

**IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF
A FRIEND: LIFE OF REV.
ALAN HUDSON, D. D.**

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In the Footsteps of a Friend: Life of Rev. Alan Hudson, D. D. by J. Stanley Durkee

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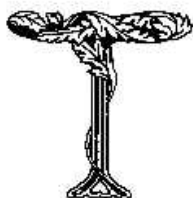
J. STANLEY DURKEE

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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF A FRIEND



LIFE OF
REV. ALAN HUDSON, D.D.



*A Loving Tribute from His
Friend and Fellow Pastor*

J. STANLEY DURKEE, Ph.D.



THE SALEM D. TOWNE COMPANY
Boston, 1916

A Prayer for the New Year

ALAN HUDSON

HELP me to face the future bravely ;
not with regret for wrongs I can-
not righten, but with resolve for
new and nobler doing.

Help me to love my brother man whate'er
his color, creed, or race. Teach me to know
that love is greater than creed, that noble
deeds outlive the accident of birth.

Help me to be kind to the poor, loyal to
my friends, and fair to my enemies ; slow
to believe wrong of another, and quick to
believe the right ; not prone to suspicion,
weakness or littleness of soul, but charitable
in judgment to rich and poor alike.

Give me courage to see the wrong in my-
self, and forgive it in others ; to do good with-
out thought of praise or reward ; to give the
word of hope to those who sorrow, and the
shoulder of strength to those who carry
burdens.

Help me to go with cheer to my daily task
and do it well, and when it's done to live in
joy with those I love at home. Give me the
gift of health that I may work and rest, and
on the morrow face my duties bravely like
a man. AMEN.

Jan. 1, 1903

To
Alan Hudson
who lieth and was dead and
is alive forevermore
and to all
who likewise strive
and overcome
by the Blood of the Lamb
and the Word of His Testimony
this tribute
of a Friend and Comrade
is offered



IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF A FRIEND

A winter's storm is raging off the wild Newfoundland coast. A fierce hurricane, an awful sea and great fields of drift ice contend in wildest battling. The water for miles and miles off shore is white with spume and broken ice. Caught in that fearful war of elements is a noble ship coming in from her long voyage. Captain Alan Hudson, a native of the Island and hence familiar with that treacherous coast and those winter storms, fights the sailor's fight against unequal odds. No ship ever constructed by man could stand the grinding ice in such a gale. Caught between two great floes, the ship is crushed. Only time enough is allowed the captain and crew to make their escape to the largest ice floe, when the great fields separate again, and the ship goes down. The battle for life, adrift on the ice in a northern winter sea, is a battle known only to such sailor heroes.

After days of untold suffering, the men were rescued. Captain Hudson reached his little home in Pouch Cove, eighteen miles from the city of St. Johns, spent with the struggle.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS



POUCH COVE. NEWFOUNDLAND

OF A FRIEND

That fight proved too much for human endurance. The extreme cold and awful exposure so weakened him that a fatal illness followed. It was at this time, December 10, 1866, that little Alan was born. When but a week old, he was taken so critically ill that the old family doctor said the baby could not live. But the feeble father said,—“Yes, he will live and will become a minister of righteousness.” Then taking the helpless infant in his arms, he blessed him and, lifting a prayer to Almighty God, dedicated the child to the church. Eight weeks later, Captain Hudson sailed out over the bar and met his Pilot face to face. As he passed beyond human sight, yet, ere the curtain was drawn behind, he exclaimed in rapture at the sights which were greeting him, and the inhabitants of that other world who were coming toward him. With a smile upon his face that even death could not remove, he made his port in safety and went ashore in the glory land to abide forever.

Captain Hudson was a marked man among the citizens of his native Island. Keeper of a general store, teacher of navigation, a successful sea captain, an earnest Christian and member of