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BY THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

While life lasts, delicacy, if not propriety, restrains the tribute to exalted worth. Love keeps her costliest ointment for the burial, and then breaks her alabaster flask. The tongue is no longer sealed with the seal of silence.

When, at midnight of Friday, February 1st, Dr. Gordon's spirit left his body, one of the greatest and best men of this generation went up higher. It was, like the death of Spurgeon, three years before, the uprooting of one of Lebanon's giant cedars, and the vacant place is correspondingly vast, which such uprooting leaves behind. Fifty ordinary men might have been withdrawn without occasioning such widespread sense of irreparable loss.

Dr. Gordon was, in an exalted sense, a *great* man. His intellect was of no common order. He had genius, the creative faculty, as well as talent, the administrative; capable of origination as well as organization. He had the versatility which would have won distinction in other spheres beside the ministry. Had he been a judge, he would have rivalled Sir Matthew Hale for judicial equity and probity; had he been a trained musician, he might have given to the world oratorios like those of Handel and Haydn; had he indulged his passion for poetry, he might have left epics as well as lyrics behind him, worthy to stand beside Milton's. He could have ruled an empire with the ability of a Caesar, the dignity of a Charlemagne, the urbanity of an Alfred. Only those who knew him best would be able to confirm this judgment, for but few read the man and recognized his real greatness. He was habitually retiring and reticent, and revealed his inmost self only to a few with whom he deeply sympathized, and who held fast the great truths which were to him the cardinal points in his spiritual horizon. Only such were competent to measure him.

He was greatest in his *humility*. Human standards reckon growth by progress from infancy toward manhood; but, in God's eyes, the truest