

then thanked him. The old gentleman accompanied him two days, and then parted in tears, putting a dollar into his hand.

"I will add a singular instance that occurred in Brother Crandal's travels. He visited a house on Saturday, where a young woman of the family, the night before, dreamed that a minister came to the house, and gave her a very beautiful suit of clothes, which caused her some concern of mind. As soon as she saw him she burst into tears, and told her mother that he was the minister she saw in her dream who gave her the suit of clothes. He tarried there until Monday, during which time he concluded she neither ate nor slept; and when he left her she appeared to be the most distressed creature he had ever seen. It is said she was soon after brought to rejoice in the truth. These things, with many others of the like kind, caused much sympathy and joy in the Association. There were no great accounts of revivals among the churches the past year, though many of them had considerable numbers added. There was a good work in Cornwallis, among Brother E. Manning's people; they are a charming society of christians. The Lord hath done great things for the people in this region.

"On my return homeward, I visited Granville, Annapolis, and Clements. In these towns I spent more than a week, and preached as often as once a day. The brethren here appear to stand fast in the faith, and I cannot but hope they will soon be visited with a revival.

Mr. Dexter's preaching was very acceptable at Cornwallis. The following entry appears in Mr. Manning's journal, after recording the texts from which Mr. D. preached—"I bless God for the visit of Brother Dexter."

The missionary labours of the brethren Tupper and D. Harris were much blessed in the County of Cumberland. A church was formed at River Philip in the Spring of 1818, which reported twenty-one members on its joining the Association that year.

Yours truly,
MENNO.

Dec. 1, 1860.

Christian Messenger.

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 5, 1860.

"The Life and Letters of Mrs. Emily C. Judson."

In our late notice of this work we promised our readers to return to it. The subject of the book herself was no ordinary woman, and her life and letters will be a theme of deepest interest to many readers. When she became united with Dr. Judson, she received a name which will stand associated with the history of our missions to the heathen, from their earliest days.

Those who were familiar with American magazines sixteen or seventeen years ago, will know something of the popularity of "Fanny Forrester" at that day. Then, she was enjoying her incognito, and attracting a large share of public attention by her lively sketches and the bright fresh delineations contained in her stories—drawn largely from her own experience. Like many who have arisen to exert a wide-spread influence, she was nursed in the lap of poverty, and early learned to feel the luxury of earning her own bread. In a sketch of her early days prepared by herself, she says:—

April, 1828. Removed with my parents to Pratt's Hollow, a small village, where there was a woolen factory, and immediately commenced work at spinning rolls. We were at this time very poor, and did not know on one day what we should eat the next, otherwise I should not have been placed at such hard work. My parents, however allowed me to spend half my wages (the whole was one dollar and twenty-five cents per week) as I thought proper; and in this way, with numerous incentives to economy, I first learned the use of money. My principal recollections during this summer are of noise and filth, bleeding hands and aching feet, and a very sad heart.

She was born August 22, 1817, consequently was, at the date of the above, but 10 years of age. Her subsequent efforts to secure education and her difficulties in doing so were such as but few experience. In April, 1831, she went to an Academy in their village, and adds: "As soon as I came home at night I used to sit down to sew with Harriet, (her sister) and it was a rule never to lay the work aside until, according to our estimation I had earned enough to clear the expenses of the day—tuition, clothing, food, etc." and again she writes:—

January, 1832. On Monday morning I used to arise 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 of school, we made baking day. In this way, by Katy's

help, we managed to get on with only one servant. I also took sewing of a mantua-maker close by, and so contrived to make good the time consumed in school. My class-mates had spent all their lives in school, and they now had plenty of leisure for study. They were also, all but one, older than myself, and I therefore found it a difficult task to keep up with them 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.

At 15 years of age she took charge of a school with the intention of obtaining the means of subsequently pursuing her own studies. Eventually she became one of the principal teachers in a large Seminary, and had charge of a composition class consisting of upwards of one hundred young ladies. The writings which brought "Fanny Forrester" her popularity, were not so much the productions of her daily labor as of nightly toil. They were mostly produced during what should have been her hours of relaxation and rest, and were simply efforts to provide the necessaries and comforts of life for herself and parents.

On the rock of St. Helena Dr. Judson had buried his second wife, the widow of his departed coadjutor Boardman, and on arriving in America sought some one of suitable ability and reputation as a writer, to prepare for the press a Memorial of her. On reading a fugitive piece from the pen of "Fanny Forrester,"—he was struck by the style of her writing and the mental qualities it indicated, and obtained an introduction to her for this purpose. The result of the interview which followed was, that each was led to appreciate the excellencies of the other's character, and Judson soon found in her a congenial spirit, willing to return with him into the heathendom of Burmah. As Miss Chubbuck had not then gained a reputation for being more than a popular writer of fiction, with merely moral objects in view, whilst he (Dr. J.) was perhaps the one more than all others deserving, for his devotedness to his work, the appellation afterwards given him—"The Earnest Man,"—it was thought by many that the match was unsuitable. The sequel, however, proved the entire suitability, and he who had been favoured in succession with two of the best and most highly gifted of Christian women, Ann Hazeltine and Mrs. Boardman, was no less remarkably blessed in having Emily Chubbuck as his successor.

A mind such as Dr. Judson's, especially after such wives as his first and second were, required no ordinary person to become his help-meet in the distant field of labor he had occupied, yet none who read this volume but will say that his wants were fully met, and the celebrity both had before enjoyed, became extended and heightened by their union in the work to which they devoted themselves. After the death of Dr. Judson, Mrs. J. returned to America, and, although in the greatest weakness, assisted Dr. Wayland in preparing his Memoir. She lived but a short time after this, and died on the 1st of June, 1854.

A book of much larger dimensions might easily have been produced with such a character for the subject. As it is, it may be taken as a fine picture of a true and devoted woman. It will be read by many for its beauty of style and clear delineations of character, and by many more for the love they have to the name she received, and the work in which, with her devoted husband, she so heartily engaged.

Prof. Kendrick has given many fine passages of his own in this work, and many more from her writings, which we would gladly introduce to our readers, but we must content ourselves with two or three brief extracts. Although Mrs. E. C. Judson had no such cruelties inflicted upon her, or sufferings to endure, as Mrs. Ann H. Judson, yet she had many of the privations which are incident to missionary life.

In a letter dated "Bat Castle, Rangoon, March 15, 1847," Mrs. J. describes her dwelling as affording shelter to thousands of bats, besides hosts of insects and vermin; and again in May she writes:

As for living, I must own that I am within an inch of starvation, and poor little Henry says when he sits down to the table, "I don't want any dinner—I wish we could go back to Maulmain." His papa does better, for he never has a poor appetite. For a long time after we first came here, we could get no bread at all; now we get a heavy, black, sour kind, for which we pay just three times as much as we did at Maulmain. You will say "Make it." What shall I make it of? or a biscuit, or pie, or any thing good? And when it is made of nothing, what shall I bake it in?

Our milk is a mixture of buffaloes' milk, water, and something else which we cannot make out. We have changed our milk-woman several times, but it does no good. The butter we make from it is like lard with flakes of talow. But it is useless to write about these things—you can get no idea. I must tell you, however, of the grand dinner we had one day. "You must contrive and get something that mamma can eat," the doctor said to our Bur-

nese purveyor; "she will starve to death." "What shall I get?" "Anything" "Anything." "Anything." Well, we did have a capital dinner, though we tried in vain to find out by the bones what it was. Henry said it was *lout-tahs*, a species of lizard, and I should have thought so too, if the little animal had been of a fleshy consistence. Cook said he *didn't know*, but he grinned a horrible grin which made my stomach heave a little, notwithstanding the deliciousness of the meal. In the evening we called Mr. Bazaar-man. "What did we have for dinner to-day?" "Were they good?" "Excellent." A tremendous explosion of laughter, in which the cook from his dish room joined as loud as he dared. "What were they?" "Rats!" A common servant would not have played such a trick, but it was one of the doctor's assistants, who goes to bazaar for us. You know the Chinese consider rats a great delicacy, and he bought them at one of their shops.

An interesting anecdote, illustrative of her mode of instructing her child, will be pardoned by those of our readers who are mothers:

"While we resided in Rangoon the children became great cowards (I suppose they caught the infection from us), and when we came over here I was obliged to take great pains to break it up. One night Edward, who slept in a little room by himself, called out that he was "afraid," and would not be comforted. I have never taught them a prayer to repeat, because I do not like the formality, but I assist them in discovering what they need, and then have them repeat the words after me. So I prayed with little E, kissed him good night, and left him apparently satisfied. Pretty soon, however, I heard him call out, as though in great distress, "O, Dod!" The poor little fellow had not sufficient acquaintance with language to know what to say next; but this uplifting of the heart evidently relieved him, for in a few minutes after he again called out, "O, Dod!" but in a tone much softened. I stepped to the door but hesitated about entering. In a few minutes he again repeated "O, Dod!" but in a tone so confident that I thought I had better go back to my room, and leave him with his Great Protector. I heard no more of him for some time, when I at last went in and found him on his knees fast asleep. He never fails now to remind me of asking "Dod to take care of him," if I neglect it, and I have never heard him say a word since of being afraid."

The summary of Mrs. Judson's character given by Professor Kendrick, will be fully assented to by those who give this volume of her "life and letters" a careful perusal.

"It seemed scarcely possible that a mind of such exceeding delicacy and refinement to which the lighter play of fancy was so thoroughly congenial, could be equally endowed with the sterner and more masculine attributes. And yet such was the fact. The play of her intellect was not more graceful than its workings were vigorous. The airy movement of her fancy no more than kept pace with them, ensured tread of her reason. The lighter elements of her genius rested on a solid basis of sterner qualities. From a child she evinced a most various and many-sided mental activity. She "lisp'd in numbers," and inspired her friends with no unreasonable assurance of her poetic promise. Yet her mind was even more busy in other directions, remote from the paths of poetry. She displayed an eager thirst for knowledge, great capacity of intellectual acquisition, and a social delight in those solid processes which call forth the sterner powers of the soul. Her procuring the "Age of Reason," and noting down its arguments, that she might examine and refute them; her joining not only the youths, but also the older people's Bible-class, that she might listen to their discussions of the profounder problems of Scripture; her success in mathematics, and other more difficult branches of learning—all are but proofs of the solid structure of her mind, and early foreshadowings of that love and habit of vigorous mental action which followed her through life. While she delighted in poetry and wrote elegant fictions, she delighted equally in those formal labours which demand patient research and philosophic generalization. She spent weeks in preparing herself to write two or three short notes on Buddhism, in the appendix to the Memoir of Mrs. S. B. Judson. She went with her husband patiently over the pietistic and mystical writers, and her shrewd comments and criticisms probably contributed not a little toward removing a slight mystical and ascetic taint from his religious opinions. She entered with hearty sympathy into his dry dictionary labors, and not only soled his hours of relaxation, but aided with her acute suggestions in resolving many a knotty word-problem; while she herself attained a practical mastery of the Burmese language, and even an elegance in writing it, entirely beyond what could have been anticipated from the exceeding slenderness of her health, and her engrossing domestic cares.

In one word, she had a mind of great speculative and analytical power, that loved to go to the bottom of things, and that was quick and keen, in any abstract or practical matter, to strip off the disguises that sophistry might have flung around it, and hold it up in its genuine features. Her soul swelled with the intellectual and moral grandeur of the missionary work, and her essay on the "Madness of the Missionary Enterprise" is a fine specimen alike of the grace and the power of her mental movements.

"The provisions of her will are worthy of special mention. She left a life annuity sufficient to insure a comfortable support to her aged parents.

She left to the faithful Malayan woman Nancy, who had accompanied her from India, a sum considerably more than sufficient to defray the expenses of her voyage back to the East. In providing for her children, she made no discrimination in favor of her own daughter Emily, but placed her on precisely the same footing with Dr. Judson's other children. All the children were to receive a liberal allowance until their education, both literary and professional, should be fully completed—no legitimate expense being spared for this purpose. If anything should remain after this was accomplished, it was to go to the treasury of the Missionary Union."

Her poetic compositions comprise some most beautiful and touching pieces. "Sweet Mother," "My Bird," and "My Angel Guide," are perhaps unsurpassed in that line.

The Kankakee Baptists.

The efforts to arrest the reformation at St. Anne, and prevent the converts from Romanism pursuing their enquiries on the subject of Christian Baptism, seem to have been ineffectual. The wholesale turning over to the Presbyterian church and leaving all "non-essentials" to the decision of the Presbyteries, does not appear to satisfy some of the more enlightened. Both Episcopalians and Baptists are charged with interfering with this field that Presbyterians seem to claim for their exclusive ground. The Presbyterian shows off its vexation after the following fashion:

"The spirit of an iniquitous proselytism will probably mar one of God's remarkable works, and perhaps fatally arrest it. Episcopalians and Baptists seem resolved, in despite of all consequences, to promote disunion and division in the colony. Awaiting the favorable opportunity when the people had been in a great measure relieved of their crushing burdens by Presbyterian munificence, they have sent forth their agents to destroy their harmony, and turn them from their peaceful course."

A correspondent of the same journal says: "The Baptist church has also commenced these proselyting labors. The colporteur who was here last winter, and who, after his return to Canada, sent back hundreds of proselyting tracts, has returned. I understand another has come on the field, and now, as I learn, they are going from house to house, giving out a little card containing references to passages on the mode of baptism."

The N. Y. Chronicle in noticing this, remarks:—

"The sensitiveness which our Presbyterian friends exhibit on the subject of the discussion of baptism is indeed neither honorable nor manly. We are aware that it takes a deal of ingenious scrutiny to find anything like sprinkling in the Bible, and that there is great danger that a few innocent-looking "cards with references to Scripture texts," may overturn a host of labored arguments, and like "a frost, a killing frost, nip" Presbyterianism "in the root." But it appears to us that it is hardly dignified to go into spasms over the advent of a Baptist Colporteur, or call hard names, and work one's self into such an unseemly "fret" about the matter."

The same paper remarks respecting the reception of these converts without Protestant baptism.

"It is not a little amusing to observe how the pathway has been smoothed and all rough places made plain for these colonists, who have just emerged from the darkness of Popery. They have even pronounced the infant sprinkling of the Romish priests to be valid baptism. The decisions of the Synods and Doctors of Divinity have all been set aside, and candidates are received without further submission to the rite. This is evidently a case of Presbyterianism made easy to accommodate the lingering prejudices of "these poor people."

There are, however, some who are not to be put off from following their Lord in his own ordinances by such a system of repression; for we find the following from a Kankakee correspondent of the Chicago Christian Times:

"Last Lord's day—Nov. 4th—I had the pleasure of baptizing eight of the French of the Colony of St. Anne, in the Kankakee at this place. A large number of French and Americans were present to behold the administration of the ordinance. Two others were ready to be baptized but were delayed by indisposition.

"I have never baptized a happier company. They went into the water praying audibly in French, and came out rejoicing. One commenced singing as soon as he rose from beneath the water, and continued till he reached the shore. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with them.

"Thus we have a church, in an incipient state, of ten members—the eight baptized, brother Auger, and a brother from Detroit. The church is named the "French Church of St. Anne." We are expecting soon to call a Council to recognize the church at St. Anne, and to ordain a minister over the St. Anne Church."