that of baptism. But he gladly bore the heavy and most unenviable cross involved in separation from all whom he had loved, trusted and honored in his previous life, and from all his fondly cherished hopes born of human relationships and associations. For we must remember that his embarrassment arose, not only from the ties which he severed, but also from the repulsions he would have to overcome. Mrs. Judson, in the account she gave of the change, did not conceal the aversion she had long felt to the followers of the newly accepted faith, and there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Judson's traditional prejudice was less than hers. In fact, it is impossible for us, in these times of better acquaintance and larger charity, to understand the mutual antipathies which the Congregationalists and Baptists of those days entertained toward each other. It must have been a sore trial to bear the reproach of desertion from the old to the new and despised fold. Nothing less than the bond of duty could have held the young missionary to such a sacrifice,

And then see how this motive influenced his course in the face of the opposition, and even persecution, instituted by the East India government. Fixed in the purpose to do the will of God, he became clear-sighted in respect to his providential way. He was sure that way did not lead to London, where the authorities tried to send him. He thought of the Dutch East India Islands as a place of rest and a field of labor, but never for a moment of turning back. Naturally gifted with remarkable

insight, he was quick to find the heart of any problem which rose in his path. He would temporize, he would wait, he would hide himself for a little time, and bide the solution of events. He had come forth on no holiday excursion; there was no touch of adventure or romance in his mind; he knew whom he had believed and followed, and that the hand which had led him so far would still guide and keep him. The present horizon was very narrow, but around him and within him was the light which shows the way, and cheers the heart of the man whose chief aim and watchword is Duty. And so he went from point to point to escape arrest, until he was providentially thrust into Burma. This event was to him the solution of the question as to where the Lord would have him go, and what he would have him do. Many men would have settled the problem long before he did, by retreat and abandonment of the enterprise; but his vision was too clear, and his purpose was too high, for that, and so he went right on till the goal was reached, and his outward environment answered to the divine foreordination that was in him.

The field which he reached at length, in a manner so mysterious, had been partially occupied in succession by two English Missionary Societies, the Baptist and the London; but little trace of their work was left behind them. He was obliged to begin the mastery of the language without any reliable help. In the great work of preparation for his mission was displayed another remarkable quality on which his success so largely depended, namely: his unrelaxing persistency of purpose. The long and patient drill which he took in the structural forms and tonal modifications of a most difficult language, the careful arrangement of its grammatical inflections, and the production of grammars and vocabularies, constituted his first work. Then he made himself acquainted with the literature, including the sacred books of the people, to a degree that no one has since equalled. Then he investigated the natural history, the vegetable productions, the mineral riches and the qualities of the soil. He omitted nothing that could contribute to the fullest preparation for the translation of the sacred scriptures into the language of the people. All this work was done for this single and holy end. When he was asked to arrange his vast collec-

tion of materials for publication in the interests of science, he refused to entertain the proposition, and even objected to Mrs. Judson's devoting any portion of her time for the purpose, though large remuneration awaited the work. He was a man of one idea and one work. He was ready to undertake any service, however difficult, which tended to forward his great aim, while he steadily refused to take any place, or engage in any labor which diverged from the exact line of missionary service. He could say, with Paul, "This one thing I do." And he did his work so well as to secure the commendation of all competent judges, because he never relaxed his grip of it, or allowed his time or strength to be diverted into other channels.

During these stages of preparatory study, he maintained daily preaching in his house or in *zayats* to those whom he could induce to hear him. As soon as he was able to write the language, he prepared tracts, setting forth the truths of Christianity in a familiar way, made translations of portions of the New Testament, and thus in season and out of season scattered the living seed by the wayside, or spoke to the people the word of life. He found many listeners, but few inquirers, during the early years of his residence in Burma. But his persistency never gave way; he continued to give out line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, in never-ceasing streams of utterance. Some of the friends in this country became anxious because no conversions were reported; but he pointed them to the promise of God, and worked on, and waited six years to see his first convert put on Christ by baptism. This confidence in God, and in the result of labor done in His name, rises to the pitch of sublimity. What a picture this calm, plodding, patient, ever-watchful, ever-active Christian worker presents, sitting amid the unbroken night, the unrelieved dreariness of heathenism, sustained by the unshaken assurance that having sown in tears, he would reap in joy. And the promise of God did not fail.

Soon the work of translating the scriptures, for which he had made such ample and conscientious preparation, became the chief work of his life. Few men of modern times have begun this vastly important work with such thorough qualification as respects natural endowment and special culture. Line

by line and word by word he went through the original text, seeking to convey to his Burman readers the exact meaning of the Spirit, till on the last day of January, 1834, he completed his most responsible and exacting task, and holding the last leaf in his hand, exclaimed: "Thank God, I can now say I have attained." I seem to see the man of God bowing his knees beside the rude table on which he has wrought during seventeen toilsome and anxious years, with the last leaf of the Burman Bible still moist with the traces of the well-worn pen, beseeching God to pardon the errors of his work, and make it "the grand instrument of filling all Burma with songs of praise to our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ." Three times he reviewed and revised his work. He states that the third and last revision, made as the result of light acquired through the studies connected with his Burman dictionary, cost him as much labor as the original translation.

The last work which engrossed his thought and time was his great Burman-English and English-Burman Dictionary. He was loth to begin it; he longed to preach the word which he had transferred to the Burman language, in public places to the people. It was for this that he had gone to the heathen, and he desired most of all to preach Christ to the perishing as the Way, the Truth and the Life. But his failing voice paved the way for the conviction that, after all, God might have chosen him for the work of the study and the closet, instead of the open ways of life. Accordingly he entered on the work, and in 1843, on the twenty-ninth anniversary of his landing in Burma, he writes: "Notwithstanding my long-cherished aversion to the work, I have come to think it very important. Having seen the accomplishment of two objects on which I had set my heart when I first came out to the East,—the establishment of a church of converted natives, and the translation of the Bible into their language,—I now beguile my daily toil with the prospect of compassing a third, designed to facilitate the transmission of all knowledge, religious and scientific, from one people to the other."

But the work was destined to a partial interruption. In April, 1845, he was obliged to sail with Mrs. Judson and three of their children for America, after a continued residence in a

tropical climate of nearly thirty-three years. He had often been urged by the society, and by missionaries, to take a home vacation, but he had steadily declined to do so, till the failing health of Mrs. Judson made a change imperative. But he took two native writers with him, and during the voyage, as well as the greater part of his sojourn in this country, the work was steadily advanced.

Who that has lingered over the heroic and touching story of our missions has not heard of the incidents of this passage? The partial recovery of Mrs. Judson, and the arrangement for her to pursue the voyage with the three children from the Isle of France, while the husband and father was to return to Burma; the sudden relapse which overtook the wife, and her death and burial on the rock of St. Helena, and the lonely journey of the bereaved husband with his motherless children to this country, constitute one of the most pathetic passages in the checkered life of the great missionary.

It is not necessary to dwell on the sojourn of Dr. Judson in this country. It is well known that he was ill at ease, and longed to be gone from scenes which distracted his mind from the work that had now become engrossing. The country was strange to him after an absence of nearly a generation, the men whom he met were personally strangers to him; even those with whom he had corresponded during the early days of his residence in the East had gone to their rest, while few of those connected with the American Board when he sailed from Salem were alive; he was somewhat averse to public meetings, in which he could take no part on account of the weakness of his voice; the strain of eulogy and laudation, which was so common in all references to him and his work, was distasteful to him; he was not as free as he wished, to push on the work of the dictionary, and he was eager to complete his arrangements for the care of his children, and go back to the country of his choice and the scenes hallowed by trial, suffering and holy companionship, that he might finish the work which could be done better in Burma than anywhere else.

I need not relate the story of his marriage to the gifted lady whose genius was exalted and refined by her association with him. She commemorated him as her "Angel Guide" in one of

the sweetest domestic poems in the English language, and also contributed some of the most valuable personal notices of his character, opinions and work which enrich the pages of the biographies of President Wayland, and of his son, Dr. Edward Judson. Nor need I dwell longer on the brief years spent in suffering and toil, after the return to Burma. The wiry frame was losing its tension, the step was becoming unsteady, the strength of former years was wasted, but he would not rest, and he could not die till the great work was in such a state of forwardness that his death could not diminish its value. And so he worked early and late, until the spring of 1850 saw the dictionary practically completed. Alas for us that his life and his work were destined to close together! He consented to take a sea voyage in the hope of recruiting his wasted energies, but they were too far spent. The light flickered faintly in the socket, and finally, on the 12th of April, went out. So he literally died at his post, with the harness on. He died comparatively young, but if the poet was right when he said,

“That life is long which answers life’s great end,”

his brief stage expands into immortality. He went to the East to found a church of converted natives, and to translate the Bible into their language. The church that he founded abides on the Rock of Ages, and the Word which he translated for its direction, upbuilding and sanctification, liveth and abideth forever.

Most impressively are we reminded, by the career of Adoniram Johnson, how great a thing a human life may be when consecrated to duty; how lofty in aim, how grand in action, how heroic in endurance, and how wide and high and beneficent in results. What monument does he need? His deeds will keep his memory fresh through all coming generations. Judson reared his own fittest memorial, of material more enduring than marble. No words of eulogy can add to the measure of his fame, which will grow with the lapse of years, while the results of his work will go on augmenting to proportions which only eternity can disclose.

REMARKS BY N. G. CLARK, D. D.,

Foreign Secretary of the "American Board."

As it was impossible, as he was from home, to get from Dr. Clark a written form for his interesting and impressive remarks, we insert the report made of them by *The Examiner*, of New York :

"Dr. Clark was called upon to speak for the Congregationalists, and said it was very fitting he should do so, as, but for his people, the Baptists might never have had Judson, and might have been much slower in entering upon missionary work. He claimed Judson for the whole world, as belonging to the best Christian sentiment of mankind. The world looks to him as an example of remarkably fine talent, of high, true spirit,—such an example as they wanted to hold up to the young men of their seminaries. He believed Judson one of the finest illustrations of the plan of God, in raising up peculiar men for a peculiar work. He would like to see a memorial in a hundred of the finest young men gathered from the institutions of learning, who should consecrate themselves to such a life of self-sacrifice as Judson's."

ADDRESS

BY

ANDREW PEABODY, D. D., LL. D.

I NEVER saw Dr. Judson, and yet I feel as if I had known him intimately. His was little more than a vaguely honored name, when I undertook to write a review of "Gammell's History of Baptist Missions." I subsequently performed the same office for Wayland's "Life of Judson." In these books, and through every source of information that has been opened to me, I have studied the life and character of Adoniram Judson, and in the entire history of Christian heroism, I can recall no other name which I should be so ready to place beside that of St. Paul, whom I regard as the greatest man that God ever made, and as having been empowered for his special work, not by his Christlikeness alone, but by the capacities and endowments that would have made him pre-eminent in any place or sphere. Judson seems to have been arrested on the way, as Paul was, by a call as truly divine as was the miraculous vision that made the persecutor an apostle of the faith which he "once destroyed." As I read the record of Judson's early life, I cannot doubt that he might have reached the summit of his ambition at the bar, in the senate, or in high official rank, and have won a wreath, brilliant and long-enduring, though not unfading, of such honor as the world can give, had there not been held before him, by his Saviour, the crown of eternal glory awarded to those who fight, endure and conquer in his name.

The record of Dr. Judson's labors, sufferings and achievements shows that there is nothing which a man has or is that

may not be fully utilized in his life-work. Of that life-work, saying and doing are the smallest part. They are a multiplier of no great integral value, of which the aggregate of mind, heart and soul that is put into them is the far greater multiplier, and determines both the quality and the quantity of the product. As God so enshrines himself in his creation and providence that, with the inward eye fully opened, we should see englobed in the leaf-bud or the grass-blade the very same attributes that are revealed in the order of the heavens and the march of worlds, so the true man of God puts his entire selfhood into whatever department of service may be assigned to him,—and he can put no more. This is signally true in the missionary field, in which feeble, meagre, narrow piety, however sincere, is a hindrance, not a help. If the world is to be evangelized, and prophecy made liberty, it must be by the consecration of men of strong minds, rich souls, large hearts,—of those to whom the five talents are given at the outset, and who have the intensity of faith, of love and of will-power that can make the five ten, and the ten twenty. I want, therefore, to have Dr. Judson commemorated, not merely as among the foremost in labor, hardship and tribulation for the cause of Christ, but as a man who, with as consummate self-sacrifice as the world has ever witnessed, devoted to that cause a vigor of intellect, a tenacity of purpose, a range and compass of ability, a power of influence, in which, within the century since he was born, he has had few equals, and no superior.

My friends, you honor yourselves in thus honoring the blessed memory of this man; and God grant that your tribute of gratitude and love to him may awaken a more fervent zeal, and a more efficient energy in the work for which Christ lived and died, and ever lives.

POWER OF PERSONALITY.

Written for the Judson Centennial at Malden,

BY

JOHN W. OLMSTEAD, D. D.

AT the close of President Wayland's "Memoir of Adoniram Judson," second volume (page 403-4), it is expressively said:

"When the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord, and of His Christ; when every pagoda shall have been levelled, and every hilltop, from the Bay of Bengal to the foot of the Himalaya, shall be crowned with a temple to Jehovah; when the landscape shall be thickly studded with schools, scattering broadcast the seeds of human knowledge; when law shall have spread the shield of its protection over the most lowly and the most exalted; when civil and religious liberty shall be the birthright of every Burman,—then will the spot where stood the prison at Oung-pen-la be consecrated ground; thither will pilgrims resort to do honor to the name of their benefactor; and mothers, as they teach their children to pray to the eternal God, will remind them of the atheism of their forefathers, and repeat to them the story of the life and labors of Adoniram Judson. Such honor doth God bestow upon holy, humble, self-denying and long-suffering love."

Mrs. Emily C. Judson, who survived all too briefly the demise of her illustrious husband, was not with him when he died and was buried at sea, April 12, 1850, thirty-eight years and more since. But in memorable words she says, speaking of the attendants on that occasion, and of the scene: "They lowered him to his ocean grave, and there they left him in his unquiet sepulchre. * * * Neither could he have had a more fitting monument than the blue waves which visit every coast, for his warm sympathies went forth to the ends of the earth, and included

the whole family of man." That was, indeed, a gracious as beautiful conception, of a mind at once pious and poetic. The "blue waves which visit every coast" are truly but the appropriate emblem of the great personality that we find enfolded in the character and the career of Adoniram Judson. Think of him at the age of but twenty-five years, enlisting in the, at the time, disbelieved in, nay, the scoffed at, enterprise of making known the gospel of the Son of God to the teeming yet darkened millions of South-eastern Asia. Think of him with his sainted young wife, Ann Haseltine, and his coadjutors, Nott and Rice, embarking in such an undertaking as this,—to plant Christian evangelizing missions among tribes and peoples dwelling in darkness and the shadow of death; far less civilized and less humanized than they are to-day, even,—the very alphabet of whose difficult language it was indispensable to acquire, as a first preliminary to any successful labor on their behalf. Consider that this enterprise, counted by so many in Christendom as but visionary and chimerical, was a movement to bring to these benighted ones not only a new religion, supplanting and overthrowing idolatries and superstitions hoary with age, but one to carry to them as well, in modes of life and of living, a wholly novel civilization. Think of this modern Apostle to the Gentile Pagan world achieving what he did so signally achieve in thirty-five years of most active and exhausting toil, both as preacher and as translator of the Sacred Scriptures,—the completed Bible rendered into the dialect of Burma being his crowning accomplishment,—passing away to take his crown at the age of but sixty-two years, and you must needs exclaim, in this most comprehensive summary of the achievements of this one great leader in the conquering army of Christ, "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

The power of great deeds in great men we see illustrated as well in modern as in ancient history, in such as Washington, and in our own times, of Lincoln and of Gladstone; this in the walks of statesmanship and of patriotism. Dr. Judson projected his ideal of achievement for mankind along other lines than these of the great ones of earth. Allying himself, first of all, to the cause of his and of our Lord Christ, he put his whole consecrated energies upon this one altar of self-sacrifice. It was to

gather gems for the Redeemer's crown from among the sin-cursed millions of the far Orient, that, like his Divine Master and Saviour, he literally and without reservation "gave himself." It was "a whole burnt offering," the incense of which is in our hearts to-day. The results of the consecration who shall compute.—the ripened fruitage of this one great personality,—

"In souls renewed and sins forgiven ;"

of a multitude in the past, and of a far greater multitude in the future, as the distant East shall blend with the farthest West, as the North and the South alike shall swell the ransomed host of the whole earth, at last regenerated and redeemed? For "*the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*"

Those who are gathered in this old historic town of Malden, where, on the 9th day of August, 1788, the subject of our passing commemoration had his birth, are drawn together to pay their due tribute to the memory of one eminent personality. We remember, with reverent gratitude to God, that it is now just one hundred years since Adoniram Judson was born. Though he gave but little more than a third of a century to the grandest life-work of which man or angel could conceive, what an achievement for God and for his race did this one man accomplish! It all came as the fruit of being girded throughout his "earthly mission" with the high resolve of another great missionary, "*This one thing I do.*" What an example and illustration of the possibilities of one sacrificial Christian life, educated, disciplined, animated and directed under the propelling power of but one single dominating ambition and end. Dr. Judson's monument stands before us all, full well revealed to-day. He needs, for the "everlasting remembrance" in which he must forevermore live, no sculptured marble, wrought out under the design and the skill of the most cunning artificer. Before a second century shall have ended since he was born, the long ago prophecy must reach its fulfilment of Ethiopia, of India, of China, of the islands of all seas, stretching forth their hands unto God. Dr. Adoniram Judson's enduring monument is in this transfigured consummation, toward the coming and toward the perfection of which he bore such a part.

ADDRESS


OF

EDWARD O. STEVENS,

At the Judson Centennial Celebration at Malden, Mass.,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9th, 1888.

Men, Brethren, and Fathers :

WENTY-FOUR years ago, I appeared for the first time on the same platform with Dr. Dean, the venerable gentleman at my left. I never expected then to sit again on the same platform with this veteran missionary. I could wish that he might have been called upon to speak before me, for he would be able to tell you of his remembrance of things in the life of Adoniram Judson, which happened before I was born. However, I will endeavor to perform the part assigned to me on this occasion.

I am requested to tell you something as to my recollections of Dr. Judson. Many reminiscences of him in Burma crowd in upon my mind at this moment. I should be glad to describe the auditorium of the old Maulmain Burman chapel, where I used to hear him preach in Burmese. I could tell of the vestry of that same chapel, where I heard his fervent prayers in the English language at the missionary concert at sunrise, on the first Monday morning of the month in 1844, and where, four years later, he conducted a children's meeting, while our mothers were assembled for prayer in the mission-house near by. But five minutes will afford time for me to speak of only one incident.

It was the month of April, 1850. A feeling of sadness seemed to pervade everything in the Maulmain mission. Dr. Judson's illness had been so protracted, the case had become so serious, that few entertained any hopes of his recovery. But so long as there existed a bare chance of his being benefited by a sea voyage, he was anxious to try it. Thus on Wednesday, April 30, he was carried in a palanquin on board of the French barque, "Aristide Marie," bound for the island of Bourbon.

But much difficulty was experienced in getting out to sea. No steamer was available for towage, and the north-east monsoon had nearly died away, so that five days were occupied in doing what, in favorable circumstances might have been accomplished in a few hours. Mrs. Judson, learning of this detention, twice dropped down in a row-boat to see him. As I remember it, she was accompanied by my mother. Once, as a special favor, I was permitted to go too. On that occasion, the two ladies were escorted by Rev. Lyman Stilson. This was probably Saturday, April 6th.

As I was a boy, only about eleven years of age, I was made to feel that I must be careful not to make a noise or be in the way. Hence I kept myself on the poop-deck, seeking a cool place, for the weather was extremely hot, and scarcely a breath of air was stirring. Leaning over the bulwarks, I watched the eddies in the dark waters in the Maulmain River, as the tide swept by on its way to the Gulf of Martaban. I looked for some object of interest on the banks, but they were low and swampy, and to the water's edge covered with a dense jungle of wild ratan and the nipa palm. As the Captain and seamen were French, I found no one in the ship's crew with whom I could converse.

"All the air a solemn stillness held."

There seemed to be nothing to relieve the sense of oppression which weighed down my spirits at the thought that probably I should never see Dr. Judson again.

After dinner, Mr. Stilson called to me in an undertone, saying, "Come, Eddie, it is nearly time for us to return. Go down, now, and say good-by to Dr. Judson." I obeyed, and stepping

softly, ventured within the doors of the cabin to take a last look of one whom I had always been taught to love and revere. There he lay, his thin hair brushed back from his ample forehead; his face wore a sallow, distressed look,—in short, he appeared to be very ill. Mrs. Judson was sitting by in a chair, fanning him. Observing some one enter, he turned his eyes toward me, and languidly extending his right arm, gently took my hand in his. “Well, Eddie,” was all he could say before I turned away to hide my grief.

Perhaps his memory reverted to the day when he first saw me, an infant in my mother’s arms; to the hour when, at the request of my parents, in the old Hancock house in Maulmain (where he himself subsequently lived), he offered the prayer by which I was solemnly dedicated to God. But if he did recollect it, the pain with which he was tortured was so severe that his mind could not dwell long on any one thing. It appears that even to Mrs. Judson, in that last sad hour of parting, he was able to say very little.

It was not necessary that he should give me a dying charge, to live in a manner consistent with the profession which I had made nearly eighteen months before. His life of devotion to the cause of Christian missions had already made a deep impression on my young heart. There it was inscribed in indelible characters, that it was the sufferings which he had endured in the death-prison at Ava, and in the lion’s cage at Oung-pen-la, that had finally broken him down, and made him prematurely old, at the age of sixty-one. I well knew that the scars of the five pairs of fetters he had worn, when subjected to the cruelty of the Burman jailers, were still to be seen on his now weak and swollen ankles.

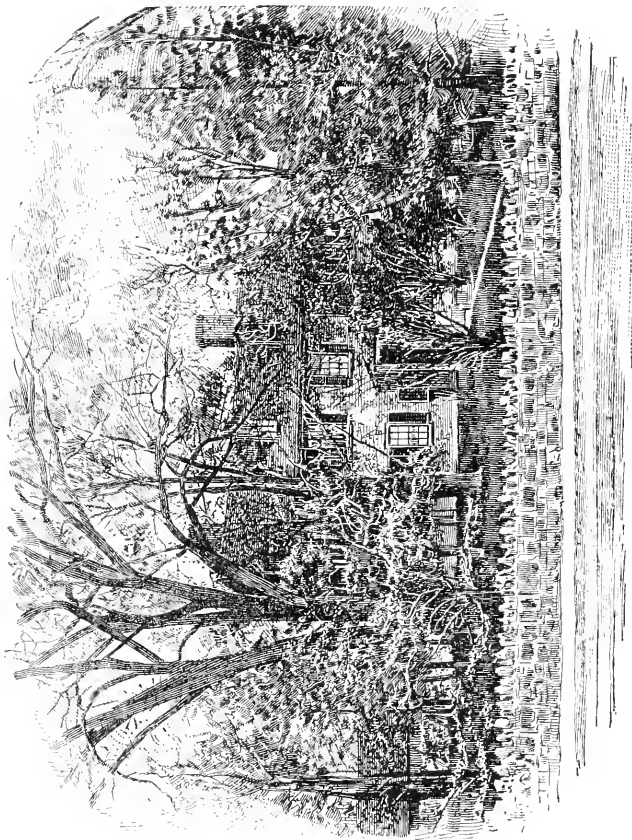
Adoniram Judson has had more influence under God in moulding my character and determining my life-work, than any other man, except my own dear father of blessed memory. By means of this influence, “he still lives.” “By it, he being dead yet speaketh.” It may be that few, if any of us could equal him in mental acumen, or in the ability to master a foreign tongue. But is it not the privilege of every one of us to be as faithful and as enthusiastic as was he, in the discharge of duties to God and our fellow-men?

The Christians connected with our missions in Burma are not content to say, "We and the Burman Bible are Teacher Judson's monument." They desire that a church edifice may be erected at Mandalay to his memory. Dr. Murdock, the Corresponding Secretary, is of the opinion that \$10,000 will be required for such a memorial building. One Burman Christian widow, baptized by Dr. Judson himself, has contributed more than one-tenth of this amount. We would that the sound of a bell calling to worship on the Lord's Day may be heard in the vicinity of those prison-pens, where in former times were heard the shrieks of men under torture, or the roars of the King's hungry lion, to which it was proposed to give Judson and the other white captives to be devoured.

I have met with hundreds in America, who have expressed the wish to be allowed to join with the Burman and Karen Christians in putting up this Memorial Chapel at the capital of Upper Burma. We have just heard it said that Adoniram Judson belongs, not to one denomination of Christians only, but to the whole world. Let all the world, then, have a share in contributing the necessary funds. Thus far, none have given in this country, except Baptists and Episcopalians. How could we more fittingly celebrate this day, than by making a handsome contribution wherewith to reduce the amount remaining to be raised for the Judson Centennial Memorial Chapel at Mandalay? *

NOTE.—In the evening a collection for the Mandalay Chapel was taken amounting to \$531.





BIRTHPLACE OF ADONIRAM JUDSON, MALDEN, MASS.

JUDSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

I. H. FARNHAM, MALDEN.

“THE Judson house is situated south-east from the central business portion of the city, on the main street leading from Malden to Everett and Boston. The house is a somewhat old style two-story structure, back from the street, with pitched roof, two huge chimneys, one on either side of the hall which divides the house centrally. The front view is as pleasant as any, showing through the numerous trees the porch and front door in the centre, two windows on each side, and five in the second story. The roof is broken in its plainness by two gothic windows and the substantial chimneys. An ell extends back from the street, and is not seen from the front gate. The yard is deep and wide, and contains many large and smaller trees. There are huge elms and evergreens, which doubtless were growing at the time of Judson's birth. The lawn is separated from the street by a substantial, and rather ornamental, broken stone wall. It is said by the older inhabitants of the neighborhood that little or no change has been made in the century now past. The farm once connected with the house, however, is fast being cut up into house lots; and year by year the carpenter's hammer is heard approaching nearer and nearer the quiet, restful spot. We hope no rude hand will disturb, for many years, this tangible reminder of the great man and his noble work.

“In the valley just adjoining the house on the south, flourishes an extensive rose culture, owned and operated by the present occupant of the homestead, which supplies the markets in Boston with rich perfume during every month in the year.

Across Main street, to the west, rises a rocky hill, where, in Malden's early history, was suspended from huge sheers the church bell. The hill still retains the name Bell Rock, and one of the seven railroad stations of Malden takes its name from the hill. Just south of the hill still bubbles up a natural spring of pure water, to which Judson's tender feet used often to stroll with his devoted mother.

"It is not assuming too much to say that such a beautiful home and surrounding country scenery, with the spires of Boston in the distance, must have had a helpful influence, not only directly on the child Judson, but indirectly through his mother. Malden, as a city, remembers her noted son by naming for him a street and a square."



JUDSON'S LITERARY LABORS.

BY L. A. W. SMITH, D. D.

IN contemplating the literary remains of Dr. Judson, one is easily reminded of the expression on Goldsmith's tombstone:

"Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit."

He used to say of himself that one of his failings was a "lust for finishing;" which meant for him, at least so far as the translating of the Bible was concerned, a something to be ever pursued, and never, while life should last, overtaken. The edition of the Burmese Bible which is now going through the press in Rangoon, the third edition of the whole Bible, contains his last emendations of the Old Testament,—only just now finished at the end of nearly forty years since his death, and yet *finished* at last. "He rests from his labors, but his works do follow him."

Dr. Judson's first literary effort was a grammar of the Burmese language for the use of the missionaries, completed in 1816, three years after his arrival in the country, but not printed until 1842; waiting, no doubt, for the *finishing* touches, and yet, when finished, well worthy of the years of labor bestowed upon it. Of this work, a writer in the *Calcutta Review* speaks as follows:—"He published another work, a grammar of no pretensions, and of very small dimensions, yet a manual which indicated the genius of the man perhaps, more strikingly than anything else, except his Bible. He has managed, from a thorough knowledge of the language, to condense into a few short pages (76), a most complete grammar of this difficult tongue; and as the student grows in knowledge, pari

passu, this little volume rises in his estimation; for its lucid comprehensive conciseness becomes more and more manifest, In our limited acquaintance with languages, whether of the East or West, we have seen no work in any tongue which we should compare with it for brevity and completeness."

I remember the late Mr. Crawley, who became an accomplished scholar in the Burmese language, according to this work the same kind of praise. He considered it, he once told me a very elementary work, when first placed in his hands; but his sense of its value and inexhaustibleness grew with his own knowledge of the language.

Dr. Judson's tracts were no less remarkable than his grammar. They have been in great and constant circulation for more than fifty years, and are as fresh and appropriate to-day, as when first printed. One of them, perhaps the most striking, at any rate the most popular, is the *Golden Balance*, a translation of which appears in the appendix of the second volume of Dr. Wayland's memoir of Dr. Judson. A single illustration out of scores that might be furnished, will indicate the esteem in which that tract is held. A few years ago, a man on board a river steamer, on his way to Rangoon, was so anxious to secure a copy, that he offered a rupee to a man who had it, hoping thus to induce him to part with it. Failing in this, he got permission to make a copy of it. On reaching Rangoon, he made some inquiries as to where the tract could be procured, but being a stranger, was unsuccessful. Great was his joy therefore, when, a few days later, he went on a worship day to the Shway-dagon pagoda, to fall in with old Mr. Abrahams, an Armenian convert, who had gone thither with a supply of tracts, the *Golden Balance* among them, to distribute among the Buddhist worshippers.

Dr. Judson contributed three hymns to the Burmese Hymn-Book. The first hymn ever written in the Burmese language, had Dr. Judson for its author. It is a curious circumstance that none of the early missionaries to Burma could sing, and when the late Mr. R. B. Hancock, who arrived in the country in 1833, twenty years after the commencement of the mission, sought to introduce singing as part of the worship, the disciples resented it as an innovation, until they had been reassured by

Dr. Judson. The contribution of a few hymns from his own pen would serve still further to support the new missionary in the alleged innovation.

Passing over for lack of time with the bare mention, the Burmo-English and English-Burman dictionaries, the crowning work of his life was the translation of the Bible into the Burmese language, which was commenced in 1817, and finished in 1834. In a postscript to his letter to the Cor. Secretary, of Jan. 31, 1834, he writes:—

“Thanks be to God, I can *now* say, I have attained, I have knelt down before Him, with the last leaf in my hand, and imploring His forgiveness for all the sins which have polluted my labors in this department, and His aid in future efforts to remove errors and imperfections which necessarily cleave to the work, I have commended it to His mercy and grace. I have dedicated it to His glory. May He make His own inspired word, now complete in the Burmese tongue, the grand instrument of filling all Burma with songs of praise to our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ.”

No missionary, since Dr. Judson, has learned the language with so little to help him. Perhaps the very difficulties contributed to the superior excellence of the results. That his ability in the use of the language was remarkable, even at the early date when he commenced work on the New Testament, is manifest from an incident which occurred in 1818, on his way to Madras. Stopping at Cheduba, and himself unable to go ashore, he took the opportunity of sending a tract by the boat. It happened to be conveyed immediately to the governor, and he ordered it to be read in his presence. When, soon after, the captain had an audience, the governor inquired after the writer of the tract, who he was and how long he had been in the country. The captain, fearing detention, merely stated that the writer was a foreigner who had resided in Rangoon about four years. “No,” replied the governor, “that is not to be credited. You cannot make me believe that a foreigner, in so short a time, has learned to write the language so well. It must have been written by some other person.”

The Burmese language, re-inforced and enriched as it has been by the Pali, a dialect of the ancient Sanscrit, has a wide

range, and there is great room for choice in words and modes of expressions. Dr. Judson has exhibited the skill of a master, and it is the unanimous opinion of all who are competent to have an opinion, that, so far as the beauty, vigor and purity of diction are concerned, the Burmese Bible holds the same exalted position in that language which is held by our own matchless Bible in respect to the English language. It is not a translation from the English, but from the original Hebrew and Greek; and in the work of Karen Bible revision, in which, for the past year, Mr. Thomas and myself have been engaged, it has been a matter of constant remark between us, that both the Karen and Burmese translations have anticipated the changes in the recently revised English scriptures in almost every case. And so it has come to pass, that for the past fifty years, thanks to the scholarship and fidelity of Dr. Adoniram Judson and Dr. Francis Mason, the Burmans and Karens have had a Bible more faithful to the original than we have had,—than the Anglo-Saxon race has had! And this leads me, in closing, to dwell a moment on the occasion we have to thank the God of missions and the God of the Bible for his great goodness in raising up, successively, chosen men, picked men, for the great work of Bible translation. It may be true of other missions, also, but it is pre-eminently so of Burma, which has had Dr. Judson for the Burmese, Dr. Mason for the Karen, and Dr. Cushing for the Shan, all of whom have, with great ability and fidelity, made original translations.

The last two, however, have enjoyed the advantage of being able to refer to the Burmese, a kind of advantage not enjoyed by Dr. Judson. To him, therefore, and to his work, must always be given the highest place among the Bible translators for the races of Burma.

ADDRESS.

“The Relation of Theological Learning to Missionary Work.”

ALVAH HOVEY, D. D., LL. D.

IT would be a mistake for me to assume that any of you are in doubt concerning the relation of theological learning to missionary work; for such an assumption could only be made by one who believed you to be unacquainted with theology or with missions, while I am sure that you are intelligent friends of both. Indeed, such has been the history of missionary work in our denomination, that it seems to me impossible for any well-informed supporter of foreign missions to be indifferent to theological education. The name of our great pioneer missionary, who was born a hundred years ago in this town, is an argument for the value of theological learning to one who preaches Christ to the benighted; and a similar argument is enfolded in the names of Mason and Wade, of Vinton and Haswell, of Binney and Stevens, of Abbott and Beecher, of Thomas and Carpenter, of Crawley and Johnson, of Jones and Brown, of Goddard and Knowlton, not to mention the names of many more who have finished their course below the stars, or of an equal number who still remain to bear the burden and heat of the day. Nor can I forbear to place on this roll of honor the name of one who is so often called “the sainted Boardman,” though his theological learning was not obtained in a seminary, and though his brief term of service in the foreign field did not allow him to pour out all the stores of Christian truth which he had gained.

Not, then, for the sake of argument, but simply to remind you of what may sometimes be forgotten, I will venture to show the relation of theological learning to missionary work. Theology is the doctrine of God, our heavenly Father, the Supreme Ruler of mankind. To learn the truth, or even part of the truth concerning him,—concerning his being, his perfection, his pur-

pose, his providence, his grace, his redemption,—concerning his Son, his Spirit, and his church, is to learn theology. In this study, we endeavor to see the universe in its relation to God and to ascertain his method of bringing men out of nature's darkness into his marvellous light.

And the sources of truth respecting God and his will are manifold and inexhaustible. All the wonders of nature testify of him to an earnest student of theology. Unseen elements and forces,—heat, electricity, magnetism, gravitation,—all the instincts and sagacities of beast or bird, all the faculties of mind and heart in man, all the lore of the past and all the science of the present, speak of God and his ways to the reverent soul. For “the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,” and “the invisible things of Him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made, even His everlasting power and divinity.”

But a radical acquaintance with the Word of God is the principal element in theological learning. Such an acquaintance means much more than familiarity with the language of scripture, or facility in repeating its choicest sayings. It means a trained ability and habit of searching after the inmost sense of the record, of penetrating to the unseen heart of truth, out of which its vital currents rush and throb through all the arteries of the Word, of digging down to the bed-rock of ultimate principle that underlies the ever-changing and beautiful landscape of divine revelation, and there resting secure on the eternal foundations. To form this habit, and to acquire this ability of dealing thoroughly with the Word of truth, is the best part of theological learning. It brings one into closest contact with “the lively oracles.” It enables one to wield with better judgment and effect “the sword of the Spirit.” It prepares one to translate the divine message from the original languages into other tongues, and it helps one to see God in the face of Jesus Christ with more distinctness,—a vision which imparts courage and hope to the soul. By this learning, the missionary preacher is assisted in his work, and it is well-nigh indispensable to the missionary teacher. Dr. Judson's translation of the Bible into the Burman language is indebted to his theological learning for some part of its accuracy and excellence. Dr. Mason's

Karen version of the scriptures owes much to his persistent studies in Newton; and I am convinced that if the whole influence of theological learning upon missionary work, as conducted by Protestant Christians in modern times, could be exactly ascertained, it would prove to have been very great and very beneficent.

Consider also, in this connection, the fundamental quality of missionary work,—how a pioneer in this service, like Dr. Judson, wins the first converts, forms the first churches, writes the first covenants, trains the first native preachers, prints the first tracts, administers the first acts of discipline, and in a word, sets in motion the whole system of Christian living. Almost everything depends upon his intelligence and discretion. If he is ignorant or rash, disaster must follow. If he is well instructed in the truth, and discreet in the application of Christian principles, his work will stand.

But it must be freely admitted that no amount of Biblical knowledge will compensate for a lack of good sense or earnest piety. Sincerely as I believe in the blessed influence of theological learning, and grateful as I am for the privilege of helping young men to secure it for the purpose of rendering greater service in “the high places of the field,” I have never dared to look upon it as a chief qualification for missionary work. Everything in its rank and place. I have been accustomed to arrange the qualifications for mission work in the following order: Devotion to Christ, good judgment, steadiness of purpose, hopefulness, physical health, linguistic capacity, suitable education, and suitable age. You will observe that education or learning is named next the last in a list of eight qualifications. But do not, therefore, imagine that I deem it of small importance. Every one of these qualifications is well-nigh, if not absolutely, essential. No one of them can be wanting in a missionary without serious detriment to his work.

I esteem it a most auspicious sign of the times that so many theological students are pondering the question of missionary service. Year by year a greater proportion of these choice men is seen to pause on the threshold of public life to consider the claims of Christ upon their ministry on heathen shores. Year

by year their teachers are offering to them ampler instruction as to the principles, the demands, and the prospects of this holy enterprise. To these students the friends of missions are looking for other Judsons and Boardmans to bear the gospel to those who sit in darkness. When they pray, as doubtless they sometimes do, to the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest, I opine that their eyes often turn with longing expectation to Newton or Hamilton, to Rochester or Morgan Park, to Crozer or Louisville, for they judge, not without reason, that theology and consecration go hand in hand, that the spirit of God will admit some of these educated young men to gird up their loins and go far hence to the Gentiles. The thing that has been is the thing that will be. If prayer is offered, it will be answered. If young men, whose minds are enriched with sacred learning, are called by Jesus Christ to self-denying service in foreign lands, they will hearken to the call. The learning of Moses, the culture of Isaiah, the education of Paul, were embraced in their qualifications for the work to which they were divinely appointed; and the conditions of efficiency in religious leadership remain the same as of old.

How vast and complex is the network of means by which the divine purpose is carried into effect! How silently and skillfully does the grace of God ally itself with the powers of men, and turn their early training to the best possible account! How patiently does the Prince of Mansoul adjust his holy influence to the native capacity, the youthful discipline, and the personal experience of ten thousand free agents, leading them all by various paths into the same loving ministry for the weal of mankind! How swiftly are the discoveries, the inventions and the ceaseless activities of modern life brought by the supreme Ruler to further the spread of his gospel! Do you say that there is another side of this shield? That from Satan's standpoint all these activities are drawing away from God? To some extent this is true. Everything good is liable to abuse. But I have an abiding faith that Christ is stronger and wiser than Satan. I believe that this world belongs to him. The Lord is King, and he will reign until he has put all things under his feet. And in putting all things under him human

agency will be employed: natural and acquired powers will be utilized; men, young and strong, educated and consecrated, will go into the fields, white for the harvest, and reap. Thus theological learning is closely related to missionary work, and in praying for the schools you are praying for missions; while in praying for missions you are, less consciously, perhaps, praying for the schools. For the present, at least, by the will of God, they are one and inseparable. Let them work for the same Master and the same end, with the same spirit, and there will be joy in the highest at the increase of peace on earth.



FOUR FOOLISH YOUNG PEOPLE.

The following extract is from a letter written by a prominent citizen of Haverhill, Mass., to a gentleman then in Lisbon, Portugal. It sounds queerly at the present time. Only God can see the end from the beginning. It is dated February 12th, 1812.

“I think of nothing interesting to add. I will, however, just observe that religious enthusiasm still continues to prevail here. Believe me, unaccountable as it may appear to you, that what I am about to repeat to you is true. A daughter of the late Moses Atwood, deceased, by the name of Harriet, and a young Miss Hazeltine, of the Hazeltine family of Bradford, young (about seventeen or eighteen years old,) and totally inexperienced in the school of human nature, are about to embark with their companions (to whom they have but yesterday allied themselves by marriage) — yes, *I say that these four foolish and inexperienced young people are about to embark, and will actually sail for the far-distant shores of Hindoostan, and, marvellous to tell, to teach that numerous and ancient people the right way to Heaven!* Why disturb that or any other people about their religious opinions? We, like all other people under heaven, are tenacious of our own religious opinions. It is of no consequence whether my neighbor believes in ‘one God or twenty gods,’ so long as he does not rob my pockets. It is unnecessary for me to dwell longer on this subject, as you can easily anticipate what further might be added.”

Observe: “These four foolish and inexperienced young people” are now known to the world under the following illustrious names: ADONIRAM JUDSON, ANN HAZELTINE JUDSON, SAMUEL NEWELL and HARRIET ATWOOD NEWELL.



EDWARD JUDSON, D. D.

ADDRESS AT MALDEN,

AUGUST 9th, 1888.

BY REV. EDWARD JUDSON, D. D.

Mr. President, brethren and sisters :—

I think you will agree with me that there is a deep undertone of feeling in this assembly which fails to find expression. We most nearly gave expression to it when we united our hearts and voices in singing Dr. Smith's graceful and glowing lines.

I would be glad to contribute to the interest of this heart-stirring occasion a rich store of personal reminiscences, but in the nature of the case my personal acquaintance with my father was very slight, and my remembrances are correspondingly meagre. I was only four months old when he took his departure for America, accompanied by mother and the three older children, leaving behind myself and my two little brothers. You know the result of that voyage. How, when they came to the Isle of France, my mother's health seemed so far restored that my father decided to return to Burmah. It was on this occasion that my mother penned those never-to-be-forgotten stanzas :

“ We part on this green islet, love,—
Thou for the eastern main,
I for the setting sun, love,
Oh ! when to meet again ?

“ My heart is sad for thee, love,
For lone thy way will be ;
And oft thy tears will fall, love,
For thy children and for me.

“The music of thy daughter’s voice
Thou’lt miss for many a year ;
And the merry shout of thine elder boys
Thou’lt list in vain to hear.

“Yet my spirit clings to thine, love,
Thy soul remains with me,
And oft we’ll hold communion sweet
O’er the dark and distant sea.

“And who can paint our mutual joy,
When, all our wanderings o’er,
We both shall clasp our infants three,
At home on Burmah’s shore ?

“But higher shall our raptures glow,
On yon celestial plain,
When the loved and parted here below
Meet, ne’er to part again.

“Then gird thine armor on, love,
Nor faint thou by the way,
Till Buddh shall fall, and Burmah’s sons
Shall own Messiah’s sway.”

My mother’s health again failed, so that my father’s purpose of going back to Burmah was relinquished. Little by little she declined, until, as the vessel entered the port of St. Helena, she died at early dawn. On the same day she was buried at St. Helena, and my father continued his voyage to America.

During his stay in this country, one of my little brothers died, and on his return, bringing me a new mother, I was barely two years old. When I was a little over five years old, he went on board ship to take a sea voyage, which presented the only hope of the recovery of his health. Within four days of the time of sailing, he died, and was buried in the ocean, and it was four months before the intelligence of his departure came to the little family at Maulmain. So you see that my personal acquaintance with him covers only a few short years of my early childhood. The recollections of childhood are vivid, but of narrow interest. In the case of missionaries’ children, the

ocean voyage serves, indeed, as a dividing line, making the earliest recollections more vivid; but such reminiscences are circumscribed by the horizon of childhood, and possess no general interest. What interest would people in general take in my remembrance of how my father used to wake me up early in the morning, with the joyous intelligence that a rat had been caught in the trap the night before? Of what general interest would be my recollection of his comforting and soothing caresses during hours of illness? Well do I remember the day when the dreadful news came of his death. My mother gathered then our little family together,—my little brother three years older than I, my half-sister three years younger, and myself,—and brought us to this country. Only to-day, I received a letter from that half-sister, who would have been with us only for severe illness in her own family,—the one about whom was composed that beautiful lyric, called “My Bird”:

“ Ere last year’s moon had left the sky,
 A birdling sought my Indian nest;
 And folded, oh, so lovingly !
 Her tiny wings upon my breast.

“ From morn till evening’s purple tinge,
 In winsome helplessness she lies ;
 Two rose leaves with a silken fringe,
 Shut softly on her starry eyes.

“ There’s not in Ind a lovelier bird ;
 Broad earth owns not a happier nest ;
 O God, Thou hast a fountain stirred,
 Whose waters nevermore shall rest.”

There are many points of view from which a human life may be considered. How much interest belongs even to the humblest career!

“ Between two breaths what crowded mysteries lie ;
 The first short gasp, the last and long-drawn sigh ! ”

My father’s life, when viewed from his own standpoint and even that of his contemporaries, must often have looked like failure. It was so with the life of Christ. He said: “I thank

thee, O, Father. Lord of heaven and earth!" or, as it should be more correctly rendered, "I fully confess to Thee. I make a clean breast of it to Thee; that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent," or, in other words, that "I have made no impression upon the society about me. I have not succeeded in reaching persons of social and intellectual importance, and have only gathered together a few people, a few simple and ignorant people,—mere babes." The whole passage is a sublime confession of signal failure. He acknowledges his failure, and seeks comfort in resignation to his Father's will, and in hope that looks far into the future. Such has been the case with many of his followers. How much of my father's life must have seemed to him a failure!

Far back in 1812, he and his associates had to embark almost by stealth, so mad and quixotic did the enterprise appear, and so great was the popular contempt and indignation against the whole undertaking. * For seven years he labored, without winning a single convert, and it was during that time that he pencilled the following lines on a fly-leaf of his grammar:—

"In joy or sorrow, health or pain,
Our course be onward still;
We sow on Burmah's barren plain,
We reap on Zion's hill."

You remember the words he wrote to Luther Rice about Christians and home: "If they are unwilling to risk their bread on such a forlorn hope as has nothing but the Word of God to sustain it, beg of them, at least, not to prevent others from giving us bread, and if we live some twenty or thirty years, they may hear from us again." At the end of ten years he had a little church of eighteen members. Then came the war, and while enduring suffering which he regarded as utterly profitless, he must have felt that his life-work was all going to pieces. It was then he used to comfort himself, repeating Madame Guyon's refrain:

"No place I seek but to fulfill
In life and death Thy lovely will;
No succor in my woes I want,
Except what Thou art pleased to grant."

* Vide p. 46.

“ Our days are numbered—let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care ;
’Tis Thine to number out our days,
And ours to give them to Thy praise.”

Then when the war was over, he returned to Rangoon and found his church scattered. There were only four members that could be found. He then went to Amherst, and there experienced a disastrous failure, because the seat of Government was soon to be transferred to Maulmain. Here, indeed, he saw some precious fruits of his labor, but then came sickness and sorrow, a necessary return to this country, and when he again found himself in Burmah, he longed to go to Ava. His acquaintance with the language, and prolonged missionary experience, fitted him for such an aggressive movement, and all Providential intimations seemed to point in that direction. How bitter, then, was his disappointment, when the policy of retrenchment at home caused him to retreat instead of advancing. He felt then that he had been forgotten by the Christians at home, and declared that the Baptists were far behind in missionary enterprise. “The Baptist missions,” he writes, “will probably pass into the hands of other denominations.” Little did he dream that there was so near at hand a time such as Faber describes in his exquisite lines.

“ Far, far away, like bells of evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o’er the land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd turn their weary steps to Thee.”

How many great souls have drank of the cup of present disappointment, without feeling an intimation of the glorious results which were to come afterwards! How many live only long enough “to hear the world applaud the hollow ghost which blamed the living man!”

The law seems to be that the real builders of social institutions have slow work, and often dwell in the sorrowful consciousness of failure. If a man does not know by experience what failure is, it is because he is only manipulating social

force which have been brought into being by the blood and sweat of others. "My Dear Philosopher," a lady writes to Voltaire, "it is easier to write on paper than on human flesh." You, who know what it is to cope with failure, to whom it often seems that you are pushing your way through a patch of burdocks and briars which are constantly pulling you back, so that you seem sometimes to have leaded feet, as in a nightmare, and to be able, with the greatest struggling, to make no real advance, what encouragement can you take from the lives of those who have accomplished the most for humanity; who, while they lived, were ignored, and died without entering into the promises? But what is to be the practical upshot of this occasion? This is an age of memorials and jubilees. Let not our virtues evaporate in admiration of distant feats of heroism which we are unwilling to undertake ourselves. Otherwise, shall we not incur our Lord's reproach? "Woe unto ye Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye build the tombs of the Prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous." Let us put ourselves where there is the greatest strain.

"High deeds haunt not the fringy edges of the fight,
But the pell-mell of men."

How can we best help the cause of missions? Not by persuading others to go. What good results from great mass meetings, where the enthusiasm runs high and impressions are created which do not crystalize into definite purposes? Heated addresses, which conceal the dangers and difficulties of missionary life, and describe only the romantic features, may secure men, but they will not be of the right kind.

A she-wolf, who had a large family, used to taunt a lioness who had only one cub, but the lioness fitly replied, "Unum, sed leonem,"—one, but a lion. Better fewer men, provided that they are of the right sort.

General Gordon rebuked an officer once in the words, "Never order a man to do what you are afraid to do yourself."

During the war it was not the fire-eaters, either at the North or at the South, who were at the front. But let us see that those who go are amply sustained. If we cannot go ourselves,

the least we can do is to support the cause. I was told the following story about Stonewall Jackson :

“ It was at the time of the battle of Second Bull Run, and the country in the neighborhood of that battle was just quivering with excitement. The telegraph wires were down ; the people seemed to feel in the air that there had been a great battle, but they could not get the news as to what the issue of the fray had been. In the town where Stonewall Jackson had lived, Lexington, it was found that there was in the post office a letter in his handwriting, addressed to the pastor of the church he attended, and it was known that that letter came right from the field of battle. The little town was roused, and the citizens gathered around the post office. Dr. White, the pastor, appeared, and they put him on a dry goods box and gathered around to hear that letter from Stonewall Jackson, written on the field of battle, and the minister tore it open and read something like this :

MY DEAR PASTOR :

I remember that this is the day for the collection usually taken up in our church for foreign missions. Please find enclosed my check for ——— dollars. I remain, yours truly, T. J. JACKSON.

That great general, on the decisive field of battle, remembered that there was another battle going on ; that that battle, important as it was, was not the only fray that he was engaged in ; but there was still greater war pending, and he was not unmindful of his duty.

Let the memory of the sainted dead spur us on to nobler endeavor. The legend has it that after John, the beloved disciple, had been buried, the grave mound still rose and fell with his breath. You cannot bury a saint so deep that he will not affect the lives of those who walk over his grave. Let us share in the spirit of him whom we admire, and so shall we be like one whom my father describes in the following words :

“ It is all one whether he is in a city or in a desert, among relations or among savage foes, in the heat of the Indies or in the ice of Greenland ; his Infinite Friend is always at hand. He need not fear want or sickness or pain, this Best Friend does all things well. He need not fear death, though he come in the most shocking form, for death is only a drawing of the veil which conceals his dearest Friend.”



LETTERS AND EXTRACTS.

[The widespread influence of Judson's life is well illustrated in the following letters and extracts. Coming from all parts of the United States, they also represent the interest which this centennial year of pioneer mission work holds in every Baptist church in our land,—an interest that should culminate in most munificent liberality for the wider teaching of the blessed gospel.]

To the First Baptist Church, Malden, Mass.

DEAR FRIENDS IN CHRIST,—I wish that the many miles that separate Minneapolis from Malden could be eliminated today, and that I could be with you on this centennial of the birth of my father. My heart and soul are with you, and I thank our God that he has put it into your hearts to celebrate this anniversary.

Adoniram Judson has been alive one hundred years. Nearly two-thirds of this time he dwelt here in the flesh, and labored with untiring energy for the King of Glory. The remaining years of this century of existence he has dwelt in the land of souls. But he is not idle there. He is not dead! The same spirit of self-sacrifice, the same energy of nature, the same force which made him the pioneer missionary here, the same burning love for his fellow creatures, the same devotion to the Infinite Source of all being, characterize him there as here, for they formed the essential elements of his nature. Though eternal ages will bring added development, he will always be the individual spirit that we know him here. And one day, if we are akin to him in aspiration, we shall meet him there. Let us imitate him in all the points in which he resembled the Divine Son of God; and so we shall be welcomed to his ennobling society when God shall call us to his heavenly home.

With love to the great cause of Foreign Missions, and with love to all who are one in the spirit of Jesus Christ,

I am, your sister in faith,

ABBY A. JUDSON.

Minneapolis, Minn.

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER :

I take pleasure in accepting the invitation to take part in the celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of Dr. Judson. Such a celebration is eminently fitting. The world's heroes are honored by memorial rites, celebrating the day of their birth ; how much more ought we to honor those " of whom the world was not worthy ? "

I have reason to feel a special regard for Dr. Judson. In the days when I was yet a student in theology at Andover, he wrote me, — I know not how my name had ever reached him, — signing his letter, not with his own name, but " Ish Mizar, " — alluding to the passage in the forty-second psalm : " Therefore will I remember thee. "

His letter announced that about the time of my receiving it a fund of ten thousand dollars would be put in bank to ensure my support as a missionary in Palestine. As he did not give me his name, I could only conjecture who was my unknown correspondent. But he left " the leaven " to work in my mind, believing that it would not be in vain. — if God was in it, and if God's plan favored it.

He was always interested in the Jews. The old men of his father's age used to pray for their conversion. He never lost that feeling of interest, as an occasional item in his history testifies.

During his farewell visit to this country he visited my house. He sat and conversed with me in my study. His presence hallowed the place. The thought that he had been there was ever a joy and an inspiration.

Years ago I went alone to visit the house in which he was born, and the chamber where he first saw the light, and was treated most cordially by the tenants of the distinguished dwelling. I have stood on the hill in Plymouth whose summit bears the cenotaph recording his revered name, with those of his father and brothers, and the grave, near by, of his sister. I rejoice that another memorial is, through you, to be reared, not in perishable marble, but in immortal words and hymns and prayer and praise. May God prosper the blessed ceremonial.

Faithfully yours,

S. F. SMITH.

Newton Centre, Mass.

Rev. J. Nelson Lewis :

DEAR BROTHER,— I have just received, through my brother Edward, your kind request to write something for your account of the Judson Centennial.

As a delegate from the Berean Church, of this city, I take this opportunity to express my sense of the charming hospitality and Christian zeal which marked the Malden celebration.

As a son of the missionary whose birth we met to celebrate, I could say but little, except to express a longing, in common with my Christian brethren, for divine help in renewed efforts to imitate the devotion to duty which marked my father's life.

Yours, in Christian love,

ADONIRAM BROWN JUDSON.

Madison Square, New York.

A. R. Turner, Jr., Malden :

DEAR SIR,—

If the anniversary of birth of poet, philosopher, or philanthropist is celebrated, why should that of the pioneer missionary be forgotten? What life of civilian, scholar, or statesman has been resplendent with more promise for the human race, and the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth, than that of Adoniram Judson? American Baptists over the continent will be present in spirit at the Malden Centennial. His exceptional talents, consecration, and suffering, in founding the Burman mission, have won the admiration of civilians as well as of Christians on both sides of the sea. That was a touching tribute to Dr. Judson's worth, offered a few years ago by the Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly, at Saratoga, — himself a foreign missionary, — that if he reached heaven, next to the Divine Master, he should wish to meet the sainted Judson. Such attribute, from such a man! Let, then, that memorial building rise in the American metropolis, a symbol of the affinities of evangelization at home with missions abroad, and of the devotion of American Baptists, alike to the evangelization of their own country and Christianizing heathen nations. As

it will enshrine in its structure and in its ministry the name all Baptists throughout the world should especially delight to honor. May Baptists, east and west, north and south, by their contributions hasten the completion and furnishing of the Judson Memorial Church Building, on Washington Square, New York City.

W. W. EVERTS, D. D.

Chicago, Ill.

"I hardly need say that I deem it a special privilege, as well as a great honor, to have been invited to participate in the commemoration. A special privilege, because, although not my sire by blood, he was to me all that the best of fathers could have been; and also a great honor, because he it was, who, by his greatness and his goodness, largely shaped the mould for modern missions and American missionaries. May the spirit of Adoniram Judson pervade and inspire the church till the return of Him who is, in the truest sense, Jehovah's Foreign Missionary.

Yours, in the Goodly Brotherhood,

GEO. DANA BOARDMAN.

Philadelphia.

Mr. A. R. Turner, Jr.:

MY DEAR SIR.—Although the father of the great missionary was pastor of the First Church in Malden for only a brief time, our Church has reason to be proud of its historic connection with the honored name of Adoniram Judson, and our whole denomination should unite with yours in commemorating his grand life.

Very sincerely yours,

J. W. WELLMAN, D. D.

Malden, Mass.

A. R. Turner, Jr., Esq.:

MY DEAR BROTHER.—I like exceedingly the idea of thus perpetuating the memory of our departed soldiers of the cross. They fought the warfare of Faith against the Powers of Darkness, and illustrated the true spirit of Christian heroism. They have left to us the examples of noble lives to stimulate our zeal

in the cause for which they died. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is nowhere exemplified so forcibly as in the lives of these Christian martyrs.

I pray that your "Centennial Anniversary" may be blessed of God, in kindling anew the missionary enthusiasm of your people, and that its influence may extend over our entire land.

Very sincerely yours, JNO. H. WRIGHT.

Suffolk, Va.

COPY OF TELEGRAM RECEIVED DURING THE SERVICES.

To A. R. Turner, Acorn Street :

San Francisco Baptist Ministerial Union honors memory of Adoniram Judson. Sends centennial greeting.

BUNYAN SPENCER, *President,*

W. C. SPENCER, *Secretary,*

G. S. ABBOTT,

COMMITTEE.

Oakland, Cal.

Mr. A. R. Turner, Jr. :

DEAR BROTHER,—Adoniram Judson stands in the front rank of great and heroic men. His Christian devotion was matched by such imperial integrity and consummate wisdom that no sneering skeptic dares despise and deride him. He was every inch a man, and the world knows it. Our knowledge of him makes belief in the historic existence of St. Paul easy. Indeed, Mr. Judson is an unimpeachable witness for Jesus Christ, for without Jesus Christ there could not have been a Dr. Judson.

Sincerely yours,

CEPHAS B. CRANE.

Concord, N. H.

DEAR SIR.—No devout soul, in any degree conversant with the heroic devotion of the noble servant of God, who, in agony and privation, in the darkness of apparently unrequited labor, for the present reward of manacles, stripes, bereavements, and incomprehensible afflictions, delved patiently, persistently and cheerfully through the mire of heathen degradation, to reveal, for a foundation of a new faith,—the crucified Christ,—can fail to swell with joyful thanksgiving at the marvellous results that God has begun to manifest as a seal to his service. Such a name may well be revered with the names of Moses and of Paul, and should never cease to be an incentive to fresh endeavor and fresh achievement.

Fraternally,

J. W. BURDETTE.

Burlington, Ia.

Mr. A. R. Turner, Malden, Mass.:

MY DEAR BROTHER.—“Judson, the first American missionary, is the typical ‘Jesus Christ’s man’ of foreign missions, of this century.”

If I have a primary conviction, it is that foreign mission work comes the nearest to apostolical zeal, of all Christian work in the world.

Yours, in kindred work,

GRANVILLE S. ABBOTT.

Oakland, Cal.

Mr. A. R. Turner, Jr., Malden, Mass.:

DEAR BROTHER — No man has ever been born in America to whom such remembrance can be more worthily given; and yet union in such a demonstration is but a small privilege compared with that of emulating his heroic sacrifices for his fellows and for the truth of God. The memory of Judson should ever form a mighty influence in the heart of every Christian, and especially every Baptist, stimulating to unmeasured labor and sacrifice for Christian missions.

Yours fraternally,

JAMES N. BOYCE.

Louisville, Ky.

FACSIMILE OF THE CITY CLERK'S COPY OF THE RECORDS
OF ADONIRAM JUDSON'S BIRTH.



CITY OF MALDEN,

CITY HALL,

AUGUST 9, 1888.

To all whom it may concern :

This is to certify that I am City Clerk of the city of Malden, and as such clerk have the care and custody of Town and City Records. By such Records, Book 2, page 39, I find that "Adonirum Judson, son of the Rev'd Adonirum and Abigail Judson, Born Aug't ye 9th, 1788."

Attest : A true copy of Record,

LEVERETT D. HOLDEN,

City Clerk.

My Dear Mr. Turner :

I have just read your kind invitation to attend the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Dr. Judson, at the First Baptist Church, Malden, Mass., U. S. A., August 9th.

You say "You are requested to send your pastor and at least two other delegates." If we were to accept this invitation those whom I would take would be Mounng Eng Tah, a Shan, who became a believer in the true God more than seven years ago, now pastor of the Shan and Tounghthoo Church in Thatone. Delegates, first, Mounng Gyee, a Dooroo by race, from the Shan country, by the Spirit of God turned from heathenism and made an humble, devoted follower of the Lord Jesus. Second delegate, Old Pah Gyee, a Tounghthoo by race, from the Shan country, instructed and baptised by Dr. Judson, more than forty years ago. He and his wife, with some few other native Christians, he says, lived for some time on Dr. Judson's compound, and received instruction from the books. He has a great reverence and love for the memory of Dr. Judson, of whom he frequently speaks. So much for my pastor and delegates.

Now, if we accept the invitation it would take *SOME days* to get there. It would *cost some!* And, too, we would get there to find ourselves *TOO LATE* for the meeting! So we had better content ourselves with our own meetings, in our heathen jungle town, and get all the pleasure we can from the thought that *anyway* we've had an invitation to that far-away Malden meeting in the western world! Dr. Judson's work laps over ours, as we daily read and teach from his translation of the Bible.

The "romance of missions," in his time, has gone; but the same difficult, plodding work of laboring with heathen ignorant idolators to turn to the true God, still remains.

Last Sunday three Shans were baptised here. After the meetings at the chapel we repaired to a mountain stream in the jungle, where, with solemn prayer and singing in Burmese, three souls were baptised into the name of Christ. O, pray, please, that they may be his true followers.

Very sincerely yours,

JENNIE B. KELLEY.

Thatone, Burmah.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED.

“The Holy Spirit * * * sent forth Judson, and led him all his journey through.”

HOWARD OSGOOD, D. D.

Rochester, N. Y.

“The birth of Judson was a more important event than the birth of Washington.”

J. H. GRIFFITH, D. D.

Buffalo, N. Y.

“The career and work of Dr. Judson will grow in lustre as the centennials shall come and go, and shall be appreciated in full only when we all see the eternal books opened.”

DONALD D. MACLAURIN.

Minneapolis, Minn.

“The century is marked that gave birth to the Apostle of Baptist Foreign Missions. A century of missions to the heathen, of the abolition of African slavery in the civilized nations of the world, and the establishment of a Christian Free State on the Congo, in the heart of Central Africa.”

R. DEBAPTISTE.

Galesburg, Ill.

“To be a messenger of the King of Kings seems to me to be the highest position to be attained by man. And it seems as fitting for us to celebrate the birth of Judson as that of Washington or Longfellow.”

MRS. G. G. MANNING.

Peru, Ind.

“The name of Adoniram Judson is indelibly inscribed upon the pages of history as that of one of the grandest and most self-sacrificing lives that has ever been known.”

WM. M. BUSHNELL.

“Whose (Judson’s) devotion to and service in the cause of Foreign Missions, renders his name dear to every Christian heart, and his life a conspicuous example for emulation, for all time.”

HON. JNO. K. C. SLEEPER.

Malden, Mass.

ONE BAPTISED BY JUDSON.

“I had hoped that our deacon, John H. Eaton, might also be able to attend, but cannot, chiefly on account of infirmities. Brother Eaton was baptised by Dr. Judson, in Maulmain, in February or early March, 1838. He was a sailor on the barque *Isabella*, that took out Messrs. Stevens, Brayton, and Stetson, I believe, and was converted during the passage. The ship lay in Maulmain a month, arriving February 19, 1838, and during that time Brother Eaton was baptised, in company with a Burmese woman.”

REV. GEORGE D. REID.

Orange, Mass.

“The names of Adoniram Judson and the peerless Anne Hazeltine, from earliest childhood were synonymous of goodness and greatness, nor have their virtues faded as I have become more capable of understanding them.”

MRS. A. M. BACON.

Chicago, Ill.

“The name of Adoniram Judson was a household word in my father’s house, from my earliest recollection. The memory of his gifts and graces, and of the noble work he did, belongs to the common heritage of American Baptists.”

JOHN C. BROADUS.

Louisville, Ky.

LETTER FROM MRS. ANN H. JUDSON.

[Reprinted from Baptist Missionary Magazine.]

In this centennial year of the birth of Adoniram Judson, and the seventy-fifth year of the establishment of our American Baptist foreign missions by Dr. Judson and his wife, Ann Hasseltine, everything pertaining to the Judsons is of interest. We take great pleasure in presenting the first letter sent by Mrs. Judson to one in this country outside of her own family. It has not been published before, and is of great interest as showing her feelings just after the conversion of her husband and herself to Baptist views. It was addressed to Mrs. Jonathan Carlton, of Boston, Mass., with whom she was acquainted before leaving America. Mrs. Carlton was greatly interested in mission work; and it was the small social meetings, held in consequence of this letter, which resulted in the formation of the General Convention for Foreign Missions, now the American Baptist Missionary Union. Mrs. Carlton's daughter became the wife of Rev. Luther F. Beecher, D. D., now of Brookline, Mass., by whose kindness a copy of this letter has been furnished.

CALCUTTA, OCT. 21, 1812.

My Dear Mrs. C.—A recollection of the intimacy which once existed between us, and which has for a few years been discontinued on account of our local separation, strongly urges me to wish its revival, and now induces me to write. Although that intimacy was sweet, and free from those bitter feelings of which a difference of sentiment is generally productive, yet a little restraint was felt, which, I am happy to say, is now removed. You will probably hear before the reception of this of the change which has taken place in Mr. Judson and myself, relative to baptism. As Mr. Judson has written the particulars respecting our change to Dr. Baldwin, it is unneces-

sary for me now to relate them to you. The severe trials occasioned by such an event can be realized by those only who are in similar circumstances. The anticipated disapprobation of friends we love and respect, the loss of the patronage of the Board of Commissioners, together with the privation of the society of our dear missionary associates, exceedingly depressed our spirits. We felt we were alone in the world, no friend but each other, no one on whom to depend for protection and support but our heavenly Father. Thus circumstanced, think, my dear Mrs. C., how gratifying to our hearts the prospect of having one of our brethren to join us. Soon after *we* were baptised, brother Rice, compelled from a sense of duty, began to examine the subject more thoroughly than ever before, although he has had his doubts respecting it for some time. I think he is convinced of the truth of the Baptist system, and will join us in a mission in some part of the Eastern world. Mr. Rice and Mr. Judson at present contemplate a mission to Java. Mr. Rice is engaged to a lady in America, who he hoped would accompany him to India; but she had so little time to prepare for so important an undertaking, she concluded not to come. Since our arrival here, and change of sentiment, and since it is probable I shall be the only female in the mission, we have written urgent letters to have her follow us as soon as an opportunity offers. As it is expected the Commissioners will refuse to support us on account of our becoming Baptists, letters have been written to several Baptist ministers in America to form a society and support missionaries in this country. Should this take place, it will be some time before a society is formed and funds sufficient to defray the expenses of a mission be procured. While this society is forming will you not, my dear sister, make some exertion to collect a small sum among your *female* friends sufficient to defray the expenses of Miss ——'s voyage, should she conclude to come? Will those females who are surrounded with all the comforts and even the luxuries of life, refuse to contribute to the happiness of a solitary female in a strange land, without a mother, sister, or female friend? No. I know they will rejoice to have the opportunity of doing something for the cause of the Redeemer, for the souls of the heathen, and

for the comfort of those who have left their native land for the spread of the gospel. I know you will use your influence among your friends to make this collection, when you reflect how much I shall need a female to assist in the mission, and when you are informed how useful females are in this country. Schools are needed extremely; and unless there are two females in a mission, a school cannot be attended. If there can be sufficient collected to pay Miss ——'s passage, will you take the trouble of writing to her immediately, as she may probably delay coming on account of there being no society to bear the expense of her passage? I intend writing to Mrs. Bolles, of Salem, on the subject, if I have time before this vessel sails. If I do not write, be so kind as to request her to make the same exertions among her female friends, with yourself. I leave this affair with you, my dear Mrs. C., in the hands of God, who has the entire disposal of his creatures. We have found by experience, since we left our native land, that the Lord is indeed a covenant-keeping God, and takes care of those who confide in him. I have ever considered it a singular favor that God has given me an opportunity to spend my days in a heathen land. Though he has made it my duty to give up endearing connections, and suffer many privations, yet he has made me feel that he is my portion; and I am happy in the prospect of spending my days in instructing those who have never yet heard of Jesus. If I may be instrumental in leading some infant female to lisp the praise of God, I shall rejoice in the sacrifice of country, reputation, and friends. You can form no idea of the melancholy state of the heathen in this part of the world. Heathen, idolatrous temples are everywhere erected, and the ignorant multitudes pay their devotions to the most odious figures of their own making. But their devotions and maxims are not calculated to reform the heart of life. It is all outward show, without the least appearance of solemnity or holy devotion. How unlike the religion of the meek and holy Saviour! How opposite its effects and consequences! Who would not be willing to sacrifice worldly comfort to communicate the news of salvation to the benighted pagans? And what Christian in our native land but will rejoice to have an opportunity to contribute

his mite for this glorious object? O, my dear Mrs. C., pray much for us in this infant mission. Pray that we may be spiritual and holy; and, when your little social circle meet for prayer and praise, remember these poor, ignorant females in a heathen land, who know no such joys, who have no animating hopes to comfort their hearts in the dreary hour of death.

I shall write you all the particulars of the mission when we are settled. Write me every opportunity, and be assured your letters will be a cordial to the heart of,

Your still affectionate,

NANCY JUDSON.

Brother and sister Newell are gone to the Isle of France. I have not heard of them since they went. The missionaries at Serampore are still successful. They have constant additions to their church. Mr. Judson and myself are residing at a Mr. Polt's in Calcutta, where we are very kindly treated. Let me once more request, my dear Mrs. C., you will do all in your power toward having Miss —— come to us. She is eminently qualified to be in a mission. But I need not be so urgent with you, who have the cause of God so near your heart; yet let me again ask you to write her and encourage her coming.

THE LORDS' PRAYER IN BURMESE.

ကောင်းကင်ဘုံ၌ရှိတော်မူသောအကျွန်ုပ်တို့အဖေ။ ကိုယ်တော်၏ နာမတော်အား ချီးမွမ်းလေမြတ်ခြင်းရှိပါစေသော။ နိုင်ငံတော်တည်ထောင်ပါစေသော။ အလိုတော်သည်ကောင်းကင်ဘုံ၌ပြည့်စုံသကဲ့သို့ မြေကြီးပေါ်မှာပြည့်စုံပါစေသော။ အသက်မွေးလောက်သောအစာကိုအကျွန်ုပ်တို့အားနေ့ရက်အစဉ်အတိုင်းပေးသနားတော်မူပါ။ သူတပါးသည်အကျွန်ုပ်တို့ကိုပြစ်မှားသောအပြစ်များကိုအကျွန်ုပ်တို့သည်လွှတ်သကဲ့သို့အကျွန်ုပ်တို့၏အပြစ်များကိုလွှတ်တော်မူပါ။ အပြစ်သွေးဆောင်ရာသို့မလိုက်စေဘဲမကောင်းသောအမှုအရာနှင့်ကင်းလွတ်ပါမည်အကြောင်းကယ်မသနားတော်မူပါ။ ။အာမင်။

THE MISSIONARY'S BRIDE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ADONIRAM JUDSON, D. D.

Dr. Judson was three times married. His first wife was Ann Hazeltine, one of that band of pioneer missionaries who left this country in 1812. She was a woman of wonderful energy and fortitude, and sustained, as few could have done, the hands of her husband the first twelve years of his eventful life. His second wife was Sarah Boardman, the widow of George D. Boardman, his associate in the mission work. She was a lady of great purity and sweetness of character, and walked by his side for a score of years, ministering tenderly to his necessities in all time of his trial and adversity. She died at sea, and was buried at St. Helena, when returning with her husband to their native land in 1845. His third wife was Emily Chubbuck, a young lady somewhat celebrated at the time in literary circles, as a writer of works of fiction, and a contributor to the magazines of the day, under the *nom de plume* of Fanny Forrester. The great disparity in their ages, and the fact that she was but little known in the religious world, caused the engagement to be sharply criticised. Especially did it bring grief and amazement to some of Dr. Judson's cherished and life-long friends. The wisdom of his choice, however, was soon apparent to all, and to-day her memory is embalmed in the affections of thousands of Christians of all lands, as one of the illustrious trio of women, who shared in the labors and sufferings of this eminent servant of the cross.

An incident which occurred in his courtship with this last-named wife forms the subject of the following poem :

A young man in the Pagan world
The banner of the Cross unfurled ;
Where Christian foot had seldom trod,
He bore aloft the ark of God ;
And published, through contempt and shame,
The Gospel in Jehovah's name.

To his commission, so sublime,
He gave the wealth of manhood's prime;
The added strength of later years,
When faith had triumphed over fears;
The seed he scattered, fruitage bore,
Which nerved him for new trials more;
Through græe he overcame his foes;
The desert blossomed as the rose,—
When, weary, with his staff in hand,
He turned toward his native land,
He left beneath the hopia tree,
The bride he bore across the sea;
And laid within an ocean grave
Another just as true and brave;
Then trod, his weary wanderings o'er,
An aged man, his native shore.

Oh ! never round the hero's brow
Were greener laurels wreathed than now;
Old age embraced, the young man pressed,
With welcomes warm, the honored guest.
His courtly bearing, quiet air,
Bespoke the man of culture rare ;
And crowds, charmed by his broken tongue,
Upon his speech delighted hung ;
And Zion clasped him to her breast,
And bade her weary servant rest.

But Time a wondrous change had wrought,
And few remained of all he sought;
And tarrying for a while, anew,
He longed his mission to pursue;
Yet not alone,— he still must share
The love of gentle woman there;
Some hand must hold till set of sun,
Till his great work of life were done.

So, artless as a child at play,
He wandered up and down the way,
And caught at last a pleasant smile
From one who could his hours beguile;
And acted o'er the lover's part,
And offered to the maid his heart.
Then, rumor in an old man's ear
Whispered a tale of donbt and fear;

An Elder, earnest, honest, wise,—
The story filled him with surprise.
A pupil of the olden school,
He made the law of Christ his rule;
All plans and projects he abhorred,
Which had not a "Thus saith the Lord."
Should his dear brother, growing gray,
To Cupid's arrow's fall a prey?
Should one without a call from God,
Tread by his side the paths he trod?
Should gossips sport with Judson's name,—
With scandal tarnish his pure fame?
Would the thrice-uttered vow, if given,
Meet the approving smile of heaven?

His duty seemed as clear as day,
And conscience counseled no delay;
So, gathering courage as he went,
With solemn mien, and look intent,
He to the village damsel spoke,
And thus to her the matter broke:

"A rumor, child, has come to me,
That you will Mrs. Judson be;
Pray tell me, ere that Dr. J.,
Loved of the Lord, passed on this way,
Were you impressed it was God's will
That you should such a station fill?
That you should to the heathen go,
And lift them from their shame and woe?
And as His herald, should declare
The tidings of salvation there?
Had you conceived of such a life,
Till Judson sought you for his wife?"

"Now, Father Peck," the maiden said,
As modestly she dropped her head,
"I trust the Lord is guiding me
To do His will on land or sea.
You say the Spirit should decide
The question, Shall I be his bride?
I do not know how this may be,
But one thing was revealed to me;
When I was pressed for yes or no,
A voice spoke very plainly, 'Go.'—

So plain, my trusting heart spoke out
That simple *Yes*, without a doubt.
And now I hope that you, and all,
Will see I've had a *special* call."

The aged father naught could say
To her reply, but, " Let us pray;"
And, bowing with the maiden there,
He wrestled with his God in prayer.
He prayed for Zion, that her light
Might pierce the dreadful shade of night;
That the poor Pagan yet might see
The Sacrifice on Calvary;
That God would stay his brother's hands
When toiling in those far-off lands;
That she, his chosen one, might bless,
With woman's tenderest caress,
The evening of so grand a life,
And be the good man's loving wife.

And so they mated,— you have seen,
When summer dressed the hills in green,
The giant oak, pride of the land,
Alone in simple grandeur stand;
And you have seen the graceful vine
Round the old trunk itself entwine,
And lend to age a charm and grace
The painter's pencil loves to trace.
So she, fair daughter, gentle, true,
Sweet child of genius, fairer grew,
As day by day she fondly flung
Her arms around his neck, and clung
To him, his all, whate'er betide,
The missionary's angel bride.

Morn broke in beauty o'er the bay;
The islands of the harbor lay
Like gems upon the water's blue;
From out the West a fair wind blew;
A bark, with all her sails unfurled,
Is starting for the Eastern world;
Upon the clear, still morning air,
Comes up the voice of earnest prayer;
And tears, how free and fast they fall,
As, " Loose the cable," is the call !

While they, the loved, the young bride fair,
And he with thin and frosty hair,
Wave to us one long, last adieu.
O memory, how comes back that view !
I see them standing on the deck,
As the brave ship becomes a speck,—
Till coast and headland, native shore,
Return their farewell glance no more.

And so I muse: There is some heart
Ready to bear with us a part
Of burdens that are on us cast,—
Some one to love us to the last;
Some hand to smooth life's rugged way;
Some smile to cheer us day by day;
Some angel with a radiant brow
Is walking with us even now.



DR. JUDSON AS A PREACHING MISSIONARY.

“Personal reminiscences” are, of course, out of the question, even for one who, like myself, was born in Burmah, my parents only arriving in the country to learn of Dr. Judson’s death at sea, in 1850. The writer may, however, claim to be an illustration of Judson’s posthumous influence, inasmuch as his visit to Brown University, in 1845, seems to have had a determining influence on my father’s life, and through him on me. I have been asked, however, to dwell more especially, on Dr. Judson’s posthumous influence as a pioneer preacher of the gospel to the heathen. From all I can gather, I have no hesitation in saying that his influence in this direction is greater than in any other. Great as was his literary work, chief among which was his peerless version of the Scriptures, it is evident from all the reminiscences that can be gleaned of his life that he regarded it as secondary to the still greater work of preaching the gospel. While the Maulmain reminiscences gather chiefly around the literary work which necessarily detained him there so many years, all the other parts of Burmah which are fragrant with his memory are associated with his work as the pioneer preaching missionary. Even in Maulmain I was struck by reading, in his life by his son, of his preaching tours among the heathen Karens in their native fastnesses, before the days of Abbott and the Vintons,—records reminding one of the fact that it was by a mere accident that it was Boardman at Tavoy, and not Judson at Maulmain, who baptized Ko Thah-byu, the first Karen convert, who was ransomed from his heathen masters by a Burman Christian under Judson’s influence. As for the other places of Dr. Judson’s residence, so much are they identified with his work as a preaching missionary that I cannot better describe the latter than by answering a question often asked us, “Where have you crossed the pioneer missionary’s track in the land of the Judsons?”

In answering this question I regret to say that it has never been my privilege to witness the scene of Dr. Judson's greatest sufferings in Upper Burmah, especially as it was solely his desire to preach to the best advantage that led him to choose that Mecca of Buddhism as his place of residence. I have no hesitation, however, in taking you in imagination with me to Rangoon, as the scene of his greatest triumph as a preaching missionary. Here was set that great example which has been an inspiration to so many weary workers since, of praying for and laboring with so many "Buddhist philosophers" without any apparent result, until at length the truth found a lodgment in the heart of MOUNG NAU. All that is needed to bring those weary years vividly to mind is to search among the white clothes of the *dhobies*, or washermen's quarter, in Rangoon, for the site of the first *zayat* or wayside preaching rest-house, in front of where the Judson's lived, or to witness a baptism, as I have done, in the Royal Lakes at the base of SHAY-DAGONE, the great golden pagoda of Rangoon, where MOUNG NAU was baptized by Dr. Judson, contrary to Buddhist law, by the pale light of the moon.

The next place we would fain take you is where we first crossed Dr. Judson's track by being born. We refer to HENZADA (or Henthada), 150 miles up the Irrawaddy River, where Judson was wont to stop and distribute tracts on his tedious journeys by boat up and down the River on his way to and from the court of Ava to plead for the privilege of preaching the gospel in the domains of the Burmese king. May not the seed then sown account for the precious harvest of souls which awaited the sainted CRAWLEY and THOMAS who afterwards founded this Mission? At any rate, SYAH OO AING, the dear old ex-pastor of the Burman Baptist Church in Henthada, still tells a thrilling story of having assisted in throwing stones at Dr. Judson in Prome, at the time when he was forced to relinquish that station which he attempted to hold after the first Burmese war. That stoning, however, seems to have operated like the "laying of the witnesses' clothes" at the feet of another young persecutor, for the course of years saw this Burman

relating his experience through a Karen Christian, as an interpreter to my father, who in turn translated it into English for the sainted Crawley who had recently arrived in the country, and who was thus early cheered by the reception of this "first fruits of Henthada into the earthly church."

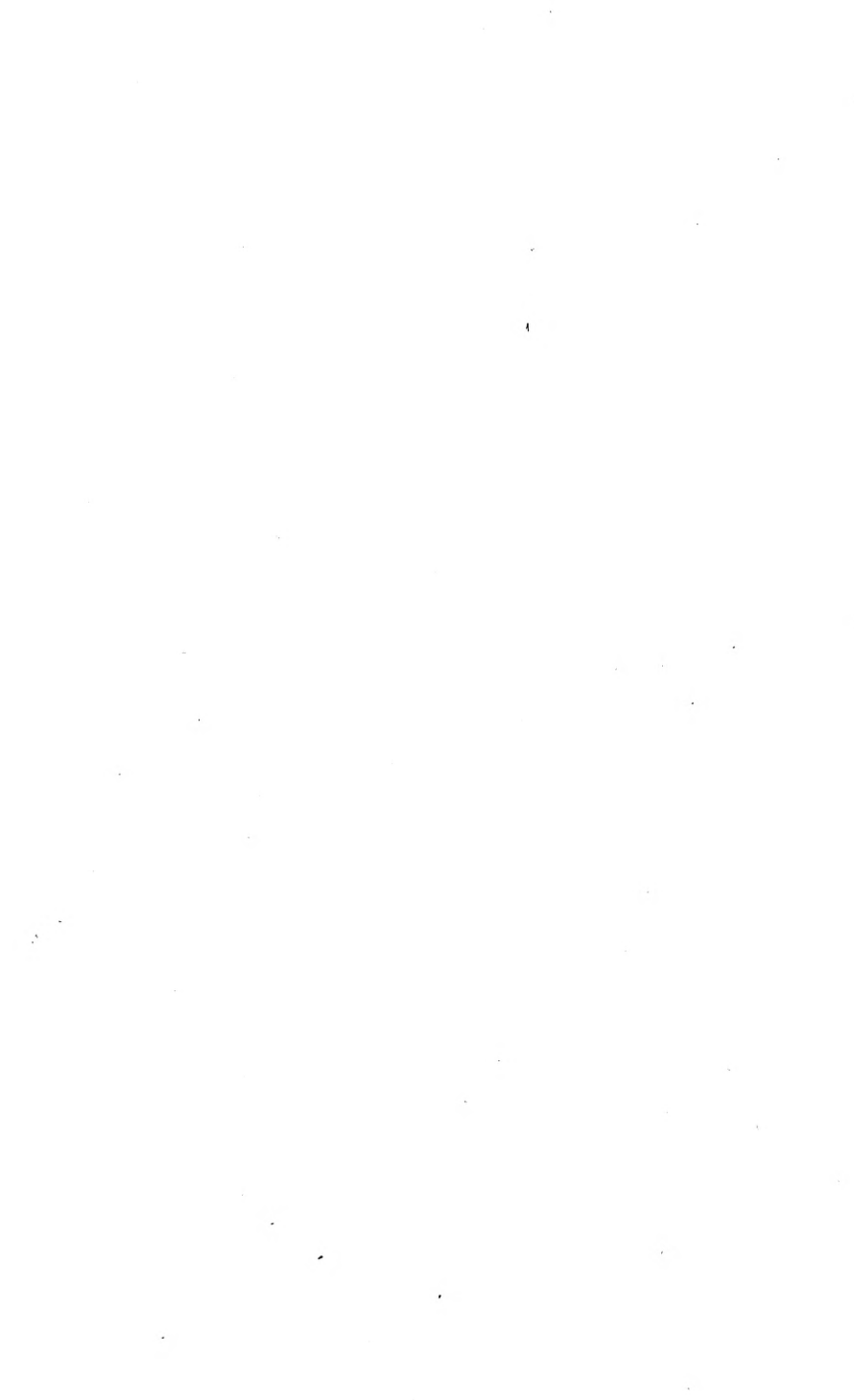
The above allusion to Prome leads us to mention a remarkable prophecy uttered by Dr. Judson as he was forced to abandon that great city where he so longed to preach all his life. It seems that he found temporary shelter during his stay in that city under the shadow of the great Shay-san-daw pagoda, to which we, like all strangers in Prome, were conducted. Imagine the effect, upon one standing at the base of that pagoda, of Dr. Judson's apostrophe as it is repeated by the Burman Christians to this day: "O Shway-san-daw, Shway-san-daw, the day is coming when thy shadow, fall where it may, shall not fail to fall on the home of a Christian!" The most remarkable thing about the prophecy is that it has been literally fulfilled. May God hasten the fulfilment of that other prophecy, published in his first tract, entitled, "A View of the Christian Religion," to the effect that within the next hundred years or so, Buddhism shall be numbered with the effete religious systems of the world.

But time would fail us to tell of his living, much less of his posthumous influence on the work of evangelizing the world by the apostolic method of preaching. We would fain point to his desire, expressed in the public meeting of the Triennial Convention, to go to Arakan where we expect so soon to go, rather than see it abandoned, as was then so shortsightedly mooted, provided the board would release him from his literary labors. We would simply close with the picture of Judson laboring with more than one of our earlier missionaries, whose predilections were more in an educational than in a strictly evangelistic direction, suggesting that not only in point of time, but in missionary methods as well, Dr. Judson was not only "the apostle of Burma," but the foremost missionary of modern times.

W. F. THOMAS.

BOSTON, Aug. 27, 1888.





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