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REV. E. D. VERY,

"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

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[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

A tribute of respect to the Rev. Mr. Mackay, of St. John, for risking his own life to save that of a drowning child.

If the proud monarch of the Grecian state
Earn'd of posterity the title "Great,"
Because he made humanity to feel
His barbed arrows, and his pointed steel;
And while destruction followed in his rear,
Nor stopp'd to sooth a sigh, or dry a tear.
What garland wreath shall gratitude entwine,
Or in what splendid niche the man enshrine,
Who, fearless alike, of dangers, or of pain,
Plung'd willfully into the briny main,
And brought the drowning infant safe to land,
While brawny youths in wild amazement stand?

Let the curs'd miser clench his golden store,
And with insatiate ardour thirst for more,
Mine be the pleasures that Mackay enjoyed,
When he the little drowning babe restored,
And set the mother's anxious cares at rest,
And soothed the sorrows of her throbbing breast.

Now let us learn how we should estimate
Those actions which may justly be called
"great."

And let it be distinctly understood,
That we call nothing great but what is good.

But let me turn my thoughts from man to
God;

Lend me an angel's harp, to sound abroad
The undying honours of HIS glorious name,
Who from his Father's blissful bosom came;
Laid his most splendid garb of glory down,
And was in fashion of a servant found;
Plung'd fearlessly into the raging sea
Of wrath Divine, to save a wretch like me.
What shall I do to spread his fame abroad?
How shall I speak the honours of my God?
The theme too vast, o'erstrains my labouring
mind,

And leaves the notes of angels far behind.
But when I'm rais'd to his bright throne above,
Then all my powers will be absorb'd in love.

HALLELUJAH.

The following interesting letter was written by Rev. Mr. Bertram, an English Baptist Minister from St. Helena, who is now in the States soliciting funds with which to build a chapel for his flock. It will be read with a melancholy interest in connection with the recent tidings of Dr. Judson's burial at sea.

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]

THE BURIAL OF MRS. S. B. JUDSON AT ST. HELENA.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—In compliance with your request for a description of the burial of the late Mrs. Judson, on the Island of Saint Helena, I send the following account, which is as nearly correct as my memory and ability will enable me to give. Early in the morning of the 2d September, I received a note from Mr. Carrol, the American Consul of that Island informing me that a ship named the "Sophia Walker," had dropped anchor in our bay, the previous night, and that she had on board two distinguished passengers, Dr. Judson and lady, with their three children, but sad to state, since that brief period, Mrs. Judson had departed this life. He further stated that Dr. Judson sent his Christian regards to me, requesting that I would come on board, as he was very desirous to see me. The effect produced on my mind, by reading this painful note, you will easily conceive. I had heard of Dr. Judson, long before, and had learned to think of him as one of the most noble heroes of the "cross of Christ." With a heart full of painful sympathy, I hastened to the vessel. As the boat in which I was, neared the floating house of death, I perceived several of

the crew approaching the gangway. Deep sorrow was depicted on their countenances. The captain received me with a welcome, and after a few touching hints, conducted me to the cabin, where I was for the first time introduced to Dr. Judson. He held out his hand, but for a moment his heart was too full for articulation. He looked pale and careworn. The bitter tears flowed down his cheeks in rapid succession, moistening his lips, as if seeking to find their way back again into that heart of sorrow, from whence they flowed. Such a touching scene I never witnessed before. With him stood his three small children, weeping and refusing to be comforted, because she, whom they so dearly loved, was not. Dr. Judson soon regained his self-possession. He spoke to his afflicted children in the sweetest manner, and in the most consoling language a Christian father's lips could utter, and then turning to me, he said,

"O sir, she died in the Lord—so peacefully. I asked her but a little before she died, if she loved the Saviour, and could trust her soul into his hands. She answered, Yes, O yes. Come, Mr. Bertram, will you look at my love—she is just like herself, lovely even in death."

He led the way into the state-room, where lay the cold remains, in which once dwelt the soul of her, who had given and devoted to the Saviour's cause, her life, her all. Pleasant she was indeed, even in death. A sweet smile of love seemed to rest on her countenance, as if heavenly grace had shaped it there. Mr. Judson stood at her head, and the children around her, weeping and sobbing. He kissed her cold forehead, again and again, embalming it with tears. After a few moments he said, "My love suffered much, before she died but never murmured. Her sufferings are over, Yes, she is now in heaven. I did all for her myself; dressed and laid her out myself.—This was her own request. To me it was a painful duty; but God sustained me."

He then informed me that arrangements had been made for the funeral, which was to take place at four in the afternoon, and begged I would attend and conduct the religious services on board the vessel. I then left the ship and hastened on shore, to summon all my Christian brethren to be in waiting on the wharf, at half-past 3, P. M. Returning to the vessel, I remained with Dr. Judson until afternoon. When the time for the religious service arrived, the captain called together all the friends who were on board, and all hands who could be spared from the ship. I then read a suitable portion of the divine Word, and gave a brief address, I trust from the Lord a word in season, and then we all knelt in prayer to the wise Disposer of every event. When the service was ended, we again visited the solemn state-room, to take a last look of the departed wife and missionary. The bereaved husband and weeping children fastened their eyes upon the loved remains, as if they could have looked forever. Weeping, kiss after kiss was imprinted on the cold forehead. The last look was taken, the last kiss imparted, and then all was hid from mortal vision, until the morning of the resurrection. The coffin was removed to the boat, which was to convey it on shore. Other boats were connected with this, so arranged as to form a funeral procession—three going ahead, towing the one which contained the corpse, and moving forward with the heavy beatings of their oars, and another followed, in which were Mr. Judson and the three children, with the captain of the ship and myself as chief mourners.—Our Christian brethren and sisters were in a goodly number, with Mr. Carrol, the American Consul, and his family and some other of his friends, already waiting on the shore, to join the funeral procession. The body was

then transferred from the boat to the bier, which was carried by a number of seamen. The pall bearers were selected from among our Christian sisters. They were four in number and chief women, viz., Mrs. Captain O'Connor, of the East India Company; Mrs. Janisch, widow of the late Dutch Consul; Mrs. Torbett, of Napoleon's tomb; Mrs. Carrol, American Consul's lady. Dr. Judson and myself walked first, leading one of the children; the captain next came, leading the other two, the American Consul followed, with his friends, then our Christian brethren and sisters, two and two; the whole numbering about one hundred persons. It is nearly half a mile from the landing to the burying ground, the way to which lies through the town. The inhabitants paid their respects by closing their shops. The street was considerably lined on either side with spectators, who all appeared to manifest a mournful sympathy with Mr. Judson and the dear children.

On arriving at the grave, the Episcopal clergyman read the burial service of the Church of England. The body was then committed to its mother dust. Our Christian brethren stood around the grave and sung a solemn hymn, selected for the occasion. During this service, as Mr. Judson stood supported by my arm, I felt his animal frame frequently ready to give way, particularly towards the last, when the coffin was about to be lowered into the grave. I could see him heaving his heart to God, for power from on high, to strengthen him. God heard his prayer and held him up. All being now over, the Christian friends began to withdraw, but Dr. Judson and the children appeared to linger, as if reluctant to leave the sacred spot. Yet the best of friends must part. We therefore left the remains of Mrs. Judson in one of the choicest spots of the burying ground; a banian tree spreading its branches over it, as if to guard the precious treasure which lay interred beneath its shades.

We then conducted Dr. J. and the children to the house of Mr. Thomas Alesworth, which stood adjacent to the burying ground. His large parlor was filled with Christian friends. A prayer meeting was held. A goodly number engaged, each and all praying God for comfort and support to his dear servant and his children, in this, their time of need. We all took tea together, and spent the remainder of the time in religious conversation, speaking much of Jesus and the resurrection. And now the time of Mr. Judson's departure drew nigh. The captain called, informing him that there was little time to spare, as the ship was to put out to sea again that evening. (I was much pleased with what I saw of the captain's conduct throughout the whole; his kind attention to Dr. Judson and the children was certainly praiseworthy, though I believe not a strictly religious man.) The Doctor then arose and addressed us. He spoke with feelings of the highest gratitude of the Lord's goodness unto him, in sparing him the painful task of burying the remains of his beloved wife in the restless deep; in bringing her to our island, and in giving her a Christian burial, and surrounding him with so many kind friends, who had joined with him in paying the last tribute of respect to her, who to him had proved one of the best of wives, and the most devoted mother. He said he never could have thought God had so many who loved him on the island, and that he expected, when Mrs. Judson died, to have buried her with the assistance of a few seamen and a small number of sympathizing friends. He praised God for what he had wrought among us, in the conversion of so many precious souls. He spoke strongly against the Puseyism of the Church of England, warned all against it, and said he could

only regard myself and the church of my pastoral care, under God, as the light and salvation of the island. He thanked us all from his very heart, in the name of the Lord, for our Christian sympathy and kindness to him and his children, praying God to reward us a thousand fold, to bless us as a Christian church and requested that we would follow him with our prayers when on the mighty deep. He then gave Mr. Carrol and myself charge of the grave, and instructions concerning the headstone. He desired me often to give the hallowed spot, where lay the remains of his beloved wife, a friendly look, instead of himself, who would soon be far away from it, but should continue to visit it in the mournful remembrance of his spirit. We accompanied him to the ship, sorrowing with double sorrow, that we should see his face no more in the flesh. Bidding him God speed, we said the last farewell.

Allow me to offer a few reflections, touching the different ways and means that God has made use of to bring the island of St. Helena into notice among the various nations of the earth. I speak not now of its locality, of its central position, nor of its abundance of fresh water, springing up in so many different parts of this great rock, in the midst of the ocean, capable of almost supplying every ship on the sea, all of which displays in an extraordinary manner the wonderful works of God. These I pass over. Since I came to this country I have been led by a combination of causes to reflect on two facts in the history of Saint Helena, to which I will merely allude.

1. For its being, in the providence of God, the great and last prison, the death-bed and burying-place of him, who made the nations of the earth to shake and tremble. 2. For its being the place of the death and burial of the late Mrs. Judson.

And now, I am led to ask, for what purpose did the Almighty do all this? How was it he did not call this devoted missionary in Burmah, and not have brought her sick and afflicted so many miles across the mighty deep, to breathe her last, and be buried on the island of Saint Helena? Or why did not the Lord call her to himself from the Isle of France, at which she remained three weeks, or why did she not at sea, and buried in a watery grave? How was it that she was just kept alive, until the ship dropped her anchor in our bay? Or how was it that He, in whose hand are the issues of life and death, did not preserve, and keep her alive, until she had reached her native land, and then called her to have resigned her spirit, surrounded by her much loved friends and relations? My conclusion is, that God had a purpose of love and mercy in all this towards the long neglected, perishing thousands on that island; that he wanted to call the attention, and awaken the sympathies of American Christians, and stir up a powerful interest in their behalf. God sent me there five years and a half ago, without purse or scrip, single handed, in the very heart of the enemy's camp, to beat down their prejudices, by preaching among them the unsearchable riches of Christ, to open their eyes, and turn their hearts from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God, that they might receive the forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among those that are sanctified through faith that is in Christ Jesus.

I wish before I close to state to you that the writing of this letter has been a painful task to me, as it has opened afresh in my heart some of the deepest wounds ever made there. Sympathize with me, ye friends of weeping Jesus, when I tell you that I have one, whom I loved above all others on earth, lying asleep in death, at the very feet of Mrs. Judson—a beautiful boy, nine years of age, who died a