

**MISSIONARY BIOGRAPHY. THE
MEMOIR OF SARAH B. JUDSON,
MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN
MISSION TO BURMAH**

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Missionary Biography. The Memoir of Sarah B. Judson, Member of the American Mission to
Burmah by Fanny Forester & Edward Bean Underhill

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FANNY FORESTER & EDWARD BEAN UNDERHILL

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THE
MEMOIR
OF
SARAH B. JUDSON,

MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN MISSION TO BURMAH.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTICE,
BY EDWARD BEAN UNDERHILL.

LONDON:
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1848.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE authoress of this beautiful biographical production is now labouring as a missionary in the Burman Empire. She has succeeded to the toils, as well as to the sacred relations, of the lady whose sufferings and labours for Christ she has so graphically depicted.

Under the graceful pseudonyme of Fanny Forester, Miss Emily C. Chubbuck has for some years held a high place amid the literary circles of America. She is a native of the State of New York. Highly educated and accomplished, her first productions were written while a teacher in a female seminary in Utica, and at once attracted attention and admiration. Early in 1844, while on a visit to the city of New York, she became a contributor to the pages of the *New York Mirror*. The sketches, essays, and

poems which appeared in its pages, were, two years afterwards, when she was on the eve of sailing for Burmah, reprinted under the title of 'Alderbrooke.'

On his return to America in 1846, after laying to rest his beloved partner and companion, the subject of this memoir, on the rocky isle of St. Helena, Dr. Judson sought out Miss Chubbuck, then at Philadelphia for her health, to request the employment of her pen on the narrative of the life's history of Mrs. Judson. His descriptions of the missionary-field, his glowing ardour in his Master's cause, and his complete devotion to the religious welfare of the heathen, deeply affected the warm heart and vivid imagination of Miss Chubbuck, and laying aside the laurels she had won in her native land, the prospective wreaths which literature held out before her, and the still more endearing and absorbing ties of domestic happiness and affection, she consented to unite herself to the apostle of Burmah, and with him labour in the vineyard of the Lord.

Early in the spring she returned to the home of her childhood, to bid a last farewell to its endeared inhabitants. It was then she gave utterance to the following affecting sentiments, from a heart wrung with the grief and bitterness of separation, though it was for the service of Him who died on Calvary :

" My heart is heavy with sorrow. The cup at

my lips is very bitter. Heaven help me! White hairs are bending in submissive grief, and age-dimmed eyes are dimmer with tears. Young spirits have lost their joyousness, young lips forget to smile, and bounding hearts and bounding feet are stilled. Oh, the rending of ties, knitted at the first opening of the infant eye, and strengthened by numberless acts of love, is a sorrowful thing! To make the grave the only door to a meeting with those in whose bosoms we nestled, in whose hearts we trusted long before we knew how precious was such love and trust, brings with it an overpowering weight of solemnity. But a grave is yawning for each one of us; and is it much to choose whether we sever the tie that binds us here, to-day, or lie down on the morrow? Ah, the 'weaver's shuttle' is flying; the 'flower of the grass' is withering; the space is almost measured; the tale nearly told; the dark valley is close before us—tread we with care! My mother, we may neither of us close the other's darkened eyes, and fold the cold hands upon the bosom; we may neither of us watch the sod greening and withering above the other's ashes; but there are duties for us even more sacred than these. But a few steps, mother—difficult the path may be, but *very* bright—and then we put on the robe of immortality, and meet to part never more. And we shall not be apart even on earth. There is an electric chain passing from heart to heart through the throne of the Eternal; and we may keep its links all brightly burnished by the breath of prayer. Still pray for me, mother, as in days gone by. Thou bidst me go. The smile comes again to thy lip, and the light to thine eye, for thou hast pleasure in the

sacrifice. Thy blessing ! Farewell, my mother,
and ye loved ones of the same hearth-stone !”

In July, 1846, she was married to Dr. Judson, and with him departed for Burmah. Soon after her arrival, she began to experience the perils of the heralds of the cross. She was robbed by the barbarians of all her gifts and souvenirs, which the affection of friends had consecrated ; her clothes, and the books she had taken with her—all fell a prey to their rapacious grasp. It was in the midst of these scenes, on the very spot of her predecessor’s sorrows and trials, she wrote the memoir now in the reader’s hands. It is a worthy pendant to the portrait of the noble-minded Mrs. Ann H. Judson ; nor can it be doubted that “ Fanny Forester,” should the good Lord of the Harvest spare her life, will reap a rich reward for her self-sacrifice, and leave to posterity a name equally fragrant with that of the sainted women who have gone before her.

The following touching poem may not be withheld, written by Mrs. Judson, since her settlement at Maulmain, and addressed to her father. It is derived from the same source as that to which the reader is indebted for the above information—the *New York Recorder* ;

“ A welcome for thy child, father,
A welcome give to day ;
Although she may not come to thee,
As when she went away ;

Though never in her olden nest,
 Is she to fold her wing,
 And live again the days when first
 She learned to fly and sing.

Oh ! happy were those days, father,
 When gathering round thy knee,
 Seven sons and daughters called thee, sire ;—
 We come again but three ;
 The grave has claimed thy loveliest ones,
 And sterner things than death
 Have left a shadow on thy brow,
 A sigh upon thy breath.

And one—one of the three, father,
 Now comes to thee to claim
 Thy blessing on another lot,
 Upon another name.
 Where tropic suns for ever burn,
 Far over land and wave,
 The child, whom thou hast loved, would make
 Her hearth-stone and her grave.

Thou'lt never wait again, father,
 Thy daughter's coming tread ;
 She ne'er will see thy face on earth,—
 So count her with thy dead ;
 But in the land of life and love,
 Not sorrowing as now,
 She'll come to thee, and come, perchance,
 With jewels on her brow.

Perchance !—I do not know, father,
 If any part be given
 My erring hand, among the guides,
 Who point the way to heaven ;
 But it would be a joy untold
 Some erring foot to stay ;
 Remember this, when gathering round,
 Ye for the exile pray.

Let nothing here be changed, father,
I would remember all,
Where every ray of sunshine rests,
And where the shadows fall.
And now I go; with faltering foot,
I pass the threshold o'er,
And gaze, through tears, on that dear roof,
My shelter nevermore.

Newmarket House, Oct. 28, 1848.
