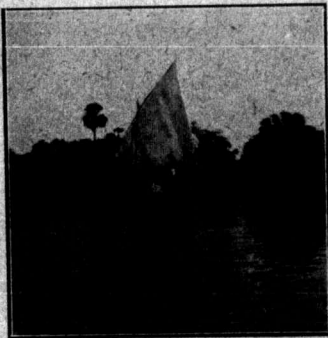


I WOULD BE STRONG,

JUDSON CENTENNIAL IN BURMA.

The meetings connected therewith were great in size and significance, and vast in influence. They were fully reported by the Rangoon daily papers. As companies of Burman Christians conducted American visitors about the city, multitudes of non-Christians looked on and wondered. American Baptists who had come expressly to attend these services learned to regard these native Christians with a new respect and love. They have clear convictions of truth, a fresh and picturesque way of presenting it, and often display notable self-sacrifice in sustaining the work. One of their



On Tour on a Kistna Canal.

leaders has resigned a Government position worth Rs. 175 a month to take Rs. 50 a month as teacher in a mission school.

The Burman Annual Convention met just before the Centennial, and was a surprise and delight to the Americans. A vast throng of Karen and Burman Baptists gathered. Both men and women were gayly garbed as to colors, the men wearing bright silk turbans, the women little sprays of flowers in their neatly dressed black hair.

Their choirs sang gloriously. Indeed, to hear that great congregation of those redeemed from the horrible pit of heathenism sing together in perfect time and harmony, although in five different languages, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," was something to make the heart big with gratitude and joy—and keep it so.

Rev. William Carey, of India, great-grandson of the Father of Modern Missions, gave an address. So did R. S. McArthur and Henry Mabie. A sympathetic letter from Secretary of State Bryan was read, and a congratulatory cablegram from President Woodrow Wilson. An item on the programme was "Five little girls." These proved to be five venerables, children of missionaries, who knew Judson in his last years and gave their reminiscences. A grand-niece of Dr. Judson's, who has been a worker in Japan for 25 years, spoke briefly. Various native pastors and leaders took part in the services. Theological students in large numbers were present.

Very tender memorial meetings were held at Amherst, where Ann Hasseltine lies under the hopia tree, and at Ava, where Judson lay long months a prisoner in anguish of mind and body. From Ava the party moved on, some in ox-carts, some walking over the stony road over whose weary miles Judson had staggered in great weakness and with bare, bleeding feet, driven like a slave by his brutal captors. These found it hot and hard in mild December. He did it under the blazing sun of May.

Yet this is the man who, when in America on his one furlough after 30 years' exile, was asked to tell in public some of his own thrilling experiences instead of, as was his custom, dwelling upon the old, old story, said: "I know no story half so thrilling as the story of the Saviour's dying love for sinful