

"JESUS CHRIST'S MAN"

No! I shall never live in Boston. I have much farther than that to go," was Adoniram Judson's reply when, as a young graduate of the Andover Theological Institution, the pastor of a large Boston church proposed that he become his colleague.

It is interesting to trace the missionary spirit in the young man back to its beginnings. He was born August 9, 1788, at Malden, Massachusetts, the oldest son of a Congregational minister. At the age of sixteen he entered Providence College, now Brown University. He was a hard student, and graduated in 1807 at the age of nineteen, the valedictorian of his class.

The most important event of this period of his life was his conversion. In the fall of 1898 he entered the Theological Institution at Andover. In December he made a solemn dedication of himself to God, and the following May he joined the church.

In September, 1809, he read a sermon on the effect of the gospel in India, a sermon written by a man who had been a chaplain of the British East India Company. This sermon stirred him so that six months later he resolved to be a missionary.

An American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions had to be formed by the Congregational churches of the State of Massachusetts in order to send Judson and other young men out. Judson married Ann Hasseltine, who went to India with her husband as the first American woman missionary to the heathen.

They arrived at Rangoon, Burma, in 1813. He commenced immediately to learn the language and to translate the Scriptures into the Burmese, a task which engaged his talents and energy until 1834. He also compiled a grammar of the Burmese tongue, and at his death had completed more than half of a dictionary of the language.

The deepest desire of his heart was to penetrate to the center of the Burman empire in order to plant the gospel there. He went to Ava for this purpose, but at that time war broke between Burma and the British Government. In 1824 he was seized and thrown into the death prison at Ava, where he lay for eleven months. Then he was removed to a country prison at Oungpen-la, where he remained six months, suffering the horrors of an Oriental prison. The irons with which he was fastened made scars which he wore to his dying day. He could say with the Apostle Paul, "I bear branded on my body the marks of Jesus."

After eighteen years of service he was asked to return to America for his health, but he declined. Later, in 1845, he sailed for America, and in New York attended a convention of this missionary organization which had sustained him in Burma. At a meeting of this convention he was introduced as "Jesus Christ's man."

Returning to Burma, he worked with indefatigable industry on the dictionary, at the same time having oversight of mission work. He died April 12, 1850, before the dictionary was complete. But he had begun a work which was to have tangible results.

His life has become a great object lesson of self-sacrifice. A New York merchant in his boyhood read Wayland's "Life of Judson," and laying the book down, left his room, went out into a green meadow belonging to his father's farm, and consecrated his life to the service of God.—*Forward.*

THROUGH ONE OF HIS WHITE RAVENS

In my early ministry I was pastor of a small station in a little Delaware town. The members were few in number, and all poor, but the salary of two hundred and fifty dollars had been subscribed by calling on those outside the church. The time of payment, however, was left with the members and others. This lack of system made it hard on the preacher, wife, and baby boy, for out of this salary the rent of five dollars per month had to be paid. Luxuries were not known, many comforts had to be dispensed with, and even the essentials were sometimes scarce.

Such was the case one Monday morning. Our money was gone, our larder was empty, and just enough food in the house for dinner. Wife and I had held a consultation and were arranging some plan to tide us over the hard place, but had not succeeded. The day before we had a full house and good services, and I felt some disappointment in not getting help, for which we had earnestly prayed. But I remember feeling easy about the matter, after thinking it over, and that there would be some way out for us, without going out to beg.

About nine o'clock there was a rap at the door, and a gentleman entered and was seated. I never saw him before and have never laid eyes on him since. We talked about various affairs until eleven o'clock, when my wife came to the door and called me out and wanted to know if the gentleman would stay for dinner. It was a perplexing question for both of us, especially to her, and one every housewife will appreciate. I returned to the room, and I think the stranger must have understood the situation, for he soon left. Before doing so, he said he was passing the house and felt a peculiar desire to enter, but passed on, and returning, he could not shake off the idea of entering. He wanted to know if I would feel insulted at his leaving a memento of his visit. Handing me a silver dollar and saying some kind words, he left. That big round dollar stood out as none ever did before. It makes my eyes moist now to think about it. We had help over a hard place.

God sent that man to bridge us over the gulf of poverty, and He has helped us over many a hard place since. I cannot doubt for an instant, but believe with all my heart, that God answers prayer, and cares for His children just as much as when He sent ravens to feed the prophet, or delivered Daniel out of the lion's den.—*J. D. McFadden in The Ram's Horn.*

THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN

A young pastor and his wife were sent as "supply" on the plains of South Dakota, where they lived in the Sunday School rooms of a small country church and preached in the surrounding country, in one place, in a sod church. The people were poor, but many were good and loyal to the church. They saw several converted and progressed nicely until spring came and the drought set in. When one quarterly meeting came, but three dollars had been reported on salary. One morning the young pastor got up early and drove about forty miles to a funeral. When he came back in the evening there was no supper, because there was nothing in the house to cook. After driving nearly eighty miles and nothing to eat, the young man went to bed in a bad humor, determined to go east and enter commercial life, for an offer had been made to him by a reliable firm.

But his good wife got her Bible and began to read about the 37th Psalm. When she reached

the verse, "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed," the young parson began to meditate and say, will that be true in our case? She read on, "They shall not be ashamed, in the days of famine they shall be satisfied. I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

She closed her Bible, knelt and prayed, committing all to her God. By this time the young pastor had almost forgotten his trial and was wondering why God had always been so good to the children of men.

After hours of wakefulness he fell asleep, but early in the morning awoke, hearing someone knocking on the door. It was a crowd of men and women from an out-of-town appointment going through town on their way to hear Hon. Sunset Cox speak. They stopped to remember their pastor and wife with a donation of many good things to eat and ten dollars in money on salary. The good wife's prayer was answered and the pastor humbled and taught another lesson to trust God and count your blessings.—*A. M. Virden in The Ram's Horn.*

IT IS WRITTEN

Peter says: "It is written, be ye holy." We like the forcible translation of Martin Luther: "It stands written." It is on the statute book of the Kingdom of Heaven, the book of the requirements of God. It is not a human opinion, it is not an extravagance, it is not fanaticism; it is the infallible word by which we shall be judged in the last day.

"Be ye holy" is not hidden away in an obscure corner of the Bible; it is repeated again and again in a multitude of ways and of forms, both direct and indirect.

One writer says of holiness in the Bible: "It breathes in the prophecy, it thunders in the law, it murmurs in the narrative, it whispers in the promises, it supplicates in the prayers, it sparkles in the poetry, it resounds in the songs, it speaks in the types, it glows in the imagery, it voices in the language and burns on the spirit of the whole scheme of salvation from the Alpha to the Omega, from its beginning to its end. Holiness! Holiness needed; holiness required; holiness offered; holiness attainable; holiness a present duty, a present privilege, a present enjoyment—is the progress and completeness of its wondrous theme."

Let men neglect, ridicule, oppose, yet it stands written in the old Bible: "Be ye holy."

What if it is an unpopular truth and often misunderstood, yet it is in the Book God has given to men, and not only in the Book but emblazoned on every page of it. It is the warp and wool of the whole scheme of salvation. "It stands written, be ye holy."—*Selected.*

LIFE'S MELODY

Seek to make life henceforth a consecrated thing; that so, when the sunset is nearing, with its murky vapors and lowering skies, the very clouds of sorrow may be fringed with golden light. Thus will the song in the house of your pilgrimage be always the truest harmony. It will be composed of no jarring, discordant notes; but with all its varied tones will form one sustained, life-long melody; dropped for a moment in death, only to be resumed with the angels, and blended with the everlasting cadences of your Father's house.—*J. R. MacDuff.*