

# THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

T. MEREDITH, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## TERMS.

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From the Baptist Magazine.

## OBITUARY—MRS. SARAH B. JUDSON.

[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 suggestions 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. Geo. 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 in Calcutta and at Maulmain, 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, Jr., born August 18, 1828, survives her. She was married Feb. 11, 1831, and was married to her second husband, Judson, of Maulmain, April 10, 1832. At Maulmain she became the mother of eight children, of whom five survive her. After the birth of her last child, in December, 1845, she died lately in Maulmain.

1844, she was attacked with chronic diarrhoea, 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 23, 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, September 1, 1845.

Like multitudes in the highly favored 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. Rolles, 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 Christiana. 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 us near to Jesus' feet."

As regards her missionary qualifications and 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 care, 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 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 labors 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 when, notwithstanding that she was wholly opposed to the principle of females writing 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 labor 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 and moral excellence, the worthy successor of Ann H. Judson. He constantly thanks God that he has been blessed 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

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 lunging 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 prayer for the early conversion of her children. May her living and 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 improve rapidly, though her bodily sufferings were not very severe. 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, endeavoring to administer relief to the distressed body and consolation to the departing soul. At 2 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 loved 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, inaudible 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 prayed together at the throne of grace, I blessed the body that had assumed 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 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 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 canvas. They most soon pass away from the memory even of her children; but they will remain forever 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, Jr., of Dorchester,] in defraying the expenses of the funeral, and promising to erect a monument to the grave and see to the erection of a monument.

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 Maulmain, who died in this port September 1, 1845, on her passage to the United States, in the 42d 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 heartfelt devotion,  
She scattered the bright beams of truth.

## AT HOME! SWEET HOME!

Where burns the fire brightest,  
Cheering the social breast?  
Where beats the fond heart lightest,  
Its humble home possessed?  
Where is the hour of sadness,  
With meek-eyed patience borne?  
Worth more than those of gladness,  
Which mirth's gay cheeks adorn?  
Pleasure is marked with fretfulness  
To those who ever roam,  
While grief itself hath sweetness  
At home—sweet home!

There blend the ties that strengthen  
Our hearts in hours of grief;  
The silver links that lengthen  
Joy's visits when most brief;  
There, eyes in all their splendor  
Are vocal to the heart,  
And glances bright and true  
Fresh eloquence impart;  
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?  
O, do not widely roam,  
But seek that hidden treasure,  
At home—sweet home!

Does pure religion charm thee,  
Far more than aught below?  
Wouldst thou that thou couldst arm thee  
Against the hour of woe?  
Her dwelling is not only  
In temples built for prayer,  
For home itself is lonely  
Unless her smiles be there.  
Wherever we may wander,  
'Tis all in vain we roam,  
If worshipless her altar  
At home—sweet home!

From the Christian Intelligencer.

## NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S PRIDE AND CRUELTY.

The characteristics of his grandeur, found in the book of Daniel, are, a great image, whose brightness was excellent, and the form thereof terrible; a strong tree, reaching in height unto heaven, affording shade and food to the beasts of the earth. His authority was absolute. It was in his power to do mankind good or evil, to slay or to keep alive, to put down, or to set up. The reins of government over an extensive empire were put

into his hand, and neither talents, education, nor concurrent favorable circumstances were wanting to the execution of any of his designs. Was he the guardian of religion? Was he the father of his people? Was he a pattern of humility? An instance can not be given, of one more wicked, more cruel, or more haughty.

A horrid transaction in the province of Babylon, is a lasting monument of his wicked conduct. Baal, some departed warrior, and none more likely than Nimrod, was the object of veneration among the Babylonians. Loaded with the spoils of Judea, Nebuchadnezzar prepared in his honor a statue of massy gold, which, together with the pedestal, was ninety feet high. The day of dedication approached, when all were commanded, under the severest penalty, at a certain signal, to fall down before the image, and to worship. Obedience was instantaneously rendered by all, except by some pious Jews, who were withheld from such an act, by their disobedience Nebuchadnezzar was transported with passion. "Do ye not serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up? If ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace, and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?" What blasphemy! Had he an arm like God? or could he thunder with a voice like his? It is more criminal to set him at defiance. It is the height of criminality to force others, by fire and sword, to disregard and to defy him. This, in all its extent, is chargeable upon Nebuchadnezzar; numerous instances of this monarch's cruelty might be adduced.

Having subdued Jerusalem by his arms, he sat in judgment at Riblah upon their captive king. A sentence passed, shocking to humanity, which, notwithstanding, was executed with the utmost rigor. "They slew the sons of Zedekiah, before his eyes, and put out the eyes of Zedekiah, and bound him with fetters of brass, and carried him to Babylon." The ingratitude and rebellion of Zedekiah may plead in vindication of the severe act; after allowing the plea all the weight it deserves still the heart shrinks at the sad tale, and is forced to pronounce that the dead could not be justified.

Whatever may be urged in defense of Zedekiah's punishment, the treatment of the three children can admit of none. Their religion forbade idolatry, and they could not, be the consequence what it might, disobey God by worshipping the image which Nebuchadnezzar had set up. This they declared before the king in so firm and determined a tone, as showed that their resolution was taken, and

contradiction, he could not bear to be opposed in a favorite design by captives, who were entirely at his mercy; his fury arose even to madness.—The storm which agitated his soul darkened his visage, and fell with destructive force upon these helpless strangers. The furnace was heated seven times more than usual, and they, bound hand and foot, were thrown with violence into the midst of the fire.

On another occasion he was impressed with a dream; the dream escaped him, whilst the impression it made, remained. He ordered the wise men of Babylon, on pain of death, not only to interpret the dream, but to tell him what it was.—Their modest remonstrance, that no man on earth could do what the king required, and that the request was of so singular a nature, that it had never before by any other king been either thought of, or made, had not the least effect; he must be obeyed even in impossibilities, otherwise his vengeance falls on the innocent, the devoted head.

The root of such impious, such cruel conduct, was pride. He rejected with scorn a superior, even in the heavens. The spoils of conquered countries enabled him to repair the walls of Babylon, to build a temple for Belus, and a palace for himself; form a reservoir of water of vast capacity; and hanging gardens to please the queen, in imitation of the mountains and forests of Media, her native country. Some of these were works of use; others of their works of pleasure; none of them perhaps blameable in a great and wealthy prince; but with Nebuchadnezzar they became the food of pride, the instruments of tyranny, and thus aggravated his crimes and hastened his ruin.

The nearer creatures are assimilated to their creator, they are the more humble; the farther they are removed from him by their wickedness, the more their pride increases. Angels, who stand continually in God's presence, are gentle and benevolent; they insult not even the most blasphemous; they cheerfully take the helpless infant under their guardian care; but angels who have left their first estate are violent and malicious; they withhold their tongues from blasphemy; they feel satisfaction in the sharpest torments which they can inflict. How did they exult in our Saviour's agony? How did they exult when he was ejected from the temple?

Render, your attention has been directed to Nebuchadnezzar's guilt. He provoked the divine judgment, which in due seasons was executed in a most exemplary manner. Doubtless you are prepared to admit the reasonableness and justice of Jehovah's chastisements in his case. But you should guard against passing the condemnatory sentence in an unbecoming spirit. Those who are most free in calling down fire from heaven, are in danger of being consumed by it. Pride is an insidious enemy of the soul, and personal cruelty too often escapes the detection of the selfish sinner. Exercise a constant jealousy over your own soul. Let your anxious prayer be, "Search me, O God and know my heart try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any evil way in me; and lead me in the way of everlasting life."

E. I.

THE LEAVEN WORKERS.—The London correspondent of the Boston Traveler, communicates an additional fact, going to show that the struggle of the German Catholics to throw off the crushing despotism of Rome still continues, and every friend of his race must bid them God-speed.

"The German Catholics in Pforzheim, Kingdom of Wurtemberg, have published the following explanation: "We cast from us the chains of Rome; we desire that the German priests should recover the right which every man possesses to choose a wife for himself. We demand that auricular confession should no longer be abused; that prayers may be said in our mother language, and that the priests should no longer anathematize the Christian Protestants, which only tends to destroy concord and peace in families and in the communes, and excites in the breasts of the people hatred against the others."

A Swiss Journal gives the following interesting fact: On the 18th of Oct., Ronge, the great reformer, addressed an assembly of three thousand persons on the territory belonging to the canton of Thurgau, and explained to them the principles of German Catholicism; and, what is very remarkable, this was done near the very spot where Hoss, the martyr, was burned alive.—Christ. Visitor.

NEW MOWING MACHINES.—A new and important machine for the cutting of grass has lately been completed by Capt. Wilson, of this place, and is now to be seen by applying at the bar of the American Hotel for the inventor. It is well worthy the attention of all the farmers of the West, where it is destined to become of the greatest importance in performing the harvest duty, hitherto so expensive and difficult to accomplish. There is also attached to the cutting wheel or tub, wings, which gather the grass as it is cut, and lays in a swath regularly, and in a perfect manner for curing; it is most simple in its construction, and by no means liable to be put out of order. Indeed, it is one of those labour saving machines, which has long been sought and anxiously looked for by our grazing farmers, particularly by those of the great western prairies; we would advise all the least interested to examine it without fail. The inventor has, in two instances, been awarded the gold medal of the American Institute, and has the certificates of the most respectable farmers of Long Island, and those of the different counties on the North River, for its complete success in operation.—Buffalo, N. Y. Advertiser.

ADVERTISEMENTS, LETTERS, &c.

If you want your horse or your servant to work well, you must endeavour to make them happy; happiness increases the strength and energies of both, and unhappiness diminishes them. When you find either of them weak in any particular point, do not press and harass the weakness, but show it indulgence. Do not urge either of them to do more than they are well able, as the more they are compelled to do to day the less they will do to morrow. When you find your horse begin to slacken his speed, do not recklessly compel him to maintain it, but think how you yourself would like to be thus urged on beyond your strength. Do not worry your horse by repeated whip-strokes; as every blow robs the animal of some of its strength, and continual blows rob it also of the motives to exertion by the violence of the strokes on the skin, and also affect the muscles underneath on which the motions depend. If any person doubts this, a slight blow on his arm or leg will soon convince him of the truth. If you have two horses working together, and one horse is slower or weaker than the other, do not force it to do as much as the other, but rather slacken the speed, if even it is done by keeping the other horse back; and never use bearing reins; they are useless to the driver, vexations to the horse, and are the cause of many falls; but above all, be not too fond of showing them that you are their master and they your slaves; they know it well enough to their sorrow without this trouble.

LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY.—Professor Mitchell, whose name is associated with the magnificent Observatory lately established at Cambridge, Mass., is giving lectures in Boston. His lectures are splendid. Views of parts of the constellations, Moon, of the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, the spots of the several beautiful clusters of Nebulae, were presented, such as have never before been seen in this city. These lectures are of no ordinary value. The Observatory, for which Prof. M. is securing additional instruments, is a medium for making many new discoveries, being of far greater power than any heretofore employed.

INTOLERANCE.—The Romish Church is inherently, incurably, and essentially intolerant. Every Roman Catholic proclaims in his creed, that none can be saved out of the Romish Church; and vows in that creed that he will, by all means in his power, bring those, over whom he has any influence, to believe in it. This is the religious and sworn duty of every Roman Catholic; and this principle it was, which rendered the revolution 1688 necessary for the preservation of civil and religious liberty.—Southey's Viridicium.

Receive blessings with thankfulness, and afflictions with resignation.

Repentance, if you are wise, can never do you harm.