The main portion of these files covers President Harper's Administration and the earlier part of President Judson's, 1906-12.

This blue sheet indicates that the letter to which it is attached belongs in the period 1912-1923 of President Judson's Administration, or in President Burton's Administration, 1923-1925.
President W. R. Harper,
University, Chicago, Ill.

My dear Brother,

I know you will be pleased to hear that the receipts from all sources to the Missionary Union Centenary fund have reached a grand total of $977,841.46, as you will see from the inclosed statement; which please consider confidentially. We are therefore lacking only a little over $22,000 to make up the million. As Chairman of the Centennial Committee, I know not how to go up to Denver and make my report, with this small balance not raised. The additional amount required need not be paid into our treasury for six months or so; but it does seem a pity, after the heroic effort we have made over the whole country this year, not to fully complete the amount proposed. After consulting with our Executive Committee and a few of our wisest friends in New York City, I have resolved to invite about twenty individual friends of missions to guarantee to us the balance of this fund. I have only to the end of this week to work, as I must start for Denver on Monday next.

Are there not a dozen or so members of your faculty in the University who, with yourself, might be gotten together, and perhaps be moved to help us in this emergency. You yourselves, who have so recently found yourselves in similar exigencies, and who have been so generously relieved, can both appreciate the pressure I am under, and the appreciation which I would feel, in case you are able to come to our help.

I hope we shall see you at Denver. My address, from May 15th to May 21st will be care of Anniversaries, Denver.

With warmest congratulations on the great success which has attended your magnificent enterprise, Believe me,

Very fraternally yours,
President's W. R. Report.
University of Chicago, III.
My dear Brother,

I know you will be pleased to hear that the students from our college at the University of Chicago have received a grant for the establishment of a Radon Laboratory at the University. As outlined in our Constitution, I know that you are working on the same line of research.

The laboratory, which is to be named the Radon Research Laboratory, has been established on a modest scale. We have begun the collection of data and have made some progress. The results so far have been encouraging. After consultation with our Executive Committee, we have decided to proceed with the project with the financial assistance we have received from the university.

I hope we will be able to complete the project in the next few months. The research will be carried out by a small group of students and faculty members, under the guidance of Dr. John Smith, who has been appointed as the Director of the Laboratory.

I am enclosing a copy of the report that has been prepared for the Executive Committee. I hope you will find it informative.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
Mr. Harper:—I very much wish to send you the curiosities I wrote of on the terms you suggested, i.e., that the $300 is to go towards the education of one of my boys, but these are two things I wish you would do:

1. Allow interest on the $300 from the time you receive the curiosities.
2. Send me per Money Order $50 for shipping expenses; give me address of some agents in New York to whom I am to send the boxes.

I only need to add that I am sure you will value the things.
palmleaf books. It is very rare. I know of no such through collection. The swords & shields are of the Rohillas, Pathans, Mahrattas &c. in the employ of the former Nawabs of Kurnool from whose grand-son, an old man, I purchased them. They are very rare & the swords here sell, for $10. I can easily dispose of them in India but would rather have you have the collection.

Yours sincerely,

Geo. H. Thomson
Kurnool, India.

N.B. These weapons & idols & books are all over a century old &c.

My dear Mr. Harper,

Pardon me for troubling you in a personal matter. You have shown me many kindnesses in the past and that makes me slow to ask further aid of you.

The Executive Committee has determined to reduce the number of districts. The only way in which this could be justly done called for the consolidation of this district with that in which New York City is situated. Two years ago I myself suggested this as a possible course in reorganization. As the suggestion came from me, it was only right that I offer to retire, if the change were made. The transfer will be effectuated not later than Dec. 31st, but I am at liberty to close up sooner, if my interests require it.

Pondered upon the work, because I believed for asked the service of me, at least for a time; and the experience in it has been of great value to me. But the increasing correspondence - 4000 letters last year with no regular clerical help - and the much absence from home have made it a great trial to one of my inclinations. So I would welcome getting back to former lines.

You know me and I thought you might possibly
know of some place vacant or about to become vacant, for which you would feel free to name me.

As a factor, my secretarial experience has given me enlarged opportunity for study of methods in their practical working. Beyond that, I am subject to my record when in the pastorate.

As a teacher, fearing that my favorite languages—the Semitic—may be almost for the present, I would be ready to take classes in Modern European Languages—German, Dutch, French, Spanish, Italian and Russian. I have given the last language special study for over two years, having an educator Russian for teacher, and having in contemplation a trip to Russia in 1906. We have also had in mind the compilation of a Russian grammar. Last summer I traveled alone in Germany, Switzerland and Italy and forced myself quite at home with the people.

My missionary work and studies have naturally led me to extend and careful reading of Comparative Religions and the related departments in philosophy.

My favorite study previous to entering your classes was Mathematics. I used to "coach" in Mathematics before I entered the ministry. The undergraduate Mathematics remained fresh; as I have had opportunity to test since coming here, especially in connection with the Engineering Course.
AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION,
CENTRAL NEW YORK DISTRICT.

O. O. FLETCHER, DIST. SECY.

Ithaca, N. Y.,

I can only say this: if you should see the way open to name me for a place for which you may deem me fitted, I shall not only be grateful to you, but will do my best to fulfill the duties of the situation and to merit whatever you may say of me.

With highest personal regards to you and remembrances to those in your home,

Very sincerely yours,

O. O. Fletcher.
Boston, July 12, 1915.

Pres. Harry P. Judson, LL.D.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

Possibly your attention has been called to the resolution passed by the Northern Baptist Convention at Los Angeles, California, last May, in which expression was given to the sentiment that Adoniram Judson, the pioneer American missionary, would be worthy of election to the American Hall of Fame.

You will recognize, of course, the permanent value of the work of the foreign missionary in the sociological as well as the religious transformation of the non-Christian world. To thoughtful men everywhere the contribution which the missionary is making toward the progress of civilization is no longer open to question.

You are aware of the influence of Adoniram Judson, not alone in the origin of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions of the Congregational Church, but also in the origin of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. It would be quite without exaggeration to say that this humble pioneer missionary in unifying the Baptists of the United States one hundred years ago, really called into existence the Baptist denomination of today. The century of missionary achievement which represents the result of his work was most fittingly celebrated at the Judson Centennial held in Boston in June of last year.

The Board of Managers of this Society at their quarterly meeting June 16 unanimously expressed their judgment that the name of Adoniram Judson ought to be included in the Hall of Fame. The enclosed pamphlet, being an address delivered by Reverend O.P. Gifford, D. D., at the Centennial, gives briefly the story of his career. In view of the place of the foreign missionary in the thought of today and in view of the work of Judson it would seem most appropriate that he should be honored in the forthcoming election to the Hall of Fame.

On behalf of the Board of Managers, I am

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

Home Secretary
Dear Sir:

Possibly your attention has been called to the resolution already passed by the executive committee of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, calling for the organization of the American Baptist Missionary Association for the particular purpose of promoting the missionary work of the American Baptist Missionary Society. I desire to express my earnest approval of the principles and aims of the action of the Honorable Board of Managers of the Missionary Society. I cordially endorse the call for the organization of the American Baptist Missionary Association and the work to be done by the same.

This is not a matter of the American Missionary Association or of the American Missionary Society. It is the work of the American Church, the work of the whole Church, the work of every Church. It is the work of the American Baptist Missionary Society, the work of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. It is the work of the Church. It is the work of the Baptist Church in the United States. It is the work of the Baptist Church in every country. It is the work of the Church in every land.

I am fully prepared to give the utmost support to the work of the American Baptist Missionary Association. I am glad to see the work of the American Baptist Missionary Society continued and extended. I am glad to see the work of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society continued and extended.

I am glad to see the work of the American Baptist Missionary Association continued and extended.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

Home Secretary
Adoniram Judson

An address delivered by
Rev. O. P. GIFFORD, D.D.
on the occasion of the
Judson Centennial
Celebration
in Tremont Temple
Boston, Mass., June 24, 1914

American Baptist Foreign Mission Society
Ford Building : : : : Boston, Massachusetts
The name of a babe is sometimes a prophecy fulfilled by the character of the man. Isaac called his second-born Jacob, supplanter. He supplanted Esau twice. Mary named her babe Jesus, Saviour. He saved his people from their sins. In ancient Israel Abda named his son Adoniram, “the lord of exaltation.” Solomon sent a levy of thirty thousand men to Lebanon to cut timber for his building. Adoniram was over the levy. A man who can manage thirty thousand laborers for months without a strike may well be called “the lord of exaltation.” Rehoboam succeeded Solomon and sent Adoniram to collect tribute. The people stoned him to death. Thus he gave his life in service and sacrifice to his king. In Malden, Massachusetts, in the Congregational parsonage, a babe was born and named Adoniram—“the lord of exaltation.” He gave his life in service and sacrifice to a greater than Solomon and to the building of a kingdom that has no frontier.
Heredity and environment have much to do with shaping character. The web of life is spun of threads woven by heredity and environment. Adoniram’s father was a stern disciplinarian of the Puritan type. His mother was one of the finest products of New England home life. Strength and beauty were the two pillars in Adoniram’s temple.

The traveler in London seeks St. Paul’s Cathedral, an island of silence in a sea of sound. Tired of the strife of tongues, he finds rest under the shadow of the Eternal Presence in the great cathedral. The massive walls and springing dome shelter the bodies of men who helped to make England great. Nelson made her mistress of the seas. Wellington broke the spell of Napoleon and freed Europe from the power of France. Greater than either Nelson or Wellington is Sir Christopher Wren, who rebuilt St. Paul’s and the city of London after the great fire. In greater London are sixty parish churches planned by the great architect. On the wall of St. Paul’s is a memorial tablet to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren, “If you would behold my monument, look about you,” — on the beauty of the cathedral; on the city, the capital of an empire; on the sixty parish churches nourishing the soul of the city, and on the score of churches in the American Republic built after the model of the parish church.

In the city of Malden, Massachusetts, is a noble meeting-house. On one of the walls is a tablet:

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON
BORN AUGUST 9, 1788.
DIED APRIL 12, 1850.
MALDEN, HIS BIRTHPLACE
THE OCEAN, HIS SEPULCHRE
CONVERTED BURMANS,
THE BURMAN BIBLE, HIS MONUMENT.
HIS RECORD IS ON HIGH.

At three years of age, Judson, taught to read by his mother, read a chapter in the Bible to his father. At four years of age he gathered the neighboring children and preached to them. At seven years of age he studied and settled the question of the motion of the earth and sun. At sixteen years of age he entered Providence College, now Brown University, a year in advance. He was graduated three years later as valedictorian.
There are mental maladies, as well as physical diseases. Young men have mental mumps, "swelled head." In college Judson became a French infidel. Our fathers imported their political principles from France; the same ships brought over French infidelity. Few college students in those early days were Christians. Judson was led into the field of religious speculation by one of the most brilliant students in college. Reaching home he revealed his spiritual vacuum. His father reasoned with him, his mother wept and prayed, in vain, for what is unreasonable cannot be reasoned away; what is not of the heart cannot be wept away. Germ diseases have their run,—if the man is in good health, he conquers; if in poor health, they conquer. Much depends upon mental fiber whether a man is conquered by or conquers infidelity. Following his graduation Judson taught school a year and wrote text books. His father was a wise man and sent him on a year of travel, hoping that meeting men would brush away the webs woven by speculation. Infidelity comes of overmuch thinking and too little action. Real life destroys unbelief as the sun burns off mists. Infidelity is born of books; religion is the life of God in the soul of man. There are inventors of religion as of machinery. The patent office is crowded with inventions that do not work, and the test of reality proves the worthlessness of many inventions and more speculations. During his year of wandering, Judson joined a strolling band of actors and with them cheated the landlord of his just dues again and again—practical infidelity. If a man does not believe in God, why should he treat men honestly? (He afterward retraced his steps and paid the bills.) On his return trip he was a guest in a wayside inn. A dying man was in the next room. The groans of the sufferer, the noises made by the nurse, made sleep impossible. He began to think, "Suppose I were the dying man; am I ready? Suppose the dying man were my friend the infidel, is he ready?" The noises stopped; silence fell upon the house. In the morning the landlord told him that the man was dead. "Do you know who he was?" "Yes; Mr. ———, the most brilliant student ever graduated from Providence College." Two words flashed through Judson's mind. "Dead! Lost!" Turning his face toward home he entered Andover Seminary as a special student. He was not a Christian, but a seeker for the truth. In the Gulf Stream of seminary life the iceberg of his infidelity melted. Unbelief in phrases could not withstand the power of religion in life. A sermon by Rev. Claudius Buchanan turned
his mind toward the mission field and with five other young men he pledged his life to the foreign field.

There was then no foreign missionary organization in the young republic. The states were a mission field, not a missionary force. Four of the young men formulated a petition and signed it, pleading with the churches to organize a foreign missionary board and send them to the foreign land. Young men, who have a long lease of life, are short on patience. Older men, with a short lease of life, are long on patience. We pay years and acquire patience. These elderly men advised the young men to wait, and they would do the best they could. But Judson grew impatient and took an English ship for London that he might interest the English Christians in the missionary movement. There was a war on between France and England. The ship bearing the young missionary was seized by a French privateer and he was thrust into the hold with the common sailors. Seasickness is the mother of pessimism. During the seminary course, Judson had received an invitation to become a tutor in English literature in Providence College and also a call to be the associate pastor of Dr. Griffin in Park Street Church, Boston. In the hold of the ship, a prisoner with the common sailors, sick unto death, he began to question the wisdom of his choice. To save himself from insanity, he began to translate the Hebrew Scriptures into Latin. The ship surgeon, finding the book, asked for the owner. They conversed in Latin and Judson was moved to the officers' quarters. Landing in Bayonne, France, he marched through the street toward the prison, in company with the common sailors. He lifted up his voice in the little French he knew, to attract attention. The people laughed at him. He then tried English by way of attracting attention. A gentleman from America stepped up to him and warned him: "Be quiet, or you will get into trouble." Judson replied, "I have accomplished my purpose, I will now be quiet." He told his story. The American made him a visit, secured his release from prison, got him a pass from Napoleon to London, and Judson crossed over to England. There was trouble then between England and the United States, and the English Christians did not care to assume the support of the American missionaries. Judson took ship for America. There he found that the Congregational Church had organized their foreign missionary work. Four of the young men were ordained to the foreign field. Judson
and Newell were married and set sail from Salem on the Caravan for India. Luther Rice sailed from Philadelphia. England had closed all American ports and under special permit the vessels were allowed to sail on condition that they would not salute any ship on the high seas.

"New occasions teach new duties.
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth;
Lo! before us gleam her camp fires,
We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Nor attempt the future's portals
With the past's blood rusted key."

Judson was facing a new problem. In a Christian country the children of Christian parents were baptized, but he was facing the heathen world. Could he baptize the children of heathen parents? Should he baptize the heathen parents when they became Christians by sprinkling or immersion? What was the primitive form? The early Church baptized adults on confession of faith. Seventeen weeks on his way from America to India he studied the question and made up his mind that he must become a Baptist. He conferred with his wife and, with a woman's conservatism,

she refused to go with him. He might become a Baptist; she never would. They reached Calcutta to find a number of books in the library discussing the question on both sides. They read the books carefully and soon after their arrival both applied for membership in the Baptist church.

Luther Rice, sailing from Philadelphia, faced the same problem. He applied for membership in the Baptist church. They were thousands of miles from home, separated from the churches of which they were members, cut off from the source of supplies, without an organization guaranteeing support. Accordingly Rice took ship and returned to America to arouse the Baptist churches and organize "The General Missionary Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the United States of America for Foreign Missions," which is today known as the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

The country of the Indias was under the control of the British East India Company, a corporation organized for revenue only. They said, "The Indians have religions enough of their own. They do not need Christianity, and we do not need American missionaries,"
and bade the American missionaries take their return ship for home. Judson and his wife drifted around for many months. Luther Rice returned with the pledged support of the Baptist churches, and the new mission struck root in Rangoon. You cannot teach eight million people English. One man can learn a foreign language. Judson bent his energies to the mastery of the Burmese language. He spent seven years before he baptized the first convert, and translated the Burmese Bible, so that he could teach it to the people. It took long years to drive a tunnel through the Hoosac Mountains. It took seven years to tunnel the Burmese language, but once the work is done, a precious freight of truth can be shipped through.

War sprang up between Burma and England. The Burmese king could not distinguish between the Americans and the English. They were of the same color, spoke the same language, worshiped the same God. The American missionary drew his money from the English bank. The king reasoned that he was an English spy. He was seized and cast into prison. For nine months he wore three pairs of fetters. It might be well for men who believe in the dignity of human nature and the divinity of man, to take a course in a heathen prison where human nature, untouched by the light of revelation, expresses itself in terms of prison life. American prisons feed the prisoners. Heathen prisons do not. If a man is poor, he may starve. If he has rich friends, they may buy the privilege of feeding him. Heathen prisons are unspeakably filthy. Heathenism knows not the alphabet of sanitation. The prison keepers are unspeakably cruel. Judson was as dainty as a woman in the care of his person. He was thrown into a prison whose floors were covered with filth, a fellow prisoner with groups of Burmese heathen whose minds were as filthy as the soil they trod on. Some one had given the king of Burma a lion. When he learned that the English had a lion on their flag, he had the lion moved to the prison and starved, surrounded by the prisoners.

Mrs. Judson begged the use of the empty cage for her husband’s room. The noble woman visited him day after day and week after week, bringing him clean clothes and needed food. She was absent from the prison some weeks and returned bearing a babe in her arms.

As the English soldiers pressed more and more closely on Ava, the capital, the king moved
the prisoners from Ava to Aungbinle. Judson wrote the story of the travel in blood on the white manuscript of the Burmese road. The servant of a fellow prisoner tore his turban from his head and gave half to his master and half to Judson and bandaged their feet. Reaching Aungbinle, they were thrown into a more cruel prison and five pairs of fetters put on the missionary's ankles, a long rod thrust between the manacled legs, and he was suspended for hours until his shoulders only touched the soil. His wife followed him and ministered to him. Her sufferings had dried the springs of food, and the missionary, with manacled ankles, carried the starving child from Burmese woman to Burmese woman begging her to feed and thus save the life of his babe.

The English were successful, conquered the Burmese king and made it a condition of peace that all prisoners should be released, and Judson became the translator of the new treaty. The government offered him $3,000 a year to serve as an English officer. He refused the offer and returned to his missionary work. His wife's health failed. She died and he buried the body under a hopia tree. The babe soon followed the mother and the body was buried beside her. He returned to his work of translation and teaching, living in an attic over the recitation room.

Some years later, he married the widow of George Dana Boardman. The work was carried on for many years. Her health failing, he started for America with his wife and growing family. She died on the journey and was buried at St. Helena. He resumed his voyage with his children and reached home at the end of thirty-two years' absence, a broken man, his voice a whisper. But the Christians of America greeted him as the tide answers to the call of the moon. He went from church to church, missions his message. Dr. Wayland and Dr. Kendrick stood by his side and repeated the message.

After recovering his health and strength, he married Miss Emily Chubbuck, June 2, 1846, and started for his field. One hundred and thirty-nine days from Boston, he sighted the mountains of Burma again. After eighteen months he took up the task to which he had dedicated his life. The work at Moulmein welcomed him, but he longed for Rangoon. Within a year they sailed for and settled in Rangoon, leaving their treasures in the house in Moulmein. Fire destroyed the house and contents.
He wrote to a fellow missionary, “The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.” The new Burman king was a bigoted Buddhist and blocked the work in every possible way. The English flag no longer protected them. Mission work was carried on in secret. Mr. Judson toiled on with his dictionary and met a few converts and inquirers in secret. Ten Burmans, one Karen, and two Americans gathered at the Lord's Supper. Eleven disciples and four inquirers met him in secret. In 1813 he entered Rangoon and in 1847 he re-entered Rangoon and taught eleven disciples. His great work was translation and making the dictionary. Hunted like a wild beast, watched by the government, plotted against by Catholic priests, he was at last driven back to Moulmein. He toiled like a galley slave at his task of translation. November, 1849, he caught a severe cold, followed by dysentery and a congestive fever. A sea voyage was the last resort. Within a week of the time he bade his wife farewell he died after intense agony and his body was committed to the deep. Three weeks after the parting the second child was born; the day of his birth was the day of his father's death. Ten days after the burial of the father the son sought him in the land of life.

Four choices were possible for Adoniram Judson. He might have remained an infidel, lived and died a strolling actor. When the last curtain fell and the lights were cut off, no one would have honored him. He might have returned to Providence College, become a tutor, a professor, or possibly, with his splendid powers, the president of the college. He might have spent his years setting the veneer of culture on the coarser grain of student life. His life work ended, death would have been followed by a quiet funeral, a white slab, and forgetfulness. He might have become associate pastor of the leading church of Boston and, in time, full pastor. He might have given his years to the local church, doing a needed but a narrow work. At the end of life he would have been buried on the edge of Boston, with a polished shaft, a month of memory, and forgetfulness. He stood on the firing line for thirty-two years. He has become a world power. The eyes of Christendom are turned toward the restless sea that covers the quiet body, and the heart of Christendom honors the man who counted not his life dear to himself but gave his powers to his King. The sea has his body in trust. Christ has his spirit. We have the inspiration of his life. Another generation in Burma waits for the gospel;
another generation in America is responsible for giving the gospel. We can trust the sea
to guard her treasure, we can trust the Christ
to guard his spirit; can the Christ trust us to
do our duty as Judson did his and honor his
memory by carrying on his work and doing
Christ’s will?

ERECTED
to the memory of
ANN H. JUDSON
wife of
ADONIHAM JUDSON.MISSIONARY
of the
Baptist General Convention
in the United States, to the
BURMAN EMPIRE.
She was born at Bradford,
in the State of
Massachusetts North America
Dec. 22, 1780.
She arrived with her husband
At Yangzon, in July, 1818.
And there commenced those
MISSIONARY TOILS
which she sustained with such
Christian fortitude, decision,
and perseverance, amid scenes
of Civil Commotions and Personal
Affliction, as won for her
Universal Respect and Affection.
She died at Amherst, Oct. 24,
1824.

The illustration on the opposite page
shows the new monument to be placed
at the grave of Ann Hasseltine Judson.
It was recently sent to Burma and will
replace the older stone now worn and
crumbled by the action of eighty-four
years of weather.
FOR additional literature or any other information regarding the work of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, write to any of the following:—

1. The nearest District Secretary.
2. Department of Missionary Education, 23 East 26th Street, New York City.
3. Literature Department, Box 41, Boston, Mass.