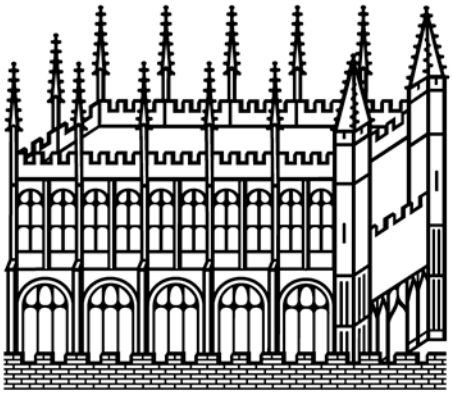

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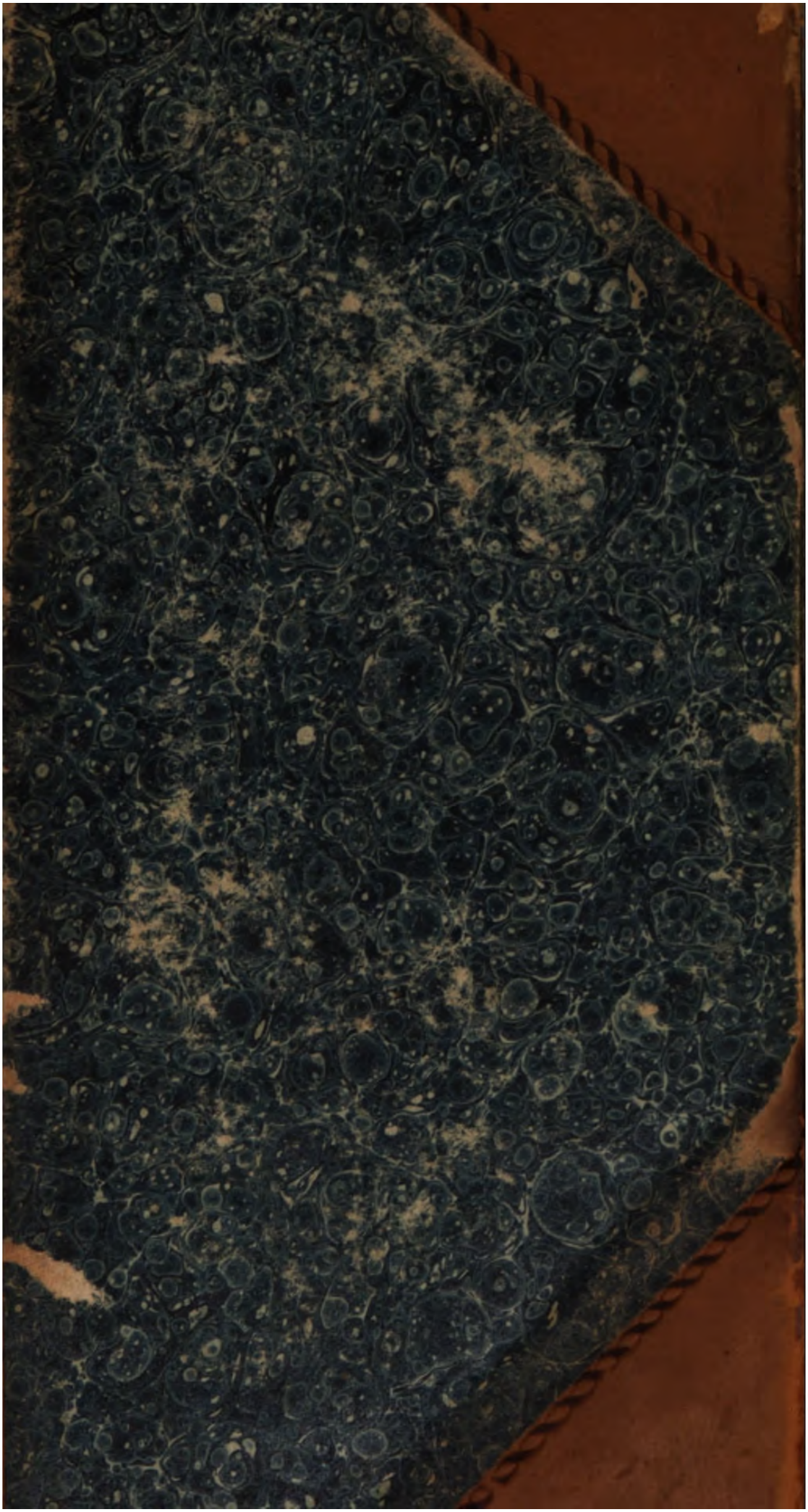

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MEMOIRS

OF

CHRISTIAN FEMALES;

WITH AN ESSAY

ON

THE INFLUENCES OF FEMALE PIETY.

BY THE

REV. JAMES GARDNER, A.M., M.D.

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."—PROV. xxxi. 30.

EDINBURGH:
JOHN JOHNSTONE, HUNTER SQUARE.

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ON THE

INFLUENCES OF FEMALE PIETY.

THE advantages of Christian biography are numerous, and readily acknowledged; but there is none which more obviously occurs to the mind of a reflecting reader, than the peculiar insight which is thereby obtained into the varied workings of the renewed, as distinguished from the unrenewed, heart. The principles of religion are seen, not as matters of speculative belief, but in real and active operation, influencing the whole character and conduct. With a living exemplification of Christianity thus set before us, we become more minutely and intimately acquainted with the diversified aspects of the believer's experience. A knowledge of this kind is of inestimable value. We feel more strongly impressed with the truth of the Christian scheme, by perceiving the wonderful effects to which it gives rise; we gradually learn to perceive how we ourselves may imbibe its sacred truths, that our hearts may be bettered thereby; we are constrained to examine ourselves, that we may

discover whether our experience coincides with that which is brought under our notice; and we may perhaps be led, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, to strive after the attainment of a more quickened and more marked progress in holiness and every virtuous attainment. It is thus that from the frailties and follies, as well as virtues, of those Christians whose lives are unfolded to us by the pen of a faithful biographer, we may learn to deny ourselves to all sin, and to make progress in meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light.

While such are the beneficial effects which, in many cases, result from the perusal of the lives of Christians in general, it is impossible to deny, that in the memoirs of pious females the influence of Christianity is exhibited in some of its most interesting and beautiful aspects. Possessed of strong sensibilities, theirs is peculiarly the religion of the heart, diffusing its salutary effects over the whole of that circumscribed but important sphere in which it is their province to move. There is something, indeed, peculiarly attractive in the religion of a Christian female. When exemplified in her character, and dispositions, and feelings, we seem to behold Christianity in its fairest form—the jewel in its most fitting and appropriate setting. We admire the amiable deportment of the woman, and we admire Christianity all the more, when shining forth from, and richly adorning, the female character. Far be it from us for a moment to insinuate that the resistance which the human heart in all circumstances offers to the saving and sanctifying influence of God's grace, is not as strong in the one sex as in the other. In both, "the heart is alike deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." But

we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that in the regular attendance on Divine ordinances, as well as in the maintenance and encouragement of those schemes of benevolence which are the natural fruit of a pious mind, the female sex are, in our country at least, entitled to the highest commendation. To Christianity, woman is indebted for the high, and honourable, and influential position which she now occupies; and it is only fitting, that in the discharge of the duties of religion, she should show her sense of the obligations under which she has been laid. It is here that the amiable traits of her character shine to the best advantage. That warm sensibility of heart, that gentle, modest, and retiring delicacy of feeling, that disinterested, ardent, and enthusiastic affection, which are the ornaments of her nature, find full scope in the employments which Christianity assigns her.

Domestic life is the peculiar sphere of woman. Within the sacred precincts of HOME, she finds the chief duties which occupy her time, the chief cares which engross her thoughts. As a wife, a mother, a daughter, or a sister, she exerts an influence, the extent and the responsibility of which a judgment-day will alone reveal. Over the young, especially, her influence is paramount. If the remark of the poet be true, that

"The child is father to the man,"

upon the early training which the human being receives under the guardianship of his first female instructor, depends the whole aspect of his future life. As he is in youth, so, to a great extent, will he be in after years. The seed which was sown in childhood may not germinate till many a summer's sun shall have risen and set,

and many a winter's blast shall have raged and gone to rest; but the hour will come when it shall burst forth with rich luxuriance, and be productive of a copious harvest. Many an instance might be quoted in support of the truth of this remark. "For nine years," says Father Augustine, "while I was rolling in the filth of sin, did my mother, with vigorous hope, persist in incessant prayer;" and this devoted Christian mother lived to see the answer of her prayers in the conversion of her son. Bishop Hall thus speaks of his mother:— "How often have I blessed the memory of those divine passages of experimental divinity which I have heard from her mouth! What day did she pass without a large task of private devotion, whence she would still come forth with a countenance of undissembled mortification. Never have any lips read to me such feeling lectures of piety, neither have I known any soul that more accurately practised them." "The pious admonitions of his mother," says the biographer of Cecil, "fixed themselves in his heart like a barbed arrow, and though the effects were for a time concealed from her observation, yet the tears would fall from his eyes as he passed along the streets, from the impression she had made on his mind." "I should have been an atheist," says the late John Randolph, an American statesman, "had it not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in her's, and cause me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'" What striking exemplifications are these of the wisdom of Solomon's exhortation, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Now, it is

from the lips of woman, that the child, in the very outset of life, receives its first and most powerful impressions; and unless these be of a religious and sanctified nature, the prospect for the future history of the young immortal, is dark and cheerless. Multitudes have lived to lament that they were sprung of prayerless and irreligious mothers; and there are multitudes more who, on the great day, will, with truth, attribute a lost eternity to a neglected childhood. We are told to the praise of the mother of Timothy, that "from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures;" and of the mother of Samuel, it is recorded, "that she took him up with her, and brought him to the house of the Lord, saying, As long as he liveth, he shall be lent to the Lord."

The feelings of a Christian mother towards her child are of a deep and holy kind. She looks upon him as an immortal being committed to her care, and she strives and prays that her child may be a child of God and an heir of glory. The highest honour which she can claim for him, is, that his name may be written in the Lamb's book of life. Nor is this a mere empty wish; it is the prayer of her heart and the aim of her life. Over the earliest dawnings of reason, therefore, she carefully watches, that she may infuse into his infant mind the first elements of that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation. Her great, her unwearied anxiety is to nurse him for the skies, that whether he be cut off in the tender years of childhood, or spared to maturer age, he may at last be a jewel in the Redeemer's crown; and that it may be her privilege to say to her redeeming God and Father, "Here am I, and the child whom thou hast given me."

Not only, however, does the Christian mother train her children by imparting direct religious instruction. This, in the case of the young, is often no very easy task. The difficulty of conveying, to a child, clear and adequate notions of the real nature of the truths of Christianity, has been often felt and acknowledged. But how often has it been seen, that, by a thousand indirect influences, emanating from the sanctified heart of the parent, the child has been gradually won to God! The whole aspect and demeanour of a mother whose soul is imbued with pious feeling, convey a powerful influence to her offspring. The child insensibly breathes, as it were, a holy atmosphere, and he grows up prepossessed in favour of those principles, on the side of which have been enlisted all his best and most effective sympathies. We are told of a young man who, at one period of his life, had been nearly betrayed into the snares of infidelity: "But," said he, "there was one argument in favour of Christianity which I could never refute—the consistent conduct of my own father!" It is this impression of the heart which the child of a pious parent finds it at all times difficult to resist. It cleaves to him amid all his wanderings and distressing deviations from the paths of righteousness. "Though, in process of time," says Mr. Newton, "I sinned away all the advantages of my early impressions, yet they were for a great while a restraint upon me; they returned again and again, and it was very long before I could shake them off." If such, then, be the power which the direct and indirect influence of the pious female exerts over the mind of the young, how important is it that that influence should be all on the side of religion! Christian principles and Christian feel-

ings, indeed, can never be widely prevalent in families, until a heart-felt interest in the concerns of the soul shall animate mothers and daughters to exert their all-powerful influence in recommending the religion of Christ by their conversation and example to all around them. This, and this alone, can ensure domestic comfort, and happiness, and peace.

To direct the undisputed influence of woman into its right channel, piety must be a deep-seated principle in her bosom. It must not be a mere adherence to certain tenets, however orthodox and Scriptural, but a living, active power, ever prompting to the exercise of holy feeling, and the exhibition of a consistent deportment. Imbued with the spirit of vital Christianity, animated with an ardent desire to evince in her whole character and conduct the sanctifying efficacy of the truth as it is in Jesus, the sincerely pious female will shine as a light in the world, habitually holding forth the Word of Life. She will stand prominently out from a polluted and ungodly world, exhibiting a pattern of every good word and work. Her whole talents, and time, and influence, will be exerted in leading others to the admiration and acceptance of that Saviour who is all her salvation and all her desire. She will seek to walk before her family as an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile; and by her singleness of heart, and simplicity of aim, she will strive to live as becometh the Gospel of Christ. Thus it is, that, blessed in herself, she will prove a blessing to the household with which she is connected. Her prayers, her counsels, her warnings, but above all, her holy life, will operate powerfully upon the minds of all within the range of her influence.

But although the peculiar sphere of a pious female's activity and usefulness, is undoubtedly her family, it is right that she should be duly impressed with the high importance of that authority and influence which, within this narrow field, she is privileged to exercise. Her responsibility is greater and more impressive than at first view she may be apt to imagine. The first impulse of her influence, no doubt, begins to be felt by the members of her family; these, however, each of them form to themselves circles of influence in the world; and, contemplating the matter in this enlarged and constantly extending view, the influence of the pious female is felt by society at large. The problem of human responsibility, in any case, is too vast and too intricate for our finite understandings to solve. He alone, who is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending, will look along the whole series of human beings who have inhabited our globe from the creation to the consummation of all things, and ascertain, with unerring certainty, the actual condition of each one in point of responsibility and influence.

When we leave the domestic circle, the more immediate province of the female, and issue forth into the general intercourse of the world at large, the peculiar beauty and excellence of female piety is almost universally admitted. It is stated in the "Life of Dr. Beattie," by Sir W. Forbes, that Mr. Hume, the infidel, was one day boasting to Dr. Gregory, that among his disciples he had the honour to reckon many of the fair sex. "Now, tell me," said the Doctor, "whether, if you had a wife or a daughter, you would wish them to be your disciples? Think well before you answer me; for

I assure you, that whatever your answer is, I will not conceal it." Mr. Hume, with a smile, and not without some hesitation, replied,—"No; I believe scepticism may be too sturdy a virtue for a woman." The answer is one which beautifully displays, even from the mouth of an enemy, the superior excellence of Christianity, as leading to every amiable and honourable feeling. Even the most obdurate and abandoned man of the world, may be heard frequently to betray the wish that his children may be actuated by very different principles, and may exhibit a very different conduct from his own. Thus does Vice pay homage to Virtue; Infidelity to Christianity. There seems to be a charm in holiness which commands the reverence, and gains the esteem, of all within the range of its exhibition; for when the Christian graces are habitually and consistently exercised in the daily intercourse of life, not only is the world constrained to admire them, but to admit that there is a reality in that transforming influence which Christianity is alleged to operate. Thus it is, that by a view of the Christian character, presented under various aspects, some of the most determined enemies of our most holy faith have become its warmest and most decided friends.

But while such is the beneficial effect of a consistent Christian deportment, even upon the unregenerate and ungodly, it is felt with still more intensity when exhibited in the character and general actings of the female portion of the community. In such a case, it carries along with it the additional power arising from the high place which is assigned to woman in the social scale. She gives a tone to the society in which she moves; and if she is in reality a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus,

she has it in her power to do more for the cause of the Redeemer in the ordinary intercourse of social life, than lies in the power of the other sex. Her opinions will be listened to with deference; her feelings will be treated with respect; and if she fails in securing the co-operation of her associates, in her plans of benevolence, she at least disarms the resistance which her schemes might have met with, had they been urged by any other individual. Her position, her character, her high Christian attainments, gain for her the attention of many who, had she been less consistent, might have lent a deaf ear to all her counsels, warnings, and reproofs. This is no imaginary picture. It is the delineation of a character which, to the honour of females, is not unfrequently to be found in all ranks of the community. And what advantages may accrue from such a display of pious feeling in a state of society by no means favourable to vital religion, let the life of Hannah More attest. She stood boldly out, a living witness for the truth and reality of the Christian faith, and her testimony met with respect, even where it failed to convince.

It is not only in the common walks of social intercourse that the beauty of female piety is felt and recognised. When we follow the Christian woman into the privacy of the closet, and mark the ardour of her secret devotion, we cannot fail to admire the strength of that heart-religion which brings her into close and endearing communion with her heavenly Father. Shut out from the world, unseen by any eye save that of the all-seeing, all-knowing Jehovah, she unbosoms her inmost thoughts and desires to Him with whom alone she has to do. Her fervent, energetic prayers, enter into the ears of the

Lord of Sabaoth, and she descends from the mount of communion, reflecting from her countenance and her whole deportment that heavenly radiance which the great Source of light and of love has caused to shine upon her soul. And in the hour of trial and of sore perplexity, when visited with bodily sufferings or mental anguish, or poverty or reproach, the pious female learns to exhibit a heroism to which her timid and shrinking nature is far from predisposing her. She knows, for the Bible has taught her, that, "through much tribulation, we must enter into the kingdom of God," and acknowledging this to be the necessary and immutable law of the Divine government, she endeavours, and prays to be enabled, to yield a quiet and calm resignation to the Divine will. Whether the sufferings be of a personal nature, as in the case of Mrs. More, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Ellis and Miss Reed, or in the form of painful bereavements, as in the case of Mrs. Huntington and Mrs. Graham, or in the form of persecution, as in the case of Mrs. Judson,—all alike display the power of Divine grace in supporting the weak and sensitive female in the midst of the fiery furnace of trial and affliction, teaching her to "glory even in tribulations," and to "count it all joy when she falls into divers temptations."

In selecting the individuals who form the subjects of the present volume of Memoirs, the author has been desirous of presenting to the reader a series of bright and beautiful instances of the power of experimental religion. That Christianity may be fully understood and appreciated, it must be seen in actual operation, not amid one combination of circumstances only, but in the varied circumstances, and diversified situations of human

life. It seems, in one sense, to level all distinctions among men, exalting the poor, and rendering the rich lowly in their own esteem, strengthening the weak, raising the bowed down, comforting those that mourn, and causing the widow's heart to sing for joy. The Christian in the cottage and the Christian in the palace, the Christian in health and the Christian in sickness, the Christian in the fulness of prosperity and the Christian in the depths of adversity, are all one in Christ Jesus. They all eat the same spiritual meat, they all drink the same spiritual drink, for they drink of that rock which follows them in all their journeyings through this world, and that Rock is Christ. Hence it is that their experience may, to the eyes of a mere casual observer, wear an appearance of uniformity. This, however, disappears on a closer inspection, and the phases of Christian experience, exhibited in the lives of different believers, may be perceived, on a minute investigation, to be at once varied and attractive.

It has been the author's design in preparing the "Memoirs of Christian Females," to set forth the religion of Christ in some of its most diversified and interesting aspects; and in offering the work to public notice, he would humbly trust and pray, that the God of all grace would so touch the hearts of the readers of this volume, that they may seek earnestly and with all diligence, to choose "the better portion," and to be "followers of those who through faith and patient endurance, are now inheriting the promises."

CHRISTIAN FEMALES.

MRS. SUSAN HUNTINGTON.

It is impossible for the religion of Christ to take possession of the heart without producing a salutary change in the whole deportment. And the more completely any one is brought under the power of the truth, all the more obviously will it appear to others that Christianity is exerting its sanctifying efficacy upon the soul, leading to the exercise of those graces which beautify and adorn the life. Thus it is that every true believer is as a light shining in a dark place, shedding a refreshing and illuminating brightness all around. Such was the benign effect throughout her whole life, of Mrs. Huntington's holy walk and conversation. She not merely professed Christianity, but she lived as a Christian; and it is impossible to peruse the brief, but touching tale, of her history and experience, without imbibing, for a time at least, somewhat of that calm, serene, and submissive spirit by which she was habitually actuated.

The subject of the following Sketch was a daughter

of the Rev. Achilles Mansfield, of Killingworth, in the state of Connecticut, America. She was born January 27, 1791. In early life she was characterized by the most amiable and affectionate dispositions, which, combined with the delicacy of her constitution, rendered her an object of unwearied attention and watchful care to her parents. That she was impressed with the importance of religion at a very early period, appears from a fact, to which she long afterwards adverted, that when very young she held a solemn consultation in her mind whether it was best to be a Christian then or not. This resolution, however, was not of long continuance, for it pleased God, while she was yet a child, to cause the light of divine truth to shine into her mind, and thus to call her effectually out of darkness into his marvellous light. From this time she maintained a beautiful consistency of character, until, at the age of seventeen, she made a public profession of her faith in Christ, and joined the church of which her father was pastor. It is astonishing to what maturity of judgment on religious subjects she had arrived, even at this early period. The most abstract points in theology she handled with a clearness and acuteness which would have done no discredit to one of more advanced years. Many examples of this might be adduced from the letters which she wrote to her young companions. We confine ourselves to the following, on the important doctrine of the perseverance of the saints.

"The doctrine of the perseverance of the saints I believe, because I think it is plainly taught in the Bible. That many profess religion who never felt it, that many deceive themselves and others by a false show, and

that many go considerable lengths in the external practice of the precepts, and acquire a considerable speculative knowledge and belief of the doctrines of the Gospel, and that these frequently fall away from all which they ever did profess and believe, I have no doubt. And if the perseverance of true believers depended upon themselves, none would persevere. But it does not depend upon themselves. 'In the Lord have they righteousness and strength.' They build upon that 'sure foundation stone which can never be moved.' They trust in Him who says to his people, 'I will never leave nor forsake you.' And, saith the apostle, 'God is true. All the promises of God in Christ Jesus are yea and amen.' In another place he says, 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' And what were his reasons for this persuasion? Did it proceed from confidence in himself? No, 'We are more than conquerors,' says he, 'through Him that loved us.' To 'the saints in Christ Jesus which were at Philippi,' he says, I am 'confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.' And the Saviour says that his 'sheep'—those that 'hear his voice,' 'shall never perish,' and that he will 'give unto them eternal life.' To believe that any who have been truly regenerated, will totally fall away and perish, would therefore, in my view, be to impeach the faithfulness of God.

"Some have thought that the belief of this doctrine is calculated to make us remiss in the performance of duty, that it tends to make us relax our exertions to live near to God, and to glorify him by a life of devotedness to his service. The speculative belief of it may indeed, produce this effect upon the formalist and the hypocrite; but the belief of it with the heart, will have no such influence upon the real Christian. And the reason is this; the former performs all his duties, solely because he feels that he must perform them to get to heaven, while the latter endeavours to be faithful, chiefly because he loves the service of God for its own sake. The former is entirely actuated by selfish principles; the latter, though he values the welfare of his soul, is principally actuated by a regard to the glory of God. The consequence is, that the former, when he thinks he is safe, omits or slightly performs duties which he never loved, because he has no farther use for them, as his own end is, he thinks, accomplished; whereas the latter performs them still, though he has attained the assurance of hope, not as a duty only, but as a pleasure. His confidence of being personally interested in that covenant which is ordered in all things and sure, makes him, if possible, more desirous, than he was before he attained to such a measure of grace, to glorify, by a well-ordered life and conversation, that God, the breadth and length and depth and height of whose love for his soul, he finds, pass his knowledge. The saints in heaven know assuredly that they shall never fall from grace; but this does not damp the ardour of their love and zeal. This very knowledge increases the rapture with which they give glory to Him

who redeemed them unto God by his blood, out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation."

In 1809 Susan Mansfield was married to the Rev. Joshua Huntington, junior pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, Massachusetts. This union was productive of much happiness to both, being hallowed by a blessing from above. She and her husband walked together as heirs of the grace of life. Every day found them advancing in the knowledge and experience of divine things. As a proof of Mrs. Huntington's intimate acquaintance with her own heart, we may quote the following remarks, contained in a letter which she wrote about this time to a friend:—

"There is nothing so astonishing, My dear M., nothing that places the thorough, universal, and malignant depravity of our nature in so clear a point of view as our neglecting to improve the dealings of the blessed God with us, which are all calculated to lead us to repentance, and then finding fault with him for not giving us ability to love him, (when all our inability lies in a criminal aversion, the most unreasonable and unjust, to his perfect character,) and making *that* inability an excuse for not loving him. Oh, could we view this subject as angels view it, and as we shall one day view it, it must fill us with wonder and astonishment! —wonder at the forbearance and mercy of God, astonishment at the moral degradation and turpitude of man. When I look into my own heart, and behold those endless replyings against God which lurk there; when I think what must be the fountain from which they spring, it would seem as if I should be filled with repentance, as if I should mourn, with deep and peni

tential sorrow, over my unspeakable, my amazing guilt. But still I am freezing with impenitence! The law is holy, and the commandment holy, just, and good; man is bound to comply with it; God must not relax his requirements: if he should, his law would not be strict enough to check the progress and influence of sin; and sin, unrestrained, would soon disorganize his whole moral system, and banish happiness from the universe. This I know and believe; and yet I rebel! Yes, the worm lifts her unrighteous head, and asks, 'What doest thou? and why doest thou thus?' This is what troubles me. I am afraid I have never been brought truly to submit all things to the disposal of God, especially to submit to his righteousness in the condemnation of sinners. I fear I have never yet seen aright the dreadful evil of sin, and that this is the source of the misgivings I sometimes experience, as to its just desert of eternal punishment. But Jehovah *is*, I know he is, righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works; and he has said, that 'the wicked shall be turned into hell; where their worm dieth not, and the fire shall never be quenched.' Hush, then, every murmuring, doubting thought, every rebellious discontented feeling! Oh, for deeper views of the vileness, the exceeding vileness of sin, for stronger and more abiding confidence in the rectitude and the goodness of God! Pray for *me*, my dear M. in particular; and pray for false professors, for it is to be feared there are many such.

"My mind, I ought to add after what I have said, is generally tranquil. I am comfortable in hope; and this is my hope, that I have received something of the

grace of God, and he who has begun the good work, will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ. I cannot but feel, with the wife of Manoah, that if the Lord had not intended good for me, he would not have shewn me all these things.

" Is it common for minds to recur with something like melancholy, to past scenes of a pleasant character? Or is my doing it owing to a constitutional disposition to attach gloom to every thing? I have tried long and hard to arrive at the true answer to this question. I am inclined to think that the emotion to which I refer, is peculiar to persons whose feelings have more of the sensitive and enthusiastic in them, than those of the rest of the world; and such are mine. This, added to a natural propensity to pensive reflections, will perhaps account for the effect of which I have spoken. Dear M., when I look forward to the trials I may meet with, and realize my own impotence, I feel that, if I am supported, it will be a glorious instance of the power of God's grace to overcome and subdue constitutional infirmities, and bear up the spirit, when every thing seems combined to counteract its influence. I know that extreme sensibility is generally considered an excellence in our sex. But why should we, whose bodily weakness and necessary trials subject us to a larger portion of misery than men, be led to consider that as amiable which only relaxes those energies of the mind which will prepare us for suffering? I cannot sufficiently deprecate the influence which such a sentiment may have upon the mind. Women are too generally brought up to think resolutions useless, and led, by

false notions of delicacy, to glory in their weakness. But the voice of the world changes when circumstances require the exercise of fortitude. Then, the very sensations which before excited pleasure, are considered as indications of weakness and folly. I wish women would endeavour, in all proper ways, to strengthen their more vigorous powers, as reason, judgment, &c. and pay less attention to the cultivation of their imagination, which, in most of our sex, has naturally sufficient vigour."

For two years before her marriage Mrs. Huntington had kept a journal, in which she recorded, from time to time, the Lord's dealings with her. This journal she resumed some years after, under "a conviction," as she expresses it, "of the expediency of taking down written memorials of special mercies." The practice has been very frequent among Christians, in all ages, and it has, no doubt, been attended with the most beneficial effects. We are thus admitted to the most secret recesses of the Christian's thoughts, and learn to sympathize with his every feeling. As specimens of the judicious remarks which Mrs. Huntington made, in reference to the common affairs of life, we may select the following:—

"I have had a very precious exercise this evening for me. God grant it may prove to have been genuine! I have, for some time past, been in a very worldly, carnal state, and Jehovah graciously chastised me. My trial was, in itself, a small one; but it was hard to be borne. One of my domestics treated me in an unbecoming manner, and when I expostulated with her, only continued to justify herself, and persist in her

rudeness. This circumstance led me to realize, how infinitely important it is that I should ever tread in the precise path of duty, and never turn to the right hand or to the left, lest it should bring a reproach on religion. Such a sense of my multiform duties, as a head of a family, and of my entire impotence for their performance, rushed upon me, that I was almost overwhelmed. But I was enabled to go to that precious Saviour, in whom there is a supply for my every want. I think I was enabled to cast my naked soul upon him for wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and final redemption from sin. And oh! what a glorious method for the attainment of strength, and faith, and grace, did it appear to me; and how hateful did my lukewarmness in his service seem! I only wonder that I was not a thousand times more affected than I was. I think I was enabled to pray for the person who misused me, and to feel all enmity taken away, and a sweet spirit of forgiveness, and a desire that she should be delivered from the bondage of corruption. Indeed, it seemed as if I was filled with love for all the world. Blessed Redeemer! precious, glorious Pattern! enable me to catch something of thy spirit while sojourning in this vale of tears! And may that spirit and its divine fruits be consummated in the world of glory!"

Again, speaking of domestic duties, Mrs. H. observes,—

"When I hear females, as I sometimes do, deprecating the contractedness of domestic life, and eagerly panting after the employments and publicity of philosophers, statesmen, and legislators, I am led to think that my life, in the little sphere of my family, must be more

varied than theirs, or they could not consider the duties of the domestic circle as unimportant, or devoid of excitements. It is true, if the meed to be obtained were mere human applause, the female part of the world would have but little opportunity to shine; and might justly complain of the narrowness of their sphere, and the insignificance of their lot. But when it is considered that the quality of actions is determined by God, and that, in his view, the person who tears from his bosom a right hand sin, or performs a self-denying duty, is greater than the hero or the conqueror considered only as such, how is the case altered! how does it dignify any station which is calculated to produce these effects! The woman, therefore, who complains of the obscurity of her condition, feels and talks like a heathen. She virtually professes to value the praise of men more than the praise of God; and is likely, by her impiety and folly, to forfeit both."

And, once more, the importance of early education and training, is thus adverted to:—

"There is scarcely any subject concerning which I feel more anxiety, than the proper education of my children. It is a difficult and delicate subject; and the more I reflect on my duty to them, the more I feel how much is to be learned by myself. The person who undertakes to form the infant mind, to cut off the distorted shoots, and direct and fashion those which may, in due time, become fruitful and lovely branches, ought to possess a deep and accurate knowledge of human nature. It is no easy task to ascertain, not only the principles and habits of thinking, but also the causes which produce them. It is no easy task, not

only to watch over actions, but also to become acquainted with the motives which prompted them. It is no easy task, not only to produce correct associations, but to remove improper ones, which may, through the medium of those nameless occurrences to which children are continually exposed, have found a place in the mind. But such is the task of every mother who superintends the education of her children. Add to this the difficulty of maintaining that uniform and consistent course of conduct which children ought always to observe in their parents, and which alone can give force to the most judicious discipline; and, verily, every considerate person must allow, that it is no small matter to be faithful in the employment of instructors of infancy and youth. Not only must the precept be given 'Love not the world;' but the life must speak the same. Not only must we exhort our infant charge to patience under their little privations and sorrows, but we must also practise those higher exercises of submission which, they will easily perceive, are but the more vigorous branches of the same root whose feeble twigs they are required to cultivate. Not only must we entreat them to seek first the kingdom of God, but we must be careful to let them see that we are not as easily depressed by the frowns, or elated by the smiles of the world, as others. In short, nothing but the most persevering industry in the acquisition of necessary knowledge, the most indefatigable application of that knowledge to particular cases, the most decisive adherence to a consistent course of piety, and, above all, the most unremitted supplications to Him who alone can enable us to resolve and act correctly, can qualify

us to discharge properly the duties which devolve upon every mother."

In accordance with the deep feeling of parental responsibility which breathes throughout these remarks, we find her recording the following pious aspirations and expressions of devout feeling :—

"I was enabled, in secret prayer this morning, to plead, with some degree of fervour, and I hope, in faith, for my dear children. May I be enabled to continue wrestling mightily with God for them, as one that hath power with him to prevail. May I be enabled to lay up for them a stock of acceptable prayers, to be answering when I am in the dust! Oh that, having been the instrument of their natural, I may be the blessed instrument of their spiritual life! Why were they given me, but that I might train them up for God? This blessed hope sustains and comforts me. What an honour to prepare gems for the Redeemer's crown! And shall my expectations be blighted? God forbid. Oh that every breath might be a breath of prayer! Holy Spirit quicken my sluggish soul."

And again, in the same spirit :—

"What a delicate office is that of a mother! How wary should be her footsteps, how spotless her example, how uniform her patience, how extensive her knowledge of the human heart, how great her skill in using that knowledge, by the most vigilant and strenuous application of it in every variety of occurring circumstances, to enlighten the understanding and reform the heart! Legislators and governors have to enact laws, and compel men to observe them; mothers have to implant the principles, and cultivate the dispositions, which alone can make good citizens and subjects. The former have

to exert authority over characters already formed; the latter have to mould the character of the future man, giving it a shape which will make him either an instrument of good to the world, or a pest in the lap of society. Oh that a constant sense of the importance and responsibility of this station may rest upon me! that grace may be given me faithfully to discharge its difficult duties!"

Mrs. Huntington's constitution, which had never been robust, appears to have exhibited, shortly after her marriage, symptoms of a tendency to consumption. But, even under a consciousness of this, her zeal for the honour of her God only seemed to gather strength. She longed to be useful in advancing the divine glory.

"My lungs are very weak. I often feel great distress from very slight exertions in talking. O how do I wish that my little strength may be devoted to the glory of God; that my breath may not be wasted by idle and useless conversation! How dreadful to think that I have employed my health no better, for the best of Fathers, and in the best of causes! I long to do some good in the world. I long to be useful to my dear fellow-creatures. I long to see all engaged for God. Oh that these desires may be attained! I had some sweet freedom in prayer this morning. I felt that I could go to God, through Christ, as my Father. I think I felt something of the spirit of adoption, and saw something of the preciousness of Christ; remembered with satisfaction and thankfulness, that he had trodden the rugged path of human life, and the rough descent to the valley of death, and smoothed them both for his children; and felt as if I could follow where he had led the way."

While in this state of weakness, it pleased the Almighty to withdraw from her a kind and tender parent, to whom she was fondly attached. Still she could bow with resignation to the stroke, saying, by her whole deportment on that trying occasion, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth to him good."

"The conflict is over. My dear father, who loved me as himself, is gone, never to return! I may say with the apostle, I am 'troubled, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.' But the wound is deep; it can never be healed. Dear man! I dwell too much on the mere earthly circumstances of this afflicting event. I ought to look beyond the veil. His sufferings were great; it pierces my heart to think of them. But what were they to the glory now revealed? Blessed be God for the satisfactory evidence he gave of preparation for the great change, and for the spiritual comfort he enjoyed amid his bodily pains, and in prospect of death! I would bow at the solemn rebuke, and say, Thy will be done! God of mercy, support, comfort, and sanctify me!"

On Mrs. Huntington's return to Boston, from attending the death-bed of her father, the pain in her side and weakness in her chest, which had so much alarmed her friends, began to develope themselves more strongly than ever. And yet she preserved the most cheerful and happy frame of mind. "Many," she says in her Journal, "who have no knowledge of the subject from experience, think that religion makes men gloomy. I know nothing of such religion. How can that which prepares us for afflictions, which teaches us to expect disappointments, which lowers our calculations and desires from this world, which resolves all things, with

sweet complacency, into the will of the all-wise and all-merciful Governor of the universe, which assures us that Jehovah is pledged to make all things work together for good, which gives to the soul, in this wilderness, a foretaste of heaven, and a hope attested by evidence which God himself has prescribed, of ultimate admission to the joys of his immediate presence,—how can such a principle make men gloomy? It is impossible. O yes, I can say from experience, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.' So far as I can trust in God and love his will, so far I am happy. Oh for more continual, more perfect resignation and confidence! I *know* that what he appoints is best. May this conviction have an abiding influence upon my feelings and conduct. My soul, 'trust thou in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.'"

"In the world you shall have tribulation," was the express declaration of our blessed Redeemer to his faithful servants, while on earth, and the truth of the statement has been uniformly admitted by Christians in every age of the world. To the subject of our present sketch, however, "tribulation" was more especially familiar. In addition to her own bodily ailments, which were frequent and severe, she was subjected to many domestic trials of a kind remarkably painful. She had recently been called to mourn the loss of her father, and, in December 1817, she was deprived of her mother. The letter written to her sisters, on receiving the distressing intelligence, bears marks of a warmly pious and affectionate heart.

" My dear sisters, the long expected but melancholy and afflictive tidings of our beloved mother's dissolution, reached me on Wednesday last. The stroke has fallen, and we are without a parent. But the Psalmist says, ' When my father and my mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up.' Oh to be taken up, to be adopted, taken into God's family; to have him exercise over us the endearing, the watchful, the vigilant attention and care of an omniscient and Almighty Parent! But in order to this, something is necessary on our part. As God promises to be the husband only of the ' widow indeed,' so he promises to be the father only of the orphan indeed; of those who, disclaiming all other dependence, fly to him, through Jesus Christ, as their best, their only portion; who feel the vanity of all human helpers; who love him with a filial and holy love; and who manifest their attachment by a hatred of sin which he hates, by a pursuit of the holiness he enjoins, by a life of universal obedience to his law. For how can we love God, if we are careless of offending him? How can we for a moment think we love him, if we allow ourselves in any thing he hates? ' This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments. He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.' My dear sisters, can we, with these passages of Scripture before us, appeal to our Master and future Judge, as Peter did, and say, ' Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee?' If so, then are we the children of God, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; then are we preparing for heaven; then our God will lead us in a right way to the city of

habitation; he will smooth the path of life, or give us strength to surmount every difficulty of the way, accompanying every cross with his blessing, and ultimately bring us to the heavenly Jerusalem, the inner temple of his glory, to the full and endless enjoyment of himself in heaven.

"Is it so, my beloved sisters? Dust and ashes, pollution and guilt as we are, does the infinite Jehovah allow us to indulge such a hope as this! And can we live in sin? Can we live without panting after grace to glorify Him much, from whom we have received all? Can we go on day after day, and month after month, doing nothing for his glory, for his cause, for his people? Time flies. We are drawing near to eternity. Our friends are, in rapid succession, called away. Our turn must soon come. And, Oh! My heart is full while I think of it, what are we doing to make life pleasant in the retrospect, to give calmness and serenity to the dying hour, to make eternity happy? What are we doing which evinces our hope to be that which maketh not ashamed, and which will receive the Master's gracious reward? These are inquiries in which we are all deeply concerned. Alas! what bitter self-reproaches do they cause me to feel. Oh for grace to have our lamps trimmed and burning, and to be waiting for the coming of our Lord!"

In all circumstances Mrs. Huntington was enabled to seek comfort, where alone it can be found, in the precious promises of the gospel. Hence we find her giving vent to her feelings in these words:—

"Constituted, as I am, with strong feelings, suscepti-

ble nerves, and a heart prone to forebode evil, what should I do without religion? This, I often feel, is the only anchor that holds me from drifting into the gulf of despair. Oh! if the religion of Christ were false, as the infidel tries to make us think, what would become of me? Now, when labouring with grief, and at times ready to sink, the precious truths of the Gospel are sometimes sent to my mind, for my relief, with an efficacy altogether superior to any other sources of consolation. I pillow my aching head on its precious promises, and I find rest. Oh, my God! why dost thou thus fly to my relief? Why, wretch that I am! am I not left to my idols? Break, oh break, hard, stony heart, at the long-suffering of thy God."

Though the sphere in which Mrs. Huntington's character shone in its brightest lustre was the domestic circle, she felt a sincere delight in doing "good to all as she had opportunity." She visited the humble dwellings of the poor, ministered to their wants, sympathised with them in their distresses, and directed their minds to the "balm in Gilead, and the physician there." An interesting case of this kind, she thus narrates:—

"I called in, by accident, as we say, to-day, at a miserable looking house, where I found a poor afflicted woman, of twenty or twenty-three years of age, whose case affected me much. She has one child three months old, and one eighteen months old; is in miserable health herself; and has an intemperate, unkind husband. She appeared broken-hearted, and almost bereft of reason. She was born in ———, attended Mr. M.'s ministry, and was once the subject of serious

impressions. But an imprudent marriage has ruined her, at least for this world. She is in a wretched dirty hovel, with her husband's father and mother, and a flock of miserable children. All of them are addicted to drink; quarrels among parents and children till midnight, are frequent. I saw only the mother-in-law. But the scene I witnessed was an emblem of hell. The poor young woman is in a state little short of despair. She says it is impossible for her to have a moment alone, and that her husband and mother-in-law will not let her read the Bible. She said to me, 'Oh! If I could go up and stay at your house but one night!' It seemed as if God had directed us to the place; I hope for good. I cannot keep this poor young creature out of my mind. If God sent us there to be the instruments of saving this soul from death, what a mercy it will be! Oh that the Redeemer would pluck this helpless one out of the jaws of the lion!"

The period was now fast approaching which was destined, more than all the other sorrows with which Mrs. Huntington had been visited, to try her faith, and patience, and Christian resignation. Her husband's health, which had for some time been feeble, at length began to yield under the pressure of his ministerial labours. His physicians recommended a cessation from his wonted exertions, and a change of air. He accordingly set out on a journey as far as Montreal, and, for a time, felt himself considerably improved. But, in the inscrutable providence of God, he was never permitted to reach home, but died at Groton, on Saturday, September 11, 1819.

Thus was this amiable and pious lady suddenly, and by an unexpected stroke, written widow and desolate. Her submissive and exemplary patience under the painful stroke, is thus noticed by a friend :—

" There was, in her whole deportment, the most convincing and pleasing evidence of humble, child-like submission to the divine will. Most of her conversation with me at that time, worthy of being recorded as I felt it to be, I regret that I am compelled to say, has escaped my memory. I will, however, add a few particulars, in the unconnected manner in which they occur to my recollection.

" I remember asking her, on the day succeeding the death of Mr. Huntington, if it required an effort to be submissive. She answered, ' I am enabled to bless God, that I have not had to contend with an unbelieving thought. I would rather have endured the agony of separation, than that my dear husband should have borne it. I can truly say, ' 'Tis the surviver dies.'

" On another occasion she said to me, ' The bitterness of my grief can be known only to God and my own soul. But I think I can say, ' Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him,' and can lay hold on the hand that smites, for support. But, oh, the loneliness of widowhood ! I am as Peter sinking in deep waters.'

" The resignation and calmness she was enabled to feel, she ascribed ' to the mercy of God, in answer to the prayers of his dear people,' many of whom, she knew, constantly remembered her in their supplications."

Her own feelings are thus recorded in her Journal :—

" The desolating stroke my soul was dreading, when

I last wrote in this journal, has fallen upon me. Yes, it has fallen upon me; and I live. What shall I say? —The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly, or I should now have dwelt in silence. Wonderful grace! He that hath loved me bore me through. His everlasting arm was under me. He taught and enabled me to say, Thy will be done. To him be glory. The being I loved better than myself, has left me in this wilderness. He on whom I leaned has gone over Jordan. But another arm, mightier than his, sustains me. I can say, I humbly believe with truth,—Nevertheless, I am not alone, for God is with me. And I must again cry, Grace! grace! I am a wonder to myself. Oh! the infinite grace of God! A worm is in the furnace, and is not consumed! And must I not love this 'strong Deliverer' better than all? Shall I not cheerfully give up my comforts at his command?"

And again in a similar strain:—

"No more shall this bosom, when heaving with anguish,
In the kind breast of sympathy seek for relief,
While helpless I wander, or hopeless I languish;
Ah, cold is the heart that would share all my grief!"

"Consuming thought! Who shall ever more wipe the tear of sorrow from these weeping eyes, or lend the ear of undissembled sympathy to the complainings of this broken heart? Who shall bend, with the smile of tenderness, over my bed of suffering, and cheer me with the voice of affection? Alas, alas, no change can ever restore him to these widowed arms! And I should go down to the grave in sorrow, were it not that God is my helper."

And some time after we find her giving vent to her feelings, in contemplating her desolate state.

"Surely I have reason, if any one has, to feel like a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth. All the ties of near relationship, my children excepted, by which I was bound to this world, have been, one after another, sundered. And now I wish never to have any of these earthly ties renewed. My relationships are in heaven; I feel a peculiar, peaceful, melancholy satisfaction in this consciousness daily. It seems like a still small voice from the world of spirits, admonishing me to be girding myself to my journey, and setting my face homeward. It is well, Father, it is well. Only help me to cling to thee for ever; only remember me, in life, and in death; and I ask no other portion. Thou knowest best. Do with me as seemeth good unto thee."

The details of her husband's last illness and death, are recorded with great simplicity and beauty, in her Diary. They are deeply affecting and interesting.

"I have long intended, for the sake of my children, to describe some of the exercises of my mind at the time of my blessed husband's sickness and death; but have not before felt able to do so.

"The last part of my stay at Bridgewater, I experienced, at times, a peculiar flagging of my animal spirits, and a sense of horror which can never be described. There was no particular cause for this that I am aware of. On Saturday, August 28, 1819, I heard that Mr. Huntington had stopped at Groton, fatigued; and was not much alarmed, supposing that he did not come into Boston so late in the week, to avoid the la-

bour of preaching immediately after so long and fatiguing a journey; and, overruled by the solicitations of my friends, and the consideration of the yellow fever being in Boston, I remained at Bridgewater until Wednesday. On Tuesday I sat watching at my window, to see the well-known chaise, the sound of which, on similar occasions, had always delighted me. Toward evening I expected the stage, and possibly, my husband in it. The stage appeared. Instead of my husband, the driver threw me out a letter. It struck a pang to my heart. When I had opened it, through the mistaken kindness of my friends, I was still informed that "he was fatigued." Distracted with apprehension and suspense, I waited for morning; and, at nine o'clock, left Bridgewater in the stage, with a heart tortured with apprehension, alas! soon and certainly realized. During my ride home, this passage of Scripture was upon my mind, and comforted me, 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' I was feeble, but wished to go to Groton that night. Mr. ——— assured me, however, that Mr. Huntington was not very sick. He had seen him on Monday. Miss ——— was with me. Mr. ———'s assurance of my precious husband's being only slightly feverish, had in a great measure lulled my fears.

"On Thursday morning I set out, in a chaise, accompanied by a friend, for Groton. During the ride, the first answer of the Assembly's Catechism was strongly impressed upon my mind, 'Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him for ever.' I felt that for the last twelve years I had, in a great degree, misunderstood the great object for which I was made; that

if not my chief, a very high end with me had been, to be happy in my husband, and make him happy in me. I felt that the highest happiness of a rational mind ought to arise, from answering the purpose for which God made it; and therefore that I ought to be happy in glorifying God, and in enjoying myself.

"We reached the public house in Groton. I inquired if they knew how Mr. Huntington of Boston was. The answer was, 'very sick indeed; the doctor has been there all day; he is a very sick man.' My limbs would scarcely support me to the house. Upon our arrival there, we went into the parlour alone. The first object that met my eye, was the hat of the blessed sufferer above stairs. It struck me with fearfulness and trembling, as the herald of death. I asked for the physician; and, in reply to my agonized interrogation, 'Is there no hope?' he said, 'Mr. Huntington is very sick. I should have had some hope, were it not that all fevers this summer have been unusally fatal.'—The overwhelming agonies of that moment can never be described. The language of my heart was, 'Oh that God would redeem his life with mine!' The doctor told me I must compose myself, as to see me agitated might destroy the object of my solicitude.

"Mr. Huntington was apprized, by the physician, of my arrival. There was an increase of ten to the number of his pulse upon this intelligence. When I entered the room in which he lay, he was gasping for breath; but his countenance glowed with an expression of tenderness I shall never forget, as he threw open his arms, exclaiming, 'My dear wife!' and clasped me, for some moments, to his bosom. I said with per-

fect composure, 'My blessed husband, I have come at last.' He replied, 'Yes, and it is infinite mercy to me.' I told him, all I regretted was, that I could not get to him sooner. He said, with a tender consideration for my health, which he always valued more than his own, 'I am glad you could not; in your present circumstances, it might have been too much for me.'

"From that time, owing to the insidious nature of his disease, I had considerable hope. I had seen him. I was with him. He was as sensible of my love, and of my attentions, as ever; and I could not realise the stroke that was impending. Never shall I remember, without gratitude, the goodness of God in giving me that last week of sweet, though sorrowful, intercourse with my beloved husband.

"The days and nights of solitude drew near a fatal close. I could not think of his death. At that prospect nature revolted. I felt as if it would be comparatively easy to die for him. But the day before his death, when all spoke encouragement, I felt that we must part. In the bitterness of my soul, I went into the garret. It was the only place I could have without interruption. Never shall I forget that hour. Whether in the body or out, I could scarcely tell. I DREW NEAR TO GOD. Such a view of the reality and nearness of eternal things I had never had. It seemed as if I was somewhere with God. I cast my eye back on this life, it seemed a speck. I felt that God was my God, and my husband's God; that this was enough; that it was a mere point of difference whether he should go to heaven first or I, seeing we should both go so soon. My mind was filled with satisfaction with the

government of God. 'Be ye followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises,' seemed to be the exhortation given me upon coming back to this world. I do not mean that there was any bodily or sensible appearances. But I seemed carried away in the spirit. I pleaded for myself and children travelling through this distant country. It seemed as if I gave them, myself, and husband up entirely; and it was made sure to me that God would do what was best for us.

"From that time, though nature would have her struggles, I felt that God had an infinite right to do what he pleased with his own; that he loved my husband better than I did; that if he saw him ripe for his rest, I had no objections to make. All the night he was exercised with expiring sufferings, and God was pouring into my soul one truth and promise of the Gospel after another. I felt it sweet for him to govern. There was a solemn tranquillity filled the chamber of death. It was an hour of extremity to one whom Jesus loved. I felt that He was there, that angels were there, that every agony was sweetened and mitigated by ONE, in whose sight the death of his saints is precious. I felt as if I had gone with the departing spirit to the very utmost boundary of this land of mortals, and as if it would be easier for me to drop the body which confined my soul in its approach towards heaven, than retrace all the way I had gone. When the intelligence was brought me that the conflict was over, it was good news; I kissed the clay, as pleasantly as I ever did when it was animated by the now departed spirit. I was glad he

had got safely home, and that the steps of his departure were so gently ordered.

"It would be in vain for me to attempt a description of my feelings the next morning. I had never seen such a sun rise before. It beheld me alone. Were I the only created being in the universe, I could not, perhaps, have felt very differently. I went into the chamber in which he died. There, on the pillow, was the print of his head. The bed of death was just as when it resigned, for ever, the body of him who was all the world to me. His portmanteau, comb, brush, &c. lay in sight. God wonderfully supported me.

"But why do I dwell on a description which, even now, is almost too much for me? How did God sustain a creature who was weakness itself? How mercifully he has carried me through all my successive trials! Truly it was the Lord's doing; and it is marvellous in my eyes.

"And now; O, how is it now? Not so much comfort; labouring with sin; afraid almost to live in this wicked world; dreading a thousand evils in my present lonely state. But all this is wrong. God hath said, 'Who shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?' How kindly my beloved husband used to remind me of this text!"

But the trials of this eminent saint of the Most High, were not yet finished. Some of her last earthly comforts were snatched from her, and she was doomed to feel the bitterest pangs which can rend a parent's heart. On the 1st of September 1821, she thus writes in her journal:—

"The hand of the Lord has again touched me. On the twenty-fifth of last month, I was called home to receive the last parting sigh of my dearly beloved Joshua. Thus the fond and cherished babe left me at a moment's warning. It fell upon me like a thunderbolt.—But my mind is comforted now. My child, my lamb, is in heaven. He has gone to the Saviour, who said, 'Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am.' Amen. Lord, help those that remain to follow!"

And again on the 8th of the same month:

"I go about from one room to another, but the places and things which once knew him, know him no more. I find not the object I seem to be seeking. My tears flow; my heart is full; I feel almost as if there were no sorrow like my sorrow. My mind does not leave every thing here, and fasten itself on heaven, as it did when my dear husband died. I am not comfortless; but I have not the 'strong consolation,' which I then had. It seems as if Joseph were not, and Benjamin were not. But, oh, let me not undervalue my remaining mercies—my pleasant children, my thousand, my unnumbered blessings!"

It was deeply distressing to one of such tender affections as those which characterised Mrs. Huntington, to be subjected to trials so numerous and painful. She had lost her dearest earthly friend—the companion, the husband of her youth; and now she is bereaved of a darling child, peculiarly endeared to her, as being born in her widowhood, and bearing the name of her deceased partner. But even yet the cup of suffering, mingled by an all-wise Father, was not completely

full. A few days after the death of Joshua, another child, in whom she felt a very tender interest, as having for a long time been feeble, both in body and mind, was snatched away from her, in the mysterious arrangements of Providence. On this last occasion, she thus writes:—

"I live, though death has smitten another of my number. Elizabeth was taken from all her sorrows and her sufferings, eleven days after my sweet babe. I have no doubt that both these little ones are in heaven. They were given to God; and they are not, because he has taken them. As it respects Elizabeth, I can *see* that the dispensation, which released her from a body of disease and death, which confined and cramped all the efforts of the soul, and set the spirit free, to unfold and expand in the service of God, is a wise and merciful dispensation."

Thus was Mrs. Huntington, though still young in years, subjected to many severe trials, all tending to promote her advancement in holiness, and preparation for heaven. Her whole life, indeed, was chequered with varied scenes of prosperity and adversity, but she felt that she was thereby called to glorify Him, in every possible situation, "who called her out of darkness into light, and had chosen her as a vessel of mercy to shew forth His praise."

But we hasten to the closing scene of this devoted woman's life. Her health, as we have already said, had, since her childhood, been delicate, and though supported under her manifold sufferings, by a strength far greater than her own, her feeble frame, at length, sunk under them. Her body, it soon became evident,

was wasting under a lingering consumption. Various means were tried, to arrest the disease, but without effect. Her race was nearly run, and she appeared to be hastening to receive the prize. It may be interesting to extract from the notes of her pastor, some account of his last visits to her.

"Tuesday, October 28, 1823. Called on Mrs. Huntington about half-past nine in the morning. Found that she had failed considerably since my last visit. To an inquiry, in relation to the state of her mind since Friday, she replied, 'I think I have felt more of the presence of Christ than I did when I saw you last. I have not had those strong views and joyful feelings with which I have sometimes been favoured. My mind is weak, and I cannot direct and fix my thoughts as I once could. But I think I *have* fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before me in the precious Gospel; and he who is the foundation of that hope will never forsake me.' Then, with the most interesting expression of countenance, she said, 'I trust we shall meet in heaven, and spend an eternity in praising our dear Redeemer.' It was replied, 'We shall, if we give him our hearts, and continue faithful to him unto the end.' 'I feel,' she answered, 'that I have been very, very unfaithful. But he is merciful, his blood cleanseth from all sin, and I trust he has blotted my sins from the book of his remembrance. Oh, what should we do without Christ!' 'As much debtors,' it was remarked, 'to free grace at the end of our course as when we begin it.' 'More,' she replied, 'far more; for we sin against greater light and love, after we are born again. Yes, it is all of

free grace. If it were not, what would become of me?' It was answered, 'You would have perished, justly perished; but now, when you enter heaven, you will stand before the angels, a monument of God's justice, as well as of his free grace, for he is just in justifying those that believe in Jesus.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'what a glorious plan! what a precious Saviour! Oh, that I could love him more! Pray that I may love and glorify him for ever.'

"After prayer, she said, 'I hope you pray for me at other times, as well as when you are here. Ask for me the continual presence of Christ, and that I may honour his religion to the end.' It was answered, 'We constantly remember you in our prayers: many of God's people are deeply interested for you, and are continually supplicating the throne of grace in your behalf.' 'I know it,' she replied; 'and that is the reason why I have been favoured with such a comfortable state of mind; for Satan has desired to have me, and to sift me as wheat. I hope they will continue to pray for me; and may God bless them with the consolations they ask for me.' It was remarked, 'He who said to Peter,' 'I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not,' is, I trust, continually interceding for you: and him the Father heareth always.' She said, 'I hope he does intercede for me; and that is one of my greatest consolations; for he will be heard. But, you know, he presents the prayers of the saints; and I want the satisfaction of reflecting, that he is continually presenting many of them in behalf of me and my dear children.'

"On Friday, October 31st, at nine o'clock, A. M.

found her more comfortable than on Tuesday last. She said, 'My mind has generally been in a peaceful frame since I saw you. But I want to realize the presence and preciousness of Christ, more distinctly and constantly than my great weakness permits me to do.' Some remarks were made respecting the provisions of the Covenant of Grace as adapted to all our weaknesses. 'The Bible,' it was said, 'tells us that 'He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust;' 'a bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench;' 'We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.' She said, 'Glorious covenant! precious promises! I have given myself, soul and body, to Him in whom they are all yea and amen, and I do not fear. I desire to have him do with me as it shall please him.'

"After prayer she said, 'We have indeed a faithful God, a precious Saviour; but how limited our knowledge, how imperfect our views, of eternal things!' It was replied, 'What we know not now, we shall know hereafter. Soon, if we are Christians, we shall see, face to face, and know even as we are known. And now, we know that when Christ shall appear, if we are the children of God, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.' 'That,' she said, 'is enough. How different will be our views! How differently shall we view sin! I seem never to have known what it is, till within the last few weeks. And

now, I am convinced I know very little of its evil and hateful nature. How can we trifle with it as we do?'

"This day had been set apart by the church to which she belonged, as a season of fasting and prayer; the forenoon to be spent, as far as paramount duties would permit, in private devotion, and a meeting of the church to be held in the afternoon, and again in the evening. She alluded to the subject, expressing a hope that it might be a pleasant and profitable season to the whole church, as pleasant and profitable as she had found the last church fast; and added, 'I wish I could be with you.' It was answered, 'You can; we are going to the throne of grace, and you can be there also.' She replied, 'I will try. May the Holy Spirit be in the midst of you, producing in every heart godly sorrow for past unfaithfulness, and reviving the spirit of obedience and of effort to promote the work of the Lord.'

"She then inquired respecting the 'Ladies Distributing Bible Association,' and the Female Associations in connexion with the 'Auxiliary Foreign Missionary Society of Boston and Vicinity,' which had recently been formed in the city; and, upon receiving some account of them, expressed her satisfaction in being permitted to hear of these new and systematic efforts to extend the Redeemer's kingdom. It was observed, 'You see God's work on earth will go on, although you and other instruments are laid aside.' She replied, 'Oh, what have I been? Nothing. I have done nothing, compared with what I ought to have done. He needs no instruments; it is infinite condescension in him to employ them; and when he takes

away those he has employed, he has no farther use for them here. I am going, I hope, where I shall serve him better—without sin, and with all my powers, for ever.'

"Friday, November 7. To the usual inquiry respecting the state of her mind, she said, 'Mrs. Graham accurately describes my feelings, when she says, 'Thus far has the Lord brought me through the wilderness; bearing, chastising, forgiving, restoring. I am near to Jordan's flood. May my blessed High Priest, and Ark of the Covenant, lead on my staggering steps the little farther I have to go.' I have had no rapturous views of the heaven to which I hope I am going, no longings to depart. But I have generally been enabled to feel a calm submission, and to realize the fulness and the preciousness of the Saviour. I desire to feel a perfect resignation to the will of God, because it is his will. O how sweet, to be willing to be just where, and just what, God pleases! to rejoice that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. This, in its perfection, is, I think, a principal source of the happiness of heaven. Pray that God would enable me to feel this while suffering from weakness and pain, and entering the dark valley.'

"Frequently, during her sickness, she had expressed to her pastor a desire that he would, if possible, be with her in her last moments. On Thursday, December 4th, he was informed, about three o'clock in the afternoon, that she had failed greatly since morning, and would probably survive but a little longer. He immediately repaired to her residence, and found her sleep-

ing, but very restless, and breathing with great difficulty. She continued in this state, except that respiration became constantly more difficult, through the afternoon and evening. About eleven o'clock the difficulty of breathing became so great, as to overcome the disposition to slumber. Intelligence, it was found, still remained. She was asked 'if she knew she was near her end.' She answered with a sign, in the affirmative. It was said, 'I hope you feel the presence of the Saviour sustaining and comforting you.' She assented. 'Your faith and hope in him are unshaken?' Her reply was in the affirmative.—A few minutes after, her sight failed: and, at twenty minutes past eleven, her spirit entered into rest."

"Her end was full of peace,
Fitting her uniform piety serene.
'Twas rather the deep humble calm of faith,
Than her high triumph; and resembled more
The unnoticed setting of a clear day's sun,
Than his admired departure in a blaze
Of glory, bursting from a clouded course."

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILIELMA VISCOUNTESS GLENORCHY.

This estimable and highly useful individual, who was the daughter of William Maxwell, Esq. of Preston, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, was born after her father's death, on the 2d of September 1741. Her education and early training, as well as that of her sister, devolved entirely upon her mother, who, of a proud and ambitious spirit herself, strove to instil the same character of mind into her daughters. About the same time the two sisters, still in the bloom of youth and beauty, were married; Mary, the eldest, to the Earl of Sutherland, premier Earl of Scotland; and Wilielma, the subject of our present sketch, to Lord Viscount Glenorchy, the only son and heir of John the third Earl of Breadalbane.

Lady Glenorchy, besides being possessed naturally of a strong mind, had received a very expensive and liberal education, and was thus well fitted to adorn the high station to which, by her marriage, she had been raised. But amid all the amiable and endearing qualities which she possessed, she appears to have been nearly, if not, altogether, destitute of piety. Spending her whole time in the gay and giddy round of fashionable pleasure, she walked according to the course of this world; and she felt the more pleasure in the pursuits and amusements of the world, from the habits and inclinations acquired in the course of two years'

residence on the Continent. This mode of life, however, was productive of considerable injury to her naturally delicate constitution; and often in her seasons of indisposition did she resolve to abandon her present pursuits, and devote her life to the practice of piety. These resolutions were, no doubt, in themselves good, but, alas! they too often proved "like the morning cloud or the early dew which soon passeth away."

The time at length came when Lady Glenorchy was rescued from a state of thoughtlessness in regard to the concerns of her soul, awakened to a sense of her sin and danger, and called effectually out of darkness into God's marvellous light. Her attention was first directed to the subject of religion, through an intimacy which she contracted with the pious family of Sir Rowland Hill, at Hawkstone, in the neighbourhood of her occasional residence, Great Sugnal, in Staffordshire. To this family she became much attached, and often wished that she could imbibe somewhat of their pious spirit. The impressions thus excited in favour of godliness were every day acquiring strength, when it pleased God, by means of an afflictive dispensation of his providence, to render them permanent and efficacious. Early in the summer of 1765, while residing at Taymouth Castle, in Perthshire, she was seized with a dangerous putrid fever. In recovering from this disease, her thoughts turned frequently upon the vanity and emptiness of all things here below, on the awful consequences of sin, and on her own melancholy condition, as in God's sight a sinner. For some time she continued in a state of despondency and deep dejection of mind, but by means of a letter from Miss Hill,

a member of the above-mentioned family at Hawkstone, she was encouraged to look by faith to the crucified Redeemer, and to view all her sins as washed away in his precious blood. From that period she resolutely bade a final adieu to the unsatisfying pleasures of time, and dedicated herself to the service and the glory of God.

To her correspondence with Miss Hill, Lady Glenorchy was at this time indebted for much of the spiritual instruction and consolation she received. In her retirement at Taymouth, she spent much of her time in reading and reflection, and, by the blessing of God, she felt her mind much relieved. As the family were in the habit of spending the winter in London, she was not a little afraid lest, immersed once more in the follies of fashionable life, she would be deprived of those serious feelings which had now begun to take possession of her soul. It was her earnest desire that in her whole conduct and deportment she should evince the purifying efficacy of religion. The peculiar doctrines of Christianity, which happened then to be the common topics of pulpit discussion and private conversation, were frequently present to her thoughts; and being distrustful of her own judgment on points of such vital importance, she applied to Miss Hill, her valued counsellor and friend, who furnished her, in a long letter, with a very clear and luminous statement of the mode of our justification in the sight of God, and the nature and necessity of regeneration by the influences of the Holy Spirit. In these fundamental doctrines of God's Word she felt a lively interest, and lost no opportunity of attaining a complete knowledge

of them. In vain did her friends attempt to divert her mind from such topics, by persuading her to return to the dissipated world. She remained firm to her purpose, and neither severity nor persuasion were of any avail. Nor did her steadfastness, in adhering to a religious course, tend, in the slightest degree, to lower her in the esteem of some members, at least, of the noble family with which she had become connected. Lord Breadalbane entertained for her the warmest regard, and continued to do so till his latest hour. And although in some other respects she was not exempt from family crosses, she bore them with a resignation becoming her Christian profession.

Naturally of an amiable and sensitive mind, Lady Glenorchy felt deeply the frequent annoyances to which she was subjected. But while lamenting these, her heart was torn by a painful bereavement, in the death of her only sister, Lady Sutherland, who, a few days after her husband, was cut off suddenly, in the midst of youth and prosperity. The stroke was heavy, but Lady Glenorchy had ere this learned to seek the true source of consolation. With such accumulated trials, arising from her domestic sorrows and the death of her sister, she looked to heaven for help, and on earth she found a sympathising friend in Miss Hill.

Under the pressure of these severe and complicated distresses Lady Glenorchy's health began to suffer, and change of air and scene being recommended, she repaired to a distance from home, where she was not only deprived of the assistance and encouragement of religious friends, but exposed to considerable opposition. The summer she generally spent at Taymouth,

and the winter at Bath, or London, or Edinburgh, where she was subjected to a constant series of visits from her gay and fashionable friends. When residing at Taymouth, where the beautiful and romantic scenery often attracted strangers from different parts of the country, she occasionally enjoyed the society of pious and devoted clergymen, whom she invited to the castle. In Edinburgh she enjoyed the privilege of attending meetings held for religious purposes, composed chiefly of ladies of rank and fortune, at which the Rev. Mr. Walker, senior minister of the High Church, and colleague of Dr. Blair, was accustomed to preside, conducting their devotions, and delivering either an exposition or a sermon.

About this time Lord Glenorchy sold his estate of Great Sugnal in Staffordshire, and purchased that of Barnton, about four miles from Edinburgh. This change of residence was particularly pleasing to Lady Glenorchy, as it afforded all the advantages of a retirement in the country, combined with the advantages of a vicinity to the town. Though she had now assumed a decided part, however, in every Christian work, she was exposed to many trials and difficulties unknown to those in the humbler walks of life. She felt the truth of our Lord's statement, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God." Amid her many discouragements she derived much comfort and support from the counsels and kindness of a friend whom she highly valued, Lady Maxwell. In the cause of religion Lady Glenorchy and Lady Maxwell were zealous co-operators. They strengthened each other's hands and employed their thoughts in

devising plans for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. Their first scheme was to open a place of worship, in which ministers of the Gospel, of every orthodox denomination, might preach. With this design Lady Glenorchy hired St. Mary's Chapel, in Niddry's Wynd, Edinburgh. Before opening this place of worship, she consulted Mr. Walker, who decidedly disapproved of the plan. Dr. Webster of the Tolbooth Church, however, lent the project his countenance and support. The chapel was not to be open during canonical hours, but on the mornings and evenings of the Sabbath, when Presbyterian or Episcopalian clergymen were indiscriminately to officiate, and the Methodists of Mr. Wesley's connection were to occupy the chapel one day in the week.

At this period Lady Glenorchy resolved to establish the regular worship of God in her family, morning and evening, a practice which she adhered to through life; she had also a sermon occasionally delivered in her drawing-room at the Abbey of Holyrood House.

On Wednesday the 7th of March 1770, St. Mary's Chapel was opened for preaching the Gospel, by Mr. Middleton, who was at that time minister of a small Episcopal chapel at Dalkeith. The countenance which Lady Glenorchy gave to the Methodist preachers, by inviting their occasional assistance in her chapel, led to her acquaintance with Mr. Wesley, who seems to have been very desirous that she should join the Methodist connection. This, however, she always declined, though she continued to hear Mr. Wesley while in Edinburgh, often accompanied by Dr. Webster. Probably at her request, these two ministers held a

conference together, at which she was present, and the result she thus states in her diary:—

"This morning the Rev. Dr. Webster and Mr. Wesley met at my house, and had a long conversation together. They agreed on all doctrines on which they spoke, except those of God's decrees, predestination, and the saints' perseverance, which Mr. Wesley does not hold. After Mr. Wesley was gone, Dr. Webster told me in a fair and candid manner wherein he disapproved of Mr. Wesley's sentiments. I must (according to the light I now have, and always have had, ever since the Lord was pleased to awaken me) agree with Dr. Webster. Nevertheless I hope Mr. Wesley is a child of God. He has been an instrument in his hands of saving souls; as such I honour him, and will countenance his preachers. I have heard him preach thrice; and should have been better pleased had he preached more of Christ. I did not find his words come with power to my own soul. I desire to bless God for having enabled me in some measure this day to be faithful to the convictions of his Spirit. O that I may daily receive more strength and courage, to be accounted a fool for Christ's sake!"

Before entering upon the estate of Barnton, considerable improvements were found necessary, and a great number of workmen were accordingly employed in preparing it for the reception of the family. Ministers were often employed to preach to the workmen, and after the house had been repaired, a chapel was built, attached to it, where divine service was conducted by her domestic chaplains generally every Lord's day, after the conclusion of divine service in

the parish Church. This practice was steadily maintained, as long as Lady Glenorchy retained possession of Barnton. Among the persons who presided on these occasions, as being chaplains in the family, were Mr. De Courcy, a very valuable Episcopalian minister, the late Dr. Balfour of Glasgow, the late Mr. Russel of Stirling, the late Dr. Campbell of the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, and the late Mr. Black of Lady Yester's Church, Edinburgh.

Though resident during the greater part of the year at Barnton, Lady Glenorchy spent part of the summer generally at Taymouth, where, notwithstanding the weakness of her constitution and the frequent attacks of sickness, and the exertion required in managing the domestic concerns of her large establishment, she was unwearied in her endeavours to promote the temporal comfort and spiritual improvement of all around her. Her heart was particularly refreshed, about this time, by the society of her friend Miss Hill, who spent the summer and autumn with her at Taymouth. On her return to Edinburgh, though in possession of the highest spiritual privileges, she was often visited with dejection of mind, which by means of prayer and stedfast waiting upon God, was gradually removed. The intercourse she enjoyed with the pious clergymen of the city, particularly with Mr. Walker, Mr. Plenderleath, and Dr. Erskine, had a considerable effect in strengthening her faith, and enlarging her views of divine truth.

The mind of Lady Glenorchy was so deeply imbued with the spirit of her Redeemer, that she embraced every opportunity of communicating religious instruc-

tion to the members of her own household, and even to the cottagers in the neighbourhood of her own residence at Barnton. She went familiarly to the houses of the poor, conversing with them on their best interests, as an instructor and a friend. On some occasions her labours were attended with most encouraging success, but on others her kindness was returned with rudeness and incivility. In consequence of some instances which occurred of the latter description, her friends attempted, though without success, to dissuade her from a practice which they considered as unsuitable to her station in society, and harassing to her feelings.

After St. Mary's Chapel had been open for some months, the ministers of the establishment declined to preach in it on account of the admission of Mr. Wesley's preachers, with whom the people were dissatisfied. Lady Glenorchy therefore resolved to select a pious clergyman, who, besides acting as her domestic chaplain, should regularly officiate in St. Mary's Chapel. At the recommendation of Miss Hill, the Rev. Richard De Courcy was chosen to that office, and readily accepted. Attempts were made by some malicious persons to prejudice the mind of Lord Glenorchy against this excellent individual, before his arrival from England, but " He who has the hearts of all men in his hands" prevented the unhallowed stratagem from succeeding.

For some weeks after Mr. De Courcy had entered upon his duties in St. Mary's Chapel, he officiated along with Mr. Wesley's preachers. This arrangement, however, was soon found to be both inconvenient and injudicious. After deep reflection, therefore, and

earnest prayer, she resolved to separate herself entirely from the Methodists. This step she knew would give great surprise and pain to Lady Maxwell, who was the friend and correspondent of Mr. Wesley. To the credit of both these estimable ladies, however, their friendship continued uninterrupted; so prudently and cautiously did Lady Glenorchy communicate the information of her design to her friend. Christian friendship has in it a peacefulness and a permanance which we in vain look for in the friendships of the world. And such was the character of the intimacy which subsisted between Lady Maxwell and Lady Glenorchy. They encouraged and aided each other in works of piety and true benevolence.

All the repairs and improvements which had been going forward at Barnton were now completed, and Lord and Lady Glenorchy took formal possession of it. Divine service was performed in their private chapel the first Sabbath after their arrival from Taymouth, to a crowded audience. But little more than a month had passed, when the owner of the splendid mansion was laid low, and Lady Glenorchy was written desolate and a widow. The illness of his Lordship was of short duration, but his pious and affectionate partner strove by her own conversation and that of several of her clerical friends, combined with much prayer to Almighty God, to impress his mind with a sense of divine things, and by the blessing of God she had the consolation of thinking that her efforts had not been in vain.

To a mind such as that of Lady Glenorchy, sensitive and keenly affectionate, the stroke which deprived her

of her husband was peculiarly severe. Yet even amid the intensity of her grief, there was a calmness, and serenity, and composure of spirit, which showed her to be under the influence of a holy resignation to the divine will.

After her husband's death, Lady Glenorchy took up her residence at Holyrood House. Left in a state of comfort and independence, as far as worldly circumstances are concerned, she was refreshed by the kindness of her father-in-law, Lord Breadalbane, who handsomely paid the balance of the purchase-money of the Barnton estate, and put her in the full and free possession of it. Such was the esteem and affection which Lord Glenorchy bore her, that he bequeathed to her, by will, his whole disposable wealth and property.

The summer and autumn months she usually spent with Lord Breadalbane at Taymouth, and during the winter she resided in Edinburgh. Being now possessed of considerable wealth, which she had freely at command, she formed the design of erecting a chapel in Edinburgh, in communion with the Established Church of Scotland; and several persons were employed to find a proper situation for it. Various places were pointed out, but the Orphan Park was at length fixed upon, where the chapel was speedily erected, and still stands, bearing the name of Lady Glenorchy's Chapel.

Shortly after this, at the request of Mr. Stuart, minister of Killin, she built a chapel at Strathfillan, a destitute district of his parish, and endowed it, and placed it under the direction and patronage of the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge. She also employed, at her own expense, two licensed

preachers as missionaries in the Highlands of Scotland, under the sanction and countenance of the same Society. All these deeds of benevolence, however, were far from being subjects of boasting on the part of Lady Glenorchy. Her diary, on the contrary, shews that, while the world around was loudest in its praise of her good works, she was the most deeply humbled before God. When the Christian is aware of his own sins and imperfections, there is nothing which more effectually lays him low at the divine footstool, than the praise and adulation of his fellow-men. And such was precisely the case with this spiritually-minded lady. She sought the approbation of God far more than the applause of men. The very idea of the withdrawment of the divine countenance from her, was to her mind a source of the deepest anxiety and pain.

While her chapel in Edinburgh was in course of erection, a distressing accident occurred, in consequence of which both the architect and his foreman were killed. The melancholy event excited considerable sensation in the city, and when the intelligence reached Lady Glenorchy at Taymouth, she was deeply affected, and began to reflect with herself whether it might not be an indication that the Almighty was frowning upon the undertaking. Her views, however, on this point were soon rectified, by the kindness of Mr. Walker, who, by his truly judicious and seasonable letters on the occasion, tended to impress her with right sentiments and feelings.

The rank and station of Lady Glenorchy exposed her to many temptations, from the wordliness of those with whom she was often called to associate. So fre-

quently, indeed, did she feel herself withdrawn from spiritual thoughts and employments, by frivolous and unprofitable visits, that she began to consider seriously how far it was consistent with her Christian character to hold so much intercourse with the world. On this point she, as usual, consulted her spiritual instructor and guide, Mr. Walker; and the letters which that accomplished divine, and truly excellent man, wrote in answer to her inquiries, were characterised by sound judgment and pious feeling.

Lady Glenorchy's chapel having been completed, was opened for public worship on Sabbath, the 8th of May 1774. Dr. Erskine, of the Old Greyfriars church, preached in the forenoon, and Mr. Walker, of the High Church, in the afternoon. The pulpit was supplied for some time partly by the clergymen and probationers of the city and neighbourhood, and partly by two respectable dissenting ministers from England, Mr. Edwards of Leeds, and Mr. Grove of Wooburn, in Buckinghamshire. About a year after the opening of her chapel, Lady Glenorchy went to England. While in London, she attended, on one occasion, the Merchants' Lecture, which is held every Tuesday morning at Pinner's Hall. By a curious coincidence, the venerable biographer of Lady Glenorchy, Dr. Jones, happened to be present that morning. The circumstance is thus feelingly adverted to by the worthy author of the published life of her Ladyship:—

"Mr. Webb, pastor of a church in Fetter Lane, Holborn, was the lecturer of that day, and preached from the 18th verse of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, 'The eyes of your understanding

being enlightened, that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints.' The house was very small, the congregation not numerous, the preacher advanced in life, and read every word of his sermon, with no grace in the delivery: in short, there was no external embellishment to give the discourse the least force; but there was a gravity, a sincerity, a pathos, an uncommonly rich display of evangelical experimental truth, accompanied with a holy unction, that made every word irresistible to a mind disposed to receive the impressions of divine truth, the effect of which six-and-forty years have not effaced from the mind of the author of these pages; nor will any number of years be able to do so, whilst his faculty of memory remains. Lady Glenorchy was seeking a minister for her chapel; little did she think that there was at that time present a stripling, perhaps within her view, not then twenty years of age, who, in that moment, in sentiment and feeling, held close religious fellowship with her, and who, within five short years, was to become the minister of her chapel, and after having laboured in it between forty and fifty years, was to take this manner of attempting to do justice to her memory and character. Little did this stripling think there was then in that small congregation, and among the citizens of London, a person of her rank and influence, to whom, before the close of the next year, by what some men call accident, but by what he considers a very peculiar and gracious providence of Almighty God, he should be introduced; and on which introduction, by the

blessing of heaven, nearly all his future usefulness and comfort for a long life would depend: But thus it was, for so it seemed good in the eyes of the wise and beneficent Disposer of all events."

Before leaving England, Lady Glenorchy paid a visit to her valued friend Miss Hill, at Hawkstone; and on her arrival in Scotland, she sought leisure and retirement, as usual, at Taymouth. She returned to Edinburgh in October, where circumstances soon occurred, which gave her much and long vexation. Mr. Grove, who had preached for some time in her chapel, was very acceptable to the congregation, and there was a prevalent feeling in favour of him being settled as their minister. Nor was Lady Glenorchy averse to it. There were some, however, who openly expressed their dissatisfaction. Anxious to bring the matter to a termination, her Ladyship addressed a letter to the Presbytery of Edinburgh, requesting them to acquiesce in the settlement of Mr. Grove. This, however, was found inexpedient and impracticable, as that gentleman was averse to signing the formula appointed by the Church of Scotland to be subscribed by every minister previous to ordination. The choice of Lady Glenorchy next fell upon the Rev. Robert Balfour, minister of Lecropt, afterwards, for nearly forty years, minister of the Outer High Church of Glasgow. The high character of Mr. Balfour, secured, on the part of the people, a ready acquiescence; but objections were started by some members of the Presbytery, who dissented, and complained to the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, grounded on some technicalities in reference to his admission. Having already declared his acceptance of the appointment

to the chapel, Mr. Balfour, at the first meeting of the Presbytery of Dumblane, tendered his resignation of the charge of the parish of Lecropt. Contrary to all expectation, however, they refused to accept it; and Mr. Balfour, unwilling to carry the matter into the higher Church Courts, gave up his nomination to the chapel. This threw Lady Glenorchy back into her former state of perplexity and uneasiness, and led her not merely to resolve, but actually to take measures for leaving Scotland. She accordingly set out for England, and, being joined by Miss Hill, she visited various places in the south of England, and at length came to London. In the course of her wanderings, Mr., afterwards Dr. Jones, was introduced to her; and as long as she resided in the place where he was settled, he officiated as chaplain in her house morning and evening.

In the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale a strong attempt was made, which for the time was successful, to prevent the chapel of Lady Glenorchy from being admitted into the communion of the Church. The unfavourable decision of the Synod, however, was reversed by the General Assembly in the following May; and Lady Glenorchy's mind being set at rest on the subject, she returned to Scotland in the month of June. The individual on whom she now fixed as minister for the chapel was a young man of sincere piety and excellent abilities, Mr. Francis Sheriff, who was at that time officiating as a chaplain in one of the Scots regiments in Holland. On her invitation he came to Scotland, but was never formally inducted as minister of

the chapel. A brief record of the ministerial life of this pious young man is thus given by Dr. Jones:—

"The history of his ministry in the chapel is very brief: He formed the seat-holders into a congregational body; he preached to them seven times; thrice, on the occasion of making intimations, he gave a few admonitory words; once, he dispensed to them the sacramental bread of life; and afterwards, by all its blessings and obligations, he exhorted them to be faithful unto death. For six months, he was a bright example to them of the work of faith, and the labour of love, and the patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God our Father; and then his warfare was accomplished, and he received his reward."

After the death of Mr. Sheriff, Lady Glenorchy next invited Mr. Hodgson, minister of Carmunnock, to become pastor of her chapel; but as he held some peculiar opinions as to the manner of admitting persons to church privileges, the negociation came to an abrupt termination. Application was then made to Mr. Clayton, a very respectable Independent minister in London, who, after a short deliberation, declined the offer. These repeated disappointments harassed and perplexed the mind of the excellent founder of the chapel. She still, however, trusted, that He in whose cause she was engaged, would send her a pastor after his own heart. Nor was she disappointed. Having invited her former acquaintance and friend, Mr. Jones of Plymouth Dock, to visit her in Scotland, and to supply her chapel for a few weeks, his services gave such unmingled satisfaction, that at the request of the mana-

gers and congregation he was solicited to become their pastor. Mr. Jones had been known to, and had repeatedly preached for, some of the members of the Scots Presbytery in London. By that Presbytery, accordingly, he was taken on trials, and ordained to the office of the holy ministry, in a Scots Presbyterian Chapel, Peter street, Soho. In little more than a month after his ordination, Mr. Jones was introduced to his people in Edinburgh by Mr. Walker of the High Church. Thus did Lady Glenorchy's perplexities, in regard to the appointment of a pastor in her chapel, at length come to a close; and she had the comfort of witnessing the harmony which prevailed in the congregation on the reception of Mr. Jones. Nor were their expectations disappointed, for, whether in point of ability, or pastoral fidelity, or Christian consistency, no minister has ever approved himself more highly in the estimation of the whole Christian community of Edinburgh;—and now, that after more than half a century, spent laboriously in the service of his Master, Dr. Jones has been summoned to his final reward, his memory still lives in the affections of a warmly attached congregation.

Immediately after Mr. Jones had commenced his services in the chapel, Lady Glenorchy retired to Taymouth, where she spent several months, and returned to Edinburgh, as usual, in the beginning of winter. In the following summer she set out for England, accompanied by her very dear Christian friend Lady Henrietta Hope, daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun. On reaching London, Lady Glenorchy was taken alarmingly ill; but, by the kind providence of God, she

speedily recovered so far as to be able to leave town, and set out for Exmouth. When formerly in England, she had fitted up a chapel in that town, and she had now the pleasure of seeing it in a very prosperous condition. On her way home, she visited Miss Hill at Hawkstone; and, after a short stay at Buxton, she set out for Taymouth. Her health was at this time very delicate, and she was strongly recommended by her physicians to spend the winter in England. She therefore set out for Bath, and after remaining there two months she went to London, then to Bristol, and finally to Buxton. While residing in this last town, she was joined by Lady Henrietta Hope, who, her father being dead, took up her abode with Lady Glenorchy, and commonly accompanied her wherever she went, acting at once as a counsellor and a companion. In passing through Carlisle on their way to Scotland, an event occurred which shewed Lady Glenorchy's anxiety to embrace every opportunity of doing good. Observing that an old Presbyterian meeting-house in that town was now deserted and shut up, she purchased it, procured a minister, and assisted the congregation in supporting him.

Soon after her arrival in Scotland, Lady Glenorchy was called upon to perform the last sad offices to her revered parent, Lord Breadalbane, who died at an advanced age in his apartments at the palace of Holyrood House. This event she thus notices in her diary:

"Yesterday it pleased God to take Lord Breadalbane suddenly away, ten minutes after Dr. Cullen had pronounced him much better, and that he probably would be up in his chair in a few days. I have cause to re-

mark many kind providences in this event with regard to myself, that I was so much recovered as to be able to go to town on Thursday to attend him, and had the comfort to see him pleased and happy in having me about him. This day I feel more sensibly the loss than yesterday, yet I dare not murmur,—to the Lord belongeth the disposal of all events,—to his sovereignty I desire to bow, and to rest assured that he doth all things well. What am I that I should reply against God? Be still, my soul, and harbour not a thought inconsistent with total submission to God! The Lord he is God: Let his blessed will be done!"

In the summer of this year, she paid another visit to Buxton in company with Lady Henrietta Hope, and the following summer they spent at Moffat. In 1784 she again went to England, and having occasion to reside some time in Matlock, she purchased a chapel, where the Gospel still continues to be preached. On her way home she visited her early friend Miss Hill at Hawkstone.

Anxious to extend her means of doing good, Lady Glenorchy came to the resolution of selling the Barnton estate, which was accordingly purchased by William Ramsay, Esq., then an eminent banker in Edinburgh. She now set out for Matlock, whence she removed to Bristol hot wells, for the sake of Lady Henrietta's health, as well as her own. Here, however, this excellent lady, who had for some years been the constant companion of Lady Glenorchy, grew rapidly worse, and died, leaving two thousand five hundred pounds to aid her friend in building a chapel in Bristol. Before leaving the place, therefore, Lady Glenorchy made arrange-

ments for building a neat place of worship, which, in memory of her dear friend, she proposed to call Hope Chapel. She next went to Devonshire, and there visited her chapel at Exmouth, after which she returned to Bristol and Bath. In her way to Scotland she stopped at Workington in Cumberland, where she purchased ground for the erection of a chapel, and saw the work commenced. On her arrival at Edinburgh, her friends observed with regret a most unfavourable alteration in her appearance. Her time was at first much occupied with the completion of the sale of Barnton. This was the last business in which she was engaged. Her last illness was of very short duration, and she died as she had lived, in the faith of a crucified Redeemer, and in the assured hope of a glorious immortality.—"Well, if this be dying, it is the pleasantest thing imaginable," were among the last words she was heard to utter. To her, death had long been a conquered foe, and now that she was called to encounter this last enemy, she felt in all its force the truth of the Apostle's remark, in reference to his own experience, "To me to live is Christ, and to die unspeakable gain."

CLEMENTINE CUVIER,

DAUGHTER OF BARON CUVIER, THE CELEBRATED NATURALIST.

THE name of Cuvier is familiar to men of science as a household word. In the departments of natural history and comparative anatomy, and more especially by his researches in fossil geology, he has acquired higher fame than almost any other of his cotemporaries. Though sprung of comparatively obscure parentage, he rose, under Providence, by the force of genius and unwearied application, to be one of the most distinguished men of modern times. "Those who have known this great man," says a writer in the Edinburgh Review, "and have followed him through his brilliant and diversified career, will not charge us with overstrained panegyric, when we say, that in all the lists of fame which we have enumerated, he not only attained a pre-eminent distinction, but acquired a reputation in each, which might have gratified the ambition of any common aspirant for fame." His character ranked high both as a philosopher and a statesman. Our object, however, at present, is to exhibit him in neither of these capacities, but as the father of the amiable, the accomplished, the pious Clementine. Dutiful in her conduct, and affectionate in her disposition, he loved her perhaps too strongly; and when, at length, by the mysterious arrangements of Him who cannot

err, she was consigned to an early grave, the feelings of the parent were so deeply wounded that his health became permanently affected, and ere long his useful life was brought to a close.

Sophia Laura Clementine Cuvier was born at Paris in 1805. From her childhood she displayed a vigour of mind and a desire for knowledge peculiarly promising in one so young; but what more especially gratified her parents was the gentleness of her disposition and feelings. Her health was never robust; frequent complaints interrupted her studies, but notwithstanding this, her progress was astonishing. And not only in secular pursuits did she evince a desire to excel; in the knowledge of divine things, also, she made the most satisfactory attainments. Reared by her parents in the pure principles of the Protestant faith, she early manifested a lively interest in the Scriptures. She read them frequently, and with an avidity which, under the divine blessing, was followed by a most minute and accurate acquaintance with the truths of the Bible.

At the age of thirteen Clementine accompanied her father on a visit to England, and during this excursion, a circumstance occurred which showed how deeply she was imbued with a spirit of piety and prayer. She accidentally lost a small manual of devotion, which she had been in the habit of using, and, to the surprise of her friends, when the book was found, it was discovered that all the prayers contained in it, were not only in the hand-writing of Clementine, but were actually her own composition. As she advanced in years a fine Christian spirit seemed to actuate her whole conduct. In every good work she took a lively interest; she

visited the dwellings of the poor, and, supplying their temporal wants as far as possible, she comforted them in their distress, and pointed them to the unfailing source of all true consolation and joy. The Bible was dear to her heart, and she felt a high delight in recommending its glorious truths to others. Often would she seat herself in the cottage of the humble peasant, and with a countenance lit up with holy fervour, her fine intelligent eye beaming with a purer intensity, she would urge, in strains of more than earthly eloquence, the claims of Him who came to "seek and to save that which was lost."

Clementine was one of a committee of twelve ladies who inspect the female school connected with the Lutheran Church in Paris. In the discharge of the duties connected with this office she was most exemplary, visiting not only the classes of the school but the houses of the parents. The case of the poor was never made known to her in vain. She listened to their tale of woe with an attention and tender sympathy which gained their confidence and affection. By her instrumentality a society was formed of young Protestants belonging to the Lutheran and the Reformed communions, the object of which was to supply food and clothing to the poor. Clementine was, besides, a collector for the Female Auxiliary Bible Society, and the Evangelical Missionary Society. She also frequently visited the Alms-house, for aged Protestant females, to read the Scriptures and pray with them.

While thus actively engaged in promoting the cause of Christ, to the utmost extent of her ability, this

amiable young lady was seized with an affection of the chest, which excited considerable alarm in the minds of her parents and friends. It was towards the close of the year 1826 that the pulmonary symptoms first began to develope themselves; and for nearly three months she was confined to her bed. During this illness her mind was brought more completely under the sanctifying influence of the truth as it is in Jesus. She thought, and read, and prayed much, and her soul thirsted after a nearness of communion with her God and Saviour. Earth and earthly objects dwindled, in her view, into utter insignificance, when compared or rather contrasted, with things spiritual and divine. It was her delight to dwell in thought upon the love of Christ; and while it presented itself to her mind in all its impressive grandeur and sublimity, she felt that her affections flowed forth in the most ardent responsive love to Him who hath loved us with an everlasting love, and in mercy hath redeemed us. Now, if not before, she was prepared, in some measure, to comprehend with all saints the height and the depth, the breadth and the length of the love of God in Christ Jesus, which passeth all understanding. While her heart thus glowed with gratitude to a redeeming God and Saviour, she directed her thoughts with the most intense application to the truths of religion. Distant alike from the pride of reason and the bewilderments of an ill-regulated imagination, she calmly and impartially examined into her real condition and character, and consulted such works as were likely to enlarge her knowledge both of the letter and spirit of the Bible. The books which were at this time the companions of

her sick-bed, were Buck's Christian Experience, Scott's Force of Truth, Gregory's Evidences, Appia's Christian Life, and several works of Dr. Chalmers. These she read carefully, and extracted those passages which tended to bring her mind and will more completely into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

Though in her reason, however, Clementine was fully convinced of the truth and inspiration of the Scriptures, she complained much that her heart was not sufficiently impressed with the value of those blessings which are proposed for our acceptance as sinners. But she well knew that faith is not of ourselves; it is the gift of God; and, accordingly, we find her writing to a friend in these words: "Every day brings me fresh proof of my own insufficiency; but 'ask, and it shall be given you; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' These words save me from despair." The following sentiments, contained in another letter written about the same time, show that she felt deeply her obligations to the sovereign grace of God:— "It is not God, the Creator of the world, that we really love, but God the Saviour,—God who receives us graciously. The heart only feels real love to God, as it embraces the mysteries of the Gospel. The mercy of God, his love for sinful creatures, is manifested in an admirable manner and degree in the work of redemption; and when that redemption is embraced, the heart must be regenerated, and consequently filled with love and gratitude to its Saviour; but till then it remains cold and insensible. The grace of God rises in my soul; I comprehend the mercy of the Lord

Jesus, and certainly I experience the sweetness of his promises."

Imbued with such feelings and desires, the soul of Clementine was soon filled with holy joy and peace in believing. Hence in another letter she thus writes:— "I want to tell you how happy I am; my heart has at length felt, what my mind has long understood; the sacrifice of Christ answers to all the wishes, and meets all the wants of my soul; and since I have been enabled to embrace with ardour all its provisions, my heart enjoys a sweet and incomparable tranquillity. Formerly, I vaguely assured myself that a merciful God would pardon me; but now I feel that I have obtained that pardon, that I obtain it every moment, and I experience inexpressible delight in seeking it at the foot of the cross. My heart is full, and it is now that I understand the angelic song,—'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will towards men.' But that which has especially affected me, and has, by the grace of God, opened to my view all the tender mercy of the plan of our redemption, is the import of those gentle, but assuring words, 'He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.'"

As she advanced in experimental acquaintance with Scripture truth, her love of the Bible became more ardent. It was the delightful companion of her solitary hours, and pondering over its sacred pages was to her a higher enjoyment than all that earth could afford. "I experience a pleasure in reading the Bible," she said to a friend, "which I have never felt before; it attracts and fixes me to an inconceivable degree,

and I seek sincerely there, and only there, the truth. When I compare the calm and the peace which the smallest and most imperceptible grain of faith gives to the soul, with all that the world alone can give of joy, or happiness, or glory, I feel that the least in the kingdom of heaven is a hundred times more blessed than the greatest and most elevated of the men of the world."

In such a frame of mind the lovely Clementine was truly happy. Draw near, ye fond admirers of the pleasures and fascinations of this alluring and deceitful world; take your seats beside the couch of this dying saint, young, it is true, in years, but far advanced in Christian experience; see the calm serenity, the smiling benignity of her face; listen to the words of holy resignation which fall from her lips. What is the burden of her thoughts? She has lived in the full enjoyment of the comforts, nay, even of the luxuries of life; she has been beloved, caressed, flattered; nought that could administer to her earthly enjoyment and happiness has been denied her, and yet she speaks not of earth nor of the things of earth. The sunshine of heaven brightens up into a rapturous animation those eyes, beaming with intelligence, which sparkle like gems on her pale, her emaciated countenance. Such was the pious Clementine, as she lay stretched upon her sick-bed comforting and encouraging all around her with the consolations of the Word of life. To one of her Christian friends she thus wrote:—"Ours is, indeed, a delightful intimacy, for it will never end. Often I anticipate the day when we shall be all united in the same love. Oh how unhappy must they be

who know not the sweetness of such a hope; and what thanks do we not owe to that God who has given us the experience of its power!"

In the beginning of the summer of 1827, Clementine's health appeared to be so far restored that her parents were naturally desirous of seeing her comfortably settled in life. The object of her choice, amid the numbers who aspired to her hand, was a gentleman in every way worthy of the high confidence she reposed in him. The marriage was expected to take place on the 25th of August, and with those chastened feelings which become a Christian in the view of so important a step, she wrote in the following terms to a friend:—"I do not ask of God to make me happy, but to sanctify and purify my soul; and I expect that he will keep and preserve me in the important event. The profound conviction, that there is an infinite and merciful Being, who orders all things, that not a hair of the head falls without his permission, and that he will control every circumstance for my real welfare, gives me an habitual peace and tranquillity which nothing else could inspire."

How often, alas! are our fairest hopes blighted, our fondest expectations disappointed. The thoughts of the Almighty are not as our thoughts, his ways are not as our ways. He dashes the cup of earthly happiness from our lip, that we may learn from our own experience that there is a God who judgeth in the earth. The day of Clementine's marriage was fixed, preparations were made for the happy event, but ere the day came, the lovely, the admired Clementine, was laid a patient sufferer on her dying bed. Death had

long become familiar to her; she had been accustomed to gaze upon the king of terrors, until, by the habitual exercise of a strong and lively faith, she had obtained the victory over him. On the 16th of August the apprehensions of her friends were excited by the return of a very copious expectoration of blood. She was now obliged to remain in bed, and enjoined to perfect silence. Her countenance bore the aspect of severe anxiety and suffering, but the peace of God kept her mind and heart through Jesus Christ. Frequently were her hands clasped and her eyes directed towards heaven. "God has been ever present with me," said she to a friend; "he has led me; nature recoiled from suffering, and became impatient, but God was ever with me to renew my strength." "Pray for me," she said to another friend, "I can no longer pray."

The intended husband of Clementine was a constant attendant upon her in the chamber of sickness, and he strove by all that care and kindness could do to alleviate sufferings which he was unable to remove. On one occasion, when he seemed to be overcome by the painful feelings which agitated his bosom, she thus addressed him, with a tenderness indescribable:—"We must be resigned; do not murmur; without doubt I shall be grieved to leave so many persons whom I love; but if it is the will of God, I am ready." Her submission to the divine will was evidently cordial, not constrained; it was the submission of a dutiful and affectionate child to the arrangements of a kind and indulgent parent. And yet it gave her great uneasiness when any of her friends praised her on account of her patience and exemplary resignation. "It is

God that supports me," was her reply, on an occasion of this kind. "I feel that he is with me; and if he leaves me I feel his absence in a moment." "If God grants you patience," said a visitor, "he sees that you merit his favour." "Hush," said she, with evident displeasure, "talk not of merit."

Sometimes her sufferings were most excruciating and painful, so that she would long for death to relieve her. "I would rather die at once," she exclaimed during a violent paroxysm; but observing her sister* weeping, she checked herself, "O how selfish I am! I will take any medicine, and try every remedy, because I wish to recover for your sakes." When her father expressed his wonder at the readiness with which she submitted to the most painful remedies, "It is because I wish to get well," she replied, "I am so happy with you." "My kind father," she exclaimed, with a heart overflowing with affection, "is indeed to me a blessing from heaven."

A short time before her death Clementine presented to her intended husband a copy of Thomas à Kempis' invaluable treatise "On the Imitation of Christ," in which she had marked some passages which had struck her in the course of reading. This affectionate Christian friend was unremitting in his attentions to one whom he loved dearest upon earth; and separated as they were about to be for a time, he felt a melancholy pleasure in watching beside her dying couch. One day, while seated by her bed-side, gazing, perhaps, upon the gloomy prospect which awaited him, when he must

* A daughter of Madame Cuvier by a former husband.

wander through the wilderness of this world companionless and alone, Clementine broke in upon his meditations with the sudden request, "Lay your head there," and placing her hand upon it, she offered up a fervent prayer in these words, "Lord, bless us both! Lord restore me that I may love thee more; but if thou hast otherwise decided, thy holy will be done."

On the 28th September the disease appeared to have reached its height. She had been delirious throughout the night, but during the lucid intervals which occurred, she gave utterance to expressions of lively faith in the Redeemer, and of child-like acquiescence in his holy will. A few hours before her death she said to a female friend, "You are my sister in Christ,—for eternity—that is life, there is nothing else deserves the name."

Clementine's last moments were passed in dreadful agony; and though about half-an-hour before her departure she recovered the use of her speech, she was unable to do more than pronounce the names of her friends. She was evidently desirous to address a few parting words to them, but she could only press their hands. When heaving her last sigh, a smile of transcendant loveliness settled down upon her countenance, and her happy spirit passed to the bosom of her God and Saviour.

When the cold remains of Clementine were deposited in the coffin, an incident occurred which it may be interesting to mention. It is customary in France, on such occasions, to raise the hands of the deceased, place them on the breast, supporting them in that position, by some object which was valued by the departed. In

this case the attendants had selected a volume of sermons which Clementine had highly prized. When the Baron came to take the last look of the body of his beloved daughter, he inquired what book supported her hands; and on being told, "That will not do," said he, "the Bible was my daughter's book; is there not one here?" An interleaved copy was shown him, which, on looking at the title page, he instantly recognised. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "that was her book," and he placed it under the hands of the lifeless body.

The death of his amiable and affectionate daughter produced a deep impression upon the mind of Cuvier; and though he endeavoured to divert his thoughts by engaging in literary pursuits, he never recovered his wonted cheerfulness and elasticity of mind. The following extract exhibits the distinguished philosopher and statesman in a very amiable point of view.

"It has been related by an eye-witness," says Mrs. Lee, the memorialist of Baron Cuvier, "that at the first sitting of the *Comité de l'Intérieur* at which he presided after the death of his daughter Clementine, and from which he absented himself two months, he resumed the chair with a firm and placid expression of countenance; he listened attentively to all the discussions of those present; but when it became his turn to speak, and sum up all that had passed, his firmness abandoned him, and his first words were interrupted by tears. The great legislator gave way to the bereaved father; he bowed his head, covered his face with his hands, and was heard to sob bitterly. A respectful and profound silence reigned through the whole assembly; all present had known Clementine,

and therefore all could understand and excuse this deep emotion. At length Cuvier raised his head, and uttered these few simple words,—' Pardon me, gentlemen, I *was* a father, and I have lost all.' Then, with a violent effort, he resumed the business of the day with his usual perspicuity, and pronounced judgment with his ordinary calmness and justice."

In closing this brief memorial of a youthful Christian, whose eminence in holy attainments may well make multitudes of hoary-headed professors to blush and be ashamed, we would urge upon the reader, while he sighs over the shortness and the uncertainty of life, to dedicate henceforth every energy of his heart and mind to the great work of preparing for eternity.

MRS. ANN H. JUDSON.

THE subject of our present memoir was born of respectable parents, on the 22d December 1789, at Bradford, Massachusetts, America. In her early years, Miss Hasseltine was characterised by great activity and energy of mind, by indefatigable perseverance in the prosecution of her designs, and by an ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge. She was educated at the academy in her native town, and soon distinguished herself by the peculiar vigour and cultivation of her intellectual powers. Religion, however, appears, at this period of life, to have occupied a very small share of her attention, and it was enough, in her estimation, to secure her eternal happiness, if she abstained from the more obvious and open sins. The frivolous gaieties and follies which occupy the attention and engross the thoughts of many young females, were her chief employment and delight while at the Bradford academy; and for two or three years after she entered that institution, she owns that she seldom, if ever, thought of the salvation of her immortal soul. This sleep, however, she had afterwards reason to praise God, "was not unto death." The Lord was found of her, even at an hour when she sought him not. The first circumstance which led to a saving change in her whole character, is thus described in her own words:—

"One Sabbath morning, having prepared myself to attend public worship, just as I was leaving my toilet, I accidentally took up Hannah More's Strictures on Female Education; and the first words that caught my eye, were, 'She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth.' They were written in italics, with marks of admiration; and they struck me to the heart. I stood for a few moments, amazed at the incident, and half inclined to think, that some invisible agency had directed my eye to these words. At first I thought I would live a different life, and be more serious and sedate; but at last I thought, that the words were not so applicable to me as I at first imagined, and resolved to think no more of them.

"In the course of a few months (at the age of fifteen,) I met with Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. I read it as a Sabbath book, and was much interested in the story. I finished the book on a Sabbath, and it left this impression on my mind—that Christian, because he adhered to the narrow path, was carried safely through all his trials, and at last admitted into heaven. I resolved, from that moment, to begin a religious life; and in order to keep my resolutions, I went to my chamber and prayed for divine assistance. When I had done, I felt pleased with myself, and thought I was in a fair way for heaven. But I was perplexed to know what it was to live a religious life, and again had recourse to my system of works. The first step that appeared necessary for me to take, was, to refrain from attending parties of pleasure, and be reserved and serious in the presence of the other scholars. Accordingly, on Monday morning, I went to school, with a

determination to keep my resolution, and confident that I should. I had not been long in school, before one of the young ladies, an intimate friend of mine, came with a very animated countenance, and told me that Miss ——— in a neighbouring town, was to have a splendid party on New Year's day, and that she and I were included in the party selected. I coolly replied, that I should not go, though I did receive an invitation. She seemed surprised, and asked me what was the matter. I replied, that I should never again attend such a party. I continued of the same opinion during the day, and felt much pleased with such a good opportunity of trying myself."

Soon, however, Miss Hasseltine relapsed into her former state of thoughtlessness and unconcern, and the whole winter of 1805 was passed in a giddy round of gay amusements. In the spring of the following year, a partial revival of religion took place at Bradford, and she herself began to participate in the general interest which was felt in favour of Divine things; and at length, under the blessing of the Spirit, she was led to embrace the offer of salvation made in the Gospel. The change which thus was effected in her sentiments and feelings, was not transient and temporary, but permanent as it was pleasing. Religion became from this period, the business of her life.

" 'Redeeming love,' says an intimate friend, 'was now her theme. One might spend days with her, without hearing any other subject reverted to. The throne of grace, too, was her early and late resort. I have known her to spend cold winter evenings in a chamber without fire, and return to the family with a

solemnity spread over her countenance, which told of Him with whom she had been communing. Nor was her love of social pleasures diminished, although the complexion of them was completely changed. Even at this late period I fancy I see her, with strong feeling depicted on her countenance, inclining over her Bible, rising to place it on the stand, retiring to her chamber, and after a season of prayer, proceeding to visit this and that family, to speak of him whom her soul loved.'"

In the course of the year 1810, Miss Hasseltine first became acquainted with Mr. Judson, who was at that time endeavouring to make arrangements for setting out as a missionary to the heathen. On the proposal being made, that she should become the wife of one who was thus desirous of spending his days in preaching the Gospel in a far distant land, she felt, as might have been expected, no little embarrassment and perplexity of mind. Her friends were divided in opinion as to the propriety of the step, and the more so, as no female had ever before left America on such an errand. Her feelings on the occasion will be best understood from the language of her private journal:—

"For several weeks past, my mind has been greatly agitated. An opportunity has been presented to me, of spending my days among the heathen, in attempting to persuade them to receive the Gospel. Were I convinced of its being a call from God, and that it would be more pleasing to him for me to spend my life in this way than in any other, I think I should be willing to relinquish every earthly object, and in full view of dangers and hardships, give myself up to the great work."

At length, after much prayer and anxious consideration of the subject, Miss Hasseltine came to the fixed determination of availing herself of the opportunity which was thus presented to her of being peculiarly useful in the cause of Christ. The letter in which Mr. Judson asks the consent of her father to their union, indicates high-toned Christian feeling; and, as the biographer well remarks, "it is alike honourable to the writer and to the parent."

"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 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 heathens saved, through her means, from eternal woe and despair?"

In a short time the marriage was celebrated, and after due preparations for their voyage to India, Mr. and Mrs. Judson set sail, along with several other Missionaries and their wives, on the 6th of February 1812. Her reflections on her departure, display a

heart of exquisite sensibility and tenderness, regulated by principles of ardent and elevated piety.

"Took leave of my friends and native land, and embarked on board the brig Caravan for India. Had so long anticipated the trying scene of parting, that I found it more tolerable than I had feared. Still my heart bleeds. O America, my native land, must I leave thee? Must I leave my parents, my sisters, and brothers, my friends beloved, and all the scenes of my early youth? Must I leave thee, Bradford, my dear native town, where I spent the pleasant years of childhood; where I learnt to lisp the name of my mother; where my infant mind first began to expand; where I entered the field of science; where I learnt the endearments of friendship, and tasted of all the happiness this world can afford; where I learnt also to value a Saviour's blood, and to count all things but loss, in comparison with the knowledge of him? Yes, I must leave you all, for a heathen land, an uncongenial clime. Farewell, happy, happy scenes—but never, no, never to be forgotten."

On the 18th of June, the Missionaries landed at Calcutta, and were welcomed to India by the venerable Dr. Carey; and, at his invitation, they sailed up the river next day to Serampore. After they had been there about ten days, Messrs. Judson and Newell were summoned to Calcutta, and, to their astonishment, an order of the government was read to them, requiring them immediately to leave the country and return to America. At their outset the Board of Commissioners, in their native land, had fixed upon the Burman Empire as the seat of their mission; and it was only from

a persuasion of the impracticability of such an undertaking, that the Missionaries had renounced the idea of attempting it. In these circumstances, they petitioned the government for leave to go to the Isle of France. The request was granted; but as only two passengers could be accommodated in the vessel, Mr. and Mrs. Newell set sail for that island, while Mr. and Mrs. Judson remained in Calcutta for two months longer. In this short interval, an event occurred which, in the over-ruling Providence of God, was productive of most important results. During the voyage from America to India, Mr. and Mrs. Judson were led to the consideration of the subject of infant baptism, and the issue of their inquiries was a renunciation of their former opinions, and a full adoption of the Baptist principles. On application, accordingly, to the Serampore Missionaries, they were baptized in Calcutta. This change in their sentiments they considered as likely to dissolve their connection with the Board of Commissioners in America, and, in such a case, their only hope must rest on the Baptist church in that country.

In the meantime, the Bengal government were offended at the stay of the Missionaries in Calcutta, and issued a peremptory order for their immediate embarkation on board one of the East India Company's ships bound for England. Mr. Judson, however, having ascertained that a ship would sail in two days for the Isle of France, contrived to procure a passage for himself and his wife to that island. On their arrival, they expected to be immediately welcomed by their dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Newell; but scarcely had they

reached the port, when they received the distressing intelligence that Mrs. Newell was dead. The feelings of Mrs. Judson, on the loss of her early companion and friend, are thus recorded in her journal:—

"Have at last arrived in port; but O what news, what distressing news! Harriet is dead. Harriet my dear friend, my earliest associate in the mission, is no more. O death! thou destroyer of domestic felicity, could not this wide world afford victims sufficient to satisfy thy cravings, without entering the family of a solitary few, whose comfort and happiness depended much on the society of each other? Could not this infant mission be shielded from thy shafts? But thou hast only executed the commission of a higher power. Though thou hast come, clothed in thy usual garb, thou wast sent by a kind Father to release his child from toil and pain. Be still, then, my heart, and know that God has done it. Just and true are thy ways, O thou King of saints! Who would not fear thee? Who would not love thee?"

The change which had taken place in the views of Mr. and Mrs. Judson, in reference to Baptism, soon led the Baptist Churches in America to take into consideration, the general subject of missions, and the consequence was, the formation of the "Baptist General Convention," which, as one of its first acts, adopted Mr. and Mrs. Judson as their Missionaries, leaving it to their discretion to choose a field of labour. After much consideration, they resolved on attempting to establish a mission at Penang, in Prince of Wales' Island. With this view they determined on visiting Madras, expecting to obtain a passage thence to Penang. After

reaching Madras, however, they were disappointed in their expectations, no passage could be procured, and fearing lest the government of Bengal should send them to England, they came to the resolution of setting sail for Rangoon. Thus, by a train of circumstances, under the regulation and all-wise disposal of Him who cannot err, they were impelled, contrary to their expectations and plans, to settle in the Burman Empire. The passage to Rangoon was unpleasant and dangerous, but, by the blessing of God, they reached it in safety in July 1813.

Immediately on their arrival at this, the scene of their future labours, Mr. and Mrs. Judson commenced the study of the language, and for this purpose they hired an able and intelligent teacher. But as he did not understand English, the only mode in which they could acquire the language, was by pointing to various objects, the names of which the teacher pronounced in Burman. Amid all disadvantages, however, they made rapid progress, and were soon able to converse with the natives with tolerable freedom. Mrs. Judson gives the following interesting account of her introduction to the viceroy and his lady:—

"To-day, for the first time, I have visited the wife of the viceroy. I was introduced to her by a French lady who has frequently visited her. When we first arrived at the government house, she was not up, consequently we had to wait some time. But the inferior wives of the viceroy diverted us much by their curiosity, in minutely examining every thing we had on, and by trying on our gloves, bonnets, &c. At last her highness made her appearance, dressed richly in the

Burman fashion, with a long silver pipe in her mouth, smoking. At her appearance all the other wives took their seats at a respectful distance, and sat in a crouching posture, without speaking. She received me very politely, took me by the hand, seated me upon a mat, and herself by me. She excused herself for not coming in sooner, saying she was unwell. One of the women brought her a bunch of flowers, of which she took several and ornamented my cap. She was very inquisitive whether I had a husband and children, whether I was my husband's first wife—meaning by this, whether I was the highest among them, supposing that Mr. Judson, like the Burmans, had many wives; and whether I intended tarrying long in the country.

"When the viceroy came in, I really trembled; for I never before beheld such a savage looking creature. His long robe, and enormous spear, not a little increased my dread. He spoke to me, however, very condescendingly, and asked me if I would drink some rum or wine. When I arose to go, her highness again took my hand, told me she was happy to see me, that I must come to see her every day. She led me to the door; I made my *salam*, and departed. My only object in visiting her was, that if we should get into any difficulty with the Burmans I could have access to her, when perhaps it would not be possible for Mr. Judson to have an audience with the viceroy."

During the first six months of their residence in Rangoon, Mrs. Judson's health had been on the decline, and as no medical aid could be procured in the country, she repaired to Madras, where she entirely recovered, so as to be able after only three months'

absence to return to her husband. For three years they continued to labour alone in a land of strangers, without the comfort of thinking that they were conferring any direct benefit on the natives. The preparation for their work had been not a little interrupted, in the first instance, by the ill health of Mrs Judson, and then by the death of their child. At length their hearts were refreshed by the arrival, in October 1816, of Mr. and Mrs. Hough, who had been sent to assist them in their labours, by the American Baptist Convention.

The prospects of the mission now became brighter. Mr. and Mrs. Judson had acquired the language,—a grammar had been prepared,—two tracts were composed, the one containing a view of the Christian Religion, of which one thousand copies were printed; and the other a Catechism, of which three thousand copies were printed. An edition of eight hundred copies of St. Matthew's Gospel, translated by Mr. Judson, was commenced. The labours of Mrs. Judson among the Burman females are thus noticed by her in a letter to a friend:—

How interested you would be, could you meet with my little society of females, on the Sabbath. Interested, I say—yes, you would be interested, if it was only from this circumstance, that these poor idolators enjoy the means of grace, and sit under the sound of the Gospel; I have generally fifteen or twenty. They are attentive while I read the Scriptures, and endeavour to teach them about God. One of them told me the other day, that she could not think of giving up a religion which her parents, grand-parents, &c. &c. had embraced,

and accepting a new one, of which they had never heard. I asked her if she wished to go to hell, because her progenitors had gone there. She replied, if, with all her offerings and good works on her head (speaking in their idiom) she must go to hell, then let her go. I told her if she went to hell, after having heard of the Saviour, her very relations would contribute to torment and upbraid her, for the rejection of that Saviour, of whom they had never heard, and that even she herself would regret her folly when it was too late. If I do, said she, I will then cry out to you to be my intercessor with your God, who will certainly not refuse you. Another told me that she *did* believe in Christ, and prayed to him every day. I asked her if she also believed in Gaudama, and prayed to him. She replied, she worshipped them both. I have several times had my hopes and expectations raised, by the apparent seriousness of several females, as Mr. Judson has in regard to several men: but their goodness was like the morning cloud and early dew, which soon passeth away. Four or five children have committed the catechism to memory, and often repeat it to each other."

In December 1817, Mr. Judson left Rangoon on a visit to Chittagong in Arracan, with the view of benefitting his health, and of procuring one of the native Christians residing there, who spoke the Burman language, to assist him in preaching the Gospel. He intended to be absent only three months, but the vessel being detained by contrary winds, and its course being entirely changed, a much longer period elapsed before he could again reach Rangoon. Meanwhile, Mrs. Judson's mind was much harassed, not only on account of

the protracted absence of her husband, but also from an unexpected change in the conduct of the local magistracy. Her distress and perplexity are thus described in the large Memoir :—

" Three months of Mr. Judson's absence had nearly expired, and we had begun to look for his return, when a native boat arrived, twelve days from Chittagong, bringing the distressing intelligence, that neither Mr. Judson nor the vessel had been heard of at that port. I should not have given so much credit to this report, as to have allowed its harassing my feelings, had it not been corroborated by communications from my friends in Bengal, which arrived just at this time. From the circumstance, that the vessel had not reached the port of destination, I knew not what conclusion to draw. Hope, at times, suggested the idea that the ship's course might have been altered, that she might yet be safe ; but despondency more frequently strove to *convince* me that all was lost. Thus was I, for four months, in that agonizing state of suspense, which is frequently more oppressive than the most dreaded certainty.

" Two or three days after the arrival of the above intelligence, Mr. Hough received an order, couched in the most menacing language, to appear immediately at the court-house,to give an account of himself. This, so unlike any message we had ever before received from government, spread consternation and alarm among our teachers, domestics, and adherents ; some of whom followed Mr. Hough at a distance, and heard the appalling words from some of the petty officers, that a royal order had arrived, for the banishment of all foreign

teachers. As it was late when Mr. Hough arrived at the court-house, he was merely ordered to give security for his appearance at an early hour on the approaching day, when, to use their own unfeeling language, 'If he did not tell all the truth relative to his situation in the country, they would write with his heart's blood.'

"Our embarrassments at this period were greatly increased by the circumstance, that the viceroy and family, who had always been our steady friends, had been recently recalled to Ava; and the present viceroy, with whom we had but a slight acquaintance, had left his family at the capital. Mr. Hough was not sufficiently acquainted with the language, to allow his appealing in person to the viceroy; and, as it is not customary for females to appear at his court in the absence of the viceroy's lady, we had nothing before us but the gloomy prospect of being obliged to submit to all those evils, in the power of petty officers to inflict, when unprotected by higher authority.

"The following days, Friday and Saturday, Mr. Hough was detained at the court-house, and under the necessity of answering, through an interpreter, the most trivial questions; such as, what were the names of his parents, how many suits of clothes he had, &c., all which were written down in the most formal manner imaginable. The court would not allow his retiring for any refreshment; and this, together with several other petty grievances, convinced us that it was their object to harass and distress us as much as possible; feeling safe in the idea that circumstances were such that we could not appeal to the viceroy."

In these painful circumstances, Mrs. Hough and Mrs. Judson appealed to the viceroy, who immediately issued orders that they should receive no more molestation. About this time the Cholera began to break out among the natives, and the utmost consternation prevailed in Rangoon. There was also at the same time a report of a war between England and Burmah, and the English vessels were hastening to depart. In this state of matters, Mr. Hough and his family set off for Bengal, carrying with them the press and other printing apparatus. Mrs. Judson at first thought of accompanying them, but providentially she still remained at Rangoon, and in a few days her mind was set at rest by the safe return of her husband. A short time after Mr. Hough's departure, his place was happily supplied by the arrival of Messrs. Colman and Wheelock from Boston. Thus reinforced Mr. Judson began to think of building a *zayat*, or place of worship, where the Burmans might have an opportunity of hearing the Gospel publicly preached. The place is thus described by Mrs. Judson:—

"The zayat is situate thirty or forty rods from the mission-house; and in dimensions, is twenty-seven by eighteen feet. It is raised four feet from the ground, and is divided into three parts. The first division is laid entirely open to the road, without doors, windows, or a partition in the front side, and takes up a third part of the whole building. It is made of bamboo and thatch, and is the place where Mr. Judson sits all the day long, and says to the passers by, 'Ho! every one that thirsteth,' &c. The next, and the middle division, is a large airy room, with four doors and four

windows, opening in opposite directions; made entirely of boards, and is white-washed, to distinguish it from the other zayats around us.

" In this room, we have public worship in Burman on the Sabbath, and in the middle of which I am now situated at my writing-table, while six of the male scholars are at one end, each with his torch and black board, over which he is industriously bending, and emitting the curious sounds of the language. The third, and last division, is only an entry way, which opens into the garden, leading to the mission-house.

" In this apartment all the women are seated, with their lights and black boards, much in the same position and employment as the men. The black board, on which all the Burmans learn to read and write, answers the same purpose as our slates. They are about a yard in length, made black with charcoal and the juice of a leaf; and the letters are clearly imprinted with a species of white stone, a little similar to our slate pencils. A lesson is written out on this board, by an instructor; and when the scholar is perfect master of it, it is erased, and a new one written. The Burmans are truly systematic in their elementary instructions, and a scholar is not considered qualified to read without spelling, until he has a perfect knowledge of all the various combinations of letters."

The 30th of April 1819, was a memorable day in the history of the Burman mission, for on that day Moung Nau, the first convert, made his first visit to the zayat. He was silent and reserved, and excited little attention. But he persevered in his visits, evidently anxious to become acquainted with the principles of

Christianity; and such was his progress, that in the month of June he was admitted publicly into the Church of Christ by baptism, and in the following week the Missionaries enjoyed the high privilege of sitting down at the Lord's table with the first-fruits of their mission, a converted Burman. In reference to this interesting young man, Mrs. Judson writes:—

"Little did I think, when I last wrote, that I should so soon have the joyful intelligence to communicate, that one Burman has embraced the Christian religion, and gives good evidence of being a true disciple of the dear Redeemer. This event—this single trophy of victorious grace, has filled our hearts with sensations, hardly to be conceived by Christians in Christian countries. This circumstance has convinced us, that God can and does operate on the minds of the most dark and ignorant; and that he makes his own truths, his own words, the instrument of operation. It serves, also, to encourage us to hope, that the Lord has other chosen ones in this place. As Mr. Judson has given some account of the first impressions of this man, and as I have had him particularly under my instruction since his conversion, I will give you some of his remarks in his own words, with which you will be much interested. 'In our religion there is no way to escape the punishment due to sin; but, according to the religion of Christ, he himself has died in order to deliver his disciples. I wish all the Burmans would become his disciples; then we should meet together as you do in your country; then we should all be happy together in heaven. How great are my thanks to Jesus Christ for sending teachers to this country! and how great are my thanks to the teachers for coming! Had they never come and built that zayat

I should never have heard of Christ and the true God. I mourn that so much of my life passed away before I heard of this religion. How much I have lost!' It is peculiarly interesting to see with what eagerness he drinks in the truths from the Scriptures. A few days ago I was reading with him Christ's sermon on the mount. He was deeply impressed, and unusually solemn. 'These words,' said he, 'take hold on my very heart; they make me tremble. Here God commands us to do every thing that is good in secret, not to be seen of men. How unlike our religion is this? When Burmans make offerings to the pagodas, they make a great noise with drums and musical instruments, that others may see how good they are. But this religion makes the mind fear God; it makes it, of its own accord, fear sin.'"

Shortly after this period two more natives made a public profession of their belief in the principles of Christianity. The Missionaries and their object now became well known in Rangoon. The people, however, seemed to be afraid of repairing to the zayat, lest the jealousy of the government should be excited. The attendance, therefore, was daily diminishing. Mr. Judson and his only remaining associate, Mr. Colman, saw that no further attempts could with safety be made without the authority of the king. With the permission of the viceroy, accordingly, they set out for Ava, leaving their families at Rangoon. Their first convert, Moung Nau, accompanied them. They took with them as a present to his Burman Majesty, the Bible, in six volumes, covered with gold leaf, in the Burman style, and each volume enclosed in a rich wrapper. On the 25th Janu-

ary 1820, they arrived safely at Amarapora, at that time the capital of the empire. The particulars of their interview with the king are too important to be omitted:—

"We proceeded to the palace. At the outer gate we were detained a long time, until the various officers were satisfied that we had a right to enter; after which, we deposited a present for the private minister of state, Moung Zah, and were ushered into his apartment in the palace-yard. He received us very pleasantly, and ordered us to sit before several governors and petty kings, who were waiting at his levee. We here, for the first time, disclosed our character and object—told him, that we were Missionaries or 'propagators of religion;' that we wished to appear before the emperor, and present our sacred books, accompanied with a petition. He took the petition into his hands, looked over about half of it, and then familiarly asked several questions about our God, and our religion, to which we replied. Just at this crisis some one announced that the golden foot was about to advance; on which the minister hastily rose up, and put on his robes of state, saying, that he must seize the moment to present us to the emperor. We now found, that we had unwittingly fallen on an unpropitious time, it being the day of the celebration of the late victory over the Cassays, and the very hour when his majesty was coming forth to witness the display made on the occasion. When the minister was dressed, he just said, 'how can you propagate religion in this empire? But come along.' Our hearts sunk at these inauspicious words. He conducted us through various splendour and parade, until

we ascended a flight of stairs, and entered a most magnificent hall. He directed us where to sit, and took his place on one side, the present was placed on the other, and Mong Yo, and another officer of Myaday-men, sat a little behind. The scene to which we were now introduced really surpassed our expectation. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the further avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the parade, which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Moung Yo whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall, as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of the modern Ahasuerus. He came forward, unattended—in solitary grandeur—exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye, that chiefly rivetted our attention. He strode on. Every head, excepting ours, was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned towards us—'Who are these?' 'The teachers, great king,' I replied. 'What, you speak Burman—the priests that I heard

of last night?' 'When did you arrive?' 'Are you teachers of Religion?' 'Are you like the Portuguese priests?' 'Are you married?' 'Why do you dress so?' These, and some other similar questions we answered; when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat—his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us. Moung Zah now began to read the petition.

"The emperor heard it, and stretched out his hand. Moung Zah crawled forward and presented it. His majesty began at the top, and deliberately read it through. In the mean time, I gave Moung Zah an abridged copy of the tract, in which every offensive sentence was corrected, and the whole put into the handsomest style and dress possible. After the emperor had perused the petition, he handed it back without saying a word, and took the tract. Our hearts now rose to God for a display of his grace. 'O, have mercy on Burmah! Have mercy on her king!' But, alas! the time was not yet come. He held the tract long enough to read the two first sentences, which assert, that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that, besides him, there is no God; and then, with an air of indifference,—perhaps disdain,—he dashed it to the ground! Moung Zah stooped forward, picked it up, and handed it to us. Moung Yo made a slight attempt to save us, by unfolding one of the volumes which composed our present, and displaying its beauty; but his majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments, Moung Zah interpreted his royal master's will, in the following terms:—'In regard to the objects of

your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them —take them away.'"

The next day they made some further efforts to accomplish their object, but in vain; and accordingly without delay they returned to Rangoon. They immediately called the three converts together, and stated the result of their visit, at the same time, expressing it as their determination to forsake their present station, and attempt the establishment of a mission in a populous tract of country between Bengal and Arracan. The converts remonstrated against their departure, and as some favourable symptoms were beginning to appear among the people, it was at length resolved that Mr. and Mrs. Judson should remain in Rangoon, and that Mr. and Mrs. Colman should proceed to Chittagong.

Thus were Mr. and Mrs. Judson again left alone, but their hearts were cheered by the evident spread of a spirit of inquiry among the natives. From the extent of her exertions, however, in imparting instruction to the native females, as well as from the effect of climate, Mrs. Judson's health began to yield. The disease, which was an affection of the liver, increased to an alarming degree, and it became necessary that she should repair without delay to Bengal. Mr. Judson thought it right to accompany her. But before setting sail, they had the satisfaction of seeing the Christian church at Rangoon increased to the number of ten individuals, including one female. On the 19th of July 1820, Mr. and Mrs. Judson embarked for Bengal. They were accompanied to the vessel by all the

native converts, and by nearly a hundred other individuals, who testified sincere grief at their departure.

After spending a few months at Serampore, Mrs. Judson found her health considerably improved, and she resolved to return with her husband to the scene of their labours. Their return was hailed by the converts with the utmost satisfaction. It was soon but too apparent, however, that Mrs. Judson's disease had been merely mitigated by her stay at Serampore, not totally eradicated. It was at length resolved, therefore, that she should visit America; and on the 21st of August 1821, she embarked for Bengal. Her feelings on parting from her husband, and from the little church in Burmah, will be best described in her own words:—

"Those only who have had to pass through a variety of toil and privation, to obtain a darling object, can realise how entirely every fibre of the heart adheres to that object, when secured. Had we encountered no difficulties, and suffered no privations in our attempts to form a church of Christ, under the government of a heathen despot, we should have been warmly attached to the individuals composing it, but should not have felt such tender solicitude and anxious affection, as in the present case.

"Rangoon, from having been the theatre, in which so much of the faithfulness, power and mercy of God had been exhibited—from having been considered, for ten years past, as my home for life—and from a thousand interesting associations of ideas, had become the dearest spot upon earth. Hence, you will readily ima-

gine, that no ordinary consideration could have induced my departure."

On her arrival in Calcutta, Mrs. Judson was persuaded to change her intention, and to embark in a ship bound for England. On her passage she had a severe attack of her complaint, which confined her to her cabin for several days. During her stay in England she resided chiefly in the house of the late excellent Mr. Joseph Butterworth, member of parliament, a man of an admirable Christian spirit, and one who could so fully appreciate the worth of his guest, that at a meeting of the English Baptist Missionary Society, he stated that Mrs. Judson's visit to his family showed him more strongly than ever the force of the apostolic admonition:—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

After spending a few months in visiting various places, both in England and Scotland, she set sail for New York, where she arrived on the 25th of September 1822. It was during her visit to America, that she prepared for the press her "History of the Burman Mission," which has been read with no small interest by Christians on both sides of the Atlantic. The labour connected with the compilation of this work, tended not a little to retard her restoration to health. By the care and kindness of her friends, however, and particularly of her brother-in-law, Dr. Elnathan Judson, she had so far recovered as to set sail from Boston in the summer of 1823, along with Mr. and Mrs. Wade, who had been set apart as missionaries for Burmah.

During the absence of Mrs. Judson, the members of

the church at Rangoon had increased to eighteen, and Mr. Judson's hands had been strengthened by the arrival of Dr. Price, as a coadjutor in the mission. No sooner, however, did the king hear that a missionary had come to the country, possessed of medical knowledge, than he instantly gave orders that he should be brought to the capital. Dr. Price, accordingly, obeyed the summons, and Mr. Judson also, a few days after his wife reached Rangoon, set out with her for Ava, the residence of the king.

At this time, in consequence of repeated encroachments of the Burmese government on the British possessions in India, a war was proclaimed, and in May 1824, an army of nearly six thousand English and native troops, under the command of Sir Archibald Campbell, arrived at Rangoon. The missionaries who had remained after the departure of Messrs. Judson and Price, were for some time in imminent danger, until the capture of the town by the British, secured for them liberty and protection. News speedily reached Ava that Rangoon had been taken, and the court was thrown into the greatest commotion. A suspicion arose, and was quickly propagated, that the foreigners residing in the country must have been conveying to the British army secret information, and orders were issued for the apprehension of all foreigners then in the capital. The scene which ensued is graphically delineated by Mrs. Judson, in a letter to her brother-in-law in America:—

"On the 8th of June, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by one who, from his

spotted face, we knew to be an executioner, and a 'son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the king,' said the officer; a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm; 'Stay, said I, I will give you money.' 'Take her too,' said the officer; 'she also is a foreigner.' Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged they would let me remain till further orders. The scene now was shocking beyond description. The whole neighbourhood had collected —the masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools, and ran—the little Burman children were screaming and crying—the Bengalee servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master—and the hardened executioner, with a kind of hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted face to take the silver, and loosen the ropes, but he spurned my offers, and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Moung Ing to follow after, to make some farther attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson, but instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, and drew the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration.

"The officer and his gang proceeded on to the court-house, where the governor of the city and officers were collected, one of whom read the order of the

king, to commit Mr. Judson to the death-prison, into which he was soon hurled; the door closed, and Moung Ing saw no more. What a night was now before me! I retired into my room, and endeavoured to obtain consolation from committing my case to God, and imploring fortitude and strength to suffer whatever awaited me. But the consolation of retirement was not long allowed me, for the magistrate of the place had come into the verandah, and continually called on me to come out, and submit to his examination. But previously to going out, I destroyed all my letters, journals, and writings of every kind, lest they should disclose the fact, that we had correspondents in England, and had minuted down every occurrence since our arrival in the country. When this work of destruction was finished, I went out and submitted to the examination of the magistrate, who inquired very minutely of every thing I knew, then ordered the gates of the compound to be shut, no person to be allowed to go in or out, placed a guard of ten ruffians, to whom he gave a strict charge to keep me safe, and departed.

"It was now dark. I retired to an inner room with my four little Burman girls, and barred the doors. The guard instantly ordered me to unbar the doors and come out, or they would break the house down. I obstinately refused to obey, and endeavoured to intimidate them by threatening to complain of their conduct to the higher authorities on the morrow. Finding me resolved on disregarding their orders, they took the two Bengalee servants, and confined them in the stocks, in a very painful position. I could not endure this; but called the head man to a window, and

promised to make them all a present in the morning, if they would release the servants. After much debate, and many severe threatenings, they consented, but seemed resolved to annoy me as much as possible. My unprotected, desolate state, my entire uncertainty of the fate of Mr. Judson, and the dreadful carousings and almost diabolical language of the guard, all conspired to make it by far the most distressing night I had ever passed. You may well imagine, my dear brother, that sleep was a stranger to my eyes, and peace and composure to my mind.

"The next morning I sent Moung Ing to ascertain the situation of your brother, and give him food if still living. He soon returned with the intelligence, that Mr. Judson, and all the white foreigners, were confined in the death-prison, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole to prevent their moving! The point of my anguish now was, that I was a prisoner myself, and could make no effort for the release of the Missionaries. I begged and entreated the magistrate to allow me to go to some member of government to state my case, but he said he could not dare to consent, for fear I should make my escape. I next wrote a note to one of the king's sisters, with whom I had been intimate, requesting her to use her influence for the release of the teachers. The note was returned with this message—she 'did not understand it;' which was a polite refusal to interfere; though I afterwards ascertained, that she had an anxious desire to assist us, but dared not, on account of the queen. The day dragged heavily away, and another dreadful night was before me. I endeavoured to

soften the feelings of the guard, by giving them tea and cigars for the night, so that they allowed me to remain inside of my room, without threatening as they did the night before. But the idea of your brother being stretched on the bare floor, in irons and confinement, haunted my mind like a spectre, and prevented my obtaining any quiet sleep, though nature was almost exhausted.

" On the third day I sent a message to the governor of the city, who has the entire direction of prison affairs, to allow me to visit him with a present. This had the desired effect; and he immediately sent orders to the guards to permit my going into town. The governor received me pleasantly, and asked me what I wanted. I stated to him the situation of the foreigners, and particularly that of the teachers, who were Americans, and had nothing to do with the war. He told me that it was not in his power to release them from prison or irons, but that he could make their situation more comfortable; there was his head officer, with whom I must consult relative to the means. The officer, who proved to be one of the city writers, and whose countenance, at the first glance, presented the most perfect assemblage of all the evil passions attached to human nature, took me aside, and endeavoured to convince me, that myself, as well as the prisoners, were entirely at his disposal; that our future comfort must depend on my liberality in regard to presents, and that these must be made in a private way, and unknown to any officer in the government! ' What must I do,' said I, ' to obtain a mitigation of the present sufferings of the two teachers?' ' Pay to

me,' said he, ' two hundred tickals, (about a hundred dollars), two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs.' I had taken money with me in the morning, our house being two miles from the prison; I could not easily return. This I offered to the writer, and begged he would not insist on the other articles, as they were not in my possession. He hesitated for some time, but fearing to lose sight of so much money, he concluded to take it, promising to relieve the teachers from their most painful situation.

" I then procured an order from the governor, for my admittance into prison; but the sensations produced by meeting your brother in that wretched, horrid situation, and the affecting scene which ensued, I will not attempt to describe. Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison (for I was never allowed to enter), gave me some directions relative to his release; but before we could make any arrangement, I was ordered to depart, by those iron-hearted jailors who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. In vain I pleaded the order from the governor for my admittance; they again harshly repeated, ' Depart, or we will pull you out.' The same evening the Missionaries, together with the other foreigners, who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison, and confined in an open shed in the prison enclosure. Here I was allowed to send them food, and mats to sleep on, but was not permitted to enter again for several days.

" My next object was to get a petition presented to the queen; but no person being admitted into the palace who was in disgrace with his majesty, I sought to

present it through the medium of her brother's wife. I had visited her in better days, and received particular marks of her favour. But now times were altered: Mr. Judson was in prison, and I in distress, which was a sufficient reason for giving me a cold reception. I took a present of considerable value. She was lolling on her carpet as I entered, with her attendants around her. I waited not for the usual question to a suppliant, 'What do you want?' but in a bold, earnest, yet respectful manner, stated our distresses and our wrongs, and begged her assistance. She partly raised her head, opened the present I had brought, and coolly replied, 'Your case is not singular; all the foreigners are treated alike.' 'But it is singular,' said I; 'the teachers are Americans; they are ministers of religion, and have nothing to do with war or politics, and came to Ava in obedience to the king's command. They have never done any thing to deserve such treatment; and is it right they should be treated thus?' 'The king does as he pleases,' said she; 'I am not the king, what can I do?' 'You can state their case to the queen, and obtain their release,' replied I. 'Place yourself in my situation,—were you in America, your husband, innocent of crime, thrown into prison, in irons, and you a solitary, unprotected female,—what would you do?' With a slight degree of feeling, she said, 'I will present your petition—come again tomorrow.' I returned to the house with considerable hope, that the speedy release of the missionaries was at hand. But the next day, Mr. Gouger's property, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, was taken and carried to the palace. The officers, on their return,

politely informed me, they should visit our house on the morrow. I felt obliged for this information, and accordingly made preparations to receive them, by secreting as many little articles as possible, together with considerable silver, as I knew, if the war should be protracted, we should be in a state of starvation without it. But my mind was in a dreadful state of agitation lest it should be discovered, and cause my being thrown into prison. And had it been possible to procure money from any other quarter, I should not have ventured on such a step."

The conduct of this heroic female, during her husband's imprisonment, is surely sufficient to impress even the most thoughtless mind, with the vigour and efficacy of Christian principle and feeling. No steps were left untaken, no means untried, to promote the comfort, and, if possible, to effect the deliverance of the persecuted ambassadors of Christ. Time after time, she made application to various members of the king's household; and amid all her discouragements, she still persisted in presenting petitions, in making urgent personal entreaties, and devising new schemes for the release of the prisoners. "For nearly a year and a-half," says she, "so entirely engrossed was every thought with present scenes and sufferings, that I seldom reflected on a single occurrence of my former life, or recollected that I had a friend in existence out of Ava." Heart-rending, indeed, is the account of the sufferings which the missionaries endured; and did our space permit, we could give a plain unvarnished tale, which, nevertheless, would be enough to melt a heart of stone. One or two passages will suffice.

"Notwithstanding the order the governor had given for my admittance into prison, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade the under jailor to open the gate. I used to carry Mr. J.'s food myself, for the sake of getting in, and would then remain an hour or two unless driven out. We had been in this comfortable situation but two or three days, when one morning, having carried in Mr. Judson's breakfast, which, in consequence of fever, he was unable to take, I remained longer than usual, when the governor, in great haste, sent for me. I promised him to return as soon as I had ascertained the governor's will, he being much alarmed at this unusual message. I was very agreeably disappointed, when the governor informed me that he wished to consult me about his watch, and seemed unusually pleasant and conversable. I found afterwards, that his only object was to detain me until the dreadful scene, about to take place in prison, was over. For when I left him to go to my room, one of the servants came running, and with a ghastly countenance, informed me, that all the white prisoners were carried away. I would not believe the report, and instantly went back to the governor, who said he had just heard of it, but did not wish to tell me. I hastily ran into the street, hoping to get a glimpse of them before they were out of sight, but in this was disappointed. I ran first into one street, then into another, inquiring of all I met, but no one would answer me. At length, an old woman told me, the white prisoners had gone towards the little river; for they were to be carried to Amarapora. I then ran to the banks of the little river, about half a mile, but saw

them not, and concluded that the old woman had deceived me. Some of the friends of the foreigners went to the place of execution, but found them not. I then returned to the governor, to try and discover the cause of their removal, and the probability of their future fate. The old man assured me, that he was ignorant of the intention of government to remove the foreigners, till that morning; that since I went out he had learned, that the prisoners were to be sent to Amarapora, but for what purpose he knew not. 'I will send off a man immediately,' said he, 'to see what is to be done with them. You can do nothing more for your husband,' continued he, 'take care of yourself.' With a heavy heart I went to my room, and having no hope to excite me to exertion, I sunk down almost in despair. For several days previous, I had been actively engaged in building my own little room, and making our hovel comfortable. My thoughts had been almost entirely occupied in contriving means to get into the prison. But now I looked towards the gate with a kind of melancholy feeling, but no wish to enter. All was the stillness of death; no preparation of your brother's food; no expectation of meeting him at the usual dinner hour; all my employment, all my occupation seemed to have ceased, and I had nothing left but the dreadful recollection that Mr. Judson was carried off, I knew not whither.—It was one of the most insupportable days I ever passed. Towards night, however, I came to the determination to set off the next morning for Amarapora, and for this purpose was obliged to go to our house out of town.

"Never before had I suffered so much from fear in

traversing the streets of Ava. The last words of the governor, 'Take care of yourself,' made me suspect there was some design with which I was unacquainted. I saw, also, he was afraid to have me go into the streets, and advised me to wait till dark, when he would send me in a cart, and a man to open the gates. I took two or three trunks of the most valuable articles, together with the medicine chest, to deposit in the house of the governor; and after committing the house and premises to our faithful Moung Ing and a Bengalee servant, who had continued with us, (though we were unable to pay his wages,) I took leave, as I then thought probable, of our house in Ava for ever."

And a short time after this, when she had reached Oung-pen-la, where Mr. Judson was confined, she thus remarks:—

"Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer at this time, my illness depriving her of her usual nourishment, and neither a nurse nor a drop of milk could be procured in the village. By making presents to the jailors, I obtained leave for Mr. Judson to come out of prison, and take the little emaciated creature around the village, to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children. Her cries in the night were heart-rending, when it was impossible to supply her wants. I now began to think the very afflictions of Job had come upon me. When in health I could bear the various trials and vicissitudes, through which I was called to pass, but to be confined with sickness, and unable to assist those who were so dear to me, when in distress, was almost too much for me to bear; and had it not been for the consolations of religion, and an as-

sured conviction that every additional trial was ordered by infinite love and mercy, I must have sunk under my accumulated sufferings. Sometimes our jailors seemed a little softened at our distress, and for several days together allowed Mr. Judson to come to the house, which was to me an unspeakable consolation. Then, again, they would be as iron-hearted in their demands, as though we were free from sufferings, and in affluent circumstances. The annoyance, the extortions and oppressions to which we were subject, during our six months residence in Oung-pen-la, are beyond enumeration or description."

At length the approach of the English army towards the town convinced the government that some decisive steps must be taken to arrest their progress. Hitherto they had trusted to force, now they began to think of endeavouring to procure a peace. At length it was resolved to send to the English camp Mr. Judson, along with one of two English officers who had been taken prisoners. Dr. Price, however, being anxious to go, Mr. Judson remained behind. The court waited with the utmost anxiety for the return of the ambassadors; and at length Dr. Price arrived, bringing the terms of peace; one part of which was, the immediate surrender of the prisoners, particularly Mr. Judson, his wife, and child. With considerable hesitation, the terms were agreed to, and Mr. Judson and his family set out to the British camp. Their departure is thus described in the glowing language of Mrs. Judson ;—

"It was on a cool, moonlight evening, in the month of March, that, with hearts filled with gratitude to God, and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed

down the Irrawaddy, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth. The thought we had still to pass the Burman camp, would sometimes occur to damp our joy, for we feared that some obstacle might there arise to retard our progress. Nor were we mistaken in our conjectures. We reached the camp about midnight, when we were detained two hours; the Woongyee, and high officers, insisting that we should wait at the camp, while Dr. Price, (who did not return to Ava with your brother, but remained at the camp,) should go on with the money, and first ascertain whether peace would be made. The Burmese government still entertained the idea, that as soon as the English had received the money and prisoners, they would continue their march, and yet destroy the capital. We knew not but that some circumstance might occur to break off the negociation; Mr. Judson, therefore, strenuously insisted that he would not remain, but go on immediately. The officers were finally prevailed on to consent, hoping much from Mr. Judson's assistance in making peace.

"We now, for the first time, for more than a year and a-half, felt that we were free, and no longer subject to the oppressive yoke of the Burmese. And with what sensation of delight, on the next morning, did I behold the mast of the steam-boat, the sure presage of being within the bounds of civilised life. As soon as our boat reached the shore, Brigadier A. and another officer came on board, congratulated us on our arrival, and invited us on board the steam-boat, where I passed the remainder of the day, while your brother went down to meet the General, who, with a detachment of

the army, had encamped at Yandaboo, a few miles further down the river. Mr. Judson returned in the evening, with an invitation from Sir Archibald to come immediately to his quarters, where I was the next morning introduced, and received with the greatest kindness by the General, who had a tent pitched for us near his own—took us to his own table, and treated us with the kindness of a father, rather than as strangers of another country.

"We feel that our obligations to General Campbell can never be cancelled. Our final release from Ava, and our recovering all the property that had there been taken, was owing entirely to his efforts. His subsequent hospitality, and kind attention to the accomodations for our passage to Rangoon, have left an indelible impression on our minds, which can never be forgotten. We daily received the congratulations of the British officers, whose conduct towards us formed a striking contrast to that of the Burmese. I presume to say, that no persons on earth were ever happier than we were, during the fortnight we passed at the English camp. For several days this single idea wholly occupied my mind, that we were out of the power of the Burmese government, and once more under the protection of the English. Our feelings constantly dictated expressions like these, 'What shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards us?'"

It was chiefly in consequence of the eloquent, forcible appeals of this wonderful female, that the Burmese government were persuaded to submit to the terms of peace. But such were the extreme sufferings through which she had passed, that her frame, already weaken-

ed by frequent attacks of disease, could not long survive the shock. And, accordingly, during the absence of Mr. Judson, on an exploring expedition with Mr. Crawford, the Commissioner of the Governor-General of India, Mrs. Judson, having been attacked with a severe fever, was cut off, after eighteen days' illness. It would be consoling to know something of the state of her mind in her last moments, but this cannot be discovered. She died in a land of strangers; and to the few friends who surrounded her dying bed, the severity of her disease prevented her from saying much. But her life speaks volumes in favour of Christianity, as not merely impelling to all that is amiable and excellent, but to all that is heroic and magnanimous, and truly sublime, in the character and actings of the human being.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

This distinguished lady, whose memory is deservedly held in high estimation, was the youngest but one of five daughters. Her father, Jacob More, a man of considerable classical attainments, was the master of a foundation-school at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, where Hannah was born in the year 1745. The family belonged to the Church of England; but Mrs. More's forefathers appear to have been, even in the most troublous times, devoted Presbyterians. The following extract of a letter received by Mr. Roberts, the editor of her "Life and Correspondence," gives an interesting account of the ancestors of the family:—

"The family of the Mores was highly respectable, but they were of different parties. Mrs. H. More's grandfather married into a family who were zealous Nonconformists. They boarded a minister in their house, and assembled there at the hour of midnight, to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, while Mr. More guarded the entrance with his sword. In aftertimes, my mother has heard the old lady reproach her grand-daughter as lightly esteeming the Word of God, when they complained of fatigue after walking some distance in the midst of winter to their place of worship. She was a staunch Presbyterian, remarkable for the simplicity and integrity of her principles. She always rose at four, even in the winter, after she had reached her eightieth year; and she lived beyond her

ninetieth. Her son, Mrs. H. More's father, and her daughter, afterwards Mrs. Hayle of Needham, each received an education adapted to their prospects, which were considered as promising all that is desirable in this life; but the unfortunate issue of a law-suit blasted their well-founded hopes, and sent Mr. More from his native county to the west of England."

In early life, Hannah gave evidence of possessing a mind singularly active and acute. Her desire for knowledge was peculiarly strong; and her father, whose mind was richly stored with the most prominent facts of Greek and Roman history, which he took great pleasure in narrating to his children, found a willing and delighted listener in the ardent and inquisitive Hannah. His conversation was to her a source of much enjoyment; and she often dwelt in after life on the high privilege which she enjoyed in having been reared in infancy under the care of an enlightened Christian parent. Under her father's tuition she made rapid progress, not merely in the more elementary branches of learning, but in the Latin classics and in mathematics. It was the desire of Mr. and Mrs. More, that their daughters should receive such an education as would enable them, in course of time, to establish a boarding-school; and this was the more desirable, as, from the limited income which the school at Stapleton afforded, there was every probability that the five young ladies would be ultimately left to their own resources. With this view, accordingly, the plan of their studies was framed. The eldest was sent to a French school at Bristol; and as she returned home at the end of each week, she instructed her sisters so far as her own

acquisitions went; and under this tuition Hannah commenced the study of the French language, which she continued to prosecute with such diligence, that she at length acquired a complete familiarity with its idioms and pronunciation.

At length, when the eldest sister was considered as having finished her education, the long-projected plan was carried into effect of opening a boarding-school at Bristol. To that town accordingly the sisters removed, and Hannah, who was then only twelve years of age, was thus enabled to prosecute her studies under the various masters who regularly attended the seminary. Her progress was in the highest degree satisfactory, and her talents were regarded by her friends as of a promising description. From very early life she took a remarkable delight not merely in reading, but occasionally writing poetry; and though her effusions were seldom allowed to travel beyond the precincts of the family, she received sufficient encouragement to lead her to persist in her poetic efforts. When she had reached her sixteenth year, the elder Sheridan came to Bristol to give lectures on eloquence, and such was the impression made upon the mind of Hannah, that she gave vent to her feelings in a copy of verses which was presented to the lecturer by a friend. Sheridan was much pleased with the compliment; and having been introduced to the author, the high opinion he had previously formed of her taste and talents was fully confirmed. About this period she was seized with a dangerous illness, in consequence of which Dr. Woodward, an eminent physician, was called in. One day, when making a professional visit to his young patient,

he entered into conversation with her upon literary topics, and so fascinated did he become with the richness and variety of her remarks, as to forget the purpose of his visit, till suddenly recollecting himself, when he was half way down stairs, he returned to the room, exclaiming, " How are you to-day, my poor child ?"

After her recovery from this severe illness, Hannah More continued to store her mind with useful information, and to acquire those elegant accomplishments which her sister's seminary afforded her the opportunity of obtaining. So rapidly did her mental powers develope themselves, that at the age of seventeen she wrote the pastoral drama, entitled, the " Search after Happiness." This early effort of her pen was attended with the success which her talents deserved. In the study of the modern languages, she spent much of her time about this period of her life, and she succeeded in mastering the Italian, Latin, and Spanish so completely, as to produce several spirited translations and imitations, which, though never published, were circulated among her acquaintances.

When Miss More had scarcely reached the age of twenty-two, she received the addresses of Mr. Turner, a gentleman of fortune, twenty years older than herself. Arrangements were made for their union, the day was more than once fixed, but Mr. Turner always alleged some frivolous excuse or other for delaying the marriage. At length her sisters and friends interfered, and, by their advice, she came to the fixed resolution of putting an end to the matter ; and though Mr. Turner expressed a wish that the marriage should be com-

pleted, Miss More positively declined to renew the engagement. What might be the various circumstances which operated upon her mind during the course of this transaction, it is impossible at this distance of time to say; but it is highly honourable to her memory, that Mr. Turner insisted upon settling an annuity upon her for life, that he continued to cherish the highest respect for her virtues and excellencies, and at his death bequeathed to her a thousand pounds. From the period of this distressing transaction, Miss More, with that dignity and moral strength of character for which she was distinguished, refused to lend an ear to any similar proposal.

The enthusiasm with which a young and ardent mind, devoted almost exclusively to the pursuits of literature, feels itself impelled, in every step of its progress, is far from being favourable to the full development of the Christian character. It is liable to be involved in a system of intellectual idolatry, which so magnifies in importance the mere cultivation of the mind, as to imagine it of higher value than the implantation of holiness in the heart. The man of intellect is viewed as a demigod, and the pursuits of intellect are regarded as the paramount object of human existence. Under the unhappy influence of a delusion of this nature, Hannah More spent several precious years of her life. Much of her time was passed in London, where, in the company of the great, and amid the dissipation of literary society, she, for a time, forgot the holy principles her parents had inculcated, and mingled, with little compunction, if not with entire satisfaction, in the frivolous amusements and empty

gaieties of fashionable life. During this period, though she still maintained a profession of Christianity, and, when occasion offered, she defended it against the sneers and the attacks of infidels into whose company she was thrown, there appears, from her correspondence, to have been a very feeble impression of its influence and power upon her mind. Her time, her talents, her feelings and affections, were engrossed with other affairs than those of eternity. The world's pleasures and the world's applause were the all-absorbing objects of her thoughts and desires. Notwithstanding this, however, she persisted in refusing all invitations to Sunday parties, and though she gave frequent attendance at the theatre, besides herself writing several successful pieces for the stage, yet, in her private hours, it would appear she both read and thought upon divine things.

The death of Garrick, the celebrated tragedian, who had been long the friend and patron of Miss More, is regarded by her biographer, and we think justly, as an era in her life. It is marked by an evident change in the tone of her correspondence; she becomes more thoughtful, more subdued, more rational, more resembling a Christian. But for several years after the decease of the friend just mentioned, her letters betray a coldness in speaking of religion, which seems to indicate that, though her judgment was fully convinced of its truth and importance, her heart was but feebly influenced by its sanctifying and saving power. She was still exposed to so much flattery, that the world was, to some extent, her idol; and though the death of various literary friends and acquaintances shed an oc-

casional tinge of melancholy over her letters, it was obviously that sentimental sadness which is the offspring rather of a keenly sensitive heart, than of a habitually serious and reflective mind.

Passing over, therefore, ten years of Miss More's life, which were spent amid the follies and vanities of mere worldly society, we would hasten forward to a period when religion assumed, in her view, its due prominence and regard. It is impossible, however, to fix upon any certain data at which this all-important change took place. It was gradual and progressive, commencing with that spirit of sobriety and calm reflection which first displays itself after the death of Garrick, and perceptibly increases as years roll over her head. She was always characterized by a peculiar gentleness and benevolence of character, which frequently displayed itself amid all the giddiness which marked the earlier part of her literary career. Two incidents may be referred to as illustrative of this remark. The first is thus mentioned in a letter written in 1784 by Miss More to Mrs. Montague :—

" On my return from Sandleford, a copy of verses was shown me, said to be written by a poor illiterate woman in this neighbourhood, who sells milk from door to door. The story did not engage my faith, but the verses excited my attention ; for, though incorrect, they breathed the genuine spirit of poetry, and were rendered still more interesting, by a certain natural and strong expression of misery, which seemed to fill the heart and mind of the author. On making diligent inquiry into her history and character, I found that she had been born and bred in her present humble

station, and had never received the least education, except that her brother had taught her to write. Her mother, who was also a milk-woman, appears to have had sense and piety, and to have given an early tincture of religion to this poor woman's mind. She is about eight-and-twenty, was married very young, to a man who is said to be honest and sober, but of a turn of mind very different from her own. Repeated losses, and a numerous family, (for they had six children in seven years), reduced them very low, and the rigours of the last severe winter sunk them to the extremity of distress. For your sake, dear Madam, and for my own, I wish I could entirely pass over this part of her story; but some of her most affecting virtues would be unintelligible without it. Her aged mother, her six little infants, and herself, were actually on the point of perishing, and had given up every hope of human assistance, when the gentleman so gratefully mentioned in her poem to Stella providentially heard of their distress, which I am afraid she had too carefully concealed, and hastened to their relief. The poor woman and her children were preserved: but—(imagine, dear Madam, a scene which will not bear a detail)—for the unhappy mother, all assistance came too late: she had the joy to see it arrive, but it was a joy she was no longer able to bear, and it was more fatal to her than famine had been. You will find our poetess frequently alluding to this terrible circumstance, which has left a settled impression of sorrow on her mind.

"When I went to see her, I observed a perfect simplicity in her manners, without the least affectation or pretension of any kind; she neither attempted to raise

my compassion by her distress, nor my admiration by her parts. But, on a more familiar acquaintance, I have had reason to be surprised at the justness of her taste, the faculty I least expected to find in her. In truth, her remarks on the books she has read are so accurate, and so consonant to the opinions of the best critics, that, from that very circumstance, they would appear trite and common-place in any one who had been in habits of society; for, without having ever conversed with any body above her own level, she seems to possess the general principles of sound taste and just thinking.

"I was curious to know what poetry she had read. With the Night Thoughts and Paradise Lost, I found her well acquainted; but she was astonished to learn that Young and Milton had written anything else. Of Pope, she had only seen the Eloisa; and Dryden, Spenser, Thomson, and Prior, were quite unknown to her, even by name. She has read a few of Shakspeare's plays, and speaks of a translation of the Georgics, which she has somewhere seen, with the warmest poetic rapture.

"But though it has been denied to her to drink at the pure well-head of pagan poesy, yet, from the true fountain of divine inspiration, her mind seems to have been wonderfully nourished and enriched."

Miss More, anxious to relieve the distresses of this poor woman, whose talents appeared to be of an extraordinary kind, commenced a subscription in her behalf. Ann Yearsley, for such was the name of the milkwoman, was accordingly induced to prepare a volume of her poems for the press; and, after thirteen months

unremitting exertions, Miss More succeeded in raising not less a sum than five hundred pounds, which was placed in the funds, Mrs. Montague and herself being the trustees. The woman, however, in whose behalf the money was procured, was a stranger alike to gratitude and prudence; and, inflated by the notice she had attracted, she openly expressed her indignation at not having the sum subscribed put into her own hands. Under the influence of rage and malice combined, she propagated the most absurd calumnies against her benefactors, as if they wished to embezzle the money intrusted to their care. Both Mrs. Montague and Miss More bore with such misrepresentations for some time, but worn out at length with her unmerited abuse, they surrendered the money into the hands of a respectable lawyer, and refrained from taking any farther interest in one who had proved herself so unworthy of their kindness. Miss More thus notices the conduct of this foolish woman in a letter to Mr. Pepys:—

"There is hardly a species of slander the poor foolish creature does not propagate against me, in the most public manner, because I have called her a *milk-woman*, and because I have placed the money in the funds, instead of letting her spend it. I confess my weakness—it goes to my heart, not for my own sake, but for the sake of our common nature: so much for my inward feelings; as to my active resentment, I am trying to get a place for her husband, and am endeavouring to make up the sum I have raised for her to five hundred pounds. Do not let this harden your heart or mine against any future object.

"One of her charges is, that I design to defraud her

children of the money after her death;—and this to my face, the second time she saw me after I came hither. Poor human nature! I could weep over thee. Believe me, nor call me methodist,—nothing but the sanctifying influences of religion can subdue and keep in tolerable order that pride which is the concomitant of great talents with a bad education."

The second incident to which we would refer, as exhibiting, in a very strong light, Miss More's peculiar kindness of heart, is more romantic than that which we have just recorded. It is thus noticed in a small anonymous Memoir of Miss More, from which we prefer quoting, as it is only slightly mentioned in the large work by Mr. Roberts:—

"Nearly about the same time when the poetry of the milk-woman became the general subject of conversation, a young female, of the most delicate figure and prepossessing features, was discovered wandering at a place called Frenchhay, near Bristol. Here she took up her nightly rest beneath the shelter of a hay-stack, and in the day-time roamed about the fields, picking her scanty food from the hedges, but occasionally looking into the cottages, as if soliciting from the charitable inhabitants a draught of milk. This, to the credit of the villagers, was never refused; and for the bounty, she always expressed, by her behaviour, the feeling of gratitude, but never failed to hasten again to her hay-stack, where she would sit for hours together, like Sterne's Maria, though courting nothing animate or inanimate to cheer her solitude.

"Even in this secluded part of the country, such an object could not fail to prove interesting; and the

manner in which the rustics, old and young, of both sexes, behaved towards the stranger, reflected honour upon their feelings and humanity. The adventure, if it may be so termed, spread around the neighbourhood; and numbers came to Frenchhay from Bristol and other places, many out of curiosity, and some from better motives, with a view to administer that relief of which it was evident the wanderer stood in need. Various attempts were made to draw from the unhappy stranger some account of her origin, but to all conversation she appeared indifferent. It was, however, certain, that this did not arise from any natural infirmity in the organ of hearing, but from a want of the means of communication, or perhaps from a disinclination to recall to memory unpleasant circumstances. With the English language she appeared wholly unacquainted; and of the French, she either had no knowledge, or was averse to it. When, however, German was spoken, and then only, she seemed to listen with something like attention, as to sounds that had been once familiar to her ear; but still she always relapsed into a state of unconscious apathy. All that could be gathered with certainty respecting her was, that of answering to the name of Louisa. Inquiries were set on foot, and diligently prosecuted, to discover by what means she came into the country; for that she was a foreigner could not be doubted; but nothing satisfactory was obtained, and, as it now appeared to be a case of harmless insanity, Louisa, through the friendly exertions of Hannah More and her sisters, was placed in Mr. Henderson's lunatic asylum at the Fishponds."

While Miss More mingled so extensively in literary society, she had frequent opportunities of meeting with the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, by whom her talents were fully appreciated. He often spoke of her in the highest terms; and the respect, approaching to veneration, with which she regarded that haughty autocrat of literature, led her to take a lively interest in all that concerned him. As his latter end drew nigh, she watched every step of his declining years with a deep-felt concern at once for his temporal comfort and his eternal well-being. She thus speaks of his death in a letter to her sister:—

"Mr. Pepys wrote me a very kind letter on the death of Johnson, thinking I should be impatient to hear something relating to his last hours. Dr. Brocklesby, his physician, was with him: Johnson said to him a little before he died, 'Doctor, you are a worthy man, and my friend, but I am afraid you are not a Christian! What can I do better for you than offer up, in your presence, a prayer to the Great God, that you may become a Christian in my sense of the word?' Instantly he fell on his knees, and put up a fervent prayer; when he got up, he caught hold of his hand, with great earnestness, and cried, 'Doctor, you do not say Amen.' The Doctor looked foolishly, but after a pause, cried, 'Amen.' Johnson said, 'My dear Doctor, believe a dying man, there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God; go home, write down my prayer, and every word I have said, and bring it to me to-morrow.' Brocklesby did so.

"A friend desired he would make his will; and as Hume in his last moments, had made an impious de-

claration of his opinions, he thought it would tend to counteract the poison, if Johnson would make a public confession of his faith in his will. He said he would; seized the pen with great earnestness, and asked what was the usual form of beginning a will? His friend told him. After the usual forms, he wrote, 'I offer up my soul to the great and merciful God; I offer it full of pollution, but in full assurance that it will be cleansed in the blood of my Redeemer.' And for some time he wrote on with the same vigour and spirit as if he had been in perfect health. When he expressed some of his former dread of dying, a friend said, 'If you, Doctor, have these fears, what is to become of me and others?' 'Oh! Sir,' said he, 'I have written piously, it is true; but I have lived too much like other men.' It was a consolation to him, however, in his last hours, that he had never written in derogation of religion or virtue. He talked of his death and funeral at times with great composure. On the Monday morning, he fell into a sound sleep, and continued in that state for twelve hours, and then died without a groan.

"No action of his life became him like the leaving it. His death makes a kind of era in literature; piety and goodness will not easily find a more able defender, and it is delightful to see him set, as it were, his dying seal to the professions of his life, and to the truth of Christianity.

"I now recollect with melancholy pleasure, two little anecdotes of this departed genius, indicating a zeal for religion which one cannot but admire, however characteristically rough. When the Abbé Raynal

was introduced to him, upon the Abbé's advancing to take his hand, Dr. J. drew back and put his hand behind him, and afterwards replied to the expostulation of a friend, 'Sir, I will not shake hands with an infidel!' At another time, I remember asking him if he did not think the Dean of Derry a very agreeable man, to which he made no answer, and on my repeating my question, 'Child,' said he, 'I will not speak any thing in favour of a Sabbath-breaker, to please you, nor any one else.'"

For many years, as we have seen, Miss More was immersed in the gaieties of fashionable life; and though the influence of her early impressions in favour of religion was never entirely absent from her mind, it was, in a great measure, weakened by the engrossing objects and pursuits which habitually engaged her attention. She lived too little under the power of the world to come. Courted, flattered, and caressed by the high in rank, and the distinguished in literature, it might be said of her, alas! with too much truth, that she "loved the praise of men more than the approbation of God." The death of Garrick, however, we have found reason to regard as the commencement of a new era in her life. From that period she began to feel more deeply impressed with the vain and unsatisfactory nature of all sublunary things; an air of pensive thoughtfulness was apparent in her whole deportment; and in her more retired hours, she took a daily increasing pleasure in reading the Scriptures, and in devotional exercises.

At length she began to feel, that the world, with its fascinating charms, had been exercising too powerful a sway over her heart and conduct. She resolved, there-

fore, to withdraw herself gradually from that unprofitable society in which she had hitherto spent the greater part of her time. An opportunity presented itself, in 1785, of accomplishing this object, by retiring from the bustle of town to take up her residence in the country. This had long been her secret wish, and accordingly, having acquired possession of a little secluded spot near Bristol, bearing the romantic name of Cowslip Green, she entered upon her rural retreat with a freshness of feeling and a sweet mental tranquillity, to which, from her early days, she had been a stranger. While, however, Miss More henceforth resided chiefly in the country, she by no means withdrew herself entirely from her friends in London. She was in the habit of spending several weeks every year in the metropolis, particularly at the house of Mrs. Garrick, the widow of her former friend and patron. On the occasion of one of these annual visits to town, Miss More thus writes to her sister, speaking of the society in which she moved:—

"I have naturally but a small appetite for grandeur, which is always satisfied even to indigestion, before I leave this town; and I require a long abstinence to get any relish for it again; yet I repeat, there are very agreeable people, but there is dress, there is restraint, there is want of leisure, to which I find it difficult to conform for any length of time,—and life is short.

"I sometimes get an interesting morning visitor; of two or three I have entertained some hope that they were beginning to think seriously. Lady B. and I had a long discourse yesterday; she seems anxious for reli-

gious information. I told her much plain truth, and she bore it so well, that I ventured to give her Doddridge. If she should not stumble at the threshhold, from the strong manner in which the book opens, I trust she will read it with good effect. Miss —— has been also with me several times; beautiful and accomplished, surrounded with flatterers, and sunk in dissipation. I asked her why she continued to live so much below not only her principles, but her understanding—what pleasure she derived from crowds of persons so inferior to herself—did it make her happy? Happy! she said; no, she was miserable. She despised the society she lived in, and had no enjoyment of the pleasures in which her life was consumed; but what could she do? She could not be singular—she must do as her acquaintance did. I pushed it so home on her conscience, that she wept bitterly, and embraced me. I conjured her to read her Bible, with which she is utterly unacquainted. These fine creatures are, I hope, sincere, when they promise to be better; but the very next temptation that comes across them puts all their good intentions to flight, and they go on, as if they had never formed them; nay, all the worse for having formed and not realized them. They shall have my prayers, which are the most effectual part of our endeavours."

This quotation exhibits Miss More in a very interesting light, as embracing every opportunity of diffusing the influence of a pure religious spirit among her friends and acquaintances. It were well for the cause of true religion, if Christians were more habitually anxious to have "their conversation always with grace, seasoned

with salt." Thus might many, who are from Sabbath to Sabbath unimpressed with the ministrations of the pulpit, be led, by the seasonable remarks of Christians, in private and familiar conversation, to know Him experimentally whom in their hearts they have hitherto despised. On this subject we cannot refrain from extracting a sentence or two from a letter, addressed by the Rev. John Newton to Miss More :—

" If I am lawfully called into the company of the profligate, I am too much shocked to be in great danger of being hurt by them. I feel myself in the situation of the traveller, when assaulted by the north wind. The vehemence of the wind makes me wrap my cloak the faster about me: but when I am with your good sort of people, I am like the same traveller when under the powerful beams of the sun; the insinuating warmth puts me insensibly off my guard, and I am in danger of voluntarily dropping the cloak, which could not be forced from me by downright violence. The circle of politeness, elegance, and taste, unless a higher spirit and principle predominate, is to me an enchanted spot, which I seldom enter without fear, and seldom retire from without loss."

Miss More seems to have had great enjoyment in her retirement at Cowslip Green. Reading, meditation, occasional correspondence, and the healthful exercise of gardening, were her chief occupations, and in these varied employments the time passed pleasantly away. Her advancement in the divine life, however, was by no means so rapid as her sanguine expectations had led her to anticipate; and it is not surprising, therefore, that we should find her giving vent to her feelings in

the following language, extracted from a letter to Mr. Newton :—

" I have always fancied if I could secure to myself such a quiet retreat as I have now really accomplished, that I should be wonderfully good; that I should have leisure to store my mind with such and such maxims of wisdom; that I should be safe from such and such temptations; that, in short, my whole summers would be smooth periods of peace and goodness. Now, the misfortune is, I have actually found a great deal of the comfort I expected, but without any of the concomitant virtues. I am certainly happier here than in the agitation of the world, but I do not find that I am one bit better; with full leisure to rectify my heart and affections, the disposition unluckily does not come. I have the mortification to find, that petty and (as they are called) innocent employments, can detain my heart from heaven as much as tumultuous pleasures. If to the pure all things are pure, the reverse must be also true, when I can contrive to make so harmless an employment as the cultivation of flowers stand in the room of a vice, by the great portion of time I give up to it, and by the entire dominion it has over my mind. You will tell me that if the affections be estranged from their proper object, it signifies not much whether a bunch of roses or a pack of cards effects it. I pass my life in intending to get the better of this, but life is passing away, and the reform never begins. It is a very significant saying, though a very odd one, of one of the Puritans, that 'Hell is paved with good intentions.' I sometimes tremble to think how large

a square my procrastination alone may furnish to this tesselated pavement."

Though now comparatively retired from that busy world in which she had once acted so prominent a part, Miss More was not contented with lamenting the folly which she had so long witnessed, and in which she had so often participated; she deemed it her duty to send forth to the world her solemn remonstrance against it. About this time, accordingly, she published her highly popular and seasonable work, entitled "The Manners of the Great." This was the commencement of a new era in Miss More's literary life. It was now her firm resolution to dedicate her powers to the immediate service of God, and the moral and spiritual benefit of her fellow-men. The work with which she started in this new career was published anonymously, but excited a remarkable interest in the public mind, and it was not long before the author was discovered. Nearly about the same time Miss More published a poem, under the name of "Slavery," with her name prefixed. It was her ardent anxiety to serve the great cause in which her friend, Mr. Wilberforce, was engaged; and with this view the verses were composed. The poem was well received, but her anonymous prose work passed through several editions in the course of a few weeks, and was everywhere extolled, and by none more loudly than by those whose faults it so unsparingly exposed.

At the close of the year 1789 an interesting event occurred, which prepared the way for Hannah executing the purpose she had long formed of withdrawing more

completely from general society, and indulging in a closer intimacy with those whose religious sentiments were congenial with her own. Her four sisters had enabled themselves, by their prudence and assiduity, to retire from their employment of teaching, having acquired a small competency. Before taking this step they had built for themselves a house in Bath, and they resolved to divide their time between the town and the country. Hannah still continued to reside the greater part of the year at Cowslip Green, and during the first summer after the educational establishment of her sisters had been closed, she enjoyed the company of her sister Martha, with whom she made occasional excursions to the surrounding villages. In the course of these little rambles they were struck with the extent to which ignorance and immorality prevailed among the poor, and they formed the resolution of establishing schools among them, for the instruction and religious training of the young. This plan was no sooner formed than they proceeded to put it in execution. A school was formed at Cheddar, a romantic village about ten miles distant from Cowslip Green, and in a short time it included nearly three hundred children. Miss Hannah More gives an interesting account of the commencement of this benevolent scheme in a letter dated from Cheddar, and addressed to Mr. Wilberforce.

"Though this is but a romantic place, as my friend Matthew well observed, yet you would laugh to see the bustle I am in. I was told we should meet with great opposition if I did not try to propitiate the chief despot of the village, who is very rich, and very brutal; so I ventured to the den of this monster, in a country as

savage as himself, near Bridgewater. He begged I would not think of bringing any religion into the country; it was the worst thing in the world for the poor, for it made them lazy and useless. In vain did I represent to him that they would be more industrious as they were better principled; and that, for my own part, I had no selfish views in what I was doing. He gave me to understand that he knew the world too well to believe either the one or the other. Somewhat dismayed to find that my success bore no proportion to my submissions, I was almost discouraged from more visits; but I found that friends must be secured at all events, for if these rich savages set their faces against us, and influenced the poor people, I saw that nothing but hostilities would ensue; so I made eleven more of these agreeable visits; and as I improved in the art of canvassing, had better success. Miss Wilberforce would have been shocked, had she seen the petty tyrants whose insolence I stroked and tamed, the ugly children I praised, the pointers and spaniels I caressed, the cider I commended, and the wine I swallowed. After these irresistible flatteries, I inquired of each if he could recommend me to a house; and said that I had a little plan which I hoped would secure their orchards from being robbed, their rabbits from being shot, their game from being stolen, and which might lower the poor-rates. If effect be the best proof of eloquence, then mine was a good speech, for I gained, at length the hearty concourse of the whole people, and their promise to discourage or favour the poor in proportion as they were attentive or negligent in sending their children. Patty, who is with me, says she has good

hope that the hearts of these rich poor wretches may be touched: they are as ignorant as the beasts that perish, intoxicated every day before dinner, and plunged in such vices as make me begin to think London a virtuous place. By their assistance, I procured immediately a good house, which, when a partition is taken down, and a window added, will receive a great number of children. The house, and an excellent garden of almost an acre of ground, I have taken at once for six guineas and a-half per year. I have ventured to take it for seven years,—there is courage for you! It is to be put in order immediately, "for the night cometh;" and it is a comfort to think, that though I may be dust and ashes in a few weeks, yet by that time this business will be in actual motion. I have written to different manufacturing towns for a mistress, but can get nothing hitherto. As to the mistress for the Sunday school, and the religious part, I have employed Mrs. Easterbrook, of whose judgment I have a good opinion. I hope Miss W. will not be frightened, but I am afraid she must be called a methodist."

In all the surrounding villages Miss More endeavoured to establish schools, which, in spite of the opposition made to them, speedily flourished so as to occupy her entire time in their management. In a letter to Mrs. Kennicott, she thus remarks, speaking of the schools:—

"We have often agreed that

"To mend the world's a vast design,"

and I am now convinced of the truth of this, by the difficulties attending the half dozen parishes we have

undertaken. It is grievous to reflect, that while we are sending Missionaries to our distant colonies, our own villages are perishing for lack of instruction. We have in this neighbourhood thirteen adjoining parishes, without so much as even a resident curate. I am deeply convinced how very poor and inadequate any miserable attempts of mine can be, to rectify so wide-spread an evil; yet I could not be comfortable till something was attempted. We have therefore established schools and various little institutions, over a tract of country of ten or twelve miles, and have near five hundred children in training. As the land is almost pagan, we bring down persons of great reputation for piety from other places, and the improvements are great for the time. But how we shall be able to keep up these things amidst so much opposition, vice, poverty and ignorance, as we have to deal with, I cannot guess."

Into all these schemes for the benefit of the poor, Mr. Wilberforce entered warmly, and aided Miss More both with his advice and with liberal contributions. In acknowledging one of his donations, she thus writes:—

"What a comfort I feel, in looking round on these starving and half-naked multitudes, to think that by your liberality many of them may be fed and clothed; and, Oh, if but one soul is rescued from eternal misery, how may we rejoice over it in another state, where, perhaps, it may not be one of our smallest felicities, that our friendship was turned to some useful account, in advancing the good of others, and, as I humbly presume to hope, in preparing ourselves for that life which shall have no end."

In the year 1790 Hannah More published a volume entitled "An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." It exposed the vices of the great with the utmost freedom, and lamented, in particular, over the decay of domestic piety among the higher classes. This work was equally popular with its predecessor, having reached the fifth edition within two years from the date of its publication.

The benevolent spirit of Miss More and her sisters led them to extend the schools farther than they at first intended. Their efforts to do good were often misrepresented, difficulties and discouragements met them at every step, but, without the slightest hesitation they proceeded onward in their work and labour of love, until, at length, they succeeded in planting schools in no fewer than ten parishes in their neighbourhood, where there were no resident clergymen. On this extended scale of operations these ladies included within the range of their superintendance more than twelve hundred children. Their own funds, of course, were quite inadequate to the support of such an immense undertaking, but, assisted by their wealthy acquaintances, they found no difficulty in defraying all necessary expenses. Miss More was anxious that not merely the children, but their parents also, should be brought under a judicious system of religious instruction. In the course of a year, accordingly, after the school had been established at Cheddar, she thus remarks to Mr. Wilberforce:

"I now ventured to have a sermon read after school on a Sunday evening, inviting a few of the parents, and keeping the grown-up children; the sermons

were of the most awakening sort, and soon produced sensible effect. It was at first thought a very methodistical measure, and we got a few broken windows; but quiet perseverance, and the great prudence with which the zeal of our good mistresses was regulated, carried us through. Many reprobates were, by the blessing of God, awakened, and many swearers and Sabbath-breakers reclaimed. The numbers both of young and old scholars increased, and the daily life and conversation of many, seemed to keep pace with their religious profession on the Sunday.

"We now began to distribute Bibles, Prayer books, and other good books, but never at random, and only to those who had given some evidence of their loving and deserving them. They are always made the reward of superior learning, or some other merit, as we can have no other proof that they will be read. Those who manifest the greatest diligence, get the books of most importance. During my absence in the winter, a great many will learn twenty or thirty chapters, psalms, and hymns. At the end of three years, during the winter, the more serious of the parents began to attend on a Wednesday night; and on Tuesday nights, twenty or thirty young people of superior piety met at the school to read the Scriptures, and hear them explained."

To keep up the interest of the children, Miss More set apart a day every year as a great annual festival. She briefly describes it in a letter addressed to Mrs. Kennicott, who uniformly entered with the liveliest sympathy into all her plans for benefiting the poor.

"I have kept this scrawl some days for want of

time to finish it—so busy have we been in preparing for a grand celebrity, distinguished by the pompous name of *Mendip Feast;* the range of hills you remember in this country; on the top of which we yesterday gave a dinner of beef and plum-pudding, and cider, to our schools. There were not quite six hundred children, for I would not admit the new schools, telling them they must be good for a year or two, to be entitled to so great a thing as a dinner. We had two tents pitched on the hill, our cloth was spread around, and we were enclosed in a fence, within which, in a circle, the children sat. We all went in waggons; and carrred a large company of our own to carve for the children, who sung Psalms very prettily in the intervals. Curiosity had drawn a great multitude, for a country so thinly peopled; one wondered whence five thousand people, for that was the calculation, could come. I was very uneasy at seeing this, lest it should disturb the decorum of the festivity. Almost all the clergy of the neighbourhood came, and I desired a separate minister to say grace to each parish. At the conclusion, I permitted a general chorus of 'God save the King,' telling them I expected that loyalty should make a part of their religion. We all parted with the most perfect peace, having fed about nine hundred people for less than a fine dinner for twenty costs. The day was the finest imaginable, and we got home safe, and I hope thankful."

Miss More's time was now almost exclusively occupied in superintending the schools, in teaching the teachers, and promoting the temporal comfort of the adult poor. Her whole soul was occupied in devising

schemes of benevolence and kindness. It was not to be expected, however, that, far and wide as her fame had reached, she would be permitted to limit her efforts of charity to her own neighbourhood. Hannah More was regarded as public property, and in the critical state of the country at the period to which we have, in the progress of our narrative, arrived, to whom could the eyes of all be directed but to one who had shown herself so successful in influencing the public mind. The French revolution had (1792) burst forth with tremendous violence, the whole frame-work of society, in almost every European nation, was shaken to its foundations, and a spirit of infidelity, and even atheism, seemed to riot amid the turbulence of civil commotions. In this state of matters, when the populace even of our own peaceful isle were fast following the French in the same downward course, letters poured in upon Miss More from all quarters, urging her to produce some little popular tract, which, being extensively circulated, might serve as a counteractive to the pernicious opinions which had been imported from France. For some time she modestly declined to undertake the task, but at length she composed a small piece, entitled "Village Dialogues, by Will Chip." This tract was no sooner published than it was circulated with almost incredible rapidity in all parts of the kingdom. Many thousands were transmitted to Scotland and Ireland. Several patriotic individuals printed off editions of it at their own expense, and in London alone many hundred thousands were distributed. The author of this astonishing little production was soon recognised, and she

received the congratulations of the most eminent men in the country for the benefit conferred upon the public at so alarming a crisis.

The encouragement which Miss More received in the new department of composition on which she was prevailed upon to enter, stimulated her to proceed in the same useful track. About this time appeared the famous atheistical speech of Dupont to the National Convention. The appearance of so blasphemous a production, and the readiness with which it was received by many even on this side the Channel, led Miss More to endeavour, as far as possible, to repel the mischief. With this view, she published a small piece, under the title of " Remarks upon the Speech of M. Dupont," dedicating the profits, amounting to about L.240, to a fund raised for the relief of the French emigrant clergy.

The numerous schools established by Miss More were now completely organized, and though opposition had been frequently offered, it was now, in a great measure, subdued. It was a source of great delight to her to pass from village to village, and witness the change, which, by the divine blessing, had followed her exertions. The wilderness had, in some measure, become a fruitful field, and many who were formerly groping in the darkness of spiritual ignorance, were rejoicing in the light of divine truth.

The schools which Mrs. H. More had instituted, and which she and her sisters so assiduously superintended, were productive of the greatest benefit to the poor. Not only were multitudes thereby taught to read who could never have otherwise acquired that privilege.

but along with the art of reading they received careful and minute instruction in the pure principles of religion. Towards the end of the last century, however, the infidel principles imported from France began to diffuse themselves, with alarming rapidity, among the humbler classes in England. The abettors of these principles, with a zeal and alacrity worthy of a better cause, lost no opportunity of gaining proselytes to their pernicious sentiments. With this view they printed and circulated infidel tracts, which they contrived, by various artifices, to introduce into the cottages of the poor. Some counteractive, accordingly, seeemed to be imperiously called for, and Miss More came to the resolution of exerting herself to supply it. The undertaking was one of considerable difficulty, but, encouraged by the success of her 'Village Politics,' she set herself to the task. Such was the origin of the well-known 'Cheap Repository Tracts.' Three of them appeared regularly every month, and being supported by a subscription, she was able to produce them at a very low price. The circulation was most gratifying to the author and her friends. No fewer than two millions of the tracts were sold during the first year, and by means of committees formed in almost every part of the kingdom, they were so widely diffused as to prove a most effectual check to the progress of infidel opinions in the country. The exertion, however, which the regular preparation of the tracts demanded from Miss More, and the extensive correspondence which she was obliged to maintain during their publication, affected her naturally feeble frame, so as to undermine her constitution. She persevered, not-

withstanding, under great weakness, until she had finished the projected series, and when completed they were reprinted in three volumes, and down to the present moment they continue to be held in very high estimation.

The next work which came from the pen of Mrs. H. More was entitled ' Strictures on Female Education,' published in 1799. Like all her previous writings, the ' Strictures' rapidly attained great popularity. Amid the warm eulogiums which were passed upon it by the most distinguished persons in the literary world, objections were raised to the religious opinions which it inculcated, and that too, from a quarter which surprised Mrs. More not a little. Archdeacon Daubeny, one of her earliest friends, published a tract remonstrating against the high Calvinistic doctrines taught in the ' Strictures,' evidently wishing to raise a controversy on the subject. Mrs. More, however, with that strong good sense which characterised her general conduct, made no reply, and the Archdeacon's remonstrance passed into speedy oblivion, while the work against which his pointless arrows were directed, became a standard treatise on the subject of Education.

The uneasiness which Mrs. More suffered from the opposition made to her work was small, compared with that which she was called shortly after to endure. While labouring indefatigably to promote the best interests of the poor, by the institution of schools in destitute parishes, she received applications from various quarters, and among others from Mr. Bere, the curate of Blagdon, to extend her care over his district, and more especially,

as being the parish in which Cowslip Green was situated. For some time Miss More, and her sister Martha, declined, but overcome by persuasion, they at length yielded, and soon succeeded in collecting two hundred children for instruction. Besides Sabbath schools for the children, they introduced Sabbath evening readings for the adults, at which the curate and his wife generally attended. The result, in the course of two or three years, was most gratifying. The parish assumed an entirely new aspect, and all were apparently delighted with the change.

And yet, perhaps, lest Mrs. More should be exalted above measure, and forget to give God the glory, she was visited with trials of a very severe description. Her character was maligned, her motives were misrepresented, she was held up to scorn as a fanatic in her religious principles, and as disaffected to the established government, both in Church and state. And whence did these calumnies originate? Who could have been guilty of first uttering these foul aspersions upon the character of one of the most useful and estimable of her sex? It was the curate of Blagdon—the very man who had entreated her to institute schools in his parish, and had often spoken in terms of the highest commendation, of her disinterested exertions for the religious interests of the poor. Such flagrant ingratitude was certainly not what might have been expected from a Christian man, much less from a Christian minister; but, amid all the railing, and abuse, and false accusations, which were poured upon her for three years, Mrs. More maintained a dignified and truly Christian meekness. She silently bore all, and without

uttering a single word of recrimination, she relinquished her school at Blagdon. This severe and protracted persecution preyed upon her mind, and more especially, as her health was much enfeebled by an ague of seven months' duration. The only step which she judged it necessary to take, in vindication of her good name, was, to address a letter to Dr. Beadon, bishop of the diocese, giving a full explanation of the whole circumstances of the case, and a history of the persecution to which she had been subjected. The reply of his lordship was prompt and satisfactory. The attacks which had been made upon her character, he hesitated not to characterise as "malicious and groundless;" and, far from wishing her to abridge her labours in the cause of education, he consoled her with the assurance, that so long as the schools continued to be under her inspection and guidance, as well as under that of the parochial ministers, they would have his protection, and every encouragement he could give them. Animated by the countenance, not merely of Dr. Beadon, but of the most distinguished evangelical ministers of the Church, and, above all, living in the enjoyment of that "peace which passeth all understanding," she was enabled to withdraw her affections more completely from the things of earth, and to set them on those things which are above.

In consequence of various circumstances, which it is unnecessary to detail, Mrs. More left Cowslip Green, and having purchased a piece of ground at about a mile distant, she built a house upon it, and took up her residence there. So delighted did her sisters become with this place, which was called Barley Wood,

that they soon after sold their house in Bath, and retired to Hannah's new country seat. Here, in the society of her sisters, she hoped to enjoy much peace and rural quiet. This hope, however, she soon found to be delusive. Crowds of visitors broke in, from time to time, upon the retirement of the happy sisters; Hannah's correspondence, both with the literary and religious world, was daily extending, and Barley Wood soon became a place of public resort. Yet, though thus exposed to far more intercourse with the world than she either anticipated or desired, Mrs. More found time to hold communion with her own heart, as well as sweet and elevating intercourse with the Father of her spirit. In her diary, under date January 25, 1803, she thus speaks in reference to the effect which her trials had produced upon her mind:—

"With sorrow I find, that though it has pleased God by various trials, both in my health and fame, to wean me from what is called the world, and I have, through grace, obtained a considerable deadness to honours, pleasure, and human applause, yet I have been grieved to find the same spirit still at work on nearer occasions, and amid the daily, petty affairs of life. I am discomposed by trifles which I despise, and feel inequalities of temper at trifling faults in others; am impatient at their follies, weaknesses, imprudences; forgetting how often I myself offend, not only against them, but against infinite mercy, and inexhaustible patience. Blessed be God for Jesus Christ."

Again, on November 27th of the same year, she remarks:—

"Too damp and wet for schools or church. Tried to improve the solitude thus afforded me. Read Baxter's Funeral Sermon, and some of the more serious passages of his life, and found them striking, and in some respects appropriate; but how sadly do I fall short of him, particularly where he speaks of his calumnious assailants. Fifty books were written against him; about twenty-three, I think, were written for and against me; besides three years' monthly attack from the Anti-jacobin; but while Baxter blessed God that none of these things disturbed him, I have to lament that, through my want of his faith and piety, they had nearly destroyed my life. In one thing only I had the advantage, I never once replied to my calumniators. In this one thing his trial was less than mine —that his calumniators did not hinder him in the service of God, by diminishing his estimation as a writer; whereas I believe the false witness borne against me, has caused my works to be much less read and more condemned; but God can carry on his own work, though all such poor tools as I were broken."

At the earnest request of an eminent dignitary of the Church, Mrs. More prepared a work, which she published in 1805, entitled, 'Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess.' The book was chiefly designed for the late Princess Charlotte of Wales, and though published anonymously, the public were not long in discovering the author, from internal evidence alone.

Soon after the publication of the 'Hints,' Mrs. More was seized with a severe and protracted illness, which she bore with a calmness and resignation of

spirit which finely harmonised with her Christian character. The utmost alarm, however, was excited in the minds, not merely of her acquaintances, but of all who had learned to appreciate her value. Hundreds of letters were addressed to her sisters, inquiring after the state of her health. For nearly two years she was unfit for exertion, whether bodily or mental, but as soon as she began to recover, her ever-active mind resumed its wonted literary occupation.

Scarcely had Mrs. More regained her former state of health, when she was visited with a most distressing trial in the death of her amiable and excellent friend Bishop Porteous, who terminated a long and useful life in the year 1809. Having been favoured only a few months before, with a visit from the worthy prelate, the intelligence of his death came upon her with so sudden a shock that her enfeebled frame almost yielded to its violence. They had been long and intimately acquainted, and the letters which passed between them show that they entertained for each other a mutual esteem and regard. The account of the good Bishop's last hours, is thus given in a letter which Mrs. More received from her attached friend Mrs. Kennicott.

"I have much satisfaction in writing to you, my dearest friend, because I think the account I have to give of our beloved Bishop is such as will afford you great consolation. After his fine mind had yielded to the infirmities of his weak body, his imperfect wandering ideas still led him to exert his small remaining strength in whatever appeared to him to tend to the glory of God; and the foundation of these two dis-

tressing notes to you was a report he had heard, of the institution of a club under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, which was to meet on a Sunday. Under this impression, he requested an audience of the Prince to entreat of him to fix on some other day. The audience was granted. Can any thing be imagined more affecting? Supported by two servants, and hardly able to move with their assistance, he got to the apartment of the Prince; and with agitated earnestness conjured him to fix on some other day for this meeting. The Prince received him most graciously, seemed much affected, said it was not a new institution, and that it was founded on charity, but that if the day could be changed to Saturday it should.

"The last week was a most distressing one at the time, but now to be reflected upon with comfort. Pious zeal and true Christian humility were prevalent amidst all his rambling. On the Friday he was brought to Fulham; on entering the great hall he clasped his hands and said, 'I thank God for permitting me to come once more to this place.' The next morning he said the air refreshed him, and admired the beauty of his lawn. He was carried down to dinner, and soon after was seized,with something like a convulsion, was taken to his sofa, had a cordial given to him, fell into a quiet sleep for three hours, and only just opened his eyes to close them for ever on this world. He had frequently prayed, but always with devout submission to God's will, to be spared the pangs of death; and he was spared them.

"In the drawer of a table at which he lately wrote, were found various little prayers and ejaculations

written upon scraps of paper, even upon visiting tickets, any thing which came to his hand as the pious thoughts rose in his mind."

In a plantation near Barley Wood, Mrs. More consecrated an urn to the memory of this pious prelate, with the simple inscription, "To Beilby Porteous, late Lord Bishop of London, in memory of long and faithful friendship." On receiving the painful announcement of his decease from Mrs. Kennicott, she was deeply affected, and in reply she remarks.

"After reading your most interesting letter once, I was obliged to put it away for several days before I could acquire fortitude to read it again. Most heartily do I praise God for the easy and peaceful departure of our ever to be lamented Bishop; but still more fervently do I bless the divine goodness for having given him grace and strength to exhibit a spirit so heroically pious so near the end of his race, and for having made his closing scene so bright. As long as I live I shall derive comfort from the recollection that his naturally timid and modest mind was enabled to give such an evidence of the power of true religion, as to present his dying frame, sustained by his Christian spirit, before the Prince, who, perhaps, struck by the remembrance, may be influenced by it many years after the affecting vision passed before his eyes. I honour him more for this difficult exertion of piety than for a hundred acts of charity; because they were a gratification to his nature, but this was a triumph over it."

Mrs. More's next work was 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife,' which appeared in December 1809. Though

published anonymously, so popular did the work become, that in nine months it reached the eleventh edition, and in the course of the author's lifetime many thousands were sold both in this country and America. It was the obvious design of Mrs. More, in her 'Cœlebs,' to take advantage of the prevailing taste for novel-reading, by recommending, under the disguise of a fictitious narrative, those religious and moral principles which are essential to domestic happiness. And in the construction of the tale she was eminently successful. It has ever since been a favourite with the public, but we are not sure whether such religious novels do not strengthen that very desire for works of fiction which they are intended to discourage.

In 1811 Mrs. More gave to the world her 'Practical Piety,' and her name being prefixed to it, the circulation was even more rapid than any of her former works. This admirable treatise exhibits Christianity first as an internal, and then as a practical principle; and in both aspects it is set forth with the utmost simplicity and power. The benefits arising from the extensive diffusion of the clear and enlightened views which 'Practical Piety' contains, it is impossible to calculate, and, accordingly, many instances have been known, in which its valuable lessons have, by the divine blessing, produced an abiding influence upon the character and conduct. This work was speedily followed by another, entitled 'Christian Morals,' which was designed to be a continuation of it; and, like its predecessors, it attained a large share of popularity. In her 'Practical Piety' the Christian had been viewed in his private character, but in her 'Christian Mo-

rals' he was pictured forth as exemplifying his principles in his public intercourse with the world. Both treatises, therefore, may be regarded as forming a complete system of practical divinity. They are excellent of their kind, and they have exercised a very salutary tendency on many individuals, into whose hands they have fallen. In the latter work an admirable picture is drawn of her friend Mr. Wilberforce, under the name of Candidus.

A short time after the appearance of 'Christian Morals,' the family circle at Barley Wood, after having been unbroken for fifty years, was deprived of one its number by death, Mrs. Mary More, the eldest, having been cut off after a somewhat lingering illness. The following note, from Mrs. Hannah to her valuable friend Lady Olivia Sparrow, gives notice of this sad event :—

" The solemn scene is closed. My dear eldest sister is escaped from this world of sorrow, and is, I humbly trust, through the mercies of her God, and the merits of her Saviour, translated to a world of peace, where there will be neither sin, sorrow, nor separation. Her impatience to be gone, (when she had the use of her reason,) was great. We had all of us the melancholy satisfaction to see her breathe her last. I thought it something blessed to die on Easter Sunday, to descend to the grave on the day when Jesus triumphed over it.

" It is pleasant to see death without its terrors. We visit the cold remains twenty times a-day, and I am dividing my morning between the contemplation of her serene countenance, and reading my favourite Baxter's Saints' Rest."

The excellent lady to whom this note was addressed, had often urged Mrs. H. More to pay her a visit, and at length, in the summer of 1813, she set out for her laydship's seat in Huntingdonshire. No sooner, however, did she reach her friend's house, than she was seized with a severe illness, which prevented her from enjoying, so much as she could have wished, Lady Sparrow's pious and instructive conversation. As soon as she was able to travel, she proceeded into Kent to visit Lord Barham, whom she had long held in the highest respect. Before she had reached the house of this Christian nobleman, however, she received notice of his death. The sudden intelligence affected her deeply, and, with a heavy heart, she directed her course homewards. Before she left the neighbourhood of London, she spent a few days at the houses of her friends Mr. Henry Thornton and Mr. Wilberforce. On returning to Barley Wood, she found her sisters well, and " her little spot," to use her own words, " blooming as Eden."

When Mrs. H. More had somewhat recovered from the fatigue of her journey, she commenced a new, and to her mind, a favourite undertaking, an ' Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul.' In preparing this production, she felt peculiar pleasure, but at the termination of it, an accident occurred which had almost put an end to her valuable life. The particulars are thus stated by her biographer, Mr. Roberts:—

" She had retired to her apartment, of which she had locked the door, (a thing unusual with her) to exclude interruption, when in reaching across the fireplace to a book-shelf, the end of her shawl caught fire

behind, and before she was conscious of the accident, had communicated it to some of her other clothes, so that when her cries had alarmed the family, they beheld her at the head of the stairs, almost enveloped in flames. The instant, however, that she perceived aid approaching, she gently retreated with admirable presence of mind out of the current of air into her chamber, and had the calmness and recollection to abstain from any quick motion; and to this composure and self-possession was it chiefly owing that the prompt assistance of one of her friends was successful in extinguishing the flames, before her person had received any material injury."

The danger to which she was thus exposed, and the deliverance which she experienced at the critical moment, produced, for a time, a state of extreme bodily weakness. And what tended to aggravate her nervous debility, she received the announcement of the death of two of her oldest and most attached friends, Mr. Henry Thornton and Mr. John Bowdler, both of whom departed this life about the same time in 1815.

Mrs. More had now reached her seventieth year, and yet her latest work, the *Essay on St. Paul*, was written with all the freshness and vigour of her early days. She still took a lively interest in her numerous schools, and in all that concerned the best interests of the poor. It gave her great satisfaction to witness the formation of a Branch Bible Society in her own parish of Wrington. It may be interesting to our readers to peruse the account of an anniversary meeting of this society, which Mrs. More gives in a letter to Mr. Wilberforce :—

" This hot weather, trying as it is, has, on the whole, been of service to us both, as you will believe, when I tell you what a gala we have been enabled to give. Our anniversary Bible Meeting at Wrington was held lately. Our country, surrounded by the sea on one side, and Mendip on the other, is so thinly planted with gentry, the spiritual climate also being rather cold, that without some effort somewhere it would come to nothing. The meeting was the most genteel and numerous we ever had. If our oratory was not of the first brilliancy, it had good sense and good temper to recommend it. We had near forty clergymen of the Establishment, so that even Archdeacon —— cannot plant us in his 'hot-bed of heresy and schism.' When the meeting was over, which was held in a waggon-yard, as there was no room for them in the inn, all the superior part of the company resorted, by previous invitation, to Barley Wood. A hundred and one sat down to dinner, and about a hundred and sixty to tea. Happily it was a fine day, and above fifty dined under the trees,—the overflowings from our small house. They all enjoyed themselves exceedingly, and it had all the gaiety of a public garden.

" Some may think that it would be better to add twenty pounds to our subscription, and save ourselves so much trouble, but we take this trouble from a conviction of the contrary. The many young persons of fortune present, by assisting at this little festivity, will learn to connect the idea of innocent cheerfulness, with that of religious societies, and may 'go and do like-

wise.' For no other cause on earth would we encounter the fatigue."

The family at Barley Wood suffered a second severe loss by the death of Mrs. Elizabeth More, in 1816, and on the following year Mrs. Sarah More, who had long been subjected to a very painful illness, was also cut off. The death-bed of the latter was peculiarly edifying, and the circumstances, as recorded by a friend who constantly attended her dying bed, are deeply affecting. We cannot withhold from our readers the closing scene of this devoted Christian:—

"One day, after she had lain some time in an almost insensible state, a friend tried her with a few texts of Scripture; she suddenly burst forth, 'Can anything be finer than that? it quite makes one's face shine!' Towards the latter part of her illness, she asked one day to have a little girl, in whom she was interested, brought to her. She could only deliver herself in short sentences, but her words were, 'God bless thee, my dear child; love God; serve God; love to pray to God more than to do any other thing.' Mrs. H. More asked her if she had comfort in her mind? 'Yes,' she replied,' 'I have no uncomfort at all.' She was then asked if she knew some friend that was in the room? 'Oh! yes,' she answered, 'I know every body, and remember every thing.' 'Ah, poor dear soul,' said one of her attendants, 'she remembers her sufferings too!' 'No,' she answered in a tone of the most affecting resignation, 'I do not think of them.' When she was supposed to be very near her last hour, on her medical attendant's wishing her a good morning, she

raised her hands in a holy transport, exclaiming, 'Oh for the glorious morning of the resurrection!—but there are some grey clouds between!'. She then blessed him and all his family, and exhorted him to love God, and to take care of his soul. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'if this should be the blessed hour of my deliverance, may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last thoughts be thoughts of faithfulness!' The following day she awoke suddenly out of a tranquil sleep, crying out in a rapture, 'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto the Lamb,—hallelujah!' Another morning, when she was imagined to be in the very act of dying, recovering herself a little, she murmured out, 'When shall I come to these things—grace—mercy—peace!' She then asked for a little cold water, and turning her head towards a nurse who was attending her, 'Do you know who it was that said, 'A cup of cold water given in my name?'

"Again, in the intervals between her wanderings and the extremity of pain, she exclaimed incessantly, 'Oh the blood of Christ! He died for me! God was man! May his blood be shed on me!' 'Lord, let the light of thy countenance shine upon me.' 'When shall I appear before God?' And then half bewildered again, she cried out earnestly to her sister, 'Patty, do love the blessed God. Lord, shield me with the wings of thy love.' After a little interval, she said to Mrs. H. More, 'I hope I have had all my stripes; Lord! I am ready, finish the work!' On awaking in the afternoon, she again poured forth this ejaculation, 'Lord! look down upon me with the light of thy salvation; let thy Holy Spirit shine upon me. Look, O Lord!

upon thy afflicted servant.' Somebody present saying to her, 'The Lord will release you, and take you out of your pain.' She seemed to fear, lest she had betrayed some impatience, and immediately answered, 'Aye, in his own good time.' She then broke out into the Gloria Patri, and added, 'Lord, look down upon a poor penitent, humble, contrite sinner.'

"Nearly three days now passed, either in strong delirium, or total stupor, at the end of which time she became more composed, and, as at every other time, uttered no sentence in which supplication or praise was not mingled. Her chief cry on this day was for pardon and sanctification, and she charged her sisters to strive for the gift of the Holy Spirit. Her wanderings were frequent, but whether sensible or incoherent, calm or agitated, still the names of her God and her Saviour were constantly on her tongue.

"Her sister asked her if she knew her, she answered, 'I know nobody but Christ.' In the evening of her last day but one, though scarcely able to articulate, she murmured out to those who stood around her, 'Talk of the cross—the precious cross—the King of love.' On the very morning of her blessed and quiet release from an earthly existence, though no longer able to swallow food, or discern any outward object, she was still enabled to give an evidence of the heavenly frame of her mind; a friend repeating to her that heart-sustaining assurance, 'the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin,' she pronounced with a devout motion of her hands and eyes, 'cleanseth,' and a moment after, 'Blessed Jesus!' and these were the last of her words that could be collected. It is scarcely ne-

cessary to repeat, after such a relation, that her whole conduct, during her conflict with this last enemy, was one uniform and uninterrupted display (when she was in possession of her faculties) of those fruits of the Spirit enumerated by the apostle, 'love, joy, peace, meekness, long-suffering, faith;' and it only remains for us to pray that our latter end may be like her's."

The sisterhood were now reduced to two, Hannah and her sister Patty, and the successive trials with which they had been visited, led them to live more habitually as pilgrims and strangers, knowing that, ere long, they too must be called away.

The notoriety into which Mrs. More had risen, both by her literary and her philanthropic labours, rendered Barley Wood the favourite resort of the most illustrious literati in the land; and foreigners of distinction on visiting England hastened to pay homage to one who had earned for herself a high continental reputation. Instead of being elated, however, by the general notice which she attracted, her gentleness, affability, and simplicity of manners continued to be remarked by all who were introduced to her. Easy and unaffected in her whole deportment, she recommended herself to the esteem and admiration of her numerous visitors, no less by the amiable qualities of her heart than by the vigour and richness of her mind. About the period of her history at which we have now arrived, her works were among the most popular productions of English literature, and so highly were they prized in other countries, that besides being translated into several of the European languages, they were extensively read in the British colonies, and in the United States of America.

And it was peculiarly refreshing to Mrs. More to learn, by a letter which she received in the summer of 1818 from Ceylon, that the Chief Justice of the island, Sir Alexander Johnston, had caused several of her writings to be translated into the Cingalese and Tamul languages, for the use of the natives. In the course of the same summer she was honoured with a visit from two Persian noblemen, to whom she presented a copy of her 'Practical Piety,' which they declared they would translate into their own language immediately on their return home. While thus caressed and flattered by multitudes, not merely of the most illustrious of her countrymen and countrywomen, but also by various foreigners of distinction, Mrs. More was visited with an alarming illness, in which she was deprived of the kind attentions of her sister Martha, who was also at the time lying dangerously ill. The distressing condition of the two sisters is thus described in a letter from Mrs. H. More to her friend Mr. Wilberforce.

"Lest you should hear circuitously, and not hear truly, as was lately the case, I sit bolstered up in my bed, to write you a line. On Sunday, poor Patty was seized suddenly in the most alarming manner—a violent shivering fit, intense pains, and a half sort of delirium, praying for the poor Queen, whose want of spiritual attendance sat heavy upon her. She felt as if it was a struggle between life and death; she continued in this state all day and night, only her head became perfectly clear. We had yielded to the kind importunities of Mr. Harford, and had promised to go to him the next day. I made a great effort in the evening to read to the family, Fawcett's beautiful sermon, on

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow." A few hours after Patty's seizure, I was attacked in nearly the same manner—a shivering fit of many hours, with such intense pains in my body and limbs, that my flesh seemed lacerated, as if cut with knives. After several hours the freezing fit (as might be expected) became a burning one, and I seemed to feel the pains of dissolution —with extreme nausea and giddiness. At length it resolved itself into a bilious fever, such as I have often had. I have been in bed the whole week, the pulse is quite reduced, and the worst symptoms, thanks to a merciful God! subsided. Patty was out of bed yesterday; though she sleeps in the next room, we had not seen each other since the beginning of the week. Pray for us, my dear, very dear friend, that these useful warnings may not be neglected by us, but that they may answer the end for which they are generally sent—to quicken our repentance and preparation. My whole life, from early youth, has been a successive scene of visitation and restoration. I think I could enumerate twenty mortal diseases from which I have been raised up, without any continued diminution of strength, except the last, ten years ago, which remained nearly two years; yet (let me gratefully remember this), at near sixty, after this hopeless disease, I was restored to strength (physical strength) sufficient to write ten volumes—such as they are;—and in that long affliction, though at one time I very seldom closed my eyes in sleep for forty days and nights, I never had one hour's great discomposure of mind, or one moment's failure of reason, though in health very liable to agitation. I repeat these mercies to you, in order to

impress them on myself as motives of never-ceasing gratitude to that merciful and long-suffering Father to whom I have made much unworthy returns. Patty, though emerging from this trial, is a poor shattered creature."

In consequence of this state of matters, their friends were unwilling to intrude upon their retirement at Barley Wood, and the result of the quiet and leisure thus enjoyed was in the highest degree favourable to the recovery of Mrs. Hannah. She rapidly regained such a degree of vigour and activity, both of mind and body, as to resume her wonted literary avocations. In a few months, accordingly, she gave to the world another work, entitled ' Moral Sketches,' which passed in a short time through several editions.

About a month, however, after the publication of this work, and while the plaudits of an admiring public were still sounding in her ears, Mrs. More was thrown into deep distress by the death of her only surviving sister, Martha. Her last domestic tie was now snapped asunder, her own favourite Patty was numbered with the dead, and she, who of all the five sisters had been the feeblest in bodily constitution, was left, a lonely wanderer in this valley of tears. Martha had been her companion and coadjutor in all her benevolent schemes. —had often, amid her trials and persecutions, cheered and animated her by her lively and playful sallies, and in her hours of sickness had nursed her with the utmost tenderness and affection. But now the kind, the amiable, the lively Patty was no more, and the stroke was felt the more keenly that it was sudden, and therefore unexpected. She had long been subject to an internal

disease, which was likely to terminate in death, but her last attack continued only for four days.

Though left alone at the age of seventy-five, with the responsibility upon her of superintending the numerous schools which had so long flourished under the care of herself and her sisters, Mrs. More carried forward her plans with undiminished zeal. In the year following Martha's death, however, Mrs. More's health was observed to be sinking rapidly. Various attacks of illness, in the course of the summer and autumn of 1820, threatened ere long to cut short her valuable life. A few extracts from her remarks during this sickness may be interesting, and we sincerely trust they will be useful, to our readers.

"She never, when able to speak, forbore long from breaking forth, into a repetition of some of the most beautiful and applicable parts of the Psalms, as the xxviith, much of the xlvith, and the xcth; and one day after she had been thus solacing her weary spirits, she remarked, 'Tis perhaps a low idea of heaven, but one not void of comfort to me who rest so very ill in general, to think that there will be no night there,—also it is a land the inhabitants of which will no more say I am sick.' She one day observed, 'that such lengthened sufferings showed how greatly she needed purification;' and being told of the death of a neighbour, a very amiable and worthy man, after a short illness, she said, 'Ah, how many more stripes I have needed than he! a few days' suffering carried him to his rest, while I have required many, many months!' She then added, 'but I have been favoured with so many more talents and opportunities than he enjoyed!' Speaking of her

state of burning fever, she said, ' Nothing but the last icy hand will cool me—poor Patty! I shall very soon rejoin her!' and added, ' how short is the longest suffering! eternity is long enough to be happy in; a thousand years are to Him but as one day! I trust I have not a wish or a hope, but that the Lord should do as it seemeth good unto him. I hope I shall feel the same penitence and submission as dear Patty did. I have great comfort and quietness in my mind, and except in the anguish of extreme suffering, when the body will be disturbed, I hope it may be said, I bear my sickness patiently. What a treasure are the Psalms of David for Christians in every age!—That a shepherd boy with his harp should furnish material for the devotion of successive generations to the end of time! ' Be strong, and He shall comfort your hearts;' and put ye your trust in the Lord. Oh, tarry thou the Lord's leisure—He himself is the portion of my inheritance, and of my cup! When we are upon the brink of eternity, how do all earthly things shrink into their merited littleness! this is the point from whence to view them. ' O God, thou art my God, my soul thirsteth after thee.'"

And again,

" In the course of conversation, she spoke of the joys of heaven, and said, ' It is delightful to know that they will be unspeakable and full of glory: rest in the bosom of God and the Saviour, and a full enjoyment of his presence, chiefly present themselves to my mind. The meeting with dear friends will, I should think, constitute a part of our felicity, but a very subordinate one; like Whitefield, I think we shall be apt

to say, Stand back, and keep me not from the sight of my Saviour.' 'Important as doctrines are,' she observed, 'yet except the leading ones, for which we ought to be ready to be led to the stake, they yield much with me to the purifying of the inward hidden man of the heart. Conformity to God, a walking in his steps, spiritual-mindedness, a subduing the old Adam within us—here is the grand difficulty, and the acceptable offering to God! It is observable,' she remarked, 'that in the introductory verses to almost all St. Paul's Epistles he says, 'Grace, mercy, and peace,'—peace comes after grace and mercy."

It pleased the Lord to raise her up again from her bed of sickness and apparent death, and to restore her for a short interval to a state of partial health. The respite, however, was brief indeed, for in the spring of 1822 she was seized with a severe attack of inflammation of the chest. The symptoms were of a very alarming character, but if her sufferings were great, her resignation and patience were equally great. Occasionally she was apprehensive that this illness might terminate fatally, and her greatest anxiety was that she might not disgrace the Christian profession. Yet, though brought to the very gates of death, she was restored, in the course of a few months, by the kindness of Providence, to nearly her former state of health. Barley Wood once more became the favourite resort of her admirers and friends. It was a place hallowed in the minds of all who were acquainted with Mrs. More, whether personally or by her writings. Her restoration to health she regarded as a fresh call upon her to labour in promoting the cause of Christ with greater

ardour and perseverance than ever. She felt that her life was fast drawing to a close, and every new attack of illness was only gradually breaking down her naturally feeble frame. The summer of 1824 saw her again laid upon a bed of sickness. Some of her edifying observations during this illness we extract.

"Somebody speaking of a very fine house they had recently seen, she said, 'Do they ever suspect that so mean a thing as death can enter amongst all that finery? take physic, pomp;' and then raising herself in her bed with surprising energy, though obliged to pause for breath between her words, she repeated,

> "Oh insolence of wealth, with all thy store,
> How durst thou let one worthy man be poor."

"On another occasion she thus broke forth: 'What sinful vile miserable bodies we have, and yet we can be proud, and dainty, and fastidious.' When she heard the bell toll for the funeral of her late medical attendant, she exclaimed, 'Happy Mr. James, he has escaped before me! Pray sing the Funeral Hymn at family prayer this evening.' Upon those about her answering that nobody had spirits to raise their voice in song, she said, 'Why not, it will raise your hearts in love.' In a moment of particular suffering, she exclaimed, 'Can my friends wish such a state as mine to be prolonged? death would be the greatest mercy—but it is all best. I am not yet fit, I want a few more stripes, or I should not have them, for He does nothing without design.' She once or twice remarked, with grateful emotion, upon the affecting beauty of that expres-

sion, ' God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes ;' —not only that they should be wiped away, but that God himself should wipe them away."

In the course of her recovery from this severe sickness, she employed herself in extracting from all her later works, her thoughts on prayer, which strung together, with a few additions and a preface, she published as a separate volume. This little work, entitled, the ' Spirit of Prayer,' passed through three editions in the course of three months. Mrs. More's health was at this time better than it had been for many years past, though she had reached the advanced age of eighty-two. Her visitors daily increased in number; and such was her kindness of heart, that she was readily accessible to all. Among others, she was favoured with a visit from the pious and eccentric Rowland Hill; and, for the gratification of our readers, we extract an account of the interview, as described by Mrs. More's friend, Miss Frowd :—

" You cannot imagine how delighted we were with dear old Rowland; instead of a coarse, quaint being, disposed to deal out his witty sarcasms against all, however good, who were not of his particular genius, we found a mild mellowed Christian, of a liberality which really astonished us ! He quite overflowed with amiable and truly pious conversation, and this was so seasoned with point, humour, and a delightful oddity, which was all his own, that we were beyond measure entertained as well as edified by his company, and it made the three hours he spent with us, appear no more than half an hour. He talked with cordial love of Wilberforce, and spoke very highly of Archbishop

Magee. He is an excellent hater of Antinomian doctrines, and I was glad to see such a soundness of Christian principle in the good old man. Upon the question being put to him, 'How many persons he had vaccinated with his own hand?' Mrs. M. said, 'I have heard, so many as six thousand.' 'Yes, Madam,' he replied, 'nearer eight thousand.' We talked of every body, from John Bunyan to John Locke, and he really showed an excellent discrimination and tact in character. But the most beautiful feature of all, was the spirit of love and charity which was eminently conspicuous in this Christian veteran. I cannot express to you how interesting a spectacle it was to see these two already half-beatified servants of their common Lord, greeting one another for the first, and probably the last time on this side of Jordan, preparatory to the consummation of an union and friendship which will last for ever in the regions of eternal felicity. I do suppose, that no two persons, in their own generation, have done more good in their respective ways than Hannah More and Rowland Hill. Both have exceeded fourscore; both retain health and vigour of intellect; both are on the extreme verge of eternity, waiting for the glorious summons, 'Come ye blessed of my Father.' He concluded this very interesting visit with a fine prayer, which was poured forth in an excellent voice and manner. I really don't know that, upon any occasion, I have been more gratified."

Since the death of her sisters, Mrs. More was under the necessity not merely of attending to her literary occupations, but to the management of her household affairs. She had never been remarkable for exactness

in her pecuniary arrangements; and now that the whole burden of them devolved upon her, she became the prey of rapacious and dishonest servants. Though the greater number of them had been long connected with her household, they now took advantage of her solitary condition and of her gentle temper, to defraud her to a vast amount. In consequence of this, she came to the resolution of selling Barley Wood. Having dismissed all her domestics, by whom she had been so cruelly treated, she prepared to quit the place which had been so long endeared to her as the scene of her highest earthly enjoyments, as well as of her severest earthly trials; and as she entered the carriage which was to convey her from Barley Wood to Clifton, she cast a longing, lingering look to the beautiful scenery, saying, "I am driven like Eve out of Paradise; but not like Eve, by angels." Towards the unworthy individuals who had been the cause of this change, she harboured no resentment. "People exclaim," she said, "against their ingratitude towards *me*, but it is their sinfulness towards *God* that forms the melancholy part of the case."

The period of Mrs. More's removal from Barley Wood may be considered as the close of her intellectual and active career. She entered upon her new residence at Clifton on the 18th of April 1828, at the age of eighty-three. From that time her health was evidently in a declining state, and though she maintained an uncommon degree of cheerfulness, she was exposed to very frequent attacks of illness. During the five years and a half which she passed at Clifton, she was subject to occasional inflammatory affections of the chest: and

it was only by the most unremitting care and attention, that the symptoms were averted. Her intellectual vigour was gradually diminishing, and her bodily frame becoming more enfeebled. It was not, however, till towards the end of 1832, that a change for the worse, both in body and mind, was observed to take place. It was painful to witness the almost imperceptible waning of her intellectual splendour; but her friends were consoled with the continuance of her amiable, and gentle, and kindly dispositions. To the peevishness and fretfulness of old age she was a total stranger; and it was obvious to all, that though the body was decaying day by day, the soul was rapidly advancing in every Christian grace, and maturing for those blessed mansions which await the righteous beyond the grave.

In the course of the spring and summer of 1833, Mrs. More's strength became much impaired; and at length, towards autumn, very unfavourable symptoms began to display themselves. Her last days were characterized by the same piety and resignation which had marked her former seasons of suffering. Her once brilliant mind often wandered; but on religious subjects she was coherent to the last. A few of her dying remarks will not be unacceptable:—

"She said to those who surrounded her—'Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus is all in all, God of grace, God of light, God of love. Whom have I in heaven but thee?' When very sick she said, 'What can I do? What can I not do with Christ? I know that my Redeemer liveth. Happy, happy are those who are expecting to be together in a better world. The thought of that world lifts the

mind above itself. My God, my God, I bless thy holy name. Oh the love of Christ, the love of Christ! Mercy, Lord, is all I ask! I am never tired of prayer. Pray, pray that the dear mistress of this house may be supported in her last hours. I pray to God to forgive my many offences, to make me humble and looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith. Lord stablish, strengthen us! 'The heavens declare the glory of God,'—how I love that psalm! O eternal, immortal Lord, I prostrate myself before thee, utterly unworthy of thy mercy! Holy Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit! into thy hands I commend my unworthy self—unworthy, but penitent!' Upon being asked if anything could be done to make her more comfortable, she said, 'Nothing, but love me, and forgive me when I am impatient.' Upon her servant's proposing to read a chapter to her, she said, 'What are you going to read?' and upon being told the resurrection of Christ, she said, 'If we meet at his feet we shall be equal!' She said to her attendant, who had been repeating some psalms and hymns, 'You cannot have your mind too much stored with these things; when you get old, or are in solitude, they will supply you with comfort.' After repeating the doxology, she said to her servant, 'the word Trinity, you know, means three. I once lived in a street called Trinity Street; I do think it very wrong to give such sacred names to common things.' She often exclaimed, 'Lord, have mercy upon me! Christ, have mercy upon me, and make me patient under my sufferings! Take away my perverse and selfish spirit, and give me a conformity to thy will. May thy will be done in me, and by me, to

thy praise and glory; I desire only, to be found at the foot of the cross. Lord! I am thine, I am not my own, I am bought with a price, a precious price, even the death of the Lord Jesus Christ. Lord have mercy upon me, grant me an abundant entrance into thy kingdom! Jesus, my Saviour and my friend!' She talked much of the many mercies of God to her, through her very long life. To an intimate friend she said, she hoped they would meet in glory; for herself she had but one object in view, and that was, to wait the Lord's time. 'Lord! strengthen my resignation to thy holy will. Lord! have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner. Thou hast not left me comfortless, O Lord! strengthen me in the knowledge of my Saviour Jesus Christ, whom I love and honour. How many parts of Scripture speak of the necessity of our being born again! Raise my desires, purify my affections, sanctify my soul. To go to heaven—think what that is! To go to my Saviour, who died that I might live! Lord, humble me, subdue every evil temper in me. May we meet in a robe of glory; through Christ's merits alone can we be saved. Look down, O Lord, upon thy unworthy servant, with eyes of compassion.' A friend said to her, 'Our good works will not save us;' she said, 'Our good works are nothing, but without them we cannot be saved. You must pray for me, that my sins may be forgiven me for Christ's sake.' After repeating the fifty-first Psalm she said, 'Pour out such a measure of thy grace upon me, that I may be enabled to serve thee in spirit, soul and body, and that loving thee, I may come unto thee through Jesus Christ. Oh! my Saviour, forsake not her whom thou hast re-

deemed.' Feeling herself lingering long in her sickness, she said to a friend, ' My dear, do people never die? Oh glorious grave! I pray for those I love, and for those I pity and do not love.' She said, ' It pleases God to afflict me, not for his pleasure, but to do me good, to make me humble and thankful; Lord, I believe, I do believe with all the powers of my weak sinful heart. Lord Jesus, look down upon me from thy holy habitation; strengthen my faith, and quicken me in my preparation! Support me in that trying hour when I most need it! It is a glorious thing to die!' When one talked to her of her good deeds, she said, ' Talk not so vainly, I utterly cast them from me, and fall low at the foot of the cross.' "

The closing scene of this eminent Christian is thus affectingly described by one who witnessed that melancholy event;—

" On Friday, the 6th of September 1833, we offered up the morning family devotion by her bed-side; she was silent, and apparently attentive, with her hands devoutly lifted up. From eight in the evening of this day, till nearly nine, I sat watching her. Her face was smooth and glowing. There was an unusual brightness in its expression. She smiled, and endeavouring to raise herself a little from her pillow, she reached out her arms as if catching at something, and while making this effort, she once called, ' Patty,' (the name of her last and dearest sister) very plainly, and exclaimed, 'Joy!' In this state of quietness and inward peace, she remained for about an hour. At half-past nine o'clock Dr. Carrick came. The pulse had become extremely quick and weak. At about ten the symptoms

of speedy departure could not be doubted. She fell into a dozing sleep, and slight convulsions succeeded, which seemed to be attended with no pain. She breathed softly, and looked serene. The pulse became fainter and fainter, and as quick as lightning. It was almost extinct from twelve o'clock, when the whole frame was very serene. With the exception of a sigh or a groan, there was nothing but the gentle breathing of infant sleep. Contrary to expectation, she survived the night. At six o'clock on Saturday morning I sent in for Miss Roberts. She continued till ten minutes after one, when I saw the last gentle breath escape; and one more was added 'to that multitude which no man can number, who sing the praises of God and of the Lamb for ever and ever.'"

Thus have we traced the most prominent events in the life of one of the most amiable and accomplished, most pious and useful of her sex. Though in her early days the world had acquired an undue ascendancy over her heart, she was led by divine grace to turn her thoughts to far higher and purer objects than any which this world can present; and no sooner was her fine enthusiastic mind directed to religion as the chief good, than her whole efforts were put forth to recommend the Gospel of Christ to the attention of others. And in this she was eminently successful. By the institution and judicious management of schools for the instruction of the poor, she was instrumental in the introduction of Christianity into many a peasant's cottage where it had been, till then, unknown; and by her numerous writings, she was the means of gaining a place for Christianity in the circles of the fashionable

and polite, from many of which it had been, till then, excluded. If "they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever," bright, indeed, will be the glory of this most estimable woman. Multitudes now on earth, and multitudes more now in glory, have, we doubt not, been indebted to Hannah More, not merely for their first impressions, but for their matured views of divine things; and if, by the rapid sketch which we have given of her life, we shall induce any one carefully to study her works, or to imitate her varied excellencies, our object is gained.

MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM.

ISABELLA MARSHALL, for such was Mrs. Graham's maiden name, was born on the 29th of July 1742, in Lanarkshire, Scotland. Her parents being both decidedly pious, she was trained up in the fear of the Lord, and her mind was early imbued with a love of divine things. In consequence of a small legacy having been left her by her grandfather, whose death-bed she faithfully and assiduously attended, Isabella received a more finished education than she might otherwise have had it in her power to obtain. At ten years of age she was sent to a boarding school taught by a lady of eminent piety and superior accomplishments. It was under the care of this excellent preceptress that Isabella laid the foundation of those high Christian qualities for which she was distinguished in after life.

The early days of this pious young female were spent at Elderslie, an estate near Paisley, which her father rented as a farm. Here she first tasted and saw that the Lord was gracious. Her mind was deeply impressed with the importance and absolute necessity of obtaining reconciliation with God through a Redeemer. And often, accordingly, did she retire, in a state of painful anxiety, to a bush in the neighbourhood of her father's house, where, unseen by all save him who seeth in secret, she poured out her heart in

ardent aspirations after an interest in that Saviour who alone can give light and life to the troubled soul. The pastor under whose ministry Isabella sat at this period of her life was the late Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon, then one of the ministers of Paisley. By the instructions of this eminent divine she greatly profited, and at the age of seventeen she was admitted by him to the Lord's table. Having openly dedicated herself to the service of her heavenly Father, she resolved, in the strength of Divine grace, to live a life of holy consistency and devotedness.

In the year 1765, when she had reached her twenty-third year, Isabella was married to Dr. John Graham, a physician of respectable standing in Paisley. About a year after their marriage, Dr. Graham having been appointed surgeon to the 69th, or Royal American corps, was summoned to join his regiment, at that time stationed in Canada. Before setting out, it was the intention of the young couple to settle permanently abroad. With this view, Dr. Graham wished to sell his commission in the army, and to purchase a tract of land on the Mohawk river, to which his father-in-law Mr. Marshall, and his family, proposed following him.

On their arrival in Canada, Dr. Graham and his wife took up their residence in Montreal, the regiment being quartered there for several months. They next removed to Fort Niagara, on Lake Ontario, where they remained for four years. During their stay at Niagara, Mrs. Graham enjoyed much temporal happiness and peace; but, deprived of the public ordinances of religion, her spiritual feelings began gradually to

M'Nab, whom my Doctor desired to pray with him, which he did. All this day he said little, but still continued in inward prayer, as was visible by the motion of his hands and eyes: he had many agonizing struggles, and often exclaimed, 'Lord Jesus receive my spirit.' 'Blessed Jesus, come and receive me to thyself—come—come—blessed Jesus, come!' Once, after a long struggle, he exclaimed, 'Release me, O release me, and let me fly to the bosom of my Father!' All this time I never parted from his bed-side, but a few minutes to give my soul a freer vent at a throne of grace. I never prayed for life, but that he might be washed, sanctified, and have all God's salvation completed in his soul, and received into the arms of his mercy. I also had been, and still was, very importunate that God would give me some token, some assurance that he would save his soul, and give him an abundant entrance into the kingdom of his glory; and, by all that I had heard, seen, and felt, I was now satisfied that the most merciful God had sealed his pardon for Jesus' sake; and I found myself ready, dearly as I loved him, to resign him into the hands of divine mercy; but still I breathed after some further manifestation.

"In the evening, Dr. Galloway, an old acquaintance, arrived from the Island of Dominica, and, hearing of his friend's illness, came immediately to visit him. When my Doctor heard his voice only whisper how he was, he said, 'I hear Galloway's voice,' and stretched out his hand; so fully had he his senses to the last. Upon his feeling his pulse, he asked them if they thought he would be long. Doctor Eird replied, "You

must not talk of dying, but of living; you are stronger than when I was here this morning, and I have seen many worse recover. Do, do be advised, take your medicine, and try for life.' These words brought a gleam of hope to my despairing soul, and, what had been denied me for twenty-four hours, a flood of tears, and I was greatly relieved. I went out to the gallery and gave a free vent to my bursting heart. I now also begged the Lord for his life, and said in my heart, should he now be restored, how doubly blessed would he be, healed in soul and body. I returned to his bedside, and I thus addressed my beloved: 'My dearest life, the doctors have still hopes, and we know nothing is impossible with God. Who knows what further service he may yet have for you in this world? or whether he may not give you to my prayers, and restore you to your Bell and family. God works by means; O be persuaded to take every thing prescribed, and pray to God for the blessing; devote your future life to his service, and for poor Bell's sake, offer up a petition for life." He did not interrupt me, but answered, 'Disengage yourself, Bell; disengage yourself from me. I want to lift up my soul to God, and bless him for Jesus Christ.'

Dr. Galloway was determined to stay with him all night, and see him take his medicine. Some time after, he had a severe attack of hiccup, and said to Doctor G——, 'I hope you are now convinced?' He said, 'Of what?' My Doctor said, 'That dissolution is near.' A little after he said, 'Who died for all?' and again repeated, 'Who died for all?' I was forbid to speak to him, as rest was so much wanted, so I

answered, 'Christ, my love; but give up your soul to God, and try to shut your weary eyes, and get a little rest for your body,'—and so he did, and got a little sleep. All that night he did every thing that was desired, but would drink nothing but cold water, which had been allowed. The wine he would not touch. His disorder increased so fast, that Dr. Galloway, about five in the morning, said to me, 'I may go home —I can be of no service, and I cannot stand it.' I said, 'I suppose I need not disturb him any more with medicine.' He said, 'No, you may give him what he calls for.' Now, my God, all is over! I resign him up to thee! Only one parting word; something yet I want to assure my heart that thou wilt receive his soul. Some time after, he laid his hand upon Mrs. B.'s lap and made a sign to her; afterwards he made a sign to me. Mrs. B. thought he wanted her to retire, which she did. He looked after her. I said, 'My love, she thinks you want to say something to me, can you speak?' He said, 'Join—pray,' which we did. He spoke no more for some time, only 'Come, sweet Jesus,' and frequently, 'Receive my spirit.' These words were given for my sake. I cried, 'I am satisfied, Lord, and I yield him up to Thee, with all my heart; thou hast given me all my asking. I will not be longer faithless, but believing. Continue to support his departing soul, and let the enemy find nothing in him.' The next attack of hiccup laid him back speechless, and I believe senseless in the last parting work; he had no farther struggle, nor need of any person to support him. I therefore again placed myself on my knees by his bedside, de-

termined not to quit that posture till his soul had entered its rest; but nature was worn out, and though I swallowed hartshorn and water in great quantities, I was so overcome that I was obliged to lie down at the back of the bed to save me from fainting. Three hours did he continue in this last work of the heart. I watched his last, and delivered him up with a hearty prayer and a full assurance; but oh, how earnestly I wished to go with him. I was, for the time, entirely insensible to my own loss: my soul pursued him into the invisible world, and, for the time, cordially rejoiced with the spirit. I thought I saw the angel band ready to receive him, among whom stood my dear mother, the first to bid him welcome to the regions of bliss.

"I was then desired to leave the room, which I did saying, 'My Doctor is gone. I have accompanied him to the gates of Heaven: he is safely landed; that is now not he that lies there. You, nurse, will see it decently dressed: then I may again be permitted to take another parting kiss.' So, embracing the precious clay, I went into the parlour. Some friends came in to see me. My composure they could not account for: our sincere and tender regard for each other was too well known to allow them to impute it to indifference. My distress at parting with him, even for a couple of months, when he went to St. Vincent's, and dejection of spirit the whole time, till his return, left them as little room to impute it to want of sensibility: at last they discovered that I was stupified with grief and fatigue; but they little knew that at that hour I rejoiced; indeed I told them; but, I suppose,

was not believed. I was asked if I had any thing particular to say respecting the funeral. I said, nothing—my charge is gone to rest ; I would leave it to them. It was then proposed to bury next day at ten o'clock. I said that was very early ; they answered, by that time I would be satisfied it was not too early.

" In the evening I returned to our bed-chamber to take a last farewell of the dear remains. The countenance was so very pleasant, I thought there was even something heavenly, and could not help saying, ' You smile upon me, my love ; surely the delightful prospect, opening on the parting soul, left that benign smile on its companion, the body.' I thought I could have stood and gazed for ever ; but for fear of relapsing into immoderate grief, I withdrew after a parting embrace, and with an intention not to ask for another, lest a change in his countenance might shake my peace, for oh, we are weak, and, at certain times, not subject to reason. I went to bed purely to get alone, for I had little expectation of sleep ; but I was mistaken, nature was fairly overcome with watching and fatigue. I dropped asleep, and for a few hours forgot my woes. But oh, the pangs I felt on my first awakening ! I could not for some time believe it true that I was indeed a widow, and that I had lost my heart's treasure—my all I held dear on earth. It was long before day. I was in no danger of closing my eyes again, for I was at that time abandoned to despair, till recollection, and the same considerations which at first supported me, brought me a little to myself. I considered I wept for one that wept no more ;

that all my fears for his eternal happiness were now over, and he beyond the reach of being lost; neither was he lost to me, but added to my heavenly treasure; more securely mine than ever. Those snares and temptations arising from the corrupt customs of a degenerate age, which had so often caused my fears, could never reach him there. The better, dearer half of myself, was now secure, beyond the possibility of feeling, and waiting my arrival to complete his bliss. O happy hour, which shall also set my soul at liberty, and unite us never to part more."

Though Mrs. Graham's mind was not a little comforted by the evidence which her husband had been enabled to give on his death-bed of his firm reliance on the Redeemer alone for salvation, it was nevertheless a melancholy thought for her, that she was now written desolate and a widow. Her husband, her dearest earthly friend and protector, was gone; and she was left in a foreign land with three daughters, the eldest of whom was not more than five years of age, and with the prospect of having another child in the course of a few months.

Thus were all the earthly prospects of this excellent woman beclouded in a moment. But while she bewailed the irreparable loss she had sustained, she felt that it was now her imperative duty to put forth all her exertions for the maintenance and support of her family. As scarcely two hundred pounds remained in the hands of her husband's agent, she was advised to sell the two Indian girls, who had for some time belonged to the family. No consideration could prevail upon her, however, to make merchandise of her fellow-

creatures. One of these girls accompanied her to Scotland, where she was married; the other was left behind in Antigua, where she died.

After the lamented decease of her husband, Mrs. Graham presented his library and his sword to Dr. Henderson, the surgeon's mate of the regiment, who now succeeded to the office of surgeon. The gratitude of this young man for the kindness and attention shown him, was remarkably displayed by his sending remittances of money to the widow from time to time. Nor did he fail to transmit occasional sums until the year 1795, when, in the course of Providence, Mrs. Graham had become, in a great degree, independent of such assistance.

In expectation of her approaching confinement, Mrs. Graham made all necessary arrangements, lest she should not survive the trial. With this view she wrote a letter to her father in Scotland, commending her family to his protection; and to a female friend in Antigua, Mrs. Grandidier, she entrusted the management of her affairs, and the care of her children as long as they should remain on the island. This lady, though amiable and kind, seems to have been somewhat indifferent to the great realities of religion; and on this subject, accordingly, Mrs. Graham addresses her, with the utmost fidelity and plainness:—

"O, my dear friend! shut not your eyes and ears against conviction; you are not satisfied that the Bible is indeed the Word of God. Is it not worth inquiring into? What would you think of a man who had a large fortune, and the whole depending on proving some certain facts, who yet would not be at the pains

to inform himself? Are the interests of this world of such importance, which in a few fleeting years we must leave, and have done with for ever? And is our final state in the next, which is to fix us in happiness or misery through the endless days of eternity, not worth a thought? Think, then, and seriously ask, What if it be so! What if this be indeed the Word of God, given by inspiration for the rule of both our faith and manners, by which we are to be judged? What if this same God, who so kindly reveals his will to men, has with it given the clearest evidences and strongest proof that it is his own Word! Think, I say, my dear friend, if it should be so, what they deserve, who either reject or neglect it, without taking the trouble to inform themselves, so as to be convinced, that it either is, or is not, of divine authority! How many great, learned, and wise men, have sifted these evidences with the greatest care, and the deeper they entered into the search, the more clear they appeared, even those whose lives are entirely contrary to it, and whose interest it is to wish it false, cannot deny. As to the various explanations of it—it is every one's duty to read for himself; and, although there may be some parts of it too deep for our capacity, and many parts which cannot be understood without an exact knowledge of ancient history; yet the simple truths of the Gospel, what we are to believe concerning God, and what duties he requires of us, and what he forbids, are equally plain and easy. If we can only once be satisfied, that it is indeed the Word of God, set ourselves to study it with an unprejudiced mind, with a sincere desire to know the truth and be led by it, with

earnest prayer, that the same Spirit which inspired the writers, would make it plain to our hearts and understandings, that God himself would teach us its true meaning, and save us from error—we shall, I venture to say, be taught all necessary knowledge, and be led in the way to eternal life; for we have God's promise that it shall be so. 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.'"

In the gracious providence of God, Mrs. Graham survived the birth of a son, to whom, at his baptism, she gave the name of John, in remembrance of his father. On her complete recovery, she resolved to leave Antigua; and, accordingly, having disposed of her property, she gave the proceeds into the hands of Major Brown, requesting him to procure a passage for herself and family. As no ship could be found direct to Scotland, they embarked in one bound for Belfast in Ireland. Major Brown, on her departure, put into her hands a letter to a gentleman in Belfast, which he said contained a bill for the balance of the money she had deposited with him. But what was her astonishment to find, on reaching the destined port, that a letter had previously arrived from Major Brown, addressed to her, containing the unexpected intelligence, that, in proof of the respect which he and his brother officers entertained for the memory of their deceased friend, they had resolved to defray the expenses of her voyage, and that, therefore, the bill which he had given her was the full amount of the deposit with which he had been intrusted! This liberality to the widow and the fatherless touched her heart, and she gave thanks to the Lord for his goodness.

The vessel in which Mrs. Graham and her family crossed from Ireland to Scotland was a packet-boat, and a storm having arisen in the course of the voyage, the passengers and crew ran the utmost hazard of their lives. The vessel was almost completely dismantled, and at length struck upon a rock on the coast of Ayr. Amid the consternation and alarm which prevailed in the ship, Mrs. Graham alone was calm and composed. Her mind was kept in perfect peace, for it was stayed upon her God. With her babe in her arms, she comforted her weeping children, telling them that they should soon, probably, join their dear father in another and a better world. It pleased God, however, to still the raging of the sea, and assistance having been obtained from land, the passengers were put on shore in safety, where they took shelter in an inn. Mrs. Graham retired to a private room, where, with heartfelt gratitude, she acknowledged the hand of God in her deliverance. After spending a day or two with a friend from Ayr, who had come down on hearing of the shipwreck to render assistance, she set out for Cartside, where her father resided.

When Mrs. Graham left Scotland Mr. Marshall was in comfortable and easy circumstances, but by rashly becoming security for some of his friends, he was now greatly reduced, and when his daughter arrived she found him in a small thatched cottage, consisting of three apartments, and engaged as factor to a neighbouring gentleman, with a very small salary and the use of a small farm. In these circumstances, Mrs. Graham felt herself called upon, as a dutiful daughter, to take immediate steps for the support of her father in his de-

clining years. In furtherance of her purpose, she left Cartside for Paisley, where she commenced a small school. Meekly resigned to the will of Providence, though compelled to live in the most humble manner and on the most frugal fare, she was a partaker of that godliness which, with contentment, is great gain. "Having food and raiment" she learned, like the Apostle, "therewith to be content."

"I do not think," she said afterwards, referring to this period of her life, "I have experienced happier days since I became a widow, than those I spent in Paisley; daily bread and extraordinary provision made for extraordinary exigencies. You remember, my dear, how pleasant our school was then, and how delightful were our Sabbaths, and our sacraments—calm, comfortable days, out of the bustle of worldly noise and vanity. Look at the daisy by the dusty roadside, and the daisy in the field, and you will discern (generally speaking) the difference between a Christian hedged in unto the Lord, whether by choice or circumstances, in quiet, retired life, and those living in affluence in the world."

A kind friend from Antigua, who was now settled in London as a merchant, proposed to her that she should invest the little money she had brought home with her in muslins, which she might convert into dresses for sale in the West Indies. This proposal she readily adopted, but not long after, the intelligence reached her that the vessel in which her goods were shipped had been captured by the French. This was a sore calamity to the poor widow, and the more so, as it occurred at the very time when her father lost his employment.

At this critical juncture, when Mrs. Graham was in a manner deprived of her little all, some pious friends were raised up who took a lively interest in her condition. At length, on the suggestion of some influential individuals, a proposal was made to her to open a boarding-school in Edinburgh for young ladies. The plan appeared to her arduous and responsible, but having asked counsel of the Lord, she resolved to enter upon the undertaking. She sought direction of Him who hath said, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he will direct thy steps." The answer was given to her in the words of that beautiful passage of holy writ "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He said unto him, Feed my lambs." Directed thus, by a wisdom far higher than her own, she set about making preparations for leaving Paisley. Pecuniary matters, however, seemed likely to prove a serious hindrance to the accomplishment of her project. While sitting musing one day on the state of her affairs a letter was handed to her from Mr. Reid, the gentleman who had shipped the muslins which she had lost. This letter inclosed a sum of money, which Mr. Reid had obtained from the underwriters, the muslins having been insured. The sum remitted to her was such as enabled her to convey herself and family to the metropolis, after settling all her accounts in Paisley. This she rightly regarded as an evident interposition of her heavenly Father in her behalf.

Mrs. Graham, during her residence in Edinburgh, enjoyed the patronage and support, the friendship and advice, of many persons distinguished both for their

rank and piety. She and her family attended the ministry of the late Dr. Davidson of the Tolbooth Church. Her school speedily rose in numbers and character; and deservedly so, for she was indefatigable in her attention to the intellectual and spiritual improvement of her pupils. She prayed with them every morning and evening; and on week-days, as well as on the Sabbath, she endeavoured to make them intimately acquainted with the truths of religion. Nor was she unsuccessful, for many were reared up under her care who retained throughout life serious impressions, which had been first received at her school. In the training of youth she was remarkably happy. Firm, yet kind, severe, yet indulgent, she won the affection, as well as the respect of her pupils. They respected her as a teacher, they loved her as a friend.

The following regulations were put into the hands of every young lady, on entering the establishment, and they are sufficient to show the judgment and piety with which she discharged her trust.

"1*st*, We have not time given us to throw away, but to improve for eternity, therefore we would join in no conversation that is unprofitable, but in that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers.

"2*d*, We are not anxious for the news of the town, nor to be informed of the business of others, but we desire to hear of the things that pertain to the kingdom of God.

"3*d*, Let not the fault of any absent person be mentioned unless absolute necessity require it, and then let it be with the greatest tenderness, without dwelling up-

on it. May God preserve us from a censorious, criticising spirit, contrary to that of Christ.

"4*th*, We offer the right hand of fellowship to every one that cometh in the name of the Lord, but we receive none to doubtful disputations. Whosoever loveth the Lord, the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, the same is our brother, and sister, and mother, for we cannot but remember God is love.

"5*th*, We neither receive nor pay visits on the Lord's day, for we and our house desire particularly on that day to serve the Lord.

"6*th*, We earnestly desire every one to reprove us faithfully when we deviate from any of those rules, so shall we be guardian angels to each other, and as an holy mingled flame ascend before God. 'And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them.'"

Such was the unwearied benevolence of Mrs. Graham, that she took an active interest in every plan which suggested itself whereby she might benefit her fellow-men. The daughters of pious ministers she educated at half-price. For the assistance of deserving persons, whose circumstances were somewhat reduced, she was in the habit of advancing small sums of money to them, and taking back the value in goods, without charging interest. By this means, she aided and encouraged many who might otherwise have had no small difficulty in making their way in the world.

Among the ladies of piety and influence with whom Mrs. Graham, while in Edinburgh, lived on terms of a close intimacy, was the late Viscountess Glenorchy. As her ladyship, from the delicate state of her health,

was unable to visit the houses of the poor so frequently as she could have wished, she often employed Mrs. Graham as her almoner; and the fidelity with which she performed the duties thus devolving upon her attracted her ladyship's peculiar regard. She admitted Mrs. Graham into her confidence, and specially requested that she should attend, if possible, her dying bed. This painful office she was accordingly called to fulfil in July 1786. Lady Glenorchy had shown her regard for Mrs. Graham in a variety of ways during her life, and she bequeathed to her two hundred pounds as a parting testimony of her friendship and esteem.

The time was now at hand when Mrs. Graham felt herself called upon to change her place of residence. She had been remarkably successful in her boarding-school in Edinburgh, though it was now considerably diminished in numbers, and she was threatened with pecuniary difficulties; she had met with many kind friends who contributed not a little by their society to promote her comfort and happiness; she enjoyed many high spiritual advantages; but still she had always entertained a strong partiality for America ever since she had resided there. When Dr. Witherspoon, her early pastor and friend, who had for some years been settled in America, returned to Scotland, on a visit in 1785, she freely communicated to him her wish to cross the Atlantic, as soon as the education of her family should be completed. At length she consulted with her pious friends in Edinburgh, who highly approved of her plans. She had received from New York many encouraging letters from respectable persons resident there, assuring her of patronage and support. Provi-

dence, therefore, seemed to point the way, and she made preparations for her removal. Having received about this time a remittance from her kind friend Dr. Henderson in Antigua, she was enabled to charter a small vessel for herself and family, in which they set sail in the month of July 1789, and landed safely in New York, on the 8th of September.

Her parting letter to a pious friend before setting sail is very affecting.

"Now farewell dear, kind, and tried friends! farewell tried and satisfying ordinances! farewell Scotland, who has embosomed the clay of many around the throne, and art now possessed of their offspring! My pilgrimage in thee is over; it finishes in a cloud—sin is the cause. The Lord says, 'Bow down that all may go over me;' I have done so, the Lord subjected me to it. 'A bitter cup has been put into my hands, —one measure is drunk, and I am drunk, but not with wine.'

"Have pity upon me, O my friends! forgive my faults; look upon me as a weakling of Christ's flock, who shall, by means of all these things, be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.'

"I am poor, and weak, and cast off; yet the Lord will take me up, and when he has chastened and tried and proved me, he will do me good in the latter end.'

"This little cabin hides me and mine, we find it an asylum for the time,—we cannot be in the world; but I stop. Let me stifle pride within, and blot out its expression without. 'For my brethren's and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee;

because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good."

"Many comfortable Sabbaths I have had in Scotland, sweet Christian communion; many kind and steady friends,—few real enemies, though some busybodies, who have distressed my friends to little purpose. O Lord! bless and reward every kind and tender thing I have experienced from those who loved me, and every deep cut and wound I have experienced from them,—in both the motive was the same.

"I desire to be remembered, me and mine, in the Tolbooth Church. May the Lord's presence be with you, and go with us. Amen and Amen."

A short time after her arrival in New York, Mrs. Graham commenced an establishment for female education. The School was opened on the 5th October 1789 with five scholars, and before the end of the same month they had increased to fifty. Her mode of teaching attracted universal attention; and what tended to enhance the value of her instructions, in the estimation of many parents, was, the uniform desire which she evinced to train up her pupils in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. All other knowledge she regarded as subordinate to the knowledge of divine truth; and, accordingly, under her wise and judicious instructions, several young persons became savingly acquainted with the Gospel of Christ.

Mrs. Graham joined in communion with the Presbyterian Church under the pastoral care of the late Rev. Dr. Mason of New York. This excellent and devoted minister became her intimate friend and counsellor; and under his ministry, two of her daughters

were led to join themselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant never to be forgotten. The joy which she felt in seeing her children walking in the truth, may be seen from the following extract from her Diary, under date 10th October 1791 :—

"Glory! glory! glory! to the Hearer of prayer. I have cast my fatherless children on the Lord, and he has begun to make good my confidence. One thing, one only thing, have I asked for them, leaving every thing else to be bestowed or withheld, as consisting with that; I seek for my four children and myself, first of all, 'the kingdom of God.'

"My God, from day to day, adds many other comforts, and strengthens my hopes, by promising appearances, that 'the grain of mustard seed' is sown in the hearts of my three daughters. They have joined themselves to the people of God, and I have reason to think the Lord has ratified their surrender of themselves to him; he has made them willing for the time, and he will hedge them in to the choice they have made."

About this period, Mrs. Graham's son, who had been left in Scotland, to pursue his education, and who had afterwards entered upon a sea-faring life, paid her a visit. He remained some months with her, when she fitted him out for a situation in the navy—the profession to which he was most strongly inclined. Her reflections on his departure are peculiarly affecting :—

"This day my only son left me in bitter wringings of heart: he is again launched on the ocean,—God's ocean. The Lord saved him from shipwreck, brought him to my home, and allowed me once more to indulge

my affections over him. He has been with me but a short time, and ill have I improved it; he is gone from my sight, and my heart bursts with tumultuous grief. Lord have mercy on the widow's son—'the only son of his mother!'

"I ask nothing in all this world for him: I repeat my petition. Save his soul alive, give him salvation from sin. It is not the danger of the seas that distresses me; it is not the hardships he must undergo; it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world; it is because I cannot discern the fulfilment of the promise in him. I cannot discern the new birth nor its fruits, but every symptom of captivity to Satan, the world, and self-will. This, this is what distresses me; and, in connection with this, his being shut out from ordinances, at a distance from Christians: shut up with those who forget God, profane his name, and break his Sabbaths, men, who often live and die like beasts; yet are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time, and every thought, word, and action. O Lord, many wonders hast thou shown me; thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones—add this wonder to the rest. Call, convert, regenerate, and establish a sailor in the faith. Lord, all things are possible with thee: glorify thy Son, and extend his kingdom by sea and land; take the prey from the strong. I roll him over upon Thee. Many friends try to comfort me; miserable comforters are they all. Thou art the God of consolation; only confirm to me thy gracious word, on which thou causedst me to hope, in the day when thou saidst to me, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive.

Only let this life be a spiritual life, and I put a blank in thy hand as to temporal things. I wait for thy salvation.' Amen."

This young man passed through various changes and sufferings. The last letter which his mother received from him was in 1794, from Demerara, and contained the intelligence that he had been taken prisoner, and then retaken, and was at that time intending to go to Europe with the fleet which was soon to sail under convoy. This letter expressed deep contrition for the errors of his past life, and a wish to mend his ways in future.

In her Diary Mrs. Graham thus gives vent to her feelings on receiving this letter from her long-lost son.

" This day I have a letter from my poor wanderer. It is more than a year since I heard of him. Accept of my thanks, my good and gracious Lord; I feared that his cup had been full, and that he had been called out of the world with all his sins on his own head; for I have no tidings of his turning from his sinful courses, or fleeing from the wrath to come, by taking hold of the hope set before him.

" I bless thee; O I bless thee, for thy sparing mercy, thy long-suffering, thy patience, thy forbearance. Yea, even to him, thou hast been more than all this; thou hast been his preserver, his provider; thou hast watched over him in many imminent dangers, in the great deeps, in burning and in frozen climes.

" Thou hast followed him with thy preserving mercy and temporal bounty. He is still in the land of

the living, and amongst those who are called to look unto thee and live. Still thou feedest my hopes of better things for him; thou sufferest my prayers to lie on the table of thy covenant. I will trust, I will hope, I will believe, that, in an accepted time, thou wilt hear me, and in a day of thy power thou wilt bow his stubborn will, and lay him an humble suppliant at thy feet. I trust thou wilt bring this poor prodigal to himself, and turn his steps towards his father's house. See how he feeds with the swine upon husks, and even these not his own. O turn his thoughts to his father's house, where there is bread enough and to spare.

"Lord, remember thy gracious word, on which thou hast caused me to hope, and which has ever been my comfort in the time of my affliction, and in my straits my only relief.

"He is again launched into thy great ocean. Lord he is far from every friend, and from every means of grace, and, for any thing I know, far from thee by wicked works, under thy curse, and hateful in thy sight; but thou God seest him. Means are not necessary if thou willest to work without. Thou canst find an avenue to his heart, dead as he is, vile as he is, guilty as he is, at once far from the help of man, and in the most unlikely situation to receive the help of God; yet I know that all these hindrances, all these mountains, shall melt as wax at thy presence. I believe, thou knowest I believe, that if thou but speak the word this dead soul shall live,—this vile, this guilty soul shall be cleansed, and my son changed to an humble, thankful, genuine child of God, through the cleansing blood of atonement, the imputation of

the Redeemer's righteousness, and the implantation of thy Spirit. I can do nothing for him, but thou canst do all this; I wait for it, Lord; I wait for thy salvation. Lord, let there be joy in heaven over this one sinner repenting; I roll him on thee; I trust in thy sovereign, free, unmerited mercy in Christ. Amen."

No further tidings from this profligate son ever reached Mrs. Graham; and she could only indulge the hope that He who has the hearts of all men in his hands, had effectually turned him from the service of Satan to that of the living and true God. In this hope she felt encouraged, from the eventful history of her younger brother, Archibald Marshall. He too had gone to sea, and for many years he was never heard of. At length, some time after his death, the family received encouraging accounts of his having been a decided Christian. A young man residing in a boarding-house, kept by a pious woman in Paisley, was observed one day reading Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.' The book contained Archibald Marshall's name written on the blank leaf. On enquiry the young man explained that he had got the book from a messmate on his death-bed, and that the person from whom he had received it was not only an exemplary Christian himself, but had been useful to him also. The woman who heard this account was acquainted with Mr. Marshall's family, and lost no time in conveying the gratifying intelligence, that Archibald Marshall, though dead, had given the most satisfactory proofs, during the latter period of his life, of having embraced the overtures of reconciliation, and taken Christ as his Saviour and Lord.

In July 1795, Mrs. Graham's second daughter, Joanna, was married to Mr. Divie Bethune, a merchant in New York. This union was peculiarly suitable, both parties having given themselves to the Lord before they gave themselves to each other. But in one short month after this event, so pleasing to Mrs. Graham, she was called to endure a very painful bereavement in the sudden death of her first daughter, Mrs. Stevenson. This amiable and excellent young woman had been for several years characterized by remarkable piety, and her end was peaceful and happy. Her mother, who had the privilege of witnessing her dying moments, was deeply affected; but when the spirit of the youthful saint had taken its flight, she wiped the tears from her eyes, and, raising her hands to heaven, she exclaimed, "I wish you joy, my darling!" This was the triumph of faith over the feelings of a mother's heart. She felt assured that her child had entered the mansions of the blessed, and therefore she gave vent to an ecstasy of holy joy. It may be interesting to our readers to persue some of her remarks on this distressing occasion:—

"Why, O why is my spirit still depressed? Why these sobs? Father, forgive! Jesus wept: I weep, but acquiesce. This day two months the Lord delivered my Jessie, his Jessie, from a body of sin and death; finished the good work he had begun, perfected what concerned her; trimmed her lamp, and carried her triumphant through the valley of the shadow of death. She overcame through the blood of the Lamb.

"I rejoiced in the Lord's work, and was thankful that the one, the only thing I had asked for her, was now completed. I saw her delivered from much cor-

ruption within, from strong and peculiar temptation without. I had seen her often staggering, sometimes falling under the rod; I had heard her earnestly wish for deliverance from sin; and, when death approached, she was more than satisfied: said she had been a great sinner, but she had a great Saviour; praised him, and thanked him for all his dealings with her: for hedging her in, for chastising her; and even prayed that sin and corruption might be destroyed, if the body should be dissolved to effect it. The Lord fulfilled her desire, and, I may add, mine also. He lifted upon her the light of his countenance; revived her languid graces; increased her faith and hope; loosed her from earthly concerns: and made her rejoice in the stability of his covenant, and to sing, 'All is well, all is well, good is the will of the Lord.' I did rejoice, I do rejoice; but, O Lord, thou knowest my frame; she was my companion, my affectionate child; my soul feels a want, O fill it up with more of thy presence, give yet more communications of thyself.

"We are yet one in Christ our Head; united in him; and, although she shall not return unto me, I shall go to her, and then our communion will be more full, more delightful, as it will be perfectly free from sin. Christ shall be our bond of union, and we shall be fully under the influence of it.

"Let me then gird up the loins of my mind, and set forward to serve my day and generation, to finish my course. 'The Lord will perfect what concerns me;' and, when it shall please him, he will unclothe me, break down these prison walls, and admit me into the happy society of his redeemed and glorified members:

then 'shall he wipe away all tears from my eyes,' and I shall taste the joys which are at his right hand, and be satisfied for evermore."

Mrs. Graham's active Christian spirit was unwearied in devising plans of benevolence and charity. She devoted regularly a tenth part of her earnings to pious and charitable uses; and, on one occasion, when the unexpected result of a successful speculation in which she had engaged, was made known to her, "Quick, quick," she immediately exclaimed, "let me appropriate the tenth before my heart grows hard!" The formation of a female society for the relief of poor widows, with small children, took place at her house in 1797, and she herself was elected first directress; an office which she held with the utmost honour and usefulness for ten years.

In the month of September 1798, Mrs. Graham's daughter, Isabella, was married to Mr. Andrew Smith, a merchant in New York; and all her children being now honourably settled in the world, she was prevailed upon to retire from her school into private life. It was during that year that the yellow fever raged with unusual violence, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Mrs. Graham was prevented from risking her valuable life, by visiting the sick; but after the disease had abated, she was unwearied in her attention to the widows of those who had been cut off. In a letter to her brother, dated 11th November 1779, she gives a very affecting description of the state of matters in New York, during the prevalence of this appalling disease:—

"Before this reaches you, the public papers will

have informed you of the desolation of New York by the yellow fever. We are among the escaped; and there are no breaches in the family. My health, and that of the family, made the country necessary to us at any rate, and we had left town previously to its becoming general; but Mr. Bethune kept in the city, only sleeping in the country, till forty-five were carried off in a night. The inhabitants abandoned the city in crowds, spreading over the adjacent countries; in Long-Island, Jersey, and New York, for sixty miles round. In the most busy trading streets, a person might have walked half a mile without meeting an individual, or seeing an open house or shop. Eleven physicians and surgeons fell sacrifices to it; five of them men of eminence; several were confined by mere fatigue, and had to retire to rest, relieving others when recruited. Dr. B——, one of our oldest and most eminent physicians, who had retired from business two years ago, and lived on his estate in the country, hearing of the distress of his brethren, and the impossibility of their answering all the calls of the sick and dying, left his retreat, returned to town, and slaved to the last. His affectionate wife would not be left behind, but determined to share or witness his fate. It has pleased God to preserve them both. Notwithstanding the general flight, the mortality among them that remained was so great, that for three weeks from forty-eight to fifty-four died every twenty-four hours; this was no vague report, but that of the physicians, and published in the daily newspapers. The churches were shut up, except those which stood out of danger. Great numbers carried the infection with them to the

country, as far as sixty and eighty miles, and died there; almost every one that took it in the country, died, having no proper medical assistance. I do not remember one that recovered; many did in the city and in the hospitals. Some died without getting sight of a doctor; some, alone, deserted by every creature. The coffins were ready made, the graves ready dug, and the minute the last breath was fetched, they were buried with the utmost dispatch. Many widows had to put their own husbands into the coffin, with the assistance of the maker; and often, very often, there was not a creature at the burial, but the man that drove the hearse, who assisted the sexton to put the body under the ground. I myself met a hearse, followed by three well-dressed females, not a man but the driver. Long before this your heart has asked, what became of the poor? Wonders were done for them; yet many suffered for want of nursing. A number of humane men formed themselves into a society, sought them out, and ministered relief from the public funds. Two cooks' shops in different quarters of the city prepared soup, meat, vegetables, and bread. A committee sat in the alms-house every day from nine to one o'clock, to receive such reports or applications as might be made to them, either by, or in behalf of, the sick or poor; and they were visited, and nurses and medical attendance provided by the public, as well as every species of necessaries; but, alas! nurses were not to be had; doctors could be at only one place at a time. When speaking of the poor, I omitted mentioning the large donations which were sent from both town and country to the committee:—

flour, meal, fowls, sheep, vegetables, money, and clothes. One of the members of this society told me, that there was a plentiful supply; and temporary hospitals, and other buildings, were erected for the reception of the sick and recovering; every thing that could be done was done to soften the calamity."

As Mrs. Graham had now abundance of leisure time, she dedicated it to the promotion of the benevolent society over which she had been called to preside. In the fatherless and the widow she felt a lively interest, and endeavoured, in every possible way, to comfort and relieve them. The society at length assumed an importance and an influence which they had not anticipated. It received a charter of incorporation, and some pecuniary assistance from the legislature of New York. Thus raised to a greater prominence, the board of directors thought of extending their plans of usefulness. With this view they purchased a small house, where they received work for the employment of poor widows. They opened a school for the education of orphan children, which was superintended by several ladies in rotation, who volunteered their services for that purpose. Several other day schools were opened in different parts of the city, besides two Sabbath schools, one of which was superintended by Mrs. Graham herself. In short, she was indefatigable in her exertions for the promotion of the temporal comfort and spiritual well-being of the poor and the afflicted. She enjoyed, in all the rich intensity of happiness, the luxury of doing good. Her's might be said to be the character of the righteous Job: "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the

eye saw her, it gave witness to her; because she delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her: and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. She put on righteousness, and it clothed her: her judgment was as a robe and a diadem. She was eyes to the blind, and feet was she to the lame. She was a mother to the poor; and the cause which she knew not she searched out."

At each annual meeting of the society, Mrs. Graham delivered an address along with a report of the proceedings of the managers during the preceding year. And not confining her exertions to one object alone, she took an active interest in every benevolent design. An asylum was proposed, in 1806, for orphan children, and besides entering warmly into the scheme, and aiding it by her subscription, she, or one of her family, taught the orphans daily until the friends of the institution allowed of a teacher being procured. This society, which was afterwards incorporated, owed its origin, in a great measure, to Mrs. Graham, and down to the time of her death, she continued to visit the hospital, and to act as a trustee. The females in the State Prison occupied a considerable share of her attention, and in seasons of depressed trade she provided employment, at her own expense, for a number of poor industrious women.

At length, from the infirmities of age, she resigned the office of First Directress of the Widows' Society, and took the place of a Manager. In the year 1810, her constitution suffered a severe shock from an acci-

dent which occurred to her while bathing. She was carried beyond her depth, and with great difficulty she was rescued from her perilous situation.

During the last two years of her life, Mrs. Graham seemed to be fast ripening for heaven. She withdrew almost entirely from public engagements, and spent her time chiefly in private reading, meditation, and prayer. The only instance in which she emerged from her retirement, was for the purpose of joining some ladies in forming a society for the promotion of industry among the poor. This was an object which she had long had at heart, and the last public act of her life was devoted to it.

For some weeks before her last illness, her health was unusually good. The greater part of her time she dedicated to reading. Owen, Romaine, and Newton, were her favourite authors. On the two Sabbaths before she was attacked with the disease which terminated her earthly career, she partook of the Lord's Supper. Her last meditation was written on one of these occasions, and closes with these words.

"I ate the bread, and drank the wine, in the faith that I ate the flesh, and drank the blood of the Son of Man, and dwelt in him, and he in me! took a close view of my familiar friend, death, accompanied with the presence of my Saviour, his sensible presence. I cannot look at it without this. It is my only petition concerning it. I have had desires relative to certain circumstances, but they are nearly gone. It is my sincere desire that God may be glorified; and He knows best how, and by what circumstances. I retain my one petition:—

" ' Only to me thy countenance show,
I ask no more the Jordan through.' "

On Tuesday the 19th July, 1814, she began to complain slightly, but for two days her illness was not alarming. At length she became convinced that her end could not be far distant. Her mind remained calm and collected. Observing Mr. Bethune standing by her bedside, with a countenance somewhat agitated, she said, " ' My dear, dear son, I am going to leave you, I am going to my Saviour.' ' I know,' he replied, ' that, when you do go from us, it will be to the Saviour; but, my dear mother, it may not be the Lord's time now to call you to himself.' ' Yes,' said she, ' now is the time; and, Oh! I could weep for sin.' Her words were accompanied with her tears. ' Have you any doubts then, my dear friend?' asked Mrs. Christie. ' Oh no,' replied Mrs. Graham; and looking at Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, as they wept: ' My dear children, I have no more doubts of going to my Saviour, than if I were already in his arms; my guilt is all transferred; he has cancelled all I owed. Yet I could weep for sins against so good a God; it seems to me as if there must be weeping even in heaven for sin.' After this she entered into conversation with her friends, mentioning portions of Scripture, and favourite hymns, which had been subjects of much comfortable exercise of mind to her. Some of these she had transcribed into a little book, calling them her provision prepared for crossing over Jordan; she committed them to memory, and often called them to remembrance, as her songs in the night, when sleep had deserted her. She then got Mr. Bethune to read her

some of these portions, especially the eighty-second hymn of the third book of Newton's Hymns, beginning thus:—

"Let us love, and sing, and wonder;
Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He has hushed the law's loud thunder;
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame;
He has wash'd us with his blood;
He has brought us nigh to God."

"Mrs. Graham then fell asleep, nor did she awaken until the voice of the Rev. Dr. Mason roused her. They had a very affectionate interview, which he has partly described in the excellent sermon he delivered after her decease. She expressed to him her hope, as founded altogether on the redemption that is in Jesus Christ. Were she left to depend on the merits of the best action she had ever performed, that would be only a source of despair. She repeated to him, as her view of salvation, the fourth verse of the hymn already quoted:—

"Let us wonder, grace and justice
Join, and point at mercy's store:
When through grace in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more:
He who wash'd us with his blood,
Has secur'd our way to God."

"Having asked Dr. Mason to pray with her, he inquired if there was any particular request she had to make of God, by him; she replied, that God will direct: then, as he knelt, she put up her hands, and, raising her eyes towards heaven, breathed this short, but expressive petition, 'Lord, lead thy servant in prayer.'

After Dr. Mason had taken his leave, she again fell into a deep sleep. Her physicians still expressed a hope of her recovery, as her pulse was regular, and the violence of her disease had abated. One of them however, declared his opinion, that his poor drugs would prove of little avail against her own ardent prayers, 'to depart, and be with Christ, which was far better' for her, than her return to a dying world.

"On Monday the Rev. Mr. Rowan prayed with her, and to him she expressed also the tranquillity of her mind, and the steadfastness of her hope, through Christ, of eternal felicity.

"Her lethargy increased; at intervals from sleep, she would occasionally assure her daughter, Mrs. Bethune, that all was well: and when she could rouse herself only to say one word at a time, that one word accompanied with a smile, was, 'peace.' From her there was a peculiar emphasis in this expression of the state of her mind; 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you,' had been a favourite portion of Scripture with her, and a promise, the fulfilment of which was her earnest prayer to the God who made it. She also occasionally asked Mr. Bethune to pray with her, even when she could only articulate, as she looked at him, 'Pray.' She was now surrounded by many of her dear Christian friends, who watched her dying bed with affection and solicitude. On Tuesday afternoon she slept with little intermission. 'This,' said Dr. Mason, 'may be truly called falling asleep in Jesus.' It was remarked, by those who attended her, that all terror was taken away, and that death seemed here as an entrance into life.

" At a quarter past twelve o'clock, being the morning of the 27th of July, 1814, without a struggle or a groan, her spirit winged its flight from a mansion of clay to the realms of glory !"

Thus died a most consistent and devoted follower of the Lord Jesus. Her light had shone with resplendent lustre during her life, and her sun set in serenity and peace.

The intelligence of Mrs. Graham's death excited a deep feeling of regret in the minds of her friends both in America and England. The loss was regarded by the Christian world as one of no ordinary kind. Her unwearied exertions to promote the advancement of the cause of Christ, and her benevolence and kindness to the poor, attracted the esteem and respect of all who were capable of appreciating these beautiful traits of character. " The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

MRS. MARY M. ELLIS.

MRS. ELLIS was born in St. Mary's Hill, London, on the 16th of October 1793. Before she was three months old she was deprived of her father, and thus thrown exclusively upon the care of her widowed mother, whose exertions for the promotion of her intellectual improvement, and above all, of her spiritual welfare, were unremitting. As, even in childhood, she exhibited indications of a ready and retentive memory, no pains were spared to store it with passages of Scripture, and a judicious selection of hymns. Scarcely, however, had the faculties of the child begun to expand when, in her eighth year, she was subjected to the loss of her truly excellent and affectionate mother. Short, indeed, was the period during which she had enjoyed the high advantage of maternal instruction, but, by the blessing of the Spirit of God, her mind had been early impressed with the importance of religion; and the last words her mother addressed to her were indelibly engraven on her memory; "Mary, don't weep for me, I am going to glory; we shall not be long separated; we shall meet again soon."

Thus, at a tender age, was this interesting child called to endure trials the most painful and heart-rending. She was now an orphan, cast upon the bounty of a gracious Providence, and she was soon enabled to adopt the language of the Psalmist as her own; "When my

father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." She was taken under the care of a Christian lady, who kept a boarding-school, and who, by her unwearied kindness, endeavoured, in every possible way, to supply the place of a parent.

She now attended divine service statedly at Silver Street Chapel, situated in the neighbourhood of her residence; and although she always considered throughout life that her first religious impressions were derived from the instructions of her mother, she was accustomed to date her first decided determination to be on the Lord's side, from a sermon preached to the young, on Whit-Monday, in the year 1804, by her pastor Mr. Jones, from these words, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." From this period she was regular in her observance of secret prayer, to which she had hitherto been a stranger. Anxious to acquire more knowledge of divine things, she joined a Sabbath school connected with the chapel, which proved of remarkable advantage to her. She made rapid progress in her acquaintance with the Bible. It was her companion by day, and at night she slept with it under her pillow, ready whenever she awoke, to apply herself anew to its sacred contents. It was also a favourite employment with her to commit hymns to memory, which she was often accustomed to repeat in her after years.

The kind Christian friend who had taken the charge of the orphan girl, removed to a pleasant village at a short distance from London, and Mary soon became a teacher in the school in which she had been a pupil. At this time, however, her piety began to de-

cline in its warmth and vitality. In this state of mind, and in consequence of temporary illness, she left the house of her friend and became an inmate in the house of a relative, where she was denied the religious opportunities she had hitherto enjoyed. The consequences were very injurious to her spiritual interests. She became giddy, and thoughtless, and comparatively regardless of religion. This melancholy state of matters was not permitted to continue long. The Almighty mercifully interposed, and rescued her soul from apparent destruction. In the year 1812, her only brother, two years older than herself, commenced business on his own account in London, and requested her to become the companion of his home, and take care of its domestic arrangements. She readily accepted the invitation, not, however, without some painful convictions of concience in reflecting on her spiritual declension. On the evening of the day on which she entered her brother's dwelling, he reminded her of the Lord's kindness in ministering to their wants, and raising up friends to them when, as orphans, they had been thrown upon the world. He expressed to her, at the same time, his determination to sanctify the Lord in his dwelling, by rearing an altar to his wor ship, as the God of families as well as of individuals. He then read a chapter from the sacred Scriptures, and he and his sister knelt together at the divine footstool, pouring forth the language of fervent prayer and grateful praise. Affected by the striking contrast between her brother's frame of mind and her own, she was seized with strong convictions of the sinfulness of her conduct in yielding so readily to the fascinations of the world, and losing sight of her Christian pro-

fession. For a short time she was gloomy and desponding, and was even tempted to suppose that she had committed the unpardonable sin. At length it pleased the Lord to dispel the cloud which obscured her prospects and her hopes. The light of the divine countenance again shone upon her soul, and she became a habitual partaker of that peace which passeth all understanding.

Thus revived and quickened by the blessed operations of the Spirit, she joined in fellowship with the church assembling in Silver Street Chapel. About the same time she became a teacher in that Sabbath school where she had formerly distinguished herself as a diligent and successful scholar. She engaged, also, as much as her domestic avocations would allow, in works of benevolence. The missionary cause, in particular, attracted much of her attention, and besides eagerly perusing the intelligence received, from time to time, in regard to the progress of the Gospel in heathen lands, she took a peculiar interest in diffusing it among her friends and acquaintances.

At this period of her life, it pleased the Almighty to visit her with an alarming illness, which brought her to the verge of the grave, but even in the utmost severity of her disease she felt entire confidence in the grace and goodness of her redeeming God. Her friends, to whom she had peculiarly endeared herself by the gentleness and kindness of her nature, were urgent in prayer for her recovery. Their prayers were heard, and she was mercifully raised up from the bed of sickness, and apparent death, with resolutions more ardent than ever, to follow in the footsteps of her divine Re-

deemer. The cause of missions now became the frequent theme of her meditations, and although she was dissuaded, by her friends, from dedicating herself to the work as a solitary female, an opportunity soon occurred, in the course of Providence, of testing the sincerity of her desires to engage in the self-denying employment. She became acquainted with Mr. Ellis, who was then preparing to enter the Missionary field, and consented to join him in the same benevolent enterprise. They were married accordingly, on the 9th November 1815.

To a mind so tenderly sensitive as that of Mrs. Ellis, it must have been peculiarly painful to bid adieu, perhaps for ever, to her country and her friends. Supported, however, by a power greater than her own, she set sail on the 23d of January 1816, for the South Sea Islands, in company with her husband, and Mr. and Mrs. Threlkeld. The ship in which they embarked was employed in conveying convicts to New South Wales, and some apprehensions were entertained lest their passage should, on that account, be uncomfortable. But the liveliness of Mrs. Ellis's faith, and her anxiety to be engaged in the work of the Redeemer, are finely exhibited in a letter which she wrote to her pastor, Mr. Jones, before setting out on the voyage.

"Did we not believe that an over-ruling Providence orders all things for the best, we might be inclined to murmur at being sent out in a transport vessel, (for we find that the convicts are a desperately wicked company, they have made several disturbances already, and threaten mutiny on the voyage,) but we know that we are in the hands of God, and that he has the hearts of

all at his disposal, and renders all things subservient to his own glory; therefore we cheerfully go forth, assured that if the Lord has any thing for us to do among the heathen, we are safe until our work is done. We rejoice that our minds are kept stayed on God; and we can say with our dear missionary sister, 'Onward, in the strength of the Lord, is our motto.' Indeed, the hope of being useful among the convicts animates us, and reconciles us to the prospect of danger: but why do I talk of being exposed to danger; if our Saviour be at the helm, we need fear no evil, rather let us say—

"Christ is our pilot wise,
Our compass is his Word;
Our soul each storm defies,
While we have such a Lord:
We trust his faithfulness and power,
To help in every trying hour."

But we are aware that we need great grace, to enable us to walk wisely, and as becometh the Gospel of Christ; that we are only safe while kept by the mighty power of God; and that if left but for one moment, we fall into sin. I hope we shall be constantly looking to Jesus: may we be found in him, when we shall meet you again, not in this sinful world,—not in these mortal bodies, which clog our devotions, and chain our spirits down to earth when they would fain soar to heaven, but at the right hand of our heavenly Father, in a world where sin and sorrow can never enter, clothed upon with immortality, in a body like our dear Saviour's, and shall join with all the ransomed to sing his praises for ever. Surely we can say, if we had a thousand

souls and bodies, we would devote them all to the service of Him who hath done so much for us."

The cold was severe when the vessel sailed, but after crossing the Bay of Biscay, the weather became comparatively mild, and in three weeks from the date of their leaving England, they came in sight of the island of Madeira, at which the ship merely touched. In the course of a few weeks longer they reached Rio Janeiro, where the passengers were landed for a short time. While on shore, Mrs. Ellis was seized with a very severe illness, which threatened to prove fatal, but, by the blessing of God, she was so far restored, in a few days, as to embark with the other passengers, in the same ship in which she had sailed from England, and which proceeded, without farther delay, to New South Wales. After remaining a short time in that colony, the mission family secured a passage in a ship bound for Tahiti, and on the 10th of February 1817, little more than a year from the time when she had left her native land, Mrs. Ellis saw the place which had been the subject of many prayers, and was about to become the scene of her future exertions. On their arrival in Eimeo they were cordially welcomed by the Missionaries resident there, as well as by a number of Christian natives.

The circumstances in which Mr. and Mrs. Ellis entered on their missionary work were in the highest degree encouraging. Idolatry had been extirpated scarcely more than twelve months before, and the Christian religion was now universally prevalent in the islands. The people were eagerly desirous of being instructed, and the arrival of a fresh reinforce-

ment of Christian teachers, therefore, was hailed as an event of the deepest interest. In such circumstances Mrs. Ellis felt it to be the highest honour to be called to impart that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation.

In the course of a few weeks after their arrival, it was arranged that, along with two other Missionaries and their families, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis should occupy a new station at Afareaitu. Thither, accordingly, they removed, and though subjected to difficulties of no ordinary kind, Mrs. Ellis endured them with the utmost readiness; such was her singleness of heart in her Master's cause. Overlooking the mere temporary inconveniences to which she was exposed from the rude habits of the natives, she engaged in the work of a Missionary with the utmost ardour and enthusiasm. She began to study the language with the view of instructing the natives, and, in the meantime, she spent a considerable part of her time in teaching some of the native females to sew. During the spring and early part of the summer of 1818, both she and her affectionate partner suffered much from the severe and dangerous illness of their infant son. As medical assistance could not be procured nearer than at Papetoai, on the opposite side of the island, often did they travel to that station with great fatigue and danger. As a description of one of these journeys we may make the following beautiful and touching quotation from the Polynesian Researches, by Mr. Ellis:—

"Returning from one of them, night overtook us many miles before we reached our home: we travelled part of the way in a single canoe, but for several miles,

where there was no passage between the reef and the shore, and the fragile bark was exposed without shelter to the long heavy billows of the Pacific, we proceeded along the beach, while the natives rowed the canoe upon the open sea. Two native female attendants alternately carried the child, while Mrs. Ellis and I walked on the shore, occasionally climbing over the rocks, or sinking up to our ankles in fragments of coral or sand; wearied with our walk, we were obliged to rest before we reached the place where we expected to embark again. Mrs. Ellis, unable to walk any further, sat down upon a rock of coral, and gave our infant the breast, while I hailed the natives, and directed them to bring the canoe over the reef, and take us on board. Happily for us, the evening was fair, the moon shone brightly, and her mild beams silvered the foliage of the shrubs that grew near the shore, and playing on the rippled and undulating wave of the ocean, added a charm to the singularity of the prospect, and enlivened the loneliness of our situation. The scene was unusually impressive. I remember distinctly my feelings, as I stood wearied with my walk, leaning on a light staff by the side of a rock, on which Mrs. Ellis with our infant, was sitting, and behind which our female attendants stood. On one side, the mountains of the interior, having their outlines edged, as it were, with silver, from the rays of the moon, rose in lofty magnificence, while the indistinct form and diversified verdure of the shrubs and trees, increased the effect of the whole. On the other hand, was the illimitable sea, rolling in solemn majesty its waves over the rocks which defended the spot on which we stood.

The most profound silence pervaded the whole scene, and we might have fancied we were the only beings in existence, for no sound was heard, excepting the gentle rustling of the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, as the light breeze from the mountain swept through them; or the loud hollow roar of the surf, and the rolling of the foaming wave, as it broke over the distant reef, and the splashing of the paddles of our canoe as it approached the shore. It was impossible, at such a season, to behold the scene, exhibiting impressively the grandeur of creation and the insignificance of man, without experiencing emotions of adoring wonder and elevated devotion, and exclaiming with the Psalmist, 'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him.'"

The chief object for which the station at Afareaitu was temporarily occupied having been accomplished, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis set out with several other mission families, in June 1818, for the Society or Leeward Islands, where it was expected their settlement would be more permanent. On arriving at Huahine, the most easterly island of the cluster, they were received by the natives with the warmest demonstrations of joy. The residence which was set apart for them was sufficiently large, but unfortunately damp, and their child, who had been so ill at Eimeo, had scarcely recovered from his sickness, when, through the carelessness of the native nurse, he fractured his arm. The other child also was an object of great solicitude; and on one occasion, Mrs. Ellis herself, with her infant at the breast, very nar-

rowly escaped a watery grave, the canoe in which she was sitting having been upset, and all on board plunged into the sea.

In the course of the summer of 1819, a more comfortable residence was provided for Mrs. Ellis and her family. As her knowledge of the language increased, numbers of the natives thronged the house to converse with her on religious topics; and, besides inculcating upon the native females, habits of industry and neatness, she embraced every opportunity of calling their attention to their immortal interests. To the superintendence of the schools, also, she paid peculiar attention, and in every department of the missionary work in which she felt she could be useful, she zealously and actively engaged.

By the blessing of God, on the labours of the Missionaries, many of the natives were led to inquire into the truth of Christianity; and, at length, on the 5th of May 1820, a Christian Church was formed at Huahine, consisting of fifteen members. Of these, several were females, and Mrs. Ellis viewed them with peculiar interest, as sisters in Christ, and fellow-heirs of glory. She commenced a meeting for prayer and spiritual instruction, intended for those females who wished to unite in Christian fellowship, and she had much reason to be thankful to the Great Head of the Church, for the measure of success which attended her efforts. Along with Mrs. Barff, a sister Missionary, she made it a regular practice to visit the sick, and on these occasions she was always welcome, and by her tender sympathy and kindness, she won upon the hearts of the natives, so as to lead them to listen

with the utmost attention to her faithful and affectionate counsels.

On the 24th of February, Mr. Ellis, in company with a deputation from the London Missionary Society, then at the Islands, embarked for the Sandwich Islands, leaving his wife and family at Huahine. Speaking of their departure, and of the wives of the native Missionaries by whom they were accompanied, Mrs. Ellis thus writes in a letter to a friend:—

"Sister Barff and I continue our meeting with the females. We often find it a season of refreshing to our own souls, and do hope it is beneficial to the dear natives. We had a very affecting meeting with them at the parting of our two dear sister (native) Missionaries. Many of them could not speak for tears; indeed there was not a dry eye in the room. 'We grieve to part with our dear sisters,' said they; 'we shall never again see their faces at our meetings for conversation, at our meetings for prayer, at our meetings for public worship. We have been used to listen to them with delight, when they have exhorted us with affection, and prayed with and for us; but now we shall hear their voices no more. But we will not keep them back; the work is God's; and if teachers had not been sent to *us*, we should now have been dwelling in darkness and the shadow of death;—we should now have been killing one another, murdering our dear babes, and sinking into hell: but God had compassion on us; he has sent his good Word to us, and caused our hearts to believe that Jesus Christ alone is the Saviour of sinners, and to desire him for our Saviour: and shall we not be willing that others may

know this good Word and Saviour also? Yes, Go sisters! and we will not cease to pray that Jehovah may bless you, and that all the world may know the only true God, and Jesus Christ the Saviour of sinners.' This, and much more to the same purport, was the language of their lips, and, we believe, the language also of their hearts. They prayed very fervently for them, and we hope their prayers will be answered. It reminded us much of those delightful meetings we had in our native land on the eve of our own departure."

At the urgent request of Mrs. Orsmond, who was the only European female in Borabora, Mrs. Ellis proceeded to assist her in the duties of that station. In returning, however, to Huahine, she was exposed to the greatest inconvenience and even danger. Though the weather was mild when the boat in which she embarked left Borabora, it soon after changed, and a storm having arisen, the boatmen found it impossible to reach Huahine, and were compelled to return to Raiatea. After remaining a week there, detained by contrary winds, Mrs. Ellis was anxious to proceed homewards, more especially as the time arranged for Mr. Ellis's return was almost arrived. They set out accordingly, but the boatmen, with all their exertions, were unable, after toiling for a day and a night, to remove further than a short distance from the shore of Raiatea. Mrs. Ellis was, accordingly, landed at Utumaoro in that island.

"The want of proper nourishment, and excessive fatigue, were accompanied by so much indisposition, that when the boat reached the shore, Mrs. Ellis was

obliged to be carried from it to the nearest native hut; this appeared unoccupied, but, on looking round from the mat on which she had been laid, a solitary female was perceived kneeling beside a scarcely breathless corpse, and offering, apparently in great distress, and with frequent sobs and cries, her prayer to Him who seeth in secret, and is a very present help in trouble. As soon as her first paroxysms of grief had somewhat subsided, this Christian female came, and tenderly sympathised with her guest; told her the other inhabitants of the neighbourhood had gone to the missionary meetings, but that she had remained to attend on her afflicted husband, who had expired as the boat approached the shore. Weak and faint as she was, Mrs. Ellis endeavoured to direct her mind to the only source of effectual support; and from the observations that were made, there was reason to hope that the widow was not a stranger to the comforts and hopes of the Gospel."

During the whole of the day and the succeeding night, Mrs. Ellis was unable to leave the mat on which she had been laid, but in the morning, as she was anxious to reach home, she and her children were carried on board, and after spending another day and night in the deep, they reached Huahine in safety.

Mrs. Ellis's health was for some time in a weak state from the effects of this voyage, but by the kind attentions of Mr. and Mrs. Barff, she at length recovered. The protracted absence of her husband, however, was a source of great mental anxiety to her, and more especially as there was reason to suspect that the ship in which he sailed had been seized and plundered

by pirates. In this state of painful suspense, the utmost attention and kindness was shewn her by the natives. To this gratifying trait of humanity in a recently barbarous people, Mr. Ellis thus adverts:—

"The chiefs and people of the settlement had always shewn the warmest attachment to the Missionaries, but their kindness to Mrs. Ellis, during the protracted absence of her husband, was as grateful to her as it was honourable to themselves. They used to designate her their little lonely widow, and seemed anxious to testify their solicitude to alleviate the distress which they knew she must feel. Whenever they were successful in fishing, they always sent her a part of what they had taken; and if the weather was stormy and the sea rough, they used to say, that their anxiety on her account prevented their sleeping; and frequently, in seasons of tempestuous weather, one or two of the chief women of the island would sleep in the house with her, to mitigate the distress which her solicitude at such seasons might occasion. When a pious and valuable female servant, who married, left her, the chiefs went and persuaded another truly pious and attentive native to go and live with her; and by these, and numberless attentions, truly acceptable at the time, manifested a vigilance of benevolence and a strength of affection scarcely to be expected in persons among whom the feelings and offices of Christian sympathy and friendship were of such recent growth."

When he left Huahine, Mr. Ellis expected to be absent only three months, but, from various circumstances, he was detained for eight months, and it was no small relief, therefore, to the agonized feelings of

his wife and family, when his arrival was announced. In the course of this visit to the Sandwich Islands, it had been arranged by the deputation from the Parent Society, at the urgent request of the American Missionaries, that Mr. and Mrs. Ellis should quit their present station, and remove to the Sandwich Islands. The same vessel, accordingly, which brought Mr. Ellis to Huahine, conveyed an invitation to that effect. To leave a people among whom they were so much respected and loved, was no ordinary trial; but as the invitation offered a prospect of greater usefulness, they came to the resolution, however reluctantly, of complying.

When it was known at Huahine that Mr. and Mrs. Ellis had complied with the invitation sent from the Sandwich Islands, a general feeling of deep regret was felt among the natives. Mrs. Ellis had endeared herself to the females by the warm interest which she took in their improvement, both temporal and spiritual; and the harmony which had uniformly subsisted between her and Mrs. Barff, her sister missionary, rendered the separation peculiarly painful. But, obedient to the call of duty, Mrs. Ellis prepared for her voyage. At length, on the 31st December 1822, accompanied by her four children, she embarked with her husband on board the Active for the Sandwich Islands. The native women who had been under her care, and had enjoyed the privilege of her kind instructions, flocked to the shore to witness the departure of one whom they had ever regarded with veneration and esteem. One woman, in particular, was very deeply affected, and, anxious to get a last look of

her instructress and friend, she went out on the rocks at the edge of the harbour, and stood waiting till the vessel had put out to the open sea, when she waved her hand, and with a heart heaving with anguish, sighed farewell.

After a safe and tolerably pleasant voyage, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis reached Oahu on the 5th of February 1823, where they were greeted with a cordial welcome by the chief natives of the settlement, as well as by the American Missionaries, whom they had come to assist. The feelings of Mrs. Ellis, in entering on this new sphere of operation, may be learned from her remarks in the following extract of a letter which she wrote, immediately after landing, to one of her former associates in Huahine :—

" We were welcomed with the greatest cordiality by the Missionaries, the king, and principal chiefs, and we were happy to find things greatly improved since Mr. Ellis was here ; though there is plenty of room for amendment still, but the people give the hearing ear, and seem willing to receive instruction. Let us hope and pray that the Spirit's influence may be showered down in rich abundance, and that the words spoken may profit those who hear. The climate is delightfully cold, and I think would agree well with you; I have wished you here ever since I came: I could not have supposed that three or four degrees of latitude would have made such a difference in climate. I was quite delighted with the view of the snow-topped mountains of Hawaii, but felt glad to be at a respectful distance from them. It certainly is a most beautiful sight to behold the sun rise on them, and

worth coming from Raiatea for. We are at present with the Missionaries, but the king has promised to put us up a native house, to live in till we get our own built. You will have a nice opportunity of coming by Captain Charlton, who intends to return, and by that time I hope we shall have a comfortable place for you. I do not like these people so well as those of the Society Isles, but perhaps I may like them better when I know more of them. There is a great work to be done here, and plenty of room for many more labourers. I trust the Lord will send more faithful men into this part of his vineyard, and cause a great shaking among these dry bones."

In the month of April following, the mission received a considerable accession to its strength and efficiency by the arrival of a reinforcement of Missionaries from America. The condition of the Sandwich Islands was, at this time, in a state the most favourable for the diffusion of a knowledge of the Gospel among the people. Idolatry had been, to a certain extent, renounced, and several of the chief men had declared themselves decidedly in favour of Christianity. In these favourable circumstances, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis directed their efforts to the acquisition of the Hawaiian dialect of the Polynesian language, that they might be prepared to enter on their work as speedily as possible.

The prepossession which many of the chief natives entertained in favour of religion, was very encouraging to the Missionaries. The females more especially connected with the royal family were most earnest in their application for instruction, and Mrs. Ellis, as soon as she was able to converse in the language, be-

came their favourite teacher. Scarcely a day passed in which some of them did not visit her for the purpose of learning the truths of Christianity.

Such seasons of delightful employment were peculiarly gratifying to the pious and devoted mind of the subject of this memoir. By frequent attacks, however, of severe sickness and pain, her pleasure was to some extent alloyed. Her health and strength had been declining ever since the painful and protracted absence from her husband, to which we have already adverted, and her weakness seemed to be every day on the increase. It was thought advisable that she should accompany her husband on a visit to Maui, where Keopuolani, the mother of the king, who had been for some time a most consistent Christian, was dangerously ill. Immediately after their arrival, the queen-mother was baptised by Mr. Ellis, and died on the following day, firmly trusting in the merits of her Redeemer. In the arrangements of the funeral Mrs. Ellis took a part; and such was the improvement which had taken place in her health, in consequence of this visit to Maui, that she was able to lend assistance in the labours of the Missionaries at that station. On her return along with her husband to Oahu, the most favourable hopes were entertained of her recovery. These hopes, however, were speedily disappointed by a fresh attack of illness.

A voyage to England was strongly recommended, as affording, under Providence, the most probable means of restoration to health. With such prospects of extensive usefulness opening everywhere around her she was very unwilling to quit the station in which

Providence had placed her. A partial recovery, therefore, for a time decided her on postponing the voyage to England, and in the middle of May 1824, she consented to make a short voyage, for her health, to some of the other islands of the group. The first island which she visited was Maui, where she had a short time before met with so much kindness. Here her health considerably improved, and she proceeded to Kairua, in Hawaii, and after an absence of about six weeks in all she returned to Oahu decidedly benefited by the voyage. The prospects of the mission were evidently becoming brighter, and as her strength increased, she passed much time in conversation with the chief native females, who resorted to her for instruction.

Hitherto she had resided chiefly in a native hut, consisting of a light frame of poles and slender sticks, to which a long coarse sort of grass was fastened with strings of tenacious roots, and braided grass. During her absence at Hawaii, however, a small stone-house had been erected, of which she took possession in the month of July. It was fondly hoped that the additional comfort which this building afforded would tend to hasten her recovery, but towards the end of the month, her sickness and pain returned with other distressing symptoms. The severity of this attack was considerably aggravated by the tumult which arose in the island, in consequence of an insurrection which had broken out at Tauai, the next island to the west of Oahu; and, although the excitement thus occasioned speedily subsided, her strength seemed daily to diminish. All hope of recovery, in her present situation,

being thus at an end, she and her husband had consented to avail themselves of the kind offer made to them by the captain of an American whaler, which touched at the island, to take a passage to the United States, whence they might proceed to England. The Christian natives, especially the females, regretted the loss of a friend and teacher so highly esteemed as Mrs. Ellis, but they earnestly hoped and prayed that her health would be benefited by the voyage, and that, by the kindness of Providence, she would be speedily restored to them.

To be removed from a sphere of usefulness so extensive and so encouraging, was to Mrs. Ellis a very trying dispensation, and more especially when she saw around her couch, before she was conveyed to the ship, the chief women dissolved in tears. The Christian converts seemed to vie with one another in acts of kindness and attention; and as the vessel left the shore, the prayers of multitudes ascended to heaven in behalf of one whose glory it had been, even amid much bodily weakness, to promote the great cause to which she had devoted her life. In little more than a month after they left Oahu, the vessel reached Huahine—a place endeared to Mrs. Ellis by many fond recollections. A short account of this visit to the island is thus given by her husband in the interesting memorial which he has published of her life and character:

"It was the Sabbath, and, excepting a sort of native pilot, no individual came on board; but when the pilot returned, and the tidings of their arrival reached the settlement, the people could not refrain from crowding to the landing-place, to express their mingled feelings

of joy at seeing their former teacher, and of sorrow at the report of her illness. The captain increased his stock of provisions, and prepared for the long passage before him, and the passengers enjoyed the delightful privilege of intercourse with the beloved people among whom the happiest years of their lives had been passed, and their affectionate brethren and sisters, their teachers. The natives seemed anxious to give every possible expression of their sympathy and affection, by bringing some little token of their regard. The little children, of the Sunday school, also brought their present of arrow-root, sugar-cane, fruit, and fowls, for the children, their former companions, and, as they had hoped, their future teachers. Their fond mother was affected unto tears when she heard of it. While the ship remained in harbour, the people held one of their social entertainments, at which about fourteen hundred were present. At their earnest request, Mrs. Ellis was carried to the place of meeting on a couch, and reclined during the repast, by the side of the queen and the young princess, who had been her ward, and still called her guardian or mother. It was a source of great pleasure to her to meet the dear people of Huahine once more, and, as she passed through their neat settlement, to observe the signs of improvement, which had greatly increased since she left them; but she experienced higher enjoyment in joining with her beloved companions in the worship of the Father of Mercies."

After leaving Huahine, they touched at Rurutu, and Raivavia; and as they pursued their way to the south, Mrs. Ellis's health considerably improved by the in-

creased coolness of the atmophere, and there was every appearance of gradually returning strength, had not an accident, which occurred to her youngest child, in consequence of falling down the stairs leading from the deck to the cabin, caused a recurrence of her disease with all its wonted severity. The distressing symptoms, however, disappeared as they proceeded on their voyage; and at length, with recruited health and spirits, she reached the port of New Bedford, in Massachusetts, in the beginning of March 1825.

As soon after landing as Mrs. Ellis was in a fit state to travel, she set out for Boston, where she and her family were treated with the utmost kindness and hospitality. All that Christian sympathy could bestow, was readily afforded, and the best medical aid was promptly procured. But amid these means of alleviation, her sufferings were frequently so great, as to threaten a speedy termination to her valuable life. It pleased the Lord, however, to raise her up more than once from the very gates of death; and, by the divine goodness, she so far rallied as to be able to remove a few miles from Boston, where she made rapid progress towards recovery; and in a short time she set out for New York, with the view of embarking for England. During the whole of the voyage across the Atlantic, Mrs. Ellis was confined to bed; but on reaching her native shore, after the fatigue connected with landing had passed away, and the excitement of meeting with relatives and friends, after ten years absence, had subsided, symptoms of progressive amendment began to appear. This, however, was only a transient gleam, which was quickly obscured, and followed by a gloom

deep and distressing. Her disease returned with increased violence; and to her bodily sufferings was added the feeling of painful disappointment, arising from the thought that the hopes of recovery which she had entertained from a return to her native country were blasted. In this state of bodily weakness and mental depression she continued through the winter of 1825 and in the spring of 1826; and in her diary of the 6th June of the latter year she thus writes, expressing her feelings of resignation and holy submission to the divine will:—

"Still, dear Lord, thou seest best to visit this feeble body with pain and languishing; 'wearisome nights are appointed unto me,' and distressing have been the seasons of pain thou hast called me to bear these last two months—seasons which sometimes induce the thought, 'Why are his chariot-wheels so long in coming?' Yet thou knowest I would not be impatient. All the days of my appointed time will I wait, until my change come; and bless thee for the peace and consolation thou constantly affordest.

"Cast down, but not destroyed, I bless the hand,
My Father's hand, which strengthens while it strikes;
And should the furnace rage with seven-fold heat,
My Father's even there! Mighty the waves,
But mightier He above, who calms the storm.
Dark and mysterious the pilgrim's way,
But, lo! the Sun of Righteousness shines forth,
And cheers my soul with healing on his beams.
I know the voice that called me from the world,
And in the chambers of affliction taught
Eternal truths on which I love to dwell.
The school of suffering is the school of light,

'Tis here I learn to trample on the world,
And justly estimate all earthly good:
'Tis here each hour informs me I must die,
While here thy Word assures me I shall live—
Live when this world's enwrapt in flaming fire,
And all its transient glories pass away."

That she might have the benefit of a change of air, Mrs. Ellis was removed to an elevated and airy part of Islington, and seemed for a time to gain strength. But in the beginning of October her sufferings became more severe than ever, and it was found necessary to call in additional medical assistance. The means employed to relieve her were quite ineffectual, and to all human appearance she could not long survive. Some of her remarks, during this illness, as recorded by Mr. Ellis, it may be useful to extract:—

"About one o'clock on the morning of the 25th of November, she enquired the hour; when informed that it was one o'clock, she observed, 'I thought it had not been so late,—I have been so employed this last hour, that I cannot tell how the time has gone, or what I feel; such joy, such joy, I cannot describe it.' On its being observed to her, 'You now know the faithfulness of God to his promises, in upholding you amidst deep waters,' she replied, 'Yes, I can now truly say, 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul;' adding, with great emphasis, 'I would not exchange places with any body —not with any body.'

"On the following day Mrs. Ellis suffered great pain from six to eight o'clock in the morning; but during the short intervals between the paroxysms of pain, she said her mind was delightfully calm; and

after reviving, as the pain subsided, she remarked to a friend who expressed sympathy in her suffering, 'It is not the wormwood and the gall.' On its being observed by Mrs. Townley, who was with her at the time, that she had many friends who sympathized with, and prayed for her, she replied, 'I desire to be perfectly resigned,—I hope they do not keep me out of heaven.' She spoke much of her anticipations of heaven; and when asked, if, in the near approach of the eternal world, she had more distinct views or impressions of the heavenly state than in former life; she answered, 'It has occupied many of my thoughts, and, though I have no doubt of its perfection and blessedness, I have no distinct view of the nature of existence after death; but I am not anxious about it; I am waiting for the coming of my Lord. In one half hour in heaven, more will be known than by years of conjecture here.' One present remarked, 'There will be no half hours in heaven;' to which she answered with animation, 'No, all will be one eternal NOW.' I am happy, she continued, 'that God has condescended to employ me on earth: I do not regret having engaged in communicating the Gospel to the heathen; had I to spend again the early periods of life, I would make the same choice. I do not regret having lost my health in it, and have never thought that, had I remained in England, I should have lived longer. I dare say Mr. Smith of Demerara, did not regret dying in prison for the cause of Christ.'

"On the 2d of December, Mrs. Ellis, having somewhat less pain than during the preceding day, though faint and weak, appeared to find relief and satisfaction

in efforts, though they were exceedingly feeble, to speak of the goodness and mercy of God. 'My mind,' she remarked, 'is tranquil;—I have no wish either to live or to die, but to continue confiding in my Father, and to know no will but his. I never before felt so much under the influence of the love of God absorbing every faculty of thought. Well might the Apostle Paul speak so frequently of it.' On the language of the Apostle Paul, in the third chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, (where he speaks of the breadth and length, and depth and height, of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge,) being repeated, she remarked, 'My views of the love of God have been vastly enlarged during my affliction. How amazing that we should be the objects of such love! I have learned much of its heights and depths, and lengths and breadths; but one half hour out of the body will unfold more than can be learned in this world. There I shall know all I desired,—shall see Jesus,—shall be like him,—and shall be for ever with my Lord.' She then spoke of the goodness of God in giving her such patience and peace, and exclaimed, 'Well might the apostle call it 'the peace of God.' She then spoke of the future, and repeated some verses of the fifty-second hymn, second part of Dr. Watts' collection.

"There is a green and flow'ry mount."

"Fatigued and exhausted, she asked for a little water, and on its being given her, remarked that she would soon, perhaps, drink of the river of the fountain of life; she exclaimed, 'Yes, it will be a sea of love'

"Without a bottom or a shore;"

and repeated part of the hymn in which the words occur, but observed, in reference to the influence of the subject, 'these prospects are not suited to my present feelings; they make me desire to be gone. I need something to reconcile me to stay till God's time comes. My pains of body continue much the same; but I am as happy in mind as I think it is possible to be in this world; indeed, it would be sinful to wish to be happier than I am.' Part of the hymn beginning

"Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms,"

being recited, she repeated the whole, observing, she had always felt delight in the sentiments expressed, and thought she could adopt the language as her own, repeating again,

"Death cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there:
Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair."

"'I feel,' she continued, 'more like an inhabitant of the celestial world, than of earth.' Afterwards she observed, 'I feel that I am sinking: I desire rather to be kept tranquil and resigned, than to have rapturous joys. I cannot think much, but am happy in the thoughts of the love of God. I sometimes fear terrors when the symptoms of death appear present, but I am happy.' She then repeated part of the hymn beginning,

"Jesus is all my hope,
His name is all my trust."

During the month of April 1827, her disease, contrary to all expectation, began to assume a favourable

appearance, and before the beginning of June she was able to set out on a visit to some of her friends in Lincolnshire. This journey was productive of great advantage to her health, which, in a short time, was so far restored that she was able to take occasional exercise in the open air, and even to attend public worship, a privilege which she had not enjoyed for four years. She now began to entertain the hope of yet being able to resume her labours in the missionary field, and it was arranged that if she continued to improve she might be enabled to leave England in the ensuing summer. In the mean time she took leave of her friends in Lincoln and proceeded to Sheffield, where she spent six weeks very pleasantly in the society of some Christian friends.

In the middle of December she proceeded to Nailsworth, in Gloucestershire, for the purpose of passing the winter under the mild climate of that part of the country. Here her health seemed daily to improve, but towards the end of January 1828, some unfavourable symptoms again appeared. Recourse was had to the same treatment which had proved so beneficial at Lincoln. On this occasion, however, it proved unavailing, the disease rapidly gained ground, and the poor sufferer was again reduced to a state of extreme weakness, in which she continued till the month of June, when she recovered so far as to enable her to be removed to a pleasantly situated cottage in the neighbourhood. In this residence her health underwent some improvement, interrupted, however, by occasional relapses, which became more frequent as the

winter advanced, when she again returned to the village of Nailsworth.

Early in the spring of 1829 Mrs. Ellis was seized with a severe attack of her disease, which assailed her shattered frame with apparently greater violence than before. But in the following summer she once more revived, and having been removed to a more eligible residence, she became every day perceptibly better. Under the emotions of hallowed joy, which her progressive recovery now excited, she thus wrote to a beloved friend in London, in a letter, dated, Newmarket, August 19, 1829 :—

" You will see from the date of this, that we have removed from Nailsworth. From what I suffered nearly the whole time that I resided in the town, which, you know, is situated in a valley, and the great improvement in my health since my removal, I am induced to think that Nailsworth was not suited to my constitution, and that it was a wise arrangement in Providence that obliged me to remove thence. O that I may be duly grateful to Him who numbereth the very hairs on our head, and without whose knowledge even a sparrow falleth not to the ground. Behind our house we have a beautiful grove, in a shady and elevated part of which I have had a seat made, on which I am able to recline most days, when the weather is fine, beholding, with a pleasure which those only know whose views have been for many months circumscribed by the walls of a sick-chamber, the delightful scenery of our little sequestered valley, and enjoying the benign influence of the pure and refresh-

ing breeze. The scenery is truly charming; and I frequently wish I had you, my dear friend, to feel with me how inviting, how soothing, is nature's tranquil loveliness to those who can exclaim, with Cowper, and all who look above the face of nature to Him who spreadeth forth all its profusion of variety and beauty for his own glory, and for the happiness of man, sinful man—

" He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers his, to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—My Father made them all!
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That planned, and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man!"

" But whither am I wandering? Cowper, you know, is my favourite poet, and, when I begin quoting from him, I find it difficult to close. What will you say, my dear friend, when I tell you I purpose, God willing, going to the house of God next Sabbath, with my dear partner, and the multitude who keep holy day: join me at the same throne of grace; O let us supplicate blessings on each other's heads."

In the commencement of 1830, Mrs. Ellis's mind was greatly relieved from the anxiety which she naturally felt about her children, by the kind offer of two excellent ladies in Dublin to receive her eldest daughter as an inmate of their dwelling, and to superintend her education. An offer of a similar kind was made by another lady in the same town to take charge of the youngest. These proposals were gratefully accepted, and the two children removed to the metropolis of Ireland, where they remained, the eldest for two, and the youngest for three years. Thus relieved of one great cause of her solicitude, Mrs. Ellis's health gradually improved, and in the middle of April she removed to London, where she was cordially welcomed by her friends and relatives on her return, after an absence of three years. Shortly after her arrival in the metropolis, a visit to the sea-side was recommended, and she set out, accordingly, for Brighton. Here the most alarming symptoms again appeared, and for some time her friends entertained the most fearful apprehensions as to the result. The means employed, however, to alleviate her sufferings were, by the divine blessing, to a certain extent, successful, and hopes were cherished that she might yet be raised from her bed of sickness, restlessness, and pain. Vain were all such expectations; the disease recurred with unabated violence, and for some months her life was regarded as in a very precarious state. But it was not the will of God that she should yet enter into rest. She once more rallied, and in December 1831 she was conveyed to London, where Mr. Ellis had received a permanent employment. In the metropolis her health

continued, during more than two years, in the same unsatisfactory state as at Brighton, alternating between apparent improvement and augmented suffering.

During the whole course of her illness, the temporal comfort and spiritual improvement of her children dwelt much upon her mind, and it was a peculiar source of delight when, in 1834, the whole were collected under one roof. Though still confined to bed, and evidently becoming daily weaker and weaker, she spent much of her time in conversing with her family on the things that pertained to their everlasting peace. This high privilege they were not long permitted to enjoy, for although, in the opening of the year 1835, no perceptible change to the worse had taken place, this affectionate mother, this eminent Christian, was suddenly summoned, on the 11th of January of that year, from this world, which had been to her, in all its emphatic meaning, a vale of tears, and called to enter into the joy of her Lord. "Help, Lord; for the godly ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SMELT.

EARLY piety is peculiarly engaging, lending, as it does, a lustre, a beauty, and a grace, to the character of the young. And in no instance could the truth of this remark be more strikingly exemplified than in the amiable and accomplished young lady whose life we are about to sketch. Her career was short, but it was long enough to exhibit the brightest and most beautiful traits of the mature Christian. She lived in faith, and died in the joyful hope of a glorious immortality.

Miss Caroline Elizabeth Smelt was born in the city of Augusta, in the State of Georgia, North America, on the 28th December 1800. Her parents were of the highest respectability, and affluent in worldly circumstances. Dr. Smelt, her father, was a practising physician of considerable eminence in Augusta, and having realized an independent fortune, he retired from active business to spend the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family. Caroline was much beloved by her parents, and, in very early life, began to exhibit marks of intelligence beyond her years. Her dispositions, too, were remarkably tender and winning. At the age of four she was sent to school, where she made the most satisfactory progress. As soon as she could read she took a peculiar delight in the employment, and shewed a ready understanding of what she read.

When Caroline was in her eighth year, her little heart was grieved by the death of a sister only three years younger than herself. The afflictive dispensation produced a deep impression upon her mind, and from that period she was accustomed to date her first serious thoughts of religion. She was observed now to lend greater attention to the instructions which her parents sedulously endeavoured to impart, and when her mother, as was frequently her practice, invited her to retire along with her for private prayer, Caroline evinced a readiness to engage in the exercise which was remarkably pleasing. In the beauties of nature she felt an inexpressible enjoyment. She was an enthusiastic lover of flowers, both on account of their beauty, and as bearing the stamp of the divine perfections. In the acquisition of knowledge she spent much of her time, so that before she had reached her sixteenth year, though her bodily constitution was weak, her mind was stored with much valuable information.

The time had now arrived when Caroline, having completed her education, was about to be ushered into society. This was, of course, a season of much anxiety to her affectionate mother, who was naturally afraid lest the allurements of a vain and fascinating world should prove injurious to the spiritual interests of her dear child. Resorting, therefore, to a throne of grace, Mrs. Smelt prayed earnestly that Caroline's tender mind might be kept in the fear of God. And her prayers were heard. Caroline took no delight in fashionable parties; her chief enjoyment was found at home amid the peaceful comforts of domestic life. Though cheerful, she seemed to have a peculiar relish

for retirement, and her mind seemed to be more than ever occupied with the great objects which concern an immortal being. Her mother often tried to lead her into conversation on matters of religion, but whenever reference was made to her own experience, Caroline would invariably weep, without giving her kind and anxious parent any definite information upon the subject.

In the course of the winter of 1815, Caroline engaged in a Scripture class, composed of young ladies, for improvement in their knowledge of divine truth. About this time Mrs. Smelt felt more than usually anxious about the eternal interests of her dear child, and frequently retired with her to secret prayer. She was apprehensive that the naturally delicate frame of Caroline would, ere long, yield, and to many of her friends she expressed a fear that she would soon lose her. "I fear that the worm," she said on one occasion, "is already at the root of my gourd; I feel an awful presentiment that my Caroline will descend to an early tomb." A feeling of this kind led her mother to be doubly solicitous about her spiritual condition. Caroline, however, still preserved the same invariable reserve, in reference to her own personal experience. At length, when her mother urged her, on one occasion, to be more communicative on a point so important, she replied, "My dear mamma, I have no confidence in myself; I hope to do that which is right when I shall have more experience. I desire to belong to the little flock, but I am too unstable."

Some time after this interview Mrs. Smelt was seized with a severe attack of fever, in consequence

of waiting by the bed-side of an orphan child, who had died of fever in the neighbourhood. Caroline paid her mother the most devoted attention during her illness, and she could scarcely be prevailed upon to quit her bed-side. A conversation which took place between them we extract from the published memoir.

" Mrs. Smelt, although her symptoms were favourable, yet felt great depression of spirits. Caroline perceived it, and tried every way to comfort her. She would say, ' My dear mamma, you will get well; I feel a happy assurance that you will recover.' To this Mrs. Smelt replied, ' You may be mistaken, and you are one of my greatest causes of distress.' ' Why so, my dear mamma!' said Caroline. ' Because,' said Mrs. Smelt, ' I have never discharged my duty as a responsible mother, in the way in which I ought to have done it: and I fear that at the bar of God I shall be found awfully delinquent; I have not been as much engaged for your eternal welfare, as for the perishing things of time. And now, should I be removed, how soon may you forget the feeble instructions I have given you! whereas, had I been more zealously engaged in pointing out to you the way that leads to eternal happiness, I might have hoped that the Lord would not only acquit me, but take you under his special care in this life, and in his own good time receive you to himself.'

" Caroline then burst into tears, drew near to her mother, and with great feeling said, ' My dear mamma, you will stand acquitted. What could you have done that you have not done, to bring me to Christ? If I have been inflexible, that is not your fault. I am

truly distressed to think I should occasion you one uneasy moment. I desire to comfort you. Oh! tell me not that you feel any condemnation on my account; indeed you are clear of my blood; and I hope you will live to see all you so earnestly desire. I am not so graceless, perhaps, as you may suppose. The Lord has been striving with me for many years, and I have not been entirely thoughtless. No, indeed; for I have long wished for an interest in the great atonement. I have long desired to become one of the little flock; but I feared I was too inexperienced, too ignorant, too unstable, and too unworthy, to make a public profession of my faith in Christ. O mamma! I have long wished to tell you what was passing in my heart; but I feared to excite hopes in your affectionate breast which might never be realized, and the greater condemnation would be my portion. But I have now come to a decided stand. It may give you some comfort to hear some of my late exercises. I feel as if I could no longer keep them a secret from you. I ought to have told you them before, and you would have strengthened me. I felt this the other night, when I thought I should lose you; and I then determined, that if the Lord spared your life, you should know all. Oh! I see in the hour of sore distress, that all created comforts are but broken reeds; that if we have not God for our friend, 'vain is the help of man.' This I realized in the night when you were taken sick. It was the first time I ever tasted the bitterness of real sorrow. I had been that afternoon and evening much exercised, at the dying bed of our little friend. I never had such feelings all my life; I viewed with horror the change in her coun-

tenance—I saw her struggles—the sight was more than I could bear: I said, is this death? He is indeed the king of terrors. I was about to hasten home. I stopped a little longer; I thought I would summon fortitude to stay and see the end—a convulsion came on—I was exceedingly alarmed—I thought I must retire; but in an instant it occurred to me, that I too would have to die; and if every one who might be around my dying couch, should act towards me as I was about to do towards her, not one would have firmness enough to see my end; and how should I feel, to be deserted at such an awful moment? I prayed for strength to enable me to stay and be useful, and that the whole scene might be sanctified to my soul. I felt more composed, and strove to do some act of kindness to the poor little girl. I tried to fan her, and to wipe the cold drops from her face; but my nerves were too feeble, and my agitation too great to do anything. I sat down and meditated on what was passing. I felt concerned for the soul of the child. She had entered on her fourteenth year—I thought her at an accountable age. She had been brought up in Christian principles; but during her tedious illness, had not uttered one pious expression, one holy desire, but had manifested great alarm at the idea of death; and until deprived of speech, had expressed strong hopes, or a firm belief, that she should recover. I felt deep regret that this was the case with too many that were older than she. I then asked myself this question, Had you been called to such a bed as this, would you have been ready or willing to go? The answer was, No. I felt at that moment as if death were armed with ten thousand terrors. Oh!

how fervently did I desire that the Lord would not call me till I was made fit for his acceptance. I wanted to feel that love casteth out fear; but I was tempest-tossed, and could realize nothing that was comfortable. I returned home melancholy and oppressed, and found you had retired to bed with a high fever. My heart was overwhelmed with apprehensions for your life, and for my own soul. I could not conceal my distress. Papa thought I would alarm you, and insisted on my going to bed. I was compelled to retire, but sleep I could not. When I entered my room, I prostrated myself at the footstool of mercy. Oh! how I entreated the Lord to spare your precious life, and to seal me his own for ever. I felt as if no power on earth could relieve me. Some such reflections as these then passed through my mind:—You see now what a vain bauble this world is. What a change have a few hours made in your feelings! and a few more may produce still greater. You may lose your mother, and what will become of you then? who will guide your erring footsteps? who will give you sweet counsel? who will soothe and comfort you in the hour of sickness, as she has done? with a bursting heart, I answered, No one. My agitation increased violently,—I could not lay my troubles before you. I was alone, and, for the first time in my life, I felt deserted. The fear that I should lose you was uppermost. I saw that I deserved chastisement, and felt the frowns of Providence which I had deserved. At this moment I thought I heard you groan—I could no longer keep from you—I ran down stairs, and entreated papa to let me remain with you. He kindly consented; and the residue of

the night was spent in prayer to God, and serious reflections; for I could not sleep. I sometimes thought I would give worlds, if I possessed them, to know that the Lord was my friend. I clearly saw that no power but his could deliver me, and that it was vain to expect relief from any other quarter. I felt as if the world would contain nothing that could afford me any consolation, if you were removed; and particularly, I should never forgive myself for not having improved, as I ought, the many lessons of useful instruction you have given me.'"

This was the first free, unrestrained communication of her religious views and feelings, which Caroline had made to her mother, and from that hour she conversed readily on experimental religion. Mrs. Smelt's recovery was rapid, and Caroline felt grateful to the Almighty for having prolonged the life of so valuable a parent. The days, however, of the amiable Caroline herself were fast drawing to a close. On the morning of the 28th of August 1816, little more than a fortnight after she had been so alarmed on account of her mother's illness, she was seized with a violent and dangerous fever. The disease advanced with singular rapidity, and her parents began to dread the worst. Mrs. Smelt was frequently engaged in prayer for the dear child, not so much for her recovery, as for the salvation of her soul. A few passages from the dying experience of this interesting young woman will no doubt be acceptable to the reader:—

"In the course of the day, Mrs. Smelt said to her, 'My dear Caroline, you are now on the bed of affliction; I hope you do not neglect to call upon the Lord.'

She replied, ' Oh! mamma, do you think I could neglect so important a duty?'

" In the afternoon, some friends called to see her. She did not converse much, but was to appearance entirely calm. When they were about to leave the house, Mrs. Smelt accompanied them to the door. Having felt an unusual degree of peace and comfort all that day, she detained one of the ladies for a few moments, to converse about Caroline's case, and her own views of the subject. They had not stood long, before she was informed by a servant, that her daughter wanted her. She hastened to her; and as she approached her bed-side, Caroline addressed her in these words:— ' My dear mamma! I do not want you to leave me at all; you are such a rich blessing to me, that I wish you constantly in view.'

" Mrs. Smelt then sat down, and was requested by her to read a portion of Scripture; which was done. She then said, ' My dear mamma, I have been much disturbed in mind to-day; but I felt reluctant to oppress you with more trouble than you have already, and therefore forebore telling you. But I cannot conceal it any longer.' Her mother then invited her to tell her all. She said, ' that she had all day been disturbed by this passage of Scripture, ' The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' It is continually in my mind, and fills me with dreadful apprehensions.' Mrs. Smelt then observed, ' if that passage gives my darling distress, let your mother direct you to a few of the precious promises: ' Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' ' Ask, and it shall be

given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' 'She said she felt oppressed with a sense of sin.' Her mother then repeated, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'

"Mrs. Smelt observing her to be much agitated at that time, was enabled, with great energy, to say to her, 'My beloved daughter, the Lord says, 'Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope; even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto thee.' This promise is sent to you, my child, as certainly as it was sent to me many years ago.' She replied, 'Do you indeed think so, my mother?' Her mother assured her that it was her belief. She then requested her mother to pray with her. A female friend being present, they kneeled by her bedside, and addressed the throne of grace in her behalf. The necessity of exercising a lively faith in the merits of a Redeemer was then strongly urged upon her. She said she wanted to feel that she had an interest in Christ—that she feared she had never been regenerated; repeating, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.' 'O that I could know that I had passed through the new birth!' Her mother begged her to look to the compassionate Saviour, and be comforted."

The resignation and calm serenity which Caroline evinced during her illness, were truly remarkable. She was not only resigned to the will of God, but spent much of her time in consoling her afflicted parents, adducing such arguments, and such passages of Scripture,

as she considered suitable to their situation. Thus, on the 8th of September, we find the following description given of her frame of mind:—

"Several dear friends sat up with her that night. A little before midnight she became silent; and it was hoped that she had fallen asleep. She lay very quiet for some time—perhaps an hour. She then spoke, and asked for her mother. Mrs. Smelt was sitting by her; but the room had been somewhat darkened to favour sleep, and she did not at first distinguish her from her other friends.

"She then said, 'My beloved mother, I have been praying that your faith may be strengthened, and that the Lord would comfort you and my dear father.' Her mother then embraced her, and desired her to try, if possible, to get a little sleep. To this request Caroline readily yielded obedience; and lay for a considerable time as if asleep. She then spoke audibly, and said, 'Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, passed through the fiery furnace, and not a hair of their head was singed; for they loved God, and he was with them. I love him also, and he is with me. Oh! my mother, the fever is high; but the Lord will sustain me, and will bring me through like gold tried and purified. He has been very gracious to me to-night. I calculated on a very painful one; but I said nothing, knowing that my heavenly Father would not inflict one unnecessary pain, but would order all things well. Notwithstanding my faith was strong, I felt my feeble nature shrink from the idea of fresh blisters to my body, and cataplasms to my feet. And when my medical friends suggested the necessity of their immediate ap-

plication, I made no resistance; for I had resolved when I was first taken sick, to be a submissive patient, if the Lord would strengthen me to improve the visitation to his honour. I knew that my dear father and mother would be much distressed,—that they would feel anxious that every effort should be made for my relief. How unkind! how undutiful, then, would it appear in me, to disappoint their wishes, and increase their anxiety, by refusing to use the appointed means! But when I heard the plan for the night, my heart sunk within me. In a few moments, I was enabled to raise my soul in prayer to my heavenly Father. I petitioned for grace, divine grace, to sustain me. I immediately had such a view of my Redeemer's sufferings, that I felt willing, yea happy, to submit to any pain. When the blisters began to draw, I felt the anguish most sensibly. I raised my heart again in prayer; and in a very short time was enabled to say, with great sincerity, Not my will, O heavenly Parent, but thine, be done. I soon felt not only comfortable, but such a sweet composure of mind,—so heavenly, so entirely peaceful, that I fell into a delightful sleep. When I awoke, I found those precious lines of Dr. Watts present to my memory:—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

The next morning she spoke as if she felt that death was at hand. She admonished her friends who came to visit her, to strive above all things after an interest in the Redeemer; and upon her mother she enforced

that holy submission to the divine will, by which we most effectually glorify God. An entire and unreserved acquiescence in all the dispensations of Providence, Caroline knew to be the privilege, no less than the duty, of the true Christian. And while, therefore, she manifested in her own deportment, a readiness to say in all things, "Thy will be done," she felt that her beloved parents were about to endure a trial in which faith and patience were peculiarly requisite:—

"With a countenance beaming with divine love, and a voice most harmonious, she said to her mother, 'O my beloved mother! weep not for me. My sufferings will soon terminate. Blessed be God! who hath not turned away my prayer from him, nor his mercy from me. Through the blood of the cross, death is disarmed of all its terrors; the grave, to which I am hastening, is deprived of all victory. Oh, the boundless goodness of God! thus to support a frail worm of the dust: What is man, that he should be mindful of him? or the son of man, that he should visit him? I am going to that happy land, so finely described by Dr. Watts;' repeating the following lines with great emphasis:—

"There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between."

"She did not finish the hymn, but addressed some young friends who had just entered the room:—'You see before you,' said she, 'a young, timid, delicate female, not seventeen years old—the only child of my beloved parents—surrounded with all the comforts of life—nurtured with peculiar tenderness, in the bosom of parental affection, from my earliest infancy, and always sheltered from the rude blasts of misfortune—blessed with the friendship of an extensive acquaintance, and beloved by all my dear relations. I could add many other considerations calculated to attach me to this world; but I can say, with holy joy, farewell to all! yea, I desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better. I am going to my Redeemer's kingdom; his arms are open to receive me. O! the incalculable benefits resulting from the religion of Jesus, the once crucified, but now gloriously exalted Son of God. What but this, my friends, could sustain me in this trying hour? My sensibility is not blunted. My heart was formed for sympathy, and the sweets of friendship. I am sensible of the sorrow which my departure will occasion in the breasts of those whom I tenderly love; but I commit them to the care of One who is able to console them, and who will, I trust, prepare them to join me in the regions of eternal glory, where we shall part no more. O! my dear young friends, allow me to entreat you to embrace this religion. To a bed of death you will all have to come;

and at the bar of judgment you will have to give an account of all the deeds done by you in this world; and if the Saviour is not then your friend, I tremble to think of your fate. O! close with the offers of mercy. Now is the accepted time; to-day is the day of salvation. When I am gone, will you ever think of me? Will you strive to remember the displays of God's mercy to me? and, will you endeavour to obtain his favour also, that you may finish your course, as I hope to finish mine, rejoicing in redeeming love, comforted and sustained against every fear? I feel peace in my heart, and joy unspeakable and full of glory."

"After being some time silent, she said to Mrs. Smelt, 'My mother, let me see you put on the Christian's beautiful robe—*holy submission*. You will not be left alone, for the Lord is your friend, and he can be more to you than ten sons and daughters. Your case is by no means a new one. Recollect the trials of the mother of our blessed Redeemer. She was called upon to give up her only child—she did so. He died a most cruel and ignominious death. He had none of the temporal comforts which I enjoy,—no friends to soothe his sorrows,—no bed on which to rest his weary limbs,—no kind attendants to administer a cooling draught to quench a parching thirst; no, he had to drink vinegar and gall. His blessed mother was not allowed to sit by him, as you sit by me, and receive divine comfort from his sacred lips. O my dear mother! think of these things, and believe yourself blessed. Let your faith rise in lively exercise, to the sufferings of the Son of God. View him in the garden;

go with him to Pilate. See his patient meekness! Like a lamb dumb before his shearers, so he opened not his mouth. He suffered, the just for the unjust, and by his stripes I am healed. He died that we might live. He bore our sins in his own body. He was God over all, blessed for ever, and yet he submitted to the death of the cross, that a perishing world might be saved. When I take a view of his compassionate mercy to rebellious sinners, I am lost in wonder. When I see his sacred temples perforated, and encircled with a crown of thorns, I am ready to cry out, And did my Saviour suffer thus? for whom and for what was he thus afflicted and scourged? In a moment, I answer, For me—poor unworthy me; and not only for sinful me, but for you, my mother, and for as many as will believe in his all-sufficient atonement. When, with the eye of faith, I see my immaculate Saviour extended on the cross, my heart dissolves with tenderness and gratitude. I feel humble and submissive—ready and willing to suffer anything; yea, feel happy in being thought worthy to suffer, for you know, whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' "

To her young friends she spoke with the utmost freedom, calling upon them to seek the Lord early, and they would assuredly find him. On the subject of worldly amusements she thus expresses herself:—

"Let no person, endowed with rational powers, call them innocent or harmless. How can that be innocent which leads to a prodigal waste of precious time? How can that thing be called harmless, which leads to an unnecessary exposure of health? How can that amusement be innocent, which has not the glory of

God for its object? How can that amusement be harmless, which has a direct tendency to unfit the mind for devotional exercises? We are such frail creatures that we constantly require some excitement to lead us to God, and not to estrange us from him. Will any venture to say, that they have been brought to love the Lord Jesus better, by having attended a theatre or a ball-room? I presume not. I can say, from my own experience, that I never derived solid improvement, or real pleasure, from either. From neither of them have I ever derived anything which could afford my mind the least satisfaction in hours devoted to self-examination, nor anything to strengthen the soul against the terrors of death and judgment. I consider them worse than vanity—they are exceedingly sinful."

For a time she appeared to rally, and hopes of her recovery were entertained. But these, alas! were fallacious and delusive. She felt that, ere long, she would be called to cross the Jordan of death. Her last farewell to her flowers and little garden is peculiarly beautiful and affecting.

"It was near sunset, and a most beautiful evening. As soon as she saw her flowering shrubs, (several of which were loaded with rich flowers,) she broke forth in the most exalted strains of admiration, and adoring ejaculations, to the Great Architect of the universe. She commented sweetly on the particular time of the evening,—it was admirably adapted to sacred contemplation;—then on the serenity of the azure vault of heaven; then on a floating white cloud, and remarked the harmony which subsisted, and was apparent, in all

the works of God. She then asked, 'Why do frail mortals seek pleasure in noisy, tumultuous amusements, when such an ample volume lies open to their view?' She then took leave of a favourite shrub, saying 'Farewell, my innocent friend; your fragrant blossoms have often regaled my senses, while my thoughts have ascended to Him that made both you and me. I have often plucked your flowers, and ran with delight to present them to my mother; but other hands will now gather your blossoms. Farewell, my tree; I long to be in the garden above.

'The finest flower that ever blow'd
Open'd on Calvary's tree,
When Jesus' blood in rivers flow'd
For love of worthless me.

Its deepest hue, its sweetest smell,
No mortal can declare;
Nor can the tongue of angels tell
How bright the colours are.

But soon, on yonder banks above,
Shall every blossom here
Appear a full-blown flower of love,
Like him, transplanted there.'

"Her countenance beamed with radiance, when she said, 'Farewell, garden, delightful spot for innocent amusement! My infant feet have often trod your walks;' and smiling, she repeated, 'they will never walk them again.' She then listened with apparent rapture, to the notes of a little bird, that was perched on a tree near her window, until her soul seemed transported to heaven. She soon afterwards desired her mother to bring the Bible to her, and read

the 121st Psalm, the whole of which she was enabled to apply to herself. Mrs. Smelt then read to her some passages in Isaiah. Caroline exclaimed, ' It is the word of God; I feel it in my very soul. Isaiah is a divine prophet; he is my prophet !'

" A friend entered soon afterwards, to whom Caroline said, My dear aunt, I have taken leave of the garden this evening, and have felt so happy, so entirely filled with divine love, that my room has appeared like a little Bethel, or the gate of heaven.' She then desired her mother to read to her aunt the same psalm over again, saying, ' Every word of that psalm is applicable to me, for the Lord has preserved, and will keep me to the end, even for ever and ever.' She then repeated to her friend many of the sentiments which she had just before uttered to her mother, on the subject of the garden. After which she said, she had never before seen nature dressed in so beautiful a robe, that a peculiar brightness or lustre appeared to rest upon every flower, and upon every leaf—that the whole sky, and even the little cloud, seemed to bear a strong impress of her Maker's glory, and concluded with the following beautiful lines :—

> ' The spacious firmament on high,
> With all the blue ethereal sky,
> And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
> Their great Original proclaim.'"

The closing scene was calm and peaceful. She had earnestly prayed that her dear parents might be spared the anguish of witnessing, in her case, the agonies of death. And her prayer was remarkably fulfilled.

"Her father, during the remission of his fever, was enabled to visit her chamber, in company with her mother, during the time of her sleep, which immediately preceded her decease. They saw that it was the sleep of death; for to their repeated calls she made no answer. Once, and only once, when standing by her bedside, they united their voices in calling 'Caroline, oh Caroline! our beloved daughter, shall we never more hear the sound of your harmonious voice? It is your father and mother that thus call you.' She made an effort to open her eyes, and to move her lips to speak, but could not. However, she was enabled to smile. She lay like one reposing in health, perfectly calm. They impressed a kiss of affection on her lips, repeating, 'It is your father—it is your mother.' She made no signal of sensibility except another smile. Mrs. Smelt repeated her visits again and again to her, before she departed. She viewed her dying daughter with a solemn pleasure, and found herself frequently breathing, 'O may my last end be like her's!' The fervent prayers of two friends, who called in a little before she fell asleep in Jesus, contributed much to her comfort. She felt indeed that the cup which she had to drink was bitter; but she was enabled to say, with submission, 'Not my will, but thine, O God, be done.'"

Thus died, in her seventeenth year, the excellent and devotedly pious Caroline Elizabeth Smelt. And how earnestly ought we to pray, on perusing such a narrative as this, that we also may be privileged to "die the death of the righteous." Such a wish and prayer, however, is often breathed without any sincere desire to

live in faith that we may die in peace. Holy living is the grand preparative for holy dying, and to expect that we shall attain the latter, without a habitual anxiety to cultivate the former, is to entertain a delusion fostered by the great enemy of souls, for the accomplishment of our spiritual and everlasting ruin.

MRS. MARGARET WILSON.

MARGARET BAYNE, the subject of the following memoir, was the second daughter of the Rev. Kenneth Bayne, minister of the Gaelic Chapel, now the South Parish Church of Greenock. She was born on the 5th November 1795. Her parents were both of them eminent for piety and Christian worth, and it was their uniform and unremitting endeavour to inculcate upon their children those high and holy principles by which, under the divine blessing, they themselves were habitually actuated. In very early life Margaret was remarkable for sprightliness of disposition, accompanied with a winning gentleness which rendered her peculiarly interesting. When only four or five years old she was sent to school, and as the lady under whose tuition she was placed, paid the most assiduous attention to the cultivation not merely of the understandings, but of the hearts of her pupils, Miss Bayne was much indebted to the valuable instructions of this excellent preceptress. But to the judicious and persevering exertions of her father she owed more than to all others besides. Feeling deeply himself the value of divine truth, and aware of the importance of early impressions, he lost no opportunity of imparting to the tender minds of his children those views of re-

ligion which they were capable of apprehending. As an evidence and illustration of this beautiful trait in Mr. Bayne's character, we may adduce the following remarks from the pen of one of Margaret's earliest and most endeared companions.

" Her dear father spared no pains in training the minds of his children, but did not allow them to have many companions. Owing, however, to a long standing friendship between him and my mother, I was admitted to this privilege; and I can never forget the seasons of spiritual improvement then enjoyed:—How on the evenings of the Sabbath, when the labours of the day were ended, in the retirement of the domestic circle, his whole soul seemed to expand, and his conversation breathed forth those heavenly feelings and affections which overflowed his heart: And, on other occasions, with what holy earnestness, with what glowing affection, he warned and admonished us; and how he would intersperse his remarks and entreaties with portions of his own past life and experience,—all making it clear to our young minds, that nothing was worth living for, except in so far as it was connected with immortal interests and the concerns of eternity.

" Mr. Bayne, who took us out to walk with him, frequently turned our attention to the beauties of the surrounding scenery. He taught us how to combine the admiration of the beauties of nature with the service and the love of nature's God. Many a lovely association, many a striking emblem, were then brought before our minds. I recollect, one evening in particular, his turning our attention to the sinking sun, and

bringing forward some beautiful associations connected with the grand spectacle before us. After showing us a great variety of types and emblems, which this was calculated to suggest to the mind of a Christian, he paused, and asked us, if *we* could not furnish *one* other type or emblem,—thus making us a party in his own sublime feelings and aspirations, and teaching us, in the way most likely to be beneficial, how a Christian connects all the objects around him with the glorious Being who made them, and finds the source and the centre of every thing in his God. These were blessed seasons,—seasons for which I shall one day have to give an account. I might say much of misimprovement. But as it is not of myself I am writing, I forbear. On the mind of my beloved friend, they made a deep, a powerful impression; and I have no doubt, were instrumental in laying the foundation of that rare superstructure, which afterwards developed itself in her character. She was, indeed, as a tree planted by the rivers of water, whose leaf did not wither, and which brought forth fruit in due season."

Under such training, accompanied as it no doubt was, by the fervent prayers of both her father and mother, Margaret early displayed a deep-felt regard for religion, which, as her knowledge of its sacred truths increased, ripened into an intelligent and high-toned piety.

At the age of thirteen, she was sent to a boarding-school at Kilmarnock, where she remained upwards of a year. Here the same care was taken of her religious training as had been formerly evinced by her kind in-

structress in Greenock. This indeed was regarded by her parents as an indispensable requisite in any seminary where their children were taught, and it were well for the cause of true religion that more importance should be attached to religious instruction in boarding-schools, and places of every kind where young minds are educated.

A short time after Margaret had returned to Greenock she was called to endure one of the severest earthly trials which can befal a united and happy family—the loss of an affectionate and most estimable parent. Mrs. Bayne was obviously a Christian of a very high order, and while her life was emphatically "a walk with God," her death was deplored by her bereaved husband and large family, with an intensity of grief all the more affecting as it proceeded from the conscious feeling of a loss which could never on earth be repaired. The following anecdote may give the reader some idea of the high Christian attainments of this excellent woman.

"It is strikingly illustrative," says Mr. A. Simpson of Port-Glasgow, by whom it was communicated to Dr. Wilson, "of the elevated and habitual spirituality of Mrs. Bayne, and also of the edifying manner in which she, and her distinguished husband, maintained Christian intercourse with those who sojourned under their roof. It was related to us by an excellent clergyman, who is still living, and labouring in the Church of God. 'I shall never forget,' said he, 'the last visit which I made to Mr. Bayne during Mrs. Bayne's lifetime. It was only two weeks before her death, and she was in her ordinary health. My intercourse with

her, on former occasions, had impressed me with a high idea of the superior nature of her mental endowments, and of the depth of her religious experience; but, during the visit to which I now allude, there appeared such a heavenliness and spirituality pervading her whole conversation, that more than once I felt the thought borne in upon my mind, that she was ripe for glory. On the last evening of my visit, after the other members of the family had retired to rest, Mrs. Bayne, her husband and myself, sat round the parlour fire. After some interesting conversation,—during which a glow of Christian feeling seemed to pervade every breast,—she suggested that a passage of Scripture might be proposed, upon which her husband and myself should state our opinious. I requested, that if such was to be the case, she herself should propose the passage. After a little hesitation, she proposed these words,—*We walk by faith, not by sight.* After her husband and I had made some remarks on the passage, I requested that she should do the same in turn. This she declined, but on my insisting that she must have had some reason for proposing the passage, she took the Bible, and stated her view with a clearness and precision which quite astonished me. Never shall I forget the manner in which she concluded her remarks. 'One thing too generally overlooked, but inseparably connected with living by faith, is a habitual realizing of the glorious *object* of faith; and this not merely when engaged in his more immediate service, but when conducting the ordinary affairs of life.' Then referring to her own experience, during the last three years, she was unable to controul her feelings, and burst into tears.

The effect upon us may be conceived. I left her happy dwelling the following day, and the next intelligence I received was, that her walk by faith had terminated, and that that grace, of which she was such a distinguished monument, had issued in her introduction to the beatific vision of God and the Lamb."

Mrs. Bayne's death took place on the 13th January 1811, and though the above quotation shows most decisively that she was prepared for the great change, yet it is not to be wondered at that, for a time, the sorrow of the whole family was of the most overwhelming description. And on the mind of Margaret the melancholy event produced a most solemn impression. Her grief was deep and intense, but she sought consolation where alone it could be found, in the promises and hopes of the Gospel. "So wholly absorbed," says one of her sisters, "was her mind in the contemplation of holy things, that prayer, secret and social prayer, meditation and attendance on the public ordinances of God, might be said to have been her meat and drink." About this period Margaret was first admitted to the holy ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and in thus solemnly avowing herself to be for the Lord and not for another, she seems to have felt such longing desires after a more spiritual and heavenly frame of mind as indicated that the death of her mother had been sanctified to her in no ordinary degree. She now became more decided than ever in her separation from an ungodly world, and her chief delight was in the company of true Christians. To converse on divine things was to her the highest earthly enjoyment, and she had no relish for even the ordinary amusements of

her youthful companions. She felt a peculiar anxiety also for the spiritual interests of the other members of the family, and it is pleasing to find a young friend thus describing her state of mind in reference to this point:—

"Her feelings in relation to the younger members of the family were at times almost overpowering; and many a prayer did she offer, many a tear did she shed, on their account. She often said that, having been deprived of a mother's care and instructions, the responsibility of training them up for God lay upon the elder members. And, O! if they should fall short, from any neglect of ours, how awful the thought, how deep the responsibility.' On these occasions, I have known her retire with one after another of her younger sisters, that she might instruct, entreat, and pray with them. Was not this a portion of the same spirit which, when expanded, enlightened, and sanctified, afterwards carried her across the mighty ocean, induced her to devote herself to the conversion of the heathen, and made her a blessing to many on the distant shores of India? It is interesting, it is profitable, to watch the steps by which a mind like her's was moulded and prepared for an undertaking so full of interest to herself and so important to others."

That Margaret's labours and prayers for her brothers and sisters were not altogether ineffectual is certain, and, as a striking evidence of it, we are informed that, in the case of one of her brothers, who died at a very early age, she was mainly instrumental in conveying to his tender mind right views and impressions of the Gospel plan of salvation. The last illness of this

interesting child commenced when he was only four years old, and as it was of a lingering nature, he required to be nursed with peculiar care. This duty devolved upon Margaret, and how faithfully and affectionately she discharged it, is thus stated by one of her sisters:—

"He had a nurse most assiduous in her regard to all his little wants, but Margaret devoted herself to him with the tenderness and love of a mother, anxious, above all things, for the completion of that work of grace which would render him fit for the high and holy employ of heaven. And I rejoice to say, that ere the emancipated spirit of this dear and most lovely child took flight into the blessed regions of light and joy, precious evidence was given that the spirit of love and of holiness had been tracing on him the lineaments of the Redeemer's image. One Sabbath, when he had been suffering much from his breathing and cough, Margaret, ever ready to minister to others, would not leave him, but allowed the nurse to go to church, and kept him reclining on her knee all day. I was at home in the afternoon, but a sermon was preached to me, which I trust I shall never forget. The scene was inexpressibly touching, and even my heart, so full as it was at the time of childish folly, could not resist altogether so impressive a scene. The lovely child, irradiated, I would almost say, with holy beauty, lay on her knee in mild and calm repose. His great suffering having for a time subsided, all was hushed into peace. Margaret's soul seemed prostrate at the footstool of the Most High, or wafted to the throne above, and each for a time seemed unconscious of the other's pre-

sence; but, on again looking at our little sufferer, the soft but large tears were seen fast falling from his eyes, and bathing, in moistened loveliness, his hectic cheek. Margaret pressed him to her breast, and said, 'I fear you are suffering much, my darling child?' 'O! no,' said he, with a look and tone altogether indescribable, 'It is not my sufferings that cause my tears to flow; but the love of the blessed Jesus, in taking up little children in his arms and blessing them, overpowers me.' Other expressions, not less remarkable in a child of his tender years, were uttered by him before he was received up into the bosom of that Saviour whose grace had attracted his young affections."

A short time after this Margaret was sent to Aberdeen to complete her education. Here she evinced a remarkable love of study, dedicating herself not merely to the ordinary branches of a liberal female education, but applying her mind with the utmost ardour to the study of the natural and the moral sciences. To mathematics and astronomy she devoted much of her time, and the splendour of her talents, as well as the readiness and fluency of her conversational powers, introduced her to the society and friendship of the learned. Thus absorbed in mere secular pursuits, her mind was gradually more and more alienated from those higher and purer objects which had not long before been the chief sources of her enjoyment. She now felt less relish for prayer, meditation, and reading the Scriptures; the world was in danger of becoming her idol, and she seemed for a time to "have forgotten her first love." But this hour of Satan's apparent triumph was brief, and speedily gave way to those no-

bler aspirations which nought on earth can satisfy. To use the beautiful language of one of her female friends, in speaking of this period of her spiritual declension,

"She had been out on the ocean of life's temptations, but the bow of promise appeared in the cloud. Like Noah's dove, she reached the ark in safety. She cast her anchor within the veil, and planted her foot upon the Rock of ages, with greater security than ever. Like Hagar of old, the eyes of her faith were opened, and she saw the well of living water, which, though near, had been neglected and unperceived. Like Jacob, she was wandering in the wilderness, a stranger and an outcast from her Father's house. But there the Lord met her, imparted to her a realizing sense of his presence, and enabled her to make with him a covenant never to be forgotten."

On her return from Aberdeen, Margaret employed herself in superintending the education of her younger sisters. At the same time, she prosecuted her own studies with the utmost ardour and enthusiasm. Polite literature, history, civil and ecclesiastical, and the most profound works on various branches of theology, successively occupied her attention. In poetry also, particularly religious poetry, she felt a peculiar delight, storing her mind with the most beautiful passages which occurred in the course of her extensive reading. Her intellectual progress was at this time very remarkable, and the advantage which she afterwards derived from a well stored mind was very great. But while thus engaged in literary pursuits, she was called upon to endure a severe trial in the death of her only

surviving parent. The last hours of this truly excellent man, are thus described by an intimate friend of the family:—

"The last Sabbath of his life, he assisted at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper at Glasgow. He took a part in almost every service, and was unusually earnest and affectionate. At this time he was accompanied by dear Margaret. She afterwards told me, that early in the morning of the Communion Sabbath, he tapped at her room-door, and coming in, began to converse with her on the subject of that day's approaching solemnity. He spoke of the duty of self-examination and of prayer. He said, that unless these were performed, not as a task, but in the Spirit, no one could be prepared to sit down at that table, and partake of the symbols of a Saviour's broken body and shed blood. He then spoke of the ordinance as a sweet foretaste of heavenly enjoyments; and he seemed to experience the highest anticipations of that state of blessedness on which he was so soon to enter. He then, with great solemnity, gave Margaret a token of admission to the Lord's table, and said, he trusted she would there meet Him who was especially set forth in that ordinance. He knelt down and prayed with such fervour, that Margaret told me, that when he rose to depart, she felt such a tumult of overpowering emotion, that she could only say, with a burst of tears, 'dear papa, pray for me.'

"It was agreed, that on the following Thursday, I was to accompany him and Margaret to Greenock. On the afternoon of Wednesday, he told Margaret that he felt unwell, and proposed returning home immediately,

and that we should follow next day, when he hoped to meet us at the quay. But, alas! What was the scene that awaited us? He was stretched upon the bed of death, though at the time, we knew not that it was such. His sufferings were intense; but his mind was at peace. I have no doubt, he knew that he had entered the Jordan, and that the ark of the blessed covenant was full in his view. The few words he was able to speak, were full of submission, of confidence, of that hope which maketh not ashamed. On that sad night, most of us went to bed, little thinking what was at hand. In the morning of Friday, the 13th April 1821, we were awakened by the first sounds of lamentation and grief. He had departed,—the chariot of Israel had conveyed away his spirit, and all that was left to us, was the precious dust of one we so much loved. This was a scene never to be described. To us, it was enveloped in thick darkness. To him, it was the bright and glorious morning of an everlasting day."

Margaret's amiable and affectionate heart was graciously supported, under this painful dispensation, by the promises and consolations of the Gospel. She felt more than ever impressed with the vanity of earthly things, and the necessity of setting her "affections on the things that are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." Speaking of her feelings on this trying occasion, one of her sisters thus writes:—

"The throne of grace was Margaret's continual resort. There only did she find that she could give full expressions to the overflowing burstings of her oppressed spirit. She would go over, with a depth of mean-

ing, a look and tone, never to be forgotten, all the penitential Psalms; and often in the silence of night have her weeping accents been borne in upon my agonized and desolated spirit, crying to God to receive her graciously, to love her freely, to dwell, to rule, to reign,—supreme in her heart and affections. But I blush to say it, I did not then well understand the depth and nature of her spiritual sorrow. Her conflict, as was evident to all who saw her, was protracted and severe, and her deep sufferings were neither ordinary in their kind, nor evanescent in their nature. From this time forward, after having come out of great tribulation, she advanced in knowledge, in wisdom, and in grace; and by the sacred discipline of an all-wise and overruling Providence, she daily became more and more fit for the high and honourable work for which He had destined her, for the glory of His own name, and for the good of His chosen."

Being thus trained in the school of affliction, Margaret acquired an intimate acquaintance with the consoling power of divine truth, and she became all the better fitted to impart to others the hopes and comforts of the Gospel. In the performance of this Christian duty, indeed, she acquired peculiar skill, and it was often her delight to pour the balm of heavenly consolation into the wounded spirit.

The family continued for five years after Mr. Bayne's death to reside at Greenock, and during that time, besides teaching a Sabbath School along with one of her sisters, the subject of our present memoir took a lively interest in the benevolent and religious associations of the place. Often, no doubt, did her mind revert to

the past, and dwell with fond recollection on the happy days, when, under the kind instructions of her pious parents, she had been taught, both by precept and example, to "weep with those that weep, and to rejoice with those that rejoice." And it appears to have been under the influence of such feelings that she penned the following lines:—

"One I do view apart from all the rest:
It is a parent's form beloved in life;
But dearer still in death. Upon his brow
Sit contemplation and intensest thought.
His eye, though dimm'd and moisten'd by the touch
Of grief, has yet a heavenly smile, like light
Upon a beauteous crystal fount. In heart,
And feeling, in intellectual strength,
And reason high, he stood alone; and from
The hidden depths of his expansive mind,
He brought forth treasures to the aid of truth.
Clad in the armour of celestial strength,
He fear'd not mortal foe, but, with a voice
Of thunder, told the threaten'd wrath of God;
That wrath exceeding all that mortal man
Can image to himself of woe and dread.
Of mercy oft he spoke, mercy in league
With truth, and bought by blood, the blood of Him
Who died on Calvary, that we might live.
With pity's eye, he view'd the busy strife
Of earth; and oh! he knew it to be vain.
A heavenly vision broke upon his soul,
And show'd the splendours of that glorious world
Where he did long to dwell. From Zion's heights
He view'd the city of the living God:
Its wondering sights, its too transporting sounds
Did fill his soul with ecstacy sublime;
He long'd to pass its gates and enter in.
Death came, and, ere disease could mar the powers

Of his large intellect, it set him free.
'Twas morning's early hour: a ray of light
Fell on the features of his beauteous face;
Upwards he turn'd his eyes, and, with a smile
Of holy joy, he welcomed the splendours
Of immortal day, the peace of heaven.
O! who can tell the transport of that hour,
When, borne on Seraph's wings, he saw the sights,
And heard the songs, of heaven's sacred courts?"

In May 1826, the family removed to Dares Cottage, in Inverness-shire. The romantic beauties of the Highland scenery seem to have made a deep impression upon Margaret's mind, and accordingly, in the letters which she wrote about this time to friends in the south, she frequently enters into very vivid and graphic descriptions of the beauties of nature, interspersed with spiritual reflections most appropriate and impressive. We select from her correspondence an accurate and picturesque, though unfortunately unfinished, delineation of a Highland sacrament.

"I have been at two sacraments since coming here. They have been to me like green spots amidst the desert; and such spots, though surrounded by a sterile and dreary waste, shall be had in remembrance when the sunshine of other landscapes has long faded from the mind. It is common for artists to take the portraits of distinguished persons amid circumstances best fitted to represent the individual—of a warrior in the foremost ranks of his army; of a pilgrim reposing upon his staff; of a painter, or a poet, with his eye fixed on some glowing landscape, while his pen, or his pencil, is in readiness to embody the inspiration of his soul. If we would then describe an individual tired of the pur-

suits of this world—if we would take the portrait of one longing for happiness which this world cannot afford, where can he be represented on earth as so likely to obtain that rest which his soul pants after, as in the sanctuary, drinking with joy out of the wells of salvation, and finding an earnest of the bliss that is above. I went alone to Resolis the day after coming here, which happened to be the fast day. After crossing the ferry, with about sixty Highlanders carrying their Bibles in their hands, and alternately reading or conversing on religious subjects in the Gaelic language, I had about two miles to walk up hill, and along a track of barren heath. There was scarcely a trace of any human habitation, and to complete the gloom a heavy rain came on. The church stands alone, amid this barren waste which surrounds it—a fit and significant emblem of its existence on earth. At a little distance an immense crowd had assembled at the tent. They were singing the Covenanters' tune, while here and there a few stragglers were coming slowly along the descent, carrying in their hands a Bible and stool, or a piece of wood for a seat. They were, for the most part, old men, with their grey hairs streaming from under the blue bonnet which partially covered their heads, or women, bent by years and infirmities, looking more like a link to connect us with death, than any part of the chain of the living. I felt wet, and was almost disposed to retrace my steps homeward, till this scene roused me. When I saw the old and the feeble, seated on the wet heath, with the rain-drops falling upon them, and nothing for shelter but a few trees almost bereft of their foliage, I was ashamed out of my fears

about suffering any paltry inconvenience, and advanced towards the church. When I entered, the clergyman had a large cloak wrapped about him, and so pale and emaciated was he, that it was not till he gave out the psalm, that I discovered that it was Mr. S. He had been recovering from an illness, and was obliged to observe the precaution of keeping on his cloak. I was delighted with the variety, the depth, and holiness of the feelings which were breathed in his sermon: but more of this again."

While resident in the Highlands, the Misses Bayne felt that their opportunities of usefulness were necessarily circumscribed. They could have wished to have entered the cabins of the poor in their neighbourhood, and to have spoken to them of those glorious truths which refreshed and comforted their own souls, but, from their ignorance of the Gaelic language, this privilege was denied them. Thus shut out from intercourse with the people, at least with the great mass of the surrounding population, to whom the English was a strange language, they came to the resolution of removing to Edinburgh. In August 1827, accordingly, Margaret and one of her sisters set out for the metropolis. On their way they visited Greenock, where they were welcomed by their numerous friends and acquaintances with the utmost cordiality and regard.

Soon after the family had taken up their residence in Edinburgh, their domestic happiness was clouded by the illness and death of Eliza, who sunk under the gradual inroads of consumption. It may not be unacceptable to our readers to peruse the dying experience of this amiable and interesting sufferer. The extracts are

taken from the correspondence of the pious subject of our present Memoir.

" A few days ago, we had got her taken out of bed; the accents of her voice were so feeble when she attempted to speak, that it was with difficulty we understood her; and, when she looked around upon us all, she seemed much affected. She twice said, ' Oh that I could speak to you!' evidently breathing a prayer, part of which we distinctly heard. Her desire was soon granted, for, in a little after, she spoke to us of her unworthiness of the least mercy; but saying, that, through the atonement and righteousness of Christ, she humbly hoped to be admitted into heaven.—' Oh amazing! that a great and eternal weight of glory should await such a worm as I am!' Her voice again became weak, but she spoke much of Christ's sufferings; and turning to John, said with the deepest earnestness, ' O value Christ more; you can never value him enough; you can never suffer enough for him!' Looking to us, she said, ' Profit by this affliction—this is my dying request! Oh value Christ! Tell every body that the world is unsatisfying; that nothing can support the soul but Christ!' At another time she said, ' I shall soon walk through the dark valley and shadow of death; but the way is short! The body will be laid in the grave; that too will be short! Every thing is short, short, but eternity! Oh come to Jesus; you cannot value the blessed Jesus enough; you cannot devote yourselves too early to God! Oh, the love of God, it passeth knowledge!' At another time she said, fixing her eyes upon us, ' I am going where you cannot follow me now; but I hope you will

soon—perhaps sooner than you think! Oh that you were more like the children of light in this evil world! Oh that you did more to promote his kingdom and honour upon earth! Study the Bible more; I have found it the best book.' In reply to a remark of A. she said, with a solemn voice, and in the attitude of prayer, 'Oh that this whole house were a Bethel!' I sat up with her last night; and O my dear friend, let me never forget the solemnities of the hour and of the scene, for truly God was in this place, though I knew it not. She spoke with inexpressible tenderness of my sisters, dwelling upon all the kindness which they had showed her, and speaking from time to time of her own unworthiness, that she might exalt Him who is worthy to receive all honour, and glory, and dominion. She spoke much of the felicity of heaven, dwelling with delight upon the increased, and still increasing number of its inhabitants. I said to her, 'While we are speaking, a redeemed and ransomed sinner, from among men, may be entering upon its blessedness.'—'O, yes!' was her reply, 'with the palm of victory in his hand; there is no mourning, no sorrow, no sin there!' I added, 'It is because there is no sin, that the people of God love to contemplate it.' She looked at me with earnestness, and said, 'It is because Christ is there, and he fills it with his glory. Christ is glorious in his person—glorious in his work—glorious in the many——" Her words failed her; and she seemed earnestly and fixedly engaged in prayer. Turning to me again, she said, 'Margaret, do you think it will be long?' I answered it was impossible to say, asking her if she longed to depart and to be with Christ.

She said, 'I have committed myself to God; I have no will but his.' She entreated me to do more for the honour of Christ; and when I asked her if she wished me to pray for any thing in particular, she replied, 'When the last, the trying hour is come, that I may be supported and enabled to glorify Christ!' These, my dear friend, are but a few of the many things she said to us. When I asked her if she had any message for you, she said, 'Tell them that Christ is very precious to me, and say to A., that he cannot know Christ's glory till he see him as he is—till he behold his reconciled face.' To-night she is weaker, and the expression of her countenance such as I never before witnessed. We have all been enabled to give her up to God, and have no desire for her, but that she may be made perfect in her Redeemer, and see him as he is."

And again, in continuation of the same subject, Margaret thus writes :—

"For a few days before her death, she was extremely weak, and unable to speak. We had all committed her to God, in the joyful hope of meeting with her in heaven, but not expecting that we should ever again hear her voice upon earth. On Sabbath, the last day of her earthly existence, and the prelude of that eternal delight which shall never end, she did not speak at all, but had her eyes and her hands often lifted up to heaven in prayer. About eleven at night she became much weaker, and desired that we should all be called in. When we were gathered around her dying bed, she again entreated of us to seek the Lord while he might be found, to call upon him while he is near. Hearing her sisters sobbing aloud, she said, with great tender-

ness, 'O be composed, when the peace of Jesus' ——; but her words died away. We then thought death was about to release her from mortal bondage, and usher her into the Paradise of delights; but a little after, her countenance became brighter than it had been for many days, an expression of ineffable joy beamed upon it; her eye seemed dazzled as if she had never again expected to look upon the scenes of time; and, after wandering over us all, it fixed upon Anna. She said in a tone, and with an expression which I shall never forget, 'Anna! Anna Bayne! my sister, am I come back to you all? I thought I was going to heaven.' Anna said, 'May the presence of God be with you!' She replied in a manner awfully solemn, 'He *is* present with me,'—as if she had already seen things unutterable. Then pursuing her own train of feeling, she said a little after, 'I am lost in astonishment. I cannot fathom it.' That Scripture being repeated to her, 'Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil,' she finished the passage, and then exclaimed, 'He compasseth me about with songs of deliverance!' When my brother repeated another passage descriptive of the Christian's hope, she uttered, with a loud voice, 'A hope so great, and so divine, may trials well endure.' She desired us all to kiss her, commending us to God, and pronouncing over us her dying blessing. Her countenance retained its expression of joy, and without a struggle, she fell asleep in Jesus, about half-past six in the morning. I shall never forget the aspect of that morning, or the scene of desolation which her chamber presented, when the immortal spirit had taken its

flight to heaven. To *her* it was a morning without clouds."

The death of Eliza was to the surviving sisters a very trying dispensation; but her victory over the last enemy was so glorious and triumphant, that they felt disposed rather to rejoice than to weep. In such a case as this, " 'tis the survivor dies." To a Christian, the day of his death is infinitely better than the day of his birth. It is the admission of a ransomed spirit into glory; and though affectionate relatives may weep around the couch, there is a beauty and a loveliness in the Christian's departure for heaven, which the refined and purified feelings of the heavenly inhabitants alone can appreciate.

The various domestic trials which, in the morning of her days, had wounded the sensitive heart of Margaret, were intended, by the All-wise Disposer of events, to train her for the important duties which yet awaited her. It was her lot to fill a conspicuous situation in the Church of Christ; and to prepare her for the discharge of future duty, she was carried through a course of discipline the most suitable and salutary. The preparation was now complete; and, in the arrangements of Divine Providence, she was honoured to become the wife of a devoted Missionary to the heathen. Mr. Wilson, who was a native of Lauder, in Berwickshire, and had for several years entertained a strong desire to be instrumental in extending the Redeemer's kingdom, having, during his studies at the University of Edinburgh, become acquainted with Miss Bayne, selected her as the companion of his sorrows and his joys in a foreign land. And the event proved that she was ad-

mirably qualified for the duties which thus devolved upon her. Few, we are persuaded, have entered the Missionary field with purer motives, and a more ardent anxiety to promote the high and holy work in which she was called to engage. Her views on this subject are thus stated in a letter to a friend:—

"Henry Martyn said, the only heaven that he desired upon earth was to proclaim the Gospel to perishing sinners. This was a noble sentiment for a missionary. It should be our heaven; and it partakes of the joy and the blessedness of the upper sanctuary more nearly than we are aware of, for it is said of the angels, 'Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?' I would not give up the thought of going to India, though I were assured that I was only going to let my ashes repose under its soil. Pray that God may send more labourers into his vineyard, and that the voice that reacheth us from the plains, and from the islands of the sea, may not be listened to in vain. The prospect of leaving those who are dear to me sometimes oppresses my soul with sadness. I can, at such times, see nothing before me but an interminable wilderness, where all is barrenness, and where death, in his most appalling aspects, seems ready to seize upon me. These thoughts, like the wind of the desert, have a wasting and desolating effect upon the soul. They blast its fairest hopes; but, blessed be God, they are not permitted to exert a constant influence over me. I have had such glimpses of the love of God as make persecution, and famine, and nakedness, and peril, and sword, appear as nothing, knowing that in these things

we shall be more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

Mr. Wilson having been licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Lauder, was afterwards ordained by the same Presbytery, with the view of being sent out to the Bombay Presidency in India, under the auspices of the Scottish Missionary Society. His marriage with Miss Margaret Bayne was celebrated on Tuesday the 12th of August 1828. In the end of the same month they sailed for London, on their way to embark for India. In a letter to her sisters, before leaving London for Portsmouth, Mrs. Wilson thus gives vent to her feelings :—

"This, our last day in London, is now over, and I would devote a few moments of the evening, consecrated, as it should be, to sacred purposes, in writing to you, my dear and beloved sisters. We leave London at eight o'clock to-morrow morning for Portsmouth; and, on Tuesday morning, in all probability, embark for India. It were vain, even if it were possible, to give utterance to my thoughts at this moment. Much as I felt the pang of separation after parting with you, I did not fully realize its agony, till now that the time is approaching when we must bid adieu to Britain. O, my sisters, you are all very dear to me! A thousand scenes that had passed away, rise anew to my remembrance, and, when I think of never again seeing you, never again listening to the accents of your voice, I would sink into despair, were I not strengthened by an unseen energy, and by the hope of a blessed reunion. O, my beloved sisters, make the Eternal God your refuge, and give reality to your con-

victions, by repairing to him in every difficulty, and by reposing upon his Almighty strength. Do not live as if this earth were your dwelling-place; but remembering that your home is in heaven, act as becometh those who look forward to its glories."

And again, when off Spithead;

"It consoles us to think that you, my beloved sisters, are pleading for us at the throne of grace, and that as often as you make known your sorrows at the footstool of the Divine Majesty, we, the wanderers on a stormy sea, are not forgotten. How much of our present comforts may be ascribed to your prayers we know not, but it is assuredly a delightful and heart-cheering thought, that these will in time be answered, and that they are now a bond of common sympathy between us and the Redeemer. The scene of our parting will never, never, be forgotten by me. I wished to clasp you again and again to my embrace —but Oh, how precious to know, that the arms of the Saviour are around you—that he leads you through seen or unseen difficulties—and that though your way may be an untrodden wilderness, his shield will be your protection, and his glory ever near to enlighten.

"The scene around us has nothing to remind me of home; yet Comely Bank and its beloved inmates, are constantly and vividly present to my mind. I feel thankful for that power which can call you up one by one before me; and as I picture to myself your various occupations, I find that it is space only which separates us, for in heart and affection we can never be divided. To John you are as dear as to me,

and at evening and morning, in our little cabin, he never fails to make mention of you in his prayers. How delightful these hours have been to us, since coming on board the vessel, it is impossible for me to express; nor can you ever know, till, severed from early and much loved friends, you find that there is no place where they can meet, but that throne where God is seated, and where he lends his ear to our common wants."

During the voyage Mr. Wilson employed himself partly in the prosecution of his studies, and partly in instructing the midshipmen and sailors in the knowledge of Christianity, while Mrs. Wilson directed her attention to the acquisition of the Hebrew language, and the perusal of various theological works, besides keeping an accurate journal for the use of her friends at home. At length, on the 13th of February 1829, they landed at Bombay, the place of their ultimate destination. By the advice of the other missionaries belonging to the Scottish Mission in the Bombay Presidency, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson removed to Harnai in the Southern Konkan, with the design of learning the Maráthí language; and after having mastered it, they returned to Bombay on the 26th November 1829.

On entering upon the duties of the mission in this place, they resolved to embrace every opportunity of making the Gospel known to all classes of the natives. While Mr. Wilson directed his chief attention to preaching and the formation of schools, Mrs. Wilson dedicated her energies and time, in the first instance, to the institution of establishments for the instruction

of native females. In this important matter she was called to encounter obstacles sufficient to have discouraged one of a less heroic mind than hers. But undismayed by the difficulties which, on all hands, presented themselves, she set herself to the work with a Christian fortitude and perseverance which, by the divine blessing, led to ultimate success. Her first step as to engage three Bráhmans as teachers, whom she employed to collect scholars. She urged upon the natives to whom she obtained access, the importance of female education. And such was the effect of the various means to which she had recourse for the accomplishment of her great design, that before three months had elapsed, she had fifty-three scholars, and before the expiry of six months, there were six schools under her superintendence with one hundred and twenty scholars.

The important duties to which Mrs. Wilson was thus called did not prevent her from attending, with the utmost diligence and faithfulness, to the management of her domestic concerns, and such was the activity of her mind, that she contrived even to find time for occasional literary employment, particularly for writing articles and reviews for the Oriental Christian Spectator,—a monthly periodical edited with much ability by Mr. Wilson. In every possible way, in short, she strove to forward the great work to which she and her beloved husband had dedicated their lives. Every hour was spent in endeavouring to benefit either her own soul or the souls of others, and if she occasionally engaged in studies of a purely literary kind, her great object was never kept out of view. To the

management of her schools, however, she bent her chief efforts, teaching one of them within the mission premises, and assembling the children belonging to the other schools once a week for the purpose of strictly examining them and giving them affectionate exhortations and advices. And, in addition to these labours, she established a school for the benefit of destitute native females, widows and orphans. Great difficulties were experienced in carrying this object into effect, but by prayer and perseverance it was at length attained.

In a climate so fatal to Europeans as India is, Mrs. Wilson, as might have been expected, was often called upon to lament the death of her acquaintances and friends. Of these, one of the most deeply distressing to her mind, was the departure of two of her dear fellow-labourers in the missionary cause, first of Mrs. Cooper and then of Mrs. Mitchell. Both of them were eminent Christians, and as they lived in faith, they died in peace. In reference to the latter, Mrs. Wilson thus writes in a letter to one of her sisters, dated 21st March 1832:—

"You have heard of dear Mrs. Mitchell's death. She soon followed our beloved friend Mrs. Cooper to the realms of glory. We feel much for her sisters, to whom the blow must have been indescribably severe. I trust they have been supported by the arm of the Almighty, and enabled to say, 'Good is the will of the Lord.' The account which Mr. Wilson has sent home, of their sister's anticipations of coming glory, and of the calmness and resignation with which she met the last enemy, will prove a solace to them in the midst of

sorrow; and will, I trust, raise their contemplations to that state of blessedness on which she has entered. We hope soon to have Mr. M. and the dear children with us in Bombay. God has been speaking to us in a most emphatic and solemn manner, by the death of Missionaries and other eminent Christians in India. It seems as if the missionary field had been deserted, at the very time when the trumpet was sounding loudest for the battle, and when the most intrepid skill and courage were requisite for the attack. The cry, 'Come over and help us,' has met with no corresponding movement in our native land. Many are falling at our side, or fainting in the midst of the strife. Yet the Lord is carrying on his work, and saying, 'Behold me! behold me!' to a nation not called by his name. O what a lesson does this convey to us of the mighty agency of the Lord Jehovah of Hosts, and of his inalienable supremacy and glory! How does it impress us with the conviction, that though heaven and earth may pass away, the word of the Lord, which is more firm than the heavens, the pillar and foundation of his throne, shall endure for ever! Our sole security is in dependence on this agency, and in an entire renunciation of self."

In the hot season of 1832, Mr. Wilson's health was so seriously affected as to require a change of air, of scene, and, as far as possible, of occupation. This was accordingly resolved upon, and during his absence, Mrs. Wilson devoted herself to the arduous labours of the mission with the most unwearied diligence and zeal. Numerous and urgent were the duties which devolved upon her, in connection with the schools, the

press, the converts, and the inquirers, but though naturally full of anxiety respecting her husband, she strove to acquit herself as a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus. In the course of a few months Mr. Wilson's health was so far restored that, with the permission of his medical advisers, he returned to Bombay. Shortly after his return, tidings of a most melancholy event came from Scotland,—tidings the most distressing to the affectionate heart of Mrs. Wilson. The event to which we refer is thus noticed in the Stirling Journal, and though several years have passed away, an incident so appalling cannot fail to be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers :—

" Seldom has it been our painful duty to record a more heart-rending event than one which occurred on Tuesday (the first of May) forenoon, near the Bridge of Allan. About three weeks ago, Misses Mary and Isabella Bayne, daughters of the late Rev. Mr. Bayne, of the Gaelic Chapel, Greenock, came from Edinburgh with their brother, to reside at the Bridge of Allan for the benefit of the health of the younger sister. They lodged with Mr. James M'Robbie, and their brother left them about a week ago, delighted with the change for the better, that had taken place in Miss Isabella's health. On Tuesday forenoon, about eleven o'clock, the two sisters left Mr. M'Robbie's, as if for the purpose of taking a walk on the banks of the Allan, and perhaps bathing. They were observed by the workmen of Airthrey Mills, in passing, to be lively and in good spirits, and little aware of the premature fate which awaited them. Little more than an hour afterwards, a young gentleman residing in Bridge of Allan,

in going up the east side of the river with his fishing-rod observed, at some distance before him, something that appeared like a towel, or small table cloth, spread out on what is termed the *Fishers' Green*, at the head of a deep pool called the *Black Pot*, where the river is confined within high rocky banks covered with wood. Observing a boy fishing about fifty yards beyond it, he concluded that the towel, or whatever it might be, belonged to some of the anglers; so that, content with the transient glimpse he had of it, he pursued his course by the foot-path along the outer edge of the wood, with the intention of fishing this part of the water on his way homeward. On returning to this spot by the water-side, about half an hour afterwards, he found that what had attracted his attention going up was a quantity of female attire, which was recognised at a single glance as the dresses of the two young ladies, whom he had seen the day before, and whom he knew to be strangers.—Aware of the nature of the place, he was led to dread the worst, and, on examining the banks of the river, he observed the prints of their feet in the sand, pointing inward, at the deepest part of the pool, but no marks of their return. Their bonnets were set close to the rock, while the rest of their clothes were a little out from it on the green, so that it appeared, beyond all doubt, that the young ladies had perished while bathing. On the alarm being given at the Mills of Airthrey, a little way down the river, Messrs. M'Robbie, accompanied by their workmen, and many of the neighbours, hurried to the spot; when it was ascertained, by means of a barge that had been kept for the repair of the dam-

dyke, that the young ladies had indeed perished. They were dimly seen at the bottom of the river, within two or three yards of each other, in a place about eighteen feet deep. On their being brought up, a low murmur ran along the crowd who had assembled on the small green and banks above, and had witnessed the heart-rending spectacle. The younger was found in her bathing dress—the other in her usual dress, with the exception of her bonnet, shawl, and shoes, which were found upon the green along with her bathing dress. It is conjectured that the one, in going in, had slid over a dangerous quicksand into the depth below, and that her sister, who was preparing to follow, on seeing what had happened, had rushed in to her rescue, but perished in the attempt. In a few minutes, the bodies were conveyed back to the Mills of Airthrey, to be stretched lifeless, on the beds from which the young ladies had risen but a few hours before. All means were promptly used for their recovery, under the able superintendence of Mr. J. Rutherford, surgeon; but in vain, for by this time they must have been at least two hours and a half in the water. Nothing, therefore, remained, but to communicate to their afflicted friends the particulars of this tragic scene. The deceased were in the bloom of youth. The elder had been left to take care of her sister; and her devoted conduct in the hour of danger showed how true she had been to her charge."

The deep and poignant sorrow of Mrs. Wilson, on receiving intelligence of this sad event, was aggravated by the death of one of her children in less than a month after, and though supported by the ample con-

solations of divine grace, the impression of the bereavements she had sustained was never, during life, effaced from her mind. The state of her feelings may be conceived from the following extract of a letter which she wrote at this time to her surviving sisters and brother:—

"Nature has her moments of agony when she refuses to be comforted, and when she can only weep in anguish over the ruins of death. At this moment, all around me whispers of the departed, and conjures up a thousand remembrances of the past. My beloved Mary and Isabella, shall I never again listen to your voices, which have so often gladdened me; never receive, in this far distant land, the assurances of your love! How often do I see you as in former times? But soon the delusion vanishes, and I remember that you sleep in the tomb! Death has entered our dwelling, and we know not where he may next alight. May each of us hear the voice of God in this solemn dispensation of his providence, and live in habitual preparation for our last and great change! Let us value more that hope of the blessed Gospel, which is an anchor sure and steadfast amid the billows that rise and swell around us, and that bow of promise which is seen in the storm. Soon will the storm and the wintry clouds pass away, and the light of a glorious eternity circle us round with its glory. Our condition may well be contrasted with that of the heathen who know not God. No light penetrates their darkness, and their groans of despair, or yells of agony, have nothing to mitigate or relieve them, but the indefinite hope of passing, at death, into one or other of the animate or

inanimate forms which they behold around them. Our purer light, and the short period allotted us to work the work of Him who sent us, ought to stimulate us to greater activity in it."

Under such severe and accumulated trials, Mrs. Wilson's health, in the commencement of 1833, became considerably enfeebled. Towards the spring she was seized with an alarming attack of liver complaint, and it was proposed to send her to England, but, through the good providence of God, she was speedily restored by a short residence at Bándará on Salsette, and enabled to resume her duties in connection with the mission. The girls in attendance on the schools were on the increase, and in the beginning of 1834 they amounted to upwards of two hundred. In a report of the state of the mission, drawn up at that time, we have the following account of the female schools :—

" Most of the girls' schools are now conducted on the mission premises.....The girls are divided into four classes. The first consists of those who read the Scriptures, and other books with tolerable fluency, and who have committed many parts of the sacred volume to memory. Mrs. Wilson has begun to instruct them orally in geography, and the parts of astronomy connected with it ; and they manifest a considerable aptitude in understanding what they are taught.....The second and third classes are reading the first and second book, and some portions of the Scriptures. The fourth class consists of the girls who are learning the alphabet, or single words. We have still occasion to deplore the difficulties of conducting female education, arising from the early, and frequently capricious, re-

moval of the girls from school, and the irregularity of their attendance. Many of them are taken away when they are just beginning to read. Mrs. W., aware of this circumstance, begins, from the first entrance of the girls into the schools, to endeavour to convey to them a knowledge of the principles of the Christian religion, by reading to them simple portions of the Word of God, and of other books, and by catechising them; and we have had the pleasure of knowing, that many of the girls who had departed from the schools, imperfectly instructed in the elements of reading and writing, have possessed such a knowledge as in the day of the Lord's power may prove the means of their salvation.

"Some of the elder girls have occasionally manifested strong impressions connected with the Christian religion; but we have reason to fear that their convictions are of an evanescent character, and that they follow the examples of their parents and neighbours, in the observance of idolatry, and other evil works. An anecdote may serve to show how little their practice corresponds with their professions. One day, during the celebration of Genesha's festival, the girls came in a body to Mrs. W., and requested leave of absence during the following day. It was a very great day, they said, and one on which their parents always worshipped Ganpati, and his mother Durgá. Mrs. W. inquired who Ganpati was. They seemed ashamed of the question, and declared that all they knew about him was, that he was a clay image with an elephant's head and four hands; and that people call him their protector and saviour. Mrs. Wilson asked if he was

their saviour or god. They all exclaimed, 'No! no! There is only one God, and one Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; He is *our* Saviour, we will not have another.' They continued, however, to solicit permission to attend the festival, and one girl exclaimed, 'If we obtain leave, we shall worship Christ in our hearts, while we follow the idol.' Notwithstanding that the folly and sinfulness of their proposal was pointed out, they all absented themselves from the school on the following day!".....

Mrs. Wilson had made such progress in Maráthí and Hindustání, as to enable her to impart instruction to the old and to the young among the natives with great fluency. Towards the end of 1833, however, she was desirous of availing herself still farther of her knowledge of the native language by occasional translations, as well as original compositions, for the benefit more especially of her own schools. The first task of this nature which she undertook was the preparation, in Maráthí, of an abridgment of a large part of Rollin's Ancient History. A small treatise on the fulfilment of prophecy next engaged her attention, drawn principally from the admirable work of Dr. Keith of St. Cyrus. Various other literary undertakings were commenced, and she had made some progress towards their completion, when, in the inscrutable providence of God, her health began gradually to decline, and she became at length unfit, from bodily weakness, to employ herself in her favourite pursuits. In a letter to a dear Christian friend, dated May 1834, she thus remarks in reference to the state of her health:—

"Of late I have experienced considerable prostra-

tion of strength; and have had a bad cough and pain in my side. I sometimes feel, as you do, that my days on earth cannot be many. The symptoms of weakness and dissolution which we feel are messengers of love. They are sent to warn us against seeking repose and security in a world of shadows. They teach us the value of Christ's triumph over death and the grave, and they lead us to direct our thoughts and bend our steps heavenward."

And in a letter to her sisters, dated July following, we find her thus expressing herself:—

"This climate has a depressing effect on the mental qualities; and the susceptibilities, which would be awakened and roused into energy in England, are here permitted to lie dormant. Most of us live like the natives, creatures of mere sensation, and scarcely conscious of the existence of intellectual life.....The sympathies of Europeans are not called into exercise by intercourse with the natives. They live in a world of their own; and there is such a broad line of distinction drawn between them, that they seldom approach each other except when compelled by mutual necessity. Those who do take an interest in the natives—and I am thankful to say that their numbers are increasing—must be almost wholly absorbed in it. We must not only learn their language, but study their various modes of expression, and try every method by which we can gain access to their hearts, or make the ennobling subjects of religion understood by them. This would require a lifetime of exertion; but, alas! our years in India are generally very few. Our friends and acquaintances are falling around us, as leaves in

a forest; and we who remain feel as stunted branches, whose sap has decayed, and whose leaves wither."

The death of so many acquaintances produced a deep impression upon her mind, and, combined with her own bodily weakness, tended to wean her affections from this sublunary scene. She had now become familiar with death; and, accustomed as she was frequently to witness nature's last struggle in the case of Christian friends, to whose death-bed she was summoned, it is interesting to mark with what apparent triumph she describes the assault of the king of terrors. As an instance of this, we may give in her own words, an account of the last hours of one for whom she entertained a very warm regard:—

"I have lately come from witnessing the death of a very dear friend, Mrs. John Graham. She came out with her brother, Colonel Stanley, about two years ago. I had assisted in putting on her bridal attire, and I now clothed her in the garments in which she was to be laid in the tomb! She was much attached to Mr. Wilson and myself; and could not bear us to be absent from her in her last illness. It was most cheering and delightful to hear her speak of the love of Christ, and to listen to her fervent ejaculations. As her bodily strength decayed, her mind seemed to wax stronger. The expression of her countenance, as well as some of the language which fell from her lips, showed us that she was admitted to intimate communion with her God, and that He was shutting her up to discoveries of his love and matchless perfections, in which we were not permitted to participate. 'O holy Saviour! O wonderful love! were the oft repeated

expressions. She said once to me, in a sort of rapture, 'O it is beautiful—beautiful—Mrs. Wilson, it is beautiful—glorious!' I thought she alluded to the sun, as she always marked the hours of his rising and setting, and it was then near evening. I made some remarks on the wonderful works of God, and on the bright testimony which they bear to his bounty and unchangeableness. She assented, but, with a look of joy which I can never forget, added, 'Dearest, I was thinking of Christ—of heaven.' She then repeated many passages descriptive of these glorious objects. She mourned over the precious season of youth, which she had spent in worldly pleasures; and the little that she had done to make the Gospel known to the members of her own family. She had learned Maráthí, and a few days before her illness, had made arrangements for assisting me in the mission schools. She said it seemed mysterious to her, that, just when she had acquired so much of the language as would enable her to speak to the heathen children, and when her mind burned with a desire which she had not before experienced, to speak to them of Jesus, God should send his messenger of death to call her away. 'But,' she added, 'perhaps there was delusion in my feelings; and I shall praise him without end, and show forth the honour of his name through all eternity.' She said she had no wish now to live, and repeated, 'Precious—precious Saviour!' When overcome with pain, she said sweetly, 'Tears, not of sorrow, but of weakness,—I have great joy.' She expressed gratitude for the strength of mind which she possessed, saying, she was afraid, during the first stages of her illness, that her

recollection might leave her. She seemed much delighted when Mr. Wilson spoke to her of the Saviour, and said, 'I shall cast my crown at his feet—glory—glory.' When she saw me weeping, she took my hand and kissed it, and said, 'I may be present with you sometimes, for you think that the spirits of the just encamp around the saints, and take an interest in all that is going on in this world.' I said, 'Yes, I think it probable;' and the idea seemed to please her. The promises of the Gospel mightily sustained her passing spirit, and one of the last things she uttered was, 'I cling to the cross.'"

In the relaxing climate of India, Mrs. Wilson felt that the incessant labours in which she had been engaged since her arrival on its shores, as well as the severe family trials she had endured, were rapidly weakening her constitution. Yet such was her unwearied anxiety to fulfil the great and important duties of the Missionary work that, although strongly recommended by her medical advisers to try the effect of a voyage to her native land, she was reluctant to quit the post which the Great Head of the Church had assigned her. As a change of air, however, and a complete rest from labour had become indispensably nccessary, she agreed to accompany Mr. Wilson to Surat, about a hundred and seventy miles from Bombay. The state of her mind on leaving, even for a short time, the scene of her Christian exertions, is thus described in her journal, under date 16th December 1835:—

"We left our own house at two o'clock. When stepping into the shigram, the Ayah, teachers, and girls of the schools came crowding around us, some

uttering lamentations at our departure, others making their low and humble salaams, and a few inquiring how they should be paid in our absence ..... I felt sorry at leaving the scene of our labours; and there was a feeling of deep and awful responsibility weighing upon my spirit, which I could only unburden in prayers and tears. How little have I done for these poor idolators among whom I have lived, and to proclaim to whom the unsearchable riches of Christ is the professed object of my life! How little genuine philanthropy have I manifested for the victims of delusion and crime, or for the votaries of a delusive superstition! The recollection of God's mercies,—his unnumbered mercies to me since I sojourned amongst this people, and in this land,—seemed to deepen my feelings of guilt; and, as the thought occurred to me that my strength is gone, and the sand of my hour-glass almost run out, I wished that I had another life, to give it entirely to Christ! I *have* another life,—a life of which this is but the shadow. It is now hid with Christ, and, when I enter upon its privileges and its joys, I shall know no sin and feel no weariness. I shall serve God with unbounded liberty and delight, be permitted to see his glory unveiled, and privileged to cast my crown at his feet, ascribing glory and honour, and dominion and power, to Him who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb. I felt a great degree of bodily weakness and exhaustion, but the prospect of heaven was bright and cheering. Love to God, so much wanting in my soul, would make this cold dull earth something like heaven; but, alas! its bright and

beautiful manifestations are often faint among God's dear children."

When they had reached Surat, Mr. Wilson went forward on a Missionary tour to the northern parts of Gujarat and Cutch, while Mrs. Wilson remained in the city. During the short period of her residence there she received the melancholy intelligence of the death of a very dear Christian friend in Bombay—Mr. Money. That her mind was deeply affected by the loss of one so highly esteemed and valued, is evident from the following extract from a letter which she wrote on the occasion to her husband..... "I have sympathized much with you in what you must have felt on receiving the melancholy tidings of Mr. Money's death. I know how much you loved him; I did not know the high estimation in which I held him, till death had severed the tie which bound him to us, and to his other Christian friends. But his spirit has gone to a holier region, where all is light and joy and immortality. He is now associated in our minds with the services of the upper sanctuary; with the cloud of witnesses who bear testimony to the truth; and with Jesus, the Mediator, who has arisen as the first fruits of them that sleep, and who has shed a holy light upon the darkness of the tomb. It was delightful to think of Mr. Money in life, such a combination of energy, piety, genius, and refined feeling. But we may joy also in his death. He has gone before us to his Father's house, and his faith and patience are an encouragement to us to hold fast unto the end, that we too may receive the crown of life..... We are told

that Mr. Money's death is the engrossing theme, both at Bombay and at the out-stations."

On the 11th of February 1836, Mrs. Wilson set out from Surat on her return to Bombay, and a few days after her arrival, she had the melancholy pleasure of meeting with Mrs. Money, the widow of her deceased friend, and of hearing from her an account of his dying hours. The following particulars of her interview with the bereaved widow she mentions in a letter to Mr. Wilson :—

"The account Mrs. Money gave me of what he felt for some time previous to his illness was most deeply and tenderly affecting. It showed by what sure, but rapid, stages the Lord was sanctifying and preparing him for the inheritance of the saints in light. She said that prayer seemed not only to be the natural element of his soul, but his constant exercise. He was not only whole hours, but whole days, with very few intervals, engaged in it. He complained greatly of coldness in devotion, and of the iniquity of his heart, —at the very time that he seemed to her to be standing on the threshold of heaven. His desires after holiness were most intense, and he prayed that God would send disease, or disappointment, or any trial that he might see fit, if it would only be blest to bring about his entire sanctification. Mrs. Money thought it was wrong of him to pray in this manner, and attempted to remonstrate with him on the subject. He said, 'O Mary, I am so burdened and oppressed with indwelling sin that I cannot help it. What is bodily pain? It would be a blessed state to me if it would make me love God more.' He dwelt much on the

glories of heaven, and alluded particularly to the strong desire he felt to see and converse with the patriarchs and apostles. He selected Noah in particular, as one whom he wished to see. His desire to behold the Saviour was very great. On this subject, he manifested something like a holy impatience. On the first day of the year, he said to Mrs. Money, that he thought this would be a remarkable year to them; and seemed to have a feeling that some great event was about to take place. He spoke very often of us, and said that he had no friend whom he loved more tenderly. In a letter from Captain Scott to Mr. Williams, it is mentioned that he seemed to wish to die. Referring to a short period before the delirium commenced, Captain Scott says, 'he (Mr. Money) lay in earnest prayer; but I could not catch his words. After some time he said, 'Oh I have been so blessed. I have had such a glorious view of eternity,—I cannot return to a sinful world. Oh no, I cannot! Is it wrong to desire that the Lord would take me away quickly?' When Mrs. Money came into the room, he said, 'Mary, my dearest Mary, do not think that I love you or our little ones less, when I tell you, that my desire is that the Lord would remove me. O that you could see what I do! Tell my dearest mother that I died happy, it will rejoice her heart.' He spoke to Mrs. Money of her great responsibility in regard to the children,—telling her to lead them to honour Christ, to guard them against vanity, and the fear of man, which is a great snare. He dwelt much on this last subject, and tried to impress it upon all around him, saying, 'Of what use would youth, talents, strength,

all that the world is proud of, be to me,—there is but one thing that I can trust to,' alluding to the finished work of Christ. When the doctor came to him early in the morning, he said, 'Oh, I am so happy, so full of peace, I would I could make you all feel the joy that I do!' I wish I could repeat the one-half that Mrs. Money told me,—but you will hear it from her own lips. She was quite composed before I left her, and wished me to stay; but Dr. Gray said she had talked too much, and begged me to leave her."

On his return from his tour to the northward, Mr. Wilson found his beloved partner in a state of great weakness. Her health was but too evidently impaired to such an extent as to excite alarm. Still she was unwilling to relax in her exertions. On Sabbath, the 29th March, she attended the Bombay Sabbath school, taught a class as usual, catechised the girls of her native schools, and went twice to church. In the evening she proposed again attending divine service; and on her husband attempting to dissuade her from it, as she seemed to be much fatigued, "Do let me once more go," said she, "to the house of God, and I shall not again insist on attending it when I appear weak." This was the last occasion on which she was privileged to enter the earthly sanctuary. During the week she continued gradually to become worse; and on Monday the 6th April, she was confined to bed. The symptoms were now of a very serious kind, but her mind was calm and serene. In the full conviction that her dying hour was at hand, she gave minute directions about the publication of her Maráthí translations and compositions, some papers which she wished to appear in the

Oriental Christian Spectator, and the disposal of her female schools. Her dying experience we give in the words of Dr. Wilson.

"She stated, that on looking back on her intercourse with the natives, and her efforts for their instruction and improvement, she could not much blame herself for indolence, but that she had much reason to lament her impatience and unbelief. 'India,' she exclaimed, 'is dark, dark; but speedily it will be light! God will most assuredly fulfil His promises, and give the heathen to His Son for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession.' 'Go on your way rejoicing,' she said to me two days before her death, 'and take care that no evil be mixed up with the Lord's work. God has enabled you to do much and to manifest yourself to me as the kindest husband.' 'Often, often, have I prayed for you, that you may be supported in your solitude, and that this affliction may be blessed to the Church.' To some of the Missionaries in the Presidency, and particularly to Mr. Mitchell at Puná, she left her kindest love; and also to Mr. Nesbit, who was absent at the Cape. Of the only three surviving female friends* with whom she laboured among the heathen, she spoke with much affection. Against all selfishness in any of the agents engaged in the holy work of propagating the Gospel in India, she entered her solemn protest. On the morning of Thursday, the 9th April, she said to Mr. Stevenson, 'My dear Mr. Stevenson, I was looking forward with much interest to your ministrations in

* Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Farrar, and Miss Farrar.

the Church; but it is the will of God to convey me to that land where ordinances are unknown, which is far better.' 'I see much,' she observed, in a spirit of humility well becoming even the most devoted of the Lord's servants, 'which has been amiss in my past labours,—pride, display, impatience, and unbelief; but I look entirely away from myself. My confidence rests entirely on the finished and accepted work of my Redeemer.' 'I cannot say,' she remarked afterwards to me, 'that I have not served the Lord, for his grace to me has been great; but this I do say, that I have not served him as I ought. May he yet bless my labours.' To the Christian friends in India whose names have occurred in this Memoir, and to Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Grant, and others, who had been in the habit of attending our lectures and prayer meetings, she left many messages, with the request that one of her books should be presented to each of them as a token of her regard. Her relations and acquaintances in her native land were not forgotten by her. Her desires for their welfare and Christian usefulness were very intense. Of her brother, who had given himself to the service of Christ in the North American Colonies,* she said, 'Tell my dear, dear brother, that I am very grateful to the Saviour for the grace given to him, which enables him to exhibit so much devotedness. Tell him to be of good cheer.'

"There were only a few passages of the writings of uninspired men to which I could succeed in commanding her attention during her illness, and to these I

* At Galt, in Upper Canada.

would allude as illustrative of her views and feelings. Seeing in my hands John Bunyan's Heart's Ease in Heart Trouble, she said, 'That is a precious little volume.' The two last sublime paragraphs of this work she read with the greatest interest. They ministered to her joy, as pointing to the bliss which awaited her in the presence of the Lord. Some passages in Shaw's admirable Welcome to the Plague, afforded her much spiritual enjoyment. The following prayer from Serle's Christian Rembrancer, she repeatedly perused, finding it, as she expressed it, 'a beautiful piece,' and exactly suited to her circumstances. 'O Lord, leave me not, poor and helpless sinner that I am, in my most healthful state; leave me not especially, I beseech thee, in the low, the languid, the distressing circumstances of infirmity and disease! Jesus, Master, thou art said to have borne our sicknesses, because thou bearest the sins which occasioned them; take away from my conscience the guilt which brought disease, and then the worst part of its misery shall likewise be done away. And when, through my feebleness or disorder, I cannot act faith upon thy love, O catch my drooping spirit, carry me as one of thine own lambs in thy bosom, enfold me in thy gracious arms, and let my soul wholly commit itself, and give up its all, in quiet resignation, to thee! If thou raise me from my sickness, grant that it may be for the setting forth of thy glory among men: if thou take me by sickness from this world, O thou Hope and Life of my soul, receive me to thyself for my everlasting happiness, and present me as another monument of sovereign grace before the great assembly of saints and angels in thy kingdom of

heaven!' The following well known hymn of Charles Wesley was one in which she more than once expressed her prayers and her praises:—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, O leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

'That is it, that is my confidence,' was her observation after reading it. In the silence of midnight, when she thought no human eye was upon her, and no human ear within the compass of her voice, and with the expectation of immediately entering into the eternal world, she repeated aloud the following lines, with an earnestness which I can never forget:—

"The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home,
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;

And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.

I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear,
To heal their sorrows, Lord descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend."

Another hymn of great beauty, which I think was one of her own composition, she repeated a short time after this. On observing her in a state of extreme weakness, I wrote down on a piece of paper the lines,

" How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;"

and presented them to her. She read them aloud, and tried to continue the hymn. Memory seems to have failed her, but her Christian feeling and poetical imagination had not. She completed the stanza by a new and beautiful turn.

" The Bible, infinitely precious to her through life, was the source of delight and joy in her last days. ' Give me the Bible, that blessed book,' was her constant request. Even when under the delirium of disease, she called upon us repeatedly to bring her the Word of God. The perusal of a few of its sentences almost never failed in enabling her to collect her wandering thoughts, and to concentrate the powers of her mind. After addressing the Saviour in earnest prayer one evening, when she thought herself dying, she re-

peated aloud a portion of the Song of Solomon, 'I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.' 'Read to me,' she would say, 'the forty-third chapter of Isaiah;' I like to hear the promise, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee: for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.' The two last chapters of Revelation afforded her the greatest delight. After I had read them, at her own request, she exclaimed, 'How glorious is this description of heaven!' Shortly after, she took hold of my Bible, and commenced reading. When she laid it down, she said, 'I have read the greater part of Revelation; and O how glorious!' The Epistle to the Ephesians she pored over with a devout interest, ascribing praise to God for the grace which she had experienced, and which she viewed as similar to that received by those to whom the epistle was addressed. On my repeating to her the twenty-third Psalm, she said, 'Now I can, from the heart, adopt every word of that Psalm.' Part of the metrical version of it was the last portion of divine truth which I heard from her lips:—

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me: and thy rod
And staff me comfort still."

About thirty-six hours before her death, at the suggestion of Mr. Lawrie, whose sympathy she well appreciated, I directed her eye to these words. She recognized them with much interest; and, with a reference to them as suitable to the case of the afflicted and dying Christian, she said, 'Thus sang the Covenanters.' The forty-sixth Psalm, which Luther and Melancthon used to sing in their troubles, she also found very consoling in her afflictions. With the view of aiding her in her meditations, I directed her, at a time when she was extremely weak, to 1 Cor. xv. 42–44, It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.' She read the verses, and said, 'How beautiful! I have often read that. What a contrast!' She expressed the wish that some passages connected with the resurrection should be inserted on her tombstone. She looked forward to the time when 'death shall be swallowed up in victory,' with joyful anticipation. Her mind adverted in a similar manner, as will afterwards more particularly appear, to her passing into the presence of the Redeemer at death. When I pointed to the words, 'We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord,' she said, 'That is very clear; I firmly be-

lieve it. I like to view aright the full testimony of the Scriptures."

During her illness she frequently and earnestly prayed for her children, commending them to the guardianship of her heavenly Father. One of her last acts was to dictate a letter to her son Andrew, whom she had sent to Scotland to the care of her sisters. That letter she signed with her own hand, and laying down the pen, she said, "Now I am ready to die." Her last wishes, in regard to the two boys who survived her, were that they should both be trained to serve God as Missionaries to the heathen. In narrating the last hours of this eminent Christian, Dr. Wilson thus proceeds :—

"Though on one or two occasions, she adverted to the possibility of her recovery, the persuasion which she expressed at the commencement of her illness, that it would be unto death, continued generally with her to the last. It did not render her, however in the slightest degree melancholy. Amidst all her sufferings, she was never heard to utter the slightest murmur. She was so patient, resigned, and peaceful, that Dr. Smyttan observed, 'If anything could powerfully contribute to her recovery, it was the state of her mind.' In truth, her devout quietness and resignation, on former occasions when she was in deep affliction, appeared to him to have prolonged her days. Not only was she delivered from all fear of death, but she had the most intense longings to depart and be with Christ. Her prayer often was, 'Lord Jesus, come quickly.' To me, with all that tenderness and generosity for which she was so much distinguished, she said, 'I wish

to die soon, because I see that this watching over me is injuring your bodily health, and may prevent you from engaging in the Lord's work.' When it was mentioned to her at one time, that the symptoms of her disease were thought to be not so formidable as they had been believed to be, she said, 'I am sorry to hear it. I thought that I had been done with this evil world. My heart is now in heaven. I fear that if I recover, I may again experience it as prone to cleave to the dust. Were it not that I ought to be willing to live, as well as willing to die, I would not take any of the medicines which the doctors kindly administer.' When she found death coming near to her, she said, 'The Lord is hearing my prayers. O, how gracious he is to my soul!' Her anticipations of eternal glory were expressed in language the most beautiful and affecting. 'To-morrow's sun,' she exclaimed, 'will rise—though not upon me. But I shall behold Him who is as the sun shining forth in his strength,—Him, who is the Sun of Righteousness; and I shall be ravaged by his infinite glory. He will never go down upon my soul.' 'The earth, and the works thereof, shall be burnt up;' but I shall not perish. How strange, how marvellous! 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Never, during the whole of her illness, did she express, as many eminent Christians may have done, the slightest doubt of her acceptance with Christ. 'Is it possible,' she said, the day before her departure, 'that I, a child of God, can

die in this manner?' Fearing that a cloud was about to pass over her mind, I pointed her to the lines,

"Who then can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and his love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to heaven above?

Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall;
Through him all dangers we'll defy
And more than conquer all."

'I feel all this,' she said, 'but my anxiety is about showing it to the world.' It was her wish to die praising the Lord. 'I am afraid,' she said on another occasion. 'Are you afraid,' I asked, 'of death?' 'No,' was her reply, 'I am afraid of speaking nonsense, when the noise comes into my ears.' She felt quite resigned on this point, when I repeated to her the lines,

"To human weakness not severe
Is our High Priest above."—

'I am happy,' she said, 'all the glory is taken away from me,—a poor erring creature.' On another occasion, I heard her exclaim, 'I cannot look steadily, I cannot look steadily!' Thinking that she was complaining of her want of faith, I observed to her, 'Christ, though he may try you, my love, will never suffer your faith to fail.' 'You mistake me,' was her reply, 'it is the glory sparkling behind the cloud which overpowers me. But soon shall it all burst forth upon my soul, and I shall be enabled to bear it, and to drink up its beams.' Even the erroneous sensations of delirium, under which, for a few hours towards the close of the

three days preceding her death, she laboured, and which are so frequent in the last moments of life, neither interfered with the fullest exercise of her spiritual affections, nor disturbed the accuracy of her judgment as to divine things. When, on one occasion, she imagined she had been betrayed into the commission of sin, she expressed the greatest loathing of it, protesting, at the same time, like the apostle, that she delighted in the law of God after the inner man, and that she was cheered by the constancy, the unchangeableness, of her Saviour's love. 'No human affection,' she exclaimed, about thirty-six hours before her death, 'can illustrate the affection which God bears to his children. He is angry with those who say that they do not love him.' When she thought herself surrounded by friends who were distant from her, she addressed them with a tenderness and kindness which strikingly showed the strength of her attachment. By turns, in the languages of India and Europe, she would converse on the divine faithfulness and grace. On one occasion, she said in Hindustání, 'Dear little Johnny, do not cry because God is afflicting your dear mamma. He does all this in love to her. You know, that when you are naughty, your papa punishes you, and that he afterwards rejoices over your improvement. God deals in this manner with me. He wills my welfare, and will soon free me from all my troubles.' In Maráthí, she spoke as to the children of her schools; and the last words uttered by her in that language were, '*Amandi, Yeshu Christávar phár priti theva*,'—'O Amandi, I beseech you greatly to love Jesus Christ.' She spoke from the fulness of her heart, when there could be no disguise; and her whole deportment, even

under delirium, evinced the holiness of her mind, with the incalculable strength of her Christian habits and attachments. The last remark she made, with respect to her dissolution, was, 'the prospect of death is sweet.' Thus, through divine grace, did she prove victorious over the last enemy, the king of terrors. Thus did her faith carry her forward to the glorious contemplation, and full fruition of God which she now enjoys. If her Christian principle stood the test, nay triumphed, amidst all the weakness and agony of a dissolving frame, how unspeakably glorious must she now be—freed from every element of corruption, delivered from every assault of the evil one, and blessed with the presence of Deity itself! Let every believer be encouraged by her experience—for he rests on the same Saviour, and the same God. What she said to two dear Christian friends, John Williams, Esq., C.S. and Captain W. M. Webb, is applicable to all:—'I am now in the dark valley; but I am not forsaken. When you pass through it, you will also find the Saviour present to uphold and enlighten you.'

"On the morning before her death she was quite collected, but extremely weak. She recognized the kind friends who were around her bed, and mentioned their names, but was unable to converse with them. She traced along with them several passages in the Psalms, into the devotion of which she seemed fully to enter. As the day proceeded, I perceived that the happy spirit would soon put off its earthly tabernacle, that it might be clothed upon with its house which is from heaven. It did not need a human ministration to its comfort, its peace, or its joys, for the communications of the divine grace to it were very abundant. It

appeared to animate the decaying and dissolving body with undiminished power. As the shades of evening were drawing on, when I presented to my dearest wife the last communication I made to her,—'The Lord Jesus is with thee,'—her response was, 'and with thee, my beloved one.' I was recognized by her on several occasions during the night; but though she attempted to address me, she could not speak so as I could understand her. The last words I heard from her lips were, 'The kingdom of the Saviour;' but in what connection they were used, I do not know. At eight o'clock on the morning of Sabbath the 19th April 1836, sacred to the commemoration of the Redeemer's triumph over the grave, she died without a struggle, and her soul winged its flight to that glorious abode where He lives and reigns."

The death of this amiable and devoted Christian produced a very deep impression on the native and European community of Bombay. It was a loss of no ordinary kind. She had displayed, during the few years of her residence in India, a character so consistent, a disposition so amiable, a zeal so unwearied, that she was beloved and admired as a noble example of the true influence of Christianity upon the heart. Her labours in the cause of Missions had, by the divine blessing, been attended with remarkable success. The education more especially of native females engaged much of her attention; and the flourishing state of her schools, even at the present time, shows that her anticipations of success were well founded, and that the principles on which the schools were originally established, were judicious and well matured.

MISS MARTHA REED.

This amiable and devoutly pious young lady was born in London on the 2d of June 1793. From her early childhood she was dedicated by her excellent parents to the Almighty. Before her infant lips could lisp the name of her Creator, she was committed, in many an earnest prayer, to his fatherly care and protection. "I can well remember," says her brother, in one of the most beautifully written biographies that has ever issued from the press, "I can well remember, on several occasions, seeing my father walk the room with his beloved daughter lying in his arms. I have marked his lifted eye, his moving lips, and his more measured tread. Child as I was, they told me that he was in prayer. I recollect nothing at this period that gave me such an elevated idea of my father's goodness as this act, performed, as he evidently thought it was, without a witness. Thus was he commending one child to the blessing of heaven, and opening the passages to the heart of another for the blessing he had already so often solicited." And not only did the parents of Martha pray, they acted as well as prayed. To the mental and moral training of their children they directed their most strenuous efforts, and, fully aware as they were that unsanctified knowledge was injurious to the best interests of the immortal soul, they sought to impart to them, not merely a complete, but a decidedly

religious education. From the cradle Martha was taught to pray, and made acquainted with the simplest elements of divine truth. Every opportunity was eagerly embraced of impressing her infant mind with religious views and feelings. The Sabbath evening, more especially, was appropriated to sacred exercises, and the description which Dr. Reed has given of the manner in which the family were then in the habit of employing themselves, may be quoted to show the privileges which, even in childhood, Martha enjoyed.

" At these seasons we were required to repeat what we could remember of the public services; we then went through our catechetical exercises; and at the end of these we generally took our places, my sister on the lap, and myself between the knees of our beloved parent. His countenance, naturally grave, would wear a serene smile; and he would enter into familiar conversation with us, answering our questions or proposing his own. We then chose a hymn, and he sang it with us; we thought no one could sing so sweetly. Afterwards he would caress us, and smile upon us, and frequently he would close, by pressing us nearer to his side, and saying with a feeling we could not then understand, ' God Almighty bless ye, my children !' By this time, our mother usually joined us. We talked and sang afresh. It was an hour of gladness. Our parents embraced us, and we embraced each other. At such a moment there was but one thing that could heighten our joy. It was simply to hear our father say, as he often said, ' Well, my dear, I should like the children to stay up and sup with us to-night.' If these

words were uttered, whose parents were so good as ours; or what children so happy!"

The result of such a mode of training was, by the divine blessing, productive of the most pleasing effects upon the amiable subject of our present Memoir. She early displayed a remarkable tenderness of conscience, and when at any time her conscience reproached her she repaired to a throne of grace. The all-seeing eye of God she realized as ever upon her, and under such an impression her childhood was passed comparatively free from those follies which too often characterize that early age. And the circumstance which, perhaps, more than any other tended to confirm Martha in the genuine principles of piety was, that her education at school was intrusted to a lady who endeavoured to pay peculiar attention to the religious welfare of her pupils. At the age of twelve she began to attend, along with some of her school companions, a catechetical exercise, conducted by Mr. John Scott, an elder of the Tabernacle, Moorfields. The instructions and advices of this excellent man produced a deep impression upon the mind of Martha, and she delighted in repeating them to the younger children of the school. It was not, however, till her fifteenth year that she began to add to the profession the actual power and possession of religion. The sermon which first aroused her to seek after the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit was one which she heard preached by the Rev. William Allen of Exeter on the devices of Satan. In the discourse itself there appears to have been nothing remarkable, but it was blessed of God in directing Martha's atten-

tion to a strict scrutiny of her own heart. The law of God came home to her conscience, sin revived and she died. A struggle ensued. She was unwilling to admit that her character was opposed to the will of God. Self-examination, however, convinced her that even although she had had a name to live, she was in reality spiritually dead. She now abhorred herself, and repented in dust and ashes. Her cry became earnest and frequent, "What shall I do to be saved?' She had not been ignorant of a Saviour; she had known him theoretically. But religion was to her now no longer a series of abstract propositions which she believed to be true. Christ she welcomed as emphatically *her* Saviour, receiving him in all his fulness as the only foundation of her hope, the only source of her true enjoyment. For some time her mind was harassed with perplexing doubts, not as to the ability or willingness of Jesus to save, but as to her having come to him aright for salvation. This doubt was a salutary one. It led her to be much at a throne of grace, and very arduous and persevering in her inquiries into the Scriptures of truth. The result of all her protracted trouble and anguish of mind was, that she believed in the Lord Jesus, and like the Ethiopian convert, she went on her way rejoicing.

Thus brought to a saving acquaintance with the truth, it pleased the Almighty that Martha should be trained up in the school of suffering. In the beginning of 1809 she caught a severe cold, which though in its general symptoms it was speedily removed, left behind it a troublesome cough, which, however, excited no alarm, until, in the month of July, it led to

the rupture of a blood-vessel. The fears of her friends were now awakened, and farther medical advice having been obtained, she was ordered to leave town without delay. The place selected for a change of residence was the delightful village of Cheshunt, at the foot of the Hertfordshire hills. The family to whom she was committed were remarkably kind. For one member of the family, of her own sex, and nearly of her own age, she contracted a very intimate friendship. Their dispositions, their tastes, and their pursuits completely harmonized. They found a peculiar pleasure, therefore, in each other's company, and Martha's heart was deeply affected with the warm and zealous, though unostentatious kindness of this pious young friend. These two happy companions, however, were not permitted to be altogether free from that persecution which is the invariable portion of all who will live godly in Christ Jesus. A young man, belonging to the family, of uncivil manners, and a harsh unsocial character, was not merely averse to the subject of religion, but even boasted of being an infidel, and although he was quite unable to argue, he did all in his power to annoy the two interesting young females who had the misfortune to live under the same roof with him. He ridiculed what he considered their scrupulosity and preciseness, he interrupted their conversations on religious topics, and even went so far as wantonly to disturb the privacy of their devotional hours. All this was painful, more especially to a mind so exquisitely sensible as Martha's was. She sometimes endeavoured to say something that might reach the conscience of the reckless youth, but more fre-

quently she felt herself compelled to retire to her closet, and seek relief to her wounded feelings in weeping at the footstool of her heavenly Father.

At the end of two months Martha left Cheshunt, and returned home considerably improved in health, and with a heart more deeply imbued with religious sentiment and feeling. For some time, however, as appears from her correspondence, she was occasionally subject to seasons of perplexity and doubt. "Without were fightings, within were fears." The sky was not always serene; it was at times darkened by clouds, which the light of the Divine countenance could alone dispel. Thus, in one of her letters, written about this time, she remarks,

"I have had a great many doubts and fears lately. I find so much pride and unbelief in my heart, that I think, at times, there cannot be any grace there. I am often afraid I am deceiving myself; and fear I am like the barren fig-tree. You know what the end of that is, though it appear ever so green and beautiful. May we bring forth much fruit—the fruits of the Spirit! This is a hard conflict; but let us rejoice that it is a conflict—that our enemies have it not all their own way:

'Still tossed tempestuous on the sea of life,
My little bark is driven to and fro;
With winds and waves I hold unequal strife,
Nor can decide the doubtful course I go;
Oh may we reach that blissful shore,
Where storms and winds distress no more.'

"Let us never forget that we are travellers to an

eternal world. To what place in that world are we bound? If to Canaan, we must remember there is a waste howling wilderness to pass through, innumerable enemies to fight, and a Jordan to cross; but let us not be discouraged; our enemies are mighty—our Saviour is almighty. He has said, 'Fear not, worm Jacob; my strength is made perfect in thy weakness.' O my dear, humbly relying on this strength, let us go forth and fight courageously the battles of the Lord of Hosts, not fearing that we shall come off more than conquerors though Him who hath loved us, and died for us, and will not withhold from us any good thing."

The doubts which thus sprung up in Martha's mind led her to a more earnest, and diligent, and prayerful attendance on all the instituted means of grace; and she availed herself of every book which came within her reach that was likely to throw light on the subject of her anxious inquiries. Among these was the invaluable work of Dr. Doddridge on the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," a book which, more perhaps than any other uninspired volume, has been blessed of God to the spiritual advantage of multitudes. From the perusal of this work, she was induced to draw out, and formally to subscribe, a covenant, in which she solemnly dedicated herself, soul and body and spirit, to the service and glory of the Redeemer. This interesting document is dated 29th December 1809.

The early part of the following year Martha's health still continued somewhat precarious, and as her brother, Dr. Reed, was about to set out on an excursion in the summer, he resolved to take her along with him,

and afford her the advantage of change of air, and a short residence at a watering-place. When they had reached the place of their temporary stay, a circumstance occurred which shows how ready Martha was to commend her Saviour to all within the sphere of her influence. We state the fact in the words of her affectionate brother:—

"Those who are seeking occasions of usefulness shall not fail to find them. It happened, that soon after our arrival at the wells, a lady, with her daughter, engaged apartments in the same house. We soon learned the mother's tale of woe. She had come hither as to a forlorn hope with her beloved, her only daughter, who had the most fatal symptoms of decline upon her, and she herself was a widow. Martha was deeply interested in the state of the sufferer; and by making herself of some use to the strangers, quickly opened a channel of intercourse.

"She found the daughter to be about twenty years of age, of very amiable mind and manners. She had but recently known her danger, and she was literally confounded at the idea of dying while she thought herself in the very midst of life. Presuming on this life, she had not thought of that which is to come; and the very sense of neglect made it doubly unwelcome. Martha, however, by her kindness, made her way to her heart, and soon afterwards won her attention to the things which belonged to her peace. She died, but not, I trust, until she had drunk of those medicated waters which bring life and healing to the wounded spirit. Martha's name was amongst the last words that quivered on her lips; and it was one of those

events to which my sister was accustomed to recur with eminent gratitude."

After spending a short time with his beloved sister at the retired watering place to which they had gone, Dr. Reed left her in an apparently improved state of health, and returned to the metropolis. Among the persons to whom he had introduced Martha was a young man who, possessed of considerable intelligence and liveliness of disposition, as well as some shew of piety, endeavoured to win his way to her ingenuous and unsuspecting heart. She was as yet only in her seventeenth year. Her youthful mind had hitherto been a stranger to all thoughts of matrimony, and no sooner did she perceive that the attentions of the young man were directed towards her than she felt a peculiar anxiety and perplexity. Her extreme youth, her delicate health, her absence from her parents, all operated upon her mind, and rendered her every day more embarrassed and unhappy. At length she came to the resolution of setting out as soon as possible for London. She wrote accordingly to her parents requesting to be allowed to return home, and having obtained permission, she lost no time in taking refuge from all her difficulties in the bosom of her family. She eagerly fled homewards, but the feeling of tenderness which had driven her to the metropolis followed her thither and disturbed her peace of mind. In vain did she attempt to banish the thought of the individual in whom she had begun almost involuntarily to feel a lively interest. It recurred again and again. And although the ungrateful and unworthy youth never took the slightest step towards commencing, as he had

promised, a correspondence by letter, the thought of him still haunted her like a vision. She became more reserved and thoughtful. For hours together she would sit alone dwelling in meditation on the past, and bewailing the dark cloud which had so suddenly obscured the bright prospects of youth.

Such a state of mind, as may well be conceived, was far from favourable to Martha's religious progress. She could no longer engage in sacred exercises with the same pleasure as formerly. Her thoughts were distracted; her will was wavering; her heart was unsettled. To her other sources of anxiety was now added spiritual distress. She felt that the light of the divine countenance was obscured, that darkness encompassed her path, and that she was unable to lay hold even of the consolations of God's redeeming mercy. She now became fearful and desponding. At length she revealed her doubts to her brother, in so far as they were connected with her religious views. She felt inclined seriously to question the reality of her Christian profession, and the advice which Dr. Reed gave her on the point was sensible and judicious. Instead of calling upon her to seek for obscured evidences of her being a Christian, he exhorted her simply to acknowledge her felt demerit and sin, and to plead the unfailing promises of mercy to the unworthy. But Martha's doubts were not confined to her *personal interest* in the blessings of revelation, they were sometimes extended to the truth and genuineness of revelation itself. To rectify her sentiments on this subject, her affectionate brother reminded her of the leading proofs in favour of revelation, and referred her to some of the best works

which treat both of the External and Internal Evidences of Revealed Religion. The effect of this conversation will be best described in Dr. Reed's own words.

" Martha was much interested in this intercourse. I did not expect her to be suddenly relieved; but her countenance was somewhat clearer, and her heart evidently lighter than at the moment of our meeting. I had a stronger conviction than formerly, that an indulgence of excessive feeling was likely to be a snare to her; and indeed I could not avoid ascribing her present distress principally, if not entirely, to this undue sensibility, operated on by a growing perception of human frailty and sinfulness. It was a favourable opportunity, and I resolved to acquaint her with my impressions.

" Martha had said, she wished to know the worst of herself. ' The worst I know of you,' I replied, ' is, that you have too much feeling.' ' O brother, I wish it were!' she said incredulously; ' surely we cannot have too much feeling, if it is right feeling.' ' But, my dear, if right feeling, as you term it, is excessive, it becomes *wrong* feeling.' ' But one cannot always govern one's feelings,' she continued; ' and is it not better to have sometimes an excess of feeling and suffer for it, than to sink into indifference and selfishness?' ' Yet why,' I replied, ' should you determine on choosing one of two extremes, when there is a middle path of safety and comfort open to us? I do not commend indifference; I do not blame sensibility: I condemn the *excess* of it.' ' I beseech you,' I continued, with greater earnestness, in these words, or words to this

effect: 'I beseech you, my dear, not to trifle with this evil. I consider it to be your natural infirmity; and if you nurture and indulge it, innocent as it appears in your eyes, it will be as a viper in your bosom. I cannot help ascribing all your present uneasiness and sorrow to this source—indeed I cannot!'

"Martha heard a voice in these words which I could not hear. They sank into her heart, and she became thoughtful. I knew not that they bore so large an application as she was making; but I considered that her reflections, once fixed on the subject, would be of abundantly more advantage to her than any additional remarks I could offer. That her thoughts might not be prematurely disturbed, I left her to the meditations she evidently courted."

This conversation was blessed in leading Martha to a calm conviction of the glory and excellence of Christ as her everlasting portion. She now saw that, in giving way to the excessive sensibility of her nature, she had been weakening the power of religion as an operative principle in the soul. Her mind now rallied again, and the things of God once more assumed that supremacy in her affections which they had formerly held. But as the tender feeling which had originally given rise to her uneasiness still recurred, though with diminished intensity, she formed the resolution of banishing the thought from her mind, and of acting upon the principle stated by Henry Kirke White, that "a life of full and constant employment is the only safe and happy one." She strove to forget the unworthy object of her regard. The effort, however, proved injurious to her health, and by the advice of her physi-

cians, she was again ordered into the country. At her own request, accordingly, she was sent to Cheshunt. Before setting out, the pastor of the family, the Rev. Dr. Winter, spent an evening with them, and a special service suited to the occasion was held. While at Cheshunt, she resided with the pious female friend with whom she had associated on her former visit to the place; and in the company of one who was of kindred dispositions and feelings, she soon resumed her wonted cheerfulness and serenity of mind. She spent much of her time in visiting the cottages of the poor, conversing with them on religious subjects, teaching their children, and administering consolation to the sick. Thus employed her health gradually improved; and although occasionally a shade of pensive melancholy was visible in her countenance, she still enjoyed the beauties of nature, so profusely scattered around her, with that calm pleasure which the sanctified heart can alone experience. She had been reared in the school of affliction, and she was gradually ripening for that brighter and better world,

> "Where neither doubts, nor fears, nor cares annoy,
> But all is peace, and love, and holy joy."

In the course of the year 1811, Martha's brother, the Rev. Dr. Reed, accepted of a pastoral charge in London. This event rendered her stay at Cheshunt much shorter than was originally intended. She returned home, and after her brother's ordination took up her residence with him under the same roof. This arrangement continued for two years, during which she availed herself of the favourable opportunities which

she now enjoyed, for improving her mind, devoting herself to a regular course of study which was kindly and judiciously laid down for her by her affectionate brother. Nor did she neglect domestic duties. The management of the household was intrusted to her, and by a regular division of her time, and a rigid attention to her various duties, she succeeded in shedding an air of comfort all around her. There is a bewitching beauty and simplicity in the following picture drawn by Dr. Reed:—

"Many a time, when the course of daily duty has been run, when the world, with its noise and turmoil, has been shut out, when the frugal repast has been shared, has Martha wheeled back the table, and pressed us to form our chairs round the lively fire, which she always took care to provide for us. This was her opportunity. In this magic circle there was no resisting her influence. She had often tried it, and as often found it successful. Frequently, in the consciousness of her power, as we settled down snugly in our seats, she would say, 'There now we are happy;' assured that if we were not already so, we were in the way to be so. And if she could once see her assertion confirmed by her winning kindness, she herself was more than happy—happy in bestowing, happy in receiving.

"Conversation usually begun with her, and always in the most easy, generally in the most playful manner. When she had won attention, she had some anecdote to narrate, or some striking portion from an author to read, or some question to start, which had occurred to her in her day's pursuits. Frequently she

would report to me her progress in the books she was studying; and this would often lead to discussions on their style, or their subject. Whether these discussions were serious or sportive, she was always intent on making them interesting to her parents; and wherever the conversation commenced, they commonly ended in religion, an element in which we were all peculiarly at home.

" If religion became the theme, it was not because the tone of conversation was sinking, but because it was rising above ordinary things. Religion did not depress our cheerfulness, it refined it. How often has the hour of ' sweet domestic converse' been imperceptibly prolonged when this has been our subject! How often has it been dwelt upon, till life's tumult was forgotten, or heard only murmuring in the distance; till alive to our present state of pilgrimage, we greeted each other as citizens of a better country; till our hopes blended with our meditations, and our meditations were lost amidst the harps, the joys, the society of that blessed world!

" Then followed the evening hymn and the apostolic prayer—and the unanimous fervent, Amen. Then came the parting words, the kind wishes. Martha's heart always overflowed with them. The softness of her voice, the beaming of her eye, the gladness of her smile, the happiness of those hours, they are with me still—they will never depart."

During the period to which this extract refers, Martha joined the church of which her brother was pastor. Already as we have seen, she had dedicated herself to the Lord in a private covenant, but now she

made a public profession of her faith, and thus she felt herself to be more than ever identified with the true followers of Jesus. Her great aim now was to render herself useful to the church of which she had become a member, and with this view, she took the charge of the youngest female class in the Sabbath school, which her brother was at that time organizing. She originated besides a working-school, which met on one afternoon in the week, and which was composed of the poorer and elder children, as a reward for their regularity and attention. The design of this school was to employ them in making simple articles of dress, some of which they were to wear, and the remainder were to be given to the poor. While the children were thus busily employed, their pious instructor was directing their young minds to proper views, either by conversation or reading from some useful work. The effect produced on the young people by such a mode of training was of the most favourable description. On this subject her tasteful biographer thus writes:—

"It was delightful to see her, when the duties of the school were closed, going forth with one or two of her pupils, like an angel of mercy, in search of wretchedness, which she might remove or mitigate. Her children always bore some article of clothing which their own hands had formed, and which their own hands were to bestow, that the difficult lessons of charity might be nourished by sympathy and established by habit. Happy was she, if, in thus relieving existing distress, she could see the first young tear of generous compassion glisten in the eye which had never before

dwelt on want or sorrow in which it was not concerned. And this happiness was often hers. Many a time has she spoken to me of these instances of kindly sensibility with correspondent feeling; and now her scholars, some of whom have arisen to maturity, and are walking in the truth, speak of these visits as making, more than any thing, a deep and favourable impression on their hearts."

To the poor, the sick, and the dying, Martha devoted much of her attention. Often did she repair to the house of mourning, administering the consolations of the Gospel with all the tenderness and warmth of sympathy, which were the natural offspring of her affectionate and sanctified heart. We have much pleasure in quoting a very striking instance of the good which, by the divine blessing, resulted from her visits to the habitations of the poor:—

"Amongst the many persons visited by my sister, was an aged female, who had seen better days. She was now the inhabitant of a garret. She had survived her relatives and connections, and was confined to her bed by a chronic disease, which required attentions she could neither find in friendship nor afford to obtain from hired hands. Happily, for many years she had lived under the influence of religious sentiment, and it furnished her with her only consolation. But she was of a social nature, and had much delighted in the exercises of public worship; and now she was not merely deprived of these privileges, her very hold on the notice and regard of humanity seemed feeble and precarious. Day after day passed over her, with scarcely any interruption to her solitude. The idea of

her loneliness preyed upon her: she might want, and languish, and die alone! Her spirit yearned for some kind hand to help her, some Christian voice to cheer.

"What she desired she found in Martha, and was satisfied. She was visited once, and commonly twice in the week the short residue of her life. Attentions were paid to her bodily comfort; and her mind was relieved by expressing itself to a friend on those hopes to which she was so earnestly clinging. Martha soon formed a strong affection for this excellent person. Her contentment in penury, her patience in tribulation, her serene confidence in the prospect of death, were lessons which she valued, and which she was anxious to lay to heart. Her visits became quite a thing of anticipation; and, while conferring an invaluable good on the last days of an aged pilgrim, she felt herself to be rather receiving than bestowing benefit.

"I had heard so much of this good woman, that I determined to visit her. I found her in a low arched room, containing but few articles of furniture, which had nothing to commend them, except that they were clean and in their places. She herself was sitting on the skeleton of a bedstead, supported by pillows. She was evidently eighty years of age, or upwards. Time had traced many a wrinkle on her countenance; but there was an expression of intelligence and good nature shed over them. Her eye asked my name or my errand.

"'My name,' I said, 'is Reed.'

"'What, Sir!' she exclaimed, with a countenance glowing into pleasure, 'do you belong to Miss Reed?'

"'Yes,' I replied, glad to claim relationship with a name which excited such emotions, and amused at the quaintness of the expression, 'I do belong to Miss Reed.'

"'Sit down, Sir—please to sit down.' I took my seat beside her.

"She was too happy for the moment to speak. 'You seem,' said I, willing to prolong conversation on a name so dear to us both, 'very partial to Miss Reed.'

"'I have reason to be, Sir—I have reason. I was so lonely—I was, as David says, like a sparrow on the house-top; and it was fearful to think of having no one to care for one, let what would happen. But Providence sent Miss Reed to me, and she brought other friends; and she is so kind and so considerate, you know, Sir. Now I want for nothing; I have, as St. Paul says, all, and abound, Sir.'

"Want for nothing! I thought to myself. Here is an individual who has outlived her husband, her children, her friends; who is feeble with age, and uneasy with pain; whose pain and weakness are the harbingers of a dissolution which cannot be long postponed; who has sunk from better circumstances to humblest poverty; whose whole property would not provide her body with a decent passage to the grave; who says she wants for nothing. This is indeed religion!

"I looked on her with livelier interest. The happy contentment of her features confirmed the expression of her lips. On one side of her was a little waiter, bearing a glass of toast and water, and a cup of jelly; on the other side lay her well-worn Bible. Yes, thought

I, excellent woman, you are right; you have all, and abound. The warm hand of sympathy supplies you with little niceties for the bodily appetite, and the Book of God is your title-deed to a rich and everlasting inheritance. What could the mightiest, the wealthiest enjoy more in your situation? We must all come to this! Though the universe were our own, a draught of water, a little sweetmeat, or something as simple and as common, will be all we could derive from it!

"I had a pleasing conversation with her, the impression of which is still on my mind, though the particulars have escaped my memory. I commended her to the Divine keeping, in an act of worship, and rose to leave her.

"She pressed my hand, and acknowledged my attention; 'and pray,' said she, 'give my best love to Miss Reed; I can never forget her goodness; if I had a child of my own, she could not be kinder.'

"I left her, delighted with reflecting what an advantage and assistance a young minister derived from possessing such a sister."

While Martha was thus attentive to the wants of the afflicted, she was not a stranger to sorrow in her own experience. Her heart was deeply sensitive, and the friendships she had formed in childhood were tenaciously retained. About this period, however, she was advised by her parents to surrender the friendship of one of the earliest and most intimate of her female acquaintances. The trial was very severe, and for a time affected her health. At length, however, she recover-

ed her wonted sprightliness and vivacity. She now resumed her labours among the poor and the afflicted.

In labours she abounded, but it was not so much the exhaustion arising from active duty which seemed gradually to exert an injurious effect upon her bodily frame, as that excessive sensibility which was called into operation by her visits to the dwellings of the wretched. Sometimes her friends attempted to withdraw her for a season from the scenes which thus drew forth her tenderness of feeling, but even when residing in the country, she still employed much of her time in visiting the poor in her neighbourhood. Nothing could repress her ardour in ministering to the temporal and spiritual wants of all within her reach.

In the spring of 1815, Martha's health, which had long been delicate, became evidently much more feeble. After having been subjected for three months to constant medical treatment, she improved so much as to be able to spend a few weeks at Frampton, in Gloucestershire. Here she met with some kind Christian friends in whose society she found much satisfaction. On her return to town she took up her residence at her brother's house, where, by her prudence in the management of his domestic concerns, and the increasing anxiety she showed for the promotion of his comfort, she exhibited the tenderness of a heart under the genial influence of Christian principle and motive. And when, at length, the place she occupied in her brother's family was about to be occupied by another, Martha displayed nothing of that petty jealousy which less amiable minds would have felt. "There was no

meanness, no selfishness in her love. She simply desired the object of it to possess the utmost possible degree of happiness, without making it a condition, that she must be either its source or its medium. She knew that her brother would still have all the happiness which his sister could impart, and she looked at a more intimate connection as multiplying the means of securing to him a full and overflowing cup of gladness."

During the years 1816 and 1817 Martha's duties and pleasures in town were frequently interrupted by the state of her health, and occasionally she retired for a few weeks to Cheshunt. This was to her a favourite place of residence. The scenery was beautiful, the society was select and such as suited her tastes and feelings, and she had many opportunities of visiting the poor in the neighbouring villages. She never felt happier indeed than when engaged in these labours of love. In the cottage of the humble peasant she was uniformly welcomed with a look of gratitude and kindness, which showed that her benevolent motives were appreciated.

The following winter Martha spent in town, and principally under her brother's roof. Her health being somewhat restored, she resumed the charge of the Sabboth school with which she had been formerly connected. In the office of an instructor of the young she was peculiarly successful. The winning kindness and ease of her manners, the simplicity and earnestness of her explanations of divine truth, and above all, the deep impression of the importance of religion which evidently pervaded her own heart, was attended with the most beneficial influence upon her youthful charge

They loved, they esteemed, they revered her. In the midst of these exertions, however, among the young of her brother's congregation, she was prevailed upon to pay another visit to her friends in Gloucestershire. A short time after, her brother went to fulfil some ministerial engagements in Herefordshire, and while there an event occurred which exhibits Martha's character in such an amiable and affectionate aspect, that we cannot forbear quoting it in Dr. Reed's own language.

"While I was in Herefordshire, I received tidings of the death of our second child, an infant of a few weeks old; and of course, my remaining engagements were set aside, and I sought to return by the most direct line to London. Martha's affectionate heart could not allow her brother in affliction to pass within twenty miles of her without an effort to see him. She knew that I must go through Gloucester, and that I must change carriages, and that probably the exchange could not be effected without some short detention. She therefore induced a friend to drive her over, that she might take the chance of a meeting. Amidst the bustle and excitement of hasty travelling, I arrived at the expected inn, and was anxiously inquiring for my next conveyance. A friend's hand seized me. I followed its leading into an adjoining little parlour, and my sister was instantly in my arms. My wants had been thought of, and refreshments were nicely prepared ready to my hand; we exchanged a few words, but spoke not of the event which was nearest our thoughts: she covered my hand with her kisses and her tears; and again I was a solitary stranger in the

corner of a stage-coach. Few things that are traced on my imagination have so much the air of a vision as this; it came and it went so suddenly!"

On her return to London, after a short stay in Gloucestershire, her general health was decidedly improved, but her insidious disease was taking root, and towards the autumn of 1818 it broke out with alarming violence, baffling all the exertions of her medical attendants. She was again ordered to leave town, and accordingly she set out for Cheshunt, never more to return to London. The separation from her friends was intensely painful. Her bodily strength was now much reduced, and she felt that there was little probability of her ultimate recovery. Cheshunt, therefore, which had so often been to her the scene of much happiness, was now the scene of deepest sorrow. She was confined to the house, and often to her bed. After a few days, however, the sense of separation and sorrow was mitigated by the arrival of Miss Maria ——, to whom she had been long and tenderly attached, and who had now generously resolved to become the companion of her solitude and confinement. "Such an exercise of unassuming and disinterested kindness," says Dr. Reed, "could not be lost on her; it touched every chord in her heart."

Situated as Martha now was, it might have been supposed that she was shut out from every opportunity of doing good to others. But it was not so. The children of the neighbourhood she invited to come to her apartment once or twice in the week, when she endeavoured to instruct and impress their minds. And not only did she direct her attention to the children;

she devised means of reaching the hearts of the parents. For this purpose, she formed a little library of well-chosen books, which she lent to the children with the view of being read in the family. Martha soon became an object of interest in the whole neighbourhood; and when she was able, leaning on Maria's arm, to take a short walk, every cottage-door was opened with an urgent invitation that she would enter and rest for a little. If indisposition or the weather prevented her taking her usual walk, the most eager inquiries were made after the state of her health. In every way, in short, the simple villagers evinced the warm interest they took in one whom they were accustomed to speak of by the honourable appellation of the "*good young lady.*" To promote the spiritual welfare of these kind-hearted people, Martha prevailed upon a minister, then staying at Cheshunt, to establish a religious service in her sitting room every Wednesday evening. The attendance at these meetings was most encouraging, and there was reason to believe that many were brought, by the divine blessing, to a knowledge of the Gospel who had previously been strangers to its saving and sanctifying influence. The impressions excited by these services Martha endeavoured to deepen by distributing religious tracts, and when she herself was unable to leave the house, by sending Maria, or the widow under whose roof she resided, to converse with the villagers on the concerns of their never-dying souls. While thus caring for others, she herself was drinking deeply of the cup of suffering. The pain arising from her disease was often acute and excruciating; and though she strove to divert her mind by engaging in study, it was

difficult to endure, without murmuring, the bodily anguish to which she was subjected. At this period, also, her heart was severely wounded by the melancholy intelligence that her beloved parents had sustained severe losses in their pecuniary affairs. She was deeply grieved on hearing the tidings, and she instantly wrote them a letter full of consolation, urging them to entertain not the slightest anxiety on her account, as she hoped to be soon sufficiently recovered to earn a livelihood for herself, and perhaps to assist them, by employing herself in teaching. The wish, the design, was generous and kind. But the Almighty had otherwise ordained. Her brother, Dr. Reed, who had been meditating some improvement in Martha's circumstances, availed himself of the opportunity which now presented itself, for accomplishing his purpose. Having procured a small cottage in her neighbourhood, he solicited her to enter upon it, and to undertake its management. She and Maria accordingly acceded to the request, and in the month of August 1819 she was joined by her parents, and indeed the whole family, with one exception. The meeting was a happy one, but not uncombined with painful reflections on the blight which had come over their worldly prospects. Martha, however, still solaced herself with the hope of no longer being a burden to her parents, but of attaining, by her own exertions, a state at once of independence and of usefulness. The hope was vain. Towards winter her health became evidently worse, and the feeling of disappointment which the sense of increasing weakness occasioned, only rendered her the more unable to bear up under her bodily sufferings. The symptoms now became

more aggravated. The acute pain often caused delirium, which was succeeded by a state of almost complete apathy and numbness over the whole system. Martha's feelings, on this occasion, will be best understood on perusing the following lines from her own pen :—

" The sun is set upon another day
Of weariness and pain. How oft that sun
Has seen me sporting in its joyous beams,
Lavish of youth, and counting on long days
Of undisturbed delight! But ah, how changed!
These faculties that once with eager joy
Perused the page of science, now lie wrapt
In melancholy sleep. This heart no more,
With rapture kindling, feeds with living joy
And growing hope, on all things beautiful.
Chained to one narrow spot, this feeble frame
Lies like a statue, scarcely breathing life,
Save when aroused by pain to sense of woe.
My summer's day, my gleam of light is past—
The short remains how winterly and drear!
All now is darkness, darkness to be felt.
Ah! whither shall I turn in this sad hour?
To whom shall I betake me? O my God,
Thou art my hope! and though thine hand should slay,
Yet will I trust Thee! Well thy servant knows
Thy Word divine is faithfulness and truth.
Thou wilt not leave me in the vale of death,
But gently lead me, by thy gracious hand,
To that blest world where suffering is no more!"

Early in the opening of the year 1820, as the spring advanced and the weather improved, Martha found some partial relief. This, however, was very tem-

porary. Her medical attendants began to apprehend, from the symptoms which appeared, that the spine was injured, and the use of a horizontal posture was recommended. To the thought of being confined to one position she was very adverse, but at length she reluctantly yielded. The abatement of the disease which followed was quite evident. Her mind also was calm and serene. Her brother and his family frequently resided with her in the cottage, and Maria, her beloved friend, was her constant attendant. On Sabbath afternoon she statedly met with an interesting class of female children, whom she instructed in religious knowledge, while her former week-day class was taught with unwearied zeal by Maria. To her brother's children Martha paid peculiar attention, uniting with their mother in superintending their early education.

Martha's labours were not confined to the religious instruction of the young; she set herself to devise some means of diffusing a knowledge of divine truth in some of the most destitute places of her neighbourhood. In this she was completely successful. There being an Independent College in Cheshunt, she took advantage of her brother's residence with her to urge upon the students the necessity of doing something for the ignorant poor. Worship was established on the Sabbath evening in one of the most destitute districts, a Sunday school was formed, and the students employed themselves in frequently visiting the poor at their own houses, ministering to their temporal wants and to their spiritual improvement. But although Martha was

herself the source and centre of all the activity which was thus manifested around her, such was the high standard to which she brought herself, that she was often affected with a sense of utter helplessness and inutility. She looked not at what was done but at what was left undone, and it grieved her heart that she had done so little for her Saviour.

Month after month passed away, and the patient sufferer, stretched on her bed, continued to exhibit that cheerfulness and calm resignation which the consolations and hopes of the Gospel could alone originate. At length, in March 1820, the symptoms of her disease were so violent that an operation was deemed necessary. It was accordingly performed, and she bore it with a fortitude which surprised the bystanders. The pain which she had so long endured was now somewhat mitigated. She partially recovered, and the hope was fondly cherished of her being able to leave her bed. The attempt was made at length, one fine day in May, but the exertion brought on a fainting fit, and she was obliged to resign herself to the horizontal posture. The disappointment was great, more especially as the weather of that summer was remarkably fine. It was accordingly determined that a change should be made in the situation of the couch, which would give her a new and enlarged view of the adjoining scenery; and as the sight of her garden was deemed of importance to her, a mirror was attached to the side of her bed, that it might reflect at her touch, the different parts of it. She now spent much of her time in devotion and reading the Scriptures. The peace of God flowed in-

to her soul. Her whole temper and feelings became mellowed and subdued. She was ripening for heaven. The thought of death she endeavoured to render familiar to her mind, and to wean her affections from the friends she so ardently loved. Her end was fast approaching. Towards the middle of November her disease assumed a most alarming aspect. But her mind was calm and composed. Her experience, in view of the last enemy, is thus narrated by her affectionate biographer:—

"'O brother!' she said, 'it is so different to behold death near to us and at a distance—so very different! The longest life I now find is too short to prepare to die; after all, the circumstances are so new and so trying!'

"'Oh that I could give the views I now have to others! Those views which a death-bed furnishes—of the nature of personal piety—of the awfulness of eternity—of the importance of salvation by Jesus Christ—and of the value of religion in early life—especially in early life! Oh it is most important for the work to be begun in our early days, before we are brought into the conflict of death! Religion, if really found on a dying bed, must have so much to contend with that is quite uncongenial with itself—such pride, such passion, such self-will, such habits of evil—as must make it very awful! The mind must be often in terrible doubt and darkness! If it is not so, it must be by an extraordinary act of grace, which, though it may occur, we have no right to expect.

"'I trust I know in whom I have believed; but all

that I have known and experienced of the Saviour's grace, I have sometimes found only just enough to sustain and encourage me. Last night the agonies of the body were so great as, for a time, to affect the mind—my feet seemed quivering as I stood on the brink of Jordan! but the Lord strengthened me! Blessed be his name!—I know him!—he will not forsake me—he will be with me in the swellings of Jordan!'

"On observing my distress, she readily changed the course of her remarks, and with a mixture of confidence and tenderness, continued—'What a mercy that we have lived together so happily—that we have understood each other so well—that we have had such opportunities of forming an affection which will never be broken—no, brother, never be broken! I feel assured that our love shall be continued and perfected in heaven. We shall only be separated as for a moment, and then—then we shall meet before the throne never to part!' Her thoughts dwelt upon the assurance with delight.

"'Oh how little have I done for the cause of my Saviour! I did hope my life would have been spared to be useful to others; but Jehovah has appointed otherwise, and I bow to his will! I cannot now serve Him by my life; I pray that I may yet do it by my death. O that my death may be made eminently useful—that it may constrain many to work while it is called to-day—that it may quicken many to thoughtfulness and prayer!

"'And, perhaps, in that world to which I am going, I may be useful as well as happy. I shall be my Sa-

viour says, as the angels in heaven; and they are all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation. Dear brother,' said she, touched by the thought, 'perhaps, perhaps it may still be my privilege to hover about your ways, to contribute in some mode or other to your comfort and your usefulness. When I am gone, oh do not think of me as afar off, but as near to you, as watching over you, as soon to join again for ever!'

"'O my dear, dear brother, do not weep—do not weep—that will break my heart! If you knew all I have suffered, you would earnestly pray for my dismissal—indeed you would. I would not advert to any thing that should give you a moment's pain; but I am desirous that you should know that I am happy—yes, notwithstanding all I suffer—that I am happy—that religion makes me so—that God does support me. This will be a comfort to you at a future time.

"'Oh, all of you should join with me in praising the Saviour! I have been so afraid of dishonouring him—I hope he has kept me from this! Blessed be his name!—so good—so kind—infinitely faithful—to me—the meanest and the least in his family! O God! O my God!'"

In the course of the day she arranged all her worldly concerns, and bade a last farewell to her brother's family. The following morning she expected would bring her parents. They arrived. The meeting was deeply affecting. We describe it in Dr. Reed's beautiful language.

"Her fond mother first hastened to her presence, with fixed purposes of suppressing her feelings while

there; but scarcely had her affectionate eye glanced on her changed countenance, before her sorrows overcame her, and she fled from her chamber to weep at liberty, exclaiming, 'It's a lost case! Oh it is a lost case! my child, my child!'

"Her venerable father followed. He stood before her in speechless misery. An effort was made to speak, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and the lips quivered with excitement. She seized his hand and saluted it, and broke the silence which it was so hard to endure. 'Father, my dear father! It has pleased the great Disposer of all events, that you should commit my spirit into his hands. It is well! Lay it not to heart, father! It is the will of God! and his will is good and wise! I shall be taken the earlier from a world of sin and misery. We are both, I trust, bound to one place, and it matters very little, father, which of us arrives first. I shall be waiting to welcome you to the habitation of God, and our separation will be but for a moment—a moment, or eternity is forgot! My dearest father, do not fret! we must not fret! Come, let us take our harps from the willows, and to the praise of grace divine bid every string—every string—yes, every string awake!'

"Her father still stood before her, with features burdened with woe; he could not at once overcome the shock he had received. Martha was moved by it.

"'Father!' she said.

"He turned a troubled look upon her.

"'Could you pray with me, dearest father?'

"He shook his head in speechless agony.

"She saw that she had asked too much at this mo-

ment, and that he would best recover himself by retiring from her chamber.

" As her father left the room her mind was in the act of worship, as if to regain the composure which had been shaken, and which she feared to lose, waiting as she was for the hourly appearance of her Saviour.

"' Now,' she said, alluding to these interviews with her family, ' the bitterness of death is past !' ' Lord, I have waited for thy salvation. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' Her thoughts were soon restored to rest on their chosen centre, and they were evidently wrapt in joyful anticipations of eternal blessedness ! ' O heaven, heaven, heaven !' she exclaimed, ' O the moment that will succeed to death !'

" Her pains increasing on her, she repeated the following lines, to which she was partial, with a most gentle and resigned voice :—

" I would not contend with thy will
Whatever that will may decree;
But oh may each trial I feel,
Unite me more firmly to Thee !

'Tis better to suffer and die
Beneath thy compassionate rod,
Than find my enjoyments run high,
But never have thee for my God."

The last moments of Martha were those of a dying Christian. She had committed her soul into the hands of her Redeemer, and she lifted up her eyes with joy, knowing that her redemption was fast drawing nigh. Some of her sayings may be quoted as illustrative of her eelings when about to enter the dark valley.

" Her friend remarked, ' A Christian has comparatively little to fear.' ' Ah, my dear,' she replied quickly, ' that is because you do not know what it is to die! Death, at the very best, is an awful thing, and nature shudders at it. But,' lifting her eyes to heaven, ' I will fear no evil; Thou art indeed with me —Thou wilt bring me safely through!' ' O my Saviour,' she prayed in strong agony, ' thou art full of compassion! Take me from this state of suffering, or give me patience to wait and bear it!' It was remarked, ' That it was a great blessing rather to desire death than to dread it.' ' Ah,' she replied, ' there is my danger! I fear I may desire it too much, and so become impatient. I would not wish for any thing, only that God may be glorified in my suffering, or in my dying.'

" From this time she was not heard to utter one desire for her deliverance, however submissively; only that faith and patience might be granted. ' O pray for me—pray for me, that I may trust in God—simply trust in him. There is nothing like a simple dependence on the Saviour as a sinner—nothing but a sinner! I never before felt the meaning of those words which the Saviour uttered, ' My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death.' Ah! exceedingly sorrowful, and very heavy. I never before saw its meaning—sorrowful and very heavy: I understand it, but I cannot tell you any thing about it—very heavy!' ' And we feel,' I said, ' my dear, all the benefit of the Saviour's sorrows.' ' So oppressive were his sorrows,' she continued, still dwelling on the words, ' that it was necessary to send an angel from heaven to strengthen him.'

'And,' I observed, 'they are all ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation.' 'Yes, they are!' she replied with earnestness, dwelling on it for some time, and then continuing:—'Brother! notwithstanding all my affliction, I am happy. I have no wants—no fears! I had, indeed, a hard struggle to give up life without having done something more for my Saviour. I wished, had it been his will, to live to be useful; but now his will is my will. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and rejoice, yea, exceedingly rejoice, in his salvation! It is enough—quite enough! 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have beheld thy salvation!'

"'O brother, my soul is in bitterness—such pain! But the Lord is righteous—He is good.' 'Yes, my dear, good when he gives, supremely good.' 'Nor less,' she replied, taking up the words, 'nor less when he denies.' 'And yet,' she continued, 'it is mysterious, is it not? To think how easily dear Miss Weybridge was dismissed; just walking across the room, and then lying gently down to die! How different is my situation; But I am sustained—just sustained!' 'And will be sustained, my dear! and the more we are called to suffer, the more the strength of divine grace is manifested in supporting us; and the more, therefore, God is glorified in us.' 'Yes, brother! let God be glorified, whether by suffering, or life, or death!' 'O brother, I am so frail—so helpless—so very helpless! In these deep waters I often seem just like Peter, ready to sink; and, like him, I cry, 'Lord, save, or I perish!'' 'But you did not, like him, challenge Providence.' 'No, no, brother; the Lord

brought me here, and he supports me, and will support me!' 'O I cannot sufficiently admire the Saviour, who, in such circumstances as his, could say, 'Not my will, but thine be done!' He was human as well as divine; he saw all his sufferings beforehand; and his sufferings were every way peculiar and inconceivable; and he felt every thing as we do; and yet he said, 'not my will, but thine be done!' Oh what resignation!'"

She lingered till Sabbath the 16th of May 1821, when she quietly fell asleep in Jesus, and entered upon that everlasting rest which remaineth for the people of God. To her to live had been Christ, and to die was no doubt unspeakable gain.

MRS. HARRIET W. L. WINSLOW.

This devoted Christian female was born at Norwich, Connecticut, April 9, 1796. Her parents moved in a respectable rank in life, her father, Charles Lathrop, Esq., having been a graduate of Yale College. In early life Harriet Lathrop was chiefly remarkable for energy of character, a great perseverance, and a firmness of disposition approaching to obstinacy. This latter quality occasioned considerable annoyance to her friends for a time, but no sooner had she become a subject of divine grace than her temper was gradually moulded into that meek and gentle pliancy which the Christian evinces in matters not involving the sacrifice of sound scriptural principle. When she was no more than twelve years of age, her mind was first roused to a desire after the knowledge of divine truth; and such was the rapidity of her progress in the acquisition of this soul-satisfying and saving knowledge, that in the following year she was admitted into communion with the Church. At the same period, also, she wrote out, and solemnly subscribed a covenant-dedication of herself to the Lord; a practice which she found to be in the highest degree salutary, and therefore frequently renewed it throughout life.

At the age of fourteen Harriet was seized with a severe illness, which excited painful apprehensions in the minds of her parents, lest she should be taken

from them. But it pleased God to restore her to health, and to raise her up again to engage, with the utmost alacrity, in doing good as she had opportunity. She was often found in the wretched dwellings of the poor, ministering to their temporal relief, and instructing them in matters of religion; and, anxious to enlist others in the same good cause, she was mainly instrumental in forming a society, in her native town, for the relief of poor women and children. Much of her time, also, was spent in discharging the laborious duties of a school which she established for the education of the children of the poor. In this latter employment she felt a peculiar pleasure, and more especially as it afforded a favourable opportunity of pressing home upon their tender minds the all-important truths of the Bible. Education she rightly viewed as not merely including the storing of the mind with useful knowledge, but the training of the child to the cultivation of sound principles and feelings; and how can such an education be imparted if it be not based upon the Bible? Education without religion is not harmless, as too many suppose, but, constituted as man is, liable to be turned to the worst of purposes.

Harriet appears to have had her mind very early turned towards the subject of Missions to the heathen. Naturally ardent and enterprising, she took a lively interest in the often romantic adventures and perilous journeyings of those truly devoted men, who, with their lives in their hands, go forth to preach the Gospel in foreign climes. In perusing the narratives of their glorious exploits in the cause of Christ, the soul of Harriet seems to have glowed with somewhat of a

right-hearted enthusiasm akin to theirs. Accordingly, we find her thus expressing herself in a letter addressed to her mother, and dated September 13, 1814:—

"I am almost ready to ask, Why was Harriet Newell taken from life, and a creature of so little worth as I am, continued here? Am I reserved for similar usefulness? I will encourage such a hope. Think not by this that I desire to become the wife of a Missionary. I desire to spend my life in the service of my Maker, and however inconsistent with such a wish much of my life may appear, it is my most ardent desire. Often my judgment leads me astray, and often do I wander through thoughtlessness; but I am most thoroughly convinced that no service is so delightful as that of my Saviour—that no privations, no toils, no sufferings, are too great for his children to endure for his sake."

And in her Diary the following remarks, written about the same period, show that her mind was not altogether a stranger to such thoughts:—

"When I reflect on the multitudes of my fellow creatures who are perishing for lack of vision, and that I am living at ease, without aiding in the promulgation of the Gospel, I am almost ready to wish myself a man, that I might spend my life with the poor heathen. But I check the thought, and would not alter one plan of Infinite wisdom. I can, however, cheerfully think of enduring pain and hardship for them, and for my dear Redeemer. Has he not given his life for multitudes now perishing, as well as for my soul? And, Oh, how basely ungrateful and selfish in me, to sit down quietly in the care of self, without

making any exertion for their salvation. But what can I do? A weak, ignorant female. One thing only do I see—my prayers may be accepted. Yes, I will plead with my heavenly Father, that he may be a Father to the poor benighted heathen."

It was not long before an opportunity occurred of testing the sincerity of these feelings in regard to the heathen. Having become acquainted with Mr. Winslow, who was then a student in the seminary at Andover, an attachment sprung up between them. Her young friend was preparing for the ministry, but his inclinations were decidedly in favour of a Missionary life. Harriet's mind was accordingly directed more than ever to the great subject of missions, and it became with her a matter of serious inquiry whether it was her duty to leave all for the sake of the heathen. She set herself to a careful self-examination and earnest prayer, that she might be fully assured as to the will of the Lord in regard to her. For some time her mind was tortured with anxiety on the subject, and in a letter to her mother she thus gives vent to her feelings:—

"Sometimes I feel an absolute necessity for determining whether I can leave all that my heart holds most dear on earth, and encounter the toils and hardships of a Missionary's life; but again I realize my insufficiency to decide a thing of such importance. Indeed, I would not decide for myself; I cannot. I must trust solely to Him who has promised grace and strength. When I ask myself if I can endure a separation from such friends as mine, my answer is, uniformly, 'We must be separated in a few days; and

can I refuse to suffer a little for Him, who has redeemed my soul by the sacrifice of himself?' Oh! dear mother, I need your prayers. Admitting that Mr. W. continues in doubt on the subject of a mission; that he may not decide for a year; and that then, the probability that he will go or stay is equal; must I decide on my own course this spring? Do tell me your opinion. Although willing to leave the event to Providence, trusting that I shall be satisfied with His appointments, I cannot wholly drive the subject from my mind; and there are seasons when I am almost overpowered by it."

The parents of Harriet were by no means friendly, for a time at least, to her projected undertaking, and the decided opposition which they evinced, was, to her affectionate heart, peculiarly painful. And, in addition to the harassing circumstances in which she was thus placed, it may be mentioned, that her disposition was constitutionally of a melancholy cast, and this tendency had been considerably aggravated by the injudicious indulgence, in early childhood, in the perusal of novels and romances,—a practice which, by inducing a sickly sentimentalism of feeling, and imparting distorted views of men and things, leads, in general, to a total unfitness for the active duties of every-day life. The anxiety, however, of Miss Lathrop's mind at length gave place to a settled conviction that it was her duty to embark in the Missionary cause. The letter in which she conveyed this her decided resolution to Mr. Winslow, is expressed in strong language.

"Had I ten thousand tongues, methinks they could not all express the gratitude I feel, for 'light and com-

fort from above.' Oh, 'let us magnify the Lord, and exalt his name together!' For many weeks I looked (and I thought earnestly) for light, but behold, obscurity; for brightness, but I walked in darkness. The last week, however, God has been pleased to bring me, with more child-like dependence, to the foot of the cross, and there led me, step by step, until I have communed with Him from his mercy-seat, with more delight, perhaps, than ever before. The grand objections of health and friends, seem now to have become comparatively of little consequence. For the first, I am assured that my prospect of enduring the voyage and climate, is quite as good as Mrs. Nott's, when she left America; though the previous preparation might be a subject of concern, did I not believe that if God has a work for me to do in a heathen land, he will prepare me for it. The silent tear of parental affection and solicitude would indeed overpower me, had I not confidence that he who thus afflicts, will support my beloved parents. Surely, if I can trust in this Almighty arm for my support in so great an undertaking, I cannot question but my God will be their God. And what though we are early separated, and that under peculiarly painful circumstances, 'Our journey here, though darksome, joyless, and forlorn, is yet but short.' I feel an inexpressible pleasure in recommending them to heaven; assured that they will be enabled to give up their child, without regret, in the hope that she will do good to perishing souls. Let them be constantly remembered in your prayers; and, O my friend, may we be henceforth faithful to our own souls, as well as the cause of Christ. It is possible that we may yet be

in an error; let us 'pray always, with all prayer and supplication, making known our requests unto God.'"

This resolution, which was formed in the winter of 1816, led Harriet to commence preparing herself for the important work in which she expected to be ere long engaged. With this view she removed, in the following summer to Litchfield, Connecticut, that she might pursue a course of theological reading, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Beecher. In a short time, however, she was compelled, by ill-health, to return home. It was during this brief absence that her parents seem to have become reconciled to the step which their beloved Harriet was about to take. Nay, the language in which the change in her mother's feelings is couched, breathes so much of a truly Christian spirit of submission to the divine will, that we cannot refrain from quoting it.

"My friends mistake my feelings, when they studiously avoid a subject so near my heart, as is your contemplated undertaking. I can think of it with composure, and speak of it with much satisfaction. I am, if I may so say, partially thankful; that is, thankful for the disposition which leads you thus to devote yourself. How earnestly have I desired, and how fervently prayed, that my children might be the subjects of grace, and instruments of bringing souls to Christ! and now, can I claim to choose the place where, and the manner how, they shall serve this kind Master, who has so often answered my petitions, even to have given me the very things I have asked of him? No, my child, I believe I am saved from this inconsistency. I believe I am willing to leave to Infinite wisdom, to direct in

all things: as you are satisfied with regard to duty, I do not question about it.'"

On her way home from Litchfield, Miss Lathrop spent a short time at Newhaven, and during her stay she paid a visit to a poor family, whose complicated trials she thus describes:—

"I have been to the celebrated cave in 'West Rock.' Ascended the mountain, and then called on the inhabitants of the cave: they are a man, his wife, and three children. In ascending to reach it, we threaded our way through a narrow walk, walled on each side several rods; and then almost crept some feet, into a dark, dismal place. There was no light except through the opening by which we entered, and a hole which afforded a passage for the smoke. In one corner, on something which seemed a bed of dirt and stone, with a few pieces of carpet for covering, lay a boy, four years old, who had that day broken his leg, and an infant, a few months old, who appeared scarcely alive: it was much diseased. The mother had scarcely clothing enough to cover her, and a countenance which indicated the lowest grade of vice. Yet she was not a heathen: two Bibles, a Testament, and a hymn-book were there; all of which she professed to delight in reading. She acknowledged dependence and obligation, but not sin. I contrived to be left alone with her; and, my feelings being much excited, I dealt plainly with her, as I have been seldom able to do. She listened and was solemn; confessed she was a sinner. Indeed, when I asked her to look back on the sins of one day, she started with a sort of horror, and said, 'I can't; they would more than fill this

cave.' Her appearance, when alone with me, was entirely changed. People generally think there is scarcely a possibility of her reform, and so say but little to her. I never witnessed such a scene—never before saw human nature so degraded. This poor wretch was not even so happy as Harriet Newell in a season of trial; for with her no human being heaved a commiserating sigh, in a gloomy cave. Oh! your heart would have bled. Withal, this woman had the tenderness of an affectionate mother. Her husband had received a blow on the head, which almost killed him, and had gone to have it dressed. It was now sunset—she was three miles from town, with the prospect of her child's death in the night; no candle, and no wood to kindle a light. Who has made us to differ?"

In the autumn of 1818 Mr. Winslow, along with Mr. Spaulding and Mr. Woodward, were set apart as Missionaries to Ceylon. Their ordination, with the lamented Fisk, took place in November, but their departure was unavoidably delayed for some time. The marriage of Miss Lathrop to Mr. Winslow was celebrated at Norwich, January 11, 1819, and immediately after, they set out on a tour to Vermont, to visit Mr. Winslow's friends. On their return to Connecticut, about the end of March, information arrived of a passage having been secured for them and their associates to Ceylon, the place of their destined Missionary labours. Before leaving home for the place of embarkation, she addressed a parting letter to the sister who was to take her place in the family, and the hints which it contains are so valuable as bearing upon the

domestic comfort of families, that we gladly transfer them to our pages.

" To a faithful discharge of every-day duties, and to the promotion of domestic happiness, perfect regulation of the temper is of the first consequence. No temper is too bad to be controlled through the aid of divine grace. I have found that in regard to impatience under contradiction, after making it a subject of earnest prayer, the best means to effect a cure is silence. Be patient with the infirmities of others. Show no resentment to any but yourself in your own retirement. Remember that although you may not be deficient in the same respects in which they are, you may be much more so in other things. A proper view of this will lead you always to ' esteem others better than yourself.' Let your manners conform to your temper. If they are not mild you cannot win affection or secure esteem. A look sometimes does more to destroy peace than many words. Guard, then, the expression of your countenance as well as your tongue. Be diligent. Let not a moment be unimproved. If you stand to talk, or sit to listen, let your hands be employed if possible. Study from morning to night to do every thing in the best manner, and think no day well spent in which good is not done. Let your mind be much on ' devising liberal things.' Our dear mother and the little girls are your first care. They deserve most of your thoughts and time. The comfort of our beloved parent in her remnant of life depends much on you. Study her pleasure. Sacrifice to her and our beloved father every thing but principle, and never con-

sider it a sacrifice, or suffer them for a moment to suppose that you do. Let your pleasure consist much in denying yourself for others. Follow not my example in this respect, or in any thing where I have come short. Look at the little girls; it may be that their usefulness in this life and their future happiness depends on you. Bear them on your heart before God continually. Seek his guidance in your instructions to them, and suffer them not to be of your mind one hour, when you are awake, until they have no further need of such remembrance. They are at your special charge, and to do them good should be your first wish, your first effort.

"As to your dress, for direction look to the meek and lowly Jesus, who had not where to lay his head. Despise all vain show. Be cleanly and neat, and it is little matter how plain. Remember always that not one farthing is yours. All is the Lord's. You rob him if you spend one unnecessarily.

"And now, dear sister, to God, even our God, I commend you. Be happy that you relinquish me to him. Your reward is sure. Forget all my bad examples. Look always to your Saviour and learn of him. When we meet again, let it not be to lament our unfaithfulness, but to love God for ever. Farewell, farewell."

Mrs. Winslow was accompanied to Boston by her mother, where, amid the tears and prayers of many Christian friends, the little band of devoted Missionaries embarked in a ship bound for Calcutta. During the voyage their time was chiefly spent in preparation

for their great work, and in conversing with the seamen on religious subjects. Their labours in this last respect were not in vain; several even of the most hardened in the ship, appear to have yielded to the force of divine truth. "When God works, who can let it?"

Soon after the vessel arrived at Calcutta, Mrs. Winslow was attacked with a severe illness, and for some days her life was despaired of, but it pleased the all-wise Disposer of events to bring her back from the very gates of death. On her recovery she thus gave vent to her feelings in a letter to her parents:—

"Whatever trials may await me in this heathen country, I can never regret that I left you, my ever dear friends, and that I am here. Never, for a moment, have I felt anything like regret. If on the borders of the grave, and expecting to breathe my last far from you all, on the great deep, or in a land of strangers, I have felt that it was well. I did not desire to return to you, though to have had you around me would have cheered me not a little. I can never be insensible to what you have been, and still are, to me; but I have relinquished the comforts of your society for Christ and the heathen, and I would, and do rejoice more and more in my calling. Never imagine me afflicted or unhappy; but always believe that your God is my God, and that, being in his hand, I can rejoice always."

The Missionaries had scarcely been a month in Calcutta, when they succeeded in obtaining a passage to Ceylon, and after a short and pleasant voyage, in the

course of which they touched at Trincomalee and Galle, they reached Colombo, the capital of the island. There they remained for a short period, when they proceeded by the inland navigation to Jaffna, at the northern extremity of Ceylon, where, at the recommendation of the governor, the American Missionaries had established their settlement.

The first point to which the Missionaries directed their attention, on their arrival at the place of their final destination, was the acquisition of the language. As soon as they were able to hold communication with the natives, they set about the establishment of free schools for boys in several of the surrounding villages. Female education was at that time impracticable among the Hindoos, and they refrained, therefore, for a time, from attempting it. As native education, however, was rightly regarded by them as one of the most effective means of diffusing a knowledge of Christianity among the people, they directed their efforts chiefly to this one important object. Besides instituting village schools, accordingly, they adopted the plan of free boarding-schools, thus separating a few children from their heathen friends, and bringing them into immediate connection with the mission families; and the result of this plan, which was first suggested by the American Missionaries at Bombay, was most gratifying. At first the utmost difficulty was experienced in prevailing upon parents to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them of obtaining instruction for their children. The strong prejudices, however, of the people at length gave way, and the boarding-school

system was commenced. As an instance of the benefit arising from the mode of education adopted, and of the obstacles thrown in the way of the Missionaries, we may extract the narrative of an occurrence which, though it took place at a period prior to the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Winslow in Ceylon, is well deserving of the attention of our readers. The story of the Ceylonese youth is thus related by Mrs. Winslow's biographer:—

"There were two day-scholars, Supyen and Sandera Sagaren, who excited pleasing hopes, but were deterred by persecution from continuing in a Christian course. The case of the former was very interesting, and may be mentioned to illustrate one of the trials of Missionaries. He was an intelligent Tamul lad of about nineteen; his father was wealthy, and connected with one of the temples near Jaffnapatam. Part of a Tamul Bible was lent to him by another young man, which excited his desire to become acquainted with Christianity. He asked permission of his father to go to the school at Tillipally, which was granted; and he there soon professed his belief in the Bible. This came to the knowledge of his father, who was much alarmed; and, when he next returned home, caused him to be confined, and kept for a time without food. He then ordered him to perform certain heathen ceremonies. Supyen refused; and, when shut up in a dark room, made his escape, and fled to Tillipally, where he told Mr. Poor what had befallen him. He took a Testament, and pointing to the 10th of Matthew, from the 34th to the 39th verses, said with tears, 'that very good.' His father hearing where he was, sent for

him; and as he did not return immediately, went after him himself. On arriving at Tillipally, he inquired for his son, in a very kind manner; and said, as he had left home without taking leave of his mother, who was much grieved in consequence, he wished him to return for a day or two; after which, he might pursue his studies in the school. His hypocrisy was evident, but the young man was obliged to accompany him. They were no sooner out of sight, than his father stripped him of his good cloth, put on one so poor as to be disgraceful to him, placed a burden on his head, as though he was a slave, and beat him frequently with a slipper* until he reached home. Every art was then practised to make him renounce Christianity. His relations said the Missionaries had given him some medicine to make him a Christian, and asked what it was? He replied, 'The Gospel of Jesus Christ.' A great variety of drugs were put into his food to turn him back to idolatry; and, an idol-feast being made by some of his young friends, he was ordered by his parents to make the customary offering to the idol. When the time came, he entered the little room, where the idol was enthroned, pulled off its ornaments, and kneeled down to pray to the true God. One of his companions, looking through the curtain, saw what was done, and told his father, who punished him severely, and sent him for a time to Kandy, in the interior. Afterwards his father changed his conduct, and lavished caresses upon him. He showed him his various

* To be beaten with a slipper is very disgraceful among the Hindoos.

possessions, and told him he should have all, if he would give up the idea of being a Christian, and if not he should be an outcast for ever. Supyen chose banishment from his father's house, saying, 'I do not need house or land if I have an interest in heaven.' He attempted to go to Tillipally, but was followed and taken back by force. They then tried to bring him under engagements to marry a heathen girl, but he would not consent. He even tore the contract when offered him. In short, they put his feet into the stocks, beat him, caused him to be conveyed to the neighbouring continent, and at length wearied him out, so that he signed a recantation of Christianity. His father is since dead, and he for some years has seemed settled down in heathenism."

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Winslow had succeeded in mastering the Tamul language, they entered with the greatest vigour and alacrity upon the work of the mission. While Mr. Winslow joined his brethren in preaching the Gospel to the natives, and establishing and superintending schools, his devoted partner, besides attending to the domestic duties of the establishment, was intrusted with the care of the children who had been permitted by their parents to reside in the mission house. In the discharge of this latter duty Mrs. Winslow felt a peculiar interest, and, accordingly, we find her thus writing in her journal under date 22d September 1820:—

"The last week I may well call the pleasantest of my missionary life on heathen ground. On Monday morning one of our day-scholars came with twelve boys to live with us. Soon after, a respectable man

brought two of his sons, and gave them to Mr. W. and myself with much ceremony. He placed a hand of each in ours, and said, 'They are no longer my children, but yours. You are their father and mother.' We received nine of the boys. The care of them devolves on me; and I cannot tell you with how much pleasure I direct their studies, and attempt to give them religious instruction, besides supplying their daily wants. I could not but say to Mr. W. while we looked at them to night, seated on the floor, each with a plate of rice and curry before him, from which he was ready to help himself with his right hand instead of a spoon or knife, as soon as a blessing should he asked; could our dear friends at home see these children, some of the best feelings of their hearts would be gratified. You will not wonder that they already seem peculiarly near to me. I desire to feel more my responsibility."

The life of a missionary among the heathen is one of exalted privilege and of pure enjoyment. He feels that he is engaged as a fellow-worker with God in the salvation of a lost world, and that he thus occupies a position *more honourable* as well as *more useful* than if he had "sprung from loins enthroned, or rulers of the earth." But while his work is glorious and ennobling, he is subject to many discouragements in the discharge of it. The degradation and ignorance which prevail around him, the listlessness and utter indifference with which the people listen to his message, and yet the enthusiasm which they display in their idolatrous feasts and ceremonies, all prey upon his sensitive and feeling heart, leading him sometimes to exclaim, in

the bitterness of his soul, "How long, O Lord, how long?" To such feelings Mrs. Winslow was no stranger; but she had drunk too deeply into the spirit of her Master, to relax in her exertions under the influence of such discouragements. On the contrary, the more difficult the work, the more ardent and persevering her efforts to lend her aid in its accomplishment. Amid frequent attacks of ill health, she laboured with an energy much beyond her bodily strength. Besides being secretary to an association which was formed among the missionaries' wives for mutual encouragement and assistance in rearing and educating their own children, she succeeded in forming a school for teaching native female children. This was regarded at the time as a singular triumph over the prejudices of the Hindoos.

The Mission now made rapid progress. Several natives were admitted members of the church by baptism, and three native preachers were set apart to the work of the ministry. Meanwhile, Mrs. Winslow continued to labour in the important duties which devolved upon her, connected not merely with her own family, but with the heathen children in the mission-house. The following account of these last is given in a letter which she wrote in January 1823 to a friend in America:—

"I should like to make you acquainted with my little family of heathen children, and some of the trials I have with them. These children are comforts in prospect. Now, they require so much patience, forbearance, and self-denial, that I sometimes think myself altogether inadequate to the proper management

of them. Indeed, I feel more need of being furnished from above, to discharge my duties towards these children, than for almost any thing else. They are heathen children, from the first moment of life accustomed to witness scenes of vice which scarcely ever enter the minds of children in Christian countries, and as soon as they can speak and go alone, to imitate the examples of their parents, and often to obey their commands, in lying, stealing, and swearing. It is impossible at once to make them feel that these things are sinful, or in any way to break up their bad habits. I am obliged to put every thing under lock and key, that would be a temptation to these little creatures; for I know not that we have one in the family who would refrain from pilfering if there were an opportunity. It seems to be a part of their very nature to tell a lie if it will serve their purpose any better than the truth, and to lay their hands on any thing which they wish to possess. In these trials, however, we have the happiness of seeing that they fear and love us, and become more and more conformed to our precepts. We have, besides, a rational and sure prospect, that it will eventually be better with these children than with their fathers."

Such was the success of the boarding-establishments, that the Missionaries began to think of devising some means for raising the standard of education in their institutions. It was accordingly proposed to commence a school on a more extended scale, so as to embrace within the range of their system of teaching not merely the literature of the country, but the English language and the elements of European science. The great ob-

ject contemplated by this enlargement of their original plan, was to prepare catechists, schoolmasters, and in course of time native preachers; and it was also a subsidiary design, to destroy that intricate system of false science and philosophy which is so interwoven with the superstition and idolatry of the East, that, as has been often said, they must all stand or fall together. This school was accordingly commenced at Batticotta, and has gradually increased until it has become one of the most flourishing institutions in the East. The plan, it will be observed, as well as the object of the Mission seminary at Ceylon, is very similar in character to that of the General Assembly's Institution at Calcutta; and the wisdom of the views which have given rise to both of them, is shown by the very flattering success which, by the divine blessing, has attended them.

Soon after commencing the seminary for boys it was judged right to establish also a central school for girls. Such an institution was accordingly begun at Oodooville, principally under the charge of Mrs. Winslow; and the efficiency with which her operations were conducted, as well as the evident blessing from on high which descended upon her labours, have been abundantly manifest. All the girls who had passed through a regular course at school previous to her death were members of the Church, and not one of them, though twenty-four in number, had, up to the period when her Memoir was published (1833,) reflected discredit upon their Christian profession.

The numbers who flocked to the Missionaries for instruction were such as to give the most cheering pros-

pects of the Mission, both in regard to adults and the young. The establishment of the seminaries for both boys and girls was the means of exciting considerable interest among the natives. Many inquirers appeared, who were anxious to learn the way of salvation; and in 1824, the Missionaries had the high satisfaction of admitting to the Church no fewer than forty-one at one time. We extract an account of their baptism:—

"The large temporary building erected for the occasion, was in a scattered grove of palm trees, in the village of Santillepay, which is central to all our stations. It was about one hundred feet long, and nearly seventy in width. At one end was placed a decent pulpit, brought from one of our stations, and towards the other the floor of earth was made a little ascending, to bring the audience into view, as they sat upon it, on neat mats, with which the whole was spread. The top and sides of the building, which were covered with the braided leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, were lined with white cotton cloth, giving the whole a light and neat appearance. In front were two or three fine spreading trees, like large branching elms. On one side, open rice fields were in sight, and on the other thick gardens filled with large fruit trees, shading the low mud-walled and leaf-covered houses of the natives. In the rear was a school bungalow, where many heathen children had been taught the first principles of Christianity, and the Word of God had been often preached, and prayer frequently offered, but neither the place where the temporary Church stood, nor the adjacent habita-

. After the baptism, the candidates
of the Church rose together, and en-
t with the Lord and with each other
ns. The affecting ordinance of the
then administered to seventy native
teen of our own number, including
other denominations. As the con-
persing, we united in singing, 'Come
ourney pursue.' It has been indeed
lemnity."

of 1825, Mrs. Winslow's health be-
paired that a removal from the island
utely necessary. Unwilling to quit
he retired for a few weeks to a small
rounded by the sea, a few miles west
This change, however, having been
, she consented to undertake a voyage,
her husband, to Madras. On their ar-
n, they proceeded without delay, to
au, who gave it as his opinion, that
r proceed by sea to Calcutta, or try a
Having resolved on the former alterna-
ked for Calcutta, and in the course of
a fortnight they reached that city in
hey remained for nearly three months
n, in the course of which Mrs. Win-
ch improved in health. She suffered
however, by the arrival of melancholy
ylon. In the inscrutable arrangements
idence, two of her children, whom she
her, were both cut down, in the midst
the cholera. The same letter which

tions, had ever resounded with the voice of prayer or praise.

" In front of the pulpit was the communion table, before which, in the form of a half-moon, were the candidates, forty-one in number, and native members. Back from these, through the centre of the building, were the head men and other more respectable natives, while the common people occupied either side. In all from twelve to fifteen hundred were present. There would probably have been twice that number, but for the prevalence of the cholera in the village at the time, and a heavy fall of rain the preceding night.

" The exercises were appropriate and well received. At the close of the sermon, the candidates rose, and were addressed on the nature and design of the ordinance of baptism ; after which, having given their assent to the articles of faith, they came forward one by one—from a small girl of twelve, to a grey-headed man of seventy, and received baptism in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. It was very affecting. The names of Dwight, Huntington, Martyn, and Parsons among the lads, and Harriet Newell, Susan Huntington, and others among the girls, as pronounced over them, brought many tears into our eyes, and excited many aspirations from our hearts, that the spirits of those whose names they bear might rest on them. The old man, whose head was nearly as white as the cloth round his body, came forward trembling, and as he bowed his aged locks to receive the emblematic water and the name of Andrew, he seemed to say, ' Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' This

Andrew is a fisher. After the baptism, the candidates and the members of the Church rose together, and entered into covenant with the Lord and with each other to walk as Christians. The affecting ordinance of the Lord's Supper was then administered to seventy native members, and sixteen of our own number, including three brethren of other denominations. As the congregation were dispersing, we united in singing, 'Come let us anew, our journey pursue.' It has been indeed a day of joyful solemnity."

In the summer of 1825, Mrs. Winslow's health became so much impaired that a removal from the island was deemed absolutely necessary. Unwilling to quit the post of duty, she retired for a few weeks to a small fort on a rock surrounded by the sea, a few miles west from Batticotta. This change, however, having been found insufficient, she consented to undertake a voyage, accompanied by her husband, to Madras. On their arrival in that town, they proceeded without delay, to consult a physician, who gave it as his opinion, that they should either proceed by sea to Calcutta, or try a land journey. Having resolved on the former alternative, they embarked for Calcutta, and in the course of little more than a fortnight they reached that city in safety. There they remained for nearly three months of the cold season, in the course of which Mrs. Winslow became much improved in health. She suffered a severe shock, however, by the arrival of melancholy tidings from Ceylon. In the inscrutable arrangements of Divine Providence, two of her children, whom she had left behind her, were both cut down, in the midst of health, by the cholera. The same letter which

brought this painful intelligence, contained accounts also of the death of Mrs. Woodward, and of two native adult members of the Church, and one candidate for admission.

Mrs. Winslow returned home by way of Madras towards the commencement of 1826, when she resumed her labours with as much energy and activity as her still weak constitution would permit. The Missionaries were cheered by the promising appearance which the natives presented, many listening with attention to the message of divine truth, who had formerly lent a deaf ear to its precious statements, and evincing an eagerness that their children, both male and female, should be made acquainted with the Christian system. In these circumstances, every opportunity was embraced of gratifying the desire of instruction which had thus been awakened among the natives, and the hallowed sensibilities of Mrs. Winslow were roused in behalf of the poor inquiring heathen around her. While rejoicing, however, in the remarkable success of the mission, she was called to endure a severe domestic trial, in the death of her youngest child, at the age of fifteen months. Both she and Mr. Winslow felt the stroke deeply, but they yielded a calm submission to the will of their heavenly Father. Trials, it has been often remarked, often succeed each other rapidly in the experience of the Christian. Scarcely had she recovered from her sorrow on the loss of her child, and found herself engaged in the engrossing employments of the mission, when intelligence arrived from America of the death of her father. This was to her a very painful event, and the consolatory letter which she ad-

dressed to her mother is very touching. It is as follows:—

"I have now the painful task of saying, that your letters, containing the intelligence of my dear father's death, have come to hand. And is he indeed gone? Gone to make one of that multitude, who cast their crowns before Him who sitteth on the throne, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts?' Can it be that all his doubts, and fears, and cares, have ceased for ever? Is my beloved mother a widow, and have we no father? I cannot realize that it is so; and yet it has long been expected. But what shall I say to you, my dear mother? How can I tell you, at this distance, how I feel; or help you to bear the heavy burden? It would be vain to attempt either; and I rejoice and give thanks that you are comforted and strengthened by Him, who alone is able to help you. You are very solitary. Oh! how little can I conceive how many hours there are when, perhaps, it is difficult for you to say, 'Thy will be done!' But do, my beloved mother, be comforted by thinking, that it is in kindness to you that you are bereaved—not in judgment. Think of the joys of those who see Jesus as he is. Could you not, when our dear father lived, bear almost any pain cheerfully, while you saw him exempt from it? and was it not your happiness to see him happy? How much more, then, may you now rejoice, because his joy is full!"

In the latter end of 1831, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow came to the resolution of sending their son Charles to prosecute his education in America. However judi-

cious the step might be, it was painful to the heart of a parent to be separated from an affectionate and dutiful child. But, yielding to the call of duty, they parted with him, hoping that if it was the Lord's will he would return to them in the course of a few years, when he might be able to take a part in the labours of the mission. In a few weeks after their son's departure, they took a voyage to the southern part of the island, partly on business, and partly for the improvement of the health of their daughter Harriet, which had been declining for some time previous. After spending two or three months at, and in the neighbourhood of, Colomba, they returned in safety to Jaffna. Long and anxiously did they wait for the arrival of a letter announcing the arrival of their dear son on the shores of America. The delay was agonizing to the mind of Mrs. Winslow, and at length she began to dread the worst. Too soon, alas! her fears were realized. Tidings came at once of his arrival in America, and of his having been cut off only three weeks after he had reached his friends. The stroke was heavy, but he who inflicted it supported Mrs. Winslow under its severity. For some time she was unable to write, but at length we find her thus giving vent to her feelings in a letter to her mother:—

"I feel that I must begin another letter to you, though it will be but a beginning; as it is now ten o'clock, and we are a family of invalids. I have written but a few lines since the intelligence reached us that our beloved Charles had so early finished his course; not, my dear mother, that I loved you or

others less, or that I had nothing to say, but because it is not easy to clothe in language the heart's deep sorrow. I never felt the chastening hand of God so heavy upon me; though I trust I can say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' It was a seasonable warning. I am thankful that our heavenly Father thus graciously aroused me; that he did not leave me to be wholly engrossed by my dear earthly ones, but reminded me that this is not my rest. My earnest desire and prayer is, that he will draw me to Himself, and fix my wandering heart upon Him who is 'the chiefest among ten thousand.' Had I chosen the form of discipline, it would have been different, but doubtless this is best. May it accomplish all for which it was sent! It would have been a great comfort to have had our dear boy see and know his grandmother. Indeed, as it was the will of God to remove him, this was almost our only regret. But we are thankful that he reached our dear friends, and did not sicken and die among strangers, or at sea. His journal, and all that we hear of him, are just what we should expect—just like himself. How kind in our compassionate Saviour, so to comfort his heart, when it was sorrowful on board ship! Often had he been reminded, that he must go to Him with every sorrow and every difficulty; and many unworthy prayers were offered, that he who took little children in his arms, and blessed them, would comfort this lowly one. I have many precious recollections of seasons of prayer and conversation with him, and am thankful that there was so much pleasant and desirable in his cha-

racter; and, for our comforting belief, 'that now,' as little Edward Spaulding says, 'his head has a beautiful crown upon it,' and that he has entered upon the joys of heaven. It is consoling to think of one so dear having escaped the pollutions of the world, and joined the company of heaven. There, we hope, are five of our little ones. Surely we have reason to think of our treasure above."

The death of her son Charles seems to have made a very deep impression on Mrs. Winslow's mind. From the date at which the intelligence reached her, she evidently looked forward more steadily to her own departure as not far distant. In the beginning of 1833, as she was then near her confinement, this presentiment of her approaching death was remarkably strong. All the concerns of the mission with which she was entrusted, she carefully arranged. A paper of hints was left in reference to the rearing of her children, and also a farewell letter to her husband. These arrangements, it was too soon apparent, were not in vain. Death was at hand. On the evening of Saturday the 12th of January, she was able to write a little in her Diary, but still she was not quite well. The next day was Sabbath, and to her it was the last Sabbath she was permitted to spend upon earth. It will be more interesting to our readers, however, that the closing scene should be recorded in the language of her bereaved husband, who thus writes, in a letter addressed to Mrs. Winslow's mother in America:—

"The Lord has often come very near unto you, and removed, one after another, your earthly comforts, un-

til, perhaps, you feel that you are almost desolate, and that the sources of consolation below are nearly dried up; but has not heavenly consolation descended into your soul, in proportion as creature comforts have failed? I doubt not that this has been the case, and that you are still able to say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' How trying, in your widowed state, to look upon our dear Charles only when nature was failing, or when he was laid out for the tomb! After all your hopes and expectations of clasping often to your arms the first-born of your beloved Harriet, and of seeing your eldest daughter in her eldest child, how trying the disappointment! Yet you could say, 'It is well, for the Lord hath done it.' And what Providence is there, however trying—however it may wither and blast our hopes, and scathe our very hearts—concerning which, as the will of God, we cannot say, 'It is well?' Yet, alas! we are weak; and unless supported from on high, there are dispensations of Providence which we cannot bear. We sink beneath great waters. Such an affliction has come upon me; and such, my dearly beloved mother, has come upon you. We are mutually and most deeply afflicted; for your and my beloved Harriet is gone! Yes; the wife of my youth —the partner of all my joys and sorrows—the mother of my three (now motherless) children is gone. That tender, that most affectionate heart, has ceased to beat; and all her anxious cares concerning those whom she loved as her own soul, are over. She has passed the Jordan, and is, I doubt not, in the heavenly Canaan, rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory. She is now in that world of 'spirits bright,' where no sin

or sorrow can enter. My dear afflicted mother, do not mourn, but rejoice. Our too dear Harriet is with her Saviour, whom she loved better than all here; though she loved us very much.

"But I must give you a few particulars. On Sunday she was somewhat ill, but went to church both forenoon and afternoon. I tried rather to dissuade her from going in the afternoon, and she at first concluded to stay at home; but, as the children wished it, she went, and seemed comfortable. On her return, she was a little fatigued, and lay down a short time on the bed; after which she rose and went down to tea. We then had family prayers. I read the forty-sixth Psalm, and made some remarks upon it, which appeared to interest her; and we conversed on the privilege of casting all our burdens upon the Lord. Afterwards she went to her room, heard the little girls repeat their hymns and lessons, and directed their devotions for the night.

"I went out to my study; but not being so well as usual, came in early. Finding the door of her room shut, and having a sick headache, I lay down on a couch. This was very unusual for me, and caused her to inquire a little anxiously about my health when she came from her room. She said, 'I cannot bear to see you so unwell;' and soon added,' 'I do not feel so well myself: I have a peculiar sensation in my breast.' I requested her to be as quiet as possible, and recommended that she should take a little laudanum, and lie down. She did so, and went to sleep; but in a short time awoke, feeling the same distress in her breast. I then immediately sent for Dr. Scudder and Mrs. Spauld-

ing, supposing that she was about to be confined. She was partially relieved of the distress by turns, but continued very uneasy, and unable to rest in any position. She frequently requested me to pray for her. Dr. Scudder came about two o'clock in the morning: he said that she had better be bled, and take a little more laudanum, and she would probably be relieved. He bled her freely, and she also vomited. This relieved her; so that she lay down quietly, and said that she felt quite at ease. She took a little coffee; and before she went to sleep, called me (as Mrs. Spaulding was taking care of her,) and insisted on my lying down on the couch, on account of my being unwell, saying, at the same time, 'Do you know, my dear, how good it is to be perfectly at ease after severe pain?' I said, 'You feel thankful.' Her reply was, 'Yes, I think I do. How good is the Lord!' She then very pleasantly bade me good-night, and fell quietly asleep. This was probably the last she knew on earth. After a short time, Mrs. S. noticed a peculiarity in her breathing, and attempted to wake her. As she did not succeed, she called Dr. S. and myself; but, as the sleep was quiet and pulse regular, there seemed to be no danger. We again left the room; but were soon called back to notice some slight twitches of the eyes and face, which were, ere long, followed by a convulsive fit. We were then greatly alarmed, and Dr. S. used every exertion to prevent a recurrence of the spasms. All was without success; and, after two or three returns of the convulsions, the breath of my beloved wife grew shorter and shorter, and, a little before six o'clock on Monday

morning, the 14th instant, without a struggle or a groan, she resigned her spirit.

" The funeral took place at five o'clock, P. M., of the same day. We sang at the house, ' Why should we mourn departing friends,' &c.; and at the grave, ' Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,' &c.; and I believe all felt that they expressed our sentiments, our feelings, and our hopes. The mortal remains were deposited in the church near those of our dear George:—thus was one babe by the side, and one in the arms, of the fond mother; and the spirits of six are, I trust, with her before the throne. Oh! how she loved them; how she prayed for them; how assured was she of their final salvation! She was indeed a precious mother as well as wife and missionary.

" Our departed Harriet had for the last few months been fast ripening for heaven; especially since we heard of Charles' death. How severe was that stroke! But what rich blessings did it bring! It made her lean more entirely on her Saviour. She had, under that affliction, new and peculiar evidence of the life of faith in her soul. On Saturday evening she expressed her feelings in her Diary; and on Sabbath noon renewed her coverant with God—a covenant made twenty-five years ago. This was her finishing work. It was the last time she signed her name. As she had no opportunity for preparation after she became ill, it is most gratifying and consoling that she left these last memorials of her unwavering trust in God. She had, in every respect, set her ' house in order,' as though she fully anticipated being thus removed, almost in an in-

stant, from all these scenes. But I did not at all expect, nor was I at all prepared for the shock. Much had I anticipated my own death; little had I thought that the desire of my eyes would be taken away as with a stroke. Yet it has been done by the hand of a Father; I dare not, I cannot murmur. I bless His holy name, that he took my beloved so gently, and that she met the enemy without knowing of his approach, for he was disarmed."

Thus was the Ceylon Mission deprived of one of its most efficient members, and the Church of Christ of a bright ornament. It is pleasing, however, to reflect, that since the death of this devoted female, two of her sisters have become connected, by marriage, with the same mission, and are labouring on the very spot where the remains of Mrs. Winslow are laid.

FINIS.

J. THOMSON, PRINTER, MILNE SQUARE.