

Street Church, in Boston, at that time the largest and strongest church in New England. At the meeting Judson met Ann Hasseltine, a young lady who was born in Bradford, December 22d, 1789, and who is described as having been possessed of remarkable beauty and intelligence. It is almost incredible that, with the world as it was then, any man should have presumed to ask a woman to share with him such an undertaking as the missionary service. It is strange that those who had already made so great a sacrifice did not make still more and say, "We cannot ask wives to go with us into such a life; we will go alone." But it was a manly, though singular, letter which Judson wrote to this young lady's father asking her hand in marriage. It runs as follows:

"I have now to ask whether you can consent to part with your daughter early next spring, to see her no more in this world; whether you can consent to her departure for a heathen land and her subjection to the hardships and sufferings of a missionary life; whether you can consent to her exposure to the dangers of the ocean; to the fatal influence of the southern climate of India; to every kind of want and distress; to degradation, insult, persecution, and perhaps a violent death? Can you consent to all this for the sake of Him who left His heavenly home, and died for her and for you; for the sake of perishing immortal souls; for the sake of Zion and the glory of God? Can you consent to all this in the hope of soon meeting your daughter in the world of glory, with a crown of righteousness brightened by the acclamations of praise which shall redound to her Saviour, from heathen saved, through her means, from eternal woe and despair?"

Ann Hasseltine was worthy of the man who asked her hand or she would never have married him after such an appeal to her father.

On the 5th of February, 1812, when she was twenty-three years of age, Ann Hasseltine and Adoniram Judson were married, and on the nineteenth of the same month sailed for Calcutta with Mr. and Mrs. Newell. It was no little thing to start from a cultured and beautiful home in stormy February for a voyage of thousands of miles, expecting never again to see loved ones, and knowing that pain and suffering, loneliness and anguish, must be waiting to give inhospitable welcome to still more inhospitable shores. The missionaries were not allowed to remain in Calcutta: the East India Company wanted no interference from the gospel in their nefarious corruption. They therefore embarked for Rangoon in Burmah, a land more inhospitable still, and still more isolated from English-speaking people. On the way Harriet Newell died and was buried on the Isle of France; and the lonely, heart-sick party went on, threatened by sickness and death, Mrs. Judson the only woman on board. After eighteen months of traveling, part of the time in unseaworthy ships and part in severe sickness, Rangoon was reached. This pathetic extract from a letter, written from the Isle of France, tells its own story:

"Have at last arrived in port; but oh, what news, what distressing news! Harriet, my dear friend, my earliest associate in the mission, is no more. O.