



## Worldwide Missions

### Missionary Biographies

## Mrs. Emily C. Judson

Wife of the Rev. Dr. Judson,  
Missionary to Burmah,  
of the American Baptist Union

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,  
Joy to thee, happy friend! thy bark hath passed  
The rough sea's foam.  
Now the long yearning of thy soul is stilled,  
Home! home! thy peace is won! thy heart is filled—  
Thou art gone home!"

"I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,  
I grasped at the triumph that blesses the brave,  
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown,  
I asked, and Thou shewedst me the cross and the grave."



Among all the lives of women of worth, whether it be in the field of authorship, or of missions, we have read of none more exquisitely tender and touching than the story of "Fanny Forester" Judson, as given by her biographer, Professor Kendrick. We give her literary *sobriquet* in order to distinguish her from Dr. Judson's two other wives, and also because the name may possibly awaken in some of our readers' minds grateful recollections of the refined and cultured pen which has ministered to their delight in the pages of "Alderbrook," and other works of that class.

Although chastened and suffering during a great part of her life, she yet contrived to accomplish a noble work in that brief span, so that her years were in reality "long, though not very many." Some characters attain ripeness long before others; they fulfil their allotted work, "and do enter into rest," while others are as yet only developing, and of this number Mrs. Emily Judson was one.

Her maiden name was Emily Chubbuck. Her birthplace was on the other side of the Atlantic. She was born in Eaton, a thriving village in Madison County, State of New York, on August 22nd, 1817. Her parents were poor, but upright, intelligent, and God-fearing; and though unable to give their daughter a dowry of worldly wealth, gave her what was far better — a religious and mental training.

At eleven years of age, so poor were her parents, that she entered a woollen factory near her home, receiving something like five shillings per week. Of this place, she says: "My principal recollections are of noise, and filth, bleeding hands, aching feet, and a very sad heart." During the winters she attended the district school, and made considerable proficiency in learning.

She remained in the factory some time — indeed, until her health failed, and her medical attendant recommended country air. Just at this time we can trace the first germs — dawns — of the missionary spirit which animated her in after years. An old copy of the *Baptist Register*, the organ of the American Baptist Missionary Society, fell into her hands one day, and her eye happened to light on a letter from Dr. Judson, describing his daughter's death. About the same time she read a Memoir of Mrs. Ann H. Judson, and this fired her heart

with missionary enthusiasm. Of course, Dr. Judson was utterly unknown to her, except by missionary fame; and as she pondered, little dreaming how intimately she was to be connected with him in future years, she indulged in romantic dreams of missionary life. "And I, yes, I too, will be a missionary" she said.

She left the factory, and very shortly became the subject of religious convictions. This was principally through the conversion of a sister, to whom she was fondly attached. About this time, too, she came under the influence of a clever, but semi-infidel teacher — a young lady, who was her instructor in English composition. While following her studies, which also included rhetoric and natural history, her mind was distracted at times by doubts on religious matters. This, doubtless, was a critical point in her lifetime. All deeply thoughtful natures have such doubt-seasons at some time or another; but, depend upon it, these seasons, if grappled with in a spirit of earnest inquiry and prayerful research, prove very "means of grace" to the soul. So it was with Emily Chubbuck.

She was devoted to her studies, and warmly engaged in everything that could improve and cultivate her mind. During this period she persisted in doing what students familiarly term "burning the candle at both ends." She says in her diary, under date January, 1832,

"On Monday morning I used to rise at two o'clock, and do the washing for the family and boarders before nine. On Thursday evening I did the ironing; and Saturday, because there was but half a day at school, we made baking-day. I also took sewing of a mantua-maker close by, and so contrived to make good the time used in school. I found it, however, a difficult task to keep up with the other pupils without robbing my sleeping hours. I seldom got any rest till one or two o'clock, and then I read French, and solved mathematical problems in my sleep."

In an entry dated two months' later, she says: "My health again failed, and the physician was again consulted. He said I must give up study, and leave school at once." No wonder! No human frame could possibly sustain such an accumulation of study and work. Without question she laid the foundation of future years of pain and weakness.

A month later, her mother insisted on her leaving school and suggested that she should commence a millinery business, but Emily rebelled against this most decidedly. Making bonnets and trimming caps might do very well for an occasional hour, but she could not seriously undertake to spend her life in it. "But what will you do?" said her mother. "Here you are, nearly fifteen, and you cannot go to school always." That was true enough, so as she says, "I went away to think." In this remark we see the character of the girl. Neither impulsive nor hasty; but calmly deliberate, and slow in resolution; and once determined on any course of action, as immovable as rock.

At last she decided on teaching a school, thus adding another to the long list of famous men and women who have ruled in village schools. Her tutor deemed her teaching abilities fully up to the required standard, but told her "she was not half big enough." Never mind; the sterling stuff of good, self-reliant womanhood was in her, and she did her best endeavour to attain her purpose.

Our American cousins educate, in country districts, on a somewhat different system from ours. The teachers "board round," that is, board in turn for a week, fortnight, or month, as the case may be, with each member of the committee, during the school term, receiving besides, out of the district school fund, a certain number of dollars as a stipend. On making up her mind, she at once proceeded to act. Carrying in her pocket her credentials, she "took a short cut across lots" to a neighbouring village, as yet destitute of a "school marm." On inquiring for the principal trustee, she was shown into the presence of a raw-boned, red-headed, sharp-looking man, dressed in red flannel and cowhide boots. The young aspirant to school honours met with rather a cool reception. He questioned her as to her age, her acquirements, recommendations, and so on. He whistled when he heard her age, as well he might. Fancy a girl of fifteen becoming mistress over a school which should reckon among its scholars big, lubberly farm-labourers and rough prentice lads! For such would have been the case. At these Transatlantic seats of learning you may see all ages and both sexes side by side, conning the

same book, and working the same sums.

Emily saw there was little chance for her there, so, betaking herself and her credentials into the woods, she solaced herself with the luxury of "a good cry." This restored her equanimity, and she trudged off again. Accompanied by a young friend, she proceeded to a district some three miles further on. Here the acting trustee seemed inclined to entertain her application. "But," said he, "the scholars will be bigger than their teacher." However, he expressed himself very well pleased with her, and promised to decide in another week. Emily went home, and tried to exercise the grace of patient waiting. In five days Mr. B. made his appearance, announcing that the trustees had engaged her as teacher at a salary of six shillings per week, and that her duties were to commence on the following Monday.

Fairly installed as teacher, she commenced working in earnest. Seven years passed in this way, her fame as an instructor spread abroad rapidly, and season after season she removed to more important schools. The winters were long vacations; only the summers — that is, the six months from April to September inclusive — were spent in tuition. But failing health and family troubles often broke her down; and her diary tells us more than once of her being compelled to close school, and return home to rest. During this period Emily became a frequent contributor to the village newspapers and periodicals.

During this period also she experienced the dawns of "the new birth," and passed from death unto life. With the inflow of that "peace which passeth all understanding" came the renewed desire to consecrate herself to the mission cause. So fervent was the desire that she addressed a letter to the Rev. N. Kendrick, pastor of the Baptist church at Eaton, asking his counsel and assistance in the matter. One of her earliest childish dreams had been the wish to become a missionary, and the wish had remained with her through all her youth, so that now she had passed out of her teens and entered young womanhood it was stronger and more consuming than ever. Mr. Kendrick, seeing many objections in the way, advised her "to await the openings of Providence." This she did, and by-and-by God led her by a way she knew not.

At this time a grateful change took place in Emily's affairs. A warmly-attached friend of hers mentioned to the Misses Sheldon, principals of the Utica Female Academy, her desire that Emily should be admitted to the privileges of that college. It had been customary for young ladies to go there and spend two or three years, partly in tuition and partly in study, so as to fit themselves for the position of governess; then making payment for the advantages thus secured when established in situations. Emily's fame had already reached the academy, so she was welcomed cordially, receiving also the assurance that her training should be entirely gratuitous, and that if at the end of that period circumstances favoured, she should be engaged as teacher. Emily grasped at the proposition, for the beauties of "boarding out" and the mysteries of the birch rod were not at all to her taste. Forced, as she had been, to associate with people of all intellectual grades and capacities, and possessing little or no refinement, while boarding round, she often sighed for the companionship of more congenial spirits. Still, until Providence opened the way she remained at her post and tried faithfully to discharge her duty. Aged parents and a young sister were dependent upon her, and their manifold claims could not be discharged without unremitting efforts on her part. These efforts she nobly made, and though they doubtless contributed to shorten her life, they yet cast a golden halo round her memory.

Soon after commencing her residence at the academy, she expressed a desire that her sister Kate should share also in its advantages, she, herself, of course, being responsible for the cost. Miss Sheldon, who was an ardent admirer of Emily's genius, suggested the possibility of earning money by that genius. Emily at first shrunk from the thought, as if literature would be debased by coming into contact with pounds, shillings, and pence — or rather, dollars and cents. But she had been trained in poverty's stern school. With but few friends until now, she had known what it was to need money for necessary uses, and to be compelled to use painful self-denial. So she soon got over this weakness, arriving very sensibly at the conclusion that genius, if ever so little, must eat, drink, and dress, as well as create. Thus urged she set to work, alternately teaching and writing, writing and teaching. Writing one of her short, brilliant, and characteristic notes to a friend about this time she says:

"I have always shrunk from doing anything in a public capacity, and that has

added a good deal to my school-teaching troubles. But, oh! necessity, necessity! Did you ever think of such a thing as selling brains for money? and then, such brains as mine? Do you think I could prepare for the press a small volume of poems that would produce — I must speak it — the desired cash?"

Once the idea was broached, it was not in Emily Chubbuck to rest without endeavouring to carry it out. In January, 1821, she commenced her first work, "Charles Linn; or, How to Observe the Golden Rule." This was a book for young people, intended chiefly for school libraries. It met with a very flattering reception from the circle which it was intended to reach, and Emily became favourably spoken of as a writer of juvenile books. The volume itself was written under most unpromising circumstances. It was composed and written in the hours snatched from school duties, and often those few hours were invaded by her ever-present foe, headache. Still it exhibited much creative genius, force of language, and facility of composition, indicating that she possessed the ability for her newly-found occupation. Possibly she never would have commenced authorship had not straitened circumstances compelled her; but, once before the public, she could gain no rest. Her magazine sketches, too, became popular, and engagements began to multiply. But, as may be expected, study — for she still aimed at greater proficiency in her profession — teaching, and authorship combined were too much for her slender frame. Her letters home at this time give us much insight into her toils and her weaknesses, the latter induced by the wearing nature of the former. In one of these letters she says:

"The July number of the *Knickerbocker* has brought out with flattering haste my 'Where are the Dead?' for it has not been in their possession a month, and consider, Kate, the *Knickerbocker* is perhaps the most popular periodical in the United States. My 'Charles Linn' has come — a beautiful little volume of 112 pages, worth about a dollar. My next book is also half-written, but not copied at all. I shall bring it home to finish. There is an article of mine in the *Mother's Journal* of this month. The publishers settle with me once in six months, and next January brings, if not 'golden opinions' exactly, at least silver ones."

Being now installed composition teacher, with a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum, besides board, her mind reverted to her long-cherished purpose of sending for her sister. This she did; but the step entailed upon her the strictest self-denial, the severest economy, and the most untiring labour. Often, at midnight, some of her friends would find her seated at her desk, with throbbing head and marble cheeks, endeavouring to "sell her brains," as she so characteristically expressed it. On one occasion, when Miss Sheldon remonstrated with her for imprudently risking her health, her already full heart overflowed with emotion, and with streaming eyes, she said, "Oh! I *must* write! I *must* write! I must do what I can to aid my poor parents."

Soon, other children's books appeared in rapid secession: "The Great Secret," "Effie Maurice," "Allen Lucas; or, the Self-made Man;" "John Frink;" and numerous magazine articles, all of which met with most flattering approval. Encouraged by the hope of reaping pecuniary profit sufficient to cover the undertaking, she purchased, as a gift for her parents, the house and garden occupied by them. The price was four hundred dollars, and the agreement stipulated that she should discharge the debt in four annual payments. Of course, for this sum the home could not be grand or spacious; but for all that, viewed as the offering of a daughter's affection, we may fancy how precious the gift was in their estimation. In after-years, when separated from each other by rolling oceans, how sweet must have been this memento of a daughter's love. As might have been expected, however, the debt hung like a mill-stone about her neck; but while it urged her to incessant exertion, the thought that she had provided her aged parents with a home, supplied a sufficient stimulus to that exertion.

About this time she became acquainted with N. P. Willis, of the New York *Evening Mirror*. She became a contributor to his paper, assuming the cognomen of "Fanny Forester." Henceforth her real name became forgotten, while the assumed one became known and welcomed throughout the whole circle of American periodical literature. She became a regular contributor to *Graham's Monthly*, the *Columbian*, the *Knickerbocker*, and others, at highly remunerative prices. Every difficulty seemed to have vanished, and the country governess, hitherto, comparatively speaking little known to fame and fortune, became celebrated through

the length and breadth of the land. Like Lord Byron, she "awoke one morning, and found herself famous."

She still continued, hands and head all full — full of plans, studies, engagements, and pupils. She still resided at Utica Academy, compelled so to do by the drafts made upon her purse by her purchase for her parents. In the winter 1844-45 her health seriously failed, and physicians and friends recommended a sojourn in Philadelphia, as the best means for restoring her health. She first sent home the money for the payment upon the house, and then departed for the "City of Brotherly Love."

Her fame had already preceded her, and the warm-hearted Philadelphians gladly welcomed her whose refined and facile pen had so often ministered to their intellectual delight. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," and of this truth a striking proof is given by the course of Emily's after-life. Mr. Gillette, a Baptist clergyman, and his wife, tendered the hospitality of their house so pressingly and cordially that Emily could not choose but accept. Here she remained until May, and then retraced her steps to Utica, invigorated in body, and refreshed in mind.

Her brief contact with the world, and with the most polished and cultivated society Philadelphia could afford, matured and beautified her character, so that while still distinguished by that maidenly reserve which had ever characterised her, she became more genial, animated, and brilliant. During the summer she resumed her old employments, but her frail health warned her, over and over again, to spare herself all extra exertion. She was hoping to have spent the subsequent winter in Italy, "where the oranges grow, and where they have myrtles in winter time." But domestic matters prevented the fulfilment of this wish, and in October Emily again retraced her way to Philadelphia, taking up her residence with her old friends the Gillettes.

It was at length decided that she should winter in that city. She became surrounded by refined and accomplished companions. Among them she could number Dr. Rufus Griswold, the historian; Mr. Horace B. Walleye, N. P. Willis, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Joseph C. Neal, and many others of lesser note. Life seemed very bright to her, and her future very glittering. She seemed to have finished the toilsome ascent of the hill of success, and to have arrived at its very summit. Her company was sought after, and she was courted and caressed on every side. Her genius and personal education secured her admission into the most refined circles, and her friends predicted a bright career. Possibly the things of time and sense were attracting her soul too much, and the powers of the world to come were fading into indistinctness. Be this as it may, the happy dream of earthly good was soon to be exchanged for the sweet, but self-denying reality of "bearing the cross."

In October, 1845, Dr. Judson landed in America, after an absence of thirty-four years from his native land. He had been labouring, amid discouragements and persecution, to plant the standard of the Gospel in Burmah. He had succeeded to some extent, and many seals had been added to his ministry. But he had been left twice a widower. This very voyage had been undertaken in the vain hope of saving the life of his second wife, Mrs. Boardman Judson; but she died upon the voyage, and the vessel reached St. Helena just in time for him to deposit the remains of his loved one upon that lone isle.

From thence he turned his saddened face homeward, where he was received with all the rapturous applause that the churches could give. In December of the same year he was requested to attend a series of missionary meetings in Philadelphia. Mr. Gillette went on to Boston to secure his attendance, and to invite him to his house. Little did the reverend gentleman dream that the two individuals coming in contact now for the first time under his roof, were shortly to become the "all-in-all" to each other. But it was so. On the journey Mr. Gillette introduced to Dr. Judson's notice a volume of the "Trippings in Author Land," lately published by Emily, and asked his opinion of it. He cursorily examined it, and remarked that it was written with "great beauty and power" — "great beauty and power," he emphatically repeated a second time; but on learning that the writer was a Christian, added: "I should be glad to know her. A lady who writes so well ought to write better. It is a pity that such fine talents should be employed upon such subjects."

Next morning he was introduced to her, and after the first greetings were over, characteristically and bluntly inquired how she could reconcile it with her conscience, to employ her fine talents in writing sketches so little spiritual as those he had seen. Put on her defence, she replied by telling all. She told him how that her circumstances were necessitous, her parents indigent, her youth a constant struggle, her path up to the position she had now occupied a difficult and toiling one. She represented to him how that she considered *tuition* her life-work; authorship was only a secondary one, and assumed, in the first instance, to supplement the want of means. Besides which, she said she had striven to aid the *right*, and strengthen every good principle in her writings; and, therefore, did not imagine that her efforts could be looked upon as blameworthy.

Dr. Judson was surprised and softened. His strict, fault-finding mood vanished, and he began to admire her. He detailed to her the main facts of his wife's history, with the view of getting her to prepare a memoir of the departed one, to which Emily readily consented. The discussion of this matter threw them much together during the ensuing few days; and it is by no means surprising that the usual consequences followed. Dr. Judson discovered in her the germs of true and abiding faith — fast becoming hidden, it is true, by the glitter and the blare of earthly renown, but still there it was; beside this, there was a large sympathetic heart, combined with rare intellectual power. No wonder that she won his love; while on the other hand the name of Judson had been inseparably entwined with her earliest yearnings for missionary labour — had first incited her to these noble aspirations; and now the hero himself was come just in time to act as God's messenger in winning her to another sphere of sanctified labour. But it is not to be imagined that Emily viewed such a total destruction of her plans and prospects — such a sudden change in "the spirit of her dream" — without much perplexity and alarm. She weighed herself in the balances of conscientious self-examination, and found that she was spiritually "wanting." She knew the depth of piety, the rich experience, the mellow judgment, the earnest self-denial requisite for a labourer in the mission-field, and she judged herself miserably deficient. More than all, the missionary path, which formerly she so yearned to tread, seemed now "like death for her to enter."

But Dr. Judson would not resign his suit, and after much prayerful consideration she consented. It was not difficult to foresee the storm of disapprobation that would come from contending quarters. The literary world could not loudly enough express its condemnation of the wiles by which the reverend doctor had won the newly-found star of their admiration. The idea of his carrying her off into "grim Burmah," there to bury fame and talents in the night of heathenism, was to them like piracy.

To the religious public, on the other hand, the matter was simply astounding. They could understand how Ann Hasseltine, and Sarah Boardman, could be fitting partners for their missionary hero; but how he could elect as a successor a young lady chiefly known as the most popular female writer of the day, was past their comprehension. Of course, the usual number of strictures were passed by both parties, but the two most interested ones quietly asserted their right of thinking and acting for themselves, leaving the outside world to enjoy its own charitable opinion. She says that one thing both surprised and cheered her: while many Christian professors stood aloof, or looked coldly on her cherished purpose, "many a worldling wished her a tearful 'God speed.'" Not one of her former pupils was surprised at her intention of becoming a missionary. There was mingled so much of quiet grace and gentle dignity in all her dealings with them that they deemed the calling just suited to her and she to it. A significant fact! young people being keen observers of character, as every teacher can testify.

One of the literary magazines, referring to the rumour of her intended marriage with Dr. Judson, and consequent departure for the Orient, inquired: "Does she deem that stern duty calls her to resign the home and friends of her heart, the fame which she has so gloriously won — nay, more, perhaps even life itself — for the far-off heathen?" To this query she sang, in spontaneous and indignant eloquence, as follows: —

"There's a dearer than mother, whose heart is my pillow,  
A truer than brother's foot guides o'er the billow;  
There's a voice I shall hear at the grave-guarding willow,

When they leave me to sleep in my turf-covered bed.

"Stern duty?' No! Love is my ready foot winging;  
On duty's straight path, Love her roses is flinging;  
In love to the Friend of my heart I am clinging;  
My 'home' is His smile, my 'far-off' is His frown.

"He shaped the frail goblet which Death one day will shiver;  
He casts every sun-ray on Life's gloomy river ;  
They're safest when guarded by Maker and Giver,  
My laurels and life at His feet I lay down."

We think she was right. Led on, as she was, by an unseen hand, through paths intricate and doubtful, until brought gradually into the light of her assigned and chosen life mission, it was not hers to frustrate God's designs, nor to forget or ignore her early vows.

On the 20th of February, 1846, Emily returned to Utica, where she remained for a fortnight or so with her old friends. She then returned home to her native village, to remain under the parental roof until the marriage, which it was decided should take place in June, Dr. Judson wishing to return to Burmah in that month.

In a few days he followed her, and remained at Hamilton for a short time, cultivating the acquaintance of his future relatives. Here arrangements were completed with publishers for the final issue of her collected works, with the proceeds of which she engaged to complete the payment for her parents' home. Doubtless, while taking her last lingering, loving farewells of the place and the people, she realised more than ever the magnitude of the undertaking that lay before her. Doubtless, too, the womanly heart sometimes sank, and the womanly faith sometimes failed in prospect of it. She says, in a sweet little poem written at this date:

"Thou'lt never wait again, father,  
Thy daughter's coming tread:  
She ne'er will see thy face again;  
So count her with thy dead.  
But in the land of light and love,  
Not sorrowing, as now,—  
She'll come to thee, and come, perchance,  
With jewels on her brow."

They were married on the 2nd of June, 1846. The Rev. Dr. Kendrick — the very man to whom she had written the letter of her early days, declaring her desire for missionary work — pronounced the momentous words which inseparably linked her fate with Dr. Judson's. As he did so he must doubtless have seen and recognised the Almighty Hand, which, by many a devious turning and winding, had led her into her soul's "desired haven."

The two bade farewell to the land of their birth on the 11th of June, having spent the intervening days in loving farewells. In a letter dated the 9th, Mrs. Judson says:— "I have been crowded to death with company. Sometimes my hand has been so swollen with constant shaking that I have not been able to get on my glove, and have been obliged to use my left hand." On the 11th, the *Faneuil Hall* weighed anchor, and the two noble hearts turned their faces towards Burmah.

After about eighteen or twenty weeks passed on the voyage, they landed at Maulmain, where, among the first objects that met Mrs. Judson's gaze were the two little sons of her husband, brought to greet her by their nurse. She at once took them to her heart; and it should not be forgotten that she had pleaded hard before leaving America that Abby Ann, the eldest daughter, should come back to Burmah with them, which proposition, however, Dr. Judson did not consider fit to accede to. In her letters home she amusingly describes "queer, ridiculous, half-beautiful, half-frightful, wholly-idolatrous Burmah" so truthfully and fascinatingly, that the reader almost fancies himself in the gorgeous East of his imagination. Her different dwellings, with their wildernesses of rooms, thick walls, and low partitions, are sometimes termed in her

letters, "Green Turban's Den," and sometimes "Bat Castle."

Once there, she commenced learning the language, in order to commence a mothers' instruction-class; besides which, it was her intention to translate such books as were judged necessary in the mission-work into the vernacular. After about three months they exchanged their residence in Maulmain — enlivened as it was by the presence of other missionaries and English residents for another in Rangoon, in the very heart of heathenism.

Dr. Judson longed, with true missionary zeal, to carry the Gospel into the very midst of the benighted Burmans. Mrs. Judson cheerfully went with him, and became his right-hand helper. She also, in the hours left free from family cares and the study of the language, commenced and completed the Memoir of Mrs. Sarah Boardman Judson. But they soon found the inconveniences of removing to Rangoon. Instead of wholesome, eatable food, such as they had been accustomed to at Maulmain, they had such dishes as were sometimes revolting to civilised stomachs. Consequently, thin, pale checks and weakened frames were the order of the day. In one of her letters she says they were treated to a dinner of *rats*, of which they all partook before finding out what it was. After seven months of this suffering they returned to Maulmain, the Burman Government not permitting them to do any mission-work in Rangoon.

In Maulmain her first little one was born, December 24th, 1847, and baptised by the name of Emily Frances. Mrs. Judson consecrated this child's memory by a sweet little poem entitled "My Bird," which, however, our space will not permit us to give.

The year 1848 was a year of mingled home-joy and happy mission-work, as Mrs. Judson was now able to converse with the women in their native tongue. Besides this, she completed a series of Scripture questions for the use of the natives, prepared a small hymn-book, and translated the first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

1849 was a year of much ill-health, both for her and the doctor; still, it witnessed the accomplishment of much work. In November of this year Dr. Judson was attacked by dysentery; nothing seemed to arrest the disease, and the physician prescribed a trip down the sea-coast. This the doctor tried to avoid, because of the delicate condition of Mrs. Judson's health; although, notwithstanding her own sickness, she ministered unwearingly to him.

Some extracts from Mrs. Judson's letters home at this time will afford a good idea of the life, occupations, studies, and daily work of the mission family. Dr. Judson was preparing a dictionary; and at every available moment Mrs. Judson was studying the language, perfecting herself in it for intercourse with the native women. We will give first an extract from a letter to Dr. Kendrick. She says:

"Since, dear Dr. Kendrick, you were the first, and indeed, the only one, to whom I communicated my early impressions with regard to missions, it is fitting I should tell you something of my views since I have actually entered upon the field. I was very young when I opened my heart to you, full of the enthusiastic romance of girlhood, and the undisciplined zeal of a young Christian. When I remember this, I almost wonder that you should have spoken so kindly and so encouragingly; indeed, your most judicious letter, though not understood at the time, was most invaluable to me afterwards. Your advice to "await the openings of Providence," had a calming effect, and I am glad I learned so long ago how good it is to wait, for this is a much more difficult part of Christian duty than to labour. God has led me in a very mysterious way."

In another letter she says:

"I do not know whether others find the sight of Eastern scenery and Eastern men awakens fresh interest in the narrative part of the word of God; but I really would come all the way from America for the sake of reading the Bible with new eyes. 'I have seen all this before,' was a feeling that flashed upon me more frequently at Rangoon than here, producing a momentary confusion of intellect; and then came the reflections — When? How? Where? and finally it would creep into my mind,

'Why, I learnt about it in Sabbath school, when I was a little child.' The effect was to annihilate time, and bring the days of the Saviour very near; and the strength of the ideal presence has been very profitable to me. But there I was, in the identical town of which I had read with such eager curiosity when I was a little child, away in the central part of New York, and which then seemed to me to be about as real a city as one belonging to the moon. And, stranger still, I was associated with one of the movers in scenes, the bare recital of which had in years gone by thrilled my soul with greater power than the wildest fiction. Oh, how memory and imagination, and various strangely mingled emotions, wrought together in my mind, when I looked upon a building — or rather its ruins — in which the first words of life that Burmah ever heard were spoken, more than a quarter of a century ago."

In another:

"If I were sitting by you, I could give some personal experiences. I could tell you of a time when we were hungry for want of palatable food; when we were ill, and had neither comforts nor physician; when we, were surrounded by the spies of an unscrupulous government, without any earthly friend to assist us, or any way of escape. But there are circumstances in which even such trials assume a minor importance. My first real missionary trial was when, amid sufferings such as I have described, a letter came, telling of retrenchments. Schools, with the life already cramped out of them, must be cramped still more; assistants must be cut off; the workmen's hands must be tied a little tighter; and then, if they could succeed in making bricks without straw, the churches at home were ready to rejoice in their success."

To another friend:

"My husband works like a galley-slave, and really it quite distresses me sometimes; but he seems to get fat on it, so I try not to worry. He walks over the hills a mile or two every morning; then down to his books — scratch, scratch — puzzle, puzzle — and when he gets tired, out on the verandah with your humble servant by his side, walking and talking (*Kaning*, we call it in Burmese) till the point is elucidated; and then down again, and so on, till ten o'clock in the evening. We are having some encouraging tokens in the church: three have been lately baptised. To-day I resume my native female prayer-meeting. The women are delighted to see me so well, and express their joy both by smiles and tears. They are very anxious to have the Bible-class commence again; and I have promised to gratify them as soon as I can use my voice a little better. Mah Zwoon came in to-day, and after looking at me for some time very sorrowfully, shook her head, and remarked, 'I am afraid we shall never have the second part of "Pilgrim's Progress" now.' Since I told the women there was another part about Christian's wife and children, they have been very anxious to obtain it, and I promised to translate it as soon as I was sufficiently well, and versed in the language."

At last it was decided that Dr. Judson must take an extended sea-voyage to re-establish his health, which was evidently rapidly sinking. In a letter dated April 15th, 1850, Mrs. Judson says:

"I sit down to write you with a very heavy heart — indeed, heavier than I ever carried in my life before. I do not know whether my precious husband is still living, or whether he may not have already gone to heaven, and I shall have no means of knowing for three or four months to come. After I wrote you last month he continued to decline, but so very slowly that I was not much alarmed, till one evening, all on a sudden, as he attempted to go to his cot, his back gave way, and he would have fallen had I not caught and supported him. From that night he never stood on his feet. About ten days after, he was carried on board a ship bound for Bourbon, where a comfortable cot was provided for him, but poor I was not allowed to go with him. The physician said if he went to sea there would be a chance, so the question was one of duty, else all the world would never have

induced him to leave me. I had watched over him night and day for five months, and it seemed as if we *could not* breathe apart. The worst of it is the uncertainty of getting intelligence. They arrive in six weeks, and in six weeks more I may get letters — that is, if a vessel should be coming this way."

This letter gives us glimpses of the "deliciously-happy" home-life of Mrs. Judson, as she elsewhere terms it, and also of her heart-breaking sorrow in parting with the husband of her love, perhaps for ever. On the 22nd of April her second child was born — still-born, and thus he "brought no joy." We can scarcely imagine any situation more distressing than Mrs. Judson's at this time. Left alone, with three children depending upon her maternal care, her newly-given babe under the clods of the valley, herself ill, and in a situation peculiarly needing all the loving succour which kindness could bestow; and, worse than all, in total ignorance as to the fate of her husband. Under this agonising combination of circumstances she poured forth her soul's sorrow in some tender lines to her mother. These lines, entitled "Sweet Mother," are touching in their expression of mingled agony and faith. We give a few verses from the poem:—

"The wild south-west monsoon has risen  
On broad, grey wings of gloom,  
While, here, from out my dreary prison,  
I look, as from a tomb—alas!  
My heart another tomb.

"Upon the low thatched roof the rain  
With ceaseless patter falls;  
My choicest treasures bear its stain,  
Mould gathers on the walls—would heaven  
'Twere only on the walls.

"Sweet mother, I am here alone,  
In sorrow and in pain;  
The sunshine from my heart has flown,  
It feels the driving rain—ah, me!  
The chill, the mould, the rain.

"And when for one loved far, far more,  
Come thickly-gathering tears,  
My star of faith is clouded o'er,  
I sink beneath my fears—sweet friend,  
I sink beneath my fears.

"O, but to feel thy fond arms twine  
Around me once again!  
It almost seems those lips of thine  
Might kiss away the pain—might soothe  
This dull, cold, heavy pain.

"But, gentle mother, through life's storms  
I may not lean on thee;  
For helpless, cowering little forms  
Cling trustingly to me.—Poor babes!  
To have no guide but me.

"With weary feet and broken wing,  
With bleeding heart, and sore,  
Thy dove looks backward, sorrowing,  
But seeks the ark no more; thy breast  
Seeks never, never more.

"Sweet mother, for the exile pray,

That loftier faith be given;  
Nor broken reeds all swept away,  
That she may rest in heaven—her soul  
Grow strong in Christ and heaven.

"All fearfully—all tearfully,  
Alone and sorrowing,  
My dim eye lifted to the sky,  
Fast to the Cross I cling—O Christ,  
To Thy dear Cross I cling!"

About the end of August came the dreaded tidings of her husband's death. 'We cannot fancy her long-drawn anguish, her anxious waiting, her painful dread, only ending in the assurance of the worst. Dr. Judson had died within a fortnight of the time that he had bidden her adieu. She says, writing home:

"Now I can think of nothing, and see nothing, but the black shadows that have fallen upon my heart and life. Oh! it is terrible! my heart is aching, and I am ill with grief. I do not seem as if I should ever be well again; and then, perhaps, I do not know, I may try to bring my poor little orphans home. Oh! you do not [know] how we have loved each other; and now I am alone! It was my husband's wish that I should go home with my poor little orphans; but I feel as though I can decide on nothing."

At length, in consequence of her broken health, brought on by the unhealthiness of the rainy season, and doubtless also by her excessive grief, her physician ordered her home. This she decided on doing; and planned to collect the whole family together under one roof, there to act a mother's part to them. There were six children in all — Abby Ann, and the two elder boys, Elnathan and Adoniram, then studying in America, and the three younger ones with her — no small charge in her delicate and widowed condition.

On January 22nd, 1851, Mrs. Judson with her three little ones, left Maulmain, and sailed for America, by way of Calcutta and England. At Calcutta, among other proofs of esteem and friendship which she received was a presentation Bible from the Right Rev. Bishop Wilson, and the "Judson Testimonial Fund" — a sum of fifteen hundred dollars, subscribed by Calcutta gentlemen, without distinction of sect or creed, in token of respect to the memory of her late husband.

On reaching England, she resided during her stay, chiefly with W. B. Gurney, Esq., or with Rev. Dr. Angus. But her heart longed for home, and after spending four or five weeks with her English friends, she proceeded on her voyage, reaching America in October, 1851, within a little over five years from the time she had bade her native land farewell.

Once more among her friends, she arranged all matters connected with the family. The two elder sons were at college; she placed Abby Ann under Miss Anable's care, and retained charge of the three little ones herself. She took a house at Hamilton, near her parents, and at regular seasons all the children had happy reunions there. She recommenced her literary labours, and by this means, together with the annuity allowed her from the Missionary Union, intended to bring up the little ones. She, however, very shortly declined the annuity, from high and honourable motives.

In the year 1853, her health gradually but surely failed, and the much-loved employment of assisting Dr. Wayland in the preparation of her husband's Memoir became a heavy task. In 1854 she failed rapidly. About February she ceased to write even letters — an ominous token, for as long as she could, she plied the pen. Then her brother wrote from her dictation; and on May 20th we find him saying: "I fear the last of earth is speedily approaching for my sister." It was; she was sinking rapidly into the arms of death. She, however, looked forward to heaven as a place of rest. "It is not," she said, "the pearly gates and golden streets of heaven that attract me; it is its perfect rest in the presence of my Saviour. It will be so sweet after a life of toil and care like mine, though a very pleasant one it has been; and I am only weary of the

care and toil because I have not strength to endure them."

On the first of June, 1854 — the month in which she wished to die — the death-struggle commenced, and after enduring much suffering, at ten o'clock on the same evening, she sweetly dropped her head on her sister's breast, and "fell asleep."

Thus passed away from our earth one of its noblest spirits — one who nobly fought the battle of life; wore herself out in the cause of truth and righteousness; furnished a bright example of sanctified intellect; and exemplified in striking combination all the true womanly graces, united with Christian fortitude. As a missionary she entered heartily into the work; was assiduous in learning the language, and as soon as it was mastered, hastened to make herself useful in every department of effort open to her: conducting the female religious meetings, instructing in the Scriptures, guiding inquirers, and aiding the new converts to larger spiritual attainments.

We conclude this sketch with a poem, which, though short, is exquisitely beautiful, written in the latter period of her life. It is entitled "My Angel Guide."

"I gazed down Life's dim labyrinth,  
A wildering maze to see,  
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue,  
And wild as wild could be.  
And, as I gazed in doubt and dread,  
An Angel came to me.

"I knew him for a heavenly guide;  
I knew him, even then,  
Though meekly as a child he stood  
Among the sons of men.  
By his deep spirit-loveliness,  
I knew him, even then.

"And as I leaned my weary head  
Upon his proffered breast,  
And scanned the peril-haunted wild,  
From out my place of rest,  
I wondered if the shining ones  
Of Eden were more blest.

"For there was light within my soul,  
Light on my peaceful way;  
And all around the blue above  
The clustering starlight lay;  
And easterly, I saw upreared  
The pearly gates of day.

"So, hand in hand, we trod the wild,  
My angel guide and I;  
His lifted wing all quivering  
With tokens from the sky.  
Strange, my dull thought could not divine  
'Twas lifted—but to fly.

"Again, down life's dim labyrinth  
I grope my way alone;  
While, wildly through the midnight sky,  
Black, hurrying clouds are blown,  
And thickly, in my tangled path,  
The sharp, bare thorns are strewn.

"Yet firm my foot, for well I know  
The goal can not be far;  
And ever, through the rifted clouds,  
Shines out one steady star,  
For, when my guide went up, he left  
The pearly gates ajar."

Copied and coded by Stephen Ross for WholesomeWords.org from *Heroines of the Mission Field: Biographical sketches...* by Emma Raymond Pitman. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., [1880?]

**More Information on [Emily Judson](#)**

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