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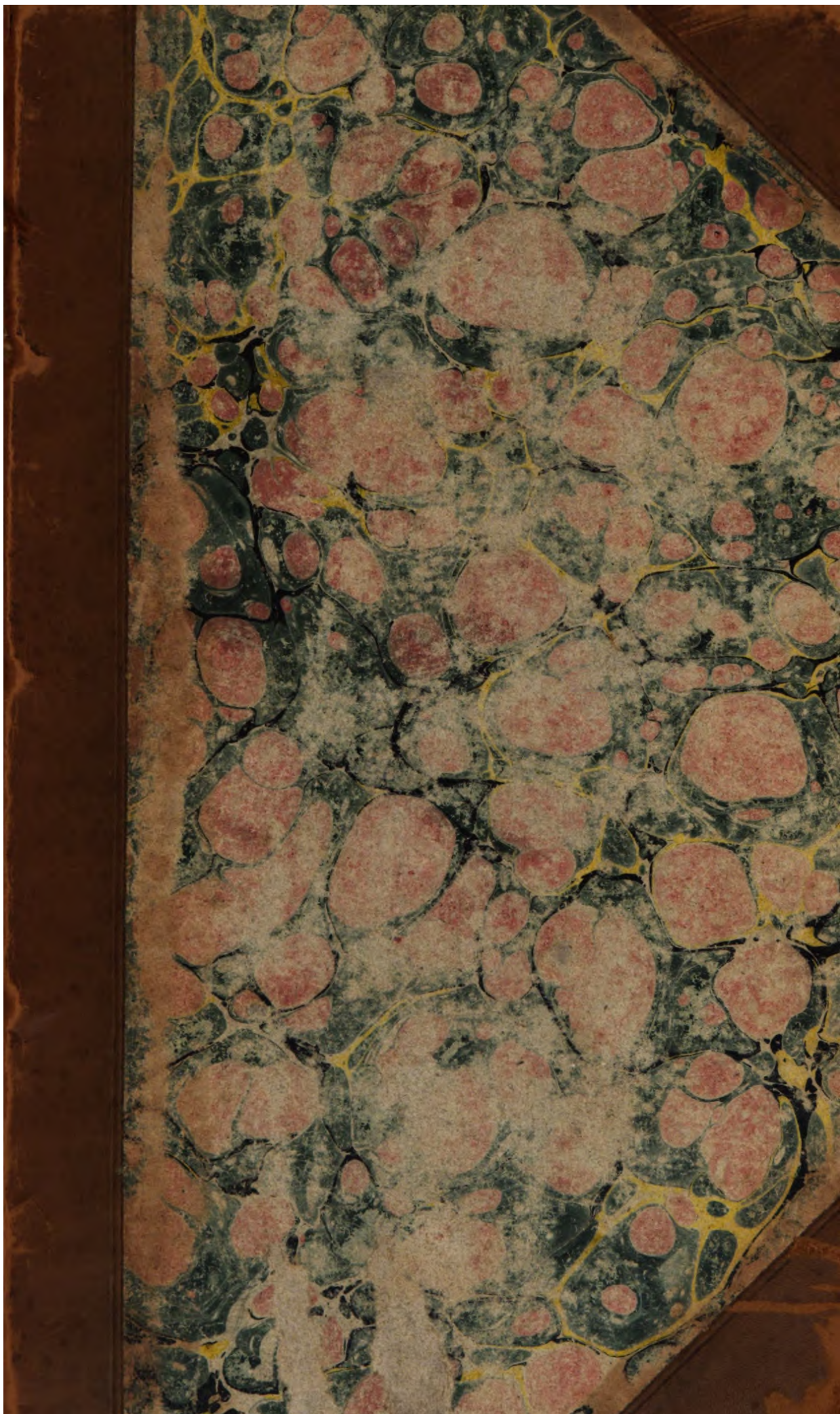
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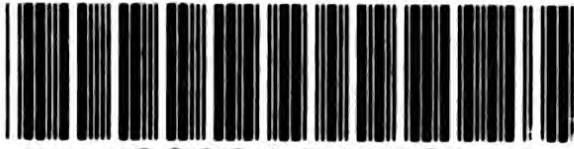


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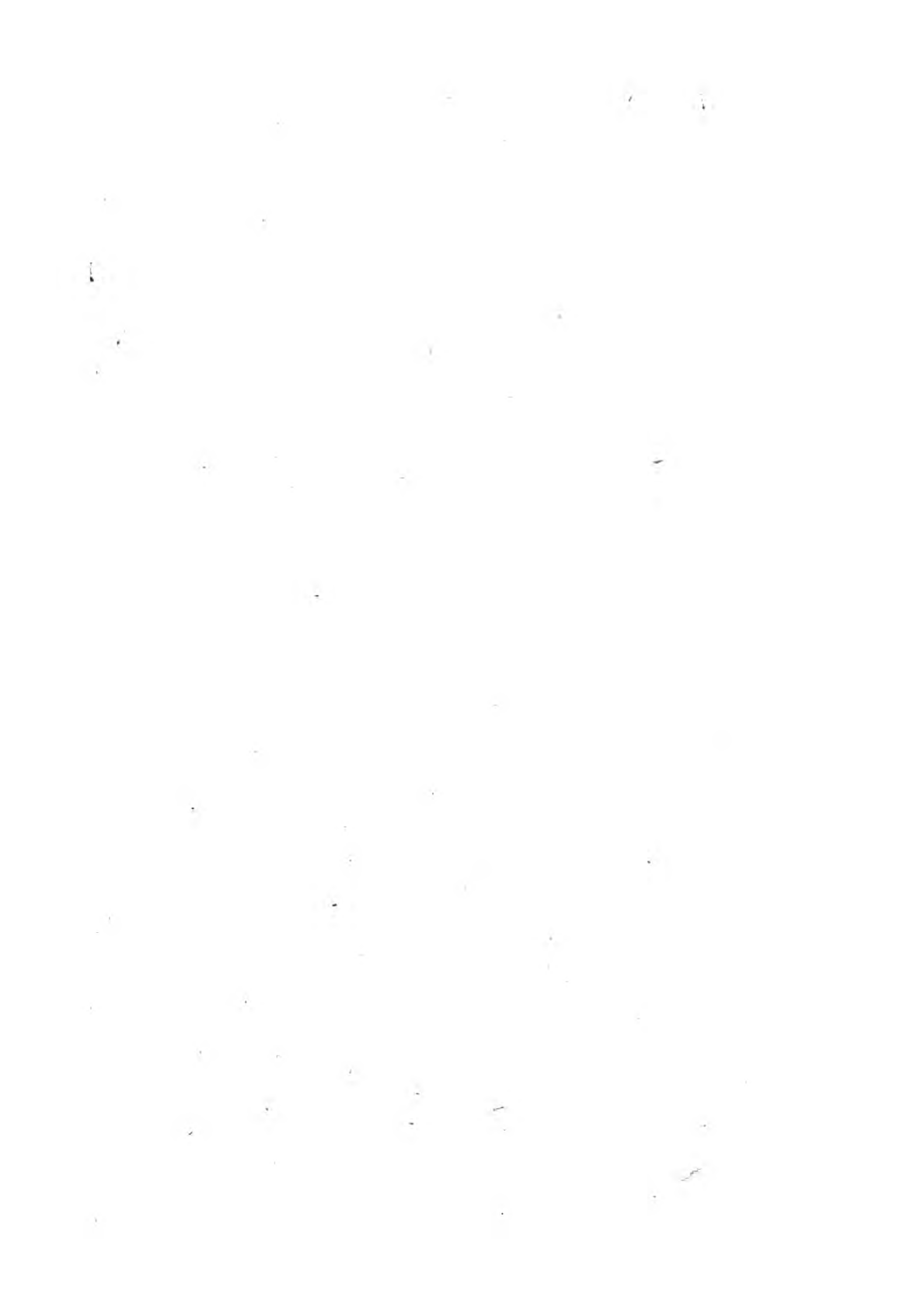


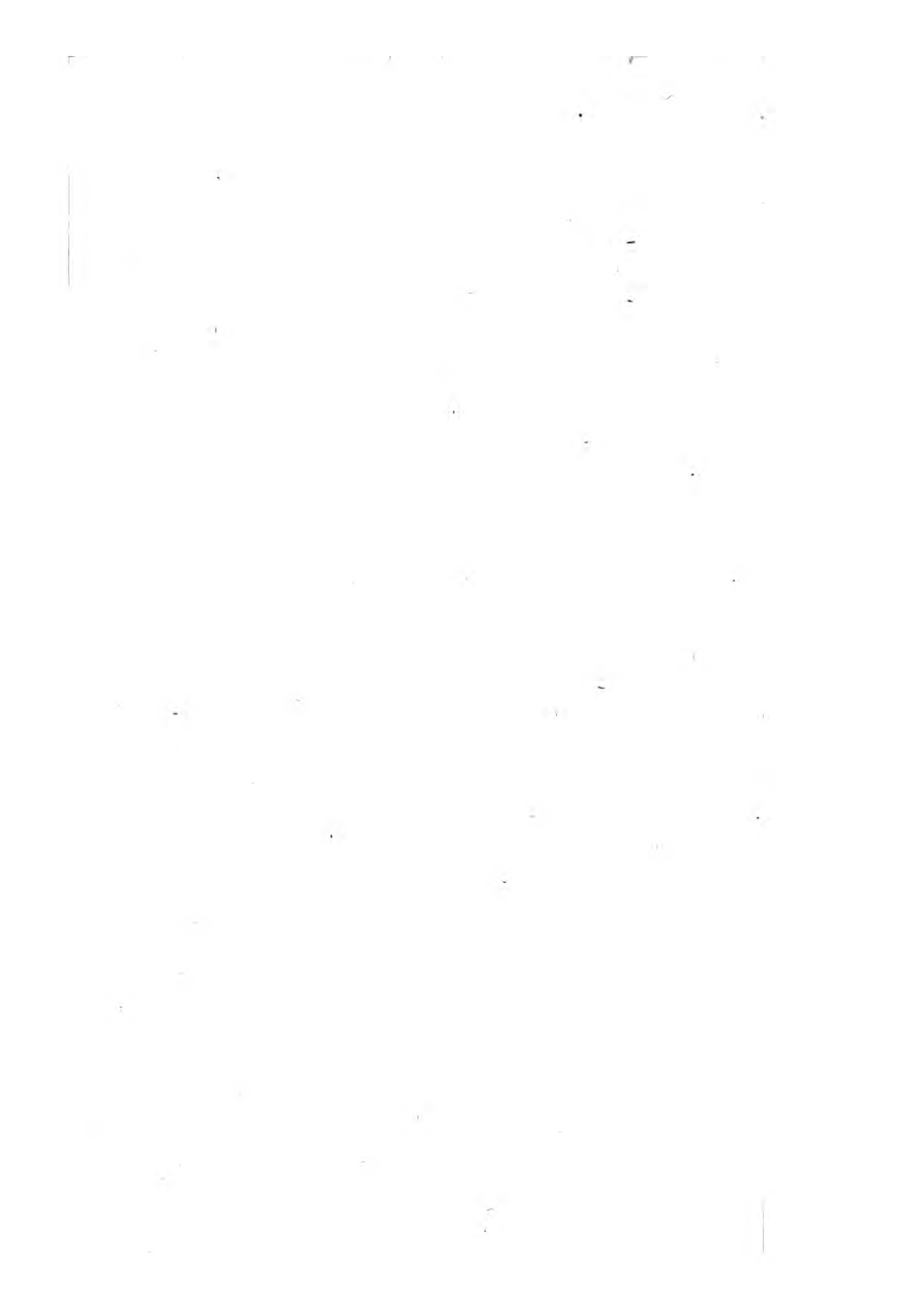


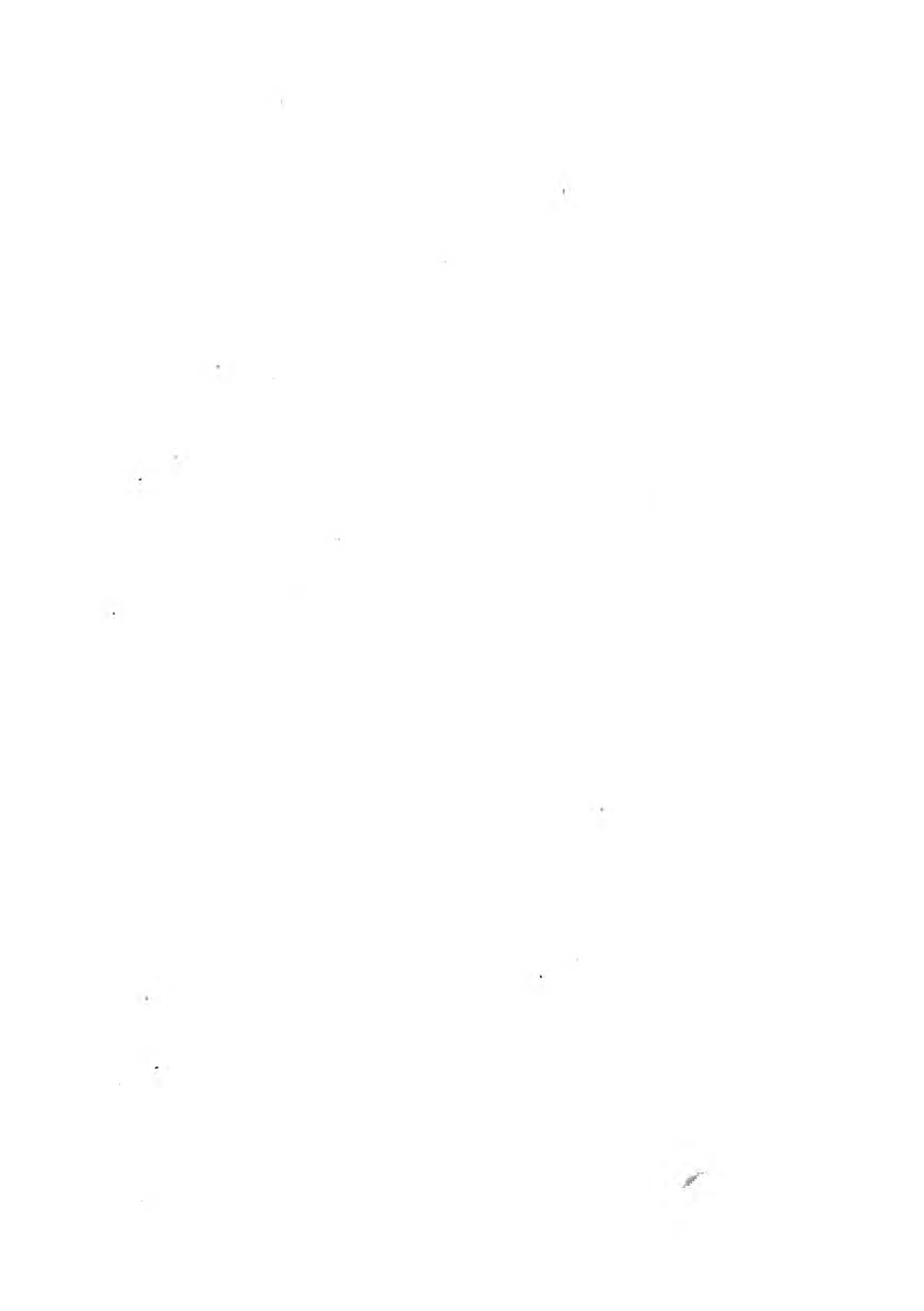
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"The light breeze of morning played on her moistened cheek"

Page 88.

London. Published by Harvey & Darton. Nov. 3rd 1829.

✓ 37 SELECT ^{L.A. 1831}
FEMALE BIOGRAPHY;

COMPRISING

MEMOIRS

OF

EMINENT BRITISH LADIES,

DERIVED

FROM ORIGINAL AND OTHER AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“The Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom displayed,” &c.

SECOND EDITION.

London :

PRINTED FOR HARVEY AND DARTON,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1829.

28.



TO
THE LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN,
THIS
LITTLE VOLUME
IS
AFFECTIONATELY AND RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED,
BY
THE AUTHOR.



INTRODUCTION.



To revive examples of the illustrious dead, and to concentrate, in a narrow compass, some of the brightest rays of moral and intellectual excellence, may be deemed an engagement of no inconsiderable utility; for there are none, however virtuous, who do not occasionally require to be reminded of their duty; none, however amiable, who may not be excited to higher attainments by the contemplation of superior merit.

The following pages are the result of this conviction. They have been written in the privacy of retirement, and are presented with a sincere desire to interest the mind, by a delineation of virtues sustained amidst all the diversities of human society, and to excite a serious consideration of the important connexion which subsists between the present character and future destiny.

A few of the articles have been abridged from the unpolished pages of a valuable old work*; and in making some necessary alterations in the language, with a view

* Gibbon's "Memoirs of Pious Women."

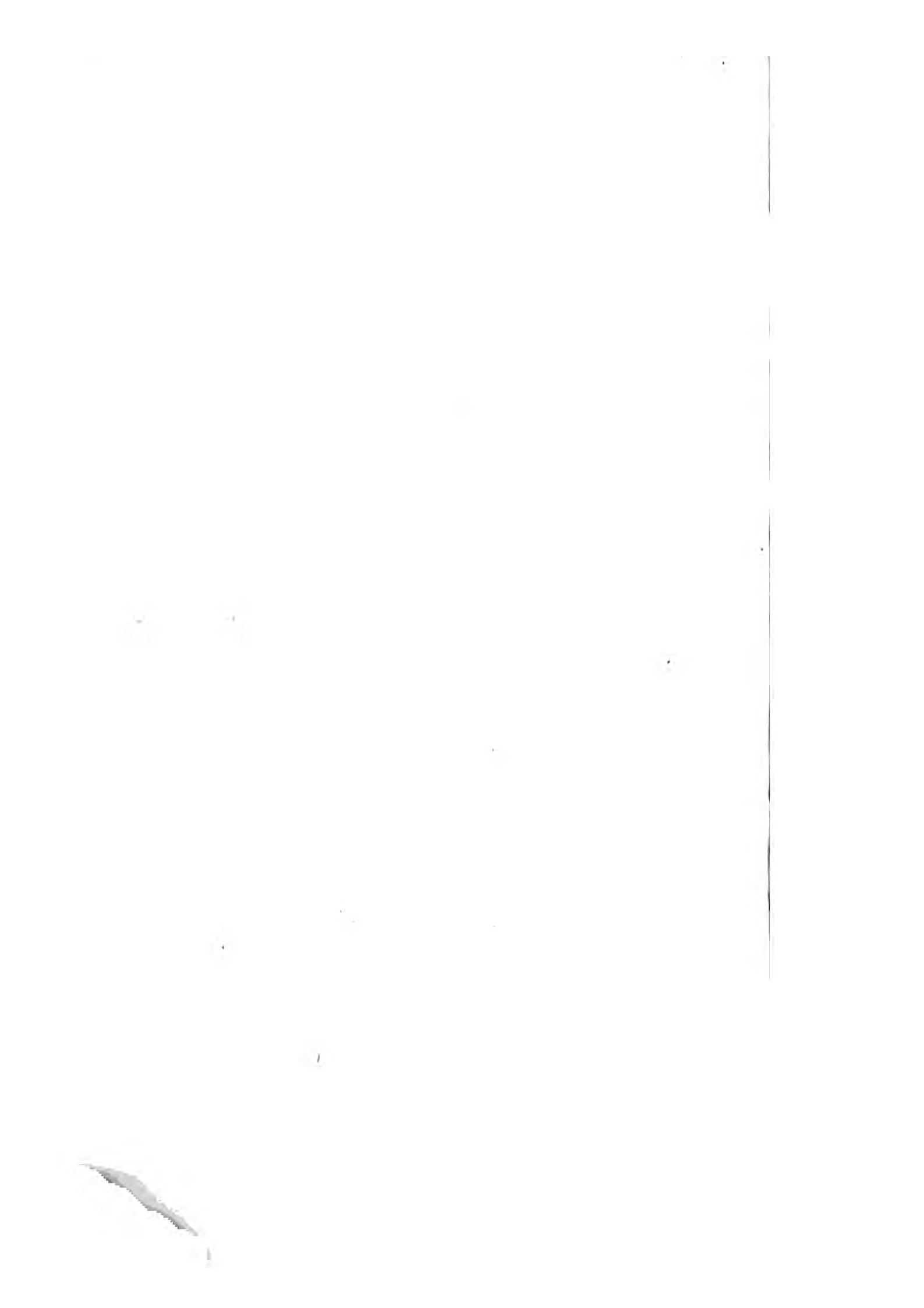
to render it more acceptable to the modern reader, I have carefully refrained from introducing a warmth of colouring, beyond that which truth would appear to justify.

My thanks are particularly due to the author of a "Father's Funeral Sermon," for additional particulars respecting his amiable daughter; and to William Withering, Esq. F. L. S. L. L. D. for biographical memoranda of a lady whose rare accomplishments and virtues rendered her the transcript of her gifted father. I have also to express my acknowledgments to some distinguished cotemporary biographers, to whose pages I have necessarily become indebted for different facts connected with individual articles.

Happy shall I deem myself, if the bright examples of suffering virtue, of exalted piety, of active benevolence, and of talents chastened and improved by the noblest principles, should cherish in the bosom of the reader, any of those valuable qualities, which, even in the bleak and churlish atmosphere of this world, bring forth abundant fruits of refreshment and consolation.

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FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.



MRS. ANN ASKEW.



“ Like as the armed knight,
Appointed to the field,
With this world will I fight,
And faith shall be my shield.”

MRS. ASKEW'S Prison Thoughts.



THERE is not, throughout the whole extent of human observation, a more interesting spectacle, than that of a Christian rejoicing in tribulation, enabled by the sustaining influence of religion, to rise superior to the pressure of the most intolerable calamities, and even retaining his constancy in the midst of sufferings, which the feeling mind shrinks back from contemplating. But how much is our admiration heightened, and what trains of solemn and afflicting images crowd upon the mind, when the object of sympathy and veneration is a youthful and accomplished female; consigned to all the violence of persecution by the unrelenting cruelty of those,

whom Heaven and nature had equally appointed her protectors! not for any dereliction of moral principle, or deficiency in active virtue, but, because her religious principles were derived from the reading of that sacred volume, which is alike offered us under all circumstances, but which we, alas! are too frequently disposed to consider rather as a friend, whose assistance may be required in the season of adversity, than as the cherished companion of our happier hours.

The difference is a wide and essential one, between supporting the character of a Christian when surrounded by all the accompaniments of domestic happiness and social gratification, and of retaining an unaltered character under the oppressions of an inhuman husband, the solitude of a dungeon, and the prospect of racks and fires; yet such was the case with Mrs. Askew. Her unmerited sufferings and heroic death, have afforded a triumphant instance, that, although deprived of every earthly consolation, and surrounded by all the horrors which imagination can conceive, the peace of a good conscience, and the prospect of a happy eternity, can enable their possessor to welcome with a smile the pale messenger of death.

This amiable young woman was the daughter of Sir William Askew or Ayscough, of Kelsey, in the county of Lincoln. Her natural talents

were of a very superior description, and they were improved by the advantage of a learned education, which, according to the custom of that time, she had received in common with ladies of her rank. Unfortunately for the happiness of his daughter, the disposition of Sir William Ayscough was extremely mercenary; and, on the death of her eldest sister, who had been engaged in marriage to a rich gentleman of the name of Kyme, she was compelled, though exceedingly against her inclination, to give him her hand.

The following account of this unfortunate connexion, which appears to have been the source of many of her afflictions, is thus related in Bale's "Lattre Examinacyons of Anne Askew," and is peculiarly interesting, not only from its originality, but also as affording a striking proof of the native sweetness of her disposition:

"Concernynge Mastre Kyme, thys shulde seme to be the matter. Her father, Sir Wyllyam Askewe, knight, and hys father, olde Mastre Kyme, were sumtyme neybers, within the countye of Lyncolneshyre. Whereupon, the said Sir Wyllyam covenanted with hym for lucre, to have hys eldest daughter marryed with hys sonne and heyre, an ungodlye manner, in Englande moch used amonge noble men.

And as it was her chaunce to dye afore the tyme of marryage, to save the moneye, he constrayned thys (Anne Askewe) to supplye her rowme. So that in the ende, she was compelled against her wyll or fre consent to marrye with him. Notwithstandinge, the marryage once past, she demeaned herselfe lyke a Christen wyfe, and had two children. In processe of tyme, by oft readyng of the sacred Bible, she fell clerelye from all olde supersticyons of Papystry to a perfyght beleve in Jhesus Christ, whereby she so offended the prestes, that he at their suggestion drove her out of hys house. Whereupon she thought herselfe free from that uncomely kynde of coacted marryage by thys doctrine of Saint Paule. 1 Cor. vii. If a faythful woman have an unbelevinge husband, which will not tarrye with her, she maye leave hym, for a brother or sister is not in subjectyon to soch. Upon this occasyon, I heard saye, she sought of the law a dyvorcement from hym, namelye, and above all, bycause he so cruellye drove her out of his house in despyghte of Christes veryte. She could not think him worthy of her marryage, whych so spyghtfullye hated God, the chefe autor of marryage. Of thys matter was she first examyned, I thynke at his instaunt laboure and sute."

In consequence of the harsh treatment of

her husband, Mrs. Askew* hastened to London, where she resolved to implore the protection of the king against the persecutions of her husband's family, who, exasperated by the religious sentiments which she had adopted, still continued to follow her with the most unrelenting animosity. Alas! that king was no other than Henry VIII., who, although he had cast off the temporal authority of the Pope, was warmly attached to the opinions of the church of Rome, and had not the slightest regard for the rights of conscience.

Several ladies of the court of England, and especially queen Catherine Parr, who was a zealous friend to the Reformation, were, however, warmly interested in the merit and misfortunes of Mrs. Askew; and while they secretly endeavoured to promote the gradual extension of that light, which had lately begun to revisit a world involved in moral darkness, they sought to shelter under the patronage of royalty itself, the virtuous and accomplished fugitive who had fled to them for refuge. But these distinguished ladies had powerful enemies at court, and they were consequently obliged to act with considerable caution. Gardiner, bishop of Winchester,

* Mrs. Askew appears never to have taken the name of Kyme.

and Wriothesley, lord chancellor, had in vain attempted to deprive them of the favour of the king; and they, at length, resolved to seize upon Mrs. Askew as their victim, hoping, that some particulars might be wrested from her, respecting the private opinions of her avowed protectors, which might pave the way for the downfall of the queen herself.

The period of her first commitment was, however, of short duration; and after undergoing several private examinations, and daily expecting to be conveyed to the stake, she was released from the loathsome dungeon in which she had been confined, and again restored to the society of her friends. Scarcely, however, had she begun to hope that the malevolence of her enemies was satisfied, before she was again seized; and being brought before the privy council, underwent a rigorous examination on the subject of her religious faith. Her answers were modest and dignified, yet completely unreserved; and she was, of course, recommitted to Newgate, from whence she wrote a letter to the king, in which she solemnly asserted her complete innocence of the various "evil doings" that had been laid to her charge; confessing, that, with regard to the eucharist, she did "believe so much as Christ hath said therein, and as much as the Catholic church did teach of him." But Henry had, by

his six bloody statutes, required something more: to these she refused her assent, and in consequence was removed from Newgate to the Tower,

“With many a foul and midnight murder fed.”

An interesting document is still preserved of the inhuman cruelties which were inflicted on this admirable young woman in the secret of the prison-house, where no eye pitied her, and where no friendly hand composed her aching limbs; but her God was with her, and supported and upheld her under all the sufferings which her savage persecutors were permitted to inflict.

—————“I saw her,” said Mr. Loud, (a member of Lincoln’s Inn, and tutor to Sir Richard Southwell,) “and must needs confess of Mrs. Askew, now departed to the Lord, that the day afore her execution, and the same day also, she had an angel’s countenance, and a smiling face, though, when the hour of darkness came, she was so racked, that she could not stand, but was holden up between two sergeants.”

“On Tuesday,” continues Mrs. Askew, (in a letter to a friend, entitled, ‘The Effect of my Examination and Handling since my Departure from Newgate,’) “I was sent from my prison to the sign of the Crown, where Master Rich,

and the bishop of London, with all their power and flattering words, went about to persuade me from God; but I did not esteem their glozing pretences. Then came to me Nicholas Shaxton, and counselled me to recant as he had done. I said to him, 'that it had been good for him never to have been born,' with many other little words. Then Master Rich sent me to the Tower, where I remained 'till three of the clock. Then came Rich, and one of the council, (Sir John Baker,) charging me, upon my obedience, to shew them if I knew any man or woman of my sect. My answer was, 'that I knew none.' Then they asked me of my lady of Suffolk, my lady of Sussex, my lady of Hertford, my lady Denny, and my lady Fitzwilliams. To whom I answered, 'If I should pronounce any thing against them, that I were not able to prove it.' Then said they unto me, 'that the king was informed that I could name, if I would, a great number of my sect.' I answered, 'that the king was well deceived in that behalf, as he was dissembled with by them in other matters.' Then commanded they me, 'to shew how I was maintained in the Counter, and who willed me to stick to my opinion?' I said, 'that there was no creature that therein did strengthen me, and as for the help that I had in the Counter, it was by the

means of my maid; for, as she went abroad in the streets, she made moan to the 'prentices, and they by her did send me money; but who they were I never knew.' Then they said, 'there were divers gentlewomen that gave me money.' I said, 'I knew not their names.' Then they said, 'that there were divers ladies that sent me money.' I answered, 'that there was a man in a blue coat that gave me ten shillings, and said that the lady of Hertford sent it me; and another in a violet coat gave me eight shillings, and said my lady Denny sent it me. Whether it were true or no I cannot tell, for I am not sure who sent it me; but as the maid did say.' Then they said, 'there were of the council that did maintain me;' and I said, 'no.' Then they did put me to the rack, because I confessed no ladies or gentlewomen to be of my opinion, and thereon they kept me a long time, and because I lay still, and did not cry, my lord chancellor and Master Rich took pains to rack me with their own hands 'till I was nigh dead. Then the lieutenant caused me to be loosed from the rack. Incontinently I swooned, and they recovered me again. After that I sat two long hours reasoning with the lord chancellor upon the bare floor, where he, with many flattering words, persuaded me to leave my opinion.

But, my Lord God, I thank his everlasting goodness, gave me grace to persevere, and will do so I hope to the very end. Then was I brought to an house, and laid in a bed, with as weary and painful bones as had ever patient Job. I thank my Lord God therefore. Then, my lord chancellor sent me word, 'if I would leave my opinion, I should want nothing; if I would not, I should forthwith go to Newgate, and so to be burned.' I sent him word, 'I would rather die than break my faith.'

“Thus the Lord open the eyes of their blind hearts, that the truth may take place. Farewell, dear friend, and pray, pray, pray.”

During the short period of Mrs. Askew's continuance in prison, she wrote several admirable letters to her different friends, with devotional pieces in prose and verse. Some of these have been preserved by the care of that zealous historian, bishop Bale; and do equal credit to her piety and talents.

On the day of execution, being disabled from walking, she was carried to Smithfield in a chair. Several other persons were also condemned to suffer, amongst whom was Mr. Lascelles, who had been her tutor. On being fastened to the stake, a last effort was made to shake her constancy by the offer of the royal pardon, on the

same condition as it had been tendered before. To this Mrs. Askew replied, with becoming indignation, "that she did not come there to deny her Lord and Master." The mayor immediately proclaimed, with a loud voice, that justice should be done. The wood was kindled, the flames arose, a few large drops of rain descended on the fatal pile, as if maternal nature wept the obduracy of her sons, while a sudden clap of thunder shook the air, and soon a mouldering heap of ashes was all that remained of this little band of martyrs.

Mrs. Askew was burnt in the twenty-fifth year of her age, 1546.

Such was the death of this heroic lady, at once terrible and glorious. She passed through the fiery trial, she was purified in the furnace of affliction; and we may humbly trust that her happy spirit was permitted to make one of that innumerable multitude, which no man could number, who had come out of great tribulation, and were clothed in white robes, with palms in their hands; whose united voices of rapturous adoration, were as the sound of mighty thunderings, or of many waters, or of angels harping with their harps.

Ah! why do we weep for the sufferings of fallen humanity! This world is but a state of probation. Those who live on its surface are

immortal. There is another state beyond the grave, there is a fairer country, a better land. It can be nothing to those pure, enlightened spirits, beings in endless and inconceivable felicity, that for them the cup of life was mingled with many drops of bitterness. The remembrance of the past, if that remembrance is granted them, may add to their happiness, but it cannot diminish their felicity. They may possibly have in view the scene of all their former actions, and derive no inconsiderable part of their blessedness from retracing those adverse incidents, and dark events, which the hand of Providence allotted them, and which were rendered by his controlling power, "who does all things well," the operating causes of their moral improvement, and consequent attainment of the approbation of their God. Nor is it presumptuous to suppose, that the Eternal may communicate to those glorious spirits, his immediate attendants, a portion of that intelligence which knows all things, past, present, and to come, and which discovers the thoughts of every human breast; thus enabling them to perceive, that their bright examples, and holy admonitions, have been the means of bringing many of their fellow-mortals to share a portion of their felicity, and that the same means are still operating, and will still continue

to operate, on the minds of unnumbered others, till the fiat of Omnipotence shall proclaim in a voice of thunder, that time itself shall be no more.

Authorities.—Fox's "Acts and Monuments," Rapin's "History of England," Bale's "Examinations," &c.

LADY JANE GREY.

“Thy force alone, Religion, death disarms,
 Breaks all his darts, and every viper charms;
 Soften'd by thee, the grisly form appears
 No more the horrid object of our fears;
 We undismay'd this awful power obey,
 That guides us through the safe, the gloomy way,
 Which leads to life, and to the blest abode,
 Where ravish'd minds enjoy, what here they own'd, a God.”

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

LADY JANE GREY was the daughter of Henry Grey, marquis of Dorset, afterwards duke of Suffolk, and lady Frances Brandon, and was descended from the royal line of England, by both her parents. She was a lady of an amiable person, an engaging disposition, accomplished parts, and great piety. She received her education with Edward VI., and seemed even to possess a greater facility in acquiring every part of manly and polite literature. She had attained a familiar acquaintance with the Greek and Roman languages, was well versed in Hebrew and Chaldee, besides several modern tongues; and expressed great indifference for the occupa-

tions and amusements which are usual with young ladies of her age and station. The conduct of her parents was extremely harsh, but she always submitted to them with the most dutiful attention. Roger Ascham, tutor to the lady, afterwards queen, Elizabeth, having one day paid her a visit, found her employed in reading Plato, while the rest of the family were engaged in a party of hunting in the park; and on his admiring the singularity of her choice, she told him, with a smile: "I wist all their sport is but a shadow to the pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never knew what true pleasure meant." This naturally leading him to enquire how a lady of her age had attained such a depth of knowledge, both in the language and philosophy of Plato, she made the following answer: "I will tell you, and I will tell you a truth, which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits which ever God gave me is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence of either father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, sometimes with pinches and other ways, (which I will not name for the honour I bear them,) so

without measure disordered, that I think myself in misery till time comes that I must go to Mr. Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, and with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him; and when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and wholly misliking of me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, that in respect of it, all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles, and troubles unto me."

In the year 1551, the father of lady Jane Grey was created duke of Suffolk, and the king's health having been for some time in a declining state, this ambitious nobleman, in conjunction with the duke of Northumberland, endeavoured to change the succession of the crown, and to transfer it to their own families. A marriage was accordingly concluded between lady Jane and lord Guildford Dudley, son of the duke of Northumberland. The nuptials were celebrated with the greatest splendour and festivity, and a short time after, when the young king was lamenting that his sister, princess Mary, would do her utmost to destroy the Reformation, which he had so anxiously endeavoured to establish, Northumberland represented to the king, that the readiest way to obviate the difficulty was, to

transfer the crown from his sister to lady Jane; enforcing his arguments at the same time with so many specious reasons, that the king, notwithstanding his attachment to the princess Elizabeth, was prevailed upon to alter the succession, as the only possible means of preserving the country from the most deplorable calamities.

No sooner was the settlement adjusted, than the health of Edward, which had long been in a precarious state, began still more visibly to decline, and this accomplished prince, shortly after, expired at Greenwich, in the year 1553, in the sixteenth year of his age, and seventh of his reign.

Measures having been adopted to secure the tranquillity of the country, and to paralyze, if possible, the efforts of the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, Northumberland finding that all further dissimulation was unnecessary, proceeded to Sion House, accompanied by the duke of Suffolk, the earl of Pembroke, and several of the nobility; and approaching the lady Jane, who resided there, with the utmost respect, informed her of her sudden elevation. Jane was in a great measure ignorant of these transactions; and it was with equal grief and surprise that she received the intelligence of them. Her heart, replete with serious studies, with the love of

literature, and with tenderness for her husband; who was deserving of her affection, had never opened itself to the flattering allurements of ambition; and the information of her elevation to the throne was by no means agreeable to her. She nobly pleaded the preferable title of the princesses, deplored the calamities which might result from her acceptance of the crown, and entreated to be permitted to remain in that private station, from which she could not emerge without the greatest danger, and to which she gave the most decided preference; adding, "My liberty is better than the chain you proffer me, with what precious stones soever it be adorned, and of what gold soever framed. I will not exchange my peace, for honourable and precious jealousies, for magnificent and golden fetters. And if you love me sincerely, and in good earnest, you will rather wish me a secure and quiet fortune, though mean, than an exalted condition, exposed to the wind, and followed by some dismal fall."

At length, overcome by the entreaties rather than the reasons of the dukes of Suffolk and Northumberland, her nearest connexions, and unable to resist the wishes of her husband, lord Guildford Dudley, whom she tenderly loved, she received the proffered crown, with all its uncertainties and dangers; and reluctantly suffered

herself to be conveyed by water to the Tower, which she entered with all the pomp and equipage of royalty, attended by the principal nobility, and having her train supported by her mother, the duchess of Suffolk. This lady, in the course of a few years, presented a most affecting instance of the instability of fortune; for, after the execution of her husband and eldest daughter, followed by the death of the second, (who was immured in prison by the arbitrary Elizabeth,) and the fallen circumstances of the third, who had married one of the guards of the Tower, she was discovered in a bleak November evening, lying in a church-porch, where, not having any home to go to, she had taken up her lodging for the night.

The accession of lady Jane was proclaimed in London with the usual solemnities, but without any of those rejoicings which are common on such occasions. The people were generally dissatisfied with the change in the succession, and Northumberland was so extremely odious to the country at large, that the idea of his having a share in the administration, rendered it impossible to adopt any effective measures for carrying his plans into execution. The nobility and gentry of the Romish persuasion flocked to the standard of queen Mary, and those who were attached to the reformed communion, received

the most solemn assurances that she would never alter the laws which her brother had established. The country people were also generally in her favour, and she accordingly entered the metropolis, attended by an immense concourse, and welcomed on every side by the shouts of the unthinking multitude. No sooner was queen Mary proclaimed by her party, than the duke of Suffolk, who also resided in the Tower, proceeded to the apartment of lady Jane, and in the softest terms, informed her of the change in their affairs, and that laying aside the state and dignity of a queen, she must again return to the situation of a private person. To this she readily replied, "I can better brook this message, than my former advancement to royalty: out of obedience to you, and my mother, I have grievously sinned, and offered violence to myself. Now, I do willingly, and as obeying the motion of my soul, relinquish the crown, and endeavour to salve the faults committed by others, by a willing relinquishment, and ingenuous acknowledgment of them." Thus ended the short reign of the lady Jane, but not the misfortunes which resulted from it. The dukes of Suffolk and Northumberland, with many of the nobility and gentry, who had favoured their cause, were brought prisoners to the Tower, and several of the most distinguished of them

paid the forfeit of their lives. Lady Jane, and lord Guildford Dudley, with archbishop Cranmer, and others, were carried from the Tower to Guildhall, where sentence of death was pronounced upon them by judge Morgan, who was shortly after so dreadfully affected by the remembrance of his injustice, that he died in a state of raving madness, uttering the most piercing cries, and beseeching his attendants to "take the lady Jane away from him."

Some fruitless attempts were made to excite a spirit of dissatisfaction in the country; but, as they were not attended with success, they only served to hasten the fate of lady Jane and lord Guildford; and the queen, who was unsusceptible of the feelings of generosity or clemency, determined to remove every person from whom the least danger could be expected. Warning was therefore given the lady Jane to prepare for death; a doom which she had long expected, and which the innocency of her life, as well as the cheerfulness with which she had looked forward to the happiness of a future state, rendered peculiarly welcome to her. The queen's bigoted zeal, under colour of tender mercy for the prisoner's soul, induced her to send some priests of the Romish persuasion, who harassed her with perpetual disputations; and even a reprieve of three days was granted

her, in hopes that she would be persuaded during that time, to pay, by a timely conversion, some regard to her eternal welfare. Lady Jane, however, was not to be shaken in her faith; and notwithstanding her melancholy circumstances, was able not only to defend her religion, but also to write a letter to her sister in the Greek language; in which, besides sending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance. On the day of her execution, her husband, lord Guildford, desired permission to see her, but she refused her consent; and informed him by a message, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and would too much unbend their minds from that constancy which their approaching end required of them: "their separation," she said, "would be only for a few moments; and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene, where their affections would be for ever united, and where death, disappointment, and misfortunes, could no longer have access to them, or disturb their felicity." It was the queen's intention to have executed lady Jane and lord Guildford together, on the same scaffold, at Tower-Hill; but the council dreading, that the compassion of the people might be excited by their youth, beauty, inno-

cence, and noble birth, changed its orders, and gave direction, that lady Jane should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. She saw her husband led to execution; and having given him some tokens of her remembrance from the window, she waited with tranquillity for her own appointed hour. She even saw his headless body wrapped in a linen cloth, as it passed by to the chapel within the Tower, “and expressed herself more confirmed by the reports which she heard of his constancy, than shaken by so melancholy and tender a spectacle.” She was then led to execution; and on Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, having desired her to favour him with some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her, she gave him her table-book, in which she had just written three sentences, on seeing her husband’s dead body; one in Greek, another in Latin, and a third in English. The purport of these was, that human justice was against him, but that she trusted Divine Mercy would be favourable to his soul; that if her faults deserved punishment, her youth, at least, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuse; and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favour. Having reached the scaffold, she addressed the spectators in a short but impressive speech, in which the mildness

of her disposition led her to take the blame wholly to herself, without uttering a single complaint against the severity with which she had been treated. She also thanked with great sweetness of expression and manner all those who had shown her any kindnesses; and having given her gloves and handkerchief to her women, Mrs. Elizabeth Tilney and Mrs. Helen, and her prayer-book to Sir John Bridges, lieutenant of the Tower, she began to prepare for death. On untying her gown, the executioner offered his assistance; this she declined, and turning to her women, they disrobed her, and gave her a handkerchief to bind about her eyes. The executioner kneeling, desired her pardon, to which she answered, "Most willingly." He then requested her to stand upon the straw, which brought her within sight of the block: addressing herself to the executioner, she said, "I pray you dispatch me quickly." Presently after, with the greatest composure, she began to bind the handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block, said: "What shall I do? Where is it?" On this, one of the spectators guided her to it; when, stretching herself forwards, she devoutly uttered, "Lord, into thine hands I commend my spirit!" Immediately the axe descended, and at one blow

her head was severed from her body. February 12, 1554.

Thus fell this accomplished lady in the bloom of life, who, as Fuller has justly observed, “united the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle life, and the gravity of old age, in her eighteenth year. She had the birth of a princess, the learning of a divine, and the life of a saint; and yet suffered the death of a malefactor for the offences of her parents.” We may humbly infer that she is now a star of the first magnitude, in the kingdom of her Father; since she had all the characteristics of a candidate for a glorious immortality. “Notwithstanding,” says Burnet, “her birth and parts, she was so humble, so gentle and pious, that all people both admired and loved her. She was neither lifted up by the hopes of a crown, nor cast down, when she saw her palace made her prison; but maintained an equal temper of mind in those great inequalities of fortune, which so suddenly exalted and depressed her. She rejoiced at her approaching end; since nothing could be to her more welcome, than to pass from this valley of misery to that heavenly throne to which she was to be exalted.”

In the apartment in which she was confined, the following Latin verses were found inscribed

with a pin, or a similar instrument, on the wall.

*Non aliena putes homini quæ obtingere possunt :
Sors hodierna mihi, cras erit illa tibi.*

*Deo juvante, nil nocet, livor malus,
Et non juvante, nil juvat labor gravis.
Post tenebras spero lucem.*

Which may be thus rendered:

Think not, O mortal, vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free:
The bitter cup I drink to-day,
To-morrow may be drunk by thee.

Fruitless all malice, if our God is nigh ;
Useless all pains, if he his help deny.
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the promise of eternal day.

Authorities.—Ascham's Works. Burnet's "History of the Reformation." Sir Thomas Chaloner. "Anecdotes of the Suffolk Family." Rapin and Hume's "History of England." Gibbon's "Memoirs," &c.

MRS. HUTCHINSON.

Music is capable of being rendered a noble and rational amusement, nay, more than an amusement; for it is calculated to promote the very best feelings of our nature. Why then, should the young ladies of the present age, prefer the acquisition of frivolous, or worse than frivolous songs, to those elegant effusions of the ablest pens, which improve the heart, and elevate the taste, and which even beings of angelic purity, might not disdain to hear?

“THE mother of colonel Hutchinson,” says the elegant author of his life, “was a ladie of as noble a familie as any in the county of Nottingham, of incomparable shape and beauty, embellished with the best education those daies afforded; and above all, had such a generous virtue joined with attractive sweetnesse, that she captivated the hearts of all who knew her. She was pious, courteous, kind above an ordinary degree, ingenious to all things she would applie herself to; and notwithstanding she had her education at courte, was delighted in her own countrie habitation, and managed all her familie affairs better than any of the homespun huswives that had been brought up to nothing

else. She was a most affectionate wife, a great lover of her father's house; showing that true honour to parents is the leading virtue which seldom wants the concomitancy of all the rest of honour's train. She was a wise and bountiful mistresse in her familie, a blessing to all her tenants and neighbourhood, and had an indulgent tenderness to her infants: but death veiled all her mortal glories in the twenty-sixth year of her age. The stories I have received of her have been but scanty epitaphs of those things which were worthy of a large chronicle, and a better recorder than I can be. I shall, therefore, draw againe the sable curtaine before that image which I have ventured to look at a little, but dare not undertake to discover to others. One that was present at her death, told me, that she had an admirable voice, and skill to manage it, and that she went awaye singing a psalme, which this mayde apprehended she sung with so much more than usual sweetnesse, as if her soule had already ascended into the celestial quire."

This interesting narrative suggests the recollection of a similar circumstance which lately occurred in Ireland. The daughter of a colonel Bainbridge died of a fever, a few weeks after her marriage. "The sound of the nuptial bells," says the narrator, "seemed scarcely out

of our ears, when we heard of her death. During her delirium she sung several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them, the beautiful one beginning, ‘There’s nothing bright but heaven,’ which this interesting girl had frequently heard during the preceding summer.” This occurrence gave rise to the following little poem, which, in tenderness and beauty, has perhaps few equals.

“ Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb,
 In life’s happy morning has hid from our eyes;
 Ere sin threw a blight o’er the spirit’s young bloom,
 Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Death chill’d the young fountain ere sorrow had stain’d it,
 ’Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course;
 And but sleeps till the sunshine of heav’n has unchain’d it,
 To water that Eden where first was its source.

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
 In life’s happy morning has hid from our eyes;
 Ere sin threw a blight o’er the spirit’s young bloom,
 Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young bride of the vale,
 Our gayest and loveliest lost to us now,
 Ere life’s early lustre had time to grow pale,
 And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow.

Ah! then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
 From this gloomy world, whilst its gloom was unknown;
 And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly in dying,
 Were echo’d in heaven by lips like her own.

Weep not for her, in her spring time she flew
To that land, where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd;
And now, like a star beyond morning's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world."

LADY ELIZABETH BROOKES.

“They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles: they shall run, and not be weary: they shall walk, and not faint.”

Isaiah, xl. 31.

LADY ELIZABETH BROOKES was born at Wigsale, in Sussex, in the year 1601.

She was left an orphan in early youth, and the care of her education devolved upon her maternal grandmother, lady Slaney.

Endowed with a fine person, and considerable talents, blended with great sweetness of disposition and affability of manners, lady Brookes was universally considered as one of the most accomplished persons of the age in which she lived.

As the devotion of the morning hour, when the birds are beginning their cheerful songs, when the air is fresh, and the flowers are opening to the sun, diffuses an inexpressible sweetness over the mind, and invigorates the Christian for the duties of the succeeding day; so the early dedication of the youthful heart to the service of Him who requires it as an offering well

pleasing in his sight, renders in after-life the remembrance of the past delightful, the hope of the future cheering, and enables the pilgrim to proceed on his way in peace. This was the case with the subject of the present biography. In that path, "which the vulture's eye hath not seen, or the fierce lion passed," she had walked from her early youth. The course she pursued might be narrow, but it was bright and glorious, and appeared the more so the further she persevered: it partook of the nature of the heavenly country to which it led; and He, who had levelled the lofty hills, and rendered the rough places smooth, was her protector and her guide.

Few particulars have reached us of the private history of lady Brookes. The great outlines of the mental portrait are carefully preserved; but the soft and delicate touches, the pleasing traits on which it would be peculiarly interesting to dwell, have been long effaced by the hand of time. We know that her life was devoted to the glory of God, and the good of her fellow-creatures; that religion was her principal aim and object; and that she was altogether exemplary in fulfilling the relative duties of her high station. As an affectionate wife, and a tender mother; as a liberal benefactress to the poor, and as one devoted

to the duties of hospitality; all that was excellent, lovely, and of good report, seemed to find a place in her character. The Bible was her constant companion. She found a store of riches and consolation within that sacred volume, which the most excellent human compositions could never equal. Every chapter was fraught, in her opinion, with the most important instruction; every precept was divine. To clothe her sentiments on this subject in the language of Sir William Jones, one of the greatest characters that ever adorned and dignified human nature; "it contained, independently of a divine origin, more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected from all other books, in whatever language they might have been written." It was indeed to her a study ever delightful, and ever new, and her piety and taste were alike refined and invigorated by its beautiful and important lessons.

Notwithstanding her rank and talents, her personal attractions, and the high estimation in which she was generally held, lady Brookes afforded a striking instance of the power and efficacy of true religion, in rendering its votaries superior to the adulation of the world. She

considered humility as the brightest ornament in the character of a Christian ; as the peculiar excellence which distinguishes his high profession from every system of human ethics, however beautiful and specious it may appear in the sight of men. It was, therefore, her supreme delight, to imitate, as far as human nature is capable of doing it, the only faultless model of perfection, the meek and lowly Jesus, who taught his ambitious followers, that, unless they laid aside the proud imaginations of their hearts, and sought the attainment of that innocence, simplicity, and teachable disposition, which were discoverable in the little child, whom he had chosen for the subject of their instruction, they could never hope to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Lady Brookes delighted in retirement, and conscientiously devoted a considerable portion of every day, “ to commune with her own heart, and to be still:” she knew, by experience, as the admirable Taylor justly observes, “ that meditation is that part of prayer which knits the soul to its right object, and confirms and strengthens our intention and devotion; that it is the tongue of the soul, the language of our hearts; and that our wandering thoughts in prayer are but the neglects of meditation, and recessions from that holy duty; and that, accord-

ingly as we neglect meditation, so are our prayers imperfect, and our devotions vain.”

“ Oh! lost to virtue, lost to sober thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,
Who think it solitude to be alone,
Communion sweet, communion large and high,
Our reason’s guardian angel, and our God.
Then nearest these, when others most remote,
And all, ere long, shall be remote but these:
How dreadful then to meet them all alone,
A stranger, unacknowledged, unapproved !”

It has been already observed, that lady Brookes in her youth was singularly beautiful: as she advanced to that serene and dignified period in human life, when the mortal pilgrim seems to have reached the confines of both worlds, and to be waiting only for a summons to depart; the love of God, which glowed in her heart, gave to her sweet and venerable countenance an indescribable expression, which appeared to partake far more of the nature of the heavenly country to which she was advancing, than of the earthly one she was about to leave.

Her last illness was long and lingering, and mostly confined her to her chamber; but her mind was tranquil, and she earnestly desired that patience might have its perfect work. In looking back on her former life, she thankfully

acknowledged the sure mercies of her God, even in many afflictions which he had allotted her; for she confessed, that although not joyous at the moment, to her they had yielded the peaceable fruits of quietness, and assurance for ever.

Although lady Brookes had little to regret in any retrospect of the past; yet she knew "that all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God:" she acknowledged the inherent sinfulness of human nature, and felt the great necessity of the mediation of that merciful High Priest, who is touched with a sense of our infirmities. Confiding in the tender care of him, "whom not having seen, she loved; in whom, although she saw him not, yet believing, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and full of glory," she was not afraid to enter the dark and shadowy valley, which he had brightened with his presence. And before her going hence, she was favoured to experience a cheering assurance of being admitted into the fruition of that felicity, which is the reward of faith and holiness, the free gift of God to his obedient children, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The following interesting memorandums are selected from the papers of lady Brookes, which were numerous and excellent. We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of presenting these to the attention of the reader, nor refrain from

indulging a gratifying hope, that they may tend to awaken virtuous sentiments, and excite desires to emulate the excellence they discover.

“It is peculiarly necessary,” says this admirable lady, “to adopt some fixed and stated rules of good and evil, without which we shall never live as becomes reasonable creatures. He who acts according to present thoughts and inclinations, will never be able to resist the offers of sin, when temptation is present: such also is our forgetfulness, that it is needful to fix some rules for our actions, to which we may bind ourselves not to depart; for these will alarm and enlighten conscience, and conscience is the surest help to memory.”

The following rules were the result of this important conviction: the author closely adhered to them throughout life; and gave, on a dying-bed, the strongest evidence of their efficacy.

1. Let love and charity be universal; for no pretence whatever, no, not of religion, or zeal for God, can justify your not loving any person in the world. Treat all men with kindness, and wish them well. Do them good, according to their necessity, and your power and opportunity. If persons are above you, express your love to them, by paying them due honour and

respect. If they are in worldly respects beneath you, manifest your love by kindness and affability. If they excel in natural endowments, express your affection by a due esteem of them. If they be rather wanting than excelling, show your love by pitying, and despise not their weakness. If any be in misery, compassionate them; comfort them by your presence, if you can reach them, and relieve them according to your power. If any are defamed, show your love by stopping, or rebuking the defamation.

2. Are you injured? Be sorry for him who has done the wrong, and bless God for the opportunity of showing yourself thereby to be a Christian, by patient bearing, forgiving, doing good for evil, treating your adversary with meekness, and breaking his heart with love.

3. Pursue piety under the impression of an imitation of God, which will induce you to esteem religion highly, and render it lovely in your sight.

4. Let humility be the constant covering of your soul.

5. Do nothing upon which you dare not ask God's blessing.

6. Esteem time as your most precious talent, which, when you bestow upon any, you give them more than you can understand the value

of: neither men nor angels can restore it to you again.

7. Never speak of religion for the sake of conversation, but for improvement.

8. On the Lord's day, consider particularly the love of God; reflect on his goodness to you: your creation, redemption, the promises of eternal life; his guardian care of yourself and family, and friends: meditate closely upon them, till your heart is warmed within you, and you can say with David, "Now will I go to God, my exceeding joy." Consider your miscarriages in the week past, and industriously endeavour to improve in the week to come.

9. Be diligent in what you have to do, for the same God, who said, "Be fervent in prayer," hath also said, "be not slothful in business," and he it is who has placed you in your allotted station.

10. Never let the infirmity of your brother be your recreation: let not that be your sport which is Heaven's sorrow; for so is every thing that is evil.

11. Let not fretting nor discontent prey upon your time: they will make you neglect some present duty. You will be like a ship tossed upon the waters, which is moved, but brought to no settled place.

12. Be exact in your actions; because they must stand upon record in eternity.

13. Meditate much upon the promises of God; for though meditation can add nothing to them, yet it draws forth their sweetness, and discovers their beauty.

Authorities.—Gibbon's "Memoirs," &c.

LADY CATHARINE COURTIN.

—— “ All pitying Heaven,
 Severe in mercy, chastening in love,
 Ofttimes in dark and awful visitation
 Doth interpose, and lead the wanderer back
 To the strait path.”

NOBLE, generous, high minded, hospitable, and elegant, lady Catharine Courtin, daughter of the earl of Bridgewater, born about the year 1603, was the pride and ornament of society. Surrounded with a numerous family, happy in domestic life, and commanding an ample tribute of adulation, she seemed to be privileged beyond the common lot. In the height of her security she began to say, that “ she never should be moved.” Prosperity had not hardened her heart, or rendered her insensible to the happiness of others, for she was equally benevolent and humane; but it had caused an indifference to some of the highest duties of the Christian character. The daily sacrifice was forgotten, the fire was not kindled on the altar; and if by chance a thought of Him through whose blessing her mountain was ren-

dered strong, passed at intervals through her busy imagination, it was regarded as an intruder, with which she had no immediate concern. If the recollection of her habitual negligence sometimes recurred as a fearful vision in the hour of solitude and silence, the accusing monitor was but little heeded; and like the Apostle of ancient times, when he reasoned concerning righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, it received for answer, "At a more convenient season I will send for thee."

Thus it fares with those, who contemplate the world through the dazzling medium of unmingled prosperity; and who, though sometimes imperiously summoned to the solemn contemplation of the most awful and interesting subjects, are yet contented to occupy themselves with a ceaseless round of inferior duties, or with the trifles of the passing hour. It is nothing to them that life is a probationary state of existence, a vain and shadowy show, from whence they must shortly either ascend to a sphere of inexpressible felicity, or sink into that state of depression, where the imagination trembles to follow. This foreign land, this wilderness of wandering and uncertainty, is with them a station of rest, for which they are ready to relinquish all the promised blessings of their father's house.

Such was the case with lady Courtin. She had stood like a lovely myrtle, the grace of the scene around her: no tree of the forest appeared half so flourishing; "her root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night on her branch." "But a blast from the desert laid her green head low; the spring returned with all its showers, but no leaf of the spring arose." It seemed as if a messenger of affliction had been commissioned against her, to make inquisition for opportunities lost, and talents misapplied; that the children of prosperity might awake from the slumber of forgetfulness, and take warning by her fall. One calamity succeeded another, till at length the fair fabric of worldly comfort and prosperity, on which she had fondly trusted, was entirely overthrown. She had leaned on a reed, and it had pierced her to the heart. She had trusted to a shadow, which had vanished into the air. The destroying angel passed over her; and of all her numerous family, one only son and daughter survived. Year after year the richly laden Indiamen, belonging to Mr. William Courtin, were scattered and destroyed, till at length this representative of an ancient family, which, till then, had witnessed few equals in wealth and influence, was completely reduced, and his estate involved in inextricable

embarrassments. Those who once beheld his flourishing fortunes, might now contemplate the change, saying, "Alas, how are they fallen." "The eye of the eternal is upon them, and they are not." Harassed by the demands of importunate creditors, which he was unable to satisfy, and finding that his ruin was irretrievable, Mr. Courtin withdrew to the continent. His unfortunate lady, in the mean time, was left alone, exposed to the tempest, and bereft of resources, to follow in silent anguish the cheerless pathway which was conducting her to the tomb. It was then that she started from her dream of self-delusion, and humbled herself beneath the chastening of the Almighty. The fortune in which she had vainly trusted, was no longer hers; her summer friends had also deserted her; and as she cast her eyes over a dreary and faithless world, she found that of all the ephemeral tribes who had buzzed in the sunshine of prosperity, none remembered her in the season of her affliction. At this melancholy period, she retired to London, where she concealed herself from the enquiries of her nearest connexions. Perhaps she might still indulge a latent expectation that some favourable event would enable her to preserve the shadow of independence, or more probably her feeling heart recoiled from the idea of receiving that assistance

which she had been accustomed to bestow. Certain it is, that lady Courtin was soon reduced to the depths of indigence, and that she carefully sought to hide her misery from public observation. Religion now became her only consolation; she fled to it as to a shelter from the storm, as a sunny island in a dark and tempestuous ocean: she felt that the heaviest waves of affliction might be compared to those billows, each of which, when safely surmounted, serve but to speed the vessel to its desired haven.

An elderly person, who had once resided in the family of lady Courtin, at length observed her in a place of worship, sitting in one of the aisles, and occupied in taking notes. Notwithstanding her dress, and the alteration which grief had occasioned in her countenance, there was something in her air and manner, which indicated superior rank; and the servant could not help suspecting that the individual who so forcibly excited her attention, was in reality her old mistress. Convinced, on a nearer observation of her handwriting, that such was actually the case, the faithful domestic hastened to a relation of lady Courtin's, who immediately commissioned her to find out, if possible, the abode of her unfortunate friend. The servant hastened back to the place of worship, where she found her occupied as before. Service

being over, she followed lady Courtin unperceived, and ascended the narrow creaking staircase, which led to her apartment. It was a garret: the door opened; two little children sprung forwards, and uttered a feeble cry: "What! no bread yet, mother." The servant burst into tears, and placed in the hand of lady Courtin a ten pound note, which her friend had sent her.

The heart of this afflicted lady was now completely humbled. She received the present with gratitude; and lifting her eyes to heaven, declared that she saw more of the goodness of God in that ten pound note, and could more thankfully acknowledge it, than in the thousands, and tens of thousands, which had formerly been her own. Shortly afterwards she complied with the pressing invitation of her sister, lady Francis Hobart, to pass the remainder of her life at Chapplefield House, in Norfolk.

True religion, like the fabled transmuting talisman of ancient times, turns all it touches into gold. It does not annihilate the feelings, but it gives them a point on which they may safely rest, and that point is heaven. Lady Courtin spoke but seldom of her sorrows; and if at times a passing cloud disturbed the habitual serenity of her mind, it was not for herself but

for others that she mourned. She loved to speak of the goodness of God to her; and her sweet and cheerful countenance, even when under the pressure of great personal suffering, feelingly evinced, that, if contemplated with the sober eye of reason and religion, the present situation of lady Courtin was preferable to the former. Now, although defenceless, stricken, bowed down with sickness, and slowly descending to the grave, yet thankful, resigned, and happy, she was joyfully looking forward to the period of her release:—then, surrounded with wealth and splendour, she lived, and moved, and acted, only as the being of to-day; animated by the present, but regardless of the future; and shrinking from the thought of that mysterious world, wherein she must have felt a mournful assurance that her habits and occupations were but little calculated to ensure felicity. When the lamp of life was burning feebly in its socket, lady Courtin afforded a triumphant testimony that her afflictions, great and heavy as they had been in the sight of men, were working out for her an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Her countenance was unusually animated, while her happy spirit, disengaging itself from the ties of earth, seemed to be filled and ravished with a sense of the Divine goodness, and to be waiting in joyful expectation for a summons to depart. The day before she

died, she was free from pain, and earnestly desired Dr. Collinges (who has preserved an interesting detail of her last moments) to join with her in prayer; when suddenly taking hold of the doctor's hand, as he bent to receive her whisper, she said to him, "I think I may now tell you, but you will not speak of it: I believe I am very near my Father's house." Her sister's back was then turned, and the rest of the company at some distance. The next morning she was equally composed, and conversed with Dr. Collinges on some private business relative to a gentleman, whom she wished to befriend. In the course of a few hours her speech began to fail: she then spoke very little, but requested her friends to pray with her. She once said, "I fear," and presently afterwards, "I hope." Soon after this she quietly passed away, and entered into that perfect state, where hope and fear are alike swallowed up in the fruition of immortal felicity.

Such was the death of lady Courtin, calm, serene, and lovely; as when the dark, lowering clouds of declining day are dispersed, and a gleam of lustre irradiates the western horizon. Her trials were great and numerous, but her consolations became abundant. That all-gracious Being, who beheld her in the days of her disobedience, had laid his hand upon her in mercy, rather than in judgment, "restored her to his

flock and fold, and reconciled her to himself." Supreme, self-existent, eternal, he alone can fully comprehend the value of that immortal spirit, with which, "for incomprehensible reasons, he has animated a portion of matter upon earth, which we call man." Placed in a sphere of action, calculated alike for trial and improvement, through which he must necessarily pass to a higher state of being, a certain portion of moral discipline is requisite to bring his virtues to the highest degree of attainable perfection. Look abroad into the works of God, if ever you are inclined to doubt this important truth. In autumn, the rough winds scatter the seeds, they are deposited in the bosom of the earth, the rain fertilizes them: in the spring they burst forth, and tender green leaves announce that the season of flowers is at hand. Did the sun shine with unremitting splendour, they would soon wither away, or at best produce but a few weak, languid shoots; but the rains descend, high winds dissipate the blights of the vernal season, warm gleams of sunshine cheer and refresh the tender plant, and soon a rich display of variegated beauties bursts from the opening bud. Thus it is in the moral world. How many are there, who, did not the chastening of the Almighty awaken them from a state of indifference or neglect, would still continue to be at rest;

till the awful summons of retributive justice should call upon them to give an account for all the good which they have omitted, and all the evil which they have done! "For I saw," said the favoured apostle, when, wrapt in inspiration, he beheld the heavens opened, the glory of Jehovah, and the countless multitude which no man could number, "I saw a great white throne, and Him who sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away." "And I saw the dead, both small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

How fearful and stupendous are those awful glimpses of another world which Revelation has opened to the mind! What are all the lying vanities of life, "the ever-tempting, ever-cheating train," when put in competition with the blessedness of eternity! What are all the calamities to which human nature is subjected, even if it were possible to accumulate on one devoted head, "the sorrow, lamentation, and wo," which Ezekiel saw inscribed on the flying roll, as it passed through the heavens, when compared with a state of fearful separation from the presence of the Almighty; a state inaccessible to the consolations of hope, where memory is invested with the horrors of conscience, where she

continually rises, like the fiends of the abyss, to tell of time misspent, of comforts lost, and of fair occasions for ever forfeited! where shall we find language adequate to the description of such a scene; where shall we find tears to weep for the awful depression of a rejected spirit: "or could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness, to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth? or, were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe*?"

* Hall's "Sermon on the death of the princess Charlotte."

Authorities.—Collinge's "Funeral Sermon," Gibbon's "Address," &c.

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

“As the eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead thee, and there was no strange God *in thee*.”—DEUTERONOMY, xxxii. 11, 12.

THE Persian poet, Meskin Aldaramy, reflecting on the transitory nature of human life, has, with considerable originality of thought, compared those whose talents and well-directed virtues have adorned and improved humanity, to gems of various descriptions, sparkling on the hand of death; some resembling the flaming ruby, others the cerulean sapphire; others again the yellow topaz, the whitening opal, or the emerald of vernal tint; and all, though infinitely varied, beautiful and excellent in their kind.

This elegant simile occurred to our recollection in perusing the life of the countess of Warwick; a lady of such distinguished piety and benevolence, that, to adopt the metaphor of the eastern poet, she may justly be compared to the

lively diamond, "imbibing the purest ray of heaven, compact and brightly polished."

Her father, Richard Boyle, the first earl of Cork, was originally a private gentleman, and being the younger son of a younger brother, he possessed but little, if any patrimony. Nature, however, had endowed him with a vigorous understanding, accompanied with that elasticity of mind, which rises with surprising energy from the pressure of adverse circumstances. By a sedulous attention to commerce, he at length acquired, with unblemished reputation, a princely fortune, and erected several magnificent buildings, on all of which, as well as on his tomb, were inscribed, by his own direction, the favourite motto of his youth, "Providence is my inheritance." This maxim, as a guiding star, had not only regulated his advance to riches and honour, but had preserved him from many dangers in his progress through life. He married Catharine, the only daughter of Geoffry Fenton, principal secretary of state in Ireland, a lady of great piety and sweetness of disposition, respecting whom, he has left this honourable testimony: "that he ever acknowledged her as the crown of all his blessings, for that she had been to him, a religious and affectionate wife all the days of his life, and the happy mother of his hopeful children." One of these was that intelligent

philosopher and excellent man, in whom extent of genius, and pre-eminence of virtue, seemed to vie with each other, in crowning him with the brightest moral and intellectual endowments. Though, of all the earl's five sons, he alone was undignified with a peerage; yet he was ennobled by his own transcendent qualities, and might deservedly be esteemed the glory of his family, his country, and human nature*.

The countess of Warwick, who was born in 1624, inherited the amiable dispositions, and superior talents, of her parents; but it does not appear, that in her youth she had ever seriously contemplated the importance of religion. Indeed, she often acknowledged, that on her marriage with the earl of Warwick, she had felt considerable apprehensions from the strictness attributed to that noble family; and had experienced no small difficulty in assimilating her habits to a mode of life so little congenial. There is, however, a sympathy in virtue—a mental, as well as natural magnetism; for it was not long before the conversation she heard, and, above all, the conciliating kindness of her excellent father-in-law, rendered her exceedingly dissatisfied with her previous state of mind, and induced her earnestly to press after the attainment of those

* Birch's "Life of Boyle."

objects which were essential to her future happiness. At this interesting period, every thing naturally amiable and excellent in her disposition became more conspicuous, and she maintained a distinguished rank amidst the blaze of moral and intellectual excellence by which she was surrounded. Nor was the earl of Warwick insensible to her extraordinary merit. He loved and valued her beyond expression; and, when deeply affected by the loss of his only son, he declared in a tone of anguish, "that great as his affliction was, it was much augmented by his dread of the effect which it might produce on the countess, who was more to him than a hundred sons." Such, indeed, was the extraordinary opinion which he entertained of her prudence, benevolence, and abilities, that, as an honourable testimony of his esteem, he left to her the management of his princely estate, which, at that time, was one of the finest in England. This important trust was attended with great exertion and difficulty; but she discharged it with such exactness and propriety, that the earl's intentions were in every respect fulfilled. Her arrangements gave entire satisfaction to all the persons interested, and on this account she often expressed herself peculiarly thankful.

The countess of Warwick had always religiously devoted a third part of her income to

charitable purposes. Spending much of her time in privacy, and, during the latter part of the earl's life, almost entirely in a sick chamber, it was to her a grateful occupation to enquire after, and relieve the wants of those who were suffering within the circle of her benevolent influence. Nor was her generous disposition at all diminished, when the means of doing good became more enlarged, as, by some strange perversity in human nature, is not unfrequently the case. The pleasures and allurements of the world were all before her, "rank, fortune, influence, and troops of friends;" but these she used, as not abusing them, and rendered them all subservient to one distinguished and noble object, that of promoting the glory of her Maker, and the happiness of her fellow-creatures. Her religion was not of that description, which, destitute of any fixed or established principle, occasionally warms the heart, and stimulates to virtuous actions; and which, like the coruscations of an evening sky, is, though beautiful, evanescent, and of slight value. It rather resembled, in its beneficial consequences, the orb of day, emerging from clouds and darkness, scattering before his rising beams the hovering mists of morning, and advancing from one degree of glory to another, till, in meridian splendour, he brings to maturity the fruits and flowers, and

crowns the year with increase. Such, in a moral point of view, was the result of the religious feelings of the illustrious subject of our biography, as they regulated her generous disposition, and applied its princely resources. There was no description of human misery which she did not endeavour to alleviate. She sought for those who were unable to work, but ashamed to beg; and many a poor widow, deserted orphan, and fallen family, pining in obscurity, were thus unexpectedly relieved: often, when assured of their merit and necessity, she would suddenly advance them from the very depths of poverty, and realize the hopes which had long subsided.

“She was,” observes her biographer, “no less tender of their feelings than compassionate to their necessities; and was more solicitous of their pardon, than of their thanks in helping them.” Foreigners who had fled to England for the exercise of their religion, young persons of promising abilities but inefficient means, destitute ministers of various denominations, and deserving individuals whose incomes were insufficient for their support, always found in the countess of Warwick a munificent protectress. As liberal in her opinions, as she was generous in her disposition, she knew on such occasions no distinction of sect or party: she remembered the

good Samaritan, and regarded all mankind as the children of one common parent, whom it was equally her duty to comfort and to relieve. Delighting in all things to follow the example of Him who loved little children, laid his hands upon them, and blessed them; she was particularly careful that all the poor children in her neighbourhood should be taught to read, and instructed in their duty. She also afforded them books and clothing; and her care in this respect, was not confined to her immediate vicinity, but even extended to the principality of Wales, which she was anxious to rescue from the ignorance and barbarism which then prevailed in some of its districts. She knew that the desert of the mind requires cultivation, and that the enemy who scatters tares among the wheat, would fill the harvest-field with their increase, did not the hand of the husbandman enable the former to preoccupy the soil. She ardently desired that every poor man might derive comfort and consolation from the words of eternal life, that the reading of these might render him contented with his humble cottage and scanty fare, when he knew that the great Master himself was clothed in the garb of poverty, and was sometimes destitute of a place to lay his head.

Such was her reputation for kindness and

courtesy, and so numerous were the families which settled in consequence round her princely mansion, that the rent of houses was considerably advanced in her neighbourhood. Not only her mansion and table, but her confidence and advice, were open to all who shared the privilege of her acquaintance; and in the humblest classes of society, if any were sick, tempted, or distressed in mind or body, their first application was to this excellent countess. In her regard and compassion towards the indigent, a convenient house was erected both at her London and country residence, to protect them from the inclemency of the weather, when assembled for the receipt of her usual bounty. Twice in the week, bread and beef were provided for the poor of four parishes; and she ordered in her will, that the same should be continued for four months after her decease, and that one hundred pounds should be distributed among them.

It was her chief ambition to be the mistress of a religious family, and she suffered no one to remain in her service whose lives and conduct were otherwise than conformable to the rules which she had prescribed. Devotional books were distributed in the rooms of attendance, that those who were in waiting might have no excuse for misapplying their time. She often conversed with, and kindly

admonished her dependents, requiring their observance of public worship, and a regular attention to their religious duties. Nor did she forget them, when the connexion between herself and family was on the point of being dissolved for ever. Several of the upper servants, according to their age and merit, were rewarded with noble legacies; and to all of them was bequeathed the amount of their annual stipends, with the addition of three months' support at the mansion-house, that they might have time to provide themselves with situations, and not be exposed to the embarrassments of a sudden removal.

The establishment of the countess was proportionate to her rank, but her personal expenses were comparatively small. Scrupulous in every respect to avoid even the appearance of evil, she would neither adopt the costly and absurd decorations of the ladies of that age, nor participate in their fashionable amusements; often declaring, that time was too valuable to be wasted in frivolous occupations. She admired the simplicity, or rather the strictness, of ancient manners, and adopted it in her own example; divested, however, of all severity, and sweetly blended with the benevolence and benignity of the Christian character.

It was a favourite observation with the countess, "that he who loves his God, must

love his brother also." On this principle, she was just in all the transactions of human life. No inconvenience could ever induce her to deviate from a promise which she had made, or even from an expectation which she had given; and nothing could render an individual so mean, or so despicable in her sight, as the slightest appearance of duplicity. When urged to do any thing which in this respect appeared incorrect, she would modestly answer, "You know that I dare not, that I cannot tell a falsehood." She would often say to a servant, whose conduct might have been reprehensible, "Tell me the truth, and I can forgive you any thing." It is pleasing to dwell on these little incidents. A character may be distinguished in public life; but brilliant actions are not always the true criterion of moral worth: they are performed on the theatre of the world, and may often be prompted by the hope of its approbation. It is only in the domestic circle, and in the constant round of the minor duties, that we must seek for genuine excellence.

Lady Warwick's open and generous countenance was the index of her mind, into which nothing like meanness had ever entered: every look and motion expressed its self-possession, benignity, and devotion. As she loved religion, she sought to inspire others with an ani-

mating sense of its importance; and frequently, whilst conversing on her favourite subject, the overflowings of her thoughts would burst forth "like the sudden and delightful breathings of an Eolian harp, deriving none of their melody from the promptings of a musician's finger, and having in them nothing of earthly aid, or human operation*." To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to stimulate the heedless, and to direct the wanderer to the cross of Christ, were the subjects of her supreme delight; and every subordinate object was laid aside, or passed lightly over, when put in competition with the higher duties by which she was engrossed and animated. The current of her benevolent emotions, like the placid waters of a deep and majestic river, flowed undisturbed by troublous eddies, reflecting and partaking of any surrounding cheerfulness, but deriving its peculiar lustre from the brightness which religion shed upon its course.

It can hardly be said that the countess of Warwick had any private habits, for she seemed to live only for the diffusion of social benefits. The duties, nevertheless, which she owed her Maker, were constantly deemed superior to any other obligation, and her stated hours of devo-

* Retrospective Review.

tion were attended to with the most scrupulous exactness. "The sweet hour of prime" was consecrated to the reading of the Scriptures, to prayer, and meditation; and she would frequently walk alone, as soon as the early day permitted, that she might uninterruptedly contemplate the Deity in his works. The magnificent vault of heaven, the rising sun, the choristers of the air, and the flowers of the field, were to her equally capable of affording instruction and delight. She regarded them not merely with the eye of taste, or as only ministering to intellectual enjoyments, but as the works of Him whom she supremely loved. To her, all nature breathed the language of love and mercy; "and nature is the messenger of God."

Such associations may be likewise rendered subservient to that exalted knowledge which alone can render us wise unto salvation. The Royal Psalmist has pourtrayed, with all the energy and sublimity of sacred ardour, the encouragement and delight which he derived from the exquisite scenery of his native land, and the pastoral images which had surrounded him in early life; as suggesting to his recollection the tender care of Him, who reveals himself to his dependent children under the endearing appellation of a careful husbandman and good shepherd.

“ If devotional feelings were thus connected with natural objects, those serious thoughts which are resorted to by most men, merely as a source of consolation in adversity, and which, on that account, are generally tinged with some degree of gloom, would recur spontaneously to the mind, in its best and happiest moments, and would insensibly blend themselves with all its purest and most refined enjoyments*.”

A short time before the dissolution of lady Warwick, as if conscious that the period of her departure was approaching, and anxious that others should be convinced from her experience, of the substantial joys of true religion, she noted particularly in her daily journal, the peace and satisfaction which she experienced in a humble retrospect of the past, and in the blissful prospect of eternity, which was opening before her. Thus affording an ample testimony to the reality of those pure, unearthly enjoyments which the Scriptures speak of, the peace of a good conscience, and that happiness with which no stranger intermeddles. It was indeed her chief gratification to withdraw from the busy scenes of life, to cultivate a sweet communion with her own heart; and when her

* Dugald Stewart.

beloved sister, the countess of Scarsdale, parted with her a few days before her death, she feelingly expressed that she had now done with the things of time, and should more sedulously devote herself to a preparation for eternity.

In the beginning of April, 1678, a slight indisposition occasioned some uneasiness to her friends. She, however, rose as usual, on the morning of her decease. After some time finding herself rather fatigued, she lay down again, but continued conversing with her usual cheerfulness and piety; and on one occasion turning back the curtain, remarked with great affection, "Well, ladies, had I been a single hour in heaven, I would not be again with you, much as I love you." A neighbouring lady having called in, the countess, on her taking leave, rose from the bed, and requested that a minister might be desired to pray with her, who was accordingly sent for.

Lady Warwick had always kneeled during the performance of religious duties, but being at this time extremely weak, she continued sitting, holding an orange in her hand, the fragrance of which appeared to refresh her. During their devotions, a gentlewoman who was near the countess, accidentally looking up, observed that her countenance had become paler. Every one, alarmed, hastened to her assistance;

the minister caught her hand, but the spirit was fled, the pulse had ceased its fluttering.

Thus departed the countess of Warwick, in the fifty-fourth year of her age. The tears of gratitude and affection, with which her sorrowing friends and dependents embalmed her memory, were far more to her honour, than the funeral pomp and superb mausoleum which distinguished her obsequies. Exempted from most of the common ills of life, her progress appears to have presented a tissue of prosperity, nearly uninterrupted; as if the Most High had showered his blessings upon her head, that she might evince the restraining influence of religion, and present an example to the world of the noble uses to which prosperity and riches might be devoted. He had afforded her large temporal possessions, a distinguished hereditary reputation, the friendship of individuals conspicuous for rank, piety, and talents; such a character for prudence and integrity, that she was generally applied to as an arbitress in the different disputes of her extensive neighbourhood; and the affectionate esteem and veneration of all who surrounded her. Finally, he had granted her the desire of her heart, and spared her the conflict which often attends the dissolution of our nature; for she had frequently been

heard to say, that if she could choose the manner of her death, she would die praying.

The silver cord of life was gently broken, and the spirit passed away, by an almost imperceptible transition, from the devotions of this world, to the eternal beatitudes of the glorified in heaven.

The following is part of an excellent letter, written by the countess, to George, earl of Berkeley, who had requested her to give him some instructions for the regulation of his conduct :

“ My Lord,

“ In obedience to your commands, I have undertaken to give you some instruction for holy living. Feeling, nevertheless, that I am very unfit for the right performance of such a serious duty, I have ventured upon it, not to inform you, as one whom I believe to be ignorant, for I know your lordship to be much better able to instruct me; but to put you in mind, that not the knower of the law, but the doer of it, shall be justified; and that, if you know these things, happy shall you be if you do them; for he who knows his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes.

“ I will begin my first rule of advice to your lordship, with desiring you not to turn the day

into night, and, by sleeping long in the morning, to give yourself only time to dress hastily, or it may be sometimes with more haste to say a short formal prayer, to stop the mouth of a natural conscience, which, in your hurry, you hardly mind yourself, and therefore have little reason to expect God should. I shall therefore advise you to retire early, that you may be enabled to rise early; and I would have you, as soon as you awake, to fix your thoughts upon that God who gives you time to think, and do as holy David did, who said, 'as soon as I awake I am with Thee.' Consider, that your bed might have been your grave; for many every night go down into the place of silence, and there take up their last and long sleep. Consider also what a mercy sleep is, and if we miss but one night's refreshment, how burthensome and uneasy we become to ourselves; therefore begin the morning with blessing God for it, and then commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still; and reflect what a favour it is to have another day added to your life, that you make your peace with God, before you go hence to be seen no more. Think what many a poor dying creature would give for a day to repent in, and at what a price the miserable departed spirit would purchase one single day. Consider, that a day is a precious

thing, when the heathen emperor, Titus Vespasian, could say, when he had spent a day without doing good, 'O my friends, I have lost a day:' and another, 'that he was not worthy the name of a man who spent a whole day in worldly pleasures.' Remember, that this little moment of time is all we have given us, in which we provide for eternity; and therefore it is not to be spent, and thrown away carelessly, as if we had no God to serve, and no soul so save. Therefore, have a care, lest it be said of you, as it was of Jezebel, 'I gave her space to repent, but she repented not.'

"When your heart is thus brought into a serious frame, let me advise you to leave your bed, and retire to your closet, and let no earthly concern engage your attention, however pressing. When you are retired alone, be careful to disengage yourself from inward, vain, distracting thoughts, which will be busy to steal away your heart. I would advise you to begin your private devotions, with reading the word of God, the Holy Scriptures; for David says, 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his ways, but by taking heed thereto, according to thy word.' When you have done this, I would not have you presently to cast yourself upon your knees, but first to consider seriously what you are going about; namely, that you are

going to speak to that God, before whom, the angels and cherubim cover their faces in token of reverence, as not being able or worthy to behold so much glory. Do you, therefore, like holy Abraham, prostrate yourself before the Most High with humility, remembering that He has said, that He will have respect unto the lowly; and yet come with confidence, as unto a gracious Father, who has promised, 'that whosoever comes unto Him, He will in no wise cast him out;' and that, 'before we call, He will answer, and while we are yet speaking He will hear.' Remember, that prayer is the key of heaven, and that it is by prayer, that you can pour out all your wants to God as to a most loving Father, with a confidence that He will supply them. The Scriptures tell us, 'that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;' and they tell us also, that though Elias was a man of like passions with ourselves, yet that God heard him, and granted him his requests, to encourage us to come with boldness to the throne of grace. Therefore, do not only make conscience of prayer, but make a conscience also how to pray. Pray with zeal and fervency, and, as pious Hannah did, pour out your spirit before the Lord, and this in the name of Christ, for such things as you stand in need. Remember too, that David said, that the Lord had

heard the voice of his weeping; and therefore, if you can, weep for your sins; at least mourn, that you cannot mourn for sinning against so gracious a Father; that so the mercies of God may melt you into an ingenious sorrow. And do not leave your prayers till you have enjoyed some communion with God in them, and then you will be fit to go cheerfully about your worldly occupations.

“When you have thus consecrated the morning, I am not so rigid as to forbid you all recreations: so far from this, that I think them very necessary for diversion; but I must entreat you not to venture on any that may occasion any passion or disorder, which may be hurtful both to soul and body. Remember what your good friend, Dr. Taylor, says, ‘that he who spends his time in sports, and calls it recreation, is as he, whose garment is nothing but fringes, and his meat nothing but sauce.’”

“My next advice to you is, to make a good choice of your friends, and to keep company especially with those who are civil, religious, and ingenious; for such society will be both pleasant and advantageous to you.”

“Next I would request you to be as cheerful as you can; and for that purpose I would recommend to you that gaiety of goodness that will make you most pleasing to yourself and

others ; for, permit me to assure you, that however you may be persuaded to believe, that religion will make you melancholy, I can positively assure you, from my own experience, that nothing can give you such comfort, serenity, and composedness of mind, as a regular and well led life. It will keep you clear of all those sad disquieting remorse and checks of conscience which follow an ill action. It will give you that peace of God which passes understanding, and the continual feast of a good conscience. It will give you joy unspeakable, and full of glory. It will calm your desires, and quiet your affections, so that you shall find that the consolations of God are not small. You will find that you have made a happy exchange, having gold for brass, and pearls for pebbles ; for truly, my lord, I am convinced, that the pleasures of this world are not satisfactory. I may indeed confess, that though I had as much as most people to gratify me, and was an eye-witness to all the splendours of the court, and young and vain enough to share in their illusive vanities, yet, that I never found any real satisfaction in them : God having given me a nature incapable of deriving real gratification from any thing below the highest excellency. Indeed, I never experienced real and solid comfort in any thing,

but in the ways of God, and I am confident that your lordship never will. Therefore, I beseech you to make the experiment, and then I verily believe, that you will be of my opinion, that all the ways of religion are those of pleasantness, and all her paths peace.

“When you have devoted as much time as you think proper to different recreations, visiting your friends, or receiving visits from them, then let me recommend you to devote some little time to reading good books, and meditation. Do not fear that a few moments devoted to solitary thoughts will render you melancholy, for the way not to be alone, is to be alone; and you will find yourself never less alone, than when you are so; for certainly that God, who makes all others good company, must needs be best himself.

“Forget not that God has intrusted you with children, and therefore remember to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; that, being instructed in their young and tender years, with principles of piety and honour, when they are old they may not depart from them. Remember also, that you have a family to govern, and take up good Joshua’s resolution, that you and your house will serve the Lord. Therefore, be careful not to keep in your house any that are openly profane and scanda-

lous; and let God be solemnly worshipped twice a day by yourself and family; and set them a good example, and say to them, as Gideon did to his men in another case, 'Look on me, and do likewise.'

"Be often in the profitable work of self-examination. Be not a stranger at home, but often say, as did St. Augustine, 'Lord, make me to know Thee and myself.' You will find that this admirable practice will enable you to discover what sin is the most predominant, and in what virtue you are peculiarly deficient. Remember, my lord, that the best gardens must frequently be weeded, or else they will soon be overrun. Meditation is a profitable duty. I would have you, therefore, often meditate on the insignificance and transitory nature of this world's glories. Young as you are, you have seen such strange revolutions as are sufficient to convince you, that there is nothing certain in this life, and that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. God has in our age cast contempt upon princes, and stained all the glory of human excellency, to make us cease to put confidence in man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of.

"Sometimes also, consider the shortness of life, and the uncertainty of the period of your dissolution; the dark abyss of eternity, and the

great account you will have to render, of all which you have done in the body, whether good or evil: for we must all appear before the judgment seat of God, to receive a reward according to our works. I would not, however, wish you to dwell too long on such awful thoughts: let them have their due effect; but more immediately delight to contemplate the joys of heaven, that rest which remains for the people of God, and those joys, 'which the eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, and which it has never entered into the heart of man to conceive,' but which God has laid up for them which love Him; for heaven will make us happy, not as philosophy pretends to do, by the confinement, but by the fruition of our desires. There we shall be past doing as well as suffering ill. There all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and we shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. These are unmixed blessings, which are reserved for another life. We shall then enjoy health without sickness, pleasure without sorrow, and happiness without alloy. We shall then, oh inexpressible felicity! be ever with the Lord; yea, we shall follow the Lamb wheresoever he goeth. Often, my lord, meditate on these heart-cheering subjects, that, while you are musing, the fire of heavenly devotion may

burn bright, and inflame your heart with such love to God, that your meditation of Him may be sweet.

“ Let me also recommend to you, frequent attendance on the public ordinances, which are excellent helps to devotion; for God has promised that those who wait upon him shall renew their strength, and that he will make them joyful in the house of prayer. I know your lordship’s disposition too well, to think it necessary to persuade you to works of charity; only let me encourage you still more to abound in works of kindness and goodwill, by reminding you of the gracious promise of God, who has declared, that he ‘ who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord,’ and that even a cup of cold water shall not fail of its reward.

“ And now, my lord, I fear that I may tire you with these tedious rules, and therefore take my leave; earnestly, however, entreating you that you will always conclude the day with prayer, and not give sleep to your eyes, or slumber to your eyelids, till you have called yourself to an account for the various mercies which you have received, that you may praise God for them; as also the sins, or omissions, which you have committed in the day, that you may be humbled for them. Therefore, every day make your peace with God, remembering

that many have shut their eyes in a healthy sleep, and yet waked in another world.

“ My lord, I have now done. You faithfully promised me that you would practise these rules, which promise I must beg you to perform, and then I shall be much satisfied; for I assure you that I am so much your friend, as to desire with great earnestness, the welfare of your soul. And indeed, all professions of friendship are but empty ones, if they do not, to the extent of their power, aim and design to render our friends eternally happy, which I beseech you to believe is the earnest desire of

“ Your affectionate friend,

“ ——— WARWICK.”

Authorities.—Gibbon's “Memoirs,” Dr. Anth. Walker, &c.

SUSANNAH, COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

“ Oh, she was fairer than the wintry flow'r,
That, whiter than the snow it springs among,
Droops its meek head, submissive to the pow'r
Of every angry blast that sweeps along.”

THE short life of the countess of Suffolk was singularly diversified with those striking incidents, which, although the heedless observer may designate them as intrinsically good or evil, the Christian will regard in a different point of view. She was second daughter to the earl of Holland, and was born about the year 1627.

Surrounded with wealth and splendour, and the various attractions of fashionable life, she nevertheless early felt the unsatisfactory nature of these pursuits and pleasures, which too often banish every serious thought. She was convinced that both reason and religion imperiously called her to the practice of piety and virtue, whilst every day brought her nearer to that state, “ where all that gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent, all that

sparkles in the eye of hope, or pants in the bosom of suspicion, when weighed against these superior considerations, would be left without regard*." She therefore resolved to acquire that knowledge which alone could make her wise unto salvation; and remembering the parable of the talents, and the fate of him who had neglected to improve them, she sedulously endeavoured to promote the glory of her great Lord and Master, by a continual assiduity to do good.

Conscious that mental devotion is the spring of a holy life, she kept a watchful guard over her words and actions, and even over her most secret thoughts; abstaining from the indulgence of those trifling imaginations, which, while they amuse, can never fill the mind, and are too often the means of withdrawing it from the pursuit and attainment of solid peace. She loved to walk alone, and to elevate her thoughts from earth to heaven; to raise them from the beauties of nature, to that Almighty Being, who, although sitting between the cherubim, and dwelling in light unapproachable, condescends to clothe the lily of the valley, and careth for the choristers of the air, which neither sow, nor reap, nor gather into barns.

* Dr. Johnson.

The morning and evening recurred not more regularly than her stated hours of devotion. On the former of these occasions, she assembled her family, and kneeling with awful reverence before Him who is the hearer and answerer of prayer, she besought him to bless the labours of the day, to guide his dependent children in the paths of duty, and to preserve them from the corruptions of the world; on the latter she thankfully acknowledged his protecting superintendence.

Lady Suffolk was peculiarly neat, and delicate in her mode of dress. Her ornaments, if any, were few and simple; for she knew that the adorning of a virtuous woman, did not consist in gold or gems, or costly attire. But there was a heavenly garment, in which she earnestly desired to be found clothed—the robe of righteousness, and the vesture of humility. Affable in her manners, and sweetly condescending to her inferiors, but without departing from the dignity of her station; an indulgent mistress, and a most affectionate friend, she possessed such an endearing benignity of disposition, that it seemed impossible to know without loving her; or to be in her company, without confessing the beauty of that religion, which seemed to invest her character, as with an atmosphere of holiness.

The destitute were conscientiously the objects of her bounty. She respected poverty, because its lowly garb was assumed by Him whom she ardently desired to imitate; and conscious that religion was the brightest ornament of the rich, she earnestly endeavoured to render it an enduring portion to the poor:

“As the warm blaze in the lone herdsman’s hut,
Which, when the storm beats o’er his humble thatch,
Brightens his clay-built cot, and cheers his soul.”

They needed not to solicit her benevolence: she sought them out, and assisted them with clothing, food, and medicine. If their cottages were miserable, she furnished them with necessary comforts; and if they were destitute of any, she provided them with shelter. She often condescendingly entered the humblest dwellings, to gladden the heart of the widow and fatherless.

She loved to speak well of others, and it seemed as if a virtuous or generous action could never be effaced from her memory; while, on the contrary, a deep sense of religion, and a sincere desire to imitate the meekness and forbearance of the great exemplar, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, enabled her to subdue that quickness of resentment, which is often attendant on dispositions of great sensibility. If any neglected her, it remained unnoticed; if

they injured her, she would pray for them. The ill offices of others were, in her instance, to borrow a beautiful oriental metaphor, "like characters traced on the sands of the fountain; the cold flowing waters passed over them, and left not a vestige remaining."

This admirable lady knew the value of time, and earnestly endeavoured to improve it. Her memory was so retentive, that she would often retire on a Monday to her closet, and commit to writing with the utmost exactness, the sermon which she had heard on the preceding day. Much, however, as she valued retirement, and unpleasant as the intrusion of unwelcome visitors might sometimes be, she would never resort to the fashionable subterfuge of ordering her servant to say that she was not at home. Others might do as custom, caprice, or fashion suggested; but she was determined that herself and her household should serve the Lord, or at least, that one of his most positive injunctions should not be violated by her directions. Earnestly endeavouring to preserve in her own mind, a restraining sense of the omnipresence of the Almighty, she could never bear to hear his adorable name slightly or irreverently made use of. A profane expression, or the least deviation from propriety in conversation, gave her

sensible concern: if she had any interest in the offenders, she would feelingly reprove them; if they were strangers, her disapprobation was expressed by some pertinent remark, or by withdrawing from their society.

Resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father, was another state of mind which the countess of Suffolk steadily cultivated; but it is one thing to say, "thy will be done," when the world smiles brightly upon us, and another to desire that patience may have its perfect work, when sorrow and bereavements are our allotted portion. We have seen the restraining influence of religion on the mind of this admirable woman, when surrounded with every earthly good; let us now contemplate its consoling power, when trials of no ordinary description heavily pressed upon her. Her little son, whom she tenderly loved, was attacked with a painful illness, which terminated in his dissolution. This to her was a grievous stroke, but she endeavoured to bear it with resignation. She had witnessed the bud of infancy putting forth its leaves, and cheerfully looked forwards to the flower and the fruit. While the child lived, she watched and prayed; but when informed that his breath had ceased, finding her grief uncontrollable, she took her Bible, and sung several psalms, in a voice which, though

at first tremulous with sorrow, soon assumed a firmer tone, till she was enabled with some degree of composure to submit to the dispensation of Him, who had given as well as taken away.

The whole life of the countess of Suffolk was such as might have been denominated a state of constant meditation on death, or of preparation for it. To adopt the beautifully figurative language of the apostle, "having on the helmet of salvation, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the sword of the spirit; and having her feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace," she walked steadfastly in that shining "light, which shineth more and more to the perfect day." Had any one asked her to turn aside to the pleasures of the world, she might have answered, as did the stranger to Semida, "that, indeed, they could offer her no inducement, for blissful was her home, and heavenly friends expected her*."

Having been attacked with a dangerous illness, and understanding that there was little hope of recovery, she sent for her nearest friends and connexions, and, with a countenance of inexpressible serenity, earnestly entreated them

* Klopstock's Messiah.

to remember their latter end. She addressed them severally, adapting her discourse to their various conditions. She prayed that an awful sense of the importance of religion, might ever rest upon their minds, deterring them from evil, and urging them to the pursuit of solid peace; and that, at length, they might meet again on the other side of those dark waters which bound mortality, in the fruition of that celestial happiness, which she felt an assurance would be her portion. It was indeed an affecting spectacle, the very triumph of religion, to contemplate this interesting young person extended on the bed of sickness, surrounded by her children, relations, friends, and dependents; of whom, some were overwhelmed with silent grief, others unable to suppress the violence of their affliction, whilst the sufferer herself arose superior to the feelings of humanity, consoling, admonishing, and blessing them; as if her happy spirit had already escaped from its earthly mansion, and only lingered on the borders of the world, to bestow a parting benediction on those whom she left behind.

She particularly requested the earl of Suffolk, that, whatever might be the future condition of her children, respecting which she however felt no anxiety, he would early instruct them to seek after a better and enduring inheritance,

and guide them in the strait and narrow way which leads to eternal life. Strictness in religion, she remarked, was essential in life and health: it had preserved her from many snares, and, on a dying bed, she could bear ample witness to its consoling power. She often expressed that the love of God was to her a source of inexpressible support; that she continually desired to meditate on the example of Him who died and rose again, "who gave himself a ransom for all, and who is able to save to the uttermost every one who cometh unto God, by Him, seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for them." She did not conceal, that she had sometimes doubted the sincerity of her repentance, and had almost feared to enter on that awful state from whence no traveller returns; whilst, as she had many ties on earth, something of regret would occasionally mingle with the thought of leaving them. Feeling, however, prepared for her final change, it seemed strange that, with such a prospect, she could entertain any willingness to live; but so it was, and she feared her heart was not sufficiently resigned to the will of God.

Contrary to the expectation of herself and all her friends, it pleased the Almighty to restore her from the bed of sickness. Her recovery was an unspeakable consolation to her

unfortunate father, the earl of Holland, who, in consequence of his having taken arms against the parliament, had been condemned to die. Great exertions were made to procure a pardon, but without avail; and the countess of Suffolk, with his dearest connexions, having taken their final leave, the earl wished to devote the few remaining hours which were allowed him, to a devout meditation on his approaching change. Lady Suffolk, however, would not retire to rest, till she had once more visited and discoursed with her father on the momentous interests of eternity. After having watched during the whole night in an adjoining apartment, as soon as the morning began to dawn she came softly into his room, and was welcomed with the greatest satisfaction. They presently entered into conversation, during which, she so gently wounded, and then so kindly endeavoured to heal his conscience, applying to his condition the declarations of the law, and the consolations of the Gospel; that her father, in a grateful sense of the admonitions which she had given him, could not refrain from exclaiming, "Happy am I, that I should, from a child of my own, receive such consolation;" adding, to a minister, who had arrived with the same intention, "that he thanked the Almighty for having given him a daughter whom he scrupled not

to say, was able to be his counsellor in all his doubts."

We pass in silence the moment of separation. The Grecian artist, in depicting the sacrifice of Iphigenia, concealed the father's countenance with a mantle. There are, in human life, scenes of distress, too deep and sacred to be disclosed to the public eye. Lady Suffolk felt, at this trying hour, the power of religion: destitute of its consoling influence, she must have sunk beneath her afflictions. But hers was not the religion of the imagination, it was that which overcometh the world; and she endeavoured to look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, "knowing that their momentary afflictions would thus work out for them an exceeding and eternal weight of glory." As she quitted the gloomy apartment from whence her beloved parent was shortly to be conducted to execution, the light breeze of morning played on her moistened cheek, whilst the beams of the rising sun were gilding the battlements of the fortress, and brightening the crowd which curiosity had assembled on this occasion. The contrast between the cheerfulness of the morning hour, which, even amidst the throng and tumult of a great city, is sensibly felt, and the approaching melancholy spectacle, was affecting and impressive. It appeared so to

many of the spectators, but not to her; for she seemed to have no participation in any thing which surrounded her: her soul was bowed in deep and reverential silence.

“ Oh thou ! who driest the mourner’s tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

Ah! who would bear life’s stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.

Then sorrow, touch’d by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture’s ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.”

Notwithstanding the great attachment of the countess of Suffolk to her father, none of his family supported the dreadful stroke with such resignation. She often expressed, that she believed this dispensation to have been permitted rather in mercy than in judgment; for that, had the earl continued in honour and prosperity, she feared he would not have seriously considered

the importance of religion. She added, that the bitterness of death being over, she could not have desired the restoration of her father, even had it been possible; as she durst not wish him so melancholy a change, as to leave his eternal mansion in the heavens for the sorrowful abodes of human existence.

Shortly after this event the countess retired into the country, and expressed, in conversation with a friend, that she had arranged her family affairs, and had nothing now to do but to die. She, indeed, appeared to be entirely detached from the things of time; as she looked forwards with joyful hope to a complete emancipation from the trials of mortality, and an admittance into those blissful regions, where “peace would be extended to her as a river, and righteousness as a flowing stream.”

The last illness of the countess was attended with delirium for a few days before her death. This was, however, a passing cloud, and the last which obscured the brightness of her setting sun. A short time previous to her decease she recognised the relatives assembled round her bed, and joined in the devotions in which they were then engaged. Shortly after she sunk into a placid slumber, during which her gentle spirit passed quietly away into the hands of Him who had given it.

Thus departed the countess of Suffolk in the morning of life, having scarcely attained her twenty-second year. Her death, though premature in the sight of man, was not so in the eye of God; “for honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time; but wisdom is the grey hair unto men, and unspotted life is old age.” “She pleased Him, and was speedily taken away, lest wickedness should alter her understanding, or deceit beguile her soul.”

Authorities.—Gibbon’s “Memoirs.” “Local Martyrology.”

LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

“ Russel in feminine beauty.”

LADY RACHEL RUSSEL was the daughter of the “virtuous Southampton,” distinguished for his faithful attachment to Charles the First; and Rachel, daughter of Henry de Massey, baron of Rovigny. Of this lady few particulars have reached us, but the virtues of the daughter afford a fair presumption, that the character of the parent was meritorious; “for scarcely ever,” says a celebrated writer, “have the annals of biography afforded a single instance, in which a great and distinguished person was the offspring of a weak or vicious mother*.”

Lady Rachel was born about the year 1636. It is well known, that the earl, her husband, was beheaded in the reign of Charles II. He was a man of distinguished merit, and at that time the most popular in the nation, as well for

* Melmoth.

the mildness and integrity of his character, as for his zealous attachment to the religion and liberties of his country. During the period of her illustrious husband's sufferings, lady Russel conducted herself with the tenderest affection, and the most heroic magnanimity. She was present during his trial, and, when the attorney-general told him, "he might use the hand of one of his servants in waiting, to take notes of the evidence for his use," lord Russel answered, "that he asked none, but that of the lady who sat beside him." The spectators at these words turning their eyes, and beholding the daughter of Southampton rising up to assist her lord in this his utmost distress, a thrill of anguish ran through the whole assembly. After his condemnation, lady Russel threw herself at the king's feet, and pleaded with many tears the merit and loyalty of her father. "The king," says Oldmixon, "saw this virtuous and lovely woman weeping at his feet, imploring but a short reprieve for her condemned lord, with dry eyes and a stony heart, though she was the daughter of Southampton, the best friend he ever had in his life." These supplications were the last instance of weakness (if they deserve the name) which she betrayed. Finding all applications vain, she recalled her courage, and not only fortified

herself against the fatal infliction, but endeavoured by her example to strengthen the resolution of her unfortunate lord.

The evening before his death, he admitted his children, who were then young, with some of his friends, to take leave of him; during which interview he maintained his constancy of temper, though he was a very affectionate parent. With tender and dignified composure, he also parted from his lady on the day of his execution. "The bitterness of death is now past," he remarked, as he turned from her, for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression. He declared to his intimate friend, lord Cavendish, "that she had been a great blessing to him;" and observed, what a misery it would have been, if she had not had so much magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing, for the saving of his life. He added, "that there was a signal providence of God, in giving him such a wife, in whom were united, noble birth, fortune, understanding, great religion, and affection to himself, but that her conduct in his extremity exceeded all." He rejoiced that lady Russel and his children would lose nothing by his death; and expressed great thankfulness that his young family would be left in such a mother's hands,

“who,” he said, “had promised him to take care of herself for his sake.” Sometimes when he spoke of her, his heart would nearly fail him, and a tear start, on which he would turn aside, and presently change the conversation.

Lord Russel was not beheaded on Tower-hill, the general place of execution for men of rank, but in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, that the citizens might be humbled by the spectacle of their beloved Russel, as he passed through the city to this melancholy conclusion. When he drew near Southampton-house, tears rushed into his eyes, but he quickly wiped them away. He prayed for the king, and declared that he died in peace with all men. Not the slightest change of countenance was discoverable when he laid his head on the fatal block; where, in two strokes, it was severed from his body. Such was the end of this great and good man, who, both in his experience found, as he told lord Cavendish, and by his example showed, “how prevalent the power of religion is, both to comfort and support the spirits in the time of extremity.”

A copy of the speech of lord Russel to the sheriffs, and of the paper delivered to them at the place of execution, is preserved at Woburn Abbey, in gold letters. From the latter

of these is extracted the following admirable prayer.

“The will of the Lord be done, into whose hands I commend my spirit; and humbly trust that Thou, O most merciful Father, hast forgiven all my transgressions, the sins of my youth, and the errors of my past life, and that Thou wilt not lay my secret sins and ignorances to my charge; but wilt graciously support me during that small part of my life which is now before me, and assist me in my last moments, and not leave me to be disordered by fear or any other temptation, but make the light of thy countenance to shine upon me. Thou art my sun and my shield, and, as Thou supportest me by thy grace, so I hope Thou wilt hereafter crown me with glory, and receive me into the fellowship of angels and saints, in that blessed inheritance purchased for me by my most merciful Redeemer, who is, I trust, at thy right-hand, preparing a place for me, and ready to receive me: into whose hands I commend my spirit.”

Lady Russel bore the shock of his death with the greatest magnanimity. Though encompassed by the darkest clouds of affliction, and summoned in a sudden and dreadful manner to relinquish the counsel and affection of one of the best of men, she seemed born to evince that there is no trial too hard for a Christian

to endure. The pangs of nature were severely felt; but not a single duty was forgotten. Surrounded by her children, she cast her care on Him who is the widow's friend; and, while she watched her heart with the utmost diligence, that not a single murmur might escape her, she summoned all the energies of her heroic mind, to fulfil the sacred duties which had devolved upon her in the education and future management of her children. She nobly rejected every overture, and repressed the expectations of all those who sought to inspire her with a new attachment. In her offspring were centred all her earthly interests, though her brightest hopes were directed beyond the grave; and there her imagination delighted to expatiate in search of him, who had been the partner of her happier hours, and who, though dead to all the world, was yet alive in her affectionate recollections.

The following interesting extracts are selected from some of lady Russel's letters. They express the breathings of a wounded spirit, tossed with tempests, and deprived of earthly consolation; yet rising on the wings of faith and hope, beyond the cloudy atmosphere of this dim spot, in the joyful anticipation of a glorious inheritance with the spirits of just men made perfect.

“ You, my friend, who knew us both, and how we lived, must allow that I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but few can glory in the happiness of having lived with such a one; and few, consequently, can lament the like loss. Who but must shrink at such a blow, till, by the mighty aid of the Holy Spirit, they let the gift of God, which he has put into their hearts, interpose? Oh! if I did but steadfastly believe, I could not be dejected; for I will not injure myself by saying, that I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No: I most willingly forsake this world, this vexatious, troublesome world, in which I have no other business, than to rid my soul from sin, and secure my eternal interests—to bear with patience and courage my eminent misfortunes, and hereafter to be above the smiles and frowns of it; and having finished the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, joyfully to wait for heavenly perfection in God’s good time; when, by his infinite mercy, I may be counted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose, where he is gone for whom I grieve.”

——“ The future part of my life will not, I expect, pass as perhaps I should choose. Sense has long enough been satisfied: indeed, so long, that I know not how to live by faith; yet the

pleasant stream that fed it near fourteen years together being gone, I have no sort of refreshment, but when I can repair to that living fountain, whence all flows; while I look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen, expecting that day, which will settle and compose all my tumultuous thoughts in perpetual peace and quiet."

In a letter to lady Essex: "I beseech God, one day to speak peace to our afflicted minds, and let us not be disappointed of our great hope. But we must wait for our day of consolation, till this world passes away: an unkind and trustless world it has been to us. Why it has been such, God knows best. All his dispensations serve the end of his providences, and they are ever beautiful, and must be good, and good to every one of us; and even those dismal ones are so, if we can bear evidence to our own souls that we are the better for our afflictions, which often God makes the case with those who suffer wrongfully. We may reasonably believe, that our friends find that rest, we yet but hope for; and what better comfort can your ladyship, or I, desire, in this valley of the shadow of death we are passing through? The rougher our path is, the more ravishing and delightful the great change will be to us."

— “ The consideration of the other world is not only a very great, but, in my small judgment, the only support under the greatest of afflictions that can befall us here. The enlivening heat of those glories is sufficient to animate and refresh us in our dark passage through this world: and, though I am below the meanest of God’s servants, who have not in the least degree lived answerable to those opportunities which I have had; yet my Mediator is my judge, and He will not despise weak beginnings. He will help us in believing, and though He suffers us to be cast down, will not cast off those who commit their cause to him.”

— “ Philosophy is not sufficient to support the mind. I know there is no disputing with an Almighty power, and what he gives us, he may take away at his own time, and we have no reason to complain; but yet, if my delight is gone, I must be sorry it is taken. But the Christian doctrine has more power in it: it tells us the great advantage that all good people have by particular trials of their faith. We gain an assurance in our minds that our faith is sincere, by our willing obedience to all providences; and God will not forget any good thing in us. We shall have a reward. There is a promise of everlasting life, and what would we not do to

obtain it; for we love ourselves too well not to desire to be well always."

— "All I have to do is to suffer God's holy will, and I shall be exalted in due time; though not as Job, yet with divine comfort here and joy hereafter. It is the grace of God which disposes me to ask after such comforts as the world cannot give. What comfort it can give, I am sure I have felt and experienced to be uncertain and perishing. Such I will never more, the grace of God assisting, look after. And yet I expect a joyful day after some mournful ones; and though I walk sadly through the valley of death, I will fear no evil, humbling myself under the mighty hand of God, who will save in the day of trouble. He knows my sorrows, and the weakness of my person: I commit myself and mine to him. The saddest state of a good soul will one day end in rest. This is my best comfort, and a greater one we cannot have; yet the degree is raised, when we consider that we shall not only rest, but live in regions of unspeakable bliss. This should lead us sweetly through the dark passage of the world, and suffer us to start at nothing we either meet with, or our fears suggest may happen to us."

— "I was too rich in possessions while I possessed him. All relish now is gone: I bless God for it, and pray that I may more and more

turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually, that his glory, justice, or power, is promoted by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day, with ravishing delight, behold. I can truly say, that unless his law had been my delight, I should have perished in my trouble.”

Such were the sentiments of lady Russel, whose character still rises in the perspective of history, uninjured by the hand of time, with all its just proportions and moral greatness. It will be interesting to pause a little longer on her varied excellencies. Few have been called to offer so great an instance of resignation and fortitude, and few, probably, would have been equal to the task. He who has assigned to each his allotted station, and duly adapted its various trials, regards with tender indulgence the workmanship of his hands; he “pities our weakness, and remembers that we are dust.”

“The Most High,” said this admirable woman, “has not denied me the support of his Holy Spirit, in this long day of my calamity; but He has enabled me in some measure to rejoice in Him, as my portion for ever. He has provided a remedy for all our griefs, by his sure

promises of another life; where there is no death, nor any pain nor trouble, but fulness of joy, in the presence of Him who made us, and will love us for evermore.”

To great tenderness of disposition, lady Russel united the most perfect control over all her feelings. This we have seen evinced during her parting with lord Russel on the morning of his execution; and when we consider the greatness of her loss, her consciousness of the injustice of his sentence, and the happiness of their union, it may justly be regarded as one of the most impressive instances of magnanimity and self-command, which either ancient or modern history has recorded. She was also called upon to exert a similar firmness on the death of her daughter, the countess of Rutland, who died during her confinement. “Lady Russel,” says her biographer, “after seeing her in the coffin, proceeded to her other daughter, married to the duke of Devonshire, from whom it was necessary to conceal the event: she assumed, therefore, a cheerful air, and, with astonishing resolution, answered her anxious enquiries with these words: ‘I have seen your sister out of bed to-day.’”

Lady Russel had promised her lord to take care of her own life for the sake of their children, and she religiously observed her engagement. She continued his widow to the end;

and, having survived him about forty years, departed in the eightieth year of her age, by that kind of natural transition from the one state of being to another, for which common language seems to have no proper appellation, but which the sacred writers have happily denominated, “falling asleep.”

Authorities.—“Life and Letters of lady Russel.” Hume’s “England.”

MISS MARGARET ANDREWS.

Blest flower, too pure on earth to stay,
 Thy peerless sweets have pass'd away :
 Yet still to memory's care assign'd,
 Ambrosial fragrance breathes behind.

MISS MARGARET ANDREWS, the subject of this memoir, was the only child of Sir Henry and lady Elizabeth Andrews, of Lathbury, in the county of Bucks. She was born in the year 1666.

From her infancy she was remarkable for the sweetness of her disposition, and the pleasure which she derived from hearing the Holy Scriptures; as well as for the affection which she manifested towards her parents, and her tenderness for the poor.

She early discovered a striking indifference to the world; and, as she grew in years, it might be truly said respecting her, that she also grew in favour with God and man. She delighted in daily meditation, and was often seen with her hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, in an attitude expressing the joyful antici-

pations of her heart. When she walked into the country with her friends, she would often converse on the works of God; and even the grass on which she trod, and the insects she passed by, seemed to afford her satisfaction, as the workmanship of her great Creator. Her mind was truly accomplished in every thing that was good and excellent: it had the character of maturity, whilst in years she was but a child.

In the company of persons eminent for their piety, she was always observed to be remarkably attentive, and would often ask them very pertinent questions respecting the right performance of her duty. She received the admonitions of her parents with humility and thankfulness, and evinced a conscientious dread of doing any thing that appeared wrong; of which the following is an interesting instance.

In consequence of the delicacy of her health, her mother had directed that she should be very careful of her diet, and desired the little girl herself to give her a daily account respecting it. She was induced to neglect this injunction, and to indulge herself in some of the rarities natural to her age. In a short time, however, the sense of her disobedience so much distressed her, that she became very melancholy; and on lady Andrews enquiring the reason, she burst into tears, and confessed that she

was very unhappy, from the fears which she entertained of having incurred the displeasure of God: adding, "What good would it do me, if I should lose my own soul, and not go to heaven." Lady Andrews was surprised at her distress; and on enquiring what she could have done to occasion so much uneasiness, received in answer: "I have been induced to make excuses to you, and God has commanded me to honour my parents: you enjoined me to tell you what I eat and drank, but I have not done it." Lady Andrews remarked, that she appeared to be very cheerful a few days before, when they had company at the house. To this she replied: "O yes, and the music delighted me; but I thought, how much more delightful is heaven. Oh that I was there!" She often recurred with great regret to her disobedience, and at length told her artless tale to her father, who kindly entered into her feelings, and gave her such good advice, that she soon recovered her serenity and cheerfulness.

This little incident is related, both as affording a striking instance of the tenderness of her feelings, and also as conveying a very important lesson. The fault itself might be considered a trifling one; but our offences are proportional to our respective spheres of action, and to our knowledge of good and evil. In the present

instance, disobedience was not merely an omission of duty, but an actual sin. Besides, a falsehood, or even that deviation from veracity which is designated by the milder name of prevarication, is not to be palliated by specious excuses. It should be contemplated in its opposition to the immutable laws of truth; and to the unerring precepts by which those laws are vindicated, in language adapted to every capacity. The conscience of this amiable child would not suffer her to be at rest, as long as she was deceiving her affectionate parents; for, on quitting her mother, she would often turn with trembling steps into the next apartment, when, after reproving the person who had been the occasion of her disobedience, she would fall on her knees and pray to be forgiven.

Miss Andrews had little inclination for the usual amusements of the period in which she lived. Her dress was always becoming, and suitable to her station; but it was that of a rational being aspiring to immortality, and conscious of her noble destination. If her parents presented her with costly dresses and ornaments, she would accept them as tokens of their affection, which she always highly valued; but they were soon laid aside, and when she gratified her young companions with a sight of them, she always expressed the little share which they they had in her estimation.

Some of her friends having once taken her to the theatre, they expected on her return that the novelty and splendour of the objects would have prompted a variety of questions; but in this they were disappointed. On her continuing silent, they enquired how she liked the representation. She immediately replied: "I like it so much, that I never desire to see another." This indifference, however, did not result from any insensibility to what was really excellent in works of genius or imagination; for she was remarkable for the strength of her judgment, and the elegance of her taste. Her feelings were not in unison with unsatisfactory and showy amusements; and the rational enjoyment which she derived from acts of benevolence and piety, was so infinitely superior, that the entertainments of the world conveyed to her soul a sensation of emptiness, which prevented her deriving from them the least degree of enjoyment.

It was her daily practice to read a portion of the Holy Scriptures, and she frequently conversed with those who surrounded her, on the importance of religion. Her countenance seemed to kindle with holy joy, as she discoursed respecting the happiness of heaven, and the blessedness of departed saints. This was her favourite topic, and she would often contrast, with

all the energy of feeling, and eloquence of truth, and in language far superior to her tender years, the fading splendours of this transitory state with the glorious realities of eternity. It sometimes seemed as if her soul had already entered the celestial mansions, and was only looking back, at an immeasurable distance, upon the vanities of the world, as unworthy of her esteem, and too insignificant to satisfy her enlarged perceptions.

On one occasion, after having been occupied as usual, she was affected with the troubles of the Psalmist, and descanted with much seriousness on the afflictions which were sometimes permitted to attend the Christian in his progress through life; adverting at the same time to those which she had herself experienced. These observations were addressed to her attendant, who observed in reply, that her young mistress could have witnessed but little trouble. To this she immediately answered: "They that have apparently the least trouble, have sometimes a great deal; and, if we do but consider what joys there are in heaven, it is enough to make us impatient to get there."

She entertained a presentiment that her continuance would not be long, and frequently discoursed with great composure on the prospect of her approaching dissolution: so much, indeed,

was her mind absorbed by this consideration, that she once expressed to a near relation her wish, that the following beautiful description of the blessedness of the righteous might be the subject of her funeral sermon: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all those who love his appearing."

In addition to the Holy Scriptures, she derived much pleasure and improvement from reading books of a serious cast, particularly such as were calculated to instruct her in the performance of her duties. She often expressed a decided objection to novels and romances; not only as filling the storehouse of the mind with scenes of fiction, instead of those useful facts which are connected with moral improvement and mental culture; but as productive of still more injurious consequences, by exciting trifling and pernicious ideas, and too frequently dissipating every pious tendency. It is indeed an extraordinary circumstance, that beings destined for immortality, on whose path the Creator has showered so many blessings, and who often possess the means of multiplying unnumbered sources of instruction and entertainment, should

ever narrow their capacities and vitiate their taste, by dwelling on representations which only tend to unfit them for the sober enjoyments and realities of a virtuous life.

The great necessity of watchfulness and prayer, seemed to be forcibly impressed on the mind of this extraordinary child. She knew its vital importance, and felt the advantage of frequently approaching the throne of Him, who has promised, that in the weakness of his people he would become their strength. She had experienced that the spirit of devotion was that of joy and peace; and that the mind which thus retires from the tumult of the world, will be enabled to rest its cares upon God, and enjoy with a higher relish any blessing which may be continued or superadded to its allotment. Young as she was, she had learned from the highest authority, that those alone are truly blessed, whose hopes are centred in Heaven, and who, whilst they gratefully acknowledge the beneficence of God, also confess his wisdom in the disquieting incidents of probationary existence. Hers was instinctive goodness, heightened by devotion, and stimulated by a conviction of duty. Hence, in the cottages of the poor, in the chamber of the dying, and beside those whose sickness was the sickness of the heart, this admirable young lady was often found. She fre-

quently instructed the servants; entreating them to live in peace, to avoid falsehood, and to be strict in the observance of their religious duties. If they endeavoured to excuse omissions by pleading the want of time, she would answer: "Cannot you send your hearts to God; you may think of Him, whatever you are doing." She was not, however, one of those who expect from others what they neglect to perform themselves; for she was extremely watchful that her conduct should in no respect fall short of her high profession, and in every occurrence of life she supplicated the Divine assistance and blessing.

A lady of rank having offered to introduce her to the queen, she was dressed accordingly, with the usual attentions to personal decoration. Far from being elated by the prospect of such an honour, and the opportunity which it promised of being seen and admired, she seemed to dread the effect which it might produce on her mind; and as soon as the domestic was dismissed, she retired into her closet, and threw herself on her knees. On the arrival of the lady, her mother, not knowing the occasion of the delay, went hastily into the apartment. Here she found her child, not then fourteen years of age, her face bedewed with tears, and her hands lifted up to heaven, praying that her

heavenly Father, for the sake of his beloved Son, would not suffer her spritual enemy to prevail against her.

Though surrounded by every social comfort, and all the gratifications of an ample fortune, she had learned to sympathize with the afflicted. When any poor persons came to solicit charity, she would intercede for them with her parents, and always add some little donation of her own; but so great was her delicacy in this respect, that she would carefully endeavour to conceal the good which she might have done. Frequently, when persons whom she suspected to be in reduced circumstances happened to visit her, she would endeavour by the most winning kindnesses to obtain their confidence, and to discover, if possible, by what means they might be effectually benefited.

The following pleasing anecdote is related, as a striking instance that He, whose ear is ever open to the complaints of the destitute, not unfrequently inclines the hearts of the benevolent to visit and relieve them. A poor woman who resided at a little distance from the residence of Sir Henry Andrews, was anxiously considering how she should provide for her family during the week, and secretly praying that the Almighty would regard her low condition. At this moment, the amiable young lady coming

behind her as she was hard at work, slipped a piece of money into her hand, and immediately disappeared. This unexpected relief overpowered the poor woman, and impressed her with feelings which may be better conceived than described.

When prevented, by any circumstance, from making her usual calls on the objects of her benevolence, she would send a confidential domestic as her almoner, whom she engaged to observe the strictest secrecy. She also particularly directed, that if any poor persons came to the house, she should inform her parents, and represent their condition; and she enjoined her, if ever she became her own mistress, to be kind to such, for that she would not be the worse for a little charity at the year's end, as the Most High would repay her double.

On one occasion, having heard that a poor man, who was extremely ill, was in a distressed state of mind, she visited him. He remarked, that he had been "a great sinner." She answered: "If mankind had not been great sinners, what reason had there been for God to send his Son into the world to die for our redemption and deliverance? Christ has died for you. If you believe and repent, you will be forgiven. It is the enemy who suggests these despairing thoughts: resist, and pray for God's

help against him." The poor man expressed his gratitude, and she thus continued: "Meditate on that saying, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God.' If you are troubled for sin, think of the rich men of this world, to whom God hath given much time and large estates to account for. You have been obliged to earn your bread by the sweat of your brow; God, therefore, will not expect so much from you as from them." The poor man exclaimed, with tears of joy, "This is the happiest day I ever had in my life!" and soon afterwards he died, full of peace and hope.

Notwithstanding the natural timidity of her character, there were other occasions in which she administered similar consolation. In one instance, having understood that a person with whom she was acquainted had lost some near relations, and with them many of the comforts of life, she took an opportunity to represent, for the encouragement of her friend, the goodness and wisdom of the Almighty Disposer of events, who had gracious designs in the afflictions which had been thus permitted. She suggested the possible intention, and the advantages which must result from a right application of these events; and entreated her to cease from distressing her mind on account of circum-

stances which an All-gracious God had declared should promote the ultimate happiness of those who confide in Him. She was extremely careful to remove from others every temptation to evil; and carried the point so far, that if any fault was committed by the servants, she would request her mother not to interrogate them respecting it, lest the fear of her anger should induce them to tell a falsehood. A boy in the family having merited the displeasure of lady Andrews, and her daughter desiring that he might be corrected, as the means of reforming him, the lady replied, "that she had often forgiven him, and should now turn him away." "No, mother," replied the kind intercessor, "pray let him be corrected: tell him the sin, and set before him the terrors of conscience, with the torments of perdition, and, I warrant, you will do him good."

Thus did this amiable child follow the example as well as the precept of the Apostle, to "covet earnestly the best gifts;" and whilst she endeavoured to follow "a more excellent way," her character seemed to be fast preparing for that state of glory and perfection, to the excellency of which the highest mortal attainments are but faint and shadowy resemblances. All who saw, admired her; for the gladness of her heart diffused itself in every

look and action. All who heard her, valued and respected her; for on her lips was the law of kindness: and, whilst her conversation was pure and spiritual, it was often highly animated: in a word, all who knew, loved her; for hers were the fruits of the spirit, love, joy, and peace; and the unassuming sweetness of her disposition gave a peculiar attraction to her extraordinary endowments.

A short time before her illness, she expostulated with her mother, respecting the great anxiety which she appeared to experience on her account. "Am I not," said she, "in the hands of God? Cannot He preserve me? If it be his pleasure, I shall live; if not, you cannot detain me. And even should I be taken, you will not be long after. If you survive me twenty or thirty years, what is that to eternity?"

The presentiment which she had frequently expressed, was now on the point of being realized. Of this she seemed fully sensible; for, a journey to Devizes being in contemplation, she remarked to one of the family, "If I go to Devizes, I shall return no more."

A few days afterwards she was attacked with a sudden indisposition, and being in considerable pain, she often called upon God, and expressed her confidence in Him. "He is very

merciful," she remarked, "for what I feel is nothing to the sufferings of Christ for me." The pain abating, she sweetly added, "God is gracious in thus afflicting us, otherwise we should not know how to be thankful for ease."

She spent much of her time in prayer, and on her mother's affectionately enquiring whether she thought that she should de cease, she replied, with a smile, that she hoped God would pardon her sins. Lady Andrews repeated the question, and received the same answer. Thus evidently intimating, that, while she wished to spare her mother the pain of hearing that she had not long to live, the thoughts of death did not trouble her; as she entertained a well-grounded hope of that mercy which transforms its nature, and renders it to the righteous an unspeakable blessing.

Finding that her end was approaching, she asked her parents, if she had any property at her own disposal. Being answered in the affirmative, she desired that the chancel of Lathbury might be paved with marble, and forty pounds given to the poor of Newport Pagnel, with fifteen to those of Lathbury. She next addressed herself to her parents, and said: "Pray do not be troubled when I am gone." And then looking with great earnestness at each, she asked them respectively: "Do you

think you shall be long after me ?” Her father, with the rest of the family, kneeling and recommending her to God, she appeared devout and cheerful; and when the prayer was over she bowed her head, saying, “I thank God, and I thank you also.” She then enquired for the minister, and expressed a humble sense of her unworthiness, and her trust that God would pardon her sins. Shortly afterwards she was heard in prayer, calling upon the name of Jesus; and without a single cloud on her departing spirit, she thus happily entered into eternity.

Miss Andrews was scarcely fourteen years of age, when it pleased the almighty to remove her from this scene of existence. Listen, and be reformed, O you, who are descending into the vale of time, whose spring-tide of life afforded no promise for the future, and whose autumn is destitute of fruit! Contrast the unprofitable length of your protracted years, with the active virtues of this amiable child; whose days, though “swifter than a weaver’s shuttle,” were distinguished by the performance of every proper duty. Remember, that the day of life is closing upon you; that the shadows of evening are stretching across your path; and that the night approaches, “in which no man can work.” O! that you may yet enter into the

vineyards of your hearts, and improve the little time which is still remaining; that it may no longer be said concerning you, that whilst the Most High "has looked that you should bring forth grapes, you have brought forth wild grapes." Arise from the stupor of forgetfulness, and throwing aside those chains of habit which have so long fettered your moral energies, consider the bright example which has been set before you, and prepare for your final change.

Authorities.—"Life and Death of Miss Margaret Andrews." Gibbon's "Memoirs."

QUEEN MARY.

“ O, virtue, thou art the only good! When this solemn pageantry of earthly grandeur shall be no more: when all distinctions, but moral and religious, shall vanish; when this earth shall be dissolved; when the moon shall be no longer a light by night, nor the sun by day: thou shalt still survive, thy votary's immortal friend; thou shalt then appear, like thy great Author, in perfect beauty; thy lustre undiminished, and thy glory unperishable.” SEED.

HISTORY and biography are the two great mirrors in which we contemplate the human character. The first too often presents a frightful tissue of crimes and horrors, whilst the second frequently reflects from its calm and polished surface, every thing that is excellent, lovely, and of good report.

In this brilliant assemblage we dwell with sentiments of peculiar pleasure on the royal character of Mary II. consort of William III., the pride of England, and the ornament of her sex.

She was born in 1662. Her descent, however distinguished, was only an external circumstance, and could add nothing to the superior lustre of her moral and intellectual endowments. The splendour of extraction, like

the varnish of a picture, may give additional life and spirit, but cannot affect the intrinsic value.

She appeared to be happily disposed from her very childhood, and was good and gentle before she was capable of knowing that it was her duty to be so. Married at an early age to William, Prince of Orange, and Stadtholder of Holland, her whole deportment was so amiable and condescending, that she became the idol of the country in which she settled. Persons of all descriptions, in the United Provinces, vied with each other in their expressions of attachment and veneration. Her foreign birth and regal extraction, with every diversity of interests and opinions, were alike forgotten.

Considerable exertions were made by her father, James II. to convert her to the Romish persuasion. She was, however, a Protestant from principle, and an admirable letter is still extant, in which she offers such substantial reasons for her preference, that bishop Burnet, who was made acquainted with the arguments on both sides, declared, that although he had an high opinion of the princess's good understanding, the letter surprised him, and gave him the greatest pleasure, to see so young a person, without consulting any one, able to write in such a judicious and learned manner. In this composition she combined so much firmness with

the consideration she owed her father, that she gave the opposite party a decided proof that she understood her religion, as well as loved it.

After having resided several years in Holland, the British crown was transferred to herself and husband, by the joint, and almost unanimous, invitation of both houses of parliament, in the year 1688. At this interesting period of her life, as important to herself as it was beneficial to thousands of her fellow-creatures, her character, developed on a theatre more extensive, and open to the inspection of all by whom she was surrounded, abundantly evinced the extraordinary degree of piety which animated her soul. She strictly observed the Lord's day, and received the sacrament on the stated occasions. She prayed with humble reverence, and listened with respectful silence, and serious application of spirit, to the doctrines of Scripture. She seems to have deeply felt the infinite distance between the supremacy of Heaven, and the highest elevation of princes. Even an indifferent sermon was never observed to affect her with weariness; and when asked how she could lend her attention to discourses of an inferior description, she would mildly answer, that it did not become her, by any part of her behaviour, to discourage any who endeavoured to do their best.

The law of God, impressed on her heart, was

transcribed in the fairest characters, in the history of her life. She was not contented with being devout herself, but endeavoured to diffuse the same spirit over the minds of those with whom she conversed; and studied to form them to religion, with a care and watchfulness truly parental. She entertained a sincere desire to heal the divisions on religious subjects, which at that time agitated the public mind; and declared her resolution, in a reply to one of the first addresses, to employ all proper means for that useful end. In her interest to promote the welfare of Christianity, she was anxious that the clergy should be exemplary in their lives, and abundant in their exertions. She would never intentionally bestow any church preferments on those who were not distinguished for true and active piety; and it was generally understood that these were the only means by which her patronage could be hoped for. A short time before her decease, she had formed a plan to equalize the different livings, and to render each of them sufficient for the incumbent's support. She rightly judged, that the true end of power, as well as its fittest exercise, was to do good; and she often remarked, that nothing else could render the burden of it supportable. She sometimes expressed her surprise that those whom Providence had placed in

exalted stations, were not more sensible that the greatest of all felicities is to render others happy. Without this compensation, a private life was, in her opinion, by far the happiest, as well as the safest sphere of existence.

The widow, the orphan, and all those destitute persons whom the fury of persecution had expelled from the continent, felt the kindness as well as the munificence of the welcome which she afforded them. Multitudes who had fled from Ireland, also found in the queen a benevolent friend and patroness. Many who had been thus supported during their continuance in England, were enabled by her bounty and powerful influence to return in safety to their respective countries. The Protestant churches abroad had also a liberal share in her regard; nor was she unmindful of the former attachment of the United Provinces. The mediation of the English court, obtained for such of its Protestant brethren as had been hunted from the valleys of Piedmont, a secure reinstatement. The queen's individual charity organized these unfortunate exiles, and opened a way for their acquisition of those legal immunities, which they have transmitted to their posterity. She was also careful to preserve the few remaining vestiges of Bohemian Protestantism; and formed religious establishments in those parts of Ger-

many, which, desolated by long and cruel wars, were prevented from educating their young people in the principles of that profession, which many of their ancestors had confirmed with their blood.

The talents of this illustrious queen were of no ordinary description. Of this, her management in times of danger and public emergency afforded substantial proofs. Whether she conducted the helm of government on these difficult occasions, or superintended the usual affairs which came under her inspection, she was equally prudent and tranquil. Like the fabled intelligence of some planetary system, she seemed to direct all these movements with order and harmony, and to diffuse an atmosphere of purity and brightness around her. Nothing was performed impatiently or in haste. Her devotions, public and private, were not shortened in their duration; and she even found time enough to maintain the cheerfulness of a court, and to receive all who were entitled to introduction. Her administration of national affairs had this peculiar felicity; that, while something in her manner disarmed the majority of her enemies, the wisdom and secrecy of her councils defeated the designs of those who continued turbulent and implacable. She was peculiarly anxious to "possess her soul in patience," and to live in

constant resignation to the Divine will, without unnecessary disquietude as to future events. The happy news of the victory at the Boyne, and the consequent preservation of her husband from the machinations of his opponents, occurred during her first administration; and dissipated the gloomy cloud which at that time impended over the country, and threatened the overthrow of its government. The expressions of public satisfaction and gratitude were almost unbounded. The queen's cheerfulness was increased; but the appearance of tranquillity had never forsaken her. Nor was it a small addition to her happiness, that her father, for whom she still entertained the utmost respect, had escaped the danger. She spoke of the whole transaction, two days after the intelligence, with so tender a sense of the Divine goodness, that it drew tears from her eyes. She freely confessed, that "her heart had trembled; not so much from the apprehension of the danger that she herself was in, as from the scene that was then in action at the Boyne; that God had heard her prayers, and she blessed Him for it with as sensible a joy, as for any thing that had ever happened to her."

In her brightest seasons she was never self-confident, nor was she ever elated by prosperous events; whilst, amidst all the enjoyments of

life, she maintained a true indifference as to their continuance. Her body was the beautiful temple of a still fairer mind, and her graceful presence inspired a love and veneration worthy of empire. A degree of seriousness tempered with serenity, indicated the strength as well as loveliness of those principles, which were the secret springs of a deportment at once so cheerful and dignified.

Although the openness of the queen's manner subjected her to general observation, it was so well regulated, that those who knew her best and saw her oftenest, could never penetrate her intentions further than she chose to discover them. She disdained to borrow any assistance from those arts which are so common in political councils. She would never deceive others, or even express any thing which might give them occasion to deceive themselves. When she did not intend to promise, she took care to explain herself so unequivocally, that no such construction could be drawn from general terms of favour or courtesy. In the course of several years, and during the occurrence of various memorable events, numerous temptations presented themselves for the adoption of a more artificial policy, from which, according to worldly maxims, considerable advantage might have resulted. The queen, how-

ever, maintained her sincerity unimpeached, and had never once occasion for any subterfuge to justify either her words or actions.

Quickness of thought is frequently superficial. It easily inflames, and for a season may sparkle with some degree of lustre; but this is often temporary and transient. In the queen, on the contrary, vivacity was combined with investigation. The English, Dutch, and French languages were almost equally familiar to her; but she devoted the closest attention to the study of the Scriptures, and books connected with them. Next to these, history, as best adapted to afford her useful instruction, was her favourite pursuit. To this were added, natural history and philosophy, mathematics, perspective, and geography. Indeed, she read and studied more than could have been conceived by any unacquainted with the many hours she spent in her closet. She had no relish for those frivolous entertainments which consume the time of most people, and which are alike injurious to their fortunes and understandings. Architecture and gardening were also occasional recreations; and she had a fine taste in both. When an affection of the eyes precluded her from many of her favourite occupations, she betook herself to the lighter kinds of work. It was a new thing to see a queen so sedulously employed; but

she considered idleness as the great corrupter of human nature. She was convinced, that if the mind was destitute of useful employment, it would have recourse to something of an injurious kind; and she thought that, whatever could afford an innocent relaxation, ought to fill up such of her hours as were disengaged from devotion or serious business. Her example was soon followed, not only by her own attendants, but by the neighbourhood in which she resided; so that it became, during her reign, almost as much the fashion to work, as it had often been to sit idle. While thus occupied, she was still mindful of intellectual engagements; and amongst the ladies who were admitted to the honour of working with her, one was selected to read an author suited to their inclination or engagements.

Few of her sex devoted less time to dress. Whilst at her toilette she often read, and generally aloud, that those who served her might be also improved. Her observations were admirable, and an agreeable vivacity diffused such an innocent cheerfulness amongst her attendants, that, unlike most courts, in which the hours of duty are the heaviest of the day, they were in hers, of all others, the most delightful. Her cheerfulness might well be called innocent, since it never gave pain to others. No physical

defects, or even real faults, were with her the subject of pleasantry, nor could she bear it in others. She scarcely ever expressed a greater satisfaction with any sermon, than with that of archbishop Tillotson against evil speaking. If she suspected any to be addicted to it, she would ask them, by way of reprimand, if they had ever read that discourse. A singular felicity attended her character, which is not always the lot of virtue; that she was as far from incurring, as she was from meriting, censure. When congratulated on this subject, she ascribed it wholly to the goodness of God; for she doubted not that many fell under reprehensions, who deserved them as little.

Her charity, like the sun's warmth, was diffusive, and nothing within its circuit was hidden from its benevolent influence. The Scriptures assure us, that "God is love," and a virtuous prince can never better approximate the divine perfections, than in this attribute of benignity.

In her last illness she was remarkably patient, and, although her complaint was distressing, she bore it with submissive resignation. The grief of those who attended her never disturbed her tranquillity. She was rising so fast above mortality, that even her husband, who was dearer to her than all the world besides, could not inspire her with any anxiety to recover. She received the intimations of approaching death, with a

firmness which neither bent nor softened, under a prospect often terrible to the strongest minds. At this crisis, when even the artificial become sincere, and when the mask of hypocrisy no longer disguises the native character, her tranquil and sublime piety appeared additionally conspicuous. In the extremity of her illness she felt no inward depression, and frequently declared, that she “experienced the joys of a good conscience, and the power of religion giving her support,” which even the last agonies could not shake. Her constant gentleness and attention to the feelings of others never failed her. A few hours before she breathed her last, when her clerical attendant had continued in long attendance, apprehending that he might be fatigued, she directed him to sit down, and repeated her injunctions till he obeyed. This, though trifling in itself, discovered her presence of mind and amiable disposition. Prayer became her constant exercise, and she often said, that she thought it did her more good, and afforded her more relief, than any other resource whatever. She received the sacrament with a devotion which animated as well as affected all the beholders. Nature was now beginning to sink apace, her soul was upon the wing, and she seemed entirely absorbed in meditation. Her peace of mind, and the patience with which she

sustained so severe an illness, were at first imputed to that undisturbed serenity which had become habitual; but when she so often asserted her inward feelings, her tranquil dissolution was deemed a peculiar blessing, and the appropriate conclusion of such a pious life. Thus this most excellent princess quitted the shackles of mortality, and passed apparently from an earthly to a heavenly crown; a crown of glory, which never shall fade away.

It would be difficult to describe the universal grief which attended her dissolution. Those who knew her best, felt their loss to be irreparable. The king himself was inconsolable, and it was generally apprehended that he must sink under his affliction. Dr. Tennison having endeavoured to offer some topics of consolation, he answered, that he "could not but grieve, since he had lost a wife, who in seventeen years had never been guilty of an indiscretion." She had been devotedly attached to her husband; and the principal satisfaction she derived from her elevation, was connected with the idea that he was to participate in a greatness which he was so well qualified to maintain. She was all animation when any measure was contemplated, that could either express affection or esteem towards him. On the third day of her illness, the king summoned Burnet into his closet, be-

fore whom he gave a free course to his anguish. He burst into tears, and exclaimed, that "there was no hope of the queen, and that, from being the happiest, he was now going to be the most miserable man on earth." He declared, "that, during the whole course of their marriage, he had never known a single fault in her; and that she possessed a worth which nobody knew but himself." This historian asserts, that the king's affliction for her death, was as great as it was just; and much greater than those who knew him intimately, had thought his temper capable of. His distress during her illness surprised his attendants; for he often fainted and broke out into the most violent lamentations; and, after her death, his spirits sunk so much, that for some weeks he was incapable of either transacting business, or seeing company.

Authorities.—Burnet's "History" and "Essay." Dr. Bates's "Character."

MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.

“ Quanto piu vale
Sempiterna bellezza che mortale.”

“ THERE was scarcely a flower, an insect, or a bird,” says the elegant author of “The Philosophy of Nature,” speaking of Mrs. Rowe, “which grew, crept, or sung in her garden, but afforded her a source of gratification. And this was not merely of the kind, which is naturally excited in minds of sensibility, by the contemplation of the interesting and beautiful; but she looked through the wonders of creation towards their great artificer; and regarded the universe as the temple of the living God, in which, as from one great altar, the incense of thanksgiving should be continually ascending. Enthusiastic in her admiration of the works of nature, and endowed with a lively imagination, it was happy for Mrs. Rowe, that she possessed a father who was capable of directing her ardent mind to the most laudable and satisfactory attainments. He knew and felt the great necessity of properly

regulating the feelings in early life; and endeavoured to inculcate those ennobling sentiments of true religion, which, in the language of an admirable writer, “has pointed out the only object capable of occupying all the faculties of an immortal soul, and affording an inexhaustible fund of progressive felicity; which has dispelled the mists of uncertainty and doubt; drawn aside the veil, and disclosed the secrets of the unknown world; and offered to mankind a ready means for the attainment of the noblest wisdom, the highest virtue, the purest happiness, and the most exalted hopes.”

Mrs. Rowe was born in 1674, and, with a beloved sister, divided the cares and affections of Mr. Singer, their excellent and accomplished parent; for their mother, who appears to have possessed a highly cultivated mind, and great sweetness of disposition, had deceased when they were very young. Even in advanced life, Mr. Singer frequently dwelt with the liveliest satisfaction on her various excellencies, and the little incidents of their first acquaintance. He often remarked, that, “admirable as his daughters were, both of them together were not to be compared with their perfect mother.” The amiable dispositions of the parents were inherited by their children, and the two sisters were early distinguished for an extraordinary attachment,

and the closest coincidence in their pursuits and amusements. Like Helina and Hermia, they were often seen,

“ Creating with their needles both one flower,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
As if their hands, their sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. Thus they grew together,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.”

The sister was rather younger than Mrs. Rowe, more lively in her disposition, and equal in natural and acquired abilities. They would often study together till near midnight; and, if either at any time had withdrawn for the purpose of composing uninterruptedly, the younger would suddenly break in upon the retirement of her sister, as if she could not bear even a temporary separation; thus endeavouring, by every means in her power, to attach her sister more strongly to her, and sometimes complaining, that she scarcely returned an equal affection. Seldom, perhaps, have the annals of domestic life presented a more lovely instance of mutual confidence and regard; but, on every thing of earthly origin, the character of brevity and instability seems to be inscribed by the hand of Heaven.

Mrs. Rowe was taken ill suddenly, and the physician apprehended her life in danger. On

receiving this alarming intelligence, her sister hastened into the room, and tenderly enquired if she was prepared to die; for that she could not willingly resign her, except in the prospect of a happy eternity. "I turned to her," said Mrs. Rowe, as, many years after, she was relating this affecting anecdote to a friend, "and earnestly asked her if she thought me in so much danger; adding, 'I must confess to you, that my distress would be great indeed, if I thought that I was now to depart this life.' No sooner had she heard this, than she fell in an agony on her knees, and humbly and fervently prayed Almighty God, that, if her father was to be deprived of one of his children, it might be her; for that she could joyfully acknowledge, before Him, her assured hope of his everlasting mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord. That she could willingly submit to death, if it pleased Him to grant her sister a longer space, to render 'her calling and election sure.' Having thus prayed, she arose and kissed me in a transport of affection; after which she quitted the room. In the course of a few hours I recovered; but my beloved sister was suddenly taken ill, took to her bed, and never rose again, leaving me overwhelmed with sorrow. My earnest endeavour was to console myself, with considering the wonderful goodness of God towards me, and also to

comfort my poor father. Nor durst we be inconsolable, knowing by whom this bereavement was brought about; yet my mourning is often fresh upon me, with the remembrance of a love as strong as death." So true is the observation of lady Russel, "that whatever we love in this world, besides our Maker, will, some time or the other, be to us a source of grief."

Mrs. Rowe resumed, as soon as possible, her usual occupations, that, by the practice of piety, and the cultivation of her mind, she might fulfil the wishes of her beloved sister, and relieve herself from the melancholy which preyed on her heart.

Drawing continued to be one of her favourite amusements. She had used the pencil when almost too young to guide it; and frequently employed the juices of the beautiful flowers, which she loved to collect, as a substitute for colours. She also possessed an exquisite taste in music; but chiefly preferred the solemn and sacred kinds, as most congenial to her own elevated feelings. At twelve years of age she began to write verses, and her prose combined the figures and charms of poetry. Klopstock, the Milton of Germany, whose talents and virtues entitle him to rank as the first of poets, and the most amiable of men, was a great admirer of her writings: he read them with enthusiasm; and,

in an elegant ode, addressed to his friend Bodmer, has feelingly lamented that kindred minds, capable of mutual delight and instruction, should, from the accidental circumstances of birth and country, be precluded from an interchange of ideas.

“ Alas! they find not one the other, they
Who for each other, and for love were made :
Now in far distant climes their lot is cast,
And now long ages roll their course between.
Ne'er did my eyes behold thee, Addison,
Ne'er did my ear learn wisdom from thy lips ;
Nor ever yet did Singer smile on me,
She who unites the living and the dead.
Thee too I never shall behold, thou who,
In after-times, when I have long been dead,
Shalt rise most like me, made for my own heart,
Whilst thine will pant for me*.”

The person and talents of Mrs. Rowe procured her many admirers ; but the individual who engaged her affections was Mr. Thomas Rowe, a gentleman of distinguished and highly cultivated abilities, whose merit, as an author, has entitled him to rank high in the literary constellation. He was peculiarly happy in his choice, for Mrs. Rowe was one of the very few, in whom a lovely exterior is united with an accomplished mind. She spoke gracefully, whilst

* “Fragments,” by Miss Elizabeth Smith.

she expressed her thoughts in elegant language. The softness and benevolence of her aspect were such as inspired love and admiration, blended with a certain degree of awe, a secret homage which superior virtue demands. The elevation of her understanding rendered the trifles of life, the current coin of society, uninteresting to her; but desiring in things indifferent to accommodate herself as much as possible to those whom she wished to serve, she frequently discoursed on lively and trivial topics. As soon, however, as a transition could be made, without the appearance of affectation, she exerted her talents and eloquence to recommend to her friends the strictest piety, and attention to moral duties. She seldom spoke of her writings, even to her most intimate acquaintance; nor ever discovered the slightest elation at their extraordinary success, and the approbation which they received from some of the finest contemporary writers. The applause which attended her works, only led her to ascribe the glory to the Original of all perfection, on whose power she maintained a constant sense of her own dependence, and to which, with the most grateful piety, she acknowledged her obligations. "It is but for Heaven," she would often say, "to give a turn to one of my nerves, and I should be an idiot." "During the long inti-

macy," observes Mr. Theophilus Rowe, her husband's brother, "with which she favoured me, never do I remember a single expression of vanity; but in conversing with persons of abilities far beneath her own, she seemed to study to make the superiority of her genius easy to them, by the most obliging goodness and condescension. It was impossible for her to treat any one with insolence or contempt; and I have often witnessed the peculiar respect which she paid to sincere piety, even when a great degree of ignorance, and extremely mean circumstances, might have quite obscured it with less generous dispositions."

To an elevated genius, Mrs. Rowe thus united all that endearing sweetness of mind and manners, which are so peculiarly the ornament of her sex. She had a decided aversion to satire of every kind, and her conversation, as well as writings, were entirely free from the slightest tendency to that unamiable disposition. The more effectually to secure herself from an imitation of what she so conscientiously condemned, she entered in her diary, when very young, the following admirable resolution:

"Let me once again bind myself to thee, O Lord, that I may never, by thy grace, speak evil of any person. O help me to govern my tongue by the strictest rules of charity and

truth, and never to utter any evil surmises, or make the least reflection to the dishonour of my neighbour. Let me, in the minutest circumstances, do to others as I would they should act towards me. Let me hope, let me believe, all things to the advantage of others. Give me thy divine assistance to perform this great duty; set thou a watch on my words, and keep, O strictly keep, the door of my lips, that I offend not with my tongue. Let thy grace be sufficient for me, and thy strength be manifest in my weakness. In thy strength, in the name of the Lord, my Redeemer, let me engage with all my future temptations. Look graciously on this petition, and remember me when I am in any suspense or exigency, and ready to forget my engagements. In the moment when I may waver, strengthen me: restrain me when the malignant thought arises; and while the unuttered words are ready to issue from my lips, impose thy control, and govern each rebellious faculty." Mrs. Rowe strictly regulated her conduct by this solemn determination. "I can appeal to you," she remarks in a letter to a lady, with whom she had lived in a long and intimate friendship, "if you ever knew me make an envious or ill-natured reflection on any person upon earth. The follies of mankind would indeed afford a wide and various

scene, but charity must draw the veil of darkness, and choose to be for ever silent, rather than expatiate on the melancholy theme."

Mr. Rowe was fully sensible of her extraordinary merit, and the highest esteem and affection was evinced in his conduct; whilst, by the exercise of every domestic virtue, she confirmed the influence which she had acquired over his heart. During the long illness which ended in his decease, she alleviated his affliction by the kindest and most sedulous attentions; and even when he no longer breathed, she could scarcely be separated from his remains. Absorbed in grief, she felt that the world in which he had ceased to exist was become a joyless solitude. Gradually, however, the dark clouds of melancholy passed away: she looked to heaven for the consolations which she required, and, as she had loved and honoured him while living, she resolved to embalm his memory with a vow of perpetual widowhood, which she inviolably observed. "Whatever such distinguished merit could claim," said this amiable woman, "I have endeavoured to pay my much-loved husband's memory. I reflect with pleasure on my conduct in this respect, not only from a principle of justice and gratitude towards him, but from a conscious sense of honour, and the love of a virtuous reputation. If the soul, in a separate state,

should be insensible to human censure and applause, there is yet a distinguished homage due to the sacred name of virtue." Such were the sentiments of Mrs. Rowe; and, but a short time before her death, she evinced how incapable she was of forgetting a friend who had been so dear and delightful to her, by shedding tears at the mention of his name.

Mrs. Rowe was much attached to the country, though, in compliance with the wishes of her husband, she had spent a considerable part of the year in London. After his decease, she retired to her estate at Frome, and sought, in the contemplation of her own being, and the practice of benevolence, to recover her habitual serenity. Retirement, to a well-regulated mind, is, in the season of affliction, an indescribable source of comfort. The world never can fill the aching void, occasioned by the loss of a beloved object; but, in the secret chamber of the heart, when abstracted from the confusion of surrounding objects, a small still voice is often heard, which whispers comfort to the wounded spirit, speaks peace to the broken-hearted, and sets the captive free.

To the indigent, Mrs. Rowe appeared a messenger of mercy. Her goodness anticipated their requests, whilst her smiles and conciliating language endeared her acts of benevolence.

“ These hands are now capable of distributing to their necessities,” she observes, in her manuscript devotions, “ if thou, O Lord, wouldst give me the glad commission. O send me the ready minister of consolation in their distress. Hear their blessings and prayers for me.”

Apprehensive lest the pain and debility of illness might occasion some depression of spirit, or fears unsuitable to the character of a Christian, Mrs. Rowe often expressed to her friends, that, if consistent with the Divine will, she was very desirous that her removal might be a sudden one. From the cheerfulness of her disposition, she seemed peculiarly calculated to enjoy life and all its innocent gratifications; but her treasures were in heaven, and all her hopes and wishes had centred there. When her acquaintance expressed their satisfaction on seeing her look so well, and hinted, that the goodness of her health seemed to insure many years to come, she would smile, and tell them, “ that it was like complimenting a prisoner on the strength of his prison walls.” Indeed, the fervour of her wishes to exchange earth for heaven, often discovered itself in her conversation and private memorandums. “ How long shall I dwell in Meshech, and sojourn in the tents of Kedar?” was the language of her heart: “ when will the wearisome journey of life be finished? when shall

I reach my everlasting home, and arrive at my celestial country? I have no engagement, nothing to detain me here; but wander as a pilgrim, far from my native regions. My friends are gone before me, and are now triumphing in the skies, secure of the conquest, possessed of the rewards of victory. They survey the field of battle, and look back with pleasure on the distant danger; whilst I, beset with a thousand snares, and tired with the continued toil, unsteadily maintain the field, till active faith interposing, assures me of the conquest, and shows me the immortal crown. It is faith that tells me, that light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. Grant me, O God, to fulfil as an hireling my days. Shorten the space, but let it be full of action. It is of small importance how few there are of these little circles of days and hours, so that they are well filled up by devotion and every proper duty."

On the day of her departure, her health seemed as good as usual, and she conversed during the evening with her accustomed vivacity. About eight o'clock she retired to her chamber; but shortly after, her servant, hearing a slight noise, hastened into the room, where she found Mrs. Rowe, apparently near her end. Medical assistance was immediately obtained, but all human endeavours were unavailing; and, in the

course of a few hours, this amiable and accomplished woman breathed her last, in the sixty-third year of her age. A devotional book was found open beside her, with some leaves of paper, on which she had written a few unconnected sentences.

A plain monument at Frome, points out the spot where the remains of the father and daughter repose together. This was one of the last injunctions of Mrs. Rowe. Peaceful and undisturbed be the place of their rest, till “those who are in the grave shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and live;” whilst the language of heavenly exultation shall reply in joyous accents, “Here am I, O Lord, and the children whom thou hast given me!”

Authority.—“Life of Mrs. Rowe.”

LADY ELIZABETH LANGHAM.

“ A mind at peace with all below.”

THAT variety which pervades the natural, also distinguishes the moral world: some, in their gradual advances towards perfection, are like the towering cedar, which long requires the early and latter rain; whilst others resemble the productions of the tropical climates, which, at the vernal season, watered only by dews and showers, burst at once into full luxuriance.

This was strikingly exemplified in the instance of lady Langham. Naturally amiable and benignant, virtue seemed to cost her but little effort; and, in tracing the various excellencies of her character, we seem to contemplate an ideal being, commissioned for some benevolent purpose, to reside for a time on earth, to alleviate, but not to share, the infirmities of human nature. This distinguished personage was the daughter of the earl and countess of Huntingdon. She appears to have been remarkably

happy in the example and instruction of an excellent mother; and, in more advanced life, she often thankfully acknowledged, that the watchful care of her illustrious parent had not only afforded her the inestimable advantages of a good education, but had also preserved her from being contaminated by an acquaintance with extravagance and vice.

Her youthful mind was early imbued with the love of virtue; and she received every kind of religious instruction with peculiar pleasure and reverence. She paid particular attention to the Sabbath-day, and always hailed its recurrence with sentiments of delight. Young as she was, she felt that a right observance of her duty in this respect, always brought with it a blessing on the ensuing week; and the hours which she spent in the exercise of devotion, were considered as the happiest of her life.

Filial piety was a striking feature in her character. Her attachment to her parents, could only be equalled by the pleasure which she took in obeying them; and the countess was frequently heard to say, "that never, either in word or deed, had her beloved daughter given her the slightest cause for reproof." This blossom of early excellence did not share the fate that so frequently attends the vernal production. As she grew in years, she also grew in grace;—

in the love and knowledge of God. Knowing that patient continuance in well doing, could alone obtain the recompense of glory and immortality, she closely adhered to the inspired precept, to refuse the evil, and choose the good ; and, whilst she breathed benevolence and good will to all, she seemed on earth to anticipate the engagements of heaven.

Never, even under a momentary impulse, did lady Langham deviate from that law of kindness, which seemed engraved on her heart. She entered with peculiar delicacy into the feelings of those by whom she was surrounded, especially if their circumstances rendered them in any respect dependent. Once, in particular, referring to some omissions of duty, she entreated the lady by whom she was educated, with many tears, to excuse them, as she had become sensible of a deficiency in affection, and feared, to use her own expression, that her governess would not love her.

A strict attention to veracity was early discoverable. She abhorred every species of deception, and none more than those frivolous untruths, which are too often considered in conversation as substitutes for wit and sprightliness. She often remarked, that a falsehood is equally reprehensible and offensive to a Being of infinite purity, whether it is spoken in jest or earnest.

So conscientiously correct was lady Langham in this particular, that a gentlewoman of rank and character, who had long enjoyed the advantage of her intimate acquaintance, declared, that she “believed her amiable friend had a smaller account to render, for thoughtless expressions, than any individual she ever knew.” So innocent also was her deportment, so delicately pure and retired, that a faithful domestic, who had resided for several years in the family of the countess of Huntingdon, bore this honourable testimony to the character of her young mistress, that “she never heard or observed a single unbecoming word or action, or any thing in her conduct, which, had it been open to the inspection of the world, could, in the slightest degree, have tended to render her less estimable.” Modesty, with her, was not the result of affectation, but the genuine offspring of the heart. She knew that, without delicacy, no female character could be perfect; and that, if this essential quality was wanting, the casket, however beautiful, must be destitute of the jewel which could alone give it intrinsic value. Her dress, occupations, amusements, in fact, every thing around her, seemed to breathe the purity of her mind, and to be regulated in unison with this important principle. In her choice of authors, she thought no superiority of talent or genius could ever

compensate for injurious sentiments, or moral deficiency. Under such circumstances, indeed, while little suspicion is entertained of the danger, the charms of literature too often secretly undermine every virtuous principle of the heart, and, like the specious present, which a faithless slave conveyed to the Egyptian queen of antiquity, conceal, beneath a flattering semblance, the baneful and deadly poison.

Lady Langham was daily in the habit of reading the Holy Scriptures. Excepting the example and precepts of our Saviour, there was no part of the sacred volume on which she dwelt with greater pleasure than the Psalms. The beautiful images derived from pastoral life, the tenderness and pathos which they contain, and, above all, the exalted strains in which they portray the happiness of a virtuous mind, elevated above the world, and occupied in devotional exercises, were peculiarly congenial to her own feelings. She never retired to rest without reading and meditating on some of the most impressive; and, when she awoke in the morning, it was her invariable custom to begin the day with mentally reciting one of those sacred effusions, that, like the statue of Memnon, which emitted notes of music at sunrise, her soul might be attuned to gratitude and thanksgiving.

The affectionate disposition of lady Langham,

rendered her peculiarly susceptible of friendship. It consisted with her in a participation of virtuous sentiments; for she never bestowed her confidence on any whose dispositions were in this respect uncongenial. She trusted that the hand of death could not dissever the mental union; and that, "although the earthly ties of affection might perish in the grave," the delicate energies of friendship would be immortal. She therefore selected her intimate friends, not from accidental circumstances of birth and fortune, or amidst the lofty pretensions of human greatness; but from that little flock, whatever might be their sphere of exertion, who were endeavouring to follow the good Shepherd in the path of eternal life. No cold indifference, or narrow jealousy, ever depressed the ardour of her generous attachments. She loved her friends with a strength of feeling bordering on enthusiasm; and, by the most endearing and delicate attentions, continually reminded them of the share which they held in her estimation. Nor were her tender anxieties confined to the promotion of their earthly happiness: she continually endeavoured to stimulate them in their progress towards that heavenly country, where the flower of virtuous affection, often too fair and fragile for this uncertain state, shall blossom for ever in the celestial paradise.

Remembering the admonition of the apostle, to redeem that precious time which is assigned us for the noblest purposes, lady Langham conscientiously avoided the dissipated amusements of the age. She found that, after having bestowed her attention on the scenes of theatrical representation, or mixed unreservedly in the circles of fashionable life, the meditations of her heart became unacceptable in the sight of Him, whom she had chosen for her eternal portion. The consideration of his goodness was to her a source of supreme delight; and, in her most retired moments, she felt that she was not alone, for that his sacred presence was with her. How then, under this conviction, could she forsake the living fountains, for those broken cisterns which yield no water—the substantial joys of true religion, for occupations and amusements, in which, even in the midst of laughter, the feelings are often melancholy.

Although descended from a line of distinguished ancestors, lady Langham never evinced the slightest elevation on this account, or expressed a sentiment of uneasiness on being surpassed by the greater pomp, or more splendid retinue, of those who were her inferiors. When, after her marriage, Sir James Langham regretted the insignificance of his situation, compared with that of the noble family she had just quit-

ted, she expressed her full satisfaction with the sphere of life which she had chosen, as not only affording "an elegant sufficiency," but ample means for every rational enjoyment. The language of her heart was that of the wise son of Sirac: "Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; and feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full, and deny thee; or become poor, and steal."

To great natural and acquired endowments, including a mind highly cultivated, and a critical acquaintance with the learned languages, in which she conversed with fluency, Lady Langham united a peculiar sweetness of disposition, as well as that humility and gentleness which render virtue itself more amiable and desirable. Her husband was deserving of her attachment, and she became to him the most agreeable of friends and companions. So completely did they assimilate in their pursuits and inclinations, and such was her disinterested attachment to the dearest earthly object of her regard, that she has been frequently heard to say, that, for the preservation of his life, she could freely sacrifice her own.

The dutiful attentions of this amiable lady towards her mother, were never in the slightest degree diminished, when no longer subject to her control. She looked back with gratitude

to the guardian care of her venerable parent; to whom, next to her Creator, she was indebted for all she possessed on earth, or hoped to attain in heaven.

Her husband's children were considered by lady Langham as her own. She tenderly watched over and educated, the motherless family which heaven had committed to her care. She taught them to remember their Creator in early life; and entreated, on her dying bed, that they might be trained up in the ways of holiness, and carefully instructed in those evidences of salvation which must one day support them in their greatest necessity.

Amiable and condescending towards her servants, she treated them with dignity and mildness, rather as humble friends, than as if she considered them beings of an inferior order. She was not only attentive to their personal comforts, but to their immortal welfare. Knowing that, whatever might be their stations in life, they were, equally with herself, the heirs of salvation, she omitted no proper opportunity to remind them of their respective duties. As she suffered none of her household to eat the bread of idleness, she had them summoned to their morning devotions; and then, calling them into her apartment, before their daily business commenced, she enquired if they had duly

attended to the performance of them. If any confessed, or by silence evinced their deficiency, she dismissed them with a reproof, for having preferred any inferior consideration to the service of their Maker. Lady Langham continued this plan till near the termination of her valuable life; and when increasing illness obliged her to detain any of her domestics from church, she would tell them, that nothing but absolute necessity would have been a sufficient inducement. "Nevertheless," she added, "your minds are at liberty. Worship your Creator in the secret of your hearts; lift up your thoughts to Him, and remember it is the Sabbath."

During her last illness, when her relations, in the utmost anxiety, scarcely dared to hope for her recovery, she was far from expressing the least uneasiness, notwithstanding her extraordinary attachment to her family and friends. With perfect resignation to the will of Omnipotence, she rather desired to depart and to be with Christ. She entreated her afflicted husband, who was incapable of the same composure, that "he would not pray for her life, but rather for her immortal spirit; that God might prepare her for death, or, if He was pleased to grant the desire of her connexions, that He would sanctify every dispensation, and enable her to walk before Him in a perfect way." She

begged him also to moderate his affliction, to rest contented with the promises of God, and to resign himself to his will. She frequently enquired why he should weep for her, when he saw that she was departing with an assurance of everlasting happiness; sweetly adding, "we cannot both expect to leave the world at the same time." Often, indeed, had she admonished him, even in the time of health, to beware of rendering her too much the idol of his affections; "for, remember," she would say, "that our Heavenly Father requires the whole heart."

During her distressing illness, she was anxious that faith and patience might be afforded her; and frequently asked her sorrowful attendants, if she did not appear very deficient in those important virtues. Her humility was so great, that, when she recollected the holy and exemplary deportment of some of her Christian friends, in similar situations, she was apprehensive lest her conclusion might not be answerable to theirs. These were the feelings of a mind humbly aspiring after the highest degrees of religious perfection; but they were merely as the dusky shadows, which melt into light when morning restores the face of nature. The day-spring from on high soon returned with increasing brightness, and filled her drooping spirits with joy unspeakable, as she feelingly

described the glorious prospect which eternity was opening before her. A short time before her close, she remarked to a friend, that she blessed the Almighty for thus dismissing her in early life, from a world, which, in comparison with the heavenly inheritance for which He had prepared her, was indeed a sorrowful one, and full of trouble. She thanked Him that He had afforded her an interest in a better country, and she felt that she could freely resign her spirit into the hands of Him who had given it. She knew in whom she had trusted, and possessed an assurance that she was quitting her earthly tabernacle for a glorious mansion, "eternal in the heavens."

Thus departed lady Langham, in the bloom of life, universally beloved and lamented. As soon as her death was announced in the neighbourhood, it might be truly said, that almost every house discovered indications of the most sincere regret. Multitudes of the poor thronged to obtain a sight of the hearse, and feelingly evinced that affliction, not curiosity, had assembled them, by the tears and heart-felt lamentation with which they bewailed her loss. To her memory, with the greatest propriety, might have been applied the following affecting and elegant inscription, which once recorded the vir-

tues of an amiable and benevolent female, of a disposition similar to her own.

“ Low she lies in the dust, and her memory fills us with grief. Silent is the voice of melody, and the hand of elegance is at rest. Never more shall the poor give thee his blessing, or the naked be clothed with the fleece of thy flock: the tear shalt thou no more wipe away from the eye of the wretched. Where now, O feeble one, is thy wanted help?”

Many years have elapsed since the departure of lady Langham: those who mourned her decease, have in their turn been also lamented. The friends of her heart, and the objects of her bounty, are in that mysterious state of existence, where there is neither to-day nor yesterday, beginning nor ending; where “ the rich and the poor are met together, and the servant is free from his master.” There, if found in the way of holiness, it will be well with them. The good Shepherd will conduct them into that peaceful fold, “ into which no enemy enters, and from whence no friend departs; where they shall rest from their labours, and see a period to their sorrows; where the voice of praise and thanksgiving is heard continually, and where all the faithful, from Adam to his last born son, shall meet together, to behold the face of Jesus, and to be blessed with the vision of the Al-

mighty: where ‘they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. But the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.*’ ”

Authority.—Gibbon’s “Memoirs.”

* Horne’s “Commentary on the Psalms.”

LADY CUTTS.

“ They never die too soon, who die ripe and perfect. If some divine souls come into the world enriched with more light and beauty, and with stronger inclinations to virtue than others; and if their short lives are so bright and innocent, that, from a particular grace, God has thought fit to exempt them from the miseries of this life; or that, on account of this particular pre-eminence, they need not pass through the trial, the discipline, and probations of it: on either of these suppositions we ought not to commiserate, but to revere their fate.”

LUCAS'S “ *Enquiry after Happiness.*”

WE are indebted to the elegant pen of bishop Atterbury, for the following beautiful delineation of the character of lady, wife of John, lord Cutts, who deceased in 1697. Young, amiable, and accomplished, she found her highest gratification in the knowledge and love of God; those living fountains, from whence celestial beings derive their happiness. In the bloom of life she passed into the glorious presence of her Maker and Redeemer, to enjoy, in the society of saints and angels, that pure and perfect felicity.

city which God himself has prepared for those who love him.

“The character of this admirable lady,” says this biographer, “was composed of several excellences and perfections; which made her beloved and revered, and which raised her above the greater part of her sex, much more than any outward marks of rank and distinction.

“In describing her comprehensive character, I shall begin where she first began, at her devotions. Morning and evening came not more constantly in their course than her stated hours of private prayer; which she performed not formally, as a task, but returned to them always with delight and eagerness. She esteemed it her greatest honour and happiness to wait upon God; and she resolved that no business, or common incident of life, should divert her from it.

“During the time of divine service, her behaviour, though very devout and solemn, was decent, easy, and unaffected. It was such as declared itself not to be a work of the passions, but to flow from the understanding, and from a clear knowledge of the true grounds and principles of her reasonable service. She often expressed her dissatisfaction at that indecency of carriage which too much prevails in our

churches; and wondered that those persons should be be most careless of their behaviour towards God, who are most scrupulously nice in exacting and paying all the little decencies which are in use among us.

“She took pleasure in books, and made good use of them: chiefly books of devotion, which she preferred above all others. History too, had very often a share in her reflections; and sometimes she looked into pieces of amusement, when she found them written in such a manner as to be innocently entertaining.

“But of all books, the book of God was that in which she most delighted, and which was scarcely for any considerable length of time out of her hands. She knew and felt its great use and sweet influence, in calming her mind, regulating her desires, and lifting her thoughts to heaven; and feeding that holy flame which the love of God had kindled in her heart.

“In this holy book she was more particularly conversant on the Sabbath; a day ever held sacred by her, and which, therefore, always in her family, wore a face of devotion suitable to its dignity. It was truly a day of rest to all under her roof. Her servants were then dismissed from a good part of their attendance upon her, that they might be at liberty to

attend upon their great Lord and Master, whom both she and they were equally bound to serve. Such silence and solemnity were at that time observed by all about her, as might have become the house of mourning; and yet, so much ease and serenity were visible, as showed that they who were in the house of feasting were not better satisfied. Thus did she prepare herself for the enjoyment of that perfect rest, the celebration of that endless sabbath, which she is now entered upon: thus did she practise beforehand, upon earth, the duties, the devotions, the customs and manners of heaven.

“To secure her proficiency in virtue, she kept an exact journal of her life. In this glass she every day dressed her mind: to this faithful monitor she repaired for advice and direction; and observed nicely the several successive degrees of holiness she attained, and of human infirmity she shook off; and traced every step she took onward in her way to heaven.

“One would have imagined, that so much care and exactness in private must have affected her public actions and discourses, and have slid insensibly into her deportment; and yet nothing could be more free, simple, and natural. She was, in the midst of all her duties, perfectly easy to herself, and a delight to all

about her. Ever cheerful in her behaviour, ever calm and even, her satisfaction, like a deep untroubled stream, ran on, without any of that noise and violence, with which the shallowest pleasures do most abound.

“True piety, which consists chiefly in humility, and submission of mind towards God, is attended with humility and goodness towards his creatures; and so it was in this excellent lady. Not only no one of her inferiors came uneasy from her, but no one ever went uneasy to her; so assured were they beforehand of her sweetness of temper, and obliging reception. When she opened her lips, gracious words always proceeded from thence, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. Though her perfections of body and mind were very extraordinary, yet she was the only person who seemed insensible of them. She was, it is true, in as much danger, as great beauty and good natural wit could make her; but she had such an overbalance of discretion, that she was never solicitous to have the one seen, or the other admired.

“Her sweet deportment towards those who were with her, could be exceeded by nothing but her tenderness in relation to the absent. She thought she had enough to do without looking much abroad; and her settled opinion was,

that the good name of any one was too nice and serious a thing to be played with; and that it is a foolish kind of mirth, which, in order to divert some, injures others.

“ Her love of purity was the reason why she banished herself from the diversions of the town, at which it is scarcely possible to be present without hearing something that offends the ear; and for which, she thought, no amends can be made to virtue, by any degree of wit and humour, with which, perhaps, they may abound. She also thought it serviceable to other people, who might have been influenced by her example, to absent herself, though secured from the infection. Besides, she had neither time nor relish for those dangerous entertainments; nor for a thousand other things, which the world miscals pleasure. She had turned her thoughts and affections so much towards useful subjects, that matters of mere entertainment grew flat and indifferent to her.

“ She did not think that the happiness and privilege of the great, consisted in having nothing to do; but took care that every hour of the day should have some useful or innocent employ. They had all their peculiar business allotted them: whether it were conversation or work, reading or domestic affairs; each of them

came up orderly in its turn, and was, as the wise man said, beautiful in its season.

“ She was strictly careful of her expenses ; and yet knew how to be generous, and how to abound. To the poor she always showed herself very compassionate and charitable ; and principally valued her high fortune, as affording her an opportunity of pursuing the several pleasures of beneficence. ‘ 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.’

“ Soon after her marriage, she declared to several of her friends, that she thought every woman of quality is as much more obliged, as she is more enabled, than other women, to do good in the world ; and that the shortest and surest way of doing this, is to endeavour, by all means, to be as good a Christian, as good a wife, and as good a friend as possible.

“ She endeavoured to be all this, and she fell not far short of it ; for she excelled in all the characters that belonged to her, and was, in a great measure, equal to all the obligations that she lay under. She was devout, without superstition ; strict, without ill-humour ; good-natured, without weakness ; cheerful, without levity ; regular, without affectation. To her hus-

band she was the best of wives, the most agreeable of companions, and the most faithful of friends; to her servants, the best of mistresses; to her relations, extremely respectful; to her inferiors, very obliging; and by all who knew her, she was reckoned, and confessed to be, one of the best of women.

“ And yet all this goodness, and all this excellence, were bounded within the compass of eighteen years, and as many days; for no longer was she allowed to live among us. She was snatched out of the world as soon almost as she had made her appearance in it; like a jewel of high price, just shown a little, and then put up again; and we were deprived of her by the time that we had learned to value her. But circles may be complete, though small: the perfection of life does not consist in the length of it.

“ As the life of this excellent young lady was short, so her death was sudden: she was called away in haste, and without any warning. One day she drooped, and the next she died: nor was there the distance of many hours between her being very easy in this world, and very happy in another.

“ However, though she was seized thus suddenly by death, yet she was not surprised; for she was ever in preparation for it, and her

lamp ready trimmed and burning. The moment that she was taken ill, she had just risen from her knees, and had made an end of her morning devotions. She had been used so much to have her conversation in heaven, and her soul had been so often upon the wing thither, that it readily left its earthly station, upon the least notice from above. She staid no longer after she was called, than to assure her lord of her entire resignation to the Divine will, and of her having no manner of uneasiness upon her mind; and to take her last farewell of him, with all the expressions of tenderness. When this was over, she sunk immediately under her illness; and after a short, unquiet slumber, slept in peace."

" Was this then death ?

Oh soft, yet sudden change ! What shall we call thee ?
No more, no more thy name be death. And thou,
Corruption's dreaded pow'r, how changed to joy !"

LADY ELIZABETH HASTINGS.

“ Between the first of Beings, and the most accomplished of his creatures, the distance is indeed infinite. The fairest virtues we see around us, are at best but faint emanations from him, who is the ‘perfection of beauty.’ But it is from these, and the admiration which they inspire, that we are led up towards Him, as by so many pleasing, though scattered streams, to their fountain.”

FORDYCE.

“ METHINKS I now see Aspasia,” says the ingenious author of the Tatler, speaking of lady Hastings, “ walking in her garden, like our first parents, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators; and bearing celestial, conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the seat of honour, truth, compassion, knowledge, and innocence.

“ There dwells the scorn of vice and pity too.”

“ In the midst of the most ample fortune, and the veneration of all that behold and know her, without the least affectation, she consults retirement, the contemplation of her own being,

and that Supreme Power which bestowed it. Without the learning of the schools, or the knowledge of a long course of arguments, she goes on in a steady course of uninterrupted piety and virtue; and adds to the severity of the last age, all the freedom and ease of this. The language and mean of a court she is possessed of in the highest degree; but the simplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainments. Aspasia is a female philosopher, who does not only live up to the resignation of the most retired sages, but also to the schemes and plans which they thought beautiful, but inimitable. This lady is the most exact economist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the praise of it; and shuns applause with as much industry as others do reproach." Such was the character given of lady Hastings, by one of the politest scholars of the age in which he wrote. And it was equally correct and elegant; for she had indeed something more than superior wit, beauty, and talents to recommend her: her whole life was devoted to the great object of "perfecting holiness in the fear of God." The higher classes beheld her with admiration, whilst the poor were guided by her wisdom, and cherished by her bounty; for there was no description of human misery which she did not

seek to alleviate. Politeness and hospitality presided in her noble mansion at Ledstone; where she supported the dignity of her elevated station, and resisted all its allurements.. Her conversation had peculiar attractions, and she seemed to diffuse the beauty of holiness on every thing around her, by which she conciliated many to a love of religion. Yet, with all her accomplishments, humility was the constant covering of her soul: she felt that human nature had but little cause for elation, and knew, that whoever flattered himself that he had no occasion to watch and pray, was a self-deceiver, and that the "truth was not in him." She was the daughter of the earl and countess of Huntingdon, and was born in 1682.

"The word of God," observes her biographer, "was a lamp to her feet, and a light to her path. It animated her heart with its quickening virtue, and illuminated the mental mirror in which she discovered the imperfections of her nature." This beautiful sentiment is so completely in unison with the following verses, supposed to have been addressed by St. Augustine to his sister, that we shall without apology introduce them here.

"Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the dove,
That flies alone to some sunny grove;

And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
 All vestal white, in limpid spring.
 There, if the hovering hawk be near,
 That limpid spring, in its mirror clear,
 Reflects him, e'er he can reach his prey,
 And warns the tim'rous bird away.

“ The sacred page of God's own book
 Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
 In whose bright mirror, night and day,
 Thou wilt study heaven's reflected ray;
 And should the foes of virtue dare,
 With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
 Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
 'Twixt thee and heav'n, and trembling fly.”

MOORE'S SACRED SONGS.

The progress of a Christian in his religious course has been well compared to that of the sun, journeying with augmented splendour, till, descending in brightness amidst the opening clouds, he seems to be entering through celestial portals, into some unknown sphere of glory. In the instance of lady Hastings, such a comparison is particularly appropriate. She had “ remembered her Creator in the days of her youth,” and advancing from one degree of holiness to another, notwithstanding the accumulated sufferings of those melancholy years, in which, according to the general acceptation, she might say, that she had no pleasure, her piety, benevolence, and intellectual energies brightened,

as she approached her end. A lingering and painful disorder, occasioned by an accident in early life, gradually undermined her excellent constitution. It became necessary that an operation should be performed, to which, however terrible, she submitted with astonishing resignation and fortitude. Not a single murmur or expression of impatience escaped her; and such was the elevation of her mind, and the sublimity of her devotion, that it seemed as if her feelings were as insensible, as her mind was superior, to suffering.

The following was not indeed a night of much sleep, but it was one of celestial rest; a night of thanksgiving to her God, and of love, gratitude, and adoration, for the demonstration of his power, in the bountiful provision which he had made for her soul and body. She was, sooner than could have been expected, restored to health, and resumed with augmented piety the various acts of benevolence in which she so greatly delighted. Conscious, however, that her continuance could not be very long, she sedulously provided for the future support of the different charities which she had established. She wished that the numerous objects of her benevolence might not, as far as related to their private comforts, have any occasion to lament her departure. Her apprehen-

sions were not unfounded. In the course of a short time, the disorder, which had only been repressed, broke out with renewed malignity, and entirely confined her to her bed. "There is no philosophy so profound as the Christian," said a fine writer who had studied both systems, and well knew how to estimate the best. The power of religion, in sustaining the mind under the pressure of the most severe calamities, was abundantly evinced in the instance of lady Hastings. She again became a model of patience and resignation; frequently remarking, that her sufferings were light indeed, compared to those which her Saviour had experienced in her redemption. Whilst her mournful family refused consolation, she endeavoured by her own cheerfulness, to relieve them. She made no complaint which could be repressed, and accepted all their kindness and attentions with the most condescending sweetness and gratitude. When no longer able to turn without assistance, she wrote or dictated numerous letters to her several friends, describing the blessedness of piety, and impressing on their consideration the necessity of holy obedience. She also received the visits of persons of all conditions, who resorted to her house that they might witness the supporting power of religion, or be benefited by her counsels. She would prolong the conversation as

long as her weakness allowed her, and then direct them to the attention of others. The tide of her benevolence flowed as strongly as ever, and she would often exclaim, "Where is there any poor Christian whom I can refresh or comfort?" Like the good angels, she mourned over the sins of mankind, rejoiced in the repentance of a returning prodigal, and ardently endeavoured to promote their eternal welfare. Large sums of money were appropriated by her to the relief of persons whom she had never seen; and on one occasion, forty guineas were remitted to procure the enlargement of a gentleman, then a prisoner for debt, who had been represented to her as unfortunate and deserving. On the same benevolent principle, she was desirous that her life might be prolonged till her various charitable foundations should be legally settled. Her physician, Dr. Johnson, a man of eminent skill and piety, accordingly directed all his attention to preserve, if possible, her valuable life, till these philanthropic objects should be accomplished. The Almighty blessed his endeavours, and she survived the necessary arrangements nearly a week.

When the period of her dissolution approached, she requested the attendance of her family and friends, particularly for the sake of those, who, in

consequence of her long illness, had been of late but little in her society, that she might confirm, by her dying counsels, the advice and example she had uniformly given. She would have taken a last farewell of her poor friends in the village, had she not been prevented by the entreaties of her physician, who feared that her exhausted frame would sink under the exertion. The sacrament was then solemnly administered, while her family and connexions were kneeling round her. This was a moment never to be forgotten, and one in which every sentiment of private feeling was absorbed in wonder and adoration.

The illustrious sufferer appeared to be almost overcome with the glorious prospects which eternity was disclosing. Her eyes, though languishing with years and sickness, sparkled with animation, as she exclaimed with a raised accent, "O Lord, what is it that I see! Oh! the greatness of the glory that is revealed in me—that is before me!" Thus joyful was her entrance into the everlasting kingdom of her Lord and Saviour.

"O vast eternity!" observes the admirable Tillotson, "how dost thou swallow up our thoughts, and entertain us at once with delight and amazement! This is the very top and highest pitch of our happiness, on which we may stand secure, and look down with scorn on

all things below ; and how small and inconsiderable do they appear to us, when compared with the great and endless enjoyments of our future state! But oh! vain and foolish souls, that are so little concerned for eternity, that, for the trifles of time, and for the pleasures of sin, which are but for a season, can resolve to forfeit an everlasting felicity! Blessed God, why hast thou prepared such a happiness, for men who neither consider it nor seek after it? Why is such a price put into the hands of those who have no heart to make use of it, nor who, fondly choosing to gratify their passions rather than save their souls, sottishly prefer the temporary enjoyments of sin before a blessed immortality!"

Authority.—Barnard's "Historical Character."

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

In deep learning, genius, and extensive knowledge, she was equalled by few; in piety, and the practice of every Christian duty, exceeded by none.—*Mural Monument.*

MISS ELIZABETH CARTER, “the star of England, and the ornament of the literary world*,” was the daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D. D., and of Margaret, only daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne, Esq., of Bere, in the county of Dorset. She was born at Deal, in Kent, 1717.

The talents and attainments of Dr. Carter were of a superior description; and he is said to have been equalled by few, in clearness of understanding, accuracy of knowledge, calmness of temper, and purity of life. He gave his children a learned education; but the infancy and youth of Mrs. Carter afforded no indication of her future acquirements. Indeed, the slowness, or rather the labour and difficulty with

* John Philip Baratier.

which she attained the rudiments of the learned languages, were such as wearied even her father's patience, and he repeatedly advised her to relinquish the attempt. Mrs. Carter, however, was one of those who united the most assiduous application, with that energy of mind, which, to use the nervous language of Forster, "comes upon the possessor with a power and a spell," and continually urges him to the prosecution of whatever he has once undertaken. She seemed immovably bound to her determinations in this respect, and to have resolved, that nothing short of physical necessity or death should arrest them. The day was not sufficient for the prosecution of her studies, and the morning sometimes dawned before she had withdrawn from her books. She has often confessed, that such was her ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge, and so unalterable her resolution to overcome the impediments of nature, that she used, to prevent drowsiness, a wet towel round her temples, in addition to snuff, green tea, and coffee. When the remonstrances of her father prevailed on her to retire before midnight, a bell was affixed to the bed's head, from which a string descended into the garden below; and the sexton, who rose between four and five, received a positive direction to pull the cord, as he passed to his morning labours, that she might be roused

to the business of the day. Her incessant applications were at length crowned with success. She became perfect mistress of the Greek and Latin languages; to which she afterwards added French, Italian, Spanish, and German, and no inconsiderable acquaintance with the Portuguese, Hebrew, and Arabic. Astronomy and history were her favourite recreations; and she was well skilled in the mathematics and ancient geography.

With all these attainments, however, she was equally modest and unassuming; and, when she became the delight and ornament of the highest circles, this, with her, was only an external circumstance: her self-possession remained unaltered. Such was the decision of her character, and so invariably did she pursue the path of moral and intellectual duty, that, as one of her most intimate friends has observed, "Miss Carter, in the centre of all the gaiety of Paris, with a ducal coronet on her coach, would be the same domestic, affectionate, and amiable creature, the same in her love of knowledge and retirement, in the constant improvement of her mind, and in real superiority to the world, as Miss Carter at Deal, in her peaceful dwelling. She would, like a reasonable being, secure to herself, every day, some hours for recollection and intellectual attainments, and would as highly enjoy every

moment of leisure as she does now. And Miss Carter, in a family of her own, surrounded by her sons and daughters, clothed in her own plain work, fed with her own plum puddings, and taught by her own care, would be still as happy and valuable a person as either."

This delineation of character was in all respects correct; for, although she was never surrounded by a family of her own, she superintended, with the greatest propriety, her father's domestic establishment when he became a widower. She also educated her youngest brother Henry, with all the care and watchfulness of a parent, notwithstanding the variety of her pursuits, and the dreadful headaches to which she was subject, and which were increased by her habits and application. This young gentleman owed his instructions entirely to his sister, and, in 1756, passed an examination at Cambridge, with equal honour to himself, and credit to his preceptress.

The private character of Miss Carter was indeed as admirable, as her literary attainments were extraordinary. She never allowed herself to shrink from those familiar, but, to her, less pleasing engagements, which she considered as the duties of her station; although their burden was not diminished by praise, or their performance attended with any share of eclat. She

had learned, in the best of schools, that the principles of religion, pervading all things by reason of their brightness, should continually attend those every-day occupations which make up the sum total of our existence. "The true post of honour," as she excellently observes, in a letter to a friend, who regretted her close application to domestic affairs, "consists in the discharge of those duties, whatever they happen to be, which arise from the situation in which Providence has placed us, and which, we may be assured, is the very situation best calculated for our virtue and happiness."

The classical attainments of Miss Carter early procured her the friendship and acquaintance of the most distinguished characters of the age. With Dr. Johnson she was on terms of the most friendly intercourse. He treated her with singular kindness and respect, and entertained so high an opinion of her acquirements, that, on one occasion, speaking of a celebrated scholar, he remarked, that "he understood Greek better than any person he had ever met with, except Miss Carter." She was equally estimated by many of the first continental literati, particularly by that prodigy of early genius, John Philip Baratier. He personally solicited the favour of her correspondence, and frequently

expressed the highest admiration of her intellectual endowments.

Miss Carter first became known as an authoress, by the publication of a small volume of poems, in 1782. They were originally addressed to her friends; and, from their classic purity, sweetness of versification, and admirable sentiments, were extensively read and admired. She resolved, from the very commencement of her literary pursuits, that she would never write a line which she might afterwards wish to cancel, or which could even bear a construction different from that which she desired to convey. This resolution, in after-life, afforded her inexpressible satisfaction; and it was the only circumstance, connected with her works, on which she permitted herself to expatiate with pleasure. How happy would it have been for the world, and how abundantly more so for themselves, if all authors had made a similar resolution, and could feel a similar evidence. The following beautiful lines are extracted from one of her poems, addressed to the celebrated Mrs. Montagu, with whom she was much acquainted. They are expressive of her wishes that the superior talents of her friend might be devoted to some work of general utility, and entitled to the gratitude of mankind.

“ To death is destined all we seek below,
 Except what virtue fixes for her own ;
 While the vain flourish of external show,
 Ends in the blazon'd hearse and sculptured stone.

All wealth is poor, unless with generous skill,
 The liberal hand its trusted gift impart ;
 All power is weak, but that which curbs the will ;
 All science vain, but that which mends the heart.

O ! blest with every talent, every grace,
 Which native fire or happy art supplies ;
 How short a period, how confined a space,
 Must bound thy shining course beneath the skies.

For wider glories, for immortal fame,
 Were all those talents, all those graces given ;
 And may thy life pursue that noblest aim,
 The final plaudit of approving Heaven !”

A translation from the French of M. Croasay, member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Bourdeaux, entitled, “ An examination of M. Pope's Essay on Man,” was the next literary production of Miss Carter. It was published in the year 1783; and shortly after she was again occupied in translating from the Italian, Algarotti's “ Newtonianismo per le Dame ;” a work which obtained her considerable celebrity, and an acquaintance with several distinguished persons. It was honoured in particular with the approbation of Dr. Birch, who charac-

terized it "as the production of a young lady who might justly be classed with the Sulpitias of the ancients, and the Schurmans and Daciers of modern times; who, to an uncommon vivacity of genius, and an accuracy of judgment worthy the maturest years, had also added the knowledge of the ancient and modern languages, at an age, when an equal skill in any one of them would be a distinction in a person of the other sex."

Notwithstanding, however, the celebrity which she had obtained in the republic of letters, and the time which was necessarily devoted to its attainment, there was one study, that of religion, in which she more earnestly desired to insure perfection than any other. Her acquaintance with the Scriptures was as complete as her belief in them was sincere. No one ever endeavoured more, and few with greater success, to regulate their conduct by that unerring guide. Religion was a leading principle with Miss Carter: she felt and admired the charms of genius and fancy; but in her opinion the regulation of our duty to God and man, in its highest sense, exceeded in value every thing besides. Hence, a contemplation of the attractions of art and nature, equally turned her thoughts in gratitude towards Him, who has granted us faculties adapted to their enjoy-

ment. "It is my birth-day," she remarks in a letter to a friend: "I have begun the week at least with more activity than the last, and, in an open field, have been attending the levee of the morning, as she threw a beautiful crimson scarf over her wintry lead-coloured robes. It is my birth-day, I believe; and with the deepest gratitude I ought to speak of it. There are very few people who have so many reasons to be fond of life, and I am indeed sufficiently attached to it, and yet there are not many to whom the thought of leaving it would give less concern. In a course of travelling, although the road be ever so pleasant, and the company ever so good, a traveller cannot help sometimes feeling that he is not at home, and looking forwards to the journey's end. How thankful then ought we to be, that there is at last a home, where all who do not wilfully take a wrong path, will be sure to find that repose, security, and enjoyment, which, in the most prosperous journey, can never be found on the road." Thus forcibly did Miss Carter paraphrase the Apostle's metaphor, of "strangers and pilgrims on the earth." The admirable character of the baron, as delineated by Prior, might have constituted her motto:

"Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die."

Her sentiments on the subject of religion were equally excellent and applicable. The following extract from another of her letters, is presented to the reader, as peculiarly characteristic of the consonance of her opinions with the Gospel, and expressive of the power, which she believed religion to possess, of supporting the mind under all the trials and probations of mortality. It was addressed to a young lady who appears to have formed a melancholy estimate of human existence.

“It is impossible that it could be from serious conviction, that you speak of annihilation as preferable to staying always in such a world as this. Surely life, with all its portion of toil and suffering, is mercifully diversified with such a mixture of ease, and even of positive delight, as must render it greatly preferable to non-existence.

“From this dreadful extinction, God be thanked, we are graciously secured; and as much as I have said in profession of my attachment to this world, I heartily rejoice with you, that it is not to last for ever. Yet I have but little curiosity concerning any other particulars about a better, than those which are revealed to us: content and thankful for the promise, which ‘He who cannot lie has made,’ that all who endeavour to fulfil the conditions

of happiness shall be infallibly happy, and convinced that He alone knows what will make us so. The general ideas of perfect health, perfect security, and perfect virtue, are sufficient to support the mind in the hours of pain and languor; to console it amidst the anxieties of precarious good; and to elevate and encourage it amidst the humiliations of mortal frailty, vainly struggling for an entire conquest over those corruptions of a disordered nature, which can never be completely subdued, but in that state where alone the spirits of the just will be made perfect."

In compiling the memoirs of distinguished individuals, it is pleasing to dwell on those little incidents which have enhanced their happiness, and not unfrequently given a decisive turn to their literary pursuits. Such, in the instance of Miss Carter, was her acquaintance with the celebrated Miss Catharine Talbot, which eventually led to her most valuable work, the translation of Epictetus, and ripened into an intimacy which continued uninterrupted till the decease of that accomplished and virtuous lady. It was, to each of them, a source of the highest enjoyment; and, next to religion, the principal resource of their elevated minds: it gladdened and invigorated all their exertions as they tra-

velled together through the wilderness of the world.

Miss Carter had frequently been urged, by many of her friends, to undertake some work commensurate with her abilities; but their representations were ineffectual. Fame she never courted; but she was so feelingly alive to the voice of censure, that she shrunk from observation, and seemed to feel an instinctive dread of being exhibited in too strong a light. The importunities of Miss Talbot, seconded by those of the bishop of London, at length overcame her reluctance, and she turned her attention to a translation of Epictetus. She commenced this work during a period of seclusion devoted to the education of her brother, and the sheets were successively transmitted for the inspection of her distinguished friends. A series of letters, on the subject of this work, have been published. They are highly interesting, not only as presenting a gratifying detail of the various circumstances connected with the performance, but as including some instructive observations on the morality of the philosopher, and how far it was likely to have been influenced by the apostolic writings, which were then extensively circulated; since it is generally admitted, that a higher tone of expression and sentiment became conspicuous amongst the heathen authors, after the introduc-

tion of Christianity. From the tenor of several of these letters, Miss Talbot appears to have been apprehensive, that to those whose minds were not sufficiently imbued with the doctrines of revelation, the stoical opinions of Epictetus might be injurious. She accordingly suggested to her friend the propriety of endeavouring to obviate such an unsatisfactory result. Miss Carter was struck with the idea, and, in her very judicious notes, she has finely contrasted that stoical doctrine which supposes the human soul to be literally a part of the Deity, and that, after death, it will lose all personal identity, and return to its original element; with those consolatory assurances, that the spirits of the just shall survive in regions of immortal felicity, where they shall rest from their labours, and where the good deeds which they have been enabled to perform on earth, shall be followed with everlasting recompense.

The translation of Epictetus was widely circulated, and added considerably to the fame, as well as to the pecuniary resources, of its ingenious authoress. At this period she made her will, into which she introduced the following pleasing delineation of her pious, grateful, and affectionate feelings.

“ In the solemn act of making my last will, something surely ought to be added to the

mere forms of law. Upon this occasion, which is a kind of taking leave of the world, 'I acknowledge, with gratitude and thanksgiving, how much I owe to the Divine goodness, for a life distinguished by innumerable and unmerited blessings.

“ Next to God, the supreme and original author of all happiness, I desire to express my thankfulness to those whom he has made the instruments of conveying his benefits to me. Most particularly, I am indebted to my father, for his kindness and indulgence to me in every instance; and especially in the uncommon pains and care he has taken of my education, which has been the source of such a variety of rational pleasures, as well as of great advantage in my intercourse with the world. I likewise very heartily thank my brothers and sisters for all the instances of kindness and affection by which they have contributed to the comfort of my life.

“ Besides my own family, there are many others, to whom I have been obliged for considerable advantages, in the assistance and pleasure of their friendship, of which I retain a most affectionate and grateful memory.

“ And now, O gracious God, whether it be thy will to remove me speedily from this world, or to allot a longer time in it, on Thee alone I

depend for happiness both here and hereafter. I acknowledge my own unworthiness, and that all my claim to thy favour is founded on thy infinite goodness, in the merciful dispensations of the Gospel. I implore the pardon of all my sins, and humbly hope for those pleasures which are at thy right hand for evermore, in and through Him, by whom all thy blessings are conveyed, my blessed Lord, Redeemer, and only Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Miss Carter always continued to reside in her native place; and, after the decease of her father, full of years and respectability, she occupied the same house. It was her peculiar felicity never to experience the melancholy sensation of bidding a last farewell to the scenes of infancy and childhood, or to cast a lingering look on objects endeared by all the undefinable associations of early youth. Though many of her neighbours were destitute of literary advantages, and at that time the town of Deal had little of taste or general information to recommend it; yet she wisely considered, that such, in a greater or less degree, must be the case of other societies, and she therefore endeavoured to render herself as useful and agreeable as possible. She had the happy art of being pleased with trifles, and of making the best of those which were not

always in unison with her feelings: in fact, she was one of those,

“ Whose happy alchemy of mind,
Can turn to pleasure all they find :”

and it was her constant practice to associate with her neighbours, on a general footing of friendly intercourse, without wishing to be distinguished. They on their part paid her the greatest attention, and not only venerated her talents, but loved her for the excellence of her heart. Persons in the humble walks of society, who were mostly brought up to the sea, and who were somewhat rough, though not rude in their manners, considered her presence as a blessing and honour to the town, and viewed her with extraordinary respect and homage. Indeed, the sentiments with which they regarded her, did not terminate with her life; for, some years after her decease, when her nephew was making some alterations, his sea-faring neighbours not exactly knowing his plans, and apprehensive that he meant to cut down a fine oak which stood in the court, assembled in considerable numbers, and earnestly requested that it might be preserved for posterity, like the mulberry-tree of Shakespeare. The oak in question had been raised from an acorn planted by Miss Carter; and she

used to say, with great pleasure, that it was the most eastern specimen in the British dominions. The following elegant lines, allusive to this circumstance, are from the pen of Miss Cornelia Knight.

“ Grace of our isle, and guardian of our coast,
Auspicious tree, our bulwark and our boast,
May no rude blast thy leafy boughs deform,
Safe be thy honours from the raging storm.
Oh! could I sing, like Cecrops’ sons of old,
In strains sublime thy glories should be told;
But every muse will guard from fortune’s stroke,
Minerva’s olive, and Eliza’s oak.”

After having made the acquisitions for which she is so justly celebrated, Miss Carter seldom read or worked more than half an hour together; and she used to say, that varying her occupation prevented fatigue. Her general rule, when in health, was to read before breakfast two chapters in the Bible, followed by a sermon, which prepared her mind for the duties of the day. She then occupied herself in studying a few pages of Hebrew, Greek, or Latin; after which she walked out to enjoy the morning freshness, either by rambling in the country, or watching the progress of her flowers and shrubs. The latter was an amusement of which she was particularly fond, and she had sometimes recourse to it several times a day. Breakfast being over,

it was her invariable custom to refresh her memory by reading certain portions of every language with which she was acquainted, and, by these means, she never forgot her different acquisitions.

Mrs. Carter lived to an advanced age, and the only painful circumstance connected with her protracted years, arose from the loss of many of her most endeared friends. As these, however, were removed by the hand of death, she often acquired others. Not a few, who were considerably younger than herself, while they loved her as a sister, revered her as a parent; and many, who mixed in the splendour and gaiety of the higher walks of life, knew how to value the simplicity of her manners, the correctness of her taste, and the excellence of her disposition. Friendship thus continued to cheer her declining years, till it embalmed her memory with the tears of gratitude and affection. She combined all those advantages which ought to accompany old age, "honour, love, obedience," and, what is of still higher importance, the peace of a good conscience, and a cheerful looking forwards to a renovated being of intelligence and virtue, in a higher sphere of existence.

The appearance of Mrs. Carter in advanced life was peculiarly interesting, and fully justified, in the eye of a stranger, any opinion which might

have been previously formed of her piety and talents. Her countenance was remarkably benignant, and evinced a mind of unusual strength. Her hair, formerly soft and curling, had become white as snow. She deceased at London, which she had visited for the purpose of taking a last farewell of her friends, in the eighty-ninth year of her age. Her illness was of short duration, unattended with any degree of actual suffering. All was serene and tranquil, till, without the slightest change of countenance, or any apparent struggle, she quietly departed, February 19th, 1816.

Authorities. — Pennington's "Life of Miss Carter." Letters to and from Miss Talbot.

MISS CATHARINE TALBOT.

“ Polite, as she in courts had ever been,
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentle female tenderness combined.
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
 Her form, each beauty of the mind express’d,
 Her mind was virtue by the graces dress’d.”

LYTTELTON.

MISS CATHARINE TALBOT was born in 1720, a few months after the decease of her father, who was second son to the bishop of Durham, and younger brother to Charles, first lord Talbot. Having become acquainted with Mr. Secker, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, he recommended him on his death-bed to his father’s patronage. This was the foundation of that distinguished prelate’s subsequent fortune, and his grateful heart never forgot the obligation. Mr. Talbot left his widow, to whom he had been married but a short time, in a situation

very inadequate to his rank in life. She was, however, peculiarly happy in the friendship of Dr. Secker, who afterwards married her intimate friend, Miss Benson; and, at their joint request, Mrs. Talbot and her infant daughter became a part of their family, which they never afterwards quitted.

The subject of this memoir had thus ample opportunities for the prosecution of every serious study, as well as the acquirement of the various elegancies which render even virtue additionally attractive. She was highly accomplished, in the usual sense of the word; but, with her, virtue and benevolence formed the foundation, learning and the graces the ornamental part, of the moral structure. She became the delight of every one who knew her: the grave and the aged respected her for the unaffected piety which she evinced in the bloom of youth, and amidst all the allurements of polished life; whilst the young and thoughtless loved her for the sweetness of her disposition, her unassuming character, and the charms of her conversation. To be good and disagreeable, was, in the opinion of Miss Talbot, "treason against religion;" and her sentiments on this subject are admirably expressed in the following extract from her "Reflections for every day in the week."

“ I am accountable to my Maker for all the talents committed to me by Him, for the benefit of my fellow-creatures. I must not think of living to myself alone, or of devoting that time to imitate the employment of angels, which was given me for the service of men. Have I leisure and genius? I must give a due portion of my time to the elegant improvements of life;—to the study of those sciences that are an ornament to human nature;—to things which may make me amiable and engaging to all whom I converse with, that, by any means, I may win them over to religion and goodness.”

When only twenty years of age, she was known by the appellation of the celebrated Miss Catharine Talbot, and the fame of her virtues and endowments excited in the mind of Miss Carter, a strong inclination to become her friend. As the wish was mutual, an acquaintance commenced, and soon ripened into an intimacy, which continued without interruption till it was dissolved by the hand of death. Their attachment was of the most interesting nature: it was that which the archbishop of Cambray has so well designated as resulting, not from the love of money, the expectation of favour, or any worldly consideration; but as the natural consequence of a similarity in tastes and feelings, and

the desire of being beloved by an individual of the greatest merit, and the finest endowments.

Miss Carter was little more than three years older than her friend, and, as she always attributed to the Source of every blessing, all the circumstances in life which conduced to her happiness, she frequently recurred with sentiments of unfeigned thankfulness to her acquaintance with Miss Talbot.

*“Beneditto sia il giorno, e ’l meso, e ’l anno,
E la stagione, e ’l tempo, e l’ora, e ’l punto,”*

she observes in a letter to friend, “when first I acquired the invaluable friendship of one of the most amiable and accomplished of her age and sex.”

The piety of Miss Talbot was regular, consistent, and fervent, but not enthusiastic. It constituted the spring of all her actions, and became the basis of all her hopes. Her charity, comprehending the word in its full and apostolic acceptation, extended to all her acquaintance, the rich as well as the indigent. Although, fostered in the bosom of domestic affluence and felicity, she had never experienced either cares or afflictions, she had learned to sympathize with the unfortunate; and it was necessary, for her own happiness, that she should endeavour to assist them. Hence, her time

and talents were cheerfully devoted to promote the welfare of others; and they were nearly all, individually, that she had to give. She was never rich, yet she had often the pleasure of doing good on an extensive scale; for she became the almoner of the good archbishop,

“ Whose ample stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart.”

It was one of her highest gratifications to execute these errands of mercy in the cottages of the poor, and to distribute the bounty of this amiable prelate. His noble revenues were, indeed, a blessing to all within the circle of his influence, and it was distressing to hear of the desolation which his death occasioned amongst numbers who had previously owed their principal subsistence to his liberality.

This melancholy event took place in 1788. It was a heavy stroke to Miss Talbot and her mother; for they not only lost the generous patron and affectionate friend, with whom they had resided more than forty years, without the slightest alienation, but they had to seek another home, at a period when the ill health of the one, and the advanced age of the other, rendered them little able to struggle with difficulties. Even the dread of comparative poverty was not wanting; for as the archbishop's

will was not discovered till three months after his decease, they had every expectation of exchanging the splendour and affluence of Lambeth Palace for a precarious state of dependence on a relation, or the occupation of a house on the smallest scale. They, however, supported with exemplary fortitude and resignation this unexpected reverse, and prepared to quit without a murmur the scene of their former happiness.

The ancients regarded with religious veneration all places and individuals struck by a thunder-bolt; and there is a moral sanctity in virtuous misfortune, which entitles it to the tenderest regard and sympathy of every generous mind. Mrs. Talbot and her daughter enjoyed the high satisfaction of finding that the numerous friends who had loved them in the days of their prosperity, preserved an unaltered attachment. Mrs. Carter hastened immediately to Lambeth, and remained with them till their removal. She became, as Miss Talbot remarked, "a balm and cordial to their spirits." The intimate friends of the deceased archbishop vied with each other in the kindest and most delicate attentions; and a younger brother of the late Mr. Talbot invited them to his house, where he treated them with all the tenderness that affection could dictate. At length, after a long

search, the will was found, and they became entitled, by the bequest of the archbishop, to the interest of thirteen thousand pounds in the public funds. This acceptable legacy established their independence, and Mrs. Talbot engaged a comfortable mansion in Grosvenor-street.

A cruel malady had been long preying in secret on the health of Miss Talbot, and she now began visibly to decline. Her disorder was a cancer, which, for three years, she had carefully concealed from the knowledge of all her friends, excepting only the archbishop and Mrs. Carter, principally from the pious wish that her mother might be spared the grief of seeing her beloved daughter sinking under an affliction which had been pronounced incurable. Her decease took place in 1770, in the forty-ninth year of her age; but it was not attended by severe pain, or any peculiarly distressing circumstances. As her whole life had been a state of constant preparation for death, her last hours were serene and tranquil. "Her resignation and patience through all her sufferings, you are well acquainted with," said a lady who attended her, in a letter to Mrs. Carter: "it exceeds all description. The word *cheerfulness* does not express her countenance and manner. On Sunday last there was a joy which I shall never forget; founded, I am certain, on the prospect of the

very few hours she hoped to remain here; and she told me she had that feeling within her, which bespoke her approaching happiness. I am thankful that I have known her, and sometimes hope that I may be the better throughout my life, for some of her conversations during her last illness."

Mrs. Carter spent a few days with her beloved friend, and the following additional particulars of her declining moments are selected from a letter to a mutual acquaintance.

"Two or three days before her death, she was seized with a hoarseness and cold, from which bleeding relieved her; but on the ninth of January these symptoms increased, and she appeared heavy and sleepy, which was attributed to an opiate taken the night before. I staid with her till she went to bed, with an intention of going afterwards into her room, but was told that she was asleep. I went about nine, and in less than an hour afterwards she waked; and after the struggle of scarcely a minute, it pleased God to remove her spotless soul from its mortal sufferings, to that heaven for which her whole life had been an uninterrupted preparation. Never, surely, was there a more perfect pattern of evangelical goodness, decorated with all the ornaments of a highly improved understanding, and recommended by

a sweetness of temper, and an elegance and politeness of manners, of a more peculiar and engaging kind than in any other character I ever knew. Little, alas! infinitely too little, have I yet profited by the blessing of such an example. God grant that her memory, which I hope will survive in my heart, may produce a happier effect.

“ Adieu, my dear friend, God bless you, and conduct us both to that happy assembly, where the spirits of the just shall dread no further separation! And may we both remember that awful truth, that we can hope to die the death of the righteous, only by resembling their lives.”

Mrs. Carter severely felt the loss of this amiable and accomplished friend; to whom, as she once expressed it, “ her obligations and attachment were unspeakable.” Yet how light, comparatively, was her affliction, compared with the feelings of the venerable parent, who had lost the staff and consolation of her declining existence. She was then eighty, and survived her daughter about twelve years. Every affectionate alleviation was however afforded her, by the unremitting kindness of a numerous circle of sympathizing friends; amongst whom, the noble, the young, the elegant, have been seen to vie with each other in the pleasure of offering tokens of their attachment.

To Mrs. Carter, as the dearest friend of her lamented daughter, Mrs. Talbot confided her manuscripts, with a discretionary power to make any use of them she might think proper. They were afterwards given to the public, and its approbation equalled their merit. They combined a richness and force of thought, with an elegance of style, and a peculiar adaptation of the words to their various subjects, which rendered them equally instructive and pleasing. Her religious publications were characterized by elevation of sentiment, and sublimity of devotion, whilst they enforced the duties of common life, and impressed the feelings of the attentive reader. Her smaller productions, consisting chiefly of poems and essays, also bore the elegant polish of her refined understanding, and were highly appreciated by some of our ablest writers.

The following extracts are selected from the "Reflections for every Day in the Week," the "Correspondence," and the "Detached Pieces."

"On the humble and religious enjoyment of the blessings of life."

"'And God saw every thing that He had made, and behold it was very good.'

"Such was the face of things at the creation: every view that could be taken, was a view of

order and beauty, of happiness and pleasure. Too soon, by the frailty and the guilt of man, this happy state was changed; and through sin, death and misery entered into the world. The earth produced thorns and thistles; the seasons became unfavourable; the beasts grew wild and savage; and hence sprung a necessity of labour and self-defence. Toil and weariness must be a natural consequence to bodies now become mortal and corruptible. Pain and sickness, the infirmities of old age, the fear of death and sufferings, both for ourselves and our friends, with all that variety of evils that burden human life; all are the sad effects of sin. The disorder of our minds, the vehemence of our passions, the dimness of our understandings, those tendencies to evil which even the best of people must sometimes feel strongly working in their bosoms, are the bitter fruits of the original corruption of human nature in the first of men, our common parent. Hence, surely, we should draw the strongest motives for humility, and throw ourselves down in the deepest abasement of soul, before that God of holiness, 'in whose sight the heavens are not pure, and who chargeth his angels with folly. How much more man, which is a worm; and the son of man, which is a worm!' Unassisted human nature could not be in a more perfect state than

our first parents were created; infinitely superior, certainly, to whatever we can imagine of good or excellent among ourselves. If they were such frail, such wretched creatures, and so soon forfeited their very beings, good God! then what are the very best of us? ‘ Let our confusion be ever before us.’ ‘ Let the shame of our face cover us.’

“ Strange it may seem, after these considerations, to mention a happy and cheerful enjoyment of our beings, as a serious and important duty. Many good persons, who have deeply dwelt on this dark view of our mortal state, have represented it as utterly unfit and sinful for such creatures, in such a world, to think of any thing but suffering and mourning. But as sure as our heavenly Father is good to all, and peculiarly so to us, his helpless, newly-adopted children, so surely they are widely mistaken. The blessed promise of our redemption was uttered in the same moment with the doom of our mortality, and from that moment all was good again. Pain, suffering, and sorrow, became remedies to cure our corrupted nature; temptations, but a purifying fire to prove and to refine our virtue; and death, a kind release from toil, a happy admission into a better paradise. Through our blessed Saviour we have obtained the grace of God, to guide us in all

our ways, and to support us under all our distresses. Through Him, in Him, we have every thing that can make us happy, unless we wilfully destroy ourselves. ‘ Rejoice, then, in the Lord, all ye righteous ; be thankful, all ye who are true of heart.’ ”

“ Serious and careful indeed we ought to be, watchful and diligent, humble and submissive; reflecting deeply on the frailty and vileness of our nature, and the important, the eternal interest, that depends on this our short and very uncertain time of trial. In this sense, we ought to work out our salvation with fear and trembling, ‘ and even to rejoice before the Lord with reverence.’ But while we ‘ keep innocence, and take heed to the thing that is right,’ let our cheerful hearts and looks confess the goodness of our gracious Master, who ‘ gives us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with joy and gladness:’—of Him, who has made every thing good and pleasant; who has the tenderest consideration for all our infirmities, and has provided every support, and every relief, that can make our passage through this world tolerable and comfortable to us. With joyful gratitude let us accept and improve these his mercies and indulgences. Let us make this world as happy as we can to ourselves and one another; to do this, we need only be good

Christians. Our wills being perfectly resigned, will acquiesce, without pain, in whatever disposals Providence may see fit to make of us and our friends. Our desires being moderate, we shall pass quietly and easily through life; and no unruly passions or vehement wishes, will discompose our peace. Being free from private interests and selfish views, we shall have no rivalries nor contests with our neighbours. Being in perfect charity with all men, we shall with all be easy, cheerful, and friendly: in every thing studying to promote their good and happiness, and in our turn receiving from many of them offices of kindness; and from such as are ungrateful, the greatest benefit of all, a noble opportunity to exercise those duties, on which God's forgiveness of ourselves depends. With pleasure and complacency our heavenly Father looks down on every society of his children united in brotherly affection, and gives his blessing to every set of friends, neighbours, and relations, that perform their mutual relative duties as they ought, and love and delight in one another. Every innocent entertainment, that keeps up the cheerfulness and kindness of society, He approves. 'The voice of joy and health, is in the dwellings of the righteous.' Our health can alone be preserved by temperance, calmness, and industry.

Industry too makes the world look beautiful around us. It turns the barren wilderness into a fertile, pleasant land; and for thorns and thistles, plants the rose-tree and the vine; or sows the tender grass and useful corn. Industry preserves us from the inclemencies of the weather, and finds some means to supply every want. It procures us wherewith to give alms to the poor, and thereby enables us to lay up a treasure in heaven."

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Every now and then I am shocked at the pride and harshness of the Stoic doctrines: 'If afflictions make me suffer, I renounce them.' I, the self-sufficient I, proud and confident in the dignity of a soul that is—what? To mingle with its elements? No! poor Epictetus! If laudable affections give me pain, I humbly submit to it, as the due lot of frail and fallen nature. If the giving a due check and restraint to those affections is a difficulty, I thankfully and cheerfully undertake it; (satisfied that the goodness of God wills us to be as happy as we can, and to make the best even of this mortal state;) ambitious to exert myself as becomes

a being restored to the hopes of a blessed immortality, and confiding in superior help to succeed in its poor endeavours.

“Is it possible that Epictetus should have read St. Paul, or known any thing of Christianity, and not become a Christian? He ought to have been above prejudice, and a real votary of truth. And could he not see that the narrow heathen system contradicted every notion and feeling of his heart?”

DETACHED PIECES.

Reflections excited by the illness of the bishop of Durham.

“The dangerous indisposition of one of our most dear and valued friends, the excellent bishop of Durham, gives to every day the most painful anxiety for the coming in of the post from Bath. How rich have I been in friends, and such friends as fall to the lot of few! Let me thankfully say, how very rich am I! But the longer we live, the more our hearts are attached to that first set of friends amongst whom life began, and whose manners, sentiments, and kindness, are more in agreement with our own ideas. He was my father’s friend. I could

almost say my remembrance of him goes back some years before I was born, from the lively imagery which the conversations I used to hear in my earliest years, have imprinted on my mind. But from the first of my real remembrance, I have ever known in him the kind adviser, the faithful friend, and the most delightful companion; and all this, in a man whose sanctity of manners and sublimity of genius, gave him one of the first ranks among men, long before he was raised to that, which must, if what I painfully fear should happen, aggravate such a loss; as one cannot but infinitely regret the good which such a mind, in such a station, must have produced.

“But this is idle—a wrong regret. Whatever Providence orders is best. And good archbishop Tillotson has been telling me this morning, that the felicity of friendship is not one of the transitory kind: he has been soothing me with the thought, that every parting here shall be but for a few years, and overpaid by a meeting never to part more. Were it not for this, what would every article of such treasures be, but as gilded darts, that must some day or the other give the most cruel wounds! But, God be thanked, to a Christian spirit, no view of life or of death can be gloomy; no pain or suffering can be an evil; and all the proud boasts of

Stoicism become literally true, and yet not inconsistent with the deepest humility."

"There is such a mixture of folly and infirmity, in the best and wisest of the human race, that we should be much more thankful for the good we meet with, than disappointed at the bad. Let no one think that I approve of the sentiments of those who try to represent human nature as utterly base and contemptible: on the contrary, I have the highest notions of those noble improvements which it is very capable of; only I see strongly its very great fallibility, and that perfection of any kind is not to be looked for here. In youth we are apt to form too beautiful ideas: every thing in this world, even the highest merit, deserves to be treated with some degree of indifference. There is a moderation to be observed, even in our justest sentiments and tenderest attachments."

"I was meditating yesterday upon death, till I was amazed to think that it is the only subject which is never treated of in conversation, further than as a mere uninteresting fact. Were any number of persons intending to embark for a distant, unknown country, of whom some might be called to-morrow, and all must be called soon, would they not, whenever they

met as friends and fellow-travellers, be enquiring among themselves, how each was provided for the journey; what accounts each had heard of the place, the terms of reception, what interest and hopes each had secured, what treasures remitted, what protection insured; and would they not excite each other to dispatch what was yet possible to be done, lest to-morrow might irretrievably be too late?

“ I think it would sit pleasingly upon the mind, when a friend has vanished out of this visible world, to have such conversations to reflect upon. What astonishing scenes are now opened on the minds of many, with whom, a few months ago, we used familiarly and triflingly to converse; with whom we have wasted many an inestimable hour! What clear views have they now of those great and important truths, for which the foolish bustle of the world leave scarcely a place in the immortal mind!”



The following beautiful imitation of Ossian has been much admired. It was written before the peace of 1763, and shows a mind accustomed to reason upon the truest principles, and undazzled by the splendour of language, though deeply sensible of its beauties.

“ True, Ossian, I delight in songs: harmony soothes my soul. It soothes it, O Ossian, but it raises it far above these grassy clods and rocky hills. It exalts it far above the vain phantoms of clouds, the wandering meteors of the night.

“ Listen in thy turn, thou sad son of Fingal, to the lonely dweller of the rock. Let thy harp rest for a while, and thy thoughts cease to retrace the war and bloodshed of the days that are past. Sightless art thou, O Ossian, and sad is thy failing age. Thine ear is to the hollow blast, and thy expectation is closed in the narrow house. Thy memory is of the deeds of thy fathers; and thy fathers, where are they? What, O Ossian, are those deeds of other times? They are horror, and blood, and desolation.

“ Harp of Ossian, be still. Why dost thou sound in the blast, and wake my sleeping fancy? Deep and long has been its repose. Solid are the walls that surround me. The idle laugh enters not here: why then should the idler tear? Yet, Ossian, I would weep for thee: I would weep for thee, Malvina. But my days are as the flight of an arrow. Shall the arrow turn aside from its mark?

“ Bright was thy genius, Ossian! but darkness was in thy heart. It shrunk from the light of heaven. The lonely dweller of the rock sang in vain to thy deafened ear. The Grecian was not

blind like thee. On him the true sun never dawned; yet he sung, though erroneously, of all-ruling Providence, and faintly looked up to the parent of gods and men. Thy vivid fancy, O Ossian, what beheld it but a cloudy Fingal! Vain is the pride of ancestry: thou remainest by choice an orphan, in an orphan world. Did the dweller of the rock never point out to thy friendless age a kindred higher than the heavens?—a brotherhood wide as the world?—a staff to thy failing steps?—a light to thy sightless soul? And didst thou reject them, Ossian? What then is genius but a meteor brightness? The humble, the mild, the simple, the uneloquent, with peaceful steps followed their welcome pastor into fair meads of everlasting verdure, while thou sittest gloomy on the storm-beaten hill, repeating to the angry blast the boast of human pride, the tales of devastation, the deeds of other times. Far other times are these. Ah! would they were! Still destruction spreads; still human pride rises with the tigers of the desert, and utters its horrid boast!”

Authorities.—“Memoirs of Miss Talbot.” “Life of Mrs. Carter.”

MISS ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

“ In the same proportion that mind is superior to matter, so is the acquisition of knowledge exalted above every other pursuit. Omniscience is an attribute of the Deity. To cultivate our intellectual faculties, therefore, is to approach nearer to that divine perfection, which we adore, but cannot comprehend.”

THAT memoirs of literary persons are in general barren of incident, is a trite objection, which may be made to many other subjects of biographical composition; since, with the exception of warriors and adventurers, there are few individuals whose domestic annals might not be epitomised in a monumental inscription. But, has biography no higher object than to collate facts and dates, and chronicle events? Should it not rather trace the progress of character, as developed in those habits and principles which operate universally on the happiness or misery of mankind? The history of the individual, to be complete, must include the history of his mind, and exhibit all its passions, its prejudices, its affections, whatever belongs to its moral system.

In a life devoted to quiet and seclusion, there may have occurred revolutions of opinion and vicissitudes of feeling, which, to those who study human nature, are no less curious, and even more interesting, than the external changes of fortune, which popularly attract attention and awaken sympathy.

Miss Elizabeth Hamilton was descended from the Hamiltons of Woodhall, who not only considered themselves one of the oldest Saxon families established in Scotland, but also as the stock whence several ennobled branches in France and Germany have originated. The father of Miss Hamilton was a gentleman of fine abilities and amiable disposition. He married early in life, a young lady of the name of Mackay, who added to superior intellectual endowments all the attractions of an elegant person. In Ireland, where he settled, his mercantile engagements wore such a promising aspect, as to leave him no pecuniary anxieties respecting his rising family; and as his good state of health had been also uninterrupted, the future prospect was bright and flattering. "Alas!" observes Miss Hamilton, in a biographical fragment relative to her family, "no warning cloud prepared my unhappy mother for the fate that awaited her." She early became a widow; and although she was a woman of rare endowments, it required all

the energy of her religious principles, and even more than the firmness of her well-regulated mind, to support with equanimity the fatal stroke, by which she was not only deprived of happiness, but plunged into embarrassment and perplexity. To supply to her bereaved children the excellent parent they had lost, was the chief object of her anxiety, and the pursuit from which alone she could derive a permanent consolation. From her letters it is obvious, that, like the mother of Sir William Jones, she considered a good education as the noblest patrimony; and she was confirmed in this sentiment by her elder brother, the Rev. Mr. Mackay, who resided in her family, and, by his liberal spirit, cultivated understanding, and amiable manners, contributed materially to its happiness and improvement. The youngest daughter, Elizabeth, was born in 1758, and consigned, when only six years of age, to the care of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, who resided in Scotland.

In 1766, Mrs. Hamilton, who was then in a declining state of health, passed part of the summer in Scotland, and saw, for the last time, her beloved child. The death of this excellent parent, in the following year, was severely felt by her two elder children. On Elizabeth, however, the impression must have been slighter, as she was still young, and much attached to

her worthy guardians, who resided in a solitary mansion near Stirling. Mr. Marshall was born in a humble station of life, although the qualities of his mind, and the benevolence of his heart, might have reflected lustre upon the highest. He was, in fact, one of those men, to whom might be well applied the expression of Burns, when he remarked of an Ayrshire friend, "that he held his patent of nobility from heaven itself." He married the sister of Mr. Hamilton, a lady of great personal attractions, and fine understanding, who had been early conversant with adversity. Her father died while she was yet young, and his death was attributed to the misfortunes into which he had been plunged by the extravagance of his wife, which his high sense of honour rendered him unable to bear. It was not without a considerable struggle, that his daughter, who then resided under the patronage of an aunt, could bring herself to listen to the overtures of Mr. Marshall, whose rank in life was so much inferior to that in which she had been accustomed to move. Time, however, as it developed his extraordinary merits, at length reconciled her to an alliance, which, though little gratifying to her family consequence, bid fare to insure her happiness. She was not disappointed in this expectation; and, in the two-and-twenty


years that she passed in his society, her heart had scarcely to experience even a momentary sentiment of uneasiness. When the mind is regulated by Christian humility, half the evils of life are dissipated; and, of this truth, the lady in question was an eminent example.

With these amiable relatives, Elizabeth passed the happy period of youth. She had a playmate of her own age, a little neighbour, by whose example she was stimulated to feats of hardihood, and whom she readily joined in fording the summer brooks, or sliding over their wintry surface. She thus acquired a love of exercise in the open air, and a quick perception of the sublime and beautiful, which never forsook her. Consigned, in the prime of life, to become the victim of a cruel disease, she retained, through many years of suffering and languor, the lively feelings, elastic spirit, and prompt decision, which she had imbibed from these rural occupations. To her last moments, the pupil, as well as the lover of nature, the aspect of a beautiful country seemed to restore her to all the energies of youth; and she has often been seen, with lame but courageous steps, descending such declivities as few ladies, though in the full possession of health and spirits, would have attempted.

The education of Elizabeth was well direct-

ed. Her aunt was a sensible as well as judicious woman, and paid great attention to the formation of her mind. Her native talents are said to have been always conspicuous; and her ardent temper was early habituated to submit, not to arbitrary authority, but to the dictates of reason. During an interval of nearly four years, she had been precluded, by absence, from any personal intercourse with her other relatives. She was, at length, gratified by seeing her brother, who had finished his education and embraced a military life; and she found in him, not only a friend and companion, but an object of the strongest attachment. He became the director of her studies, and an oracle to whom she was always ready to yield implicit obedience.

In 1772, Mr. Hamilton, having obtained a cadetship in the Indian service, left his native country nearly at the time when Mr. Marshall removed, with his family, to a beautiful cottage at Ingram's Crook, a romantic situation near Bannock-burn. The mansion was indeed a thatched one, but during summer it was covered with woodbines and roses; and it contained cheerful hearts, cultivated minds, and hopes that centred in heaven. In this sequestered spot, the youthful years of Elizabeth passed without interruption, and the seclusion involved



considerable advantages. She attracted no admiration, and acquired neither fastidious tastes nor improper sentiments, whilst she witnessed only the purest examples of religion and virtue. One circumstance alone occurred of the novel kind, and it formed an important era in the domestic annals of our recluse. It consisted of a visit to her only sister, who resided in Ireland, and whom she had not seen since the period of childhood. The interview presented one of those delightful and interesting scenes, which, to borrow the elegant language of Mr. Hamilton, can only be enjoyed once or twice in the longest life, and almost overbalance the regrets and solitudes attending the most tedious separation.

In 1780, Miss Hamilton lost her excellent aunt; an event to which she always recurred as the first affliction she had experienced. Mr. Marshall's health and strength remained unimpaired, and his niece still continued at Ingram's Crook. Although sensible that the kind protector of her unfriended infancy was too generous to impose, or even to sanction, any sacrifice of her gratification, she determined to decline every invitation in which he was not included. There was, indeed, but little society to enliven the solitude of her uncle's neighbourhood; nevertheless, Miss Hamilton was always cheerful and

satisfied. She sometimes regretted her seclusion from polished life; but her mind was of that buoyant description, which finds resources within itself, and exults in the consciousness of its own independence.

“Whilst it pleases Heaven to spare my worthy uncle,” remarked Miss Hamilton, in a letter to her brother, “I shall never want a parent and protector. I ever felt the most sincere filial affection for him; but his behaviour to me, since my aunt’s death, has endeared him more than ever. He treats me with the affection of a father, and all the confidence of a friend.” —“The idea of your return from India is delightful, and I will cherish it; for I am afraid to entertain the still more pleasing one, of a personal interview; and yet, castles built on that foundation are the most pleasant amusements of my leisure hours. But, indeed, in them I may include the whole twenty-four; for here tranquillity holds an uninterrupted reign. From the time I get up in the morning, till my uncle makes his appearance at dinner, I have no more use for the faculty of speech than the monks of La Trappe. Then, indeed, I get a little conversation on the badness of the weather, or politics, which we discuss to admiration. After settling these important matters, my reverend companion takes his nap, and I

rattle at the harpsichord till our reading-time begins, which is usually from seven till eleven; and then I hold forth on various subjects. Thus, between reading, chatting, and backgammon, we conclude the evening, and usually retire, making the observation, that if we are not regaled by any high-seasoned amusements, we are disturbed by no uneasy cares; our peace is unmolested by anxiety, and our content unbroken by remorse. And who, among the great and gay, can say as much?"—"My uncle joins in offering his love to my dear Charles; and bids me assure you of the happiness it would afford him, to see you seated at his 'heartsome ingle.'"

To this abode of peace and hospitality Mr. Hamilton at length returned; and as the eldest sister, who had married an officer of the name of Blake, joined the visit to Ingram Crook, this affectionate family were re-united for the first time since the decease of their mother. The spectacle of domestic concord is always delightful; but, in the instance of the Hamilton's, this was particularly the case. Their parents had deceased when they were young, and they had been widely separated; yet the associations of early life had never been violated. They were still friends, and friends of no common order; for their affections, cemented by the ties of kindred,

were founded on congeniality and esteem. Elizabeth was, indeed, peculiarly fortunate in her brother's friendship. He was a man of fine understanding, and highly-cultivated talents. He loved her with an enthusiasm natural to his generous mind, and taught her to explore her own latent and hitherto unapplied resources: it was for his penetration to discover, from the beautiful flowers which embellished the moral surface, the qualities of the soil beneath. Sympathy, rather than emulation, led her to assimilate in all his pursuits. His conversation inspired her with a taste for oriental literature; and, without even affecting to become a Persian scholar, she almost spontaneously caught the idioms, and became familiar with the manners and usages of the east.

In the autumn of 1789, Mr. Marshall, who had hitherto enjoyed uninterrupted health, was attacked by an epidemic disorder, which, in a few days, terminated his life. His loss was deeply felt by Miss Hamilton, who loved and honoured him as a parent, and constantly retained the most grateful attachment to his memory. As she had now, however, no inducement for a longer continuance at the Crook, she joined her brother and sister, with whom she spent nearly two years, chiefly in the metropolis, though occasionally in rural excursions. During

this period, Mr. Hamilton was engaged in translating from the Persian, the Hedaya, or code of Moslem laws: the undertaking was a stupendous one, of which it was difficult to estimate the toil, or predict the time of completion. It was the principal motive for his return to England, and he had obtained permission from the governor and council to reside five years in his native country, where only he could command the leisure, ease, and tranquillity, essential to the performance of his engagement.

With the conclusion of Mr. Hamilton's labours, ended also the happiness of the family circle, as far as it depended on a domestic intercourse marked by concord and cordiality. The printing of the Hedaya being accomplished, Mr. Hamilton was appointed president of the vizier's court; and had, in consequence, to prepare for his departure from England. The farewell was painful; but the party was not of a temper to yield to despondency, or to indulge in unavailing regrets. Mrs. Blake revisited the north of England; whilst Elizabeth resumed possession of Ingram's Crook, where she was gratified by a parting interview with her affectionate brother. He took this opportunity to repeat his frequent recommendation, that she should engage in some literary pursuit, which, by affording her constant employment,

might beguile the tedious interval of their separation. In September he quitted, for the last time, this little mansion of friendship and hospitality, impressed with those sentiments of melancholy, which, if we may judge from the following passage in his correspondence, all his brilliant prospects were unable to dissipate.

September 18th, 1791.

“Joy be to Shiraz, and its charming bowers! O Heaven preserve thee from decay!” Thus sang the immortal Hafiz, on first quitting the place of his nativity; and thus sang I, as I quitted the mansion of soft tranquillity and domestic peace, to engage once more in the turmoils of a world, for which, I begin to fear, I am not sufficiently qualified. Alas! what are those wild, delusive passions, which so eternally lead mankind out of the road of rational felicity, and urging them to grasp at the shadows of avarice, vanity, or ambition, cause them to forget or overlook the humbler but more substantial blessings which they may command. But softly! is not happiness equally the portion of every state of life? and may not that very tranquillity, which, on a transient view, we so much admire and sigh after, carry in its train the demons of soul-rusting torpor and stagnant apathy? Bow

then, my soul, with humble resignation to the decree of Providence, in whatever sphere it is thy lot to move.”

Such were the reflections which occupied the mind of Mr. Hamilton, as he proceeded from the dwelling of his beloved sister, to which he was now to return no more. His constitution had long ceased to be robust; and, in his last journey from Scotland, he contracted a cold, which produced alarming pulmonary symptoms. A voyage to Lisbon was recommended, and he invited his elder sister to accompany him, whilst, with mistaken tenderness, he endeavoured to disguise from the other the extent of his malady. Her suspicions were however awakened, and she flew to her brother's lodgings at Hampstead, where she found Mrs. Blake. The object of their solicitude was no longer in a situation to bear the voyage; and, during several weeks of this mournful re-union, the patient continued to linger, and his friends to fluctuate between doubt and despair. In March, 1792, the conflict ended; and, in the prime of life, with the full prospect of realizing all his hopes of distinction, Charles Hamilton expired, preserving, to his last moment, all the sensibilities that endear the man or exalt the Christian.

Mr. Hamilton presented a striking instance

of what the human mind is capable of effecting, when a single object becomes the polar star of its intellectual course. Scarcely thirteen years had elapsed since he first landed in Asia, with all the feelings of a solitary stranger. Without patronage or protection, he had, by his unblemished conduct and indefatigable industry, acquired not only eminence but distinction. The place he held in society was indeed highly honourable, since he ranked amongst his literary associates and chosen friends, the most celebrated scholars and accomplished men in India. His health and strength were exhausted by the exertion; but the sacrifice was well compensated by the virtuous distinctions which he obtained; and, to insure success in a meritorious object, almost any thing may be relinquished, short of duty and independence. "One gentleman," said Miss Hamilton, in an elegant tribute to the memory of her departed brother, "it has been my happiness to know, who entered on life at the age of sixteen, without guide but his own principles, without monitor but the precepts of education, and the dictates of his own heart. Unsullied by the temptations of a capital, he was plunged into those of a camp: fond of society, where his cheerful temper and easy manners formed him to shine, but still fonder of improvement, neither the inducements of camp

nor city interrupted the unwearied pursuits of literature and science. Surrounded by companions who had caught the contagion of scepticism, he, at this early period, listened to their arguments, weighed, examined, detected their futility, and rejected them. In prosperity and adversity, in public and private life, the sentiments of religion retained their influence on his heart: through life they were his friends, in death his consolation."

The loss of such a brother and friend, was felt by Miss Hamilton to be irreparable; but she endeavoured to rouse her mind to active exertions, and, according to the admirable rule which she had adopted in early life, "to yield implicit submission to the will of that Being, whose unerring wisdom sees what is best." She often reverted to her brother's admonition, that she should devote her talents to some literary pursuit, and she was insensibly led to entertain the design of writing the "Hindoo Rajah," as a work in which she might not only recall the ideas she had obtained from his conversation, but pourtray his character, and commemorate his endowments and virtues. Her own feelings are embodied in the character of Charlotte; and a beautiful tribute is paid to her brother's memory, in the delineation of Percy, who is not introduced as a living personage.

From this period may be dated Miss Hamilton's celebrity as a writer; and it was not long before the encouragement which she obtained induced her to engage in a second work, "The Modern Philosophers," which was so well received, that it passed through two editions before the end of the year. It was chiefly composed during a visit which Miss Hamilton paid to a family in Gloucestershire, where, living in perfect seclusion, her manuscript rapidly advanced; and where the gratification which she experienced from a beautiful country, was frequently excited by the romantic scenery which surrounded the residence of her friend. How often, amidst the same enchanting solitudes, have I dwelt on the memory of this estimable woman, and contrasted the evanescent character of human existence, with the comparative permanency of nature. The hills, the woods, and the valleys, still continue; but the eye which delighted to gaze upon them is closed for ever; the heart, which elevated its thoughts in gratitude to Him, by whose almighty fiat the fair creation started into being, and with it the hand which recorded its feelings, is still and motionless.

The next literary undertaking in which we find Miss Hamilton engaged, constituted the first volume of "Letters on Education," pub-

lished in 1801. These were justly admired, and procured the author the acquaintance or correspondence of many celebrated individuals. Speaking of a letter she had received from Dugald Stewart, she observes, with characteristic simplicity, "It would be a poor affectation to say, that I was not flattered by such praise from a character so distinguished."

During part of the years 1802 and 1803, Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Blake made several excursions into Wales, Westmorland, and Scotland, till they settled for a short time, in an agreeable situation, on the beautiful banks of Grasmere. Here the celebrity of Miss Hamilton procured her attentions from several respectable families. Bishop Watson became her valued acquaintance; and she was often visited by Miss Smith, then in the bloom of life, with the remainder of her interesting family. Miss Hamilton, however, who was then engaged in writing, or rather in preparing to write the "Memoirs of Agrippina," had a pursuit that rendered her nearly independent of society. The original object of this work was to illustrate by biographical examples the speculative principles assumed in the "Letters on Education." It has been erroneously considered as a kind of historical romance, but this idea is altogether unfounded. The author, assisted by her literary

friends, was indefatigable in collecting documents, and procuring materials for an authentic work. The only instance in which she allowed herself to deviate from the strictest accuracy, is the introduction of a conversation between Agrippina, and the countrywoman of Arminius, in which the matrons of Germany are strikingly contrasted with the ladies of degenerate Rome.

In the summer of 1804, Miss Hamilton was informed of the pension conferred upon her by the late king, as an acknowledgment of those literary talents which had been meritoriously exerted in the cause of religion and virtue. At this period, she was earnestly solicited by a nobleman to superintend the education of his children, who had been unfortunately deprived of a mother's care. It was not without reluctance that she could be persuaded to a compliance with these proposals; but she at length consented as a friend, to reside in the family for a limited time, and to assist his lordship in forming proper arrangements. At the expiration of six months she resigned the trust, but never withdrew her affections from her adopted children. For their benefit, she shortly afterwards compiled the "Letters to the Daughters of a Nobleman," which were published in 1806, and obtained a most favourable reception. The concluding pages appear dictated

by those genuine feelings of pious affection, which make their way to the heart.

“And now my dearest, the painful task remains, of bidding you a long, perhaps a last farewell. The promise which I made of doing you all the good in my power, I have endeavoured to accomplish. I have done it unto God, and not unto men; and if the sincerity of the motive finds acceptance, I shall not go without my reward. May my prayers be heard! and it will be given in the shape of a blessing upon my instructions.

“With regard to the younger objects of my anxious solicitude, their tender age forbids the hope that much of what they learned from me will remain with them. Should these letters reach their hands, when the hand that writes them has mouldered into dust, though they may serve to recall some endearing memorial of the tenderness of my affection, it will appear to their minds like a distant dream; but you, my dearest lady Elizabeth, you never can forget me. Our paths through life lie far asunder: mine leads to the quiet and peaceful home, which, for your sake, I was induced to leave; to relations, endeared by every virtue; to the society of faithful, long-tried friends, and the soothing intercourse of esteem and affection.”

The return of Miss Hamilton to Edinburgh

diffused a general satisfaction amongst her friends. During a happy intermission of serious speculation and active exertions, she began the "Cottagers of Glenburnie," the success of which was adequate to its merits. Although her habits were simple and uniform, she had never to complain of a dull or monotonous existence. The mornings, whenever her state of health permitted, were devoted to study. At two o'clock she entered the drawing room, where she commonly found some intimate acquaintance ready to welcome her. If no engagement prevented, the interval from seven to ten was occupied with some interesting work, which, according to her aunt's former custom, was read aloud, for the benefit of the party. On Monday, she deviated from the usual system, by seeing company during the whole forenoon; and such was the general esteem for her character, and relish for her society, that this private *levee* was attended by the most distinguished persons in Edinburgh, and commonly protracted till a late hour. The following animated sketch, from the pen of a confidential friend, will convey an appropriate idea of Miss Hamilton.

"I first became acquainted with Mrs. Hamilton in 1804. A female literary character was, even at that time, a sort of phenomenon in Scotland.

It was most fortunate for the interests of the sex, that when an authoress did appear amongst us, she should be one whose kind heart and unpretending manners should set the sneers of prejudice at defiance. Mrs. Hamilton was exactly that person. No one that ever knew her, could discover that she founded any pretensions on authorship, or that she valued her literary reputation on any other ground, but as a means of usefulness.

“ It was not only by correcting the vulgar prejudices against literary women, that Mrs. Hamilton conferred the highest benefit on the society of Edinburgh, but by giving a new direction to the pursuits of her own sex, and by extending the sphere of female usefulness. Soon after she came to reside permanently in Edinburgh, she found it necessary to confine herself to one morning in the week for receiving visitors; and, by this economy of time, she was enabled to devote much of her attention to the management of charitable institutions; particularly the House of Industry, an institution which affords employment and instruction to the female poor. She associated several ladies with her in this benevolent office, and always presided at the meetings, where humanity towards the individual objects, and judicious economy in the applications of the funds, governed her whole

conduct; and it will be long before those who heard her affectionate exhortations to the little scholars, will forget the benevolence and wisdom of her counsels.

“If the active benevolence of our excellent friend was worthy of imitation, so was her exemplary submission to sufferings. No one experienced less vigorous health, yet no one was so habitually cheerful. It is the sad consequence of long-continued illness, frequently to produce peevishness and selfishness of character. No person was ever more free from these faults than Mrs. Hamilton. I have heard her defend the claims of contemporary genius in those of her own sex, with a degree of generous ardour and enthusiastic admiration, which a cold or selfish nature could not comprehend.”

In 1812, Miss Hamilton produced a long expected work, under the title of “Popular Essays on the Elementary Principles of the Human Mind.” These volumes, which are rather of a religious than a philosophical cast, illustrate maxims that perfectly harmonize with the pure precepts of the Gospel, and illustrate the natural opposition of selfish propensities to the attainment of real happiness.

In every emergency of life, the counsels of Miss Hamilton to her friends were invaluable, whether she sought to inspire hope, to supply

energy, or to administer consolation. From the general plan of her writings, it will be easily seen that she entertained an affectionate interest in the concerns of childhood and youth. Miss Edgeworth has truly observed of her, that “she *loved* the young; for she delighted to excite and participate in their cheerfulness. Alive to all the social charities, she watched, with almost maternal tenderness, the gradual development of the understanding; and, with similar vigilance, she embraced every opportunity of impressing on the inexperienced mind some salutary truth, or of directing its powers to the pursuits of virtue.

“Actuated by a sincere and permanent anxiety to become beneficial to mankind, Miss Hamilton, in 1815, again published a small volume of “Hints, addressed to the Patrons and Directors of Public Schools;” in which she recommended a partial adoption of the plan introduced into Switzerland by Pestalozzi. This little work contains many pertinent remarks on the management of public institutions, dictated by that sterling good sense which so eminently characterized her writings.

“ ‘The Modern Philosophers,’ continues Miss Edgeworth, ‘The Cottagers of Glenburnie,’ and the ‘Letters of the Hindoo Rajah,’ have established Mrs. Hamilton’s character as an ori-

ginal and successful writer of fiction; but her claims to literary reputation, as a philosophic, moral, and religious author, are of a higher sort, and rest upon works of a more solid and durable nature—those connected with intellectual improvement; especially her ‘Letters on Female Education.’ In these she not only shows that she has studied the history of the human mind, and that she has made herself acquainted with all that has been written on this subject by the best moral and metaphysical writers, but she adds new value to their knowledge, by rendering it practically useful. She has done much in awakening the attention of parents, of mothers especially, to future enquiry; she has done much, by directing their enquiries rightly—much, by exciting them to reflect upon their own minds, and to observe what passes in the minds of their children. She has opened a new field of investigation to women; a field fitted to their domestic habits, to their duties as mothers, and to their business as preceptors of youth: to whom it belongs to give the minds of children those first impressions and ideas which remain the longest, and which influence them often the most powerfully through the whole course of life.

“Mrs. Hamilton is well known to be not only a moral, but a pious author; and, in all her writings, as in her whole conversation, religion

appears in the most engaging point of view. Her religion was sincere, cheerful, and tolerant, joining, in the happiest manner, Faith, Hope, and Charity. All who had the happiness to know this amiable woman, will, with one accord, bear testimony to the truth of that feeling of affection which her benevolence, kindness, and cheerfulness of temper inspired. She never flattered; but she always formed the most favourable opinion that truth and goodness would permit, of every individual who came near her. Instead, therefore, of fearing and shunning her penetration, all loved and courted her society."

The treatise on Pestalozzi's system, published in 1815, was the last work Mrs. Hamilton finished. The declining state of her health determined her to remove to England, and she accordingly fixed the period of her departure. For some months preceding it, she was attacked with an inflammation in her eyes, attended with exquisite suffering and great weakness. The preparations for the journey were not, however, suspended: from change alone, she, as well as her friends, entertained any hope of amendment; and in May, 1816, she quitted for ever the scenes to which she had been so long attached. Proceeding by easy stages, she at first appeared to derive some benefit; but, before her arrival

at Harrowgate, where the travellers meant to rest, her sister's mind became filled with the most afflicting apprehensions. She lingered for some weeks afterwards, perfectly sensible of her approaching end. The piety she had so long cherished did not desert her in these awful moments: the few words she articulated, were expressive of resignation to the Divine will, of affection for her surviving friends, and of aspirations for happiness and immortality. The torpor which now began to cloud her mental faculties, had no power to reach her heart. "Give my love, ten times told," was the last message she dictated to an intimate friend, who for many years had shared her confidence and affection. The last moments of her existence were exempted from severe suffering: she sunk into a lethargic slumber, and finally, without a struggle, breathed her last, on the 23rd of July, 1816, having nearly completed her fifty-eighth year. Her remains were interred in the church at Harrowgate, in which a simple monument, with an appropriate inscription, has been erected to her memory, as a last tribute of affection from her surviving sister.

"Peace be to her remains—eternal joy to her departed spirit!"

She is gone, but her works continue to instruct

and enlighten future generations. May those who admire her talents, rise from the perusal of her instructive biography, with their minds expanded, their piety invigorated, and their desires for intellectual improvement renewed and heightened.

Authority.—Miss Benger's "Memoirs of Miss Hamilton."

MISS CATHARINE HURDIS.

“ Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
 Of Paradise that has survived the fall !
 Thou art the nurse of virtue : in thine arms
 She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
 Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.”

COWPER.

“ BEHOLD how goodly, and how pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity,” was the observation of the royal psalmist, when, perhaps, recurring to some interesting family, who, happy in the enjoyments of rural retirement, derived their highest felicity from their mutual affection. To the history of such a family, we are indebted for the following pleasing instance of that perfect union which the sacred writer has so beautifully delineated.

Miss Catharine Hurdis was one of seven children, who in early life had the misfortune to lose their father, and were left with a widowed mother in very narrow circumstances. She was, however, peculiarly happy in her brother, an

excellent man and accomplished scholar; to whom herself and her sisters were entirely indebted for their education. During the Oxford vacations, he sedulously devoted himself to their instruction, in various branches of useful and ornamental literature. "Grief and bereavement tend to endear such as remain to each other;" whilst the darkest shades in life's varied picture are sweetly blended with many gleams of mercy.

In the year 1786, the Rev. James Hurdis obtained the curacy of Burwash, in Sussex, in which he found himself enabled to add considerably to the comfort of his mother, and invited two of his sisters to reside with him. A pleasing little work, entitled, "The Village Curate," has narrated their occupations and amusements, in this even course of rural tranquillity; and, not unfrequently, the vivid pencil of the poet has embodied many of those impressions,

"That pass across the mind like summer clouds
Over a lake at eve. Their fleeting hues
The traveller cannot trace with memory's eye,
But he remembers well how fair they were,
How very lovely."

The parental is generally admitted to be one of the most powerful feelings of the heart,

while the love of brothers and sisters has been described, rather as the natural effect of early associations, strengthened by time and habit. When, however, it is really a sentiment heightened by mutual affection, and, to borrow the language of a fine writer, has become "a marriage of the heart," it is undoubtedly the most delightful of our attachments. This sentiment subsisted, in no common degree, between the Rev. James Hurdis and the subject of this biography. She was his favourite sister, "his delight, his hope, and treasure," as he often emphatically termed her. Similar in their tastes, inclinations, and pursuits, it might, with the utmost propriety, be remarked of them, that each was to the other a dearer self. Scarcely, however, had six years elapsed from the period of their first residence at Burwash, when the hand of death deprived him of this object of his affections :

" Of her, who loved him with such tenderness
As angels love good men."

" My son, give me thy heart," is an injunction of Divine Wisdom; and our heavenly Father not unfrequently resumes his gifts, when they too much tend to withdraw us from the knowledge and love of God.

“ Could I have found a moment free from anxiety,” said the afflicted brother in a letter to Mr. Cooper, “ I should certainly have spent it in writing to you. But my mind has been totally absorbed in attention to my sister. I watched by her nine and thirty nights. I neglected nothing which I thought might have proved a source of relief; but all my endeavours were ineffectual, and I have been obliged to seek for a grave, in which I may rest beside her. How painful an interval has passed since I last wrote you, you will be able to judge from your own feelings. My eye has been fixed, day and night, upon a sufferer who was better to me than the best of daughters; and I have marked the slow and certain progress of death, prevailing over a life which was ever dearer to me than my own. I have seen my amiable and affectionate Catharine gradually sinking under a disease at once painful and lingering. I have lived to behold the hour in which her existence was grievous to me; nay, I have lived to look upon her in the hour of death, without shedding tears at her dissolution. Indeed, her departure was a relief to me. She had suffered extremely, and for nearly a week before her death had only short intervals of sense. In the evening on which she died, her senses returned, and she acknowledged us all, by rewarding us

with many thanks for our attention to her. She was then seized with a difficulty of breathing, and a slight convulsion, which did not appear very alarming, because I had seen her recover from the same symptoms before. I was the only person in the room, when these began to abate, and she seemed to fall asleep, breathing without difficulty. I sat beside her, watching her countenance, and the ease with which she slept soon inclined me to sleep also. Being apprehensive that I might disturb her, I left the room, and meeting my eldest sister at the door, I desired her to give me notice when I was wanted. Scarcely, however, had I lain down, when she came to inform me that Catharine's breath had ceased. I returned immediately into the room, and was witness to a few slight efforts of nature to recover the action of the lungs. The eye-lid was still closed: the features not in the least deranged: the hand reclined upon the side of the easy chair, into which she had been partly raised from the bed; and not one attitude of the composure in which I left her had been disturbed. If I had thought myself forsaken by my Maker, in the former stages of my calamity, here I became sensible of his goodness. I saw, in the strongest light, the blessing of a peaceful end; and I saw that peaceful end bestowed upon a beloved sister, for whom

I should more earnestly have petitioned it than for myself.

“ Thus, Sir, was I deprived of a gem, which had literally hung about my neck all the days of my life, and which never lost its lustre. Thus did I bid adieu to a little motherly comforter, who had ever been as a part of myself. I have promised her that she shall rest beside me, and have appointed her a place at my right hand, a situation she always loved, and from which I never wished her to depart. Yes, my invaluable sister, thou hast been always in my eye,

‘ Attentively regarding all I said,
And soothing all my pains with sweet concern.’

“ Thou shalt rest beside me in the grave, as well as in the cradle: I will come to thee, though thou art not able to return to me. I will endeavour to deserve, as thou hast; and trust to God’s mercy that I shall find thee again.

“ I promised to give you some account of my sister’s natural endowments, and of her acquisitions. Her figure was good, her action graceful; but in her countenance there were many defects. For her carelessness without, Nature, however, had made ample amends by her liberality within. My sister’s disposition was so friendly, humane, and gentle, that it was im-

possible to know her, and not esteem her. She was always attended by good humour, compassion, and pleasantry. Her genius was capable of the greatest undertakings, and she never lost an hour in improving it. Reading was her delight; and you will scarcely believe that, at four and twenty, she could have obtained the knowledge I know she was possessed of. She was well acquainted with historical, biographical, and moral writers; and retained facts and dates with the nicest accuracy. She was fond of figures. I had observed the propensity, and encouraged it. She followed me, with the greatest ease, through the most arduous rules of arithmetic, fractions, decimals, algebra, and the first rudiments of geometry. I then directed her to astronomical calculations; and, when she was taken ill, she was upon the point of framing an almanack, for the year 1793, upon a new construction, which was to be presented to Mr. Cowper, and to be called, 'The Poet's Almanack.' The new and full moons, as well as the eclipses, were all to have been calculated, and the latter delineated, by herself. In matters of this kind she had long been expert; and she could be certain of predicting any eclipse, however distant, without an error of more than two minutes.

“ Her skill in music justly entitled her to be

called, 'The leader of our band.' It was her office to play the organ, while her two sisters sung, and I accompanied on the violoncello. Some time after, I became a student of Hebrew. My Catharine followed me through all my grammatical memorandums, and was able to read and construe the original Scriptures as well as myself. She was, at the same time, our most expert botanist, excepting one of my sisters, and a considerable proficient in physic.

"I should weary you with my story, were I to describe every little accomplishment, and every good quality. Indeed, I believe, that to some parts of her character I am still a stranger. She was extremely diffident. In her last illness, I frequently read sermons to her, at her request, and was surprised to find that she was acquainted with most of them. One of her sisters told me, that it had always been her custom, when left alone on a Sunday, to read the psalms, lessons, and two or three sermons.

"I will say no more. She is gone! I am happy that I have been her friend! Death has not visited us before, since the loss of my father. It is all well. She told me that she was satisfied; and why should I complain? She wished she could have carried me with her to heaven; but comforted herself by thinking, that, although

parted, we could none of us stay long behind her.

‘ Yes, my sweet treasure, Catharine, is gone.
Some messenger of God my door has pass’d,
From earth returning; saw the lovely flower,
Transported, gather’d it, and in his hand
Bore it to heaven rejoicing.’ ”

Authority.—“ Works of the Rev. James Hurdis.”

MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.

“ Let such women as are disposed to be vain of their comparatively petty attainments, look up with admiration to those contemporary shining examples, the venerable Elizabeth Carter, and the blooming Elizabeth Smith. I knew them both, and to know was to venerate them. In them let our young ladies contemplate profound and various learning, chastened by true Christian humility. In them let them venerate acquirements which would have been distinguished at a university, meekly softened, and beautifully shaded by the gentle exertion of every domestic virtue, the unaffected exercise of every feminine employment.”

MORE.

MISS ELIZABETH SMITH was born in 1776, at Burnham, near Durham, the beautiful residence of her paternal ancestors. At a very early period she discovered that love of reading, and close application to whatever she engaged in, which marked her character throughout life. What in others is usually the result of education and habit, seemed to be born with her: whatever she did, was performed correctly, and with reflection greatly above her years. When only thirteen, she had made considerable progress in French, Italian, music,

dancing, drawing, and perspective. Circumstances, apparently trifling, not unfrequently determine our character, and sometimes our allotment in life. There is every reason to believe that Miss Smith was first induced to apply herself to the study of the learned languages, by accidentally hearing that the late Mrs. Bowdler had acquired the Greek and Hebrew, for the sole purpose of reading the Holy Scriptures in the original. In the summer of 1789, that excellent lady, with her youngest daughter, spent a month at Piercefield, then the residence of the Smith family. "It was," says Mrs. Smith, "one of the happiest periods of my life, and from the abovementioned visit I date the turn of study which my beloved daughter ever afterwards pursued, and in which, I firmly believe, the amiable conduct of our guests first led her to delight. With young persons, the late Mrs. Bowdler had a manner peculiar to herself, which never failed to secure their affections, at the moment when she conveyed to their minds the most important instructions. The word of God was her chief study and delight, and she always endeavoured to make it so to others; while the strength of her understanding, and the clearness of her intellect, commanded the respect and esteem of all who heard her. From the period of our first acquaintance, till

the day of her death, I had in Mrs. Bowdler, the steadiest and most affectionate of friends: a friend who had at heart, not only the temporal, but eternal happiness of myself and family; and who, in proportion as summer friends flew off, became yet more attached to me."

Amidst the beautiful scenery of Piercefield, Elizabeth continued her literary pursuits, till the commencement of the year 1793, when an unexpected reverse of fortune evinced the uncertainty of the fairest temporal prospects. We are indebted to the elegant pen of Mrs. Bowdler, for the following interesting account of the melancholy event. "I went to Piercefield immediately on receiving information of the circumstances which had occurred; but I will not attempt to describe the scene to which I was then a witness. I had long seen and admired Mrs. Smith, in one of the finest places in England, surrounded by her lovely children, with all the comforts of affluence, and delighting her happy guests by the fascinating charms of her conversation; yet, through all the misfortunes which marked the period to which I am now alluding, I can with truth say of Mrs. Smith, what she says of her admirable daughter, that I do not remember a single murmur to have escaped her lips; and the loss of fortune, as it was occasioned neither by

extravagance nor vice, was supported by every individual of the family, with truly Christian fortitude and resignation. In a few days after I went to Piercefield, my friends quitted it for ever, and the young ladies spent seven or eight months with us, in or near Bath." Many of their favourite pursuits had been interrupted. The romantic scenery of their once happy home; the harp, the piano-forte, and the library, were sacrificed together; but the ardent mind of Elizabeth rising above the pressure of adverse circumstances, readily adopted a plan of employment recommended by Mrs. Bowdler, and entered upon a regular course of ancient and modern history. To this, as opportunities offered, she afterwards added German, Latin, Spanish, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Persic, with the science of botany. Many of those acquisitions were made during years of wandering, without the accommodations of a fixed residence, and under the weight of afflictions, which, however nobly supported, might have taught even youth and innocence to mourn.

In 1796, Mr. Smith having adopted the military profession, Mrs. Smith, with her daughter, set out for Ireland to join the regiment. At Kingston lodge, the seat of the late venerable earl of Kingston, they spent some time; and the happiness they enjoyed under his roof

was always mentioned by them with peculiar gratitude. Thence, in a heavy storm of rain, they proceeded on horseback to the barracks, a distance of twenty miles. On their arrival, not even a bed was provided for their reception. The whole furniture of the apartment consisted of half a cart-wheel instead of a fender, a bit of iron to serve for a poker, a dirty deal table, and four wooden-bottomed chairs. "I was standing by the fire," says Mrs. Smith, "meditating on our forlorn state, and thinking perhaps too much of the comforts which I had lost, when I was roused from my reverie by Elizabeth's exclaiming. 'Oh, what a blessing!'—'Blessing?' I replied, 'there seems to be none left.' 'Indeed there is, my dear mother; for see, here is a little cupboard.' Mrs. Smith has often mentioned the ingenuity, as well as good humour, with which Elizabeth contrived to make a currant-tart in their uncomfortable dwelling, when to others it would have appeared impracticable. These trifling circumstances are merely mentioned, because it is peculiarly desirable to convince our youthful readers, that learning is not incompatible with a minute attention to the peculiar duties, as well as accomplishments of the female character. No young lady dressed with more elegant simplicity than Miss Smith, yet none

could do it with less expense. She made a gown or cap, with as much skill as she displayed in solving a problem in Euclid, or a difficult Hebrew passage; and nothing which she thought it right to do, was ever neglected. Plain and unassuming in her demeanour, she never gave herself an air of consequence on account of any advantage, natural or acquired, which she possessed. Some might have thought her absent, but nothing was further from her character; for her replies, on any subject of information, were always peculiarly ready. Her countenance, although sweet, was serious; but her smile was that of complacency and peace. The portrait taken during her last illness, is an admirable likeness; and the artist has faithfully retained the heavenly serenity of the original, and the peculiar character of the eye. It reminds us of a fine description, somewhere given, of a similar painting in the Louvre: "It did not look downwards, it looked forwards beyond this world: it was a look that never passed away, but remained unalterable as the deep sentiment which gave it birth."

There is still another part of Miss Smith's character, on which the reflecting mind will dwell with the greatest satisfaction; it is that exalted piety, which seemed to raise her above the world, and enabled her, at sixteen years of

age, to resign its riches and gratifications, almost without regret, and to support with dignity a change so unexpected. The deep humility of her mind, as evinced in the following interesting fragment, sheds a softened lustre on the many distinguished talents with which she had been endowed.

“Being now arrived at what are called years of discretion, and looking back on my past life with shame and confusion; when I recollect the many advantages I have had, and the bad use I have made of them;—the hours I have squandered, and the opportunities of improvement I have neglected; when I imagine what, with those advantages, I ought to be, and find myself what I am, I am resolved to endeavour to be more careful for the future, if the future be granted me;—to try to make amends for past negligence, by employing every moment I can command to some good purpose; to endeavour to acquire all the little knowledge that human nature is capable of on earth, but to let the word of God be my chief study, and all others subservient to it;—to mould myself, as far as I am able, according to the Gospel of Christ;—to be content while my trial lasts, and, when it is finished, to rejoice, trusting in the merits of my Redeemer. I have written these resolutions, to stand as a witness against

me, in case I should be inclined to forget them, and to return to my former indolence and thoughtlessness; because I have found the inutility of mental determinations. May God grant me strength to keep them!"

The private memorandums of eminent individuals afford the most perfect and interesting portraits of their minds; and it is with no small pleasure that we transcribe the following observations, extracted from pocket-books and papers.

"A happy day is worth enjoying: it exercises the soul for heaven. The heart that never tastes of pleasure, shuts up, grows stiff and incapable of enjoyment. How, then, shall it enter the realms of bliss? A cold heart can receive no pleasure even there. Happiness is the support of virtue: they should always travel together, and they generally do so: when the heart expands to receive the latter, her companion enters of course. In some situations, if ever I do right, it is mechanically, or in compliance with the deductions of reason: in others, it is from an inward sentiment of goodness, from the love of God, and the admiration of the beauty of virtue. I believe it is impossible to be wicked and happy at the same time."

"No event which I thought unfortunate has ever happened to me, but I have been convinced, at some time or other, that it was not

a misfortune, but a blessing. I can never then, in reason, complain of any thing that befalls me, because I am persuaded that it is permitted for some good purpose."

"When we think of the various miseries of the world, it seems as if we ought to mourn continually for our fellow-creatures. But when we consider all these apparent evils as dispensations of Providence, tending to correct the corruptions of our nature, and to fit us for the enjoyment of eternal happiness, we can not only look with calmness on the misfortunes of others, but receive those appointed for ourselves with gratitude."

"It is declared in the Scriptures, that 'the natural man knoweth not the things of God, neither can he comprehend them;' and I am convinced that this is true. God only requires the heart and affections; and, after those are devoted to him, He himself worketh all things within, and for it. 'My son, give me thy heart:' all the rest is conformity and obedience. This is the simple ground of all religion, which implies a re-union of the soul to a principle which it had lost in its corrupt and fallen state. Mankind have opposed this doctrine, because it has a direct tendency to lay very low the pride and elevation of the heart, and the perverseness of the will, and prescribes a severe mortification

to the passions: it will be found, notwithstanding, in time or eternity, a most important truth."

"In the Holy Scriptures, nothing appears to have a reference to the great work of salvation, but a rectitude of the heart, and subjection of the will; and it is clear to my understanding that it should be so; for the mere operations of the head, the lucubrations of reason on divine subjects, are as different as men. The natural powers of man may be sanctified by the influence of religion on the soul, and cease from opposition, in matters wherein formerly they took the supreme direction; but, until they are in awful silence before God, the work of redemption is unfelt and unknown."

"Look into the opinions of men, contemplate their great diversity, their complete opposition to each other; and where shall the serious, reflecting mind, find a peaceful station to rest upon? Where shall it find the shadow of a mighty rock, in a weary land of fluctuating devices, and tempests of opinion? Not in human literature; not in the inventions of man; but in silence before the God of our lives, in pure devotion of the heart, and in prostration of the soul. The knee bends before the majesty of Omnipotence, and all the powers of the mind say, Amen! In matters so important

as pure religion, the salvation of the immortal soul, it is highly worthy of Divine Wisdom, that He should take the supreme direction to Himself alone, and not leave any part of the work to the devices of man; for it is evident, to every candid enquirer, that wherever he interferes, he spoils it. Religion is of so pure and spotless a nature, that a touch will contaminate it. Languages and customs may greatly differ; but the language of pure devotion of the heart to its Maker, is one and the same over the face of the whole earth. It is acknowledged and felt through ‘the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.’ There is a harmony and consistency in the works of God, external and internal; and the external objects of nature are strictly typical of internal things—the visible of the invisible world.”

With equal taste and accuracy has Dr. Randolph remarked of this admirable young lady, that, whether she furnished materials from her own capacious mind, or drew them from the stores of others, there was a choice and arrangement that evinced the soundest judgment, as well as the sweetest imagination: and that, when he compared the graces of her person, and the elegance of her accomplishments, with the more noble and higher distinctions of intellect, he seemed to lose sight of what had once

adorned society, and to trace a form of ideal perfection.

In October, 1800, Mrs. Smith and her family quitted Ireland, and determined to seek some retired situation in their native country, with the hope that, by strict economy, and with the blessing of cheerful, contented minds, they might yet find something like comfort. This the frequent change of quarters, with four children, made it impossible to experience, notwithstanding the kind and generous attention they had invariably received from the hospitable inhabitants. They passed the winter in a cottage on the banks of Ulswater, and in May following removed to Coniston. The surrounding country had many charms for Elizabeth. Not a single murmur escaped her lips. On the contrary, she always appeared as much satisfied as if the mode of life, as well as the situation, was such as she particularly delighted in. Happy, amidst her books and flowers, or in exploring the beautiful scenes of nature, her highest earthly enjoyments consisted in those of literature, friendship, and rural life. But, as if conscious that her state of probation was drawing to a period, she sought and obtained, as her chief good, the knowledge and approbation of the Almighty; the Holy Scriptures became her principal study, and every thing else was rendered

subservient to them. Time thus occupied, passed rapidly away, whilst her talents and virtues were continually improving. Her enthusiastic admiration of the sublime and beautiful, and the goodness of her constitution, often induced her to ramble to a considerable distance. One fatal evening, after walking about two miles, she seated herself on a stone beside the lake, and continued reading till the sun had set, and a heavy dew began to descend, when, to use her own expression, she felt as if a knife had entered her chest. The next morning was very hot, and every one else being engaged in the hay-field, she joined in the occupation, hoping in vain that exercise might remove the sensation. From this time a cough, attended with consumptive symptoms, threatened a rapid decline. Change of air being recommended, Mrs. Smith and her two daughters accepted an invitation to spend some time at Bath. We pass, with regret, many particulars respecting the last illness of this amiable sufferer. Every little incident connected with such a character is deeply interesting; but our narrow limits will not permit us to enter fully into the subject. The following beautiful lines, however, from the pen of a clergyman, commemorative of this melancholy seizure, will require no apology for their introduction.

“ In golden clouds, and seas of amber light,
 The parting sun now quench'd his fiery beams;
 Fragrant and cool the infant breeze of night,
 With whispering murmurs sooth'd Ulswater's streams.

Rocks, woods, and mountains, shared the sweet repose,
 And stretch'd their shadows o'er the cradled deep;
 Whilst nature seem'd the live-long day to close,
 And fold her weary limbs in balmy sleep.

How dear such landscape to the feeling mind !
 How passing lovely, awful, and serene !
 Eliza on the lake's lone marge reclined,
 In silent transport view'd the holy scene.

From nature's fleeting scenes to nature's God,
 Eliza's winged thoughts ascend sublime ;
 And traverse, with delight, the blest abode,
 Beyond the realms of fate and spheres of time.

And now the full-orb'd moon resumed her throne,
 And to the flood her silvery lustre gave ;
 When lo ! Eliza's pensive image shone
 On the still surface of the glassy wave.

Death saw the beauteous loit'rer, and, well pleased,
 In robes of mist his ghastly form array'd ;
 As from the rocky deeps he rose, and seized,
 With ruthless hand, the unsuspecting maid.

Her guardian spirit shrunk, and hast'ning near,
 Beheld the monster grasp his helpless prize ;
 Bathed her cold bosom with one parting tear,
 And then retraced its journey to the skies.”

A true friend is the medicine of life, a blessing conferred on those who seek the favour of

Heaven; and this, in the instance of Mrs. Smith and her daughter, seems to have been amply experienced. They were peculiarly rich in the affections of many who justly appreciated them, and from whom they received the most gratifying attentions; but the tenderest solitudes of earthly friendship were insufficient to remove the apprehensions of the one, or to detain the other from that happier country, in which her pure and enlightened spirit was to find a rest unattainable in this land of shadows.

After spending some time at Bath and Matlock, Mrs. Smith returned with her beloved charge to Coniston. The rapid progress of consumption became daily more apparent; but the sure, though gradual approach of that awful period, to which she had ever looked forwards with the most heavenly composure, occasioned her no dismay: the whole course of her exemplary life had been a preparation for eternity. "The night previous to her departure," observes her tenderly affectionate mother, "her breathing was very distressing; she was uneasy and restless, but never complained; and on my wiping the cold perspiration from her face, and bathing it with camphorated vinegar, she thanked me, smiled, and said, 'This is the greatest comfort I have.' Thinking that she was dying, I sat on the bed watching her. At six she

wished to rise. I called for Turpin, and felt my darling's pulse: they were fluttering, and I knew I should soon lose her. Turpin began to put on her clothes, and was proceeding to dress her, when she laid her head upon the faithful creature's shoulder, became convulsed in the face, spoke not, looked not, and in ten minutes expired.

' Vattene in pace, alma beata e bella! ' "

" It did not appear," continues Mrs. Smith, in different letters to her friends, " that she thought her end so very near, and I did not tell her my opinion of her state, because I might be mistaken, and I believed that she was well prepared for the awful change. Every paper I have found confirms this gratifying idea. On reflection, I have every thing to reconcile me to her loss, but my own selfish feelings, and my having witnessed the sufferings of humanity in a beloved child," concerning whom,

*' Though raised above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joys; yet with a mingled ray
Of sadly pleased remembrance, must I feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe!'*

" I like to look at the seat on which my angel sat, at the bed on which she lay: in short, nothing consoles me but what reminds me of

her. Nature never bestowed on me her talents: habit never gave me the same application; but my beloved child has left me an example which I should glory in following, and I pray God that I may be enabled to do so! I can now again attend my parish church, and I cannot tell you how gratifying it is to me. I seem to meet my beloved Elizabeth every Sunday. This idea occasions sensations that I would not exchange for any earthly treasure. They are not such as depress the spirits; quite otherwise: they excite my hope, increase my piety, and strengthen me to meet the trials of the ensuing week. I wonder, myself, at my state of mind; for I feel that she is dearer to me every day."

At Hawkshead, where she was interred, a small tablet of white marble, inscribed as follows, is erected in remembrance of her:

IN MEMORY OF
ELIZABETH,
ELDEST DAUGHTER OF GEORGE SMITH,
OF CONISTON, ESQUIRE.
SHE DIED AUGUST 7TH, 1806, AGED 29.
SHE POSSESSED GREAT TALENTS,
EXALTED VIRTUES,
AND HUMBLE PIETY.

Authority.—"Fragments in Prose and Verse."

MISS CAROLINE SYMONDS.

“ I cannot believe that the early death which intercepts the fruit of a growing virtue, will bereave the virtuous of any degree of that future glory to which such fruit would have entitled them. I should rather think, with the author of the ‘ Book of Wisdom,’ that, having completed their perfection in a little time, they, in a little time, finish their course; and, from what they have done, give such plain proofs of what they would have performed, that God, rewarding their purposes, as He does the actions of others, hastens to take them to Himself.”

LUCAS.

THE following beautiful little poems are the productions of Caroline, daughter of the Rev. Charles Symonds, who was born in 1792, and deceased at the early age of eleven. She displayed a liveliness of invention, and a harmony of numbers, which fully entitled her to rank amongst the first examples of early genius. The sweetness of her disposition equalled her talents, and rendered her the idol of an indulgent father, who superintended her education; and, in the dawning virtues and mental superiority of

his little charge, fondly imagined that he beheld the promise of an abundant harvest. But our thoughts are not as the thoughts of Him who made us.

“ Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and rose to heaven.”

THE HAREBELL.

In Spring's green lap there blooms a flower,
Whose cup imbibes each vernal shower ;
That sips fresh nature's balmy dew,
Clad in her sweetest, purest blue ;
Yet shuns the ruddy eye of morning,
The shaggy wood's brown shades adorning.
Simple flow'ret ! child of May !
Though hid from the broad gaze of day,
Doom'd in the shade thy sweets to shed,
Unnoticed, droop thy languid head ;
Still nature's darling thou'lt remain,
She feeds thee with her softest rain ;
Fills each sweet bud with honied tears,
With genial gales thy bosom cheers.
Ah ! then unfold thy simple charms,
In yon deep thicket's circling arms :
Far from the fierce and sultry glare,
No heedless hand shall harm thee there ;
Still, then, avoid the gaudy scene,
The flaunting sun, th' embroider'd green,
And bloom, and fade, with chaste reserve, unseen.

IN WINTER.

Aërial Flora, sister of the Spring,
 Arise, and let thy blooming form be seen,
 Haste, play thy youthful fancies on the green,
 And from thy hand ambrosial odours fling.

Invite the sylvan choir to wake, and sing,
 While the sun sleeps in gold upon the scene ;
 To dress the grove thy clustering harebell bring,
 And chase hoar Winter with thy sprightly mien.

Then shall sweet zephyrs, and prolific showers,
 Succeed to parching winds and piercing rain ;
 With their soft balm reanimate the flowers,
 And strew gay cowslips o'er the golden plain ;
 Then frost no more shall waste the roseate bowers,
 But Flora, crown'd with sweets, her sway unhurt maintain.

 THE FADED ROSE,

Which grew near the Tomb of Zelida.

I gazed on the rose-bud, I heaved a sad sigh,
 And mine eyelid was gemm'd with a tear ;
 Oh! let me, I cried, by my Zelida lie,
 For all that I value sleeps here.

Her sweetness, simplicity, virtue, and charms,
 Could with nought but a seraph compare ;
 Ah! now, since my Zelida's torn from my arms,
 There is nothing I love, but despair.

This rose-tree once flourish'd and sweeten'd the air,
 Like its blossom, all lovely, she grew !
 The scent of her breath, as its fragrance, was rare,
 And her cheeks were more fresh than its hue.

She planted, she loved it, she water'd its head,
 And its bloom every rival defied ;
 But, alas! what was beauty, or virtue, soon fled,
 In spring, they both blossom'd and died.

And now for my bosom, this life has no charms,
 I feel all its troubles and care ;
 And, since my dear Zelida's torn from my arms,
 There is nothing I love, but despair.

SONNET

To Lady Lucy Foley, on her Birth-day, February, 1803.

No morn now blushes on the enamour'd sight,
 No genial sun now warms the torpid day ;
 Since February sternly check'd his ray,
 When Lucy's eyes first beam'd their azure light.

What, though no vernal flowers my hand invite,
 To crop their fragrance on your natal day ;
 Lucy, for you the snowdrop and the bay,
 Shall blend th' unfading green, and modest white.

Though on this festive hour, with aspect bleak,
 Stern Winter frowns, in icy garments drest ;
 Still may the rosy summer robe your cheek,
 And the green spring still bud within your breast ;
 Till the world fading on your closing eyes,
 You find a golden autumn in the skies.

SPRING.

Throned on soft clouds, his locks with hawthorn bound,
Twined with young rose-buds, jocund Spring appears,
The little violet by his smile he cheers,
And teaches primroses to bloom around.

To his pleased ear the birds their carols sound,
And near his feet its head the sweetbrier rears;
Nature exults to see her darling crown'd,
And all the living scene his power reveres.

The hills and valleys with bright verdure spread,
The infant Ceres in her verdant gown;
The various plants which open in the mead,
And fanning gales his genial presence own:
But soon the rage of summer shall succeed,
And scorch the sweets, which breathe in Spring's soft
breeze alone.

THE BLIGHTED ROSE-BUD.

(Afterwards inscribed on the Writer's Tomb.)

Scarce had thy velvet lips imbibed the dew,
And nature hail'd thee infant queen of May;
Scarce saw thy op'ning bloom the sun's broad ray,
And on the air its tender fragrance threw;

When the north wind enamour'd of thee grew,
And, from his chilling kiss, thy charms decay;
Now droops thine head, now fades thy blushing hue,
No more the queen of flowers, no longer gay.

So blooms a maid, her guardian's health and joy,
Her mind array'd in innocency's vest;
When suddenly, impatient to destroy,
Death clasps the victim to his iron breast :
She fades—the parent, sister, friend, deplore
The charms and budding virtues, now no more.

MISS MARIA ———.

“ Ever innocent, tranquil, and blest,
Like a lily bow'd down by the dew,
I fell. Now at peace, and at rest,
I am happier, Stranger, than you.”

MARIA, the subject of the ensuing memoir, born 1798, was the only surviving daughter of a clergyman, who had superintended her education, and from whom she had scarcely ever been separated. Her natural disposition was extremely amiable; and her father observes, that, from her earliest infancy, she manifested an unusual attention to the kindness of those about her, and to the advice and instruction which she received. As she grew up, the seeds of virtue, which were early attempted to be sown in her infant mind, gradually expanded, and put forth the early fruit of dutiful obedience to her parents, and of tender love and gentleness to all her companions. She soon manifested a sense of religion; of those important duties, and that unassuming excellence, which

Christ, "the Light of the world," came to publish to mankind. On these truths she loved to meditate, and would daily retire to her chamber, to read some portion of the Holy Scripture, and "to pray to her Father who seeth in secret."

Such were the sweetness and propriety of her conduct and disposition, that her parents never had occasion to reprove her for the slightest impropriety of conduct, much less to inflict any kind of personal restriction. She never required it; nor, indeed, could her very susceptible and ingenuous mind, have borne what she might have considered the disgrace of such a chastisement. Never, to my knowledge, did she utter even the semblance of a falsehood; nor did an immodest or malignant expression, I am confident, ever escape her lips. The heart, the fountain from whence our words proceed, was so chastened and purified by the principles which she had imbibed from the holy precepts of her Saviour, that it could not, at the same time, pour forth "bitter waters and sweet."

From the correct views which she entertained of the value and vital importance of the Christian religion, the greatest delicacy and propriety were also discoverable in her general deportment and conversation; while her innocent but animated countenance bore ample indications of the

unaffected purity of her mind. In all the harmless gaieties of life she did not refuse to concur; but she never once forgot what was due to the proprieties of her sex, and the sacredness of her Christian principles.

Her natural abilities were excellent, and those who had an opportunity of fully appreciating them, were often struck with the genuine good sense, and, we may almost say, the intuitive discrimination which she discovered on subjects which generally require the experience and discernment of a maturer age. On all points, in particular, connected with religion or morals, she seemed at once to know how to choose the good, and refuse the evil; and, in matters of general criticism, whether relating to literature or the fine arts, her taste and judgment seemed equally correct and admirable. At the same time, she appeared unconscious of the superiority which she actually possessed, and never submitted her remarks without the greatest deference to the opinions of those with whom she conversed.

She had a natural taste for painting, and was delighted in surveying its best specimens. Her eye was remarkably correct, and few were more capable of justly appreciating the various excellencies of the imitative arts: indeed, had her time admitted of it, there is little doubt, but

she might have attained to considerable eminence in those pleasing accomplishments. With regard to music, her genius was, if possible, still more conspicuous: there was something in the "harmony of sounds," which seemed peculiarly in unison with the sweetness and elevation of her mind. Nothing could be more exquisite than her performance of many of the finest compositions, which she accompanied with her voice; and, in singing some of the sacred songs of Handel, it was difficult to say, whether the sweetness of her voice, the delicacy of her touch, or the unaffected elegance of her manner, was the most deserving of attention. Even those who knew but little of her favourite science, were affected by her execution, and sometimes even to tears. Yet the talents of Maria were not confined to those elegant accomplishments, and higher pursuits of intellect, which may not improperly be termed the flowers and fruits of education; but she particularly excelled in those active duties, which are indispensably requisite in the domestic circle. She loved to do good and to render herself useful; and delighted to employ her needle, either in the services of her own connexions, or of the poor in her neighbourhood.

It has been well observed, that if peace and

innocence are to be found on earth, they are the inhabitants of a flower-garden. This sentiment was in unison with the feelings of Maria: the charms of nature continually attracted her attention. The contemplations which they excited were peculiarly gratifying to her well-regulated mind; and she knew how to improve them to the greatest advantage. It is happy for those, who, like Maria, are capable of appreciating the blameless enjoyments, which the lavish works of creation constantly offer, from the majestic oak to the blade of grass; if they are at the same time excited to the remembrance of a present deity. The bard of nature, who, more than any other, leads his hearers to ascribe in all things, praise, honour, and dominion to the eternal mind which sustains the immensity of creation, reminds us that,

“ His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer.”

Scarcely, however, had the ripening virtues of Maria begun to promise an abundant increase; scarcely had the time arrived when the prayers and anxieties of her devoted parents were likely to be richly rewarded by the completion of their fondest wishes, through many years of happiness, when they were called to

sacrifice these bright expectations. The mortal plant which they had reared with so much care, and had scarcely suffered the wind of heaven to visit with too much roughness, afforded in its early decline an impressive instance, that the best promises of human existence are but as the drops which sparkle on the opening flower, and disappear as the sun arises. It is easy to conceive how dear, how inexpressibly dear, such an individual must have been to her family and her friends; how inseparably connected with all their engagements, pursuits, and anticipations, and how irreparable must have been the chasm occasioned by her departure.

Her constitution, though not apparently weak, was delicate, and unable long to resist the continued attacks of an illness, under which, after many weeks of painful suffering, endured with extraordinary fortitude and patience, she at length sunk.

Shall it be said, that she did not wish to live? Alas! she earnestly wished to live; but her wish did not arise so much from the timidity of her sex, and the natural dread which all mankind entertain of dissolution, and a separation from their friends, as from a desire to fulfil her duties as a Christian; to manifest her gratitude to her friends; to repay their kind-

ness, and to promote their happiness. She wished to live, that she might do good and glorify God. On being consoled in her last moments, with an assurance that the love of God would continue towards her; that the loss would not be hers, but her parents', and that they could ill bear the thoughts of the separation; she distinctly and gravely answered, "That is the only reason why I wish to live; but I hope I shall be reconciled to die."

Very soon afterwards, the pulse declined, and the breath began to fail. The occasional folding of her hands indicated that her mind was solemnly engaged in prayer; and a blessing on all around her, uttered with much deliberation, but not without some difficulty, was the last expression that passed her lips. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;" but "blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Dear as thou wast, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is, that thou art free.

And thus shall Faith's consoling pow'r,
The tears of love restrain;
Oh! who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee back again!

Triumphant in thy closing eye,
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
To think the fight was won.

Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustain'd by grace divine;
Oh! may that grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine!"

Such were the last moments of Maria, and such has been the tranquil close of unnumbered others, who by patient continuance in well doing, have endeavoured to obtain the approbation of their God. Why then should we weep for them? Rather ought we to "rejoice in the Lord," and to give thanks that they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, and have entered the realms of joy and happiness;—to be glad that they are no longer exposed to endure the various distressful accidents, incident to human life; no longer open to the snares of sin, and the protracted sufferings of disease; but that, in exchange for earth, they have been received into heaven, where, according to the words of St. John, "there shall be no more death, sorrow, nor lamentation; for the former things are passed away, and all things are made new." Our blessed Saviour told his disciples, when he was about to leave the world, "Behold, I go to my Father," and he commanded Mary Mag-

dalen after his resurrection, saying, "Go to my brethren, and say to them, I ascend to my Father and your Father; to my God and your God;" as he had before assured his followers, that "where he was, there should they be also."

Authority.—A Father's Funeral Sermon on the death of a beloved Daughter.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

“ Her sun is gone down while it was yet day.”

Jeremiah, xv. 9.

THE illustrious subject of this biography, whose lamented death was felt as an electric shock from the cottage to the throne, and who has afforded an impressive lesson of the uncertainty of youthful existence, the evanescence of human grandeur, and the transitory nature of every thing which the world esteems as most valuable, or relies upon as most permanent, was the daughter of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. She was born January 7, 1796.

To trace the progress of our lamented princess from the period of infancy, would be merely to state, that her early years were passed under the care of her mother; that the bishop of Salisbury, a man of eminent piety and learning, and of an amiable disposition, was appointed to the office of private tutor, by our late revered sovereign; and that lady De Clifford

and the duchess of Leeds, were at a subsequent period entrusted with her care and superintendence. The annals of a short life, however endowed with the social and moral virtues, do not present any great variety of biographical incidents; nor will the narrow limits to which we are confined, permit us to delineate numerous pleasing traits of benevolence, by which the princess was early distinguished. Many of these are deeply engraven on the hearts of survivors. Posterity will hear of them with feelings of admiration, and it will be long before the name of Charlotte Augusta will be mentioned without regret.

Her youthful mind was early impressed with the necessity of religion, and she was warmly attached to the excellent principles in which she was educated; although her sentiments, with regard to those who conscientiously differed from her in this respect, were of the most liberal and enlightened description. The plan adopted for her instruction was extremely judicious: she was well acquainted with the history and literature of her country, and had received a considerable tincture of classical learning. She had a fine taste in music, and her execution on the harp and piano-forte was remarkably brilliant.

A love of gaiety, and desire of admiration,

appear to have had but little place in the character of the princess Charlotte. In the bloom of youth, and whilst the scenes of courtly enchantment, in bright perspective, seemed to invite her to their pursuit, she wisely preferred the sober dictates of religion and reason, and sought, in domestic happiness and the active virtues, those substantial enjoyments which elude the grasp of the votaries of dissipation. Conscious that real dignity derives but little addition from any external circumstances, no superfluity of ornament, or affectation of splendour, was conspicuous in her style of dress. Elegant, modest, and peculiarly circumspect in her general demeanour, she appeared to retain a constant sense of the duties which her elevated station demanded.

“ Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues justified her preference, she enjoyed the highest domestic felicity, and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private, with the splendours of regal life. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned, in her every hope was centred; and nothing but perpetuity was wanting to complete her felicity. To a grandeur of mind, suited to her illustrious birth and lofty destination, she joined an

exquisite taste for the beauties of nature, and the charms of a retirement, in which, remote from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting, with her illustrious consort, the cottages of the poor; in improving her virtues, perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of authority and the cares of empire.

“ It is no reflection on this amiable princess to suppose, that, in her early youth, she identified herself with the great nation which she was born to govern; and that, while she contemplated its pre-eminent lustre in the arts, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions extending to the whole earth, she considered them as so many component parts of her greatness. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with the strongest emotions, when she reflected that it was her province to live entirely for others,—to compose the felicity of a great people,—to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy the most enlarged; and that, whilst others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society which was to affect the destiny

of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equalling or surpassing the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add, that the nation sympathized with, and probably outstripped her in these delightful anticipations.

“ We fondly hoped, that a life so estimable would be protracted to a distant period; and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon, amidst the embraces of her family, and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled, and what do we behold in their room, but the funeral pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! Oh, the unspeakable vanity of human hopes!—the incurable blindness of man to futurity! ever doomed to grasp at shadows, to seize with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hand, ‘ to sow the wind, and to reap the whirlwind.’

“ Without the slightest warning, without the

opportunity of a moment's immediate preparation, in the midst of the deepest tranquillity, at midnight, a voice was heard in the palace, not of singing-men and singing-women, not of revelry and mirth, but the cry, 'Behold, the bridegroom cometh.' The mother, in the bloom of youth, spared just long enough to hear the tidings of her infant's death, almost immediately, as if summoned by his spirit, follows him into eternity. 'It is a night much to be remembered.' Who foretold this event? who conjectured it? who detected, at a distance, the faintest presage of its approach? When it arrived, it mocked the efforts of human skill, as much by their incapacity to prevent, as by their inability to foresee it. Unmoved by the tears of domestic affection, unawed by the presence of grandeur and the prerogatives of power, inexorable Death hastened to execute his stern commission, leaving nothing to royalty, but to retire and weep.

“The greatness and suddenness of the calamity, accompanied with circumstances of the most tender and affecting interest, speaks to the heart in accents which nothing but obduracy can resist. Providence had adorned the victim, and accumulated upon her all the decorations and ornaments best adapted to render her the object of universal admiration. It had per-

mitted her to touch whatever this sublunary scene presents, that is most attractive and alluring, but to grasp nothing; and, after conducting her to an eminence whence she could survey all the glories of empire as her destined possession, closed her eyes in death.

“ Yet, is it now, think you, any subject of regret to this amiable princess, so suddenly removed, ‘ that her sun went down while it was yet day;’ or that, prematurely snatched from prospects the most brilliant and enchanting, she was compelled to close her eyes so soon on a world, of whose grandeur she formed so conspicuous a part? No: other objects occupy her mind, other thoughts engage her attention, and will continue to engage it for ever. All things with her are changed; and, viewed from amidst that pure and ineffable light, into which, we humbly hope, religion had prepared her to enter, the lustre of a diadem is scarcely visible, majesty emits a feeble and sickly ray, and all ranks and conditions of men appear but so many troops of pilgrims in different quarters, toiling through the same vale of tears, and distinguished only by various degrees of wretchedness.

“ In the full fruition of eternal joys, she is so far from looking back with lingering regret on what she has quitted, that she is surprised it had the power of affecting her so much—that

she took so deep an interest in the scenes of this shadowy state of being, while so near to ‘an eternal weight of glory.’ As far as memory may be supposed to contribute to her happiness, by associating the present with the past, it is not from the recollection of her illustrious birth and elevated prospects, but that she visited the abodes of the poor, and learned to weep with those that weep;—that, surrounded with the fascinations of pleasure, she was not inebriated by its charms;—that she resisted the strongest temptations to pride, preserved her ears open to truth, was impatient of the voice of flattery: in a word, that she sought and cherished the inspirations of piety, and ‘walked humbly with her God.’ These are the fruits which survive when the flower withers—the only ornaments and treasures we can carry into eternity.”

“ And Thou, just lent thy gladden’d isles to bless,
 Then snatch’d from earth, in all thy loveliness,
 With all a nation’s blessings on thy head,
 Oh, England’s flower! wert gather’d to the dead!
 But thou didst teach us:—thou to every heart
 Faith’s lofty lesson didst thyself impart!
 When fled the hope ’midst all thine ills that smiled,
 When thy young bosom, o’er thy lifeless child,
 Yearn’d with vain sorrow, still thy patient eye,
 To its last light, beam’d holy constancy!
 Torn from a lot, in cloudless sunshine cast,
 Amidst those agonies, thy first and last;

Thy pale lip, quiv'ring with convulsive throes,
Breath'd not a plaint, but settled in repose,
While bow'd thy royal head to Him, whose pow'r
Spoke in the fiat of that midnight hour ;
Who from the brightest vision of a throne,
Love, glory, empire, claim'd thee for his own.
' It is the will of God.' Yet, yet, we hear,
The words which closed thy beautiful career.
Yet should we mourn thee in thy blest abode,
But for that thought, ' It is the will of God !'
Who shall arraign th' Eternal's dark decree,
If not one murmur then escaped from thee?
Oh ! still, though vanishing without a trace,
Thou hast not left one scion of thy race,
Still shall thy memory bloom our hills among,
Hallow'd by freedom, and enshrined in song !
Still may thy pure, majestic spirit dwell,
Bright on the isles which loved thy name so well ;
E'en as an angel with presiding care,
To wake and guard thine own high virtues there*."

* Mrs. Hemans.

MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM.

“ The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no evil touch them: as gold in the furnace hath he tried them, and received them as a burnt-offering. They that put their trust in Him shall understand the truth, and such as are faithful in love shall abide with him; for grace and mercy is to his saints, and he hath care for his chosen.”

MRS. ISABELLA GRAHAM, whose unmarried name was Marshall, was born on the 29th of July, 1742, in the shire of Lanark, Scotland. Her parents were pious people: they endeavoured that her growth in grace should be commensurate to her increase in stature, and they were not disappointed. Her mother, especially, was remarkable for depth and solidity of judgment: she appears, from letters still preserved in the family, to have possessed a mind of the same cast as her daughter afterwards exhibited. This daughter was early trained to active life: her abilities were highly cultivated; for her grandfather, whose dying bed she had assiduously

attended, bequeathed her a legacy of some hundred pounds, which, in pursuance with her own particular request, was appropriated to the purpose of giving her a finished education. She was placed, accordingly, with a lady of distinguished piety and talents; and often, in after-life, has Mrs. Graham repeated to her children the maxims which, for seven successive winters, she derived from this excellent woman.

How valuable is early instruction! It is as the morning dew, that comes down on the tender herb;—as the gentle showers of the spring, that cause the grass to grow, and the vines to give forth a pleasant smell. How wise and beneficent are the ways of Him who does all things well! He has determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of our habitations. Knowing the path in which he designed to lead Isabella Graham, her God was pleased to provide her with an education suited to the sphere she was afterwards to fill. Who would not trust that gracious Being, who alone can be the guide of our youth!

Her father, John Marshall, possessed at one time a parental estate in the vicinity of Hamilton; but this he afterwards sold, and rented that of Eldersley, celebrated as the residence of Sir William Wallace. Here Isabella passed her childhood and her youth. She had no precise

recollection of the period when she first felt that the Lord was gracious; but, as long as she could remember, it was her delight to pour out her soul to Him.

Eldersley was surrounded with extensive woods, and, in one of them, she selected a favourite bush, beneath the shade of which she devoted herself to God, through faith in her Redeemer, before she had attained her tenth year. To this favourite, and, to her, most sacred spot, she would repair as to a resting-place, when assailed by temptations, or perplexed with childish troubles: from thence she caused her prayers to ascend, and there she obtained peace and consolation. The woods of Eldersley are still remaining, and the solitary bush is perhaps now covered with the earliest blossoms of the spring; but the footsteps of her who loved the green, shady recesses of the one, and the sheltering branches of the other, have long ceased to frequent them. Such is the stability of nature, such the mutability of man!

In the year 1765, the subject of this memoir married Dr. John Graham, a gentleman of liberal education and respectable connexions, then a practising physician at Paisley; and, in rather more than a year after their marriage, she accompanied her husband to join his regiment, the Royal American, stationed in Canada. A plan

had previously been arranged for their permanent residence in America; Dr. Graham having designed to dispose of his commission, and to purchase a tract of land contiguous to the Mohawk river, where his father-in-law, Mr. Marshall, and his family, were to follow them.

Previous to taking measures for realizing this desirable plan, Dr. and Mrs. Graham continued for several months with the regiment at Montreal, where Jessie, their eldest daughter, was born. The regiment afterwards removed to Fort Niagara; and here, in a temporal point of view, some of the happiest days of this amiable family were passed. Isabella was now the mother of three promising children; her husband was one of the most amiable of men; the officers of the regiment were deserving of his esteem, and warmly attached to each other: a few of them were married, and their ladies were united in the ties of friendship. Exempt from the collision of those individual, or separate interests, which often create considerable discord in large communities, and studious to promote the happiness of each other, their days flowed on as a gentle, unbroken stream. Yet one thing was wanting to the well-being of this little community. The fort was detached from other settlements: the garrison were, consequently, deprived of the public means of grace, and of those sacred ordinances which

are often the means of life and vigour to the soul. The religion of Mrs. Graham was, therefore, at a low ebb: it is true that she loved the sabbath, and conscientiously adhered to the injunctions of the inspired penman, "to keep it holy," though debarred from assembling with her brethren in the house of God. She wandered alone into the woods around Niagara, searched her Bible, and poured out her soul in prayer to her covenant God, before whose searching eye the hearts of all are open. But, throughout the week, the holy flame of pure devotion was rarely kindled on the altar of the heart: domestic occupations and enjoyments, the society of her friends, and worldly pleasures, almost solely occupied her time and her affections. Here, then, we behold an instructive lesson, of a little community enjoying much comfort and happiness in each other, yet falling short of the pre-eminent duty and superior blessedness, of glorifying, as they ought, the God of heaven, who fed them by his bounty, and offered them a full and free salvation in the gospel of his Son. Yes, truly has it been said by the apostle, (and the heart of every Christian bears witness to the truth,) that no enjoyments or possessions, however ample and dearly prized, can fill the soul with peace and true felicity, unless accompanied with the favour and the fear of Him, who alone can speak

peace to the transgressor, and shed abroad his love in the hearts of his dependent children. This love, and this assurance, is the only rational felicity of an aspiring immortal spirit: it not only solaces him in affliction, but increases his temporal enjoyments, as the natural sun diffuses a grace and freshness over the landscape illuminated by his beams.

On the commencement of the revolutionary struggle in America, the happy society at Niagara was broken up; and the regiment, chiefly composed of native Americans, was ordered to Antigua. The journey was long and hazardous. Dr. and Mrs. Graham, with their family, consisting of three infant daughters, with two young Indian girls, crossed the woods from Niagara to Oswega lake, and then descended the Mohawk in batteaux to Schenectady. Here Dr. Graham left his family, and went to New York, in order to complete a negociation which he had entered into for the sale of his commission, with a view to permanently residing on the banks of the river which they had just descended; but his hopes were disappointed, and he was under the necessity of proceeding immediately to Antigua with the regiment. Mrs. Graham, on hearing this, hastened to rejoin her husband. But it was not without regret that she parted with her friends in New York: there were many who recognized

in her more than an acquaintance who tarried only for a day, and whom she would not willingly forget: among these, the names of Rogers, Livingston, and Brown, were long remembered with affection. These excellent persons obtained for Mrs. Graham the friendship of others equally deserving her esteem. She was introduced, shortly after her arrival at Antigua, to the family of two brothers, of the name of Gilbert, who were equally distinguished for their piety and benevolence. These gentlemen were indefatigable in doing good; and their pious exertions and exemplary lives, became instrumental to the temporal and eternal well-being of many in the island.

Shortly after the arrival of the regiment, an insurrection among the Caribbeans occasioned the temporary absence of Dr. Graham, who attended professionally the military force under major Etherington. On his return to Antigua, he found the subject of this memoir inconsolable for the loss of her excellent mother. It seems as if the prescience of future calamity was sometimes granted to the mind. In order to rouse his beloved wife from the grief which overwhelmed her, Dr. Graham remarked, that "God might perhaps call her to a severer trial, by taking her husband also." The warning proved prophetic. In the course of a few days he was

seized with a feverish attack, which suddenly terminated his valuable life. Now mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. Calmly expecting the final issue of his disorder, Dr. Graham evinced the most perfect resignation. He gave an impressive testimony to the emptiness of a world, the inhabitants of which are too much occupied in unsatisfactory pursuits and pleasures; and died with unshaken confidence in that Divine Redeemer, "who is able to save to the uttermost, all who come unto God by him." The same consolation was also extended to his widow. At the commencement of his illness, she entertained no apprehension of losing him; till at length, anxiety for his eternal welfare absorbed every other feeling. When he breathed his last, steadfast in the faith of Christ, and rejoicing in the hope of glory, gratitude to Almighty God, and joy for the testimony which he had given, seemed for a time to elevate her above the feelings of humanity; but when the funeral was over, when all was still, and she was indeed a widow, the greatness of her distress could only be understood by those who, under similar circumstances, have experienced a similar calamity.

Her trial was indeed of no ordinary character. Her husband, companion, and protector

was gone. She was left with three children, and in expectation of another. Of temporal property she had but little. She was far away from her father's house: the widow and her orphans were in a foreign land. The change in her circumstances was as sudden as it was great. She had now no sympathizing heart to receive or to return the confidence of unbounded friendship. All the pleasing plans, all the cherished prospects for the future, had vanished as a morning cloud. A chilling indifference would perhaps have stolen over her widowed heart, had not the sight of her young family, who looked to her for consolation and support, while it roused her to a keener sense of her own irreparable loss, also stimulated her to extraordinary exertions.

The human mind is singularly constituted: under the pressure of severe calamity, it often calls up images of imaginary sorrow to aggravate the real. Dissatisfied with the custom of the island, in the early interment of the dead, Mrs. Graham's uneasiness became so great, that her friends judged it prudent to open the coffin, in order to convince her that no symptoms of returning life had been exhibited. The fidelity of her heart was now as strongly marked as her tenderness. She clothed herself in a widow's dress, and resolved never to lay it aside. To this de-

termination she conscientiously adhered, and rejected every overture for entering again into the marriage state, though obliged to struggle with severe privations.

On examining Dr. Graham's affairs, she discovered that there remained not quite two hundred pounds sterling in his agent's hands. The benevolence of her heart was now strikingly evinced. Her friends proposed, and urged with many arguments, the necessity of selling the two Indian girls which her husband had brought from Niagara; but no consideration of interest or necessity could ever prevail upon her to make a merchandise of her fellow-creatures, the workmanship of her Father's hands, the heirs with her of eternal glory. Nor were these captives ungrateful for her kindness. One of them accompanied her to Scotland, where she married: the other died at Antigua, leaving an affectionate testimony to the kindness of her dear master and mistress. To follow the precepts of her Divine Lawgiver seemed the only anxiety of this excellent woman. "It is my Master's command," she would say: "I have nothing to do but to obey." We have still another instance to record of the influential effect of this pure principle. The surgeon's mate of the regiment was a young man whom Dr. Graham patronised, and to his kindness he was indebted for such an

education as enabled him to take the place of his benefactor. Feeling for the situation of Dr. Henderson, Mrs. Graham, notwithstanding her slender finances, presented him with the sword and medical library of her husband. It is delightful to record such a beautiful instance of the operative influence of that law of love, under which it was her ardent desire to live and act. The friendship of Dr. and Mrs. Graham was well placed: the seeds of gratitude were sown in an upright heart. This excellent young man remitted the widow, from year to year, such sums as he could afford. It was a reciprocity of kind offices, equally honourable to the benefactress, and to him who received it. Here it is worthy of observation, as strikingly illustrative of the encouraging declaration in holy writ*. Dr. Henderson's remittances and friendly letters were occasionally received by Mrs. Graham, until a total change in her circumstances rendered such assistance unnecessary. From that time she heard from him no more; nor could she ascertain what became of him, notwithstanding repeated enquiries.

Previous to her confinement, Mrs. Graham set her house in order, expecting the probability of her decease. She wrote a letter to her

* Proverbs, xix. 17.

father, commending her young family to his protection; and also to an intimate friend, whom, with her husband, she affectionately solicited to superintend the management of her children, during their continuance on the island. In this letter, she expressed the fullest confidence in the friendship of Mrs. G——, but at the same time expressed her solicitude respecting the indifference evinced by that lady towards the concerns of another world; and in accordance with those Divine injunctions which she endeavoured to render the rule of her conduct, she dealt very faithfully with her friend, and urged upon her the necessity of being more engaged to seek the favour of her Maker, through the mediation and atonement of a blessed Redeemer.

It pleased the Lord to preserve this excellent woman; and she soon after dedicated her infant son to his God, in baptism, by the name of his father.

Having now no longer any inducement to remain in Antigua, Mrs. Graham disposed of her slender property; and placing her money in the hands of major Brown, requested him to adjust every thing necessary for the intended voyage. Having seen a railing placed around the grave of her beloved husband, and bade a sorrowful adieu to her many tried friends, she turned with

her orphan train towards her native land, from whence she had departed with buoyant hopes, and the fond anticipation of being soon followed by her endeared relatives at home. Major Brown and his brother officers saw her safely out to sea; and on taking leave, gave her a letter to a gentleman at Belfast, containing, as he said, a bill for the balance of the money she had deposited with him.

After a stormy and trying voyage, she arrived in safety at the destined port, where the correspondent of major Brown delivered her a letter from that gentlemen, expressive of his esteem and affection; stating that, as a proof of respect to the memory of their deceased friend, himself and his brother officers had taken the liberty to defray the expenses of her voyage. Consequently, the bill he had given was for the full amount of her original deposit; and thus, like the brethren of Joseph, “ she found all her money in the sack’s mouth.”

Now fresh trials awaited her, and again she experienced the truth of the declaration which encourages the fatherless and the widow to trust in the mercies of Jehovah. Being a stranger in Ireland, and without a friend to direct her choice, she embarked with her children in a packet, on board of which, as she afterwards learned, there was not even a compass. A great

storm arose; the rudder and the mast were carried away; every thing on deck was thrown overboard; and at length the vessel struck on a rock, off the coast of Ayr. It was night, and the greatest confusion pervaded the passengers and crew. The widow alone remained composed. With her babe in her arms she hushed her weeping family, and told them that, in a few minutes, they should all rejoin their father in a better world. The passengers wrote their names in their pocket-books, that their bodies might be recognised, or claimed. In the midst of this confusion, one young man came into the cabin, and asked, "Is there any peace here?" He was surprised to find a female so tranquil; but a short conversation soon evinced that religion was to both a source of comfort, in this trying and perilous hour. He prayed, and then read the 107th Psalm. While repeating these words: "He maketh the sea a calm, so that the waves thereof are still," the vessel swung off the rock, against which she had been dashing for an hour and a half, the sea making a breach over her, and the hold filling with water. Towards morning the storm subsided, and the vessel floated until she reached a sand-bank. Assistance was now afforded from the shore, and the shipwrecked company took shelter in a small inn.

Mrs. Graham retired to a private room, where she offered thanksgivings to Almighty God for his goodness, and commended herself and her orphans to his future care.

A gentleman from Ayr hearing of the shipwreck, came down to offer his assistance; and in him Mrs. Graham joyfully recognised an old friend. He paid her the kindest attention, took the whole family to his house, and entertained them with characteristic hospitality. The travellers shortly afterwards reached Cartside: but what a change had taken place since the period of Mrs. Graham's migration! She entered, indeed, her father's dwelling; but not the large, ancient mansion in which she had left him, but a thatched cottage with three apartments. Mr. Marshall had become security for some of his friends, whose failure in business had reduced him to poverty. He now acted as factor, on a gentleman's estate in the neighbourhood, with whose father he had been intimately acquainted; and his whole stipend amounted to only twenty pounds per annum, with the occupation of a small farm. In a short time his health failed, and he was deprived of this scanty pittance; being incapable, as the proprietor was pleased to think, of fulfilling the duties of a factor. Thus, instead of finding a protector in her father, he now looked to her solely for support; and she did

not shrink from the arduous task. Ever alive to the call of duty, she soothed his declining years during the pressure of her most afflicting circumstance; and caused him to rejoice with her, when a gleam of prosperity shone across her path.

From Cartside she removed to Paisley, for the purpose of opening a small school; the slender profits of which, with a widow's pension of sixteen pounds, being the sole means of subsistence for herself and family. On her first arrival at Cartside, a few religious friends called to welcome her home; but the gay and wealthy part of her former acquaintance, flutterers, who, like the butterfly, spread their silken wings only to bask in the warmth of a summer's sun, found not their way to the lonely cottage of an afflicted widow. Her worth, though rendered splendid in after-life, was at that time neither sought for nor made known; except by those who had learned to appreciate it, rather in the faith and submission of the soul, than in the selfish and extravagant exhibition of wealth, bestowed by Providence for the good of others, but expended, too often, in vanity and dissipation.

Thus circumstanced, the Christian character of Mrs. Graham was strongly marked. Sensible that her Heavenly Father saw it good, at this time, to depress her outward condition; full of

filial tenderness, and, like a real child of God, resigned to whatever should appear to be his will, her conduct conformed to his dispensations. With a cheerful heart, and full confidence in his unerring goodness, she walked down the valley of humiliation; trusting in her Saviour, as one whom she pre-eminently loved. "I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart," was the spontaneous effusion of her genuine faith; while she received with affection the scriptural admonition, "Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time; casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

She laid aside her children's fine frocks, and clothed them in homespun. At Cartside, she sold the butter of her little dairy, and fed her children on the milk. It was her ardent wish to eat her own bread, however coarse, and to owe no person any thing but love. At Paisley, for a season, her breakfast and supper were porridge, and her dinner potatoes and salt. Peace with God, and a contented mind, supplied the lack of earthly prosperity; and in future life she often adverted to this humble fare, in order to comfort the hearts of those who were in adversity.

Meanwhile, the Lord was not unmindful of his faithful servant. He was preparing the

minds of her friends for introducing her to a more enlarged sphere of usefulness.

Mrs. Major Brown had accompanied her husband to Scotland, where they resided on their estate in Ayrshire; and Mr. Peter Reid, another kind Antigua friend, was now a merchant in London. This gentleman advised her to invest the little money she had still preserved, in purchasing muslins, and after ornamenting them with her own work, to make them up into articles of dress, and send them in a ship of his to the West Indies, where he expected they would meet with a ready sale. His object was, partly to increase her little capital, and partly to divert her mind from continually meditating on her lamented husband; for the tears she shed at Cartside had injured her eye-sight, and rendered the use of spectacles necessary. The plan so kindly proposed was soon adopted, and the muslin dresses were accordingly shipped; but the vessel was captured by the French. This was a severe blow to her temporal property; and more severely felt, as it was received at the time when her father was deprived of his office.

Anxious to place her friend in a situation more worthy of her exertions, Mrs. Brown, after consulting with the Rev. Mr. Randall of Glasgow, the Rev. Mr. Ellis of Paisley, lady Glenorchy, and Mrs. Walker of Edinburgh, proposed to

Mrs. Graham to take charge of a boarding-school in the metropolis.

The friends of religion were of opinion, that an establishment of this description, under the superintendence of such a character, would be of singular benefit to young ladies of superior rank. Her liberal education, acquaintance with life, and humble, yet ardent piety, were considered peculiarly calculated for so important a trust.

Another friend suggested the propriety of opening a boarding-house in Edinburgh, which, he thought, could, through his influence, be easily filled with students.

Mrs. Graham saw obstacles to both. A boarding-house did not appear exactly suitable, as her daughters could not possess those advantages, if removed from home, which they might possess under a mother's eye. And to engage as an instructress of youth, on so large a scale, especially with several competitors, appeared, for her, an arduous undertaking.

In this perplexity, as in every other, she fled to her unerring Counsellor, her Guide, and heavenly Father. She set apart a day for fasting and prayer. She spread her case before the Lord, earnestly beseeching him to make his word a light to her feet, and to lead her in the way she should go; most especially beseeching

him, that she might be directed to choose the one in which she could best promote his glory, and the highest interests of herself and children. On searching the Scriptures, her mind rested peacefully on these words: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He said unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He said unto him, Feed my lambs*." Never, perhaps, was this commandment applied with more energy, nor accompanied with a richer blessing, since the days of the apostle, than in the present instance.

Her determination was made accordingly. She resolved to undertake the education of youth, trusting that her Lord would make her an humble instrument to feed his lambs. Here, then, was exhibited a striking instance of simple, yet powerful faith, in a believer surrounded by temporal perplexities; and of condescension, mercy, and adorable benignity on the part of a compassionate God. Light, unseen by mortal eyes, descended on her path.

How weak, how perhaps enthusiastic, would this appear to the unthinking multitude, who are blind to the especial providence exercised by the sovereign Disposer of the universe, towards all his creatures. But let it be remembered,

* John, xxi. 15.

that a sparrow does not fall to the ground without his permission; and of how much more value are rational, immortal beings, than many sparrows.

When the dead, both small and great, shall stand before Almighty God, to be judged according to their works, such conduct will prove to have been wise, judicious, and efficient; but to the eye of carnal reason, absorbed in the devices and calculations of worldly wisdom, it appears delusive and unavailing.

Mrs. Graham felt the pressure of her affliction. Though her faith was strong, and consolation was derived from pouring out her heart in prayer, yet her mind was so much agitated, from the total want of funds, and from other conflicting circumstances, as to throw her into a nervous fever, which confined her to her bed for some weeks. On recovering, she felt it her duty to go forwards, trusting that the same All-gracious Being who had vouchsafed to direct her path, would enable her to walk in it; and with this consoling hope, she sold her heavy furniture, packed up her remaining effects, and prepared to set out for Edinburgh.

Nor were her hopes unfounded. While sitting by the fire on the previous Saturday, musing and wondering in what manner the Lord would appear for her at this time, a letter was

received from Mr. Peter Reid, enclosing a sum of money which he had received from the underwriters, on account of Mrs. Graham's muslins, captured in their passage to the West Indies. She supposed them lost, but her friend had taken the precaution to insure them.

With this supply she was enabled to accomplish her object, and arrived safely in Edinburgh. Her friend, Mrs. Brown, met her there, and remained a few days, to patronise and comfort her. This excellent woman was her warm and constant friend, and when it pleased Omnipotence to remove her to a nobler state of being, she bequeathed her daughter Mary to Mrs. Graham's care; but in 1785, the daughter, then twelve years of age, also deceased.

Here it will be proper to introduce the name of Mr. George Anderson, a merchant of Glasgow, who had been the particular friend of her deceased husband, as one of the kindest and most efficient supporters of his widow. This gentleman offered his friendly services, and the use of his purse, to promote the welfare of the bereaved family. Mrs. Graham occasionally drew upon both; and the money thus borrowed, she had the satisfaction of repaying with interest.

During her residence in Edinburgh she was honoured with the friendship and counsel of

many persons of distinction and piety; and her establishment soon became considerable, both as respected character and number. But while sedulously endeavouring to instruct her pupils in useful knowledge and accomplishments, she was also zealous in directing their attention to that Gospel, by which they might obtain the knowledge of eternal life.

In the management of young persons, Mrs. Graham was indeed peculiarly happy; and many pious and exemplary individuals dated their first religious impressions from the instructions of their kind preceptress. While she kept them diligent in their studies, and obedient to the laws which she enacted, she was endeared to them by her tenderness: hence, they retained for her a degree of filial affection, which they expressed on many affecting occasions. In short, there was a combination of authority and gentleness in Mrs. Graham's government, which rendered the subjects of it industrious, diligent, and happy. She enjoyed the felicity emanating from herself; and in illness watched over her young patients with unremitting solicitude, sparing neither trouble nor expense to restore them to health.

This excellent woman also educated the daughters of ministers at half price; and having observed that sums of ten or twenty pounds

were helpful to small tradesmen, she often made such advances, and took back the value in the articles they had for sale. She never charged interest; being amply repaid in the luxury of her own feelings, when she beheld the benefit it produced to her humble friends. Mrs. Graham also suggested, that every poor person in her neighbourhood should lay aside a weekly penny, in order to form a fund for relieving them when in distress. This institution went for a long time under the name of the Penny Society; but having received a liberal patronage, is now endowed with a handsome capital, and is called the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Sick.

In 1786, she attended the dying-bed of her distinguished friend and patroness, lady Glenorchy.

This excellent person eminently displayed the power of religion. Descended from an ancient family, married early to the earl of Breadalbane, and equally admired for her beauty and accomplishments, she moved in the first circles of society, made the tour of Europe with her husband, and visited the respective courts. Having become a widow while yet in the bloom of youth, she devoted herself to the service of her Maker, and was rendered eminently useful. Mrs. Graham was one of her numerous almoners. She also showed her many favours, and

not only condescended to instruct her daughter in the French language, while residing beneath her roof; but sent her for a year to a French boarding-school at Rotterdam, where she kindly defrayed her expenses, and furnished her with a liberal supply of pocket-money, that she might not witness distress without the power of relieving it.

Lady Glenorchy kept a regular account of her income, and of the different objects to which it was applied. She built and supported several chapels in England and Edinburgh, in which ministers of different denominations were permitted to preach. She also erected a manufactory for the employment of the poor, where the education of the children was strictly attended to. Even her porter's lodges, on each side her gate, were used as schools, for such as lived in her own immediate neighbourhood.

Yet she was seldom seen ostensibly in these works of love; neither did she desire the gratitude of those whom it was her delight to benefit. What she did, was done unto the Lord, in obedience to the precepts of inspiration: her faith and hope were fixed on him.

She was a liberal contributor to the public-spirited institutions of the day. Two of the most efficient of them, at Edinburgh, were suggested by her, and accompanied with a hand-

some donation. The venerable Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge shared largely in her patronage, and at her death she bequeathed them five thousand pounds. It was to her a consoling hope, that Christians of all denominations would at length unite in sending the Gospel to the heathen. How would her spirit have been rejoiced in the missionary societies of London and elsewhere, had her life been spared to behold their extensive operations!

Nor were the charities of this excellent woman solely given from the superfluities of an ample income. She sold her estate at Barnton, in order to apply the money to a more disinterested object than her personal accommodation, and that her fortune might be expended with her life: a trait which brings to our remembrance an epitaph, said to be engraven on the tomb of Atolus of Rheims: "He transported his fortune into heaven by his charities: he is gone thither to enjoy it."

The manners of lady Glenorchy were dignified, yet tempered with the meekness and benevolence of the Gospel. Her family arrangements were conducted with much economy, and strict attention to moral and religious duties. She used to engage some promising young minister as her chaplain, and thus introduced him to future usefulness and respectability.

With few exceptions, all who resided beneath her roof were brought under serious impressions; for she ardently desired to be the mistress of a religious family, and was anxious that her dwelling-place might be honoured by the God of Israel.

Few, perhaps, carried on a more extensive correspondence, not only with the agents of her charities, but with persons in the highest walks of life. The celebrated William Pitt, whom she had known when a boy, possessed, and greatly valued this privilege; and replied, in the most respectful terms, to her maternal counsels on the momentous concerns of eternity. Mrs. Graham attended the death of this eminent Christian. Such was the express desire of lady Glenorchy: she had even requested that her friend should be sent for, if within the distance of twenty miles, whenever such an attendance might be necessary.

Shortly after this event, Mrs. Graham removed to New York. She was induced to adopt the measure, by a predilection for the continent on which she had spent some of her happiest days; and also, by a wish to settle her family in a country where, she judged, the church of Christ would eventually flourish.

Having corresponded on the subject with Dr. Witherspoon, and consulted some of her most

valued friends, she resolved no longer to defer accepting the invitations that had been sent her from New York, and which contained assurances of patronage and support, especially as her children had completed their course of education. But, as the Algerines were then at war with the United States, her friends insisted on her chartering a small British vessel, to carry herself and family across the Atlantic. This increased her expenses; but a last remittance from Dr. Henderson, with a legacy of two hundred pounds bequeathed by lady Glenorchy, happily relieved her from every embarrassment.

Having completed the necessary preparations, Mrs. Graham once more departed to the land which the Lord "seemed to tell her of;" and, after a pleasant though tedious voyage, landed safely at New York, on the 8th of September, 1789. There she was received with the utmost cordiality and confidence. Her good name had gone before her; and, as she came eminently qualified to instruct her pupils in all the higher branches of female education, so the favourable change effected by her exertions in this respect, were soon visible in the young ladies committed to her care. She not only imbued their minds with useful knowledge, but also prepared them, by her conversation and example, practically to apply it. While she taught them to regard

accomplishments as ornamental to the female character, she was careful to recommend the practice of every virtue, as the highest accomplishment of all.

The annual examinations of her scholars were uniformly satisfactory, and well attended. General Washington, while at New York, honoured her with his patronage; and the venerable bishop of the episcopal church, the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Moore, was never absent.

Mrs. Graham was now called upon to endure a severe calamity. In the year 1791, her son, who had been left in Scotland to complete his education, paid his mother a visit; for, thinking herself unequal to the proper management of a boy, she had placed him, while very young, under the care of a friend, who promised to pay the utmost attention to his morals and education. The boy had a warm, affectionate heart, a bold and fearless spirit. Such a disposition might have been moulded into a noble character; but he was unfortunately neglected by his first preceptor.

For two years he was with Mr. Murray, at Abercorn. This excellent man conscientiously instructed his pupils, directed even their amusements, and added the counsels of a friend. Under his superintendence, John Graham improved rapidly, and happy would it have been for him

had he continued; but he was removed to Edinburgh, in order to receive a more classical education, where the impetuosity of his disposition, and a propensity for a sea-faring life, induced his friends to place him as an apprentice in the merchant-service. Shortly afterwards he was shipwrecked on the coast of Holland, where Mr. Gibson, of Rotterdam, a friend of Mrs. Graham's, took him to his house, and enabled him to reach the United States. He remained at New York for some time; but his mother thought it proper that he should return to Edinburgh, to complete his time of service; and, as he preferred a sea-faring life, she fitted him out handsomely, and he accordingly embarked.

Mrs. Graham deeply felt parting with her son. She cast him upon the covenant mercy of her God; resigning every temporal care into the hands of a merciful Creator, but cleaving, with a fervent faith and hope, to the promises of eternal life. "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me."

Three months afterwards, she learned that a press-gang had boarded the vessel, and that, although her son was saved from their grasp by a friendly stratagem of the passengers, all his clothes were taken. Reflecting on this event, she says: "Shall I withdraw the trust I have put

into my Redeemer's hands? Has he not hitherto done all things well? Have not my own afflictions been my greatest blessings?" After undergoing many sufferings, this young man wrote to his mother from Demerara, in the year 1794, that he had been made prisoner, retaken, and intended to go to Europe with a fleet that was shortly to sail under convoy. His letter was couched in terms of salutary reflection on his life, and a hope of profiting by past experience. This was the last account Mrs. Graham ever received of her son. All enquiries proved fruitless. But, though her trial was great, she was enabled to exercise faith and submission, and to experience a humble trust, that the Great Redeemer had taken care of, and would finally save, this prodigal youth. She had known a case in her father's family, which excited their solicitude, and encouraged her hope. Her younger brother, Archibald Marshall, a lad of high temper and affectionate disposition, had gone to sea, and was not heard of for several years. A pious woman, who kept a boarding-house at Paisley, found one of her inmates reading "Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul of Man," with Archibald's name written on the blank leaf. On enquiry, the stranger told her, that he had obtained that book from a young man on his death-bed, as a token of regard.

“He was an exemplary Christian,” added the narrator, “and I have reason to bless God that he was my messmate.” The woman who heard this account, transmitted it to Mr. Marshall’s family, who were known to her. But Mrs. Graham had no such consolation: with deep groaning of heart, she left this concern, as well as every other, to the disposal of her God.

In the spring of 1792, herself and family experienced a severe loss by the removal of their beloved pastor, Dr. Mason. A few months before, while preaching to his people, his recollection failed him; his sermon was gone from his mind, and he sat down in the pulpit, unable to proceed. After a short pause he arose, and addressed his people as a pious and affectionate family: he told them, that he considered this event an intimation from his heavenly Master, to expect a speedy dismissal from the tabernacle of clay; and solemnly admonished them also to prepare for the will of God. His people, who loved him, were deeply affected. Nor were his forebodings without foundation. He was seized with an illness, which terminated fatally. He departed in the night on which Mrs. Graham took her turn to watch by his side.

The loss of this excellent man was sensibly felt. He was equally distinguished for learning, diligence, prudence, and meekness, knowledge of

the world, and affectionate superintendence of the temporal and spiritual interests of his flock. Notwithstanding his numerous avocations, and the variety of his pursuits, he conscientiously devoted a few hours in the afternoon to visiting the families of his congregation; and so regular was the order he observed in this arrangement, that Mrs. Graham and her expecting family knew exactly when to calculate on the weekly delight of seeing him. His visits were short; his conversation serious, awakening, instructive, and affectionate. He enquired after their temporal affairs; and, in cases of difficulty, gave them his best advice. His counsels were salutary; for his knowledge of the world and discrimination of character, rendered him well qualified to act as a judicious counsellor. In one of his visits to Mrs. Graham, she mentioned the want of good servants as one of her greatest trials. "Mrs. Graham," said he, "have you ever prayed to the Lord to provide good servants for you? Nothing which interests our comfort, is too minute for the care of our Heavenly Father."

To one of her daughters, who felt a strong inclination to join the communion of his church, but feared that her heart was not sufficiently devoted to the service of God, Dr. Mason proposed the following question: "If," said he, "the world, with all its wealth, pleasures, and power,

were placed in one scale, and Christ alone in the other, which would your heart freely choose as a portion?" On her replying, there would be no hesitation in her choice of Christ, he gave her encouragement to profess her faith, although it might not, at present, amount to the full assurance of hope.

He was truly a faithful shepherd to his flock: his people mourned for him as for an affectionate father. It is much to be desired, that his example was generally followed by Christian pastors. To preach with eloquence and acceptance, is a talent of great value in a minister of the Gospel: it renders him respected; and his congregation admire him, because, for one reason, they are proud of him. But, to gain their affections, to render a congregation the children of an aged pastor, or the friends and brethren of a younger one, let the minister *visit the families* of his people: it will seal on their hearts the regard which their understandings have already dictated.

Previous to this afflicting event, Mrs. Graham's eldest daughter married Mr. Hay Stevenson, a merchant of New York: another of her children was shortly after united to Mr. Bethune, who was also a merchant in the same city; but, in the following month, her eldest daughter was seized with a fatal illness. When about to depart, she sung a hymn of triumph, until the

approach of death interrupted her. On this afflicting occasion, Mrs. Graham evinced great firmness of mind; nay, more than firmness: it was the confiding trust of a Christian, who rejoices in the midst of affliction. When the spirit of the daughter fled, the mother raised her hands, and looking towards heaven, exclaimed: "I wish you joy, my darling!" Such was the joy of faith, at the full salvation of her daughter; but when the loss of her endeared society was felt, the tenderness of a mother's heart gave utterance to her feelings.

This exemplary Christian conscientiously devoted the tenth of her earnings to charitable purposes; for she remembered the injunction of the inspired penman, "Give unto the poor, as the Lord hath prospered thee." Nor was it the case with her, as it unhappily occurs with many, that increasing prosperity diminishes an inclination for extensive usefulness. Having received a thousand pounds from the sale of a lease, negotiated by her son-in-law, Mr. Bethune, "Quick, quick," said she, "let me appropriate the tenth before my heart grows hard." What faithfulness in duty! what distrust of herself! Fifty pounds of this she sent in aid of the funds collected by her excellent pastor, Mr. Mason, for the establishment of a theological seminary.

But time would fail me to speak of the ex-

tensive charities of this excellent woman. In her, the New York society for the relief of poor widows, found a liberal patroness; and as, since the marriage of her remaining daughter, Isabella, she had relinquished her establishment, and resided with her children, she faithfully promoted the welfare of this institution, over which she presided as the fabled intelligence of some planetary sphere. The extent of these exertions became known, from the observations of her fellow-labourers, and the concurring testimony of the poor; for, having been absent on a visit to her friends at Boston, one of her acquaintance, surprised at the frequent enquiries made after her by strangers, at length asked what they knew of Mrs. Graham. To which they replied: "We live in the suburbs of the city, where she used to visit, relieve, and comfort the poor. We had missed her so long, that we were afraid she had been sick. When she walked in our streets, it was customary with us to come to the door, and bless her as she passed."

The society for the relief of poor widows with small children, having received a charter of incorporation, and some pecuniary aid from the legislature, the ladies who constituted the board of direction were engaged in more extensive plans, and Mrs. Graham, as usual, took an active

part in executing them. The society purchased a small house, where they received various kinds of work for the employment of its inmates, and opened a school for the instruction of the orphans. She also selected some of the poor widows that were best qualified for the purpose, and engaged them to open day-schools for the instruction of poor children in different parts of the city. She established, besides, sabbath-schools; one of which she superintended herself, and the other she placed under the care of her daughter. Misfortune never appealed to her in vain. Wherever she met with Christians sick, and in poverty, she visited and comforted them; and, in some instances, opened subscription lists to provide for their support.

This excellent woman attended occasionally, for some years, at the Alms-house, for the instruction of the children in religious knowledge; and in this work she was much assisted by a humble and pious friend, who was seldom absent from it on the Lord's day. Yet, far from arrogating any merit to herself, she seemed always to feel how much she was deficient in following the precepts and example of her beloved Master.

It was often her custom to leave home after breakfast, taking with her a few rolls of bread, and to return in the evening about eight o'clock.

Her only dinner, on such days, was the roll she carried, and perhaps a little soup, in the house established by the Humane Society for the poor. She, and her venerable companion, Mrs. Sarah Hoffman, second directress of the Widow's Society, travelled many a day and many a step together, in this work of love. They visited the abodes of sickness, dispensed temporal aid from the purse of charity, and spiritual comfort from the word of life. One has already entered into rest: the other must shortly follow. She will then rejoin her beloved friend, in singing the praises of that Divine Redeemer, whose footsteps while on earth, they humbly endeavoured, in his strength, to trace.

Other instances may also be recorded, of similar benevolence.

During a severe winter, when the river Hudson was frozen over as early as November, and fuel was scarce and dear, the sufferings of the poor were proportionably great, and the exertions of Mrs. Graham indefatigable to relieve them. To some she imparted the word of life; to others she distributed religious tracts; and, lest any should be inclined to say, "It was cheap to give advice," she generally added a small sum of money. At this time there was neither Bible nor tract society in New York. During the course of these visits, having discovered a French

family from St. Domingo in extreme want, it was judged proper to repeat their case to the Honourable Dewitt Clinton, then mayor of the city. Three hundred dollars were accordingly contributed for their relief; and a public meeting, occasioned by this incident, was held at the Tontine Coffee-house, where committees from different wards were appointed, to aid the corporation in ascertaining and supplying the wants of the suffering poor. The zeal of Mrs. Graham and her generous friend paved the way for this public-spirited exertion, which doubtless saved the lives of many destitute and friendless persons.

Next succeeded the establishment of an Asylum for Orphan Children, and here the exertions of Mrs. Graham were equally conspicuous. She instructed the children daily, till the funds of the institution sufficed to provide a teacher and superintendent. This admirable society naturally resulted from the preceding. It originated from seeing a family of orphans, driven, on the decease of their widowed mother, to seek refuge in the alms-house; where there was no melting heart to feel, no redeeming hand to rescue them from a situation so unpropitious for mental or moral improvement.

Three hundred and fifty dollars were the sole funds of the society; and, with this, the mem-

bers resolved to erect an asylum for the reception of two hundred orphans. The funds were certainly inadequate; but the blessing of Him who multiplied the widow's cruise of oil, and the five loaves of bread, descended on the undertaking. Such has been the liberality of the public, that the society is now in possession of a handsome building, and nearly an acre of land, the total value of which amount to twenty-five thousand dollars. Here destitute children find a welcome asylum, are clothed, instructed, and placed in eligible situations; and from hence, no doubt, many who are now rejoicing in the courts of heaven, received those instructions which guided their steps into the paths of peace. The ladies have never limited the numbers to be received; and it has pleased the Most High not to set limits to their support.

The rapid progress of benevolent institutions, resembles the eddies which are formed on the bosom of an unruffled lake, by the casting in of some extraneous body. The society for the relief of poor widows, led to the orphan asylum; and this paved the way for appropriating one wing of that noble building for the reception of deranged persons, among whom was one individual, whose afflictive annals offer a history of no common interest. He was a gentleman of considerable fortune in the island of St. Do-

mingo, and owed his life, during the general insurrection of the oppressed slaves, to the fidelity of a black servant. Warned by this faithful man, he fled with his mother, sister, and a young brother, on board a French vessel, while his pursuers followed him to the beach. A few jewels alone remained, of all their ample possessions. On their voyage the vessel was captured by a British privateer, and carried into Bermuda: from thence they sailed under American colours for New York, and were again plundered, by a French privateer. On landing in America, finding that all their little property was gone, the gentleman commenced dancing-master; and thus obtained a precarious support, till the year 1797, when he returned to St. Domingo, with a commission in the British army, who were then in possession of the place. Having recovered part of his property, he sold his commission, and prepared to return to New York, with the cheering prospect of restoring to his family some portion of their lost affluence. But the day before embarking he fell among thieves, and received a wound that no Samaritan could cure. A set of gamblers drew him to the card-table, and robbed him of all the money in his possession. The dread of poverty, and consequent remorse, was more than his mind could bear: he became a maniac. In this state he

reached New York, where his melancholy situation was soon made known; but he refused to go to the hospital, unless Mrs. Graham led him thither. At length he escaped, wandered to the woods, and was heard of no more. His family, trusting to the protection of general Le Clerk, returned to St. Domingo after the peace of Amiens; and there, it is to be feared, that they were destroyed by Christophe, with other unhappy victims of the same description.

Oh, slavery! thou terrible scourge of civilized society. Thou art the nurse of crimes, the bitter source of hideous reaction. The oppressed become the oppressors; their broken chains serve to sharpen the murderous steel; and from thee arises confusion, and every evil work. What shall be said of gambling! There, cunning, malice, rage, and its dire attendant, madness, are seen in all their horrors.

The active mind of Mrs. Graham was ever devising new expedients for the relief of suffering humanity. She frequently visited the apartments appropriated for female convicts in the prisons, where she met with many afflicting objects, and, we may humbly trust, with some consoling instances of redeeming mercy. In the winter of 1807, when the suspension of commerce rendered the situation of the poor more destitute than ever, Mrs. Graham suggested an

admirable plan for detecting the idle, and encouraging deserving applicants, by purchasing flax, and lending wheels to such as had none. The industrious thankfully accepted the offered loan, and were paid for the work when finished: the indolent received the flax, but made no further use of it. This excellent woman also superintended the Magdalen, established in 1811; and regularly devoted one afternoon in the week, to give catechetical instruction to the scholars of the Lancasterian school.

But her strength, at length, became unequal to the very extensive sphere of usefulness which she had hitherto occupied. She now spent much of her time in her apartment, sweetly employed in prayer, reading, and meditating on the Holy Scriptures; gradually weaning from the world, and preparing for the delights of heaven. Genuine humility was obvious in all her sentiments and deportment; and those who ventured a compliment to her superior attainments, always received a reproof. To her friend, colonel L——, who expressed a wish to be such a character as she was, she quickly replied, with an air of mingled pleasantry and censure: “Get thee behind me, Satan.” To a female friend, who said: “If I were only sure, at last, of being admitted to a place at your feet, I should feel happy.” “Hush, hush!” replied Mrs. Graham, “there is one

Saviour." Thus was she always careful to give her Divine Redeemer the whole glory of her salvation.

This exquisite sensibility to the imperfections that must ever cleave to the best performances of frail humanity, is the more estimable, because it is rarely seen. For, as it is natural to commend what we admire, so the subtile poison is too easily received; and there is no sufficient guard against its dangerous consequences, except by a constant and humbling recognition of the spirituality of the law of God, and our lamentable deficiency in fulfilling it. Pride was not made for man. "I have seen the end of all perfection," said the Psalmist; "but thy commandment is exceeding broad." How then was Mrs. Graham enabled to attain such a knowledge of herself? By studying the Holy Scriptures, by searching her own heart, and examining the motives of her conduct; and, above all, by grace accorded from heaven, in answer to her prayers.

In the spring of 1814, she was requested to unite with some ladies, in forming a society for the promotion of industry among the poor, by rendering them independent of casual charity. This was her last public act. Her articulation, once strong and clear, was now observed to become feeble: the ladies present listened to her

with affectionate attention; her words broke upon the ear as a pleasant sound that was passing away; but, though evidently declining, she consented to insert her name in the list of managers, and to give what assistance her age would permit, in forwarding so beneficent a work. This public act was worthy to close a life of such distinguished benevolence. A house of industry was erected, and between four and five hundred women were provided with work: thus banishing from their dwellings idleness, and its inseparable attendants, misery and vice.

One private act we have further to record, and with this close the benevolent labours of Mrs. Graham. A report was received from Bristol, announcing the establishment of an adult school; and so much was the subject of this memoir delighted with its perusal, that she immediately undertook the formation of a similar establishment in her own village.

But now the time drew near, when this excellent and devoted servant was to be called away.

Finding herself one day considerably indisposed, she requested that her friend, Mrs. Christie, might be informed: this request alarmed her daughter, who knew that an agreement subsisted between the two friends, that, if either was taken seriously ill, the other should be immediately

sent for. They had loved each other for upwards of twenty years, and rejoiced together in the same bright hope of redeeming mercy. When Mrs. Christie entered the chamber of her friend, Mrs. Graham welcomed her with a sweet, expressive smile; seeming to say, "I am going to get the start of you. I am called home before you: it will be your office to fulfil our engagement."

During Saturday night a lethargy overpowered her frame; but observing, on the sabbath morning, that Mr. Bethune looked at her with much agitation, she roused from her heaviness, and stretching her arms towards him, embraced him, saying, "My dear, dear son, I am going to leave you: I am going to my Saviour." "I know," he replied, "that when you do leave 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." These words were accompanied with many tears. "Have you any doubt, then, my dear friend?" asked Mrs. Christie. "Oh no," was the answer: "my dear children, I have no more doubt of going to my Saviour, than if I were already with him. My guilt is all transferred: he has cancelled all I owed."

After this, she entered into conversation with her friends, mentioning several portions of Scripture, and favourite hymns, which had been of

much comfort to her. Some of these she had transcribed into a little book, and also committed to memory: they were her songs in the night season, when sleep had forsaken her. The eighty-second of the third book of Newton's Hymn's, was particularly her favourite :

“ Let us love, and sing, and wonder,
 Let us praise the Saviour's name ;
 He has hush'd 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.”

Such was her faith; and, in a last conversation with her excellent minister, the Rev. Dr. Mason, she expressed to him her hope as founded altogether on the redemption that is in Jesus Christ, and deprecated all dependence on the good she had been enabled to perform. Having asked Dr. Mason to pray with her, he enquired if she wished him to make any particular request to God; to which she replied: “ He will direct.” Then lifting up her hand, and raising her eyes towards heaven, she breathed this short but impressive petition: “ Lord, lead thy servant in prayer.”

One of the physicians still expressed a hope of her recovery, as the pulse was regular, and the violence of the disease had abated; but another gave his opinion, that the power of medicine

would be unavailing, against her own ardent prayers to depart and to be with Christ, which was far better for her than returning to this world.

Endeavouring to console her weeping family, she assured her daughter that all was peace; and when she could only rouse herself to say one word, that word, accompanied with a smile, was, "Peace." From her, there was a peculiar emphasis in this expression. "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you," had been a favourite portion of Scripture; and a promise, the fulfilment of which was her earnest prayer to the God who made it. She was now surrounded by many of her friends, who watched the tranquil closing of such a life with affection and solicitude. It was remarked by those who attended her, that all terror was taken away; that death, in her instance, seemed as an entrance into life. Her countenance was placid, and looked younger than before her illness.

At a quarter past twelve o'clock, in the morning of the 27th of February, 1814, she literally fell asleep. Her spirit passed away without a struggle, to the mansions of light and glory; while her family and friends stood weeping, yet elevated by the scene they were permitted to behold. After the silence of a few minutes, they kneeled by her bed, adored the goodness and

grace of God towards his departed servant; and implored the Divine blessing on both the branches of her family, as well as on all the Israel of God.

Oh! sweet and tranquil close, of a life devoted to the service of the Redeemer. Who would not walk as thou hast walked, departed saint, if they might, like thee, enjoy the hopes that are full of consolation? Heavy trials were, indeed, permitted to attend thee, but they are consequent on this probationary state; and he who has no God to look to, must sink beneath the sorrows, which work out for his companion an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Blending a spirit of philanthropy with an ardent and generous disposition, sound judgment, and that overflowing sensibility which renders the mind peculiarly susceptible of friendship; possessing also a cultivated intellect, and the rich stores of ample experience, Mrs. Graham's company was valued, and eagerly desired, by both old and young. Yet, though eminently calculated to adorn the walks of polished society, she spent in these but a small portion of her time. She preferred to visit the fatherless and the widow, and in their lowly dwellings, seen only by Him who will reward her openly, she administered to their temporal and spiritual necessities, exhibited the truths of Christianity, and poured out her soul for them in prayer to her God.

Yet, on such deeds as these she rested not: the knowledge of them was not intruded upon others, nor recorded by herself. The recollection of past exertions, was lost in her zeal to accomplish greater: her heart expanded with her experience; her means seemed too limited, her activity almost inaction, when compared with the abounding desires of her soul, to alleviate the miseries, and to increase the comforts, of the poor, the destitute, and the afflicted.

Let no one think this picture the painting of fancy, or the colouring of partial affection. It is sober truth,—a real character.

Authority.—“ Life and Writings of the late Mrs. Isabella Graham, of New York.”

MISS HANNAH SINCLAIR.

Thy race was run, too quickly run,
 As clouds before the morning sun.
 Soon did thy star in shades decline :
 'Twas but to rise in happier spheres,
 Where fields of cloudless ether shine,
 And heaven's unveiled light appears.

DURANT.

MISS HANNAH SINCLAIR was the eldest daughter of the right honourable Sir John Sinclair, baronet, of Ulbster, in the county of Caithness, North Britain; a gentleman well known to the public, by his works on financial subjects, by his practical as well as theoretical exertions in agricultural affairs, and those of civil economy. Her mother, who died while she was yet a child, was the daughter of Alexander Maitland, Esq. of Stoke Newington.

The distinguishing characteristics of Miss Sinclair's early years, were a mind far elevated above what is generally discovered at the same age, joined to a thirst for knowledge, and a comprehensive understanding, directed even to

abstruse subjects. Amid the playfulness and ordinary occupations of extreme youth, a determination was discoverable towards intellectual attainments.

Even at the infantine period of eight, or at most nine years, she had read several volumes on history, philosophy, and divinity, with some of the higher kinds of fiction, in the library of Thurso Castle, the residence of her grandmother, lady Janet Sinclair. She was often climbing on the chairs, in search of what many grown persons would consider dry reading; for she took no pleasure in the common amusements of children: her recreations were purely intellectual. Having invited a clergyman one day into her nursery, she opened her Bible, and desired him to explain a passage she did not clearly understand. He did so; but the explanation not being fully satisfactory, she continued to argue the point with him, till he was astonished at the depth and acuteness of her intellect.

The memory of Miss Sinclair was also peculiarly retentive. In proof of which, it is remembered that, on one occasion, when the clergyman of the parish church was dining with her father, she was desired to repeat a portion of the sermon. Upon this, she went so regularly through the heads of the discourse, and then narrated what was said on each, that the minis-

ter, who, contrary to the practice of many in the kirk of Scotland, read his sermons, declared that her memory was far more tenacious than his own.

At this interesting period of her life she often spoke on religious subjects; especially to the servants of the family, some of whom were seriously inclined. She would converse, nay argue, concerning faith and works, in a manner that discovered no small attention to the distinct nature of each; though it may be doubted, and her own subsequent acknowledgments confirmed the doubt, whether she was not then a stranger to that spirituality which she afterwards so strikingly evinced. Wherefore? Because to speak, and even to argue, on the highest of all intellectual subjects, does not necessarily imply a change of heart. We may consider the due observance of religious duties, as especially desirable for the humbler classes of society: we may recommend them to a study of the Holy Scriptures, from feelings of benevolence, because abounding with hopes and promises with which to gladden their adverse condition: we may delight to speculate with kindred minds, on the astonishing realities of another state of being, and yet the heart may be totally unchanged. Who that ever read the magnificent apostrophe of Rousseau to the Redeemer of

mankind, or the sublime effusions of Byron or De Stael; or who that has narrowly scrutinized the imaginings of a highly wrought or cultivated intellect, when he has cordially embraced the religion of the Bible, will deny this important truth? The early expansion of an enlarged mind, must not be confounded with the genuine operations of divine grace. The mere characteristics of a superior understanding, the benevolence of a youthful bosom, even the decent observance of religious duties, must not usurp the place which alone is due to the influence of the Holy Spirit, in changing the heart of man, and making him a new creature.

After the removal of lady Janet Sinclair to Edinburgh, the subject of this biography, with her youngest sister, first attended the parochial ministry of the Rev. Dr. Walter Buchanan, a privilege she well knew how to estimate. His sermons afforded her great satisfaction, and she retained much of them, in her juvenile but well-stored recollection.

Shortly after, and when about thirteen years of age, she was placed under the superintendence of a lady residing at Stoke Newington; at which time she sedulously devoted herself to the acquisition of history, geography, the elements of astronomy, arithmetic, grammar, and the French language. Problems on the celestial

globe were also favourite recreations; and once she calculated an eclipse, from having casually heard, a considerable time before, how it ought to be done. But for the lighter accomplishments she had little inclination; music, indeed, excepted, and in this she particularly excelled.

Still, however, although Miss Sinclair was pursuing and acquiring knowledge with an avidity rarely witnessed at such an early age, the distinguishing characteristics of true religion were undeveloped. Her governess respected religious principles; a considerable degree of strictness prevailed in the establishment, and a steady observance of many important duties. But to be faithful to the history of her own religious progress, it does not as yet appear that the mind of Hannah Sinclair was effectually sensible of the immeasurable distance which subsists between a mental assent to the truths and decencies of religion, and a spiritual reception of its power.

In pursuing the history of this distinguished lady, my readers must not expect any great variety of incident. The tenour of her life was calm and unvaried. It is rather the history of the heart which I am attempting to delineate.

Having returned to Edinburgh, the great concerns of eternity forcibly impressed her mind. The scriptural and impressive instructions of

her excellent pastor, seemed in an especial manner to be accompanied with a blessing, from Him with whom is the preparation of the heart. Then did the value of an immortal soul, the uncertainty of human life, the infinite importance of eternity, the natural alienation of the heart from God, the just displeasure of the Deity against sin, the awful consequences of wilful ignorance and error, solemnly occupy her thoughts; then did she contemplate with becoming seriousness, the great and momentous question of, "What must I do to be saved?"

Amid many feeble and dark conceptions of what real religion was, and what it was not, she formed the deliberate resolution of devoting herself to God; of seeking, in right earnest, for him who is the way, the truth, and the life. The doctrines of the cross were no longer regarded as subjects of mere acquiescent speculation, but as the only source of present and eternal happiness.

In reviewing this highly interesting era in her brief existence, she was often filled with astonishment, that so small a bud should be productive of any fruit. But he that planted, nourished the tender scion; and to him alone she ascribed the rise, the progress, and the increase. She now felt the decided conviction, and this was strengthened by the deliberate

conclusions of her future and more matured judgment, that she was then permitted to experience that change of heart and life, which the Redeemer of mankind announced as a necessary preparation for admittance into his glorious kingdom*.

From this time, although no very striking alteration might be apparent in her outward conduct, a change of views, desires, and pursuits, was obvious to herself. Her devotional exercises, although they had never been entirely omitted, were now performed with a regularity and earnestness which gave them entirely a new character. The sabbath was not only more punctually observed, but its essential privileges duly and gratefully appreciated. The faithful preaching of the Gospel was ardently desired, and beneficence to the poor became a fixed principle. Until then, she had never fully comprehended the force and meaning of the apostolic injunction, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God;" nor had she learned to apply it, in what are usually considered the more trifling concerns of every-day occurrence. Now that pre-

* The reader is referred to her own "Letter on the Principles of the Christian Faith," for proofs of the clear and consistent views which she entertained of the nature of that spiritual change.

cept was written on her heart, and became the regulating motive of her conduct.

Amid the various important and valuable treatises which she perused, none accorded more entirely with her own sentiments, than "Orton's Sermons." She studied them attentively, and with earnest prayers for that wisdom which descendeth from above. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Wilberforce presented her father with his "Treatise on Christianity." The principles so clearly and beautifully defined in this admirable volume, coincided with the views she had cordially embraced. They were inexpressibly endeared to her mind, by the consciousness of their consummate excellence; and while she perused again and again, the work which thus admirably delineated them, she frequently observed, that she could never be wearied with repetition. The sentiments of its accomplished author, on the practical parts of Christianity, peculiarly delighted her: they accorded with the benevolence of her heart, and her convictions of what the religion of Jesus must really be.

Thousands, like Miss Sinclair, have read that book with eminent advantage to themselves.

She lived as much retired from the world as possible: its company and amusements were incapable of affording her any real enjoyments. Although endowed with qualities that well suited

her to shine in the most polished circles, she sought not happiness there, but in retirement, and communion with her God. Her time also was pleasantly and profitably employed in the tranquil pursuits of domestic life. She delighted to instruct the younger members of her father's second family, in different polite acquirements, or useful literature; and as she possessed the happy talent of blending instruction with amusement, her little brothers and sisters would petition as earnestly for a lesson, as others commonly for a holiday. These acts of kindness made a deep impression on their youthful minds; and are still remembered with affectionate gratitude, by those who were the objects of her sisterly care and love.

Miss Sinclair was remarkably candid, and could never bear to think or speak harshly of any one. She justly estimated what was really amiable in her acquaintance, but her estimation of such qualities was of a discriminating character: it never led her into any erroneous conclusions, to the disparagement of those motives and affections which Divine grace only can bestow.

She had a perfect indifference to dress, but was at the same time remarkably neat and decorous in her appearance; for she desired not the "outward adorning of plaiting the hair,

and of wearing gold, or of putting on of apparel; but rather the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

Happy would it be for many who profess the same sentiments of religion, if a more holy indifference, and more consistent abstinence in external decoration, were equally visible and exemplary.

But her regard for simplicity in dress had also an additional motive. She was thereby enabled to appropriate more to purposes of benevolence; and she acted upon the Christian principle, that charity loses its own appropriate distinction, if not accompanied by self-denial.

But whilst we are called upon to exhibit, as well deserving of imitation, the peculiar excellencies of Miss Sinclair, the Christian moralist will uniformly feel, that to the Author of every virtue, and of every grace, the praise alone is due. Wherein she differed from others, it was her God who made her to differ. Such is the declaration of inspired writ, and the Scriptures cannot be broken. "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake *," was the unvarying language of her heart; and may it be that of

* Psalm cxv. 1.

every one, who in admiring, would follow her steps.

The design of Christian biography is to glorify the Author of every good and perfect gift, by recording the mercies which he bestows on his sinful creatures: it is to exhibit the loveliness of that new disposition which grace produces; and in doing so, to ascribe whatever is excellent to its originating source. The highest character to which the children of mortality can aspire, is that of sinners saved by grace; and every individual who is thus privileged, will ardently desire, that of all which he is, and which he is to be, the Author and Finisher of his faith may have the undivided glory.

To those who are acquainted with the history of the human heart, it will not appear surprising, that a mind constructed like Miss Sinclair's, should have deeply and anxiously speculated on certain mysterious points connected with the leading doctrines of the Gospel. But this was neither the unbelief nor hesitation of an infidel; it was the natural working of a mind anxiously searching after truth.

A judicious friend, to whom she unbosomed her inmost thoughts, was often distressed at the state of her feelings. She, however, seldom argued with her; preferring to speak rather of the lovely features of Christianity;—of the beauties

of holiness, as exhibited in the life of our blessed Lord, and shadowed forth in those of his disciples;—of the grandeur and magnificence of the scheme of redemption, and of the things that appertain to our everlasting peace: feeling assured, as she told her friend, “that, while religious principles gained strength, through study of the Scriptures and earnest prayer, her doubts would vanish, and only prove the preludes to permanent and solid peace.” Such was the case: her mind became gradually and substantially confirmed in the ever blessed doctrines of the Gospel.

Miss Sinclair was fond of reading, and her natural inclination led her to select such books as tended to enlarge the mind, and to furnish it with materials for useful thought. Among the manuscripts in her own hand-writing, that were discovered after her decease, appeared extracts from “Paley’s Evidences of Christianity,” “Reid’s Enquiry into the Human Mind,” “Addison on the Christian Religion,” and “Campbell’s Lectures on Ecclesiastical History.” These papers also contained some well-arranged passages on the geometry of visibles, the power of vision, the theory of optical instruments, with some philosophical and metaphysical observations connected with these subjects. Yet, though her mind was highly

improved, and she excelled in branches not usually cultivated by her sex, no one was ever more diffident or unassuming in manner or deportment. Her object was the attainment of valuable knowledge, not its display. With the genuine characteristics of female delicacy, she possessed a mind fraught with masculine energy; but all her rare endowments were veiled from general observation, by a modesty as truly feminine, as by a humility essentially Christian.

In the year 1806, a neglected cold assumed a serious appearance; and from this period until the time of her decease, she never entirely recovered. But though her bodily frame was visibly declining, her mental powers were undiminished. No more was heard of doubts: the doctrines of the Gospel were her only trust, and dependence upon the Saviour her greatest joy. She could now, both intellectually and spiritually, trace the origin and progress of that confusion of thought, on some mysterious points, which had formerly prevailed in her mind. She saw more clearly the distinct provinces of faith and reason, in matters of religion; and where she was previously at a loss to account for the Divine procedure, in some particulars of the economy of grace, she now felt satisfied, that they were indisputably revealed in the word of God; and that, considering how very little the

most comprehensive intellect can grasp in the economy of nature, it were folly to suppose that we can reconcile to our limited capacities, the ways of Him who regulates the whole.

At this period, Sir John Sinclair resided with his family on Ham Common, in Surrey. And as in Scotland, so in the vicinity of the metropolis, although surrounded with admiring friends, and within reach of all the numerous attractions which a great city abundantly supplies, the subject of this biography held on the even tenour of her way. She instructed the neighbouring poor, and visited the desolate and afflicted. To the younger branches of her father's family she was still a kind and affectionate instructress, and to them she addressed a "Letter on the Principles of the Christian Faith." This admirable letter, though never designed to pass the sacred precincts of her threshold, has kindly been imparted to the public. Our limits will not admit of its insertion here, but we earnestly recommend it to the attention of our youthful readers.

These pleasing duties experienced a temporary suspension in the year 1816, during which Miss Sinclair spent some happy weeks in the society of an endeared friend and relative in Scotland, where her mind experienced peculiar elevation. "I never have been so happy," she observed one morning, in her diary, "as last

night. I could not sleep, and began to meditate on the employment of saints and angels around the throne. I ruminated until I thought I saw the multitude of the redeemed, which no man could number. I fancied I heard their angelic voices, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Methought I joined them; and at last I concluded by praying that I might be soon, if not immediately, removed to unite my notes of praise with them."

Miss Sinclair was feelingly alive to the sublimity and beauty of her native land: that taste was highly gratified on the spot where the foregoing meditation was enjoyed, and where many of her happiest hours were spent in the society of her sister, lady Colquhoun, at her residence on the banks of Loch Lomond.

There is much in the scenery of that magnificent lake, to call forth elevated feelings. The poet and enthusiast regard it with emotions of no ordinary cast: the Christian whose mind is attuned to a just conception of sublimity and beauty, surveys it with a still higher tone of feeling. The loveliness and grandeur of its tranquil bosom, studded with numerous islands, encircled with mountains, and beautified with rocks and woodlands; the tameless majesty of Ben Lomond, casting a deep shadow on the soft blue waves, so beautifully contrasted with

the rugged pinnacles, and scarry sides of the adjacent hills, awaken feelings of wonder and delight. Along its tranquil margin, and up the rocky path-way, fringed with the bluebell and wild hether, it was the delight of Miss Sinclair to wander. Not a ray of sunshine, or the milder beams of the pale moon, could tip the hills with vivid light, or shed a softer radiance on the mighty landscape, without silently proclaiming the glory of their Maker. To her the morning had a voice, and the starry vault of heaven, glittering with unnumbered glories, told her of Him who made them, the great, the good, the Lord Omnipotent of heaven and earth. Here she often sought, and found her God, in the wide range of his wisdom and power; and here she was privileged to share in the delights of kindred and Christian communion, with the beloved friend of her infancy and youth.

On the return of Miss Sinclair to Ham Common, her time was still more sedulously devoted to works of mercy and benevolence; in visiting the cottages of those who were confined by illness, and in instructing the ignorant and destitute.

Many important lessons may be learned by Christians of even the highest rank, in the solitary dwellings of the poor. In the school of spiritual charity, the teachers are taught, the benefac-

tors benefited, the comforters are comforted ; and visits of mercy to a suffering fellow-creature, are repaid by visits of mercy from God.

At length the messenger of death was commissioned to summon the gentle spirit of Miss Sinclair from this land of shadows. Consumptive symptoms, to which she had long been subject, at length confined her to the house ; whilst resignation and devotedness of mind, testified how ready she was to depart, whenever it should please her heavenly Father to call her hence.

“ Our dear Hannah,” said a friend who knew her well, “ is gently and sweetly leaning on the beloved of her soul. However exemplary and consistent her past life and conversation, she has no confidence in herself. The Saviour’s righteousness is her strength, and his everlasting love her hope. She yesterday derived a great degree of comfort from the visit of the Rev. ———. He selected the twenty-third Psalm, as a portion of Scripture for our consideration ; beautifully and affectionately led us to the death of the Christian ; and, while evidently manifesting his sure hope in the steadfastness of her faith, he also clearly intimated his conviction that this sickness was unto death. On asking our friend if she did not believe that the arms of everlasting mercy were beneath her, he was answered, ‘ Yes, and this is all my confidence and strength.’ ”

“ I was with her last night,” continues the narrator, “ and, although our conversation was short, it will, I am sure, afford you satisfaction. Being left alone with our dear friend, I asked her whether there was any passage which afforded her especial consolation. She answered, ‘ Yes,’ and then repeated, ‘ As thy day is, so shall thy strength be* ;’ together with the words of Isaiah, ‘ When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, and they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour†.’ ”

“ Having once expressed, that she felt some anxieties and doubts respecting herself at the commencement of her illness, I remarked, that, at such a time, although the enemy of man’s happiness might make a vigorous attack, to deter her from the profession of her faith, that Jesus Christ was the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, and that his was a finished salvation: ‘ It is indeed a finished salvation,’ she replied, ‘ and none can pluck us from his hands.’ ”

* Deut. xxxiii. 25.

† Isaiah, xliii. 2, 3.

“ I then read to her the beautiful hymn,

‘ When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay :’

she thanked me most affectionately, and we parted for the night.

“ A younger sister having lamented that her sufferings were so great, she replied: ‘ I would cheerfully suffer it all over again, that you might enjoy the same consolation from religion, in the same circumstances.’

“ This gave rise to a conversation on the impossibility of any personal sufferings, to procure for ourselves and others either temporal or spiritual benefits; and concerning the necessity which existed, for all that a blessed Redeemer endured on our account.

“ Conversing with a friend, she observed, ‘ How delightful it was to think that, in one moment, she might be removed from her sick bed to a world of glory.’

“ As her strength declined, her evidences proportionably augmented: her thoughts dwelt with increasing sweetness, on that rest which remaineth for the people of God; and her spirit was renewed day by day. She recurred, with peculiar delight, to the fifty-third, fourth, and fifth chapters of Isaiah, as expressive of her own condition; the unfailing promises of Jehovah,

and the sufferings of a triumphant Saviour, who, though 'he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich.'

“The last words she addressed to one of her brothers, was the emphatic declaration of the beloved disciple: ‘Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world: if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him*.’”

A short time subsequent to her departure, a faithful and devoted servant asked if she should turn her, to which Miss Sinclair gave the following extraordinary reply: “No: I am so comfortable and happy, I had better remain as I am.” I say, extraordinary; for how great must be the power of that religion, which could enable an individual in the last stage of consumption, to speak of happiness and comfort!

At length she literally fell asleep in Jesus; for she departed when her attendants merely thought she was taking rest in sleep. Never was the closing period of existence more calm and tranquil: not a doubt, not a fear disturbed her; not a murmur escaped her lips; all was peace, peace.

Her countenance was beautifully serene. Happy emblem of that repose which her parting

* 1 John, ii. 15.

spirit had experienced. As her life was placid and retiring, so was her going hence. She lived, and at length quietly slept, in Jesus. She did but, as it were, breathe under his shadow, and found his fruit sweet unto her taste.

Thus ended the mortal pilgrimage of Miss Sinclair. Her remains were deposited in the chancel of Kingston church, to await the great day of the resurrection to eternal life. But, though concealed from mortal eye, the spirit that animated them is not forgotten. To how many, her "Letter on the Principles of the Christian Faith" has been blessed, can only be known when the secrets of all hearts will be revealed. Her example is cherished by some, who rejoiced to reckon her among the number of their friends; and many of the poor, whom, while living, she instructed and relieved, love to look at their benefactress's place of rest, and to embalm her relics with their affectionate tears.

Authority.—"Memoirs of Miss Sinclair," affixed to the fourteenth edition of her "Letter on the Principles of the Christian Faith."

MRS. ———.

Of N—— Hall, in the county of N——.

“ Still shall the friends who loved her weep,
 Though shrined in peace the sufferer sleep;
 Still shall they weep, for, oft and well,
 Remembrance shall her story tell;
 Affection of her virtues speak,
 With beaming eye, and burning cheek.”

AMONG the various memorials of departed excellence, of characters that have adorned or improved the path of life—who have shone forth to exemplify both the restraining and sustaining efficacy of religion, few will be found more deserving of attention than the subject of our present biographic sketch.

This lady was the only daughter of the late William Withering, M. D. F. R. S. She was born on the 21st of February, 1778;—died October 26th, 1825.

Her education, though confided for a season to a judicious preceptress, was chiefly conducted under the immediate eye of her parents. With

an only brother for a companion, it was scarcely surprising that her amusements should resemble those of the hardier sex; and, accordingly, discarding the doll, and even the playful kitten, she delighted, in the buoyant spring-tide of youth, to ramble through the woods, or raise the fairy grotto; happy,

“ While life was new, and hope was young,
To fish and row beside him;”

or, in winter, nimbly to skim the frozen surface of the lake which embellished the park at Edg-baston, the favourite residence of Dr. Withering.

In minds of more than ordinary vigour, the peculiar characteristics are early developed. No one who had observed the little Charlotte, when repeatedly annoyed by a powerful gander, closing with her antagonist, seizing his neck with both her hands, and, for a moment, suspending him in air; or, when wantonly beset by one of her father's numerous herd of French cattle, retreating undismayed, till, having reached a heap of stones, she, by a spirited use of the abundant missiles, succeeded in repulsing her pursuer, could have failed to discover the embryo energies, that intrepidity and noble bearing which distinguished her maturer age. Nor have the

surviving associates of her youth, even now, forgotten the frankness of manner, the candour, love of truth, and independent spirit, which obtained for her the appellation of “honest Charlotte.”

Of the high value which Dr. Withering attached to such essentials, some idea may be formed from the following extract, which likewise affords a pleasing testimonial of satisfaction with his daughter’s attainments.

“A letter from a father to a daughter is, I believe, usually filled with such advice, and such admonitions, as are the result of the greater experience of the former, adapted to remove or to guard against the faults or foibles of the latter. But your conduct admits of so little room for observations of the kind, that I am satisfied to leave you to the guidance of your own good sense, and the occasional assistance of our worthy friend, to whom I have entrusted the formation of your manners, as well as the direction of your more important acquirements; confident that she will impress on your mind the most sacred regard to *truth*, to that *accuracy of truth*, I mean, which, in trivial matters, is so often violated by the rapidity of the female imagination;—that she will inspire you with courage nobly to acknowledge an error when inadvertently fallen into;—and that she will teach you to

check and restrain, within useful bounds, those little resentments which are the natural excrescences of sensibility, and demand the restraints of reason to subdue them. I do not mean to eradicate them: every thing existing has its use; and the most amiable characters, as also the most worthy, are those which have the strongest passions, and the most lively imaginations, properly subjugated."

As years rolled on, the cultivation of her understanding, with the privilege of access to a well-stored library, domestic duties, and social intercourse, constituted her principal gratifications. An almost exuberant vivacity, combined with the most artless ingenuousness, were far from being the least engaging features of her mind; and seldom, perhaps, has parental tenderness dwelt on a more promising source of fond anticipation.

Allowable as it might be, in contemplating these instructive elements of character, to represent the various lineaments in detail, it is not intended here, even cursorily to allude to this lady's skill in archery or horsemanship; nor yet to the delicate art with which she was wont to depict subjects of natural history; but rather to rest on the general outlines of the mental portrait, as exhibited in those truly estimable

qualities, which rendered her the transcript of her gifted father*.

With a mind thus constituted, and an appearance which might have personated the handmaid of Hygeia, she enjoyed the advantage of accompanying Dr. Withering, with a few chosen friends and relatives, to Lisbon; where novel and interesting pursuits were rendered so agreeably subservient to the acquisition of knowledge, that the excursion ever after yielded a theme of grateful remembrance.

To the youthful admirer of nature, nothing could have been more captivating than the lovely display of the rarest productions of either zone, the orange-groves, and olive-grounds, interspersed with lofty palms, fig-trees, pomegranates, and aloes; even the wildest spots exhaling a delicious fragrance from various species of cistus, or myrtle bowers, towards evening serenaded by nightingales. Remote objects of curiosity were explored by riding, or sailing parties on the "river of golden sands;" while, during oppressive heat, umbrageous cork-trees, by the side of sparkling fountains, diffused refreshing shade, or the northern veranda proved a luxury always attainable.

* Of this eminent philosopher, *vide* "Memoirs and Traits," 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1822.

Nor was amusement alone the order of the day. Stated hours were devoted to those important avocations, without which, recreation degenerates into listless idleness. Dr. Withering was induced to deliver a brief course of lectures on botany, regular studies were established, and considerable proficiency made in languages and other useful attainments. Neither was a practical knowledge of domestic duties and household concerns neglected: each young lady presided alternate weeks, under experienced superintendence. The morning and evening sacrifice of protestant praise and prayer, was also daily offered by the united families; and thus were happiness and prosperity placed on the surest foundation.

But these fascinating scenes were soon obscured. Her father's health had long been delicate; and now that of her mother became equally precarious. Cheerfully relinquishing the cultivation of early friendships, and every external attraction, she who had lately been all alive to the syren voice of pleasure, as promptly obeyed the call of duty into comparative seclusion, there to sooth the restless pillow,—to cheer the drooping spirits;—

“ To watch the parent's evening ray,
That bless'd her early morning.”

Thus schooled in affliction, Charlotte Withering removed from her once happy home to a newly-purchased residence, called the Larches; a spot viewed at least with complacency, as the destined retreat of her widowed mother, who never recovered her health, but, after lingering through twelve months of acute suffering, was laid in the silent tomb, beside her husband.

Some change becoming necessary, Miss Withering was prevailed on to undertake an extensive tour through North Wales, where the beauty and sublimity of the scenery composed and elevated her perturbed spirits.

She then returned, to pass a few tranquil years beneath a brother's roof; but not without the earnest solicitude of several admirers to withdraw her from its friendly protection, till, in 1806, she was induced to give her hand to _____, whose family had been favourably prepossessed by occasional observation of her domestic virtues.

Nor were such expectations disappointed, when advanced to a more responsible station by her marriage, and settled on a principal estate of her husband. Liberal, yet wisely provident, every department was so well arranged, as to ensure in her domestics general satisfaction, fidelity, and attachment; while a strict attention to the public duties of religion, with a regular

observance of family worship, which brings a blessing on the most elevated as on the most humble dwelling, increased and promoted every virtuous disposition.

It may further be remarked, because the same exemplary conduct is not always obvious where it might reasonably be expected, that both were conscientiously concerned to keep the sabbath, not merely as a day of nominal rest to their dependents, but as one peculiarly holy,

“Symbol of heaven, its pledge, and foretaste too;”

that, in the morning, the schools were regularly visited, and the children examined previous to their going into church; that suitable family reading, as well as worship, generally closed the evening; that the servants' hall was furnished with a judicious selection of books; and that Bibles, prayer-books, and tracts, were always in store for gratuitous distribution, among such as manifested a desire to possess them, or were making satisfactory improvement.

Mrs. ——— was likewise the founder and chief contributor to the parochial lending library; fully aware, that, with the ability to read, the necessity for supplying proper works becomes indispensable, as the only means to ensure ultimate advantages from the diffusion of knowledge,

and to counteract the baneful tendency to immoral or sceptical publications. Nor should the philanthropist be discouraged, though the general good result be not immediately obvious; for, doubtless, were it not, under Providence, for such countervailing efforts, evil would gain the ascendancy.

During this halcyon period, our friend's exertions were directed to reduce the sum of human misery, and to enlarge the happiness of all within her sphere. The peaceful pleasures of a country life were also frequently enlivened, at stated seasons, by incidents, which, though trivial in themselves, were counted as memorable events in the simple annals of the village. Even the young and thoughtless will long remember the giddy raptures of the May-day morn, when, in festive groups, proud to challenge the admiration of their generous patrons, they presented their choicest garlands; or, with what delight they annually sat down to the extended tables of the rural fête, commemorative of the wedding-day.

But, on all sublunary things, even amidst the best endeavours of frail mortals, the hand of Deity has impressed the solemn warning, that "here we have no continuing city."

Swiftly flew the winged hours, while the most benignant gifts of Heaven appeared to fall abundantly around, till, by their loss, was gained a

more inestimable treasure in the riches of grace. For nearly three years her husband's health had sensibly declined, under a malady in no ordinary degree calculated to exercise the virtues of patience and resignation. Few instances could be related, of more complicated sufferings, and few of manlier fortitude. His remains repose in N—— church-yard, beneath the mournful yew, the willow, and the cypress, in a cemetery, the erection of which he had himself partly superintended. But he was not spared to complete this last and peaceful scene of his sojourning. When his strength was fast failing; when his sight was closing on all that was most dear and interesting in this world; when the mountain tops only were gilded by the parting beam; he exhorted his heroic partner to familiarize herself to the house appointed for all living;—to see that the work which he had begun should be speedily completed. How few would have been equal to such a task! Yet Mrs. ——— shrunk not from the melancholy duty: it was the request of one with whom she had walked to the house of God;—of one who, little more than a week before his departure hence, to be no more seen, had made a last effort there to receive the holy sacrament by her side;—whose narrow dwelling was frequently before her eyes; and with whom she fondly hoped to rejoice again, when the night of

mourning should be succeeded by a cloudless dawn.

Thus had her short dream of happiness vanished; shadowed, indeed, with much of sorrow, yet joyous, and perhaps, too, higher prized. No sooner was the object of every tender care and solicitude removed, than grief arose to agony, rushing over the soul in an overwhelming torrent. But, in proportion to her day, so was strength vouchsafed from on high: she was mercifully afforded an assurance, that in very faithfulness she was afflicted, and that the storm itself fulfilled purposes of love. Humbly endeavouring to reconcile even the darkest providences with the ways of wisdom and of mercy, she consoled herself with reflecting, that the happiness, thus embittered, might have attached her too strongly to the earth; and learned the hard lesson to believe,

“ That crosses from His mighty hand
Are blessings in disguise.”

Gradually as her mind resumed its serenity, commenced the brightest portion of her pilgrimage. Then it was, that rising superior to despondency, by steadfastly relying on that faith which subdueth all things to itself, she resolved, without losing sight of her higher destiny, hence-

forth to live more exclusively for the good of others, and to promote the best interests of her youthful charge.

N——, endeared by many fond associations, became still more decidedly the place of predilection to the widowed mourner, whose partiality for the inhabitants increased with enlarged intercourse; and whose continuance in the family seat enabled her, not merely to preserve the order of the pleasure-grounds, but to occupy herself in sundry little embellishments, and in raising a succession of forest and fruit trees for the benefit of posterity. Unceasingly devoted to those with whom she was fain to dwell, as among her own people, her bounty proved an overflowing fountain of relief, an inexhaustible spring, in which the cruise and the pitcher were never dipped in vain. And if it be particularly enquired, by any whom chance or curiosity may lead around those precincts, who cheered the drooping spirits—who poured the balm of consolation into the wounded mind—who provided food and raiment for the destitute—who dispensed medicines to the sick—who raised the decent record over the grave of long and faithful domestic service—who caused the widow's heart to sing for joy, and trained the orphan in the paths of peace—who stood forth the dauntless advocate of him who had none to help him, and, as need

might be, with more than female resolution, rescued the poor man from the oppressor's wrong?—none can hesitate to reply, for truly was she made a blessing. Years must yet elapse, and many be laid in their dreamless beds, ere

“ O'er her tomb
The passing pilgrim shall forget to weep.”

Various instances of active benevolence might be here adduced; but amidst a far greater number which must remain unnoticed, the following may suffice to prove the kindness of her disposition.

One of the most aged and infirm of the parishioners, who had been long respected for his habitual industry and frugality, eked out a precarious subsistence, by conveying light goods and parcels, in a cart drawn by a donkey, to and from an adjacent town. The despised quadruped, more valuable to his old master than the pampered race-horse to his lord, unfortunately strayed towards the premises of an adjacent farmer, whose ferocious dogs, cheered on to the assault, so severely lacerated the poor patient ass, that he soon died.

By this unprovoked and wanton outrage, the poor carrier was deprived of the means of con-

tinuing his useful employment. He almost sunk into despair; for to contend with such a man as his more powerful aggressor, was an act of daring beyond his contemplation. But he would seek "the Madam," (as Mrs. ——— was usually styled,) and submit his grievances to her; a latent hope springing in his mind, that she would never see the poor man wronged. The recital of such a tale was sure to kindle in her breast a spirit of just indignation; and never deterred from entering the lists in the cause of justice and humanity, the attendance of the offender was immediately required at the hall, where he was not a little surprised to find himself confronted with his accuser. The facts were admitted, but with a positive refusal to tender satisfaction. Mrs. ———, then assuming a tone of authority, ordered him to withdraw; warning him not to quit the premises without considering the consequences that must ensue, as it was her determination to carry the affair to the next Sessions. After some demur, enquiries were made as to the quantum of damages. A suitable compensation was named, to which the farmer reluctantly acceded; but either not having, or pretending not to have, the money at hand, he was suffered to depart, pledging himself to bring the whole in the course of the next week. The period expired, but no money

arrived: another week, and another, equally unproductive. Remonstrances were ineffectual. The poor carrier gradually lost his customers, for want of the needful assistance to draw his little cart; till, on a summer's evening, as Mrs. ——— was riding out on horseback, she espied the defaulter approaching in a narrow lane, on his return from market. Resolving not to lose the favourable moment for instant redress, and having strictly enjoined her groom not to permit him to pass, she enquired why he had so dishonourably evaded his agreement; at the same time intimating her conviction that he had then more money than sufficient about him. During the parley, symptoms of uneasiness were betrayed by the farmer, with indications of a desire to escape, not unaccompanied by excuses and renewed assurances. In vain:—Mrs. ———, placing her steed across the road, and her attendant doing the same with his, “I am resolved,” said she, “Mr. ———, this matter shall be settled on the spot. I think I perceive other assistance coming, and then we will see what can be done.” On which the wary curmudgeon, finding his situation far from enviable, reluctantly drew forth his well-stored canvass bag, and paid the demand. “The Madam” indulged in a gallop to the village, and had the heart-felt joy to behold her client's eyes suffused.

with tears of gratitude, and to hear blessings implored on her, as she bestowed the acceptable boon.

Truly may it be said, that to do good, and to communicate, was ever the delight of Mrs. ———. Having heard that one of her former neighbours in Warwickshire, the widow of a market-gardener, had lost the chief support of her declining years, she resolved personally to enquire into her circumstances. Calling at the cottage, she found her old acquaintance striving hard to obtain an honest maintenance, and at the moment particularly distressed, by the loss of the useful animal which conveyed for sale the produce of her little garden. Returning home, Mrs. ——— gave directions for the immediate purchase of a suitable substitute. No sooner was this accomplished, than, calling her son to her, “My boy,” said she, “I hope you already know the pleasure of doing good. I have been providing a treat for you, at the same time that we may assist poverty in distress.” “How is that, mamma?” “This donkey is intended for the widow: you shall yourself bear the glad tidings to her.” In a moment the willing messenger bestrode the humble steed, and cantered away towards the lowly roof, with more genuine satisfaction than he will ever mount his fleetest hunter. The mission soon completed, he re-

turned on foot with almost equal celerity, well pleased to detail the gratifying scene he had witnessed.

Nor was the beneficence of this lady exhausted on minor objects. Property, to the amount of many thousand pounds, had been bequeathed to an individual; and on her demise, without children, to the subject of this biography, and her heirs. The lady was married to a clergyman of limited fortune, and small preferment; and as her health became impaired, having no family to inherit the reversion, she experienced much uneasiness at the apprehension of leaving her worthy husband in comparatively reduced circumstances. The parties were not even distantly related to Mrs. ———, but she had long known and respected both. Hers was that warmth of friendship which acknowledges no cold, calculating medium: she sympathized in the anxiety of her friend, and, with a generosity as rare as disinterested, gave instructions for a deed to be prepared, by which she renounced the whole of the property in favour of that exemplary clergyman, should he survive his wife; thus materially adding to the comfort of an amiable and attached couple, and possibly extending the duration of their happy union, by removing a constant source of corroding care.

And can no pious minister of religion testify

the readiness with which she endeavoured to relieve his embarrassed affairs, by an annual addition to a slender stipend, till beneficed by a noble patron?

A deep and abiding sense of the awful responsibility attached to this fleeting state, seemed ever to actuate her conduct; heightened, perhaps, by a presentiment, which continually hovered around her, that, like him whose memory she cherished, her sun might go down while it was yet day. Hence she duly estimated the value of each passing hour, and diligently strove to improve it; grateful for being engaged as the almoner of Him, to whom she was, sooner or later, to render an account.

Nor was Mrs. ——— less distinguished for an ardent patriotism. Cordially did she unite with her countrymen in demonstrations of delight, on the overthrow of an odious tyranny, and the restoration of peace. No rural spot was more prompt to evince a becoming and loyal spirit, than was N———. By the kind cooperation of her neighbours, once again was the voice of joy heard around that mansion, whose walls so lately echoed but sounds of sorrow and lamentation. A jubilee, on one of the loveliest days of June, was announced by the merry peal ringing out with the earliest dawn, and the

meteor flag of England waving over the ancient church-tower.

About noon, a procession was formed, headed by the principal farmers, (joint founders of the feast,) and followed by nearly three hundred villagers, with the children of the schools, preceded by a band of music and a variety of gay banners. In this order did they enter the north lawn, beneath a triumphal arch, entwined with oak and laurel, chaplets of flowers, and emblematic devices. Around the closely-shaven grass-plat were arranged the hospitable boards, covered with abundance of old English fare; and numerous spectators assembled, from far and near, to witness this delightful *fête-champêtre*. Every countenance beamed with happiness, whilst all standing up uncovered, grace was said with due solemnity by the worthy curate. When the heat had subsided, the young villagers danced on the green, till the shades of evening, and the exhausted musicians, warned them to retire. The honest rustics then presenting themselves in groups before the directors of their sports, with hearty thanks and loud exclamations, again and again repeated, "Never was such a day for N———."

At the close of this animating scene, how conflicting were the emotions of the bereaved widow! Private feelings had given way to pub-

lic duty ; but no sooner did her constrained exertions terminate, than the mind yielded to sentiments of tender regret, as she emphatically exclaimed, “ He who would have enjoyed the day, and so ably assisted my poor endeavours, is, alas! no more.” No, the heart surrendered to grief but one short year before, could scarcely, on the same spot, be wholly attuned to joy. Yet none more ardently desired the happy change of affairs, none more gratefully acknowledged the termination of a sanguinary conflict; and had he who lay unconscious, at a short distance from the festive scene, been spared to behold it, how would his manly heart have glowed with thankful emotion, in contemplating the fulfilment of his most anxious wishes!

Placed at that point in the social scale which has often been declared the most enviable, even in this, the most desirable country in the world; habituated to the refinements of polished society, with ample means to gratify the utmost wishes of a well-regulated mind; surrounded by kind relative and friends; possessed too, of the dearest of all objects to a widowed heart; how many, how rich appeared to be the yet remaining ingredients of happiness, how serenely fair the prospect that seemed to open upon the evening of her days. But all was not unmixed, even in this crystal vase.

Maternal solicitude induced Mrs. ———, in the spring of 1821, to occupy for several months, a cottage within reach of Harrow, where her son pursued his classical education. About this time she sustained an alarming seizure, which unhappily proved the forerunner of a series of paralytic attacks. The constitution, once considered robust, after so many shocks, rapidly gave way.

For a season, halting as it were on the confines of both worlds, if ever she cast one lingering look behind, it was from the very natural desire of living to see her son attain to manhood; but such was not the will of Heaven.

On every partial revival of health and strength, she devised new schemes for the comfort of the poor and destitute. In one of the latest interviews, with him who had been her confidential adviser and her friend, from the cradle to the grave, she became urgent to carry into immediate execution her design for erecting a permanent storehouse for their winter supply. This, with other benevolent projects, had been retarded by unforeseen obstacles, and now awaits completion from filial piety; a monument more honourable, more congenial to the departed spirit, than marble bust or storied urn.

Withdrawn from a course of active usefulness and innocent enjoyment, the remainder of her

existence was passed in the seclusion of a sick chamber: a state, nevertheless, well calculated to call into exercise the best affections, and particularly alive to commiserating sympathy. "My friends are so kind, that I scarcely feel affliction," was the remark of the patient sufferer, on referring to some attentions from a neighbouring family, a few weeks only previous to her decease. For though, in the perpetual prospect of another and a better world, her invariable reliance was on the only sure refuge, the orphan's guide, and the widow's God; still her warm heart could never be altogether disengaged from earthly connexions, or cease to beat responsive to a kind expression.

Neither was the good feeling of those who had little else to offer, less gratifying; for, though so long incapacitated from personally visiting the frequented cottages, mutual regard suffered no abatement. On returning from her airings, it was her custom to be driven slowly through the village, purposely to cherish that lively and reciprocal interest which had been cemented by former acts of kindness. At such moments, how delightful to her affectionate disposition, the respectful salutation, the anxiously-enquiring glance, the gladsome look of childhood:

"How dear the grateful smile that lights the eye
Of hoary age, when pity passes by."

Thus was she cheered, even to the last. Alas! how soon, how suddenly was her spirit summoned to depart! That eye, which in the morning beamed with benignity, closed before the dawn of another day on all sublunary things. That very night her soul was required of her. After a comfortable repose, quickly came the summons, "Sleep no more."

The state of our friend had been one of bodily, but not of mental distress. Conscience had ever whispered peace, in the assurance that she had humbly endeavoured, however remotely, to follow the Divine Exemplar. Hers were the rich relics of many a well-spent hour; the fruits that survive when the flowers decay; the only ornaments and treasures that can be carried into eternity. Hers was the soothing hope, that, through redeeming mercy, her prayers and her alms might come up in memorial before God. But above all other supports in that trying extremity, was a never-failing confidence in Him, "whose rod and whose staff had comforted her," and who alone could bring her "out of darkness, into his marvellous light." Patiently, nay, even cheerfully, did she endure the appointed ordeal, and blessed was her going hence.

Now she was no more, those who had so lately listened with a thrill of anguish, to the public mention of that revered name, in the

prayers of the church, as connected with a state all but hopeless, sought by every demonstration of respect, to prove how highly they esteemed, how much they loved her. Never were obsequies attended with such unfeigned grief: while every external symbol, the funeral draperies within the sanctuary, the solemn tolling of the muffled bell, and the emphatic delivery of the ritual, fully accorded with the predominant sentiment. The tenantry, the representatives of the neighbouring families, (with whom the deceased had maintained a frequent intercourse of elegant and liberal hospitality,) relatives, and dependents, were prompt to testify their sense of the loss all had sustained. Nor less affecting were the sable ranks of children which closed the sad procession. Obvious was the sympathy, even of these innocents, instructed by her care, and clothed by her bounty; while the demeanour of the assembled villagers evinced their best feelings to be engaged in many an affecting recollection.

“Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the
gloom.”

Thus beautifully, though mournfully, has it been observed by one, who tenderly watched be-

side the couch, and sickened at the thought of separation:

“ In averting to the ephemeral duration of the most virtuous; of those whom the selfishness of devoted attachment would vainly wish never to die, but who are, alas! so often cut down in their prime, before one grey hair has heralded dissolution;—by dispensations, which to mortals, “ seeing but through a glass darkly,” are incomprehensibly mysterious, how consolatory the reflection, that life is not to be estimated by its days, but by its deeds; and that, though at the fiat of Omnipotence the sacrifice must be consumed, it is not without shedding additional lustre around the altar.”

Yet, why should we term the dispensations of Jehovah “ incomprehensibly mysterious,” in the removal of his favoured servants. Mark well the endearing tenderness of those exceeding great and precious promises, which gladden the departing spirit with an earnest of unutterable joy. Thus assured, why should we mourn as those who have no hope, if our friends are summoned to resign life, and health, and friendship; nay, even every thing in which the heart of man delights, for the certainty — of what? Not of the fleeting pleasure of this world, but of glory, and that peace which passeth all understanding. Why should we selfishly lament

that they are called away, not to the highest and most refined society in this intellectual land; not to the magnificence of Arcadian scenery, in which the eye of taste may revel amid creation's loveliest forms; but to become the willing subjects of Him in whose dominions the voice of sorrow and sighing are unknown, to be welcomed to the communion of saints by ministering angels, to the spirits of just men made perfect? Yet a little while, and such as follow their Redeemer in the way of his requiremings, shall also be admitted to this blessedness; or else, those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him, all holy, and all happy, all with ineffable delight, welcoming their ascending friends, and so shall they be for ever with the Lord.

But let us not deceive ourselves; let us not substitute fond illusions for the awful realities of the Gospel. The path of the just, that path which has been trodden by saints and martyrs, is a narrow one. We must watch and pray; we must strive and wrestle; we must take up the cross, and live above the world, its sinful desires and affections, or never enter the paradise of God.

THE END.

