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palled, and a heart that never pities—to become destroyers of the earth! While the philanthropist is devising means to mitigate the evils, and augment the happiness of the world, a fellow worker together with God, in exploring and giving effect to the benevolent tendencies of nature, the warrior is resolving, in the gloomy recesses of his capacious mind, plans of future devastation and ruin. Prisons crowded with captives—cities emptied of their inhabitants, fields desolate and waste, are among his proudest trophies! The structure of his fame is cemented with tears and blood, and if his name is wafted to the ends of the earth, it is in the shrill cry of suffering humanity, in the curses and imprecations of those whom his sword has reduced to despair!

TRUE ECONOMY.

To dispense our wealth liberally is the best way to preserve it, and to continue masters thereof; what we give is not thrown away, but saved from danger: while we detain it at home (as it seems to us) it really is abroad, and at adventures; it is out at sea, sailing perilously in storms, near rocks and shelves, amongst pirates; nor can it ever be safe, till it is brought into this port, or insured this way: when we have bestowed it on the poor, then we have lodged it in unquestionable safety—in a place where no rapine, no deceit, no mishap, no corruption, can ever by any means come at it. All our doors and bars, all our forces and guards, all the circumspection and vigilancy we can use, are no defence or security at all in comparison to this disposal thereof: the poor man's stomach is a granary for our corn, which never can be exhausted; the poor man's back is a wardrobe for our clothes, which never can be pillaged; the poor man's pocket is a bank for our money, which never can disappoint or deceive us: all the rich traders in the world may decay and

break; but the poor man can never fail, except God himself turn bankrupt; for what we give to the poor, we deliver and entrust in his hands, out of which no force can wring it, no craft can filch it; it is laid up in heaven, whither no thief can climb, where no moth or rust do abide. In despite of all the fortune, of all the might, of all the malice in the world, the liberal man will ever be rich: for God's providence is his estate; God's wisdom and power are his defence; God's love and favour are his reward; God's word is his assurance, who hath said it, that "he who giveth to the poor shall not lack." No vicissitude, therefore, of things can surprise him, or find him unfurnished; no disaster can impoverish him; no adversity can overwhelm him.

SARAH BOARDMAN JUDSON.

[THE following obituary is from the *American Baptist Missionary Magazine*. Who can read it without feeling the deep fountain of his thoughts and sympathies gushing up into tears? The obituary is prefaced with this short note by the bereaved and sorrowing husband.]

"For the information of the reader, it may be proper to state that the following brief and very imperfect sketch was hastily drawn up for the gratification of the immediate relatives and private friends of the deceased. At the suggestion of some of the friends of missions it is now, with slight alterations, submitted to publication, in the hope that it may be blessed to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom among the heathen.—A. J."

THE subject of the following brief obituary notice,—Sarah Boardman Judson, was born at Alstead, in the State of New Hampshire, Nov. 4, 1803. She was the eldest child of Ralph and Abiah Hall, who still survive her, and are, at present, living in Skeneateles, in the state of New York. While Sarah was but a child, her parents removed from Alstead to Danvers, and subsequently to Salem, in the State of Massachusetts. In

the latter place she received her education, and continued to reside until she was married to the Rev. George Dana Boardman, July 4, 1825, with whom she embarked in the same month for the East Indies, to join the American missionaries in Burmah. After residing some time at Calcutta and at Maulmein, they settled in Tavoy, April 1, 1828. During her residence in Calcutta and Tavoy, she had three children, of whom one only, George Dana Boardman, jun., born August 18, 1828, survives her. She lost her husband Feb. 11, 1831, and was married to Adoniram Judson, of Maulmein, April 10, 1834. At Maulmein she became the mother of eight children, of whom five survive her.* After the birth of her last child, in Dec., 1844, she was attacked with chronic diarrhœa, from which she had suffered much in the early part of her missionary life. When, in the progress of the disease, it became evident that nothing but a long voyage and an entire change of climate could save her life, she embarked, with her husband and three elder children, for the United States, April 26, 1845. The voyage was at first attended with encouraging results, but, finally, proved unavailing; and she departed this life on ship-board, in the port of St. Helena, Sep. 1, 1845.

Like multitudes in the highly favoured land of her nativity, the subject of this notice was blessed with early religious advantages, and in her youth became the subject of serious impressions. When about sixteen years of age, during a revival of religion in Salem, she entertained a hope, received baptism at the hands of her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bolles, and became a member of his church. Her religious attainments, however, were not of a distinguished order; and though her amiable disposition and her deep interest in missions, especially after her acquaintance with Mr. Boardman, gave her an elevated tone of

character, she subsequently felt that, at that period, she hardly deserved the name of a sincere christian. And it was not until she was called to part with her eldest child, at Tavoy, in 1829, and to pass through scenes of great danger and suffering during the Tavoy rebellion, that she was enabled to live a life of faith on the Son of God.

“Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
That brings near to Jesus feet.”

In regard to her missionary qualifications and labours, I may state, that she applied herself with great assiduity to the study of the Burmese language and in conversation, prayer, and writing, acquired an uncommon degree of correctness, fluency, and power. She was in the habit of conducting a prayer meeting of the female members of the church every week, and also another meeting for the study of the scriptures. Her acquaintance with, and attachment to the Burmese Bible, was rather extraordinary. She professed to take more pleasure and derive more profit from the perusal of that translation, than from the English; and to enjoy preaching in the native chapel more than in any other. Her translation of the Pilgrim's Progress, Part 1st, into Burmese, is one of the best pieces of composition which we have yet published. Her translation of Mr. Boardman's “Dying Father's Advice,” has become one of our standard tracts; and her hymns in Burmese, about twenty in number, are, probably, the best in our Chapel Hymn Book,—a work which she was appointed by the mission to edit. Beside these works, she published four volumes of scripture questions, which are in constant use in our sabbath schools. The last work of her life—and one which she accomplished in the midst of overwhelming family cares, and under the pressure of declining health—was a series of Sunday cards, each accompanied with a short hymn adapted to the leading subject of the card.

Beside her acquaintance with the

* One died lately in Maulmein.

Burmese language, she had, in past years, when there was no missionary in the Peguan department, acquired a competent knowledge of that language, and translated, or superintended the translation of the New Testament and the principal Burmese tracts into Peguan. But when a missionary was appointed to that department, she transferred her work to him, and gladly confined herself to the Burmese.

Something also might be said with regard to her labours in the Karen wilderness east of Tavoy, especially during the years of her widowhood, when she made toilsome journeys among the mountains, sometimes amid drenching rains, and always with many privations; and where, notwithstanding that she was wholly opposed to the principle of females acting the part of ministers, she was frequently obliged to conduct worship in the Karen assemblies.

Her bereaved husband is the more desirous of bearing this testimony to her various attainments, her labours, and her worth, from the fact that her own unobtrusive and retiring disposition always led her to seek the shade; as well as from the fact that she was often brought into comparison with one whose life and character were uncommonly interesting and brilliant. The memoir of his first beloved wife has been long before the public. It is, therefore, most gratifying to his feelings to be able to say in truth, that the subject of this notice was in every point of natural excellence, the worthy successor of Ann H. Judson. He constantly thanks God that he has been blest with two of the best of wives; he deeply feels that he has not improved those rich blessings as he ought; and it is most painful to reflect, that from the peculiar pressure of the missionary life, he has sometimes failed to treat those dear beings with that consideration, attention, and kindness, which their situation in a foreign heathen land ever demanded.

But to show the forgiving and grateful disposition of the subject of this

brief sketch, and somewhat to elucidate her character, he would add that a few days before her death, he called her children to her bedside and said in their hearing, "I wish, my love, to ask pardon for every unkind word or deed of which I have ever been guilty. I feel that I have, in many instances, failed of treating you with that kindness and affection which you have ever deserved." "O," said she, "you will kill me if you talk so. It is I that should ask pardon of you; and I only want to get well, that I may have an opportunity of making some return for all your kindness, and of showing you how much I love you."

This recollection of her dying bed, leads me to say a few words relative to the closing scenes of her life. After her prostration at the Isle of France, where we spent three weeks, there remained but little expectation of her recovery. Her hope had long been fixed on the Rock of Ages, and she had been in the habit of contemplating death as neither distant nor undesirable. As it drew near, she remained perfectly tranquil. No shade of doubt, or fear, or anxiety, ever passed over her mind. She had a prevailing preference to depart and be with Christ. "I am longing to depart," and "what can I want besides?" quoting the language of a familiar hymn, were the expressions which revealed the spiritual peace and joy of her mind; yet, at times, the thought of her native land, to which she was approaching after an absence of twenty years, and a longing desire to see once more her son George, her parents, and the friends of her youth, drew down her ascending soul and constrained her to say, "I am in a strait betwixt two,—let the will of God be done."

In regard to her children, she ever manifested the most surprising composure and resignation, so much so, that I was once induced to say, "You seem to have forgotten the dear little ones we have left behind." "Can a mother forget?"—she replied, and

was unable to proceed. During her last days she spent much time in praying for the early conversion of her children. May her living and her dying prayers draw down the blessing of God on their bereaved heads.

On our passage homeward, as the strength of Mrs. J. gradually declined, I expected to be under the painful necessity of burying her in the sea. But it was so ordered in Divine Providence, that when the indications of approaching death had become strongly marked, the ship came to anchor in the port of St. Helena. For three days she continued to sink rapidly, though her bodily sufferings were not very severe. Her mind became liable to wander, but a single word was sufficient to recall and steady her recollections. On the evening of the 31st of August, she appeared to be drawing near to the end of her pilgrimage. The children took leave of her and retired to rest. I sat alone by the side of her bed during the hours of the night, endeavouring to administer relief to the distressed body, and consolation to the departing soul. At two o'clock in the morning, wishing to obtain one more token of recognition, I roused her attention, and said, "Do you still love the Saviour?" "O yes," she replied, "I ever love the Lord Jesus Christ." I said again, "Do you still love me?" She replied in the affirmative, by a peculiar expression of her own. "Then give me one more kiss;" and we exchanged that token of love for the last time. Another hour passed,—life continued to recede,—and she ceased to breathe. For a moment I traced her upward flight, and thought of the wonders which were opening to her view. I then closed her sightless eyes, dressed her, for the last time, in the drapery of death, and being quite exhausted with many sleepless nights, I threw myself down and slept. On awaking in the morning, I saw the children standing and weeping around the body of their

dear mother, then, for the first time, inattentive to their cries. In the course of the day, a coffin was procured from the shore, in which I placed all that remained of her whom I had so much loved; and after a prayer had been offered by a dear brother minister from the town, the Rev. Mr. Bertram, we proceeded in boats to the shore. There we were met by the colonial chaplain, and accompanied to the burial ground by the adherents and friends of Mr. Bertram, and a large concourse of the inhabitants. They had prepared the grave in a beautiful shady spot, contiguous to the grave of Mrs. Chater, a missionary from Ceylon, who had died in similar circumstances on her passage home. There I saw her safely deposited; and in the language of prayer, which we had often presented together at the throne of grace, I blessed God that her body had attained the repose of the grave, and her spirit the repose of paradise. After the funeral, the dear friends of Mr. Bertram took me to their houses and their hearts; and their conversation and prayers afforded me unexpected relief and consolation. But I was obliged to hasten on board the ship, and we immediately went to sea. On the following morning no vestige of the island was discernible in the distant horizon. For a few days, in the solitude of my cabin, with my poor children crying around me, I could not help abandoning myself to heart-breaking sorrow. But the promises of the gospel came to my aid, and faith stretched her view to the bright world of eternal life, and anticipated a happy meeting with those beloved beings, whose bodies are mouldering at Amherst and at St. Helena.

I exceedingly regret that there is no portrait of the second, as of the first Mrs. Judson. Her soft blue eye, her mild aspect, her lovely face and elegant form, have never been delineated on canvass. They must soon pass away from the memory

even of her children; but they will remain for ever enshrined in her husband's heart.

To my friends at St. Helena I am under great obligations. I desire to thank God for having raised up in that place a most precious religious interest. The friends of the Redeemer rallied around an evangelical minister immediately on his arrival; and within a few months, several souls were added to their number. Those dear sympathizing christian friends who received the body of the deceased from my hands as a sacred deposit, united with our kind captain, (John Codman, jun., of Dorchester,) in defraying all the expenses of the funeral, and promised to take care of the grave

and see to the erection of the grave-stones, which I am to forward; and on which I propose to place the following inscription:—

Sacred to the memory of Sarah B. Judson, member of the American Baptist Mission to Burmah; formerly wife of the Rev. George D. Boardman, of Tavoy, and lately wife of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, of Maulmein, —who died in this port, Sept. 1, 1845, on her passage to the United States, in the 42nd year of her age, and in the 21st of her missionary life.

She sleeps on this rock of the ocean,
Far away from the home of her youth,
Far away from the land, where with heart-felt devotion,
She scattered the bright beams of truth.

Poetry.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

AWAKE, my soul, and praise
Christ's love divine—
My soul, it exceedeth
All thought of thine.
Couldst thou soar to heaven?—
'Tis higher—steeper;
Couldst thou pierce the abyss?—
'Tis deeper—far deeper.
Away with the sun,
In his dazzling flight,
From his rising at morn,
To his setting at night—
From the orient gate,
To the western star,
Christ's love!—'tis longer,
Broader far.
The earth around thee,
The heaven above—
The universe floats
In that infinite love.
"My sins' prison walls
Reach up to the sky"—
Despair, O despair not!
Christ's love is as high:
Higher, far higher—
Behold it shine

From above their height,
That love divine!
"My sins have plunged me
In deepest abyss"—
The love of thy Jesus—
Is deeper than this.
My soul, thou despairst:
Despair not, but flee
To the bosom of Jesus—
He waiteth for thee.
"I have slighted his love"—
It yearneth o'er thee;
"Resisted his Spirit"—
He striveth with thee.
"The divine wrath is kindled"—
Thy Jesus has staid it;
"My debt is past reckoning"—
Thy Jesus has paid it.
"I have crowned him with thorns;
My sins have him slain"—
The blood Thou hast shed
Was to wash from that stain.
Ah, love! divine love!
But can it be mine?—
Receive Him, poor outcast,
And Jesus is thine.