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Ann Hasseltine Judson's Letters.

SEVERAL original letters of Ann Hasseltine, who married Adoniram Judson on 5 February, 1812, and spent her honeymoon on a voyage from Salem to Calcutta, have been given to our Society. We publish two, with two letters about her movements in Britain, written by Joseph Butterworth, the law-book seller, son of John Butterworth, the Baptist minister of Coventry. The first was apparently to Mrs. Deakin of Sauchiehall, Glasgow :—

RANGOON, Jan. 16th, 1818.

MY DEAR MADAM,

While reading over your kind and affectionate letter, which I received a few days ago, I feel renewedly impressed with the peculiarity of that union of which the gospel of Jesus is productive in the hearts of perfect strangers. It unites them like children of one family, like friends of early youth, though entirely unacquainted with every other trait of character. It produces an affection, tender and strong, heavenly and spiritual, because it has its foundation in the discovery of the image of Jesus, who is the sum of all perfection and the source of all happiness. Something of this affection I would humbly hope is now felt in my heart toward you, my dear Madam, and urges my writing.

It is peculiarly animating and encouraging to us to see the friends of Jesus so much engaged and making such exertions for the introduction and spread of the gospel in heathen lands. We feel their exertions *will* be blessed, their prayers *must* be heard, and that the heathen will shortly be given to Jesus for His inheritance and this earth for His possession.

It is now four years and a half since we took up our residence in this heathen land, since we began to make preparations for the promulgation of the gospel here. We find the Burmans as we expected, almost the children of nature in regard to improvement of mind and advance in the arts and sciences. But in point of superstition, blindness of mind and strength of attachment to an idolatrous religion they are not surpassed by any nation on earth. We find them bound fast in Satan's chain, without a wish to be liberated, or a desire to hear that a deliverer is near; and was our hope of conversion founded on the strength of reason, the power of eloquence, or the art of persuasion, we should long since have relinquished our object and returned to our native country, there to lament over their fatal delusion. But we see an Almighty arm which is able to burst their chains, however strong, to liberate the captive, to give sight to behold

their deliverer, to unstop deaf ears to hear the voice of mercy and to give a humble broken heart which will gratefully accept of this deliverer in all his offices. That preparations are making for this glorious display of divine power and mercy among this deluded people, we have not the shadow of a doubt. But how long our heavenly Father will see fit to delay this manifestation of His mercy is known only to Himself. We are only permitted to use the means, it is the prerogative of God alone to change the heart.

The language has now become somewhat familiar, we can read with ease and converse intelligibly. Mr. Judson has written one or two tracts, translated Matthew, which are in circulation, has written a grammar of the language, and has been closely engaged for six months past in compiling a dictionary, the materials of which have been accumulating ever since he commenced the study of the language. This he would have finished in six weeks, but an unexpected opportunity for going to Chittagong and immediately returning presented, and as he had long wished to have an interview with the converted Mugs and to preach to those who were seriously enquiring, duty required his embracing it. Mr. Judson left here three weeks ago and expects to be gone ten or twelve weeks, and after his return hopes to be more directly engaged in the communication of divine truth. He has exceedingly regretted to spend so much time in preparatory work, but the consideration that future missionaries would reap the advantage, and in this way time would be eventually saved, has reconciled him to it.

Mr. Hough is a printer. He brought round with him from Bengal a press and types with which he has printed tracts and the translation of Matthew. How animating the fact that the first printing press ever in operation in this country should be employed for the cause of Christ, for the printing of the sacred Scriptures. I have quite an interesting meeting of females consisting of between twenty and thirty, who regularly attend every Sabbath to listen while I read and converse about the new religion. Some listen with attention, some are careless and some manifest their hatred for the truths of the gospel. I have at times had considerable hope that two or three of them were anxiously enquiring what would become of them after death, but whether it is anything lasting time alone will determine. Last Sabbath, in conversing with one of them, I enquired if she still went to the pagoda to worship. She replied she had not been for a long time. On asking her the reason, she again replied she worshipped the true God and prayed to Him. I asked her how she knew He was the true God rather than Gaudam. She said because His character was more excellent.

Another of them, who is an old woman, and who has attended on my instructions for more than a year, said (on hearing me say that good works, such as making offerings to pagodas, priests, &c., was so far from justifying them in the sight of God, that it would heighten their condemnation) if her parents, grandparents, &c., had gone to hell with all their good works on their heads, then she was willing to go to.

(A long mutilation.) Forgive the length of this and believe me when I say another letter from you would gladden the heart of
Your affectionate though unworthy sister,

NANCY JUDSON.

PS.—Accompanying this I send a little catechism in the Burman language, which I wrote about two years ago merely for the benefit of a few children living in our enclosure. Mr. Hough has printed it, and it is now in circulation with the tracts. Several Burman children have committed it to memory, eight or ten repeat it every Sabbath.

BEDFORD SQUARE, 20th July, 1822.

DEAR SIR,

Mrs. Judson has, of course, informed you that she sets off for Scotland by the steam packet, *James Watts*, early on Wednesday morning next, and will probably reach Edinburgh on Thursday night or early on Friday.

Perhaps you will write to some person at Edinburgh to meet our very dear friend and conduct her to Glasgow. One should like her to see Mr. Gordon, Mr. Gray, and a very few friends at Edinburgh, but repose is absolutely necessary for her, and if she could be taken away from all society for a short time it would be a great comfort. The excitement of friends is too much for her shattered state. I therefore write this as a charge to you and Mrs. Deakin, that if you wish to preserve the valuable life of our friend you must keep her quiet—her natural vivacity and love of (two lines cut away) placed under strong coercion. You will, sir, I am sure, pardon this intrusion from a stranger, but I feel too much interest in behalf of our dear friend not to feel it my duty to lay an embargo on her friends that she may not be absolutely destroyed by kindness.

(Signature cut away: it was Jos. Butterworth.)

BEDFORD SQUARE, 29th July, 1822.

DEAR SIR,

I am truly rejoiced to hear that our dear Mrs. Judson is safely arrived in Scotland, but finding that she is in very great danger of being absolutely killed by kindness, I take the liberty of writing once more to caution my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Deakin of *their danger*. They are altogether responsible for the

life and health of our friend so far as human means only are concerned.

I am induced to write in this cautionary strain as I find Mrs. J. was quite well on board the steam packet, *when she was quiet*, but since she arrived in Edinburgh her pain has returned, and I know this to be occasioned by company and excitement. Repose is absolutely necessary for her delicate frame—her recovery is doubtful and the best means should be devised for her restoration.

Mrs. J.'s own words to me are—"Here (at Edinburgh) I am surrounded by these warm-hearted Scotch people, who are *ready to eat me up*."

Now, my dear sir, the agitation which Mrs. J. must naturally feel at the prospect of being "eaten alive" cannot mend her health, and I must request that both you and Mrs. Deakin will allay her fears and place her in some situation of *safety*.

I have just received the enclosed lamentation from the young man I employed to land our good friend at Edinburgh, which you will be pleased to hand over to Mrs. Judson. I trust that the interviews which Mrs. J. will have with friends in Scotland will be rendered mutually profitable.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Judson and Mrs. Deakin,

I am, Dear Sir, Your faithful,

JOS. BUTTERWORTH.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 12th, 1822.

MY DEAR MISS PENNYCOOK,

I have only time to say a few words relative to our arrival, and in compliance with your aunt's wishes, who left this place yesterday for Manchester. We had rather an unpleasant passage to Liverpool, on account of the boisterous weather when crossing an arm of the channel. Your uncle and aunt were both very sick, but my habits of crossing the ocean prevented my feeling the same effect. Immediately on our arrival I engaged my passage for America, and expect to embark on Friday next. Pray much for me while crossing the boisterous ocean that I may yet be returned in safety to Rangoon. May we both be useful in the several situations in which providence has placed us, and when we have done much good (for we must not calculate to do a little) may we meet in our heavenly Father's House to spend an eternity in praising Him who is the Author of all our joys.

In great haste,

Very affectionately yours,

ANN H. JUDSON.

To Miss Pennycook, care of Messrs. Deakin & Co., Glasgow, Scotland.