

Charles was the child of pious parents; his earliest recollections were associated with the thoughts of the Sabbath and of God; even from infancy had he been led to the sanctuary, and taught to raise his voice in prayer and praise. Since then many years had passed away; many changes had come over him—he had left the paternal roof, and forgotten the God of his fathers; he had learned to disregard the Sabbath, and despise its sacred ordinances; he had become thoroughly a man of the world; a mere votary of earthly pleasure.

But he was now, once more, in the much-loved home of his childhood, and all the past, long banished from his mind, yet never entirely forgotten, now returned to his recollection. He looked around upon each familiar scene, now wrapped in glorious sunshine—he listened to the Sabbath bell, and his thoughts reverted to days and hours long since past; when, surrounded by the fond friends of his earliest years, he had beheld the same scenes, and heard the same glad sounds; he thought of a pious father and a sainted mother, now gone to their eternal rest, who had so often led the wavering footsteps of his childhood towards the house of God, and they seemed to be near him even now, whispering in tones of affectionate solicitude, "This is the day which the Lord hath made." Slowly, as the last faint echoes of that Sabbath bell died away upon his ear, did he bend his steps towards the church of his fathers. There he heard the words of salvation from the lips of the same faithful messenger of truth to whom he had so often listened in earlier, happier years; but now his hair was grey, and his voice faltered; and Charles seemed to feel, in that short hour, all the changes time had made since last he entered that sacred place. Bitter, indeed, were his feelings, but they were salutary, and never to be forgotten.

Once more did he leave his native village, but never to be what he had been before. That Sabbath, with its sacred associations and holy influences, had roused emotions in his soul never to become dormant.

From that day was he a different character: and ever after, on the return of the Sabbath, would he exclaim, with the sincerity of the psalmist, "This is the day which the Lord hath made."

MARIE.

Towusend, July 10th, 1848.

For the Calliopean.

Sketch of the Life of Mrs. B. Judson.

Among those who have distinguished themselves on the stage of action, Mrs. Boardman Judson shines a brilliant star—not as a literary character, but as an humble, devoted, and successful missionary of the Cross.

Her parents were very poor, and having many children dependent upon them, Mrs. Judson's educational advantages were extremely limited. But this, though a great obstacle to her rapid advancement, and the full development of her powers, could not quench her thirst for knowledge and improvement. After the toils and cares of the day (to which she was early inured) she sat down to her studies as to a rich repast; and thus, by continued exertion and self-application, she attained a proficiency in many of the higher and more abstruse branches seldom equalled by the more-favored of her sex.

Her poetic description of the Israelites as they were encamped by the waters of Elisha—the versification of David's lament over Saul and Jonathan; and another entitled Gethsemane, proved that she possessed talents of no ordinary character.

Some may say she was influenced by a love of admiration and a desire to become distinguished, but her subsequent life satisfactorily contradicts such an opinion. From childhood she always preserved a sacred regard for every thing of a religious nature; and at sixteen she solemnly and publicly consecrated herself to God. From that time till her death she was an humble and exemplary follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

"At seventeen we find her engaged in a school for a few months, that she might obtain the means of studying for the same length of time; and then pursuing the laborious task of taking charge of a class of little girls, to pay for her morning's recitation, and poring over her books long after night." She thus, at different periods, writes to a friend, which proves that

her attainments were not superficial—"We have finished Butler's Analogy since you left school, and are now taking lessons in Paley's Evidences." "At present I am studying Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric." "I am engaged this term in the study of Logic and Geometry." "This winter I am at home, teaching my little brothers, and so have more time to devote to my Latin."

From the period of her consecration, she had felt the deepest solicitude for the salvation of the heathen; and while her soul panted to bear the glad tidings of redemption to distant climes, she neglected not those in her own land. At the age of twenty-one, by uniting her destiny with Mr. Boardman, whose heart echoed the same spirit of devotion, she was permitted to realize the ardent desire and fervent prayer of her soul—that she might be the messenger of heavenly light to the benighted nations of India.

July, 1825, they embarked for the scene of their future hopes and toils. The sorrowful, yet long wished for morning has arrived—the marriage ceremony, as the last seal of consecration, has been performed—she bids adieu to all the endearing associations of childhood—all the advantages of refined and civilized life. Every object on this morning seems to possess new charms—the sun-beams resting on her native land, never before, in her eyes, appeared so bright—the birds, whose warbling notes she has heard a thousand times, never sang so sweetly—the fields through which she often rambled, viewing in every shrub and flower "the work of an Almighty hand," seem clothed in additional beauty.

Not far distant stands the old church where she first submitted her youthful spirit to God; and where Sabbath after Sabbath she has met with his people, listening to the preaching of His holy word. Never did these privileges appear so valuable, as she gazes for the last time on those old memory-hallowed spires. But dearer to her than all these is her father's little cottage, in which for many years she has presided as a ministering angel, relieving the wants of her feeble parents and alleviating their care and anxiety, by taking upon herself the moral and intellectual training of her brothers and sisters, of whom she was the oldest.

She looks around with feelings of sorrow, yet of firm composure, upon the weeping crowd assembled to take a last farewell of their beloved and affectionate companion. The severest trial is now come. When called to part with those who tenderly watched over our infant years, from whom we have received wise and affectionate counsel, and who are ever willing to sympathise with us in trouble or joy, the stoutest heart melts as snow beneath the noonday sun. On one side she beholds the agony of her aged parents; on the other, the half-suppressed sobs of her sisters and brothers. 'Tis then her spirit melts, as it were, and for a moment she yields to nature's feelings;—but the ship which is to convey her over the dark and distant sea is waiting—she receives their last affectionate embrace, and the word farewell seems to her spirit echoed by mountain, hill, and dale.

She is gone! and e'er another sun sheds its cheering rays upon New England's shore, she, with the partner of her toils, is borne far thence towards India's sultry clime.

After a long and perilous voyage of nearly two years, they joined their missionary brethren in Burmah. The contrast between this and her own dear land is beautifully described in the following lines—

"And there are men in uncouth dress,
That round the stranger vessel press;
And fragrant groves on every side,
Bask in the sultry noonday beam,
Or lave their branches in the tide
Of Arrah-wah-tee's tranquil stream;
But not a tree on all the strand
Is known in Sarah's native land."

Here, as if the self-sacrifice already made was not sufficient, this devoted woman, that she might more effectually promote the interests of her Saviour's cause, denied herself of the society of the English at Maulmain, and dwelt in a bamboo house, a mile from the cantonments; her only company the untutored, degraded natives, and exposed to beasts of prey—for the missionary,