THE

EMINENT DEAD:

OR,

THE TRIUMPHS OF FAITH

IN THE DYING HOUR.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

"A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched its glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robes the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven."

BY BRADFORD K. PEIRCE.

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MDCCCLI.

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HON. FRANCIS O. WATTS:

My Dear Friend,

Allow me to inscribe your name upon this volume, both as a tribute of respect and Christian affection, and as due to the interest which you have been pleased to express in its preparation. It was at your suggestion that the work was at first undertaken; and in now presenting you the consummation of your wishes, and my gleanings through the precious and abundant fields of Christian biography, I am oppressed with but one painful sentiment — a sorrow that so noble a theme has fallen into hands so unequal to bestow upon it adequate justice. Trusting that He who "hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty," will sanctify this work for the accomplishment of some pious offices, it is humbly placed upon his altar.

Truly Yours,

In the Fellowship of Christ,

B. K. PEIRCE.

PREFACE.

THE design of the present volume is not original, neither has the compiler the vanity to suppose its execution to be superior to others, published both in England and in this country, covering much of the ground embraced in this work. He was both surprised and gratified, while collecting his materials, to find how vast and encouraging was the harvest before him, into which he might thrust his sickle. From the well-known publication of Lindley Murray, the noted grammarian, entitled the "Power of Religion in the Dying Hour," down to the present day, numerous compilations have been prepared by accomplished Christian scholars, and have met with a cordial reception on the part of the religious community.

Christian biography, as it is one of the most interesting and profitable branches of our Christian literature, has also become one of the most extensive and voluminous, and is every year rapidly increasing. "It is a homage due to departed worth," says Robert Hall, "whenever it rises to such a height as to render its possessor an object of general attention, to endeavor to rescue it from oblivion, that when it is removed from the observation of men, it may still live in their memory, and transmit through the shades of the sepulchre some reflection, however faint, of its living lustre." One of the chief objects of this class of publications is, in a measure, lost by the multiplication of its volumes, rendering their general perusal impossible. Here arises the necessity for compilations and Encyclopædies of religious biography, presenting, in abridged forms, the life and labors, the sufferings and triumphs, of the glorious dead. "By enlarging the cloud of witnesses with which we are encompassed," remarks the eloquent writer from whom we have just quoted, "it is calculated to give a fresh impulse to the desire of imitation; and even the despair of reaching it is not without its use, by checking the levity, and correcting the pride and presumption, of the human heart." The Christian manuals in which these summary sketches of religious character and life are given, have aimed, by practical illustrations, to present different views of the gospel scheme of redemption, in its operation upon the human heart. Thus, one volume before us exhibits the power and beauty of female piety; another aims to bring out, with peculiar distinctness, the first stages in the experience of eminent Christians,—their various and yet harmonious emotions, while passing from "death unto life." Quite a number of volumes have been devoted to the collection of the dying scenes and sayings of prominent Christians of different ages, as they were passing the river of

death and entering upon the promised rewards of a higher life. This is the principal office of the present work, and it bases its claim for a separate hearing from the Christian public, upon several important differences, and we trust improvements, in its plan and arrangement, from its numerous coadjutors. Nearly every work of this class is largely devoted to recitals of the dying hours of martyrs and confessors in the earliest periods of the history of Christianity; the interest in which is abated by their often repetition, and weakened by the traditionary records upon which they rest. The sketches contained in the present volume commence with the Reformation, have been compiled from full and authentic memoirs, and many of the names recorded upon its pages have lived within the present century, and are still precious in the memory of living Christians, and powerful in their posthumous influence over modern society.

Another distinction consists in presenting a short biographical sketch of the life, in connection with the account of the final hours and divine solaces of noted Christian disciples. The volumes referred to above, record only the dying expressions — the holy courage and conduct of the eminent dead in the hour of their final triumph; and as there is a remarkable similarity in the exercises of devout persons under the sustaining power of the Divine Spirit, the attention of the reader wearies with the constant recurrence of almost the same thoughts and expressions.

Besides, the Christian argument founded upon the happy deaths of believers in all ages, depends for its moral force chiefly upon the virtue and nobleness of their previous lives. To secure, if possible, an unflagging interest in the present volume, and add every truthful element to the sublimity of pious death beds, we have attempted to present, from original sources, sufficiently extended outlines of the life and influence of those whose calm or triumphant deaths added only the crowning excellence to a life-long confession for Christ.

We have also sought to present every variety of Christian development; the power, beauty and unity of religious experience, as exhibited by persons of different ages in life, of different social positions, and filling different relations to society — clergymen, laymen, lawyers, physicians; of different Christian persuasions, embracing nearly every evangelical sect of the present day.

We cannot avoid here, calling the reader's attention to the powerful argument for the divine origin of the Christian religion to be found in the remarkable harmony in Christian experience in every period of its history, and among every variety of age, character, education, and social refinement. It is evidently a religion for *man*, and could only have been provided by One who "knows what is in man." The objection that is sometimes brought against the Christian system, on account of its sectarian divisions, may indeed be transformed into a successful weapon of defence against all unbelieving assaults. Among all these Christian sectaries, the same volume is received as the foundation of its faith, and the same conditions of spiritual life are asserted; and however variant in the accidences of Christianity — its forms of government, its administration of sacraments, and its theological speculations — still its hopes, its fears, its peace, its power, its defences against temptation,

its consolations in afflictions, and its victory over death, are the same in every subdivision of the Christian family. "It seems, in one sense, to level all distinctions among men, exalting the poor, and rendering the rich lowly in their own esteem, — strengthening the weak, raising the bowed down, comforting those that mourn, and causing the widow's heart to sing for joy. The Christian in the cottage and the Christian in the palace, the Christian in health and the Christian in sickness, the Christian in the fulness of prosperity and the Christian in the depths of adversity, are all one in Christ Jesus. They all eat the same spiritual meat, they all drink the same spiritual drink, for they drink of that rock which follows them in all their journeyings through this world, — and that Rock is Christ." This unity of faith and of emotional piety is happily expressed by Prof. Park, in his sermon upon "The Theology of the Intellect, and that of the Feelings." "Decidedly," he remarks, "as we resist the pretension that the church is infallible, there is one sense in which this pretension is well founded. Her metaphysicians, as such, are not free from error, nor her philologists, nor any of her scholars, nor her ministers, nor councils. She is not infallible in her bodies of divinity, nor her creeds, nor catechisms, nor any logical formulæ; but underneath all her intellectual refinements lies a broad substance of doctrine, around which the feelings of all renewed men cling ever and every where, into which they penetrate and take root; and this substance must be right, for it is precisely adjusted to the soul, and the soul was made for it. * * * The great mass of believers have never embraced the metaphysical refinements of creeds, useful as these refinements are; but have singled out and fastened upon and held firm those cardinal truths, which the Bible has lifted up and turned over in so many different lights, as to make them the more conspicuous by their very alternations of figure and hue. In unnumbered cases, the real faith of Christians has been purer than their written statements of it. Men, women and children, have often decided aright when doctors have disagreed, and doctors themselves have often felt aright when they have reasoned amiss. 'In my heart,' said a tearful German, 'I am a Christian, while in my head I am a philosopher.'"

What an argument have we here for Christian union. Despite every misgiving which the ardent lover of his own peculiar form of Christianity may have in reference to the practical bearing of other theological views or ecclesiastical forms upon vital piety, from the circle of all these Christian bodies come forth "living epistles" of piety, "known and read of all men," who, measured by the Saviour's standard, "by their fruits ye shall know them," give unimpeachable testimony to their common heirship to "an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, which fadeth not away." Who will refuse his fellowship where Christ has borne testimony by the Holy Spirit. "There are," remarks Professor Park, "discrepant systems of philosophy pervading the sermons of different evangelical ministers; but often the rays of light which escape from these systems, are so reflected and refracted, while passing through the atmosphere between the pulpit and the pews, as to end in producing the same image upon the retina of every eye. Not seldom are the leaders of sects in a real variance, when the people who fill up the sects, know

not why they are cut off from their brethren; and the people may strive in words, while they agree in the thing, and their judgments may differ in the thing, while their hearts are but one."

Should the present volume, in the smallest degree, conduce to quicken the fraternal sentiments which are now stirring in the bosoms of members of the various Christian bodies, the author will feel that his labors have not been lost, and that an ample recompense has been secured.

It only remains to say, that the compiler has been continually indebted to the published memoirs of the eminent deceased, preferring to use the language of an authentic record, as far as possible, rather than to recast it in his own mould, in order that the force of the living and dying testimony of these faithful disciples, might not be abated by any distrust of the truthfulness of the record. We may not, through oversight, have specified all the sources from whence we have derived our sketches; and this is not important, as they may easily be discovered by those who desire to have a more full acquaintance with any one of the churches' worthies, whose names are found within our pages. It will be readily supposed that one chief difficulty with the compiler, has been to make his *selections* from so vast a treasure house. Materials for several volumes are now in his hands, omitted from this work, only through lack of space. He has intended to choose his subjects from every portion of the Catholic church, without reference to the denominational name.

We delay the reader but to say, in the language of the devoted Archbishop Leighton to a friend, when sending him a copy of Valerius Maximus, "I conceived it would clog you the less, because it is of so much variety of selected examples, and the stages are so short, you may begin and leave off where you will, without wearying. But when all is done, there is one only blessed story, wherein our souls must dwell and take up their rest; for amongst all the rest, we shall not read — 'Venite ad me,' &c. — 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' and never any yet that tried him, but found him as good as his word: to whose sweet embraces I recommend you, and desire to meet you there."

Roxbury, August, 1850.

INTRODUCTION.

THE present volume — the work of an esteemed friend, at whose request I prefix to it a few lines — will commend itself to the reader with a sort of personal interest. It treats of death — to all men inevitable, and to most men an appalling personal interest. Comparatively few of the works we read relate directly to our own individual life; biographies themselves, being mostly the records of extraordinary men, have but an indirect relation to our own inferior career; but with death — "the great leveller" — there is no respect of persons, and when, in tracing the course of the great man, we at last follow him into the presence of the king of terrors, the peculiar sentiment with which we contemplate his greatness, and which reminds us continually that he was not of our class, gives way to an entirely new sympathy — a fellow-feeling of mortality — the solemn consciousness of a common doom. Therefore, a work like the present, which, though it presents interesting outlines of the lives of notable men, does so chiefly in reference to that stage of their history in which they share our common fate, must be personally and more than commonly interesting to us.

This common inevitableness of death is an aspect of the subject sternly solemn to a reflecting mind; and were men habitually disposed to reflect upon it, we can hardly doubt that it would produce a most manifest and universal effect on their moral conduct. It is, however, apparently an effort of mankind to repress the consciousness of the fact — as if the most intensely interesting event in human history deserves the least possible anticipation, or as if forgetfulness could forestall its inexorable approach. But, alas, it comes onward with unabated pace, notwithstanding our heedlessness, and overwhelms us at last with its awful reality — the more fearfully for having been the less apprehended. Of what avail is it to the mariner, whose vessel has sprung a leak, to betake himself to the bottle, and to slumber on his sinking deck; will sleep or dreams of safety avert his doom? Nay, the waters will gain on him until the fatal wave washes over him, and buries him for ever in the deep? Rather let him exert his every energy to reach, as nearly as possible, the neighboring shore, so that when the wreck goes down beneath him, he may perchance struggle through the waters to the safety of the land.

Notwithstanding our habitual disposition to evade the thought of death, the consciousness of its inexorable certainty will come over us at times with startling distinctness. Salutary are such intervals of reflection, if we allow them their just impression upon us. Then are we reminded of the insignifi-

cance of both the pleasures and the sorrows which absorb our ordinary life; then we see, though it be in contrast with the darkness of the grave, as the starry worlds are seen in the night, the ineffable reality and importance of spiritual things; then, if ever, we perceive the consolatory adaptations of the evangelical economy to our condition.

But how readily such periods of serious thoughtfulness pass away, and we again find ourselves carried along in the current of life, heedless of all things except the transient passing scene. The eddies that whirl us along, however, bear us onward to the unavoidable precipice, and we plunge it at last; and then, when death is no longer an anticipation, vague, however startling, but a realization, solemnly and actually at hand, how does the soul wake up as to a new consciousness; how like a dream, a most frivolous dream, does its past life appear. With what amazement does it look upon its ending career, and the ordinary course of human life. How does it wonder that a being appointed to such a fate, and to such a following destiny, could pass through his probation with such a life!

Such is the history of the ordinary experience of men respecting death. But the genuine Christian has other views and other experiences concerning it. He contemplates it more or less habitually — he lives for death. He looks forward to it, not without solicitude, yet with a reliance upon the revealed assurances of divine support, that often rises into devout exultation; so that he can share the sentiment of the apostle, who "*desired* to depart and be with Christ." The present volume is designed to illustrate this power of religion over death. The examples given are numerous, and presented with considerable detail. The thoughtful reader will find in them at least two interesting facts; — the first is the all-sufficient consolation of divine grace in the trying hour of dissolution; the other the uniformity of the victory which good men achieve over death, notwithstanding the great contrasts of their previous opinions and sectarian relations. Contemplating these good men as they enter the "gates of pearl," with "songs of deliverance" upon their lips, we may learn to have charity for the differences of earnest minds, and comfortable hope for the coming hour of our own departure.

A. STEVENS.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1850.

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THE EMINENT DEAD.

PHILIP MELANCTHON.

God works with human instrumentalities in establishing and extending the kingdom of Christ in the world. In His omniscient wisdom He selects His laborers, and sanctifies their various talents to the accomplishment of the same great design. In nothing more is the providence of God shown, than in the remarkable manner in which he has called forth and endowed marked and peculiar gifts in the ministry, during the different periods and exigencies in the history of the church. In every hour of peril and of reformation the Saviour has fulfilled his promise to be with his church until the end of the world, by raising up and sending forth men every way adapted, by nature and grace, to struggle with the difficulties that surround them, and triumph over every opposing obstacle. How remarkable the variety of gifts among the little band of apostles first sent forth to evangelize the world; and how well adapted for the fight of faith, the patient endurance and utter sacrifice incident upon their honorable but perilous calling. In this band were harmoniously combined the sanctified impetuosity of Peter, the devoted and melting affection of John, the gravity and wisdom of James, and afterwards, the boldness and manly eloquence of Paul. Human frailty attaches to all human

instrumentalities, — this treasure has been committed to earthen vessels, — the infirmities of the men are seen, but only serve the more to exhibit the power and wisdom of God in sanctifying their peculiar tempers and talents to the benefit and reformation of the times in which they live.

How evidently was this seen at the Reformation. When, before or since, has the church possessed a Luther? And with all his misjudgments and impetuosity, what combination of physical, mental and moral characteristics can be imagined better fitted to meet and struggle with the armed errors and the spiritual darkness of his age, than was exhibited, by the blessing of God, in Martin Luther. "He was one of the greatest of Christian heroes, and his faults were those of a first rate character."

The allwise Head of the church, however, did not permit him to stand alone, but surrounded him with faithful and judicious colleagues and disciples. Among these illustrious men, one of the most beautiful in character, as well as one of the brightest lights of that period, was Philip Melancthon. "He was, we may say, expressly formed by divine Providence to be the friend, coadjutor, and counsellor, of the principal leader of the great cause. While Luther had eminently the qualities in which Melancthon was deficient, and without which his task could never, humanly speaking, have been accomplished, the latter had precisely the portion of calmness, wisdom and prudence, which was necessary to assuage the fiery temperament of Luther. That he was sometimes too gentle, too cautious, is, we imagine, undeniable; but, on the other hand, his concessions, though they might have ultimately endangered principle, never, that we recollect, went the length of abandoning it. The intrepid defiance with which Luther threw down the gauntlet in the very face of the papal power, might have shaken stronger

nerves than Melancthon's, and we cannot wonder if his milder and less martial spirit, shrunk from the anticipation of so disproportionate a conflict, and preferred a safer enmity, a gradual and more concealed invasion. Luther's sole deference was to truth. He searched for it honestly and diligently, and when he had found it he went the shortest way to its propagation. He set fire at once to the sanctuary of error; careless, if while the whole world was enlightened with the blaze, a few individuals might be scorched by the flame. Melancthon with equal veneration for the truth, had more regard for his own repose, and for the tranquillity of mankind; and would have preferred a more easy and circuitous way of demolishing the edifice of lies. When however the contest was begun, Melancthon did not desert his post, but was to Luther a firm support, and a faithful fellow worker." *

Philip Melancthon was born in the town of Bretten, situated upon the Rhine, in Saxony, February 16th, 1495.

At a very early age he gave evidence of an exceedingly active and precocious mind. At the age of twelve he entered the University of Heidelberg, and soon became distinguished for his rapid advancement in his studies, and for the eloquence of his public harangues and discourses. When scarcely seventeen such was his maturity in the sciences, that he was created Doctor in Philosophy, or *Master of Arts*. He immediately entered upon the work of instruction, delivering public lectures, which were crowded with eager students, and preparing new text books in the classics. The appearance of these early productions called forth from that learned and clear-sighted scholar, Erasmus, the most eulogistic notice. "What hopes" said he, "may we not conceive of Philip Melancthon, though as yet very young and almost a boy, but equally to be admired for his proficiency

* Eclectic Review.

in the languages! What quickness of invention! What purity of diction! What vastness of memory! What variety of reading! What a modesty and gracefulness of behavior! And what a princely mind!" Melancthon was but *eighteen* when he received, as he richly merited, this high compliment.

We have no detailed account of the process of his conversion from the prevalent errors of popery, or of the steps attending the great change in his own heart from a state of impenitence to that of a regenerated believer, although his life and temper soon gave the most convincing testimony of the thoroughness of the work of grace in his soul. It is recorded, that while at Tubigen, where he finished his studies and commenced teaching, he diligently studied the sacred Scriptures, and always carried about with him a copy of the Bible. By holding this constantly in his hand during divine services, he laid himself open to the suspicion and persecution of the bigoted Romanists around him.

Whatever means God employed to open his mind and change his heart, his first convictions were so powerful when the beams of divine light broke in upon his mind, that he entertained no doubt of his being able to bring others to embrace the same efficacious truths. All that was needed, he thought, was a luminous and earnest exposition of the gospel in all its scriptural simplicity, but in carrying out his benevolent endeavors, he soon found, as he said, "that old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon!"

In 1518, Melancthon was made professor of Greek in the University of Wittemberg, an office which he filled with the highest credit to himself, as well as to the benefit of the youth of that part of Germany. Attracted by the report of his erudition and talents, immense numbers crowded to the University, and when he delivered his lectures his audience

often amounted to more than two thousand persons. He published a variety of works on rhetoric, logic and grammar; nor did he, amidst his numerous literary occupations and labors, neglect the study of divinity. In this department he produced several treatises, both polemical and exegetical. Luther, in writing a preface to Melancthon's Comments upon Collossians, candidly says that he preferred the writings of Melancthon to his own, and was much more desirous that they should be extensively read. "I," says he, "am born to be for ever fighting with opponents, and with the devil himself, which gives a controversial and warlike cast to all my writings. I clear the ground of stumps and trees, root up thorns and briars, fill up ditches, raise causeways, and smooth the roads through the woods; but to Philip Melancthon by the grace of God it belongs, to perform a milder and more grateful labor,—to build, to plant, to sow, to water, to please by elegance and taste."

It was while Melancthon was at Wittemberg, that the Reformation broke out with power. Luther filled the chair of divinity in the same institution, his mind enlightened by the perusal of the Scriptures, and his heart regenerated and at peace through simple faith in Christ. The influence of these two learned and pious men over the multitude of students that now came pouring into the University, and thence were sent forth throughout Germany, began to be sensibly felt, and the way was prepared for the utter renunciation of papal superstitions, and the profession of Protestant Christianity whenever the fitting hour should arrive. It came in November of 1518, with the scandalous bull of the luxurious and prodigal Leo X., whose treasury being exhausted, canvassed with his minions the Catholic provinces of Europe for the sale of indulgencies to commit the most heinous crimes. In the thunder tones of Luther, Germany cried out against

this sacrilege, and in 1520, Luther publicly burned in Wittemburg, in the presence of a multitude of people, no one resisting the act, the bull of the Pope declaring his doctrines heretical, ordering them to be burned and excommunicating Luther himself from the church. A deep impression was made by this act and his public defences, upon the minds of the people; their reverence for ancient institutions and doctrines was shaken; and the materials were already scattered, which kindled into a flame that soon spread over all Germany.

In the first public discussion, which took place in 1519 between Luther and Eckius, who, as the champion of the Church of Rome, challenged the former to an open debate, Luther so clearly worsted his opponent, exposed the false pretensions, unworthy superstitions, and appalling crimes of the papal church, that Melancthon was fully convinced of the correctness of Luther's position, and heartily embraced his views. From this time until his death he became the eloquent and polished defender of the doctrines of the Reformation, illustrating their beauty, truth and power, by his meek and holy life.

In 1530, he was called upon to defend the Protestant cause before the Diet at Augsburg. "He was put forward by his own party, as the ablest among a host of able men; and he appears, on the whole, to have acquitted himself admirably. It is reported of William, Duke of Bavaria, who vehemently opposed the doctrines of the Gospel, that as soon as the Confession of Faith drawn up by Melancthon had been read, he asked Eckius, whether they could overthrow this doctrine out of the Scriptures. 'No,' replied Eckius, 'by the Holy Scriptures we cannot overthrow it, but we may by the fathers.' Upon which the Cardinal Albert, archbishop of Mentz, said to the Duke of Bavaria,

'Behold how finely our divines support us! The Protestants prove what they say out of the Holy Scriptures, but we have our doctors without Scripture.' It is said, that during the imperial Diet of Augsburg, this same Albert, invested with so high a degree of ecclesiastical dignity, had by some means obtained a Bible, and read it attentively for four hours, when one of his council suddenly entering his chamber, asked, with much astonishment, what his highness was doing with that book? to which he replied,—'I know not what this book is, but sure I am, all that is written therein is quite against us.' "

During a conference that was held at this Diet, an occurrence happened, exhibiting a characteristic and commendable trait of this most conscientious and honorable man. The learned and ingenious Eckius had propounded in the discussion an artful and puzzling sophism, which, for a moment, Melancthon could not unravel. "I will give you an answer to-morrow," said he. Eckius represented it as a disgrace that so noted a scholar should require so much time to rally his thoughts. "My good doctor," was Melancthon's noble reply, "*I am not seeking my own glory in this affair, but the truth.*"

On the 28th of January, 1546, it pleased God to remove Luther, the great light of the Reformation, from the troubles and conflicts of the church militant to the rest and rewards of the church triumphant. He died away from his home in Wittemberg, at his native town Eisleben, having journeyed thither on a mission of peace, to reconcile to each other two brothers,—the Counts of Mansfield. He was taken suddenly sick, but the religion of Jesus Christ which he had so faithfully preached, now powerfully sustained him. Two doctors arriving together, with his wife who had been summoned to his bedside, "I am dying," said he; "I shall

remain at Eisleben." His friend doctor Jonas expressing a hope that the perspiration would perhaps relieve him: "No, dear Jonas," "replied he, "it is a cold and dry sweat, and the pain is worse." He then devoutly applied himself to prayer, and said, "O, my God! Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, thou art the God of all consolation, I thank thee for having revealed to me thy well beloved Son, in whom I believe; whom I have preached and acknowledged; whom I have loved and honored; and whom the Pope and the ungodly persecute. I commend my soul to thee, O my Saviour Jesus Christ! I shall leave this terrestrial body; I shall be taken from this life; *but I know that I shall rest eternally with thee.*" He then three times repeated,—"Into thy hands I commend my spirit; thou art my Redeemer, O God of truth." His eyes suddenly closed and he fainted. As he recovered a little, Dr. Jonas said to him, "Reverend Father, do you die in constant reliance on the faith you have taught?" He replied distinctly, "*Yes!*" He then fell asleep again, and soon after, drawing one deep breath, he expired.

Deeply was his death mourned by Melancthon, who upon its first announcement, cried out in the language of Elisha, "My father! my Father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!"

Upon his shoulders now fell largely the weight of the still unsettled reformation, and courageously he girded himself up for the conflict. We have not room in this short sketch to follow him in his various and successful struggles with the man of sin; these are fully set forth in his most interesting biography by Cox. We now come to the close of his laborious and faithful life. It is our privilege to enter his sick room and hear his solemn and confiding communions with his Saviour, and to witness the strength and sincerity of his

faith in the blessed Gospel of the Son of God. He had intellectually received the doctrines of the cross, and he had experimentally tested their power in his heart and over his life, and now religion sweetened for him the cup of affliction, composed his mind in the midst of harrassing cares, and threw the radiance of heaven over the entrance to his tomb. Many of his early friends and co-laborers in the great work in which he had been engaged had already fallen. His beloved wife left him for heaven, while he was away from home. He had become thoroughly weaned from this world, and when he received the tidings of her death, he uttered but a kind and tender farewell, saying, "that he expected very soon to follow her."

"Some days before he died, he wrote on a piece of paper, in two columns, the reasons why he ought not to be sorry at leaving the world. One of the columns contained the blessings which death would procure for him; and the other contained the evils from which death would deliver him. The former column included six particulars:—1. That he should come to the light. 2. That he should see God. 3. That he should contemplate the Son of God. 4. That he should understand those admirable mysteries which he could not comprehend in this life. 5. That he should know why we are created such as we are. 6. What is the union of the two natures in Jesus Christ.

"The latter column had only two articles. 1. That he should sin no more. 2. That he should be no longer exposed to the vexation and rage of divines."

He continued his academical duties as long as his strength would admit of his creeping to his lecture-room. One of his last lectures was upon the last prayer of the Saviour, recorded in the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel of John. He divided this prayer into three parts, as embracing so

many distinct objects. 1. That a church might exist in the world. 2. That it might be distinguished by its unity and concord. 3. That his people might be heirs of that salvation and eternal life which belongs to the heavenly church. He begged his hearers to remember after his decease, certain passages to which he especially directed their attention in this last prayer, and repeating the above division, he said impressively, "I am a dying man, and these are the three subjects for intercession with God which I leave to my children and their little ones, — that they may form a part of his church and worship him aright, — that they may be one in him and live in harmony with each other, — and that they may be fellow heirs of eternal life."

With his friends he spoke of death with the utmost composure. "He dreaded nothing," he said, "so much, as becoming a useless cumberer of the ground," and prayed if his life was protracted that he might be useful to the youth under his care, and to the church of Jesus Christ. In conversing with his friend Camerarius he appropriated the language of Paul, "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ." "He criticised upon the Greek terms, which, he said, ought to be rendered, 'Having a desire to remove, pass on, or set about proceeding in the journey' — that is, to go from this life of toil and wretchedness to the blessed rest of heaven." When his friend Camerarius who had remained some time with him, was about to leave, he said, "My dear Doctor Joachim, we have been joined in bonds of friendship forty years, a friendship mutually sincere and affectionate. We have been helpers of each other with disinterested kindness in our respective stations and employ ments as teachers of youth, and I trust our labors have been useful; and though it be the will of God that I die, our friendship shall be perpetuated and cultivated in another

world." As he departed the dying man impressively and affectionately gave him his last benediction: "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who sitteth at the right hand of the Father, and giveth gifts to men, preserve you and yours, and all of us!"

The day before he died, "his bed was removed by his own desire, into the library, which he had continually frequented during his illness; upon which occasion he said with great cheerfulness, as he was placed upon it, — 'This may be called, I think, my *travelling couch*, — if (alluding to the criticism above mentioned) I should *remove* in it.' * * In the course of the day seeing one of his grandchildren near him, 'Dear child,' said he, 'I have loved you most affectionately; see that you reverence your parents, and always endeavor to please *them*, and fear *God*, who never will forsake you. I pray you may share his constant regard and benediction.' He spoke in similar terms of tenderness and piety to all the younger branches of his family, who were deeply sensible of his approaching departure."

On the morning of his death he repeated feebly but distinctly, a most solemn and impressive form of prayer which he had written for his own daily use. An interval of repose having elapsed after this, he lifted up his eyes to heaven and turning to his son-in-law, said, "I have been in the power of death, but the Lord has graciously delivered me," alluding to some conflict with the adversary. "When some of the by-standers said, 'There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus,' he soon said, 'Christ is made to us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption,' 'Let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord.' * * Upon being asked by his son-in-law if he would have any thing else, he replied in these emphatic words, 'aliud nihil, — nisi cœlum:' NOTHING ELSE, — BUT HEAVEN! and desired that he might

not be further interrupted. Soon afterwards he made a similar request, entreating those around him, who were endeavoring with officious kindness to adjust his clothes,—'not to disturb his delightful repose.' After some time, his friends united with the minister present in solemn prayer, and several passages of Scripture, in which he was known always to have expressed peculiar pleasure, were read, such as 'Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house, are many mansions.' 'My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me;' particularly the fifth of Romans, and the triumphal close of the eighth chapter, commencing 'If God be for us, who can be against us.' Many other passages of Scripture were recited, and the last word he uttered was the German particle of affirmation *Ja*, in reply to Winshemius, who had inquired if he understood him while reading. The last motion which his friends who surrounded him to the number of twenty, could discern, was a slight motion of the countenance, which was peculiar to him when *deeply affected with religious joy!*—'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace!'

"At length, in the midst of solemn vows and supplications, at a quarter before seven in the evening of the 19th of April, 1560, at the age of sixty-three years, he gently breathed his last. No distractions of mind, no foreboding terrors of conscience agitated this attractive scene. His chamber was 'privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life—quite in the verge of heaven'—and he expired like a wave scarcely curling to the evening zephyr of an unclouded summer sky, and gently rippling to the shore. It was a '*departure*'—a '*sleep*'—'the earthly house of this tabernacle was *dissolved!*'"

Surely, then, in his own language at the funeral of Luther,

"such a pious and tranquil removal from a toilsome and afflictive life, ought to be a subject of joy, rather than of lamentation, and each of us should entreat God, that in the possession of a similar peace of conscience, from faith, acknowledgment of the truth and ardent devotion of mind, he would conduct us from our present imprisonment to his eternal presence."

The greatest enemies of this good man, says Mosheim, "have borne testimony to his merit. They have been forced to acknowledge, that the annals of antiquity exhibit very few worthies that may be compared with him; whether we consider the extent of his knowledge in things human and divine, the fertility and elegance of his genius, the facility and quickness of his comprehension, or the uninterrupted industry that attended his learned and theological labors. He rendered to philosophy and the liberal arts, the same eminent service that Luther had done to religion, by purging them from the dross with which they had been corrupted; and by recommending them in a powerful and persuasive manner to the study of the Germans. He had the rare talent of discerning truth in all its most intricate connections and combinations, of comprehending at once the most abstract notions, and expressing them with the utmost perspicuity and ease. And he applied this happy talent in religious disquisitions, with such unparalleled success, that it may safely be affirmed, that the cause of Christianity derived from the learning and genius of Melancthon, more signal advantage, and a more effectual support, than it received from any of the other doctors of the age."

"Oh! who would envy those who die
Victims on ambition's shrine!
Though idiot man may rank them high,
And to the slain in victory,
Pay honors half divine;

To feel this heaving, fluttering breath,
Stilled by the lightest touch of death,
The happier lot be mine!
I would not, that the murdering brand,
Were the last weapon in my hand.
He of whom these pages tell,
He, a soldier too — of truth,
He a hero from his youth;
How delightfully he fell!
Not in the crash, and din, and flood,
Of execrations, groans, and blood,
Riveting fetters on the good! —
But happily and well."

JOHN CALVIN.

ILLUSTRIOUS among the noble band of reformers is the name of John Calvin. He was born at Noyen, in France, July 10, 1509. His father, a sensible and prudent man in humble life, with much sacrifice, but cheerfully borne, furnished him with the means of obtaining a good education.

Young Calvin giving early promise of intelligence and piety, his father directed his attention to theological studies, as opening the best field for his future labors, and as, in a measure, indicated by the hand of Providence. He therefore procured for him in his twentieth year a benefice in the Catholic Cathedral church at Noyen. But Calvin did not long remain in this position. Having carefully examined the Holy Scriptures, he became heartily disgusted with the Church of Rome, and resolved to renounce her communion.

Upon his quitting the church, at the earnest request of his father, he applied himself to the study of the law, removing to Orleans, where, under one of the most celebrated

lawyers of the day, he made rapid progress, being soon considered rather a master than a scholar, and in the absence of the professors he often supplied their places, acquiring the highest esteem in the University.

His father dying, he was obliged to leave his legal studies and return home. At the age of twenty-four, he published his "Commentary upon Seneca's Book on Clemency."

Shortly after his father's death he visited Paris, became acquainted with many of the reformed church, who held secret assemblages in this city, and allied himself at once with them. To their inexpressible satisfaction, he renounced the pursuit of all other sciences and devoted himself again to theology.

He was soon forced by the persecutions raised against the reformed church by the Catholics, to leave Paris, and retired into the country, from whence he soon set out for Switzerland, where the reformed doctrines had been widely spread and the hand of persecution was impotent. At this time he brought out the body of divinity still received by a large number of the members of the Evangelical church, and bearing his name by way of theological distinction. His work was entitled "Christian Institutes," and was intended to serve as an apology and a defence for his reformed brethren. The volume was dedicated to Francis I, King of France, and the dedication has been universally admired "both for the elevation and dignity of the sentiments, and the strength and purity of the language in which they are conveyed."

He afterwards visited Italy, "and was cordially received and entertained by the celebrated duchess of Ferrara, whose sentiments were not very remote from those of the reformers. But the Inquisition soon compelled him to quit this country and return to France."

In those days the persecuting and depraved Roman church gave no rest to those who left her communion and sought a purer worship. The faggot, the prison and the torture were now in incessant use. Calvin could find no resting place in his own country, but was forced to fly again to Switzerland. "Passing through Geneva, on his journey, in August, 1536, he was prevailed upon by the pressing entreaties of Farel, one of the reformed pastors, to fix his abode there, and accept a ministerial charge.

"Geneva, at that time, was full of disorders and strifes, and the most flagrant immorality stalked forth with unblushing effrontery in the face of day. Our reformer severely reproved the vices and irregularities then prevalent, and as a consequence incurred much odium. The magistrates procured an order from the council, by which Calvin and two other faithful ministers, were commanded to leave the town within three days. Calvin hearing this order, said,—'Certainly, if I had served men, I should have been ill-recompensed; but I have served a Master, who, far from not rewarding his servants, pays them what he does not owe them.' He retired to Strasburg, and the council of that town, by the advice of Bucer and Capito, appointed him professor of theology, and pastor of a French church, (refugees from persecution.) Here he republished his Institutes, married a widow of great prudence and piety, and employed himself successfully in reclaiming many Anabaptists brought to him from various parts.

"In the year 1541, by desire of the ministers of Strasburg, he assisted at the Diet of Worms, and so highly pleased Philip Melancthon, that he always spoke of him in the highest terms, calling him the *Theologian*.

"By this time the inhabitants of Geneva were sensible of the loss they had sustained in the banishment of Calvin, and

wrote, earnestly requesting him to return; but he replied that he now belonged to Strasburg. The council then sent Ami Perrin, one of the elder magistrates, to Strasburg, to entreat the magistrates to restore Calvin to Geneva, to which they at length consented. In Geneva he was received with acclamation by the people, and treated with every mark of respect by the magistrates."

The presence and commanding genius of Calvin, was soon felt in the city. Thousands of refugees from all parts of Europe were attracted thither by the reputation he bore as a master in Protestant Israel, and by the immunities he procured for them through his influence on the municipal government. The labors of Calvin were unceasing and of the most onerous character. "During a fortnight in each month, he preached every day; gave three lectures on theology every week; assisted at all the deliberations of the consistory; and, at the meetings of the pastors, met the congregation every Friday; instructed the French churches by the frequent advices which they solicited from him, and defended the reformation against the attacks of its enemies; as well as published several works, which, for their solidity and depth, are calculated for the instruction of every age. In addition to these occupations, the council, knowing him to be an excellent lawyer, as well as theologian, habitually consulted him in all important concerns, and charged him with many painful and difficult commissions, which obliged him often to undertake long journeys."

Calvin was "remarkably temperate in his living; prudent and judicious; grave and serious, and interesting in his social intercourse; diligent and punctual in the despatch of business; fervid and frequent in the exercise of devotion. His greatest fault was an irritability of temper, which sometimes ruffled and clouded his mind; yet of this he was

deeply sensible, and not only ingenuously confessed, but labored to subdue it. When Bucer blamed his vehemence, Calvin wrote to him and acknowledged his fault. 'My struggles,' said he, 'are not greater against my vices, which are great and numerous, than against my impatience, and my efforts are not wholly useless; I have not, however, been able yet to conquer that ferocious animal.'"

There is one painful event recorded in the life of this good man. He was undoubtedly sincere in the course he took, but the darkness of the age blinded his usually clear and certain judgment. We refer to the part he bore in the persecution and death of the misguided Servetus. "The blasphemies which that extravagant heretic uttered, and the insolence with which he ridiculed and attacked principles generally reverenced, however odious they might render him, ought not to have brought him to the stake. Calvin concurred with the magistrates in inflicting this direful punishment, and whatever ingenious apologists may write, the deed must be unequivocally condemned. In this instance he acted contrary to the benignant spirit of the gospel. Let us drop a tear over the inconsistency of human nature, and bewail those infirmities which we cannot justify. Cranmer acted the same part toward the poor Anabaptists, in the reign of Edward VI. This doctrine they had learned from Rome; and it is certain, that, with very few exceptions, it was at that time the opinion of all parties." *

In the beginning of the year 1564, his health began rapidly to decline. "For ten years, the weakness of his stomach had been such, that he had been accustomed to take but a small quantity of food. He was subject to a severe headache, the only remedy for which was fasting; on account of which he was sometimes thirty-six hours without eating.

* Thornton.

When cured, in a measure, of this infirmity, he was attacked with the gout, and was afterwards afflicted with the colic and the stone. Under the pressure of all these complicated maladies, he was never known to pronounce a single word unworthy of a Christian, or even of a man of constancy and courage. In his greatest agonies, lifting up his eyes to heaven, he was accustomed only to repeat the words — 'How long, O Lord?' When importuned not to dictate or write during his illness, — 'Would you,' said he, 'that when the Lord comes he should surprise me in idleness?'" A few days before he died, conscious of his rapid dissolution, he requested the magistrates of the city to assemble for the purpose of receiving his dying counsels and benedictions. The effect of this sublime scene was overwhelming. "The seigneurs who considered him their common father, deeply felt this parting address, and many of them melted into tears."

"On the 28th of April, the ministers of the town and neighborhood being assembled, by his desire, in his own room, he, with great solemnity and affection, admonished and encouraged them, as one standing on the verge of eternity. From this time, to the period of his death, he was incessantly employed in prayer to God. It was, indeed, in a low voice, interrupted by shortness of breath, with which he was oppressed; *but his sparkling eyes, constantly directed toward heaven, and the serenity of his countenance, evinced the ardor of his petitions, and his confidence in the mercy of God.* In his most violent pains, he frequently repeated these words of David, — 'I was dumb because thou didst it. Lord, thou bruisest me, but I suffer with patience, since it is thy hand that hath done it.' On the 24th of May, he appeared to speak with less difficulty and more strength, but it was the last effort of nature. About eight in the evening

the signs of death appeared in his face; he continued speaking with great propriety until his last breath, when he appeared rather to fall asleep than to die. Thus at the early age of fifty-four, expired one of the brightest luminaries of the Protestant world."

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

PHILIP DE MORNAY, LORD OF PLESSIS.

FRANCE has had the honor of producing some of the most eminent men for intelligence and piety that the world has ever known, and has also suffered the sad dishonor of either driving them from her bosom by persecution, or of fattening her soil with their martyred blood. The subject of this sketch was an illustrious French Protestant, and was born at Buhy, in 1549. His father was a zealous Roman Catholic and intended to educate his son for the service of that church, but his mother, who had secretly embraced the reformed doctrines, early instructed her son in the principles of a purer gospel. At the early age of eight, he was sent to a college in Paris, but returned home two years afterwards upon the death of his father, in 1560.

His mother now openly espoused the Protestant cause, and gave a more decided inclination to the character and life of her son. Returning again to the college in Paris, after some time spent at home, he applied himself with the greatest diligence to his studies. "So great was his proficiency in the learned languages, including the Hebrew, as

well as in the belles lettres, philosophy and the mathematics, that his tutors could but express their astonishment; and the most learned men were lavish in their praises of his abilities, and attainments. Together with his other studies, he had paid particular attention to that of divinity, and became a well-informed and determined adherent to the principles of the Protestant religion." Persecution breaking out in Paris, he was forced to fly, and while proceeding to join his maternal uncles, to serve them in a military capacity, his horse fell and he broke the bones of his leg. During his confinement, he composed some very reputable poems. In 1568, to perfect his studies, and also to secure the entire recovery of his health, he commenced an extensive tour of the continent, and continued his journey to England, where he met with a cordial reception from the Protestant Queen Elizabeth; the fame of his knowledge and accomplishments having preceded him.

"During these travels, M. Du Plessis, though a very young man, was distinguished for temperance, and never suffered himself to be seduced by indulgence in pleasure, from making such inquiries and observations as might contribute to enlarge his stock of useful knowledge, or furnish him to supply rational entertainment to his friends."

He returned to France just before the execution of the diabolical plan for the massacre of the Protestants. His acquaintance with courts, and his shrewd penetrating mind led him, despite all the false protestations of the Catholics, to suspect that some concealed project was in preparation. He communicated his suspicions to Admiral Coligny, one of the bulwarks of Protestantism, in the French court, but this great and good man could not bring himself to believe his king would be insincere and perjure himself. Du Plessis sent his mother and family away, but would not himself for-

sake the admiral and his Protestant friends in this terrible hour. The fatal eve of St. Bartholomew's day arrived, August 24th, 1572. Exactly at the hour of midnight, (fit hour for such a deed of darkness,) the great alarm bell in the Palais Royale rung out its awful peal, as the signal for the slaughter to commence. The pious admiral was one of the first victims. When told of his danger:—"I perceive," said he, "what is doing. I was never afraid of death; and I am ready to undergo it patiently, as I have long since prepared myself for it. I bless God, I shall die in the Lord, through whose grace I am elected to a hope of everlasting life. I now need no longer any help of man. You, my friends, therefore get hence as fast as you can. The *presence of God*, to whose goodness I recommend my soul, which will be shortly separated from my body, is abundantly sufficient for me." A few moments after, the sword of the assassin realized his expectation, and afforded him an "abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." M. du Plessis "being awakened by the noise of the soldiery and the furious populace, who were busy in the work of murder, hastily dressed himself, and attempted to reach the apartments of the admiral, but learning that he, and others of the Protestant chiefs, had already fallen under the swords of the assassins, he took measures for his own preservation. During three days, under various disguises, and with the aid of compassionate Catholics, he continued undetected amidst surrounding scenes of slaughter, and then made his escape into the country." He then went privately with his family to England, where he was again most kindly received. In this massacre of the Protestants by the Catholics in Paris and throughout France, it is computed that full seventy thousand were slain.

Upon the Protestant King of Navarre, afterwards Henry

IV., being called to the throne of France in 1589, he was made counsellor of France and governor of Saumur. "When, soon after, the king gave intimations of his intended conformity to the Catholic church, M. du Plessis made use of all his masterly powers of reasoning to dissuade his majesty from that measure, and was not sparing in his representations of the disgrace which the sacrifice of principle to the motives of policy or interest, would attach to his memory. After the king had actually reconciled himself to the Church of Rome, M. du Plessis withdrew from the court, and occupied himself in his studies, in the duties of his government, and in exertions for the Protestant cause." For opposing Louis XIII. in 1621, in his intended war against the Protestants, he was displaced from the government of Saumur, and retired to his barony in Poitou, where he remained greatly respected until his death.

"The writings of Philip de Mornay," says his biographer, "were, and still are of essential service to the cause of true religion. It may excite our surprise, that a dignified statesman, occupied in a multitude of momentous secular affairs, could find time to compose works of such magnitude and research, on topics intimately connected with the best and eternal interests of mankind." He was the author of a treatise on Roman Catholicism, called "The Mystery of Iniquity; or the History of the Papacy," a clear and powerful argument against this corrupt church. He also published a work addressed to the Jews, concerning the Messiah. "But the work by which he is best known, is his admirable treatise 'On the Truth of the Christian Religion;' in which all the weapons that reason and learning supply, are wielded with great force and skill against Atheists, Epicureans, Heathens, Jews, Mahometans, and other Infidels."

His death was tranquil and happy. By the signal Provi-

dence of God, he had passed through several terrible scenes of persecution and escaped with his life. In his barony, where he resided the last days of his life, he not only commanded the regard and veneration of his Protestant friends, but also won the estimation of the Catholics both by his extraordinary abilities and by the useful and amiable private virtues which adorned his character. "When he had made his will, he said 'Now am I discharged from one of my chief concerns, and shall leave peace in my family; henceforth I have nothing else to look to but death and eternity.' The minister of the gospel whom he had retained, having told him that he had happily used his talents for the profit of the church, and the advancement of the kingdom of Christ: — 'Alas!' said he, 'what was there of mine in the work? Say not that it was I, but God by me.' This he repeated again and again, adding, in the words of the apostle, 'I have labored; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.'

"A little before his death, he discoursed much upon the vanity and transitoriness of all worldly things; quoting the passage of Pindar which declares, 'the life of man to be but a dream of a shadow,' and the words of Paul, who says, 'the fashion of this world passeth away.'

"Soon after, being laid upon his bed, he said, 'There is nothing more just and reasonable than that the creature should obey his creator!' Then lifting up his hands, he cried, 'Mercy, mercy, mercy,' and declared he did so, to show that his sole recourse was to the mercy of God. 'I call for nothing,' said he, 'but mercy, free mercy. But who is it that shall bring an accusation against the elect of God? It is God that justifieth: so that neither life nor death, nor things present nor things to come, shall ever be able to separate him from the love of his Saviour.'

"In the morning of the day he died, he prayed in Latin, saying, 'Lord open thou my lips, and I will show forth thy praise. Lord make me to know my sins, to weep for them, to detest them, to have them in execration,' and this prayer he uttered twice. He then said in the words of the apostle, and with great emphasis,—'We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' After which, being asked, if he were not assured of sharing in that eternal weight of glory, spoken of by the apostle? he replied, 'He was perfectly persuaded of it, and was so, by the demonstration of the Holy Spirit, more powerful, more clear, and certain, than any demonstration of Euclid;' immediately repeating in Greek, 1 Cor. ii. 4. 'And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power.'

"In the afternoon he was heard to say to himself, in a broken manner, 'I fly, I fly to heaven: the angels carry me into the bosom of my Saviour. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I shall see him with these eyes, these very eyes,' which he again and again repeated. As he grew weaker and weaker, he was asked from time to time, if he felt not in his soul the power of the Holy Spirit, sealing to him the promises of God, and filling him with consolation? One of his answers was,—'Yes, indeed;' another 'I am assured of it.' And a third was,—'The love of God is in my heart.'" Thus, in the lively exercise of faith, at the advanced age of seventy-four years, he triumphantly passed through the "gates of death," into the paradise of God.

"O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!"

GEORGE WISHART.

THE steadfast and triumphant martyr whose name stands at the head of this sketch, was born and educated in Scotland. In order to pursue his studies to a higher grade than he found opportunities in his native country, he came to England, and entered Bennet College, Cambridge. He left Cambridge in 1544, and returned to his own country. He commenced his zealous and faithful preaching in Montrose, and afterwards labored in Dundee. The light of the Reformation had but just broken upon Scotland. Patrick Hamilton had labored with some success in the northern part of the country, but the minds of the people were still blinded and perverted by papal superstitions. Wishart stood forth fearlessly as the herald of a new gospel, and was a diligent and flaming preacher of the cross. "He was," says Mr. Fleming, "one of the most extraordinary embassadors of Christ that can be named; was the great friend, and it is believed, the spiritual father of the famous John Knox."

While laboring in Dundee, he was publicly forbidden, in the language of the accusation, "to trouble the town with his ministrations." Musing awhile upon this, with his eyes turned to heaven, then addressing the speaker and people, "God is my witness," said he, "that I never intended your trouble but your comfort; yea your trouble is more grievous to me than it is to yourselves; but I am assured, to refuse God's word, and chase away his messenger, will not preserve you from trouble, but bring you into it: for God shall send you ministers that will neither fear burning nor banishment. I have offered you the word of salvation. With the hazard of my life, I have remained among you, and now you reject me. If you long prosper I am not led by the spirit of

truth; but if unexpected trouble comes upon you, acknowledge the cause, and turn to God, who is gracious and merciful." He then left Dundee for the west of Scotland. His solemn prediction in reference to the place of his former labors was afterwards terribly realized. He received intelligence not long after he left Dundee, that the plague had broken out in the town, and was sweeping multitudes daily into eternity. "They are now," said he "in trouble and need comfort. Perhaps this hand of God will make them to magnify and reverence the word of God, which before they lightly esteemed." He therefore courageously returned to offer them his sympathies and prayers in the hour of their peril. The more pious received him with joy. "He chose the East gate for the place of his preaching; so that the healthy were within, and the sick without the gate. His text was Ps. cvii. 20: 'He sent his word and healed them.' In this sermon he chiefly dwelt on the advantage and comfort of God's word, the judgments that ensue upon the contempt or rejection of it, the freedom of God's grace to all his people, and the happiness of those of them whom he takes to himself out of a miserable world: the hearts of the people were so raised by the unction and energy of this discourse, as to fortify them against the fear of death, and fill them with consolation."

This excellent man not only preached the gospel in public, but constantly visited, relieved, and exhorted the wretched and forsaken victims of disease, and in a short time the plague almost ceased.

Before he left Dundee, an incident occurred which exhibits a striking contrast between the effects of intolerance and bigotry, and the fruits of Christian forbearance and charity. "Few circumstances," says his biographer, "even in the eventful period under review, are so deserving of record and

imitation. While Wishart was engaged in his labors of love, to assuage the bodily sufferings, and meet the spiritual wants of an afflicted people, the Catholic cardinal, Beaton, by name, is said to have employed a desperate popish priest to kill him. One day, the sermon being ended, and the people going away, the priest stood waiting at the bottom of the stairs, with a naked dagger in his hand, hid under his gown. But Wishart, watching the priest with a sharp eye as he came down, said to him, 'My friend, what would you have?' And immediately clapping his hand on the dagger, took it away from him. The priest, terrified, fell on his knees, confessed his intention, and craved pardon. A noise being raised, and it coming to the ears of those who were sick, they cried, 'Deliver the traitor to us, or we will take him by force;' and they burst in at the gate. But Wishart taking the priest in his arms, said, 'Whatsoever hurts him, shall hurt me; for he has done me no mischief, but good, by teaching me more vigilance in time to come.' And thus he appeased them, and saved the priest's life."

There is another remarkable incident related of Wishart, while preaching at Montrose. This same bigoted cardinal arranged a plot to secure his death; "causing a letter to be sent to him as if from his familiar friend, the laird of Kinnier, in which he was desired, with all possible speed, to come to him, because he was suddenly taken sick. In the mean time, the cardinal had provided sixty men armed, to lie in wait within a mile and a half of Montrose, to murder him as he passed. The letter coming to Wishart's hand by a boy, who also brought him a horse for the journey, he, with some friends, set out; but suddenly stopping by the way, and meditating awhile, he returned, which surprised his companions, and made them ask the cause, to whom he said, 'I will not go, I am forbidden of God. I am assured

there is treason. Let some of you go to yonder place, and tell me what you find.' Which having done, they made the discovery; and hastily returning, told Wishart: upon which he said, 'I know I shall end my life by that blood-thirsty man's hands, but not in that manner.'"

After this, Wishart preached at Leith, Edinburgh, Hoddington, and in other places, being closely, however, pursued by informers and persecutors. One evening having taken refuge in the house of his friend, the laird of Ormeston, he discoursed to those who gathered there upon God's love to his children. After singing the 51st Psalm, he retired to his chamber. "Before midnight the house was beset, and the earl of Bothwell called for the laird of the house, and told him that it was in vain for him to resist, for the governor and cardinal were near at hand; but if he would deliver Wishart to him, he would promise upon his honor that he should be safe, and that the cardinal should not hurt him. Upon this, Wishart said, 'Open the gates, the will of God be done;' and Bothwell coming in, Wishart said to him, 'I praise my God, that so honorable a man as you, my lord, receives me this night; for I am persuaded, that, for your honor's sake, you will suffer nothing to be done to me but by order of the law: I less fear to die openly, than secretly to be murdered.' 'Then,' said Bothwell, 'I will not only preserve your body from all violence that shall be intended against you without order of law, but I also promise, in the presence of these gentlemen, that neither the governor nor cardinal shall have their will of you; but I will keep you in my house till I either set you free, or restore you to the same place where I receive you.' These promises being made in the presence of God, and hands being stricken by both parties, the earl took Wishart, and so departed.

The good man was carried to Edinburgh; but Bothwell,

moved by gold and court influence, forfeited his solemn promise, and delivered him into the cruel hands of Cardinal Beaton, who sent to the governor, requesting him to appoint some lay judge to pass sentence of death upon Wishart. The governor desired to be excused, declaring that he would have no hand in shedding the blood of that good man. The cardinal, incensed by this refusal, carried Wishart to St. Andrews, and put him in the tower there. On February 28, 1546, the bishop called Wishart before him, to be tried for heresy. He was treated with a degree of acrimony and indignity, which, even in that age of intolerance, was rarely equalled. Lawder, a priest, stood over against him, and read a scroll full of bitter accusations and curses, spitting in his face, and loading him with every kind of abuse. He answered the charges laid against him as far as he was permitted to speak, but was precipitately condemned to the flames.

"After the sentence, he fell on his knees and said, 'Oh, immortal God, how long wilt thou suffer the rage and great cruelty of the ungodly, to exercise their fury upon thy servants, who do further thy word in this world, whereas they on the contrary, seek to destroy the truth whereby thou hast revealed thyself to the world. O Lord, we know certainly, that thy true servants must needs suffer for thy name's sake, persecutions, afflictions and troubles, in this present world; yet we desire that thou wouldst preserve and defend thy church, which thou hast chosen before the foundation of the world, and give thy people grace to hear thy word, and to be thy true servants in the present life.'

"Near the place of his execution, the castle windows were hung with rich hangings, and velvet cushions were laid for the cardinal and prelates, who from thence were to feed their eyes with the torments of this eminent man. Beaton

fearing lest Wishart should be rescued by his friends, caused all the ordinance in the castle to be bent against the place of his execution, and commanded his gunners to stand ready all the time of his burning. Then were his hands bound behind his back, and so he was carried forth. In this way some beggars met him, asking him alms for God's sake, to whom he said, 'My hands are bound, wherewith I was wont to give you alms, but the merciful Lord, who, of his bounty and abundant grace, feeds all men, vouchsafe to give you necessaries, both for your bodies and souls.' Then two friars met him, persuading him to pray to our Lady to mediate for him, to whom he meekly said—'Cease, tempt me not, I entreat you:' and so with a rope about his neck, and a chain round his middle, he was led to the fire: then falling upon his knees, he thrice repeated, 'O, thou Saviour of the world, have mercy upon me; Father of heaven, I commend my spirit into thy holy hands.' Then turning to the people he said, 'Christian brethren and sisters, I beseech you be not offended at the word of God for your salvation, and suffer patiently for the word's sake, which is undoubtedly your salvation and everlasting comfort. I pray you also, show my brethren and sisters who have often heard me, that they cease not to learn the word of God which I have taught them according to the measure of grace given me; and show them that the doctrine was no old wife's fables, but the truth of God; for if I had taught men's doctrines, I should have had greater thanks from men: but for the sake of God's word I now suffer, not sorrowfully, *but with a glad heart and mind.* For this cause I was sent that I should suffer this fire for Christ's sake; *behold my face, you shall not see me change my countenance. I fear not the fire*, and if persecution come to you for the word's sake, I pray you "fear not them that kill the body, and have no power to hurt

the soul.' " Then he prayed for them who accused him, saying, 'I beseech thee, Father of heaven, forgive them that have out of ignorance, or of an evil mind, forged lies concerning me. I forgive them with all my heart; and I beseech Christ to forgive them who have this day ignorantly condemned me.' "

The same magnanimity and astonishing fortitude he manifested at the stake while his members were being consumed in the flames. Such courage combined with meekness and a forgiving temper — such manliness and such charity, the world has never witnessed outside of the pure church of Christ. Deeply were the spectators affected by this melancholy and yet glorious spectacle, and every drop of that blessed martyr's blood became seed for the church.

"Seldom," says his biographer * — from whose pages the previous sketch has been compiled — "do we meet, in ecclesiastical history, with a character so amiable and interesting as that of George Wishart. Excelling all his countrymen, at that period, in learning, of the most persuasive eloquence, irreproachable in life, courteous and affable in manners; his fervent piety, zeal, and courage, in the cause of truth, were tempered with uncommon meekness, modesty, patience, prudence and charity. In his tour of preaching through Scotland, he was usually accompanied by some of the principal gentry; and the people who flocked to hear him were ravished with his discourses."

"God of Israel's faithful three,
  Who braved the tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorned to bow the knee,
  And walked unhurt in fire;
Breathe their faith into my breast;
  Arm me in this fiery hour;
Stand, O Son of man, confessed
  In all thy saving power!

* Dr. M. Cries.

For, while thou my Lord, art nigh,
  My soul disdains to fear;
Sin and Satan I defy,
  Still impotently near;
Earth and hell their wars may wage,
  Calm I mark their vain design;
Smile to see them idly rage
  Against a child of thine.

Unto thee, my help, my hope,
  My safeguard, and my tower,
Confident I still look up,
  And still receive thy power;
All the alien's host I chase,
  Blast and scatter with mine eyes;
Satan comes; I turn my face;
  And lo! the tempter flies!"

JOHN KNOX.

THIS great Scotch reformer was born at Gifford, a village of East Lothian, in the year 1505. His parents were descended from ancient and respectable families, but they were themselves "neither great nor opulent." They gave, however, their son a liberal education, which was not common in those days. He entered college in 1524, and made great proficiency in his studies. He paid also, particular attention to theological science.* "He read the fathers of the Christian church, and, among the rest, Jerome and Augustine attracted his particular attention. By the writings of the former, he was led to the Scriptures as the only pure fountain of divine truth, and instructed in the utility of studying them in the original languages. In the works of the latter, he

* From a sketch by J. Thornton.

found religious sentiments very opposite to those taught in the Romish church; who, while she retained his name as a saint in her calendar, had banished his doctrine from her pulpits. From this time he renounced the study of scholastic theology; and although not yet completely emancipated from superstition, his mind was fitted to improve the means which providence had prepared for leading him to a fuller and more comprehensive view of the system of evangelical religion. It was about 1535 when this favorable change commenced; but it does not appear that he professed himself a Protestant before the year 1542.

Having at this period discovered his views, it was impossible for him to remain any longer in safety at St. Andrews, where he was then residing, and which was wholly under the power of Cardinal Beaton, the most determined supporter of popery, and the enemy of all reform. He left that place, and retired to the south of Scotland, where, within a short time, he avowed his full belief of the Protestant doctrine. Provoked by his defection, and alarmed lest he should draw others after him, the clergy were anxious to rid themselves of such an adversary. Having passed sentence against him as an heretic, and degraded him from the priesthood, the cardinal employed assassins to waylay him, by whom he would have been killed, had not providence placed him under the protection of the laird of Langniddrie."

Knox having renounced the Catholic ministry, for a while devoted himself to teaching in the family of Hugh Douglas. His extraordinary powers were soon perceived by his Protestant friends, and they publicly entreated him to become a minister of the gospel; and in fact almost in spite of his determined resistance, forced him to enter, in the name of the Lord, upon the discharge of this important office. His first discourses were characteristic, and exhibited the fearless

boldness and majestic presence and power of the man. "He attacked the whole system of superstition with a boldness which excited astonishment. The preachers who had preceded him, not even excepting Wishart, had contented themselves with refuting some of the grosser errors of the established religion: Knox struck at the root of Popery, by boldly pronouncing the Pope to be anti-christ, and the whole system erroneous and anti-scriptural."

His labors were eminently successful; a multitude of the inhabitants of the town of St. Andrews, whither he returned upon the violent death of Cardinal Beaton, embraced the Protestant faith, and partook of the Lord's Supper. This was the first time that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was regularly dispensed after the reformed mode in Scotland.

The Scotch Catholics, with the assistance of a French fleet in 1547, reduced the castle of St. Andrews, whither a large number of the Protestants, Knox among them, had taken refuge. The garrison capitulated, on condition that their lives should be spared, and that those who desired it might be conveyed to any country they chose, except Scotland. The articles, however, were violated, and Knox, with others, was carried to France, where, bound in chains, they were confined in galleys.

After an imprisonment of nineteen months, he obtained his liberty in 1549. He returned to England, and was requested to preach in Berwick, where great success attended his labors. Here he met with the excellent lady who afterwards became his wife.

In the commencement of the reign of the "bloody queen Mary," he was again forced to seek safety on the continent. He went to Switzerland and was cordially received by the brethren of the different Protestant churches. Calvin gave

him a warm welcome to Geneva, and treated him with great kindness. They were nearly of the same age, and there was a marked similarity in their sentiments and characters. He remained in Geneva, eagerly pursuing his studies in Hebrew, although now advanced in age, and also faithfully preaching the gospel and writing valuable treatises upon the questions in controversy between the Romanists and Protestants. Affairs assuming a more favorable aspect in his native land, the lords of the Protestant party in Scotland earnestly besought his return. With great reluctance on the part of the church over which he had charge, he was permitted to meet this pressing call of duty, and in 1559 he took his leave of Geneva.

"Knox arrived in Scotland at a very critical juncture, for the queen regent had just concerted her plan for the total overthrow of the Reformation. By a mixture of cruelty and perfidy, which the sequel unfolded, the Protestant ministers were outlawed, and devoted to destruction. This intelligence coming when Knox, at Perth, had, in a sermon, just been exposing the idolatry of the mass and image worship, the people, roused to fury, pulled down the monasteries, and other retreats and ensigns of superstition, and set no bounds to their violence.

"These ravages of the mob have often, by the admirers of art and antiquity, been charged upon that barbarous Vandal, John Knox, as he is styled, whereas they appear to have sprung from the harsh and perfidious conduct of the queen. From the time that Knox became minister of the congregation in Edinburgh, to the close of his career, we find him so prominently engaged in all the great transactions of Scotland, that a full account of them would be the history of that eventful period. His interviews and rencounters with Mary, a queen equally notorious for her personal charms

and her detested crimes, are known to every one. No expressions are sufficiently strong to describe the horror which many feel, at the 'monstrous inhumanity' of Knox in remaining unmoved, while youth, beauty, and royal dignity, were dissolved in tears before him. His opposition to her measures, and to the subtle designs of those who sought to restore Popery, was neither to be shaken by threatenings, nor soothed down by female sensibility, at the shrine of romantic gallantry. An unsleeping vigilance was exerted to watch his movements and find a pretext for putting so troublesome an enemy out of the way. In the year 1563, Mary gladly laid hold of a plea which she confidently hoped would effect his ruin, and he was tried for treason before the nobility; but he not only came off with safety, it was a sort of triumph, not one vote being given against him, except from the minions and time-serving creatures of the court. His situation, in the year 1571, became very critical. Intimations were often given him of threatenings against his life; and one evening a musket ball was fired in at his window, and lodged in the roof of the apartment in which he was sitting. Repeatedly was he almost compelled, by the importunity of the citizens, to flee for a time from the imminent perils to which he was exposed."

A divine Providence sheltered him — he was immortal until his work was done.

At the close of 1572 his health began rapidly to decline, and at his own request an assistant was appointed to fill the pastoral office which he had so ably sustained at Edinburgh. He performed the installation services of Mr. Lawson, his successor, in a most affecting and impressive manner. Never was his discourse more effective than on this occasion. In the course of the address he "protested, in the presence of Him, before whom he expected soon to appear, that he

had walked among them with a good conscience, preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ in all sincerity, not studying to please men, nor to gratify his own affections." When he had finished the services and pronounced the blessing "with a cheerful but exhausted voice, he descended from the pulpit, and leaning upon his staff crept down the street, which was lined with the audience, who, as if anxious to take the last sight of their beloved pastor, followed him until he entered his house, from which he never came out again alive.

"On the following Tuesday, the 11th of November, he was seized with a severe cough, which greatly affected his breathing. It had been his practice every day to read some chapters of the Old and New Testament, to which he added a certain number of the Psalms of David, the whole of which he perused once a month.

"On Thursday, the 13th, he sickened, and was obliged to desist from his course of reading: but he gave directions to his wife and to his secretary, that one of them should every day read to him, with a distinct voice, the seventeenth chapter of the gospel according to St. John, the fifty-third of Isaiah, and a chapter of the epistle to the Ephesians. This was punctually complied with during the whole time of his sickness; and scarcely an hour passed, in which some part of the Scripture was not read in his hearing. Besides the above passages, he at different times fixed on certain Psalms, and some of Calvin's French sermons on the Ephesians. Sometimes when they were engaged in reading, thinking him to be asleep, they asked him if he heard them; to which he answered, 'I hear, (I praise God,) and understand far better,' which words he uttered for the last time only four hours before his death.

"He was very anxious to meet once more with the session

of his church, to leave them his dying charge, and bid them a last farewell. In compliance with his wish, his colleague, the elders and deacons, with David Lindsey, one of the ministers of Leith, assembled in his room on the 17th instant, when he addressed them in the following words, which left a deep and lasting impression on the minds of all.

"'The day approaches, and is now before the door, for which I have frequently and vehemently thirsted, when I shall be released from my great labors and innumerable sorrows, and shall be with Christ. And, now, God is my witness, whom I have served in the spirit, in the gospel of his Son, that I have taught nothing but the true and solid doctrine of the gospel of the Son of God, and have had it for my only object, to instruct the ignorant, to confirm the faithful, to comfort the weak, the fearful, and distressed, by the promises of grace, to fight against the proud and rebellious, by the divine threatenings. I know that many have frequently complained and still loudly complain of my too great severity; but God knows, that my mind was always void of hatred to the persons of those against whom I thundered the severest judgments. I cannot deny but that I felt the greatest abhorrence of the sins in which they indulged, but I still kept this one thing in view, that if possible, I might gain them to the Lord. What led me to utter whatever the Lord put into my mouth, so boldly, without respect of persons, was a reverential fear of my God, who called, and of his grace, appointed me to be a steward of the divine mysteries, and a belief that he will demand an account of my discharge of the trust committed to me, when I shall stand before his tribunal. I profess, therefore, before God, and his holy angels, that I never made merchandize of the sacred word of God, never studied to please men, never indulged my own private passions, or those of others, but faithfully

distributed the talents entrusted to me for the edification of the church over which I watched. Whatever obloquy wicked men may cast on me respecting this point, I rejoice in the testimony of a good conscience. In the meantime, my dearest brethren, do you persevere in the eternal truth of the gospel; wait diligently on the flock over which the Lord hath set you, and which he redeemed with the blood of his only begotten Son. And thou, my dear brother Lawson, fight the good fight, and do the work of the Lord joyfully and resolutely. The Lord from on high bless you, and the whole church of Edinburgh, against whom, as long as they persevere in the word of truth, which they have heard of me, the gates of hell shall not prevail.' "

Thus ended this truly sublime and solemn scene, giving a most impressive testimony to the purity and faithfulness of this man of God, and to the power and divinity of that gospel which he professed and preached.

On Friday, the 21st, he said, "Come Lord Jesus. Sweet Jesus, into thy hands I commend my spirit. Be merciful, Lord, to thy church, which thou hast redeemed. Give peace to this afflicted commonwealth. Raise up faithful pastors who will take the charge of thy church. Grant us, Lord, the perfect hatred of sin." He would often address those who stood by him in sentences like these: "O serve the Lord in fear, and death shall not be terrible to you. Nay, blessed shall death be to those who have felt the power of the death of the only begotten Son of God." Awaking from a slumber which had been interrupted by heavy groans, and being asked the cause of his sighing, he replied, "I have formerly during my frail life, sustained many contests and assaults of Satan; but at present, that great lion hath assailed me most furiously, and put forth all his strength to devour and make an end of me at once. Often before has he

placed my sins before my eyes, often tempted me to despair, often endeavored to ensnare me by the allurements of the world; but these weapons being broken by the sword of the Spirit, the word of God, he could not prevail. Now he has attacked me in another way; the cunning serpent has labored to persuade me that I have merited heaven, and eternal blessedness, by the faithful discharge of my ministry. But blessed be God, who hath enabled me to beat down and quench this fiery dart, by suggesting to me such passages of Scripture as these: 'What hast thou that thou hast not received? By the grace of God, I am what I am. Not I, but the grace of God in me;' and being vanquished he left me. Wherefore, I give thanks to my God, through Jesus Christ, who was pleased to give me the victory; and I am persuaded, that the tempter shall not again attack me, but, within a short time, I shall, without any great bodily pain or anguish of mind, exchange this mortal and miserable life for a blessed immortality through Jesus Christ."

"He then lay quiet for some hours, and at 10 o'clock they read the evening prayer, which had been delayed beyond the usual time, from an apprehension that he was asleep. After it was concluded, Dr. Preston asked him if he had heard the prayers:—'Would to God,' said he, 'that you, and all men, had heard them as I have heard them; I praise God for that heavenly sound.'

"About eleven o'clock he gave a deep respiration, and said, 'Now it is come.' His friends drew near, and desired him to think of those comfortable promises of our Lord Jesus Christ, which he had so often declared to others; and perceiving that he was speechless, requested him to give them a sign that he heard them and died in peace. On this he lifted up one of his hands, and breathing heavily

twice, expired without a struggle, in the sixty-seventh year of his age."

"Ah, yes! *the hour is come*
When thou must hasten home,
Pure soul! to Him who calls.
The God who gave thee breath
Walks by the side of death,
And naught that step appalls."

W. S. LANDOR.

BISHOP HOOPER.

WE have room in this volume to record the glorious death, by martyrdom, of but one of the noble victims of the Marian persecution. Sublime and impressive as was the death of Hooper, the great company of others, ministers and laymen, men and women, whose bodies supplied fuel for the flames in Smithfield, afforded many other equally convincing exhibitions of the sustaining power of the gospel in hours of trial, and in the agonies of a terrible death.

Hooper was educated in Oxford. He became, while at the University, acquainted with the writings of the Reformers, and under their influence an earnest desire was awakened to become acquainted with the Holy Scriptures. He examined them daily, and, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, became experimentally acquainted with the "divine mysteries" of the gospel.

Henry the VIII. had thrown off the papal yoke, because the Pope had refused to sanction his adulterous marriages, and several monasteries had been destroyed that their funds

might be poured into his treasury; but he made himself Pope instead of the Roman pontiff, and summarily, and with pain of death, demanded conformity to the same religious superstitions and forms as characterized the church of Rome.

He was one of the most unrelenting persecutors of the reformed church, although, in the providence of God, his ungoverned will and appetite were made the occasion of England's becoming a Protestant nation.

At the time Hooper was in the University, King Henry introduced his six "bloody articles" of faith, so called, because nonconformity with these tests was punished with death. Hooper was obliged to leave Oxford to save his life, and sought refuge in Switzerland, the common sanctuary of persecuted Protestantism. Here he applied himself to the study of theology and the Hebrew language, forming a profitable acquaintance with the most judicious reformed ministers. He married, while upon the continent, a Burgundian woman, to whom he was most deeply attached.

Henry the Eighth died, and his young and devotedly pious son, Edward, ascended the throne of England, bearing upon his head the heartfelt blessings and earnest prayer of his grateful people. Hooper resolved to return again to his country, amid the tender regrets of his friends in Zurich. To their affectionate charge, that when he returned to his home, and should be raised, as they supposed he would be, to the office of bishop, and be surrounded with honor and abundance, he should not forget Zurich, or to correspond with his distant friends, he returned thanks for their kindness and affection; pledged himself to be faithful in reciprocal letters, and then with prophetic foreboding remarked: "But the last news of all I shall not be able to write; for there," said he, taking the hand of his friend Bullinger, "where I shall take most pains, shall I be burned to ashes."

"When Hooper arrived in London, he was soon fully employed, and preached twice every day of the week. An universal interest was excited by his ministrations; and such vast crowds flocked to hear him, that it was scarcely possible to approach the doors of the church. He was unquestionably one of the most popular and useful preachers of the time at which he lived. And, as his course commenced, so it continued to the end of life. He was not broken by labor, not changed by promotion, not corrupted by affluence. His life was so pure and benevolent that slander, with all her artifices and efforts, could not fasten any charge upon him. With a firm and healthy frame, and a prompt and vigorous mind, he possessed an invincible spirit of patience, which enabled him, unmoved, to sustain the severest strokes of adversity. He had a sound judgment and a good conscience; was sparing in his diet and his words, but still more sparing of his time."

He was called to preach at court, and by the desire of King Edward, was made bishop of Gloucester. "Having entered upon his Episcopal charge, he was most active and examplary in fulfilling the various and momentous duties which devolved upon him. He neither spared the vices of the rich, nor neglected the wants of the poor. By preaching, visiting schools, enforcing rules of discipline, extending and promoting the means of religious instruction, and above all by his example, this truly primitive and pious bishop greatly improved the morals of the diocese over which he presided."

Two years this blessed state of things existed, when it pleased God to take this pious young King to himself, amid the sighs of his own people and all the Protestant world. Hooper was well aware, when Mary, a bigoted Romanist, ascended the throne, what dangers awaited him. Some of

his friends entreated him to flee. But no inducement could move him. "Once I fled," said he, "but now because I am called to this place and vocation, I am thoroughly resolved to tarry, and live and die with my sheep."

"March 19, 1554, he was called to appear before the Queen's Commissioners, at the head of whom was Gardiner, bishop of Winchester. Being asked by the Lord Chancellor, whether he was married, (the Romish church, according to the apostle's prophecy, forbid their clergy to marry;) 'Yes, my Lord, and will not be unmarried till death unmarry me.' This was thought enough to deprive him of his office. One called him hypocrite, another beast, and all clamorously poured torrents of abuse upon him, without measure or mercy."

He was committed to Fleet Prison, Sept. 1, 1554, among the most depraved criminals, and for eighteen months he languished without sufficient food or raiment, in this wretched place. His narrative of his sufferings at this time, thus piously closes: "But I commit my just cause to God, whose will be done, whether it be by life or death."

In June, 1555, he was again brought before the Commissioners, and pressed to renounce the doctrines he had taught, and to return to the Catholic church; but imprisonment had not weakened his constancy. "On the 28th of the same month, he was brought again before these inquisitorial judges, and after much disputation was put aside till Mr. Rogers was likewise examined. The examinations being closed, the two sheriffs of London, about four o'clock, were commanded to carry them to the Counter, in Southwark, there to remain for the night, to see if they would relent and come again into the holy Catholic church. Hooper went before, with one of the sheriffs, and Rogers followed after with the other; and being out of the church, Hooper looked back and stayed a

little, till Rogers came near, to whom he said, 'Come, brother Rogers, must we two take this matter first in hand, and begin to try these faggots?' 'Yes, sir,' said Mr. Rogers, 'by God's grace.' 'Doubt not,' said Hooper, 'but God will give strength.' It was with difficulty they passed through the streets, filled with people, who beheld them with mingled emotions of pity and admiration. On their way the sheriff said to Hooper, 'I wonder you were so hasty and quick with my Lord Chancellor, and did not use more patience.' He replied, 'I was nothing at all impatient, although I was earnest in my Master's cause; and it standeth me so in hand, for it goeth upon life and death; not the life and death of this world only, but also of the world to come.' Then were they committed to the keeper of the Counter, and appointed to separate chambers, with an order not to be allowed to speak with each other, or have any intercourse with friends. The next day, January 29th, Winchester and his colleagues made a last effort to make the prisoners recant; but this failing, they were degraded, condemned, and delivered to the secular power.

"As Hooper was removed, under the veil of darkness, to Newgate, the citizens having received some previous intimations of his coming, went forth to their doors to salute him, praising God for his constancy in the true doctrine, which he had taught them, and desiring that God might strengthen him to endure to the end." He remained a close prisoner in Newgate for six days.

"On Monday, February 4, the keeper gave him an intimation that he would have to suffer at Gloucester, at which he greatly rejoiced, lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, and praising God that he should die among the people whom it had been his duty and delight to instruct in the Christian faith; not doubting but that the Lord would give him

strength to maintain his cause, and show forth his glory." "The following day, about four in the morning, the keeper with his attendants, searched him, and the bed in which he lay, to see if they could find any papers; and then he was led by the sheriff to a place near St. Dunstan's church, where six of the Queen's guard were to take him in charge, and convey him to Gloucester. He breakfasted with them very liberally at the Angel Inn, and, without help, mounted his horse in the most cheerful manner.

"This good man's sufferings had been long anticipated by him; and we cannot but admire the calm fortitude and serenity with which he met the final catastrophe. His martyrdom has been justly compared to that of the revered Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, for he displayed a spirit equally free from dastardly timidity and vain-glorious confidence. He tried no unlawful, no suspicious means, to elude the malice, or to conciliate the favor of his inveterate enemies. His letters, and those of his friends, particularly one by bishop Ridley, during their confinement, breathe the purest charity and devotion. The minor points, on which they had once differed, were now sunk into insignificance and forgotten; while the grand principles, in which they agreed, formed ties of union which knit them closer to each other as their trial increased. Paul reckoned that the sufferings of this present time were not worthy to be compared with the glory to be revealed at the coming of Jesus Christ; and thus John Hooper seems to have calculated with the utmost accuracy, and made up his account beforehand, so that every item, and every circumstance, was duly adjusted. The last struggle was but the issue and result of a process, in which reason enlightened, faith unfeigned, and hope rising into full assurance, had been conspicuously predominant and manifest.

"In proof of what is here affirmed, we shall quote the

following striking passage from one of his letters while in prison: 'Imprisonment is painful; but liberty upon evil conditions is worse. The air of the prison is offensive, yet not so much so as the sweet houses where the fear of God is wanting. I must be alone and solitary: it is better so to be, and have God with me, than to be in company with the wicked. Loss of goods is great, but the loss of grace and God's favor is greater. I cannot tell how to answer before great and learned men; yet it is better to do that than to stand naked before God's tribunal. I shall die by the hands of cruel men. He is blessed that loseth his life, and findeth life eternal. There is neither felicity nor adversity in this world that is great, if it be weighed with the joys and pains of the world to come.'

"On Tuesday, February 5th, the Queen's guard set out from London with their prisoner, and, on Thursday following, came to Cirencester, fifteen miles from Gloucester, where they dined at the house of a woman who had always hated the truth, and grievously calumniated Hooper. This person learning the cause of his coming, showed him all possible kindness, and lamented his case with tears, confessing that she had often asserted, were he put to the trial, he would not stand to his doctrine. After dinner he rode forward and came to Gloucester, about five in the afternoon; and as he approached the town, a multitude of people assembled to meet him. Their cries and lamentations induced one of the guards to ride forward, and ask aid of the mayor and sheriff, fearing lest he should be rescued from their hands. The officers and their retinue repaired to the gate with their weapons, but no man showed any symptoms of a disposition to use violence in favor of the prisoner. He lodged that night in the house of a person called Ingram, eat his meat quietly, and slept his first sleep soundly. After his first

sleep he continued all night in prayer, and in the morning desired to go into the next room, that, being alone, he might have uninterrupted communion with God. Among other persons who came to speak to him, was Sir Anthony Kingston, who, though he had been his intimate friend, was now, by the Queen's letters, appointed to be one of the Commissioners to see him executed. On seeing Hooper, he burst into tears and said, 'I am sorry to see you in this case; for, as I understand, you are come hither to die. But, oh! consider that life is sweet, and death is bitter. Therefore, seeing that life may be had, desire to live; for life hereafter may do good.' 'Indeed, it is true, Mr. Kingston, I am come hither to end this life, and to suffer here, because I will not gainsay the truth that I formerly taught in this diocese and elsewhere; and I thank you for your friendly counsel, though it be not so friendly as I could have wished. True it is that death is bitter, and life is sweet; but alas, consider that the death to come is more bitter, and the life to come is more sweet. Therefore, for the desire and love I have to the one, and the terror and fear of the other, I do not so much regard this death, nor esteem this life, but have settled myself through the strength of the Holy Spirit, patiently to pass through the torments and extremities of the fire, now prepared for me, rather than to deny the truth of his word; desiring you and others, in the meantime, to commend me to God's mercy in your prayers.' 'Well, my lord, then I perceive there is no remedy, and therefore I will take my leave; and I thank God that ever I knew you, for God appointed you to call me, being a lost child; and by your good instruction, though I was an adulterer, and a fornicator, God hath brought me to forsake and detest these crimes.' 'If you have had grace so to do, I greatly praise God for it; and if you have not, I pray God that you may

have, and that you may continually live in his fear.' After these, and many other words, they both poured out a flood of tears and parted.

"A strong and lively faith produces a tone of heroic energy, combined with exquisite tenderness, which elevates and graces the character of persons in the lowest as well as in the highest ranks of life. The same day on which the touching interview related above took place, a poor blind boy earnestly begged the guards to give him admission to Hooper. The child had not long before suffered imprisonment at Gloucester, for confessing the truth. Hooper having examined him concerning his faith, and the cause of his confinement, looked steadfastly upon him, and the tears gushing from his eyes, said, 'Ah! poor boy; God hath taken from thee thy outward sight — for cause he best knoweth — but he hath given thee other sight, much more precious; he hath endued thy soul with the eye of knowledge and faith. God give thee grace continually to pray to him, that thou lose not that sight, for then thou shouldst be blind both in body and soul.' The bishop's prayer was granted; for this poor blind boy, whose name was Thomas Drowry, was afterwards himself a martyr, being burnt at Gloucester, May 5, 1556. On the same day in the evening, Hooper was delivered to the sheriff and officers of the city. After thanking them for their kindness, and expressing a hope that the instructions he had given them, in time past, were not quite forgotten, he said, 'I understand from these good men, my friends, (meaning the guard) at whose hands I have found as much gentleness and favor by the way hither, as a prisoner could reasonably require, that I am committed to your custody, as unto those who must see me brought to-morrow to the place of execution. My request, therefore, to you shall be, only that there may be a quick fire, shortly to make

an end; and in the meantime I will be as obedient unto you as yourselves would wish. If you think I do amiss in any thing, hold up your finger and I have done.'

"The sheriffs were consulting together whether to place him for the night in the common jail, but the guards interceded for him, declaring that he had behaved himself so quietly and patiently in the way, that a child might keep him. Upon this, it was agreed that he should lodge in the house of Robert Ingram, and some of the officers had charge of him. He went to bed early, and after one sound sleep spent the rest of the night in prayer. About eight o'clock, the commissioners came with their officers in arms. When he saw the weapons, he said, 'Master sheriff, I am no traitor; neither needed you to have made such a business to bring me to the place where I must suffer: for if you had wished me, I would have gone alone to the stake, and troubled none of you all.' Afterwards, looking upon the multitude, he said to those about him, 'Alas, why are these people assembled and come together? Peradventure, they think to hear something from me, as they have in times past, but, alas! speech is denied me. Notwithstanding, the cause of my death is well known to them. When I was appointed here to be their pastor, I preached unto them true and sincere doctrine, and that out of the word of God. Because I will not account the same to be heresy and untruth, this kind of death is prepared for me.' The hour being come, dressed in the gown of his host, with his hat on his head, and his staff in his hand, he set out with a sheriff on each side. The people poured forth bitter tears and lamentations; but it was observed that Hooper never appeared among them with a more benignant and cheerful countenance. When he came to the place appointed, which was near the great elm tree, opposite the college of priests, where he used to preach, he

smilingly beheld the stake, and the apparatus prepared for his execution.

"The alternative of 'turn or burn,' to use a customary phrase, was then the order of the day, and consistently supported to the last act of the tragedy.

"At this juncture, a box containing a pardon from the Queen, was placed on a stool before him, and offered on condition that he would recant. Twice he repeated, 'If you love my soul, away with it.' Then he offered up the following prayer: 'Lord, thou art a gracious God, and merciful Redeemer. Have mercy, therefore, upon me, most miserable and wretched offender, according to thy great mercy, and according to thy inestimable goodness. Thou art ascended into heaven, receive me to partake of thy joys, where thou sittest in equal glory with thy Father. For, well knowest thou, Lord, wherefore I am come hither to suffer, and why the wicked do persecute this thy poor servant; not for my sins and transgressions committed against thee, but because I will not allow their wicked doings, to the contaminating of thy blood, and to the denial of the knowledge of thy truth. And well seest thou, my Lord and God, what terrible pains and cruel torments are prepared for thy creatures; such, Lord, as without thy strength, none is able patiently to bear. But all things that are impossible with men are possible with thee. Therefore, strengthen me of thy goodness, that in the fire I break not the rules of patience; or else assuage the terror of the pains, as shall seem most to thy glory.'

"The prayer being ended, he put off his garments and delivered them to the sheriff, and desiring the people to pray for him, which many did, with mingled groans and tears, he went up to the stake. Here three irons were brought forth, designed to fasten him to the stake; one for his neck, another for his middle, and the third for his legs. But he refusing

them, said, 'Ye have no need thus to trouble yourselves; for I doubt not God will give me strength sufficient to abide the extremity of the fire without bonds; notwithstanding, suspecting the frailty and weakness of the flesh, but having assured confidence in God's strength, I am content to do as ye shall think good.'

"Having fastened the hoop round his body, he refused those which were to bind his neck and his legs, saying, 'I am well assured I shall not trouble you.' The person appointed to light the fire earnestly begged his forgiveness. 'Thou doest nothing to offend me,' replied Hooper; 'God forgive thee thy sins, and do thine office, I pray thee.' The fire was then kindled; but as most of the fagots were green, he endured the most lingering torments, and it was about three quarters of an hour before life and motion entirely ceased. The surrounding spectators were deeply affected. Nothing was to be seen and heard but weeping, and sighs, and loud expressions of grief. The martyr, in the midst of the flames, with an audible, but not strong voice, cried, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me, and receive my soul.' These and words of a similar import, were the last he was heard to utter."

Thus in a chariot of fire, triumphantly rode John Hooper into the paradise of God. "Among the illustrious worthies of that memorable age, there cannot one be pointed out who more heroically stood the fiery trial, or more signally exemplified the doctrine for which he even dared to die."

"Who are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lord, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain;
New dominion every hour.

These through fiery trials trod;
  These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
  Sealed with his eternal name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
  Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
  More than conquerers they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
  On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
  Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
  Perfect love dispels their fears;
And, forever from their eyes,
  God shall wipe away their tears."

BERNARD GILPIN.

It is rarely that we fall upon so beautiful a character as the one forming the subject of this sketch. He was descended from an ancient and honorable family, and was born in Westmoreland, England, in 1517. His mind was precocious, and gave early evidence of its future strength and quickness of apprehension. His serious manner and religious inclination induced his Catholic parents to devote him to the church. He pursued his collegiate studies at Oxford, where his proficiency excited the observation of his instructors, and where all "admired and loved him for the sweetness of his disposition, and the unaffected sincerity of his manners."

Upon the accession of Edward VI. to the throne, Peter Martyr, that eminent Protestant minister and professor, was

invited to Oxford, to lecture upon divinity, and held often discussions with the Catholic bishops, in which he evidently was too strong for his opponents. Gilpin, enjoying at this time a high reputation with the Catholic party, was forcibly pushed forward to be their champion against Martyr, and in the contest he became, in a measure, convinced of the weakness of his own, and the strength of the Protestant arguments. "His ingenuous spirit, and blameless life, so much pleased Peter Martyr, that he used to tell his friends, 'It was the subject of his daily prayer, that God would at length touch the heart of this pious papist with the knowledge of true religion.'" This prayer met with an early and abundant answer.

As Mr. Gilpin had been very strongly attached to the Catholic church, he was exceedingly cautious and deliberate in the steps he took in reference to a separation from it. The decrees of the council of Trent, published about this time, led to his final decision. This council, called by the voice of the church, to purge away the enormous evils that had crept into her communion, and to settle the articles of faith, the Pope had postponed as long as was possible, and when it did come together, he, with great art, managed it to suit his own purposes. "Instead of repairing what was decayed, the only care was to prop the old ruin as it stood. But among all the measures there taken in support of ecclesiastical tyranny, the completest was a bold decree, that the traditions of the church should be esteemed of equal authority with the Scriptures themselves." The more intelligent and pious Catholics received this decree with astonishment. Gilpin could no longer waver in his decision, but preferring his Bible to an arrogant and blinded church, he deliberately gave himself, with all his influence, to a more Scriptural communion.

He remained until his thirty-fifth year in Oxford, carefully studying the reformed faith, and the Holy Scriptures, by which he was made 'wise unto salvation.' At this age, with the deepest sense of his responsibilities, he was persuaded by his friends to accept the vicarage of Norton, in the diocese of Durham.

"Mr. Gilpin entered with great seriousness upon his parochial charge. But finding himself not sufficiently qualified, and having yet some doubts and difficulties on his mind, he thought he had been too hasty in quitting his studies. Pressed with these feelings from day to day, he resolved, with the concurrence of Tonstal, his uncle, bishop of Durham, to spend some time on the continent. But too conscientious to think of subsisting upon a sinecure, he gave up his living. Tonstal reproved his nephew's scruples, saying, 'Your friends are endeavoring to provide for you, and you are taking every effort to frustrate their endeavors. But be warned: by these courses, depend upon it, you will bring yourself presently, to a morsel of bread.' Mr. Gilpin begged his uncle to attribute what he had done to a scrupulous conscience. 'Conscience!' replied the bishop, 'why you might have had a dispensation!' 'Will any dispensation,' answered Mr. Gilpin, 'restrain the tempter from endeavoring, in my absence, to corrupt the people committed to my care?' Alas! I fear it would be but an ill excuse for the harm done my flock, if I should say when God shall call me to an account of my stewardship, that I was absent by dispensation!'"

He spent three years upon the continent, enjoying the company of the most learned Protestants, having access to the best libraries, and obtaining the most satisfactory solution of his doubts. While he was absent another characteristic incident occurred. "Tonstal having in his diocese a living

of considerable value become vacant, he entreated his nephew, with much importunity, to accept it. In a letter, however, written in reply, while he expresses the warmest gratitude for the offered favor, he gives solid and unanswerable reasons for choosing to decline it. 'Which of our modern rooks,' exclaims bishop Carleton, 'could endeavor with more industry, to obtain a benefice, than this man did to avoid one!'"

He returned to England during the Marian persecution, but his uncle, "one of the mildest and most humane men of the popish party," gave his nephew the arch-deaconcy of Durham, with the rectory of Easington. The preaching of Mr. Gilpin soon raised against him the clamor of the Catholic party. "After I entered upon the parsonage of Easington," says Mr. Gilpin in a letter to his brother, "and began to preach, I soon procured me many mighty and grievous adversaries, for that I preached against pluralities, and non-residence. Some said all that preached that doctrine became heretics soon after. Others found great fault, for that I preached repentance and salvation by Christ, and did not make whole sermons, as they said, about purgatory, holy water, images, prayers to saints, and such like."

He was forced to resign his rectory, but this did not satisfy his enemies. Knowing they could not obtain his condemnation at the hands of his relative, the bishop of Durham, they drew up a paper of charges against him, and sent it to the blood-thirsty Bonner, bishop of London. "This bigot at once took fire, extolled their laudable concern for religion, and promised that the heretic should be at the stake in a fortnight.

"Mr. Gilpin's friends in London trembled for his safety, and instantly sent to inform him that he had not a moment to lose. He received the account with great composure, and

called up William Airay, a favorite domestic, who had long served him as his steward, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, 'At length,' said he, 'they have prevailed against me. I am accused to the bishop of London, from whom there will be no escaping — God forgive their malice, and grant me strength to undergo the trial.' He then ordered his servant to provide a long garment for him, in which he might go decently to the stake, and desired it might be made ready with all expedition: 'For I know not,' said he, 'how soon I may have occasion for it.'

"His friends, in the meantime, failed not to interpose; earnestly beseeching him, while he had opportunity, to provide for his safety. But he begged them not to press him longer on the subject: should he even attempt it, he said, he hardly believed it would be in his power to escape: for he questioned not that all his motions were very narrowly watched. Besides, he would ask, how they could imagine that he would prefer the miserable life of an exile to the joyful death of a martyr? 'Be assured,' says he, 'I should never have voluntarily thrown myself into the hands of my enemies; but I am fully determined to persevere in doing my duty, and shall take no measures to avoid them.'

"In a few days the messengers apprehended him, and put an end to these solicitations.

"On his way to London, it is said, he broke his leg, which for some time put a stop to his journey. The person in whose custody he was, took occasion thence tauntingly to repeat an observation he had frequently made — 'That nothing happens to us, but what is intended for our good;' asking him 'whether he thought his broken leg was so intended?' He answered meekly, 'He made no question but it was.' And indeed so it proved in the strictest sense; for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died, and he was set at liberty."

Thus providentially rescued from his enemies, Mr. Gilpin returned to Houghton (where he had been made rector after leaving Easington,) crowds of his people gathering around him, and expressing the utmost joy and gratitude to God for his deliverance.

With the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne, the reformed party in England became in the ascendant, and many changes in the ministry occurred. Gilpin, as a scholar and a Christian pastor, had few equals, and his friends, without his knowledge, succeeded in securing his election to the bishoprick of Carlisle, but he would not for a moment submit to their entreaties that he should accept the office. "Perhaps no man ever evinced a more noble superiority to the preferments which tempt ambition, or lure avarice. When Tonstal had before offered him a stall in the cathedral of Durham, in addition to his living, stating the pecuniary advantage he would derive from it, he declined it, saying, 'I have more wealth now than I fear I can give a good account of.' A sense of duty, not a desire of distinction or profit, was the grand motive which actuated him."

Mr. Gilpin found his parish at Houghton in a most deplorable state of ignorance and irregularity. From an Episcopal injunction in 1570, it appears that in the northern counties of England, many of the parish clerks were unable to read, "that pedlars were in the habit of selling their wares in the church porch, and morrice-dancers and buffoons of playing their unseemly parts in the church during divine service."

The devoted Gilpin set himself to the reformation of these crying abuses, and of the morals of his charge. His first object was to gain the affections of the people, and in this he soon happily succeeded. "His behavior was free without familiarity, and insinuating without art; he condescended to

the weak, bore with the passionate, complied with the credulous, and in a truly apostolic manner, 'became all things to all men.' By these means he gained mightily upon his neighbors, and convinced them how heartily he was their friend. To his winning courtesy, he added great diligence in the duties of his function. He reformed the vicious, encouraged the well-disposed, and paid particular attention to the rising generation. He was very assiduous to prevent law-suits among his parishoners. His hall was often crowded with people who came to him with their differences. He was not indeed much acquainted with law, but he could decide equitably, and that satisfied; nor could his sovereign's commission have given him more weight than his character gave him." He was peculiarly tender of the afflicted, being ever considered an angel of mercy in all scenes of distress and sickness; and when age and infirmity made it more difficult for him to move from place to place, it was his custom to write letters of condolence and counsel to the afflicted.

Not satisfied with the bounds of his own parish, many of the adjoining counties being almost totally destitute of devoted clergymen, or under the charge of careless non-residents, whose only interest was in the income of the parish, he was accustomed every year regularly to pass over these neglected fields, and preach in simple but effective discourses, to the multitudes that gathered around him. "Wherever he came he also visited the jails and prisons, and by his solemn admonitions and kind counsels, is said to have reformed many very abandoned persons in these places. There is a tract of country upon the borders of Northumberland, called Read's-dale and Pine-dale — of all barbarous places in the north, at that time the most barbarous. Both these dales, according to Camden, were inhabited by a kind of desperate banditti and thieves. In this dreadful country, where no

man would even travel if he could help it, Mr. Gilpin never failed to spend some part of every year. He chose the season when the people could be most easily assembled; had set places for preaching, which were as regularly attended as the assize towns of a circuit. If he came where there was a church, he made use of it; if not, of barns, or any other large building, where great crowds were sure to attend him, some for his instructions and others for his charity. The privations and hardships which this indefatigable itinerant had to endure in travelling over the bad roads, and cold snow-covered mountains of this miserable region, may be easily conceived without description. The disinterested pains he took among the barbarous people, and the good offices he was always ready to do them, drew from them the sincerest expressions of gratitude. Indeed, he was little less than adored, and might have brought the whole country almost to what he pleased. How greatly his name was revered among them one instance will show.

"By the carelessness of his servant, his horses were one day stolen. The news was quickly propagated, and every one expressed the highest indignation at the fact. The thief was rejoicing over his prize, when by the report of the country, he found whose horses he had taken. Terrified at what he had done, he instantly came trembling back, confessed the fact, returned the horses, and declared he believed the devil would have seized him directly had he carried them off, knowing them to have been Mr. Gilpin's."

His charities were only limited by his ability to bestow. He maintained at his own expense a grammar school in his parish, and supported six or seven poor scholars in the University.

"Every Thursday throughout the year, a very large quantity of meat was dressed in his house, wholly for the

poor. Twenty-four of the poorest of his neighbors were his constant pensioners. Four times in the year a dinner was provided for them, when they received from his steward a certain portion of corn and a sum of money; and at Christmas they had always an ox divided among them. Whenever he heard of any in distress, he was sure to relieve them. In his walks abroad he would often bring home with him poor people, and send them away clothed as well as fed. It was one of his greatest pleasures to make up the losses of his laborious neighbors, and prevent their sinking under them. If a poor man had lost a beast, he would send him another; and if any farmer had a bad year, he would make him an abatement in his tithes. Strangers and travellers found a welcome at his house, and it was humorously said, 'If a horse were turned loose, it would immediately make its way to the rector of Houghton's.' "

Beautiful character! where, in all the ranks of infidelity and unsanctified philosophy, shall we turn for its counterpart! The whole man was laid upon the altar. His time, talents, substance, all — were Christ's, and Christ's suffering creatures'. The life of self and sin had been fully crucified, and the life that the holy Gilpin lived, was "by the faith of the Son of God" — a faith that "*worked by love*, and purified the heart."

"Lord Burleigh, the treasurer of Queen Elizabeth, on his return from Scotland, paid a visit to Houghton. Though Gilpin had no previous notice of his coming, he received his noble guest with so much true politeness, and treated him, and his whole retinue, in so generous a manner, that the treasurer would often afterwards say, he could hardly have expected more at Lambeth palace. While Lord Burleigh staid at Houghton, he took great pains, by his own, and by the observations of his domestics, to acquaint himself with the

order and regularity with which every thing in that house was managed. It contained a very large family, and was, besides, continually crowded with persons of all kinds, gentlemen, scholars, workmen, farmers, and poor people; yet there was never any confusion; every one was immediately carried into proper apartments, and entertained, directed, or relieved, as his particular business required. It could not but please this wise Lord, who was so well acquainted with the effect of order and regularity in the highest sphere, to observe them in this humble one. Here, too, he saw true simplicity of manners, and every social virtue, regulated by exact prudence. The statesman began to unbend, and he could not without an envious eye, compare the unquiet scenes of vice and vanity with which he was engaged, with the calmness of this amiable retreat. At length, with reluctance, he took his leave; and with all the warmth of affection, embracing his much respected friend, he told him he had heard great things in his commendation, but he had now seen what far exceeded all that he had heard. 'If,' added he, 'Mr. Gilpin, I can ever be of any service to you at court or elsewhere, use me with all freedom, as one you may depend on.' When he had mounted Rainton hill, which rises about a mile from Houghton, and commands the vale, he turned his horse to take one more view of the place; and, having kept his eye fixed upon it for some time, his reverie broke out in this exclamation: 'There is the enjoyment of life indeed! Who can blame that man for not accepting a bishopric? What doth he want to make him greater, or happier, or more useful to mankind!' "

How could the death of such a man be otherwise than peaceful. He had not feared to burn; and the approach of death over the peaceful threshold of his dwelling, had no terrors for him. He worked until the weary wheels of life

stood still, in his Master's vineyard, only surrendering his responsible charge when he gave his body into the arms of death. The short account of his death compiled, as has been the whole sketch of his life, from his biography, by one of his descendants, is interesting and affecting in the extreme.

"About the beginning of February, 1583, he found himself so weak, that he was sensible his end must be drawing near. He told his friends his apprehensions, and spoke of his death with that happy composure which usually attends the conclusion of a pious and useful life. He was soon after confined to his chamber. A few days before his death he ordered himself to be raised in his bed, and sending for several poor people, who had been his pensioners, he exhorted them, and prayed that God would remember them after he was gone. He next had his scholars called in, reminding them of the value of their time, and assuring them, that learning might prove useful to them in this life, but that piety would be profitable both in this life and in the life to come. He then addressed his servants, and afterwards sent for several persons who had not profited by his advices as he could have wished; and upon whom he imagined his dying words might have a better effect. His speech began to faulter before he finished his exhortations. The remaining hours of life he spent in prayer and broken conversation with some select friends, mentioning often the consolations of Christianity, and declaring that nothing else could bring a man peace at last. He died on the 4th of March, 1583, in the sixty-sixth year of his age."

"O, that without a ling'ring groan
I may the welcome word receive!
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

'Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And, certified that thou art mine,

My spirit, calm and undismayed,
I shall into thy hands resign.

"No anxious doubts, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers;
My light, my life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears!"

ANDREW RIVET, D. D.

THIS learned and excellent French divine was born at St. Mixenta, in Poitou, in the year 1572. He pursued his studies at a noted seminary in Rochelle, and continued his vigorous pursuit of knowledge at an academical institution in the principality of Bearn. Having been admitted to the degree of Master of Philosophy, he devoted himself to the study of divinity.

In 1595, he was called to be the pastor of a church at Thouars, and chaplain of the duke, who took his title from that place. For twenty-five years he assiduously discharged the duties of his office, in the same church.

"He was one of the representatives of the Protestant churches in Poitou, at different national conventions, which were held by royal permission; and his talents were also employed at court in important negotiations on behalf of the Protestant body."

In 1620 he was chosen professor of divinity in the University of Leyden, and occupied that important post with great honor to himself and usefulness to the church. In 1621, visiting England, he was honored with the degree of doctor of divinity by the University of Oxford.

After his return to Holland, he was chosen preacher to

the Prince of Orange, and curator of the Orange College at Breda. These offices he filled in a most satisfactory manner. His pen, also, was busily employed in the preparation of Commentaries, Homilies, Meditations, &c., works marked by their piety, and which were collected and published in three large folio volumes after his decease.

A full and most interesting account of his last sickness and death is given by Mr. Cox, who entitles his narrative "A Believer's Triumph over Death." From this extended account but short extracts can here be given; these, however, will be sufficient to excite the pious admiration and gratitude of every believer, and give the most convincing evidence of the heavenly origin and power of the Christian religion.

"Dr. Rivet possessed a high degree of health till he attained a very advanced age, and when walking in his garden, just before his last sickness, he gave orders as to what he would have done in the dressing of some trees, and then added, 'If I live till the spring time, they will afford me a very pleasant sight; but if not, I shall be in a garden far more pleasant.'

"The next day, December 25, he preached, by request, a thanksgiving sermon, after the celebration of the Lord's Supper, from Psalms 144: 3 — 6, 'Lord, what is man,' &c. This discourse was delivered with great energy, freedom, and feeling. 'What is man?' said he; 'nothing but flesh obnoxious to putrefaction: a flower that springs up to-day, and to-morrow is cut down; even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away, like the breath that proceedeth out of my mouth.' The closing expression, subjoined to that fine Scripture metaphor here introduced, was a very appropriate reference to a circumstance which every eye could witness, while the words entered the ear. The weather being extremely cold, the preacher's breath

was so condensed as to form a visible stream issuing from his lips, and instantly passing away.

"Two days after the delivery of this sermon, he was seized with the disease which terminated in his dissolution. It was an obstinate constipation, which prevented either food or medicine from passing through the body. On the second day, well understanding the nature of his disorder, he declared what the event would be. 'Not,' said he, 'that I would neglect remedies; that I may please my friends I will do whatever is thought meet to be done, being secure as to the issue, which I commit to the Providence of God.' While his niece, Mrs. Mouline, was present, he exclaimed, 'Great God, thou art my Father, thou hast both given me life, and a new life. Hitherto, through thy peculiar favor, thou hast preserved me sound in body; and my faculties and the functions of my mind have not been impared; so that a little before I was oppressed with this disease, I found myself as apt and ready for my vocation as in the flourishing days of my youth. O, Lord God! if it be thy will that I should attend upon thy service, thou canst assuage my disease in a moment; but if thou hast decreed otherwise, lo! here is thy servant; thy will be done. This one thing I beg, with most inward and ardent desire, that thou wilt make me conformable to thy will. Let not thy good Spirit depart from me, that, in this conflict, thy strength may make me a conqueror. Accomplish this, O Lord, for thine own sake; and seeing thou hast employed me in thy work, grant that I may die an honorable death, and such as may be an example unto others; that I may stand fast in that sound doctrine which I have taught, and may make a good confession of it before witnesses, that thereby thy church may be both instructed and edified.'

"All the assiduity of friends, and all the skill of the medical

faculty, were employed to remove the obstruction, and give him relief, but without effect. On Thursday, December 29, he addressed those who surrounded him, with the warmest affection and ardor, and poured out supplications to the Hearer of prayer, which bespoke a heart full of tenderness, faith, charity, and zeal. 'It is God,' said he, 'that hath wrought the work for me. Shall I allege or plead my own righteousness before him? Far be that from me: if I should justify myself, my own mouth would condemn me; I will rather open my sin before him in a most humble confession of it, and pray that he will increase in me the grace of true repentance; yea, let him wear out this body with sorrow, it matters not, so he give me a broken and a contrite heart, which is a sacrifice acceptable unto himself. Pardon, O my God, pardon the iniquity of thy servant who is devoted to thy fear. I refuse not thy discipline, for I know it is necessary; only this I earnestly beg, that it may turn to my salvation. Let not my trial exceed my strength, lest I sin through impatience, and become a scandal to those I should edify. O, never let me break out into a murmuring complaint; for how light is this chastisement compared with my fault! What are these temporal pains in comparison of those eternal torments from which I am redeemed by him, who poured out his soul on the cross for me! For me! this is the language of faith, which makes a particular application of general promises.'

"On Friday, Mrs. Rivet reminded him of sending a messenger to the Hague, for his son. 'By all means,' said he, 'that ought to have been done sooner,' and then himself gave orders concerning it. On this day, professors in the University, ministers, and many other friends visited him. Several saluted him in Latin, and he answered them in the same language with the greatest promptitude and cheerfulness.

All appeared astonished and delighted with the touching and impressive scene presented to them. After expatiating with wonderful freedom upon the glorious truths of Christianity, he proceeded, 'Come, see a man who is an example of the great mercy of God. What shall I render unto him? All his benefits overwhelm me. He hath so disposed my life, that, in my whole course, I have had a healthful body; he hath heaped upon me both temporal and spiritual blessings; and now, before I am rendered feeble and morose through old age, he comes unto me and prevents me; he both calls me, and causes me willingly to follow at his call; and now that the end of my life is in view, he still affords me the perfect use of my reason, that I may praise the holy name of God in the land of the living, and instruct my neighbors by my example. I have lived long enough, and have had leisure to make trial of all things, and to know that they are vanity and vexation of spirit. The end of this frail life is the beginning of life eternal. O happy change! Truly I fear nothing; Christ, who forsakes me not, is gain both in life and death. If he makes heavy my bodily pains, yet he increaseth the joy of my soul.'

"On Monday, January 2d, he added a codicil to his will, and wrote two letters; one of which, addressed to his brother in France, is here subjoined:

"'*My Dear Brother:*—I now write my last to you with a trembling and dying hand. After preaching a sermon on Christmas day, in perfect health, it is now eight days since I have been afflicted with a stubborn constipation, and the expulsive power is wholly extinct in me. Wherefore I am determined, by the grace of God, to die with courage and constancy. By the obstinate continuance and pains of my distemper, I am quite worn out; and the day of my disso-

lution draws nigh. My niece, Mary Mouline, shall write to you an account of my last hours, and of that tranquillity of mind which God affords me. I expect the coming of my son, to whom I may commit my nephews and affairs; he shall give you an account of all. Farewell, my dearest brother! But keep me in remembrance the residue of thy life, who have loved thee and thine with great affection; love mine again, as thou dost; I pray God to bless thee and all thine. Once again, farewell!'"

The benign influence which vital religion has in softening, sanctifying, and exalting all the tender intercourse of domestic life, was finely demonstrated in the example before us. When Dr. Rivet's son, long wished for, at length arrived, he received him with strong emotions of parental feeling and pleasure. His address to his wife and son is peculiarly interesting; we have room only for a portion of it.

"'Farewell,' said he, 'my dear yoke-fellow! We have lived together in peace for thirty years, and I thank you for your help, which hath been a great comfort to me; for I cast all my domestic cares upon you.' Then turning to his son, he said, — 'And thou, my son, love and honor this dearest companion of my life, the partner of all my joys and sorrows, who hath done the duty of a mother to thee; (this lady was Dr. Rivet's second wife, and step mother to his oldest children;) this I desire of thee, and this I command thee, as thou expectest a blessing from God upon what I have gained by my labor; divide it between you without contention, according to what is just and right; manage thy affairs with all lenity and Christian prudence; especially pursue peace; O Frederick, be rich in peace!' Then taking hold of both their hands and joining them together, — 'Promise me,' says he, 'that you will maintain a holy and

mutual friendship with each other.' Which, when they had both most solemnly done — 'I believe you,' said he, 'for I have no cause to doubt of your sincerity; I know that you fear God, and that my best commands will be of great weight with you; even as I pray God to make my blessing effectual upon you.'"

When all the symptoms of approaching death were upon him, he said, "Be not sorry for me. These last hours have nothing terrible in them. This body indeed suffers; but the soul is comforted, strengthened, and filled, according to my wish. 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. His rod and his staff shall lead me' safely through this short 'valley of the shadow of death.' This little cloud hides not from me the light of heaven: it shines in my soul; Lord, thou enlightenest me; thou warmest me; thou drawest me upward; and I follow thee willingly. I lift up myself by the wings of faith. The more violent my pains are, the nearer I draw to the time of my deliverance. My wound, my wound smarteth; but I hold my peace, because thou, Lord, didst it. Have mercy on me. Deliver me, O Lord. I am not impatient; for I know that God is faithful, and he will give the temptation an issue, that so I may be able to bear it."

A little after he said, "Have I not said all? Nothing is now to be done but to give up this soul into the hands of God. Is it not time, O Lord? My God, let this suffice. O ever living God, receive my soul; I resign it into thy hands; for thou hast ransomed me, O God of verity. Look upon my sorrows and my sufferings, and pardon all my sins. Yes, it is done. He hath done away all mine iniquities: shorten, therefore, and abate my pain. O Lord, hear my prayer; for it is time."

Being told that God was near to all that call upon him in truth; he answered, "He is. He dwelleth with me here;

(putting his hand on his breast;) he worketh powerfully, according to his good pleasure."

On its being said to him, "Death is swallowed up in victory," he added, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

And on his hearing the words, "Whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified:" "Yes," said he, "grace upon grace. O what a lively chain! It is a golden chain. There is no more than the last link of it to be finished in me. O, 'let me die the death of the righteous,' that I may behold those riches, which eye hath not seen; and which are not entered 'into the heart of man.' Thou givest me some taste of them already. They are sweet things; they are refreshings not to be expressed."

To a minister who had prayed with him, he said, "You have helped me. While you were calling upon God, I found my infirmity eased. Encourage me still. I have but a short race to run. I almost touch the goal. I advance. I get new strength. I touch the prize, and lay hold on eternal life. This body decays: but I have in heaven 'an eternal house, which is not made with hands; an incorruptible inheritance, which cannot be defiled nor fade away, reserved for me in heaven.'"

"He would often cry out, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;' and yet check himself, lest he should grow impatient.

"'You see,' he would say, 'through the grace of God, I am not tired; I wait, I believe, I persevere. Patience is much better than knowledge; though it delay my joy, yet it sets me in the way toward it. The sense of divine favor increaseth in me every moment; my pains are tolerable, but

my joy is inestimable; I am no more vexed with earthly cares: I have now no desires but after heavenly things. I remember when any new book came out, how earnestly I longed after it, till it came to my hands, being always desirous of learning something new. But now all that, is only as dust. Thou art my all, O Lord! My good is to approach unto thee. O what a library have I in God! in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge! I shall no more behold things afar off and darkly; I shall no more know in part, but I shall be filled with the knowledge of God, as the sea is covered with waters. Thou, Lord, art the teacher of Spirits. I have learned more divinity in these ten days that thou hast come to visit me, than I did in fifty years before.'

"Hearing the clock strike, he asked what hour it was, and being informed, he said, —'The time passeth away, and we pass away with the time; howbeit, we are confirmed and strengthened by the grace of God every hour.' Then smiting his breast, he exclaimed, 'There is joy within, by the habitation of the Spirit of God in me. O good God! who am I, that thou shouldst vouchsafe to come and dwell under my poor roof! So it hath pleased thee, O Lord, that thy Spirit should dwell in me to the end; and therefore I have cause of rejoicing in earnest.'

"January 7, at three o'clock in the morning, his wife came near his bed, and beholding in his countenance the image of death, she cheerfully said, —'Farewell, my dear! go rejoicing into eternal life!' 'Thou sayest true,' he replied, 'I go unto my God, and your God: we are all gainers: Amen! Amen! Farewell, my dear son! Farewell, my dear niece! Fear not, I have prayed for you; you shall be happy. Persevere to the end, that none take away your crown. I go before you, and you shall follow me; you have

no cause to doubt of it. We shall be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. I have no more to say or do. I am ready, I am prepared; come Lord Jesus, come! receive thy creature; I aspire, I hope, I knock at the gate; open, O Lord, open unto thy poor servant!' "

Afterwards, a change being observed in his face, his niece asked him whether he could yet understand? "O yes," said he, "speak."

"Are you not very joyful?" said his niece.

"Yes, there is a fast assurance in me."

On his son saying, "Fear nothing; for he that believeth in Christ Jesus shall not perish:" he added, "But have life everlasting." His son, praying with him, besought God to send him (his father) the spirit of comfort. The father answered, "He is come."

His son further prayed that he might take the shield of faith, and all the armor of God. The father answered,

"I have them; I have fought the good fight," &c.

His son farther prayed—"O Lord, give wings to thy servant. Open to him thy Paradise. Let him behold thy face."

The father added, "With the souls of the righteous sanctified."

His son farther prayed—"Let him receive the white stone, the hidden manna, and bear a part in that song which no one understandeth, but he that singeth it." The father added, "So be it—Amen."

A while after, one of those who attended him, saying, "I believe at this instant he enjoys the vision of God," he made an effort to speak, and said, "Yes."

"Thus breathing, longing for the beatific vision of his God and Saviour, he launched away from these mortal shores,

to enter the haven of eternal rest. He died January 7th, 1651, in the seventy-ninth year of his age."

Well may Mr. Thornton, in his sketch of this holy man, remark as he closes it — "We have here one of the most glorious triumphs of Christian faith over death, to be found on record. We may safely challenge sceptics and infidels to point out, in their whole phalanx, one individual under the agonies and pains of sinking nature, closing a long and useful life with a death so full of peace, of humble resignation, of unclouded hope, and ecstatic joy! In such instances the reality and value of genuine religion appears with all the force of demonstration, and nothing on earth is calculated to make a deeper and more salutary impression."

> "How our hearts burnt within us at the scene!
> Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixed to man?
> His God sustains him in his final hour!
> His final home brings glory to his God!
> We gaze; we weep; mix tears of grief and joy
> Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!
> Christians adore! and infidels believe!" — YOUNG.

GEORGE HERBERT.

HERBERT was born April 3d, 1593, at the castle of Montgomery, in Wales. He was a younger brother of the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury, an interesting account of whose life is given in Walton's inimitable sketch of George Herbert, from which this biographical notice is chiefly compiled. His father died when he was but four years old, but he was blessed with a most excellent, pious and strong-minded mother.

This noble woman devoted herself to the careful training of her children, even removing with her family and residing four years with her eldest son in Cambridge, to shelter him by her presence, example, prayers and instructions from the evil influences that surrounded him. By the sweetness of her temper, the liveliness of her wit, and the familiarity of her intercourse, she made her home so pleasant that its restraints and virtues weighed not heavily upon the buoyant spirits of her children. Her intelligence made her society coveted by the first intellects of the day, who resided in the vicinity of the University; among others, being highly esteemed for her worth and piety by the eminent Dr. Donne, who at her death, with great feeling and many tears, preached her funeral sermon.

George, for the first twelve years of his life, was educated under his mother's eye, by a private tutor. He afterwards entered Westminster school, where he exhibited great proficiency in the languages, especially in Greek. At this school he was noted not less for his piety than for his rapid advancement in his studies.

In 1608, being then fifteen, he entered Trinity college, Cambridge, and at the request of his ever watchful mother, was taken under the especial care of Dr. Nevil, the master of that college. His taste for poetry, afterwards so fully and profitably cultivated, began early to develope itself. "In the first year of his residence at Cambridge, we find him lamenting in a letter to his mother, that so many poems of his time were consecrated to Venus, and so few looked toward God and heaven; and declaring that all his poetry should be forever devoted to God's glory — a resolution to which he strictly adhered."

He advanced in literary honors, and, in 1619, was chosen orator of the University, an honorable position which, on one

occasion, brought him in contact with King James the first, and called forth from the king a high compliment. He was a close and diligent student, allowing himself for recreation, the practicing of music, of which he was passionately fond. "It relieved," he said, "his drooping spirits, composed his distracted thoughts, and raised his weary soul so far above the earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of heaven." He still continued to grow in grace as well as in learning, and in favor both with God and man; "insomuch," says Walton, "that in this morning of that short day of his life, he seemed to be marked out for virtue, and to become the care of heaven; for God still kept his soul in so holy a frame, that he may and ought to be a pattern to all posterity." Herbert enjoyed the friendship of the renowned Lord Bacon, who so highly valued his judgment, that he usually submitted to his revision the works he intended to publish, and dedicated to him his translation of some of the Psalms of David.

He had some prospect of perferment at the hand of King James, and for a time his ambition for worldly eminence was greatly roused. He had many conflicts with himself "whether he should pursue his project of worldly greatness, or turning his back on all these, enter into holy orders." Grace triumphed; he fully and forever renounced the world and its vain pomp, and threw himself, with all his powers, into the arms of his Redeemer, to become his willing servant. "It hath been formerly judged," said he, as he settled this important question, "that the domestic servants of the King of heaven should be of the noblest families on earth; and though the iniquity of the times has made the name of clergyman contemptible, yet I will labor to make it honorable. I will consecrate all my learning, and all my poor abilities, to advance the glory of that God who gave them, knowing,

that I can never do too much for him that hath done so much for me. And I will labor to be like my Saviour, making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and following the merciful and meek example of the dear Jesus." In 1626, he commenced his labors as a pastor with great zeal and success, but was forced on account of his health in 1629, to remit his preaching, suffering a severe illness of a year's duration.

He exhibited at this time great submission to the will of God, often saying in the midst of his sharpest sufferings, "Lord, abate my great affliction, or increase my patience; but, Lord, I repine not; I am dumb before thee, because thou doest it."

Upon his recovery he removed into Wiltshire, and married Miss Danvers, a relative of the Earl of Danby, and a person of singular excellence of character. The quaint and truthful Walton says of her — "The eternal lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed, so happy that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content as was no way defective; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it."

He was at this time presented to the rectory of Bemerton, near Salisbury, and entered upon the duties of his office. On the evening of the day of his induction into the rectory, he observed to a friend — "I now look back on my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained

what I so ambitiously thirsted after. I can now view the court with an impartial eye, and see that it is made up of fraud and fallacy, and such empty, imaginary, and painted pleasures, as do not satisfy when they are enjoyed: but in God, and his service, is fulness of joy and pleasure, and no satiety."

"Mr. Herbert was exemplary, not only in preaching the word, but also in visiting and relieving the poor, the aged and the sick. A very considerable proportion of his income was expended in acts of charity. By a conduct so kind, condescending and amiable, he became greatly revered and beloved."

His relaxation in the midst of his severe labors, was music and poetry. The critical Coleridge styles his poems "for the most part excellent in their kind." His "Temple, or Sacred Poems," was not published until after his death, and more than twenty thousand copies were sold in a short period.

We present here one specimen of his smaller poems, marked with both the faults and beauties of his style.

"When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
'Let us,' said he, 'pour on him all we can
Let the world's riches which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.'

"So strength first made away;
Then beauty flowed; then wisdom, honor, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay;
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest, in the bottom lay.

"'For if I should,' said he,
'Bestow this jewel also, on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature —
So both should losers be.

"'Yet let him keep the rest —
But keep them, with repining restlessness —
Let him be rich and weary; that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.'"

He also wrote several valuable prose works, the best known of which, and the most valuable, was entitled, "The Priest of the Temple, or the Country Parson's Character." It seems to have been a transcript of his daily course. In his preface, he says, that, "Being desirious through the mercy of God, to please him for whom I am and live, and who giveth me my desires and performances; and considering with myself that the way to please him is to feed my flock diligently and faithfully, since our Saviour hath made that the argument of a pastor's love; I have resolved to set down the form and character of the true pastor, that I may have a mark to aim at." A pastor he defines to be — "The deputy of Christ, for the reducing of man to the obedience of God;" and his duty, he states to be — "To do that which Christ did, and after his manner, both for doctrine and life."

This valuable and eminently holy minister was spared to the church but a few years. "The symptoms of consumption appeared, and the disorder made rapid progress, till he was obliged to relinquish his beloved work. It was indeed with some reluctance that he declined the labors of the pulpit, saying, 'That his life could not be better spent than in the service of Jesus, his Master, who had done and suffered so much for him.'

"About a month before his death, his friend, Mr. Nicholas Farrer, hearing of his illness, sent Mr. Duncan from Huntingdonshire, to see him and to assure him that he daily prayed for his recovery. On his arrival, Herbert, weak and faint, desired him to read to him the prayers of the Church

of England, which he preferred to all others. Mr. Duncan used to say, that, at his first view of Mr. Herbert, he saw majesty and humility so blended in his looks and behavior, as to produce an awful reverence of him. 'His discourse,' he would observe, 'was so pious, and his deportment so gentle and meek, that, after forty years, they remain still fresh in my memory.'

"Mr. Duncan paid a visit of four or five days to Bath, and, on his return, found Mr. Herbert much weaker than he left him. At parting, Mr. Herbert said, 'Sir, I pray you give my brother Farrer an account of the decaying condition of my body, and beg him to continue his prayers for me; and let him know that I have considered that God only is what he would be; and that I am, by his grace, becoming now so like him, as to be pleased with what pleaseth him; and tell him, that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health, and that my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found, and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with patience and hope.' He added — 'Pray deliver this book to my dear brother Farrer. He shall find it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts which have passed between God and my soul, before I could subject my will to the will of Jesus, my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it; and if he thinks it may turn to the advantage of any poor dejected soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies.' This book was that which bears the title of 'The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations.' Of this book Mr. Farrer used to say — 'There is in it the picture of a divine soul in every page; and the whole book is such a harmony of holy passions, as will enrich the world with pleasure and piety.'

"As Herbert grew weaker, he would say to his wife and nieces, 'Now I look back on the pleasures of my life past, which I have taken in beauty, wit, music, and conversation: they are now all passed by me as a dream, or a shadow that returns not. They are become dead to me, and I to them. I see, that, as my father has done before me, so also shall I make my bed in the dark. But I praise God I am prepared for it. I praise him that I am not to learn patience, now I stand in such need of it, and that I have practiced mortification, and endeavored to die daily, that I might not die eternally. My hope is that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fever and pain, and, which is more happy still, from sin and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it. This life being past, I shall dwell in the New Jerusalem, with men made perfect, where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour, Jesus. But I must die, or not come to that happy place. And this is my content, that I am daily going toward it.'

"The Sunday previous to his departure, he rose suddenly from his bed, called for one of his musical instruments, and, having tuned it, he played and sung a hymn; and he continued to meditate, and pray, and rejoice, to the day of his death. On that day he said to Mr. Woodnot, 'My dear friend, I am sorry that I have nothing to present to my God but sin and misery. But the first is pardoned, and a few hours will put a period to the latter; for I shall soon go hence, and be no more seen.' Mr. Woodnot taking occasion to remind him of his many acts of devotion and charity, he answered — 'These be good works if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise.' His wife, as she stood at his bed, with the forementioned friend, and his three nieces, observed him to breathe faintly, and with much pain, and then to fall into a sudden agony. This greatly

surprised her, and she inquired with great anxiety, what the matter was. He said that he had past a conflict with his last enemy, and had overcome him by the merits of his Master, Jesus. Then looking up and seeing his wife and nieces weeping around him, he begged them to withdraw into the next room, and pray every one alone for him, as nothing but their grief could render his death uncomfortable. They could not reply for their tears, but they complied with his request, leaving with him only Mr. Woodnot, and Mr. Bostock, his curate. He then directed Mr. Woodnot where to find his will, of which he had made him the executor; and having obtained from him a promise to take charge of the interests of his wife and nieces, he said, 'I am now ready to die.' He then added — 'Lord, forsake me not now that my strength faileth me, but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus; and now, Lord, now receive my soul.' And with these words he breathed forth his soul without any apparent struggle."

"Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou thinkest thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then, from thee, much more must flow:
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou 'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms, can make us sleep as well,
And better, than thy stroke; why swellest thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
And death shall be no more; Death! thou must die."

JOHN DONNE, D. D.

RICHARD BAXTER.

RICHARD BAXTER was born at Rowton, Shropshire, Eng., November 12, 1615. His father not being able to give him a liberal education, and his inquisitive and active mind prompting him to the most diligent efforts to acquire knowledge, he sought assistance from the ministers in the vicinity, and by his indefatigable labor made great proficiency in his studies. He says of himself in reference to his early training — "As to myself, my faults are no disgrace to any University, for I was of none; and have little but what I had out of books, and inconsiderable helps of country tutors. Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me on studying how to live; and that on studying the doctrine from which I must fetch my motives and comforts; and beginning with necessities, I proceeded by degrees, and now am going to see that which I have lived and studied for."

His religious experience is thus recounted by himself: — "When about fifteen years of age, it pleased God of his wonderful mercy, to open my eyes with a clearer insight into the concerns and case of my own soul, and to touch my heart with a livelier feeling of things spiritual, than ever I had found before." While under this concern, a poor man in the town lent his father an old torn book, entitled, "Parsons on Resolution." "In reading this book," he observes, "it pleased God to awaken my soul, and show me the folly of sinning, and the misery of the wicked, and the inexpressible weight of things eternal, and the necessity of resolving on a holy life, more than I was ever acquainted with before. The same things which I knew before, came now in another manner, with light, and sense, and seriousness, to my heart. About this time it pleased God that a

poor pedlar came to the door, that had ballads and some good books, and my father bought of him Dr. Sibb's 'Bruised Reed.' This also I read, and found it suited to my taste, and seasonably sent me; which opened more the love of God to me, and gave me a livelier apprehension of the mystery of redemption, and how much I was beholden to Jesus Christ. After this, we had a servant that had a little piece of Mr. Perkins' works 'Of Repentance,' and the right 'Art of Living and Dying Well,' and the 'Government of the Tongue;' and the reading of that did further inform me and confirm me. And thus without any means but books, was God pleased to resolve me for himself."

This is a significant and instructive fact, showing of what inestimable value a religious volume or tract may become, under the blessing of God. How careful ought parents to be in watching over the reading of their children, and in placing before them such volumes as may tend to lead their young minds to Christ. The field of the pedlar *colporteur* and his volumes, is now abundantly cultivated by the various religious Tract Societies and their agents.

As has been remarked, the early education of Baxter was irregularly conducted. He however overcame all the difficulties of his situation, and in due time was qualified to enter the ministry. "He* was persuaded, however, not to enter college, but to pursue his studies under the direction of Mr. Wickshead, chaplain to the council at Ludlow Castle. Being his only pupil, it was expected that, through the undivided attention of his tutor, his proficiency would be greater than either at Cambridge or Oxford. The preceptor became much attached to the pupil; but being in earnest quest of place and preferment, he neglected his charge. He allowed him books and time enough, but never seriously attempted

* Sketch by Dr. Humphrey.

to instruct and improve his mind. Nor was this the only disadvantage attending his residence at Ludlow; for he was thrown into gay and fashionable society, and was exposed to the various temptations incident to such a situation; by the grace of God, however, he was enabled to resist all these solicitations to lead him astray." He returned to the country again and entered more zealously upon his theological studies. "But his constitution being of a feeble texture, and his health greatly impaired, he began to apprehend that his mortal race was drawing to a close. With the solemn views and feelings of a dying man, he for some time lived as on the brink of eternity. His conscience was thoroughly awakened, his heart deeply affected; the treasures and tumults, honors and delights of this transient world, lost their charms and attractions; while he pensively considered and anticipated the grand realities of the world to come. In this frame of mind he both searched the Bible, and perused the most impressive productions of the Puritan divines, and attained at this early age to no mean degree of Christian experience. Continuing about two years in this state, though he believed his stay in the world would be very short, he was desirous of doing all the good possible, and therefore was ordained by the bishop of Worcester, and preached with much acceptance to a numerous auditory at Dudley. Thence, after nine months, he went to Bridgeworth, and became assistant to Mr. Madstard. By an agreement between the vicar of Kidderminster and fourteen trustees in his parish, Mr. Baxter was invited to become preacher in that town, and was to have sixty pounds per annum. He accepted this invitation, though he had no previous wish to settle there. Indeed he has remarked, that in all the changes through which he passed, he never went to any place which he had before thought of or desired.

"Upon entering this new field of labor, he found much to discourage his first efforts. It was like a tract of ground full of thorns and thistles, and every kind of noxious weeds; ignorance, profaneness, and vice, in various forms, had spread with rank luxuriance. Never did any spiritual laborer in the Lord's vineyard apply himself with more energy and skill to the arduous work of his holy calling, than the newly elected preacher at Kidderminster. Like the great apostle of the Gentiles, he taught the people, both publicly, and from house to house. His vigilance and fidelity in detecting and reproving sin, his charity and condescension toward the sick and afflicted, the wisdom of his counsels, the warmth of his zeal, and the depth of his pathos and tenderness, accompanied with remarkable gravity and sanctity of deportment, rendered him a perfect contrast to the profligates who had filled and degraded the same office before him. His 'Gildas Salvianus,' and 'Reformed Pastor,' exemplify his own practice, and supply a model worthy of imitation. Nor were his faithful labors lost. The wilderness became as the garden of the Lord. A very uncommon measure of divine influence attended his ministrations. When he went to Kidderminster, there was scarcely a house in a street which had family worship; when he left, there was scarcely one where it was not established; and a stranger walking through the town on the Sabbath evening, heard every where the solemn voice of supplication and prayer, or the cheering melody of joy and praise. Prejudice and rage, in the beginning, opposed him; but a general reformation took place; and sobriety, order, and devotion succeeded to riot, strife, and profanity. When the civil war broke out, Baxter retired to Coventry, and during two years preached one part of the day to the garrison, and the other to the inhabitants. Here he enjoyed the society of about

thirty ministers who had fled to the same place for safety. For some time he was chaplain to colonel Whalley's regiment; he reproved many of the measures of the army, and by his great freedom displeased Oliver Cromwell. When King Charles II. was restored, Baxter was made one of his chaplains in ordinary, and preached once before him in that capacity. He often waited on his majesty, with the rest of the ministers, in order to obtain terms; assisted at the Savoy Conference, as one of the commissioners, and drew up a reformed liturgy, which some, not much prejudiced in his favor, have highly commended. He was offered the bishopric of Hereford by Clarendon, the chancellor; but in a respectful letter, containing his reasons, declined the offer. He wished no higher preferment than liberty to continue his ministry at Kidderminster, a town where he was so much beloved, but could not obtain it.

"Upon the act of uniformity being passed in 1662, Baxter was one of the two thousand ministers who were separated from the established church. He resided some time at Acton, and preached statedly or occasionally in different places, as often as opportunity offered. The severe law against conventicles prohibited dissenters from preaching, or performing any acts of public worship. Few of the oppressed nonconformists escaped the scourge of persecution, but Baxter felt some of its heaviest strokes. He believed himself called by the King of kings to preach the gospel of peace, and that no human law could nullify his sacred commission. The work of warning the impenitent, and winning souls to his Lord and Master, was in his view an imperious duty, and in its performance he found his chief delight, the very element in which his heart expanded, and caught the flame of seraphic ardor. Yet for this crime of preaching the divine word, he was hunted by malignant spies and mercenary

informers; warrants were issued to seize his books, his goods, and even the bed on which he slept. Nor was this all; but when he was enduring great pain and bodily disorder, he was dragged before the inhuman judge Jefferies, loaded with every kind of contumely and abuse, and thrown into prison; the chief justice declaring on the bench, 'that he was sorry the act of indemnity disabled him from hanging him.' Baxter continued, under great pain and langor, in a state of confinement for two years, and upon a change of political measures, obtained a pardon and release."

Such is a short outline of the turbulent scenes through which this holy man passed, and by which he exercised himself in patience and righteousness. In all this commotion and persecution he found time to write numerous valuable religious works, many of which still remain, shedding their heavenly light upon the church, prized both for the excellence of the matter and the strength and eloquence of the style. No human mind can estimate the amount of good that has already been accomplished by his two volumes — "Call to the Unconverted," and "Saint's Everlasting Rest." Thoughtless ministers have been brought to see the fearful responsibilities that rested upon them, and have been led to a thorough personal experience of the gospel they preached; and laymen almost innumerable, have found their attention arrested, their reason carried, their convictions aroused, and their hearts turned to penitential cries, by the powerful and eloquent reasoning of these volumes. Although laboring as few ministers do, in the active and public duties of his ministry, yet his printed works, as enumerated by Dr. Calamy, formed "four folios, fifty-eight quartos, forty-six octavos, twenty-nine duodecimos, besides pamphlets and prefaces to other men's books." His piety was of the deepest and sincerest order. "He that could refuse a bishopric, with all

its secular honors and profits, might inculcate self-denial and abstraction from an evil world, without the least suspicion of insincerity. When slandered, fined, and imprisoned, he neither murmured nor recriminated, but said to a friend, 'What could I desire more of God, than after I have served him to the utmost of my power, I should now be called to suffer for him.' He was tortured with agonizing pain from a stone in the bladder, so that for some years he had not one waking hour of complete ease; yet he was wonderfully resigned, and often said, amidst his sharpest pains, 'I have a *rational* patience, and a *believing* patience, though sense would recoil.' He was of a pacific spirit, and prayed and labored to unite all who held the essentials of religion in the bond of peace. He said once to a friend, 'I could as willingly be a martyr for love, as for any article in the creed.'"

His dying hours were marked by all that composure and peace that would have been reasonably anticipated as the result of such a holy and devoted life. Although suffering almost inconceivable bodily agony, his mind was kept in perfect peace, and his description of the exulting triumphs of a dying saint were fully realized in his own experience. "As Moses before he died, went up into Mount Nebo, to take a survey of the land of Canaan, so he ascended the mount of contemplation, and by faith surveyed his heavenly rest. He looked on the delectable mansions, and said, 'Glorious things are deservedly spoken of thee, thou city of God.' He heard as it were the melody of the heavenly choir, and said, 'happy the people that are in such a case, yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord.' He looked upon the glorious inhabitants, and exclaimed, 'Happy art thou, O Israel. Who is like unto thee, O people saved of the Lord!' He looked on the Lord himself, who is their glory, and was

ready with the rest to fall down and worship him that liveth for ever and ever. He looked on the glorified Saviour, and was ready to say Amen to that new song, 'Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.' He looked back on the wilderness of this world, and blessed the believing, patient, despised saints; he pitied the ignorant, obstinate, miserable world. Like 'Daniel in his captivity, he daily opened his window towards the Jerusalem that is above, though far out of sight.' "

He continued his interest in the salvation of souls until his strength entirely failed him. "He said to his friends that visited him, 'You come hither to learn to die; I can assure you that your whole life, be it ever so long, is little enough to prepare for death. Have a care of this vain deceitful world, and the lusts of the flesh. Be sure you choose God for your portion, heaven for your home, God's glory for your end, his word for your rule, and then you need never fear but we shall meet with comfort.' Never was penitent sinner more humble in debasing himself; never was sincere believer more calm and comfortable. Admiring the divine condescension, he often exclaimed — 'Lord, what is man? what am I, a vile worm, to the great God?' Often he put up the publican's prayer for mercy, and rejoiced that it was left on record as an effectual prayer. 'God,' said he, 'may justly condemn me for the best duty I ever did, and all my hopes are from the mercy of God in Christ.' After a short slumber, he waked and said, 'I shall rest from my labor.' A minister present added, 'and your works follow you.' To whom he replied, 'No works; I will leave out works if God will grant me the other.' When a friend was comforting him with the good many had received from his preaching and writings, he said, 'I was but a pen in

in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen?' Under his excruciating anguish, he was sometimes led earnestly to pray for release by death, but would check himself, saying, 'It is not fit for me to prescribe: Lord, *when* thou wilt, *what* thou wilt, and *how* thou wilt.' Again, amidst fresh pangs — 'O, how unsearchable are his ways, and his paths past finding out! the reaches of his providence we cannot fathom! Do not, my friends, think the worse of religion for what I suffer.' Being often asked under these corporeal tortures, how it was with his inward man — the immortal part? — he replied, 'I bless God I have a well-grounded assurance of my eternal happiness, and great peace and comfort within;' but added, 'flesh must perish, and we must feel the perishing of it; and though his judgment submitted, yet sense would still make him groan.' Being asked by a person of quality, whether he had not great joy from his believing apprehensions of the invisible state, he replied, 'What else, think you, Christianity serves for? The consideration of the Deity in his glory and greatness was too high for our thoughts; but the consideration of the Son of God in our nature, and of the saints in heaven, whom we knew and loved, doth much sweeten and familiarize heaven to me.' The description of heaven, in Heb. 12: 22, was most comfortable and animating to him. That Scripture, he said, deserved a *thousand thousand* thoughts. At another time he said, 'he found great comfort and sweetness in repeating the words of the Lord's Prayer, and was sorry that some good people were prejudiced against the use of it; for there were all necessary petitions for soul and body contained in it.' He gave excellent counsel to young ministers that visited him, and earnestly prayed to God to bless their labors, and make them very successful in converting many souls to Christ; and expressed great joy, in hope that

God would do much good by them, as they were of moderate peaceful spirits. He often prayed that God would be merciful to this miserable, distracted world, and preserve his church and interest in it. He advised his friends to beware of self-conceitedness. Being asked, whether he altered his mind on controversial points, he said, 'Those who please may know my mind in my writings; and what I have done was not for my own reputation, but for the glory of God.' "

The above expressions are taken from Dr. Bates' interesting account of the final hours of this excellent man. He adds: "I went to him with a very worthy friend, Mr. Mather, of New England, the day before he died; and speaking some comforting words to him, he replied, 'I have pain, there is no arguing against sense; *but I have peace, I have peace.*' I told him, 'You are now approaching to your long desired home.' He answered, 'I believe, I believe.' He expressed a great willingness to die; and during his sickness, when the question was asked, how he did? his usual reply was, '*almost well:* better than I deserve to be, but not so well as I hope to be.' His joy was the most remarkable when in his own apprehension death was nearest."

"May I," says Dr. Bates, "live the short remainder of my life as entirely to the glory of God as he lived; and, when I shall come to the period of it, may I die in the same blessed peace wherein he died; may I be with him in the kingdom of light and live for ever."

Who can gainsay the power of true piety as exhibited in the consecrated life and triumphant death of this excellent man? How submissively he tarries in the agonies of the flesh, for the hour of his assured deliverance! No impatience or moroseness, no distrust of the divine Providence, no doubts or fears; calmly the holy man bows his lips to kiss the chastening rod, and then lifts up his ravished gaze upon

the approaching scenes of everlasting bliss. Has the history of our race ever exhibited a parallel to this, out of the number of the subjects of the Christian faith? Can infidel philosophy exhibit one votary thus triumphing in the embrace of the king of terrors?

Baxter finished his course December 8, 1691, and his funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people of all ranks and denominations.

"And lo the heavenly Jerusalem, with all its gates one pearl,.
That pearl of countless price, the door by which we entered, —
Come, tread the golden streets, and join that glorious throng,
The happy ones of heaven and earth, ten thousand times ten thousand
Hark, they sing that song, and cast their crowns before Him;
Their souls alight with Love, — Glory, and Praise, and Immortality!
Veil thine eyes: no son of time may see that holy vision,
And even the seraph at thy side hath covered his face with wings."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

PHILIP HENRY.

PHILIP HENRY was born at Whitehall, Westminister, August 24, 1631. His father was a servant to Philip, Earl of Pembroke, and resided at court. Young Philip therefore was sometimes the playmate of Prince Charles, and James, duke of York. How much greater and more beneficial upon society has been the influence of this humble playmate, than that of the noble youth in whose sports he was occasionally permitted to join! The honors and titles, and even deeds of the nobles of earth soon perish, but the righteous "cease from their labors and their works do follow them."

Henry was blessed with a most excellent and pious mother,

to whose faithful instructions he owed, in a great measure, his early conversion, and his eminence in after life as a minister of the gospel. She taught him, from the first dawnings of his mind, as Eunice had Timothy in apostolic days, "to read and reverence the Scriptures, and to dedicate his earliest and best days to the service of God."

At the age of fourteen his mother died, leaving as her dying testimony, this convincing evidence of her happy exit: "My head is in heaven, and my heart is in heaven; it is but one step more, and I shall be there too."

"In his twelfth year he was placed in Westminster school, and received instruction under the celebrated Dr. Busby, with whom he was a great favorite. This stern grammarian was dreaded as the scourge of juvenile sloth or folly: 'Yet I never,' says Mr. Henry, 'felt the weight of his hand but once, and then I deserved it.' He seems to have highly revered his tutor, and always expressed his great obligations to him. At a subsequent period, meeting him, Busby asked, 'Child, who made thee a non-conformist?' 'You, sir,' replied Henry, 'for you taught me the principles which forbade me to violate my conscience.'"

He was blessed with the privilege of attending upon the services of some of the most impressive preachers of the day, and at an early age had the liveliest convictions of sin, of righteousness, and the judgment to come. He thus expresses his own appreciation of the privileges he enjoyed at this period. "If ever any child, such as I then was, between the tenth and fifteenth year of my age, enjoyed line upon line, and precept upon precept, I did. And was it in vain? I trust not altogether in vain. My soul rejoiceth, and is glad at the remembrance of it: the word distilled as the dew, and dropped as the rain. I loved it, and loved the messengers of it; their very feet were beautiful to me. And, Lord,

what a mercy was it, that at a time when the poor country was laid waste, when the noise of drums and trumpets, and the clattering of arms, was heard there, and the way to Zion mourned, that then my lot should be where there was peace and quietness, where the voice of the turtle was heard, and there was great plenty of gospel opportunities! 'Bless the Lord, O my soul! as long as I live I will bless the Lord; I will praise my God while I have my being.' Had it been only the restraint that it laid upon me, whereby I was kept from the common sins of other children and youth, such as cursing, swearing, Sabbath breaking, and the like, I were bound to be very thankful; but that it prevailed, through grace, effectually to bring me to God, how much am I indebted, and what shall I render!"

In 1647 he entered the University at Oxford, and made considerable proficiency in his studies. In his diary, however, he ingenuously confesses, "that he had wasted much of his precious time, and had lost much of the vital power of godliness, which occasioned him to write this affecting memorandum, 'the ardor of my piety soon began to decline.' It pleased God, however, by the preaching of Dr. Owen, to restore the tone of spirituality to his mind, by what he termed a sort of second conversion; and afterwards, when he visited Oxford, he inserted in his book, as no doubt God did in his, 'A tear dropped over my University sins.'" How many times has this experience been paralleled among pious students! Peculiar are the temptations attending the scholar's life and studies, and especial grace is required to sustain the "ardor of piety," in the earnest pursuit after knowledge. This grace, however, the Redeemer of all souls can abundantly supply, and the praying and watching student, like Martyn, may not only stand firm in his Christian integrity, but even make great advances in inward holiness.

"His first settlement in the ministry was at Worthenbury, a little town on the banks of the Dee, in Flintshire. Here he married Catharine Mathews, the heiress of a good estate, at Broad Oak, a woman of excellent character, by whom he had two sons and four daughters. With this amiable bosom friend and suitable helpmate, he enjoyed the purest and most exalted connubial felicity."

He remained in this parish about eight years, "and very rarely have the duties of a wise, faithful, and zealous pastor, been performed as they were by him. He was abundant in labors, preaching and catechising frequently, warning and reclaiming the profligate, visiting and consoling the sick. The tenth of his income was regularly set apart for purposes of charity; and he often said, 'He is no fool who parts with what he cannot keep, when he shall be recompensed with that which he cannot lose;' and yet to shut out occasion of false confidence, he would subjoin the words of David—'Lord, of thine *own* have we given thee.' Such spirituality and devotion reigned in his heart, and governed his conversation, that he was usually called the *heavenly* Henry. He was always ready to promote unanimity among Christians, and lamented greatly the want of it, observing, 'That it is not so much the difference of opinion which doth us the mischief, (for we may as soon expect all the clocks of the town to strike together, as to see all good people of a mind in every thing on this side heaven,) but the mismanagement of that difference.'

"One great excellency in this useful pastor, was his tender and unremitting attention to the young of his flock. He neglected no means to win their affections, to secure their best interest, to convince them that the service of God would bring true riches, honors, and pleasures with it. And he recommended parents to train their children in the ways of

God, and animate and encourage them in the beginning of a religious life, and persuade them to receive the Lord's Supper. 'It is true,' he would say, buds and blossoms are not fruit, but they give hopes of fruit; and parents should, and may, take hold of the good beginnings of grace in their children, by those to bind them so much the closer to, and lead them so much the faster in, the way that is called holy. By this solemn engagement, the door that stood half open and invited the thief, is shut and bolted against temptation.'"

Upon the accession of Charles II., Henry not being able conscientiously to submit to the "act of uniformity," as it was called, was expelled from his charge; and with many of his brethren, was subjected to many privations and sufferings. When King James granted liberty of conscience, Mr. Henry commenced his chosen and beloved work again, of preaching the gospel; not laboring only in a church he erected upon his own estate, but travelling about the neighboring country, "publishing the glad tidings of salvation, and spreading from place to place the savor of the knowledge of Christ."

"Although Philip Henry's constitution was but feeble, yet, by the blessing of God upon his temperance, and constant exercise in the open air, he for many years, enjoyed a good measure of health, which he used to call 'the sugar that sweetens all temporal mercies.' He was sometimes violently attacked by the cholic, and at other times had sudden fainting fits, on recovering from which he has been heard to say — 'I do not desire to live a day longer than I may do God some service;' and once to a friend, 'Well, I thought I had been putting into the habor, but I find I must to sea again.'

"A few months before his death, he wrote to a relation, who inquired, with tender solicitude, concerning his health:

'I am always habitually weary, and expect no other, till I lie down on the bed of spices.' When some of his friends entreated him to spare himself, he said — 'It is time enough to rest when I am in the grave; what were candles made for, but to burn.'

"On the Lord's day, June 21, 1696, he went through the work of the day with his usual vigor and vivacity. He was preaching upon 2 Peter 1 : 5 — 'Add to your faith virtue,' &c. He took virtue to be courage and resolution in the exercise of faith; and the last thing he mentioned in which Christians have need of courage, is in dying. The Tuesday following he arose at six o'clock, according to his custom, in good health. Before eight he had family worship, and expounded part of the 14th Psalm; and his prayer was somewhat shorter than usual. He immediately retired to his chamber, and casting himself upon his bed, was in the greatest extremity of pain. The means used, afforded him no relief. He had some times said — 'That God's Israel may find Jordan rough; but there is no remedy, they must go through it to Canaan;' and so he found it. 'Those about him,' he said, 'must remember what instructions and counsels he had given them when he was in health, for now he could say but little to them.' When Mr. Mathew Henry, his son, arrived from Chester, he thus addressed him: 'O son, you are welcome to a dying father: *I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.*' His pain continued very acute; and when some of his neighbors came to see him he said, — 'O, make sure work for your souls, while you are in health, by getting an interest in Christ; for if I had that work to do now, what would become of me? But I bless God, I am satisfied.' It was a caution he was wont to give: — 'See to it, that your work be not undone, when your time is done, lest you be undone for ever.' In the

night he took a most affectionate farewell of his dear yoke-fellow, with a thousand thanks for all her love, and care, and tenderness; left a blessing for all his dear children, their wives and little ones. To his son, who sat by him, he said, 'Son, the Lord bless you, and grant that you may do worthily in your generation, and may be more serviceable to the church of God than I have been.' His understanding and speech continued almost to his last breath, and he was still, in his dying agonies, calling upon God, and committing himself to him. On the point of expiring, he exclaimed, — '*O death, where is thy sting?*' and then resigned his soul into the hands of his Redeemer."

"Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!
Say, 'Live for ever, wond'rous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!'
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting?'
And, 'Where's thy victory, boasting grave?'"

JOHN JANEWAY.

The subject of the present sketch, by the grace of God, during his short race, was enabled to give one of the most triumphant exhibitions of the power of religion to sanctify the life and solace the hour of death.

He was born at Lilley, in Hertfordshire, October 27, 1633. In his youth he made rapid progress in his studies, and at the age of seventeen, entered King's College, Cambridge. "At this period," says his biographer, "he was affable and courteous in his manners; and though exceedingly admired and caressed, he betrayed no symptoms of vanity. His

learning was graced with modesty, and guarded by prudence; and he had great command of his passions, by which he was preserved from the follies to which youth similarly situated, so often fall a prey."

When eighteen years of age, Baxter's "Saint's Everlasting Rest" fell into his hands, and was largely instrumental in his conversion to God. "The change speedily became manifest to all; for the ardent pursuit of future happiness now engaged his whole soul. His great concern was to direct his attainments and studies, to promote the glory of God, and the eternal welfare of his fellow men. He therefore addressed many letters to his relations and friends, which are full of that simple and persuasive eloquence, which impassioned zeal, under the guidance of a good understanding, invariably inspires. His father, a minister of the Word, was during his last illness, oppressed with much anxiety, through doubts of his personal interest in the promises of that gospel which he had preached to others. To his parents, under a dark cloud, this affectionate son sent a long epistle, replete with the wisest counsels and the richest consolations." As affecting a fact, is this, as can well be imagined — the pious boy administering heavenly consolation to the dying father and minister. After recommending several sources for the removal of his melancholy and unbelief, he writes — "But there is one duty, which, if properly observed, would dispel all. This is the heavenly contemplation of those things to which the Christian religion tends. If we walk closely with God in this duty only one hour in the day, oh, what influence would it have on the whole day, and, if duly performed, upon the whole life. I knew the nature and usefulness of this duty, in some measure, before, but had it more deeply impressed upon me by Mr. Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' for which I have cause for ever to bless God."

At the age of twenty-one, he was elected to a fellowship in his college. While pursuing his studies he continued a most lively interest in behalf of the religious well-being of his brothers. He addressed them serious and pathetic letters, and sought every opportunity for speaking to them individually, in private, exhorting each of them with prayers and many tears. These labors were crowned with success, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that his instructions had been the sanctified agencies in securing the conviction and conversion of several of the members of his family. He witnessed a striking answer to his prayers in the case of his father. He expired free from fears and perturbations, in the full assurance of faith and hope, exulting in the clear views and foretastes of immortal bliss which he enjoyed.

"He continued at King's College, till he was invited to become domestic tutor to the children of Dr. Cox. Nor did he disappoint the expectations of his employer. His deportment was so gentle and obliging, and his conversation so spiritual and holy, that he gained the affection and esteem of all." His health now became poor, and he was forced to relinquish his situation. Though feeble and languishing, he was not afraid to die. "Is there any thing," he would say, "any thing more here to be desired than the enjoyment of Christ? Can I expect any thing here below, comparable to that blessed vision? Oh, that crown and that rest which remain for the people of God! And blessed be God, I can say it is mine. I know that when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands; and therefore I desire not to be unclothed, but clothed upon with Christ. With me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

He was greatly afraid of declension, both in himself and others. Writing to his brother, he says — "There is such a

thing as being *almost* a *Christian;* as looking back into perdition; being not far from the kingdom of heaven, and falling short at last. Beware lest thou lose the reward. The promise is made to him that holdeth fast, holdeth out to the end, and overcometh. Labor to forget the things which are behind, and reach unto the things which are before. Labor to enjoy converse with God. Strive to do every thing as in his presence and to his glory. Act as in the sight of the grave and eternity. Let us awake and fall to work in good earnest. Heaven and hell are before us. Why do we sleep? Oh, how will such tremble, when God shall call them to give an account of their stewardship, and tell them they may be no longer stewards! O, live more upon the invisible realities of heaven, and let a sense of their excellences put life into your performances!"

His great love for Christ and the souls of men, made him desirous to devote himself to the work of the ministry. Accordingly, at the age of twenty-two, he entered upon the sacred office, with a deep sense of its responsibilities. He, however, preached but two sermons. These, it is said, "he delivered with such clearness and freedom, such tenderness and compassion, such power and majesty, as greatly amazed and affected all that heard him."

The symptoms of a rapid consumption now became fearfully developed, but Mr. Janeway "seemed to rise in holy courage and confidence" with their appearance. "The spitting of blood did not in the least intimidate him who was interested in the blood of Christ. In the progress of his disorder, he was seized with dimness in his eyes, which terminated in a total loss of sight. Being in expectation of his departure, he called his mother and said—'Dear mother, I am dying; but I beseech you be not troubled. Through mercy I am quite above the fear of death. I have nothing

which troubles me, except the apprehension of your grief. I am going to him whom I love above life.' From this fainting fit the Lord was pleased to revive him; and for several weeks his soul was so devoutly employed in the contemplation of Christ and heaven, that he almost forgot his sickness. His faith, his love, and his joy, exceedingly abounded. He frequently exclaimed, 'Oh! that I could let you know what I feel! Oh, that I could show you what I now see! Oh, that I could express a thousandth part of that sweetness which I now find in Christ! You would then all think it worth your while to make religion your chief business. Oh, my friends, you little think what Christ is worth upon a death-bed! I would not for a world, nay, for a million of worlds, be now without Christ, and a pardon!' Turning to his brothers, he thus addressed them: 'I charge you all, do not pray for my life: you wrong me if you do. Oh, the glory, the unspeakable glory, that I now behold! My heart is full! my heart is full! Christ smiles, and I am constrained to smile. Can you find in your hearts to stop me, now I am going to the complete, eternal enjoyment of Christ? Would you keep me from my crown? The arms of my blessed Saviour are open to receive me. The angels stand ready to carry my soul into his bosom. Oh, did you but see what I see, you would all cry out with me, Dear Lord, how long? Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'

"It was his custom to set apart an hour every day, for secret retirement and solemn meditation. On one of these occasions, a friend of his, unknown to him, happened to be in a situation, where he observed all that passed; and his remarks on the scene before him, are worthy of insertion: 'What a spectacle did I behold! Surely, a man walking with God, conversing intimately with him, and maintaining a holy freedom with the great Jehovah. Methought I saw a

spiritual merchant in a heavenly exchange, pursuing a rich trade for the treasures of the other world. Oh, what an animating sight it was! Methinks I see him still. How lovely was his countenance! His looks and smiles, and every motion, spoke him to be upon the confines of glory.' Thus he continued, admiring and adoring the sovereignty of divine grace. As he experienced the intermission of triumphant joy, he cried—'Hold out faith and patience, yet a little while, and your work is done. Why art thou not, O my soul, swallowed up every moment, with his free, unparalleled, everlasting love? Stand astonished, ye heavens, and wonder, ye angels, at this infinite grace!' One of his brothers having prayed with him, his joys became unutterable; and 'I believe,' says the author of his biography, 'that it exceeds the highest strains of rhetoric to set forth to the life, what this heavenly man delivered.' He broke out into such words as these: 'Oh, he is come! He is come! Oh, how sweet, how glorious is the blessed Jesus! He is altogether lovely! Oh my friends, stand and wonder! How shall I speak the thousandth part of his praises! Oh, for words to set forth a little of that excellency! But it is inexpressible. Oh, how excellent and glorious is the blessed Jesus! Come, my friends, look upon a dying man and wonder. Was there ever greater kindness? Was there ever more sensible manifestation of rich grace? Oh, why me, Lord? Why me? Surely, this is akin to heaven. If this be dying, it is sweet. Oh, that you did but see, and feel what I do! Behold a dying man, more cheerful than you ever saw a man in health, and in the midst of his sweetest worldly enjoyments! Oh sirs, worldly pleasures are poor, pitiful, sorry things, when compared with this glory now in my soul? This is the hour that I have waited for. Praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet

employment for ever. O, help me to praise him; I have nothing else to do. I have done with prayer; I have almost done with conversing with mortals. I shall soon behold Christ himself, who died for me, and loved me, and washed me in his blood. I shall shortly be in eternity, singing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb. I shall presently stand upon Mount Zion, with an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect. I shall hear the voice of multitudes, and be one amongst them who say, "Hallelujah! glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God!"'

"He took a most affectionate leave of all the members of his family, exhorting and blessing each of them in particular. 'My dear mother, brethren and sisters, farewell! I leave you for a short time. I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them which are sanctified. And now, dear Lord, my work is done. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' After this, he presently expired, in June, 1657, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

"The foregoing account of this extraordinary young man was originally published with the recommendatory testimonial of four eminent ministers, attesting the fidelity of the narrative. A late popular writer observes, 'that if ever mortal ever lived the life of an angel while upon the earth, Mr. Janeway seems to have been the man;' and he adds, 'that his death-bed scene, above all others I have read or seen, appears to have had in it the largest share of divine communications.'"

Mr. Hall, in his preface to the Life of Janeway, beautifully and appropriately remarks: "Why should it be deemed strange and irrational, for a dying saint, who has spent his life in the pursuit of immortal good, to feel an unspeakable

ecstacy at finding he has just touched the goal, finished his course, and in a few moments is to be crowned with life everlasting? While he dwells upon the inconceivably glorious prospect before him, and feels himself lost in wonder and gratitude, and almost oppressed with a sense of his unutterable obligations to the love of his Creator and Redeemer, nothing can be more natural and proper than his sentiments and conduct. It affords no inconsiderable confirmation of the truth of Christianity, that the most celebrated sages of pagan antiquity, whose last moments have been exhibited with inimitable propriety and beauty, present nothing equal or similar, nothing of that singular combination of humility and elevation, that self-renouncing greatness, in which the creature is annihilated, and God all in all. I am much mistaken, if the serious reader will not find in the closing scenes of this eminent Christian's life, the most perfect form of Christianity; he will find it, not as it is often, clouded with doubts and oppressed with sorrows; he will behold it ascend the mount, transfigured, glorified, and enriched with the beams of celestial majesty."

"But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!"

COTTON MATHER.

THE subject of the following sketch, one of the most illustrious of the sons of New England, was the son of Increase Mather, a distinguished Puritan minister, and was born at Boston in the year 1662. His marked proficiency in his studies, in his early youth, gave promise of his future greatness. At the early age of twelve years, having acquired the rudiments of the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, at the free school in his native city, he entered Harvard College, and soon distinguished himself in every branch of literature and science. "It was his custom to pursue his studies in a regular, systematic manner, and to write remarks upon all the books he read, which tended to fix their contents in his memory. Before he was nineteen, he was admitted to the degree of M. A., and being engaged as a tutor in the college, he constantly improved himself, while he was instructing his pupils, in various departments of learning. Nor was he concerned merely to advance those committed to his care in general, but also to establish them in religious, knowledge. With the tenderest solicitude he watched over their morals, put the best books into their hands, conversed with them frequently and affectionately on subjects of the highest importance, and gently led them into the paths of divine wisdom and righteousness."

Mr. Mather felt it to be his duty, as it was indeed his inclination, to preach the gospel, but he was troubled from his childhood with a stammering impediment in his speech. By following, however, the advice of some judicious friends, "and habituating himself to a deliberate manner of pronunciation, he remedied this defect." He devoted himself, therefore, to a thorough study of divinity, and with such

diligence and success, that before he was eighteen he was thought competent to the office of a pastor. "He first entered the pulpit in the year 1680, and gave such satisfactory evidence of his ability and piety, that in the following year the North Church at Boston gave him an unanimous invitation to become an assistant to his father, with a liberal offer for his support.

"In the first year of his ministry, he had reason to believe, he was the instrument of converting at least thirty souls. His diligence in improving time and doing good, was never surpassed. He laid down special rules to direct his studies, conversation, and public labors. In the account of one year, it appears that he had preached seventy-two sermons, had composed and published fourteen books, had kept sixty fasts, and twenty-two vigils, and almost every day had been employed in some exertions of private benevolence. To prevent the tediousness of visits, he had written in capital letters over the door of his study this monitory hint, 'Be short.'

"In the morning he asked himself, What good may I do to-day? This he was wont to vary through the week, in the following manner: On the Sabbath the question was, 'What shall I do, as a pastor, for the good of the flock under my care?' Monday morning — 'What good shall I do for my own family?' in which he considered himself as a husband, a father, and a master. For Tuesday morning — 'What good shall I do for my relations abroad?' Sometimes this was changed for — 'What good shall I do to my enemies?' 'How shall I overcome evil with good?' He used often to say — 'That he did not know of any person in the world who had done him an ill office but he had done him a good one for it.' His question for Wednesday morning was — 'What shall I do for the churches of the Lord, and the more general interests of religion in the world?' Thursday morn-

ing — 'What good may I do in the several societies to which I belong?' The question for Friday was — 'What special subjects of affliction, and objects of compassion, may I take under my particular care? and what shall I do for them?' On Saturday morning, his question related more immediately to himself — 'What more have I to do for the interest of God in mine own heart and life?' Yet notwithstanding his extraordinary care to husband every hour to some useful purpose, he frequently taxed himself with sloth and negligence. At the end of one year he writes: 'Time so misspent, as to render it unfit to be called life;' at the close of another — 'Alas! my unfruitfulness!'

"Dr. Mather has been charged with abetting the epidemical superstition of New England, in the close of the seventeenth century. That there is too good ground for this charge, may appear from his publication, entitled, 'The Wonders of the Invisible World: or an account of the Trial of some witches lately executed.' This weakness, which was also exhibited by Sir Mathew Hale, and many other eminent characters of that age, candor will attribute to the remaining darkness and credulity of the times. Nor has this worthy divine escaped another censure, namely, that of a tendency to an excessive austerity of life. But the frequency of his fasts, and days of retirement for devotion, appear not to have interrupted his active exertions of benevolence, and were probably the means of maintaining the life and energy of religion in his own soul. We should remember who hath said, 'Them that honor me, will I honor;' and perhaps we shall find more ground to suspect ourselves of lukewarmness, than to level severe and sweeping censures at his conduct." *

The depth and sincerity of his piety will appear in a few

* Sketch of his life by Thompson, from Mather's biography by his son.

extracts selected from his private diary, during these hours of retirement. On one of these occasions he says: "While I was in the midst of disconsolate reflections, the Spirit of the Lord caused me to behold the obedience, the sacrifice, and thesurety ship, of my precious Redeemer, as provided by the Father, for the relief of my distresses; and that good Spirit caused me to rely upon it. So that I said with tears of joy before the Lord—'Now I know that all my debts are paid. My God will now make no demand upon me, but that I love him, and praise him, and glorify my blessed Saviour for ever. I know it, I know it. And now I will do so for ever; I can do no other.'" He writes again: "The thoughts of Christ are become exceeding frequent with me. I meditate on his glorious person, as the eternal Son of God incarnate; and I behold the infinite God as coming to me, and meeting me in this blessed Mediator. I fly to him on multitudes of occasions every day, and am impatient, if many minutes have passed, without some recourse to him. I find, that where Christ comes, a wondrous light, life, and peace, come with him, together with strength to go through services and sufferings. The holiness and happiness to which I am introduced by this way of living, is better to me than all the enjoyments of this world. All the riches of this world appear contemptible things to me, while I have the unsearchable riches of Christ. I care not if I am stripped of every thing else, if I may but enjoy this felicity. He is the substance, and all the creatures are but shadows of him. From hence, I am wondrously reconciled to my approaching death; for I consider it as my going from creatures here, to him in whom I shall have all that I leave, and infinitely more. When I now find any thing amiable or comfortable in any creature, I commonly fly away, as it were, from thence to my Christ, my Saviour; and I think how great is his good-

ness and his beauty. As for the delights of the world, I know of none comparable to those I take in communion with my Saviour. As for the riches of this world, I use no labor for them. In my Saviour I have unsearchable riches; and in my fruition of him, I have a full supply of all my wants. As for the honors of this world, I do nothing to gain them for myself. To be employed in the Lord's work, for the advancement of his kingdom, is all the honor I wish. I find the thoughts of my Saviour for ever sweetening the bitter waters of Marah to me. I find him the Comforter, that always relieves my soul when I have him near to me. I dare not let my mind be idle as I walk the streets. I rebuke myself, and make my moan to heaven, if I have gone many steps without one thought of my Saviour."

On another occasion he writes: "Heaven has, as it were, been open to me this day. Never did I so long to die, and fly away to heaven. I have seen and felt unutterable things. I have tasted that the Lord is gracious. I can by no means relate the communications of heaven, to which I have been admitted. I am now sure that the great God is my God; and that I stand before him in the righteousness of Christ; that no good shall be withheld from me; that God will use me to glorify him greatly; and that I shall be an object for the everlasting triumphs of infinite grace. I was scarcely able to bear the ecstacies of divine love into which I was raptured. They exhausted my spirits; they made me faint; they were insupportable: I was forced to withdraw from them, lest the raptures should make me swoon away."

"Dr. Mather was confined about six weeks, by that sickness which terminated his valuable life. In a note to his physician, he says: 'My last enemy is come; I would say, my best friend.' When one of his people asked him, whether he was desirous to die? he answered — 'I dare not say that

I am; nor yet that I am not. I would be entirely resigned to God.'

"At another time he was mentioning some matters which he had in hand, and which he would willingly have lived to finish, but checked himself for harboring any desire of life, and said, 'If the God of my life hath ordered otherwise, I desire to have no will of my own.' When the physician intimated that his sickness was likely to be unto death, he lifted up his hands and eyes unto heaven, and said — 'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.' And a few hours before his death, he exclaimed, 'Now I have nothing more to do here; *my will is entirely swallowed up in the will of God.*'

"To a young minister, his nephew, he said, — 'My dear son, I bless you; I wish you all manner of blessings. May you be strong in the grace with which our Lord Jesus Christ will furnish you. And may you be an instrument in displaying his beauties and glories to others. Let it be your ambition to bring forth much of that fruit by which our heavenly Father is glorified. May you be faithful in good works. You have been intimately acquainted with my poor way of living. Follow whatever you have seen in it that is agreeable to the pattern of a glorious Christ. My dear son, I do, with all possible affection, recommend you to the blessing of our dear Lord Jesus Christ. Take my hand, with my heart full of blessings.' To his own son, he said: 'You have been a dear and pleasant child to me, and I wish you as many blessings as you have done me services, which have been very many. I wish and pray that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob may be yours, and that his blessing may rest upon you. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.'"

He enjoyed the same sweet composure of mind until the

last, and died February 13th, 1727, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

"Rejoice for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above;
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love."

PROFESSOR HALYBURTON.

It has often been deeply regretted, that so few materials are left to furnish the biography of many truly exalted and useful characters. In other cases, the records are so copious and interesting, that it is difficult to form an epitome, which is not either meagre or palpably defective. The subject we have now to introduce to our readers, belongs to this latter class. Halyburton has left an account of his own life and experience, which goes into details, calculated both to instruct and gratify; but we must be sparing in our extracts.

He was born near Perth, December 25th, 1674. His father was one of three hundred ministers ejected for nonconformity, who, dying in 1682, his mother fled with her son Thomas, and a daughter, into Holland, to evade the scourge of persecution. While our young exile was in that country, he attended Erasmus's school, where he learned the Latin and Dutch languages. He continued there till 1687, and when he set out for Scotland, through the merciful interposition of Providence, he narrowly escaped shipwreck. In

that age of bitter prejudice and rancorous violence, to what perils, and disasters, and sufferings, were the true servants of God exposed!

Being returned to his native land, Thomas Halyburton was sent to the University, where he made great proficiency. When he had finished his course there, he became chaplain to a noble family; in which, meeting with a man of deistical principles, he was incited to apply himself to those studies that rendered him afterward so able an advocate for Revelation.

After applying himself some time to theology, he underwent the usual examination, to which candidates for the ministry were subject; and in 1699 was licensed to preach. He entered upon this solemn and weighty office with a suitable sense of the responsibility attached to it, and with a fervent desire to be useful to the souls of his fellow men.

In the month of May, 1700, he was appointed minister of the parish of Ceres, and, in the following year, he married a lady of most amiable character, by whom he had three sons, and six daughters, most of whom, together with their mother, survived him. He who enters with proper views and motives upon the pastoral charge, finds the work peculiarly arduous. His whole time, and full strength, are employed; every talent, every faculty, and every feeling are put in requisition. How much such a concentration, and intense exercise of all the powers tends to wear down and exhaust both the body and the mind, can be only known by experience. Mr. Halyburton labored with such diligence and zeal, in the large parish of Ceres, that his health began to decline; and his indispositions increasing, he found himself incapable of discharging the duties which devolved upon him, in a sphere which demanded such exertions. Through the mediation of the synod of Fife, he was appointed, in 1710, by a patent

of queen Anne, professor of divinity in the new college of St. Andrews. That he was well qualified for such a station, appears from the works he left behind. Among these, the book in which he has proved the "Insufficiency of Natural Religion, and the Necessity of Revelation to Man's Happiness," has been always held in high esteem. Never was infidelity, in this country, more daring, undisguised, and prevalent, than at the period in which our author lived. He beheld, with solicitude, the ravages of this deadly plague, and set himself vigorously to check its progress. In the treatise to which we have referred above, the rash and impious assertions of Hobbs are fully refuted; the specious fallacies of lord Herbert are ably detected; and the quibbles and subtleties of other writers of the same sceptical cast, are completely demolished and swept away.

How mysterious and inscrutable are the ways of Providence. We have already said, this good man was in the midst of his usefulness, as a parish minister, when his health failed. His amiable and cheerful temper, which nothing could discompose — his unwearied assiduity and vigilance in the care of his flock — his zeal and faithfulness, joined with sympathy and benevolence, had given him a place in the hearts and affections of his people. "He had," says one of his countrymen, "a peculiar talent for composing differences. The prospect of divisions was afflicting to him; and had some others been blessed with more of this spirit, his and our fears had been utterly disappointed."

When raised to the divinity chair, in the college of St. Andrews, a pleasing scene of usefulness seemed to open upon him. But, alas! he only continued in this important office about two years and six months. On the 23d of September, 1712, he finished his course, and received his reward. Rarely, if ever, have the victory and triumph of Christian

faith over death been more signal and animating, than in the last hours of this good man. From the abundant materials supplied by the biographer, only a few detached passages can be selected.

September 18th, he said — "I shall shortly get a different sight of God from what I have ever had, and shall be more meet to praise him for ever. O, the thoughts of an incarnate God are sweet and ravishing! And, O, how I wonder at myself, that I do not love him more; that I do not admire him more! What a wonder that I enjoy such composure, under all my bodily pain, and in the view of death! What a mercy that, having the use of my reason, I can declare his goodness to me! He hath stilled the tempest, and there is a sweet calm in my soul." It was evidently his anxious desire to impress upon all who surrounded him, the infinite value and importance of that gospel, from which his own consolations were drawn. To his physician he said — "The greatest kindness I am now able to show you, is to commend religion to you. There is, doctor, a reality in religion. This is an age that hath lost the sense of it. But God hath not said to the seed of Jacob, seek ye my face in vain. I bless the Lord, I have seen that holiness yields peace and comfort, in prosperity and adversity; therefore I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, because it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. I am so far from altering my thoughts of religion, on account of the opposition it meets with, and the contempt with which it is treated, that these things endear it the more to me. This is an evidence of the decay of religion. For when people have not its power and spirituality in their hearts, they must have something to please their senses. This is my judgment, and I speak the words of truth and soberness. Every one that is in Christ Jesus is a new creature."

He thus addressed the apothecary, a young man who attended him — "The Lord show you mercy. Study religion in your younger years; and remember that you will, on a death bed, have no comfort without it. I solemnly warn you, that if you shall become hardened by the frequent sight of persons in my circumstances, you will be in danger of losing all sensibility of conscience, and of being hardened for ever."

To some of his brethren in the ministry, he said — "When I have been diligent in study and meditation, I have ever found the Lord shining upon me, and testifying his approbation. There is nothing to be had with a slack hand. It was the delight of my heart to preach the gospel, insomuch that it made me sometimes neglect a frail body. I have ever thought, that if I could contribute to the saving of a soul, it would be a star, a crown, and a glorious crown."

September 19th, in the morning, being desired to lie still, and try if he could sleep, he replied — "Should not I employ the last remains of my strength to set forth his glory?" Finding himself, before noon, very weak, he took leave of his wife and children, addressing himself particularly to each of them. His words, on this occasion, to the tender companion of his bosom, were: "A kind and affectionate wife you have been. The Lord bless you; and he will bless you." To his servants assembled, he said — "My dear friends, make religion your main business, and mind that above all things. I charge you all, beware of graceless masters, and endeavor to live with those that fear God." Then he exclaimed — "Here is a demonstration of the reality and power of faith and godliness. I, a poor, weak, and timorous man, once as much afraid of death as any one; I, who was many years under the terrors of death, come, in the mercy of God, and by the power of his grace, com-

posedly, and with joy, to look death in the face. I have seen it in its paleness, and all the circumstances of horror that attend it. I dare to look it in the face, in the most ghastly shape, and hope to have, in a little time, the victory over it."

He was not insensible of the ridicule and scorn with which devout men and their experience are treated by the world; but he was not to be moved by it. "I know," said he, "that a great deal of what is said by a dying man will pass for canting and roving; but I bless God, he hath so preserved the little judgment I had, that I have been able to reflect with composure on his dealings with me. I am sober and composed, if ever I was sober. And whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear, this is a testimony. Am not I a man wonderfully upheld of God, under affliction and death? The death of the saints is made a derision in our day. When such people shall come to my pass, they will not dare to laugh. I will rejoice in my God, and joy in the God of my salvation. I want death to complete my happiness."

September 21st, being the Lord's day, he said—"Shall I forget Zion? Nay, let my right hand forget her cunning, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy. O, to have God returning to this church, and his work going forward in the world! If all the drops of my blood, all the particles of my body, all the hairs of my head, were men, they should for this all go to the fire. O sirs, I could not have believed that I should bear, and bear cheerfully, this rod, which hath lain on me so long. This is a miracle: pain without pain. And this is not the fancy of a man disordered, but of one who is fully composed. O, blessed be God, that ever I was born! I have a father, and a mother, and ten brethren and sisters, in heaven, and I shall be the eleventh. O, blessed

be the day that ever I was born! O, that I were where he is! And yet, were God to withdraw from me, I should be weak as water. All that I enjoy, though it be miracle upon miracle, would not support me without fresh supplies from God. The thing I rejoice in is this, that God is altogether full; and that in the Mediator Christ Jesus, is all fulness of the Godhead, and it will never run out."

September 22d, he said — "I awoke in a sort of carnal frame, and thought I had lost my jewel; but now I hope he will stand by me to the end. If ever I was of clear judgment and memory in my life, it hath been since he laid his hand on me. What shall I render to him? My bones are tearing through my skin, and yet all my bones are praising him. Glory to God, that a vile worm, the chief of sinners, is singled out to be a monument of grace, and a trumpeter of his praise. I listened to unbelief since I came to this bed, and it had almost killed me; but God rebuked me. I sought the victory by prayer, and God gave it me. He is the hearer of prayer." After struggling with a defluxion in his throat, he said — "The Lord hath sent another messenger for me, to hasten me home." And some persons, fixing their eyes on him with great attention, he said to them, "Why look ye so steadfastly on me, as if by my might and power I were as I am? Not I, but the grace of God in me. It is the Spirit of God that supports me. What cannot grace do? You see a man dying, a monument of the glorious power of astonishing grace; and generations to come shall call me blessed. Follow my advice. Study the power of religion. It is the power of religion, and not a name, that will give the comfort I find. If there be such glory in his conduct toward me now, what will it be to see the Lamb in the midst of the throne!" To some of his brethren in the ministry, he said — "What a demon-

stration hath God given to you and myself of the immortality of the soul, by the vigor of my intellect, and the lively efforts of my spirit toward God, and the things of God, now when my body is so low and so pained?" After a sore struggle in the night, he said — "When I shall be so weakened as not to be able to speak, I will give you, if I can, a sign of triumph when I am near to glory." In the course of the day, his speech having failed, a friend said: "I hope you are encouraging yourself in the Lord;" upon which he lifted up his hands and clapped them, and quickly after breathed his last.

"Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at its setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hampered, struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest! Then, Oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. O, how he longs
To have his passport signed and be dismissed!
'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrowned"

ELIZABETH ROWE.

Mrs. Rowe, a lady distinguished for her piety and poetical talents, was the daughter of a respectable dissenting minister, possessed of a moderate estate near Frome, in Somersetshire. Walter Singer, her father, was imprisoned at Ilchester, for nonconformity, in the intolerant reign of Charles II. His daughter, Elizabeth, was born in 1674. She early displayed a passion for reading, together with a devotional turn, which, however, did not impair her natural vivacity, or withdraw her attention from those elegant and agreeable arts, in which she attained such proficiency. At twelve years of age she began to direct her attention to poetry, music, and painting, and her taste for them continued through life. Her verses were circulated and commended in the neighborhood, and introduced her to the family of lord viscount Weymouth, at Long Leat, near Frome. The deprived bishop Kenn was a resident in that house, and paid much attention to the young poetess; and the honorable Mr. Thynne, son of lord Weymouth, undertook to be her teacher in French and Italian. The rapidity of her progress in learning, even exceeded the expectation which her friends had entertained, and in a few months she could read Tasso with great facility. Urged by frequent and importunate requests, she was prevailed upon, in her twenty-second year, to publish a volume of miscellaneous poems, which met with great acceptance. Possessing an agreeable person, and a large share of the accomplishments of her sex, she attracted several admirers, among whom is said to have been the celebrated M. Prior. Not impatient to put on the connubial yoke, she passed some years chiefly

* Sketch by Thomson.

in study, and the performance of the filial duties to her father, before she could be induced to change her condition. It was in the year 1710 that she gave her hand to Mr. Thomas Rowe, with whom, though he was several years younger than herself, she enjoyed the highest conjugal felicity. But this amiable man, scholar, and poet, was cut down at the most interesting period of life; and died in 1715, and left his widow overwhelmed with a grief, which nothing but religion could have enabled her to support. The exquisite affliction which she felt under this painful stroke, is described by her in a monody, which she wrote on his death, deservedly admired for its unaffected eloquence and deep pathos. Though she survived twenty-two years, she continued, to her last moments, to express the highest affection and veneration for his memory, and would often shed tears upon the bare mention of his name.

Soon after the decease of her husband, she indulged her inclination to a contemplative life, by fixing her abode at Frome, where the greater part of her estate lay. Yet it was retirement, not solitude, which gave a charm to the country, beyond what the metropolis could afford; for she paid occasional visits to some intimate friends, among whom, one of the most distinguished, was the excellent countess of Hertford. Her manners and attainments, qualified her for the best company; and, though she adhered to that religious communion, of which her parents were bright ornaments, there was no narrowness in her spirit, or repulsive austerity in her deportment. The manner in which she employed herself, and the list of eminent characters by whom she was beloved and esteemed, are recorded in the following lines, from a tribute to her memory, by Mrs. Barbauld:—

"Yet in no useless gloom, she wore her days,
She loved the work, and only shunned the praise.

Her pious hand, the poor, the mourner blessed,
Her image lived in every kindred breast;
Thynne, Carteret, Blackmore, Orrery, approved,
And Prior praised, and noble Hertford loved;
Seraphic Kenn, and tuneful Watts were thine,
And virtue's noblest champions filled the line."

In her retreat she composed several of her works, especially those letters from the Dead to the Living, which her own loss doubtless had suggested. By some, this piece has been, and still is, much admired; yet in the estimate of a sound and sober judgment, the romantic cast of its sentiments and language, renders it not the fittest book to be put into the hands of young people. Of her poetical compositions, besides the early volume already mentioned, she published "The History of Joseph," and other miscellaneous poems. Their general character is correct and melodious versification, and a flow of ornate language and tender, elevated sentiment.

She had a good constitution, and enjoyed almost uninterrupted health through a long series of years. About six months previous to her decease, she was attacked with a dangerous distemper, and lamented, to an intimate friend, that she did not find herself, on the approach of death, so composed as she could wish. Her fears, though sharp, were short; the divine Spirit, after a little season, filled her with gladness unspeakable, by witnessing to her soul the interest which God's free grace had given her, in the atonement and mediation of him who died for sinners. Under these assurances, she experienced such repose and triumph, that she acknowledged with tears of joy, that she knew not that ever she had felt the like in her life. On this happy occasion, she repeated Mr. Pope's verses, entitled, "The Dying Christian to his Soul," with all the exalted transport which breathes in that exquisite piece of sacred poetry.

After this threatening illness, Mrs. Rowe recovered her usual good state of health, though, at the time of her death, she had nearly numbered sixty-two years. On the day in which she was seized with that distemper which, in a few hours, proved mortal, she seemed to those about her to be in perfect health and vigor. About eight in the evening she conversed with a friend, with her usual vivacity, and afterward retired to her chamber. At ten, her servant hearing a noise in her room, ran in instantly, and found her fallen from the chair on the floor, speechless, and in the agonies of death. After heaving one groan, just before two o'clock on Sunday morning, her disembodied spirit took its flight to the realms of bliss and glory. A pious book was found lying by her, and some loose papers on which she had been writing. The following unconnected sentences were apparently produced by her trembling hand at the approach of death.

"O guide, and counsel, and protect my soul from sin: O, speak and let me know thy heavenly will; speak evidently to my listening soul! O, fill my soul with love, and light, and peace, and whisper heavenly comfort to my soul! O, speak celestial Spirit, in the strain of love and heavenly pleasure to my soul!"

She often wished and prayed for a sudden dissolution, and, by the stroke of an apoplexy, God was pleased to grant her desire. One of her friends, speaking of the decease of this extraordinary lady, says: "Though her death is universally lamented, the manner of it is rather to be esteemed a part of her happiness. One moment to enjoy this life, the next, or after a pause we are not sensible of, to find ourselves with God, or employed, and got beyond, not only the fears of death, but death itself, and in possession of everlasting life, and health, and pleasure. This moment to be devoutly addressing ourselves to God, or employed in delightful medi-

tations on his perfections; the next in his presence, and surrounded with scenes of bliss, perfectly new and unspeakably joyous, is a way of departing out of life to be desired, not dreaded, by ourselves, and felicitated, not condoled, by our surviving friends. When all things are in readiness for our removal out of the world, it is a privilege to be spared the ceremony of parting, and all the pains and struggles of feeble nature."

Mrs. Rowe, according to her request, was buried under the same stone with her father, in the meeting house, at Frome. Her funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Bowden, to whom she left a particular charge not to say any thing respecting her in the discourse.

The charities of Mrs. Rowe to the poor were such as few have equalled, and none excelled. The first time she received a gratuity from a bookseller, she bestowed the whole sum on a family in distress. She consecrated half her yearly income to charitable uses, and her donations were rendered doubly valuable by the happy manner in which they were imparted.

Her book, entitled "Devout Exercises of the Heart, in Meditation and Soliloquy, Praise, and Prayer," has been more widely circulated, and generally read, than any other of her productions. This work she sealed up, and directed it to be delivered to Dr. Watts, after her decease, with a letter to him, in which she gives some account, both of the work and herself. "The Reflections," says she, "were occasionally written, and only for my own improvement; but I am not without hope, that they may have the same salutary effect on some pious minds, as reading the experiences of others has had on my own soul. The experimental part of religion has generally a greater influence than the theory of it; and if, when I am sleeping in the dust, those solilo-

quies should kindle a flame of divine love, even in the heart of the lowest and most despised Christian, be the glory given to the great Spring of all grace and benignity!

"I have now done with all mortal things; and all to come is vast eternity! Eternity! how transporting is the sound! As long as God exists, my being and happiness are, I doubt not, secure. These unbounded desires, which the wide creation cannot limit, shall be satisfied for ever. I shall drink at the fountain head of pleasure, and be refreshed with the emanations of original life and joy. I shall hear the voice of uncreated harmony, speaking peace and ineffable consolation to my soul.

"I expect eternal life, not as a reward of merit, but as a pure act of bounty. Detesting myself, in every view I can take, I fly to the righteousness and atonement of my great Redeemer, for my pardon and salvation; this is my only consolation and hope. Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord; for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified. Through the blood of the Lamb, I hope for an entire victory over the last enemy; and that before this comes to you, I shall have reached the celestial heights; and while you are reading these lines, I shall be adoring before the throne of God: where faith shall be turned into vision, and these languishing desires, satisfied with the full fruition of immortal love. Amen."

SAMUEL WALKER, CURATE OF TRURO.*

Samuel Walker was born at Exeter, December 16th, 1714, and was the youngest son of seven children. He was the grandson of Sir Thomas Walker, who represented the city of Exeter in many successive parliaments, during the reigns of Charles the First and Second, and whose lady was the only daughter of the Rev. S. Hall, youngest son of the venerable bishop Hall, a prelate to whom he was related by bonds more binding than those of consanguinity.†

At the age of eight years, Samuel Walker entered the grammar school at Exeter; and at eighteen was sent to the University of Oxford. In 1738 he made a tour on the continent, with a younger brother of Lord Rolle; and on his return in 1740, he became curate of Lanliver, in Cornwall, which, after some years, he quitted, and entered upon the curacy of Truro.

While Mr. Walker lived at Lanliver, he was much esteemed for the decency and regularity of his conduct. He was diligent, from a sense of duty, in preaching and catechising: nor did he neglect, at any season, to visit his parishioners, and give them his best advice. Such was ever his concern for their eternal welfare, that in 1744, when laboring under a fever, he dictated a letter which, in case of his death, might be put into the hands of such of his parishioners, as neither his preaching nor his private admonitions had produced any effect upon. Had religion, therefore, required nothing more than external decency of manners, and the regular discharge of the common duties of relative or

* Sketch by Thompson.

† For a fuller account the reader may consult the memoir written by the Rev. James Stillingfleet: the Life of Walker, prefixed to his fifty-two sermons, in Burder's edition.

official life, Mr. Walker would have had little occasion either to alter his principles, or new model his conduct. To consider, however, regularity in the observances of religious worship, abstinence from gross injustice and scandalous vice, and a readiness to do kind and benevolent actions, as constituting a claim to the Christian character, is to substitute the form of godliness for its power. Such a religion as this may appear fair in the eyes of men, and may serve to stifle the accusations of conscience; but it will prove unavailing to any saving purpose.

These observations will serve to explain the nature of those new views on the subject of religion, which Mr. Walker was led to embrace soon after his removal to Truro. Conversing with some friends on the nature and effects of justifying and saving faith, he began to suspect that, as yet, he was a stranger to it. Under this impression, he applied himself with diligence and fervid prayer to the study of the Scriptures; and he soon discovered that, hitherto, he had been ignorant of their true meaning and import, inattentive to the spiritual state of his own soul and that of others, and governed in his actions, not by the only Christian motives of love to God and man, but by such as were wholly selfish and worldly. He gained, at the same time, a farther insight into the real nature of man's spiritual disorder, and of the remedy afforded by the gospel. The change which had taken place in his views necessarily led to a considerable change in the style of his preaching, both as it respected the choice of his subjects, and the manner of his address. He dealt with his hearers as perishing sinners, showed the danger of their dependence on their formality and self-righteousness, and preached salvation only through faith in the blood of Christ. Through the powerful influence of the Spirit of God, this scriptural method of preaching produced a great effect.

Much surprise and indignation were excited. These feelings, however, were mixed with a secret fear, that all was not right with them, and with a curiosity to hear more of the matter. At length many came to Mr. Walker, inquiring what they must do to be saved; and their number increased so greatly, as to require his utmost diligence. He found them ignorant in the highest degree; and he devoted the evenings, after their business was over, to their instruction. His labors, through the blessing of God, were effectual to the conversion of numbers, whose conduct showed their faith to be both lively and sincere. In order to preserve them from defection, and to promote their edification and growth in grace, he formed them into a religious society, for the purpose of religious reading, conversation, and prayer, on the plan laid down by Dr. Woodward, in his Account of the Rise and Progress of Religious Societies in and about London.

He was also much engaged in the neglected duty of catechising. In this he spent every Sunday evening, from six to eight, during the spring and autumn quarters. In the summer he had a catechetical lecture every Thursday evening; and, in winter, a lecture every Sunday evening, on Christ's sermon on the mount. During the last two years of his ministry, a considerable number of young persons were awakened, for whose benefit he instituted a private lecture twice a week, in his own room in the evening. But besides these public labors, by which his health was much impaired, his room was continually resorted to for private advice, except on Saturdays, which he always reserved to himself in order to prepare for the Sabbath; and he reckoned that, from first to last, about a thousand of the inhabitants of the town, besides strangers, had thus resorted to him. After he became so much engaged, he had but little time for general reading. The Bible was then almost the only book

he studied. From this sacred fountain he drew his deep and practical acquaintance with divine truth.

The blessing which had attended Mr. Walker's ministrations at Truro, seemed to constitute a new and affecting relation between him and his flock; and it became his fixed purpose, that no worldly consideration should induce him to leave them. On this account he gave up the living of Talland, to which he had been presented, and remained satisfied with his curacy at Truro, although his circumstances were so low, that he was obliged to live in rather mean lodgings. Here, however, though his habitation and his fare were of the plainest kind, yet, with a mind wholly intent on the work of his ministry, he lived in contentment and peace. A remarkable proof of Mr. Walker's zeal for the salvation of souls, appeared in his exertions among a regiment of soldiers, who were stationed for a short time at Truro, and among whom he labored incessantly during their stay. About a hundred of them were excited, by his means, to an earnest concern for their salvation; and a considerable amendment was produced in the external conduct of the regiment at large. The captains of companies, in a body, waited on Mr. Walker, to return him thanks for the reformation wrought by his useful labors.

Mr. Walker very strongly pressed on those who consulted him, the necessity of a diligent attention to the duties of their secular callings, assuring them, that the peace of their minds would be more effectually promoted by an industrious application to those employments, in the fear of God, and in obedience to his will, than by studying religious books, or engaging in religious exercises, to the neglect of their proper business; a representation, the truth of which has been abundantly confirmed by experience.

In April, 1760, Mr. Walker was unfitted, by ill health,

for the performance of any farther service in the public congregation. A fever, which confined him for some weeks, was followed by a consumptive cough. He was invited by the Earl of Dartmouth, to Blackheath, to try the effect of change of air, as well as to be in the way of enjoying the best medical advice. Here, and also at Bristol, where he resided some time, he was much visited; and, by means of his conversation, he was made greatly instrumental in promoting the good of many. He continued, to the last, to give suitable exhortations to those who were about him. The state of his mind, in the near approach of dissolution, may be seen in the following letters, the former penned fifteen, and the latter five days before his death. Both were addressed to a very intimate friend at Truro.

"My disorder, though by no means affording to myself the least prospect of recovery, yet seems to affect me at present more with weakness, than with that violent heat which rendered me incapable of all thought. I can now, blessed be God, think a little: and with what comfort do I both receive your thoughts, and communicate mine to you! O, my dear friend, what do we owe to the Lord for one another! more than I could have conceived, had not God sent me to die elsewhere. We shall have time to praise the Lord when we meet in the other world. I stand and look upon that blessed world with an established heart: I see the way prepared, opened, and assured to me, in Jesus Christ: and for ever blessed be the name of God, that I can look upon death, which introduces that glorious scene, without any kind of fear. I find my grand duty still is, submission, as to time and circumstances. Why should not I say to you, that I find nothing come so near my heart, as the fear lest my will should thwart God's in any circumstance; here I think I am enabled to watch and pray in some poor measure.

Well, my dear friend, I am but stepping a little before you. You will soon also, get your release, and there we shall triumph for ever in the name, and love, and power of the Lamb. Adieu; yours in the Lord Jesus Christ, for ever. Amen." July 14, addressing the same person, he says,—"With great confusion of thought, I have no doubts, great confidence, great submission, no complaining. The great thing which I have always feared, is, I believe, coming upon me; that I am coming into a diarrhœa, confined to my bed, and have no strength. As to actual views of the joys that are coming, I have none; but a steadfast belief of them in Christ. What I have found in myself for months, both as to the review of time past, and the present workings of the Spirit, has left me without any doubt of my union with Christ."

On several occasions, he was heard to say, that he blessed God, that on the review of his life, for ten years past, he was able to see evident marks of his having lived with a single eye to God's glory. "The nearer I advance toward eternity, the more I am confirmed in the truth of the doctrines I have preached and published. I am sure they will stand the test of the last day." Nothing was more remarkable in him than the constant and undisturbed tranquillity he maintained. Yet profound humility was blended with his hope and joy. One, sitting by his bed, observing what a blessing it was that his soul was ripe for heaven and eternity; he interrupted him, saying,—"That the body of sin was not yet done away, but that he should continue a sinner to the last gasp, and desired him to pray for him as such."

On Thursday, July 16th, starting up from an apparent fit of dozing, he took hold of the nurse by the hand, who was sitting by him, and uttered this rapturous expression: —"I have been upon the wings of the cherubim; heaven has, in

a manner, been opened to me; I shall be soon there myself, and am only sorry that I cannot take you with me." The next day, while a young clergyman, who came from a distant part of the country to visit his departing friend, was standing near his bedside, he lifted up his eyes, in a manner which bespoke a joy more than words could utter, and addressed him thus: — "O, my friend, had I strength, I could tell you such news as would rejoice your very soul: I have had such views of heaven; but I am not able to say more."

On Sunday, July 19th, 1761, at Blackheath, he departed this life, in the forty-eighth year of his age, to enter upon an eternal Sabbath in that world, where neither death, nor sorrow nor sin, the source of both, has any place.

JAMES HERVEY.*

Some divines have been chiefly useful in the pulpit, while others have exerted a powerful, extended, and benign influence over the minds of men by means of the press. Few writers, of the last century, were more popular than the author of "Meditations among the Tombs," and the Dialogues, entitled "Theron and Aspacia." He was born at Hardingstone, a village near Northampton, in 1713–14. Those who have written memoirs of his life, give no particulars of his early years: we learn only, that he gained some acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages, in the free grammer school at Northampton; and, in the year 1731, was sent to Lincoln College, Oxford. The first two years in

* Sketch by Thompson.

the University were almost lost in indolence and frivolous pleasure; but becoming acquainted with some persons who were deeply in earnest about religion, he was aroused to consider the grand concerns of his soul, and to apply to those pursuits of literature which invigorate and enrich the mind. It is not very uncommon, for those who stand forth as candidates for the Christian ministry, to become so enamoured with the classics, as almost to confine their attention to them. James Hervey was not, while at college, thus spell-bound by the poets and sages of Greece and Rome. He learned anatomy from Dr. Keil, and natural philosophy from Dr. Derham's works, and Humphrey's translation of the Spectacle de la Nature. Such a course of reading and study, was well calculated to qualify him for expatiating on the wonders of the visible world, and magnifying the great Author of the Universe, by lucid and devout comments on his works.

Being admitted to the degree of B. A., he entered into holy orders, and officiated a short time as a curate at Dumner, in Hampshire; whence, in 1738, he went to reside at Stokes Abbey, in Devonshire, the seat of Paul Orchard, Esq., where he lived, more than two years, in great esteem and friendship with that gentleman. He next undertook the curacy of Biddeford. Here his congregation was large, but his stipend was small; his people, therefore, voluntarily contributed to raise his income to sixty pounds per annum. He continued in this situation only about two years and a half; for the rector dying, the new incumbent dismissed him, to the great grief of the parishioners, who offered to support him at their own expense. When a clergyman acts in character, and manifests a warm concern for the welfare of his charge, he scarcely ever fails to win their esteem, and rivet their attachment. Mr. Hervey was never very popular as a

preacher, but he delivered the great truths of the gospel with a seriousness and pathos which discovered the influence they had on his own heart; and though his style of writing is florid, his pulpit addresses are said to have been remarkably plain and simple.

In August, 1743, he returned to Weston Favel, and officiated as curate to his father about seven years.

In June, 1755, his health was greatly impaired by the close pursuit of his studies; and his family, judging that a change of air would be beneficial to him, formed a design, which they executed, of conveying him to London, under the pretence of his riding a few miles in the post-chaise of a friend, who was going thither. When he arrived, he wrote a letter to a friend, in which he pleasantly complains of the stratagem played upon him. "If," says he, "you chide, I must accuse. Pray, where was your warrant, where your commission, to impress me into this journey? However, as a good Christian, I forgive you and your accomplices. My animal nature is so feeble that I find no benefit from change of air, and from the enjoyment of the most pleasing society."

Mr. Hervey continued in London nearly two years, during which time he was attacked with a severe illness, which brought him to the borders of the grave; and he had scarcely recovered, before he was recalled to Weston Favel, in consequence of the death of his father. Upon this event, he succeeded to the benefices of Weston and Collingtree, both family livings, contiguous to each other. He attended the duty of both these parishes alternately with a curate. In the exercise of his ministry, he was judicious, faithful, fervent, and indefatigable. He did not satisfy himself with preaching merely on the Sabbath, but, while his health permitted, held a weekly lecture every Wednesday, which was very well attended. He always preached without notes,

excepting on some particular occasions. He was also diligent in paying pastoral visits, and encouraged the people to repair to his own house to seek friendly and religious advice. His conversation was highly instructive, edifying, and savory; and no man knew better how to turn the common incidents of life to profitable purposes. He was unusually diligent in catechising the children of his people, and possessed a skilful manner of at once engaging the attention, and opening and informing the minds of youth. And, as this profitable, but much neglected exercise was conducted in the congregation, the questions he proposed, with the answers returned, were often made the medium of conveying, in a delicate way, the most salutary hints and wholesome reproofs to the adult part of his charge. Addresses from the pulpit derive much of their efficacy from the preacher's conduct in private life. As Mr. Hervey's piety was sincere and ardent, his moral character was highly exemplary; his temper placid, disinterested, and unaffectedly humble; and, in his ordinary transactions with others, he was ever cheerful, punctual, just, and candid, to persons of every denomination. In actions of benevolence, though he had some equals, yet it is certain that he had no superiors, as far as his means extended. That he might be liberal to others, he was extremely frugal in all expenses that related to himself, and used to say, "He desired to die even with the world, and be his own executor." In assisting the indigent, he chose to give clothing and food, rather than money; and was remarkably kind and attentive to the sick and afflicted. "I am," said he, "God's steward for the poor, and I must husband the little pittance I have to bestow upon them, and make it go as far as possible." The entire profits of his works were given away in charity; and, as they had a rapid and extensive sale, they must have been considerable; the Meditations alone are known to have fetched

seven hundred pounds for the copyright. It is not wonderful that a man so temperate, prudent, candid, and liberal, should be generally esteemed and beloved. He was a friend to the friendless, and a father to the poor; a burning and a shining light, in his own proper sphere; and a blessing to his fellow men at large. But this eminent Christian and excellent minister was cut off in the midst of his days and of his usefulness. His constitution had been always delicate, and the ardor with which he pursued his studies and official duties, gradually reduced his frame, and undermined his health. The illness, which had been long coming on, was greatly increased in October, 1758, and, in December, became formidable. On Sunday, the 3d of that month, in the evening, after prayer in the family, he seemed to be arrested by the messenger of death, so that the united assistance of his sister and his servant, with difficulty, enabled him to get up stairs into his room, from whence he never came down. His illness gaining ground every day, he soon became sensible of his approaching dissolution. Besides acute pain, from frequent returns of the cramp, he had likewise a hectic cough, which afflicted him so grievously in the night time, that he could seldom lie down in his bed till four in the morning.

On the 15th of December, Mr. Maddock, his curate, being much with him, Mr. Hervey spoke to him, in strong and pathetic terms, of his assurance of faith, and of the great love of God in Christ. "Oh," said he, "what has Christ, how much has Christ done for me! and how little have I done for so loving a Saviour! If I preached even once a week, it was at last a burden to me. I have not visited the people of my parish, as I ought to have done, and thus have preached, as it were, from house to house. I have not taken every opportunity of speaking for Christ." These expressions being accompanied with tears, lest those around him

should misconstrue this weeping, he proceeded: — "Do not think that I am afraid to die; I assure you I am not. I know what my Saviour hath done for me, and I want to be gone. But I wonder and lament to think of the love of Christ, in doing so much for me, and how little I have done for him." In another conversation, discoursing of his approaching dissolution, which he did with the utmost calmness and serenity, and of the little which we know of God's word, he said, "How many precious texts are there, big with the richest truths of Christ, which we cannot comprehend! and, of those we know, how few do we remember! 'Bonus textuarius est bonus theologus' — 'A good textuary is a good divine;' and that is the armor, the word of God is the sword. Those texts are the weapons which I must use when that subtle spirit, that arch adversary of mankind, comes to tempt and sift me in my last conflict. Surely I had need be well provided with these weapons; I had need have my quiver full of them, to answer Satan with texts out of the word of God, when he assaults me. Thus did Christ, when he was tempted in the wilderness."

On the 19th, the pains of his body abated, and he grew drowsy and lethargic; and, in the night following, his immediate death was apprehended. The next day he was visited by Dr. Stonehouse, who declared, that, in his opinion, Mr. Hervey could not live above three or four days; upon which he took occasion to speak of the many consolations, through Christ, which a true Christian enjoys in the prospect of death, and of the emptiness of worldly honors to an immortal soul, and of the unprofitableness of riches to the irreligious man. Mr. Hervey replied, "True, doctor, true; the only valuable treasures are in heaven. What would it avail me now, to be archbishop of Canterbury? Disease would show no respect to my mitre. That prelate, Dr. Secker, is not

only very great, but, I am told, has religion really at heart. Yet it is godliness, and not grandeur, that will avail him hereafter. The gospel is offered to me, a poor country parson, the same as to his Grace. Christ makes no difference between us. Oh! why, then, do ministers thus neglect the charge of so kind a Saviour? fawn upon the great, and hunt after worldly preferments with so much eagerness, to the disgrace of our order? These, these are the things, doctor, and not poverty or obscurity, which render the clergy so justly contemptible to worldlings. No wonder the service of our church, grieved I am to say it, is become such a formal, lifeless thing, since it is, alas! too generally executed by persons dead to godliness, in all their conversation; whose indifference to religion, and worldly behavior, proclaim the little regard they pay to the Lord that bought them."

On December 25th, the day of his death, he strongly and affectionately urged upon the doctor the importance of attending, amidst all the business of his profession, to his everlasting concerns. Dr. Stonehouse, perceiving the difficulty with which he spoke, and finding, by his pulse, that the pangs of death were then coming on, desired that he would spare himself. "No, doctor, no," said he; "you tell me I have but a few moments to live: oh, let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer!" He then repeated these words: "Though my heart and my flesh fail, yet God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." And he expatiated, in the most pleasing manner, upon those words of St. Paul: "All things are yours; life and death: for ye are Christ's." At the same time, referring them to this passage in Dr. Doddridge's Family Expositor, where it is instructively illustrated; — "There," said he, "is the treasure of a Christian; death is reckoned in this inventory, and a noble treasure it is. How thankful am I for death, as it

is the passage through which I proceed to the Lord and Giver of eternal life, and as it frees me from all this misery you now see me endure, and which I am willing to endure as long as God thinks fit; for I know he will, by and by, in his own good time, dismiss me from the body. These light afflictions are but for a moment, and then comes an eternal weight of glory. Oh, welcome, welcome death! Thou mayest well be reckoned among the treasures of a Christian. To live is Christ, but to die is gain." After which, as the doctor was taking his final leave of him, Mr. Hervey expressed great gratitude for his visits, though it had long been out of the power of medicine to cure him. He then paused a little, and, with great serenity and sweetness in his countenance, while raised a little in his chair, repeated these words: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy most holy and comfortable word; for mine eyes have seen thy precious salvation. Here, doctor, is my cordial. What are all cordials given to support the dying, in comparison of that which arises from the promises of salvation by Christ? This, this supports me." About three o'clock he said: "The great conflict is over; now all is done." After which, he scarcely spoke any other words intelligibly, except now and then, "Precious salvation!" During the last hour he said nothing, but leaned his head against an easy chair, and, without a sigh, groan, struggle, or the least emotion, shut his eyes, and departed, between four and five in the afternoon, on Christmas day, 1758, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

When his body was conveyed to the church, it was covered, by his own express desire, with the poors' pall; and a very large concourse attended the solemnity, who testified the affection felt for so valuable a pastor, by floods of tears, wept over his grave.

RISDON DARRACOTT.*

THIS amiable and useful divine was born February 1st, 1717, at Purbeck, in Dorsetshire. His mother died in childbirth, and Risdon, which was her maiden name, was employed to perpetuate, in the branch, the memory of the parent stock. His father, removing into Devonshire, he received the rudiments of education partly at home, and partly under the tuition of Mr. Palk, a dissenting minister at South Moulton. About the age of fifteen, our young scholar entered the academy at Northampton, over which presided Dr. Doddridge. Though the Christian ministry was his ultimate object, it does not appear whether Risdon Darracott had experienced the change which produces true religion before he became a pupil in this seminary. He was, however, at an early period in his academic course, distinguished both by his diligence in study, and the fervor of his piety. Some manuscript volumes, written at college, equally attest the ability of the tutor, and the industry of the pupil. But it was the frankness of young Darracott's mind, the purity and strength of principle manifest in all his conduct, and the ardor of his devotion, which so fixed the affections of Doddridge, as to induce him to say — "I hope this young friend will be the guardian of my widow and orphans, should I be called away by death."

While our student was at Northampton, he formed an intimacy with James Hervey, the author of several popular and useful religious books. From this good man, he received, on many occasions, such counsels and encouragements, as were adapted both to direct and animate him in the honorable service of Christ.

* Sketch by Thompson.

In the summer of 1738, Darracott, leaving the academy, visited Chumleigh, in Devonshire, and, for a short time, filled the pulpit which had been left vacant by the recent death of his father. Hence he went to Penzance, in Cornwall. His acceptance and success at this last mentioned place, were highly encouraging, "The Spirit of God," said he, to a friend, "is usefully moving upon the hearts of men here; through my preaching several are awakened, and setting their faces toward Zion; some very vicious and debauched characters are reformed, the young men show great seriousness, and I have great hope of several of them; and what makes all this the more remarkable is, that there was a strange lukewarmness among professors themselves when I came hither; the church seemed to have a name, that it lived, and was dead."

The prosperity which attended Mr. Darracott's ministry at Penzance, was greatly promoted by private means, which are of far greater importance than many seem to imagine. That pastoral visits and social meetings for private devotion, ought not to preclude opportunities for study, nor induce a habit of desultory preaching, is readily admitted; for this would be sacrificing the primary means of usefulness to the secondary. But, after employing in the study as much time as is consistent with the preservation of health, and essential to the mental improvement which good preaching requires, sufficient leisure will still be left for abundant pastoral attentions, without which the flock will never prosper. "I have," says Mr. Darracott, "increased my public labors, and I make it my constant delightful business to visit the people from house to house, by which I inform myself how religion is regarded by them, being led to suit my public discourses more advantageously."

Amidst these exertions and prospects, he was seized with

an alarming disorder, and it was the opinion of his most judicious friends, that the air of Penzance would not agree with him. After his health was in some measure restored, he was invited to take charge of a congregation at Wellington, in Somersetshire, and saw it his duty to accept the invitation. He was ordained November 11th, 1741, and in the evening penned the following reflections, which give a pleasing view of the frame of his mind at that season.

"This has been a solemn and delightful day. I have now put my hand to the gospel plough, with a desire never to look back. I have now publicly devoted myself to the work of the ministry, and I heartily rejoice in what I have done. May I never defile the sacred office! may I never prove a dishonor to my Lord and Master! may I not be a loiterer, but a laborer in his work! and may my labors be crowned with abundant success! Hitherto I have found it to be a delightful work, nor have I altogether labored in vain. I can never be enough thankful for what I have seen, and do still see, of a divine blessing upon my poor labors, while I would be encouraged hereby to hope and pray for greater success. Grant this, dear Lord, to thy unworthy servant, and thou wilt herein gratify his warmest wishes, and his highest ambition. Amen and Amen."

Being now settled over a church and congregation, he married a lady, whose person and piety, temper and conduct, were admirably calculated to engage the affections, and aid the zealous efforts of our young evangelist. He reared an altar for God, where he had pitched his tent, and religion gave a dignity to the relations, and an exquisite relish to the comforts of domestic life.

With new and augmented zeal, he discharged the arduous duties of his high and holy calling. His hearers increased so as to overflow the place of worship; he opened houses for

preaching in the adjacent villages, in some of which, where drunkenness, rioting, and every kind of vice, had prevailed for a long course of years, a striking reformation was effected. In the month of May, 1743, he was confined to the bed of sickness, and his life appeared in imminent danger.

After Mr. Darracott recovered his health, he resumed his pastoral labors with increased ardor and usefulness. The place in which they met for worship was incapable of containing the eager crowds that flocked to hear him, and the people determined to enlarge it. The sixth anniversary of his ordination, which he always kept as a day of fasting and prayer, gave birth to the following grateful memorial on a review of the past:

"O, what thankfulness and joy has it raised in my heart to-day, to look over a list of so many seals given to my worthless labors. I have been praising God for one hundred and twelve souls, since this day six years, added to the church; the far greater part of whom have been begotten again in Christ Jesus, under my ministry, and of all I have a good hope. A list of names which I would not part with for the joys of the whole earth."

In 1750, Mr. Whitfield, proceeding on his way to embark for America, spent a short time with him, and in a letter to lady Huntington, says — "At Wellington, I lay at the house of Mr. Darracott, a flaming preacher of the gospel, and who, I think, may justly be styled, '*The star in the west.*' He hath suffered much reproach, the common lot of all that are owned in the Lord's vineyard; and, in the space of three months, he hath lost three lovely children; two of them died the Saturday evening before the sacrament was to be administered. But weeping did not hinder sowing; he preached the next day, and administered as usual: our Lord strength-

ened him, and, for his three children, hath given him above thirty spiritual ones, and he is in a likely way of many more. He hath ventured his all for Christ; and last week a saint died, who left him and his heirs two hundred pounds in land. Did ever any one trust in the Lord, and was forsaken? At this place I began to take the field for the spring. At a very short warning a multitude of souls assembled, and the bread of life that cometh down from heaven was dispensed amongst them."

In the year 1758, Mr. Darracott was attacked by that disorder which soon brought him to the grave. The first time was on the morning of the Lord's day. He went through the public services with more than usual solemnity, if with less than his usual animation. His audience was much affected, for he told them he felt all the solemn awe of a man about to put off this tabernacle. Such a calm seriousness must have been very touching from Darracott; for it has been observed, that he looked "like one that lived upon live things." He administered the Lord's Supper for the last time, December 3d, 1758.

On the evening of the same day he wrote a paper, in which he bids adieu to all sublunary things. The whole is peculiarly interesting, but a part only can be here given: — "This world has now no more charms to attract my heart, or make me wish a moment's longer stay. I have no engagements to delay my farewell — nothing to detain me now. My soul is on the wing. Joyfully do I quit mortality, and here cheerfully take my leave of all I ever held dear and beloved. Farewell, thou, my dearest wife! my most affectionate, delightful companion in heaven's road, whom, in the greatest mercy God gave me, and has thus, to the end of my race, graciously continued to me! For all thy care, thy love, thy prayers, I bless my God, and thank thee, in

these departing moments. But, dear as thou art, and dearest of all that is mortal, I hold thee, I now find it easy to part from thee, to go to that Jesus, thine and mine, who is infinitely more dear to me. With him I cheerfully leave thee, nor doubt his care of thee, who has loved thee, and given himself for thee. 'Tis but a short separation we shall have; our spirits will soon re-unite, and then never, never know separation more. For, as we have been companions in the patience and tribulation of our Lord's kingdom, we shall assuredly be so in his glory. Farewell, my dear children! I leave you; but God has bound himself, by a most inviolable promise, to take care of you. Only choose him for your own God, who has been your father's God, and then, though I leave you exposed in the waves of a dangerous and wicked world, Providence, eternal and mighty Providence, has undertaken to pilot and preserve you. With comfortable hope, therefore, I bid you my last adieu; pleading the faithful and true promise, saying, as the patriarch — 'I die, my dear children, but God shall be with you:' praying, in humble faith, that your souls, with those of your parents, may be bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord your God.

"Farewell, ye, my dear people! to whom I have been preaching the everlasting gospel — that gospel which is now all my hope and all my joy. Many, very many of you, are my present rejoicing, and will be my eternal crown of glory. And now I am leaving you, I bless God for all the success he has been graciously pleased to give my poor labors among you; for all the comfortable seasons of grace I have enjoyed with you."

His illness continued three months, with intervals of excruciating pain, arising, as was conjectured, from stones in the kidneys, producing such inflammation as extended to

all the adjacent parts; yet nothing was heard from his lips but continued expressions of praise and thanksgiving. This led the apothecary to declare, in a letter which announced Mr. Darracott's death, — "Of all the death-beds I ever attended, I never saw such an instance of holy resignation and triumph."

Adverting to his own incapacity for utterance, he addressed Mrs. Darracott thus — "My dear, do you speak of the goodness of God toward me, for I want a tongue, but not a heart, to praise him." On another occasion, he exclaimed: "What attendants have I got! Jesus is with me; angels are my guardians; the blessed Spirit is my comforter and supporter; and you, my dear spiritual friends, waiting on me; and my dear wife, the best of women. But don't think highly of me; for if you have seen a measure of grace in me, you have seen a great deal of corruption." And to one who said — "Sir, you are going to receive the fruit of your labors;" he answered, "No, it is all free grace, grace." A little before his departure, he asked, "How much longer will it be before I gain my dismission?" It was answered, "Not long." "Well," he observed, "here is nothing on earth I desire! here I am waiting! what a mercy to be in Jesus!" He then threw abroad his arms, and said — "He is coming, he is coming! but surely this can't be death! O, how astonishingly is the Lord softening my passage; surely God is too good to such a worm! O, speed thy chariot wheels; why are they so long in coming? I long to be gone." At length, with a broken sentence in his mouth, the last words of which were — "faith and hope," he expired, March 14, 1759, in the forty-second year of his age.

JOHN WESLEY.

THE life and labors of this well-known servant of God are so familiar to the general reader that but a short sketch of him will be necessary to preface the solemn and sublime hours that passed in his dying chamber.

He was born in 1703, and was highly favored in having most excellent and pious parents. His father was a highly respected clergyman of the English church; and his mother, the daughter of the eminent Dr. Samuel Annesly, was a lady of superior mind, and had been favored with every advantage for its improvement and discipline in her youth. The mother was the principal instructor of her children in their youth, and was every way fitted for this responsible task. To her strength of character, her early, consistent, and severe training, they were greatly indebted for the eminence to which several of them, especially the subject of this sketch, afterwards attained.*

I can find, — says Dr. Whitehead, — no evidence that the boys were ever put to any school in the country; their mother having a very bad opinion of the common methods of instructing and governing children. She was particularly led, it would seem, to interest herself in John, who, when he was about six years old, had a providential and singular escape from being burned to death, upon the parsonage house being consumed.† There is a striking passage in one of her private meditations, which contains a reference to this event; and indicates that she considered it as laying her under a special obligation "to be more particularly careful of the soul of a child whom God had so mercifully provided

* Life of Wesley by Watson.

† The memory of his deliverance, on this occasion, is preserved in one of his early portraits, which has, below the head, the representation of a house in flames, with the motto, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

for." The effect of this special care on the part of the mother was, that, under the Divine blessing, he became early serious; for at the age of eight years he was admitted by his father to partake of the sacrament. In 1714, he was placed at the Charter house, where he was noticed for his diligence, and progress in learning. Here, for his quietness, regularity, and application, he became a favorite with the master, Dr. Walker; and through life he retained so great a predilection for the place, that on his annual visit to London, he made it a custom to walk through the scene of his boyhood. To most men, every year would render a pilgrimage of this kind more painful than the last; but Wesley seems never to have looked back with melancholy upon the days that were gone; earthly regrets of this kind could find no room in one who was continually pressing onward to the goal. When he had attained his seventeenth year, he was elected to Christ Church, Oxford, "where he pursued his studies with great advantage, I believe under the direction of Dr. Wigan, a gentleman eminent for his classical knowledge." Mr. Wesley's natural temper in his youth was gay and sprightly, with a turn for wit and humor. When he was about twenty-one years of age, he appeared, as Mr. Badcock has observed, "the very sensible and acute collegian; a young fellow of the finest classical taste, of the most liberal and manly sentiments." His perfect knowledge of the classics gave a smooth polish to his wit, and an air of superior elegance to all his compositions. He had already begun to amuse himself occasionally with writing verses, though most of his poetical pieces, at this period, were, I believe, either imitations or translations of the Latin. Some time in this year, however, he wrote an imitation of the sixty-fifth Psalm, which he sent to his father, who says, "I like your verses on the sixty-fifth Psalm; and would not have you bury your talent."

Some time after this, when purposing to take deacon's orders, he was roused from the religious carelessness into which he had fallen at college, and applied himself diligently to the reading of divinity. This more thoughtful frame appears to have been indicated in his letters to his mother, with whom he kept up a regular correspondence; for she

replies, "The alteration of your temper has occasioned me much speculation. I, who am apt to be sanguine, hope it may proceed from the operations of God's Holy Spirit, that, by taking off your relish for earthly enjoyments, he may prepare and dispose your mind for a more serious and close application to things of a more sublime and spiritual nature. If it be so, happy are you if you cherish those dispositions; and now, in good earnest, resolve to make religion the business of your life; for, after all, that is the one thing which, strictly speaking, is necessary; all things beside are comparatively little to the purposes of life. I heartily wish you would now enter upon a strict examination of yourself, that you may know whether you have a reasonable hope of salvation by Jesus Christ. If you have, the satisfaction of knowing it will abundantly reward your pains; if you have not, you will find a more reasonable occasion for tears than can be met with in a tragedy. This matter deserves great consideration by all, but especially by those designed for the ministry; who ought, above all things, to make their own calling and election sure; lest, after they have preached to others, they themselves should be cast away."

This excellent advice was not lost upon him; and indeed his mother's admirable letters were among the principal means, under God, of producing that still more decided change in his views which soon afterward began to display itself. He was now about twenty-two years of age.

He was ordained a deacon of the Church of England, in September, 1725, and was elected fellow of Lincoln College.

His literary character was now established in the University; he was acknowledged by all parties to be a man of talents, and an excellent critic in the learned languages. His compositions were distinguished by an elegant simplicity of style, and justness of thought, that strongly marked the excellence of his classical taste. His skill in logic, or the art of reasoning, was universally known and admired. The high opinion that was entertained of him in these respects was soon publicly expressed, by choosing him Greek lecturer,

and moderator of the classes, on the seventh of November; though he had only been elected fellow of the college in March, was little more than twenty-three years of age, and had not proceeded master of arts. He took this degree in February, 1727; became his father's curate in August the same year; returned to Oxford in 1728, to obtain priest's orders; and paid another visit to Oxford in 1729, where, during his stay, he attended the meetings of a small society formed by his brother Charles, Mr. Morgan, and a few others, to assist each other in their studies, and to consult how to employ their time to the best advantage.

After about a month, he returned to Epworth; but upon Dr. Morley, the rector of his college, requiring his residence, he quitted his father's curacy, and in November again settled in Oxford. He now obtained pupils, and became tutor in the college; presided as moderator in the disputations six times a week; and had the chief direction of a religious society. From this time he stood more prominently forward in his religious character, and in efforts to do good to others; and began more fully to prove that "they that will live godly in Christ Jesus, must suffer persecution."

The religious society alluded to in this extract, originated with Mr. Charles Wesley, and is thus further noticed by his biographer:

The lively disposition of Charles, although he pursued his studies diligently, and was unblamable in his conduct, repelled all those exhortations to a more strictly religious course which John seriously urged upon him, after he was elected to Christ Church. During his brother's absence, as his father's curate, his letters, however, became more grave; and when Mr. John Wesley returned to Oxford, in November, 1729, "I found him," he observes, "in great earnestness to save his soul." His own account of himself is, that he lost his first year at college in diversions; that the next, he set himself to study; that diligence led him into serious thinking; that he went to the weekly sacrament, persuading two or three students to accompany him; and that he observed the method of study prescribed by the statutes of the

university. "This," says he, "gained me the harmless name of *Methodist*." Thus it appears that Charles was the first modern Methodist, and that he in fact laid the foundations of the religious society which continues to be distinguished by that appellation. To this society Mr. John Wesley joined himself on his return to reside at Oxford; and by his influence and energy gave additional vigor to their exertions to promote their own spiritual improvement, and the good of others. The union of system and efficiency which this association presented well accorded with his practical and governing mind; and, no doubt, under the leadings of a superior agency, of which he was unconscious, he was thus training himself to those habits of regular and influential exertion and enterprise, which subsequently rendered him the instrument of a revival of religion throughout the land. Of the little society of which, by the mere force of his character, he thus became the head, Mr. Hervey, the author of the "Meditations," and the celebrated Whitefield, were members.

These devoted young men zealously applied themselves to the active performance of all known religious duties, visiting the sick and the prisoner, seeking out and relieving the poor and destitute, and teaching the gospel wherever opportunity offered. With all this external rigidness and zeal for religion, there was still an important element lacking in the Christian experience of Mr. Wesley. Mr. Watson thus refers to this:

In the midst of all this zeal, devotedness, and patience of reproach, when the eye of man could see nothing but a mature and vital Christianity, we are enabled to ascertain the state of Mr. Wesley's own heart as laid open by himself. Speaking of a time a little subsequent to the decided impressions he had received from the reading of Bishop Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," and Mr. Law's "Serious Call," he says, "I was convinced, more than ever, of the exceeding height and breadth and depth of the law of God. The light flowed in so mightily upon my soul, that every thing appeared in a new view. I cried to God for help, and resolved not to

prolong the time of obeying him as I had never done before. And by my continued endeavor to keep his whole law, inward and outward, to the best of my power, I was persuaded that I should be accepted of him; and that I was even then in a state of salvation."

He was now manifestly seeking justification before God by efforts of a perfect obedience to his law; nor was he then quite hopeless as to success. Some time afterward, still clearly convinced as he had been from the first that he was not in that state of mind, that settled enjoyment of conscious peace with God, that love to him, delight in him, and filial access to him, which the New Testament describes as the privilege of a true believer, but still diligently persevering in the rigid practice of every discovered duty in the hope of seizing the great prize by this means, he became greatly surprised that he was so far from obtaining it. He was often dull and formal in the use of the ordinances, and was on that account thrown into distress and perplexity; so that he seemed at a loss which way to proceed, to obtain the happiness and security he wanted. He then needed some one more fully instructed in the true doctrine of salvation, than even the excellent and intelligent "guide of his youth," to teach him to lay down the burden of his wounded and anxious spirit, in self-despair as to his own efforts, at the foot of the cross of Christ.

In April, 1735, Mr. Wesley's father died in great peace at his rectory in Epworth. "He had," says Southey, "no fear of death; and the peace of God which he enjoyed appeared sometimes to suspend his bodily sufferings, and, when they recurred, to sustain his mind above them. When, as nature seemed spent, and his speech was failing, his son John asked him whether he was not near heaven, he answered, 'Yes, I am,' distinctly, and with a voice of hope and joy. After John had used the commendatory prayer, he said, 'Now you have done all;' these were his last words, and he passed away so peacefully and insensibly, that his children

continued over him a considerable time in doubt whether or not the spirit was departed. Mrs. Wesley, who for several days, whenever she entered his chamber, had been carried out of it in a fit, recovered her fortitude now, and said her prayers were heard, for God had granted him an easy death, and had strengthened her to bear it. Brighter views of the doctrine of faith had opened upon his mind, during his sickness, and shed their influence upon his last hours. This his sons afterward more clearly understood than at the time."

About the middle of this year, the trustees of the new colony of Georgia, who wished to send out clergymen both to administer to the spiritual wants of the colonists, and also to attempt the conversion of the Indians, directed their attention to Mr. John Wesley, and some of his friends at Oxford, as peculiarly qualified, both by zeal and piety, and their habits of self-denial, for this service. After some delay and consultation with his family, he accepted the offer. His brother Charles, and two other members of their religious society, accompanied him. Mr. Wesley was somewhat disappointed with the character and success of his labors in America. He had left England to become a missionary to the Indians, but found, upon his arrival, that his services were to be retained in the colony. His severe discipline and active piety raised up enemies against him in the loose and mixed population of the new country, and having become convinced that his usefulness was but limited, he returned home, arriving in London, February 3d, 1738. His religious experience at this time is thus recorded by himself:

"It is upward of two years since I left my native country, in order to teach the Georgia Indians the nature of Christianity; but what have I learned myself in the meantime? Why, (what I least of all suspected,) that I who went to

America, to convert others, was never converted myself. 'I am not mad,' though I thus speak; but 'speak the words of truth and soberness;' if haply some of those who still dream may awake, and see, that as I am, so are they.

"Are they read in philosophy? So was I. In ancient or modern tongues? So was I also. Are they versed in the science of divinity? I too have studied it many years. Can they talk fluently upon spiritual things? The very same I could do. Are they plenteous in alms? Behold, I give all my goods to feed the poor.

"Do they give of their labor as well as their substance? I have labored more abundantly than they all. Are they willing to suffer for their brethren? I have thrown up my friends, reputation, ease, country; I have put my life in my hand, wandering into strange lands; I have given my body to be devoured by the deep, parched up with heat, consumed by toil and weariness, or whatever God shall please to bring upon me. But does all this (be it more or less, it matters not) make me acceptable to God? Does all I ever did, or can know, say, give, do, or suffer, justify me in his sight? yea, or the constant use of all the means of grace? (which, nevertheless, is meet, right, and our bounden duty,) or that I know nothing of myself, that I am, as touching outward, moral righteousness, blameless? or, to come closer yet, the having a rational conviction of all the truths of Christianity? Does all this give a claim to the holy, heavenly, divine character of a Christian? By no means. If the oracles of God are true, if we are still to abide by 'the law and the testimony,' all these things, though when ennobled by faith in Christ, they are holy, and just, and good, yet without it are 'dung and dross.'

"This then have I learned in the ends of the earth, that I am 'fallen short of the glory of God;' that my whole heart is 'altogether corrupt and abominable,' and, consequently, my whole life; (seeing it cannot be, that 'an evil tree' should 'bring forth good fruit;') that my own works, my own sufferings, my own righteousness, are so far from reconciling me to an offended God, so far from making any atonement for the least of those sins which 'are more in

number than the hairs of my head,' that the most specious of them need an atonement themselves, or they cannot abide his righteous judgment; that having the sentence of death in my heart, and having nothing in or of myself to plead, I have no hope but that of being justified freely 'through the redemption that is in Jesus;' I have no hope, but that if I seek I shall find the Christ, and 'be found in him, not having my own righteousness, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.'

"If it be said that I have faith, (for many such things have I heard from many miserable comforters,) I answer, so have the devils — *a sort* of faith; but still they are strangers to the covenant of promise. So the Apostles had even at Cana in Galilee, when Jesus first 'manifested forth his glory;' even then they, in a sort, 'believed on him;' but they had not then 'the faith that overcometh the world.' The faith I want is 'a sure trust and confidence in God, that, through the merits of Christ, my sins are forgiven, and I reconciled to the favor of God.' I want that faith which St. Paul recommends to all the world, especially in his Epistle to the Romans,— that faith which enables every one that hath it to cry out, 'I live not; but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.' I want that faith which none has, without knowing that he hath it; (though many imagine they have it, who have it not;) for whosoever hath it is freed from sin; the whole 'body of sin is destroyed' in him: he is freed from fear, 'having peace with God through Christ, and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.' And he is freed from doubt, 'having the love of God shed abroad in his heart, through the Holy Ghost which is given unto him; which Spirit itself beareth witness with his spirit, that he is a child of God.'"

A spirit thus breathing after God, and anxious to be taught "the way of God more perfectly," could not be left in its darkness and solicitude. A few days after his arrival in London, he met with Peter Bohler, a minister of the Moravian Church. This was on February 7th, which he marks as "a day much to be remembered," because the conversation

which he had with Bohler on the subject of saving faith, a subject probably brought on by himself, first opened his mind to true views on that subject, notwithstanding the objections with which he assaulted the statements of the Moravian teacher, and which caused Bohler more than once to exclaim, "My brother, that philosophy of yours must be purged away." At Oxford, whither he had gone to visit Charles, who was sick, he again met with his Moravian friend, "by whom," he says, "in the hand of the great God, I was clearly convinced of unbelief, of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved with the full Christian salvation."

He was now convinced that his faith had been too much separated from an evangelical view of the promises of a free justification, or pardon of sin, through the atonement and mediation of Christ alone, which was the reason why he had been held in continual bondage and fear. In a few days he met Peter Bohler again,—"who now," he says, "amazed me more and more, by the account he gave of the fruits of living faith, the holiness and happiness which he affirmed to attend it. The next morning I began the Greek Testament again, resolving to abide by 'the law and the testimony,' being confident that God would hereby show me whether this doctrine was of God."

In a fourth conversation with this excellent man, he was still more confirmed in the view, "that faith is, to use the words of our Church, a sure trust and confidence which a man has in God, that, through the merit of Christ, his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favor of God." Some of his objections to Bohler's statements on instantaneous conversion were also removed by a diligent examination of the Scriptures. "I had," he observes, "but one retreat left on this subject: Thus, I grant God wrought in the first ages of Christianity; but the times are changed. What reason have I to believe he works in the same manner now? But, on Sunday, 22d, I was beat out of this retreat, too, by the concurring evidence of several living witnesses, who testified God had so wrought in themselves, giving them, in a moment, such a faith in the blood of his Son as translated them out of darkness into light, and from sin and fear into holiness and

happiness. Here ended my disputing. I could now only cry out, 'Lord, help thou my unbelief!'"

Mr. Wesley and a few others now formed themselves into a religious society, which met in Fetter-lane. But although they thus assembled with the Moravians, they remained members of the Church of England; and afterward, when some of the Moravian teachers introduced new doctrines, Mr. Wesley and his friends separated from them, and formed that distinct community which has since been known as "The Methodist Society."

As yet Mr. Wesley had not attained the blessing for which he so earnestly sought, and now with clearer views. His language as to himself, though still that of complaint, was become, in truth, the language of a broken and a contrite heart. It was no longer in the tone of a man, disappointed as to the results of his own efforts, and thrown into distressing perplexity, as not knowing where to turn for help. He was now bowed in lowly sorrow before the throne; but he knew that it was "the throne of grace;" and his cry was that of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." In a letter to a friend, he says,—

"I feel what you say, though not enough; for I am under the same condemnation. I see that the whole law of God is holy, just, and good. I know every thought, every temper of my soul, ought to bear God's image and superscription. But how am I fallen from the glory of God! I feel that 'I am sold under sin.' I know that I too deserve nothing but wrath, being full of all abominations, and having no good thing in me to atone for them, or to remove the wrath of God. All my works, my righteousness, my prayers, need an atonement for themselves. So that my mouth is stopped. I have nothing to plead. God is holy: I am unholy. God is a consuming fire: I am altogether a sinner, meet to be consumed.

"Yet I hear a voice, (and is it not the voice of God?) saying, 'Believe and thou shalt be saved. He that believeth is passed from death unto life. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

In this state of mind he continued till May the 24th, 1738, and then gives the following account of his conversion:

"I think, it was about five this morning, that I opened my Testament on those words, 'There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature.' 2 Peter i. 4. Just as I went out, I opened it again on those words, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.' In the afternoon I was asked to go to St. Paul's. The anthem was, 'Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice. O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint. If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it? But there is mercy with thee; therefore thou shalt be feared. O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his sins.'

"In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate-street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation: and an assurance was given me, that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from 'the law of sin and death.'

"I began to pray with all my might, for those who had in a more especial manner despitefully used me, and perse cuted me. I then testified openly to all there, what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, 'This cannot be faith, for where is thy joy?' Then was I taught, that peace and victory over sin are essential to faith in the Captain of our salvation: but, that as to the transports of joy, that usually attend the beginning of it, especially in those who have mourned deeply, God sometimes giveth, sometimes withholdeth them, according to the counsels of his own will." *

From this moment Mr. Wesley commenced his glorious and laborious ministry, preaching with an unwonted power

* Watson's Life of Wesley.

and unction, because he spoke experimentally, and taught the things which he himself had seen and felt.

At this period the religious and moral state of the nation was such as to give the most serious concern to the few remaining faithful. The Reformation from Popery, which so much promoted the instruction of the populace in Scotland, did much less for the people of England, a great majority of whose lower classes at the time of the rise of Methodism were even ignorant of the art of reading; in many places were semi-barbarous in their manners; and had been rescued from the superstitions of popery, only to be left ignorant of every thing beyond a few vague and general notions of religion. Great numbers were destitute even of these; and there are still agricultural districts in the southern and western counties, where the case is not even at this moment much improved. A clergyman has lately asserted in print, that in many villages of Devonshire the only form of prayer still taught to their children by the peasantry, are the goodly verses handed down from their popish ancestors: —

> "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
> Bless the bed that I lie on," &c.

The degree of ignorance on all Scriptural subjects, and of dull, uninquiring irreligiousness which prevails in many other parts, is well known to those who have turned their attention to such inquiries, and would be incredible to those who have not.

During the civil wars between King Charles and his subjects, demoralizing influences were more widely spread, but the mischief was completed by the restoration of the Stuarts; for whatever advantages were gained by that event in a civil sense, it let in a flood of licentiousness and impiety which swept away almost every barrier that had been raised in the public mind by the labors of former ages. Infidelity began its ravages upon the principles of the higher and middle classes; the mass of the people remained uneducated, and were Christians but in name, and by virtue of their baptism; whilst many of the great doctrines of the Reformation were banished both from the universities and the pulpits. Arch-

bishop Leighton complains that his "church was a fair carcass without a spirit;" and Burnet observes, that in his time "the clergy had less authority, and were under more contempt, than those of any church in Europe; for they were much the most remiss in their labors, and the least severe in their lives."

A great proportion of the clergy, whatever other learning they might possess, were grossly ignorant of theology, and contented themselves with reading short unmeaning sermons, purchased or pilfered, and formed upon the lifeless theological system of the day. A little Calvinism remained in the church, and a little evangelical Arminianism; but the prevalent divinity was Pelagian, or what very nearly approached it. Natural religion was the great subject of study, when theology was studied at all, and was made the test and standard of revealed truth. The body of the clergy neither knew nor cared about systems of any kind. In a great number of instances they were negligent and immoral; often grossly so. The populace of the large towns were ignorant and profligate; and the inhabitants of villages added to ignorance and profligacy, brutish and barbarous manners. A more striking instance of the rapid deterioration of religious light and influence in a country scarcely occurs, than in our own, from the Restoration till the rise of Methodism. It affected not only the church, but the dissenting sects in no ordinary degree. The Presbyterians had commenced their course through Arianism down to Socinianism; and those who held the doctrines of Calvin had, in too many instances, by a course of hot-house planting, luxuriated them into the fatal and disgusting errors of Antinomianism. There were indeed many happy exceptions; but this was the general state of religion and morals in the country, when the Wesleys, Whitefield, and a few kindred spirits came forth, ready to sacrifice ease, reputation, and even life itself, to produce a reformation.

Having formed a pleasant acquaintance with the Moravians upon his voyage to Georgia, Mr. Wesley makes a visit to Hernhuth, their settlement in Germany, that he might

become better acquainted with their religious system and practices. During his absence, Mr. Charles Wesley was zealously engaged preaching the new views that he, as well as his brother, had lately embraced. About the time of Mr. Wesley's return from Germany, Whitefield, who had been in America, returned and commenced preaching to crowded houses in London and Bristol. On account of the crowds that attended his ministry and his earnest views and manner, the churches were closed against him, and he was driven into the fields. Tens of thousands gathered around him and hung upon his eloquent lips. He persuaded his bosom friend, Mr. Wesley, who was then in Bristol, to follow his example, and July 24, 1739, he delivered his first discourse in Moorfields, in the open air, to a thousand persons of every age and condition in life. This was the commencement of a series of unprecedented labors among the poor and wofully neglected classes in the larger cities and towns in England; among the besotted and frightfully vicious colliers of Kingswood, the rabble of Moorfields and Kennington Common, London, he wrought a change that was looked upon in that day, as little short of miraculous. Societies in different places were soon formed, although all these persons were also considered members of the established church, and attended her services in connection with their own religious exercises. For these societies Mr. Wesley soon drew up a set of rules, which continue to this day, and the observance of which is the condition of membership in the body which bears his name. Great opposition attended the progress of the work, both from the vicious multitude, from the higher classes, and from the clergy; (the lives of the Wesleys oftentimes being in imminent danger,) but the blessing of God crowned it with success. Several ministers of the English church offered their services to assist the Wesleys

in supplying the new societies formed in different places, and soon pious and talented laymen from the societies themselves, feeling themselves called to preach the gospel, offered themselves to Mr. Wesley as helpers in the work, and were employed by him in such portions of the country as he directed.

The first Conference, or assemblage of these ministers, was held in June, 1744. The societies had spread through various parts of the kingdom; and a number of preachers, under the name of assistants and helpers, the former being superintendents of the latter, had been engaged by Mr. Wesley in the work. Some clergymen, also, more or less co-operated to promote these attempts to spread the flame of true religion, and were not yet afraid of the cross. These circumstances led to the distribution of different parts of the kingdom into circuits, to which certain preachers were for a time appointed, and were then removed to others. The superintendance of the whole was in the two brothers, but particularly in Mr. John Wesley. The annual conferences afforded, therefore, an admirable opportunity of conversing on important points and distinctions of doctrine, that all might "speak the same thing" in their public ministrations; and of agreeing upon such a discipline as the new circumstances in which the societies were placed might require. The labors of the preachers for the ensuing year were also arranged; and consultation was held on all matters connected with the promotion of the work of God, in which they were engaged. Every thing went on, however, not on a preconceived plan, but "step by step," as circumstances suggested, and led the way. To the great principle of *doing good* to the souls of men, every thing was subordinated; not excepting even their prejudices and fears, as will appear from the Minutes of the first conference, which was held in London, as just stated, in 1744. The ultimate separation of the societies from the church, after the death of the first agents in the work, was at that early period contemplated as a *possibility*, and made a subject of conversation;

and the resolution was, "We do and will do all we can to prevent those consequences which are supposed to be likely to happen after our death; but we cannot, in good conscience, neglect the present opportunity of saving souls while we live, for fear of consequences which may possibly, or probably, happen after we are dead." To this principle Mr. Wesley was "faithful unto death," and it is the true key to his public conduct. His brother, after some years, less steadily adhered to it; and most of the clergymen, who attached themselves to Mr. Wesley in the earlier periods of Methodism, found it too bold a position, and one which exposed them to too severe a fire, to be maintained by them. It required a firmer courage than theirs to hold out at such a post; but the founder of Methodism never betrayed the trust which circumstances had laid upon him.

The superintendance of all the societies rested upon Mr. Wesley. He passed from one to another, preaching incessantly, and setting in order all things connected with the doctrine and discipline of the church. With a naturally weak constitution, by abstemious and regular habits, he acquired a power of bodily endurance and labor scarcely equalled by any man; preaching every day, some times often in the day; taking long and painful journeys, engaging in religious controversies, preparing valuable compendiums of philosophy and theology for his helpers and congregations, with the care of all the churches upon him, he filled up all the hours of the twenty-four save the five he devoted to rest.

Societies now sprung up rapidly in every direction; he visited Scotland and Ireland, preaching with great success, establishing preaching places and supplying them with laborers. Annually he met all his assistants to hear their reports, watch over their character and piety, direct in their future fields of labor, and to take counsel together in matters of doctrine and discipline.

We have not room in this short sketch to follow this most laborious and successful minister through all the years of his remarkably protracted life, or to refer to the extraordinary work of grace that attended his preaching, and that of his co-laborers, in the British isles and in America.

Wesley enjoyed remarkable health until the last. He writes in his journal, June 28, 1790 — "This day I enter into my eighty-eighth year. For eighty-six years I found none of the infirmities of old age; my eyes did not wax dim, neither was my natural strength abated; but last August I found almost a total change; my eyes were so dim that no glasses would help me; my strength, likewise, quite forsook me, and probably will not return in this world. But I feel no pain from head to foot, only it seems nature is exhausted, and humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till

'The weary springs of life stand still at last.'"

Says one who would not be liable, from his church relations, to form too high an estimate of his character, "He wrote and published an immense number of books, so that, looking upon the entire mass of his writings, one might suppose he had spent his whole life in the study, and hardly ever been without a pen in his hand. His travels in the employment of an itinerant are certainly without precedent. On an average, he travelled four thousand five hundred miles in a year, which will give as the sum total, two hundred and twenty thousand miles. His punctuality was a fixed and settled habit. He had stated hours for every purpose, and his only relaxation was a change of employment. For fifty-two years, he generally delivered two, frequently three or four, sermons in a day; but calculating at two in a day, and allowing fifty annually for extraordinary occasions, the whole number of sermons, during this period, will be forty

thousand five hundred and sixty. To these may be added, an almost infinite number of exhortations to the societies, after preaching, and in other occasional meetings at which he assisted.

"A writer of his life has observed, that, perhaps, Mr. Wesley was the most charitable man in England. His liberality to the poor knew no bounds but an empty purse. When he had thirty pounds a year, he lived on twenty-eight and gave away forty shillings. The next year he received sixty pounds, yet still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away thirty-two. The third year he received ninety pounds, and gave away sixty-two. The fourth year his income was one hundred and twenty pounds, but living on twenty-eight he gave to the poor all the rest. In this ratio he continued to give through life; and in the course of fifty years, it was supposed he had bestowed in charity between twenty and thirty thousand pounds. It is greatly to the honor of his memory, that, with all his influence and opportunities for accumulating property, he laid up nothing for himself, but expended all in the cause of religion and humanity."

We come now to the thrilling and sublime hours in which this aged and wayworn soldier of Christ fought with, and triumphed over the king of terrors. These affecting scenes are thus recorded by his biographers:* On Wednesday, the the 23d of February, 1791, he went to Leatherhead, and preached to a small company, on "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near." Here ended the ministerial labors of this man of God. On Thursday he stopped at Mr. Wolff's, at Balaam. At this place he was cheerful, and seemed nearly as well as usual, till Friday about breakfast time, when he grew very heavy. About eleven o'clock, he returned home; and having sat down in

* Coke and Moore.

his room, desired to be left alone, and not to be interrupted for half an hour by any one. When the limited time was expired, some mulled wine was given him. He drank a little, and seemed sleepy; but in a few minutes threw it up, and said — "I must lie down." He accordingly was put to bed, and lay most of the day, having a quick pulse and a burning fever.

On Sunday morning he got up, took a cup of tea, and seemed much better. While sitting in his chair, he looked quite cheerful, and repeated the latter part of that verse in the Scripture Hymns on "Forsake me not, when my strength faileth:"

> "Till glad I lay this body down,
> Thy servant, Lord, attend;
> And O! my life of mercy crown
> With a triumphant end!"

Soon after, in a most emphatical manner, he said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." Some who were then present, speaking rather too much to him, he tried to exert himself, but was soon exhausted and obliged to lie down. After a while he looked up and said, "Speak to me; I cannot speak." On which one of the company said, "Shall we pray with you, sir?" He earnestly replied, "Yes." And while they prayed, his whole soul seemed engaged with God for an answer, and he added a hearty Amen.

About half after two he said, "There is no need for more than what I said at Bristol, (where taken with sudden illness he appeared near to death.) My words then were,

> "'I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me!'"

One said, "Is this the present language of your heart, and do you now feel as you then did?" He replied, "Yes." When the same person repeated —

> "Bold I approach the eternal throne,
> And claim the crown through Christ my own,"

and added, "'Tis enough. *He*, our precious Immanuel, has purchased, has promised all;" he earnestly replied, "He is all! He is all!" and then said, "I will go." Soon after, to his neice, Miss Wesley, who sat by his bed-side, he said, "Sally, have you zeal for God now?" After this the fever was very high, and at times affected his head; but even then, though his head was subject to a temporary derangement, his heart seemed wholly engaged in his Master's work.

In the evening, he got up again, and while sitting in his chair, he said, "How necessary is it for every one to be on the right foundation!

> "'I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me!'

We must be justified by faith, and then go on to sanctification."

On the next day sleeping much of the time, every waking moment exhibited his interest in the kingdom of Christ, and in his future residence in glory. Once in a low, but very distinct voice, he said, "There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus."

He afterwards inquired what the words were on which he preached at Hampstead, a short time before. He was told they were these: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." He replied, "That is the foundation, the only foundation, and there is no other." He also repeated three or four times in the space of a few hours, "We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."

Tuesday, March 1st, after a very restless night, (though

when asked whether he was in pain, he generally answered, "No," and never complained through his whole illness, except once, when he felt a pain in his left breast, when he drew his breath,) he began singing —

"All glory to God in the sky,
  And peace upon earth be restored;
O Jesus, exalted on high,
  Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
  Didst stoop to redeem a lost race;
Once more to thy people return,
  And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
Oh! wouldst thou again be made known,
  Again in the Spirit descend;
And set up in each of thine own
  A kingdom that never shall end;
Thou only art able to bless,
  And make the glad nations obey;
And bid the dire enmity cease,
  And bow the whole world to thy sway."

Here his strength failed; but after lying still awhile, he called for a pen and ink. They were brought to him: but those active fingers, which had been the blessed instruments of conveying spiritual consolation and useful instruction to thousands, could no longer perform their office. Some time after, he said, "I want to write:" but on the pen's being put into his hand, and the paper held before him, he said, "I cannot." One of the company answered, "Let me write for you, sir; tell me what you would say." "Nothing," replied he, "but, that *God is with us.*" In the afternoon he said, "I will get up." While they were bringing his clothes, he broke out in a manner, which, considering his extreme weakness, astonished all present, in these words:

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

"Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain."

At another time he was feebly endeavoring to speak, beginning, "Nature is—— Nature is——." One that was present added, "Nearly exhausted, but you are entering into a new nature, and into the society of blessed spirits." He answered, "certainly;" and clasped his hands together, saying, "Jesus!" — the rest could not be well heard, but his lips continued moving as in fervent prayer.

When he got into his chair, he appeared to change for death: but regardless of his dying frame, he said, with a weak voice, "Lord, thou givest strength to those that can speak, and to those that cannot. Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know thou loosest the tongue."

He then sung —

"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree."

Here his voice failed him, and after gasping for breath, he said, "Now we have done — Let us all go." He then laid on the bed, from which he rose no more. After lying still and sleeping a little, he desired those who were present to pray and praise. They knelt down, and the room seemed to be filled with the divine presence. A little after he said, "Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel." Then, as if done with all below, he again begged that they would pray and praise. Several friends that were in the house

being called up, they all kneeled down to prayer, at which time his fervor of spirit was visible to every one present. But in particular parts of the prayer his whole soul seemed to be engaged in a manner, which evidently showed how ardently he longed for the full accomplishment of their united desires. And when Mr. Broadbent was praying in a very expressive manner, that if God was about to take away their father to his eternal rest, he would be pleased to continue and increase his blessing upon the doctrine and discipline, which he had long made his aged servant the means of propagating and establishing in the world: such a degree of fervor accompanied his loud *Amen*, as was every way expressive of his soul's being engaged in the answer of the petitions.

On rising from their knees, he took hold of all their hands, and with the utmost placidness saluted them, and said, — "Farewell, farewell!"

A little after, a person coming in, he strove to speak, but could not. Finding they could not understand him, he paused a little, and with all the remaining strength he had, cried out, "*The best of all is, God is with us;*" and then, lifting up his dying arm in token of victory, and raising his feeble voice with a holy triumph not to be expressed, he again repeated the heart-reviving words — "*The best of all is, God is with us.*"

Seeing some persons standing by his bed-side, he asked, "Who are these?" and being informed who they were, Mr. Rogers said, "Sir, we are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown." "It is the Lord's doing," he replied, "and marvellous in our eyes." On being told that his sister-in-law, Mrs. Wesley, was come, he said, "He giveth his servant rest." He thanked her as she pressed his hand, and affectionately endeavored to kiss

her. On wetting his lips, he said, "We thank thee, O Lord, for these and all thy mercies: bless the church and king; and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever!"

At another time he said, "He causeth his servants to lie down in peace." Then pausing a little, he cried, "The clouds drop fatness!" and soon after, "The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge!" He then called those present to prayer: and though he was greatly exhausted, he appeared still more fervent in spirit. These exertions were however too much for his feeble frame: and most of the night following, though he often attempted to repeat the Psalm before-mentioned, he could only utter —

"I'll praise — I'll praise!"

On Wednesday morning, the closing scene drew near. Mr. Bradford, his faithful friend, prayed with him, and the last word he was heard to articulate was, "Farewell!"

A few minutes before ten, while several of his friends were kneeling around his bed, without a lingering groan, this man of God, this beloved pastor of thousands, entered into the joy of his Lord. He was in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and in the sixty-fifth of his ministry. At the desire of his friends, his corpse was placed in the new chapel, and remained there the day before his entombment. His face during that time had a heavenly smile upon it, and a beauty which was admired by all that saw it.

"With poverty of spirit blessed,
Rest, happy saint, in Jesus rest;
A sinner saved, through grace forgiven,
Redeemed from earth to reign in heaven!
Thy labors of unwearied love,
By thee forgot, are crowned above;
Crowned through the mercy of thy Lord,
With a free, full, immense reward!"

C. WESLEY.

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.

Rev. William Grimshaw was born at Brindle, in Lancashire, September 3d, 1708. His youth was noted for its levity and dissipation. In his eighteenth year he entered Cambridge University, with the intention on the part of his friends of obtaining a preparation for the gospel ministry, but little promise did his collegiate life give of his future usefulness. Upon his graduation, however, in 1731, such was the low estimation of the spiritual preparation for this high vocation prevalent at this time, he was ordained a deacon, and entered at once upon the duties of his office. He performed the outward functions of his ministry with correctness and punctuality, and his conscience was satisfied, little interested in the present, or everlasting, religious welfare of his flock, or even of his own soul. In the year 1734, Mr. Grimshaw was roused from his perilous state of insensibility, by the powerful convictions of the Holy Spirit, and he began, with the utmost anxiety, to seek the salvation of his soul.

"He prayed much and waited long, before he experienced that peace of mind which is the effect of a lively faith in the Redeemer. But there was an immediate and great change in his outward deportment. He was no longer a trifler. He had now neither time nor taste for amusements and diversions. He attended diligently to the duties of his charge, warned his parishioners of the wrath to come, pressed upon them the necessity of a religious course of life, and carefully catechized their children; knowing, and feeling in himself, the terrors of the Lord, he endeavored to persuade others of their danger. But it was some time before his own experi-

ence warranted him to invite the weary and heavy laden to apply to Jesus, that they might find rest to their souls."

For a number of years his experience was not sufficiently deep or satisfactory to himself to secure abiding peace, although a manifest and happy change had been wrought in his heart and life. He was in "heaviness through manifold temptations," and found the more difficulty in discovering the beautiful and consoling simplicity of the doctrine of justification by faith, through the lack of pious associates and advisers, with whom he might compare experiences, and from whom he might receive light and sympathy.

"In the midst of all his discouragements, he persevered in prayer, and in the study of the Scriptures; and in due time, when he had learned by painful experience the depravity of his nature, his utter unworthiness and insufficiency, his prayers were answered. His progress for a time was gradual, like the light, which, from a faint and scarcely discernible dawn, shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Then he gladly renounced all dependence upon himself either for righteousness or strength. He believed and was made whole. The voice of that blood which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel, proclaimed peace in his heart. As the season of his consolation approached, his preaching became more savory, experimental, and successful.

"In the year 1742, he was removed to the perpetual curacy of Haworth, near Bradford, in Yorkshire, to preach to a people, who, when he first went among them, were very ignorant, brutish and wicked. But very soon, by the blessing of God upon his ministry, this wilderness assumed the appearance of a fruitful field, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed like the rose."

Thorough and deep was the work of grace in the heart of

this good man, his whole being seemed to be consecrated to his master's service. He was accustomed, at different periods in his experience, to draw up with his own hand forms of covenant with his Redeemer, in which he would re-dedicate himself to his Lord's service. The following was written in 1744:

"Eternal and unchangeable Jehovah! Thou great Creator of heaven and earth, and adorable Lord of angels and of men! I desire, with the deepest humiliation and abasement of soul, to fall down at this time, in thine awful presence, and earnestly pray that thou wilt penetrate my heart with a suitable sense of thine unutterable and inconceivable glories! Trembling may justly take hold upon me, when I, a sinful worm, presume to lift up my head to thee — presume to appear in thy majestic presence on such an occasion as this! What is my nature or descent, my character or desert, that I should mention or desire to be one party, in a covenant, where thou, the King of kings, art the other? I blush even to mention it before thee. But, O Lord, great as is thy majesty, so also is thy mercy. If thou hold converse with any of thy creatures, thy superlatively exalted nature must stoop infinitely low. I know that through Jesus, the Son of thy love, thou condescendest to visit sinful mortals, and to allow their approach to thee, and their covenant intercourse with thee. Nay, I know the scheme and plan is entirely thine own, and that thou hast graciously sent to propose it unto us; as none, untaught by thee, could have been able to form it or inclined to embrace it, even when actually proposed.

"To thee, therefore, do I now come, invited by thy Son, and trusting in his righteousness and grace. Laying myself at thy feet with shame and confusion of face, and smiting upon my breast, saying, with the humble publican, God be merciful to me a sinner! I acknowledge, O Lord, that I have been a great transgressor. My sins have reached unto heaven, and mine iniquities have been lifted up to the skies. My base corruptions and lusts have numberless ways wrought to bring forth fruit unto death. And if thou wert extreme

to mark what I have done amiss, I could never abide in it. But thou hast graciously called me to return unto thee, though I am a prodigal son, and a backsliding child. Behold, therefore, I solemnly come before thee, O my Lord! I come convinced of my sin and folly. Thou knowest, O Lord, I solemnly covenanted with thee, in the year 1738; and before that wonderful manifestation of thyself unto me, at church, and in the clerk's house, between the hours of ten and two o'clock on Sunday, September 2, 1744, I had again solemnly devoted myself to thee on August 8, 1744. And now once more and for ever, I most solemnly give up, devote, and resign all I am, spirit, soul, and body, to thee, and to thy pleasure and command, in Christ Jesus, my Saviour, this 4th day of December, 1752. Sensible, O Lord, of my vileness and unworthiness, but yet that I am thy pardoned, justified, and regenerated child, in the Spirit and blood of my dear and precious Saviour Jesus Christ, by clear experience. Glory be to thee! O my triune God! Permit me to repeat, and renew my covenant with thee. I desire and resolve to be wholly and for ever thine, in thy Spirit. Blessed God! I most solemnly surrender myself unto thee. Hear, O heaven, and give ear, O earth! I avouch this day, the Lord to be my God, Father, Saviour, Portion, for ever! I am one of his covenant children, for ever! From this day, I solemnly renounce all former lords, world, flesh, and devil, in thy name. No more, directly or indirectly, will I obey them. I renounced them many years ago, and I renounce them for ever. This day I give myself up to thee, a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto thee; and which I know is my reasonable service; to thee I consecrate all my worldly possessions; in thy service I desire and purpose to spend all my time; desiring thee to teach me to spend every moment of it to thy glory, and the setting forth of thy praise, in every station and relation of life, I am now or may be hereafter in. And I earnestly pray, that whatever influence thou mayest in any wise give me over others, thou wouldst give me strength and courage to exert it to the utmost, to thy glory, resolving not only myself to do it, but that all others, so far as I can rationally and properly influence

them, shall serve the Lord. In that course would I, O Lord, persevere to my last breath; steadfastly praying, that every day of my life may supply the defects and correct the irregularities of the former, and that by divine grace I may be enabled, not only in that happy way to hold on, but to grow daily more active in it. Nor do I only consecrate all I have to thy service, but I also most humbly resign and submit to thy holy and sovereign will, all that I have. I leave, O Lord, to thy management and direction, all I possess, and all I wish, and set every enjoyment and interest before thee, to be disposed of as thou pleasest. Continue or remove what thou hast given me, bestow or refuse what I imagine I want, as thou seest good; and though I dare not say, I will never repine, yet I hope I may say, I will labor not only to submit, but to acquiesce; not only to bear thy heaviest afflictions on me, but to consent to them, and praise thee for them; contentedly resolving in all thy appointments, my will into thine; esteeming myself as nothing, and thee, O God, as the great Eternal all, whose word should determine, and whose power should order all things in the world.

"Use me, O Lord, I beseech thee, as the instrument of thy glory; and honor me so far, as either by doing or suffering thy appointments, I may bring praise to thy name, and benefit to the world in which I live. And may it please thee from this day forward to number me among thy peculiar people, that I may no more be a stranger and foreigner, but a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God. Receive, O heavenly Father, being already washed in thy blood, and clothed with thy righteousness, me, thy child, and sanctify me throughout, by the power of thy Holy Spirit. Destroy, I beseech thee, more, the power of sin in my heart; transform me more into thine image; and fashion me into the resemblance of Jesus, whom I would henceforth ever acknowledge as my Teacher and Sacrifice, my Intercessor, and my Lord. Communicate unto me, I beseech thee, all needful influences of thy purifying, cheering, comforting Spirit; and lift up that light of thy countenance upon me, which will put the sublimest joy and gladness into my heart.

"Dispose my affairs, O God, in a manner which may be

wholly subservient to thy glory, and my own true happiness; and when I have done, borne, and endured thy will upon earth, call me hence at what time, and in what manner thou pleasest. Only grant, that in my dying moments, and the near approach of eternity, I may remember these my engagements to thee, and may employ my latest breath in thy service. And do thou, when thou seest me in the agonies of death, remember this covenant too, though I should be incapable of recollecting it. Look down upon me, O Lord, thy languishing dying child; place thine everlasting arms underneath my head; put strength and confidence in my departing spirit, and receive it to the embraces of thine everlasting love! Welcome it to the abodes of those who sleep in Jesus, who are with him above, to wait with them that glorious day, when the last of thy promises to thy people shall be fulfilled in their triumphant resurrection, and that abundant entrance which shall be administered unto them, into that everlasting kingdom of which thou hast assured them by thy covenant; in the hope of which I now lay hold of it, desiring to live and die with my hand upon that hope.

"And when I am thus numbered with the dead, and all the interests of mortality are over with me, for ever; if this solemn memorial should fall into the hands of any surviving friends or relatives, may it be the means of making serious impressions upon their minds; and may they read it, not only as *my* language, but as their *own;* and learn to fear the Lord my God, and with me, to put their trust under the shadow of his wings for time, and for eternity. And may they also learn to adore with me, that grace which inclines our hearts to enter into the covenant, and condescends to admit us into it, when so inclined; ascribing with me, and with all the nations of the redeemed, to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that glory, honor, and praise, which is so justly due to each divine Person, for the part he bears in this illustrious work. Amen. I solemnly subscribe this dedication of myself to the for ever blessed triune God, in the presence of angels and all invisible spectators, this fourth day of December, 1752.

"WILLIAM GRIMSHAW,

"*Minister of Haworth.*

"I renewed this solemn dedication in a most awful manner, 5th of June, 1760. Oh! that day! May I carefully remember and keep it!

"I proposed to renew this dedication with a quarterly fast, the first Friday in January, April, July, and October, during life."

In the above covenant, allusion is made to an extraordinary spiritual manifestation which occurred in his clerk's house in 1744. The following account of it is given by one who was his servant at this time: "She was called up that morning at five o'clock, but found her master was risen before her, and was retired into a private room for prayer. After remaining there some time, he went to a house in Haworth, where he was engaged awhile in religious exercises with some of his people; he then returned home, and retired for prayer again, and from thence to church. She believes he had not eaten any thing that morning. While reading the second lesson he fell down; he was soon helped up, and led out of the church. He continued to talk to the people as he went, and desired them not to disperse, for he hoped he should return to them soon, and he had something extraordinary to say to them. They led him to the clerk's house, where he lay seemingly insensible. She, and others, were employed in rubbing his limbs, which were exceedingly cold, with warm clothes. After some time he came to himself, and seemed to be in great rapture. The first words he spoke were, 'I have had a glorious vision from the third heaven.' But she does not remember that he made any mention of what he had seen. In the afternoon he performed service in the church, which began at two o'clock, and preached and spoke so long to the people, that it was seven in the evening before he returned home."

To a person who came to see her, she said — "Cousin, I think I shall die: and now, what a comfort it is, that I am not afraid of death! The blood of Christ cleanses me from all sin. But mistake me not; there must be a life and conversation agreeable to the gospel, or else our faith in Christ is a dead faith. Secure Christ for your friend; set not your heart on things below: riches and honors, and what the world calls pleasures, are all fading, perishing things." She then threw out her hand, and said, "O, if I had thousands and ten thousands of gold and silver lying by me, what could they do for me, now I am dying? Take the advice of a departing friend who wishes you well. Do not set your affections on riches, or on any thing here below. Remember, death will come in a little while, whether you are ready or unready, willing or unwilling. I commend you to God. I hope, in a short time, we shall meet again, in heaven, that place of perfect rest, peace, and happiness."

The whole time of her sickness, she was in a cheerful, thankful frame of mind. When she was cold, and had something warm given to her, she often said, "Blessed be God for all his mercies, and for this comfort in my affliction." On her attendant's warming a piece of flannel, and putting it around her cold hands, she thanked her for it, and said, "O, how many mercies I have! I want for nothing. Here is every thing I can wish for. I can say, I never wanted any good thing. I wish only for a tranquil passage to glory. It was free grace that plucked me from the very brink of hell; and it is the power of divine grace that has supported me through the whole of my life. Hitherto I can say, the Lord is gracious. He has been very merciful to me, in supporting me under all my trials. The Lord brings affliction, but it is not because he delights to afflict his children: it is at all times for our profit. I can say, it has been good

for me to be afflicted; it has enabled me to discern things, which, when I was in health, I could not perceive. It has made me see more of the vanity and emptiness of this world, and all its delusive pleasures; for, at best, they are but vanity, I can say, from my own experience, I have found them to be so many a time."

To her husband, the day before she died, she said, "My dear, I think I am going apace; and I hope you will be satisfied, because it is the will of God. You have at all times been very loving and good to me; and I thank you for it kindly: and now I desire you freely to resign me to God. If God sees it best to prolong my stay here upon earth, I am willing to stay: or, if he sees it best to take me to himself, I am willing to go. I am willing to be and bear what may be most for his glory."

The evening before she died, she found death stealing upon her; and, feeling her own pulse, said — "Well, it will be but a little while before my work in this world will be finished. Then I shall have done with prayer. My whole employment in heaven will be praise and love. Here I love God but faintly, yet, I hope, sincerely; but there, it will be perfectly. I shall behold his face in righteousness; for I am thy servant, Lord, bought with blood, with precious blood. Christ died to purchase the life of my soul. A little while, and then I shall be singing that sweet song — 'Blessing and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb for ever and ever.'"

With smiles in her face, and transports of joy, she often said — "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Why tarry the wheels of thy chariot? O blessed convoy! come and fetch my soul to dwell with God, and Christ, and perfect spirits for ever and ever. When I join that blessed society above,

my pleasures will never end. O the glory, the glory that shall be set on the head of faith and hope!"

A few minutes before her departure, finding herself going, she desired to be lifted up. When this was done, she cheerfully said, "Farewell, sin! farewell, pains!" — and so finished her course with joy.

JOHN LOCKE.

John Locke, the well-known and justly celebrated philosopher, was born in the year 1632. "He was well educated; and applying himself with vigor to his studies, his mind became enlarged, and stored with much useful knowledge. He went abroad as Secretary to the English ambassador at several of the German courts; and afterwards had the offer of being made envoy at the Court of the Emperor, or of any other that he chose: but he declined the proposal on account of the infirm state of his health. He was made a commissioner of trade and plantations, in which station he very honorably distinguished himself. Notwithstanding his public employments he found time to write much for the benefit of mankind. His 'Essay on Human Understanding;' his 'Discourses on Government,' and his 'Letters on Toleration,' are justly held in the highest esteem.

"This enlightened man and profound reasoner, was most firmly attached to the Christian religion. His zeal to promote it appeared, first, in his middle age, by publishing a discourse to demonstrate the reasonableness of believing Jesus to be the promised Messiah; and, afterwards, in the

latter part of his life, by a very judicious commentary on several of the Epistles of the apostle Paul. The sacred Scriptures are every where mentioned by him with the greatest reverence; and he exhorts Christians 'to betake themselves in earnest to the study of the way of salvation, in those holy writings, wherein God has revealed it from heaven, and proposed it to the world; seeking our religion where we are sure it is in truth to be found, comparing spiritual things with spiritual."* His last days are thus described by his biographer.

Having paid frequent visits to Sir Francis Masham, at Oates, in Essex, England, he found the air there so agreeable to his constitution, and the society so delightful, that he was easily prevailed upon to become one of the family, and to settle there during the remainder of his life. The air used to restore him in a few hours after his return at any time from town, although quite spent and unable to support himself. Besides this, he found in Lady Masham, (the daughter of Dr. Cudworth) a friend and companion exactly to his mind. An apartment was provided for his sole accommodation, and every means used to render him *at home*.

Having settled at Oates, he applied himself without interruption, to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and in this employment he found so much pleasure, that he regretted his not having devoted more of his time to it in the former part of his life. On one occasion, in answer to a young gentleman who asked what was the shortest and surest way to obtain a true knowledge of the Christian religion? he replied, "Let him study the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament: it has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error for its matter."

* Lindley Murray.

He suffered much from his asthmatic complaints, but these were alleviated by the kind attentions of Lady Masham. He foresaw that his dissolution was not far distant, and he could anticipate it without dread, and speak of it with perfect calmness and composure.

After receiving the sacrament at home along with some friends, he told the minister, "That he was in perfect charity with all men, and in a sincere communion with the church of Christ, by what name soever it might be distinguished." He lived some months after this, which he spent in acts of piety and devotion. When he was meditating upon the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, he could not forbear crying out, "Oh, the depths of the riches of the goodness and knowledge of God!" What he felt on this subject he was anxious to infuse into the hearts of others. On the day previous to his departure, he said, he had lived long enough, and was thankful that he had enjoyed a happy life; but that after all he looked upon this life to be nothing but vanity, that affords no solid satisfaction but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hopes of another life.

He had no rest that night, and begged in the morning to be carried into his study, where, being placed in an easy chair, he had a refreshing sleep for a considerable time. He then requested Lady Masham to read to him some of the Psalms, to which he appeared exceedingly attentive, till, feeling the approach of the last messenger, he requested her to desist, and in a few minutes expired, in the 73d year of his age.

In a letter to a friend, Lady Masham said: "You will not, perhaps, dislike to know that the last scene of Mr. Locke's life was no less admirable than any thing else in him. All the faculties of his mind were perfect to the last; but his weakness, of which only he died, made such gradual

and visible advances, that few people do see death approach them so sensibly as he did. During all which time no one could observe the least alteration in his humor, always civil and conversable to the last day, thoughtful of all the concerns of his friends, and omitting no fit occasion of giving Christian advice to all about him. In short, his death was like his life, truly pious, yet natural, easy, and unaffected; nor can time, I think, ever produce a more eminent example of reason and religion, than he was, living and dying."

"The last end
Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft!"

JOHN FLETCHER.*

Mr. Fletcher was a native of Nyon, in beautiful Switzerland. He was born September 12th, 1729, of parents who, with their ancestors, were of the highest respectability.

In very early life, he gave evidence of the possession of distinguished natural ability. His progress, both in his primary studies and at the University of Geneva, secured him a high reputation, both for ability and scholarship. And when he left the University, his rare mental powers, his thoroughly cultivated mind, his pure, classic taste, and his ripe scholarship, awakened in the minds of his friends large expectations of his future greatness. A scholar so ripe, a writer so elegant, a thinker so profound, they thought could

* The sketch of the life of Fletcher is abridged from an article in Guide to Holiness, by Rev. D. Wise.

hardly fail of producing a powerful impression upon the world. In a worldly sense, they were disappointed. In a spiritual and higher sense, their largest anticipations were more than realized; for, as we shall see hereafter, Mr. Fletcher attained the summit of human greatness on earth — *a conformity to the image of his Creator.*

The history of superior men is usually marked by peculiar Providences. They pass unhurt through dangers where others perish; their preservation is frequently a striking comment on that word of God, which pledges that his angels shall have charge over the persons of the saints. Thus Wesley escaped from the fire while yet a child, as by miracle; Clark from being drowned, Newton from a hundred deaths by sea and land, and our endeared Fletcher, on several occasions, was saved from an early death only by the strong hand of God. Once, while fencing with his brother, he had his side pierced with a sword, so deep that he carried the scar to his grave. At another time he was lost at night, in an open boat, upon the lake of Geneva, and but for the ringing of the city bells, must have perished. Once he fell from a high wall, and but for a bed of mortar on the spot where he fell, must have been instantly killed. On no less than three occasions, when bathing, he had the most hairbreadth escapes from drowning — the last of these escapes amounting to a miracle; for he was submerged among the piles which supported a mill, on the Rhine, for the space of twenty minutes, and came forth unhurt! Surely a special Providence watched over the life of this remarkable man.

Mr. Fletcher's father desired his son, above all things, to enter the church and to adopt the ministry as his profession. By a strange taste, for so serious a youth, Mr. Fletcher preferred the army to the church. The reason he assigned for this choice was characteristic. He said that his views of

the duties of a minister were so exalted, that he considered himself unfit to labor for God in so lofty a sphere.

But all his efforts to procure a commission in the army were unavailing. The providence of God thwarted him at every step. At last he went to England, where he was invited to become tutor to the two sons of Mr. Hill, of Tern Hall, Herefordshire. Here he remained for more than five years. At the expiration of this period, he met the wishes of his father, and at the same time obeyed the convictions of his own heart by entering the ministry. He was ordained a deacon of the church of England on the 6th of March, 1757, and on the following Sabbath he was set apart as a priest. By the influence of his friend, Mr. Hill, he was shortly after presented to the vicarage of Madely, which he conscientiously retained until his death.

With these brief notices of the *outward* life of this good man, we proceed to examine his inward experience, and to trace his spiritual history from the point where he appears as the babe in Christ to where he attained the full stature of a man in Christ Jesus.

From his earliest childhood, Mr. Fletcher was uncommonly serious. He possessed great quickness of conscience, a passionate fondness for the Scriptures, and was entirely free from the usual vices of boyhood and youth. When he reached the years of manhood his *moral* character was spotless. Still, with all his morality and religious feeling, he was not a Christian until after he entered the twenty-fifth year of his life.

He was awakened under a sermon preached by a Mr. Green. That memorable discourse convinced him that he was ignorant of the nature of saving faith. The feelings produced by this conviction were painfully severe. "*I never had faith*," was the bitter cry of his heart. He saw that

never having had faith, he had *always* been a sinner before God. The discovery was the more painful because it was unexpected. He writhed and groaned, and prayed and wept, and was at times almost reduced to despair. For several days he found no consolation. At last the struggle terminated in victory, under the following circumstances:

He dreamed that Satan had overcome him in a powerful temptation. He awoke in extreme agony. He approached the throne of grace, detesting himself with a most perfect self-loathing. While in prayer, his faith grew strong. He rose from his knees in a state of unwonted cheerfulness. He found himself powerful to resist temptations. Sin stirred in him all the day long, but he was always able to overcome it in the name of the Lord. By this mark he felt himself to be indeed a new creature. He rejoiced, but was not satisfied. He plead for a brighter manifestation of God's love to his soul. One day, as by faith, he saw his adored Saviour hanging and bleeding on the cross, these lines came with divine energy to his heart —

"Seized by the rage of sinful men,
I see Christ bound, and bruised and slain,
'T is done — the martyr dies!
His life to ransom ours is given,
And, lo! the fiercest fire of heaven
Consumes the sacrifice.

He suffers both from men and God,
He bears the universal load
Of guilt and misery!
He suffers to reverse our doom,
And lo! my Lord is here become
The bread of life to me.

From that hour his soul was free, his confidence strong, his joy in Christ great. From henceforth he knew nothing among men save Christ. He never looked back. His soul

never knew a *wilderness state.* He literally obeyed the apostolic exhortation, to leave the first principles of the gospel of Christ and go on to perfection.

Having laid this sure foundation, Mr. Fletcher did not pause to indulge in any self-complacent feelings, nor sink into an anti-scriptural contentment with his spiritual state. He *immediately* sought a clearer manifestation; and he speedily obtained it. Nor did he rest here. He resolved to be a *complete* Christian. He sat himself most unalterably about the work of gaining a perfect likeness to Jesus Christ. This was the one grand idea of his life.

It is saying much, but I think not too much, to affirm that no man (at least in modern times) ever gained a nearer resemblance to the dear Redeemer; no man ever displaye more of the spirit of heaven while in the flesh, than did the devoted John Fletcher. Let the following testimonies to this assertion be carefully examined.

Speaking of him as he appeared while superintending, for a short period, the Countess of Huntington's College, at Trevecka, in Wales, Mr. Benson, his biographer, says:

"Here it was that I saw, shall I say, an angel in human flesh? I should not far exceed the truth if I said so. But here I saw a descendant of fallen Adam, so fully raised above the ruins of the fall, that though, by the body, he was tied down to earth, yet was his whole conversation in heaven; yet was his life, from day to day, hid with Christ in God. Prayer, praise, love, and zeal, all ardent, elevated above what one would think attainable in this state of frailty, was the element in which he continually lived. * * * Every heart catched fire from the flame which burned in his soul."

While travelling in the South of France, for his health, he made a visit on foot to see the Protestants who lived in the Sevennes mountains. On his way, he solicited shelter

for the night at the cottage of a papist. At first he was refused, but finally was entertained. Such was the earnestness and devotion of his spirit there, that the cottagers were astonished. They had never seen such piety before. The next day the man reported among his neighbors, that he had nearly refused to admit a man into his house, who proved to be rather an angel than a man.

Mr. Wesley, in speaking of his holy temper and conversation, said: "One equal to Mr. Fletcher I have not known, no, not in a life of fourscore years."

Mr. Fletcher, in a letter to Charles Wesley, gives a striking picture of his glorious spiritual state, in these words:

"Thank God, I enjoy *uninterrupted* peace in the midst of my trials, which are sometimes not a few. Joy, also, I possess — I thank God, I feel myself in a good degree dead to praise and dispraise. I hope at least, it is so, because I do not feel that the one lifts me up, or that the other dejects me."

Mr. Benson describes him as he appeared during a severe attack of illness, and when his stay on earth seemed to be very short, in the following strong language:

"His immortal prospects became more enlarged and transporting, his conversation was correspondent to the grandeur of his views; his whole appearance was that of a man already clothed in the wedding garment. There was something in his deportment, upon these awful occasions, (i. e. in seasons of great weakness) which reminded me of the transfiguration of his Master upon Mount Tabor. His meditations have been frequently accompanied with so much visible delight, such an ecstatic glow has diffused itself over his whole countenance, and his eye has been directed upward with a look of such inexpressible sweetness, that one would almost have supposed him at such seasons conversing with angelical

spirits on his approaching dissolution, and the glory that should follow."

Another witness of his manner and conversation in sickness, describes him, as saying, when speaking on his favorite theme — *the gift of* the Holy Ghost:

"We must not be content to be only cleansed from sin; we must be filled with the Spirit."

"What," asked a friend, "is to be experienced in the full accomplishment of the promise?"

"O," said he, evidently referring to his own experience, "What shall I say? All the sweetness of the drawings of the Father; all the love of the Son; all the rich effusions of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost; more than ever can be expressed, are comprehended here! To attain it, the spirit maketh intercession with the soul like a God wrestling with a God."

Speaking of his inward exercises, he once said to a friend: "In the beginning of my spiritual course, I heard the voice of God, in an inexpressibly awful sound, go through my soul in those words — 'If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself.'"

Describing a subsequent experience, he said: "I was favored, like Moses, with a supernatural discovery of the glory of God, in an ineffable converse with him; so that whether I was there in the body or out of the body I cannot tell."

A gentleman who called to see him in this same sickness, remarked: "I went to see a man that had one foot in the grave; but I found a man that had one foot in Heaven."

As a preacher, he had few equals. Mr. Wesley described him as superior to the celebrated Whitefield; he says, comparing him with Whitefield: (and Wesley was no mean judge,) "He (Fletcher) had a more striking person, equal

Of Mr. Grimshaw as a preacher, his biographer thus writes:

Though the people at Haworth were for the most part extremely ignorant and stupidly irreligious, when Mr. Grimshaw settled among them, the terror and energy of his preaching soon engaged their attention. He was pressed in spirit — he spoke with earnestness and authority — and "his labor was not in vain in the Lord." A power from on high applied to the heart what he would only declare to the ear. The effects of his plain and pungent ministry were soon visible; while some mocked and opposed, a growing number were soon distinguished, not only by a change in their views and sentiments, but in their tempers and conduct. Sin was in many instances forsaken and discountenanced; the drunkard became sober, the idle industrious; profaneness gave place to prayer, and riot to decorum.

If his preaching had been confined to his own parish church, he would not have labored in vain. It might be said of men who heard him there, "The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light." They were turned from the power of Satan unto God. But his zeal and his desire to be useful to the souls of men, made him readily accept invitations to visit and preach in other parishes. His constitution was strong, his health firm, his spirits good, and his zeal ardent. He was able to bear much fatigue and hardship, and he did not spare himself. The love of Christ constrained him. Without intermitting his stated service at home, he went much abroad. In a course of time, he established two circuits, which, with some occasional visitations, he usually traversed every week alternately. One of these he pleasantly called his idle week, because he seldom preached more than *twelve* or *fourteen* times. His sermons in his working or busy week, often exceeded *twenty-four*, and sometimes *thirty*. So great was the interest felt in his earnest and evangelical exhibitions of truth, that numbers flocked to his church from a great distance. He had hearers who came statedly ten or twelve miles, for years together;

and were seldom prevented, either by severe weather, or bad roads.

We come now to the closing scene of this good man's life:

In the spring of 1763, Haworth was visited by a putrid fever of which many persons died. Mr. Grimshaw had a strong presage upon his mind, that some one of his own family would be added to the number, and he repeatedly exhorted them all to be ready, as he knew not which of them it might be. As to himself, it was not for a man of his mind and spirit, to decline the calls of duty and affection, from any apprehension of danger. He caught the infection, and from the first of the attack, expected and welcomed the approach of death. He knew in whom he believed, and felt his support in the trying hour.

While death pointed his javelin to his heart, he beheld the face of this king of terrors, as it were the face of an angel. He said, "Never had I such a visit from God since I knew him." To one of his friends who asked him how he did, he answered, "As happy as I can be on earth, and as sure of glory as if I was in it." He is reported to have said to his housekeeper, "O Mary, I have suffered last night what the blessed martyrs did; my flesh has been as it were, roasting before a hot fire. But I have nothing to do, but to step out of my bed into heaven. I have my foot upon the threshold already. And thus he entered into the joy of the Lord, aged *fifty-five*. How can infidelity itself refrain from exclaiming, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

DAVID BRAINERD.

Brainerd, a name precious in the missionary annals of the Christian church, was born at Haddam, Conn., April 20, 1718. His mind came at a very early age under the powerful operations of the Holy Spirit, and in his experience he afforded another illustration of the truth of that often repeated remark of Philip Henry, "that *early* Christians become *eminent* Christians."

He thus writes in reference to his youthful convictions — "I was, I think, from my youth, something sober, and inclined to melancholy, but do not remember any conviction of sin worthy of remark, until I was seven or eight years of age, when I grew terrified at the thoughts of death, and was driven to the performance of religious duties: this religious concern was short lived. However, I sometimes attended secret prayer, and thus lived at 'ease in Zion,' though without God in the world, till I was about thirteen years of age. But in the winter of 1732, I was something roused by the prevailing of a mortal sickness, at Haddam. I was frequent, constant, and something fervent in duties, and took delight in reading, especially Mr. Janeway's 'Token for Children;' I was sometimes much melted in duties, and took great delight in the performance of them. The Spirit of God, at this time, proceeded far with me; I was remarkably dead to the world, and my thoughts were almost wholly employed about my soul's concerns." For some time, however, his experience was of a fluctuating and *legal* character. He trusted too far upon his own efforts, and the strict performance of his religious duties, and as a consequence enjoyed little of that "peace in *believing*" that accompanies the "righteousness of faith." By degrees, however, he was

enlightened to see, more clearly, the way of salvation, and fix his dependence more firmly on the merit, atonement, and grace of the divine Redeemer.

Thirsting for intellectual improvement, at the age of twenty (his previous years, on account of limited means, having been spent in the pursuits of husbandry) he commenced a life of study. But he most scrupulously attended at the same time to the cultivation of his heart, performing with the greatest punctuality the duties of religion, an obligation which he thought to be eminently incumbent upon "a minister and upon a candidate for the ministerial office;" "and it were to be wished," remarks one of his biographers, "that all who assume the sacred character, felt thus concerned to maintain its real dignity."

"Mr. Brainerd spent some time in Yale College, and afterwards studied under the tuition of Mr. Mills, at Ripton. Having resolved upon becoming a missionary, he immediately began to prepare himself for the arduous task. At this time he gave a most striking proof of the disinterestedness of his motives, and of his entire devotedness to the cause of God. Having a small estate bequeathed him by his father, he generously determined to educate, for the ministry, some young person of abilities and piety. Such an one he found, whom he denominated 'a dear friend,' and as long as he lived, he supported him at college."

Having finished his studies, he commenced his labors among the Indians, and was ordained at Newark, N. J., June 11, 1743. His efforts were unremitted, accompanied with the utmost self-sacrifice, and privation, and for a long time were apparently unsuccessful. "To an eye of reason," he writes, "every thing that respects the conversion of the heathen is dark as midnight; yet I cannot but hope in God for the accomplishment of something glorious among them." He

writes again to a friend, in reference to his prospects, "I am in a very poor state of health; but through divine goodness I am not discontented; I bless God for this sentiment! I never was more thankful for any thing, than I have been of late for the necessity I am under of self-denial. I love to be a stranger and a pilgrim in this wilderness: it seems most fit for a poor, ignorant, worthless creature such as I am. I would not change my present condition for any other business in the whole world. I may tell you freely, that God has of late given me great freedom and fervency in prayer, when I have been so weak and feeble that my nature seemed as if it would speedily dissolve. I feel as if my all was lost, and I was undone, if the poor heathen be not converted. I feel different from what I did when I saw you last — more crucified to all the enjoyments of life. It would be very refreshing to me to see you here in this desert; especially in my most disconsolate hours; but I could be content never to see you, or any of my friends again, in this world, if God would bless my labors to the conversion of the poor Indians."

And, indeed, God's blessing came down wonderfully upon his labors. The besotted and ignorant heathen, who had listened without apparent interest or feeling to his impassioned discourses, now melted under the word of life. The breaking out of this revival was one of the most remarkable results of missionary labor recorded in modern times.

"I preached," says Brainerd, on one occasion, "to about fifty-five persons, from 1 John iv. 10, — 'Herein is love,' &c. They seemed eager in hearing; but there appeared nothing very remarkable till near the close of my discourse, and then divine truth was attended with a surprising influence. There was scarce three in forty who could refrain from tears and bitter cries. They all as one seemed in an agony of soul to

obtain an interest in Christ; and the more I discoursed of the love and compassion of God, in sending his Son to suffer for the sins of men, and the more I invited them to come and partake of his love, the more their distress was aggravated. It was surprising to see how their hearts were grieved by the tender invitations of the gospel, when there was not a word of terror spoken to them. I asked two persons, who had obtained comfort, what they wanted God farther to do for them. They replied, that 'they wanted Christ to wipe their hearts quite clean.' "

This glorious revival took place at Crossweeksung in N. J., and the work of God continued for considerable time, the converts standing fast in their spiritual liberty. "At another time when he was preaching to about seventy persons, many of whom had been drunkards, conjurers, and murderers, he assures us, such strong and pungent convictions, and tender emotions filled the whole audience, that scarcely an individual appeared unmoved. And 'Guttummaukalummeh, guttummaukalummeh,' 'Have mercy upon me, have mercy upon me,' was the general cry. It was affecting to see the poor Indians, who the other day were yelling in their idolatrous feasts, now crying to God with such importunity for an interest in his dear Son! A considerable number were baptized, joined in Christian fellowship, and continued to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour."

Brainerd had hardly begun to enjoy the blessed success with which God had crowned his labors, ere he was called to the heavenly approbation and reward of his Master in the eternal world. Obliged to discontinue his preaching, he returned to New England, and spent his last days in the house of Dr. Jonathan Edwards. "I had," says Dr. E., "much opportunity, before this, of particular information concerning him, but now I had opportunity for a more full

acquaintance with him. I found him remarkably sociable, pleasant, and entertaining in his conversation; yet solid, savory, spiritual, and very profitable: appearing meek, modest, and humble; far from any stiffness, moroseness, superstitious demureness, or affected singularity in speech or behavior. We enjoyed not only the benefit of his conversation, but had the comfort of his prayers from time to time."

The following sketch of his final hours is from the pen of Dr. Edwards. During the whole of the last two weeks of his life, he seemed to continue in this frame of heart, loose from all the world, as having done his work, and done with all things here below, having nothing to do but to die, and abiding in an earnest desire and expectation of the happy moment, when his soul should take its flight, and go to a state of perfection of holiness and perfect glorifying and enjoying God, manifested in a variety of expressions. He said, "That the consideration of the day of death, and the day of judgment, had a long time been peculiarly sweet to him." He from time to time spoke of his being willing to leave the body and the world immediately, that day, that night, that moment, if it was the will of God. He was also much in expressing his longings that the church of Christ on earth might flourish, and Christ's kingdom here might be advanced, notwithstanding he was about to leave the earth, and should not with his eyes behold the desirable event, nor be instrumental in promoting it. He said to me one morning as I came into the room, "My thoughts have been employed upon the dear old theme, the prosperity of God's church on earth. As I waked out of sleep, I was led to cry for the pouring out of God's Spirit, and the advancement of Christ's kingdom, which the dear Redeemer died and suffered so much for. It is that especially makes me long for it." He expressed much hope that a glorious advancement of Christ's

kingdom was near at hand. He expressed on his death-bed a full persuasion that he should in heaven see the prosperity of the church on earth, and should rejoice with Christ therein; and the consideration of it seemed to be highly pleasing and satisfying to his mind. The spiritual prosperity of his own congregation of Christian Indians in New Jersey, lay much on his heart, and when he spoke of them it was with such peculiar tenderness that his speech would presently be interrupted and drowned with tears.

September 28, he was supposed to be dying: he thought so himself, and it was thought so by those that were about him. He seemed glad of the appearance of the near approach of death. He was almost speechless, but his lips appeared to move: and one that sat very near him, heard him utter such expressions as these — "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." "O, why is his chariot so long in coming!" After he revived, he blamed himself for having been too eager to be gone. And in expressing what he found in the frame of his mind at that time, he said, he then found an inexpressibly sweet love to those that he looked upon as belonging to Christ, beyond almost all that ever he felt before; so that it "seemed (to use his own words) like a little piece of heaven to have one of them near to him." And being asked whether he heard the prayer that was (at his desire) made with him, he said, "Yes, he heard every word, and had an uncommon sense of the things that were uttered in that prayer, and that every word reached his heart."

On the evening of the next day, viz.: Tuesday, September 29th, as he lay in his bed, he seemed to be in an extraordinary frame; his mind greatly engaged in sweet meditations concerning the prosperity of Zion; there being present here at that time two young gentlemen of his acquaintance, that were candidates for the ministry, he desired us all to

unite in singing a psalm on that subject, even Zion's prosperity. And, on his desire, we sung a part of the 102d Psalm. This seemed much to refresh and revive him, and give him new strength; so that, though before he could scarcely speak at all, now he proceeded, with some freedom of speech, to give his dying counsels to those two young gentlemen, relating to their preparation for, and prosecution of, that great work of the ministry they were designed for; and particularly earnestly recommended to them frequent secret fasting and prayer: and enforced his counsel with regard to this, from his own experience of the great comfort and benefit of it; which (said he) I should not mention, were it not that I am a dying person.

Till now, he had every day set up part of the day; but after this he never rose from his bed.

On the morning of Lord's day, October 4th, as my daughter (who chiefly tended him) came into the room, he looked on her very pleasantly, and said, "Dear Jerusha, are you willing to part with me?—I am quite willing to part with you; I am willing to part with all my friends; I am willing to part with my dear brother John, although I love him the best of any creature living; I have committed him and all my friends to God, and can leave them with God. Though, if I thought I should not see you, and be happy with you in another world, I could not bear to part with you. But we shall spend a happy eternity together!" In the evening, as one came into the room with a Bible in her hand, he expressed himself thus: "Oh, that dear book! that lovely book! I shall soon see it opened! the mysteries that are in it, and the mysteries of God's providence, will all be unfolded!"

October 6th. He lay, for a considerable time, as if he were dying. At which time he was heard to utter, in broken

whispers, such expressions as these: "He will come, he will not tarry. I shall soon be in glory — I shall soon glorify God with the angels." But after some time he revived.

Thursday, October 8th, he was in great distress and agonies of body; and for the bigger part of the day, he was much disordered as to the exercise of his reason. In the evening he was more composed, and had the use of his reason well; but the pain of his body continued and increased. He told me it was impossible for any body to conceive the distress he felt in his breast. He manifested much concern lest he should dishonor God by impatience, under his extreme agony; which was such, that, he said, the thought of enduring it one minute longer was almost insupportable. He desired that others should be much in lifting up their hearts continually to God for him, that God would support him and give him patience. He signified that he expected to die that night, but seemed to fear a long delay; and the disposition of his mind with regard to death appeared still the same that it had been all along. And notwithstanding his bodily agonies, yet the interest of Zion lay still with great weight upon his heart, as appeared by some considerable discourse he had that evening with the Rev. Mr. Billing, one of the neighboring ministers (who was then present,) concerning the great importance of the work of the ministry, &c. And afterwards, when it was very late in the night, he had much very proper and profitable discourse with his brother John, concerning his congregation in New Jersey, and the interest of religion among the Indians. In the latter part of the night his bodily distress seemed to rise to a greater height than ever, and he said to those then about him, that "it was another thing to die than people imagined;" explaining himself to mean that they were not aware what bodily pain and anguish is undergone before

death. Towards day his eyes fixed; and he continued immoveable till about six o'clock in the morning, and then expired, on Friday, October 9th, 1747, when his soul, as we may well conclude, was received by his dear Lord and Master, as an eminently faithful servant, into the state of perfection of holiness and fruition of God, which he had so often and so ardently longed for; and was welcomed by the glorious assembly in the upper world, as one peculiarly fitted to join them in their blessed employments and enjoyments.

"Now safe arrives the heavenly mariner;
The battering storm, the hurricane of life,
All dies away in one eternal calm.
With joy divine full glowing in his breast,
He gains, he gains the port of everlasting rest."

H. HOUSMAN.

Mrs. Housman was born at Kidderminster, England, and was early instructed in the paths of true wisdom by devoted parents. When thirteen years of age she seems to have experienced the renovoting influences of the Holy Spirit, and from that period until the close of her life she sought to "walk with God," and by faith in her Redeemer, to enjoy continually a knowledge of her adoption into the heavenly family. Her death took place in 1735.

No lengthened biography of her holy life remains — it is recorded on high — but the following interesting account of her last sickness and triumphant death was prepared by one who was with her during the whole progress of her disease, and witnessed its blessed termination.

From the time of her first seizure, she was exercised with very violent pains, without any intermission till her death; such as, she would often say, she thought she could not have borne: "But," said she, "God is good; verily he is good to me! Through life I have found him a good and gracious God."

When recovering from extreme pain she said, "God is good; I have found him so; and though he slay me, yet I will trust in him. These pains make me love my Lord Jesus the better. O, they put me in mind of what he suffered, to purchase salvation for my poor soul! Why for me, Lord! why for me, the greatest of sinners? Why for me, who so long refused the rich offers of thy grace, and the kind invitations of the gospel? How many helps and means have I enjoyed more than many others; yea, above most! I had a religious father and mother; and I had access to a valuable minister, to whom I could often and freely open my mind. I have lived in a golden age. I have lived in peaceable times, and have enjoyed great advantages and helps for communion with God, and the peace of my own mind; for which I owe my gracious God and Father more praises than words can express. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all, or any, of his benefits!"

When any were weeping and mourning over her, she would say, "Weep not for me: it is the will of God; therefore be content. If it may be for his honor and glory he will spare me a little longer; if not, I am wholly resigned to the will of God. I am content to stay here, as long as he has any thing for me to do, or to suffer; and I am willing to go, if it be my Father's good pleasure. Therefore be content, and say, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good.'"

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between p. 192-193

good breeding, and equally winning address, together with a richer flow of fancy, a stronger understanding, a far greater treasure of learning, and above all, a more deep and constant communion with the Father, and with the Son Jesus Christ."

It is also quite certain that his preaching attracted great notice. Not only in his own quiet parish of Madely, but in the various parts of England and Ireland which he occasionally visited in company with Mr. Wesley. So also in his native country, and in France, multitudes flocked to hear the Word of God from his holy and eloquent lips. It is true his remarkable faithfulness offended many, and caused his exclusion from the pulpits of dead churches; but whoever felt offended at his plainness, none could deny him their meed of praise as a preacher of distinguished ability — he was so eminently successful in winning souls to Christ.

Mr. Fletcher was married somewhat late in life, to a saint almost as eminent in piety as himself, Miss Bosanquet. In no part of his experience does his piety shine with a brighter lustre than in his marriage. He was as spiritual and devotional on the day of the ceremony as at any period of his life. If possible, his faithfulness to God was increased by this connection, and many of his friends, who thought the marriage state unfavorable to an exalted piety, were convinced by his example of the error of their opinion. In marriage, as before, holiness to the Lord was written on his whole character. The same remark is equally applicable to his sainted wife.

His death, as might be anticipated, was heavenly in the extreme. The account of his final hours, so full of glorious triumph, is thus given by Mr. Benson, his biographer. On Thursday, August 4th, 1785, he was employed in the work of God from three in the afternoon till nine at night. When he came home he said, "I have taken cold;" but seemed

not to regard it. He was far from well on Friday and Saturday; but was uncommonly drawn out in prayer. On Saturday he was abundantly worse, and his fever appeared very strong. I begged that he would by no means think of going to the church in the morning. But he told me it was the will of the Lord; in which case I never dared to persuade.

The Rev. Mr. Gilpin, as he has informed us, called upon him in the morning, with an earnest request that he would permit him, if not to take the whole of his duty on that day, at least to share it with him. But this he would by no means be prevailed upon to suffer, assuring him with an air of holy confidence, that God would sufficiently strengthen him to go through the duties of the day. This was his last appearance in public; and several who were present upon this memorable occasion were affected, beyond all description, with the melancholy circumstances of the day. He opened the reading service with apparent strength: but before he had proceeded far in it, his countenance changed, his speech began to falter, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself from fainting. Every eye was riveted upon him, deep solicitude was painted on every face, and confused murmurs of distress ran through the whole congregation. In the midst of this affecting scene, Mrs. Fletcher was seen pressing through the crowd, and earnestly entreating her dying husband no longer to attempt what appeared to be utterly impracticable. But he, as if conscious that he was engaged in his last public work, mildly refused to be entreated; and struggling against an almost insupportable languor, constrained himself to continue the service. The windows being opened, he appeared to be a little refreshed, and began to preach with a strength and recollection that surprised all present. In the course of his sermon the idea of his weakness was almost lost in the freedom and energy

with which he delivered himself. Mercy was the subject of his discourse; and while he expatiated on this glorious attribute of the Deity, its unsearchable extent, its eternal duration, and its astonishing effects, he appeared to be carried above all the feelings and fears of mortality. There was something in his appearance and manner that gave his word an irresistible influence upon this solemn occasion. An awful concern was awakened through the whole assembly, and every one's heart was uncommonly moved. Upon the hearts of his friends, in particular, a most affecting impression was made at this season; and what deepened that impression was the sad presentiment, which they read in each other's countenance, of their pastor's approaching dissolution.

After sermon he walked up to the communion table, uttering these words: "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim, before the mercy seat." Here the same distressing scene was renewed with additional solemnity. The people were deeply affected while they beheld him offering up the languid remains of a life that had been lavishly spent in their service. Groans and tears were on every side. In going through this last part of his duty, he was exhausted again, and again; but his spiritual vigor triumphed over his bodily weakness. After several times sinking on the sacramental table, he still resumed his sacred work, and distributed with his dying hand the loved memorials of his dying Lord. In the course of this concluding office, which he performed by means of the most astonishing exertions, he gave out several verses of hymns, and delivered many affectionate exhortations to his people, calling upon them, at intervals, to celebrate the mercy of God in short songs of adoration and praise. And now, having struggled through a service of near four hours' continuance,

he was supported, with blessings in his mouth, from the altar to his chamber, where he lay for some time in a swoon, and from whence he never walked into the world again.

After this, proceeds Mrs. Fletcher, he dropped into a sleep for some time, and, on waking, cried out with a pleasant smile, "Now, my dear, thou seest I am no worse for doing the Lord's work. He never fails me when I trust in him." Having eaten a little dinner, he dozed most of the evening, now and then waking up with the praises of God in his mouth. On Monday and Tuesday we had a little paradise together. He lay on a couch in the study; and though often changing posture, was sweetly pleasant, and frequently slept a good while at a time. When he was awake, he delighted in hearing me read to him treatises on faith and love. His words were all animating, and his patience beyond expression. When he had a very nauseous medicine to take, he seemed to enjoy the cross, according to a word which he was used often to repeat, "We are to seek a perfect conformity to the will of God; and leave him to give us pleasure or pain, as it seemeth him good."

I asked him whether he had any directions to give me if he should be taken from me? since I desired to form my whole life thereby. He replied, "No, not by *mine:* the Holy Ghost shall direct thee. I have nothing particular to say." I said, Have you any conviction that God is about to take you? He said, "No; only I always see death so inexpressibly near, that we both seem to stand on the verge of eternity." Awaking some time after, he said, "Polly, I have been thinking it was Israel's fault that they asked for *signs.* We will not do so: but abandoning our whole selves to the will of God, will lie patiently before him; assured that he will do all things well." My dear love, said I, if I have ever done or said any thing to grieve thee, how will the

remembrance wound my heart if thou shouldst be taken from me! He entreated me with inexpressible tenderness, not to allow the thought, declaring his thankfulness for our union, in a variety of words written on my heart with the adamantine pen of friendship deeply dipped in blood.

On Wednesday, he told me he had received such a manifestation of the full meaning of these words, *God is love*, as he could never be able to express. "It fills my heart," said he, "every moment; O Polly, my dear Polly, *God is love!* Shout! shout aloud! I want a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth! But it seems as if I could not speak much longer. Let us fix on a sign between ourselves. Now," said he, tapping me twice with his finger, "I mean, God is love. And we will draw each other into God. Observe! By this we will draw each other into God."

Sally coming in, he cried out, "O Sally, God is love! Shout, both of you! I want to hear you shout his praise!" All this time the medical friend, who attended him diligently, hoped he was in no danger; as he had no head ache, but much sleep, without the least delirium, and an almost regular pulse.

On Thursday his speech began to fail. While he was able, he spoke to all that came in his way. Hearing that a stranger was in the house, he ordered her to be called up. But the uttering only two sentences made him ready to faint away. And while he had any power of speech, he would not be silent to his friendly doctor. "O, Sir," said he, "you take much thought of my body; permit me to take thought for your soul!" I spoke these words — *God is love.* Instantly, as if all his powers were awakened, he broke out in a rapture, "God is love! love! love! O for that gust of praise. I want to sound!" Here his voice again failed. All this time he was in much pain, and suf-

fered many ways; but still with such unutterable patience, as none but those who were present can conceive. If I did but name his sufferings, he would smile and make the sign.

On Friday, observing his body covered with spots, I felt a sword pierce through my soul. As I was kneeling by his side, with my hand in his, entreating the Lord to be with us in this tremendous hour, he strove to say many things, but could not articulate the words. All he could do was to press my hand, and frequently repeat the sign. At last he breathed out, "Head of the church, be head to my wife!"

He always took a peculiar pleasure in repeating or hearing these words: —

> "Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
> Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries."

Whenever I repeated them to him, he would answer, "Boundless! boundless! boundless!" He now added, though not without much difficulty,

> "Mercy's full power I soon shall prove,
> Loved with an everlasting love."

On Saturday in the afternoon, his fever seemed to be quite off, and a few friends standing near his bed, he reached his hand to each: and looking on a minister, said, "Are you ready to assist to-morrow?" His recollection surprised us, as the day of the week had not been named in the room. Many were of opinion he would recover; and one of them said to him, "Do you think the Lord will raise you up?" He strove to answer, and could just pronounce, "Raise me up in the resur—" meaning in the resurrection. To another who asked the same question, he said, "I leave it all to God."

In the evening the fever came again, and with greater violence than before. As night drew on, I perceived him dying very fast. His fingers could hardly make the sign,

which he scarce ever forgot, and his speech seemed quite gone. I said, "My dear creature, I ask not for myself: I know thy soul: but for the sake of others, if Jesus be very present with thee, lift up thy right hand. Immediately he did. If the prospect of glory sweetly open before thee, repeat the sign. He instantly raised it again, and in half a minute, a second time. He then threw it up, as if he would reach the top of the bed. After this his hands moved no more. But on my saying, Art thou in pain? he answered, "No." From this time he lay in a kind of sleep, though with his eyes open and fixed. For the most part he sat upright against pillows, with his head a little inclining to one side. And so remarkably composed, yea, triumphant was his countenance, that the least trace of death was scarcely discernible in it. Eighteen hours he was in this situation, breathing like a person in common sleep. About thirty-five minutes past ten, on Sunday night, August 14, his precious soul entered into the joy of his Lord, without one struggle or groan, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

During the Sabbath, "while," says Mr. Gilpin, "their pastor was breathing out his soul into the hands of a *faithful Creator*, his people were offering up their joint supplications on his behalf in the house of God. Little, however, was seen among them on that trying occasion, but affliction and tears. Indeed, it was a day much to be remembered for the many affecting testimonies of distress which appeared on every side. The whole village wore an air of consternation and sadness, and not one joyful song was heard among all its inhabitants. Hasty messengers were passing to and fro, with anxious inquiries and confused reports: and the members of every family sat together in silence that day, awaiting with trembling expectation, the issue of every hour. After the conclusion of the evening service, several of the poor,

who came from distant parts, and who were usually entertained under Mr. Fletcher's roof, still lingered about the house, and seemed unable to tear themselves away from the place without a sight of their expiring pastor. Secretly informed of their desire, I obtained them the permission they wished. And the door of the chamber being set open, immediately before which Mr. Fletcher was sitting upright in his bed, with the curtains undrawn, unaltered in his usual venerable appearance, they slowly moved one by one along the gallery, severally pausing as they passed by the door, and casting in a look of mingled supplication and anguish. It was indeed an affecting sight, to behold these unfeigned mourners presenting themselves before the bed of their dying benefactor, with an inexpressible eagerness in their looks, and then dragging themselves away from his presence with a distressing consciousness *that they should see his face no more.*

MARY FLETCHER.

THIS eminently pious woman, a fit consort for that holy man, the Rev. John Fletcher, was born at Laytonstone, in Essex, in 1739. Her parents were highly respectable and wealthy members of the Church of England. At a very early age she was the subject of religious impressions, and when about ten obtained a comfortable evidence of the forgiveness of her sins, through faith in Christ. Her deep anxiety in reference to her spiritual interests led her, from the hour of her conversion, to seek out opportunities for

intercourse and communion with the most eminently pious persons in the vicinity of her residence. Many of these were members of the societies lately formed by Mr. Wesley and his assistants, and bearing the name of Methodists. Miss Bosanquet (her maiden name) eagerly drunk into the spirit of her pious friends, and was soon led into larger and deeper experiences of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." The change induced by this in her manners, dress, and whole course of life, was not pleasing to her parents, whose views of the requirements of religion were far less self-denying, and more indulgent of worldly appetites. Although subjected to no painful restraints or persecutions, her residence became so unpleasant to herself and her parents, that at the age of twenty-one, having a small fortune coming to herself, she hired rooms at a friend's, and removed thither; from this time devoting herself and substance entirely to the service of her Redeemer.

About a year after this, a house belonging to her estate becoming vacant in her native town — Laytonstone — she moved thither, and, in the midst of her other duties and charities, collected under her hospitable roof, several orphan children, with whose education and well-being, she charged herself. Her income was found to be too narrow a limit for her benevolence, but the providence of God never failed her in any of the adventures of faith she undertook. By encouraging and generous friends assisting, from time to time, she was enabled to continue her labors of love towards the homeless and orphaned children that gathered around her hospitable door. During, however, the fourteen years she struggled with the cares and perplexities of managing so large a family, (sometimes amounting to thirty,) her own property was almost entirely expended, and her health often periled; but her faith and patience never failed her, and the Lord failed

not to redeem his promise to his praying children in her behalf.

In 1781, when forty-two years old, having accepted the hand of the pious Fletcher, of Madely, she closed up all her temporal concerns, devoting all the income of her property to the dispersed members of her family, save a small annual stipend to herself.

Rarely are two souls so nearly alike in all their tastes to be found in this world, and more rarely are they found united to each other. No married couple, perhaps, ever loved each other more tenderly, none have ever been more single in their purposes, more devoted to acts of piety, more wrapt in a Saviour's love. Joyful indeed is the diary of Mrs. Fletcher at this time, and it continues a song of triumph, until within less than four years, it pleased God to take this holy and beloved man, in a chariot of fire, to heaven. It was a severe and, at first, overwhelming stroke, but the glorious triumph vouchsafed at his death, a certain re-union in heaven, and the positive consolations of the Comforter supported her in this most trying hour.

"Last night," says she, "I had a peculiar sense of that truth, 'Thy Maker is thy husband.' I saw great depth in that declaration. The thought of belonging only to Jesus was precious! These words were powerfully on my mind:

"'Be bold in Jesus to confide,
His creature and his spotless bride!
Thy husband's power and goodness prove.
The Holy One of Israel, he!
The Lord of hosts, hath chosen thee,
In faith, and holiness, and love!'"

For thirty years after this bereavement, it pleased God to lengthen out the life of this eminently pious lady. The mantle of her husband seemed to have fallen upon her, and she labored in the parish of Madely, to supply, as far as she

could, the great vacancy made by the removal of so devoted a minister.

August 14th, she writes: "Thirty years, this day, I drank the bitter cup, and closed the eyes of my beloved husband; and now I am myself in a dying state. Lord, prepare me! I feel death very near. My soul doth wait, and long to fly to the bosom of my God! Come, my adorable Saviour! I lie at thy feet; I long for all thy fulness!

"September 12th. This day I am seventy-six years old, and the same day my dear husband would have been eighty-six. Surely we shall remember the scenes we have had together. But, O my God, give me power to cleave to thee every moment! I feel the powers of darkness are vehemently striving to distract and hinder me. O, my God and Father, enable me to walk in thy constant presence! O Jesus, Jesus! fill me with thy love, pour out thy Spirit abundantly upon me, and make my heart thy constant home!"

"October 26th. I have had a bad night; but asking help of the Lord for a closer communion, my precious Lord applied that word, *I have bourne thy sins in my own body on the tree.* I felt his presence. I seem very near death: but I long to fly into the arms of my beloved Lord. I feel his loving kindness surrounds me."

This was the last entry in her journal. On the 9th of the succeeding December, she died.

The account of her last illness is thus given by her friend and companion, Miss Tooth.*

For the last month of Mrs. Fletcher's life, her breath was more oppressed than usual; it had been much affected for some years upon motion; yet, when she sat still or laid down at night, she could breathe quite easy. But in the

* Benson's Life of Mrs. Fletcher.

middle of November, her breathing was affected, both while she sat still, and when she was laid down. She had also a very troublesome cough. By these her strength quickly declined. She had a wound for two years and three quarters in one side of her left breast, which was, at first, supposed to be a cancer: but her sufferings from this were not to be compared with what she suffered from the difficulty of breathing. Yet she would speak to the people, though, as she said, "It is like as if every meeting would take away my life; but I will speak to them while I have any breath."

One day when her sufferings were very great, she said, "How sweet are the words of the apostle, 'The sufferings of this life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that should follow.'" And on the 11th of November she mentioned the divine aid she found in these words, "Call upon me in the time of trouble; so will I hear thee, and thou shalt glorify me;" these words she frequently repeated, and sometimes would add, "Yes, my Lord, I will call upon thee; and I shall glorify thee too."

Another time she said with peculiar energy, "They that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded." She added, also, with much animation in her countenance, "That promise given me so many years ago now comes with fresh power, 'Thou shalt walk with me in white.' And that also 'I will thoroughly purge away thy dross, and take away thy tin.'" She added—

> "Everlasting life is won,
> Glory is on earth begun."

On the 18th of November she often repeated, with much animation,

> "I am thine, and thou art mine,
> A bond eternal hath us joined."

Indeed the goodness of God, and the great things that faith

will do, were subjects on which she delighted to dwell. I have often heard her say, the particular commission the Lord had given her was to encourage souls to believe; and herein she certainly was greatly blessed to many.

On the 23d, she many times repeated these words, which she said came to her with unusual sweetness in the night—

> "Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by thy blood,
> Bold shall I appear in the presence of God."

All this day she had a great degree of fever upon her, yet she would sometimes say to me, "What were the sweet words the Lord gave me last night?" As soon as I pronounced the first word, she would go on with the rest, and add, "I feel the power of them, though my head is so confused with this fever, that I could not immediately recollect them."

On the 6th of December, while looking on me with the tenderest affection, she said, "My faithful friend, my dearest friend, ten thousand blessings on her head." She continued also to cry to God for a blessing upon several persons whom she mentioned; and upon all her relations: though they were so far from her in body, they were to the last interested in her prayers; and she would frequently plead with the Lord, that one day she might meet with them in glory.

From the beginning of December, she dozed much, whenever the cough and the oppression upon her breath would allow her any ease. This she often complained of, saying, "I lose my time; I want every moment spent in prayer or praise."

On the same day, when waking out of a doze, she said, "I am drawing near to glory;" and soon after, "There is my house and portion fair;" and again, "Jesus, come, my hope of glory:" and, after a short pause, "He lifts his

hands and shows that I am graven there." The two following days were indeed days of love and praise.

The day following, the 8th, her breathing was exceedingly difficult. In the morning she had walked into the other room, as usual, with only the help of my arm. In the middle of the day she wished to go into the chamber again, and I led her as at other times; but she was now weaker, and I could scarcely keep her from falling. I therefore asked her to sit down in a chair, which she did, and I wheeled her back again. All the afternoon she was extremely ill, either hot to a great degree, shivering with cold, or very drowsy; but through all, her mouth was full of the loving kindness of the Lord.

At night she said she would not go to bed till after ten o'clock. We prayed together before we went into the chamber; but her breath being so greatly oppressed, she prayed but a short time. When I concluded, she said it was a very comfortable time; and having heard in the afternoon that Dr. Yonge, (who had always shown her the greatest attention,) was ill, she prayed particularly for him.

When we were ready to go into the chamber, I got her into the chair, but she was now weaker than at noon. However, I wheeled her to the bedside, and could not but look upon her as dying; and indeed so she considered herself, for when in bed, she said, "My love, this is the last time I shall get into bed; it has been hard work to get in, but it is work I shall do no more. This oppression upon my breath cannot last long; *but all is well.* The Lord will shower down ten thousand blessings upon thee, my tender nurse, my kind friend."

After these and many more kind expressions to the same effect, she desired I should make haste to bed. After I had made all the excuses I could for remaining up and looking upon her dear countenance as long as her kind concern for

me would admit, she again urged my going to bed; and I therefore laid down without undressing, within the bed-clothes. She then asked, "Are you in bed, my love?" I answered, "Yes." She then said, "That's right,—now if I can rest, I will; but let our hearts be united in prayer, and the Lord bless both thee and me!"

These were the last words her beloved lips uttered; for some time after this, about one o'clock in the morning of December 9th, the noise her breath had made ceased. I thought, Is she dropped asleep? It immediately came to my mind, "Asleep in Jesus! See, a soul escaped to bliss." I went directly to her bedside, where I found the beloved body without the immortal spirit, which had entered the realms of endless day. Her countenance was as sweet a one as was ever seen in death. There was, at the last, neither sigh, groan, or struggle; and she had all the appearances of a person in the most composed slumber. The moment she had so much longed for had arrived,—the happy moment when she should gain the blissful shore, and

"See the Lamb in glory stand,
Encircled with his radiant band,
And join the angelic powers.
All that height of glorious bliss,
Her everlasting portion is,—
And all that heaven is ours."

ROBERT SIMPSON, D. D.*

Robert Simpson, D. D. was born at the farm-house of Little Tillerye, near Milnathort, in Kinrosshire, Scotland, February 15, 1746. Losing his father when about thirteen years of age, he was necessitated to engage in secular pursuits. The two eldest children, of whom the Doctor was one, were, after a time, taken to live with their maternal grandmother, at Balcanqual, in Strathmeglo; a woman of distinguished eminence for piety. It is probable, that during his residence with her, he was occupied either in tending the sheep, or in other duties which accorded with his age and strength. He is described by a relative as being at this period "a volatile young creature," and as at times affording early proofs of superior genius and capacity. In the year 1764, he bound himself apprentice to a dyer at Dumfermline, where, impelled by a native ambition, and a desire to excel in whatever he undertook, he applied himself with great assiduity to acquire a knowledge of his trade. He also discovered, at this time, an ardent thirst for literary acquisition; for, after having discharged the duties of the day, he frequently devoted a great part of the night to the study of the Hebrew and Greek languages, assisted by a Mr. Donaldson, a man well qualified to give him the necessary instruction; and from this pursuit he suffered nothing to divert him. Quite unconscious of the arduous and important duties awaiting him, he was now laying in stores of knowledge, influenced and impelled by the secret workings of Him, who was gradually preparing the destined instrument for future and extensive usefulness.

In Dumfermline he remained about ten years; and having

* From "Select Evangelical Biography."

by industrious application attained to great proficiency in his trade, aiming at still greater improvement, he came to the resolution of visiting England, without any view, at that time, of ultimately settling there; but from a desire of obtaining a thorough knowledge of his business. He went first to Haddington; here he introduced himself to the Rev. John Brown, who, in his early days, had lived with his pious grandmother at Balcanqual, in the capacity of herd-boy; nor is it a little remarkable, that from the same farm, and probably engaged in the same occupation, two persons should proceed to attain to such eminence and usefulness, and to occupy stations so similar in the church of Christ. Leaving Haddington, he proceeded, through various places, to Cotterstone, in Yorkshire; a place destined to be the scene of events, infinitely important to himself, and highly beneficial to the church of Christ.

He brought with him to this place materials for the formation of a most excellent character; a healthy, vigorous constitution, great energy of mind and feeling, a high degree of moral excellence, an amiable and generous disposition, which raised him in the esteem of all who knew him; and when all these natural and acquired endowments were sanctified and crowned by divine grace, he became "a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work."

He made, at this time, a profession of religion, was considered an upright and consistent character, and he so eminently excelled in devotional exercises, as to excite the astonishment of all who heard him. Such was his character *antecedent* to that change which places him among the excellent of the earth. On his first coming to Cotterstone, like all steady, judicious Scotchmen, he associated with the dissenters, and sat under the evangelical and useful ministry

of the Rev. Mr. Prattman, who proved the honored instrument, in the hand of God, of bringing him to a saving knowledge of the truth. Some single sentence, coming from the lips of the man of God, was directed to the heart. He was brought to experience those terrors of an awakened conscience, which drank up his spirit, and by which, to adopt his own expression, he "was shaken, as it were, over the mouth of hell." Previous to this, it has been seen, that he had much light in the understanding, exhibited much rectitude of moral conduct, was the subject of occasional fervor of religious feeling, and possessed considerable gifts in prayer; affording, hereby, a striking specimen how far a person may advance in a profession of religion, without becoming the subject of its subduing and sanctifying power. Influenced by a lively recollection of his own experience, he was led to entertain jealous apprehensions of the reality of religion, in many who came with a fair character from beyond the Tweed, until he had obtained some decided evidence that their religion was something more than educational and theoretical.

That he had now undergone a wonderful and entire revolution of views and feelings, was as evident to his own mind, as the light of day, or the reality of his own existence; and of this he never entertained a shadow of a doubt to his last moment.

Great as were the horrors he at first experienced, they were fully equalled by the joy which flowed into his heart when the gospel came to his relief. So great was the change, that at first, almost overpowered, it appeared a pleasing dream. To borrow his own simple mode of expression, when describing his state of mind at that period, he repeatedly went to the door, to see if the trees and the meadows remained the same; imagining that nature herself

must have sympathized in the change. He was for a while almost unfitted for the sober realities of life: in short, his joyful feelings, occasioned by the sensible deliverance he had obtained, were of the highest order, amounting to rapture. "For days together," said he to a friend, "I was like one transported to the third heavens, &c. O! what days were those! the recollection of them, after a lapse of fifty years, is still fresh and delightful. I seemed to have got within the very grasp of the Invisible." Much as he had been esteemed before, he now became an object of more interesting contemplation and ardent affection. Whereas before he excelled in the gift of prayer, now the inworkings of holy fervor invested his supplications with an ardor which astonished and melted those who joined with him at social meetings for prayer and praise. On one of those occasions, the whole assembly was melted to tears, and on rising from their knees, one of them came to him, and embracing him, said, "Simpson, you have been into the third heavens, and have carried us along with you."

Now, not satisfied with the circumscribed field of usefulness around him, he felt a desire to be employed in proclaiming the gospel to his fellow-creatures. In this laudable wish he was encouraged by his pastor and Christian friends. Accordingly, in the year 1776, he entered the academy at Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, under the truly excellent Rev. James Scott.

While prosecuting his studies, he enjoyed the high esteem of his tutor, and of his fellow-students, for his ardent piety, his uncommon diligence in study, and his serious, spiritual conversation. His occasional services, while a student, produced a deep impression, and held out a promise of future excellence. When he had completed his course of study, and by diligent application had improved his mind, and laid

in considerable stores of useful knowledge, he preached, for different periods, at various places in the North; but finally settled at Bolton-le-Moor, in Lancashire, where he was ordained in the year 1782. Here he found the congregation in a low state; but he had soon the satisfaction of witnessing a gradual increase of hearers, and of knowing that many were savingly impressed with divine things. He preached with great fervor; and on some remarkably happy seasons, when he enjoyed great liberty in the pulpit, his ardent soul, in endeavoring to grasp the mighty theme of redeeming love, seemed on the point of breaking from its prison of clay, while his admiring and astonished hearers really expected he would expire under the intensity of his feelings.

Visiting London in the year 1786, with a view to solicit contributions to liquidate a debt which had been incurred by enlarging the place of worship at Bolton, he soon attracted considerable attention, and his eminent talents, which before this had been buried in comparative obscurity, now became conspicuous: and this burning light was no longer to be confined to a small part of the church, but to be placed on an eminence, in order that it might shine to a greater extent. It happened at this time, that the Evangelical Academy, as it was then called, was destitute of a tutor, in consequence of the resignation of Dr. Addington; and by the recommendation of several individuals, the attention of the committee was directed to Dr. Simpson. A pressing invitation was sent him to accept the office. For some time he shrunk back from the weighty task, alleging want of sufficient talents, habits of tuition, &c. The correspondence, however, strengthened the conviction, that he was a suitable person; and on further solicitation, with the consent and acquiescence of the church at Bolton, to whom he referred

the decision, he yielded to what evidently appeared, both to him and his people, to be the leadings of Divine Providence.

Having taken an affectionate leave of his beloved flock at Bolton, he came with his family to Hoxton in 1791. Here, as soon as he began to feel himself at home, and became fully occupied in the discharge of his new duties, he proceeded with all his wonted ardor of soul, impressing his own character on all around him. During the first six years, the whole weight of the charge rested on himself. The fruits of his unremitting assiduity were soon perceptible, in the increasing number of applications for admission, and the growing popularity of the institution. Beside the daily routine of labor in the academy, the Doctor, at his first coming to town, in the prime and vigor of his days, was abundant in labors beyond the precincts of the institution; preaching much in various pulpits: converting some of the buildings on the premises belonging to the academy into a chapel, which was opened in 1796; and at length taking the pastoral charge of the church in Artillery Street, which, however, he soon relinquished.

In addition to his labors as a tutor and as a preacher, he took an active part in promoting schemes of public and general utility; and was one of the earliest and most active friends of the Evangelical Magazine, the London Missionary Society, &c.

In the year 1797, his declining health, with the increased number of students, dictated the propriety of choosing an assistant. His first colleague was the Rev. G. Collison, now tutor of another Academy at Hackney. Afterwards the Rev. J. Atkinson: in 1808, the Rev. J. Hooper; and shortly after, in consequence of the adoption of a more enlarged system of education, a third tutor being deemed necessary, the Rev. H. F. Burder was invited to Hoxton;

and with these colleagues, the Doctor spent the last nine years of his laborious and useful life, in the greatest harmony and affection.

In May, 1817, finding a disorder with which he had been long troubled increase, and his strength abate, he tendered his resignation to the committee. He still, however, continued to lecture, as often as his bodily pains would allow. Death at length drew near; but amidst the greatest sufferings, he was patient and tranquil; and in the prospect of eternity, joyful and triumphant. At intervals he employed his tongue in giving expression to the strong feelings and the lively hopes which animated his breast; and he spoke like one who was in the very suburbs of the New Jerusalem. The most sublime ideas, clothed in the most forcible and appropriate language, and expressed with uncommon energy, often astonished and overwhelmed those who were standing by. His sun went down, after a lengthened and useful course, in surpassing glory; no cloud of unbelief being suffered for a single moment to obscure its lustre. Many of his expressions were recorded, and two or three of the most remarkable are inserted here.

One day, when several of his family were in the room, he said, "Oh, that I had strength to speak what I feel! My body, it is true, is tormented beyond measure; but the joy of my soul is transporting: my prospects are ravishing in the extreme. Oh! what must it be to dwell with Jesus in heaven, to behold his inexpressible glories, to feast on his love! If faith can see and enjoy so much, what must the beatific vision be! Why, the very prospect of this is enough for all 'the pains, the groans, the dying strife,' of frail mortality. Why should we refuse, and be afraid to die? What is death but a conquered enemy? Has not Christ opened for us a passage to immortality? Oh, yes, blessed be his

name! I feel it, I rejoice and triumph in the thought:

"'The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave!'"

Many other memorable sayings dropped from his lips; but his triumphant challenge, addressed to the King of Terrors, on the morning of his dissolution, which took place about noon, on Lord's-day, December 21st, 1817, must not be omitted. He had endured a night of indescribable agony; and early in the morning, as if he saw the enemy actually approaching, with a fixed look, and an energy not to be described, he exclaimed, "Now, have at thee, Death — have at thee, Death — have at thee, Death: — what art thou? I am not afraid of thee. Thou art a vanquished enemy, through the blood of the Cross. Thou art only a skeleton, a mere phantom. *Have at thee, Death* — HAVE AT THEE, DEATH!"

MRS. GRAHAM.*

ISABELLA MARSHALL, afterwards Mrs. Graham, was born July 29th, 1742, in the county of Lanark, in Scotland. She was trained to an active life, as well as favored with a superior education. She possessed an intellect — strong, prompt, and inquisitive; a temper — open, generous, cheerful and ardent; a heart — replete with tenderness, and alive to every social affection, and every benevolent impulse.

* Abridged from "Evangelical Biography," and from "Eminent Females."

To form her betimes for the future dispensations of his providence, the Lord touched the heart of this "chosen vessel" in her early youth. The spirit of prayer sanctified her infant lips, and taught her, as far back as her memory could go, "to pour out her heart before God." She had not reached her eleventh year, when, in the words of Eldersly, "she selected a bush, to which she resorted in seasons of devotion, and there dedicated herself to God by faith in the Redeemer."

The incidents of her education, thoughtless companions, the love of dress and the dancing-school, chilled for a while the warmth of her piety, and robbed her bosom of its peace; but her gracious Lord revisited her with his mercy, and bound her to himself in a solemn covenant, which she sealed at his table about the seventeenth year of her age.

Having married, a few years after, Dr. John Graham, surgeon to the 60th British regiment, she accompanied him, first to Montreal, and afterwards to Fort Niagara. Here, during four years of temporal prosperity, she had no opportunity, even for once, of entering "the habitation of God's house," or hearing the sound of the gospel. Secluded from the waters of the sanctuary, and all the public means of growth in grace, her religion began to languish, and the leaf to droop; but the root was perennial — it was of the "seed of God, which abideth for ever." The Sabbath was still to her the sign of his covenant. On that day of rest, with her Bible in her hand, she used to wander through the woods, renew her self-dedication, and pour out her prayer for the salvation of her husband and her children. He who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, heard her cry from the wilds of Niagara, and strengthened her with strength in her soul.

By one of the vicissitudes which checker military life, the regiment was ordered to the island of Antigua, in the West Indies. Here she met with that exquisite enjoyment to which she had been so long a stranger — the communion of kindred spirits in the love of Christ: and soon did she need all the soothing and support which it is fitted to administer: for in a very short time the husband of her youth, her whole earthly stay, was taken from her by death. The stroke was indeed mitigated by the sweetest assurance that he slept in Jesus. But a heart like hers, convulsed by a review of the past, and anticipation of the future world, would have burst with agony, had she not known how to pour out its sorrows into the bosom of her heavenly Father. Bowing to the mysterious dispensation, and committing herself to his protection, she returned to her native land, to contract alliance with penury, and to live by faith for her daily bread. There the same grace, under whose teaching she knew how to abound, taught her also how to suffer need. With a dignity that belongs only to those who have treasure in heaven, she descended to her humble cot, employment, and fare.

But her humility was the forerunner of her advancement. The light of her virtues shone brightest in her obscurity, and pointed her way to the confidential trust of forming the minds and manners of young females of different ranks in the metropolis of Scotland. Here, respected by the great, and honored by the good, she continued in the successful discharge of her duties, till Providence conducted her back to the American shores, where, in the city of New York, she opened a school for the education of young ladies.

Admonished, at length, by the infirmities of age, and importuned by her friends, this venerable matron retired to private life. But it was impossible for her to be idle. Her leisure only gave a new direction to her activity. With no

less alacrity than she had displayed in the education of youth, did she now embark in the relief of misery. In her house, originated a society for the relief of poor widows with small children. The Orphan Asylum originated also with her: and even the Sabbath previous to her last illness, occupied her with a recent institution — a Sunday School for Ignorant Adults.

She was greatly refreshed in spirit by the success of Missionary and Bible Societies, and used to speak with much affection of those missionaries with whom she had become acquainted, since they visited New York, on their way to the stations in India.

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

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

"I ate the bread, and drank the wine, in the faith that I ate the flesh, and drank the blood, of the Son of Man, and dwelt in him, and he in me! took a close view of my familiar friend, death, accompanied with the presence of my Saviour—his sensible presence. I cannot look at it without this. It

is my only petition concerning it. I have had desires relative to certain circumstances, but they are nearly gone. It is my sincere desire that God may be glorified; and He knows best how, and by what circumstances. I retain my one petition: —

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

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

had deserted her. She then got Mr. Bethune to read her some of these portions, especially the eighty-second hymn of the third book of Newton's Hymns, beginning thus:

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

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

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

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

After Dr. Mason had taken his leave, she again fell into a deep sleep. Her physicians still expressed a hope of her recovery, as her pulse was regular, and the violence of her disease had abated. One of them, however, declared

his opinion, that his poor drugs would prove of little avail against her own ardent prayers, "to depart, and be with Christ, which was far better" for her, than her return to a dying world.

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

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

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

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

THE final hours of this eminent Calvinist minister are thus described by his biographer. During his last illness the consolations of religion were his support. A few days before his death, he said to a friend, "O, my dear sir, it is impossible to tell how good God is to me. This afternoon, I have enjoyed such a season of communion with God, and such delightful manifestations of his presence with me and love to my soul, that it is impossible for words or any language to express them. I have had peace and joy unutterable." To another friend he said, "The comforts and manifestations of God's love are so abundant as to render my state and condition the most desirable in the world. I would not exchange my condition with any one upon earth."

The same friend waiting upon him a few days before his death, he said, with clasped hands, his eyes lifted up to heaven, and streaming with tears of joy, "O, my dear sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God, to so unworthy a wretch, are so abundant, that he leaves me nothing to pray for but their continuance. *I enjoy a heaven already in my soul.* My prayers are all converted into praise."

At another time he said, "O, how this soul of mine longs to be gone: like a bird, imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away to the realms of bliss, and be at rest for ever! O that some guardian angel might be commissioned, for I long to be absent from this body, and to be present with my Lord for ever."

During several days, almost without intermission, he cried out, "O, what a day of sunshine has this been to me! I

have not words to express it. It is unutterable. My friend, how good is God. Almost without interruption his presence has been with me." Near his last awaking from a slumber, he said, "O what delights! who can fathom the joys of the third heavens?" And again, a little before his death — "The sky is clear, there is no cloud: Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

"More I would speak, but all my words are faint:
Celestial Love, what eloquence can paint?
No more by mortal words can be expressed;
But vast Eternity shall tell the rest."

MRS. ROWE.

COUNT ZINZENDORF.*

HIS physician found that he was attacked by a violent catarrhal fever, which produced great debility. He conversed that evening with his three daughters, and some other individuals of his household, in a very confidential and pleasing manner. He said to them, with reference to his illness, that when formerly unwell, he had always minutely inquired into the cause of his illness, and what the Lord intended by it; and as soon as he had ascertained it, he always preferred revealing it to his intimate friends to the keeping it to himself. He knew that the Saviour was not opposed to our openly presenting ourselves before his children as poor sinners, and it always rendered the chastisement lighter. Thus he had acted during the whole of his life, and has always asked forgiveness of his adversaries, as

* Moravian Bishop. Extracted from his Biography.

soon as he found that he had erred respecting them. Nor had his openness in this respect suffered injury by their frequent abuse of it; for the Lord knows how to raise his people again to honor. This time, however, he felt assured that the Saviour had no such intention in his sickness. He was inwardly very cheerful, and entirely resigned to the Lord. He passed the night almost entirely without sleep, which debilitated him still more, but his spirit continued in its wonted activity. He was accustomed, when ill, to have read to him the letters that were received, and the answers that were returned; and this was the case likewise that day. He revised the "Watch-words" for the year 1761, and listened to the latest intelligence which had arrived from the various churches and missions, at which he expressed his satisfaction.

The next night his illness increased: he was unable to obtain any sleep, and the physician began to be apprehensive of a fatal result. An incessant cough rendered speech difficult; yet still he expressed his pleasure at the presence of his oldest and most intimate friends, Baron Frederick Von Waterville, and Count Henry 28th Reuss, both of whom conversed with him in a pleasing manner. The ministers of the church took it in turns to be with him, and he received each of them with the tenderest affection.

The following night he was also extremely friendly and kind towards the brethren who sat up with him, but was too weak to sleep, and his frequent slumbers lasted scarcely longer than a minute at a time. Notwithstanding this, he was more cheerful on the 8th than during his whole illness. Whoever came to him were received most affectionately. "I cannot express," said he to his son-in-law, and others who were present, "how much I love you all. I am now in my element. We are together like angels, and as if we

were in heaven." "Could you have thought it," said he to one of the company, "that the prayer of Christ, 'that they all may be one,' would be so blissfully fulfilled among us." Whilst speaking on this subject, the greatest kindness and love shone in his countenance. He then called to mind many who had already entered into the joy of their Lord, and calculated how many of his acquaintances and friends had joined the church above. He mentioned, also, on this occasion, the blissful dissolution of the Countess Louisa of Solms.

In the afternoon, he sent for Brother Lanterbach, who used to assist him in his writings, and applied with much satisfaction and presence of mind, the last hand to the correction of the last month of the Watch-words for the following year, and also altered many things in the collects.

Soon after, he began gratefully to call to mind what great things the Lord had done to his church, during his instrumentality for upwards of thirty years, and all that had been accomplished since that period. He recounted them one after another, and said to one of those who were his first associates, and to others present, "Did you suppose in the beginning, that the Saviour would do as much as we now really see, in the various Moravian settlements, amongst the children of God of other denominations, and amongst the heathen? I only entreated of him a few first fruits of the latter, but there are now thousands of them." He blessed and praised the Lord for this, and so many other unexpected blessings, with a grateful and humble heart.

With the same pleasure and cheerfulness in which he spent the last day of his earthly pilgrimage, he also passed the last night of his earthly life. He conversed much with his Saviour, and also wrote and labored much. The affairs of several of the brethren lay near his heart. He inquired

after them by name, and remembered all those with whom he wished to have spoken; in short, all those things in which he had hitherto been engaged, were perfectly present to his mind.

With respect to his disorder, it seemed the evening before as if it would cause an outward eruption; but at midnight it was perceived that his tongue refused its office, a violent attack of phlegm occurred, which, however, passed off in a few minutes. Speech also returned towards morning, and he heartily thanked the Saviour for being still able to speak.

Very early on the 9th of May, he said, in a faint voice, to a person who came to visit him, "I am well satisfied with the ways of the Lord. He has special thoughts of peace concerning his disciple; but you do not think so at present. I think I have almost done with you; you know my sentiments if I should now be taken home." He was not then able to say any more.

Soon after, John Von Waterville was called, who, at his request, took his seat close by his bedside, because he could not speak sufficiently audible. He said to him, "Now, my dear sir, I am going to the Saviour; I am ready, I am quite resigned to the will of my Lord, and he is satisfied with me. If he is no longer willing to make use of me here, I am quite ready to go to him; for there is nothing more in my way." He then briefly regulated some affairs with him, respecting which he was the most anxious, and which he enjoined him to expedite.

Baron Frederick Von Watervelle and David Witschman, came soon after; he received them very tenderly, and conversed with them, but his voice became again so faint, that they were able to understand very little. He then sent for his children, but before they arrived, an apoplectic seizure

had deprived him of speech. He looked at them in the kindest manner, saluted them and blessed them.

Meanwhile, nearly an hundred brethren and sisters had assembled in the room where he lay, and the adjoining apartment. The disciple of Jesus, now about to depart, looked a few times around him with a kind and indiscribably cheerful countenance, which was answered by the affectionate tears of those present. His parting look was uncommonly expressive and serene. Towards the end of the ninth hour of the day, he reclined his head upon his pillow, his eyes closed of themselves, and he ceased to breathe. His son-in-law accompanied the departing spirit with the words, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." The peace of God was powerfully felt by all present, and many an ejaculation was heard expressive of the wish to follow him.

HANNAH MORE.

THIS eminent Christian lady was born at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, England, in the year 1745.

Her father, Mr. Jacob More, was the master of a classical school in the town of her nativity, and was a well-educated and highly respected person. In early life, Hannah, who was the youngest but one of five daughters, gave indications of peculiar vivacity and acuteness of mind. Her father, who was her teacher, and took particular interest in the education of his daughter, watched with great care over the rapid developments of her inquiring mind, and instructed her not only in the more elemental branches of study, but

also in Latin and Mathematics. The older sisters were also educated with the utmost attention, and afforded every available facility for rendering them competent to fill the office of instructresses, a profession to which they looked for their future support.

When Hannah was twelve years of age, her eldest sister opened a boarding school in Bristol, and hither Hannah, with the other sisters, removed, to enjoy the instructions of the different teachers retained in the institution. At an early age Hannah began to exhibit her peculiar talent for writing, producing verses of a superior order, for one of her age. So encouraging was the success that crowned her earliest efforts, added to the flattering encouragements of her friends, that she ventured upon a more difficult literary work, and at the precocious age of seventeen, wrote the pastoral Drama, entitled, the "Search after Happiness," a composition of extraordinary merit from the hand of one so young. She still applied herself diligently to her studies, making herself familiar with the Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish languages, and producing excellent translations and imitations of the works of foreign authors.

Captivated by the promises of high literary renown, and the bewitching seducements offered in the highly intelligent circles in which she moved, although a formal professor of the Christian religion, she gave herself up to the exciting pursuits and amusements of fashionable life. Much of her time now (at the age of twenty-two,) was spent in London, moving in the most highly cultivated circles, and associating with the first literary minds of the day. She had already prepared several successful pieces for the stage, and established her claim to the respect and admiration of those who could esteem intellectual superiority. She numbered among her friends at this time, many of the brightest ornaments of

the pulpit, the bar, and of the literary world, and with many of these she corresponded until the end of their lives, — her wit, genius and peculiar amiability causing her acquaintance to be eagerly sought, and her friendship to be prized.

In the midst of these almost irresistible fascinations, the death of an intimate friend, Garrick, the celebrated tragedian, became the occasion of a marked change in her life, habits and affections. The work of the Spirit in her case was gradual, but none the less thorough or satisfactory. By degrees she drew herself away from the captivating, but dangerous, society in which she had moved; — she consecrated her pen more entirely to the service of morality and religion, and sought no longer her enjoyment in the gay and thoughtless world, nor in the applause of the giddy multitude, but in the luxurious work of doing good, and in obedience to the precepts of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

In 1785, in order to remove herself from the worldly influences of a metropolitan society, and to secure more time for reflection, and the discharge of religious duties, she purchased a cottage near Bristol — a secluded spot bearing the name of Cowslip Green, and thither she removed. Occasionally she passed a few weeks with her old friends in London, but her interest in worldly society had ceased, and she sought to make these visits the means of spiritual benefit to those with whom she met. Thus she writes to her sister, while upon one of these visits to Mrs. Garrick:

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

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

In the quiet seclusion of her rural retreat, Miss More devoted those peculiar mental gifts with which she was endowed, and which had been offered heretofore upon a worldly altar, to the higher offices of spiritual instructions. She consecrated all the influence and reputation she had gained, to the service of her Saviour; as she had moved in the higher circles, and become acquainted with the temptations and follies to which the world's great and wealthy were exposed; and as her literary reputation would secure even here, the perusal of her works on religious topics, she sent

forth her instructive and impressive work — "The Manners of the Great" — a seasonable and highly popular book.

Her sisters about this time (1789) having given up their school, passed a large portion of their time with her, in the happy retreat at Cowslip Green. In their rambles about the country, they were struck with the deplorable ignorance and viciousness of the poorer classes, and they formed the resolution of establishing schools for the mental and religious training of the young. Considerable opposition was offered to their undertaking, but these pious ladies resolutely persevered. Mr. Wilberforce, who was an intimate friend and a correspondent of Miss More, entered warmly into her plans, and assisted, both with advice and generous pecuniary donations. The plan proved eminently successful; the number of the scholars was increased; pious teachers were obtained; schools were opened for their parents, and she even ventured to read sermons to them upon the Sabbath, was there was no church near, and the people were growing up ignorant, and blind upon the more important matters relating to another world. The result was an incalculable amount of good. The children were saved from vicious courses, and prepared for useful positions in the world, while many of the old and the young, through the religious instructions received, embraced the gospel, and were thus happily prepared for this world and its afflictions, and for an endless and blessed life beyond the grave. "It was a source of great delight to Miss More to pass from village to village, and witness the change which, by the divine blessing, had followed her exertions. The wilderness had, in some measure, become a fruitful field, and many who were groping in the darkness of spiritual ignorance, were rejoicing in the light of divine truth." While thus engaged, her pen was actively employed in the great work of doing good. In

1790, she published her "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," a clear and solemn exposure of the follies and vices of the rich, and the lamentable want of practical piety. This work also was eagerly received by the public, and five editions of it were sold within two years. In 1792, the French revolution burst out with all its aggravated horrors, shaking not only the foundations of society in France, but throughout the continent, and even threatening the overturn of the English monarchy. The spirit of dissatisfaction with the government, of turbulence, indolence, licentiousness, infidelity and atheism, through popular addresses and inflammatory publications, had been widely spread among the lower classes in England. Great and good men became alarmed, and strong efforts were put forth to stay the plague. Miss More was earnestly requested to enter the field with her pen, and by a series of popular tales, expose the shallow, blasphemous philosophy of these French prophets, as they were styled. This she did most effectually in her "Village Dialogues, by Will Chip," a tract that had an extraordinary circulation in all the British isles, and for which she received the warmest thanks of the most intelligent minds in the country.

Her labors in her schools still continued, attended with much sacrifice, caused by the malignancy of enemies to all good, but attended with blessed success, while her untiring pen, year after year, continued to indite those polished and eloquent pages that still delight and profit the church. In 1799, her "Strictures on Female Education" was issued, and as eagerly received by the Christian public as its predecessors. In 1805, she published her "Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess," being especially designed for the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales. This was followed in 1809, by "Cœlebs in Search of a

Wife," a book so popular that in nine months it reached the eleventh edition, and was republished and rapidly sold in America. In 1811, "Practical Piety" was issued, and soon after, "Christian Morals," both most admirable treatises, and "forming a complete system of practical divinity."

About this time she was called to part with Mary More, her eldest sister; an afflicting event, but yet full of consolation. She thus speaks of it to one of her most intimate friends:

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

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

At the astonishing age of 70 years, Miss More wrote her last but one, and in some respects greatest, work, the "Essay on St. Paul," "with all the freshness and vigor of her early days." In 1816, two other of the sisters, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Sarah More, were removed from their beautiful home on earth to a better mansion in the skies, by death. The illness of the latter was painful, but Christian patience and constancy wonderfully triumphed in her hours of physical agony. A common friend has preserved a record of the edifying scenes presented in her sickness and death, a portion of which we subjoin.

"One day, after she had lain some time in an almost insensible state, a friend tried her with a few texts of Scripture; she suddenly burst forth, 'Can any thing be finer than that? it quite makes one's face shine!' Towards the latter part of her illness, she asked one day to have a little girl, in whom she was interested, brought to her. She could only deliver herself in short sentences, but her words were, 'God bless thee, my dear child; love God; serve God; love to pray to God more than to do any other thing.' Mrs. H. More asked her if she had comfort in her mind? 'Yes,' she replied, 'I have no uncomfort at all.' She was then asked if she knew some friend that was in the room? 'Oh! yes,' she answered, 'I know every body, and remember every thing.' 'Ah, poor dear soul,' said one of her attendants, she remembers her sufferings too!' 'No,' she answered in a tone of the most affecting resignation, 'I do not think of them.' When she was supposed to be very near her last hour, on her medical attendant's wishing her a good morning, she raised her hands in a holy transport, exclaiming, 'Oh for the glorious morning of the resurrection!—but there are some gray clouds between!' She then blessed him and all his family, and exhorted him to love God, and to take care of his soul. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'if this should be the blessed hour of my deliverance, may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last thoughts be thoughts of faithfulness!' The following day she awoke suddenly out of a tranquil sleep, crying out in a rapture, 'Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto the Lamb,—hallelujah!' Another morning, when she was imagined to be in the very act of dying, recovering herself a little, she murmured out, 'When shall I come to these things—grace—mercy—peace!' She then asked for a little cold water, and turning her head towards a nurse who was attending her, 'Do you know who it was that said, 'A cup of cold water given in my name?'

"Again, in the intervals between her wanderings and the extremity of pain, she exclaimed incessantly, 'Oh the blood of Christ! He died for me! God was man! May his blood be shed on me! Lord, let the light of thy counte-

nance shine upon me. When shall I appear before God?' And then half bewildered again, she cried out earnestly to her sister, 'Patty, do love the blessed God. Lord, shield me with the wings of thy love.' After a little interval, she said to Mrs. H. More, 'I hope I have had all my stripes; Lord! I am ready, finish the work!' On awakening in the afternoon, she again poured forth this ejaculation, 'Lord! look down upon me with the light of thy salvation; let thy Holy Spirit shine upon me. Look, O Lord! upon thy afflicted servant.' Somebody present saying to her, 'The Lord will release you, and take you out of your pain,' she seemed to fear, lest she had betrayed some impatience, and immediately answered, 'Aye, in his own good time.' She then broke out into the Gloria Patri, and added, 'Lord, look down upon a poor penitent, humble, contrite sinner.'

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

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

enemy, was one uniform and uninterrupted display (when she was in possession of her faculties) of those fruits of the Spirit enumerated by the apostle, 'love, joy, peace, meekness, long-suffering, faith;' and it only remains for us to pray that our latter end may be like hers."

Miss More was now herself attacked with severe sickness, and her friends anticipated with pain her decease; she however rallied, and was enabled to write and publish her "Moral Sketches," another work of great popularity and usefulness. At the age of seventy-five, she was left alone by the death of Martha, her only surviving sister, but she still vigorously carried on the plan of the schools which had been so successful under the united superintendence of the sisters. In the autumn of 1820, her health began sensibly to decline. Some of her observations, during this season of infirmity, are peculiarly edifying, and from these we extract the following:

"She never, when able to speak, forbore long from breaking forth into a repetition of some of the most beautiful and applicable parts of the Psalms, as the twenty-seventh, much of the forty-sixth, and the ninetieth; and one day after she had been solacing her weary spirit, she remarked, ''Tis perhaps a low idea of heaven, but one not void of comfort to me who rests so very ill in general, to think that there will be no night there,—also it is a land the inhabitants of which will no more say I am sick.' She one day observed, 'that such lengthened sufferings showed how greatly she needed purification;' and being told of the death of a neighbor, a very amiable and worthy man, after a short illness, she said, 'Ah, how many more stripes I have needed than he! a few days' suffering carried him to his rest, while I have required many, many months!' She then added, 'but I have been favored with so many more talents and opportunities than he enjoyed!' Speaking of her state of burning fever, she said, 'Nothing but the last icy hand will cool me — poor Patty! I shall very soon rejoin her!' and added, 'how short is the

longest suffering! eternity is long enough to be happy in; a thousand years are to Him but as one day! I trust I have not a wish or a hope, but that the Lord should do as it seemeth good unto him. I hope I shall feel the same penitence and submission as dear Patty did. I have great comfort and quietness in my mind, and except in the anguish of extreme suffering, when the body will be disturbed, I hope it may be said, I bear my sickness patiently. What a treasure are the Psalms of David for Christians in every age! — That a shepherd boy with his harp should furnish material for the devotion of successive generations to the end of time! 'Be strong, and He shall comfort your hearts;' and put ye your trust in the Lord. Oh, tarry thou the Lord's leisure — He himself is the portion of my inheritance, and of my cup! When we are upon the brink of eternity, how do all earthly things sink into their merited littleness! this is the point from whence to view them. 'O God, thou art my God, my soul thirsteth after thee.'" And again: "In the course of conversation, she spoke of the joys of heaven, and said, 'It is delightful to know that they will be unspeakable and full of glory: rest in the bosom of God and the Saviour, and a full enjoyment of his presence, chiefly present themselves to my mind. The meeting with dear friends will, I should think, constitute a part of our felicity, but a very subordinate one; like Whitfield, I think we shall be apt to say, 'Stand back, and keep me not from the sight of my Saviour.' 'Important as doctrines are,' she observed, 'yet except the leading ones, for which we ought to be ready to be led to the stake, they yield much with me to the purifying of the inward hidden man of the heart. Conformity to God, a walking in his steps, spiritual-mindedness, a subduing the old Adam within us — here is the grand difficulty, and the acceptable offering to God! It is observable,' she remarked, 'that in the introductory verses to almost all St. Paul's Epistles, he says, 'Grace, mercy, and peace,'— peace comes after grace and mercy."

She recovered in a measure from this illness, but continued in a state of great weakness during the remainder of her

life. In 1833, her symptoms became rapidly aggravated, and foretokened her speedy dissolution. She was now eighty-eight years of age, venerable for her years, piety, and commanding intellect. Her last sickness and death were worthy the high Christian profession that she had made, and are full of subduing and comforting lessons for the believer. The majesty and power of heavenly grace in its triumph over age, weakness, and death, are most impressively exhibited. These hours are thus recorded by her biographer:

"It has already been observed, that as the life of Hannah More approached its termination, her thoughts often travelled to far distant scenes, and seemed sometimes to be lost in visions of eternity. The forces that kept the citadel seemed to be gradually disappearing, except those clear thoughts and holy certainties which still sustained her spirits, and suffered neither sadness nor distrust to intrude upon her last hours. Amid all her wanderings, she was coherent and consistent on whatever had an immediate relation to the place to which she was going."

"Upon one occasion," says the faithful friend who was always about her dying bed, in the early part of her illness, "I read to her the office for the visitation of the sick, and the burial service in the Book of Common Prayer. She was still, and engaged while I was reading, with her hands clasped in devotion. Some of the verses in the Psalms, after I had begun them, she would finish, exclaiming with rapture, 'How beautiful, how sweet — delighting the taste and touching the heart.' The fifty-first Psalm was continually on her lips: 'Create in me a new heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.'"

"When the prison-doors were open, and her soul was on the point of escaping to its true home, though a thick veil was

spread over the world she was leaving, no look of regret, but one of sweet sympathy, with its trials and sorrows, was often cast behind her; nor could the awful change which awaited her, dislodge from her heart that love of souls which had supported her through so many years of bodily suffering in her various works of Christian beneficence. Prayer was the last thing that lived in her,—every breath was prayer; and in the vital energy of her expiring petitions, her affectionate friends, and those that administered to her wants, and soothed her last conflict, were earnestly commended to the great Advocate of repentant sinners. The lady who had long taken such kind care of her, and was kneeling at her bedside, was thus addressed by her shortly before her departure: 'I love you, my dear child, with fervency. It will be pleasant to you twenty years hence to remember that I said this on my death-bed. Be near me, and with me as much as you can, will you? I may last out a few days—how long does the doctor think I shall live?' 'She was always,' says this lady, 'bestowing blessings on those around her, and hoping that she should meet in a happier world—in an eternal and glorious world;' and when she was told of some presents made in her name to those who were employed in her service, with a smile almost amounting to a laugh, she exclaimed, 'I am glad of it, glad of it.' Adverting to her own frame of spirit, she said, 'I hope my temper is not peevish or troublesome;' and on being answered that it was the temper of an angel, she said, 'O no, not of an angel, but of a very highly favored servant of the Lord, my Saviour.'

"The Psalms, and other passages of Scripture, were perpetually breaking from her lips; and it seemed extraordinary to those who were about her, that her memory, which had let almost every terrestrial impression slip away, had kept

the registry of her devout recollections unobliterated and unimpaired. The loins of her mind were girded up, and her soul braced, as it were, to meet without amazement the strange and awful encounter which was approaching. Like one preparing for a great expedition, all impediments were thrown aside, all but the necessary implements to set up her tabernacle in the place of her destination and final rest."

"The philosophical reader, when he contemplates this buoyancy of hope and trust amid the languors of a last sickness, at an age verging on four score years and ten, will find a difficulty in accounting for it by any analogies of nature; and if he is determined to see nothing supernatural in it, he must be content to sit down in ignorance and wonder; but to the Christian inquirer the phenomenon will show itself under another aspect; he will see, and adore in it the Spirit's work and the succors of Divine help; he will see in it the process of a second birth in a dying child of Adam; he will see in it the funeral of death, its sting extracted, the grave spoiled, and Satan discomfited; he will find in it the best comment upon the Psalmist's exclamation, 'Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints.'"

To save space, we lay before our Christian readers the sentiments which escaped from her lips during the latter portion of her last illness, requesting them not to forget that at this period, she had arrived at her eighty-ninth year.

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

that world lifts the mind above itself. My God, my God, I bless thy holy name. Oh the love of Christ, the love of Christ! Mercy, Lord, is all I ask! I am never tired of prayer. I pray to God to forgive my offences, to make me humble, and to look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. Lord, establish, strengthen us! The heavens declare the glory of God; how I love that Psalm! Oh eternal, immortal Lord, I prostrate myself before thee, utterly unworthy of thy mercy. Holy Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit! into thy hands I commend my unworthy self—unworthy but penitent.' Upon being asked if anything could be done to make her more comfortable, she said, 'Nothing, but love me, and forgive me when I am impatient.' Upon her servant's proposing to read a chapter to her she said, 'What are you going to read?' and upon being told the resurrection of Christ, she said, 'If we meet at his feet, we shall be equal!' She said to her attendant, who had been repeating some psalms and hymns, 'You cannot have your mind too much stored with these things; when you get old, or are in solitude, they will supply you with comfort.' She often exclaimed, 'Lord have mercy upon me; Christ have mercy upon me, and make me patient under my sufferings. Take away my perverse and selfish spirit, and give me a conformity to thy will. May thy will be done in me, and by me, to thy praise and glory: I desire only to be found at the foot of the cross. Lord I am thine, I am not my own, I am bought with a price, a precious price, even the death of the Lord Jesus Christ. Lord, have mercy upon me, and grant me an abundant entrance into thy Kingdom! Jesus, my Saviour and my Friend.' Again, 'Raise my desires, purify my affections, sanctify my soul. To go to heaven—think what *that* is! To go to my Saviour, who died that I might live. Lord humble me, and subdue every

evil temper in me. May we meet in a robe of glory; through Christ's merits we can alone be saved! Look down, O Lord, upon thy unworthy servant with eyes of compassion.' Feeling herself linger in her sickness, she said to a friend, 'My dear, do people never die? Oh glorious grave! I pray for those I love, and for those I pity and do not love.' She said, 'It pleases God to afflict me, not for his pleasure, but to do me good, to make me humble and thankful; Lord, I believe, *I do* believe with all the powers of my weak sinful heart. Lord Jesus, look down upon me from thy holy habitation, strengthen my faith, and quicken me in my preparation! Support me in that trying hour when I most need it! *It is a glorious thing to die!*' When one talked to her of her good deeds, she said, 'Talk not so vainly. I utterly cast them from me, and fall low at the foot of the cross.'

"During this illness of ten months, the time was passed in a series of alternations between restlessness and composure, long sleeps and long wakefulness, with occasional great excitement, elevated and sunken spirits. At length nature seemed to shrink from further conflict, and the time of her deliverance drew near. On Friday, the 6th of September, 1833, we offered up the morning family devotion by her bedside; she was silent, and apparently attentive, with her hands devoutly lifted up. From eight of the evening of this day till nearly nine, I sat watching her. Her face was smooth and glowing. There was an unusual brightness in its expression. She smiled, and endeavoring to raise herself a little from her pillow, she reached out her arms as if catching at something, and while making this effort, she once called "Patty," (the name of her last and dearest sister,) very plainly, and exclaimed, "Joy!" In this state of quietness and inward peace, she remained about an hour. At half past nine o'clock, Dr. Carrick came. The pulse

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

> "Death is an equal doom
> To good and bad, the common inn of rest;
> But after death the trial is to come,
> *When best shall be to them that lived best.*"
>
> SPENCER.

ROBERT HALL, A. M.

ROBERT HALL was born at Arnsby, a small village not far from Leicester, England, on the 2d of May, 1764, his father being the pastor of a Baptist congregation in that place. At a very early age, he manifested the utmost ardor in the pursuit of knowledge, and exhibited an interest in books of the highest intellectual character, scarcely ever paralleled in the recorded lives of the most precocious children.

"At about six years of age, he was placed, as a day scholar, under the charge of a Mr. Simmons, of Wigston, a

village about four miles from Arnsby. At first, he walked to school in the mornings and home again in the evenings. But the severe pain in his back, from which he suffered so much through life, had even then begun to distress him; so that he was obliged to lie down upon the road, and sometimes his brother John and his other school-fellows carried him, in turn, he repaying them, during their labor, by relating some amusing story, or detailing some of the interesting results of his reading. On his father's ascertaining his inability to walk so far daily, he took lodgings for him and his brother at the house of a friend in the village; after this arrangement was made, they went to Wigston on the Monday mornings, and returned to Arnsby on the Saturday afternoons. The course of instruction at Mr. Simmons's school was not very extensive; and Robert was not likely to restrict himself, as a student, to its limits. On starting from home on the Monday, it was his practice to take with him two or three books from his father's library, that he might read them in the intervals between the school hours. The books he selected were not those of mere amusement, but such as required deep and serious thought. The works of Jonathan Edwards, for example, were among his favorites; and it is an ascertained fact, that before he was nine years of age, he had perused and re-perused, with intense interest, the treatises of that profound and extraordinary thinker, on the 'Affections' and on the Will. About the same time, he read, with like interest, Butler's Analogy. He used to ascribe his early predilection for this class of studies, in great measure, to his intimate association, in mere childhood, with a tailor, one of his father's congregation, a very shrewd, well informed man, and an acute metaphysician. Before he was ten years old, he had written many essays, principally on religious subjects; and often invited his brother and sisters

to hear him preach. About this time, too, in one of those anticipatory distributions of a father's property, which I apprehend are not unusual with boys, he proposed that his brother should have the cows, sheep, and the pigs, on their father's death, and leave him 'all the books.' These juvenile 'dividers' of the 'inheritance' seem to have overlooked their sisters; unless, indeed, they assigned them the furniture. The incident, however, is mentioned simply to show what it was that Robert even then most prized. He remained in Mr. Simmons's school until he was eleven years of age, when this conscientious master informed the father that he was quite unable to keep pace with his pupil, declaring that he had often been obliged to sit up all night to prepare the lessons for the morning; a practice he could no longer continue, and therefore must relinquish his favorite scholar." *

The extraordinary talents of his son, and his devotional feelings and habits, induced his father to take such measures as his limited means and Robert's delicate health would admit to secure him an education suitable for a Christian minister, should the providence of God seem to smile upon such a course.

He was placed under the charge of Rev. John Ryland, of Northampton, where he remained a year and a half, making great proficiency in his Latin and Greek. In his fifteenth year, he entered the Bristol Institution, a seat of learning established by the Baptist denomination for the instruction of young men of their communion preparing for the office of the sacred ministry.

In 1780, after a careful inquiry as to his religious experience and call to the ministry, the church over which his father presided, requested that he might be solemnly set apart and ordained to the work of his calling. His early

* Gregory's Life of Hall.

efforts, although in the providence of God some of them were humbling to his intellectual pride, gave abundant evidence of the extraordinary talents possessed by the young preacher. While in the Institution, it was customary for the students to write and deliver short discourses before the faculty, and such as might please to attend upon these occasions. Agreeably to this arrangement, he was appointed to deliver an address

"In the vestry of Broadmead chapel, on 1 Tim. iv. 10 — 'Therefore, we both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men; especially of those that believe.' After proceeding for a short time, much to the gratification of his auditory, he suddenly paused, covered his face with his hands, exclaimed, 'Oh! I have lost all my ideas,' and sat down, his hands still hiding his face. The failure, however painful as it was to his tutors, and humiliating to himself, was such as rather augmented than diminished their persuasion of what he could accomplish, if once he acquired self-possession. He was, therefore, appointed to speak again, on the same subject, at the same place, the ensuing week. This second attempt was accompanied by a second failure, still more painful to witness, and still more grievous to bear. He hastened from the vestry, and on returning to his room, exclaimed, 'If *this* does not humble me, the devil *must* have me!' Such were the early efforts of him whose humility afterwards became as conspicuous as his talents, and who, for nearly half a century, excited universal attention and admiration, by the splendor of his pulpit eloquence. Our student spent the first summer vacation, after his entering the Bristol institution, under the paternal roof at Arnsby; and, in the course of that residence at home, accompanied his father to some public religious service at Clipstone, a village in Northamptonshire. Mr. Hall, senior, and Mr. Beddome, of Bourton, well known by his Hymns, and his truly valuable Sermons, were both engaged to preach. But the latter, being much struck with the appearance, and some of the remarks, of the

son of his friend, was exceedingly anxious that *he* should preach in the evening, and proposed to relinquish his own engagement, rather than be disappointed. To this injudicious proposal, after resisting every importunity for some time, he at length yielded, and entered the pulpit to address an auditory of *ministers*, many of whom he had been accustomed from his infancy to regard with the utmost reverence. He selected for his text, 1 John i. 5, 'God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all;' and it is affirmed, treated this mysterious and awful subject with such metaphysical acumen, and drew from it such an impressive application, as excited the deepest interest."

A year after his ordination, having pursued his ministerial studies with great diligence, he embraced a providential opportunity to enter King's College, Aberdeen. He pursued his classical, scientific, and especially his metaphysical studies, with great interest and success, ranking among the first for scholarship and brilliant intellect in the Institution of which he became a member. While here, he was requested by the church at Broadmead to become an associate pastor with their clergyman, Dr. Caleb Evans; and he passed some six months, between the College sessions of 1784 and 1785, at Bristol, returning again to Aberdeen to complete his course.

"By the time Mr. Hall had thus completed his academical course, his mental powers, originally strong, had attained an extraordinary vigor; and with the exception of the Hebrew language, of which he knew nothing, he had become rich in literary, intellectual, and biblical acquisitions. On resuming his labors at Broadmead, in conjunction with Dr. Evans, his preaching excited an unusual attention; the place of worship was often crowded to excess; and many of the most distinguished men in Bristol, including several clergymen, were among his occasional auditors. This popularity not only continued, but increased, until he was removed to another sphere of action. The brilliancy and force of his eloquence

were universally acknowledged, while in private life, his instructive and fascinating conversation drew equal admiration. Yet it ought not to be concealed (for I simply announce his own deliberate conviction, frequently expressed in after life,) that at this time he was very inadequately qualified for the duties of a minister of the Gospel."

But this preparation an ever watchful providence secured by a combination of humbling and instructive events.

He was now appointed to be the classical tutor of the Baptist Academy, an office that he held with great honor to himself and benefit to his classes for the five succeeding years.

A painful misunderstanding arising between himself and Dr. Evans, he was prepared to accept an invitation from the church at Cambridge to become their pastor.

"The death of Mr. Hall's father, which occurred in March, 1791, had indeed tended greatly to bring his mind to the state of serious thought, with which he now entered upon the pastoral office. Meditating with the deepest veneration, upon the unusual excellencies of a parent now for ever lost to him, he was led to investigate, with renewed earnestness, the truth as well as the value of those high and sacred principles from which his eminent piety and admirable consistency so evidently flowed. He called to mind, too, several occasions on which his father, partly by force of reason, partly by tender expostulation, had exhorted him to abandon the vague and dangerous speculations to which he was prone. Some important changes in Mr. Hall's sentiments resulted from an inquiry conducted under such solemn impressions; and among these may be mentioned his renunciation of *materialism*, which he often declared 'he buried in his father's grave.' Attentive to the voice of heavenly admonition, thus addressing him from various quarters, he entered upon his new duties with earnest desires that he might be able 'to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God.' Feeling that to him was con-

signed the charge of transforming, with God's assistance, a cold and sterile soil into a fruitful field, he determined not to satisfy himself with half measures, but proceeded to expose error, and defend what he regarded as essential truth. The first sermon, therefore, which he delivered at Cambridge, after he had assumed the office of pastor, was on the doctrine of the atonement, and its practical tendencies. Immediately after the conclusion of the service, one of the congregation, who had followed poor Mr. Robinson through all his changes of sentiment, went into the vestry and said, 'Mr. Hall, this preaching won't do for us; it will only suit a congregation of old women.' 'Do you mean my sermon, or the doctrine?' 'Your *doctrine*.' 'Why is it that the *doctrine* is fit only for old women?' 'Because it may suit the musings of people tottering upon the brink of the grave, and who are eagerly seeking comfort.' 'Thank you, sir, for your concession. The doctrine will not *suit* people of *any* age unless it be true; and if it *be true*, it is not fitted for old women alone, but is equally important at *every* age.' This individual, and three or four other men of influence, with about twenty from the poorer classes, shortly after withdrew from the congregation."

Some five or six years after his settlement in Cambridge, Dr. Gregory, his biographer, then a young man, became acquainted with him, and almost a member of the family circle where he boarded. He thus speaks of his friend and instructor:

"When I first saw Mr. Hall, I was struck with his well-proportioned, athletic figure, the unassuming dignity of his deportment, the winning frankness which marked all that he uttered; and the peculiarities of the most speaking countenance I ever contemplated, animated by eyes radiating with the brilliancy imparted to them by benevolence, wit, and intellectual energy. When he spoke, except in the most ordinary chit-chat, to which, however, he seldom descended, he seemed not merely to communicate words, but himself;

and I then first learnt the difference between one who feels while he is speaking, and whose communicative features tell you that he does, and one who, after he has spoken long and with apparent earnestness, still does not feel. I then learnt, that though talents may convey their results to others, and activity may carry on others in its stream, yet there is something distinct in the structure of a great mind, which can never be so transferred to another as to become its native characteristic. Mr. Hall had a buoyancy and playfulness, when among his select friends, which were remarkably captivating. Among strangers, there was a reserve for a short time; but it was soon shaken off, especially if he found that they were pious or intelligent. The presence of a man who gave himself airs of condescension usually induced him to remain silent or retire. He could enjoy the society of men of moderate information; and it was interesting to observe how, by a few apt questions, he would ascertain in what direction their pursuits lay, and then so draw them out as to give them the pleasure of feeling that they were contributing to *his* stock of that knowledge which they could not but think useful. He was eminently alive to the emotions of piety; an affection always calculated to inspire attachment, but which in a man of abstract habits is, I fear, very unusual. He was generous by nature, as well as upon principle, and in seasons of affliction would remarkably identify himself with those who most needed sympathy. He rather avoided than sought expressions of thankfulness; and sometimes, when he became oppressed by them, would hastily say, 'Thank you, thank you; you have said more than enough; remember, God has sent into the world a more powerful and more noble sentiment than even gratitude.' For some years he made it a rule to pay a pastoral visit to every member of his church once a quarter. He did the same also with regard to such of his ordinary hearers as he thought willing to receive him as a minister of religion. These were not calls, but *visits*, and usually paid on evenings, that he might meet the whole assembled family. Among the lower classes, to make them quite at their ease, he would sit down with them at their supper; and, that this might involve them in no

extra expense, he took care that they should all know that he preferred a bason of milk. He persuaded the poorer members of his church to form little meetings, for reading, religious conversation, and prayer, going from 'house to house.' These were held once a fortnight, I think, in the summer time; once a week during the winter. He made it a point of official duty to attend them frequently; and regarded them, with the weekly meetings in the vestry, as the best thermometer for ascertaining the religious state of his people. In him all was at the utmost remove from gloom or moroseness. Even the raillery in which he indulged showed his good nature, and was exceedingly playful; and notwithstanding the avowed and lamented impetuosity in argument to which he was prone, nothing, as far as I ever saw, but conceit, engrafted upon stupidity, provoked his impatience, and called forth a severity which he hardly knew how to restrain. With regard to disposition, the predominant features were kindness and cheerfulness. He never deliberately gave pain to any one, except in those few extreme cases where there appeared a moral necessity of 'rebuking sharply' for the good of the offender. His kindness to children, to servants, to the indigent, nay, to animals, was uniformly manifest. And such was his prevailing cheerfulness, that he seemed to move and breathe in an atmosphere of hilarity, which, indeed, his countenance always indicated, except when the pain in his back affected his spirits, and caused his imagination to dwell on the evils of Cambridgeshire scenery. At that period, though he was strong and active, he often suffered extremely from the pain to which I have before adverted, and which was his sad companion through life. On entering his room, I could at once tell whether or not his night had been refreshing; for if it had, I found him at the table, the books to be studied ready, and a vacant chair set for me. If his night had been restless, and the pain still continued, I found him lying on the sofa, or more frequently upon four chairs, on which he could obtain an easier position. At such seasons, scarcely ever did a complaint issue from his lips; but inviting me to take the sofa, our reading commenced. They, however, who knew Mr. Hall, can conjec-

ture how often, if he became interested, he would raise himself from his chairs, utter a few animated expressions, and then resume his favorite reclining posture. Sometimes, when he was suffering more than usual, he proposed a walk in the fields, where, with the appropriate book as our companion, we could pursue the subject. If *he* was the preceptor, as was commonly the case in these peripatetic lectures, he soon lost the sense of pain, and nearly as soon escaped from our author, whoever he might be, and expatiated at large upon some train of inquiry or explication which our course of reading had suggested. As his thoughts enkindled, both his steps and his words became quicker, until, ere long, it was difficult to say whether the body or the mind were brought most upon the stretch in keeping up with him. This peculiarity I have noticed in a few other men of vigorous intellect and lively imagination. Still farther to illustrate Mr. Hall's character, his turn of thought and expression, I will now bring together a few such incidents and short remarks, occurring between 1796 and 1803, as present themselves most vividly to my mind. It will already have appeared that benevolence was a prevailing characteristic. When he had aided a poor man to the full extent of his pecuniary means, he would sometimes apply to one of his affluent friends: 'Poor —— is in great distress; some of his family are ill, and he cannot supply proper necessaries. Lend me five shillings for the poor fellow. I will pay you again in a fortnight, unless in the mean time you find that the case deserves your help, and then the donation shall become yours.' His disapprobation of avarice bore a natural relation to his own benevolence. Being informed that a rich man in the neighborhood, who was by no means celebrated for his liberality, had attended to a tale of distress without relieving it, he said, 'Yes — yes; he would listen, but without inclining his head. He may lend a distant ear to the murmurings from the vale beneath, but he remains like a mountain covered with perpetual snow.' On another occasion, a person talking to him of one whom they both knew, and who was very penurious, said: 'Poor wretch! you might put his soul in a nut-shell.' 'Yes, sir,' Mr. Hall replied, 'and even then it would creep out a mag-

got hole.' His love of sincerity in words and actions was constantly apparent. Once, while he was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady who was there on a visit retired, that her little girl of four years old might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said to a lady near her, 'She is gone to sleep. I put on my night-cap and lay down by her, and she soon dropped off.' Mr. Hall, who overheard this, said, 'Excuse me, madam, do you wish your child to grow up a liar?' 'Oh dear, no sir! I should be shocked at such a thing.' 'Then bear with me while I say you must never *act* a lie before her. Children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not is a lie, whether acted or spoken.' This was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness that could not be forgotten. His dislike to compliments was thus expressed: 'In compliments two and two *do not* make four; and twenty and twenty fall very far short of forty. Deal not then in that deceitful arithmetic.' It was said in Mr. Hall's hearing, that 'compliments were pleasing truths, and flatteries pleasing untruths.' He remarked: 'Neither of them are *pleasing* to a man of reflection, for the falsehoods in this case so nearly assume the semblance of truth, that one is perplexed to tell which is actually given; and no man is pleased with perplexity.' 'You remember Mr. ——, sir?' 'Yes, very well.' 'Were you aware of his fondness for brandy and water?' 'No.' 'It was a sad habit, and grew out of his fondness for story-telling; and that also is a bad habit, a very bad habit, for a minister of the Gospel. As he grew old, his animal spirits flagged, and his stories became defective in vivacity; he therefore took to brandy and water; weak enough, it is true, at first, but soon nearly half-and-half. Ere long he indulged the habit in a morning; and when he came to Cambridge he would call upon me, and before he had been with me five minutes, ask for brandy and water, which was, of course, to give him artificial spirits to render him agreeable in his visits to others. I felt great difficulty, for he, you know, sir, was much older than I was; yet, being persuaded that the ruin of his character, if not of his peace,

was inevitable, unless something was done, I resolved upon one strong effort for his rescue. So the next time that he called, and, as usual, said, 'Friend Hall, I will thank you for a glass of brandy and water,' I replied, 'Call things by their right names, and you shall have as much as you please.' 'Why, don't I employ the right name? I ask for a glass of brandy and water.' 'That is the current, but not the appropriate name: ask for *a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation*, and you shall have a gallon! Poor man! he turned pale, and for a moment seemed struggling with anger. But, knowing that I did not mean to insult him, he stretched out his hand, and said,' 'Brother Hall, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.' 'From that time he ceased to take brandy and water.'

"A lady who had been speaking of the Divine Being with great familiarity, but in religious phraseology, having retired, he said: 'I wish I knew how to cure that good lady of her bad habit. I have tried, but as yet in vain. It is a great mistake to affect this kind of familiarity with the King of kings, and speak of him as though he were a next door neighbor, from the pretence of love. Mr. Boyle's well-known habit was infinitely to be commended. And one of our old divines, I forget which, well remarks, that, Nothing but ignorance can be guilty of this boldness; that there is no divinity but in a humble fear, no philosophy but shows itself in silent admiration.' When two or three gentlemen were discussing the question, whether a man of no religion can be a successful minister of the Gospel, surprise was expressed that Mr. Hall remained silent. 'Sir,' said he in reply, I would not deny that a sermon from a bad man may sometimes do good; but the general question does not admit of an argument. Is it at all probable, that one who is a willing servant of Satan, (and that, you know, sir, is the hypothesis you assume,) will fight *against* him with all his might; and if not, what *success* can be rationally expected?' Mr. Hall did not permit the sedulous cultivation of the mind to draw him aside from the cultivation of the heart. The evidences were, indeed, very strong, that his preparation for ministerial duty was devotional as well as intellectual. Thus,

his public services, by a striking gradation, for months and years, evinced an obvious growth in mental power, in literary acquisition, and in the serious affection, and ardor of a man of piety. His usefulness and his popularity increased; and in 1798 it was found necessary to enlarge the place of worship, to accommodate about two hundred more persons. Early in the year 1799, a severe fever, which brought him, in his own apprehension and in that of his friends, to the brink of the grave, gave him an opportunity of experiencing the support yielded by the doctrines of the Cross in the near 'views of death and the judgment.' He 'never before felt his mind so calm and happy.' The impression was not only salutary, but abiding; and it again prompted him to the investigation of one or two points, with regard to which he had long felt himself floating in uncertainty. Although he had for some years steadily and earnestly enforced the necessity of divine influence in the transformation of character, and in perseverance in a course of consistent, holy obedience, yet he spoke of it as the 'influence of the Spirit of God,' and never in express terms as the 'influence of the Holy Spirit.' The reason was, that though he fully believed the necessity of spiritual life, he doubted the doctrine of the distinct personality of the Holy Spirit. But about this time he was struck with the fact that, whenever in private prayer he was in the most deeply devotional frame, most overwhelmed with the sense that he was nothing, and 'God was all in all,' he always felt inclined to adopt a trinitarian doxology. This circumstance occurring frequently, and more frequently meditated upon in a tone of honest and anxious inquiry, issued at length in the persuasion that the Holy Spirit is really and truly God, and not an emanation. It was not, however, until 1800 that he publicly included the personality of the Holy Spirit in his statements of the doctrine of spiritual influence. In attempting to give some idea of the general character and style of Mr. Hall's public services, while I had the privilege of hearing him at Cambridge, I feel that I shall neither adequately describe what his preaching really was, nor even do justice to my own conceptions of it. His manner of reading the Scriptures at the begin-

ning of the service was not generally interesting; nor did the portion read always bear an obvious reference to the text or subject afterward brought forward. But when passages of Scripture were quoted in the sermon, they were so delivered as to give to their true meaning the most intelligible prominence and force. His prayers were remarkable for their simplicity and their devotional feeling. No person could listen to them without being persuaded that he who uttered them was really engaged in prayer, was holding communion with his God and Father in Christ Jesus. His tones and his countenance throughout these exercises, were those of one most deeply imbued with a sense of his unworthiness, and throwing himself at the feet of the Great Eternal, conscious that he could present no claim for a single blessing, but the blood of atonement, yet animated by the cheering hope that the voice of that blood would prevail. The structure of these prayers never indicated any preconceived plan. They were the general effusions of a truly devotional spirit, animated by a vivid recollection of what in his own state, in that of the congregation, of the town and vicinity, needed most ardently to be laid before the Father of Mercies. Thus they were remarkably comprehensive, and furnished a far greater variety on the successive occasions of public worship, than those of any other minister I have ever known. The portions which were devoted to intercession operated most happily in drawing the affections of his people towards himself; since they showed how completely his Christian sympathy had prepared him to make their respective cases his own. The commencement of his sermons did not excite much expectation in strangers, except they were such as recollected how the mental agitation, produced by diffidence, characterized the first sentences of some of the orators of antiquity. He began with hesitation, and often in a very low and feeble tone, coughing frequently, as though he were oppressed by asthmatic obstructions. As he proceeded, his manner became easy, graceful, and at length highly impassioned; his voice also acquired more flexibility, body, and sweetness, and in all his happier and more successful efforts swelled into a stream of the most touching and

impressive melody. The farther he advanced, the more spontaneous, natural, and free from labor seemed the progression of thought. He announced the results of the most extensive reading, of the most patient investigation, or of the profoundest thinking, with such unassuming simplicity, yet set them in such a position of obvious and lucid reality, that the auditors wondered how things so simple and manifest should have escaped them. Throughout his sermon he kept his subject thoroughly in view, and so incessantly brought forward new arguments, or new illustrations, to confirm or explain it, that with amplification it was almost invariably accumulative in its tendency. One thought was succeeded by another, and that by another, and another, each more weighty than the preceding, each more calculated to deepen and render permanent the ultimate impression. He could at pleasure adopt the unadorned, ornamental, or the energetic; and indeed combine them with every diversity of modulation. In his higher flights, what he said of Burke, might, with the slightest deduction, be applied to himself, that 'his imperial fancy laid all nature under tribute, and collected riches from every scene in the creation, and every walk of art;' and at the same time, that could be affirmed of Mr. Hall, 'which could *not* be affirmed of Mr. Burke, that he never fatigued or oppressed by superfluous imagery! Whenever the subject obviously justified it, he would yield the reins to an eloquence more diffusive and magnificent than the ordinary course of pulpit eloquence seemed to require; yet so exquisite was his perception of beauty, and so sound his judgment, that not the coldest taste, provided it were real taste, could ever wish an image omitted which Mr. Hall had introduced. His inexhaustible variety augmented the general effect. The same images, the same illustrations, scarcely ever recurred. So ample were his stores, that repetition of every kind was usually avoided; while in his illustrations he would connect and contrast what was disjointed and opposed, or distinctly unfold what was abstracted or obscure, in such terms as were generally intelligible, not only to the well-informed but to the meanest capacity. As he advanced to his practical applications all his mental powers were shown in the most

palpable but finely balanced exercise. His mind would, if I may so speak, collect itself and come forth with a luminous activity, proving, as he advanced, how vast, and, in some important senses, how next to irresistible those powers were. In such seasons his preaching communicated universal animation; his congregation would seem to partake of his spirit, to think and feel as he did, to be fully influenced by the presence of the objects which he had placed before them, fully actuated by the motives which he had enforced with such energy and pathos."

In 1789, the prevalence of the licentious and infidel French opinions, both in politics and religion, originated in the inflamed and unsanctified hearts of the actors in the bloody civil revolution that had just convulsed France and shaken the world, had excited general anxiety among the more serious and thoughtful minds in England.

"From 1795 to 1799, debating rooms were opened in various parts of the metropolis, in which the most bare-faced infidelity was taught, and to which the lower classes were invited, often on Sunday evenings, often by a variety of specious allurements. Mr. Hall was no sooner aware of the existence of these sources of evil, and of the mischief they produced, than he began to use the voice of warning, in his private intercourse among his people, and to impress upon such of the young as he feared had received a sceptical bias, that of all fanaticism, the fanaticism of infidelity then prevalent, was at once the most preposterous and the most destructive.

"Mr. Hall's persuasion of the continuance and growth of this infidel spirit induced him to preach and publish his celebrated sermon on 'modern infidelity,' which was not, therefore, as many affirmed, a hasty production, written under excited feelings and false alarms, but the deliberate result of a confirmed belief, that the most strenuous efforts were required to repel mischief so awfully and insidiously diffused.

"Before the publication of this sermon, its author had fully 'counted the cost' as to the obloquy which it would bring

upon him from various quarters; but he did not at all anticipate its extraordinary success, and the corresponding extension of his reputation. As repeated editions were called for, he yielded his assent with great hesitation, from a fear that the copies would remain unsold; and he was the last to see, what every one else perceived, that it had carried his celebrity as a profound thinker and eloquent writer, far beyond the limits of the denomination to which he was so bright an ornament. From that time, Mr. Hall's reputation was placed upon an eminence which it will probably retain, so long as purity and elevation of style, deeply philosophical views of the springs and motives of action, and correct theological sentiments, are duly appreciated in the world.

"In little more than two years after the publication of the sermon on Modern Infidelity, Mr. Hall again appeared before the public as an author. The transient peace of Amiens was celebrated by a general thanksgiving throughout England, on the first of June, 1802. In the sermon preached by Mr. Hall on that occasion, he endeavored first to awaken the gratitude of his auditors by a most touching picture of the horrors of war, from which Europe had just escaped; and then to apply the gratitude so excited to acts of benevolence.

"The nation had scarcely tasted the blessings of peace, when a dispute on one of the articles of the treaty of Amiens involved them in a fresh war with France. Bonaparte, aware of the British ascendency at sea, resolved, first, to attack the continental dominions. He also seized the persons and property of numerous English who had visited France during the brief interval of peace, detaining them as prisoners of war; and then menaced the country with invasion. So strange, and in some respects so atrocious a commencement of hostilities, had a singular effect in melting down dissension, and diffusing a spirit of almost unexampled unanimity among all classes and ranks of community. At this momentous period Mr. Hall's love of country was again signally evinced. On fast day, 19th October, he preached at Bristol a sermon, afterward published,—'The sentiments proper to the present Crisis,' which had the happiest effect in enkindling the flame

of active, generous patriotism. This sermon, perhaps, excited more general admiration than any of the author's former productions, on account of its masterly exposure of prevailing errors, its original and philosophical defence of some momentous truths, and its remarkable appropriateness to the exigencies of the crisis. The last ten pages were thought by many (and by Mr. Pitt among the number,) to be fully equal in genuine eloquence to any passage of the same length that can be selected from either ancient or modern orators."

In 1804, the pain in Mr. Hall's back increased to so great a degree that it deprived him of refreshing sleep, and depressed his spirits to an alarming extent, which eventually took the form of temporary insanity. Under careful medical attendance, however, he soon so far recovered his health as to be able, after one relapse, to resume his ministerial functions; but it was deemed advisable by his friends for him to resign his pastoral office at Cambridge, for a more retired and quiet residence.

"Two visitations of so humiliating a calamity, within the compass of a year, deeply affected Mr. Hall's mind. Happily, however, for himself and for the world, his spirits recovered their wonted tone; and the permanent impression on his character was exclusively religious. His own decided persuasion was, that however vivid his convictions of religious truth, and of the necessity of a consistent course of evangelical obedience, had formerly been, and however correct his doctrinal sentiments during the last four or five years, yet that he did not undergo a thorough transformation of character, a complete renewal of his heart and affections, until the first of these seizures. Be this as it may, (and the wonderful revelations of the 'great day' can alone remove the doubt,) there can be no question that from this period he seemed more to live under the prevailing recollection of his entire dependence upon God, that his habits were more

devotional than they had ever before been, his exercises more fervent and more elevated.

"At this time, I believe, Mr. Hall, under the persuasion to which I have just alluded, made a solemn dedication of himself to God, renewing the act annually on the recurrence of his birth-day. One of these touching and impressive records, which has been found among his papers, will, I feel assured, be read with deep interest:

"'An Act of Solemn Dedication of myself to God. Oh! Lord, thou that searchest the heart, and triest the reins of the children of men, be thou witness of what I am now about, in the strength of thy grace, to attempt; that grace I humbly and earnestly implore, to give validity and effect to that act of solemn engagement of myself to thy service, on which I am about to enter. "Thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are none of them hid from thee." "I was born in sin, and in iniquity did my mother conceive me! I am an apostate, guilty branch of an apostate, guilty root, and my life has been a series of rebellion and transgressions, in which I have walked according to the course of this world, according to the Prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." How shall I confess my transgressions before thee, what numbers can reach, what words can adequately express them! "My iniquities have increased over my head, and my transgressions have grown up unto Heaven." Oh Lord, I esteem it a wonderful mercy that I have not long since been cut off in the midst of my sins, and been sent to Hell before I had an opportunity or heart to repent. Being assured from the word of God of thy gracious and merciful nature, and of thy willingness to pardon and accept penitent believing sinners on the ground of the blood and righteousness of thine own adorable Son, "who died, the just for the unjust, to bring them to God," and that "him that cometh to him he will in nowise cast out," I do most humbly prostrate myself at the foot stool of his cross, and through him enter into thy covenant. I disclaim all right to myself from henceforth, to my soul, my body, my time, my health, my reputation, my talents, or any thing that belongs to me. I confess myself to be the

property of the glorious Redeemer, as one whom I humbly hope he has redeemed by his blood to be part of the "first fruits of his creatures." I do most cheerfully and cordially receive him in all his offices, as my Priest, my Prophet, and my King. I dedicate myself to him, to serve, love, and trust in him as my life and my salvation to my life's end.

"'I renounce the devil and all his works, the flesh, and the world, with heartfelt regret that I should have been enslaved by them so long. I do solemnly and deliberately take thee to be my full and satisfying good, and eternal portion in and through thine adorable son the Redeemer, and by the assistance of the blessed Spirit of all grace, the third person in the triune God, whom I take to be my Sanctifier and Comforter to the end of time, and through a happy eternity, praying that the Holy Spirit may deign to take perpetual possession of my heart and fix his abode there.

"'I do most solemnly devote and give up myself to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, agreeably to the terms of the Gospel covenant, and in humble expectation of the blessings it ascertains to sincere believers. I call thee to witness, O God! the truth and reality of this surrender of all I have, and all I am, to thee; and conscious of the unspeakable deceitfulness of my heart, I humbly and earnestly implore the influence of thy Spirit to enable me to stand steadfast in this covenant, as well as an interest in the blood of the Son, that I may be forgiven in those instances (alas! that such an idea should be possible,) in which I may in any degree swerve from it.

"'Done this (2d) day of May, 1809, seven o'clock in the evening, Leicester. ROBERT HALL.'"

He now retired to the vicinity of Leicester, the scenes of his youthful hours, and the residence of his relatives. After an invigorating rest of a few months, he began to preach again in Leicester, to a small congregation, and a short time after accepted their call to become their regular pastor.

"With this church he continued connected nearly twenty years. The church and congregation steadily increased

during that long interval, and scarcely any thing of moment occurred to interrupt their internal peace. The place of worship which, when Mr. Hall first settled there, would not conveniently hold four hundred persons, was enlarged in 1809 for the reception of about eight hundred; and in 1817 a second enlargement rendered it capable of accommodating a thousand persons. In 1826, at the close of Mr. Hall's labors there, the place was comfortably filled, and the members of the church, besides those who it is believed have gone to their eternal reward, amounted to nearly three hundred. More than a hundred of those who constituted the evening congregation were pious members of the church of England."

In 1808, he was united in marriage with a most excellent lady, with whom, until the hour of his death, he lived in affectionate and happy fellowship. During his residence in Leicester, he sent forth through the press several of his most admirable writings, among them, perhaps deservedly the most popular, was his discourse upon the sudden death of the lamented Princess Charlotte.

It would be grateful and profitable to linger still longer in our sketch upon the events that marked the life of this most eloquent and interesting man, but we have already swelled the details of his life much beyond the limits prescribed for our biographical sketches in this volume. We must hasten to record the affecting scenes that at once attested the sincerity and power of his piety, and confirmed even more eloquently than his masterly defence of Christianity against infidelity, the value, beauty, and divine energy of the religion of the Bible.

For some time before his last sickness, his friends noticed his rapid growth in grace, and evident maturing in holiness. His seasons of extraordinary self-examination, fasting and prayer, were most faithfully attended, and his often written

re-dedications clearly exhibit the intensity of his "hungerings and thirstings after righteousness."

"The indications of infirm age now rapidly exhibited themselves, but happily were unaccompanied by a decaying mind, or a querulous spirit. The language of his conduct and of his heart, corresponded with that of the pious ancient, 'Lord, give me patience now, and ease hereafter! If tempests come, they will not last long, but soon will be hushed in an eternal calm.'

"His inability to take exercise, on account of the gradual increase of his complaint, gave rise, about six years before his death, to another disorder, formidable in its nature, and fatal in its issue. The indications of a plethoric habit became more and more apparent. The malady thus produced becoming more and more severe, Mr. Hall, when in London in 1828, was persuaded by his friends to take the advice of an eminent physician; from which, however, no permanent good resulted. By the summer of 1830, the disorder had increased so seriously that his medical friends at Bristol recommended a suspension of his pastoral duties for a few weeks, that he might try the effect of a total change of air and scene.

"He therefore spent some time at Coleford, in the forest of Dean, in the society of his old and valued friend, the Rev. Isaiah Birt. He also spent a few weeks at Cheltenham. At both these places he preached with his accustomed talent; and his general appearance, too clearly indicating that the close of his ministerial labors was at hand, gave a deeper impression to his instructions and exhortations.

"The last service at Broadmead in which Mr. Hall took any part, was the church meeting, (when only the members of the church assembled,) on Wednesday, the 9th of February.

"His closing prayer, on that occasion, is spoken of as most spiritual and elevated, exhibiting, in its highest manifestation, the peculiar union of humility, benevolence, and fervor, by which his devotional exercises had been very long characterized.

"On the next evening, Thursday, the usual monthly ser-

mon, preparatory to the administration of the Lord's Supper, was to have been delivered; but Mr. Hall's discharge of this duty was prevented by a severe attack of the complaint in his chest, which came on just after he had retired to his study to prepare for that service. This was the commencement of the series of paroxysms which terminated in his dissolution.

"From this time the paroxysms increased rapidly, both in frequency and severity; and Mr. Hall, in the intervals between their recurrence, was usually so weak and exhausted as seldom to be able to converse with those around him. His expressions, however insulated and broken as they often were, proved that he was able fully to exercise that trust in God which is the grand principle of religion, and that thus trusting in him, his soul was kept in peace. No murmuring, no language of irritability, escaped from his lips.

"When he first announced his apprehension that he never should again minister among his people, he immediately added—'But I am in God's hands, and I rejoice that I am. I am God's creature, at his disposal, for life or death; and that is a great mercy.'

"Again—'I have not one anxious thought, either for life or death. What I dread most are dark days. But I have had none; and I hope I shall not have any.'

"Again—'I fear pain more than death. If I could die easily, I think I would rather go than stay; for I have seen enough of the world, and I have a humble hope.'

"On another occasion, a friend having said to him, 'This God will be our God;' 'Yes, he will—he will be our guide even unto death.'

"On recovering from one of his severe paroxysms, he adverted to the affectionate attention of his beloved wife and daughters, as well as his numerous comforts, and exclaimed, 'What a mercy it is to have so many alleviations! I might have been deprived of all these comforts—I might have been in poverty—I might have been the most abject wretch on the face of the earth.'

"Mrs. Hall, in the course of the morning on which he died, remarking to him that he appeared better, and

expressing her hope that he would recover, he replied, 'Ah, my dear, let us *hope* for the best, and *prepare* for the worst.' He then stated his opinion that this day would be critical. When his medical attendants met in consultation, a little after noon, he seemed rather better; and Mr. Chandler left him between one and two, reclining on the sofa, leaning on his elbow with as much muscular energy as ever.

"'In a very short time,' says this gentleman, 'and before I had reached home, I was summoned to behold the last agonizing scene of this great and extraordinary man. His difficulty of breathing had increased to a dreadful and final paroxysm. It seems this last paroxysm came on more gradually than was usual with those which preceded. Mr. Hall finding his breathing becoming much worse, first rose more on his elbow, then raised his body, supporting himself with his hand, till the increasing agitation obliged him to rise completely on the sofa, and to place his feet in hot water — the usual means he resorted to for relief in every paroxysm. Mrs. Hall observing a fixation of his eyes, and an unusual expression on his countenance, and indeed in his whole manner, became alarmed by the sudden impression that he was dying; and exclaimed in great agitation, "This can't be dying!" when he replied, "It is death — it is death — death! Oh the sufferings of this body!" Mrs. Hall then asked, "But are you comfortable in your mind?" He immediately answered, "Very comfortable — very comfortable:" and immediately exclaimed, "Come Lord Jesus, Come ——" He then hesitated, as if incapable of bringing out the last word; and one of his daughters, involuntarily as it were, anticipated him by saying, "Quickly!" on which her departing father gave her a look of most complacent delight.

"'On entering his room I found him sitting on the sofa, surrounded by his lamenting family; with one foot in the hot water, and the other spasmodically grasping the edge of the bath; his frame waving in violent, almost convulsive heavings, sufficiently indicative of the process of dissolution. I hastened, though despairingly, to administer such stimulants as might possibly avert the threatening termination of

life; and as I sat by his side for this purpose, he threw his arm over my shoulders for support, with evident satisfaction that I was near him. He said to me, "I am dying; death has come at last: all now will be useless." As I pressed upon him draughts of stimulants, he intimated that he would take them if I wished; but he believed all was useless. On my asking him if he suffered much, he replied, "dreadfully." The rapidly increasing gasping soon overpowered his ability to swallow, or to speak except in monosyllables, few in number, which I could not collect; but whatever might be the degree of suffering, (and great it must have been,) there was no failure of mental vigor or composure. Indeed, so perfect was his consciousness, that in the midst of these last agonies, he intimated to me very shortly before the close, with his accustomed courteousness, a fear lest he should fatigue me by his pressure; and when his family, one after another, gave way in despair, he followed them with sympathizing looks, as they were obliged to be conveyed from the room. This was his last voluntary movement; for immediately a general convulsion seized him, and he quickly expired.'

"Oh! how inconceivably blessed is the change, when, at the moment of utmost agony, the soul enters the regions of endless joy; passes from the land of the dying to the land of the living; from the society of saints to the blissful presence of the King of saints, where knowledge, illumination, purity, and love, flow for ever and ever from the Inexhaustible Fountain! Such is the ineffable reward which awaits all the followers of the Lamb. 'Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be, with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.'"

LEGH RICHMOND.

Legh Richmond was born at Liverpool, on January 29, 1772. His father was a highly respected and successful physician; his mother was a most estimable woman, endowed with a superior understanding, which had been cultivated and improved by an excellent education and subsequent study. In addition to her natural talents and acquirements, she uniformly manifested a deep sense of the importance of religion, and anxiously instructed him, from his infancy, in the Holy Scriptures and in the principles of religion, as far as her own knowledge and experience enabled her.

Owing to an accident received in his early youth, inducing lameness, he was not sent to school, but received his rudimental education under the direction of his father, who was an excellent classical scholar. His mind rapidly developed and gave encouraging promise of the future. He exhibited an early and precocious taste for original composition, the exuberance of his fancy leading him especially to prefer poetic measures.

Having completed his preparatory studies, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, August, 1789.

He applied himself diligently to his studies, and was esteemed by all as a young man of great abilities, winning strong friendship by his amiable conduct, correct habits, and peculiar conversational powers. Music was his favorite recreation and great delight, and while he was in College he collected materials and contemplated publishing a work upon the theory and history of music. It was his father's wish, upon his graduation, that he should turn his attention to the law as a profession, but his inclinations led him strongly to the church. His reasons for this choice, as given to his

father at this time, exhibit his sad lack of a proper appreciation of the solemn nature of the sacred office and the necessary spiritual preparation for it.

"I have consulted my own inclinations, abilities, deficiencies, merits and demerits, and examined them in as many points of view as I have been able, in order to determine which of those professions was the best calculated to promote my own happiness, and the welfare of others. My present determination is in favor of the former, principally from the following considerations. The sacred profession is in itself without doubt the most respectable and the most useful in which any man of principle and education can possibly be engaged. The benefits which it is the province of the clergyman to bestow on his fellow-creatures, are more widely disseminated, and are in themselves more intrinsically valuable, than those of every other profession or employment united together. To a conscientious mind, therefore, that line of life appears to be the most eligible, in which he may be enabled to do the most solid good to mankind.

"One further argument with myself for preferring the church to the law is, that I have found, from four years' experience, a strong inclination to study several branches of literature, which are far more connected with the church than with the law, as neither their nature nor the time requisite to be bestowed upon them would allow the lawyer to exercise himself in them. What these are shall be the subject of future information to you. At present, my desire of becoming a VERY good general scholar is so much stronger than that of becoming an EXTREMELY good particular one, that I am convinced I could not throw aside the hopes of pursuing my favorite views in that way, and dedicating myself solely to one, and that perhaps not the most inviting, without the utmost regret.

"Your affectionate son,
"LEGH RICHMOND."

God, however, had a divine intention in overruling this choice, and in disposing the heart of his father to accede to

his wishes. He had better things in store than earthly honor or emolument, and was about to fill his heart with higher, wider, and better founded impulses for the work of human benefit and salvation.

He remained at Cambridge, pursuing the studies of his chosen profession, until the summer of 1797, when he entered upon the sacred office of the ministry.

He was ordained deacon in June of this year, was married on the 22nd of the same month, and immediately proceeded to the Isle of Wight, and entered upon the curacies of the adjoining parishes of Brading and Yaverland. He was ordained priest in February, 1798.

The remarkable change that soon took place in his religious views and experience, is thus described by his biographer.

"Shortly after he had entered on his curacies, one of his college friends was on the eve of taking holy orders, to whom a near relative had sent Mr. Wilberforce's 'Practical View of Christianity.' This thoughtless candidate for the momentous charge of the Christian ministry, forwarded the book to Mr. Richmond, requesting him to give it a perusal, and to inform him what he must say respecting its contents. In compliance with this request, he began to read the book, and found himself so deeply interested in its contents, that the volume was not laid down until the perusal of it was completed. The night was spent in reading and reflecting upon the important truths contained in this valuable and impressive work. In the course of his employment, the soul of the reader was penetrated to its inmost recesses; and the effect produced in innumerable instances by the book of God, was, in this case, accomplished by means of a human composition. From that period his mind received a powerful impulse, and was no longer able to rest under its former impressions. A change was effected in his views of divine truth, as decided as it was influential. He was no longer satisfied with the creed of the speculatist — he felt a

conviction of his own state, as a guilty and condemned sinner, and under that conviction, he sought mercy at the cross of the Saviour. There arose in his mind a solemn consciousness that, however outwardly moral and apparently irreproachable his conduct might appear to men, yet, *within*, there was wanting that entire surrender of the heart, that ascendency of God in the soul, and that devotedness of life and conduct, which distinguishes morality from holiness — an assent to divine truth, from its cordial reception into the heart — and the external profession of religion, from its inward and transforming power. The impressions awakened were, therefore, followed by a transfer of his time, his talents, and his affections, to the service of his God and Saviour, and to the spiritual welfare of the flock committed to his care. But while his mind was undergoing this inward process, it is necessary to state how laborious he was in his search after truth. The Bible became the frequent and earnest subject of his examination, prayer, and meditation. His object was *fontes haurire sacros* — to explore truth at its fountain head, or, in the emphatic language of Scripture, to 'draw water out of the wells of salvation.' From the study of the Bible, he proceeded to a minute examination of the writings of the Reformers, which, by a singular coincidence, came into his possession shortly after this period; and having from these various sources acquired increasing certainty as to the correctness of his recent convictions, and stability in holding them, he found, what the sincere and conscientious inquirer will always find, the Truth; and his heart being interested, he learnt truth through the heart, and believed it, because he felt it."

Mr. Richmond now began, with renewed diligence and interest, the duties of his sacred office. "Every qualification became consecrated to religion. His imagination, taste, affections, and endowments, received an impulse which directed all their energies to the glory of God, and to useful and profitable purposes."

It was while residing in the Isle of Wight that the inter-

esting occurrences happened which were embodied with such ravishing simplicity and interest by his pen, and which have diffused his name and usefulness abroad in all parts of the world. Mr. Richmond preached often among the soldiers who were at this time quartered upon the island, and the history of one of these exhibits his kindness and usefulness among those who were generally neglected as hopeless.

"A young soldier introduced himself to Mr. Richmond, in company with one of his comrades, begging to know if he would kindly purchase from him a few clergyman's bands, and some manuscript sermons. Being asked by what means they came into his possession, he stated, with much embarrassment, that his history was wholly unknown to his companions in arms, but that being thus urged, he would recount the painful circumstances of his past life. He proceeded to declare that he was a son of a clergyman in Wales, — that he had been regularly ordained, and officiated during three years on a curacy in the county of W——; that disorderly habits, and debts incurred without the possibility of discharging them, had brought him at length to ruin and disgrace; and that, to avoid imprisonment, he had been induced to enlist as a common soldier; that he had served in the last campaign in Holland, and was then about to proceed with the army, on the expedition to Alexandria, under Sir James Abercrombie. He added, that it was to furnish himself with a few necessaries, that he was led to offer the articles in question for sale. Mr. Richmond, having ascertained, as far as possible, the correctness of his story, purchased them; and afterwards held a very long conversation with him, on the awful consequences of his past life, and his unfaithfulness to the solemn and sacred engagement he had formerly contracted. The soldier seemed to be more abashed by the disclosure of his history, than impressed with the consciousness of his guilt, and the admonitions that he received. In June, 1802, the comrade who had originally accompanied him, once more called on Mr. Richmond, and stated that he was just returned from Egypt, and that

the young man, in whose welfare he had taken so lively an interest, had fallen in battle, and died a true penitent; that on the evening preceding the engagement of the 21st March, he had been seized with a presentiment that he should not survive the event of the following day; and had commissioned him, (the bearer,) should he be spared to return, to inform Mr. Richmond, that the counsel he had so faithfully given to him, though it had failed at the time to impress him as it ought to have done, had ultimately sunk deep into his conscience, and produced all the effects that he could have wished; 'tell our dear pastor,' continued he, 'that I owe him more than worlds can repay; he first opened my heart to conviction, and God has blessed it to repentance. Through the unspeakable mercies of Christ, I can die with comfort.' The event that he had prognosticated was fulfilled; and it was discovered that poor Mr. E —— lost his life by a cannon ball, at an early period in the action."

It was here that he became acquainted with the "Dairyman's Daughter." She resided at Arreton, a village six miles distant from Brading, where he was in the habit of occasionally visiting her, by particular request, during her last illness. Her name was Wallbridge; and who that has read her history, can repress the emotions that such unaffected piety and sanctified affliction are calculated to awaken?

His "Negro Servant" lived in the family of an officer in the neighborhood. His "Young Cottager" was one of his Sunday-school children at Brading, and the first fruits of his ministry in that parish.

In 1814 he wrote the "Annals of the Poor."

"His 'Dairyman's Daughter' rapidly acquired an unexampled celebrity. It was read with an avidity that required many successive editions to satisfy the demands of the public, and soon became the most popular tract of the day. The author, from the generous motive of insuring to it a more

extended usefulness, was induced to present it to the Religious Tract Society, by whom it was immediately translated into the French and Italian languages. The writer of this Memoir well remembers a circumstance connected with this celebrated tract, which he will here mention. He was taken by Mr. Richmond, in the year 1811, to attend a committee meeting of the Tract Society, when one of the members rose up and observed, that as he came with the full intention of submitting to them the motion in his hand, he hoped he should not violate the delicacy of its author, by proposing, that the tract of the 'Dairyman's Daughter,' the merit of which had been so generally recognized, should be translated into the German, Swedish, and Danish languages. Another member then rose and said, that he trusted he should be excused for adding an amendment to the motion, by recommending that the above tract be translated *into all the European languages, as far as means and opportunities might occur for that purpose.* The resolution was unanimously carried in this amended form. The tract has since been translated into most of the Continental languages. It has also obtained a wide circulation in America; the Old and New World have alike stamped it with the seal of popular approbation. At home, several editions of 20,000 copies each, were printed within a very short period, and the copies which have been circulated in the English language alone, to the present time, are estimated at two millions. It has found its way to the palaces of kings, and been seen in the hut of the Indian. Its author was informed of thirty instances, in which it was acknowledged to have been instrumental to the conversion of its readers, of whom one was a female convict at Botany Bay. The last instance of its usefulness was communicated to him within only twenty-four hours of his decease; and from its peculiarity deserves to be mentioned.

"A clergyman who had conceived a violent antipathy against the Religious Tract Society and all its publications, was induced to select the 'Dairyman's Daughter,' for the purpose of criticising and exposing its defects. In the perusal of it, however, he was so arrested by the interest

of the story, and so penetrated by the power of the religious truths which it contained, that the pen of criticism dropped from his hand, prejudice was charmed into admiration, and he was added as another trophy of that grace which had shone so brightly in the life and death of the Dairyman's Daughter."

For the more careful cultivation of his heart, on the first of January, 1804, he commenced a daily diary of his inward and outward experience, and as it was intended for no other eye than his own, the evidence it throws upon his sincere and growing piety is of the highest order. We select a few extracts to show the reality and power of the divine work that had lately been wrought in his soul.

"January 1. A new year is begun, but where is the new heart, and the right spirit? O, weakness and wickedness! Preached from Rom. xi. 28, 29; and Job. xvi. 22. Felt much satisfaction, after the morning service, from J —— and his wife proposing to become members of my society. He shed tears of penitence and joy. May God work all for good. In the afternoon, felt something of the fear of man, but found, as I proceeded, more freedom. O Lord, save me from fear of censure, and love of praise! Went in the evening to my society at Arreton; few, but meek, humble, and hopeful. Another member proposed — an infirm old widow.

"January 3. Uneasy at not having completed another part of the review of Daubeny. I am very deficient in steady, persevering diligence. Let me think much of this, and learn to set a right value on time. Oh! how precious ought every hour to be, when each may be the last. Thought much of Cowper's description of preaching: (Task, Book ii.) God impress it on my heart. B. is buried to-day; how dreadfully unprepared to meet his God! How far am I responsible? Alas! how great is the burden of the pastor. Lord, give me grace to see it, and feel it more and more, and enable me to bear it with a good conscience. I

have been delighted, and I hope profited, by Biddulph's funeral sermon on Mr. Drewitt; oh! that I were like him! I now wonder that I had not more correspondence with that holy man; I shall ever think with pleasure of my introduction to him. God bring us together at the last. I trust my resolutions gain strength. O God, in thy mercy strengthen me! May my thoughts now close with blessed Drewitt, and sink to peacefulness, with a blessing on the meditation.

"January 6. A beautiful frosty morning. Teach me, O Lord! from the beauties of nature, to learn the beauties of grace. Every returning morning reminds me what a mercy it is I am still alive, and have space and time given me to repent and believe. Take my heart, O God! into thy keeping, and then it will be safe. If it be thy good pleasure to rescue me from temporal perplexity, let my gratitude appear; if not, let it be ground for submission and patient resignation. With thee, I cannot do ill; without thee, I cannot do well. Heard Nugent's morning prayers. May he learn early the lesson, which I for so many years neglected, and now perform so unworthily. Prayer is the breath of faith.

"January 8, Sunday. Snow and sleet. How cold are my affections! like this season. Warm my heart, O Lord! till it burn with the flames of devotion. Compose my thoughts into holy meditation, and let not the events of the day destroy them.

"Preached on the Epiphany, and on Christ among the doctors in the temple.

"January 10. What an awful idea is eternity: am I prepared to encounter it? 'Oh, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength before I go hence, and be no more seen!' Settle my opinions steadfastly, and, above all, my affections on thyself, O Lord! Have mercy on the dear children whom thou hast given me, and may I give them back unto thee, in Jesus Christ, their and my Saviour. I fear I have not taught N. all I ought, and of which he is capable. Let me lay this to heart, and recommend him to God in prayer."

In 1805, after mature deliberation and prayer, Mr. Richmond was induced to remove from his beloved flocks upon the Isle of Wight, and to enter upon the charge of the church at Turvey near Olney. The same zeal and devotion characterized his life here, as in his previous parishes.

While residing at Turvey, at the urgent entreaty of many of his clerical friends, he was induced to edit an edition of the Works of the English Reformers, a task that he executed with great honor to himself, and conferring a lasting benefit upon the church.

Mr. Richmond was an eloquent and successful preacher in the pulpit.

"He never failed to attract a crowded congregation, and seldom preached without the most decided proofs of a divine power accompanying his ministrations. He also possessed many natural endowments, which in no small degree contributed to his success. He was an eloquent speaker; but his eloquence was not labored and artificial — it was the simple and glowing expression of a mind deeply impressed with the importance of his subject, full of affection, and intent on imparting the same feelings to those who heard him.

"He used to refer his friends, who conversed with him on the subject of preaching, to the advice of his college tutor: 'Don't use terms of science. The people have no abstract ideas — they cannot understand comparisons and allusions remote from all their habits. Take words of Saxon derivation, and not such as are derived from Latin and Greek. Talk of riches, not affluence — of trust, not confidence. Present the same idea in a varied form, and take care that you understand the subject yourself. If you be intelligent, you will be intelligible.'

"Mr. Richmond's successful applications of these useful rules is well known to all who had opportunity of hearing his sermons. Though never offensively colloquial, he was well understood by the most illiterate of his congregation; nor was he satisfied until he had explained an idea in every

possible variety and point of view. On this account he sometimes seemed, to persons unacquainted with his design, to employ a needless number of words. It was once pleasantly said, by one who heard him — 'An excellent sermon, but with too many various readings.'

"He was also singularly felicitious in imparting interest to what, in familiar phraseology, is called a dry subject. He was once known to preach an hour and three quarters, on the incidental evidences of Christianity. On this occasion it was said, by a sensible man who heard him — 'This is indeed a magnificent sermon! I always thought Mr. Richmond a good man, but I now know him to be a great man.'

"Mr. Richmond as we have before noticed, possessed a fine taste, and an almost enthusiastic admiration of the beauties of nature. From these he often selected illustrations, and embellished his subjects with allusions to them. He used to say, 'There are three books to be studied — the book of creation, the book of providence, and the book of grace. They confirm and illustrate each other.'

"These natural talents were consecrated to the service of religion, and gave an interest to his preaching, equalled by few, and excelled by none.

"The editor would not be supposed, by these remarks, to lose sight of the influence of the Holy Spirit, without whom 'nothing is strong, and nothing is holy.' He knows that 'the Gospel is a mighty engine, but only mighty when God has the working of it.' Yet is it most evident, that God is pleased to make human agency, the natural endowments and temperaments, as well as the graces of his servants, subserve his purposes; and in the selection of instruments, there is always a peculiar fitness for the work in which he employs them.

"The effect of Mr. Richmond's ministry was also considerably heightened by the fluency of his addresses. He adopted a method of preaching usually called *extempore;* without premeditation, as to the words of a sermon, but not to the exclusion of much previous prayer, and labor in the arrangements of its materials. 'It is a singular circum-

stance,' observes a friend of his early life, 'that his first attempt to preach *extempore*, in the very small church of Yaverland, in the Isle of Wight, was a total failure. He was so ashamed of it, that he declared he would not repeat the attempt, and it was only in consequence of the urgent solicitations of our common friend, the Rev. Charles Hoyle, that he was induced to make a second trial, when he succeeded beyond his hopes, and never afterwards found any difficulty.'

"As a proof of the eminence to which he afterwards attained, we venture to introduce another anecdote.

"The late Mr. Whitbread went to hear him preach at St. Paul's, Bedford, in the year 1807, accompanied by a friend, who had expressed an earnest wish to be present. The church was remarkably crowded — the preacher animated — and the interest of the congregation strongly excited. The gentleman above alluded to at length observed: 'He has now preached with incredible fluency, both as to matter and language, for three quarters of an hour, and he does not seem even yet to be exhausted, or to be drawing to a close.' 'Exhausted!' replied Mr. Whitbread: 'he can hold on in the same way, if necessary, for two or three hours longer.' "

His peculiar facility and eloquence of address rendered his services exceedingly desirable in the public advocacy of the leading charities of the day. And with these blessed institutions Mr. Richmond co-operated with his characteristic ardor and generosity. His platform addresses and pulpit discourses were of the highest order, and from this period, (1814) until his death, he was constantly engaged, in private or public, in long journies, at anniversaries, and on various occasions, in advocating the cause of the Bible, Missionary, and Jewish Amelioration Societies.

In 1824, his son Wilberforce, exhibiting unequivocal symptoms of consumption, it was thought advisable to send him upon a visit to his uncle, a physician in Scotland, it being hoped that the sea voyage and change of air would

prove salutary. But these expectations were not realized. While absent from the parental altar the affectionate interest of the father followed him, and induced him to indite a series of the most instructive and touching epistles that can well be conceived. We select one as an example and a model.

"'BRADFORD, Aug. 5, 1824.

"'*My dear Wilberforce:*—We have so long been fellow-travellers and pilgrims together, and my eye and my heart have been so long accustomed to watch over you, that I cannot help wishing to indulge my affectionate feelings, by giving you a few lines during this short separation, which, short as it has been, never ceases to present my dear boy to imagination and recollection. I have reason to think, and perhaps the fault is my own, that you are but *imperfectly* aware of my strong and anxious feeling toward you, with respect both to your temporal and spiritual welfare. I sometimes fancy I see this in your manner, and it hurts me. I say little, or probably nothing; but my heart is alive to great sensibilities. Rest assured, my much-loved child, that at all past periods, but most especially since it has pleased God to put your health, and of course with it your life, to so marked a trial, I have not ceased for a single hour (and I can hardly except the dreaming hours of the night,) to make *your* comfort and prosperity the subject of my prayers and solicitude. When you may least have suspected it from my ordinary manner, even my silence has spoken to God in your behalf. Many and deep have been my meditations, as we ascended the hills, and descended the vales of Scotland; or as we ploughed the waters with our prows and paddles. I have often experienced a kind of stupid impotency of utterance, when my heart has been animated and full. You likewise manifest a sort of reserve on the subject of personal religion, which checks, and sometimes chills, my rising inclination to more unreserved, free, congenial, and comfortable conversation. I wish all this to vanish; and that whatever may be the will of God concerning you, the future days which his providence may permit us mutually to spend together, may be more dis-

tinctly marked by free and affectionate communications. But far, far above all, it is my cherished and anxious hope, that you may evince an increasing love to spiritual things, to reading, conversing, and meditating upon the things which belong to your everlasting peace. You have had your warning as to the delicate and precarious tenure by which life, health, and youthful vigor are held. Every day and hour still reminds you of the uncertainty of all things future, so far as this world is concerned. And such warnings are unspeakable mercies, designed by God for the most wise and benevolent purposes.

"'The season of amended health, and present suspension of painful and distressing symptoms, is precisely that in which your heart should exercise a peculiar jealousy over itself, lest the comparative trifles of this world, and the ensnaring affections of the flesh, should deaden your feelings about the grand question, "What are the evidences of my salvation? What have I done, what must I do to be saved?" Other studies than those directly religious, *may*, doubtless, have their due and subordinate place. Other books than the Holy Scriptures, and their expositions, may also have their moderated share of our attention; but if any human study, or any human book, have more of our love and attention, than those which directly lead our hearts to God, something must be very wrong. Idols force themselves upon our notice every where, and lawful things may become idols by the abuse of them, and the suffering them to usurp the *first* place in the heart's affections. Never be contented with slight and general hopes of all being right within, but seek and strive after clear and particular evidences, that you "know whom you have trusted," for time and eternity. I earnestly entreat you to examine yourself daily on scriptural principles, that you may the more ardently throw yourself on the mercy of a covenant God for the forgiveness of your sins, the renovation of your heart, and the guidance of your judgment. Never be satisfied with an avowedly imperfect Christianity. A *half* Christian is *no* Christian, nor is he accepted of God. Christ is a whole, perfect, and finished Saviour; and whosoever is a partaker of Christ, is a partaker

of *all* that he is, all that he has done, and all that he will do, for the complete salvation of all his chosen. Decency, formality, and cold ceremonial worship, are poor and inefficacious substitutes for heart-service, holy affections, trust in a Saviour, and love to God. Not unfrequent are the times, and your dear mother often experiences them also, when the immensity of that question, "Am I his, or am I not?" overwhelms me; and I should sink in despondency, if the pure, undeserved, and inexpressible mercy of God, did not direct my soul to the Redeemer's blood, which, when believed in, and applied to the guilty and trembling conscience, cleanseth from all sin, and opens the door to hope and consolation. May my beloved child flee to the same fountain with genuine humiliation, and find the like deliverance: and may his anxious parents be made so far partakers of his thoughts, as to feel strong in the Lord on *his* account. My mind was much affected when I first received you at the table of the Lord, and my heart went out in lively prayer, that you might also be received of God — owned, honored, and accepted, as a child of heaven. Live, speak, and act as a consistent com municant of the church; the vows of the Lord are upon you; but if all be right, you will find that his yoke is easy, and his burden light. I wish to look upon you, not only as my child by nature, but as my spiritual child, and therefore (without a paradox,) my spiritual *brother*. Sweet associations of relationship are formed in the family of God and the household of faith. Many tender and affectionate prayers have been daily offered up for you amongst the poor people of Turvey, as I have several testimonies to prove. We shall soon return to them again, God willing; and may those prayers, united to my own, be fully answered in the gracious state of your soul, as well as in the comfort of your bodily health. But we must, as to the latter, await the Lord's will. He doeth, and will do all things well. Meditate on these things, and may you and I mutually reap the benefit of such exercises of your heart. As you read this letter, cherish a tender as well as a dutiful sentiment towards him who penned it, and accept it as one more token of that deep-seated love which I bear towards you, and which

must increasingly subsist, while *I* remain a father, and *you* a son.

"'I yesterday enjoyed the high mental luxury of walking in the broad aisle of York Minster, quite alone, during the morning service. As often before, such sights and such sounds compelled me to weep; and as I was solitary, nothing interrupted the flow of my heart. I recollected being there once with you, and I have not forgotten how much, if I mistake not, your infant heart was also affected at that time. Whether we shall ever again meet together, in that magnificent and astonishing fabric, I know not; but, oh! may God grant that we finally meet in the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."'

"The summer and autumn were spent in Scotland, in various excursions, both by land and sea; but after various alternations of hope and fear in this treacherous and delusive disorder, they returned together to Turvey, without any decided amendment in the dear invalid.

"The period at length approached, when this interesting youth, the subject of so many prayers and fond anticipations, was to be removed from this earthly scene. The wasted form, the hectic look, the sunken eye, and the increasing difficulty of respiration, all denoted that the hour of dissolution was at hand. He looked like a tender flower nipped in the bud; but it was a flower soon to bloom in the paradise of God. His Christian graces had been gradually unfolding, and his mind carried through a state of anxious inquiry and close examination, till it was able to rest in full confidence on the grace and mercy of God in Christ Jesus. He discovered the most earnest desire for solid peace and comfort, both as to the ground of his hope, and its necessary evidence.

"To a friend, who frequently visited him, he said, 'I wish to be under no mistake or delusion, in a matter of so much importance as the salvation of my immortal soul. Tell me where you think I am defective in my views, or wanting in the experience of their power. Deal faithfully with me, do not deceive me; pray for me, above all, that I may not deceive myself.'

"To the writer, a fortnight before his death, he expressed himself as follows: 'I trust I have the Christian's hope, but I want more of it. I want more of that hungering and thirsting after righteousness, which the Saviour has promised to satisfy — which we ought to have at all times; but which, if we have not in death, what is our hope, and how can we be prepared to die?'

"The last visit was still more affecting: it was only two days before his end. He was sitting in an arm chair, supported with cushions, and seemed to be in a very exhausted state. His father sat opposite to him, in whose countenance was depicted the struggle of nature and of grace; — of nature, for he was about to lose his child — of grace, for that child was already on the very threshold of glory. In another part of the room were three or four of his brothers and sisters, some of them in tears. 'Speak to this dear boy,' said the father, addressing himself to me, 'and question him about his hopes.'

"I sat down at his side, and taking him by the hand, said, 'Can you, my dear boy, pass through the valley of the shadow of death, and say with David, "I fear no evil?"' 'Yes, I trust so.' 'What is the ground of your trust?' 'It is because his "rod and his staff they comfort me." My hope rests on Christ alone.' 'Have you no doubts to be removed?' 'I had many misgivings, but God has mercifully taken them all away.' 'Is your heart wholly and *supremely* set upon God? Do you truly love him?' 'I hope I do, but I wish I loved him more.' 'Do you feel weary of sickness?' 'I feel more weary of sin, and long for the time when it will be laid aside for ever.' 'Does the prospect of glory animate and support you, and is the holiness and blessedness of heaven the subject of your meditations?' 'Yes, I have been thinking of it with great delight this very morning, and almost seem to have entered within its blessed abodes.'

"I then read to him that beautiful chapter in the Revelations (the 22d) descriptive of a state of glory. His attention was peculiarly arrested. After I had finished, 'This happiness,' I said, 'will soon be yours, and the portion of all who are the Lord's.' Then gathering his brothers and sis-

ters around us, I requested him to bear his dying testimony to the value of the gospel in this trying hour.

"He spoke tenderly and affectionately to all; the marks of approaching dissolution, gave an inexpressible interest to the whole scene. Then, particularly addressing himself to his brother Henry, he observed—'My dear father once hoped to see me a minister in the church. It has pleased God to disappoint that hope. Do you fulfil it, in my place, and be a comfort to my father, when I am gone.'

"Three days afterwards, January 16, 1825, his happy spirit took its flight to the mansions of the blessed."

About the same time also, he was deeply afflicted by the death of his son Nugent. This boy, contrary to the advice and wishes of his father, exhibiting no apparent effect of the religious training he had received, chose a sailor's life, and embarked in a merchant vessel for Ceylon. About sixteen months after his arrival at the designated port, it was announced in the public prints that the vessel had been lost and all on board perished. Three months afterwards, however, Mr. Richmond received a letter from him, announcing the reasons of his remaining behind, and not returning in the devoted ship. He remained in Calcutta, experiencing the vicissitudes of business life, for a while prosperous, and then suffering shipwreck, and losing all his gains. The account of his unhappy life and death is thus given by the heart-stricken father in a letter to his daughter Mary, and should "serve as a salutary warning to the children of religious parents, and yet encouraging to such parents to exercise unlimited confidence in the promises of God."

"The circumstances attendant upon our dear Nugent's end are few and simple. You are aware what a long series of favorable accounts of his general behavior we have had from a variety of quarters. You should know, that from at least five religious friends I have received highly satisfactory

testimonies of his religious feelings and principles, although he was modest and reserved in speaking of himself. I had much information while I was visiting his most intimate friend, Mr. Bailey, in the Isle of Wight, (late of Gibraltar,) whose little babe was christened Mercy Nugent Richmond. The time of his shipwreck seemed to have been one of special prayer and impression. He lost his all. He however recruited in some degree; and was engaged to be married to an amiable and pious young lady. He took a short voyage, and on his return found that she had died of a fever. His spirits never recovered that shock. He was afterwards appointed commander of a vessel to England. The day before she sailed, he fell out of a gig, was confined to bed, and lost the opportunity. Twice afterwards he was similarly disappointed. At length he sailed in a ship bound for the Mauritius, from whence he intended to have proceeded for England.

"Previous to this last voyage, he had an attack of fever, and went through a severe course of medicine. At the beginning of the voyage, meeting with a heavy gale, he had much laborious service. In the course of a very short time he became ill, and was not unfrequently delirious, but still did not excite ideas of immediate danger. One night, he went to bed at twelve o'clock, and the next morning at six, to the grief and surprise of all on board, was found dead in his cabin.

"His affection for his relatives was very strong. His principles of honorable conduct, integrity, pecuniary accuracy, official diligence, kind manners, and moral deportment, were exemplary. He lived in much esteem, and died much beloved. Dear boy! He was snatched from our embraces at the hour of his returning to them. He is buried in the depths of the ocean. But the sea shall give up her dead, and I trust he will then appear a living soul."

These afflictions bore heavily upon the susceptible heart and weakened constitution of Mr. Richmond. He began to exhibit pulmonary affections, that the power of medicine failed to remove. "There was a visible change in his appearance, and his family felt cause for alarm. He said lit

tle, but his mind seemed greatly exercised. He sometimes repaired to the grave of his son, remaining long absorbed in his own reflections. The silence and solitude of this hallowed spot soothed and comforted his mind; 'the waters of healing issued from the sanctuary,' and he probably delighted to contemplate the blessedness of the eternal world, in such immediate connection with his own dear child. On one occasion, accompanied by his daughter, he sat nearly an hour in deep musing, without lifting his eyes from the stone that covered his beloved remains. At length rising, he exclaimed, 'Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

The account of his death we abridge from a most affecting letter of one of his daughters, to a friend of the family.

"I cannot express the veneration and love with which he was regarded by every one of his children. With an understanding of the very first order, a mind elegantly refined and polished, and feelings of the most delicate susceptibility, he had a heart overflowing with intense affection towards each of them, which was shown by daily and hourly attentions of the most winning nature; and they found in him not only a counsellor and instructor, but a companion and bosom friend. They clung to him, indeed, with an almost idolatrous fondness. Each of my brothers and sisters will agree with me in the sentiment of dear Wilberforce, (it was one of my brother's remarks, a little before he closed his eyes upon his weeping parent,) 'when my heart feels too cold to thank God for any thing else, it can thank him for giving me such a father.' He was the spiritual as well as the natural father of that dear boy, and, I trust, others of his children are thus bound to him by a tie strong and lasting as eternity itself. Surely the world does not contain a spot of more sweet and uninterrupted domestic happiness than Turvey rectory presented, before death entered that peaceful dwelling. It was ever the first wish of my beloved father, that our *home* should be happy; and he was never so

pleased as when we were all sitting around him. Both in our childhood and youth, every innocent pleasure was resorted to, and all his varied attainments brought into exercise, to instruct and amuse us. He was the sun of our little system, and from him seemed to be derived the light and glow of domestic happiness. Like the disciple, whose loving spirit I have often thought my dear father's resembled, his motto was, 'little children, love one another;' and he taught this more effectually by sympathy than even by precept. Religion was unfolded to us in its most attractive form. We saw that it was a happy thing to be a Christian. He was exempt from gloom and melancholy, and entered with life and cheerfulness into all our sports.

"In conversation, he did not often urge the subject of religion *directly* on our attention, or question us much as to our personal experience of it. He has sometimes regretted this, and called it his infirmity; but I think he adopted a more successful plan. He used to watch over us most cautiously, and express his opinion in writing: we constantly found letters left in our rooms, with directions to think and pray over them. Reproof was always conveyed in this way; and he also took the same method of questioning us on experimental religion, and of beseeching us to become more decided for God. Sometimes he required an answer, but generally his only request was, that we would 'spread his letter before the Lord, and think over it.'

"His reproofs were inexpressibly tender. He was never angry with us; but when we displeased him, he shewed it by such a sad and mournful countenance, that it touched us to the very heart, and produced more effect than any punishment could have done, for we saw that it was our dear father who suffered the most. In this way he gained such an ascendancy over our affections, that none of his children could feel happy if his smile was withdrawn, and all regarded that smile as a rich reward.

"The anniversaries of our birth-days were always seasons of festivity among us. We were generally awakened with his congratulations and blessing. 'He rose up early in the morning, and offered sacrifice, according to the number of

them all: thus did he continually.'* I love to recall those happy and innocent days when our dear father, even in our childish sports, was the mainspring of our joys, and the contriver of every amusement. We always found a birth-day present for us, often accompanied by an affectionate note.

"In the summer of 1824, my brother ruptured a blood-vessel, and began to spit blood. My dear father discovered great anxiety and alarm, though we did not, for a long time, know how deeply he was affected. He afterwards told mamma that on *that* morning, as he looked on Wilberforce, he felt a shock which seemed to shatter him to the very soul, and from which he never after recovered. He did, indeed, to use his own words, 'roll the troublous calamity on God,' but nature sank under the stroke.

"In June, 1824, he took a journey to Scotland, to place Wilberforce under the care of Dr. Stewart. I was their companion in that journey, which I have a mournful pleasure in retracing.

"We returned home in October, with no material benefit to our dear invalid: and in January, 1825, after a happy and even triumphant experience of the power of religion, my brother breathed his last gentle sigh in the arms of his afflicted father, who had been, in God's hands, his sole teacher, comforter, and supporter. He was ever at the dying pillow of his suffering child, reading, praying, and comforting him, by day and by night. Before us, he appeared composed and tranquil; but in his retired moments, I have heard him give vent to his feelings, with strong 'crying and tears.' I remember, on the evening of Wilberforce's death, after he had yielded to the first burst of grief, he clasped the inanimate form to his heart, laid it down, dried his tears, and collecting us together in the study, he knelt down, and uttered only the language of praise and gratitude. For a little moment he seemed not only to follow, but to realize his child's flight and welcome to the realms of glory. His whole conduct seemed to express, 'though I should see his hand lifted to slay me, yet from that same hand will I look for salvation.'

* Job i. 5.

"He was much comforted, at this time, in his parish, and in his own family. In the parish, there appeared to be a remarkable revival of religion, particularly among the young people. It might be truly said, 'there were added to the church *daily*, such as should be saved.' This dear boy's death appeared to be the life of many souls; and, in my dear father's own language, 'they were the spiritual roses, blooming around the grave of his Willy.'

"But not in his parish alone was the death of his beloved son rendered singularly useful; his heart was yet more comforted by the hope of solid benefit to his own family. The seed which had been sown with many prayers, and watered with many tears, though it had hitherto lain dormant, began at this time to spring up to the consolation of his bereaved heart. With unspeakable tenderness he watched over the signs of religious anxiety in his children, weeping over them and praying for them with the most vehement affection.

"It was a few days after Willy's death, that my own mind was in a state of agitating anxiety — thirsting for the knowledge of God and his holiness, yet feeling so ignorant, dark, and helpless, that I knew not where to look for encouragement or assistance. My ignorance was my great burden. I felt as if I never could *understand* religion, and with these feelings I went into the study, where I found my beloved parent in deep meditation. He seemed to perceive at one glance what was the matter. In his engaging manner he took me on his knee, and folding me to his heart, begged me to tell him all I felt. This was the first time I had opened my mind to him on the subject of religion. I tried to tell him my feelings, dwelling particularly on my ignorance and total blindness in spiritual things. With striking humility and condescension, he replied, 'Well, my dear child, we will begin religion together. We will set out in the first step, for I have as much need as you to begin all again. We must go to Jesus Christ to be set right. We will ask to be taught the first lesson in his religion, and wait in the ignorance of babes for his instruction.'

"In the following winter, my dear father's failing spirits sustained another severe shock. We were expecting every

week our eldest brother from India. He left home at the age of fifteen, and eleven years had now elapsed since his father had seen him. Many singular and affecting circumstances had occurred during this interval. He was thrice shipwrecked; and on one occasion, with only a few others, he got safe to shore. In his early youth he had been a source of much sorrow to his parents, but in a far distant land his heart was turned to the God of his father; and we received the most satisfactory testimonies to his conversion.

"My father's sensitive feelings were strained to the highest pitch in expectation of meeting his dear sailor-boy, who was on his return to visit us; and he was preparing to welcome the 'son who was lost, and is found, was dead, and is alive again,' when the mournful tidings of his death reached us.

"Both the mind and body of my dear father were shattered by this intelligence. But though suffering most acutely, he was, as in the former bereavement, the comforter and stay of his family; concealing his own feelings to mitigate theirs.

"He used to be much at home at this time, communing with his own heart, in his chamber, in silence: and no doubt it was his fervent and frequent devotion which strengthened and enabled him 'to comfort those who were in trouble, by the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God.'

"He had shut himself up for six weeks, and never appeared in public, except on the Sunday; but when he heard of the anxiety of the people to see him, and share the sorrows of their beloved pastor, he desired them to assemble in the school-room; and he went there to meet them. It was evidently too trying and exciting for his weak frame. For some time he could not speak; but when he recovered himself, his address was inexpressibly touching, and yet comforting. The people wept with him, and felt his sorrows as their own. He told them, that, conscious of their interest in him, and of their anxiety to know his state of mind under this afflicting rod, he had come on purpose to tell them what God could do for the soul that looked to him for help; that they might magnify the Lord with him, and exalt his name to-

gether. He said, that while he had been shut up in the solitude of his study, for the last six weeks, in silent communing with God, he had learnt to feel, 'it is good for me that I have been afflicted' — that the experience of his soul during that trying season had been, 'in the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts have refreshed my soul.'

"He then expounded the 107th Psalm, with reference to poor Nugent's case; and expressed himself with more than ordinary energy and freedom. He had been tried, but he came forth as gold. His heavenly Father seemed to say to him, 'My son, give *me* thine heart;' and the answer of his soul was — 'There is none upon earth I desire in comparison of thee.' While fainting beneath the heavy load of suffering, he tried to say, like his blessed Master, 'the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?'

"He now resumed his usual cottage meetings; and though his constitution was evidently sinking, and he was laboring far beyond his strength, he could not be persuaded to relax or lessen any of his pastoral engagements. We earnestly requested him to retire for a season from his duties; but, contrary to his usual yielding temper, he remained inflexible; adding, either 'it does not injure me;' or, 'I shall suffer more in my mind, by giving them up, than in my body, by attending to them.' The last year of his life he had a constant irritating cough, which finally settled upon his lungs, and was no doubt much increased by such frequent talking and exposure to the night air.

"His public discourses at this time were particularly awakening, as well as confirming. While he warned his flock, with deep solemnity, 'lest any man fail of the grace of God,' he enlarged on the divine promises, the glory of the Saviour, and the blessedness of the redeemed. A poor woman remarked to me — 'Your dear papa preaches as if he was near home.

"My dear father's cough continued, and he became very thin; and every one remarked how ill he looked. But he appeared not to notice it, and we thought he did not apprehend danger: we have since found that we were mistaken, and that he 'always looked on the cough as a summons from

above.' He abated nothing of his work, and still continued his visits to the poor. It was in the cottage of sorrow, and by the bed of the dying, that my beloved parent's character appeared the brightest. He was the father, as well as the minister of his people; and they brought all their difficulties and troubles to him, and ever found in him a tender and judicious adviser. He had particular pleasure in conversing with the pious poor, and said he had learnt some of his best lessons from them; that the religion of the poor, in general was more spiritual and sincere than that of the rich; that they lived more simply the life of faith on the Son of God. I have seen my beloved father in public, when the gaze of admiration was fixed on him, and in the private drawing-room I have beheld him the delight and entertainment of the company, and my heart has exulted in him; but it was when smoothing the pillow of poverty and death, that I most loved and venerated him, and discovered the image of that Saviour 'who went about doing good.'

"In the month of February he went to Cambridge for a fortnight, to enter Henry. This was another subject of great anxiety to his mind; he dreaded the temptations of a college life; and expressed much solicitude lest his dear inexperienced boy should be corrupted, and his religion injured.

"When he returned from Cambridge, we thought he looked better. He had been among friends he loved, and he derived great pleasure from his visit, and appeared more cheerful and lively than we had known him for the last two years. He entered into conversation with spirit, and even amused and entertained us in his engaging manner. We spent one week with him in this improved state of health and spirits; but he soon relapsed into his former thoughtful silence. The next week he caught a fresh cold, and his cough returned with greater violence; yet he would have preached on the following Sunday, if his voice had not entirely failed him. I do not think he imagined that he had seen his people for the last time, but that he anticipated a temporary amendment, sufficient to enable him to go amongst them again. But his ministry was closed: and he was to meet

them no more till they met at the judgment seat of Christ! To prevent increase of cold, he kept entirely to his study, and never came down stairs after that Sunday; yet he read and wrote as usual.

"It may seem extraordinary that he never spoke to us on the subject of his death; but those can understand it who knew the exquisite tenderness and susceptibility of his feelings. His *affection* indeed was almost his *affliction*. He could not bear to witness the sorrow which would have filled our hearts in the certain and near prospect of separation. He wished us, I think, to understand his situation, and to observe in silence.

"There were no violent symptoms to mark the approach of death, but a gradual decay of strength. He sat with us as usual in his study-chair to the very last day — almost to the last hour. I recollect many things which I did not then understand, but which now show me that he was preparing for death: with surprising calmness he set his house in order. He made a catalogue of his principal books, with memoranda how they were to be disposed of; also of his minerals and philosophical apparatus; he emptied all the cupboards round the room, which had not been done for many years; he burnt every book which he thought of an injurious tendency. All this was done for the most part in silence, it being painful for him to speak, even in a whisper. I have seen him sit for an hour together in the deepest abstraction of thought — then he would raise his eyes, the tears streaming down his pale cheeks, clasping his hands, as if in the fervency of importunate prayer — and again all was composure, and he looked peaceful and happy. He seemed to be maintaining a constant communion with God. I know he felt deeply for his children, whom he was about to leave young and inexperienced — exposed to a world of sin and temptation. My brother and I have frequently heard him break forth in prayer for us when we had scarcely closed his door. The sounds were faint and broken, but we understood their import; and the unutterable tenderness of his manner towards us is even now too affecting to dwell upon. He would sometimes open his arms for me to come to him, and laying his

head upon my shoulder, would fall again into deep thought. His parish also was always upon his mind. He was continually inquiring about the people, and sending me with messages to them; and he listened with much interest to the report I made of them.

"He often recurred to Henry's residence at college, and talked of his fears for his dear boy, till he was quite spent. He would say, 'I have seen the ruin of so many promising youths by a college life, and those apparently as amiable and pious as my own dear child. I know the difficulty of maintaining spiritual religion at Cambridge. Even studies which are in themselves lawful, and which he ought to pursue, have a tendency to weaken piety, and interrupt private devotion. *Christ has often been crucified between classics and mathematics.* I wish him to be diligent in his studies, but the Bible is the proper library for a young man entering into the church. If he does but understand the Bible experimentally, I shall be content. Bid him, F——, to be very careful of his companions, that they be few, and more advanced in religion than himself; and particularly that he attends Mr. S——'s ministry. It cheers my heart, that there is such a ministry at Cambridge. Be sure you talk to him about these things. Warn him of declensions, and against sacrificing religion to the desire of distinction. That dear boy, and his approaching trials, are never out of my thoughts; I think of him by day, and dream of him by night.'

"We found in his desk a sheet of paper, on which was written 'Cambridge documents.' These were directions for Henry, but not finished. He had often expressed a great desire to see a son in the church, ready to take his place. 'If I might but hear a true gospel sermon from one of my children, I should die in peace.' On another occasion, he expressed great delight that his young friend, C. H——, visited the poor, and said, 'you must recommend this to Henry, as the very best preparation for the ministry. Try, my dear F——, to keep him up to it. Tell him his poor father learnt his most valuable lessons for the ministry, and his most useful experience in religion, in the poor man's cottage.'

"The last time he spoke to me on personal religion, he endeavored to establish my mind in the doctrine of assurance, and enlarged on its importance, and its tendency to promote both comfort and obedience. He pointed to Archbishop Leighton as my pattern: 'See how holily and lovingly that man walked with God, because he believed that his salvation was safe and settled, that he was chosen in Christ. Try, my dear child, to expand your views; look at the magnificent scheme of salvation — the contract between the Father and his eternal Son. How much better to look out of self, and see all perfected in Christ. You will never be happy and strong, till you grasp the covenant plan of redemption. You live upon self too much: you will get misery and despair, but nothing else, by looking to yourself. Live upon Christ; he has done all for you, if you could but believe it.'

"Of the last sermons I read to him, one was entitled, 'Hope amidst Billows,' the other, 'The Believer a Hero.' This last I read twice to him; and he expressed much delight in listening to it. It seemed to suit the state of his mind, and corresponded with his own sentiments. At one part of the sermon he stopped me, that he might meditate on what he heard, and then he said, 'Read it again.' It seemed to cheer his mind. When I had finished it, 'This,' said he, 'exactly expresses what I would say to you; that is just my sentiment;' and he told me to turn down the leaf, that he might show it to mamma.

"Three days after, he asked me to read one of Newton's letters, from the volume entitled 'The Aged Pilgrim's Triumph.' He listened to me with interest, but did not speak, except to thank me.

"When his meals were brought to him, he used to clasp his wasted hands, and ask a blessing. 'I thank thee, heavenly Father, for these undeserved mercies to such an unworthy sinner.' There may be nothing more in the words than any other Christian would utter; but the humility and reverence of his manner deeply affected us.

"Nearly the whole of Good Friday, he sat in a solemn prayerful meditation, with that exquisite print of Guido's

before him, the head of our Saviour crowned with thorns. His attention seemed rivetted on it, but he said nothing.

"On Easter Sunday, the sacrament was administered at the church. This day he regarded with peculiar reverence, and some new converts generally partook of the sacred ordinance at this time, whom he had been preparing during the past year. The delight with which he gave them these emblems of the body and blood of Christ was very uncommon. It would cheer his spirits for weeks. This was the first Easter Sunday, during his residence at Turvey, that he had been prevented from joining his church, and commemorating the resurrection of our blessed Redeemer; and he seemed to feel the privation deeply. Before we went to church, he told us to remember him at the table, and he would join the communion of the saints in his study. He said, 'I shall look at my watch, and mark the exact time, and read the service, that I may be one with you in the fellowship of the redeemed.' On our return, we saw the prayer book open before him, and he was still intent on the communion service. He looked up with great composure in his countenance, and said, 'I have followed you in every sentence, and I think I may say, I have indeed been with you, and enjoyed a sweet communion.'

"Two days before his death, he received a letter, mentioning the conversion of two persons (one of whom was a clergyman) by the perusal of his tract, 'The Dairyman's Daughter.' When the letter was given him, he seemed too feeble to open it himself, and desired Henry to read it to him. The contents deeply interested him. He raised himself in his chair, lifted up his hand, and then let it fall down again, while he repeatedly shook his head. His manner spoke the greatest humility, as if he would say — 'How unworthy of such honor!' For a few minutes it seemed to administer a cordial to his fainting spirit, and led our minds, in reference to our dear father, to contemplate the near fulfilment of that promise, 'They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.'

"On Tuesday, the 8th of May, he rose later than usual: I think it was twelve before he got into the study; and he

was so weak, that he had great difficulty in walking there from his bed-room. His breath was short, and he looked very pale, but he said he felt no pain. He sat on his reading-chair, with his head resting on a pillow: his countenance and manner was calm and peaceful. In the afternoon he could scarcely support himself; and I kneeled on a chair behind him, and he laid his head on my shoulder. Once he seemed to be fainting, but he soon revived; and, looking calmly at me, he said, 'Better, now, love.'

"Mamma could no longer stay in the room, and I was left alone with him till five. He still said nothing, except to assure me he felt no pain. To the very last, it appeared to be his great desire to spare our feelings. We now persuaded him to go to bed, but we little thought death was so near. He could not walk, and we were going to ring for a servant to assist him; but he said, 'I should like *Henry* to carry me.' He was wasted to a skeleton: Henry took him up with great ease, and we all followed. I shall never forget this most affecting moment: it was a moment of anguish to me, more than the last scene. He seemed to know that he was leaving the study, never to return to it: his look told me that he knew it. This was his favorite room, where for more than twenty years he had constantly carried on his pursuits. There he had written his books — studied his sermons — instructed his children — conversed with his flock, and offered daily sacrifice of praise and prayer. I watched him, as Henry carried him out: his countenance preserved the same look of fixed composure. He raised his head, and gave one searching look round the room, on his books — his table — his chair — his wife — his children; — and then the door closed on him for ever! He gave the same look round the gallery, through which we passed, as if he was bidding farewell to every thing. There was a peculiar expression in his countenance, which I cannot describe; it seemed to say, 'Behold, I die, but God will be with you!' Henry seated him in a chair, and he sat to be undressed, like a little dependant child, in deep silence, but without the ruffling of a feature.

"About nine, he seemed rather wandering, and made an

effort to speak, but we could not make out his meaning; only we perceived he was thinking of his church, for we heard him say several times, 'It will be all confusion!' Mamma asked him what would be confusion. 'The church! There will be such confusion in my church!'

"About ten o'clock, he signified to mamma, in the gentlest whisper, that he wished to be left alone—to send us all away, and draw the curtains round him.

"About half-past ten, Mrs. G., the kind and faithful nurse of Willy, tapped at my door. I was reading the Bible, and had just reached that verse, 'That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.' I have thought the coincidence remarkable, at least I trust it will ever give a quickening influence to that passage, when I read it. She told me to come and look at my father. She said she could hardly tell whether there was any change or not. I hurried to him. He raised his eyes to heaven, and then closed them. I put my cheek upon his; and I believe at that instant I felt, for I could not hear, his dying sigh. I thought he was sleeping, and continued looking at him, till Hannah said, 'Your dear papa is in heaven.' I did not think him dead, and I rubbed his still warm hands, and kissed his pale cheek, and entreated him to speak one word to me: but I soon found it was the silence of death. All turned to poor mamma, who was insensible; and I was thus left alone with my dear father, kneeling beside him with his hand in mine. The same holy calm sat on his countenance, and seemed to say—'Thanks be to God, who hath given me the victory!'"

GEORGE PICKERING

THIS eminently useful and respected minister of the gospel, whose unblemished character, remarkable sacrifices, and long-extended labors, fully confirmed the sincerity of his professions, and gave an extraordinary moral power to the sublime scenes that transpired in his dying chamber, was born in Talbot county, Maryland, in 1769. He became a professed and experimental Christian at the age of eighteen, and connected himself with the St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia. Soon after, the church discovering in the young convert peculiar gifts and grace, acknowledged the divine call that he had received from his Master, and urged him forward into the office and work of a minister of the gospel. He entered the Methodist Itinerancy in 1790, and continued until 1847 — a period of nearly sixty years — in the active discharge of all the duties of a most laborious ministry.

His fields of labor were chiefly in New England, in almost all portions of which, in the regular operations of the Methodist economy, he preached with great success. Within the limits of this extended field, he was indeed "known and read of all men." For purity and dignity of character, singleness of purpose, sterling good sense, and unwearied diligence in benevolent labors and sacrifices, he stood second to none in his generation. He moved about in community, in the latter years of his life, a venerable representative of other days — his grey hairs a crown of glory — commanding the respect and securing the affections of all classes: the old and the young, and the members of different Christian communions, and even those not connected with any religious denomination. Mr. Stevens, in his "Memorials

of Methodism," speaks thus of Mr. Pickering. "George Pickering was a rare man in all respects. Any just delineation of him must comprehend the whole man, for it was not his distinction to be marked by a few extraordinary traits, but by general excellence. In person he was tall, slight, and perfectly erect. His countenance was expressive of energy, shrewdness, self-command, and benignity; and his silvered locks, combed precisely behind his ears, gave him in his latter years, a strikingly venerable appearance. The exactitude of his mind extended to all his physical habits. In pastoral labors, exercise, diet, sleep, and dress, he followed a fixed course, which scarcely admitted deviation. * * * His personal habits had the mechanical regularity of clock-work. During his Itinerant life, he devoted to his family, at Waltham, Mass., a definite portion of his time; but even these domestic visits were subjected to the most undeviating regularity. During fifty years of married life, he spent, upon an average, but about one fifth of his time at home — an aggregate of ten years out of fifty! The rigor of his habits, may, indeed, have been too severe. It reminds us of the noble but defective virtue of the old Roman character. If business called him to the town of his family residence, at other times than those appropriated to his domestic visits, he returned to his post of labor without crossing the threshold of his home. In that terrible calamity, which spread gloom over the land — the burning of the steamer Lexington, by night, on Long Island Sound — he lost a beloved daughter; the intensity of the affliction was not capable of enhancement, yet he stood firmly on his ministerial watch-tower, though with a bleeding heart, while his family, but a few miles distant, were frantic with anguish. Not till the due time did he return to them; when it arrived, he entered his home with a sorrow-smitten spirit — pressed

in silence the hand of his wife, and, without uttering a word, retired to an adjacent room, where he spent some hours in solitude and unutterable grief. Such a man reminds us of Brutus, and in the heroic times would have been commemorated as superhuman. * * * The moral features of his character were pre-eminent, and yet we feel a difficulty in attempting to discriminate them. No one virtue stood out in relief amidst a multitude of contrasting defects. The best designation we can give of his character is, that it was *uniform and complete integrity*, and this comprehensive estimate will need no qualification to any one who knew him intimately. * * * In his religious character he was unaffectedly and profoundly devout. He had an unwavering *faith* in the evangelical doctrines. 'Christ, and him crucified,' was the joy of his heart, the ground of his hope, and the theme of his preaching. His zeal was ardent, but steady — never flickering, through fifty-seven years of ministerial labors and travels. It gave peculiar energy to his discourses. For more than half a century his armor was never off, but he was always ready for every good word and work. He was incessant in *prayer*, and who ever heard from him a languid supplication? He continued to the last the godly habit, common among his early associates in the ministry, of praying after meals, in any company, however casual or vivacious the circle. He was a man of one work, the ministry of reconciliation — and of one purpose, the glory of God."

And he died as he lived — he ripened and matured until the last, and then fell at his post with his armor on, ceasing "at once to work and live." His last sickness is thus sketched by the same pen that drew the above truthful portraiture of his character.

"After a week of illness and much pastoral labor, dur-

ing which he was often compelled, by weakness, to repose on the wayside, he ascended the pulpit on the Sabbath; but during the sermon he sunk down insensible, and was carried from the church to his lodgings. The next day was the regular time for his periodical visit to his family. He started, therefore, for a village at the depot of the railroad, on which he was to pass to his home the following morning. Though languishing with a fever, he insisted on preaching that evening. It was a discourse of great power — his last proclamation of the 'glorious gospel.'

"On reaching his home, his fate was sealed. At one time, however, his symptoms were favorable, and his physician informed him that the crisis of the disease was past. He called his companion to his bedside, and ordered his clothes to be immediately prepared, that he might depart the next day to his charge. The ruling passion was strong in death."

Better things were reserved for him. His work was done, and the reward at hand. He continued to decline during several weeks; his faith, meanwhile, growing stronger, and his hope brighter, each day. His chamber became a sanctuary, where the glory of God descended and abode. A company of his Christian friends in Boston, including all the pastors of the city, visited him shortly before his departure. One of them has given the following description of their interview.

"Such was his extreme feebleness, that visitors, and even audible devotional exercises, had been almost entirely inadmissable in his chamber. It was feared, therefore, before our arrival, that it would be possible only to send up to him the assurance of our Christian regard, without the privilege of a personal interview. At his own request, however, we were all permitted to approach his bedside. A scene ensued

there which no pen can describe. As it was impossible for him to address the visitors individually, one of them was designated to speak to him in behalf of all; but under the necessary restriction of doing so in the briefest possible manner. On taking the hand of the aged sufferer, he opened his eyes, and showed his recognition of the brother addressing him, by tears of affection. The following brief conversation ensued.

"'Beloved father, a number of your ministerial brethren are present, and have requested me to express to you their Christian affection and sympathy.

"He replied, with strong emphasis and tears, 'I thank you; you all have a high place in my affections.'

"'They are happy to learn that in this, your extremity, you still rejoice in hope of the glory of God.'

"'Yes! O yes!'

"'That you feel that the sting of death is extracted.'

"'Yes! O yes!'

"'And that you can resign yourself fully into the hands of your God.'

"'Yes! O yes; glory be to his name!'

"Grasping the hand of the brother addressing him, with still firmer hold, he then, with tears and sobs, exclaimed, 'You all have my high esteem and affection. Tell, O tell the brethren to preach Christ and him crucified — an all-able, all-powerful, all-willing, all-ready Saviour — a present Saviour, *saving now*. Preach, Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. O tell them to preach holiness, holiness is the principal theory. Preach holiness, holiness — God enable you to preach holiness.'

"His emotions overcame him — he attempted to say more, but the brother conducting the conversation, closed it by saying:

"'We thank God, dear father, for the good testimony and counsel we have been permitted to receive from you; we shall never forget it. We regret that your condition will not allow us to linger longer with you; trusting that the agitation of your feelings will not injure you, we take our leave, to meet you in heaven. God bless you! Farewell!'

"The scene was touching and sublime — a hoary and heroic veteran of the cross was standing between both worlds, about to disappear from his fellow-laborers for ever on earth. Full of years, and virtues, and services, he was now victorious over death, and giving his departing counsels to his brethren. We broke away from his room, so near the gate of heaven, with deep emotions, and assembled in the parlor below, where we sung, within reach of his hearing,

'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' &c.

After which the company knelt in prayer, and committing the venerable saint, his family, and ourselves, to God, we returned to the city, thanking God, 'who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ,' and feeling that we had enjoyed a memorable day."

The following description of his final hours was given by his son-in-law, who was with him during his sickness:

He was much in prayer — earnest, importunate prayer. From the nature of his complaint, he was obliged to be gotten up nearly every hour, night and day; and he never did this, without breathing out his soul in fervent prayer. However great his weakness, a few moments must be spent in this manner, unless faintness precluded the possibility. Patience and resignation marked every hour of his life; he was pleased and grateful for all attention bestowed, and often expressed a fear that it would prove injurious to those who watched with him. He thought lightly of the services he had rendered the church, and often expressed a hu-

miliating sense of himself, and rested solely on the merits of Christ. I recollect his repeating with earnestness, one night, a passage from the Psalms: — "The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." "I am laboring," said he, "under a sense of weakness and pain; sorrowing that I have ever done any thing contrary to the mind of my Maker." He then paused a moment, and added an expression of trust in God.

Frequently, in the otherwise silent hours of the night, would he break forth, and shout the praises of God. *Glory! glory! glory!* would sometimes be the language, or, "Heaven, sweet heaven, I want to go to heaven." Such was his extreme weakness, that we feared to converse with him much on religious subjects, as the least excitement completely exhausted him, so that for hours after he scarcely spoke, and nothing excited him more than this. One night, when Rev. J. B. H. was watching with him, and he was suffering much from restlessness and pain, he said, "You see how I have to do, but it is all right; God can't do wrong, can't do wrong — perfect God!" "We alone are imperfect," said Br. H. "Yes, yes," he replied, "It is all right; I deserve it all. Blessed Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! Saviour of sinners! Glorious God! — *Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory!*"

Holiness was the requirement which engrossed most of his attention. "We serve a holy God, and he requires a holy heart," he would say. At one time, when Mrs. Pickering asked him if he desired to get well, he replied, "God's will be done. I had rather die than sin." His meaning was, that he wished to have no will of his own, and sooner than have the least desire contrary to the will of God, he had rather die. It was the doctrine he had preached and practised, and he found it not only good to live by, but good to die by. On this point he expressed himself very fully. "I desire," said he to Mrs. Pickering, "a pure heart. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." And he rejoiced in the soul-cheering thought, that he possessed the wished for treasure through the blood of Christ. There

was no *doubt* on this point in his mind; it was clear as the sun at noon-day. He remarked at one time, "I have *no doubt with regard to my acceptance; all will be well;*" and then inquired if his wife, whom he was addressing, had any with regard to him. "No!" she replied, "never for a moment." A blessed testimony from a dying man, of God's willingness to save to the uttermost.

There were many thrilling scenes — scenes never to be forgotten — that transpired in his sick room, when he met those with whom he had labored in the vineyard of his Master. His meeting with that company of preachers who came to his bedside, has already been noticed in this paper. None will ever forget his emotion, and earnestness of manner, as he cried, *Holiness! holiness! holiness! holiness!* or expressed his high regard for them as ambassadors of Christ.

When Father Taylor came to his bedside, some days after, he grasped both his hands firmly, as in the strength of youth, pressed them to his heart, while the tears, in big drops, rolled down the cheeks of both. Neither could speak until Father Taylor exclaimed, My Father! My Father! and after a moment he spoke in nearly the same language as to the preachers. Farewell passed their lips, and they parted, to meet no more on earth.

To the preachers he left his last request. I was going to the city a short time before he ceased to talk; he called me to his bedside, and said, with emphasis, "*Tell the preachers, from me, to live holy*, preach Christ, and meet me in heaven." To Mrs. Pickering, he said, "If I die, tell the preachers, tell the Conference, to preach holiness, as my dying admonition."

His physician said to him one morning, "Father, I fear you will not live to see another Sabbath on earth." "Glory to God," was the prompt reply. But we might enumerate many, very many such scenes, if time or space would permit.

His mind, during most of the time, was perfectly clear, perfectly himself, until about a fortnight before his death. Then, for some eight or nine days, he was occasionally wandering for a few moments at a time. When in this state,

he was always laboring for the church, in imagination, perhaps, in some of his old appointments. No word was uttered but was perfectly proper, showing how pure was the spirit within. He continued in this way until about four days before his death, when the clouds parted; the fury of his disease seemed to be spent, and nothing remained—

"But for the busy wheels of life to stand still."

None, who saw him, will ever forget the expression of his countenance; so much like heaven, so purely spiritual, so little of earth—

"A look such as limners give
To the beloved disciple."

It seemed as though the very angels of purity were looking out of the windows of the soul; as though the earthly had ceased to exert its influence over the spiritual, and the fluttering spirit, pure through the blood of Christ, was leaving its blessed parting impress upon the clay tenement, so long its habitation, as it took its final departure until the resurrection of the just. Every lineament of his countenance glowed with unearthly beauty, and seemed to reflect the radiance of that joy "which is unspeakable and full of glory." Lamb-like patience, or *entire* submission, was the prevailing expression, while gleams of light, triumphant light, seemed to play upon his venerable features. Each marked that look, as they gazed upon the venerated patriarch, so near his home; and it left an impression never to be forgotten. It reminded me more of the countenance of the figure personifying the Church, in Annelli's celebrated painting, than any thing earthly I have ever seen. But this was life, stern reality; and there are expressions, so much like heaven, that earthly genius, with all its triumphs, is utterly incompetent to portray. Words cannot express it; but it is written upon the inner temple of many hearts. Before, he had prayed, "Lord, have mercy, have mercy; take me home to heaven, sweet heaven!" Now he sees the "chariot of Israel, and horsemen thereof descending," and he exclaims, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

He recognized all who came to his bedside, and when he could not speak, pressed the hand, while emotion was visibly manifested. He seemed to have an unclouded view of his place of rest, and an earnest of that "inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." To his wife, he said, in broken whispers, "I am happy in the Lord; you are not left as some are; you have a good God to go to." His son-in-law, Mr. Bemis, watched with him Sabbath night, and finding him so weak, he said to him, with much emotion, "Father, we fear you cannot live till morning." "Why?" he asked. "Because you are so feeble." "Glory to God!" he replied, "then I'm almost home. Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory!" And he said also to him, "My affairs, for time and eternity, are all settled. Glory to God."

He was now rapidly failing; the angel of death hung over our dwelling, and we dreaded every moment lest he should do his work. During the Sabbath and Monday, he remained in the same happy frame of mind, lying in one position, as such was his weakness and liability to faint, that we dare not move him, lest the fatigue should be attended with fatal consequences. On Monday evening there was no particular change, except he grew weaker, and respiration became more difficult. About ten o'clock the family took leave of him for the night, and, as it proved, for ever on the earth. This arrangement was necessary, as most of the family had been sick of fever. O, what a scene! He grasped every hand, and looking towards heaven, seemed engaged, for a moment, in prayer; they each imprinted a kiss upon his pale brow, already damp with the moisture of death; his lips, already purple, moved to say *farewell*, but refused to perform their office; but the expression of his countenance beamed with the same angelic beauty, and glowed with the same heavenly radiance.

Two kind and careful watchers had been provided, who had been much with him; but though I had just risen from a bed of sickness, I could not leave him, and I remained all night in the room.

About half past twelve, I went to his bedside, and asked

him if he knew me, he replied in the negative by slightly turning his head. I gave him my name, and he immediately grasped my hands and pressed them to his bosom, and tried to shout, as nearly as I could distinguish, Glory! Glory! At this time I called some of the friends, but as no particular change had taken place, such was the state of their health, that they retired.

About half past five o'clock, I made preparations to rest for an hour, but with the express injunction that I should be called, if there appeared the least change for the worse. Before leaving, I went to his bedside for the last time; the blood had already settled under his nails, the film of death seemed to be gathering upon the eye, but the unusual heat attending these symptoms, deceived me, and I thought he might survive some hours; he pressed my hand as firmly and cordially as usual; I placed my ear to his lips, but could only hear the word *Glory* — the last he spoke on earth. Fifteen or twenty minutes after I left the room, his son-in-law entered, but he had ceased to breathe; and so peacefully, so calmly, that he looked as if in a sweet sleep. We could not for hours realize that the spirit was gone, such was the impress it had left on the tenement of clay. It seemed, as Mrs. Pickering passionately exclaimed, as though "*he must speak.*" Those lips had never refused their office before, but now, alas! they were hushed in death!

His prayer was answered, which he had so often put up in his fervent manner, "Lord, be with us in the struggles of death," and he was at rest.

> "Sure, the last end
> Of the good man is peace! — how calm his exit!
> Night dews fall not more gently on the ground,
> Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft."

ABDOOL MUSSEEH.

THE subject of this sketch was a converted Hindoo. His mind became enlightened and his heart renewed through the labors of the faithful and lamented Henry Martin. He afterwards became a minister of the gospel, and was successful in bringing a number of his benighted countrymen into the fold of Christ. His last hours fully illustrated the genuineness of his piety, and offered a blessed confirmation of the power of the Christian religion; proving it to be the same divine energy in every nation, and in every heart. He finished his course in great peace, at Lucknow, March 4, 1827. The following record of his last hours is found in the "General Baptist Repository." (English.)

"In the latter end of February he sent a message to the Resident, begging he would do him the favor to come and see him before his death; with this request Mr. Ricketts readily complied. After making known his wishes, as to where he would be buried, and some other trifling requests, he expressed himself perfectly resigned, and that death had no fears for him; for that our Saviour had deprived death of its sting. He thanked Mr. Ricketts for all that he had done for him, and looking steadily at him for some time, seemed to pray internally; then saying he was easy and content, (or happy) begged him to leave him. He afterwards expressed to a friend who attended on him, his gratitude for this attention on the part of Mr. Ricketts, saying, 'see the fruits of Christian love.'

"The day before his death, Abdool requested a friend to write his will; this was accordingly done after an English form. A house which the Resident, with his usual liberality, had enabled him to purchase, he left to his mother;

his books to the Bible Society; and his clothes to a nephew, for whom he had always shown much love. This document he desired might be delivered into the hands of his dear Christian friend, Mr. Ricketts. He then declared to the witnesses, before his brother and relatives there present, in a cheerful manner, and with perfect composure of mind, putting his hand upon the seal, that the seal was his. He then said, 'Thanks be to God, I have done with this world; and with regard to my mother,' putting his hands in a supplicating posture, 'I commend her to God!' Then laying his hand upon his nephew, he said to his friend, 'speak to the Resident, that no one be allowed to injure him;' then desiring his friend to come near him, and putting his hands in an attitude of prayer, he said, 'O, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be gracious to ——.'

"On the 4th, after the doctor had visited him, he was told that he was advised to eat animal food. Raising his head from the pillow, he said, 'Brother, a man does not live by bread alone, but by the word of God. See for how many days I have eaten nothing, and am yet alive.' He then began to inquire after a man who had been with him some time for religious instruction, and being told he was present, desired he might be called. He questioned him on some points of religion, and explained the Lord's Prayer throughout. He spoke of his intention to baptize him, should he recover, and desired that in the event of his death, Mr. Whiting or Mr. White might be requested to do so. In the evening, the wife of his friend called to see him, and on her asking him how he was, he said, 'Very well, sister, thanks be to God;' but this, it is to be observed, he meant for his soul; for his body was extremely ill, and hickup, the usual precursor of death, had come on. He was told that the New Testament was at hand, and at his

desire, the fourth chapter of St. John was read: at the conclusion he said, 'Thanks be to God.' A favorite hymn was then sung. He had composed it but a short time before; and the following literal translation will convey some distinct idea of the source from which this servant of Christ derived consolation in a dying hour: —

Beloved Saviour, let not me
In thy fond heart forgotten be.
Of all that deck the field or bower,
Thou art the sweetest, fairest flower.

Youth's morn has fled, old age come on,
But sin distracts my soul alone;
Beloved Saviour, let not me
In thy fond heart forgotten be.

"He joined in singing this hymn, and desired it might be sung a second time; but, alas! he could no longer articulate distinctly, and became insensible to every thing around him. Soon after, recovering a little, he inquired if the female friend above referred to, was gone; and this was the last expression that could be understood. He lay seemingly perfectly easy till about half past eight, when he raised his head from the pillow, and with his left hand took hold of the hand of his friend, then gently withdrew it and breathed his last."

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spreads from shore to shore,
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

CHRISTMAS EVANS.*

THE subject of the following sketch was born in South Wales, on the 25th of December, 1776. He was of very humble parentage: at nine years of age he lost his father, and was taken by his uncle, a wicked and dissolute farmer. At the age of seventeen he could not read a word, his parents having been unable to give him any education. His first religious impressions he attributes to the funeral of his father, but his convictions were evanescent. At the age of eighteen his attention was again aroused, during an awakening among the young people of his neighborhood; his deportment became serious, and he connected himself with the Arminian Presbyterians.

His experience, however, was imperfect; he had a conviction of sin, and a desire to escape the penalty of sin, but had no evidence of his acceptance with God. His religious impressions, however, led him to secret prayer, penitential resolutions, and to an earnest desire to become acquainted with the Scriptures. Almost without assistance, in an exceedingly short period, he became able to read his Bible. He was soon after called upon to exercise his gifts in public prayer and exhortation, and his early essays met with so satisfactory a reception, that he was induced to attempt preaching, having committed one of Rowland's sermons, which he delivered to the astonishment of his hearers. He was soon noticed by evangelical ministers and laymen of different denominations, and from them obtaining clearer views of justification by faith, soon obtained an experimental knowledge of the forgiveness of sin.

He now devoted himself to his studies, preparatory to his

* Abridged from Memoir by Cross.

entering upon the duties of the ministry; and after a short period of backsliding, from which he was aroused by an accident, in which he lost the use of one eye, he was again renewed, and connected himself with the Baptist church. He was now about twenty-two years of age. With the most humbling views of himself, and an exceedingly low estimate of his qualifications for the sacred office, he commenced his remarkable career as an ambassador of the cross. With the beginning of his missionary labors in his native, but spiritually benighted country, a new era commenced in his spiritual experience.

Now he began emphatically to "live by faith on the Son of God." The burden which he had borne so long, rolled away, like that of Bunyan's Pilgrim. He received the "oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." From this time, a wondrous power attended his preaching. Many were gathered into the church, as the fruit of his labor. "I could scarcely believe," says he, "the testimony of the people, who came before the church as candidates for membership, that they had been converted through my ministry. Yet I was obliged to believe, though it was marvellous in my eyes. This made me thankful to God, and increased my confidence in prayer. A delightful gale descended upon me, as from the hill of the New Jerusalem, and I felt the three great things of the kingdom of heaven, righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

During the first year of his labors in Leyn, he was united in marriage to Miss Catherine Jones, a pious young lady of his own church, and a very suitable companion. After this time his duties were increasingly arduous. He frequently preached five times during the Sabbath, and walked twenty miles. His heart was full of love, and he spoke with the ardor of a seraph. Constant labor and intense excitement soon wore upon his health. He became feeble, and his friends were apprehensive of consumption. Through the mercy of God, however, he was spared; gradually recovered

his strength; and performed, through the remainder of his long life, an incredible amount of ministerial labor.

He had been thus far engaged in North Wales, having been invited thither by several ministers who had become acquainted with his talents. He now naturally desired to return to South Wales, the immediate residence of his friends, and, moreover, his health, impaired by over-exertion, demanded a change of scene and some relaxation.

He was unable to procure a horse for the journey, and the small societies to which he preached, were too poor to provide him one. So he set forth on foot, preaching in every town and village through which he passed. His talents were now developed, and he had received "an unction from the Holy One." All who heard him were astonished at his power. His old acquaintances regarded him as a new man. A great awakening followed him wherever he went. Hear his own language:

"I now felt a power in the word, like a hammer breaking the rock, and not like a rush. I had a very powerful time at Kilvowyr, and also pleasant meetings in the neighborhood of Cardigan. The work of conversion was progressing so rapidly, and with so much energy in those parts, that the ordinance of baptism was administered every month, for a year or more, at Kilvowyr, Cardigan, Blaenywaun, Blaenffos, and Ebenezer, to from ten to twenty persons each month. The chapels and adjoining burial-grounds were crowded with hearers, of a week-day, even in the middle of the harvest. I frequently preached in the open air in the evenings, and the rejoicing, singing, and praising, would continue until broad light the next morning. The hearers appeared melted down in the tenderness at the different meetings, so that they wept streams of tears, and cried out in such a manner that one might suppose the whole congregation, male and female, was thoroughly dissolved by the gospel. The word of God now became as a 'sharp two-edged sword,' dividing asunder the joints and marrow, and revealing unto the people the secret corruptions of their hearts."

The fame of this "wonderful work of God" spread through South Wales on the wings of the wind. An appointment for Christmas Evans to preach, was sufficient to attract thousands to the place.

In a very short time he had acquired greater popularity than any other minister of his day.

Of the overpowering effect of his discourses, the following illustrations are given by his biographer:

In 1794, the South-West Baptist Association was held at Velin Voel, in Caermarthenshire. Mr. Evans was invited, as one of the preachers, on the occasion. It was a journey of about two hundred miles. He undertook it on foot with his usual fortitude, preaching at different places as he went along. The meeting was to commence with three consecutive sermons, the last of which was to be preached by Mr. Evans. The service was out of doors, and the heat was very oppressive. The first and second sermons were rather tedious, and the hearers seemed almost stupified. Mr. Evans arose and began his sermon. Before he had spoken fifteen minutes, scores of people were on their feet, some weeping, some praising, some leaping and clapping their hands for joy. Nor did the effect end with the discourse. Throughout the evening, and during the whole night, the voice of rejoicing and prayer was heard in every direction; and the dawning of the next day, awaking the few that had fallen asleep through fatigue, only renewed the heavenly rapture. "Job David, the Socinian," said the preacher afterwards to a friend, "was highly displeased with this American gale." But all the Socinians in Wales could not counteract its influence, or frustrate its happy effects.

Mr. Evans continued to visit the associations in South Wales for many years; and whenever he came, the people flocked by thousands to hear "the one-eyed man of Anglesea." It was on one of these occasions, and under circumstances somewhat similar to the above, that he preached that singularly effective sermon on the demoniac of Gadara. The meeting had been in progress three days. Several dis-

courses had been delivered with little or no effect. Christmas Evans took the stand, and announced as his text the evangelical account of the demoniac of Gadara. He described him as a naked man, with flaming eyes, and wild and fierce gesticulation; full of relentless anger, and subject to strange paroxysms of rage; the terror and pity of all the townsfolk. They had bound him with great chains, but he would break them as Samson broke the withes. They had tried to soothe him by kindness, but he would leap upon them like a furious wild beast, or burst away with the speed of a stag, his long hair streaming on the wind behind him. He inhabited the rocks of a Jewish cemetery, and when he slept, he laid down in a tomb. The place was a little out of town, and not far from the great turnpike road, so that people passing, often saw him, and heard his dreadful lamentations and blasphemies. No body dared to cross his path unarmed, and all the women and children ran away as soon as they saw him coming. Sometimes he sallied forth from his dismal abode at midnight, like one risen from the dead, howling and cursing like a fiend, breaking into houses, frightening the inhabitants from their beds, and driving them to seek shelter in the streets and the fields. He had a broken-hearted wife, and five little children, living about a mile and a half distant. In his intervals of comparative calmness, he would set out to visit them. On his way, the evil spirit would come upon him, and transform the husband and father instantly into a fury. Then he would run toward the house, raving like a wounded tiger, and roaring like a lion upon his prey. He would spring against the door and shatter it into fragments, while the poor wife and children fled through the back door to the neighbors, or concealed themselves in the cellar. Then he would spoil the furniture, and break all the dishes, and bound away howling again to his home in the cemetery. The report of this mysterious and terrible being had spread through all the surrounding region, and every body dreaded and pitied the man among the tombs. Jesus came that way. The preacher described the interview, the miracle, the happy change in the sufferer, the transporting surprise of his long afflicted family. Then, shifting the

scene, he showed his hearers the catastrophe of the swine, the flight of the affrighted herdsman, his amusing report to his master, and the effect of the whole upon the populace. All this was done with such dramatic effect as to convulse his numerous hearers with alternate laughter and weeping for more than half an hour. Having thus elicited an intense interest in the subject, he proceeded to educe from the narrative several important doctrines, which he illustrated so forcibly, and urged so powerfully, that the people first became profoundly serious, then wept like mourners at a funeral, and finally threw themselves on the ground, and broke forth in loud prayers for mercy; and the preacher continued nearly three hours, the effect increasing till he closed. One, who heard that wonderful sermon, says that during the first half hour, the people seemed like an assembly in a theatre, delighted with an amusing play; after that, like a community in mourning over some great and good man, cut off by a sudden calamity; and at last, like the inhabitants of a city shaken by an earthquake, rushing into the streets, falling upon the earth, and screaming and calling upon God!

At the age of forty, almost blind, he commenced the study of the Greek and Hebrew languages, in which he made great proficiency; he also acquired an ease and fluency of expression in the English tongue, enabling him to preach with great acceptance in the principal cities of England. At the advanced age of sixty-five, much debilitated, and nearly sightless, he wrote about two hundred sermons for the press, many of which have since been published, and are marked with all the vigor and vivacity of his youth.

His personal appearance and Christian character are thus described in his memoir:

Mr. Evans was a good looking man, nearly six feet high, and well proportioned. His intellectual faculties were amply developed. He had lost one of his eyes in his youth, but

the other was large and bright enough for two. It had a peculiarly penetrating glance; and when kindling under the inspiration of the pulpit, added wonderfully to the effect of his eloquence. All his features were expressive of intelligence and love; his whole bearing dignified and majestic; and the blending of great and amiable qualities in his character commanded at once the reverence and the confidence of all who knew him. * * * * * *

Mr. E. was eminently a man of prayer. Prayer was his daily bread, the very breath of his spirit. He considered himself entitled, through Christ, to all the blessings of the gospel, and came boldly to the throne of grace in every time of need. During his whole ministerial life, much of his time was spent in the closet. It was his custom, for many years, to retire for devotion three times during the day, and rise regularly for the same purpose at midnight. The disorders of the church, the slanders of his enemies, and the various afflictions of life, all drove him to the mercy seat, and made him peculiarly earnest and importunate in supplication. After these seasons of agony, he came into the church, or the social circle, as an angel from the presence of God, and all his garments smelt of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, from the ivory palaces.

He never undertook a new enterprise, without first asking counsel of the Lord. When he had a call to another field of labor, he could not decide upon the matter till he had spread it repeatedly before the throne. When he was about to preach at an association, or on any important occasion, he wrestled for hours with the angel of the covenant, nor relinquished his hold till he felt himself "endowed with power from on high." Then he came forth to the congregation, as Moses from the Tabernacle, when he had communed with God. Just before leaving home on his tour of collection for the Caernarvon church, the last labor of his life, he penned in his book of appointments the following paragraph:

"O Lord, grant me my desire on this journey, for thy name's sake. My first petition: — Comfort in Christ — the comfort of love — the bowels of love and mercy in the de-

nomination — the fellowship of the Spirit. Amen. My second petition: — That the sermons I have prepared for this journey, may increase in their ministration, like the five loaves and two fishes. Amen. C. E."

Mr. Evans was a poor man, but "rich in good works." Suffering poverty always excited his pity, and opened his purse. * * Sometimes his liberality was larger than his purse. Once, when a Protestant Irishman, poorly clad, told him that he had spent much time in reading the Scriptures to his illiterate countrymen, he pulled off his coat, and gave it to him. At another time, he presented a poor Jew, who had recently been converted to Christianity, a new suit of clothes, the best he had in his wardrobe. While in Anglesea, he visited a brother in the church, who had been reduced by protracted illness to a condition of great distress; and finding the family almost in a state of starvation, emptied his pocket of the only pound he had. His wife remonstrated with him, told him she had not bread enough in the house to last twenty-four hours, and demanded what she would do, now he had given away all his money. His only answer was: "Jehovah-jireh; the Lord will provide!" The next day he received a letter from England, enclosing two pounds as a present. As soon as he had read it, he called out to his wife: "Catharine! I told thee that Providence would return the alms-pound, for it was a loan to the Lord; and see, here it is doubled in one day!" It is evident, from this incident, that Mr. Evans's liberality was the fruit of his faith in God; and the good man's confidence is never put to shame. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

We have only space sufficient to give a short selection from one of those sermons, which, in their delivery, so marvellously affected the multitude:

The victory of Calvary is like the blood of atonement in the sanctuary. The cherubim were some of them looking one way, and some the other, but all were looking on the atoning blood. Thus all the events of time — all the trials

and triumphs of God's people — those which happened before, those which have happened since, and those which are yet to happen, are all looking toward the wrestling of Gethsemene, the conflict of Golgotha, and the triumph of Olivet. The escape from Egypt, and the return from Babylon, looked forward to the Cross of Christ; and the faith of the perfect man of Uz hung on a risen Redeemer. The Christian martyrs overcame by the blood of the Lamb. And all their victories were in virtue of one great achievement. The tomb of Jesus is the birth-place of his people's immortality, and the power which raised him from the dead shall open the sepulchres of all his Saints. "Thy dead shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast forth her dead."

Christ offered himself a sacrifice for us, and drank the cup of God's righteous indignation in our stead. He was trodden by Almighty justice, as a cluster of grapes, in the wine-press of the law, till the vessels of mercy overflowed with the wine of peace and pardon, which has made thousands of contrite and humble spirits "rejoice with joy unutterable and full of glory." He suffered for us that we might triumph with him. But our text (Isaiah lxiii. 1, 6,) describes him as a King and a Conquerer. He was at once the dying victim and the immortal victor. In the "power of an endless life," he was standing by the altar, when the sacrifice was burning. He was alive in his sacerdotal vestments, with his golden censer in his hand. He was alive in his Kingly glory, with his sword and his sceptre in his hand. He was alive in his conquering prowess, and had made an end of sin, and bruised the head of the serpent, and spoiled the principalities and powers of hell, and turned the vanquished hosts of the prince of darkness down to the wine-press of the wrath of Almighty God. Then, on the morning of the third day, when he arose from the dead, and made a show of them openly, then began the year of jubilee with power.

After the prophets of ancient times had long gazed through the mists of futurity, at the sufferings of Christ and the glory

that should follow, a company of them were gathered together on the summit of Calvary. They saw a host of enemies ascending the hill, arrayed for battle, and most terrific in their aspect. In the middle of the line was the law of God, fiery and exceeding broad, and working wrath. On the right wing was Beelzebub, with his troop of infernals; and on the left, Caiaphas, with his Jewish priests, and Pilate, with his Roman soldiers. The rear was brought up by Death, the last enemy. When the holy seers had espied this army, and perceived that it was drawing nigh, they started back and prepared for flight. As they looked round, they saw the son of God advancing with intrepid step, having his face fixed on the hostile band. "Seest thou the danger that is before thee?" said one of the men of God. "I will tread them in mine anger," he replied, "and trample them in my fury." "Who art thou?" said the prophet. He answered: "I that speak in righteousness; mighty to save." "Wilt thou venture to the battle alone?" asked the seer. The Son of God replied: "I looked, and there was none to help; and I wondered there was none to uphold; therefore mine own arm shall bring salvation unto me; and my fury, it shall uphold me." "At what point wilt thou commence thy attack?" inquired the anxious prophet. "I will first meet the law," he replied, "and pass under its curse: for lo, I come to do thy will, O God. When I shall have succeeded at the centre of the line, the colors will turn in my favor." So saying, he moved forward. Instantly the thunderings of Sinai were heard, and the whole band of prophets quaked with terror. But he advanced, undaunted, amidst the gleaming lightnings. For a moment he was concealed from view; and the banner of wrath waved above in triumph. Suddenly the scene was changed. A stream of blood poured forth from his wounded side, and put out all the fires of Sinai. The flag of peace was now seen unfurled, and consternation filled the ranks of his foes. He then crushed, with his bruised heel, the old serpent's head; and put all the infernal powers to flight. With his iron rod he dashed in pieces the enemies of the left wing, like a potter's vessel. Death still remained, who thought himself invinci-

ble, having hitherto triumphed over all. He came forward, brandishing his sting, which he had whetted on Sinai's tables of stone. He darted it at the Conqueror, but it turned down, and hung like the flexible lash of a whip. Dismayed, he retreated to the grave, his palace, into which the Conqueror pursued. In a dark corner of his den, he sat on his throne of mouldering skulls, and called upon the worms, his hitherto faithful allies, to aid him in the conflict; but they replied: "His flesh shall see no corruption!" The sceptre fell from his hand. The Conqueror seized him, bound him, and condemned him to the lake of fire; and then rose from the grave, followed by a band of released captives, who came forth after his resurrection, to be witnesses of the victory which he had won.

At the advanced age of seventy-three, though in great bodily weakness, he was still preaching with undiminished mental and spiritual vigor. His last labors were in behalf of his church, taking an extensive tour for the purpose of collecting funds to relieve it from debt.

During this tour, he attended the Monmouthshire Association, and preached his last associational sermon. In his introduction, he described a man whom he had seen at Caernarvon, throwing a few beans to a herd of swine that followed him, and thus enticing them to the door of the slaughter-house, where they were to be slain; and said that in a similar manner, with one temptation after another, Satan allures deluded sinners to the very gates of hell, where they are to be tormented for ever and ever. He spoke of the gospel on the day of Pentecost, as a great electrical machine; Christ turning the handle; Peter placing the chain in contact with the people; and the Holy Ghost descending like a stream of ethereal fire, and melting the hearts of three thousand at once!

Perhaps no sermon that Mr. Evans ever preached, evinced more vigor of intellect, more power and splendor of genius,

than this; and seldom, if ever, had he a more perfect command over the feelings of an audience. But the effort was too much for him, and he was afterwards confined to his room by illness for a week.

Following this indefatigable man of God, we find him on Sunday, the fifteenth of July, notwithstanding his late illness, at Swansea, preaching like a seraph, on the Prodigal Son in the morning, and in the evening on the words of St. Paul—"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."

The next evening he preached in the church of Mount Pleasant. He said he had taken his model from the day of Pentecost. He described the event of that memorable day, as a great naval battle between Emanuel and the Prince of Darkness. "The Captain of our Salvation" sent out twelve little boats to engage the whole fleet of hell. For a time all was enveloped in fire and smoke, and the issue of the day seemed doubtful; but when the conflict ceased, and the cloud cleared away, it was ascertained that the twelve little boats had captured three thousand of Satan's ships of war.

When the preacher sat down, he said, "*This is my last sermon.*" And so it was. That night he was taken violently ill. The next day he lay in a partial stupor, taking but little notice of his friends. The third day he seemed somewhat better. On the morning of the fourth day, Thursday, he arose and walked in the garden. Toward evening he sunk again, and grew worse during the night. At two o'clock on Friday morning, he said to his friends: "I am about to leave you; I have labored in the Sanctuary about fifty-three years; and this is my comfort and confidence, that I have never labored without blood in the basin,"—meaning, evidently, that he had not failed to preach "Jesus Christ and him crucified."

After a few more remarks, of a similar character, he repeated a Welsh stanza, expressive of his firm trust in the Redeemer; and then, as if he had done with earth, and desired to depart, exclaimed, in English, "*Good bye! Drive on!*" He now turned over, and seemed to sleep. His friends tried to rouse him. It was too late. The angelic

postillion had obeyed the order. The chariot had passed over the everlasting hills.

"Unto the righteous will arrive,
A day of rest serene,
When to their joy they see the Lord,
Without a veil between.

Then from the grave I shall arise,
And take my joyful stand
Among the saints who dwell on high,
Received at God's right hand."

RICHARD WATSON.*

THE following account of Mr. Watson's last days has been compiled from the statements furnished by those who visited him during his illness, and especially by members of his own family, who attended him night and day.

The last month of his life was marked by uncommon calmness of spirit. From the time when he gave up all expectation of recovery, he manifested, both in his spirit and language, the most perfect resignation to the divine will. His was not a sullen and compulsory submission to an unavoidable fate, but a deliberate exercise of Christian faith and patience. He *resigned* his body to the tomb,—his soul to God; and in death only made that sacrifice complete, in the spirit of which he had previously lived.

He remarked on several occasions, "I could have wished to live a few years longer, to finish some works and

* From Life by Wickens—Book Room Ed.

designs of usefulness which I contemplated; but the Lord can do without any of us;" adding, "I have often admired the perfect resignation of David, when he said to Zadok, 'Carry back the ark of God into the city; if I shall find favor in the eyes of the Lord, he will bring me again, and show me both it and his habitation: but if he thus say, I have no delight in thee, behold, here am I, let him do to me as seemeth good to him.' So I say, If the Lord has no delight in me, here I am, let him do to me what seemeth good to him." His constant language was, "I have no wish either to live or die, but that the will of God may be done;" and on one occasion, when a member of his family expressed a hope of his recovery, he replied, with great sweetness, "It is the anxiety of affection, without any basis of reason to rest upon."

"It was my father's constant practice," observes Mrs. Dixon,* "when he and my mother were prevented by sickness from attending public worship on the Sabbath, to read with her in the forenoon the whole of the Church service, including the psalms, the epistle, and the collect for the day. My mother read the litany, while my father, devoutly kneeling, responded with the deepest and most fervent devotion. In the evening he selected a sermon, (generally one of Mr. Wesley's) to be read to him; and then, with peculiar feeling and solemnity, repeated one of our hymns, and concluded with prayer.

"On Sunday, December 16th, a day never to be forgotten, he went through the liturgical service in the forenoon, as above described. In the afternoon he exclaimed, 'Another silent Sabbath! This is the sixth Sunday that I have been prevented by illness from lifting up my voice in the sanc-

* Mr. Watson's daughter married the Rev. James Dixon, now (1841) president of the Wesleyan conference.

tuary!' Then handing me the hymn-book, he said, 'Read me some of these blessed hymns: I find them very refreshing.' He then selected the following:

> 'O God of good, the unfathom'd sea;'
> 'Great God, indulge my humble claim;'
> 'With glory clad, with strength array'd;'
> 'The earth and all her fullness owns;'
> 'O Sun of righteousness, arise;'
> 'Join all the glorious names.'

In the evening, I read, at his request, Mr. Wesley's sermon on 'The Way to the Kingdom.' As I proceeded, he exclaimed, 'How strong; yet how admirably simple! How beautifully clear and perspicuous! How forcible and convincing! No man ever saw the "way to the Kingdom" more clearly than Wesley, and no man ever made that way so plain to others. The more I study his writings the more I admire them.' After reading a hymn, he prayed for nearly an hour, with astonishing and overwhelming power and energy, remembering not only his family individually, and pleading, nay, wrestling powerfully with God on their behalf, but also the church in general, and especially our department of it, with an intensity of feeling and earnestness of supplication remarkably impressive and affecting."

On Tuesday, December 18th, he was visited by Mrs. Bulmer, the gifted authoress of "Messiah's Kingdom," who says, "He looked much emaciated, but he was cheerful as usual, and the frame of his mind deeply spiritual and heavenly. He spoke with great calmness of the probable issue of his affliction; and added, 'I have not now to learn, for the first time, that all is right and best, and as it should be, under the divine disposal,—whether restoration to health shall be vouchsafed to me, for further usefulness, or whether the continuance of severe pain shall shortly terminate my

suffering by death.' He then discoursed delightfully on the subject of a special providence, and on the many opportunities he had enjoyed of testing the truth of that doctrine in his personal experience. 'God,' said he, 'in the wise economy of his government, has provided for the answer of prayer.' He instanced such answers given to himself, especially as connected with his ministerial labors, when strength and refreshment had been remarkably vouchsafed to him in the hour of need, appealing, at the same time, to Mrs. Watson for the confirmation of his statements on this interesting point."

"During his illness," says Mrs. Dixon, "my father frequently repeated the following striking saying of Hooker: 'Since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time; I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord, but let thy will be done!' When in great pain he would often quote this passage from Jeremiah, 'If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses; and if in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?'"

While in health, he was never remarkably communicative on the subject of personal religion; but he now became as simple and open as a child: nor had he been accustomed to give vent to his feelings by tears, — generally endeavoring to repress his emotions; but he now yielded fully to the feelings of his heart, and when conversing on religious subjects, tears of deep humiliation, intermingled with sacred joy, often flowed in copious streams from his eyes.

For some weeks Mr. Watson suffered greatly from periodical attacks of pain, to which he was subject during the latter stage of his complaint; and one of these paroxysms

was so severe and protracted, that it was feared his feeble frame would scarcely be able to endure another such attack.

"On Sunday, December 23d," says Mrs. Dixon, "my dear father was free from acute pain, but in a state of great exhaustion, from previous suffering. He seemed to be fully aware of his danger; but his mind was perfectly tranquil. Observing me weeping bitterly, he said, 'Compose yourself, my dear; keep your mind calm: commit the matter to Him who knows, not only what is right, but what is best. My flesh and my heart fail, but God is my rock. I know that my Redeemer liveth; and that when he shall appear, I shall appear with him. Yes; I shall see him as he is.' On my expressing a hope that the disorder had passed its crisis, and that he would from that time begin to recover, he said, 'Your affection makes you sanguine; but I wish neither to hope nor to fear, since He in whose hands I am, knows best when to call his people to himself.' In the evening of the same day, he requested me to read from the supplement a few of the hymns on the nativity, remarking that many of them were exceedingly striking and beautiful. While I was reading, he responded to the sentiments contained in them with great fervor, and dwelt much on the majesty of the mercy of God in devising so magnificent and glorious a scheme of salvation. I then read those beautiful translations from the German, commencing,

'Commit thou all thy griefs,'

and

'Give to the winds thy fears;'

which he said comforted him greatly."

Having felt several unfavorable symptoms, he had remarked during the day, that he feared he might have a relapse. His apprehensions were realized. He passed the night in violent pain, and continued in great agony until

Monday evening, when he experienced some relief. To Mr. Beecham, who called on him in the course of the day, he said, "All prospect of my recovery is gone. This return of pain, proves that the cause of my affliction remains. I have no hope now. There is no rational ground of hope left. Nothing now remains for me but to address myself to the great work of preparing to suffer and die."

On the following day he was sufficiently free from pain to converse without difficulty. Early in the morning he sent for his daughter; and when she entered the room he smiled sweetly, and said, "My dear, this is Christmas-day. This is the blessed morning on which Christ broke upon this dark, dreary world, when

> 'Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
> We wretched sinners lay,
> Without one cheering beam of hope,
> Or spark of glimmering day.'

O, what a blessed Saviour! And here he is, ever at hand, to sustain and comfort helpless man, and gild the dark and gloomy hours of pain and languor, with bright hopes of immortal felicity."

He was visited on the morning of this day by Mr. Beecham, who says, "I was no sooner seated by him than he began: 'Well, you see we are at length thrown back on those great principles which we preach, "Life is yours;" "death is yours;" "things present;" "things to come;" "all things work together for good to them that love God." Now, here are two points: first, Are these things so? and, have you an interest in them?' Having paused, as if in solemn consideration of these questions, he then said, with strong feeling, 'Yes, these things are so; these principles are true; and, blessed be God, I have an interest in them; but it is all through the blessed Spirit.' On my remarking,

that it was a glorious reward for the faithful minister of Jesus Christ, in the season of deep affliction and suffering, to prove, as he did, the reality and consoling power of the great truths he had spent his life in maintaining and enforcing, he replied, with emphasis, 'Yes, a minister has higher enjoyments and privileges than Christians in general; but he is exposed to greater temptation. His is an awful responsibility; and greater is the guilt of any unfaithfulness in him. I feel these things to be so.' He then dwelt on his own unworthiness, and the abasing sense he felt of the worthlessness of his very best performances, and said his only hope, his only refuge, was in the pure atonement of Christ. He proceeded to enlarge on the sufficiency of that atonement; and showed what an infinite mercy it is that we have such a resource, and that we know what use to make of it. Then placing his attenuated hands together, and looking up to heaven, with his eyes partly closed, while his quivering lip marked the deep feeling of his soul, he quoted the following lines: —

> 'His offering pure we call to mind,
> There on the golden altar laid,
> Whose Godhead with the manhood join'd,
> For every soul atonement made;
> And have whate'er we ask of God,
> Through faith in that all-saving blood.'

Then pausing, and looking for a few moments unutterable things, he added, with uncommon pathos, —

> 'I the chief of sinners am;
> But Jesus died for me.'

"It was the following morning, if I remember right, that he formally gave up all public business. He had told me, some days before, that he wanted to talk with me on a few points, as soon as he was able; and being comparatively

easy that day when I called on him, he laid on the table a small portfolio, in which he kept papers relating to the missions; and opening it, showed me what he had been writing in reference to matters which he had previously deliberated on; telling me I must now take up those subjects where he had broken off, and must finish them. After further conversation, on my preparing to leave him, I gathered up only the papers we had been examining; when, taking them out of my hand, he placed them with the others in the portfolio; and folding it up, said, 'Here, take all together. If I get better, you know, I can take it back again; and if not, I must leave you, and you must leave me.'

"On a subsequent day, as I sat alone with him, he told me that his arrangements for death were now nearly completed; and talked with me about destroying his useless papers, and respecting the manuscripts he should leave behind, and on his private affairs in general, with a calmness and composure which almost made me forget that I was conversing with one who regarded himself as a dying man. And this cool fortitude was not an occasional effort of the mind. In this respect I invariably found him the same. His dying was his common topic; and he would dwell on it with a composedness which strikingly indicated that all was right within. And it is worthy of remark, that no favorable change which his case might occasionally present, ever diverted him, as far as my observation went, from the great work of preparing for death. For a week before he evidently changed for death, the worst symptoms of his case so far abated as to awaken some hopes again respecting him; and he said to me one day, 'I may, it is possible I may, rally so far as to be able to advise with you again. But,' added he, looking up, while the tears glistened in his eyes, 'if not, blessed be thy name, I am resigned to thy will.'

"On my incidentally mentioning to him that his friends at a certain place had agreed to have a meeting for prayer in his behalf, he leaned forward, and covering his face with his hand, he wept and said, 'What am I, that I should have an interest in the prayers of so many good people!' He repeatedly observed to me, during the latter part of his illness, that were he to be raised again, he believed it would be chiefly in answer to prayer; and to this cause he said he must greatly attribute it, that his sufferings were so much mitigated, and that such a worm as he should enjoy so much of the divine presence and goodness in his affliction."

The following incident, related by Mrs. Dixon, shows the perfect composure with which he contemplated his approaching dissolution: — "One night, on my offering to wind up his watch, he handed it to me, saying, with great emphasis, 'Here, take it, and wind it up for me a few times more. I shall soon be

"Where day and night divide His works no more."'

Then, clasping his hands, he exclaimed, 'Eternity! eternity!' and sinking back in his chair, seemed to be absorbed in the contemplations which that momentous word had suggested; while his brightening features, becoming impressed with the vastness of his conceptions, assumed an almost supernatural expression. I felt awed, as in the presence of one already beginning to realize the mysteries of the eternal and invisible state; and scarcely dared to move or breathe, lest I should interrupt his heavenly musings, or bring down his soul from those 'celestial heights.'"

On the 27th of December, Mrs. Bulmer visited Mr. Watson for the last time. She says, "Never shall I forget the expression of his countenance, when I first met the glance of his languid and almost tearful eye. It was a look of inef-

fable kindness and affection; and seemed as if it could be second only to that with which I trust we shall again regard each other in a sinless and unsuffering world. It dissolved my soul in grief. I felt assured that his stay among us could not be long, and the idea of his removal inflicted a poignant pang. His frame bore the impress of the agony he had endured. But his spirit seemed pavilioned in the very divine presence. He said he 'felt the sustaining power of God,' and discoursed for a short time, and with frequent intermissions, through great debility, on that most delightful topic, peculiarly suggested by the season, 'They shall call his name Emanuel, God with us.' 'Yes,' said he, 'God with us, — with us all, — with each of us, — with us at all times, — under all circumstances; especially with us in deep sympathy with all our sorrows, dangers and sufferings.' He was evidently giving utterance to sentiments, the truth of which he was then powerfully realizing in his own experience. Faith triumphed over dissolving nature, and the Rock of ages he felt to be the strength of his failing heart; — our parting is indelibly written on mine. With a voice faltering through irrepressible emotion, he expressed a hope that our next meeting might be under more favorable circumstances, and added, 'If not, — if not, — may we have a happier meeting in heaven!' "

Speaking of his call to the ministry, to a kind neighbor who often visited him in his illness, he said, "My dear friend, God called me very early to the work of the ministry. I began to preach before I was fifteen years of age. I never had any doubt but that I was called of God. I always delighted in my work; and I can truly say, in reference to the missions, and in some secular affairs necessarily connected with the ministerial office, I have acted as I thought for the best; but, my dear friend, we are all liable

to err; and I doubt not that my motives have been frequently misunderstood. All secular affairs have a deadening tendency; constantly paining one's mind, and doing us injury."

At another time, in conversation with the same person, he said, "O what a state will that be, when *I*, *I* shall be singing hallelujahs to God and the Lamb! when *I* shall be able to love him and serve him, without the possibility of sinning against him!" — laying great stress on *I*. "Oh," he continued, "it is sin that keeps us at such a distance from God! What a wonderful scheme is that of redemption by Christ! What a glorious state, when mind shall expand to take in the heights, and breadths, and depths of love divine! to be able to enter largely into the mysterious wonders of Providence, without this clog of corruption. *I* shall see God; I, I, individually, I myself, a poor worm of the earth, shall see God! How shall I sufficiently praise him!"

Making inquiries concerning a person who was immersed in the world, and absorbed in its pursuits, he exclaimed, "What a pity! living for this world only! Poor man! how I pity him! The world can give no solid satisfaction; and then to have no hope of heaven; no satisfactory resting place, or place of enjoyment suited to its capacities, for the immortal spirit! How dreadful! O how thankful ought we to be for better hopes, and brighter prospects!"

To a friend who visited him on Saturday, December 29th, he said, "I am very ill; but I am where we have so often placed others, — in the hands of the Lord: he has imparted sweet consolation to me during my affliction. We have not preached cunningly devised fables. O no! There is real, solid, substantial comfort and support in religion. I have been many times heavily afflicted, and have been often brought, so to speak, into the waters; but I have always

found the rock firm beneath. I have never been so powerfully impressed with a sense of my own worthlessness, as during this illness; and, in the prospect of approaching the majesty of God, my feeling is that of a worm crawling into the brightness of the sun. I feel as if about to take my place near some glorious throne; but I wish to creep low, and feel my own nothingness."

His favorite expression, when speaking of his state, was to call himself a worm. One night, moved by a sudden impulse, as he lay in bed, he exclaimed, with tears flowing down his languid countenance, "I am a worm, a poor vile worm, not worthy to lift up its head. But then," he added, "the worm is permitted to crawl out of the earth into the garden of the Lord, and there, among the flowers and fruits, to speculate, if it can, on the palace and ivory throne of Solomon.

'I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.'"

It was remarked, "No doubt, you will see his face." "Yes," he rejoined, "there is doubt of every thing but the great, deep, infinite mercy of God, — that is sure."

The morning of Sunday, December 30th, the last Sabbath of his life but one, and the very last on which he could sit up and converse, was a precious season to him. "As I sat alone with him," says Mr. Beecham, "I made an observation respecting the Sabbath, on which he exclaimed, 'Blessed day of rest!' and then dwelt on the hallowed enjoyments of the Sabbath, and its rich provision for the spiritual wants of man. After we had spent some time in prayer, during which the divine goodness appeared to over-

shadow us in an indescribable manner, I, on parting, said to him, 'May the Lord of the Sabbath be with you!' — to which he responded with deep fervor, 'Amen, Amen!' He had a high sense of the importance of the Sabbatic institution, for advancing the cause of religion; and has more than once said to me, with great feeling, when I have called upon him on the Lord's day, and found him unable to stir out, 'Another blessed Sabbath must, in regard of public worship, be a blank to me.'"

"On this day," observes Mrs. Dixon, "my beloved father became much worse, and seemed fully conscious that his end was not far distant. While I was supporting his head, he looked at me for some moments, with intense affection, and said, in a very solemn and emphatic tone, 'May the blessings of the upper and the nether springs be yours for ever!' This was his parting benediction; and from that time he said but little connectedly."

"On the last day upon which he was able to discourse at length," says Mr. Beecham, "I sat with him a considerable time, and had full proof that he remained in the same elevated and heavenly frame of mind which he had manifested throughout his affliction. Such dignity, united with such deep humility; such intellectual strength and vigor, attended with so much child-like simplicity; such patience under such intense suffering; and in the intervals of pain, such indications of ineffable intercourse with God, and such outbeamings of hallowed joy, — have been but rarely witnessed, I conceive, in any dying saint."

A few days before his death, having remained a long time in a state of lethargy, an organ struck up a sweet and plaintive psalm tune under the window. This roused him; and opening his eyes, he feebly said, "O how sweet! All ought

to be harmony on earth; every thing should praise the Lord: it would be so were it not for sin; and in heaven this will be the case, where sin has no existence."

At one time, being in great pain, he exclaimed, "O how much labor and pain it costs to unroof this house; to take down this tabernacle and tent, and to set the spirit free! And when shall my soul leave this tenement of clay! I long to quit this little abode, gain the wide expanse of the skies, rise to nobler joys, and see God." He then repeated his favorite stanza: —

> "I shall behold his face,
> I shall his power adore,
> And sing the wonders of his grace
> For evermore."

In a state of high ecstacy, he burst forth but a short time before he was deprived of the power of connected speech, exclaiming, "We shall see strange sights some day; not different, however, from what we might realize by faith. But it is not this, not the glitter and glory, not the diamond and topaz, no, it is God; he is all and in all!"

During three or four of the last days of his life, Mr. Watson sunk into a state of lethargy, appearing almost insensible to those around him, and was nearly incapable of the use of speech. No conversation could be held with him on any subject; but at intervals he seemed to be engaged in devotional exercises. His fears of agony and struggle in his last moments were not realized. His prayers, and those of thousands in his behalf, were in this respect mercifully answered. When, after many hours of difficult respiration, the moment of his dissolution approached, his sanctified and happy spirit, without any apparent pain or convulsive strug-

gle, left its tabernacle of clay, and entered the world of rest and love.

> "A glorious voice hath ceased! The funeral chant
> Breathe reverently. Let it be wild and sad,—
> A more Æolian, melancholy tone
> Than ever wail'd o'er bright things perishing:—
> For that is passing from the darken'd land
> Which the green summer will not bring us back,
> Though all its leaves return."

JEREMIAH EVARTS.*

THE subject of the following sketch was born in February, 1781, in Sunderland, Vermont. His early youth was marked by industry and a love of books; at the age of three years, one of his characteristic employments was the teaching of a little playmate of his own age, the alphabet. During his youth, his advantages were limited for the acquiring of an education, his time being almost entirely employed with his father, (a pioneer farmer on the shores of Lake Champlain) in clearing up new lands for their farm; but he made the most diligent use of all his otherwise unemployed moments, and of the few books forming the family library. At the age of 17, as his delicate frame and extraordinary desire for knowledge seemed to demand a less arduous position, and a more favorable opportunity for study, he left home for East Guilford, Connecticut, the former residence of his parents, and placed himself under the tuition of Rev. John Elliot, D. D. In less than a year after this time, such was his application, that, with a superior preparation, he was admitted into the freshman class of Yale College.

* Compiled from his biography.

Until his senior year in college, Mr. Evarts was experimentally unacquainted with religion, although his early training had confirmed him in habits of the strictest morality and integrity. The progressive steps by which this most important acquisition was obtained, are thus recorded by his biographer:

Through the whole period of his youth, he had been attentive to the claims of Divine truth, and of unblemished morals. In the house of God he was a careful and studious hearer. From the time of his arrival at Guilford, the subjects of all the sermons that he heard, were noticed in his Diary, sometimes with brief outlines, and at others with a remark or two of his own. After he entered college and became a hearer of Dr. Dwight, these notes became gradually more copious, those of a single sermon sometimes occupying many pages. His respect for the Bible and the Sabbath were unusual; and at the daily religious exercises in the college chapel, his air and manner were devotional. The Scriptures read, and the remarks made by the President at these services, were frequently noticed in his Diary. He has been heard to say, that it was a matter of inquiry with him *then*, whether he did not possess a truly religious character. But he had not yet learned the plague of his own heart, and afterwards felt the need of a state of soul far different from any thing that he had yet experienced. Among his papers is a prayer, dated February 26th, 1798; a few months before he entered college. The next year he became a regular attendant at the meetings for prayer, held weekly by the few pious students then in college, and read with great interest such missionary intelligence as came within his reach. Occasional passages from his journal show that religion was a subject of frequent and serious thought:

1800, August 24th. — Sunday. The President preached in the morning, from Titus ii. 6. At the close of the sermon, he recommended to us, to shut ourselves up after divine service in the afternoon, and look into our prospect for the world to come. In this examination, he advised us to leave

passion and appetite behind, and to go according to the dictates of reason and conscience. This advice (God willing) I intend to follow. In the afternoon the text was 1 Peter i. 15, 16. I endeavored to comply with the President's request. It is wonderful how remiss men are in respect to their future state. I have been remarkably so. At the same time I have a very feeble constitution, and my health is very bad; so that it is probable I shall soon go down to the grave, the house appointed for all the living. I pray God, in his infinite mercy, to prepare me for the change.

December 28th, P. M. A sermon from the last verse of Ecclesiastes. It was very affecting. O God, may I live mindful of the judgment! ———, of our class, was propounded for admission to the church. Would that I were fit.

These serious hours were, however, comparatively, only exceptions to the general tenor of his life, which was still "according to the course of this world."

1801, August 19th. News arrived of the death of Strong, my classmate. He was a member of the visible, and we hope of the real church of Christ. He and I were appointed disputants together seven months ago, and now he is gone! "One shall be taken, and another left." This certainly ought to be a warning to me, and God grant that it may.

1802, January 9th. From my own experience, I am induced to believe that evil spirits are continually present on this earth, and that they tempt and lead astray the minds of men. Else, whence does it so frequently happen to me, and to many others, that, when we are thinking seriously on any subject, the bent of our minds is suddenly turned aside, and something seems to force itself forward on purpose to distract attention. The thoughts introduced are also of a light and profane character,— besides the circumstance of their being such as never before occurred. How ought we to pray for assistance in the hour of formidable temptation! How ought we to thank the Lord for his kind pro-

tection of us against the wiles of the arch-deceiver, and for the assurance in his word, — "resist the devil, and *he will flee from you.*"

March 7th. My friend Field * was admitted into the holy communion of the Christian church. I pray God that I may be no longer careless about my eternal salvation.

The admission to the church of a member of his class, as mentioned in the last extract, and a conversation with the same individual the week before, were the means of greatly deepening Mr. Evarts' religious impressions. The evening of the 13th of March, was spent by him in conversation with Dr. Dwight and his tutor, Mr. Davis, on the question, *What shall I do to be saved?* He very soon after found peace in believing, and consecrated himself to the service of Christ in a written covenant, as recommended in Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," which he was reading at the time. This was before any uncommon seriousness began to prevail in college. He very soon became a member of the College church, and engaged, humbly, but zealously, and with characteristic frankness and decision, in labors to bring his fellow-students to know and obey the truth.

A remarkable revival was at this time in progress in college, in which, during the remainder of his course, Mr. Evarts continued to labor, and with great success.

Upon his graduation, in 1803, being in some measure undecided as to his future profession, and his pecuniary necessities requiring immediate attention, he accepted the principalship of a grammar school at Peacham, Vermont. His success as a teacher was of the most satisfactory character; he obtained at once the respect and esteem of the community, and the warm affection of his pupils. His Christian character remained unblemished; in the midst of general coldness and stupidity among the members of the church, he maintained the ardor and devotedness of his

* Rev. D. D. Field, D. D., now of Haddam, Conn.

piety, co-operating zealously with his pastor, and laboring anxiously for the spiritual well-being of his daily charge. "He prepared himself for such duties with great care, and labored with prayerful earnestness to bring to repentance those who were committed into his hands. In school, and especially at the devotional exercises, with which it was daily opened and closed, he was watchful over his spirit and manner, lest he should offend God by cold formality, and lest something should be observed in his demeanor, or fall from his lips, that would leave an injurious impression on the young minds around him."

The question of a profession was at this time a matter of serious and prayerful consideration. His reasons for ultimately choosing the law, the objections that were made by friends, and the difficulties attending such a choice, are thus candidly, and at large, stated by himself in a letter to a friend, written at this period:

PEACHAM, December 5th, 1803.

Your friendly letter of November 10th was received on the 26th of the same month. I am obliged to you sincerely for the animadversions which it contains on the subject of a profession, though my mind is no more settled than it has been for a year or more. Indeed, this subject has given me no small degree of distress; and I see not the least prospect of ever knowing my duty in the case. Perhaps it is right that for my sinfulness I should be left in perpetual obscurity and darkness.

Those who are opposed to my studying law, stand on ground altogether untenable, in my opinion. The arguments which they use, would operate to exclude every man from that profession. If it is not right for a good man to study law, it certainly cannot be right for any man; as all men ought, undoubtedly, to be good, and as a wicked man is, by no means, justifiable in doing any thing which a good man might not do. The law then must be given up as a cage

of unclean birds, or collection of harpies polluting every thing by their impure touch. But do the persons who come to this conclusion, call to mind that almost all our laws come into existence by means of lawyers, and that this will probably always be the case, the world remaining as it is; and, moreover, that all who decide upon laws are, and ought to be, lawyers; that is, they ought to have faithfully and diligently studied the laws upon which they decide; and this includes all that I mean by the word lawyer. So true is this, that I never heard of a great judge who was not a lawyer; and I believe it to be impossible, in the nature of things, that there should be one, unless he were directly inspired. For my part, I do not know of any judge of any important Court in the United States, who has not been a practising attorney. Then my opponents must say, that all our judges who are to decide in cases of life and death, in cases of oppression, cruelty, and extortion, in cases of religious liberty, (whenever persecution shall exist) that all who are to legislate in matters of intricacy and importance, and that all who are to wield the Executive power of an extensive and numerous people, ought to be taken from this cage of unclean birds, this banditti from whom every good man ought to keep himself at a safe distance. I can hardly conceive of a greater inconsistency. The Bible abundantly establishes the propriety of having legislators, judges, and officers, to carry the laws into execution. And you know it is a maxim of common sense, as well as of law, that when any thing is declared to be lawful, all other things which are necessary to the existence of that thing, are declared to be lawful also. Thus when God sanctions the appointment of judges, he must sanction every thing which is necessary to the proper qualification of these judges. The Old Testament is full of examples and precepts, tending to show how good magistrates are made instrumental of building up and extending the church, and evil ones of destroying and wasting it.

But, perhaps, some one will say, that in the present situation of this guilty world, it is best for Christians to stand aloof from the concerns of it altogether, and to leave them

to the direction of Satan and his satellites. But is this so? If all the restraints which the civil law imposes, were taken off throughout New England, what would be the situation of Christianity three years hence? With respect to engaging in any business, it has ever been my opinion, at least ever since my thoughts have been in any considerable degree occupied by religion, that the welfare of immortal souls ought to be the ultimate object of every Christian's labors; and, consequently, that every Christian ought to make it the business not only of his life, but of every day and every hour, to be employed in such a manner as he shall judge most conducive to the accomplishment of this glorious design. This obligation does not lie upon a minister, or upon a person qualified to be a minister, exclusively, but it is binding upon every humble laborer, upon every mother of a family,—in short, upon every Christian, and upon every man. I should not have mentioned this, but it is a common notion among mankind, that it belongs to ministers to take care of the souls of men, and that other persons have no concern in the business. However, I have no hesitation in declaring, that I can see no usefulness, nor amiableness, in conduct which does not tend either immediately or remotely to the everlasting happiness of men.

But I do believe that many laymen are as useful in the Christian cause as many faithful ministers, or as they themselves would have been had they been ministers. For aught that I can see, a Washington by his wisdom may have saved a nation from domestic wars, which would have brought, in their course, every crime that can deform the human character, and filled the land with blasphemy and murder. So that, supposing him to have acted upon motives of obedience to God, I see not why he may not be ranked among the wise, between whom, and those who have turned many to righteousness, there seems to be a very close connection. Indeed, I see not why he may not as really have been instrumental in saving souls, though not so immediately, as an Edwards or a Dwight. Why may not a Kennicott, supposing him never to have preached, have subserved the cause of religion as much as a Doddridge, a Fuller, or a Porteus?

Why may not a Sir William Jones have been, as really and as effectually, a co-worker with Christ, as any minister of the gospel in Christendom? A sea-captain is a character which promises as little of piety as almost any in the world; yet, from what I have heard of Captain Wilson, I am ready to conclude that he has been as serviceable to the missions sent to the heathen from England, as any clergyman in Great Britain. In short, I cannot see that it savors less of humility, of attachment to the Christian cause, or of love to the souls of men, to talk of walking in the steps of Moses, of Joshua, of David, or of Daniel, who were rulers; or of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob, or of Job, who were rich herdmen and agriculturists, diffusing peace and gladness all around them, than to think of imitating Samuel, or Isaiah, or Paul, in propagating the knowledge of divine truth. Or, to take men who are not at such an inconceivable distance from us in point of piety, is it not as much a mark of zeal for the truth to think of following a Treadwell, or an Ellsworth, or almost any of the ancient rulers of New England, as to imitate that very venerable body of ministers which our favored country has produced? If, then, the profession of law is not in itself unlawful, it remains to be determined by circumstances, whether it is lawful for any given individual or not; for, doubtless, neither that, nor the ministry, nor any other profession, is lawful for every man.

I have but a little room, but I will state what I apprehend to be a few facts. 1. My health is such now, that I do not know that I have the least shadow of reason to imagine I could go through with the labors of a single Sabbath. 2. From the unanimous advice of all the physicians whom I have consulted, and from six years' experience, I am led to conclude that I never can expect good health, and but a very slow and gradual restoration to a comfortable degree of health. 3. Ministers, besides the labors of the Sabbath, have to prepare for that day, and to take a principal part in funeral solemnities, lectures, conferences, &c., which I am sure I could not perform. 4. Almost every minister whom I have known, who has engaged in that arduous work with a feeble constitution, has been obliged to leave it; and some

who began with a good constitution. 5. It will take me a considerable time to get a profession, and then to be left without any resource, with something more than myself dependent upon me, would not contribute to the promotion of religion in my own soul, or the souls of others. 6. I conscientiously believe I could not recommend any society to settle a man of so frail a constitution as I possess, even should I be able to preach at first.

When I look at the bar, especially at the bar of Vermont, the prospect is exceedingly dark and unpleasant. The scarcity of good men here, is much greater than the scarcity of ministers. I am also fully persuaded that a close attendance upon Courts would be injurious to my health; but then a lawyer is not obliged to attend, and to labor so statedly as a minister is. The great temptation to a lawyer, is worldly-mindedness, and with it comes desire to conform to the world. Where these gain a prevalence, religion is cut up by the roots. My great fear would be, therefore, that I should not live a religious life, and consequently that I should never do any good in the world. These considerations repel me from the bar many times, and I am driven to seek for a third alternative. But the instruction of youth would be a confinement for life, if I could go through with it; for merchandize or agriculture I have no stock, and am ignorant of both. That God would direct me, now and for ever, is the prayer of your friend and brother.

April 18th, 1804, having determined to make the law his profession, he repaired to New Haven, and entered himself a student at law with Judge Chauncey. He was admitted to the bar in 1806, and opened an office in New Haven for the practice of his profession, having previously married a daughter of Hon. Roger Sherman, a lady every way worthy of his choice.

He did not remain sufficiently long in his profession, to establish a reputation as a lawyer. He became, however, at once known as an able, well-read, and sound counsellor, but,

as a member of the same bar remarked, "he ever had too much unbending integrity to be a popular lawyer."

In 1810, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, he was induced to enter upon the editorship of the "Panoplist," a periodical, for the pages of which he had largely contributed, and which had been started some five years before, as the organ of the Evangelical party in the Congregational churches, at the period when the Unitarian controversy had begun to rage, and the friends and advocates of Unitarianism had commenced publicly to declare themselves, and to openly avow their sentiments. It was not, however, to controversial purposes solely, or principally, that it was devoted while under the charge of Mr. Evarts, but to a full and popular illustration of Christianity. His qualifications for his present position were of the highest order.

He was a practical and well-disciplined writer. He was accustomed to investigate subjects with direct reference to the state of the public mind, and to the wants of the church and the world; and he had a fondness for writing which rendered it a pastime. His mind had been trained by severe discipline, and was furnished with extensive knowledge on a great variety of subjects, and entirely at his command. He had great critical acumen, and was able to search out and expose the most intricate and plausible sophistry. His power of discrimination and analysis, and his ability to examine a subject till he knew that he had seen the whole of it, and to arrive at conclusions in which to rest safely and with confidence, were remarkable. He was remarkable, also, for accuracy, industry, and patience in research. While he possessed a moral courage that nothing could daunt, he was adorned with uncommon candor in controversy, and meekness and self-command under reproaches. His high estimate of the power and importance of the press, and his deep sense of responsibility, effectually secured him against rashness, and directed his labors toward the public good. His elevated standard of

religious feeling and action, and especially his enterprize and zeal in behalf of religious and charitable institutions, were just what was needed at that time in one sustaining that relation to the Christian public. In regard to the condition and wants of the churches, of the country, and of the world, his mind and heart were full. Subjects were always pressing upon his thoughts and his conscience. In writing, his mind was too much engrossed with his subject, and too fertile upon it, to admit of his being verbose or discursive. His style was characterized by no ornament, except such as is involved in expressing thought clearly, forcibly, and with strong feeling. His diction was pure and copious; always manly, and indicative of the energy and comprehensiveness of his mind.

Under his care, the reputation of the Panoplist immediately rose; and it was probably better supported, and had more of the confidence of the religious community generally, for the ten years during which it was under his editorship, than any similar work ever published in this country. This was secured as much by its admirable adaptation to the wants of the public, as by the sound judgment in other respects, and the literary ability and taste with which it was conducted.

He entered ardently into all the moral and benevolent movements of the day, taking a lively interest in whatever affected the well-being of his fellow men. On the great question of universal peace, he anticipated the positions of our modern Peace Societies; and the suffering slave was not forgotten in his generous and Christian sympathies. He was one of the first managers of the American Bible Society, and was deeply interested in the American Education Society, of which he was one of the Executive Committee.

In 1810, when the burning zeal of young Mills and his associates in Williams College, induced them to devote themselves to the work of foreign missions, and to call upon the church to send them forth in their Master's name, Mr.

Evarts, in connection with the association of the Congregational clergymen of Massachusetts, formed and organized the American Board of Foreign Missions; an institution in which the former was peculiarly interested, from its origin until his death, and to the usefulness and success of which his efforts largely contributed. At the annual meeting, in 1811, he was elected Treasurer, and entered at once upon the responsible duties of his office, overseeing not only the funds, but managing, also, the collections, writing the annual reports and addresses, and sharing largely in the duties of the corresponding secretary; taking long tours through the country, soliciting funds, and visiting the Indian missions. Upon the death of Dr. Worcester, the corresponding secretary, in 1821, Mr. Evarts was elected to fill his place, and to be the editor of the Missionary Herald. His labors now became arduous in the extreme; every hour had its appropriate business; and he kept a most sedulous watch over every moment, lest one should be unappropriated to the great object in which all his faculties were engaged. From this period until 1830, he continued in the most diligent discharge of his duties; every succeeding year developing his clear judgment and extraordinary resources for overcoming difficulties, and ensuring success. Now he was engaged in giving important counsel to missionaries in far distant lands, now taking long tours throughout the country, soliciting the tardy charities of the church, now watching, with anxious interest, the progress of the Indian questions in Congress, at Washington, (the well-being of the Indian missions being deeply involved in their proper settlement) and anon taking a decided and prominent position in the advocacy of some of the great moral reforms of the day. Under such an accumulation of responsibility and labor, his delicate frame

began to sink. In 1829, his biographer thus refers to his bodily prostration:

We are now arrived at those months of intense anxiety and unremitted labor, that proved too much for the feeble constitution of Mr. Evarts, and hurried him to his final rest. Indeed, from the beginning of 1828, the outrages at the Sandwich Islands, and one or two other harassing subjects immediately connected with his official duties, had filled his mind, to an unwonted degree, with anxiety and care. He could always sleep soundly, when he chose; and that power enabled him, though of so frail health, to endure what would have broken down most stronger men. But he allowed himself scarcely any other moments of rest or relaxation. Much of the time away from home, busy with other men during their active hours, and then preparing important and voluminous documents when alone, protracting his labors to eleven and twelve o'clock at night, and even later, — although he reached the beginning of the year 1829, without a sensible failure of health, it is evident from the result, that the sustaining power, even then, was in the spiritual, rather than the physical energies.

After an anxious and laborious month at home, he left Boston at the close of January, on his way to Washington, whither he was called, not only by the agitation of the question of the removal of the Indians, but by the earnest representations of gentlemen in Boston, New York, and at the seat of government, urging the importance of his attention there, to second the memorials that had been forwarded in great numbers, praying for a discontinuance of the Sabbath mails. "It would give me pleasure," he writes to Mr. Bissel, "did time permit, to write upon the various topics which you mention. But I am much occupied; new business comes upon me daily; and I am wishing to set out soon for Washington, to attend to the concerns of Indian missions, and to afford my feeble aid in regard to Sabbath measures. The spirit of your letter I admire. Several important thoughts may be of use to me and to others. I would caution you, however, against saying severe things against the

rich. Our Saviour knew the hearts of all men; but we are weak and ignorant, and may be too much influenced by the pressure of circumstances, partial views, and various passions. The principle of universal consecration may indeed be insisted upon; and the obligation to do all we can, and to do it now."

In 1830, he made his last annual report, it being the tenth he had made; just the number that had been made by his predecessor in office before his death. This circumstance seemed to have made a strong impression upon his mind.

Meantime, the ordinary business of the Board was calling for unusual labors, especially in regard to the sending out of a reinforcement to the Sandwich Islands mission. "I doubt not," writes Mr. Evarts to an associate on the Prudential Committee, "I doubt not you feel with me, that our responsibilities are assuming a more weighty character than ever before; and that we have serious difficulties to contend with. As to our proposed excursion to Exeter, [to attend a missionary meeting] I must be excused from going, if other arrangements can be made; if not, I will go. The fact is, there are a great many more things to be done here [at his office] than can possibly be accomplished."

About the middle of December, he visited New Bedford, to superintend the embarkation of missionaries, and to attend missionary meetings in the vicinity. In this tour he spent about two weeks of hard and exciting labor, and exposed often to weather exceedingly unfavorable to his health, of the failure of which he had before received decided admonition. His time was employed in consultation with the missionaries and arranging their concerns; in writing the official instructions, and numerous letters to the missionaries and chiefs at the Islands; in attending meetings, and in other ways holding intercourse with the people of New Bedford and the neighboring towns, for the purpose of securing among them a warmer interest in the operations of the Board. Other subjects, however, were by no means excluded from his

thoughts, as the following passages from his journal, addressed to a friend and fellow-laborer, show:

"Fall River, a quarter before 12 o'clock, December 20th. I now retire to rest, but must mention that I have read this evening, in the Christian Spectator for December, part of the Review of Sprague's Lectures. I wish you to read from page 651 to the end of the article. On page 652 you will find thoughts like those in the close of our last Report. That and the next page are powerfully written. Blessed is the man who warns his countrymen of their dangers, and rouses Christians to the proper state of activity. On page 656 is a powerful expostulation with parents, on doing what they can to fix the character of their children as friends of God; and the next page has a most indignant reprobation of the seducers and destroyers of youth, by means of vice and infidelity. I have seldom been more deeply affected in regard to my responsibility as a parent, than by this article.

"21st. Evening. Met gentlemen at Mr. Holmes's, and spent the greater part of the evening in conversation on the Indian question. It was resolved to call a meeting of friends of the Indians, at some day within a short time, with the view of petitioning in their behalf. Conversed also about a subscription here in aid of our mission, besides a collection. This was agreed upon, though rather in a faint manner.

"26th. Sabbath. I have thought much this morning on the wisdom of living habitually in such a state that death could not take me by surprise; by which I mean, that trust in God should be so constantly in exercise, and the fear of offending Him so predominant, and faith in the Saviour so lively, that a known summons to leave the world, should create neither apprehension nor alarm. How far I have been, or am, in possession of such a state of mind, there would be no use in my declaring; but I do most seriously desire that all my friends should seek after and obtain it.

"28th. At sunrise, the bell of Mr. Holmes's church tolled, as a signal for the embarkation of the missionaries. We immediately repaired to the wharf, where a parting hymn was sung, and a prayer was offered by Dr. Wisner.

Many persons of both sexes were present. The scene was deeply affecting to many. We took a hasty and affectionate leave of the missionaries, as the sloop which conveyed them was about leaving the wharf."

Mr. Evarts immediately returned to Boston, but reached home much debilitated. He proceeded, however, to prepare the Memorial of the Board to Congress on the state of the Indians, to write various important official letters, and to put all his secular affairs in the most perfect order for his contemplated absence, expecting to proceed to Washington to do what might be practicable there on behalf of the Indians, and thence on an agency in the Middle or South-western States. His active correspondence with eminent members of Congress, and with other gentlemen, in regard to Indian affairs, was continued, and he was daily consulted upon all the leading movements of the season, legislative and other, upon the subject. His friends at Washington kept him advised of every movement there, and of the dispositions that prevailed, and urged his presence; and he continued, though with obviously failing health, to cherish his plan for spending the winter and spring as above mentioned, till, early in February, he was advised that it was necessary to relinquish business, and to seek immediately a tropical climate. On the 2d of February, the Memorial of the Board was sent on to Mr. Everett, with a letter expressing the hope that improving health would soon enable him to follow. On the 14th, that hope had fled.

The next day he embarked for Havana; and a note of sympathy and friendship from Mr. Everett, written at the close of an honorable, but ineffectual, endeavor, on his part, to secure a proper re-hearing of the case of the Indians, closed sadly, his intercourse on earth with his friends in Congress.

He had a favorable passage, and arrived at Havana on the 2nd of March, without any improvement of his health. There, and at the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Jenckes, near Mantanzas, he remained, enjoying every advantage of climate, and the kindest attentions, with health, as he thought,

gradually improving,* till the eighteenth of April, when he embarked for † Savannah. There he arrived on the 24th, much exhausted by the brief voyage. After remaining one week, his friends most assiduously administering to his comfort, he proceeded by water to Charleston, which city he reached on the 3d of May. There, in the family of the Rev. Dr. Palmer, pastor of the Circular Church, and surrounded by a circle of acquaintance, every thing which friendship or medical skill could suggest, was done to restore vigor and health to his diseased system, but without effect. He steadily and rapidly declined, and it was soon evident that his labors on earth were drawing to a close.

Previous to his departure from home, he had manifested an unusually spiritual state of mind. There was a solemnity of conversation and demeanor, a tenderness of affection towards his family and friends, a thankfulness for every thing done for him, a quiet committing of himself and family, and of all the great interests in which he was concerned, into the hands of his Heavenly Father, which were uncommon even for him, and wholly indescribable. He faithfully counselled every member of his family, and did every thing, and said every thing, which would have been expected, and in the very spirit which would have become him, if he had known that he should never return. Indeed, this apparent completion of his work, and this striking meetness for the heavenly world, occasioned a sort of secret foreboding in his friends that they should see him no more.

He remained in the same calm and devout frame through the whole of his sickness. On his voyage, his mind, he remarked, "was peaceful, though solemn." "I have been entirely free from anxiety — have daily consecrated myself to God, and felt happy in being in his hands and waiting his pleasure."

While crossing the Bahama Banks, Sabbath, February 27th, he wrote: — "Daily, and many times a day, I have been disposed, I trust, to acknowledge the goodness of God,

* Subsequent events show that this was nothing more than a slight temporary relief in regard to some symptoms.

† The private memorandum was about this time.

and to consecrate myself anew to his service. I had thought of making a formal and written consecration of myself to the Lord this forenoon; but my mind is so weighed down by my feeble body, that I can write nothing, except of the simplest kind, and cannot adequately dwell upon the amazing theme of being a servant of God, and of having him for my portion for ever." And a few hours after: "We have turned the southwest end of Abaco. I have looked at this work of God, which it is not likely I shall see again; and have turned my thoughts many times to the great and blessed Creator of all."

"Here, in this sea, I consecrate myself to God as my chief good: — to him as my Heavenly Father, infinitely kind and tender of his children; to him as my kind and merciful Redeemer, by whose blood and merits alone I do hope for salvation; to him as the beneficent Renewer and Sanctifier of the saved. I implore the forgiveness of my numerous and aggravated transgressions; and I ask that my remaining time and strength may be employed for the glory of God, my portion, and for the good of his creatures."

"Whether I make my grave on the land or in the ocean, I submit cheerfully to him. It will be as he pleases; and so it should be. I pray that the circumstances of my death, be it sooner or later, may be favorable to religion; that I may not deceive myself in the great concerns of my soul; that I may depart in peace, and be received, through infinite mercy, to the everlasting kingdom of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

He still retained the same thankfulness for every favor he received. After arriving in Cuba, he writes: — "I have a thousand things to be thankful for: and it is my daily prayer that, if my health should be fully restored, I may be more entirely consecrated to God, than at any previous period of my life." "I cannot be sufficiently thankful that Providence has sent me to so good a place for the recovery of my health; where I have so many good things, and so many kind attentions from strangers, to whom I am and shall be under great obligations."

The missionary cause was still dear to his heart, and its interests were taken into the account in all his plans. In writing to his associates for their advice respecting the course to be pursued for the recovery of his health, he says: "I would distinctly premise, what has been so often said before, that the Committee will advise (as I wish them and myself to decide in this matter) with a single, though enlarged view, to the interests of the missionary cause. This should always be prominent, both in profession and in fact. Whatever individuals may do from personal considerations, or from a regard to the cause, or from both classes of motives jointly, it has always been the maxim of the Committee to act, *as* a Committee, from public motives only; and whenever we may have failed in this respect, it has been from error in judgment, or want of wisdom or firmness; and not from allowing a different principle from the one just mentioned." In a subsequent letter, remarking on a voyage to England, and travelling in this country — the two courses that had been proposed for his restoration to health—he preferred the voyage, "if," he adds, "the prospect should be that I should have sufficient vigor while abroad, to make my travels useful to the missionary cause: otherwise I should not think it best to go, though it promise fairer to health than any other course. I would not lift a finger to go to England, (much and long as I have venerated that country, and a portion of its inhabitants) unless the cause of Christ would be promoted, so far as we can judge, by such a visit." At a later date: "I keep the missionary cause in view in all these plans; that is, I seek restoration for the sake of laboring in the missionary cause. It has certainly been my chosen employment. I now consecrate myself to God for this cause. If he needs or designs to accept my services, he will retain them: if not, it will be for reasons infinitely good and wise."

The Indians, though he had endeavored to dismiss anxious care respecting them, were not forgotten. Referring to their case in a letter, he remarked: — "I have not allowed this subject to oppress my mind at all. It has been a

standing topic in my prayers; and I have endeavored to leave it quietly to the disposition of Providence."

His family continued to share in his affectionate counsels and prayers. Describing the manner in which he spent his days, and mentioning his wife, and his children by name, he writes: "I early pray for you and for other relatives, and consecrate myself to God for the day." Again, to one of his children: "You will not forget that religion is the great thing; that it is to be sought first of all; that nothing else is, comparatively, worthy of attention. It is beyond expression important that you, at this period of your life, make it the first object of desire and pursuit. These things you have often heard; but I feel it to be my duty to call your mind particularly and solemnly to them. My own mind is very frequently upon them."

Before leaving Cuba, he received intelligence of a revival of religion in Yale College, and that his eldest son* was a partaker in its special blessings.

"This news," he writes, "I receive with most devout joy and gratitude. I render humble and hearty thanks to God, and pray that he will prevent this youth from being deceived or mistaken; that his spiritual advisers may be faithful and wise; and that he may be taught by the Spirit of truth." "It is impossible that I should write to John at such length as I could wish. He needs attention constantly and immediately. I would therefore urgently request Mr. G. to write him a long and faithful letter on the amazing importance of being a thorough, instead of a feeble, doubtful, half-way Christian. The times demand the best of men and women; and this is the certain, and only certain way to happiness, while passing through this world." To his son he wrote: "This intelligence gave me great joy. I immediately gave thanks to God for it. I know very well that sometimes reports of this kind are premature; and that young persons sometimes deceive themselves; yet I cannot help keeping this day, as far as possible, as a day of thanks-

* John J. Evarts, then in College, who was cut off in the bloom of life, a scholar and Christian of high promise, and followed his father to his rest in 1833, at the age of twenty-one.

giving." "And now, my dear son, I commend you to God in Jesus Christ, praying that you may be taught by the Spirit; that your College teachers and others may be faithful to your soul; that you may make thorough work in regard to the state of your heart, and a consecration of yourself to God; that you may thus be prepared, in the best and only sure way, for happiness in this world; that you may be useful to your fellow men, and look with a well grounded confidence for Heaven at last."

"I have prayed for you daily, and more than once a day, particularly; the burden of my supplication being that this interesting time of life — this very spring — might not pass, and leave you without religion. I should be glad to write more, but my weakness will not allow it."

"P. S. Let me exhort you to read two or three, or more pages of Baxter's Saint's Rest, very deliberately and prayerfully every day."

As Mr. Evarts walked with God during his life, so when he found himself near the grave, and already entering the valley of death, he was assured that his Lord and Saviour was with him still. There was nothing in the prospect dark or alarming. He viewed the scene around him and watched the approaches of death with entire calmness and self-control. On Friday, the 6th of May, four days before his departure, a number of ministers, at his request, met him in his chamber, when, though exceedingly weak and prostrate, he addressed them, and remarked that he knew his case to be extremely critical — that he found it pleasant to be in the hands of God, who would do all things well — and that he had no painful solicitude as to the results of his sickness, but thought it his duty to use every means for the preservation of life. He then requested an interest in their special and united prayers: — 1st, That if consistent with God's will, he might recover; 2ndly, That he might have a sweet sense of pardoned sin and unshaken confidence in the Saviour; 3dly, That if God should spare his life, he might be *wholly* and *entirely* the Lord's, consecrated to his service; and 4thly, That, if it should please God to remove him by

this sickness, he might be able to glorify him on a bed of languishing and pain, and that his precious cause might be promoted by his death. He then expressed a firm and abiding hope in the Lord Jesus, and seemed like a little child sweetly reclining on the arm of its faithful protector. By this effort he was so much exhausted that, at his request, the persons present retired to another apartment for special prayer.

During Saturday, there was no material change in his symptoms. Still, however, he was more feeble, and his pains returned with violence. On Saturday evening he remarked: "To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath. I may be in eternity before it arrives. My mind is so weak that I cannot pursue a train of thought; but I bless God, it is tranquil. Not my will, but thine, O God, be done!" To one who remarked — We hardly know how to spare you from the missionary cause, he said: "Do n't mention it, don't mention it; the Lord knows best." After taking a little food, he said: "I shall require but little more nourishment in this world. My work is almost done — Jesus reigns — blessed be he. I wish to lie as a penitent sinner at the foot of the cross." About nine o'clock he breathed out a short but comprehensive prayer, in interrupted and broken petitions, making at its close a full and entire surrender of body and soul into the Redeemer's hands; and said: "O dear Saviour, if this be the last night I have to pray on earth, let my unworthy prayer be exchanged for praise in thy kingdom above. Amen, amen." Speaking of his family, he said: "I pity them; but God is a faithful God, he will take care of them — he will take care of them: that is enough." On being asked if he had any particular message to send them, he said: "Give them my love — my dying love — the Lord reigns."

On Sabbath morning his appearance was greatly changed, and during the day he was gradually sinking, yet able to converse. To a young professor of religion who was in attendance, he said: "You have professed religion while young; so did I. I rejoice in it. All I have to say to you is, endeavor to aim at high attainments. The present age

demands great things of Christians. Be not satisfied with being half a Christian. Be entirely consecrated to his service. There are some things that I could do, if Providence wills that I should get better; but I have no will of my own. I can rejoice that I am in the hands of the Lord. My mind is perfectly clear." To several young Christians he said: "I feel a great interest in young Christians. I want to exhort you to *help* each other. Live near to God. Be bold in his service. It is the only thing worth being bold in. Do not be afraid. The Lord be with you." In the evening he again mentioned his family with much emotion, but added, "I am willing to go. I have committed them all to God. He has been good to them."

On the morning of the 10th, when told, in answer to his inquiry, that death seemed to be near, he said: "The will of the Lord be done. Attend now to what I say, as to the words of a dying man." Then naming the several members of his family and other relatives, he added: "To all my relations and friends, grace, mercy, and peace in the Lord Jesus Christ, by whom alone they and I can hope to be saved. And I wish in these dying words to recognize the great Redeemer as the Saviour from sin and hell; able and willing to save all that come unto God by him. To him I commend my spirit, as to an all-sufficient Saviour. He is the great champion and conqueror of death and hell. And I recognize the great Spirit of God as the renovator of God's elect; and herein, if I gather strength, I wish to recognize and acknowledge the church of God, containing all who have truly dedicated themselves to him in a true and everlasting covenant. And here permit me, a poor unworthy worm of the dust, to give thanks to many of the children of God, from whom I have received confidence, kindness, and favor, as a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. And one more duty; if in any respect I have offended the children of God, I ask their forgiveness. If I have grieved them by impatience, or any other way, I ask their forgiveness."

A few hours after, when his thoughts were evidently fixed on the Saviour and the heavenly world, he was asked, Have you any thing to say to the missionaries — any

message? He said: "Oh yes, oh yes; but I am afraid I shall make distinctions — do n't let me make distinctions." No, was the reply — *all* the missionaries. Does the missionary cause appear more precious and important than ever? After a considerable pause, and with much expression of countenance and emphasis of manner, he said: "You have called me back to the world!"

During the day, he had seasons of pain and very laborious breathing. About nine o'clock in the evening, expecting that his time was come, he requested to be laid in a position suitable for the occasion. But in about a quarter of an hour he had a return of violent pain, and when nearly exhausted, he said, "Dear Jesus." It was added:

> "While on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Immediately he burst forth with expressions of rapture which cannot be described: — "Praise him, praise him, praise him in a way which you know not of." It was said, You will soon see Jesus as he is, and you will then know how to praise him. "Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful glory. We cannot understand — we cannot comprehend — wonderful glory — I will praise him, I will praise him. Who are in the room? Call all in — call all — let a great many come; I wish to give directions — wonderful — glory — Jesus reigns." All the members of the family were called; but before they could be assembled, he sank down exhausted, and scarcely spoke again. He continued to breathe, free from any paroxysm of pain, until a quarter before eleven o'clock, when he fell asleep in Jesus.

EDWARD PAYSON.

ALTHOUGH he that once bore this title upon the earth, has not been an inhabitant of time for the past twenty years, yet the name of Payson is still fragrant and precious in the church of Christ.

Edward Payson was born at Rindge, N. H., July 25th, 1783. His father, the Rev. Seth Payson, D. D., was pastor of the Congregational church in Rindge — a man greatly respected for his intelligence and piety. To the fidelity of his parents young Payson owed much of his subsequent eminence and remarkable attainments in holiness. His mother, especially, was unceasing in her efforts to inculcate right principles, and to secure the early conversion of her son. "She appears," says his biographer, Rev. Mr. Cummings, "to have admitted him to the most intimate, unreserved, and confiding intercourse, which was yet so wisely conducted, as to strengthen rather than diminish his filial reverence; to have cherished a remarkable inquisitiveness of mind, which early discovered itself in him; and to have patiently heard, and replied to the almost endless inquiries, which his early thirst for knowledge led him to propose. * * Edward's recollections of her extended back to very early childhood; and he has been heard to say that though she was very solicitous that he might be liberally educated, and receive every accomplishment which would increase his respectability and influence in the world, yet he could distinctly see, that the supreme, the all-absorbing concern of her soul respecting him, was, that he might become a child of God. This manifested itself in her discipline, her counsels, expostulations, and prayers, which were followed up with a perseverance that nothing could check. And they

were not in vain. From the first development of his moral powers, his mind was more or less affected by his condition and prospects as a sinner. It is among the accredited traditions of his family, that he was often known to weep under the preaching of the gospel, when only three years old. About this period, too, he would frequently call his mother to his bedside to converse on religion, and to answer numerous questions respecting his relation to God and the future world."

His studies were chiefly attended to under the superintendence of his father, and his early mental development gave encouraging promise of his future success. In the year 1800, he entered Harvard College, at an advanced standing, in the sophomore class, and commenced that most important and trying period of a young man's career. Payson passed this ordeal unharmed, graduated honorably in 1803, and immediately entered upon the office of a teacher, taking charge of an Academy, then recently established, in Portland, Me.

In the year 1804, his mind was powerfully aroused to a sense of his religious deficiencies. He had never, probably, from his youth, failed in the performance of the duty of prayer. He had exhibited a life peculiarly marked for its probity and morality, and he had ever preserved lively impressions of the value of experimental religion. Without doubt he had experienced what in Scripture is termed, being "born again," but he had become in some measure worldly-minded, and was conscious of self-condemnation in view of his religious responsibilities. He had, at this time, established a high character in the community where he taught, and was greatly respected for his talents and integrity. He now solemnly re-consecrates himself to God. July 25th, 1805, he writes in his diary: "Having resolved this day

to dedicate myself to my Creator, in a serious and solemn manner, by a written covenant, I took a review of my past life, and of the numerous mercies by which it has been distinguished. Then, with sincerity, as I humbly hope, I took the Lord to be my God, and engaged to love, serve, and obey him. Relying on the assistance of his Holy Spirit, I engaged to take the Holy Scriptures as the rule of my conduct, the Lord Jesus to be my Saviour, and the Spirit of all grace and consolation as my Guide and Sanctifier. The vows of God are upon me." In September of this year, he formally united himself with the church, and never from that time forgot his covenant vows. He emphatically came out from the world, and became separate. He carried his devotional feelings into his school, and into all his social relations, expressing freely and fully his anxieties for the spiritual interests of his youthful charge, and in behalf of his own associates. In August, 1806, Mr. Payson submitted to a growing conviction in his own bosom, that God had called him to devote his services more exclusively to the work of saving souls. He resigned his charge of the Academy and returned to his native town, to pursue, under the direction of his father, those studies necessary to prepare him for a successful discharge of the ministerial office.

This work was most thoroughly performed; especially did he give himself up to a most rigid and prayerful examination of the teachings of the Bible — he made this book emphatically "the man of his counsel and the guide of his faith." This may, in no slight degree, account for his peculiar success and readiness in presenting and defending Scripture truths in his pastoral career.

In May, 1807, Mr. Payson, having passed through the preliminary studies, was ordained to the solemn office and work of the ministry, and immediately commenced the active

exercise of its duties. His pulpit efforts, savored, as they were, with extraordinary devoutness and humility, were received with the utmost satisfaction by the church, and lively hopes were at once entertained that he would become an eminently successful instrument in the work of human salvation; expectations that were fully realized. Mr. Payson was soon called to labor in connection with another minister, in one of the largest churches in Portland — the scene of his former efforts as an instructor — his venerable father preaching his ordination sermon. He commenced immediately the most zealous exertions for the spiritual benefit of his flock, exertions so great, that while they were blessed to the great revival of the church, his own health was fearfully perilled. After a short respite, he commenced afresh his coveted employment.

Mr. Payson was a man of strong and peculiarly vivid imagination, of a solemn and impressive delivery; he was exceedingly amiable in his disposition, a perfect gentleman in all his intercourse with his fellow men; he had a remarkable facility in conversation, often amounting to perfect brilliancy, and in addition to this, and crowning all, he was eminently devout, and thoroughly impressed with a conviction of the reality of the tremendous truths he was sent to preach to those that waited upon his ministry. He was an orator naturally, but under the influence of the truths he believed and had experienced, and inspired with the utmost desire for the salvation of his hearers, his thoughts kindled into living flames, his words burned on the ears of his rapt auditories, and his face and form seemed almost, at times, to be transfigured, and to become angelic. With all his other gifts and graces, it was his simplicity of character, the singleness of his purpose, and the purity of his life, that produced such a profound impression upon all the congre-

gations where he labored. His services were eagerly sought for by different and influential churches, but no argument of a selfish nature could influence his course; he felt it to be his duty to remain with a people that had loved him from the first, and were ever increasing in their attachment to him. So far from an increase of salary offering a temptation to him to seek a new settlement, he actually begged with great earnestness, his own church, to take off an addition that they had voluntarily made to his annual income, assuring them that he could not for a moment bear the idea of *making money* in the ministry.

His labors were not confined to the pulpit, but he sought in the social circle, by pastoral visiting, by private intercourse, in the chamber of the sick, among all classes and ages, to win men to Christ. Wherever Mr. Payson went, "they took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus." His success, as may be supposed, was encouraging, seals of his ministry were continually increasing, and stars were placed in the heavenly constellations, to shine in his crown of rejoicing.

With a naturally delicate constitution, these zealous labors by day and by night, made painful inroads upon his health. Symptoms of a pulmonary affection, that had always threatened him, but which had been in a measure mitigated by careful attention, and by medicine, now began to exhibit themselves in a more malignant form. His last labors, and his victory over pain and death, are thus recounted in the Memoir of his life.

Dr. Payson was at length compelled to yield to the irresistible power of disease. Parts of his body, including his right arm and left side, were very singularly affected. They were incapable of motion, and lost all sense of feeling externally; while, in the interior parts of the limbs thus affected,

he experienced, at intervals, a most intense burning sensation, which he compared to a stream of fused metal, or liquid fire, coursing through his bones. No external applications were of the least service; and in addition to his acute sufferings from this source, he was frequently subject to most violent attacks of nervous headache.

It was with great reluctance that he relinquished preaching. "The spirit continued willing" long after the "flesh failed." But who can resist the appointment of Heaven! The decree had gone forth, that he must die; and the progress of his complicated maladies declared but too unequivocally, that the decree must soon be executed. He did not, however, cease preaching at once, but, at first, secured assistance for half the day only. An arrangement to this effect, which was expected to continue several weeks, commenced on the second Sabbath of March. He occupied the pulpit in the morning. His text was, *The word of the Lord is tried.* The sermon was not written, of course; but no one that he ever wrote, not even his celebrated discourse on the Bible, was more instructive and eloquent than this — particularly those parts in which he described the trials to which *the word of the Lord* had been subjected by its enemies, and the tests of a different character which it had sustained from its friends. Never, scarcely, were the mightiest infidels made to appear so puny, insignificant, and foolish. "He who sitteth in the heavens" could almost be seen "deriding them." When describing the manner in which Christians had *tried* it, he "spoke out of the abundance of his heart." Experience aided his eloquence, and added strength to the conviction which it wrought. And it would have been listened to with a still greater intenseness of interest, had his own trials, mentioned in the preceding chapter, been known. The application of the subject to his auditory must be left for imagination to supply; for it cannot be conveyed on paper.

On pronouncing the blessing, he requested the congregation to resume their seats. He descended from the pulpit, and took his station in front of it, and commenced a most solemn appeal to the assembly. He began with a recog-

nition of that feeling in an auditory, which leads them to treat a minister's exhortations as if they were merely a discharge of professional duty, by one placed above them, and having little sympathy with them. "I now put aside the minister," said he; "I come down among you; place myself on a visible equality; I address you as a fellow man, a friend, a brother, and fellow traveller to the bar of God; as one equally interested with yourselves in the truths which I have been declaring." He then gave vent to the struggling emotions of his heart, in a strain of affectionate entreaty, expressing the most anxious desires for their salvation. In conclusion, he referred them to the common practice, when men have any great object to accomplish, of assembling together, and adopting resolutions expressive of their convictions and purposes; and he wished his hearers to follow him in a series which he was about to propose, and to adopt them, not by any visible act or expression, but mentally, if they thought them of sufficient importance, and could do it sincerely. One resolution expressed a conviction of the truth of the Bible; another, of criminal indifference to its momentous disclosures; another acknowledged the claims of Jehovah; another, the paramount importance of attention to the concerns of the soul; and another, the purpose to seek its salvation without delay. Though his withered right arm hung helpless by his side, yet he seemed "instinct with life;" and every successive resolution was rendered emphatic by a gesture of the left.

Of the penetrating and all-absorbing effect of his last public ministrations, particularly at the communion table, some feeble conception may be formed from an extract furnished by a gentleman, who, for twelve years, had been only an occasional attendant on his ministry. The first paragraph has no special reference to this period, but may properly be retained for the value of its testimony:

"At the sacramental table, especially, did his mind appear to be absorbed in the contemplation of things unseen and eternal. To a candid observer it was manifest, at such seasons, that his 'fellowship was with the Father, and with

his Son, Jesus Christ.' I doubt not that I express the feelings of each member of this church, when I say, that often, on these occasions, he seemed to soar to the third heaven; and by those fervent and elevated effusions of thought, with which he always accompanied his administration of the ordinance, he literally carried the minds, if not the hearts, of his hearers with him. His influence, in this respect, is associated with my earliest recollections of Dr. Payson. In one particular instance, which occurred during my boyhood, such was the absorbing influence of his eloquence on my own mind; arising, doubtless, more from the attraction of his fervent zeal, and that creative fancy for which he was so remarkably distinguished, than from any special regard, on my own part, to the truths he uttered; that, from the commencement of the public services of the afternoon, to the close of the sacramental season which succeeded them, it seemed like a pleasing reverie; and had all the effect of an occular survey of every scene connected with the humiliation and exaltation of the Saviour. So strong was the mental impression received, that I can still distinctly recollect, not only his text on that occasion — Rev. iv. 3, latter clause — but also the hymn with which the public services were introduced — H. 25, B. 1, Watts. He seemed to have taken his flight from one of the most elevated heights of meditation, and to soar in a climax of devotion, and sublimity of thought, until faith changed the heavenly vision into a reality, and spread all the glories of redemption around the consecrated symbols of Christ's death.

"I had the solemn pleasure, too, of being present at one of his *last* communion seasons with the church on earth. It was an affecting, a soul-cheering scene. Its interest was greatly enhanced by the nearness in which he seemed to stand to the communion of the church triumphant. His body was so emaciated with long and acute suffering, that it was scarcely able to sustain the effort once more imposed upon it; but his soul, raised above its perishing influence, and filled with a joyful tranquility, seemed entirely regardless of the weakness of its mortal tenement. His right hand

and arm were so palsied by disease, as to be quite useless; except that, in the act of breaking the bread, when he could not well dispense with it, he placed it on the table with the other hand, just as you raise any lifeless weight, until it had performed the service required of it. It seemed as if he was unwilling that even the withered hand should be found unemployed in the holy work. Truly, thought I, there must be a blessed reality in that religion, which can thus make the soul tranquil and happy, in the constant and rapid advances of decay and death!

"I have never known Dr. Payson when he seemed more abstracted from earth than on this occasion. It was, as he supposed, and as his church feared, their final interview at that table. In all the glowing fervor of devotion, assisted by his ever fertile imagination, he contemplated the Saviour as *visibly* present in the midst of them; and, with his usual eloquence and closeness of appeal, he seemed to make each communicant feel, that what he had imagined was a reality. There was a breathless silence; and the solemnity of the scene could hardly have been surpassed, if, as he expressed it, the Lord Jesus Christ were seen sitting before them; or addressing to each individual member, the momentous inquiry, 'Lovest thou me?' I can say, for one, that the terrors of hypocrisy never swelled so fearful, and the realities of the judgment seat never seemed nearer, than at that solemn hour. And I trust that I and many others were then enabled from the heart to pray, with the Psalmist, *Search me, O God*, &c.

"From the occasional opportunities I have enjoyed of attending on Dr. Payson's administration of that ordinance, I can have no doubt that they were to him foretastes of that supper of the Lamb, on whose more blessed celebration he so triumphantly entered. And it is an interesting, a momentous question,

> 'Shall we, who sat with him below,
> Commune with him above?'"

On the first of July, he attended public worship, and, after a sermon from his assistant, he rose and addressed his people thus:

"Ever since I became a minister, it has been my earnest wish, that I might die of some disease, which would allow me to preach a farewell sermon to my people; but as it is not probable that I shall ever be able to do this, I will attempt to say a few words now: — it may be the last time that I shall ever address you. This is not merely a presentiment. It is an opinion founded on facts, and maintained by physicians acquainted with my case, that I shall never behold another spring.

"And now, standing on the borders of the eternal world, I look back on my past ministry, and on the manner in which I have performed its duties; and, O my hearers, if you have not performed your duties better than I have mine, wo! wo! be to you — unless you have an Advocate and Intercessor in heaven. We have lived together twenty years, and have spent more than a thousand Sabbaths together, and I have given you at least two thousand warnings. I am now going to render an account *how* they were given; and you, my hearers, will soon have to render an account how they were *received*. *One* more warning I will give you. Once more, your shepherd, who will be yours no longer, entreats you to flee from the wrath to come. Oh, let me have the happiness of seeing my dear people attending to their eternal interests, that I may not have reason to say, I have labored in vain — I have spent my strength for naught."

At the communion table, the same day, he said,

"Christians seem to expect that their views of Christ, and love to him, will increase without their using the proper means. They should select some scene in his life, and meditate long upon it, and strive to bring the circumstances before their minds, and imagine how he thought and felt at the time. At first, all will appear confused and indistinct; but let them continue to look steadily, and the mists will disappear, and their hearts will begin to burn with love to their Saviour. At least one scene in Christ's life should be thus reviewed every day, if the Christian hopes to find his love to his Redeemer increase."

His public labors were now nearly over; but he was daily and hourly uttering something to rouse the careless, or for the instruction, edification, and comfort of God's children.

To his daughter, who expressed a wish that labor as certainly ensured success in spiritual as in temporal affairs, he said — "It does; it is just as certain that prayers for spiritual blessings will be answered, whenever God sees best, as that the husbandman, who sows his seed with proper precaution, will reap. The only reason that our endeavors to obtain spiritual blessings are not oftener attended with success, is, they are not made in earnest. Never omit prayer, or any devotional exercise, when the stated season for it arrives, because you feel indisposed to the duty."

July 12th, 13th. On both these days, Dr. Payson seemed a little revived. He had tried sailing around the harbor, and found it beneficial. On repeating the experiment, however, he discovered that, though these water excursions were of service to his lungs, they increased the paralytic affection — if such it was — in his arm, and they were relinquished.

July 22d. Sabbath. To his daughter he said, "There is nothing in which young converts are more prone to err, than in laying too much stress upon their feelings. If they have a comfortable half hour in the morning, it atones for a multitude of sins in the course of the day. Christ says, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' It would be well for us to pay more attention to our conduct, and prove the depth of our feeling by our obedience." He also advised her to observe some plan with regard to reading on the Sabbath. In the morning he recommended reading the Scriptures exclusively, and afterwards, works intended to convey information respecting religious subjects.

Aug. 5th. Sabbath. This day, he entered the meeting-house for the last time; and this month completes twenty years, since he entered it, the first time, as a preacher — then a trembling youth, now the spiritual father of many hundreds; then just girded for the warfare, now the veteran,

who had "fought the good fight," and was just going to resign his commission, and receive a crown of unfading glory. He made a great effort to go out, as there were twenty-one persons to be admitted to the church. He was supported into the house by his senior deacons; and, although he merely read the covenant, and remained during the administration of the sacrament, he was exceedingly overcome. Most of the persons present were much affected, and, after the services, many crowded around him, to take his hand for the last time.

Aug. 8th. He had a violent nervous headache; and was much interrupted in speaking by a difficulty of breathing; but said, in a cheerful voice, to some of his church who were in, "I want you always to believe that God is faithful. However dark and mysterious any of his dispensations may appear, still confide in him. He can make you happy when every thing else is taken from you." He baptized several children at his own house, but the exertion was too much for him.

Aug. 13th. He received from a society of young men in his parish, who were associated for religious improvement, a letter, in which they generously offered to give his son a liberal education. The following is his answer:

"*To the Society for Religious Improvement.*

"Beloved Brethren: —

"No act of kindness, which it was in the power of man to show, could have been more soothing to my anxieties as a dying parent, or more grateful to a dying minister, than your unexpected and most generous offer to furnish the means of a liberal education to my oldest son.

"Most fervently do I thank you for making this offer, and the Author of all good for inducing you to do it. To see him thus already beginning to take care of a family, which I must soon leave, is a great encouragement to my faith, that he will continue to take care of them after I am gone.

"If it is any satisfaction to you to know that you have assisted to smooth your pastor's dying pillow, and shed light on his last hours, you may feel that satisfaction in a very

high degree. With most earnest prayers that God would reward you abundantly for this kind offer, I have concluded to accept it, provided that my son, when he shall have attained the age of sixteen, shall be found to possess such a character as will justify a hope that he will make a good use of the advantages with which you generously furnish him. And now, brethren, farewell."

During this month, his "wreck of being" was further shattered by a spasmodic cough, which at times threatened absolute strangulation.

Sept. 4th. He said to his wife and daughter, "I do not think you are sufficiently thankful for my consolations, or realize how wonderful it is that I am thus supported. Owing to my natural activity, and unwillingness to be dependent on others for the supply of my wants, these trials are exactly those which are most calculated to make me miserable. But God can sweeten the bitterest cup."

He afterwards said, with emotions which would hardly allow him to speak — "Oh, my daughter, how you will regret, when you come to see how good God is, that you did not serve him better. Oh! he is *so* good, *so* good."

Sept. 9th. During the preceding week, he had rode out several times, being carried down stairs, and lifted into the chaise. For a few days, he thought himself better; but these favorable appearances were of short duration. He remarked, that sometimes, in order to try his people's faith, God gives them a prospect that an affliction is about to be removed, and then permits it to return again. He compared his present case to that of a man, who, after having been a long time confined in prison, finds his door open one morning; but, on attempting to leave it, the door is suddenly closed with such violence, as to throw him prostrate on the floor.

He was asked, on this day, by some of his friends, if he could see any particular reason for this dispensation. "No," replied he; "but I am as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand. God's will is the very perfection of all reason."

In answer to the question, by a lady from B., Are you better than you were? he replied, "Not in body, but in mind. If my happiness continues to increase, I cannot support it much longer." On being asked, Are your views of heaven clearer and brighter than ever before? he said, "Why, for a few moments, I may have had as bright; but formerly my joys were tumultuous; now all is calm and peaceful." He was asked, "In your anticipations of heaven, do you think of meeting departed friends?" After a moment's reflection, he said, with a most expressive countenance, "If I meet Christ, 't is no matter whether I see others or not — though I shall want some to help me praise him." He doubtless had an opinion on this subject; but he remembered Christ's answer to the question, "Are there few that be saved?"

"God deals strangely with his creatures, to promote their happiness. Who would have thought that I must be reduced to this state, helpless and crippled, to experience the highest enjoyment!"

"You ought to feel happy, all ought to feel happy, who come here, for they are within a few steps of heaven." During the course of this conversation, he repeated this verse: "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." Turning to a young lady present, he said, "Do you not think this is worth travelling over many high hills and difficult places to obtain?" "Give my love to my friends in Boston; tell them all I ever said in praise of God or religion, falls infinitely below the truth."

"Dr. Clarke, in his travels, speaking of the companies that were travelling from the East to Jerusalem, represents the procession as being very long; and, after climbing over the extended and heavy ranges of hills that bounded the way, some of the foremost at length reached the top of the last hill, and, stretching up their hands in gestures of joy, cried out, 'The Holy City! the Holy City!' — and fell down and worshipped; while those who were behind pressed forward to see. So the dying Christian, when he gets on

the last summit of life, and stretches his vision to catch a glimpse of the heavenly city, may cry out of its glories, and incite those who are behind to press forward to the sight."

To a clergyman — "Oh, if ministers only saw the inconceivable glory that is before them, and the preciousness of Christ, they would not be able to refrain from going about, leaping and clapping their hands for joy, and exclaiming, I 'm a minister of Christ! I 'm a minister of Christ!"

"When I read Bunyan's description of the land of Beulah, where the sun shines and the birds sing day and night, I used to doubt whether there was such a place; but now my own experience has convinced me of it, and it infinitely transcends all my previous conceptions."

"I think the happiness I enjoy is similar to that enjoyed by glorified spirits before the resurrection."

Sept. 16th. Sabbath. He awaked exclaiming, "I am going to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born, and to God, the Judge of all."

During the night of September 17th, he was seized with spasms, which, it seemed, must separate soul and body. It was not thought by his physician, that he could survive a second attack; but his hold on life remained, though the spasms continued to return every succeeding night with more or less violence. Every new attack seemed, however, to strengthen the energies of his mind.* No better evidence of this can be desired, than is exhibited in a letter which he dictated to his sister:

"September 19th.

"Dear Sister,—

"Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike

* "The soul's dark cottage, shattered and decayed,
Let in new light through chinks which time had made."

upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill, that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached, and now he fills the whole hemisphere; pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants; I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion.

"But why do I speak thus of myself and my feelings? why not speak only of our God and Redeemer? It is because I know not what to say. When I would speak of them, my words are all swallowed up. I can only tell you what effects their presence produces, and even of these I can tell you but very little. O, my sister, my sister! could you but know what awaits the Christian; could you know only so much as I know, you could not refrain from rejoicing, and even leaping for joy. Labors, trials, troubles, would be nothing; you would rejoice in afflictions, and glory in tribulations; and, like Paul and Silas, sing God's praises in the darkest night, and in the deepest dungeon. You have known a little of my trials and conflicts, and know that they have been neither few nor small; and I hope this glorious termination of them will serve to strengthen your faith, and elevate your hope.

"And now, my dear, *dear* sister, farewell. Hold on your Christian course but a few days longer, and you will meet in heaven,

"Your happy and affectionate brother,

"EDWARD PAYSON."

Sept. 21st. "O, what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will! Since I have lost my will, I have found happiness.

There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desires but that God's will may be accomplished."

"I have been all my life like a child whose father wishes to fix his undivided attention. At first, the child runs about the room, but his father ties up his feet; he then plays with his hands, until they likewise are tied. Thus he continues to do, till he is completely tied up; then, when he can do nothing else, he will attend to his father. Just so God has been dealing with me, to induce me to place my happiness in him alone. But I blindly continue to look for it here, and God has kept cutting off one source of enjoyment after another, till I find that I can do without them all, and yet enjoy more happiness than ever in my life before."

"It sounds so flat, when people tell me that it is *just* for God to afflict me, as if justice did not require infinitely more."

He was asked, "Do you feel reconciled?" "O! that is too cold. I rejoice — I triumph! and this happiness will endure as long as God himself, for it consists in admiring and adoring him."

"I can find no words to express my happiness. I seem to be swimming in a river of pleasure, which is carrying me on to the great fountain."

Sabbath morning, Sept. 23d, he said, "Last night I had a full, clear view of death as the king of terrors; how he comes and crowds the poor sinner to the very verge of the precipice of destruction, and then pushes him down headlong! But I felt that I had nothing to do with this; and I loved to sit like an infant at the feet of Christ, who saved *me* from this fate. I felt that death was disarmed of all its terrors; all he could do would be to touch me, and let my soul loose to go to my Saviour."

"Christians are like passengers setting out together in a ship for some distant country. Very frequently one drops overboard; but his companions know that he has only gone a shorter way to the same port; and that, when they arrive there, they shall find him; so that all they lose is his company during the rest of the voyage."

"I long to measure out a full cup of happiness to every

body, but Christ wisely keeps that prerogative in his own hands."

"It seems as if all the bottles of heaven were opened; and all its fulness and happiness, and, I trust, no small portion of its benevolence, is come down into my heart."

"I am more and more convinced, that the happiness of heaven is a benevolent happiness. In proportion as my joy has increased, I have been filled with intense love to all creatures, and a strong desire that they might partake of my happiness."

"Sept. 26th. In answer to some complaints of one of the family, he said, 'Perhaps there is nothing more trying to the faith and patience of Christians, or which appears to them more mysterious, than the small supplies of grace which they receive, and the delays which they meet with in having their prayers answered; so that they are sometimes ready to say, It is in vain to wait upon the Lord any longer. He then mentioned the text, 'Wherefore gird up the loins of your minds, be sober, and hope to the end for the *grace* that is to be brought unto you at the *revelation of Jesus Christ*.' A large portion of the grace which Christians are to receive will be given to them at the second coming of Christ, or immediately after death; and this will always be in proportion to their prayers and exertions here. Christians need not, therefore, be discouraged at the slow progress they make, and the little success which attends their efforts; for they may be assured that every exertion is noticed, and will be rewarded, by their heavenly Father."

To a young convert, he said: "You will have to go through many conflicts and trials; you must be put in the furnace, and tempted, and tried, in order to show you what is in your heart. Sometimes it will seem as if Satan had you in his power, and that the more you struggle and pray against sin, the more it prevails against you. But when you are thus tried and desponding, remember me; I have gone through all this, and now you see the end."

To another: "You recollect the story of David rescuing the lamb from the lion and the bear. David loved the lamb before he rescued it from danger; but he loved it more

afterwards. So Christ loves all his creatures; but he loves them more after he has taken them into his fold, and owned them as the purchase of his precious blood."

"Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience, if they would only believe what they profess — that God is able to make them happy without any thing else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings to be removed, they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case — God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but, as every one was removed, he has come in and filled up its place; and now, when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be, and, if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety."

"If God had told me some time ago, that he was about to make me as happy as I could be in this world, and then had told me that he should begin by crippling me in all my limbs, and removing me from my usual source of enjoyment, I should have thought it a very strange mode of accomplishing his purpose. And yet, how is his wisdom manifest even in this! for if you should see a man shut up in a close room, idolizing a set of lamps, and rejoicing in their light, and you wished to make him truly happy, you would begin by blowing out all his lamps; and then throw open the shutters, to let in the light of heaven."

"Suppose a son is walking with his father, in whose wisdom he places the most entire confidence. He follows wherever his father leads, though it may be through thorns and briars, cheerfully and contentedly. Another son, we will suppose, distrusts his father's wisdom and love, and, when the path is rough or uneven, begins to murmur and repine, wishing that he might be allowed to choose his own path; and though he is obliged to follow, it is with great reluctance and discontent. Now, the reason that Christians in general do not enjoy more of God's presence, is, that they are not willing to walk in his path, when it crosses their own inclinations. But we shall never be happy, until we acqui-

esce with perfect cheerfulness in all his decisions, and follow wherever he leads without a murmur."

After it had become certain that he would never again leave his chamber till he was carrried out, yet, being unceasingly desirous to benefit his people, he sent a request, which was announced from the pulpit, that they would repair to his chamber. Once, it is believed, they came indiscriminately; at other times in specified classes, including as many as the chamber could contain. When he had addressed to them collectively his last, most solemn and affectionate counsel, till compelled to desist by the failure of his strength, he took them individually by the hand, and, with a heavenly smile, bade them farewell!

To the members of his congregation, he spoke nearly as follows:

"It has often been remarked, that people who have been into the other world, cannot come back to tell us what they have seen; but I am so near the eternal world, that I can see almost as clearly as if I were there; and I see enough to satisfy myself, at least, of the truth of the doctrines which I have preached. I do not know that I should feel at all surer, had I been really there.

"It is always interesting to see others in a situation in which we know that we must shortly be placed ourselves; and we all know that we must die. And to see a poor creature, when, after an alternation of hopes and fears, he finds that his disease is mortal, and death comes to tear him away from every thing he loves, and crowds, and crowds him to the very verge of the precipice of destruction, and then thrusts him down headlong! — There he is, cast into an unknown world; no friend, no Saviour to receive him.

"O, how different is this from the state of a man who is prepared to die. He is not obliged to be crowded reluctantly along; but the other world comes like a great magnet, to draw him away from this; and he knows that he is going to enjoy — and not only knows, but begins to taste it — perfect happiness; for ever and ever; for ever and ever!

* * * "And now God is in this room; I see him; and O, how unspeakably lovely and glorious does he

appear — worthy of ten thousand thousand hearts, if we had them. He is here, and hears me pleading with the creatures that he has made, whom he preserves, and loads with blessings, to love him. And O, how terrible does it appear to me, to sin against this God; to set up our wills in opposition to his, and, when we awake in the morning, instead of thinking, 'What shall I do to please my God to-day?' to inquire, 'What shall I do to please myself to-day?'" After a short pause he continued: "It makes my blood run cold to think how inexpressibly miserable I should now be without religion. To lie here, and see myself tottering on the verge of destruction! — O, I should be distracted! And when I see my fellow-creatures liable every moment to be reduced to this situation, I am in an agony for them, that they may escape their danger before it be too late. When people repent, they begin to see God's infinite perfections, how amiable and glorious he is, and the heart relents and mourns that it has treated him so ungratefully.

"Suppose we should hear the sound of a man's voice pleading earnestly with some one, but could not distinguish the words; and we should inquire, 'What is that man pleading for so earnestly?' 'O, he is only pleading with a fellow-creature to love his God, his Saviour, his Preserver and Benefactor. He is only pleading with him not to throw away his immortal soul, not to pull down everlasting wretchedness upon his own head. He is only persuading him to avoid eternal misery, and to accept eternal happiness.' 'Is it possible,' we should exclaim, 'that any persuasion can be necessary for this?' and yet it is necessary. O my friends, do, do love this glorious Being — do seek for the salvation of your immortal souls. Hear the voice of your dying minister, while he entreats you to care for your souls."

He afterwards said — "I am always sorry when I say any thing to any one who comes in; it seems so inadequate to what I wish to express. The words sink right down under the weight of the meaning I wish to convey."

On another occasion — "I find no satisfaction in looking at any thing I have done; I want to leave all this behind —

it is nothing — and fly to Christ to be clothed in his righteousness."

Again — "I have done nothing myself. I have not fought, but Christ has fought for me; I have not run, but Christ has carried me; I have not worked, but Christ has wrought in me; — Christ has done all."

The perfections of God were to him a well-spring of joy, and the promises were "breasts of consolation," whence his soul drew its comfort and its aliment. "O!" exclaimed he, "the loving kindness of God — his loving kindness! This afternoon, while I was meditating on it, the Lord seemed to pass by, and proclaim himself 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious!' O how gracious! Try to conceive of that, his *loving kindness*, as if it were not enough to say kindness, but — *loving* kindness. What must be the loving kindness of God, who is himself infinite love!"

"It seemed this afternoon as if Christ said to me, 'You have often wondered and been impatient at the way by which I have led you; but what do you think of it now?' And I was cut to the heart, when I looked back and saw the wisdom and goodness by which I had been guided, that I could ever for a moment distrust his love."

A clergyman from another state, who visited Dr. Payson about this stage of his illness, gave the following account of the interview, in a letter to a friend:

"His eye beams with the same animation as ever. The muscles of his face are unaffected by that which has spread all but death throughout the other parts of his system. When I entered the chamber, addressing me with a smile, he said, 'I have no hand to welcome you with, but I am glad to see you.' I observed to him, that I was reluctant to lay any tax upon him in his present weak state, but had felt desirous to see him a moment. He replied that he did not feel parsimonious of the poor remains of strength he had left: he had got so near through, that it was not worth while to be solicitous about saving for future time. He conversed in a low, audible voice, and in the same strain of pointed, pithy remark, as when in health. He observed,

that the point in which he believed ministers generally failed most, and in which he had certainly failed most, was in doing duty professionally, and not from the heart. I could not but say to him, that, probably, his practice had been marked with less of this error than that of most others. He seemed pained with the thought that any should be more deficient than he had been: 'O, I hope it is not so! I hope it is not so!' Referring to the peace which the gospel afforded him under his trials, he said, 'I have never half valued, as I ought, the doctrines which I have preached. The system is great and glorious, and is worthy of our utmost efforts to promote it. The interests depending will justify us in our strongest measures. In every respect we may embark our all upon it; it will sustain us.' * * * *

"Speaking of the temper requisite to the right discharge of ministerial duty, he said, 'I never was fit to say a word to a sinner, except when I had a broken heart myself; when I was subdued and melted into penitence, and felt as though I had just received pardon to my own soul, and when my heart was full of tenderness and pity — no anger, no anger.' He expressed himself with great earnestness respecting the grace of God as exercised in saving lost men, and seemed particularly affected that it should be bestowed on one so ill deserving as himself. 'O, how sovereign! O, how sovereign! Grace is the only thing that can make us like God. I might be dragged through heaven, earth and hell, and I should be still the same sinful, polluted wretch, unless God himself should renew and cleanse me.' He inquired whether I could preach to his people on the morrow. Being told that I was not well, he replied, 'Then do not preach; I have too often preached when I was not able.'

"On taking leave, I expressed a hope that he might continue to enjoy the presence of God, and receive even increasing peace, if he could bear it. 'Oh!' said he, 'when we meet in heaven, we shall see how little we know about it.' His whole manner and appearance is that of a man who has drunk into the spirit of heaven far more deeply than those around him."

On Sabbath day, October 7th,* it was the privileged lot of the young men of the society to assemble, at his request, in his chamber, when he addressed them in substance as follows:

"My young friends, you will all one day be obliged to embark on the same voyage, on which I am just embarking; and as it has been my especial employment, during my past life, to recommend to you a Pilot to guide you through this voyage, I wished to tell you what a precious Pilot he is, that you may be induced to choose him for yours. I felt desirous that you might see that the religion I have preached can support me in death. You know that I have many ties which bind me to earth — a family to whom I am strongly attached, and a people whom I love almost as well — but the other world acts like a much stronger magnet, and draws my heart away from this. Death comes every night, and stands by my bedside in the form of terrible convulsions, every one of which threatens to separate the soul from the body. These continue to grow worse and worse, until every bone is almost dislocated with pain, leaving me with the certainty that I shall have it all to endure again the next night. Yet, while my body is thus tortured, the soul is perfectly, perfectly happy and peaceful — more happy than I can possibly express to you. I lie here, and feel these convulsions extending higher and higher, without the least uneasiness; but my soul is filled with joy unspeakable. I seem to swim in a flood of glory which God pours down upon me. And I know, I *know*, that my happiness is but begun; I cannot doubt that it will last for ever. And now, is this all a delusion? Is it a delusion which can fill the soul to overflowing with joy in such circumstances? If so, it is surely a delusion better than any reality. But no, it is not a delusion; I feel that it is not. I do not merely know that I *shall* enjoy all this — *I enjoy it now.*

"My young friends — were I master of the whole world, what could it do for me like this? Were all its wealth at

* The dates in this chapter fix the time to which a part only of his observations must be referred; generally the first, or first two or three paragraphs, which follow them. The precise date of most of them is not recollected.

my feet, and all its inhabitants striving to make me happy, what could they do for me? Nothing! — nothing. Now, all this happiness I trace back to the religion which I have preached, and at the time when that great change took place in my heart, which I have often told you is necessary to salvation; and I now tell you again, that without this change, you cannot, no, you *cannot*, see the kingdom of God.

"And now, standing, as I do, on the ridge which separates the two worlds, feeling what intense happiness or misery the soul is capable of sustaining; judging of your capacities by my own, and believing that those capacities will be filled to the very brim with joy or wretchedness for ever; can it be wondered at, that my heart yearns over you, my children, that you may choose life, and not death? Is it to be wondered at, that I long to present every one of you with a full cup of happiness, and see you drink it; that I long to have you make the same choice which I made, and from which springs all my happiness?

"A young man, just about to leave this world, exclaimed, 'The battle's fought! the battle's fought! the battle's fought! but the victory is lost for ever.' But I can say, The battle's fought, and the victory is *won!* the victory is won, for ever! I am going to bathe in an ocean of purity, and benevolence, and happiness, to all eternity. And now, my children, let me bless you; not with the blessing of a poor, feeble, dying man, but with the blessing of the infinite God. The grace of God, and the love of Christ, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with all, and each one of you, for ever and ever: amen."

Having delivered his dying messages to all classes among his own flock, he commissioned a ministering brother, to bear one to the association of ministers, who were to meet in a few days. The purport of it was — "a hearty assurance of the ardent love with which he remembered them even in death; an exhortation to love one another with a pure heart fervently; to love their work, to be diligent in it, to expect success, to bear up under their discouragements, be faithful unto death, and look for their reward in heaven." I rejoice, said the brother, rejoice more than I can express, to be the

bearer of *such* a message; for you, perhaps, are aware that many of your brethren have thought you distant, and reserved, and as having cherished too little of a fellow-feeling towards them. "I know it," said he; "but my apparent reserve was not owing to any want of affection for them, but to a very different cause; I have been all my days, like a soldier in the forefront of the hottest battle, so intent in fighting for my own life, that *I could not see who was falling around me.*"

While speaking of the rapturous views he had of the heavenly world, he was asked if it did not seem almost like the clear light of vision, rather than that of faith. "Oh!" he replied, "I don't know — it is too much for the poor eyes of my soul to bear! — they are almost blinded with the excessive brightness. All I want is to be a mirror, to reflect some of those rays to those around me."

"My soul, instead of growing weaker and more languishing, as my body does, seems to be endued with an angel's energies, and to be ready to break from the body, and join those around the throne."

A friend, with whom he had been conversing on his extreme bodily sufferings, and his high spiritual joys, remarked, "I presume it is no longer incredible to you, if ever it was, that martyrs should rejoice and praise God in the flames and on the rack." "No," said he, "I can easily believe it. I have suffered twenty times — yes, to speak within bounds — twenty times as much as I could in being burnt at the stake, while my joy in God so abounded, as to render my sufferings not only tolerable, but welcome. *The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.*"

At another time — "God is literally now my all in all. While he is present with me, no event can in the least diminish my happiness; and were the whole world at my feet, trying to minister to my comfort, they could not add one drop to the cup."

"It seems as if the promise, 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,' was already fulfilled to me, as it

respects tears of sorrow. I have no tears to shed now, but those of love, and joy, and thankfulness."

Oct. 16th. To his daughter — "You will avoid much pain and anxiety, if you will learn to trust all your concerns in God's hand. 'Cast all your care upon him, for he careth for you.' But if you merely go and *say* that you cast your care upon him, you will come away with the load on your shoulders. If I had the entire disposal of your situation, and could decide how many scholars you should have, and what success you should meet with, you would feel no anxiety, but would rely on my love and wisdom; and if you should discover any solicitude, it would show that you distrusted one or the other of these. Now all your concerns are in the hands of a merciful and wise Father; therefore, it is an insult to him to be careful and anxious concerning them. Trust him for all — abilities, success, and every thing else — and you will never have reason to repent it." At one time, he was heard to break forth in the following soliloquy:

"What an assemblage of motives to holiness does the gospel present! I am a Christian — what then? Why, I am a redeemed sinner — a pardoned rebel — all through grace, and by the most wonderful means which infinite wisdom could devise. I am a Christian — what then? Why, I am a temple of God, and surely I ought to be pure and holy. I am a Christian — what then? I am a child of God, and ought to be filled with filial love, reverence, joy, and gratitude. I am a Christian — what then? Why, I am a disciple of Christ, and must imitate him who was meek and lowly in heart, and pleased not himself. I am a Christian — what then? Why, I am an heir of heaven, and hastening on to the abodes of the blessed, to join the full choir of glorified ones, in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb; and surely I ought to learn that song on earth."

To Mrs. Payson, who, while ministering to him, had observed, "Your head feels hot, and seems to be distended," he replied, "It seems as if the soul disdained such a narrow prison, and was determined to break through with an angel's energy, and, I trust, with no small portion of an angel's feeling, until it mounts on high."

Again — "It seems as if my soul had found a pair of new wings, and was so eager to try them, that, in her fluttering, she would rend the fine net-work of the body to pieces."

At another time — "My dear, I should think it might encourage and strengthen you, under whatever trials you may be called to endure, to remember me. O! you must believe that it will be great peace at last."

At another time, he said to her: "After I am gone, you will find many little streams of beneficence pouring in upon you, and you will perhaps say, 'I wish my dear husband were here to know this.' My dear, you may think that I do know it by anticipation, and praise God for it now."

"Hitherto I have viewed God as a fixed Star, bright indeed, but often intercepted by clouds; but now he is coming nearer and nearer, and spreads into a Sun so vast and glorious, that the sight is too dazzling for flesh and blood to sustain." This was not a blind adoration of an imaginary deity; for, added he, "I see clearly that all these same glorious and dazzling perfections, which now only serve to kindle my affections into a flame, and to melt down my soul into the same blessed image, would burn and scorch me like a consuming fire, if I were an impenitent sinner."

He said he felt no solicitude respecting his family; he could trust them all in the hands of Christ. To feel any undue solicitude on their account, or to be unwilling to leave them with God, would be like "a child who was reluctant to go to school, lest his father should burn up his toys and playthings, while he was absent."

Conversing with a friend on his preparation for his departure, he compared himself to "a person who had been visiting his friends, and was about to return home. His trunk was packed, and every thing prepared, and he was looking out of the window, waiting for the stage to take him in."

When speaking of the sufferings he endured, particularly the sensation of burning in his side and left leg, he said that, if he expected to live long enough to make it worth while, he would have his leg taken off. On Mrs. Payson's uttering

some expression of surprise, he replied, "I have not a very slight idea of the pain of amputation; yet I have no doubt that I suffer more every fifteen minutes, than I should in having my leg taken off."

His youngest child, about a year old, had been under the care of a friend, and was to be removed a few miles out of town; but he expressed so strong a wish to see Charles first, that he was sent for. The look of love, and tenderness, and compassion, with which he regarded the children, made an indelible impression on all present.

At his request, some of the choir, belonging to the congregation, came a few days before his death, for the purpose of singing, for his gratifications, some of the songs of Zion. He selected the one commencing, "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;" part of the hymn, "I'll praise my Maker with my breath;" and the "Dying Christian to his Soul."

Sabbath day, October 21st, his last agony commenced. This holy man, who had habitually said of his racking pains, "These are God's arrows, but they are all sharpened with love" — and who, in the extremity of suffering, had been accustomed to repeat, as a favorite expression, "I will bless the Lord at *all times*," — had yet the "dying strife" to encounter. It commenced with the same difficulty of respiration, though in an aggravated degree, which had caused him great distress at intervals, during his sickness. His daughter, who had gone to the Sabbath school, without any apprehensions of so sudden a change, was called home. Though laboring for breath, and with a rattling in the throat similar to that which immediately precedes dissolution, he smiled upon her, kissed her affectionately, and said, "God bless you, my daughter!" Several of the church were soon collected at his bedside; he smiled on them all, but said little, as his power of utterance had nearly failed. Once he exclaimed, "Peace! peace! Victory! victory!" He looked on his wife and children, and said, almost in the words of dying Joseph to his brethren — words which he had before spoken of as having a peculiar sweetness, and which he now wished to recall to her mind — "I am going, but

God will surely be with you." His friends watched him, expecting every moment to see him expire, till near noon, when his distress partially left him; and he said to the physician, who was feeling his pulse, that he found he was not to be released yet; and though he had suffered the pangs of death, and got almost within the gates of Paradise — yet, if it was God's will that he should come back and suffer still more, he was resigned. He passed through a similar scene in the afternoon, and, to the surprise of every one, was again relieved. The night following, he suffered less than he had the two preceding. Friday night had been one of inexpressible suffering. That, and the last night of his pilgrimage, were the only nights in which he had watchers. The friend who attended him through his last night, read to him, at his request, the twelfth chapter of the second epistle to the Corinthians; parts of which must have been peculiarly applicable to his case.

On Monday morning, his dying agonies returned in all their extremity. For three hours, every breath was a groan. On being asked if his sufferings were greater than on the preceding Friday night, he answered, "Incomparably greater." He said that the greatest temporal blessing, of which he could conceive, would be one breath of air. Mrs. Payson, fearing, from the expression of suffering in his countenance, that he was in mental as well as bodily anguish, questioned him on the subject. With extreme difficulty he was enabled to articulate the words, "Faith and patience hold out." About mid-day, the pain of respiration abated, and a partial stupor succeeded. Still, however, he continued intelligent, and evidently able to recognize all who were present. His eyes spoke, after his tongue became motionless. He looked on Mrs. Payson, and then his eye, glancing over the others who surrounded his bed, rested on Edward, his eldest son, with an expression which said — and which was interpreted by all present to say, as plainly as if he had uttered the words of the beloved disciple — "Behold thy mother!" There was no visible indication of the return of his sufferings. He gradually sunk away, till about the

going down of the sun, when his happy spirit was set at liberty.

His "ruling passion was strong in death." His love for preaching was as invincible as that of the miser for gold, who dies grasping his treasure. Dr. Payson directed a label to be attached to his breast, with the words: *Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet present with you;* that they might be read by all who came to look at his corpse, and by which he, being dead, still spake. The same words, at the request of his people, were engraven on the plate of the coffin, and read by thousands on the day of interment.

ELIAS CORNELIUS.

THE subject of the following sketch was born at Somers, New York, July 30th, 1794. His father was a pious physician of extensive practice, and both parents were especially faithful in inculcating, by precept and example, the value and necessity of good morals and experimental piety, upon the youthful mind of their only son. In 1810, at the age of sixteen, with an intelligent and peculiarly active mind, and with a superior preparation, he entered the sophomore class in Yale College. He remained in college, pursuing his regular studies with great success, a thoughtless, impenitent and somewhat reckless young man, until in his senior year, in a revival in the institution, he was powerfully convicted of sin, became sincerely penitent, experienced a clear and evident change of heart, and connected himself with the church. His subsequent life tested the genuineness of the work of grace upon his heart. Upon his graduation, he

commenced the study of theology, under Dr. Dwight. During his course of theological study, Mr. Cornelius having made an entire consecration of his services to his Master, sought, in every way, opportunities for usefulness among the under graduates in college, and in the surrounding villages. Thus writes one, who was then a member of the institution of his devotedness:

"The piety of Mr. Cornelius was of the active kind. He felt for the souls of those young men whose skepticism, if not infidelity, recalled to mind his own former life when 'without God and without hope in the world.' In some of our usual or stated prayer meetings, attended by Mr. Ingersoll, and a few other pious students, who are now useful ministers of the gospel, a proposal was made for renewed and increased exertion on the part of Christians in behalf of the fearful state of impenitent students. I cannot, at this distant period of eighteen years, state by whom this proposition was made, but as we looked to brother Cornelius as a leader in those meetings, I am induced to attribute it to him. We accordingly agreed to meet at an early hour in the morning, before prayers in the chapel. In a short time, students began to feel anxious. This awakened our hopes, encouraged our prayers, and greatly increased the zeal and warmth of Mr. C's exhortations; indeed in such a manner as I shall never forget. Though our acquaintance continued at intervals until his death, still there is scarcely a period of his life so vividly printed on my memory, as when he addressed us in these prayer meetings and conferences, with those soul-stirring appeals for which he was so peculiarly gifted. I well recollect one very cold night, in which we walked nearly half a mile from college, at the early hour of three o'clock, to a private room to pray, and I have always remembered that morning as one of the happiest I ever enjoyed. It was truly a season in which heaven seemed to be let down to earth, and to adopt his language at the time, 'The foundations of college began to tremble.' Mr. Ingersoll, with two or three other excellent young men, com-

menced visiting from room to room, and scarcely a room did they enter, in which there was not found at least one awakened sinner. Some infidels fastened their doors, determined to shut out visitors and conviction. But the Spirit of the Lord reached them, and compelled them, not only to open their doors, but also their hearts, to receive the truth. For a number of days we were scarcely able to study or recite at all. So universal was the excitement that it was believed there were not more than three or four students in college, who were not more or less impressed with concern for the soul.

"About eighty were numbered as fruits of the revival in in the institution, besides many other persons in the city. Though a number afterwards gave reason to believe they had deceived themselves, yet it was a glorious revival, and many will for ever bless God that Cornelius was there, and labored for their salvation."

His biographer, referring to his earnest desire to do good. says of him:

"In the course of this year, Mr. Cornelius resided for a number of weeks at Fairhaven, a village in the vicinity of New Haven, Ct. The people of the place were destitute of the regular preaching of the gospel, and had severely suffered in consequence of that destitution. It was a field demanding diligent and laborious cultivation. The main object of Mr. Cornelius in resorting to this village was to secure an opportunity for retired reading and study. But the circumstances of the people called forth his sympathy, his earnest prayers and efforts. God was pleased to bless his labors with the influence of the Holy Spirit. Many were awakened from the death of sin, and a considerable number were made new creatures in Christ Jesus. The whole aspect of the village was changed. The fruits of holiness abounded to the glory of God. The labors of his young servant were also remembered with ardent gratitude. Even to this day, individuals are found in that village who testify to his great love to them for Jesus' sake.

"Many readers of these pages will be filled with admiration, we doubt not, at the extraordinary activity which Mr. Cornelius manifested, from the first, in the service of his divine Master. 'He could not *but* speak the things which he had seen and heard.' The whole current of his soul was turned into one channel — the conversion of all mankind to Christ. For twenty years he pursued this object with undeviating purpose. The vacations, which other students spent in amusement, or in simple relaxation from study, were to him harvest seasons, in which souls were gathered for Christ. In one of these vacations, he succeeded in forming a temperance society on the principle, and with the formal pledge, of entire abstinence from the use of ardent spirit. This was as early as 1814 — 15, a period when the deluge of intemperance was at its height, and when the friends of good order were trying to arrest its ravages by inducing men to report every year how much ardent spirits had been consumed in their families! The association, which Mr. Cornelius was instrumental in forming, was highly useful. During another of these vacations, he surveyed the whole country between the Hudson river and the State of Connecticut, for the purpose of ascertaining its moral condition. At a later day, and near the time of the formation of the American Bible Society, he succeeded in establishing, amidst much obloquy and opposition, an auxiliary association in Putnam county, New York."

In 1815, he closed his residence in New Haven, and removed to Litchfield, Connecticut, to enjoy the instructions of the Rev. Dr. Beecher. His active piety was exhibited here, as in his former residence, in his personal exertions for the salvation of all that came within the circle of his influence. July 4th, 1816, Mr. Cornelius was licensed to preach, by the South Association of Congregational Ministers, in Litchfield County, and was at once sent forth upon an important mission. Few young preachers have begun under more promising auspices; fewer, perhaps, would have

borne their successes with so much humility and piety. Says an intelligent Christian man of him at this time:

"In the year 1816, soon after Mr. Cornelius became a preacher, he received a commission, to solicit benefactions for foreign missions. Under this commission he preached with great acceptance, in several places in the north-western parts of Connecticut. Many individuals went from town to town to hear him; some of them exclaiming, 'he is a second Whitefield.' It was my privilege to listen to him at Norfolk. His text was Psalm lxxiv. 20. 'The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.' His discourse was in itself excellent. He gave a most striking account of the wickedness and woes of heathenism. His manner was still better. Without any appearance of wild-fire, he was wholly inflamed with his subject. Soon the flame seemed to spread through the house, and kindle every hearer. The effect was most happy. The people contributed much more than he requested. Still his discourse was probably less instructive, and less useful, than if it had been more regularly arranged, and more accurately composed. And now the question with me was, Shall I tell my young brother of his defects? Can I expect that thus borne onward by such a tide and torrent of popularity, he will be willing to stop and listen to chilling criticisms from me, upon points of comparatively small importance? I concluded, however, that if my counsel should be rejected, the evil would be trifling; that if accepted, the advantage might be considerable. Rousing up all my courage, therefore, I told him my whole heart. Never could I wish any pupil to listen with more respectful and earnest docility, or greater desire to profit to the utmost by every remark. This was sufficient to win my heart. But this was not all. At the conclusion, he manifestly felt more gratitude than he could express. Such was the basis of our friendship — a friendship which continued rising and consolidating till the day of his death — a friendship, which I hope, is destined to flourish and ripen forever."

Within less than six months he succeeded in collecting

four thousand dollars, having preached one hundred and thirty-six times, and formed seventy auxiliary missionary societies. In the latter part of this year, preparations were made by the Board for the establishment of a mission among the South-western Indians, and Mr. Cornelius was appointed the special agent to collect the necessary funds. He immediately entered upon his work, visiting the large Atlantic cities; spending some time in Washington to obtain the co-operation and assistance of the government. He then commenced a long South-western tour, passing through Virginia and Tennessee; and then entered into the Cherokee territory, remaining some time at Brainerd, the seat of the Cherokee Mission, arranging the affairs of the Mission, and conciliating the chiefs. He then visited New Orleans, where he remained several months, pained at heart to witness the dreadful spiritual desolation around him; a city containing 30,000 souls, and then having but one protestant minister within its limits. He commenced the most active exertions among the few sincere Christians of different denominations, and among gentlemen professing no religion; and before he left, he had the satisfaction of seeing a highly talented and pious young man called by a number of respectable and wealthy persons to preach in a house, which they had taken immediate measures to erect.

During his stay in this city, Mr. Cornelius suffered no opportunity to pass, for benefiting the souls of the thousands around him, but devoted himself to the visiting of hospitals, seeking out the neglected and suffering, and instituting charitable societies. On the eve of his departure from New Orleans, he presented the claims of Foreign Missions, and obtained the generous sum of more than one thousand dollars. Upon his return to the North, having effected the immediate object of his agency, he remained a year in An-

dover, where he married, and availed himself of several courses of valuable theological lectures, delivered in the Seminary, to increase his acquaintance with Biblical science. In 1820, he was installed an associate pastor with the Rev. Dr. Worcester, over the Tabernacle church in Salem, Mass.

Into his new, interesting and most responsible field of labor Mr. C. entered, with all his heart. By faithful and fervent preaching, by visiting from house to house, by careful attention to the lambs of the fold, by peculiar interest in the youths that frequented his ministry, Mr. Cornelius magnified his office, built up the church, and endeared himself to the religious community in an unusual degree. A great revival attended his labors, and one hundred were added to the church.

In his labors for others, like too many, Mr. C. did not forget his own household. His disposition was perhaps naturally amiable, but grace had greatly sweetened it. His intercourse with the dear circle of his own beloved family, was eminently delightful and devotional. His presence was the charm of his home, and his wife and children were as deeply impressed with the sincerity of his religious profession as those that witnessed his public labors.

"The impression which he uniformly gave his children, and intimate friends, was that the design of the family institution, as well as of all human friendships, is to lead the soul to God, and to the fellowship of heaven. Religion was the guiding motive of his domestic government. He did not fall into the error of some Christian parents, who, while they refrain from instilling into the minds of their children a desire for riches or for honorable connections, fill their youthful bosoms with the idea that human learning and intellectual distinctions are of more importance than Christianity itself — parents who seem to make the development of their

children's intellects their only aim. Mr. Cornelius, while he attached all due importance to mental endowment and cultivation, sought for his children 'first of all the kingdom of God and his righteousness.' He did not copy the common and fatal mistake, that religious education must be postponed till the child has arrived at the period of youth or manhood. On the birth of one of his children, he consecrated him to Christ audibly, and in a most affecting manner — an act of dedication so marked and so solemn, that it produced a permanent impression on all who witnessed it. In the behalf, and in the presence of his children, he offered to God *such prayer*, as without doubt came up from the depths of a parent's heart, anxious beyond the power of expression, for the everlasting happiness of his children — such prayer as 'penetrates the heavens,' and is heard by him who 'keepeth covenant and remembereth mercy.' He acted on the great truth, that the human mind and the human conscience are active, before the thoughts and feelings can be expressed by the medium of language. When he could discover by the color on the cheek, by the expression in the eye, or by the passionate exclamation, that there was a feeling of uneasiness in the bosom of his children, arising from moral causes, that there was a faint, feeble testimony of conscience that they had done improper actions, or were the subjects of improper feelings, *then* he was conscious that an education was commencing, which was to go on for ever — that a train of influences was to be laid, which would end in glory or in woe eternal. He manifested little of that foolish indulgence, that misplaced and miscalled tenderness, which has been the ruin of not a few promising children. At the same time, there was no tyrannical exercise of authority, or rigorous family government. There was that sweet union of firmness and mildness, which shows that perfect domestic discipline is

consistent with the highest degree of affection for children, or rather is inconsistent and incompatible with the want of it.

"He was remarkably *opportune* in giving religious instruction to his household. There are times in the life of almost every child, when it shows peculiar affection for its father or mother, when from some unexplained causes, all the little fountains of joy and love in its bosom are sending out their streams to bless a parent's heart. Such opportunities Mr. Cornelius gratefully seized to communicate some religious truth, or to awaken some pious emotion, and thus lead the infant mind directly to its Creator and Redeemer."

Two letters to his little son, are here appended:

"*Augusta, Maine.*

"My dear son E. — Your papa often thinks of you, and M., and T., and little E., as he goes about the country. He would love to live more at home with you, and see you, and talk with you, every day. But your papa hopes he is the servant of Christ, of whom you have so often heard him and mamma speak, and Christ says that we must love him and serve him above every one else; and be willing to go any where, and suffer any thing, for his sake. Now you know, that there are a great many people in the world, who have no one to tell them about God, and that good Saviour; and your papa is trying hard to educate a great many ministers, who may go and preach as he used to do in Salem. This is the reason, my dear E., why your father cannot stay at home more, and why he sometimes has to travel all night, when you are asleep, and warm in your bed. But Christ is so great and good, and he has suffered and done so much for poor and sinful men, that we can never do too much, or deny ourselves too much for him. Should you not like to have a good education, and one day, go and preach about Christ, and tell poor ignorant persons how they may be saved, and go to heaven when they die? Oh! how papa would love to

have you. And now if you will be good, and love God and Christ with all your heart, more a great deal than you love any one else, you may be a minister, and do more good than you could in any other way. I hope you think much of God, and pray and read the Bible. I hope that you will set an example to all the other children, and help your mother by being very kind and obliging. I shall be happy when I come home, to hear that you have been a good boy, in school and out of school.

"Looking on the map, you will see where I now am. Augusta is a pretty town, on the bank of a beautiful river, called the Kennebec. I have been to Waterville, where there are two college buildings like those at Andover. You must read, and then you will know much about these and other places where I go."

"*James River, Virginia.*

"My dear son E. — If you will look on the map for Virginia, and then for James river, at the spot called Jamestown, where you remember the first settlers of North America came on the 15th of May, 1607, you will see where I am, while I write to you. I am in the steamboat Norfolk, which is passing up the river to Richmond. I have just been on deck to see the place where the first trees in this great western world were cut down by white men, and where the first houses were built. You can ask your mamma to give you a book in which you can read again the whole history, so that you may tell me all about it when I see you, if I should ask you. The town is not so large as it once was. It stands upon a beautiful island in the river, which is here several miles wide. The island appears to be five miles long, and one mile, or more, broad. There are a few old houses in a state of ruin, and only one good house which belongs to a rich planter, and stands near the place where the first houses were put up. But what interested me most, was an old brick wall, said to be part of a house of worship, which was built soon after the first settlement was made. It is the foundation of the old steeple. It stands alone, near the bank of the river, in the midst of some old

tall trees, without any other part of the meeting house being left. If I knew how to paint, I would give you a picture of it, with the beautiful river which runs by it. Here these good people met to worship God, to thank him for bringing them safe over the great ocean, and to ask him to protect them and their little children, from being destroyed by sickness, or what they dreaded still more, from being murdered by the Indians. Just behind this old wall, there is a small graveyard, where they buried their dead. I could perceive it distinctly, with its little low brick wall, in the midst of the bushes which have grown around it and under the large trees which I have mentioned. Here the bones of those who erected the first house of worship, have quietly lain for two hundred years! Here they will lie, my dear son, till the morning of the resurrection, when the trumpet of the archangel will sound, and you and I, and your dear mother and brothers and sisters, shall all come forth out of our graves, to go to judgment! Then these graves where the first settlers of America were buried, shall open, and the people who built this ancient church will rise, and you and I may see them, and perhaps stand beside them, before the bar of Jesus Christ. Or are you afraid that he will say to you, 'Depart from me into everlasting fire?' Oh! my son, these are terrible words! I hope you will never hear them from the lips of that dear compassionate Saviour, who once said with great tenderness, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' You remember what I have said to you about coming to Christ. It means to be sorry for your sins, because God is offended by them, to love him, to do what he commands you, to pray to him to forgive you, and to make you a good and holy child, and to give your soul to Christ, that he may save you for ever. If you come to Christ in this way, you will not hear those awful words from his lips; but he will say to you, 'Come thou blessed of my Father!' How happy this would make your parents, who pray daily for you, and M., and T., and E., that you may all be good children, be children of God, and be prepared to be very useful in this world, and go to heaven when you die. I hope you do not forget to read the chapter in the New Tes-

tament with me every day. Mark, 10th chapter, is the portion for to-day."

In 1826, Mr. Cornelius, at the urgent solicitation of the society, and with the advice of his brethren, closed his pastoral relation with the endeared church in Salem, and became Secretary of the American Education Society, an association formed for the purpose of educating indigent, but promising young men for the ministry, and especially for missions. He had already rendered the society valuable aid, but now he devoted himself to its interests. He systematized afresh the institution, and threw into it a new life and efficiency. He travelled extensively, preached almost without cessation, wrote and raised funds in its behalf, managed the business of the office with a regularity and skill that was truly remarkable; and at the same time, watched as a pastor over the spiritual interests of the young beneficiaries. He left an indelible impression on their hearts, and the church of Christ has since been blessed through his faithfulness towards those who afterwards became her pastors.

In 1831, upon the death of Jeremiah Evarts, Esq., Corresponding Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, he was chosen to fill the vacancy. An office so responsible, he could not enter upon without an absolute conviction that it was in consonance with the Divine will. It was a matter of earnest prayer, of serious meditation, and of consultation with those upon whose judgment and piety he relied. When satisfied that duty called him to the more onerous and self-sacrificing duties of this station, he entered upon them with his usual ardor, and with no painful misgivings.

He soon after resigned the offices which he held in connection with the American and Presbyterian Education

Societies. The spirit in which he entered on his new labors was eminently Christian. For a few months previously, he had grown rapidly in grace and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour. A holy cheerfulness diffused itself over his countenance, and irradiated all his conduct. A mellowness of religious feeling was delightfully mingled with his accustomed energy. He felt, like Brainerd, "that he was dwelling on the sides of eternity." He was more and more earnest and solemn in the discharge of his parental and relative duties. To a friend he said, "I want you to do all you can for my dear Lord Jesus, who never appeared half so precious as he does now." To another individual, who had remarked that he must not *overwork* himself, nor wear out too soon, he replied very expressively, while he looked up towards heaven, his hand raised in an emphatic manner, "It matters not, if we only reach that bright place at last."

He commenced his labors in Boston, attending to the business of his office, and preaching with great acceptance, and with the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit, upon the great Missionary theme, in several of the churches.

"Having finished his business in Boston, on Saturday, the 4th of February, he left, on his return to New York. He had made arrangements to spend the Sabbath in Worcester, Massachusetts, and attend the monthly missionary concert of prayer in Hartford, Connecticut, on Monday evening. His labors in Boston had been slightly interrupted on account of illness, at several times, but no special apprehensions in regard to his health had been felt. An individual, in whose family he had resided, said to him, just as he was leaving the house, 'Sir, is it not possible for you to remain with us till you have better health?' He answered, 'I think not; my plans are formed, and I must go. I am very desirous to reach my family.' 'If it may be, I hope, sir, we shall have the pleasure of welcoming you and your dear

family in Boston next May.' 'Perhaps so,' he replied, 'but it is my desire so to live, that if I find God is going to call me hence in one half hour, I shall have no place I shall wish to visit, no cares to settle, no friends to see.' In the same spirit, he bid a final adieu to many other friends.

"The weather was intensely cold, and on reaching Framingham, twenty miles from Boston, he was seized with a chill, which made him cold at his very heart. This was succeeded by a burning heat, under which his pulse soon rose to one hundred and ten strokes in a minute. He reached Worcester at night, where he remained at his lodgings till Monday morning. A friend, who called, found him quite languid, and, at intervals, complaining of pain in his head and side. He conversed freely on the general and particular interests of Christ's kingdom, and dwelt with much ardor on the heavenly world. His conversation was like that of one who had already been in the land of promise, and knew by actual experience how to value its blessings. In conversing upon the interests of the Education and Missionary societies, his soul seemed to be greatly enlarged, and his remarks were of the most impressive character. 'Labor on, my brother,' said he, 'till death. Time is short. I often think, when dwelling on this subject, that I shall very soon be laid aside from my labors.'

"He arrived at the house of the Rev. Dr. Hawes, in Hartford, about two o'clock, Monday, P. M. Mrs. H. heard some one ring, and then come immediately in. After a moment, she opened the door, and he stood by the table, very slowly taking off his outer garments, and evidently very sick. After sitting down, he said he must have a physician, and mentioned doctors S. and K. Learning that doctor B. was the family physician, he requested that he might be first called. He expressed himself very anxious, if it was not too great a hazard, to attend the monthly concert, at which all the churches were expected, by appointment, to be present to meet him. Dr. B. thought it would not materially increase his illness, and he therefore delayed taking medicine until he should return from the meeting. He made his arrangements to go in time to be present after the

first singing and prayer, that he might be out no longer than was necessary. When the family went to meeting, he retired into Dr. H.'s study, to remain until the carriage should come for him. While there he vomited, but when the carriage came, went down. As he entered the carriage, assisted by the servant, he said, 'I am more fit to go into my bed than to go to meeting.' At meeting, he spake only a few minutes, before he fainted, and was laid upon the settee, in the pulpit. After taking something to revive himself, he apologized to the audience for sitting, and went on with his address, as he sat in a chair in the pulpit. His countenance was now deadly pale, and then striped with scarlet. He spoke solemnly, but feebly, and before he finished, leaned his head upon his hand. He soon closed, and was accompanied home by doctor B. and Mr. F. P. As he passed down the aisle, his death-like countenance and unnatural suddenness of motion filled the hearts of his friends with anxious forebodings. As soon as he reached home, he took an emetic, which operated favorably. His physician and friend left him at eleven o'clock, very comfortable, and he slept quietly until morning. To a friend, who called on Tuesday morning, he observed, that the last fifteen years of his life had been laboriously filled up; he had taken no rerelaxation whatever, and was sensible that his health was seriously affected, but was now resolved to take time to recruit. To a female friend, who was performing some slight office for him, on Wednesday, he said, 'I feel your kindness more than I can express.' He invariably received the smallest attention with expressions of gratitude. On Wednesday, Mrs. H——y took in part the care of him. She said she never saw a countenance so deeply solemn — that he smiled but once during the day, and then but a moment. Thursday, a friend, who delighted to do any thing for him, after dressing his blisters and giving him lemonade, saw he was much refreshed, which he acknowledged in these words: 'How comforting are these human kindnesses! No one could have comforted me so much as you have done, this side of New York — my wife' — and his eyes were filled with tears. To the physician he remarked,

'It has been said, that it is better to *wear out* than to *rust out*. It has not been my design to throw away my life. I do not know but in my ardor, I may have been imprudent.' In the course of this conversation, he quoted the remark, that a man is 'immortal as long as God has any thing for him to do.' 'I wish,' said he, 'to live so long as God has employment for me; therefore I wish you to visit me three times a day, and invite others as you think proper, that my friends and the public may be satisfied. I wish that every means may be used for my recovery, and the event I cheerfully leave with God.' Friday he was very weak. Saturday morning, at eleven o'clock, he had a severe spasm. As he recovered from it, he said, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit'—probably supposing he was dying. Mr. H. said, 'You have a spasm; we hope you are reviving.' He replied, 'As the Lord wills.' In the course of Saturday, he mentioned, that his physician at W. told him he must dismiss the gloomy thoughts of death. [From this it would appear, that he was early aware of the critical state of his health.] Some one said, 'You have bright prospects beyond the grave.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' This was said with peculiar feeling and solemnity. Saturday evening, as Dr. K. was sitting beside him, expecting soon to see him die, he pressed his lips to the cheek of Mr. Cornelius, when he moved his head, and returning the salutation, said, 'I hope, my dear doctor, you are on the Lord's side.' After the reply, he said, 'This makes you doubly valuable as a physician.'"

About noon it became apparent to his attendants that disease was seating itself on his brain.

Dr. H. says, "After having suffered severely from one of those violent spasms, which finally exhausted and broke down the firm frame-work of his soul, he called me to his bedside, and with great deliberation and calmness, said, he felt himself to be near his end. 'The impression,' said he, 'has been upon my mind for these last three days, that this is my final sickness; and I bless God that I can look forward to the change before me with composure and hope. I

feel that I am a poor sinner; I need to be washed from *head to foot* in the blood of atonement — (this last was uttered with the most affecting solemnity) — but I hope I may be saved through the blood of Christ. Within the last year, and especially of late, the Lord Jesus Christ has been becoming more and more precious to my soul. I feel that I can commit my immortal all to him; and here I wish to bear my dying testimony, that I go to the judgment relying on nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ. *Without that*, I should have no hope. Tell my dear wife that I praise God, and I hope that she will praise him; that he gives me peace, and I trust a humble, thankful, penitent frame of mind, in this trying hour. Tell her not to indulge in immoderate grief, lest she sin against God. If she could see the whole glorious plan, as God sees it, she would bless his holy name for removing me now. He will take care of her, and the dear children. *I have not a doubt of it.*'

"After some messages to his children, he spoke of his other friends, calling them by name, and asking God to bless them. He spoke of the cause of missions with great tenderness and affection, and said that he had determined to write to the missionaries at the different stations, to engage them to observe the Friday, preceding the monthly concert, as a day of fasting and prayer, for higher qualifications in themselves, and a higher tone of piety in Christians throughout the world. 'The thing,' said he, 'which now stands in the way of the conversion of the world, is the want of primitive piety, a higher standard of religious feeling and action in the church. I have hoped that if it should please God to remove me now, it will be the means of promoting his cause more among the heathen, than if my life were spared. It is needful that the church should feel more deeply her dependence upon God, and pray to him with more fervency and faith, for the advancement of his cause on earth.'

"'Send my best love to my dear brethren at the missionary rooms, and tell them to gird on the whole armor of God, and give themselves entirely to the work. It is a good work, and God will prosper it. Give my thanks to the good

people in H. for their kindness to me for *Jesus' sake*, (referring to the contributions which had been made to the missionary cause, and to personal kindnesses.) Tell your own dear people from me, that they hear for eternity, — last Monday I was in the world, active, but now am dying. So it may be with any of them. Oh, if they would but realize the solemn purport of the fact that they hear for eternity, it would arouse them all from slumber, and cause them to attend, without delay, to the things that belong to their eternal peace. Tell them, oh tell them, to aim at a higher standard of piety, and to live more in devotedness to Christ and his cause. To one who is dying, there is an immeasurable disparity between the standard of piety as it now is, and as it ought to be. When one comes to die, this subject appears of infinite importance.' About this time he requested Dr. H. to give a copy of the two works which he has published, to each of his children, 'and pay for them,' said he, 'with *my* money, as the last present of their dying father.' Some time on Saturday he uttered, as nearly as can be remembered, the following sentences. 'It grieves me that there is so much appearance, and so much of the reality of pride among the dear children of God, and especially among ministers. I have felt it in myself, and desire to be humbled before God on account of it. Before the best days of the church arrive, there must be a correction of this evil, and a return to a humble, child-like and submissive spirit.' The following remark was made, says Dr. H., with awful solemnity. His words were measured as if they were the last he was to utter. His eyes at first were raised. 'I feel that God has called me to a great work. I want to have every thing done *right*, *strait*, just as would be pleasing to the mind of Christ, whose mind I consider the only perfect standard of right in the universe. I have long felt scruples, whether, if Christ were on earth, he would approve of the distinctions which exist in the church. I refer to the honorary titles which are conferred on ministers. It is my wish that nothing that may ever come before the world with my name, may have a title appended to it.' Saturday evening, supposing that he might continue but a few hours,

I said to him, remarks Dr. H., 'My dear brother, our conversation has been abundantly gratifying to my heart, and it is proper you should prepare for the change which you apprehend to be near. But there is still hope in your case. I wish you to admit to your bosom all the hope that there is, and to lie in the hands of God like a little child.' I can never forget his reply. There was an indescribable tenderness and solemnity in his voice, and manner. 'Now, brother, there is one thing more, I wish to say. If it please God to bring me thus far, and then to say, tarry thou here a while longer, or take me away now — *let his glorious will be done.*' "

Mrs. E., who was with him Saturday afternoon, and also through the night, writes: "After he was relieved of his first spasm, which was about twelve o'clock at noon, he commenced praying, audibly. The leading object of his prayer, was to obtain entire faith in the merits of Christ, for acceptance, dwelling especially on the atonement made by his death; asking, with great earnestness, to be washed in the blood of Christ. This prayer was longer than any that I heard, and less interrupted by suffering; was uniformly fervent, and, before he closed, manifested the most bright and confiding views of the Saviour. I have not words to describe the impression made on my benighted understanding by the expression of his views of the glory of the Redeemer. But this much I may say to you, it was delightful to me to hear such praise, and I listened with intense interest, to observe the operations of the Holy Spirit, in preparing such a mind to enter upon its final state of existence. After a short silence, he became restless, and spoke of his mind as wandering. To my inquiry whether he felt his reason waver, he said, '*Not at all*, but my thoughts wander from those subjects upon which they ought to be fixed, to objects with which I have done,' adding, 'suppose you try the effect of the fourteenth chapter of John.' To this he gave close attention, occasionally joining, as I read, in the repetition of a verse, thrice repeating the closing clause of the twenty-seventh verse: Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Here we interrupt Mrs. E.'s narrative, to

perceiving that his eyes were shut, I heard him say in an audible voice, 'Blessed Saviour, thy will be done.' A short time afterward, while Drs. B. and K., and myself were by him, he said, Dr. B., if I should die now, and you should wish to make a *post mortem* examination, to ascertain the cause of my disease, you are at perfect liberty to do so, for the benefit of others. I have no objection. I said to him, the nature of your disease is perfectly obvious, your friends are at no loss respecting it. To which Dr. B. assented, and said, there is nothing complicated or difficult to be known. Supposing, as I thought, that our remarks were intended to allay any anxiety he might have as to his situation, he soon added, 'Harriet Newell's physician told her to put away such gloomy thoughts from her mind; but I would not have you understand that such thoughts distress me.'

"On the early part of the night, after the family had retired, as I was standing alone by the side of his bed, I heard him exclaim, fixing his eyes upwards, 'All my confidence is in God' — and soon after, 'I fear I shall be left to dishonor God.' At another time, taking my hand, and holding it in his a few minutes, he said, 'Oh, if my spirit had no stronger support than your frail hand!' At a subsequent time, alluding to his sickness, I spoke of the additional trial of being sick away from home, and comparatively among strangers. 'I was just going to say,' said he, 'that if this is to be my last sickness, I am sorry to leave such unpleasant associations in your mind connected with me.' Being at a loss, I inquired what he meant. '*Such distortions*,' was his reply.

"Between one and two in the morning, he was seized with a spasm, which continued with more or less violence for nearly three quarters of an hour, accompanied with a total aberration of mind, in which he discovered great mental, as well as bodily distress. When the spasm passed off, he became composed, and Mr. H. and Mrs. E. retired, and his nurse lay down in the room, when he spoke to me, and on my going to the bed, asked me to sit down by him. After a few minutes, he said, 'I feel as if I was in a new world. I am perfectly easy and free from pain. It is

exceedingly refreshing. My reason is now as clear as ever, and I can hardly realize that I am sick, but by recollecting those painful struggles.' I asked him if he was then conscious of the sufferings he had undergone. He said, 'No; though I am conscious of suffering, I am not aware of the extent of it.' I asked him if he was aware of what he said or did, during his paroxysms. He said, 'No;' and soon asked, 'Do I do or say any thing that will dishonor God?' [It is evident that he must have known much of what transpired, because he alluded to his struggles, and the distortions of his countenance.] He also said of the painful imaginations which distressed him, 'They seem to be the temptations of the great adversary' — and added, 'Our Saviour was made perfect through suffering.' He said that when his eyes were open, he had none of those nervous agitations; but the moment they were shut, his mind began to wander, accompanied by those terrible spasms, and asked whether I thought he had better keep awake, or not. I told him that he very much needed quiet sleep, and wished he would try to obtain it, and I hoped those spasms would not return. 'Very well,' said he, 'I will do as you say;' and asked me if I would sit by him. I took his hand, and he fell into a drowsiness, which lasted, however, but a few minutes. During the above period, he said to me, 'Such hopes of heaven, and such fears of hell, in one night!' (alluding, in the last remark, to his mental distress when in spasms.) At another time, asked if to-morrow was the Sabbath. I told him we had already entered upon the Sabbath. 'The day,' said he, 'on which Jesus rose.' Towards morning, after sitting awhile by the fire, I returned to the bed, and taking his hand, he said to me, 'If we, frail creatures, could only have a text of Scripture in our mind, during periods of insanity, it would help us to resist Satan.' I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' He replied, 'Yes; and of those that are given to Christ, not one shall be lost.' About six o'clock another paroxysm commenced, which did not subside until half an hour previous to his death, when he was wholly exhausted, and being raised upon his pillows, remained per-

say that the course of his mind at this time is obvious. 'The objects with which he had done,' probably were his wife, children and mother, and he sought to strengthen his faith, and allay every anxiety by meditating upon the promises and tender encouragements of this precious chapter; hence his double repetition of the twenty-seventh verse. "After sending a message to a relative, charging her to make reconciliation with God the object of her life, he was seized with great suffering, though not with such severe spasms as he had endured, but he certainly supposed himself, at this time, to be dying. When able to articulate, he commenced praying again. The object for which he specially prayed, was submission to the divine will, respecting his sufferings; entreating us to join him in asking that he might not, in any moment of agony, be left to dishonor God. There was evidently a shrinking of the flesh, from the sufferings laid upon him; while in the spirit of his Master, he strove to say, 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' And abundant evidence was given, before he closed that prayer, that he *could add*, 'nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.' After this period of pain and mental suffering was over, he remained, as it were, with the quietness of a child, in the hands of his Father, expressing his thanks to those about him, and his willingness that any thing should be done that was thought best or advisable for him. About this time he said to me, 'Why am I continued here, there must be something for me to do or to say. I think I could willingly remain till to-morrow morning in all this distress, if I could do any good to any one. I have a word for Mrs. H.'s little daughter. Tell her a dying man sends her his message; Choose religion *young*, choose it young, that a long life may be spent in the service of the Redeemer.' Soon after this, he asked me if I could sing. I told him I could not, but began repeating in a soft, low tone, 'These glorious minds, how bright they shine.' He seemed quieted, and while I was engaged in bathing his hands and repeating them, fell asleep for a few moments, and seemed to gain rest and strength. After he awoke, and a little time had elapsed in giving him medicine, and nourishment, and arranging his

pillows, he inquired what time it was. On being told it was nearly seven o'clock, he expressed surprise that he still continued here, and again dwelt on the idea that God had something for him to do. I ventured to remark that if God had yet any thing for him to do, he would himself lead him in the way he should go, and show him what he required of him, adding, though your present state is extremely critical, we are not absolutely without hope, that you may yet be restored to health, and future usefulness. For an instant, something like a gleam of sunshine, passed over his features, but after a moment of thought, he raised his eyes to me, and said, 'Stop, my dear madam, there are temptations in a dying bed which you know not of.' I felt rebuked. I felt that I had been willing to detain a soul for usefulness here, that God required to serve him in heaven. After this, very little was said, till he commenced a prayer for humility; to be emptied of self, to abase himself and place God on the throne, was the language of his heart, and this petition, like those which preceded it, seemed to be granted while he was yet speaking. O what amazing progress in holiness was made in these few hours! The object for which he prayed, the evident answer to his prayer, by the manifestation of that grace for which he prayed, and the strong faith by which he took hold on eternal life, were to me most apparent and wonderful exhibitions of the operations of the divine Spirit. I cannot doubt that the Spirit of God was with him in a peculiar manner, any more than I doubt my own existence. You see that I have not so much to tell you of what he said to me or others, as you might expect, but his prayers were the striking circumstances, and of these, I can only give you this general account. At the time, they seemed to me like one gleam of glory, and I felt not only that the spot where I stood, was holy, but that I was almost translated with his spirit, unto the immediate presence of my God, my Judge, and that I longed to be washed in that blood in which his soul bathed."

Mr. F. P., who was with him from seven o'clock on Saturday evening, until eight on Sabbath morning, writes the following: "Going to his bedside about eight in the evening,

fectly quiet, with his eyes half closed, until he ceased to breathe."

Another kind friend says, that it was most interesting to see the influence of religion over his mind during the derangement caused by his spasms. At those periods, he was harassed with the apprehension that he was eternally lost; but he would say, "Elias Cornelius lost! Elias Cornelius a spectacle to God, to angels, and to men! The Lord reigns; let the earth rejoice!" After the last spasm ceased, and he was placed upon pillows, Mr. H. E. sung two verses of "Jesus, lover of my soul." Dr. H. then prayed. Mrs. H. and Mrs. E. watched him attentively during the prayer. When Dr. H. used the expression, "Receive the departing spirit of thy servant, now going to the reward of his labors," he evidently made an effort to move his lips and his hands; and both Mrs. H. and E. understood him to be making an effort to disclaim the idea of a *reward*. When Dr. H. prayed that his absent wife might be supported under the trial, he made another effort to move his lips and raise his hands; thus showing that he understood and joined in the petition. At the close of the prayer, he expired.

THOMAS ARNOLD.

The lamented and justly celebrated Dr. Arnold, but lately ceased from his active and important labors, exhibited in his sudden death, one of the most touching instances of the power of religion to support in an unexpected and solemn emergency, and to add a most sublime conclusion to a noble and sanctified life.

He was born at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, on the 13th of June, 1795. Losing at an early age, his father, his youthful studies were carefully directed by an examplary

and affectionate mother. In his 16th year he entered the University at Oxford, and gave early evidence of a strong and active mind. In 1818, he was ordained deacon in the the Church of England, and in 1820, married Mary, the youngest daughter of the Rev. John Penrose, having already settled himself at Laleham, as an instructor of young men preparing for the Universities. His eminent success as a teacher soon pointed him out as, every way, the best fitted to fill the head mastership of the celebrated Rugby preparatory school, which became vacant in 1827. And to this responsible position, the scene of his severest labors, and greatest success, he was accordingly elected. We have not room in this short sketch to detail the measures suggested and executed by this great and devoted man for the reformation of the English educational system, and particularly for the efficiency of his own beloved and peculiar institution at Rugby. He consecrated all his powers to his work, and watched over his pupils, at once, in the relation of master, parent, friend and minister. He taught during the week, engaged with them in healthful sports, and on the Sabbath, as an ambassador of Christ, besought them to dedicate their minds and hearts to the service and love of their Saviour. Impressions were made upon the hearts of these pupils that neither time nor temptation could efface; and the Rugby boys carried to the University, and into their succeeding professions, a character for manhood, activity, and piety, that evidently exhibited the tireless care, and happy success, of their beloved and ever-remembered master.

Dr. Arnold's literary labors are too well known to need description. In nearly every moral undertaking of the day, his clear and eloquent voice was heard, and it was the great leading desire of his life, to elevate and Christianize the popular and serial reading of his day.

In 1841, fourteen years after his appointment, at Rugby, he was elected Reguis Professor of Modern History in the University at Oxford, at once an honor to himself and to his Alma Mater.

He entered upon his duties with great vigor and with the most unparalleled success, but the expectations of thousands of his admiring friends were suddenly cut off. In the very vigor of his manhood and intellect, he fell at his post with his harness upon him.

He seemed almost to have had some spiritual pre-monition of the approaching event, as appeared from a detached diary commenced about three weeks before his end, while confined to his room by a slight illness. This diary was written the last thing at night, and was intended to serve as a channel to receive a "rush of love in his heart towards God and Christ," which was vouchsafed to him at this time, and to keep alive the impression made by such divine communications.

May 22. — "I am now within a few weeks of completing my forty-seventh year. Am I not old enough to view life as it is, and to contemplate steadily its end — what it is coming to, and must come to — what all things are without God? I know that my senses are on the very eve of becoming weakened, and that my faculties will then soon begin to decline too, — whether rapidly or not I know not, — but they will still decline. Is there not one faculty which never declines, which is the seed and the seal of immortality; and what has become of that faculty in me? What is it to live unto God? May God open my eyes to see Him by faith, in and through Jesus Christ His Son. May He draw me to Him, and keep me with Him, — making His will my will, His love my love, His strength my strength; and may He make me feel that pretended strength, not derived from

Him, is no strength, but the worst weakness. May His strength be perfected in my weakness."

Again, June 6th, he says: "I have felt better and stronger all this day, and I thank God for it. But may he keep my heart tender. May He keep me gentle and patient, yet active and zealous; may He bless me in Himself and in His Son. May He make me humble-minded in this, that I do not look for good things as my portion here, but rather should look for troubles as what I deserve, and as what Christ's people are to bear. 'If ye be without chastisement, of which all are partakers,' &c. How much of good have I received at God's hands, and shall I not also receive evil? Only, O Lord, strengthen me to bear it, whether it visit me in mind, in body, or in estate. Strengthen me with the grace which Thou didst vouchsafe to thy martyrs; and let me not fall from Thee in any trial. O Lord, let us cherish a sober mind, to be ready to bear evenly and not sullenly. O Lord, reveal to me Thyself in Christ Jesus, which knowledge will make all suffering and all trials easy. O Lord, bless my dearest wife, and strengthen us in the hardest of all trials, evil befalling each other. Bless our dear children, and give me grace to guide them wisely and lovingly, through Jesus Christ. O Lord, may I join with all thy people in heaven and on earth, in offering up prayers to Thee through our Lord Jesus Christ; and in saying, 'Glory be to Thy most holy name for ever and ever.'"

* It was between five and six o'clock on Sunday morning, that he awoke with a sharp pain across his chest, which he mentioned to his wife, on her asking whether he felt well,—adding that he had felt it slightly on the preceding day, before and after bathing. He then composed himself to sleep;

* Stanley's Life of Arnold.

but her watchful care, always anxious, even to nervousness, at the least indication of illness, was at once awakened; and on finding from him that the pain increased, and that it seemed to pass from his chest to his left arm, her alarm was so much roused from a remembrance of having heard of this in connection with Angina Pectoris, and its fatal consequences, that in spite of his remonstrances, she rose and called up an old servant, whom they usually consulted in cases of illness, from her having so long attended the sick bed of her sister, Susannah. Reassured, by her confidence, that there was no ground for fear, but still anxious, Mrs. Arnold returned to her room. She observed him as she was dressing herself, lying still, but with his hands clasped, his lips moving, and his eyes raised upwards, as if engaged in prayer, when all at once he repeated firmly and earnestly, "And Jesus said unto them, Thomas, because thou hast seen thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed;" and soon afterwards, with a solemnity of manner and depth of utterance, which spoke more than the words themselves, "But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons."

From time to time he seemed to be in severe suffering; and on the entrance of the old servant before mentioned, said, "Ah! Elizabeth, if I had been as much accustomed to pain as dear Susannah was, I should bear it better." To his wife, however, he uttered no expression of acute pain, dwelling only on the moments of comparative ease, and observing that he did not know what it was. But the more than usual earnestness which marked his tone and manner, especially in repeating the verses from Scripture, had again roused her worst fears; and she ordered messengers to be sent for medical assistance, which he had at first requested

her not to do, from not liking to disturb, at that early hour, the usual medical attendant, who had been suffering from indisposition. She then took up the Prayer Book, and was looking for a Psalm to read to him, when he said quickly, "The fifty-first;" which she accordingly read by his bedside, reminding him, at the seventh verse, that it was the favorite verse of one of the old alms-women whom he was in the habit of visiting; and at the twelfth verse, "O, give me the comfort of thy love again, and establish me with thy free Spirit:" he repeated it after her very earnestly. She then read the prayer in the "Visitation of the Sick," beginning, "The Almighty Lord, who is a most strong tower," &c., kneeling herself at the foot of the bed, and altering it into a common prayer for them both.

As the clock struck a quarter to seven, Dr. Bucknill (the son of the usual medical attendant) entered the room. He was then lying on his back, his countenance much as usual; his pulse, though regular, was very quick, and a cold perspiration on the brow and cheek. But his tone was cheerful. "How is your father?" he asked, on the physician's entrance; "I am sorry to disturb you so early — I knew that your father was unwell, and that you had enough to do." He described the pain, speaking of it as having been very severe, and then said, "What is it?" Whilst the physician was pausing a moment before he replied, the pain returned, and remedies were applied until it passed away; and Mrs. Arnold, seeing by the measures used, that the medical man was himself alarmed, left the room for a few moments to call up her second son, the eldest of the family then at Rugby, and impart her anxiety to him; and during her absence her husband again asked what it was, and was answered, that it was the spasm of the heart. He exclaimed in his peculiar manner of recognition, "Ha!" and then

being asked, if he had ever in his life fainted? "No, never." If he had ever had difficulty of breathing? "No, never." If he had ever had sharp pain in the chest? "No, never." If any of the family had ever had the disease of the chest? "Yes, my father had — he died of it." What age was he? "Fifty-three." Was it suddenly fatal? "Yes, suddenly fatal." He then asked, "If the disease of the heart was a common disease?" "Not very common." "Where do we find it most?" "In large towns, I think." "Why?" (Two or three causes were mentioned.) "Is it generally fatal?" "Yes, I am afraid it is."

The physician then quitted the house for medicine, leaving Mrs. Arnold, now fully aware from him of her husband's state. At this moment she was joined by her son, who entered the room with no serious apprehension, and on coming to his bed, his father, with his usual gladness of expression toward him, asked, "How is your deafness, my boy?" (he had been suffering from it the night before,) and then playfully alluding to an old accusation against him, "You must not stay here; you know you do not like a sick room." He then sat down with his mother at the foot of the bed, and presently his father said in a low voice, "My son, thank God for me;" and as his son did not at once catch his meaning, he went on, saying, "Thank God, son, for giving me this pain: I have suffered so little pain in my life, that I feel it is very good for me, now God has given it to me, and I do so thank him for it." And again, after a pause, he said — alluding to a wish which his son had often heard him express, that if he ever had to suffer pain, his faculties might be unaffected by it — "How thankful I am that my head is untouched."

Meanwhile his wife, who still had sounding in her ears the tone in which he had repeated the passage in the Epistle to

the Hebrews, again turned to the Prayer Book, and began to read the Exhortation, in which it occurs in the "Visitation of the Sick." He listened with deep attention, saying emphatically, "Yes," at the end of many of the sentences. "There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ." "Yes." "By suffering patiently troubles, adversities, and sickness." "Yes." "He entered not into his glory before he was crucified." "Yes." At the words, "everlasting life," she stopped, and his son said, "I wish, dear papa, we had you at Fox-How." He made no answer, but the last conscious look, which remained fixed in his wife's memory, was the look of intense tenderness and love with which he smiled upon them both at that moment.

The physician now returned with the medicines, and the former remedies were applied: there was a slight return of the spasms, after which he said, "If the pain is again as severe as it was before you came, I do not know how I can bear it." He then, with his eyes fixed upon the physician, who rather felt than saw them upon him, so as to make it impossible not to answer the exact truth, repeated one or two of his former questions about the cause of the disease, and ended with asking, "Is it likely to return?" and on being told that it was, "Is it generally suddenly fatal?" "Generally." On being asked whether he had any pain, he replied, that he had none but from the mustard plaster on his chest, with a remark on the severity of the spasms in comparison with this outward pain; and then a few moments afterwards, inquired what medicine was to be given; and on being told, answered, "Ah, very well." The physician, who was dropping the laudanum into a glass, turned round, and saw him looking quite calm with his eyes shut. In another minute he heard a rattle in the throat, and a con-

vulsive struggle, flew to the bed, caught his head upon his shoulder, and called to one of the servants to fetch Mrs. Arnold. She had just left the room to acquaint her son with his father's danger, of which he was still unconscious, when she heard herself called from above. She rushed up stairs, told her son to bring the rest of the children, and with her own hands applied the remedies that were brought, in hope of reviving animation, though herself feeling from the moment that she saw him, that he had already passed away. The sobs and cries of his children, as they entered and saw their father's state, made no impression upon him — the eyes were fixed — the countenance was unmoved — there was a heaving of the chest — deep gasps escaped at prolonged intervals — and just as the usual medical attendant arrived, and as the old school-house servant, in an agony of grief, rushed with the others into the room, in the hope of seeing his master once more, he breathed his last.

WILLIAM NEVINS.

It was evident that the time of his departure was drawing nigh; when a friend entered his room, he said, "I am near my *home*. Blessed Saviour! Satan, I think, has tried to disturb me; but I have looked at all the ground of my hope, and I find I am on a rock. Yes, I am going *home*."

After this, for many hours he said but little, until after four o'clock in the afternoon, when reviving, he said, "Out of *weakness I testify that Jesus* and his religion are sufficient. I should like to talk for the sake of you all. I feel weak,

but I feel peace, too. O Jesus, I chose thee, but thou first calledst me. I do not know that I shall be able to say any thing more." In a few minutes his strength seemed to return, and he said, "Oh, there is one that says, 'Fear not, I am with thee: be not dismayed.' In that I confide. O blessed Lord, thou hast said, I will never forsake thee; he does not make me to triumph exactly, but I have every disposition.

"'O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be;'

Repeat it, 'Jesus sought!'" Here his friend repeated,

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood."

"That will do," he said; "I mean his precious blood will do. Yes, yes, Jesus is on the other side of Jordan. The Lord's blessed will be done. That blessed heaven! Rest—love to all that are absent. I recommend Christ to them; I have no other recommendation but Jesus. He has supported me all along for several weeks, and now see! his grace is sufficient for me. 'One there is above all others;' sing it, O sing it; or sing, 'When I can read my title clear!'" One verse was sung. He became very calm, and at the close he said, "Thank the Lord for all his goodness to me." Here he sank into a slumber. At different times during the night, he said, "O for grace to be patient;" when told he was patient, "Yes," said he, "but I would be patient as a lamb." At another time he said, "Precious Saviour, be with me even to the end. Won't it be sweet to fall right into the arms of Jesus?" To another he said, "Let patience have her perfect work, through much tribulation! *Through much tribulation!*" Rousing up, he said,

"I know not what you are about, but all I am thinking about is my precious Saviour: dear blessed One!" At eight o'clock, on the morning of the 14th, he said, "'Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;' go on." The hymn book was brought, and being asked if we should sing or read, he said, "read." The first verse was read:

> "Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
> Jesus loves to answer prayer:
> He himself has bid thee pray,
> Rise and ask without delay."

When finished, he said, "O yes, I ask for patience and help to the end. Go on." At the end of the second verse, which reads thus —

> "With my burden I begin,
> Lord! remove this load of sin;
> Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
> Set my conscience free from guilt;"

He said, "Yes, yes, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin." At the end of the third verse,

> "Lord! I come to thee for rest,
> Take possession of my breast,
> Here thy sovereign right maintain,
> And without a rival reign;"

He said, "Yes, Lord, begin thy reign whenever thou choosest, and continue it for ever." At the close of the fourth verse,

> "Show me what I have to do,
> Every hour my strength renew;
> Let me live a life of faith,
> Let me die thy people's death;"

He added, "Lord, thou seest what poor creatures we all are. Bless us all and strengthen us. Dear Saviour, thou givest me some suffering, but nothing compared to what many saints and thyself suffered." About five o'clock, on

Monday, he asked to be raised up, and said, "*Death — death, now come Lord Jesus — dear Saviour.*" In a few minutes his spirit was gone. It is confidently believed, that "he fell right into the arms of Jesus," in whom he sleeps until the morning of the resurrection.

WILBUR FISK.

Rev. Wilbur Fisk, son of Hon. Isaiah Fisk, was born in Brattleborough, Vt., August 31st, 1792. In early youth he exhibited great precocity of mind, a great fondness for books, and an unquenchable desire after knowledge. His parents were eminently devout, and watched with the utmost solicitude the development of his mental and moral powers. "Mrs. Fisk was very assiduous in impressing upon the minds of her children the great principles of Christianity. She took them early and constantly to the church; made it a particular business to read to them the Word of God; required them to learn the catechism, and commit texts, hymns, and prayers to memory. She had the happy art, too, of rendering these things more a pleasure than a burden. According to their capacity, she was almost constantly stimulating them to thought and inquiry by her conversation with them. They regarded it as a day strictly set apart for religious uses, and hence the time not spent in public worship was occupied in family instruction. They neither paid, nor received calls or visits on the Sabbath day. Yet their piety was so mild and cheerful, and their house-

hold governed with such uniform consistency, that the Sabbath was far from being a dull or gloomy day."*

With such a faithful training, it is not surprising that his mind was early subject to religious impressions. At the age of eleven, his attention was powerfully arrested by the death of his little brother; sincere penitence for sin, and a thorough change of heart and life, obvious to all that knew him, soon followed, and he connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

His ardent thirst for knowledge induced his father to send him for a short time to an academy in Peacham, an adjoining town; and afterwards, chiefly by his own exertions in teaching winter schools, &c., he obtained a suitable preparation for college, and entered the Sophomore class of the University of Vermont, at Burlington, in 1812. In 1813, the buildings of the college, in the fortunes of war, became the barracks of the soldiers of the northern army, during their winter quarters, and instruction was suspended. In the summer of 1814, Mr. Fisk entered Brown University, at Providence, Rhode Island, and continued there, exhibiting marked tokens of superiority and excellent scholarship, until an honorable graduation in 1815.

During the period in which he had been engaged in his studies, his interest in religion had gradually decreased, and was at this time nearly lost.

When he came, therefore, to the choice of a profession, although it had been the earnest desire and prayer of his father, that he might be a minister of the gospel, his own tastes led him in an entirely different direction, and he commenced the study of the law in Lyndon, Vt., then the residence of his parents. Afterwards a very favorable opportunity offering for a private tutorship in the family of Col,

* Life of Dr. Fisk.

Ridgely, of Baltimore, he embraced it, although still continuing his legal reading. His health soon after this began rapidly to fail, exhibiting fearful pulmonary symptoms, and attended with excessive hemorrhage from the lungs. Upon his partial recovery, with the advice of his physicians, he gave up his school and started for his home. On his return by way of the Hudson and Lake Champlain, he was again prostrated at Burlington, and little hope was entertained of his recovery. While thus apparently dying at the hotel, the benevolent inn keeper, although not a professor of religion, felt it his duty to converse with him concerning the interests of his soul. His questions aroused the sleeping conscience of Fisk, and produced deep searchings of heart. Spared, by a merciful Providence, from death, he at length reached his father's house. At this time there was a powerful religious revival in the town, and after a period of deep spiritual distress, Mr. Fisk was again restored to the joys of the "great salvation," and immediately consecrated all his talents and services to the Saviour and to his church. His conviction that it was his duty to preach the gospel, was clear and irresistible. But it was not until after earnest prayer, and a serious struggle, that he offered himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church as a laborer in her ranks. There were many obstacles in the way; the church of his choice was then small and despised; while his parents were rejoiced to have him enter upon this work, other very dear friends opposed such a movement, as unworthy his shining talents and expectations; the temporal recompense was small, the sacrifices great, and his health precarious. But the path of duty was plainly opened, and he wavered not for one moment. Mr. F., alluding to this period several years afterwards, thus speaks of his mental and spiritual exercises, in a supposed dialogue between himself and his Divine

Master, in which his objections to the step are stated and answered. This dialogue he once rehearsed, in the year 1838, as though it related to another person, at a meeting which he attended, of the Preachers' Aid Society in the city of Baltimore:

Christ. Go preach my gospel.

Answer. But, Lord, I have other engagements.

C. You are not your own; you are bought with a price.

A. But, Lord, I have been preparing myself for another profession. I have been struggling for an education. I have high prospects before me, &c.

C. What have you that you have not received?

A. Lord, I have strong domestic feelings, and I hope one day to have a family and home of my own.

C. He that loveth houses or lands, wife or children, more than me, is not worthy of me.

A. Lord, I have aged parents, and I am an only son. Filial love and duty require that I should look after them.

C. He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.

A. Lord, is there no excuse? May not another answer?

C. The gifts and callings of God are without repentance.

A. At least, let me first stop and bury my father and mother.

C. Let the dead bury their dead.

A. At any rate, I must wait awhile, and acquire some property, &c.

C. He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of Heaven.

A. Lord, I cannot go.

C. Woe unto you if you preach not the gospel.

A. But, Lord, wilt thou not pity a poor, helpless wretch, who begs for an excuse as one would plead for his life?

C. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be made rich."

"Here" (as he related the circumstance in Baltimore) "the dialogue ended. The young man covered his face with his hands, and bursting into tears, cried,

"'Nay, but I yield, I yield.'

"The bond was signed and sealed, and the youth was consigned over, soul and body, to the church. The next thing I saw of him, he was threading a pathless forest among the Green Mountains, bordering upon the Canada line, driving his horse before him because of the roughness of the wilderness, cheerful as an angel on an errand of mercy. And I heard his song, with which he made the ragged mountain tops that hung over his path reverberate; and what, sir, do you think it was?

"'No foot of land do I possess,
Nor cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man:
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

"'Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.'"

Mr. F. soon after commenced the laborious duties of an itinerant; his first field of labor being Craftsbury, Vt., where a powerful revival followed his preaching.

In 1819, he was appointed to Charlestown, Mass., where he labored with great success. During this year his religious experience was deeply enriched, and his confidence in the gospel he preached, powerfully confirmed. The circumstances are thus related by his biographer:

On the 10th of August, Mr. Fisk attended a camp-meeting at Wellfleet, on Cape Cod. This meeting was

signalized by remarkable displays of Divine power in the awakening of sinners and sanctification of believers. The subject of our narrative had many exercises of mind on the subject of Christian perfection, but was not, when he went to the meeting, under any special concern about it. But while there his attention was strongly interested in it, especially under a sermon by the Rev. Timothy Merritt, on the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He became deeply sensible of his want of full conformity to the Christian standard; he sought earnestly unto God through the blood of the atoning sacrifice; and in the course of the meeting he obtained that "perfect love" that "casteth out fear." His religious emotions now acquired a wonderful intensity and elevation. One who was present at the time, says, "His language and whole appearance had something in it more than human, most manifestly indicating that his soul then glowed with ardors of love nearly allied to those of angels. The next morning he preached on growth in grace, when the impression made upon the audience was deep, awful, glorious. His beautiful classic style, vivified with fire from Heaven's own altar, never appeared to better advantage. He poured forth a full soul in 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn.'"

Some effects of his late exercises of mind are not unworthy of notice. His views of the Divine Being, and especially of the power, glory, and fulness of Christ, were almost overwhelming. He felt such a horror of sin, and had so great an apprehension of the purity of the Divine law, that he "almost," to use his own strong language, "feared to set his foot on the ground lest he should do wrong." Familiarity with these views would necessarily abate somewhat the intensity of his feelings. But other effects became permanent. Previously to this he had often doubted, not only his interest in Christ, but the truth of the Christian religion; afterward, never. From this time, he has been heard to say that he never laid his head upon his pillow without feeling that, if he never waked in this world, all would be well. Prior to this he was often subject to desponding, gloomy seasons; we heard him say long afterward, that he

knew no gloomy hours; his mind was always serene and happy. This may have been owing, in part, to that admirable balance of mind which characterized him, and on which our mental enjoyment so greatly depends; but it was matured and confirmed by that equal balance of the moral faculties which the efficient spirit of Christianity produced.

Writing to his sister some time after, he says, "I have found, my dear sister, much consolation of late in that religion which I profess. God has been pleased to brighten my evidence of acceptance with him. I have been enabled to say, 'I have not a doubt; I feel it so.' I have dedicated myself anew to the Lord and to his ministry. Though I love you, my sister, and my dear parents, if possible, better than ever, yet I have felt such a complete devotedness to the work in which I am engaged, that those ties which have hitherto given me pain are loosed. Most willingly do I devote all to God, and rejoice in the service of such a Master. I look back upon my past life, upon my follies and my wanderings, and wonder at the mercy that has spared me, and at that Providence that has protected me. O that I could love this Saviour more and serve him better!"

His eloquent address, commanding presence, and mature judgment, secured him at once a prominent position in the church; and although still young, he was rapidly advanced to positions of honor and trust, by his ministerial brethren. In June, 1823, he was married to Miss J. Peck, of Providence, a lady whose affection, piety and talent, cheered his heart and endeared his home, until the end of his laborious life. In 1824, he was appointed presiding elder of Vermont district, and in the same year was elected a delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in the city of Baltimore, and took a high rank in the midst of the combined talent of the communion.

In 1826, he was appointed to the principalship of Wesleyan Academy, a denominational institution, in whose estab-

lishment he had taken a lively interest. During his administration, the character of this institution was raised to an unprecedented height; two or three hundred students, from all parts of the country, being in some terms connected with its classes, and its scholarship was of the highest excellence. But what was a matter of still greater importance, in nearly every term, through the unceasing spiritual watch care of their devout and eloquent principal, blessed revivals of religion broke out, and numerous youths were happily converted to God.

On the 24th of August, 1830, he was elected the first President of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, a new collegiate institution, just established under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Honor and emolument, after the offers he had declined of highly honorable and lucrative stations, certainly did not induce his acceptance of the appointment, but a conviction of duty and a deep love for the church of his choice; and in all his heavy labors and sacrifices afterwards, he never for a moment regretted his decision.

From a small beginning, the college over which he now presided, under his efficient management, rose to a most respectable grade among even the older New England institutions.

An incident that occurred at this time is worthy of notice, as showing the character of the man. Not long after his election to the office of president, a member of the Board took him one side to read him a lecture, and give him some advice. He reminded him, that the position he now occupied was one of much dignity, and the reputation of the University must be affected by his own reputation. He therefore advised him to preach but seldom, and when he did preach, to make a great effort. He thought it best for

him to decline preaching on common occasions, and in unimportant places, and to reserve himself for great occasions, and for places where he could produce a sensation. "Sir," said Fisk, "sooner than follow such advice as you give me, I would give up my commission, and not preach at all; but, so long as I hold my commission to preach the gospel, I shall preach it, whenever and wherever I find souls to be saved."

Mr. F.'s labors at this time were excessive in the extreme. He was the Professor of Moral Philosophy as well as President; the finances of the institution called for his most strenuous exertions to secure a permanent character for the college; his relation to the Conferences imposed upon him important church trusts, in the defence of her doctrines and discipline; he was peculiarly interested in the great moral movements of the day, especially throwing all the strength of his eloquence into appeals in behalf of the missionary operations of the church, and giving the Mission Board the valuable assistance of his quick suggestion and ripened judgment. It was not wonderful that, under the heavy pressure of so many duties upon a delicate constitution, his health should fail. The Joint Board of the University, anxious to retain the services of their president, and fearing the entire loss of his usefulness, requested him to take a voyage to Europe, both for the recovery of his health, and to advance the interests of the institution. Upon the eve of his sailing, Brown University, his *Alma Mater*, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, a degree that he had already received from another institution.

He returned November 23d, 1836, somewhat improved in health, and gave his friends the benefit of his observations, in the form of a most interesting octavo, a volume widely circulated, and highly creditable to the author. During his

absence he had been elected to the highest office in the gift of his communion, that of Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and some of his friends strenuously insisted upon his acceptance of it; but convictions of duty again decided the question in favor of the University. But now his health began to decline, and the termination of his valuable services rapidly approached.

* On the last night of the year 1838, Dr. Fisk attended the Watchnight in the Methodist church in Middletown, and preached the first sermon. His text was taken from the address of the patriarch Jacob to Pharaoh: "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." It was touching to see him upon his elevated seat, for he was obliged to preach in a sitting posture, discoursing of live, death, immortality. Many of his thoughts and illustrations were striking and beautiful. He compared man, in the current of life, to a vessel in a whirlpool, borne round and round by the eddying current, offering feeble resistance, until it reached the vortex and disappeared. There was a remarkable appropriateness in the subject, which would have made it still more affecting had the event which soon followed been foreseen.

His health declined rapidly, so that on the 8th of the ensuing February, a medical consultation was held upon his case. The decision was unfavorable to any prospect of his recovery, or of his long continuance. On learning the result, Professor Johnston, who was with him soon after, says, "that it surprised him, yet he was perfectly calm, and began to arrange his affairs as though he was preparing for a pleasant journey." Then, after making some disposition of his papers with Professor Smith, his executor, he was assisted to his chair, in order to rest from the fatigue which his exertions had occasioned. Soon after being seated, he remarked in a whisper, for he was too weak to converse aloud, "What are all these things compared with the

* The account of his last sickness we copy nearly entire from his memoir.

welfare of an immortal soul!" On being asked how the prospect of death now appeared to him, he immediately replied, "Death has no terrors to me; but I have not that open vision of Heaven I could desire. Pray for me, that the prospect before me may brighten. I feel that my life has been a series of imperfections, and there is nothing that I can rest my hopes upon but the merits of Christ." Soon after, he added, "There are a few things I would like to see done before I am taken from this world; but what am I, that I should have a hand in those things?" and, after another pause, he proceeded, "There is the poor University; but I hope you (meaning the professors) will stand by it, and that God will bless it."

The scene, or rather, succession of scenes, which took place after this in his dying chamber, were in the highest degree instructive and elevating. It was almost an uninterrupted exhibition of moral sublimity. Many received lessons of wisdom and piety there which they will never forget. To these a gentleman alluded who was in Paris in 1841, at the re-interment of the bones of Napoleon, who, after describing that gorgeous but heartless pageantry, observes, "As I looked upon the coffin, I could not feel veneration for Napoleon; the halo of true glory shone not around it. The chamber where I saw that good man, the late Dr. Wilbur Fisk, calmly and triumphantly meeting his fate, was to me a scene of infinitely higher and more enviable glory." We may be allowed, under such circumstances, to enter somewhat fully into the particulars.

To conceive properly of the situation of our sufferer, it ought to be understood, that such was his difficulty of breathing, that he was obliged to keep his chest as nearly as possible in an erect posture. Though it was winter, but little fire could be kept in the room; the door was always partly open, and then he required almost constant fanning to aid his respiration. As he could not lay down more than one hour in twenty-four, the pain and weariness he endured were indescribable. Though his breathing was at all times laborious, he had frequent paroxysms of extreme violence, during which it appeared as though each breath would be his last. At

these seasons he could only gasp out a word or a syllable at a time. Much of what we shall record was uttered in that manner.

And, first, of his lowly views of himself and of his own labors, we have clear and strong testimony. Thus at one time he said,

"When I look back, I wonder at the little I have done. And what is rest to me," (he had just been speaking of rest in Heaven,) "that I should indulge anticipations of it, while there are so many unconverted in the world, going down to eternal woe? I see much to be done; but any active mind can do it: and the work of God is in his own hands. He can do without me. What am I, or my father's house, that God should have honored me to share in the ministry of the gospel? I bless him that he has made me the humble instrument of doing any thing — the least thing — for him. It is all of grace. Boasting is excluded. The glory is all his, the shame all mine. I want a score of years more to do any thing like what a man ought to do in the course of his life."

And again: "O, how little have I done! O, the many deficiences! I feel constrained to ask forgiveness of the Church and of the world." * * "I shall be a star of small magnitude, but it is a wonder that I shall get to heaven at all. It is because love works miracles, that such a feeble, sinful worm may be saved by grace. O, the mercy of God, to put such comeliness on such a worm as I! I am an unprofitable servant. How little have I done of what I might have done!"

When one remarked to him that he "knew of no one in whose life there were fewer things to regret," he replied, "I do not feel so at all. I feel full of imperfections and frailties."

Thus, "having no confidence in the flesh," *all his hope of salvation rested on the atonement of the Lamb.* "What a blessed state to be in," he observed, "to be any thing God pleases. The will of God appears unspeakably beautiful to me; but, alas! I fail of fulfilling it in a great many ways. But, for all this, I have thrown myself on the mercy

of God in Christ Jesus. O, yes! I feel that my soul is centred in the love of God in Christ Jesus." Thus, again — "If I have been instrumental in a little good, I thank God for it. I am an unprofitable servant. All my hope is in Christ." At another time, apparently at the close of some train of silent thought, he said, "Rights? I have no rights, but my Saviour has rights; and he bestows them on me. It is all of grace."

Once only did he experience any peculiar temptation or mental conflict. In the early part of his illness, he remarked that "the enemy was thrusting sore" at him, and immediately said to the Rev. Horace Bartlett, "If you have any faith, pray." When the prayer was closed, he expressed his deliverance from the gathering cloud, and from that time nothing seemed to obstruct his view of his Saviour and the better world.

His faith in the truths of Christianity never wavered. When asked if he still believed the doctrines which he had preached to others, he replied, with emphasis, "Yes; they are God's truths, and will bear the light of eternity."

He always entertained lofty views of the nature and holy privileges of the Christian ministry. Thus, when the Rev. Messrs. Granger and Tyler, of the Congregational church, called to see him, "he immediately," says the former, "began to converse about the solemn responsibilities of the ministry," observing, "I hope you will give the trumpet a more certain sound than I have ever done." On Mr. G.'s saying to him, "Our 'Lord had need of him' in the higher employments of heaven," he replied, "It may be: I have often thought, too, that the occupation in heaven would be to do God's will and promote his glory. When I surrendered myself to the cause of God, it was a full surrender to do his will, any where and any how, as he would please; and perhaps I may be employed in some way to advance the cause of redemption on earth."

To the Rev. Mr. Cookson, of the Baptist church, he said, "I am leaving the walls, but I leave you on them. God bless you, and make you more faithful in sounding the gospel trumpet than I have been. O, the responsibilities

of a minister! O, may not the blood of souls be found on our skirts!"

Mr. Cookson inquired if he felt the expression of the venerable Wesley, "The best of all is, God is with us." "O yes," he replied, "nature indeed is yielding, but God remains."

He was always remarkably fond of singing, and often requested that some of his favorite hymns might be sung. Among these was the one in the Methodist Collection, commencing,

"Jesus, the name high over all;"

of the last stanzas of which,

"Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name,
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

he was particularly fond, requesting that it might be sung more than once. And when, at his request, Dr. Watts' hymn was sung, commencing,

"Lord, in thy temple we appear,"

he repeated the last stanzas distinctly in a whisper, thus:

"Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel Death's cold embrace,
If thou be in my arms.

"And while you hear my heartstrings break,
How sweet my moments roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul."

Sunday, the 10th of February, was a day of uncommon interest and solemnity. There was not the least prospect of his recovery, so that it was not thought necessary to restrain him from conversing; and yet his strength was not so far exhausted as to prevent the free play of his mind and feelings. The scene in his chamber was transcendently elevating. In the morning he asked Mrs. Fisk what day it was.

On ascertaining, he observed, "This would be a good day to die." "Perhaps," said Mrs. Fisk, "the Lord will take you to his rest this day." "Then I can worship," was his answer, "with the Sabbath-keeping band in heaven; but I cannot here." On being told that he always loved the Sabbath, "Yes," he replied; "and though it was a day of toil to me, yet I loved my work. To me the Sabbath has been an emblem of that promised rest. O, that rest is sweet! It is glorious!"

He then beckoned Martha to him, saying, "Let us pray together;" and, throwing an arm round each of them as they knelt before him, he offered up a prayer, gasping it out word by word, which seemed the very language of the spiritual world. It was deep, pathetic, powerful, sublime. Then, as they arose from their knees, he said, "Vain human reasoners often tell us that the soul and the body will go down together to the dust, because the spirit is depressed when the body is; but it is not true. These clogs of earth have often retarded the operations of my mind, and been as so many barriers to its activity. But I now feel a strength of soul and an energy of mind, which this body, though afflicted and pained, cannot impair.

"The soul has an energy of its own; and so far from my body pressing my soul down to the dust, I feel as if my soul had almost power to raise the body upward and bear it away; and it will at last, by the power of God, effectually draw it to heaven, for its attractions are thitherward." Then, turning to Mrs. Fisk, he said, "Think not, when you see this poor feeble body stretched in death, that that is your husband. O no! your husband will have escaped free and liberated from every clog! He will have new-plumed his glad wings, and soared away through the ethereal regions to that celestial city of light and love! What! talk of burying your husband! No, never. Your husband cannot be buried! he will be in heaven. His body may be; and let it go and mingle with its mother earth: why should you lament? And yet I love this body, notwithstanding it has so often been a hinderance to the aspirations of my mind; for it has been an old companion of mine. It has cost me

much care and pain, its tendency being continually to decay; and though it may lie long in the grave, it shall be raised, and I shall see it again; for I hope to be united with it, but with none of its infirmities, with none of its moral deformities. Yes, every particle of this dust shall be raised and changed, in the twinkling of an eye, on the morning of the resurrection. Then it will be freed from all its infirmities. It will have no lame limbs, no weak lungs. It will be refined from all its gross particles. It will be buoyant and ethereal, glorious and immortal! It will be perfect, for it will be fashioned like unto Christ's most glorious body, and united with the soul for ever!"

The above sublime sentiments were uttered with the greatest difficulty, when almost every moment it appeared as though the power of respiration must cease.

His last communications with his family were in keeping with his character. Perceiving Mrs. Fisk's overwhelming grief, on ascertaining the decision of the physicians in his case, "My dear wife," he said, "I have always loved you; I have loved to love you; and you were never dearer to me than at this moment. But do not distress my dying moments with your grief. This ought not so to be. I have a great work to do: you must help me by your prayers. I have always thought I should outlive you, and have always prayed that this cup might never be yours; that it might be reserved for me; for I know how unable you are to bear it! But God seems determining otherwise. Bear it? You cannot bear it! But God will help you; for he has promised to be the widow's God and husband, and he will not fail!" At this time, also, beckoning Mrs. Fisk's mother and Martha to him, he offered up, as they knelt around him, a prayer most touching and beautiful.

At a later period of his illness, on Mrs. Fisk expressing her grief, he said, "I fear you do not give me up. O, give me up to God. Our tie will not be sundered; it will only be strengthened by a purer hope. God will be your husband: rely on him in simple faith, and all shall be well."

At another time he said, "Our parting will not be long. Time seems to me like a mere point. Eternity swallows up

all." * * * "Imagination's utmost stretch cannot measure eternity. Oh, my dear, build your hopes on nothing but Jesus, and him crucified! The doctrines of the cross only have efficacy to raise you to heaven, where I trust we shall soon meet. Oh, then shall we be in possession of those beauties which charm the angels, and bind them to the throne of God."

Deep was the sorrow which filled the hearts of the students of the University, on learning his present condition; with earnestness they desired a parting interview with their revered instructor and guardian. He desired that they might all be admitted. On seeing them at the door of his chamber, he beckoned them to approach, and, as they came one by one, he gave each his feeble hand, and bade them an affectionate farewell, adapting his advice or admonition to each with admirable discernment and propriety. It was remarkable that, though not less than a hundred — it was just the commencement of the term, and many of the students had not yet arrived — received his dying counsel, yet to no two did he speak alike. The impression on the minds of the students was very deep. One of them, in a letter to another, who was absent, says, "O! what a scene was this! I may forget the name of my father, and know not the mother who bore me, as soon as will the memory of that day pass from me."

The reader has had ample proof of his love of labor, and the following remarks show how he looked upon this subject now. Hearing Mrs. Fisk say something about his life being sacrificed, he looked up and said, "Sacrifice — sacrifice — what did you say?" and, on being asked if he did not know what his physicians said of his case, he replied, "Yes; they say my nervous system is prostrated; and that, to be sure, looks like it. But it is too late now." A few minutes after, having been placed in his chair, he said, "I do not know but my friends will think I have done wrong in exerting myself so much — and I do not know but I have; but I have not intended it. It is, however, much more pleasant to me *now* to look back, and feel that I have endeavored to exert myself to the utmost of my strength — for you know I

could do but little at best — than it would be to look back on a life of idleness. We were not placed here to be idle; no, nor shall we be idle in heaven. I feel, indeed, as if I should hardly want to go there if I thought I should be idle. If the Lord take me away, he has something for me to do; for he never gave me such an energy of soul as I now feel that I have, without designing to employ it."

One of his attendant physicians, Dr. Woodward, was sent for by another patient. As he was leaving the room, Dr. Fisk said, "The doctor will not leave me now. I feel that the paroxysm will be very severe." But on being told that it was to a lady, who was very sick, he said, "Oh, then, let him go;" and immediately said to Mrs. Fisk, "We must pray for her," immediately closing his eyes as if to engage in silent prayer. Thus, in his own deepest agony, he had sympathy to bestow on others, and was ready to part with assistance even, which he needed for himself.

We have already observed that our patient sufferer, owing to his difficulty in respiration, was unable to lie but an hour or two in twenty-four, and that but for very brief periods. He sat in his chair, supported by pillows, which needed to be differently placed every few minutes, to change his position and give him relief. His pain and weariness were unutterable. This fact gave rise to some painfully interesting remarks. Thus, at one time, after he had lain on the bed a few moments, he said, "I can find no rest — tried the bed, but my body is sore all over. I cannot lie on it. What must a man do when he can neither lie nor sit? O weary, weary me! When shall I find rest — rest in the grave?" Again, after a fruitless effort to lie down, he said, "I have always thought I should have a lingering sickness, but an easy death. I would like to have my bed my dying pillow; but my Saviour died on the cross." He then repeated the stanza, commencing,

"How bitter that cup,"

and ending,

"Did *Jesus* thus suffer, and shall *I* repine?"

At another time, when nature seemed exhausted and life

was fast ebbing out, as he was lifted from the bed to his chair, he sighed forth, "From the chair to the throne!"

During the entire period of his unparalleled sufferings, his patience was wonderful. No expression of dissatisfaction escaped him, nor any appearance of peevishness or irritation, even under the greatest distress, nor when disappointed of expected relief. Thus, on one occasion, after many ineffectual attempts to ease his pain and weariness by changing his position, at length looking up, with one of his sweet smiles, he said, "We will try to make it do. I hope you will not think me impatient because I want moving so often." At another time he remarked, "I hope I am not impatient; I groan and sigh a great deal; and I have, perhaps, been in the habit of it all my life," (no one else thought so) "but I hope it is not impatience; and I think it is not. It is only one of Nature's own methods of expressing her agony; and I do not know but she finds relief in that way."

After a season of intense anguish, he said, "All this and not death? I thought I was almost home; but if the Lord bid me suffer, I would say, 'Thy will be done!' I would have no will but his. Oh, it is sweet to sink into the will of God, and feel that all is well!"

It was admirable to observe how, while consciousness remained, Dr. Fisk maintained his individuality. He was himself throughout; only each grace, each virtue, shining, if possible, with increased radiance. For thus

> "The unrobing spirit cast
> Diviner glories to the last."

This was partly seen in his observations to the great variety of persons who visited him in the chamber of death. He had no stereotyped phrases, which retain their form when their original import is evaporated. He uttered his own unpremeditated thoughts and feelings, addressing each one with admirable judgment and adaptation, and wonderful variety. Thus, to an aged physician, who called as a friend to see him, he remarked, "You see, sir, this poor, suffering body, fast wasting away: yes, it will soon see corruption. But the kernel must decay, that the germ may come forth

in immortal beauty. The Saviour's love has purchased it for sinful man!" And to a gentleman, with whom he had been often engaged in transacting business for the University, he remarked, as he held out his feeble hand to greet him on his entrance, "You see me here, sir, hovering between two worlds:" "And fit for either," was the expressive answer.

February 14th, as his regular physician, Dr. Miner, was examining his pulse, he faintly said, "Why do you examine the pulse without prescribing? Is it low?" "Yes, sir, very low." "Is it fluttering?" "Not yet, sir." "Not *yet?*" he replied, faintly; and then sighed out, "The hour of release is at hand."

On the 19th, as one came into the room, he said, "I am going very fast — filling up with water — feet and hands swelling more;" at the same time rubbing his hands together. At another time, as he extended his dying hand to greet a friend who had been sent for, he said, "I believe I am going," and soon after broke out in a distinct though interrupted articulation,

> "'There is my house and portion fair,
> My treasure and my friends are there;'

some of them, at least, and the rest are on their way." And on being asked if he still believed in the doctrines which he had preached, he answered, "I do. They are God's truths, and will bear the light of eternity. I should be glad to be favored with more ecstatic joy. As I draw near the celestial world, it seems desirable to have a bright view of its glories." To the Rev. Heman Bangs, who came to see him in his last moments, and said that he had "dreamed of seeing him in his sick chamber, and that the room seemed filled with coruscations of glory," he replied, "I have not those coruscations of glory — those bright visions of the heavenly world, but I have a fixed peace."

Thus he continued, gradually sinking into unconsciousness, from which it became increasingly difficult to arouse him; nevertheless, when aroused, his mind seemed perfectly clear. On the 20th, when articulation was rapidly failing him, a

friend said to him, "You suffer a great deal of distress, sir, from fatigue and exhaustion; but it must be over soon: and how sweet is rest to a weary man. There is a place 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'" He responded distinctly, "Bless God for that!" And on the 21st, when he was still farther sunk into coma, the same friend coming into the room, said, "I have come to see you again, sir; do you know me?" Pressing his hand, he said in a whisper, "Yes; glorious hope!" After this, when Mrs. Fisk took his hand and inquired if he knew her, he returned the pressure, saying, "Yes, love, yes." These, we believe, were the last words he uttered. He lingered on our mortal shores until the next day, when, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, his redeemed and now disenthralled spirit took its flight to its kindred skies, to mingle with the Church of the first-born, and join the anthems of the celestial choir. Thus the anniversary of the day that gave a hero and a patriot to the world, is the anniversary of the day that gave another sanctified spirit to Paradise. Let the names of Washington and Fisk, both great in their respective departments, blend in future unison. Their happy spirits have long since greeted each other in the plains of the brighter world above.

"Though to-night the seed be sown in gloom,
Amid darkness, and tears, and sorrow,
It shall spring from the tomb, in immortal bloom,
On the bright and glorious morrow.
The tears that we shed o'er holy dust,
Are the tribute of human sadness:
But the grave holds in trust the remains of the just,
Till the day of eternal gladness."

DAVID MARKS.

THE subject of the following notice was born in Shendaken, Ulster county, N. Y., November 4th, 1805.

At the early age of eleven years, through the faithful instructions of a pious mother, and the combined influences of the Divine Spirit and providences, he solemnly consecrated himself to the service of God, deeply penitent for his sins. He was blessed with a very lively sense of pardon and the approbation of his Heavenly Father, and commenced under peculiarly unfavorable circumstances, the most diligent discharge of his Christian duties. He says of himself at this time, "Though my opportunity at school had been small, I had fortunately succeeded in learning to read a little, yet not without spelling many of the words. My anxiety to become acquainted with the Scriptures was very great. Yet as my parents were poor, and in a new country, we had to endure many privations. Generally, labor occupied all my time during the day, and it being difficult for us to obtain candles, I resorted to the expedient of climbing trees to procure the bark of the hickory, which burns with much flame; and by the light of this fire, I commenced reading the Bible, with anxious interest and a prayerful heart, frequently continuing my studies two or three hours after the family had retired."

His parents observing the marked change in his character, and his peculiar devotion to God, were impressed with the conviction that God designed him to be an instrument in his spiritual field, for the salvation of his fellow men. Esteeming a course of thorough study indispensable, they concluded to excuse him from the labors of the farm, and to send him to a free school, as they were unable to

incur any expense in his education. But he says, "Having heard that in Providence, Rhode Island, provision was made for educating the indigent, I left home alone at the age of thirteen, in compliance with the wishes of my parents, to travel on foot, among strangers, the distance of 368 miles, expecting to be absent five or six years. My Heavenly Father provided me friends. Strangers, when they learned the object of my journey, were very kind, often bestowing a little money to pay my expenses: sometimes they would weep, and express much surprise upon seeing a child alone, so far from home. At times, while thinking of my friends beneath the paternal roof, lonely and solitary feelings weighed down my spirit: yet the Lord of Hosts was my comforter. * * * In twelve days I reached Providence, and was kindly received by Mr. Messers, President of Brown University, to whom I delivered a letter from my parents. After a stay of two days, he informed me that tuition would be free, but no provision was made for board and clothing; and advised me to go to an institution in Massachusetts, where he thought a reception would be afforded agreeably to my wishes."

Nothing daunted by the ill success of his present effort for a good education, he immediately started for his home again, intending to seek a free school in Hamilton, N. Y., preferring not to meet with another rebuff at the academy in Massachusetts. At the almost unprecedented age of fifteen years, he felt himself inwardly moved to preach the gospel. He had connected himself with the Free Will Baptist church in the vicinity of his home, and had faithfully attended all the religious meetings within his reach, warning and exhorting, especially those of his own age, to shun the paths of sin, and to seek after a new heart and a holy life. He now felt that God called him to a wider sphere of usefulness. He

was conscious of a powerful and almost irresistible impulse in his heart, bidding him *Go and preach the gospel.* His time and labor were now quite necessary and valuable to his father; but being fully convinced that his son was set apart by the Spirit for a higher office, he cheerfully and with gushing tears bade him go — and sought the blessing of God upon him. His extreme youth and unstudied and melting eloquence, drew immense crowds to his preaching. His labors were confined to no one vicinity, but with unquenchable ardor he sought throughout the adjoining country, in private houses, in the open fields, and in churches, opportunities to preach the gospel of Christ. His tours extended over the western part of New York; he penetrated into Canada, and made several preaching excursions into the New England States. The most overwhelming effects sometimes followed his discourses, and multitudes professed to embrace religion under his labors.

Feeling the lack of a more thorough education, and still burning with zeal for his Master's service, he procured, at great sacrifices, a few text books, and applied himself with the utmost diligence, in all his vacant hours, to make up for his deficiencies; he even was accustomed to carry his book with him, and study on horseback, or as he walked from one appointment to another. Mr. Marks' usefulness and success increased with his years, and as he became generally known to the denomination of which he was a member, he was looked upon as one of their most efficient and judicious ministers. At this time the denomination had not become consolidated; and, saving a few prominent points of doctrine, there was no strong bond of sympathy between the different local churches. Mr. Marks and others saw the want of a more permanent organization, and a settled creed. Under his supervision, in connection with others, by great personal

sacrifices and extraordinary exertions, a Book Concern and a denominational paper were established in 1831, and, afterwards, at the request of the General Conference, he prepared a book of discipline, with a digested creed.

During his connection with the financial business of the church, a Home and Foreign Mission Society was instituted, and important educational movements were set in operation.

After all these vital measures were secured, and his immediate presence was no longer necessary in the Concern, he surrendered the business into the hands of an adequate Board appointed by the church, and again started out upon his wide evangelical field, preaching the gospel with his usual success.

The sincerity and depth of his piety at this time will appear from a perusal of the following severe, but wholesome, rules of holy living, which he drew up for the government of his life and heart.

DAVID MARKS' LAST RESOLUTIONS,

MADE FOR LIFE, AT QUEENSTON, U. C.

Dec. 23d, 3 o'clock, P. M. in the year of my Lord, 1835.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." — JESUS CHRIST.

RESOLUTIONS. By the grace of God, I do solemnly make the following resolutions, and determine to read them as often as once a week, and to keep them faithfully all the days of my life. And, O my blessed Saviour, I pray that thou wouldst keep me steadfast to the end. Amen.

DAVID MARKS.

I. *With regard to my thoughts.* 1. I will indulge in no reflections nor meditations which I believe will not be useful to me; but the moment when vain suggestions first approach, I will thrust them from me. 2. I will not think a great deal upon worldly subjects, or, at least, not so much as to prevent my meditation being upon God's law day and night. 3. I

will endeavor to spend twenty minutes before every meal in close examination and meditation.

II. *My motives.* 1. I will always endeavor to have but one motive to lead me forward and influence me to act in every thing, and this motive shall be to glorify my Maker. 2. I will endeavor to examine carefully my secret motives in all I do, and when I discover that my motive is not pure, and for God's glory, and this alone, I will not be led by it, but resist it.

III. *In relation to my temper.* 1. I will endeavor always to keep it calm and without irritability. 2. I will strive hard to be always meek and patient in all circumstances. 3. I will endeavor to be deliberate in all things, and holy in all my inclinations and feelings.

IV. *As to my deeds.* 1. I will aim to do nothing except what, on examination, I believe to be directly or indirectly commanded by God. 2. I will endeavor to perform no deeds, which I am convinced are merely selfish. 3. I will do nothing which I would be ashamed to have known, were it by accident or by necessity to become public. 4. I will not overdo body or mind, but endeavor to lay out my work according to the strength which God shall give, so as never to bring myself into temptation by needless perplexity.

V. *As a Christian.* 1. I will endeavor to make my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, my guide, leader, pattern, and example. 2. I will never be ashamed of Christ, nor to own myself a Christian in any company, nor, from fear of reproach, neglect to introduce religion in any place where I believe the effect would be salutary. 3. I will never conform to any of the fashions, manners, and customs of the world, except I am first convinced of their utility in themselves considered, unless it be in a case where a variation would be likely to do more harm than conformity. 4. I will endeavor to kneel and pray in secret three times a day, viz., when I rise, at noon, and on going to bed; and I will strive always to have my whole soul engaged in prayer when my lips are. 5. I will endeavor never to pray to be heard of men, nor merely to continue a form, but always pray for what I want and nothing else. 6. I will endeavor always to

attend family worship before breakfast, and before supper, both at home and abroad, except in such cases as I shall judge it duty to omit it.

VI. *As a minister.* 1. I will labor constantly to be intelligent, and for this purpose I will attentively read three chapters in the Bible by course every day, and will endeavor to spend two hours each day in scientific studies, two hours in theological studies, and two hours in writing. 2. I will always endeavor to spend one hour before every sermon, and every other religious meeting I may attend, in study and reflection, preparatory for the sacred services, when I can consistently with other duties. 3. I will endeavor always to introduce religious conversation and prayer in all places where my lot may be cast, and among all kinds of company, unless, indeed, other circumstances forbid, so that it is evidently duty to omit such services. 4. I will always improve every opportunity to reprove sin: still I will endeavor to do it with meekness and affection, both publicly and privately. 5. I will endeavor to spend one hour every day in religious visiting and conversation, and always endeavor to visit and pray with two families each day, one of whom shall be a family I never visited before. 6. I will always endeavor to instruct the ignorant with meekness and patience.

VII. *As a husband.* 1. I will always be attentive to learn and supply the wants of my dear wife. 2. I will never be impatient, quick, nor fretful, nor disposed to fault finding. 3. I will never be morose. 4. I will always be attentive. 5. I will always be affectionate. 6. I will always be very kind. 7. I will never be impolite. 8. I will always be sociable. 9. I will always be respectful.

VIII. *As a citizen.* 1. I will carefully read and consider the things of public interest, and faithfully serve the public. 2. I will always treat rulers with respect. 3. Still I will be faithful to truth and justice. 4. I will faithfully warn my country of its dangers. 5. I will be courteous, and obliging, and kind to all men.

IX. *In relation to my words.* 1. They shall be few. 2. They shall be well considered. 3. They shall be always serious. 4. They shall be always plain. 5. They shall

never be slanderous. 6. They shall always be kind. 7. They shall never exaggerate truth. 8. They shall always be designed to do good. 9. I will always be cautious what I say and to whom I say it. 10. I will always endeavor to think carefully before I speak, especially when circumstances do not absolutely demand that I should speak immediately. 11. I will always, when with Christians and ministers, endeavor, according to my ability, to discern what duties they neglect, and encourage them to renewed diligence and faithfulness. 12. I will endeavor always, according to my ability, to be teaching sinners their guilt, and their duty to repent immediately. 13. I will strive always to be courteous to my friends, but never flattering. 14. In my public addresses, I will endeavor to have all my words solemn. 15. In private they shall be guarded. 16. All my conversation shall be religious or strictly conformable to religious principles.

X. *As to my temporal concerns.* 1. I will not be a slave. 2. Nor will I be anxious. 3. I will not be covetous. 4. I will not be wasteful. 5. Neither will I be selfish. 6. I will not be profuse. 7. Neither will I be gay. 8. I will always endeavor to drive my work and never let that drive me. 9. I will be very cautious of getting embarrassed in my temporal affairs. 10. I will endeavor to contract no needless expenses. 11. I will endeavor to devote all I have to God, either directly or indirectly. 12. So long as my income from my labors, and those of my wife, amounts to $400 per year, I will give, that is, pay out, $100 per annum for benevolent purposes. 13. So long as the Lord prospers me, I will give, that is, pay out, twenty-five per cent of the increase of my property to God, the estimate to be made January 1, 1836.

XI. *As to my sleep.* I will endeavor to sleep eight hours in the winter, and seven hours in the summer, or at least lie in bed these number of hours; and these hours shall be equally before and after midnight, or at least between nine and five o'clock.

XII. *As to general duties.* 1. I will endeavor that all my preaching shall be affectionate. 2. I will endeavor, when

circumstances and other duties will permit, to preach from five to seven times per week. 3. I will always labor to feel what I preach. 4. In labors, meetings of business, &c. &c., I will be very cautious of giving offence, yet be firm to truth. 5. I will watch my opportunities to visit those that are in prison. 6. I will also often visit those that are confined in alms-houses. 7. I will frequently visit the sick. 8. I will use the best economy I can in all my expenses, and in all things. 9. I will be kind to the poor, and especially to those who are my relatives. 10. Finally, if hereafter I find any good thing not included in these resolutions, I will practise the same. 11. I will read these resolutions every week for at least five years, if I live, and try to keep them without the least variation.

Subsequently he added the following: "1. I will ever watch against coarseness, abruptness, and a dogmatical manner of speaking, and will labor constantly to abound and excel in meekness, mildness, complaisance, and sociability, being always neat, kind, gentle, instructive, obliging, and agreeable, before all classes of men, but *especially* when with my dearest friend. May God enable me always to be faithful, kind, and obliging to *her*. 2. In all my conversation, I will labor to be humble, gentle, candid, without self-conceit, or ostentation, always showing a deference to the opinions of others, especially those of the aged and the learned. 3. I will endeavor never to speak a hasty or impatient word, however great a provocation I may receive, but will always aim to be deliberate, swift to hear and slow to speak. 4. I will reprove tenderly every instance of wickedness I witness among friends or foes. 5. I will endeavor to use all my strength and energies, both of body and mind, so as to do the greatest possible amount of good. ☞ Remember this. 6. I will aim at *perfection* in all I do with body or mind. ☞ Don't forget the extent of this rule. 7. Finally, I will make holiness of heart and life the only object of my living, that I may be prepared to glorify God and save souls."

In a revision and adoption of his rules, August 2d, 1837,

he superscribed them his "Golden, life-bound, perfect, irreversible, manly, self-abasing, God-honoring, invaluable resolutions," and signed his name with a seal.

His evangelical labors in various parts of the country were continued until 1843. He was then 38 years of age, and he now commenced with his wonted ardor the renewal of his studies. His later appointments had been in Ohio, and in connection with the Western Reserve Education Society. He placed his family at Oberlin, and engaged to preach at stated periods, in four churches, in the vicinity, two of them eight miles, one of them nine miles, and the other twenty from Oberlin, he spending with them about three days in the week, including Sunday. The associate churches were to raise $300 for his support. He joined the freshman class of the Oberlin institute, and in addition to all his pastoral labors easily kept up with his younger classmates. "Formerly, when he travelled, as night came on, he had laid his book aside, except when the full moon shone, but now he adopted the expedient of carrying a lantern, and studying by its light, as he returned from his evening meetings." In speaking of his present plan to a friend, he writes: "I am now settled in Oberlin, with a fixed and unalterable determination, if the Lord will, to pursue those studies needful for preparing me to enter college — then to take a thorough and regular course through college and theology. I have not blundered into these purposes. They are not the result of any sudden excitement, but of careful, prayerful, and sincere examination of duty for years. I take this course from the full conviction that I can do far more good, if I should live but a few years after its completion, than I could accomplish in any other way." He was induced, however, by earnest entreaties, to spend a few months in New Eng-

land, in collecting subscriptions for, and in awakening an interest in, a suffering denominational academy, and then, having been successful, he returned to his beloved studies. But his work was nearly done. His excessive labors had broken down an iron constitution. He had several severe attacks of sickness from which he had recovered, but now he became the subject of certain dropsical affections, which increased rapidly upon him. Rest was prescribed for his weary frame, and was attended with encouraging results, but upon the first symptoms of a favorable change he is at his exhausting labors again. We have space only to extract the account of his final labors, sufferings and triumphs, from his Memoirs, edited by his surviving widow.

On the Sabbath he attended worship at Oberlin, which, as near as can be recollected, was the last Sabbath he ever spent in an earthly sanctuary. He walked to the meeting house, perhaps a quarter of a mile distant. At noon, he dined with Professor Finney, lay down on a sofa most of the time during the intermission, meanwhile conversing with much animation. At the close of the afternoon service, he walked home, stopping by the way at President Mahan's to rest. He was again very cheerful, conversed about the prospect of his returning health, and remarked that he thought he should yet be able to preach the glorious and blessed gospel. The President said he thought so too. About the middle of October, he rode out one morning to attend to what he thought was indispensable business. The air was chilly — he took cold, and shortly after, his dropsical symptoms returned, with aggravated violence. His physician, who was about to leave on a journey to Massachusetts, to be absent several weeks, tried to encourage him to hope for another removal of those symptoms; gave him some general prescriptions, and charged him to be very cautious of future exposures, as they might bring on a relapse that would terminate fatally. He faithfully followed the directions of his physician; but his disorder steadily increased,

while his soul seemed absorbed in heavenly contemplations. He often said his hopes of recovery were again very faint, and talked almost incessantly, in the most touching strains, about the reality and consolation of the Christian's hope, the resurrection, the work of the "spirit-land," and the glories of heaven. Still none of his friends were particularly alarmed, as he had several times been apparently much worse. He had recently heard of the death of his oldest brother in Illinois, and they attributed his conversing so much about his own departure, to the effect of this intelligence upon his mind. He continued declining, and finally began to speak of the certainty of his dissolution, in a more positive manner than he ever had before. His companion, now fearing that he was about to be removed, commenced recording a very few of his many remarks for her own consolation, in case he should soon pass away. These memoranda are as follows; but they give a very faint and imperfect idea of the glorious and affecting scenes of his closing life. To those who had the invaluable, the blessed privilege of seeing the angelic expression of his countenance, and hearing his heavenly words, his very room seemed often "quite the verge of heaven."

October 28th, Tuesday. My dear husband said to me he was decided that there was in his case no hope of recovery. It was a great trial to his mind to lift the veil and tell me we must part, but he felt sure he should stay but a little time. He knew my trial was much greater than his; said he tenderly sympathized with me. He well remembered his own feelings when, watching by my sick bed, he expected to be left, and felt that he knew not how to endure it. "But I bless God," said he, "that in mercy he has so constituted us that the poignancy of grief will wear away. 'Though sorrow endure for a night, joy will come in the morning.' We have lived together as Christians. More than sixteen years God has given us to each other. They have been happy years, blessed with the most perfect mutual confidence and affection. In a little time we shall be re-united, and when your work is done, I shall joyfully welcome your

spirit to that better land." What he did, he added, must be done quickly. He wanted to write letters to his friends, also a farewell address to his beloved denomination, and to the world, while his strength remained. He wished to be carried to the house of worship, to give one more public testimony for God, to speak once more to the students preparing for the ministry. He was very happy, felt his work was done. He had loved it exceedingly, though for years he had labored in great weakness of body. Now he was going where he could work without sleep, and labor without fatigue. [At this date he had no alarming symptoms except being weaker.]

October 30th. He wrote thus to his youngest brother. "My dear brother Jeremiah: — Your letter of the 4th inst., bringing the painful tidings of our brother's death, was duly received. So our dear brother Friend has gone — gone to his long home — gone to the spirit world — to receive, while endless ages roll on, according to the deeds done in the body! And soon we must follow him, and know all the realities that there are on the other side of the river of death. I am fast hastening. I write to you now in bed, to which I am confined most of the time, and have no expectation of recovering my health. I am exceedingly weak, and probably this is the last letter I shall ever be able to write you. I may drag along some months yet, but I should not be surprised, should I drop away in a week. The tide of life has run so low that I am now arranging all my affairs to leave without a moment's warning. But glory to God, dear brother Jeremiah, I am prepared — and I am happy. Jesus Christ has taken away the sting of death, so that I rejoice and am exceedingly happy in view of my certain dissolution. What supports and comforts me, dear brother, is the hope of eternal life — a *sure* hope like an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, and entering even into heaven. O, my brother, don't be offended with me, when I say, would to God that my brother Jeremiah had this hope also — this good hope — this precious hope — which extends beyond this life — which will buoy up the spirit in the dark valley and shadow of death. O that you

were a Christian! a good Christian: a genuine Christian; that you had all the consolations of the blessed, the glorious hope of eternal life! Nothing else can fill and satisfy man's capacious soul — his restless nature. O brother, you may become a Christian; God is willing; heaven will forgive; mercy lingers around you, and knocks at your heart for admittance. Until you become a Christian, you can never fill the design of your being. Religion, genuine religion, is as much the natural food of the human soul, as earthly food is the natural food for the body. I am glad, my dear brother, that you did not go to sea. * * * * May God help you to be contented, and give you a good hope of immortality. Farewell, dear brother. If you can, do write me one more letter before I die.

Your affectionate brother,

DAVID MARKS."

October 29th or 30th. He rode out and met Professor Finney, who said he thought he should leave Oberlin the next morning, to spend the winter. Mr. Marks expressed his regret, and added that he wished him to preach his funeral sermon. President Mahan was already gone. Professor Finney smiled and said, "Brother Marks, you can't die now. Are you subject to depression of spirits?" He replied, "No, I was never happier." *

October 31st, Friday. He said he was only confirmed in his views that he had but a few days to stay with me. I asked him why he felt so. He then rehearsed the history of his sickness from the time of his labors to establish the Book Concern, where his toils and exposures subjected him to four successive fits of sickness, since which he had never seen a well hour. From year to year, he had kept running down lower and lower. He had tried to rest, he had tried to be quiet, but he had such an insatiable thirst to do something for God that he could not. If his body was still, his mind was like a steam engine; his thoughts flew with the speed of lightning, and it was a vain attempt to stay them. He knew that his constitution could not long endure. God

* Professor Finney was detained by sickness in his family.

had trained him for the work of the spirit land. He had greater work for him, nobler business in the upper world.

November 1st. Little Julia and myself rode with him to Pittsfield. As we passed the grave-yard, he pointed to it and said, "My dear Julia, soon I shall lie there. This is the last time you will ever ride with your papa, whom you love so much. I am going to live with angels in heaven." On our return home, we met Professor Finney, who asked him how he did? With a peculiar emphasis and a heavenly smile, he said,

> "There's not a cloud that doth arise,
> To hide my Saviour from my eyes."

November 2d, Sabbath. He rode out on horseback, returned greatly fatigued, said he thought he should never go out of Oberlin — that he should go out of the door but few times more — spoke again of writing a farewell address to the Free-will Baptist denomination. As he was so feeble, I suggested that instead of writing it himself he should employ a stenographer. He thanked me for the suggestion.

November 3d. Professor Finney called to see him. He again asked him to preach his funeral sermon. Professor Finney, not supposing him so ill, smiled and said: "I will, if you will agree to preach mine if I die first." Soon he examined his pulse, appeared astonished and said, "I did not think you were so low." He then prayed with him. Mr. Marks told him how much he had loved to preach — said he wished to be carried to the church, and give one more testimony for God. Professor Finney replied, "I would love to have you, but I fear you are too weak. Brother Marks," he continued, "you have done the work of eighty years in forty. I don't know but it is good economy to do our work quick, and save the time for heaven. I think it is. Such is the selfishness and stupidity of the world, that unless a man makes a tremendous effort, he can accomplish but little."

November 4th. A physician, living several miles from Oberlin, who had been sent for, called and stayed the night with him. He seemed very confident that he could help

him. Mr. Marks told him he would take his medicine, but added: "It will do no good." He left his directions, and promised to see him again in a week.

November 6th. He dictated several hours to a stenographer his dying message to his beloved brethren. He seemed much animated and to enjoy it exceedingly. When he was through, expecting he would be much exhausted, I asked him how he felt. "Oh! well, very well; I have had a feast of fat things." In the afternoon, Elders S. C. Parker and A. Curtis, with some others, came to see him, and asked him how he was. He replied, "Happy, very happy. I have got almost well." The next day, as they were about to leave, he said to one of the young brethren with them, "Be strong. Let sanctification be your motto. Set God before you in all your meat, and drink, and dress, and when you enter the dark valley of death, God will send kind angels to minister to you. I look back upon my life, and have a sweet consciousness that I have not lived to please myself, but have, through grace, been able to bear a pointed testimony for God; and that, regardless of the frowns or praises even of my friends, I have done what I believed my Lord called me to do, and now while I approach the dark valley, God sends angels to minister unto me. They hover around me, and there is not a cloud between me and my Saviour." Taking Elder Parker by the hand, he said, "Farewell. We have spent happy hours together; we part now, but shall soon meet again. I am going to my heavenly home. When I am gone, remember my poor wife, and the poor slave."

November 10th. Set up three or four hours, begged for something to do that would be useful to his family. At his request, some pumpkins were carried into his room, and he busied himself, while he sat up, cutting them. Towards night Professor Finney called, and said, "Brother Marks, how do you do?" "I am happy, very happy, happy as I can be." Prof. Finney said, "You are doing well. I did not expect you had made so much progress. You have got on well towards heaven." Mr. Marks asked him if he had selected a text for his funeral. He answered that he had not. He

then said, "A funeral sermon is for the living and not for the dead. I have been thinking of several passages, but my mind does not settle on any. I have thought of this: 'Exercise thyself rather unto godliness.' O, if I had health, how I would delight to run through the churches, and again hold up the doctrine of holiness of heart — of entire consecration to God." Professor Finney replied, "It is well that it is in thine heart to build a house unto the Lord." In the evening, as I was going to lie down, he asked me if I would give him up. I told him I had not, for I was not convinced that it was the will of the Lord to take him yet. He said, "You will have to give me up very soon." At one o'clock, I got up. He said, "I am weaker — thank God for it. O I am happy, very happy; I am going to my Father, to the society of disembodied spirits, to the sweet labors of eternity. The tomb is not gloomy. The Saviour has passed through it. My bloated limbs look beautiful to me, a sign that I am near my home." I asked him if he were in haste to leave me. "O no," said he, "I have never said with Paul, I *prefer* to depart, could I have health to preach the glorious gospel; but if unable to labor for God, I would prefer to depart. This is a dark, wicked world, full of selfishness and unbelief, and there is a great deal to be done. I should love to preach and labor here, but my Father sees it not best. There is nothing to be accomplished by my staying here. I have nothing to do. I am entirely reconciled and ready. As I enter the dark valley, the Saviour is with me — angels minister unto me, and they seem to fan me with their wings. You have been a good wife, and when you come to die, the same grace will be given you. I have been sick a great while, and I rejoice to have the question settled. I have been anxious about the result, and my friends have been anxious. Either alternative would be joyful. I am a happy man; were I to live, it would be for the delightful work of saving souls, but to die would be gain."

November 11th. He wrote and talked all day — expressed great anxiety to be carried to the chapel to give one more public testimony. I tried to dissuade him, pleading

that perhaps he might recover, and that such a step might turn the scale. He did not think so, but would submit the matter to me. If I were unwilling he would not go. After a fit of coughing, he looked at me and said, "O how much I would prefer to spend my strength in publicly testifying for God, than in coughing and struggling for breath. Who knows but that God by his Spirit, through something I might say, would touch the heart of some one of the students here, who would do more for him than I could, should I live to be old." I told him I could not bear such responsibility, I would oppose his desire no longer — I was willing he should go. He laughed and wept for joy, and thanking me, said he knew it was affectionate anxiety that had so long withholden my consent. He sent for Professors Finney and Dascomb to consult them. Prof. Finney said he would love to have him go, but he thought he would not live through it. Dr. Dascomb thought the same. He thought differently, but he said, if he did not, he would as soon die in the chapel as at home. It would be a glorious death to die in the field. Prof. Finney said, if he desired it, he should be gratified, and every arrangement should be made. He requested Dr. Dascomb to make a post-mortem examination of his body. He said he used to have a dread of death, which he supposed was constitutional, and that he should never overcome it; and until lately it had always caused a shuddering to think of its approach; but now it seemed a friend, a kind angel — its sting was taken away. He continued, "If you take a bee and extract its sting, it cannot harm you, even if it crawl on your bosom." Seeing us weep around him, he would sing with a smile,

> "Weep not, my friends; my friends, weep not for me,
> All is well."

Said Professor Finney, "How strange it must seem to worldlings, to hear a man giving directions with such cheerfulness, about his own post-mortem examination." Miss Curtis called. As he looked up and saw the sun setting in the west, he said to her, "O this beautiful world. It looks beautiful, because I see God in it. How beautiful every

thing looks about the house. The perfect adaptation of every thing in nature to all its parts, reveals God. I could sooner believe, that if the letters of a newspaper were cut in pieces and scattered to the four winds, they would fall in the city of New York and form a perfect volume, than that this world came by chance, or that the Bible is not the book of God." He spoke of going to his sweet home. She said to him, "You love your wife so much, how can you bear to leave her?" He replied, "I know with whom I leave her. Our separation will be short: her heavenly Father will not suffer her to shed a single tear, or endure a single pang, which he will not overrule for her good. Not a hair of her head can fall to the ground without his notice."

November 12th. He wrote: "Being just ready to depart out of this world unto the Father, my dear wife asks me to write in her album, and this as one of the last mementoes that I can leave her. I comply with the greatest pleasure, though probably this is the last writing that I shall ever make — my heart being nearly drowned, and the pulsations of life so weak as often to stop. I am now waiting hourly, in expectation of my change, being fully prepared, and filled with indescribable joy at the thought of entering that world where I can labor without sleep, and work for ever without fatigue. Sixteen years and forty-five days, God has lent us to each other in the Lord. Sweet have been these days; and the union, without a bitter pang, has been an apprenticeship to prepare us for the union of spirits in the next world. And though we are now called to part, it is but for a few days, and then to meet in that land where 'Adieus' and 'Farewells' are sounds unknown."

He selected the hymns to be sung at his funeral, and wrote out the first lines, in the following order:

1st hymn. "I would not live alway, I ask not to stay," &c.

2d hymn. "Ah! lovely appearance of death," &c.

3d do. "What is this that steals upon my frame," &c.

To be sung at my grave.

4th do. "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb," &c.

He requested, if it should be convenient, that the bearers should be ministers. I asked him why he wished this. "O," said he, "because I love them so." After a few minutes' silence, he exclaimed, "What a reality the Christian's hope is! Nothing I ever experienced was more a reality. Jesus said, 'Feel of me: a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.'" Mrs. Willard and some other friends called: as they entered, he sung with much emotion,

"There is not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Saviour from my eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies,—
All is well."

Mrs. Willard said his countenance seemed radiant with glory, and his sick room, which she expected would seem sad, was in reality bright and joyful.

He passed a very sick and distressed night, and it was not thought he would survive till morning. He said he had hoped to speak for God once more, but did not think he should live to see the hour of his appointment. "O Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt. Thou knowest I have not been idle in thy vineyard." During the night, several times when he was thought to be dying, he sung,

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life."

His new physician spent the night with him. When he came, he seemed astonished at the change he saw, and wept like a child as he told him he must die. Mr. Marks heard him with a joyful smile.

November 13th. He sent for Mr. Kinney to take a measure for his coffin, and never was he measured for a suit of clothes with more cheerful composure. He told him to make it plain, with no unnecessary expense. He wished to have his shroud made without delay. After some minutes, silence he laughed and wept. I asked, Why these emotions?

He said, "Heaven! bright visions! The reality of the Christian's hope! Never was any thing of my life more real."

He prayed at morning family worship, thus: "O holy Father, I thank thee that thou didst forgive my sins and count me faithful, in putting me into the ministry, that these unworthy hands have handled the words of eternal life. I thank thee for the mercies of my sickness, that I have suffered so little pain, that, as I am entering the dark valley, thou art with me, that thou hast sent kind angels to minister unto me. O Jesus, I thank thee for thy presence. What should I do, while heart and flesh fail, without thee! Let me see the light of thy blessed countenance to the end. Bless my dear wife and sister. I thank thee that thou hast prepared them to part with me. And now, Father, if it please thee to keep the vital spark burning till the hour of my appointment, that I may give one more testimony for thee, I would rejoice; but, Father, thy will be done."

Having talked incessantly for a time, I tried to persuade him to rest. He replied, "Talking excites me and makes me easy. My soul is full, like a cart pressed with sheaves, and I must give it vent. O, if I had a voice that could sound around the globe, and make the whole earth hear, every king, potentate, philosopher, and sceptic, how I would love to preach an hour! O the Christian's hope! The philosopher, after he has fortified his giant intellect all his life, the utmost he can do is to die with composure; while the Christian, though weak and ignorant, not only has composure, but ecstatic joy."

E. Hawley called, asked him how he was. "O, happy, happy, happy. Home, home, home, sweet home; there I can work without fatigue, and labor without sleep."

Anna Mahan called; he said to her, "My bloated limbs, distended stomach, suffocation, palpitating heart, are beautiful passports to my long home, kind angels to release me from my clay." A little time after, he said, with great emotion, "How differently I die from my Saviour! See him on the cross! Nails through his hands and through his feet! I am surrounded with kind friends, ready to anticipate every

want." He gave his cane to Professor Finney, and his watch to his sister.

At three o'clock, to his great joy, he was carried to the chapel, reclining on pillows in a large easy chair, and set down on the stand. Professor Finney announced to the assembly that it was doubtful whether he would survive the effort to speak to them — that Dr. Dascomb was unable to find any pulse in one wrist, and only a little trembling in the other. He hoped, if he should die in the attempt, the people would remain in their seats, as his friends near him would take care of him. A hymn was sung, he prayed, and then addressed the audience about half an hour. After he was carried home, he continued in great distress till midnight, and was several times thought to be dying. He frequently sung, "Vital spark," &c. At one time, he said, "I think I am going — straighten my limbs — fold my arms on my bosom. O, if this be dying, it is happy dying."

November 14th. He said he was disappointed that he had not got home, but not unhappy, he trusted not unreconciled. He said, "I have been very happy, happy, Hallelujah to the Lamb! O how differently I die from those that are not Christians. I go to a happy home, where the sun will never go down, sorrow and sin will never come; but they to eternal darkness, where their selfishness, in which they have trained themselves, will torment them for ever. O, poor sinners! poor sinners!" He prayed, "O Jesus, when wilt thou come? Give me patience to wait." He said to me, with a look of inexpressible tenderness, "If I am permitted to come on errands to this world, I will visit you frequently and give you good suggestions." He wished to see his class of little children, (who had met him in his sick room for several months for prayer and religious instruction, some of whom he thought had been converted.) They came into his room, two or three at a time. Taking them separately by the hand, he would say, "My little dear, I am going to heaven, where the Saviour and angels are. Will you be a good child, and try to meet me there? I shall not be able to teach you and pray with you any more. Remember what I have said to you." Then kissing them, and fre-

quently they kissing him, they retired, sobbing as though their hearts would break.

He said, "If the worthless tree or shrub which has been cut down, or whose 'stock has died in the ground,' will bud and grow, shall not man, whose noble powers pant for immortality, live again? He will, I know he will. O, the sweet, the glorious doctrine of the resurrection! It not only dispels the darkness of the tomb — the gloom of the grave — but it even gilds its pathway with a heavenly radiance."

Mr. Bartlett called at evening, and though in great distress, he looked up and smiled. "You are happy," said Mr. B. "Why should I not be? The greatest monarch that ever ascended a throne, was never so sure of the reality of enjoying wealth, honor, and glory, as I am. God makes it a reality to me. It is sure. I KNOW it." He had a sinking turn during the night — watchers thought he was going, and called me to see him die. He soon revived and said, "Lord Jesus, O, how long? When wilt thou let the pilgrim go home?"

November 15th. He looked bright and happy. Exhibited the same care and exactness in some little things for which he was remarkable when in health. I said to him, he appeared so natural, it did not seem possible that he was going to die. "Why should I change?" said he. "I expect to die David Marks. I have lived for God and heaven — for the judgment and eternity. I have lived with death in view, and now, why should I change?" He inquired if his coffin and shroud were done, then sung —

> "Jerusalem, my happy home,
> O, how I long for thee," &c.

After a little silence, as if in deep meditation, he asked me, "What do you think my mother and brother Jeremiah will say to me when I meet them in the spirit world? There are many there that will be glad to see me."

Sunday, November 16th. Very feeble, unable to lie down without great distress; said it was a good symptom, a symptom that he could endure but a little while, that he was

nearly through. He talked little, was very patient and happy, frequently sung,

> "I am thinking all the while,
> When will my summons come;"

Also —

> "Jerusalem, my happy home,
> O, how I long for thee," &c.

He said, "I am not going to die, I am only going to sleep. It is not death, but life." Passed a restless night.

November 17th. He wished he had a stenographer, to whom he could dictate a few dying messages to some of his friends, especially to some impenitent relatives. I asked him to whom he wished to write. He mentioned several, saying, "I wish you to say to them individually, from me, that it will be a dark and dreadful hour, if they come to the valley of death without Christ; and that I beseech them to turn to God, and never rest till they have the evidence that their sins are forgiven." To a Christian relative whom he named, he wished me to say, "I beseech her always to bear the cross, and then I have the fullest confidence, I shall meet her in heaven. Tell her to say to her mother, (a lady nearly ninety years of age) that I have never, in all my life, experienced any reality that was more positive and certain than the Christian's hope, and I beseech her not to rest until she has obtained that hope."

He had frequently conversed with little Julia about leaving her, and often prayed with her. At one time, he said to her: "I shall soon be gone, and your dear mamma will be very lonely and feel very bad, and she will some times go with you and visit my grave. I want you to be very good and kind to her, and comfort her all you can." He gave her a Bible and two hymn books, and wrote in them, after her name, "Presented by her dying father." Prof. Finney called. He took his hand, and with tears, said, "Brother Finney, O I am glad that never, for the sake of interest, have I avoided preaching the truth, and standing up in defence of great principles. What comfort it gives me." He often expressed great thankfulness for having been permitted to

be carried to the chapel, and the opportunity he there enjoyed of speaking for God.

November 20th. His voice began to fail. He tried to sing, but finding he could not, he smiled very sweetly and said: "Soon I shall have new lungs." The day following he was worse, suffered much from suffocation, said he should soon choke to death, or rather choke into life. Was much distressed till midnight.

November 22d. He was more comfortable. He longed to go where he could do something for God. Prof. Finney said to him—"Never in your life were you doing more good than you now are. You are preaching all the time. The people here are running in to hear what you say, others are inquiring of them, and you ought not to feel that you are doing nothing. Are you not willing to remain where you are a hundred years, if it should be the will of God?" After a moment's pause, he said, "I never thought of such a thing before, but certainly I would." Afterwards he said, "That was a hard question—I answered yes, because for many years I have been resolved to have no will but the will of God."

Mr. Belden, from Amherst, called to see him. He wept, and as he took him by the hand, said, "O, how I love you. O, that you had this anchor to the soul that I have. You have been kind to me. Your house has been a pleasant home. I cannot bear the thought that we shall not meet again. My coffin and shroud are ready and waiting for me, and I am going to my happy home. O, will you try to meet me in heaven?" Mr. B. wept profusely—said he would.

November 23d. He was very weak and hoarse. Taking Prof. Finney's hand, he said, "O, how I love you. How happy we shall be when we meet in the spirit-land, where the watchmen shall see eye to eye, where there shall be no more pain." "And," said Prof. Finney, "where we shall run to see each other die no more." "O," said he, "this has been a sweet life to me, I think it will be a sweet death, and it will be a sweet heaven." He was anxious for a speedy release; said that never did any one more intensely

long to lie down and sleep, than he longed to go to his long, sweet home.

November 24th. Was very languid and greatly exhausted — prayed that he might depart — said that angels were waiting at the portals of heaven to receive his spirit. Observing him looking very earnestly round the room, I asked him what he was looking at. "I was trying to see whether I could see angels." Said I, "You have said much about angels visiting you. What do you mean by it? Have you actually seen them?" He replied, "Not with my natural eyes, but with an eye of faith. I *know* they are here. They are around my bed and in my room."

Mr. Willard called. Taking his hand, he said, "I have loved you much. Sweet has been our acquaintance. O, if you can see it duty, preach the gospel. Do all the good you can. I have been thinking over the toilsome labors which have literally worn me out at the age of forty; and the remembrance of the particular efforts I have made, through storms and fatigue, to preach the gospel to poor sinners, look to me now as the brightest spots of my life. Often, to reach my appointments, I have rode or walked without a dry thread about me, and in that state have gone into congregations and preached."

He talked some time with me, advising me what to do for the future. Among other things, he said, "I charge you, do n't let your affection for me keep any of my clothes that you can dispose of in any manner to be useful to you, or to others. In my view, it would be a species of idolatry."

After a few moments, seeing me weep, he repeated: "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far — more — exceeding — and eternal *weight* of glory. O what language! What a combination of words! How expressive! What ideas! *far — more — exceeding* — and *eternal — weight* — not a *quantity*, but WEIGHT of glory! No mere rhetorician, no uninspired man, ever wrapped up so much meaning in so few words. O, I would not rob you of one star in your crown, by wishing your sufferings less. God will sanctify them all, I know he will."

Professor Finney called and inquired about his mind. He

said it was hard work for him to think much. Prof. F. remarked, he had been expecting his mind to fail. He replied, "I have always felt a great horror of being deranged in my last moments, but now I feel perfectly willing; for," he added with great emphasis, "*all is safe.*" Two or three hours after this, his mind began to wander, and the use of his faculties rapidly failed. Passed a very distressed night.

November 25th. Weaker than ever; was greatly distressed; thanked God for it; said, "Home! home! home! Hallelujah!"— sung,

"Cease, fond nature."

He smiled continually, and bore his sufferings with a meekness and patience that seemed almost sublime.

He dictated the following letters. The first was addressed to a minister.

"Dear brother: — I expect some to get home to-day — to my sweet, long home. I hope you will yet meet me there, but as I had not strength to converse with you as I wished when you called, I want to dictate to my wife a dying message for you. I have, for the twenty-five years of my ministry, borne a pointed rebuke against sin, even the sins of my dearest friends, perfectly regardless of personal interest, for I have feared God! I knew I was going to the judgment. This has caused me enemies and opposition, but now, in my dying moments, the joy it gives me is inexpressible. I have often been personal, and said, 'Thou art the man;' and O, the peace, the peace, it gives. My garments are clear from the blood of souls. I want to say to you in the utmost love: * * * Stand up in defence of great principles. Do right, and the God of peace will be with you. May God make you a holy and efficient minister, that shall have many souls in your crown. Farewell, till we meet above.

DAVID MARKS."

November 26th. He appeared to have his senses, but his mind was extremely weak, so that it was difficult for him to remember what he wished to say, after he commenced a

sentence. Still he was inexpressibly happy. He said to Elder Knight, "O, brother Knight, preach, preach a Holy Ghost religion."

Seeing me weeping, said he, "My dear Marilla, I shall love you as well, yes, better, when I am gone, than I ever have on earth, and I have no doubt but that my spirit will often visit you and minister to you, perhaps be your guardian angel." A little after noon, Prof. Finney called. I told him my husband's unsuccessful attempt, the day previous, to write his name. He smiled and said, "I think I can write it to-day." A pencil and paper were handed him. He wrote very awkwardly, "*David*." On being told of it, he clapped his hands, and with tears of joy, shouted as loud as his hoarse voice would permit, "Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, Hallelujah. Am I so near my home? Can't write my name. O, bless the Lord." Seizing Prof. Finney's hand, he continued, "O, bless the Lord, that I am so near home, home, sweet home." He then threw his arms around my neck — "O, my dear wife, you have been a faithful, good wife; we shall soon meet. You have been a faithful Christian — a great help to me in my ministry. You never held me back, never placed the least hindrance in my way. God will bless you." Said Prof. Finney to the by-standers, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

He seemed remarkably affectionate and childlike. A barber shaved him. (A colored man.) He kissed him very affectionately, and looking up, said, "O, how I love you; God bless you." Several friends called. It seemed as if his heart burned with affection. He would kiss them, and as they were going out, would say, "I hate to have you go." He expressed much concern about my health, requested some friends to watch over me, and frequently said, "Poor child! Poor child!"

November 27th. Seemed very easy, but extremely weak. Spoke in a whisper. Said little. Mrs. Professor Allen called, and asked for my signature to a petition, remonstrating against the annexation of Texas. Mr. Marks eagerly inquired, "May my name go on?" He was told that this

petition was exclusively for ladies, but that there was a similar one circulating in the village for gentlemen, and if he wished, his name should go on that. He said, "I do wish it." One of his attendants promised him that it should be done. At every arrival of his anti-slavery papers, he would ask me to see if there was any good news for God's afflicted, oppressed poor. The last that it is recollected that he read, was in an anti-slavery paper a day or two previous to this date.

Professors Finney and Morgan called. Throwing his arms around Professor Morgan's neck, he said, "I have wanted to see you very much." Professor Morgan spoke of a certain Christian, who said he would rather die and have his body laid in the grave, than be translated as Enoch was, because his Saviour died and was buried. I asked him if he felt so. He said, "O yes, if it be the Lord's will." The two following days he said little, slept most of the time.

November 30th. Failed very fast. At night had no pulse. Slept most of the night.

December 1st. Slept very sweetly, reclining on pillows in his easy chair. About eight o'clock, A. M. Professor Finney called. I aroused him, but as he took no notice of him, I inquired, "Do you know who that is?" He smiled and said, "Yes, I do; it is my brother Finney," and immediately fell asleep. As Professor Finney was about to leave, I tried to arouse him again; and as he saw him going out, he whispered, "Farewell," which was about the last word he was heard to say. When spoken to afterwards, sometimes he would answer, "Yes," or "No," at other times would only smile. A little before noon, he made a signal to be laid on his couch. His attendants attempted to remove him, but it distressed him so much, that he desired to be set back in his chair, when, with a sweet smile, he fell asleep almost instantly. He continued to sleep as quietly as an infant till about half-past four o'clock, P. M., when he made another signal to be removed to his couch. As he was set down on the bed, a change was perceived. I took his head on a pillow, he placed one hand under his head, while little Julia, weeping and sobbing, took the other. His eyes rolled

back in his head, he breathed hard four or five times, and then, without a struggle or a groan, or even one gasp, all was still. He was gone! His spirit had soared on angel wings.

RICHARD LANGHORNE.

RICHARD LANGHORNE, a lawyer, was unjustly condemned and put to death as a traitor, in the reign of Charles II. Just before his execution, he wrote the following unique and most exquisite poem. In the language of the *Quarterly Review*, "A poem it must be called, though it is not verse. Perhaps there is not in this or any other language, a poem which appears to have flowed so entirely from the heart."

It is told me I must die.
O happy news!
Be glad, O my soul,
And rejoice in Jesus, thy Saviour.
If He intended thy perdition,
Would He have laid down his life for thee?
Would He have called thee with so much love,
And illuminated thee with the light of his Spirit?
Would He have given thee his cross,
And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience?

It is told me I must die.
O happy news!
Come on, my dearest soul,
Behold thy Jesus calls thee!
He prayed for thee upon his cross;
There He extended his arms to receive thee;
There He bowed down his head to kiss thee;
There He opened his heart to give thee entrance;
There He gave up his life to purchase life for thee.

It is told me I must die.
O what happiness!
I am going
To the place of my rest:
To the land of the living;
To the haven of security;
To the kingdom of peace;
To the palace of my God;
To the nuptials of the Lamb;
To sit at the table of my King;
To feed on the bread of angels;
To see what no eye hath seen;
To hear what no ear hath heard;
To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O my Father!
O thou best of all fathers,
Have pity on the most wretched of all thy children!
I was lost, but by thy mercy found;
I was dead, but by thy grace am now raised again;
I was gone astray after vanity,
But am now ready to appear before thee.

O my Father,
Come now in mercy and receive thy child!
Give him thy kiss of peace;
Remit unto him all his sins;
Clothe him with thy nuptial robe;
Permit him to have a place at thy feast;
And forgive all those who are guilty of his death

It is told me I must [illegible]
Or what [illegible]
I am [illegible]
To the [illegible]
To the [illegible]
To the [illegible]
To the [illegible]
To [illegible]
To [illegible]
To [illegible]
To [illegible]
To [illegible]
I [illegible]
[illegible]
To enjoy what [illegible]

O my [illegible]!
O thou best of all [illegible],
Thou play on [illegible] of all [illegible]
I [illegible]
I [illegible]
I [illegible]
[illegible]

O my [illegible]!
Come now in [illegible] and [illegible]
Thou [illegible] of [illegible]
Doubt [illegible]
(If the [illegible] with [illegible]
Permit him to [illegible] [illegible]
And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]