

Portfolio of Select Literature.

MRS. JUDSON'S BETROTHAL

The following beautiful and truthful sketch, written by Dr. Kendrick, is a part of the tenth Chapter of the forthcoming *Life and Letters* :—

Dr. Judson conducted her to the sofa, saying that he wished to talk with her. She replied, half playfully, that she should be delighted and honoured by having him talk to her. With characteristic impetuosity, he inquired how he could reconcile it with her conscience to employ talents so noble in a species of writing so little useful or spiritual as the sketches which he had read. Emily's heart melted; she replied with seriousness and candor, and explained the circumstances which had drawn her into this field of authorship. Indigent parents, largely dependent on her efforts—years of laborious teaching—books published with but little profit, had driven her to still new and untried paths, in which, at last, success unexpectedly opened upon her. Making this employment purely secondary, and carefully avoiding everything of doubtful tendency, she could not regard her course as open to serious strictures. It was now Dr. Judson's turn to be softened. He admitted the force of her reasons, and that even his own strict standard could not severely censure the direction given to filial love. He opened another subject. He wished to secure a person to prepare a memoir of his recently deceased wife, and it was partly, in fact, with this purpose, that he had sought Emily's acquaintance. She entertained the proposition, and the discussion of this matter naturally threw them much together, during the ensuing few days. The consequences of the coming together of two persons respectively so fascinating, were what has often occurred since the days of Adam and Eve. They became mutually interested. Dr. Judson discovered in her not only rare intellectual powers, but a warm heart, an enthusiastic and richly endowed nature, that throbbed in sympathetic unison with his own. That she was not in the exercise of that living piety—those high spiritual graces so essential in the missionary, and scarcely less in the missionary's wife, he saw with pain; but detecting in her experiences the undoubted germs of genuine faith—he soon conceived the idea of her not only writing the life, but taking the place of the sainted deceased. Having reached this conclusion, he pressed the subject upon her, with all the energy of his impassioned and most truthful character. He painted to her the glories and the deformities of the Orient; its moral desert in a wilderness of luxuriant beauty. He set forth the toils and privations of the Missionary's lot, and over against this, the privilege of being a reaper in the great moral harvest of the world; the blessedness of those who turn many to righteousness; the glory of that coming world whence faith already draws many a presaging token of bliss.

It was not in Emily's nature to be insensible to the force of such arguments from such a pleader—falling from "lips wet with Castalian dews," as well as with the dews that descend upon the mountains of Zion—coming from one whose tastes were as cultivated as his faith was lofty, and