

who could appreciate equally the fascinations which he asked her to resign, and the glories to which he asked her to aspire. Yet a revolution in her destiny so sudden and total, so complete a reversal of her plans, filled her with perplexity and almost alarm. Her family friends—her literary friends,—her religious friends—and above all, that ubiquitous, myriad-headed, myriad-tongued personage called the World—what would that say upon hearing that Fanny Forester, the popular magazinist, was about to turn her back on her newly commenced career, and quench her rising fame in the night of heathenism? Above all—and here was the stress of the conflict—she weighed her spiritual deficiencies—her want of that deep consecration so imperatively demanded in one who lays hands on the sacred ark of the Missionary cause. She had declined from her earlier consecration, and the path which she once sought the privilege of treading, it now, as she afterwards declared, “seemed like death for her to enter.” She urged these objections upon Dr. Judson; but he overruled them with the impetuous logic which characterized his energetic career, and laid upon her the spell of a nature that combined what is holiest in the saint with what is most attractive in the man. Time, too, with him was pressing; he longed to be back to the scenes of his life-labors; the children that he had left behind pleaded eloquently for a mother; and in the gifted young lady whom he at first intended merely to secure as the biographer of his lamented Sarah, he saw one well fitted to take her place as a mother, as well as to meet the yearnings of his intellect and heart. The rapid decision to which they arrived sprang from a conscious congeniality of temper and endowments. The ripe experience, the mellow wisdom, the ardent piety of Dr. Judson were combined, amidst the severities of his Missionary consecration, with an inextinguishable warmth of heart, a delicacy of taste, and a breadth of culture which recognized in Emily answering qualities, and drew him to her with all the warmth of his singularly gifted susceptible nature, while they in turn stirred her deepest fountains of reverence and love.

Dr. Judson was now fifty-seven. But one needed only to look into his dark eye, beaming with benignity, and flashing with intelligence, and to listen to him, when in his moments of unreserve, he poured forth the exuberance of his joyous spirit, to see that age had passed lightly over him, and that the dew of youth was yet fresh upon his soul.

Byron, at the early age of thirty-six, wrote with terrible and most instructive truth:

“My days are in the yellow leaf,  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone.”

Compare this desolate utterance of a palled and sated spirit with the unaffected warm and tender letters of Dr. Judson down to his latest years; with that death-bed utterance of his sixty-second year: “O, no man ever left this world with more inviting prospects, with brighter hopes or warmer feelings.” This is the genius of Christianity—such is the power of that religion which pours heavenly oil on the flame of earthly affections, and keeps the lamp burning undimmed down to the very verge of the sepulchre.