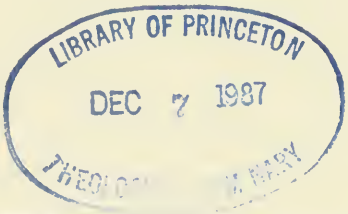

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Spring, Gardiner, 1785-1873
A pastor's tribute to one of
his flock

Hannah L Murray

A PASTOR'S TRIBUTE TO ONE OF HIS FLOCK.

THE MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

HANNAH L. MURRAY.

BY

GARDINER SPRING,

PASTOR OF THE BRICK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK.

"Some sink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born:
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's engulph'd."

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INTRODUCTION.

The following sketch was prepared, and is now published at the instance of the author. Though cheerfully acceeded to by the surviving friends of the subject of these memoirs, the proposal was his own. He does not profess to be an impartial biographer; it was impossible he should be so. Yet has he aimed at impartiality; and he is the more bold to appeal to those who knew Miss Murray, for the uncolored verity of his narrative, because the duty which has devolved upon him has been little more than to collect and present her own thoughts.

With the documents put into his hands, it has been difficult to sever many incidents which respected himself and his pastoral charge from her private history and views. Yet has he done this, wherever it could be done without suppressing important facts, and doing injustice to one whose memory is so richly embalmed in his own bosom. He had no more attentive hearer than Miss Murray; none who treasured up more of the substance of his discourses, and none, he presumes whose private papers furnish so full a report of them for more than twenty years.

He has styled the volume "A Pastor's Tribute to one of his Flock;" and not without reason. Her life, her unobtrusive counsel, her Christian sympathy, were among his great-

est joys; her death was among his greatest griefs. It is a tribute of respect, of esteem, of affection and gratitude. But it is not a mere tribute to her memory. It is due to the grace of God as manifested in her, that that grace should be known. She was too rare a Christian to be forgotten. It is due to the living who may yet live as she lived, and die as she died, that her character and counsels should be addressed, especially, to a large class of her accomplished associates.

G. SPRING.

New York, June, 1849,
Brick Church Chapel.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I. PAGE

HER EARLY HISTORY AND EDUCATION 7

CHAPTER II.

HER EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS, AND HER STRUGGLES WITH THE WORLD 28

CHAPTER III.

THE CHARACTER OF HER RELIGION 41

CHAPTER IV.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY, AND HER DEVOUT MEDITATIONS . 61

CHAPTER V.

HER SACRED HYMNS 76

CHAPTER VI.

HER INTEREST IN REVIVALS OF RELIGION . . . 93

CHAPTER VII.

HER INTEREST IN THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE . . . 125

CHAPTER VIII.

HER BOUNTY, AND HER INTEREST IN BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS 135

CHAPTER IX.

HER MISCELLANEOUS POETRY 149

CHAPTER X.

PAGE

HER CORRESPONDENCE 180

CHAPTER XI.

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL WHILE TRAVELLING . . 250

CHAPTER XII.

HER LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH 275

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS 289

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

HER EARLY HISTORY AND EDUCATION.

> "Who that bears
> A human bosom, hath not often felt
> How dear all those ties which bind our race
> In gentleness together, and how sweet
> Their force."

THERE is scarcely a more touching retrospect, than that upon the multitudes who were once employed in the busy scenes of labor and joy with ourselves, and who, in such thick and rapid succession, have passed away. The earth changes; the lights of heaven change; time itself, so unruffled and equable in its course, is perpetually changing, and effecting ceaseless and universal change in the character, condition, and social relations of men. Every fleeting year is pushing its generation to the tomb; an indissoluble, a sacred tie binds the race to the grave. What we loved yesterday, what yesterday interested, instructed, charmed us, to-day sleeps, to awake

not until the heavens be no more. There is but one being who never alters. God has formed us for himself alone; restless is the heart, until it rests on him.

Yet are there friendships such as the world seldom knows. They have something more than natural sympathies to rest upon; they are founded in principle, nourished by confidence, and matured by time. They are firm and steady amid "evil report and good report;" and not less amid frowns than smiles. They are something more than passing ceremony, which puts us in good humor for the time. They are remembered; they are engraven on the heart; no tempest effaces them. Yet even these form a part of this great moving scene, where the figures are passing and repassing, and at length disappear. Early friends, where are they? The grave has closed upon them; sweet and holy memories of them are all that remain to us.

There is a fervor and freshness in early friendships, in vain sought for in those alliances which are formed when the heart has become chilled with disappointment, poisoned by suspicion, and worn with care. Both are beautiful; but the flowers of autumn, bright and symmetrical as they may be, do not send forth the blushing fragrance of the early year. We try to form such ties anew with other and

kindred minds; but between the present and the past, the chasm is wide; nothing can fill it. Broken at the grave, these early bonds would indeed mar the happiness of human life, but for the sweet hope that they would be renewed and perfected in a nobler and purer world.

Amid the multitudes who are now no more, and who, in the sunny days of his youth, welcomed the writer to his new and untried sphere of responsible labor, was the subject of these memoirs. *Hannah Lindley Murray* was the daughter of John and Hannah Murray, and was born on the 10th of March, in the year 1777. Her father was a native of Pennsylvania, of Scotch descent. Early in life—in the year 1758—and before the revolutionary war, he became a citizen of the state of New-York, and so continued until his death. His pursuits were exclusively commercial, and he successively conducted the concerns of "John Murray," "Murray, Sanson & Co.," and "John Murray and Sons," through a period of nearly fifty years, and with great success, in an extensive importing and commission business. He was distinguished for his prudence, discretion, and integrity; and though possessed of ample means, was far removed from all hazardous speculation. He claimed and supported a character unimpeached and unimpeachable, and enjoyed the confidence and consideration

of the mercantile community. He was well experienced in the customs of merchants; and, though without a professional education, he was so well versed in the law of marine insurance, that his opinions were highly appreciated and often resorted to. During the latter part of his life, he enjoyed so much of the public confidence as an arbitrator in insurance cases, that they occupied no inconsiderable portion of his time. He had no ambition for political advancement, which he might have obtained, if he had yielded to the solicitation of his friends. He served as governor and treasurer of the New-York Hospital, almost from the first foundation of that institution. For a series of years, he was the president of the Chamber of Commerce; and when, for the sixth time, in the year 1806, he was elected to that office, declined the appointment. He was a director in the branch of the old United States Bank in this city; and in several crises of our pecuniary affairs, both before and during the war of the Revolution, his financial talents were of important service both to the city and the country. He was associated with such men as Rufus King, Gulian Verplanck, John Broome, Henry Rutgers, George Clinton, Comfort Sands, Edward Livingston, Archibald Gracie, and William Bayard; and in his political views, was a thorough

whig and substantial federalist. He was, too, the chosen companion of good men; the tried friend of the Christian ministry, a worthy member of the Brick Presbyterian Church, and, for a number of years, one of its ruling elders. He had quick perceptions of what is right, and great decision and generosity of character. He was greatly respected and beloved by his family, and died the 11th of October, 1808, in the 71st year of his age, leaving not only a large fortune to his children, but a reputation without reproach.

The family name of Mrs. Murray was Lindley. Thomas Lindley, her remote ancestor, was an Englishman by birth, but removed with his family to Ireland, where he had two sons, who removed from Ireland to Philadelphia. One son married Hannah Desbrough; he had eight children, all of whom died young, except James, who married Susanna Lownds, and Mary, who married Robert, the brother of John Murray. Hannah was the daughter of James and Susanna Lindley, and was married to John Murray, the father of the subject of these Memoirs. She belonged to the religious society of Friends:—in that society she lived and died. She was evangelical in her views and spirit; and from long acquaintance with her, ever appeared to me a truly Christian lady. Her habits were simple; her manners cour-

teous and dignified; and in her tongue was the law of kindness. Her adornment was that of good intellect, fine taste, and a meek and quiet spirit. As a wife her heart was true; she lived to be a partaker in the joys and sorrows of her husband, to consult his wishes, submit to his guidance, and make his comfort and usefulness her study. Few females are more watchful of every domestic duty, or exhibited a more blameless deportment. Those who had the nearest inspection of her excellence, were the most ready to acknowledge her worth. As a mother, she will never be forgotten. That cheerfulness, that unwasting affection, that wisdom and gentleness so obvious in forming the early habits of her children, that caution against the noisy and polluting pleasures of the world, that tranquillity amid perplexing and wearisome cares, that calmness in sorrow and that quickening in joy, which all well remember who knew her well, rendered her a fitting guide to their youthful minds. She was always *at home,* "looking well to the ways of her household, and guiding her affairs with discretion." She "spread out her hands to the poor; yea, she reached forth her hands to the needy." "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her. When the eye saw her, then it gave witness to her; because she delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless and

him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Mrs. Murray survived her husband, lived twenty-seven years a widow, and died in Christian peace and hope, on the 22nd of May, 1835, at the advanced age of more than fourscore years and nine, amid the affections and tears of her children.

Of eight children, four sons and four daughters, *Hannah* was the youngest but one. Her frame was fragile, her mind active, and she was naturally of a gay temperament. As she grew up, her person was agreeable, though very delicately formed; her complexion remarkably fair and pure; her countenance intellectual and pleasing; her manners attractive and easy; her conversation rich, entertaining, and often full of vivacity and wit. The engraving in this volume is from a miniature taken in early life by her sister; none of the portraits of later years being so good a likeness. Her health was never robust, yet seldom such as to confine her to her chamber; though she was peculiarly delicate in every sense of the word. She was brought up amid all the refinement and elegance which wealth could furnish, and which a heaven-directed caution and diligence subsequently taught her wisely to employ. There was no intellectual

accomplishment, and no accomplishment of art which she had not the opportunity of acquiring, and of which she did not avail herself with great fidelity and success. The best schools and the best private masters, were her instructors; nor were there any of their pupils which gave them higher, or more honest exultation. She was fitted to fill, and, for a series of years, did fill a wide place in the public mind, and was the adornment of many a circle of fashion and splendor.

Her natural disposition had some peculiarities. She had a fine intellect, blended with a most amiable disposition; and these made her a cheerful and delightful companion. She possessed a clear judgment and great firmness; and these rendered her a safe friend. Her imagination was vivid, and ever active, sleeping as well as waking; so that she has often been heard to say, "that she should almost think it a waste of time to sleep without dreaming." Her sleep was always filled with beautiful images, lovely scenery, splendid and unheard-of appearances in the animal, material, and spiritual kingdoms; and whatever was thus presented to her imagination, she was always permitted to enjoy. She was never known to relate a melancholy dream. The most delicious fruits gratified her palate; and the beautiful in nature charmed her eye,

without the usual embarrassments attendant on interesting nightly visions. From the pure and happy temperament of her mind, she probably enjoyed as much worldly happiness as was ever enjoyed by any one individual creature. She has been repeatedly heard to say, that "she wanted nothing in this world; that so bountiful had God been to her, that she coveted nothing; and that she should be entirely at a loss to specify anything of a temporal nature that she desired." She was physically the most sensitive creature I ever knew; she shrunk from every unexpected touch, or sound; a sudden whisper would agitate her, the falling of a window, or the unexpected cry of distress would sometimes agitate her to paleness and fainting. On her first visit to my family after I became her pastor, an incident of this kind occurred: and we could not suppress some free comments upon it after she had left us. We did her great injustice; it was perfectly irresistible on her part. We have, many a time, laughed together over what she was pleased to call her "unfortunate introduction;" and it taught us not to be hasty in forming our judgments of character from first impressions. She was deeply conscious of the infirmity; she struggled against it; but she could never subdue it to the day of her death. Yet, while thus physically sensitive, she was

morally one of the boldest and most fearless of women. In all her intercourse with the world and with the church, with the charitable institutions in which she took so active a part, and amid collisions of sentiment and conflicting measures, I do not think it can be said, that she was ever known to waver. She was social in her disposition, yet she was never unhappy in retirement; she was confiding, yet not credulous. She had a clear discernment of character, and very soon perceived those qualities to which she might give her love and confidence. She selected her friends with discrimination; and when she had selected them, she was true, true without alloy, true to the last, sterling truth. Her attachments were strong; her aversions rarely expressed. She could overlook imperfections; she could wink at foibles; but she could not brook deceit, or disingenuousness; she shrunk from everything that was low and mean, and was attracted by all that is high and lofty, either in feeling, or deportment. She was generous in her emotions, generous in her sentiments, and generous in her sacrifices.

Yet, with the single exception of her nervous sensitiveness, it would be too much to say, that she possessed many *striking* and *prominent* features of natural character. They were all so subdued, and inmingled, and shaded with a

veil of characteristic delicacy, that in fixing your mind upon them, it is difficult to say which was the more prominent. It is not her sprightliness that you think of when recalling her to your thoughts; nor is it her kindness; nor her unsuspecting confidence; nor her truthfulness; nor her wit; though these were obvious. It is *herself;* her blended excellencies, neither of them striving for the mastery, but each, in its proper place and proportion, doing homage to the other, and all harmoniously forming her womanly character. In all my acquaintance, I have never seen, I have never read of one which was her parallel. If those who were best acquainted with her were asked the question, Who reminds you most of Hannah Murray? if I mistake not, every one of them would reply, It is impossible for me to tell: I do not know such another being. She was not the Martha who was "busied about much serving;" nor yet the Mary who "sat at Jesus' feet and heard his words;" she rather combined the natural peculiarities of both these two sisters. In some respects, she was like the Mary, who broke the box of precious ointment over the feet of her divine Lord; in other particulars, she was like the Mary who stood near his cross and wept, as she saw him she loved the derision of the priests, and the sport of the populace. While

in her spiritual characteristics, we would not compare her with that "beloved disciple," yet to us it seems, that, in the features of her *natural* character, if the sacred narrator of these incidents in the evangelical history, who leaned on Jesus' bosom, could, by the hand of no coarse moral painter, be imbued with a female mind, not a little of such mingled and beautiful coloring would form a picture quite in keeping with the character of Miss Murray. There is no female character, in history, or fable, which I can think of, that resembles hers; it would not be likely that either history or fable would delineate such a character.

Her intellectual endowments were unquestionably of a high order, though they resembled rather those of Mrs. Hemans than those of Hannah More. Though she was by no means deficient in understanding an argument, and though she rarely erred in the correctness of her conclusions, she had never accustomed herself to the severe application of her logical powers. She was accustomed rather to the exercise of memory, rapid analysis, and nice discrimination, than to tedious thought. She was a lover of history; and was never more gratified than in patiently possessing herself of the substance of those elaborate and voluminous historical productions, which cost their

authors the labor and research of many years. It was a pleasure to hear her *read* the pages of an instructive and brilliant historian. She was one of the best of English readers.

Nor was she limited in her researches to works in the vernacular tongue. She possessed an uncommon facility in the acquisition of languages. So ripe a scholar was she in the Greek and Latin languages, that she not only read the Greek and Roman classics for her own improvement, but was in the habit of hearing the recitations of her nephews in Sallust, Virgil and Cicero, and Xenophon and Homer. She made herself familiar with the French, Italian, and Spanish; and was making good progress in the German. She made many beautiful translations from the Latin, Greek, and Italian poets. Herself and her surviving sister Mary jointly translated, from the Italian of Tasso, the whole of "Jerusalem Delivered" in *verse;* a work consisting of twenty cantos, and more than fourteen thousand lines. She translated also many of the odes of Anacreon from the Greek. She made the best translation I have seen of the "Fall of Phaeton," from the original of Ovid. She left also a good translation, from the French of M. de Sacy, of the very interesting history of Hungary; a work which any bookseller would find his account in publishing, as, if I mistake not,

there is no good history of that country in the English language. She has also left good translations of some of Massillon's Discourses, a number of Metestazio operas, and a variety of others from different languages. Yet, accomplished a scholar as she was, she was not less unpretending and unostentatious. Sometimes, if you happened to enter her parlor between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock, you might detect her in reading the Greek Testament, or Sallust, or Massillon ; but you would never know the work she had so delicately laid aside on your entrance but by taking a look at it as she laid it upon the table.

Her mind and taste were formed and cultivated especially for the *Fine Arts.* She had a fine taste for music, performed well on the piano, and possessed an uncommonly sweet and powerful voice. She painted some good portraits, but she excelled in landscape painting and sketching from nature. Natural scenery had peculiar charms for her ; she was exquisitely alive to everything that is sublime and beautiful, either in nature or in art. Her own mind was a living fountain of beauty. She gazed upon a thousand objects with rapture, which others regarded with indifference ; she analyzed them, and saw them made up of embellishments which ordinary minds could

not discover. They gave her pleasures that did not pall; nor did they, like severer labors, seem to weary her. She carried them everywhere, everywhere she enjoyed them.

> "Not a breeze
> Flies o'er the meadow,—not a cloud imbibes
> The setting sun's effulgence,—not a strain
> From all the tenants of the warbling shade
> Ascends, but whence her bosom could partake
> Fresh pleasure unreproved."

It was the great privilege of Mrs. S. and myself, in company with a number of other dear friends, not a few of whom are "fallen asleep," to travel extensively with the "two sisters," in the summer of 1815. It was a month of travel which will long be had in our grateful remembrance. It was delightful for its society; delightful for its sabbaths; delightful for its daily religious privileges, its instructions from God's holy word, its prayers and songs of praise. While at Saratoga, Mrs. S. and myself were furnished with a large room at Lewis's, now Union Hall, just in front of the piazza, where our large party assembled morning and evening for family worship; and as the weather was warm, the windows remained unclosed. The service became attractive, chiefly from the music—for we had six or seven fine voices in the company, that moved together in great harmony. We well

recollect those seasons. At first the worshippers consisted exclusively of our own party and a few invited friends; but at length the piazza became crowded, the room was filled, strangers thronged the door, numbers came over from Congress Hall to unite with us, and the result was that we were *requested* to occupy the large hall, which was then in the second story, for a daily evening religious service. To the influence of the Miss Murrays and their excellent and like-minded brother, Mr. John R. Murray, is to be attributed, so far as my knowledge extends, the introduction of this daily *public* service at Saratoga Springs.

This beautiful tour is also remembered for the fascination which the subject of these memoirs threw around it by her admiration of natural scenery. For myself I had thought I possessed some susceptibility to the beauties of natural scenery; but in her society I began to feel that in this respect I was but among the better order of savages. Her resources seemed inexhaustible, and she seemed to me a specimen of a new race of beings. Her conversation was instructive; she suggested thoughts that were valuable to every writer, and every preacher of the gospel. Mrs. S. and myself have sat hours by her side, at Saratoga, at Glens Falls, at Lake George, while she made those beautiful sketches which now

adorn the parlor of the family mansion in Hudson square. Her portfolio will be found to contain not a few specimens from her own pencil, which would interest the most enthusiastic amateur in the Fine Arts.

She was no mean poet. Several of her sacred hymns and miscellaneous poems will be found in this sketch of her history and character. They are very simple, and some of them very sweet. Her sacred hymns, especially were hasty productions, and do not furnish the best specimens of her poetic genius. The most labored production of her muse is a poem in eight books, written about twenty years ago, the subject of which is the *Restoration of the Jews*. It is in heroic verse, and is the united production of the two sisters, Mary and Hannah. It is remarkable for its historical and ethnological research, the smoothness and melody of its numbers, and its religious inspiration. It was submitted to the inspection of the writer of these memoirs at the time it was written, and he has ever regretted that its modest authors would not consent, even anonymously, to give it to the world.

It will be seen from the preceding sketch, that Miss Murray possessed very diversified talents, and great versatility of genius. She had, in no common degree, the faculty of

turning her mind to new tasks and subjects, and those of the most opposite kind. She had learned the great art of wisely economizing time, talent, and toil, and of directing them to the best advantage. Not only was she alive to the great and beautiful, but equally so to the *ludicrous*. So gay and mirthful were her feelings, and so much did she abound in sprightly sallies of wit, that in no point of her character was she more accessible. She was often mortified by this exposure, and sometimes disconcerted by being unable to maintain her gravity, where she felt that she ought to have maintained it. Few laughed more easily or more heartily, few more tenderly wept. It would be difficult to say whether she was the more filled with awe before the finished compositions of Raphael, or convulsed with merriment before the sketches of Hogarth; whether the Taming of the Shrew delighted her most, or Hamlet; whether she were more deeply interested in reading Milton's Paradise Lost, or Butler's Hudibras; Cowper's Task, or Trumbul's M'Fingal. The reader will perhaps be surprised when he is informed, that on looking over her manuscripts there are found, not only grave dissertation and lyric song, but here an ode to "Col. R.'s Wig," there "A Bridal Lay;" then an Elegy on the death of a bird, and then Lines on the

"Lost Small Clothes." Nor is this anything marvellous. The same accomplished and devout mind that gave to the world that beautiful hymn, beginning with the words,

"O for a closer walk with God,"

was also the author of the ludicrous poem entitled "John Gilpin." Nay, even Thomas Moore justly claims the authorship of the stanzas beginning with the line,

"O thou who driest the mourner's tear."

Nor do we feel at liberty to pass unnoticed, her exemplary and indefatigable industry. Such was her condition in the world, that she might have lived in listless inactivity. She was not only affluent, but, remaining unmarried, she had no domestic cares. Yet she knew not how to be idle. "Occupy till I come"—"redeeming the time," were admonitions which she felt to be no less applicable to herself than to those who toiled for their daily bread. Her pencil, her needle, her pen, or her book, employed her more leisure hours; while her visits of mercy to the poor, the widow, and the orphan, employed the great portion of her time when she was absent from her own family circle. When she had nothing to do for herself, she was employed for others. Few females have left more perma-

nent memorials of industrious habits. It may be doubted whether there are any among those who survive her, who, Dorcas like, prepared so many garments for the poor, as were the yearly product of her own hands. She was, in no small degree, ingenious in laying out labor upon articles, in themselves of little value, and making them valuable. Rich tapestry, beautiful centre tables, inventions even in the smaller mechanic arts, volumes of prose and poetry, religious and moral truths, illustrated by some new contrivance or skilful symbol, adapted to the infant mind, all remain as indications of her own sense of the value of time, and her cheerfulness in toil.

The intimate friends of her youth and riper years, were, Sarah Broome, now Mrs. J. Boggs, daughter of John Broome; Augusta Temple, daughter of Sir John Temple, for a long time British Consul, now Mrs. Temple Palmer; Maria Nicholson, now Mrs. Montgomery; Ann Ustick, daughter of Thomas Ustick. To all of these she was truly and unwaveringly attached. They all married, excepting the last named, and of course the intimacy with her was more close, confidential and spiritual in after life. She was a woman of superior intellect, fine discriminating judgment; of a bright and cheerful spirit, and genuine piety. I may perhaps be allowed to add, in the

language of her surviving sister, "Another, too, there was—Mrs. Spring, the wife of her valued pastor, to both of whom she became increasingly attached, as time and progressive acquaintance developed on both sides the congeniality of spirit and oneness of views which link in close connection minds and hearts; and who, though not of her earliest, were assuredly among her strongest and most prized attachments, and which never suffered interruption or abatement."

CHAPTER II.

HER EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS AND HER STRUGGLES WITH THE WORLD.

> He sees with other eyes than theirs. Where they
> Behold a sun, he views a Deity;
> What makes them only smile, makes him adore.

The time of Miss Murray's conversion she herself never professed to determine. It was probably in childhood. She had impressive views of the holiness of the divine character, of the spirituality and obligation of the divine law, and of the great evil of sin, in the more advanced stages of her religious experience; but so far as I can learn, her conviction of these truths was much deeper after conversion, than before. She was never brought to despair of God's mercy, nor to tremble as others have done, in view of everlasting burnings. She was an example of that grace which "leads the blind by a way that they knew not," and in gentle paths; and one of those instances, of which there are not few, in which "the goodness of God leadeth to repentance."

I doubt whether her delicate frame and sensitive mind could have endured severe religious emotions. Deep emotions would have sunk her to the grave; God's terrors would have made her a maniac; and he was pleased in mercy not thus to deal with her.

The natural traits of her character were sanctified by religion. Bright, and lovely, and peculiar as they were, religion did not obscure them, but made them more bright, exalted them, and gave even their peculiarities a hallowed and rainbow coloring. They would have exposed her to vanity and folly, had they not been brought into happy subjection to the God of love. Her own estimate of the nature and importance of Christian piety may be best learned from her diary and her example. Few valued it more highly, or more truly appreciated its privileges, or more uniformly enjoyed its hopes and consolations. There were some scenes in her religious experience which may not be exhibited; some acts which do not admit of a public recital; but which are too impressive ever to be forgotten by those to whom she ventured sometimes to disclose the conflicts and the victories, the doubts and confidence, the tears and exultations of her own sensitive heart. Religion in her was productive of some of its ripest fruits and best joys. It was the consummation of her char-

acter, and gave it its interest, its amiableness, its dignity, its usefulness. At the distance of many years, I look back upon it as possessing a never-fading beauty. There was the charm of consistency about it; it possessed that rare uniformity, that beautiful and sacred symmetry which are so often wanting in those professing godliness, and which, where they are not wanting, are the glory of the Christian name.

In company with her sister Mary, she made a public profession of her faith when she was twenty-four years of age, under the ministry of my venerable predecessor, the Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, in the year 1801. Besides enjoying the instructions and paternal counsels of this affectionate and faithful ambassador of Christ, and of her own parents, she was the pupil of one whose wisdom, and gentleness, and decision of character instilled religious instruction into many youthful minds, and formed the early habits of so many Christian females whose life and conversation have impressively recommended the gospel of Christ. To how many listening ears has this "mother in Israel" whispered the lessons of faith and piety! How many now alive and on the earth, and how many more among the spirits of the just made perfect, gratefully recollect her influence and instruction, her example and prayers, her

solicitude and faithful attention, as the means of their conversion! I do not know that the lady to whom I refer has left her equal as a successful teacher of the female mind, and at the same time, the favored cultivator and guardian of the female heart. There is something in religion, which, especially to a young and giddy girl, appears gloomy and forbidding; but it was conciliatory, it was attractive in the light of her teacher's virtues, and under her maternal tuition. The reader will pardon this digression; so near her tomb, we could not but turn aside from our path to visit the grave of *Isabella Graham.*

It is no common privilege to direct the thoughts of the young to the subject of these memoirs, as an attractive example of *youthful* piety. The following sketch of her early life and religious experience is in her own words, and was found among her private papers after her decease.

"Having had the advantage of early instruction in my duty toward God, and being made acquainted with the holiness, and purity, and majesty of the Ruler of the universe, my mind was led at an early period to the contemplation of the perfections of my Maker, and my heart sensibly drawn out toward him in love, and a desire to do those things which

I had been taught were pleasing in his sight. I delighted much in the society of those who professed to follow Jesus, and would often rather sit by them and hear their conversation than engage in those plays which naturally attracted children. Thus was the Lord pleased, in the spring-time of my life, to touch my heart, and to shed abroad in it some measure of his love.

"Being constitutionally of a very lively disposition, as I grew in years the pleasures and amusements of the world seized upon my affections, and my young and foolish heart eagerly pursued those phantoms, which seemed to offer nothing but happiness. And God did indeed grant me my heart's desire; he left me nothing to ask for in this life. He gave me dear and tender parents, kind relatives and friends, and favor in the sight of those with whom I was associated. He blessed me in my basket and in my store, in my going out and in my coming in. He filled my cup with blessings, and made it to overflow.

"But I had forgotten the religious emotions of earlier days; I became unmindful of the Author of so many mercies. O! thou art a longsuffering God, and it is of thy compassions that I am not consumed! But in the midst of this prosperity, there were some sad hours, when I had great misgivings of heart. Some-

times when I had been out in large assemblies, and went weary to my chamber, and endeavored to engage in those religious duties which appeared to me could not be dispensed with, my conscience was burdened. When I would endeavor to offer up my nightly petitions, my heart reproached me. It seemed to say to me, This is a mockery of God! thou art not in a fit frame of mind to appear before the Judge of all the earth! The vain scenes which I had just left were still floating in my imagination and distracting my thoughts. This feeling, and the shame which I, at such seasons, experienced, was what first brought me to think that such pursuits are not consistent with the Christian profession. It seemed to me that anything which tended to draw off the mind from the contemplation of divine things, and to tempt me to restrain prayer before God, must be evil in the sight of my Heavenly Father, and a mode of life which was improper and criminal in me to pursue. But O, the power the world had upon my mind! Though not, perhaps, so often as before, I still frequented those places of fashionable amusement, though convinced that it was wrong. But I was always reproached by my conscience; I felt weariness and disgust in the midst of mirth and laughter, and verified in my own experience the saying of the wise

man, that "*even in laughter, the heart is sorrowful.*" I feared the ridicule of the world; I dreaded to become singular; I could not incur the reproaches and sneers of those with whom I was associated. And thus I sinned in fearing the condemnation of men, more than the displeasure of Him who is God over all, blessed for evermore.

"But he is a wonder-working God, who does his pleasure in the armies of heaven, and among all the inhabitants of the earth, and none sayeth unto Him, What doest thou? About this time, he saw fit, in his infinite wisdom, to strike a blow, which discovered to me at once the emptiness of the world, and the uncertain tenure by which we hold all earthly blessings. This calamity, the death of my beloved father, was the first affliction God had suffered me to feel; and it drew me nearer to Him. My heart was wounded: God was my refuge, and the only source from which I could draw any comfort. I had great satisfaction in the thought, that I never knowingly had done anything that was contrary to the will of my deceased parent, or that I believed would give him pain. O that my Heavenly Father would teach me to be as solicitous to please *Him*, and as careful to avoid everything that is contrary to his will! Sanctify, O my God! all my affections, and enable me to love thee with all my

heart, with all my soul, and all my mind, and at all times to say, *He doeth all things well.*

"I can say, with the Psalmist, *before I was afflicted, I went astray;* it was *good for me to have been afflicted.* This heavy affliction gave me an opportunity of withdrawing from the world, though not certainly such as I should have desired. But God sees what is best for us, and from the bitterest draught effects the most salutary and sweetest cure. He who wounds can heal; and even in the midst of the greatest distress, give peace not as the world gives. Affliction can impart a joy which the world knows not of, and with which a stranger intermeddleth not. God takes away the sources of our earthly comfort, that He may draw us nearer to himself, and make us understand that there is no true happiness but in Him; that all creature comforts will and must fail; and that those who have secured his favor, have an everlasting portion, a rich and joyful inheritance, that fadeth not away. Well may I say, *Hitherto the Lord hath helped me!* When temptation has assailed me, he has enabled me to escape the snare. He has preserved me from entering again into those scenes which contaminate the soul, and retard its growth in knowledge and in grace.

"I adore thee, O Lord my God, that whereas I was blind, I now see. I see the exceeding

sinfulness of sin, and the ingratitude and guilt of my past days, when thy mercies surrounded me, and I returned not unto thee according to thy great goodness!

"I used to think, if I prayed once a day that was sufficient, and even felt that once a weariness. Justly might God have said, *Cut her down, why cumbereth she the ground!* Instead of this, he has brought me on step by step, giving me *line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little,* as he saw I could bear it. *Thou* knowest my frame, and rememberest that I am but dust. Open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise! Thou has dealt bountifully with thy servant according to thy word.

"Having examined my heart by the test of God's word, I think I may, with truth and sincerity say, that the Lord hath begun a good work in me. He has created within me ardent desires after that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord; he has enabled me to see that the friendship of the world is enmity with God. He requires that my heart be right with him, and that I should rejoice in all his perfections; and that I should yield myself willingly to his commands, and delight in his law after the inner man. I am thankful to him that he has not revealed himself to me in the fearful thunderings and lightnings of his

law; that he has not shaken my soul to its foundation by his terrible majesty, appearing as a sin-avenging God, in whose sight no flesh can stand; but that when he thus made known himself, he has at the same time opened my eyes *upon Jesus* as a refuge from the storm of his anger, as a shield against the sword of his justice. He has drawn me with the cords of love, and made me go softly all my days. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for He hath dealt bountifully with thee; and all that is within me, praise his holy name! He alone it is who takes the heart of stone out of our flesh and gives us a heart of flesh; and unto his name be all the glory! O Lord, my earnest prayer to thee is, that in these conclusions I may not be deceiving myself, and saying, peace, peace to my soul, when there is no peace. Daily give me to see more clearly my interest in the Lord Jesus, and to read more clearly my title to the heavenly inheritance. I mourn before thee the coldness of my heart toward him who laid down his life for me. O give me to experience the joys of communion with thee; for as yet I cannot come to where thine honor dwelleth. My faith would fain soar beyond these regions of sin and sense, and behold the great realities of the invisible world. O pour out thy spirit upon me. In thee do I trust; let me never be confounded. And if it should

please thee to cause me to walk in darkness all my days, and to see but a glimmering of the heavenly glory, yet enable me to trust in the Lord and stay upon my God.

"When I review my past life and consider my backslidings, I am filled with shame and confusion of face. I feel that it is impossible for me to keep myself in the way in which I should go, and that it is God alone who can preserve my heart from straying from him, keep my feet from falling and my soul from death. O Lord, my righteousness and strength, preserve me from backsliding any more. Keep me near to thee. Enable me to glorify thee in my body and spirit, while I remain on the earth, and when I go hence, receive that crown of glory which is prepared for all those who, through faith and patience, endure unto the end!

"Ascend my soul, in heavenly praise,
To God who hath preserved thy days;
And brought thee to this present hour,
By his sustaining, wond'rous power.
But bid thy highest strains ascend,
That He who is the sinner's friend,
Has made thy blindness pass away,
And bid thee view an endless day,
Through his eternal spirit given,
To conquer sin and lead to heaven."

The preceding sketch bears date July, 1812, four years after the death of her venerated and

beloved father, and when she herself had reached her thirty-fifth year. It may be gathered from her writings, that such a view of God's dealings with her might be made useful to her own soul. She expresses the desire that she "might often read it; compare her present state with what is here written, and be enabled to perceive whether she had made any progress in the heavenly road." The writer had then been her pastor but two short years; she had expressed the greatest deference for his opinions, the most delicate attention to his comfort and that of his family, a scrupulous respect for his character, and a studious care to promote his usefulness. She had always greeted him with a smile, and at the close of the labors of the Sabbath, usually encouraged him by some kind expression of her approbation of his labors. But he was not then sensible of the excellence of her character. Sweet as her piety then was, it was but the hour of twilight in her spiritual hemisphere. Her light was dawning; and though the boundaries between the past and the present could not be distinctly marked, her path was growing brighter and brighter. In the year 1818, she writes as follows:—

"Six years have now elapsed since the foregoing sketch was written, and I have abundant

cause, on perusing it, to offer my sincere thanksgiving and praise that God has continued to me his great mercy and loving kindness, and enabled me to see more and more the necessity of coming out from the world, and being separate, in order to obtain the adoption of children. Thanks to the precious Saviour, I have been withheld from the vain, soul-distracting amusements of the world, and my eyes have been enlightened to behold that glory which excelleth, and which puts out the glory of these lower scenes. May my spiritual vision be daily more clear, that in thus beholding the glory of my Saviour, I may be changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord! O may thy grace accompany me through my earthly pilgrimage, and when the summons to depart and cross over Jordan shall be given, may I behold the Ark of the Covenant in the midst of the cold waters, and fearlessly step in, comforted by those words, *Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.* I will bear thee through, and bring thee to the shores, where the inhabitant shall no more say I am sick, where sorrow and sighing shall flee away, where the walls are salvation and the gates praise, and the city shall have no need of the sun nor of the moon to enlighten it, for God is the light thereof, and the Lamb its glory."

CHAPTER III.

THE CHARACTER OF HER RELIGION.

"The cross my all,
My theme, my inspiration, and my crown."

We are not able to furnish a more detailed narrative of Miss Murray's early religious exercises than is furnished in the preceding chapter. To the consistency, firmness, spirituality, and meekness of her Christian course, multitudes bear witness; and time, that great test of integrity, substantiates their testimony. The peculiar spirit and duties of piety, expressed in some of the domestic relations, she was never called to cultivate; yet, save the imperfections which cleave to all the people of God, was there nothing wanting in her religious character, which evangelical views, a meek and quiet spirit, and a holy example are called to express amid the spoliations of sin and death.

Her piety possessed highly important characteristics. It was intelligent without being speculative; it was discriminatimg without

bigotry. It was founded on God's truth, and while it was generous and charitable, it was at a great remove from that fashionable and false liberality, which never distinguishes between the precious and the vile, and which is no better than indifference to the claims of true godliness. She cared as little for denominational distinctions and unessential peculiarities as any Christian living; she revolted from that spirit of exclusiveness which is the prominent feature of some departments of the church of God; but she had an eye quick to discern the form from the power of godliness, and a heart that felt deeply and mourned bitterly over all departures from the faith as it is in Jesus. "I am often struck," she says, "with the blindness and stupidity of the world that lieth in wickedness; but more struck with the inconsistencies of Christians. O how unworthily do they who profess to be the disciples of the Lord Jesus, and to have renounced the world, walk of their vocation! How do they wound their own consciences by their sinful compliance with the world and its maxims! O may I have grace and courage given to me to manifest myself on the Lord's side. Take from me the fear of man, and give me boldness in thy cause! Blessed Jesus, let me never deny thee before men, but ever confess that thou art my strength and salva-

tion, my King and my God! Teach me to know my own heart, and in thee find strength, peace, and joy." That some whom the world judge to be the people of God, and who are supposed to die the death of the righteous, she looked upon as his enemies, and dying without hope, is mournfully and truthfully expressed in the following lines from her pen. "This day, on returning from church, my feelings were greatly shocked by hearing of the death of A. B., taken, I suppose, from everything that is desirable to the carnal heart, without one moment to prepare for the eternal world. O what an awful consideration that he was thus instantaneously removed from all the joys which this world could give, to eternal misery! For, even in the judgment of charity, we can hope for no better things. May it lead his family to repentance!" She had no fellowship with religions that are radically false; she regarded them as subversive of the gospel of Christ—"another gospel"—and with all the delicacy of her feelings, and the urbanity of her deportment, she was constrained to say, "My soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor be not thou united!" For several years of her life, she had an extensive acquaintance with Unitarians, and none know better than they, her utter dissent from their principles. Occa-

sionally adverting to this subject in her manuscripts, she says, "True it is, 'there shall be false teachers among you, denying the Lord that bought them.' At this day is this prophecy most remarkably fulfilled. The land is filled with this awful sin. They would tear the crown from the head of the Lord Jesus, by depriving Him of his glory as God; they would bring Him to a level with themselves. They would take from the believer his only hope, by taking that away which gives efficacy to His sacrifice. O teach me, that in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead; make me feel that my Redeemer is God manifest in the flesh. I humbly pray that thou wouldest preserve me from this awful error; make the Lord Jesus more precious to my soul, and enable me to rest upon Him, as JEHOVAH, my righteousness!" Truth was dear to her. Man's native sinfulness and his total depravity; the spirituality, purity, and binding force of the law of God, the true and proper divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, the necessity and reality of His sacrifice and righteousness, the efficiency and sovereignty of the Holy Spirit in the great work of regeneration and sanctification, the free and unembarrassed offers of the gospel to all, and the duty of all to accept this salvation, the necessity of personal holiness to the justified, and the everlast-

ing retribution both of the righteous and the wicked, are doctrines that were dear to her heart, which promoted her spiritual edification, by which she lived, recommended the religion of Christ to the world, and led others to glorify her Father who is in heaven.

There is no truth of which she was more deeply impressed than the deep depravity of the human heart, and the great doctrine of redemption by Christ. Her Diary is full of these truths. To present her views in her own language, would require a distinct volume. Bitter, most bitter are her complaints of the desperate wickedness of her own heart. She often repeats the thought, that "if men saw their great wickedness and how they were at enmity with God, they would no longer wonder that they must be born again if they would enter into his kingdom. Her reflections in view of the communion table, at the table and afterwards, are as distinguished for self-abasing views of herself, as of adoring views of her Saviour. In one place she says, "The description which the Scriptures give of the heart of man, I believe, not only because God has uttered it, but because I *feel it*, and have daily reason to mourn over it." Again she says, "Whatever engaging qualities or virtues the natural man may possess, he can do nothing that is accept-

able to God, because his heart is enmity itself against him; and however praiseworthy and holy he may appear in the sight of men, he is wholly polluted and abominable in the sight of God." Again she says, "O who has ever discovered the whole of his corruptness! who has ever dived to the bottom of this sink of pollution!"

The distinctness of her views in regard to the way of salvation by Christ, is thus expressed with sweet simplicity. The text she had been contemplating was the sprinkling of the blood of the Paschal Lamb.

Grant, gracious God, that I may feel
A sweet reliance on thy word;
That I may have the Spirit's seal,
To *mark* me one of thine, O Lord.

O may I live by faith alone,
Upon the precious Son of God;
Who left his ever glorious throne,
And on our sinful earth abode,

That in his body he might bear
Our sins, and our iniquities;
And from his cross to all declare
The truth and justice of God's ways.

And this great sacrifice once made,
His precious, cleansing blood once spilt,
God's love and justice are displayed,
In passing by the sinner's guilt.

Thus weary souls, by strong belief,
In what their gracious Lord hath done,
Will always find their sweet relief
In God's coequal, glorious Son.

She was habitually filled with hope, and peace, and joy in believing; yet she was not presumptuous, but faithful in the duty of self-inspection, and in trying her own heart. There cannot be greater evidence of this fact than is furnished by the following extract from her private papers.

"In God's presence, I desire to answer the following questions, and to answer them in the sincerity of my heart.

"Question First: Do I make the approbation of God, or the applause of men, the very end and main design of my religious performances? Will the acceptance of my duties with *them* satisfy me, whether God accepts my duties and person, or not?

"I trust I can most sincerely say, that the approbation of my gracious God is the supreme desire of my soul; and that without this, the praise of men would be nothing and vanity—would inflict a wound, rather than prove balm to my heart. Help me to search myself with diligence, and to examine myself with the severest scrutiny, that I may not be deceived

in this all-important point of my spiritual standing.

"QUESTION SECOND: Is it the reproach and shame that now attend sin, and the danger and misery that will follow it hereafter, that restrain me from the commission of it? or is it the fear of God in my soul, and the hatred of sin, as sin?

"God knows my heart, and whether I deceive myself or no, when I express the belief that it is his fear within me, and because sin is that evil and bitter thing which he hateth, that I am restrained from it; that when I commit it, I grieve over it, as a transgression of his holy law, and a thing that defiles me in his sight; and because it shuts out the light of his countenance from me, and causes me great heaviness of heart on account of his displeasure. O enable me continually to flee to the blood of sprinkling that I may be cleansed from this pollution!

"QUESTION THIRD: Can I truly and heartily rejoice to see God's work carried on in the world, and his glory promoted by other hands, though I have no share in the credit and honor of it?

"Yes, Lord, most sincerely do I rejoice when thy cause prospers in the earth; and most sincerely do I love those whom thou art pleased to honor as instruments in promoting

the great work of the salvation of sinners. Yet I do desire to be ready to co-operate with thee, if thou shouldest see fit to appoint to me any portion of labor in bringing about *anything* thou hast proposed for thine own glory, and the salvation of precious and immortal souls.

"QUESTION FOURTH: Is there no religious duty so full of difficulty and self-denial, but I desire to perform it; and is *all* the holy and good will of God acceptable to me though I cannot rise up with like readiness to the performance of all?

"No; there is no duty I do not desire to comply with. There are some against which the flesh makes powerful resistance; and unless I have greater strength than my own, the flesh will prevail over the spirit. Hast thou not promised grace to help in the hour of need? Hast thou not said, 'Seek and ye shall find?' And shall I doubt thy word? God forbid! Unto thee will I look, and I shall never be confounded. The commandment is holy, just, and good.

"QUESTION FIFTH. Am I resolved to follow Christ and holiness, at all seasons; and however the aspect of the times may frown upon religion? or do I carry myself so waywardly and covertly as to shun all hazards; having a secret reserve in my heart to launch out no further than I may return with safety?

This is contrary to the practice and resolution of upright souls.

"I *do resolve* to follow Christ at all times. It is the sincere desire of my heart so to do. But I know the weakness, and fear the deceitfulness of my heart, and tremble lest in the hour of temptation I should turn back to perdition. Increase my faith; invigorate my graces, and enable me to go forth in thy strength, that at what time I am afraid I may trust in thee, and not fear what man can do unto me! I have no reserve, but would be wholly thine; to walk as becometh one who has named the name of Christ, and so conduct myself that those who see may take note of me that I have been with Jesus.

"QUESTION SIXTH: Do I make no conscience of committing secret sins, or of neglecting secret duties? or am I conscientious both in the one and in the other, according to the rules and patterns of integrity?

"If I know myself, the commission of secret sins, or the neglect of secret duties, gives me more pain than those faults which appear to the view of man, because I feel them as committed against a pure and holy God, who cannot look upon iniquity. O keep my conscience tender before thee! Let no one sin pass unreproved by this faithful monitor. Give me a watchful and prayerful disposition of heart,

that I may detect the first risings of sin within my soul, and flee to Jesus, deeply sensible that if he wash me not, I have no part in him."

Frequent self-inspection like this cannot fail of its recompense, whether it be in the detection of false hopes, or in furnishing satisfactory evidence of true faith. How many things are suggested for spiritual improvement in such a train of thought! How often in such seasons of self-examination, have the minds of God's people fresh discoveries of their own sinfulness and their Redeemer's grace; how often do they become familiarized with richer varieties of his truth, while their hearts burn within them as he talks with them by the way. How often are they thus directed and assisted in their future course; and instead of ministering to their pride and self-complacency, how often do such seasons fill them with a deeper humiliation before God, and stimulate them, as they did her, to a renewed application to the blood of sprinkling, that while they there obtain peace of conscience, they may be brought to be more watchful, feel more their dependence, and become more devoted to the divine glory.

The reflections of our departed friend, at the close of this review, deserve to be recorded. They are contained in the following brief

prayer. "Adored be thy name, O Lord, that thou hast been pleased to vouchsafe me comfort in this examination of my heart! Especially as it is in view of sitting down at the table of the Lord Jesus, which he spreads only for his dear children, whom he hath purchased by his precious blood, and whom he will make kings and priests unto God and his Father! O search me by thy Spirit, as the candle of the Lord searcheth the inward parts! Discover to me every hidden iniquity, that it may be brought forth. Let me not deceive myself, and only possess the hope of the hypocrite, which shall perish when God taketh away the soul! Give me the hope which is as an anchor of the soul, sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that which is within the vail; the hope which shall be swallowed in the vision of my Lord and Saviour, who is God over all blessed forevermore, and to whom is due all honor, glory, and power, world without end. Amen."

"Descend blest Spirit, and direct my thoughts
To things of high and holy import; things
Belonging to the precious, deathless soul—
The everlasting part of mortal man,
And man immortal—God's profoundest work.
Guide me to pungent searchings of the heart,
And trial of the reins. Uncover all
The subtle wickedness which lies concealed
From every eye but thine all penetrating.
O grant that I may see me as I am;

The head all sick, the conscious heart all faint,
By reason of the universal sway
Of sin within, there lurking like a
Wily serpent, watching occasion fit
To dash his venom'd fangs deep in those parts
Most apt for the assault, and most exposed.
O that this awful truth may strike my mind
With urgent power! drive me far out from self,
And haste my flight to Him whose arm alone
Can strike this soul-destroying reptile dead,
And snatch me from the pit of endless woe.
Oh! blessed Jesus, may I look to thee,
Expiring on the cross for guilty man;
Behold thy side pour forth the healing stream,
And smite my breast, and cry with humble heart,
O Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!
And safe beneath the shadow of thy wings,
Enclosed within the everlasting arms,
No longer trusting to myself, but thee,
Upon thy faithful bosom may I rest,
Made more than conqueror, o'er death and sin,
Inheriting a crown of endless life!"

Yet with all this self-inspection and distrust she was a most happy Christian; more uniformly happy than the great mass of Christ's disciples. Her views were bright, her emotions joyous, and her duties, so far from being irksome, seemed always pleasant, and not the less so when they demanded persevering effort, and cost her no small degree of self-denial. The kingdom of God in her, and to her, was not "meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Religion did not make her gloomy. She never felt that to live for God and heaven, she must take a formal leave of joy. "To be a Christian," she says, "is the highest blessedness a mortal can arrive at. It is to call God his Father. It is to be reconciled to him through the death of his Son. It is to enjoy his protection and favor, and have access to him in every trial. It comforts him in sorrow, makes all his bed in his sickness, and prepares him to die in triumph when the Master calls. It enables him to rejoice in the hope of his glory, and secures to him an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." In more than twenty densely-written volumes of manuscripts, there is to be found scarcely a pensive thought, save in her reflections upon the death of some beloved friend, or the languid state of the church of God. There is scarcely a line of her sacred poetry that breathes a pensive spirit. It is rather in such strains as these:

"Give me a holy, simple frame,
A heart prepared for heaven,
A tongue to praise thy glorious name,
And sing of sins forgiven.

"A soul enlarg'd with Jesus' love,
And sprinkled with his blood,
Array'd to join the saints above,
In worship to my God.

"Where all is light, and life, and joy,
Where peace forever reigns,
Where endless praise is the employ,
Throughout the heavenly plains."

Sometimes she writes as follows: "This day my soul has been subdued, and my mind overwhelmed with a sense of the infinite perfections of God. I have in a measure felt and realized my own insignificance as a creature, and my vileness as a sinner, and have been lost and amazed in the contemplation of the glorious Being and Eternity of the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of all things." Then on the next page she drops her narrative, and sings,

"Arise my soul, and wing thy flight
To regions pure and blest,
Where dwells in everlasting light,
My Saviour God confess'd.

"There may I tune my harp of gold,
And chaunt my heavenly strain,
And joy that not the half was told,
Of Him who once was slain.

"O glorious prospect, blessed hope!
Which bears my fainting spirit up,
Which takes the ills of life away,
And points to everlasting day!"

Then again she utters such triumphant thoughts as these:—"I will praise thee while I have my breath. Thou hast dealt bounti-

fully with me; thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than when the oil and wine of the wicked are increased! Thou hast been pleased to make me the instrument of good, and my soul is made to rejoice. Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless his holy name! When God gives peace, who shall give trouble. Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage, and retaineth not his anger forever, because he delighteth in mercy! The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice. In thee will I trust, and shall never be confounded. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He is my high tower and the rock of my salvation. I shall be safe; he is my righteousness and strength, therefore I shall not come into condemnation. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

Even pensive scenes were gilded by her hopeful mind with peace and joy. The following are her reflections on the death of her beloved friend, Miss Ann Eustick: "The friend of my youth is gone; she with whom I have often taken sweet counsel; who wept with me when I wept, and who rejoiced with me when I rejoiced; and whose heart was one with mine. But shall I murmur! Shall I grieve, that she is freed from the clogs of earth, and treads the streets of the heavenly city?

Rather let me follow hard after her, who, through faith and patience, inherits the promises.

"Why should I mourn, that, throned in bliss,
She dwells amid the upper skies!
Why weep, when perfect blessedness
Attends her spirit as it flies!

"There robed in garments dazzling white,
The palm of triumph in her hand,
She bows before that throne of light,
Round which the flaming seraphs stand.

"Now all the sorrows of her life
Seem but the tokens of His love,
Who bore for her the bitter strife
That she might ever rest above,

"And sing throughout an endless day,
Loud Allelujahs to the Lamb,
Who washed her sins and stains away,
And marked her with His glorious name."

In the early part of this memoir, allusion was made to a thought which she sometimes uttered, that "she should almost think it a waste of time to sleep without dreaming." It is a delightful indication of her piety, that the religious enjoyments of her waking hours were not absent from her dreams. Her surviving sister remarks, that, "from a number of sweet dreams she related to me, I believe she often had nearer access to God when thus abstracted from the body, than in her waking

hours." We may be indulged in introducing two or three instances which illustrate this agreeable state of mind. On entering the parlor one morning, she said, smiling, "I have been preaching last night for Dr. S.; and I wish I could exhort as well when I ought to do it in reality." At another time, she said, "I dreamed last night that I was invited to preach in the old Dutch Church. It troubled me greatly at first, and I thought it impossible to comply with the request. But on further reflection, deeming it my duty, and thinking that very few persons there would know me, I was induced to consent. And I thought I experienced wonderful enlargement both in preaching and prayer. And when I was informed that much good resulted from my reluctant labors, I felt rewarded for the self-denial I had practiced." Her diary records several instances of the same general kind. In another place she writes, "Last night, when sleep had excluded all outward objects, I dreamed that having some duty to perform in the church, in the performance of which I was extremely exhausted, and finding no place for repose, I was invited by one to go with him where I should be sure to find good. On complying with the invitation, I soon found myself at the threshold of a door upon which they were laying a stone. I felt a little timidity

when I first set my foot upon it, as it did not seem perfectly secure. But a friendly hand was offered me saying, *Fear not to enter this hospitable roof;* upon which I answered and said, *Yes, and be thy sons and daughters.* The approach was much encumbered with rubbish; but this soon disappeared, and I was introduced into a magnificent apartment. But weary and heavy laden, I sank upon a sofa, and for some time seemed almost in an agony. But presently the most delicious refreshments of the finest fruits were brought to me, and my spirit revived within me, and I felt my strength increased. Even in my sleep I spiritualized these things; and since, in my waking hours, my mind has dwelt agreeably upon them. It appears to me like passing over the threshold of the grave, and walking through the dark valley of the shadow of death, which leads to those realms of light and bliss where the trials of mortality are over, and where the weary find rest; where the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne will lead his people, and lead them to living fountains of water, and cause them to eat of the fruit of the Tree of Life. Though at first I was timid and afraid, a friendly hand was vouchsafed, and I entered with confidence. I was refreshed, revived, and strengthened. O that this may be an earnest of that confidence

and peace, which my Heavenly Father will grant me in the trying hour, showing forth his power in the weakest of his creatures!" At another time she speaks of a dream, in which she had a personal view of the Saviour; was instructed by him, and comforted, and led by his gentle hand in green pastures, and by the still waters. Her mind seemed thus ever bent on spiritual things.

CHAPTER IV.

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY AND HER DEVOUT MEDITATIONS.

Miss Murray kept a diary, and also a book of meditations upon religious subjects. The latter furnishes many valuable thoughts, written on particular occasions; the former was, with some interruptions, her daily employment, and more especially that of every Lord's day, and generally consists of thoughts upon some selected portion of the sacred writings. Of both of these, the following may serve as a bare specimen.

"*If any man will come after me*, says our Divine Lord, *let him take up his cross, and follow me.* Those who live godly in Christ Jesus, must meet the derision of the world; they must maintain a continual warfare. We should not wish to alter the terms of discipleship. They are not the maxims of the world that should govern us. We must disclaim them; we must silence them; and welcome the laws of Christ. The work of self-denial

includes the whole of practical Christianity. The cross is the emblem of ignominy and suffering; it was so to the Saviour, it must be so to us. We must watch, we must contend, we must endure. And thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

"*I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself.* Thus it is when God speaks to the guilty conscience. It seeks to hide itself, for fear of his just judgments. It runs *from* God when it ought to run *to* him. O whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or flee from thy presence! Blessed be thy name, there is a city of refuge, not in fleeing *from* him, but to him, and no angel sword guards the entrance. Do thou grant, that when I hear thy voice, I may not be afraid, but come to thee as a dutiful child, repentant, yet hoping in thy mercy."

"*God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.* He will not accept the worship of the lips, without the worship of the heart. He has said it is an abomination. He cannot be deceived and he will not be mocked. All the churches shall know that he searcheth the reins and trieth the hearts. O Lord, forgive the sins of my holy things and holy times!".

"*Jesus answered him, if I wash thee not, thou*

hast no part with me. Forgiveness is not all that Christ bestows; I must be cleansed too by his atoning blood. He would not forgive, but to redeem a peculiar and holy people. He never saves *in* sin, but from it. O wash me, that I may be clean; that I may walk with thee in white, having my robe made white in the blood of the Lamb!"

In her short exposition of passages of scripture, there are not a few which express a peculiar turn of thought; and though they may not all bear the scrutiny of a rigid exegesis, there are some among them that are worth transcribing. "*What doest thou here, Elijah?* God often speaks to me in this language. When I throw myself into situations unfavorable to growth in grace, I think I hear him saying unto me, 'What doest thou here?' When I am induced to comply with the sinful customs of the world, I hear him saying, 'What doest thou here?' When I wander in any way from the footsteps of the flock, or into forbidden pastures, I hear him saying, 'What doest thou here?'"—So in the passage, *There shall no stranger eat thereof.* "This was God's command to Moses respecting the passover. In like manner, now, all who are strangers to God, cannot be worthy partakers of Christ, our Passover, who was

sacrificed for us." On the declaration of God to Moses, *While my glory passeth by, I will put thee in the cleft of the rock, and I will cover thee with my hand while I pass by,* she remarks, "Those who are in Christ Jesus can behold God's glory and live. This rock shelters them from that awful display of the divine perfections which would confound and annihilate them. Here we behold enough of them to fill us with joy and rejoicing, and to lead us to look for the day when we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.

> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee!"

On the passage, *My time is not yet come, but yours is always ready,* she observes, "What encouragement is this for us to continue earnest and instant in prayer, that to Him who hears prayer our time is always ready! We must always pray, and not faint. The time of God will come, though it may not be when we expect it. He will answer our prayers when he sees it best for us and for his own glory. It is good both to hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God." On the passage, *I defy the armies of Israel this day,* she writes, "This was the challenge of the giant Goliath to the children of Israel. So the great enemy of souls now defies the armies of the

living God, and many tremble lest he should prevail against them. But the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Youthful David, with his sling and stone may confidently go to the combat with his giant adversary; but like him, those who go must put off the armor of Saul. Self must be renounced, and they must go forth in the name of the Lord, trusting to his mighty arm for deliverance. They shall come off conquerors through him that loved them. They shall never be confounded, but shout, The battle is the Lord's; thine arm hath given us the victory! Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go out and fight with this Philistine, for thou art but a youth. True, the disparity is great, but greater is *He* that is for us, than *they* who are against us. Give me but the whole armor of God, and I shall yet say with the triumphant apostle, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge will give me at that day, and not to me only, but to all who love his appearing." Thoughts and turns of thought like these, are quite characteristic of her mind, and are beautiful illustrations of its spirituality and devout tendencies.

There is one feature of her piety that de-

serves particular notice, especially in view of the fact that she was so extensively and intimately connected, in her domestic relations, with the society of *Friends*, whose views of the positive institutions of Christianity differ from our own. Her attachment to Christian institutions was ardent and strong. The Sabbath was to her a day of rest, a day of holiness, a day of high spiritual enjoyment. In turning over the pages of her diary, which was continued for more than thirty years, nothing has impressed my mind more delightfully, than her sacred regard for the Lord's day. At home and abroad, at the sea-side, amid the mountains, at the great watering-places, and amid those scenes of leisure and relaxation where so many professed Christians dishonor the sacred name whereby they are called, her reverence for the Sabbath was more than respectful and decorous; it was devout and spiritual. With great uniformity, she indulged herself in writing out the reflections of her own mind with every returning Day of the Son of Man. Everywhere scattered throughout her writings, are thoughts of which the following furnish a scanty specimen.

"Often have I been ready to exclaim with the Psalmist, *How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts,* and to feel that it was good

for me to have waited upon God. I feel these refreshings as from God's own presence, and delight to go up to His house of prayer.

"I love to tread thy courts, O Lord,
Where all unite in praise;
I love to hear thy holy word,
My heart in prayer to raise.

"Thy blessing grant, O God of love,
On all these means of grace;
And may my soul refreshings prove,
From God my Righteousness.

"O may I feel the humble joy
Of many sins forgiven;
And, through thy grace, these days employ,
To fit my soul for heaven."

After hearing a discourse from these words, "A man shall be an hiding-place from the storm and a covert from the tempest," she retired to her chamber and hastily penned the following lines:—

"O blessed Jesus, wilt thou prove,
A hiding-place to me,
When winds and wrath from God above,
Would make me trembling flee?

"O wilt thou be my covert, Lord,
When sinful tempests beat;
Teach me to trust thy holy word,
And stand in thee complete?

"O glorious Saviour, by thy grace
My fainting soul revive;
As rivers to a parched place,
New strength and vigor give.

"And while I journey here below,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Thy mighty arms around me throw,
And quiet all my fears:
And then thy presence shall be made
As a high rock's refreshing shade."

At another time, she writes as follows:— "*Keep holy the Sabbath day.* How imperfectly is this command obeyed, even by God's own children! Almost as soon as we leave thy temple, the world occupies our thoughts; yet ought we not think our own thoughts on this holy day. O that I may keep the day holy; that it may be my delight, and honorable in my eyes! This morning I besought the Lord in my closet, that when I went up to his house of prayer, I might hear a word in season to my soul. And, blessed be his name, a word was sent that thrilled through my heart. I felt reproached and condemned: I saw how it was with me: I had been seeking comfort, rather than humility and holiness. I thank thee, O my Father, for the privileges of this Sabbath. May those who cavil be brought to sit humbly at the foot of the cross and there adore!"

Again she writes thus: "*He was in the spirit on the Lord's Day.* So I desire to be found on this holy day; ready to do God's will, and not my own. I would have my mind taken off from the perishing things of time and sense,

and centred in Jesus, the perfection of beauty! May I be prepared by thy Holy Spirit to go up to thine house of prayer, and to worship thee who art a spirit, in spirit and in truth! O may I be sensible of my unworthiness and sinfulness, and have the spirit of grace and supplications poured out upon me, that I may wrestle with thee for the power of that Holy Spirit of thine to come down upon the people, which alone can render ordinances effectual!"

In many, very many instances, she breathes forth her heavenly emotions in strains like these:—

"Behold another of thy days
Has dawned upon my soul;
O may it be employed in praise,
Beyond the world's control.

"May no unhallowed thought intrude
Upon its sacred rest;
But may each hour be spent with God,
In sweet communion blest.

"O may I taste a Saviour's love,
And in his presence live,
Anticipate the joys above,
And praise and glory give.

"Thus shall thy sabbaths here below
Prepare my soul to rise
To those pure strains blest spirits know,
Who dwell above the skies."

The character of a man's piety depends in

no small degree upon the affectionate and devout regard he pays to the sabbath. I have never known an individual, male or female, whose notions and practice were loose on this great subject, that gave evidence of fervent piety. Of all sabbath-breakers it may be said with truth, "Their spot is not the spot of God's children;" yet is it deeply afflictive, and mournfully ominous, that there are so many who, in the judgment of charity, must be esteemed Christians, who, if a sacred observance of the sabbath were the only proof of their piety, are weighed in the balance and found wanting. In the circles of fashion and wealth, like those occupied by Miss Murray, a regard to the claims of this holy day, such as she so uniformly manifested, is not a circumstance of ordinary occurrence. Yet how lovely the example! how subduing, how attractive the influence! how sweet the radiance thrown over female piety, when it thus reflects the lustre of the sun of righteousness, as, with healing in his beams, he rises weekly on this cold dark world! Mothers and their daughters have a deep interest, and they have great power in preserving the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath.

Her attachment to the scriptures and to the Christian ministry was not less exemplary. A hundred times repeated in her writings do I

find the thought recorded, "Blessed be thy name for a stated and faithful ministry!" "What shall I render unto the Lord, that he has given us pastors after his own heart, who feed us with knowledge and understanding!" "Fearful is the doom of those against whom the sentence has gone forth, Behold the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land; not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but a famine of hearing the words of the Lord. What terrible words are these, and what a pitch of iniquity must that people have reached before such judgments are executed upon them!" *I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, than dwell in the tents of wickedness.* "The meanest place among the children of God is better than to be exalted to the height of worldly grandeur. I am thankful that I can truly unite with the Psalmist in saying, that I have found more solid pleasure and more real enjoyment in the service of God, and in his holy ordinances, than I have ever found in all the amusements of this seducing world." On the subject of the Holy Scriptures, she writes as follows: "How much are those persons the losers who neglect to read the Holy Scriptures! How strange that those who thirst for *knowledge*, should seek it everywhere but in the very place where it is most certainly

to be found! It is amazing that even curiosity should not lead them to read God's word; and that they should have so little desire to know what the infinite and unerring Intelligence reveals, giving us an account of the earliest times, and of creation itself. But how much greater this infatuation, when we consider that the scriptures disclose truths that are able to make us wise unto salvation, that they reveal the words of eternal life, and unfold to us the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ! I am thankful that each day's study of them brings forth something new and attractive to my mind. 'Who teacheth like him?' Do thou, holy and ever-blessed Spirit, open mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law!"

Few Christians, few especially in the higher circles of wealth and fashion, were more cautious than she in their conformity to the world. To have seen her away from home, no one would have conjectured that she was rich. She was very far from entering into the spirit of the world; she had no love for its follies, and no extravagant notions to gratify. "*The love of human grandeur is a great enemy to peace.*" "With these words I awoke this morning," she says, "and humbly pray that the truth of them may be deeply impressed on my mind. Thou, Lord, not only puttest words

into our mouths, but thoughts into our heads. O do thou be pleased to show me the vanity of loving anything here below with an inordinate love. He who came down from heaven took upon him the form of a servant; he who was rich, for our sakes became poor. Those who had great possessions, for the most part declined to follow him. The love of human grandeur blinds the eyes, so that they cannot behold the glory of God, nor see their undone state, nor the necessity of that grace by which alone they can be restored to the divine favor. O that I may be kept from this snare by deep humility of soul; by being made sensible that whatever I possess was received from Thee; that thou canst in a moment take it from me; that I am less than the least of all thy mercies, and that thou hast a right to do what thou wilt with thine own. Make me thankful that thou hast given me a heart to use it to thy glory, and that my soul desireth thee for her portion!" Such thoughts as these are precious thoughts; earthly comforts are a great blessing when their possessor is sensible that they are held by such a tenure, and for such ends. She expresses similar views in some remarks upon the words, *And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth.* How deep should these words sink into my heart! "How should I remember in how rich a manner God has blessed

me in all temporal things, and how much he has a right to expect from me. My earnest prayer is that I may be enabled to employ all the gifts which God has bestowed upon me, both natural and adventitious, to his glory, to the good of my fellow-creatures, and the everlasting benefit of my own soul!" A few pages onward in the same volume, she writes, "*How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?* The captive Israelites felt that they could not do this in the midst of their enemies. This soul-exalting service cannot be enjoyed in the midst of this vain and dissipated world. It is a strange land. The powers of the soul are weakened, discouraged, and palsied by the seductions of earth. It is when the King of Zion brings again the captivity of his people, that they sing the Lord's song, and are enabled to say, thou hast broken the bands of my enemies asunder, thou hast brought me out into a large place; therefore will I trust in Thee, and praise thy great and glorious name!" Much in the same strain are her thoughts upon that demand of the youthful Jesus to his Mother, *Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?* "This furnishes us with an answer when our worldly friends seek us in the haunts of dissipation, and are astonished at not finding us. We have somewhere else to go, and better work to perform.

It will not be long before we shall be called to our last account; nor would be called to it from those scenes of gayety where they seek to find us. O give me grace, that I may be enabled to feel, that notwithstanding all the obstacles which the world, the flesh, and the devil may throw in my way, God is with me!" Very delightful, also, are her few and pithy remarks on the passage, *Lord we have left all, and followed thee.* "And what did the Master say to this? Ye which have followed me in the regeneration, shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. What a glorious recompense for quitting that which does not satisfy, to be thus exalted to an everlasting throne!" Again she writes, "I am afraid of the influence of the world; for I have daily more deep experience of the awful truth, from what passes within me, and from observation upon those I behold around me, that *the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.*"

CHAPTER V.

HER SACRED HYMNS.

"O Father, gracious was that word which closed
Thy sovereign sentence, that man should find grace:
In which both heaven and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with innumerable sound
Of *hymns and sacred songs*, wherewith thy throne
Encompassed, shall resound thee ever blest."

We could not, without doing injustice to the memory of her we so much love, nor without deranging the order of her own devout reflections, suppress the insertion of some of her sacred songs in the course of the preceding narrative. In our own judgment, there is less true *poetry* in her sacred, than her miscellaneous writings; her thoughts expressed in blank verse, are quite as poetical as when expressed in the harmonious succession of sounds. She evidently penned her sacred songs with great rapidity, and sometimes they evince a want of care in the composition. We do not claim for her a place among the most distinguished poets. She never rose to the summit of Parnassus; nor was she content to rove about

its base. Her progress was upward; the atmosphere was one she loved to breathe; she plucked its choice flowers and fruits, and regaled herself amidst its fragrance. While the severity of criticism may find deficiencies in her poetry; yet the courtesy of criticism will find beauties. She did not write for the public eye; indeed rarely did she write for any other eye than her own. The specimens of her poetic talent may not throw the reader into raptures; yet they will be acceptable to him, as expressions of an amiable mind, and a heart endued with great purity and tenderness. Some of it, if we mistake not, deserves a high place in that species of composition to which it belongs. She wrote too much, and revised too little of what she wrote. Yet in some, even of her most hasty effusions, she wrote with taste and thought, and as one who deeply felt not only the impressions made by whatever is beautiful and great in nature and art, but still more deeply the impressions made by God's truth. There is no affectation or conceit about them; and even in the more studied, there is very little artificial diction. The following specimens will be valued.

THOUGHTS ON THE PRAISE OF THE UPPER WORLD.

"Hark how they sing! 'tis heaven to hear
Those strains divine that strike my ear:
Ye blessed saints around the throne,
When shall I make your song my own?
And learn that hymn your voices raise,
To our belov'd Immanuel's praise?
And leaving hope and faith, arise
To blest fruition in the skies!
To be with God;—this is my heaven:
To feel my sins are all forgiven;
To hear my Saviour call me his,
This is indeed celestial bliss."

FAITH EXPECTING.

"O for that faith which soars above
The passing things of time and sense;
Which centres in the God of love,
And draws enduring comforts thence!

"Which pierces through this veil of gloom,
And fixes with a stedfast eye
Upon the glorious world to come
With all its blest reality

"Which makes the spirit long to trace
The trackless paths along the sky,
To feel the Saviour's sweet embrace,
And on his faithful bosom lie.

"There blest with rapt'rous vision bright,
And full enjoyment of the Lord,
Faith shall be swallow'd up in sight,
And God forever be adored.

GOD'S DAY OF REST.

"This is the day the Lord hath made
Let saints on earth rejoice,
In Jesus' righteousness array'd
To raise their grateful voice.

"O Lord, our Father, and our God,
Thou wilt our claim allow,
While sprinkled with a Saviour's blood,
Before thy throne we bow.

"Send down thy Spirit from above
To melt these hearts of stone,
T' imbue them with that holy love
Which fills and swells thine own.

"Thy wondrous name we then shall praise
That strange mysterious One,
While our exulting voice we raise,
To Father, Spirit, Son."

THE GOOD PART.

"To roll my burdens on the Lord,
Obey the precepts of his word,
To make the promises my own,
To live by saving faith alone.

"This is the comfort of my heart,
This is that good, that blessed part
Which earth, nor hell can take away,
Which lasts throughout an endless day."

GOD IN CHRIST.

"Thou art my God, and thou my King;
To thee I bow, of thee I sing;

My soul would plume her wings, and fly
To see thy glorious majesty.

"Thou holy, great, and perfect One,
Who mak'st eternal light thy throne,
Thou self-existent, happy, blest,
Alone in Jesus art confess'd.

"In this sweet name is all my hope,
He drank for me the bitter cup;
And dying, shed his precious blood
To purify my soul for God.

"Spirit of grace, descend and dress
My soul in Jesus' righteousness,
That thus complete in faith and love,
I may ascend to joys above."

THE WOMAN WHO WAS A SINNER.

"Behold the sinner, Mary, now,
Before her gracious Saviour bow,
Low on the earth the suppliant lies,
Her bosom heaving with its sighs.

"She bathes with her repentant tears
His feet, and wipes them with her hairs;
Her soul flows out in melting love,
While Jesus bids her sins remove.

"Lord, let *me* hear thy cheering voice,
Go, daughter; be at peace; rejoice;
For I have made thy sins depart,
And sanctified thy stubborn heart.

"O grant that this rich love of thine
May animate and kindle mine;
Until my willing soul shall be
Devoted, gracious Lord, to thee."

THE CHRISTIAN'S PANOPLY.

"Come, Christian Soldier, take thine arms,
Which are of heavenly temper pure,
That thou may'st stand 'mid all alarms,
And fight, of victory secure.

"Come, gird thy loins with *truth* about,
And *righteousness* thy breastplate make;
And for the sandals of thy feet,
The gospel preparation take.

"But over all the shield of *faith*
Keep with a stedfast soul upheld,
That while thou tread'st this troubled path,
Satan's fierce darts may be repelled.

"*Salvation* let thy helmet be,
And take the precious *word of God*—
The Spirit's sword, that, used by thee,
Thine enemies may be destroyed.

"And with a watchful spirit *pray*,
That he who gives the victory
Would guard thee in this dread affray,
And make thee more than conqueror be."

THOUGHTS IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE UNLOOKED-FOR DEATH OF E. M. AND HER TWO CHILDREN.

"Death calls, and we must go, prepared or not;
And stand before thine awful presence Lord;
Awful indeed to those who have not wash'd
Their robes, and made them white in Jesus' blood.
Who have not made their own that righteousness
Which justifies the sinner in thy sight,
And bids him stand complete in Christ the Lord.

For out of Christ thou art devouring fire
To all the proud, rebellious race of man.
And when their time of bitter anguish comes,
Thou who art seated in the heavens will laugh,
Mock at their fears, and have them in derision;
And with the besom of destruction sweep
Them and their fruitless labors from the earth,
To th' abode of fiends, to die the death.

How mad! how desp'rate then, our transient race,
To hurry through this day of visitation,
Without a thought of the eventful future!
The soul, absorb'd in pleasure's vain pursuit,
Too busy with its plans of fleeting life
To stop and contemplate its closing scene,
Or glance one thought toward the world to come!
And nothing checks this phrenzy of the mind,
This strange infatuation, but the dread
Approach of the last ghastly messenger,
Whose fatal summons cannot but be heard,
And must inevitably be obeyed.

But O, with what a different aspect comes
This dreaded foe to those who have thro' faith,
Laid hold upon the Saviour's finished work;
Who feel that they are nothing, yet may come
With holy boldness to a throne of grace,
And plead the perfect righteousness of Him
Who gave himself a ransom for their souls!
To such he wears the semblance of a friend—
A kind conductor to their father's house;
And seems as but the gate of endless life,
The narrow passage to eternal bliss.
O grant, thou mighty God, that to my view
This king of terrors may be thus transformed;
And I, rejoicing, sing, O grave, where is
Thy victory! O death, where is thy sting!"

THE SABBATH.

"With joy I see thy day return—
This day of holy rest:
O may my soul with rapture burn,
By thine own presence blest.

"May I ascend thy courts of praise,
And with the saints unite,
A song of holy love to raise
To him who dwells in light!

"O may my heart, with childlike fear,
Draw nigh to thee, my God;
And breathe its humble, contrite prayer
Through faith in Jesus' blood!

"Thus aided by thy grace divine,
My soul shall mount on high;
And wing'd by heavenly love, shall join
The anthems of the sky."

LIFE IN CHRIST.

"Thanks to the Father for the Son,
This precious gift of love,
That guilty and rebellious man
His pard'ning grace might prove.

"May I in Christ forever dwell,
And in this ark abide,
Safe from the powers of earth and hell,
And my own heart beside;

"Till, freed from this my house of clay,
My spirit shall ascend,
Where God his glories shall display
In Christ the sinner's friend.

"And there forever sing his praise,
Who died that I might live,
And daily higher anthems raise,
And nobler praises give."

RISE, MY SOUL.

"O that my soul could mount on high,
And leave the things of time and sense,
Pierce through the cloud with faith's clear eye,
And view the saint's rich recompense!

"Then raptur'd with the glorious sight,
She would no longer grovel here;
But soar with ever new delight,
And mingle with the spirits there,

"Who daily hold communion sweet,
With him who lives and reigns,
Who cast their crowns before his feet,
And praise him in angelic strains.

"Lord, wash me, and I shall be clean,
Anoint mine eyes, and I shall see;
And then no cloud shall intervene,
To hide my precious Lord from me."

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

"O praise the Lord, ye *Heavens* above,
Praise him from every height:
Praise him, ye *Angels* round his throne,
Who dwell in purest light!

"Praise him, thou glorious *Sun*, whose beams
Are felt to nature's base,

And thou fair *moon*, and ye high *stars*,
Send forth your nightly praise.

"In strains divine, ye vap'ry *clouds*,
Your Maker's works approve;
In gentle praises, soft descend,
Ye *waters* from above.

"O let them praise the name of God,
Who brought them into light;
Who spake the word, and firm they stood,
In glorious beauty bright.

"O praise the Lord, from this our *earth*,
Ye *dragons* of the deep,
Fire, *hail*, and *snow*, and *stormy wind*,
That his commandments keep.

"Ye *mountains*, and ye little *hills*,
Send up your bleating praise;
Ye *cedars* tall, and fruitful *trees*,
On high your branches raise.

"Ye *beasts* that in the forest roam,
Ye *cattle* of the field,
And every fowl, and creeping thing,
Your simple praises yield.

"O bless the Lord, ye *kingly powers*,
And all ye *people* join;
Ye *judges* of the earth, proclaim,
His majesty divine.

"Ye blooming *youth*, exalt his name
Who makes your strength increase;
Ye *aged*, all his wonders tell,
Who crowns your days with peace.

"O let the *whole creation* join,
In one loud song of praise

To God, the great and glorious God,
Whose pow'r the world displays.

"Who bids *his people* trust in him,
Who fills his saints with joy;
His praise in nobler strains above
Shall be *their* sweet employ!"

COMPOSED FOR A CHILD.

"O precious Saviour! thou hast said,
Let little children come to me;
I'll pour my blessings on their head,
And cleanse them from iniquity.

"Then let me come my dearest Lord,
O let a child thy promise plead;
Fulfil to me thy faithful word,
And o'er my heart thy graces shed!

ON READING SOME LINES IN A NEWSPAPER, ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

"O they have left thy brightest fame untold,
Obsured it, hid its purest, finest gold;
Thou didst delight to bear the Christian name,
And felt within its glowing, heavenly flame,
Which bade thee humbly bow before that Power,
Who had preserved thee in each trying hour:
Whose love was shed abroad within thy heart,
Directing thee to choose that better part,
Which neither life, nor death, nor earthly good,
Can take from those wash'd in the Saviour's blood.
This was thy glory, this thy bright renown,
In death thy comfort, and in heaven thy crown."

VERSIFICATION OF A PART OF THE FORTY-THIRD CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

"O Israel, be not thou dismayed,
My servant Jacob, fear not thou;
I am thine all-sufficient aid,
Thy shield to ward off every blow.

"When through the waters thou dost go,
I will uphold thee by my power;
Nor shall the rivers fiercely flow,
But I will guide thee safely o'er.

"And if amid the fire thou tread,
Thou shalt not feel its burning heat,
Nor shall the flame upon thy head
E'er with its scorching fervor beat.

"For am I not the Lord, thy God,
The Holy One of Israel named,
Thy Saviour, who with precious blood,
Thy soul from death and hell redeem'd?

"O thou who Israel didst uphold,
And who didst guard him all his way,
Me in thine arms of love enfold,
And keep me near thee, lest I stray."

THE CLOSING VERSES OF THE PROPHECY OF HABAKKUK.

"What though the fig-tree blossom not,
Nor fruit upon the vine appear;
What though the olive fail to sprout,
The fields to yield the golden ear:

"What though the tender flock shall fail,
And from the stalls the herd shall cease;

Yet thou, my soul, with joy shalt hail
The Lord of life, and light, and peace.

"My song shall his salvation be,
My joy, my hope, and my desire;
Set by his blessed Spirit free,
My soul shall mount with holy fire."

I AM THY SHIELD, AND THINE EXCEEDING GREAT REWARD.

"How sweet this promise of the Lord
To Abraham his friend;
I'll be thy shield, and great reward,
Thy God unto the end!

"Glory to God, who reigns above,
And sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb whose dying love
Has made us all his own!"

THE CHIEF CORNER STONE.

"Jesus, my rock, thou precious corner stone,
A basis sure for faith to build upon,
Here would I rest, and make my work to rise,
From this foundation till it meet the skies.

"Here fixed, though sin may rage around my soul,
Though billows of temptation near me roll,
Though troubles sore, and sorrows may assail,
Yet can they never o'er my faith prevail.

"While safe within my Saviour's arms I lie,
Who guards in life, and, when I come to die,
Will strengthen and support my crumbling frame,
Warm my faint spirit with a heavenly flame,
Open in my soul the bright, th' eternal day,
And bear her on triumphant wings away."

PRAISE TO GOD.

"O Lord, my strength, I love to praise
Thy holy name, thy wondrous ways,
Thy grace, and truth, and heavenly love,
And mercy beaming from above,
Which show the soul the joys of heaven,
And bid it sing of sins forgiven.

"O my Redeemer, and my King,
Of thy great glory I would sing,
And long, in vision rapt, to view
Those glories which are ever new,
And find myself transformed and pure
Of heaven possessed, of bliss secure;

"And which shall never cease in heaven
While souls are saved, and sins forgiven;
And when this earth shall melt away,
And time shall cease, and night and day,
Yet still the ransom'd of the Lord
Shall praise thee, and with one accord."

SITTING AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

"O how delightful 'tis to sit
Around thy table, Lord;
Where all thy dear disciples meet
To hear thy gracious word!

"May we remember all that love
Which brought thee down from heaven;
And may we wish our own to prove,
For such salvation given.

"O may our hearts with rapture glow
While Jesus is the theme;
And, fill'd with grateful thanks, o'erflow
To thee, the great Supreme.

"Worthy is he who by his blood,
Has washed our guilt away,
And made us kings and priests to God,
Throughout an endless day!

THE HEART GIVEN TO JESUS.

"O blessed Jesus, Lord of life,
How I adore thy matchless love,
That made thee leave those realms of light,
And all those perfect joys above,

"To bring us sinners back to God,
And cleanse us too from every sin,
And guard us still by thine own power
From foes without and foes within.

"Who will not yield his heart to thee,
Thou healer of the sin-sick soul!
O take me, Lord, and let me feel
Thy love my every thought control!

"O let me feel that I am thine,
That I am cleansed in thy blood,
Let all my powers of soul combine
To praise thee, great, incarnate God!"

ON READING THE LIFE OF COL. GARDINER.

"Great God, with what adoring awe
Thy wond'rous power is viewed,
When by a word the rebel heart
Lies prostrate and subdued.

"One glimpse of Jesus on the cross,
The guilty soul transforms,
Sets home its black ingratitude
And fills it with alarms.

"Discovers to the mental eye
A just and holy God
Who could not pardon rebel man
Without the Saviour's blood.

"Well may the ransom'd sinner cry,
It is to grace alone,
To free, rich, sovereign grace, that I
Have access to the throne.

"Not unto me, O God, my strength,
Not unto me the praise:
But for the Spirit's precious work
My ceaseless song I 'll raise."

LAMENTING AFTER GOD.

"O God of grace, thy mercy show
Towards a sinful rebel's heart;
Great God, ward off the dreadful blow,
And cause thine anger to depart.

"For O, what soul thy power can bear,
When justice urges vengeance on?
What agonies the heart must tear,
When conscience thunders, hope is gone!

"Lift up thy reconciled face,
To bless this poor, benighted soul;
Shine through the gospel of thy grace,
And bid thy comforts on it roll:

"Speak to it peace, through Jesus' blood,
Which flowed to cleanse such souls from sin;
And grant thy pard'ning love, O God,
For Jesus' sake and make it clean:

"That thus by grace it may be made
A holy temple to the Lord,
In which his love shall be display'd,
And all his attributes adored."

A DOXOLOGY.

"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The sacred Three in One,
Be glory, power, and might ascribed
By every mortal tongue!"

CHAPTER VI.

HER INTEREST IN REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

"Before him power divine his way prepared;
At his command the uprooted hills retired
Each to his place; they heard his voice and went
Obsequious. Heaven her wonted face renewed,
And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled."

The greatest work which omnipotence performs, is the conversion and sanctification of men. In accomplishing it, God has arranged the wisest and best adapted means, and superadded to them the immediate power of his own effectual grace. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that in the same measure in which the church becomes corrupt, and even in the same measure in which she becomes lukewarm, and relapses into spiritual declension, is she prone to rely on the intrinsic efficacy of outward means and observances, to the neglect of that conscious dependence on the Spirit of God, which is all her encouragement and hope. One of the great questions which has agitated her in every age, and which agitates her still, is whether the Chris-

tian character is formed by symbolical ordinances, or by the "renewing of the Holy Ghost?" and whether she is to look for her enlargement and purity to the gradual influence of outward institutions, or to the special outpouring of the Spirit of God?

We may not depreciate the appointed means of grace and salvation; for "where no vision is the people perish." Nor do we depreciate them, when we refuse to assign to them the place in man's redemption which is occupied by their divine Author. We may not depreciate the sealing ordinances of God's covenant; nor do we, when we deny that they are converting ordinances. While we do not deny that they *may*, by the blessing of God, be the means of conversion to wicked men, we do deny that they are appointed and instituted for this purpose. No unconverted man has a scriptural warrant to take God's covenant into his mouth.

It were well, on so grave a question as this, to take heed to the instructions of the Sacred Scriptures. There is no position which they establish more clearly, than that "the materials for the visible church are formed by the Spirit of God." Whenever the prophets speak of the enlargement of the visible church, they attribute it to the fact, that "God pours his Spirit upon her seed, and his blessing upon

her offspring;" that "all her children shall be taught of the Lord;" and that he "will pour out his Spirit on all flesh." The narrative of the wondrous scenes on the day of Pentecost teaches the same lesson, and concludes with the memorable words, "And the Lord added to the church daily *such as should be saved.*" The Gentiles who were brought in in the days of the Apostles, were once afar off, but were "brought nigh by the blood of Christ;" they were "fellow-citizens with the *saints*, and of the household of God;" they were "builded together for an habitation of God, *through the Spirit.*" In addressing the Gentile churches, the Apostles addressed them as "beloved of God," as the "faithful in Christ Jesus;" as "predestinated to holiness, and accepted in the Beloved;" as "knowing the grace of God in truth;" and as those to whom "the gospel came, not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor are his ways as our ways. We have fallen upon times when more is ascribed to men and means, and less to the Spirit of God, than is due to their nothingness, and His sufficiency. Never was there a more extended and more varied machinery in motion to effect the spiritual renovation of men, than exists at the present moment. God seems to have left us to

the experiment of endeavoring to accomplish what men and means can accomplish without his Spirit. And what is the result? "Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briars, yea, upon all houses of the joyous city, until the Spirit of the Lord be poured from on high." Never more will there be found among us an awakened thought, nor a pang of conviction, nor a penitential tear, nor a peaceful hope in Christ, nor one emotion of spiritual comfort or joy, unless He gives it; "all these worketh that selfsame Spirit."

The strength and fervor of Miss Murray's piety were indicated by the interest she felt in the great work of the Spirit of God, which so signally distinguished the age in which she was permitted to live. It was in every view a remarkable age, both in the old world and the new; in science, in the arts, and in the progress of civil society. It was a memorable period in the history of the American church. From the year 1792, the year of her bloom, to the year 1836, when she was called to her heavenly rest, the various departments of the church of God in this land were graciously visited by copious effusions of the Holy Spirit. Our female academies and schools, our colleges and our churches, drank largely from this fountain of living waters. The Brick Presbyterian church in this city, in commun-

ion with which she lived and died, from the year 1815, to the winter of 1830 and 1831, was favored with five seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Sparse clouds of mercy had been hovering over us during the years 1811, 1813, and 1814, and God gave testimony to the word of his grace, especially to numbers in middle life, and who had long been faithfully instructed by my venerable predecessor, the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, and his then more youthful colleague, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Miller. From the year 1805, the year in which the Rev. Dr. Philip Milledoler assumed the pastoral charge of the congregation in Rutgers street, to the year 1809, there were some pleasing indications of God's presence with that highly favored people. During the years 1809 and 1810, the new Presbyterian church, then lately erected in Cedar street, and under the pastoral charge of the late Rev. Dr. John B. Romeyn, enjoyed significant proofs of the divine favor. Dr. Romeyn was abundant in his labors, and distinguished for fervid and strong appeals to the conscience. He was faithful in his examinations of applicants for church membership, and during some of the first years of his ministry, was greatly honored as the servant of his Divine Master.

The writer was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry, and installed as the pastor of

the congregation which he has now the honor to serve, in the year 1810. He had witnessed several revivals of religion in New England; was imbued with the conviction, that they were the hope of the church and the world. He had seen the blessed fruits of them more especially under the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Dwight, at Yale College, and the Rev. Messrs. Stuart and Merwin, then the pastors of churches in New Haven. He made himself familiar with the narratives of these scenes of heavenly mercy from the days of Edwards, Whitfield, and the Tennents, down to those narratives which enrich the pages of the Connecticut Magazine, the Panoplist, and the Assembly Magazine, published at Philadelphia. Most kindly had it been so ordered by divine providence, that all that he had seen and read on this great subject, was entirely free from those modern innovations, and those new, extravagant, and unscriptural measures, which corrupted so many of the later revivals, and justly exposed them to suspicion in the minds of good men. He had not one prejudice against them; not a fear of their unhappy influence; nor, so far as he can now recollect, one lurking thought, that the great adversary could turn them to good account in the advancement of his own kingdom. He entered upon his ministerial career, resolved by the blessing of

God, to labor for a revival of religion among the people of his charge. He can scarcely do justice to the character of Miss Murray without inweaving in the biography of this pious lady some incidents which mark his own personal history as a minister of the gospel. He does this with the less embarrassment, because some of them are illustrious proofs of the grace of God toward his people and himself, and deserve to be somewhere recorded.

The years 1811, 1812, and 1813, were, as has just been intimated, years of hope. In the spring of 1814, the question distinctly presented itself to his mind, *What is the obstacle to the revival of God's work among this people?* The answer is recorded, in some thoughts written in his own journal, in the following words: "*Neither myself, nor my people are prepared for so great a blessing: should the Spirit of God visit us, we should grieve him away.* The work must begin in the hearts of God's people; and it needs to be begun in none *more than my own. I cannot live, as I have lived; I cannot preach, as I have preached. May I not hope to live and preach more as though I lived for Christ, and preached to men whose high destination is immortal glory, or never-ending misery and shame!*" This was the 2nd of April; it was Saturday, and a day of prayer. The following Sabbath was a much more solemn Sab-

bath than we had been accustomed to enjoy. There was obviously a different feeling among the people, and some few minds were deeply affected. The weekly lecture of the same week was also unusually solemn. Yet were there no instances of thorough awakening; the people felt for the moment, but went their way, forgetting what manner of persons they were, and what they had heard. The adversary was at work; complaints were made of the preaching, and the preacher began to be depressed. By an interchange of ministerial labors, the pulpit was occupied the following Sabbath, by the late Dr. Richards of Newark, but with no sensible change in the condition of the people. The whole of the following week was one of depressing discouragement; the voice of God seemed to be saying to us, "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you that he will not hear." Soon after this, pastoral labor among the people was intermitted for two Sabbaths by the absence of the pastor as a delegate of his presbytery to the annual meeting of the General Assembly. The meeting of the Assembly that year was a most delightful meeting. The narrative of the state of religion in the churches for that year was drawn up by the biographer, and it was a service that exerted a most happy effect

upon his own mind. He returned to New York with the strong conviction, that the adversary was losing ground, truth advancing, and the kingdom of Christ beginning to triumph. He returned, too, with stronger hopes of the outpouring of God's Spirit upon the people of his charge. Two members of the Assembly, the Rev. Dr. Blackburn, and the Rev. Dr. Beecher, on their way to New England, remained a week in New York, labored abundantly, and greatly strengthened our hands. There seemed to be a shaking amid the bones of the valley: Christians began to awake: there were a few instances of awakening among the impenitent, and the hope began to be cherished that God was about to make bare his arm for the revival of his work. Saturday, the 18th of June, was a day of fasting and prayer in the church, and on the following Sabbath was the celebration of the Lord's Supper. It was a *tranquil* day, and one on which the heart of the pastor and the flock seemed to repose more implicitly than they had been wont to do on God. The sentiment of the day, so far as I can gather it from my own written notices of it at the time, was, "My soul, wait thou *only* upon God, for my expectation is from him!" During the following week, there was evidently more of the spirit of prayer among the people; it

seemed to me they prayed as I had never heard them pray before. There was a meeting for prayer on Saturday evening, and God was with us. The Sabbath following was a solemn day; numbers were greatly affected, and the work of grace appeared to have begun. A private lecture at the house of the pastor, on the evening of the following Monday, and the public lecture on Thursday evening, were also deeply solemn. Two new instances of deep conviction, one of them among the deepest I have ever known, greatly encouraged us. Yet for some time, there was no advance in the work; we seemed rather, during the last week in June and the first in July, to be relapsing again into stupidity. On the 4th of July, some ten or fifteen of the church assembled at the private residence of one of the Elders and devoted the morning to prayer. We were greatly encouraged; God did not hide his face from us. It was a pleasant, though not a powerful season of mercy. About thirty were gathered into the church as the fruit of it; and they turned out to be some of the most intelligent, uniform, and useful Christians. Some of them "sleep;" their deaths were delightful; and some of them still live to honor their profession as the disciples of Christ, and their responsibility as

officers in his church. The harvest was not great, but it was the finest wheat.

Toward the latter part of the summer, the work declined; and during the autumn, the church returned to her former indifference. In December our prospects were brighter; under date of the 3rd of that month, there is the following entry in my own journal. "The female praying society have agreed to meet each other at the throne of grace between eight and nine o'clock every Saturday evening, each in her own closet, to implore the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Who can tell but brighter suns are about to dawn?" The year 1815, opened under pleasing auspices. The first Sabbath of the year was a day of bright promise the services of the sanctuary were solemn and a special meeting for prayer in the evening, in the lecture room was crowded to excess. It was a delightful evening; and from this day all our meetings became more full, more solemn, the preaching more faithful and pastoral visits more frequent. Eight or ten persons were found in the congregation whose minds were evidently waked up to the claims of the gospel. The whole winter was a season of mercy; the work was silent and noiseless, but refreshing as the falling dew; nor did those precious drops of mercy cease to fall, but the cloud extended itself throughout the following summer and

autumn. The month of August, usually enjoyed by the pastor as a season of relaxation, was occupied in visiting some of the churches in Connecticut and Massachusetts, which were favored with marked tokens of the divine presence, and where God was multiplying the trophies of his grace. What he saw and heard had a happy effect upon his own mind. On his return, he gave a narrative to his people of what God was doing in other places, in which they were deeply interested, and for which they thanked God and took courage. In the month of November a Bible class was formed for all classes and all ages; it was numerously attended; several gentlemen of high professional standing became deeply interested in the discussion of theological subjects, and the discussions were so conducted, that deep impressions seemed to be made on very many minds. After this, and for several weeks, there was an unusual cessation of religious emotion, and there seemed to be an entire suspension of heavenly influences; and we were alarmed and humbled at these tokens of returning stupidity. The waters of the sanctuary seemed to be at the lowest ebb, and we began to abandon the hope that God was about to appear in his glory. Yet would we record it with unfeigned gratitude, that in this dark hour, and when our hopes had become

well nigh despair, God was pleased greatly to exalt and glorify his own name. Some of his enemies began to triumph, but more of his friends began to hope. A Saturday evening prayer meeting which had been in existence more than two years, and composed principally of the young men of the church, and with the view of soliciting the power of God's Spirit to attend the services of the ensuing Sabbath, was eminently instrumental, not only in encouraging the hopes and efforts of the pastor, but in diffusing the spirit of meekness and hope in the members of the church. The grand sentiment that animated these beloved men, some of whom are now preachers of the gospel, some officers in other churches, some in our own, and some among the spirits of the just made perfect, was that there was no help for us but from God, and that he must take the work into his own hands. And under the weight and encouragement of this truth, they did indeed commend it to the hands of God, and wrestled with him, not so much under the impression that they would not let him go until he blessed them, as under the happy impression that the blessing was near. The people of God all around us were full of hope; our Sabbaths were anticipated with joy; and our weekly lecture and weekly Bible class began to put on a new face.

Nothing however of a very marked character appeared until a meeting for prayer held on the morning of the New Year, for the purpose of beseeching the God of Zion to make the year, then begun, a year of the right hand of the Most High. It was a season of great nearness to God. It was indeed the time of Jacob's trouble, but it was the time of his relief. The persons present entered into a solemn engagement with each other to be more watchful and prayerful; and they more specifically covenanted to meet each other at the throne of grace, every Lord's Day, at 2 o'clock, in order to wrestle with the hearer of prayer for the outpouring of his Spirit. God appeared to smile upon this solemnity, and to seal it with his presence. No sooner was this engagement formed, than every face was suffused with tears, and every heart was buoyant with the expectation that He who was lifted up from the earth would make known the attraction of His power. This is among the days which will never be forgotten in the history of the Brick church. From this day we expected a revival of religion. The spirit of prayer began from this day to revive, and the spirit of faith to fasten on the promises of Him that cannot lie. It seemed to us, that we had never felt before the import of the words, "O thou that hearest prayer!" Soon after

this, we began to hear of several instances in which former impressions, that had been effaced from the minds of the impenitent, were revived, and of several instances of solemnity that were not known, and some of them little thought of. We had been looking for this, and were disappointed that we saw no more. But we were not cast down. We felt that there was a fearful weight of sin upon us, as a church, and that it was no difficult matter to perceive the cloud that hid the Sun of Righteousness from us.

Just at this period it pleased God to put it into the heart of about thirty members of the church privately to set apart a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, in order to inquire of the sovereign Lord of heaven and earth, wherefore he contended with us, and why he hid his face. This was on the third Thursday of January, the day preceding our weekly lecture. I never was present at such a meeting before; I have never been present at such a meeting since. I never witnessed such simplicity of Christian feeling, such earnest desires that God might be glorified in the salvation of men, such deep humiliation, and such abundant and *peculiar* confession of sin. The Spirit of God seemed to constrain individuals, and especially some of the more aged and venerable Ruling Elders of

the church, to make confessions of their personal sinfulness in a manner altogether unaffected, yet altogether unusual and affecting. This was emphatically the beginning of days of great power. It may be doubted if there was a person present who did not believe that we were just on the eve of a remarkable outpouring of God's Spirit; and it is worthy of remark, that toward the close of the day, all our conversation and prayer showed that the work had been begun; that we were in the midst of it, and our inquiries were not so much what was to be done to promote it, as how it became us to conduct ourselves while God was multiplying around us the trophies of his mercy. Nor were these anticipations defeated: God verified the promise, "Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." The same evening saw us assembled at the weekly lecture; and it was to "stand still and see the salvation of God." No one could account for it, except those who had been familiar with the cause in that upper chamber, and who had beheld it by the eye of faith. Not a child of God could enter that little Bethel without the irresistible conviction that God was there. Never was the house so full, never so solemn, never was it so visible that the hearts of men were in the hands of the Lord, and that his Spirit moved the people, as

the trees of the forest are moved by a mighty wind. We have good reason to believe that the minds of more than one hundred were deeply impressed by a view of their lost condition on that memorable evening. There was truly a noise and a shaking among the dry bones of the valley, and bone came to his bone. From that period the work was of a marked character. Notwithstanding the contemptous reproach of some that it was all the work of man, yet had God so evidently taken it into his own hands, that both the church and the world were constrained to confess, "This is the finger of God." Our public assemblies put on the appearance, not so much of excitement, as deep and motionless anxiety.

No unequivocal intimations indicated the duty of paying particular attention to the youth. On the following Sabbath evening an exercise was appointed exclusively for them, at which there were present about two hundred, numbers of whom, who subsequently became the children of God, and were before hardened and stupid sinners, date their first impressions from that service. This exercise was of such high promise that it was repeated. On the second evening, the house was full, and at the close of the exercise more than one hundred remained, after the benediction was pronounced, to inquire what they should do to be saved.

This fact alone conveyed lessons of instruction which it was out of the power of the preacher to convey, and was the means of diffusing the spirit of deep concern and anxious inquiry over the whole people. It was within ten days of this time that the attention and solemnity were most universal. There was hardly a family or individual who did not begin to think seriously of the things of the eternal world. There was indeed *one week* in which it seemed that the Spirit of all grace was about to shed forth his sweet influences upon our city: and we were praying and hoping to see this desolate region watered by the plentiful showers of divine grace.

In this delightful work of mercy several facts are worthy of remembrance. One is, the many instances in which the youthful husband and wife were both brought into the divine kingdom. Another is the great ignorance of those whose minds were seriously exercised, and the greediness with which they received religious instruction. Another is the delightful emotions with which every religious service, and especially every returning sabbath, were anticipated, and the animating expectation they imparted, that every service would see some turning from the error of their ways to the wisdom of the just. And still another is, the *rapidity* of the work. The period of awaken-

ing and conviction was in most instances very short; so short, indeed, that we ourselves began to tremble at the indulgence of what we feared were premature hopes, but which subsequently showed themselves to be the hope which maketh not ashamed. There were instances, in which the whole progress of conviction and conversion were completed during a single service. One instance in particular deserves to be gratefully recorded. A young lady of high character and cultivated mind and habits, who was during that winter a mere visitant in the city, and an habitual worshipper in the Brick Church received her first religious impressions at the commencement of the first prayer at a preparatory lecture, and at the close of the prayer, was rejoicing in hope. At the close of the service the lady whom she was visiting requested the preacher to return with her to her own dwelling, where he learnt from the lips of his young friend that the first sentence of the prayer sunk deep into her soul. To the second sentence her own heart responded. To all the adoring thoughts of God, all the confessions of sin, all the supplications for mercy, all the expressions of confidence her own heart also responded. And when in the closing words of the prayer, the animating thought was uttered "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, who hath redeemed us

unto God by his blood," her own heart responded to the sentiment, and for the first time in her life she added her grateful, adoring, Amen. The next morning the preacher was sent for to visit her in haste. As he entered the room, she rose hastily to meet him, burst into tears, and said, "Oh, sir, I have sent for you to ask you, if it is wicked for me to be so happy." That lady still lives, greatly beloved of her family, an ornament to the church of God, and realizing the promise to Abraham, "I will bless thee and make thee a blessing." To the best of the writer's knowledge, from the first profession of her faith she never wavered.

Some few instances of apostacy from this large ingathering there were; but they have been few: of more than one hundred who, we trust, were then brought to the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, almost the entire number have honored the doctrine of God their Saviour. Other seasons of mercy were enjoyed by us, but no subsequent outpouring of the Spirit was so general as that which was witnessed during the winter of 1828 and 9, during which about sixty were brought into the kingdom of God. In the winter of 1831 and 2, also, God visited the churches of the Presbytery, and we were permitted to share in the blessing. The various churches and the different pastors were never brought so

near to each other, and never so truly and so happily co-operated in the great work as during this last revival. Christian and ministerial fellowship and united prayer were obviously the selected instrumentality in this last work of grace, and they were delightfully honored. The God of peace was with us.

The emotions of Miss Murray during these seasons, it is not easy to describe. The scene was new; she seemed full of solicitude, of fear, yet full of love, of gratitude, of hope. As our weekly religious services became more frequent, and thronged, and solemn; and the preaching more urgent, faithful, and tender; and it was known that some thirty or forty were anxiously inquiring for the way of life, she saw that it was the work of God, and her tenderness, her humility, her prayers, were all awake to promote it. Though it was her habit, in the absence of her brother, to lead the daily devotions of her family, she could not so overcome her characteristic diffidence as to take a public part in any of the meetings for prayer that were instituted by her own sex. Yet was she no mean coadjutor in the work. The seasons for special prayer, and the days of fasting and prayer were to her days of great encouragement and refreshing. She always attended them when her health would permit, and her presence cheered us.

When during the winter of 1816, there were marked tokens of God's presence with us, her interest in the work became more intelligent and more intense. She frequently adverts to these seasons in her diary; and the whole train of her reflections shows that she thought, and felt, and prayed for the souls of others as she did for her own. When she trembled, it was for the ark of God; and when she was most joyous and triumphant, it was because God was glorified in enlarging and beautifying his kingdom. How much her encouraged pastor owes to her silent and unobtrusive influence, and her effectual, fervent prayers, will never be known till all shall stand before the Son of Man. That he owes much, he most gratefully acknowledges; and that she will meet at that day not a few who were snatched as brands from the burning, through her modest and retired instrumentality, he has not a doubt. Not a few, especially among the young, ascribe their conversion to her instrumentality. Speaking on this subject, in her diary, she shows her love for the souls of men, and her fervent desire that the grace of God might be revealed in turning them from the error of their ways to the wisdom of the just. Short ejaculations like the following are everywhere scattered throughout these pages. "O Lord God, do thou for

thy name's sake, pluck those who make light of thy gospel, as brands from the burning. Do thou arouse them from their stupidity, that they may hear thy voice and live. Do thou give them the hearing ear and the understanding heart, that they may rejoice in thy salvation! O that they may feel the transforming influences of thy Holy Spirit waking them from the death of sin! To whom shall I come for them but to thee?" On another occasion, after a day of prayer in the church, she writes, "This day we have been called to humiliation and prayer on account of the lukewarmness and sins of God's people. O that the supplications which have gone up to thy throne for a time of refreshing from thy presence, may find an answer of peace! May this Spirit be poured out upon us as individuals, that we may be a praying community! O that God would return and revive his work in the midst of us; that he would clothe his ministers with salvation, that his saints may shout for joy; that he would heal our backslidings; that there may be a great shaking amid the dry bones of this valley, that flesh and sinews may come upon them, and the breath of heaven that they may live, and God's Zion once more appear glorious in the eyes of the whole world!" Again she writes, "Grant us, O Lord, a time of refreshing from thy presence!

Bow thy heavens and come down, and dwell in the midst of us. Pour out upon us a spirit of grace and supplication. O may we behold thy stately steppings in the midst of us, and rejoice that God will in very deed dwell with men on the earth, when the heaven of heavens cannot contain him! Thou art a wonder-working God; perform thy wonders amidst this beloved people!" After such expressed desires as these, it is not wonderful that she should take her harp from the willows and sing the Lord's song. A few weeks after this, she says, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name! His arm is not shortened that it cannot save, nor is his ear heavy that it cannot hear. He is calling on some to sit down in his heavenly kingdom who were the friends of my youth, and who are still the friends of my riper years. May they have joy and peace in believing!"

She speaks of another day of prayer in the same spirit. "To-day I have attended a meeting of the church, appointed to implore the outpouring of God's Spirit upon us, and upon our city. My soul has truly found delight in such a day. I would call upon all that is within me to bless and praise his holy name for this opportunity of access to God. I felt as if I could exclaim with Jacob of old,

This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven! O it was a melting season; every heart seemed enlarged, and the spirit of prayer was most evidently poured out upon us. I humbly trust it was a day acknowledged by our Lord and Master, and as one on which he was pleased to be present, and that our prayers ascended, perfumed with his merits as a sweet-smelling sacrifice. O that an abiding sense of this precious meeting may be upon my soul! How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to meet together in unity, and to have the love of God shed abroad in their hearts! and to be made willing to say, Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy name give glory for thy mercy and thy truth's sake!" These days are well remembered by the writer, and by multitudes of others, as well as our departed Miss Murray. It is refreshing to look back upon them; they are green spots in the desert; and they still remind us of the years of the right hand of the Most High. The young and the fashionable were then wont to attend meetings for prayer. How many precious thoughts are associated with the "Old Lecture Room!"

On reading her diary, it will be found that such trains of thought and feeling are followed up during all those seasons of mercy to which we have referred. "I have been thinking to-

day," she says, "of the fearful condition of God's enemies. And I was tempted to exclaim aloud, 'Who among us can dwell with devouring fire? who among us can dwell with everlasting burnings?' O gracious Father! permit me to plead thine own promise, that thou wilt give thy Holy Spirit to them that ask thee." Then again she says, "Thou art a God doing wonders. Surely thou art manifesting thyself to us as wonderful in counsel and excellent in working. This day mine eyes have seen not far from *one hundred* publicly come out from the world and unite themselves with thy visible people. Marvellous is thy work, Lord God Almighty! O may we not hope still more, and especially that thou wilt touch the hearts of the dear youth, that they may be as that generation of Israel which was holiness to the Lord!" Again, a few pages onward, she writes, "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes. O Lord, thou art in the midst of us as a church, showing thyself to be a Sovereign God, arresting sinners in their progress to death, and plucking them as brands from the burning. Gird thy sword, victorious prince, upon thy thigh, and still ride forth conquering and to conquer! And let not sinners alone be converted, but may thine own children be quickened, and my own heart animated in this day of thy merciful visita-

tion!" On the morning of a season of special prayer she writes thus: "O Lord, I thank thee for what mine eyes have seen; and that in the sovereignty of thy grace, thou hast made the stout-hearted bow before thee. Thou hast gotten to thyself a great name; so that those who are without are compelled to acknowledge that it is the work of God, and thine own children glorify thee on their behalf. Help me this day to meet thy people with humility, and with fervency of spirit. May the spirit of grace and supplication be poured out upon us, while we confess our sins and backslidings before thee, and plead with thee to turn us again, and cause thy face to shine upon us." In view of a similar occasion, she writes, "This day has been set apart for special prayer to God, that he would pour out upon us as a church the influences of his Holy Spirit, that we may behold his stately steppings in our sanctuary, and see sinners flocking unto Jesus as clouds, and as doves fly to their windows. May we all mourn over our sins—each family apart—each individual apart! Why do I not feel more keenly for the awful state of those who are dead in trespasses and sins, and who, if they die unrenewed by the Spirit of God, must descend to the regions of despair, and have their portion with those

who blaspheme God! O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears?"

A perusal of Miss Murray's diary has been at once humbling and refreshing to the writer of this volume. It has been an instructive and interesting employment to him to be thus carried back to the days when the Spirit of God came down upon us as rain upon the new mown grass, and as showers that water the earth. He has been not a little interested, too, in finding that she had noted the *subjects* of his discourses during these years of the right hand of the Most High, and encouraged by the prayers which she offered that "his bow might abide in its strengh."

We have dwelt on the general features of her character as disclosed in this chapter, because it is due to her memory to do so, and because it is a theme which interests us. We would fain magnify the work of the Spirit of God. The period of the world in which we live is sometimes called in the Scriptures, "the last days," and sometimes "the dispensation of the Spirit." His sacred presence constitutes the last dispensation of God's grace to our guilty world, the last and most impressive method by which the God who is invisible brings himself to the view of men. We fear there is too much ground for the remark that the Holy Spirit is regarded as a mere auxiliary in the

work of redemption; as something which is rather incidental to the Christian system, and pertaining to some retired department of it, rather than as occupying the middle ground, and winning his honors in the very front of the great moral contest which has been so long carried on in this revolted world. There is nothing of which we are more convinced than that he must be more sought and more honored, before that blessed prediction is fulfilled, "And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, The tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be their God." He knows his own worth and excellence, and is "a jealous God." His character and work are infinitely endeared to his sacred fellows of the adorable and ever-blessed Trinity, and they are awake to claim and secure for him his appropriate and promised glories. He has come to our dark and sinful world on the kindest errand, and must be honored as the all-gracious, all-powerful God. It is written of him "He shall not *speak* of himself;" and though he has but just entered on his career of wonders, his great work bears witness of him.

It was a day never to be forgotten when the Son of God himself tabernacled among men. Angels announced his coming with songs of joy,

and men beheld him as "the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth;" they beheld his glory, as the brightness of him who is invisible, and the express image of his person. That is a wondrous description of him which says, He is the "light of the world" and the "life of men." He dwelt among men, formed one of their race and their society, rejoiced when they rejoiced, and wept when they wept. They cast their sorrows upon him, and he relieved them; their diseases, and he healed them; they laid their blind, their deaf, their dead at his feet, and he bid them see, and hear, and live. They went to him weary and heavy laden, and he gave them rest; distressed and trembling, and he said to them, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." They had sweet fellowship with him; they hung upon his lips for teaching; for every want and every woe, he gave not as the world gives. It was God dwelling with man, and man with God. What a day was this! Blessed were their eyes that saw him, their ears that heard him; prophets and kings desired, but were not permitted thus to see and hear. And was there anything yet in reserve for men, more desirable, more joyous, more glorious than such things as these? Yes there was one representation of the Deity, which, though it could not be more resplen-

dent, was effective in promoting their eternal well-being; more joyous than even to have retained among them this ever-blessed and adorable Son of God. "It is expedient," says he, "that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come!" God the Comforter—God the Spirit of truth and grace—God, not in the person of the Father, nor in the person of the Son, but in the person of the Holy Ghost, was to supersede the Saviour's presence. The great work *for* his people had been effected by God the Son; the great work *in* them was to be effected by God the Spirit. He was to descend and fill the mighty chasm made by the Saviour's absence, that the church might not be left without a present Sanctifier, nor the world without a present God. He has descended; He has been on the earth ever since the Saviour's departure from it; He dwells upon it now; He will dwell upon it till time shall be no more. This earth was not left comfortless; it has the abiding Comforter. His presence is not confined to time and place, as the Saviour's was; He dwells with the millions of his churches, and with greater millions of his people, in every place and at the same time, and he never departs. He is the selected and honored One to carry on and perfect the great process of man's redemption. The work of Christ is ac-

complished; the work of the Spirit, without which the work of Christ is accomplished in vain, is ever performing. We do not give the heed we ought, nor the honor they deserve, to His glorious Person and office. He is everywhere in this guilty world. It is He who broods over the dark lands of Paganism, and prepares them to cast their idols to the moles and the bats. It is He who restrains Christian lands from going back to Pagan idolotry and crime. It is He who comforts and sanctifies all the comforted and sanctified all over the earth. It is He who regenerates; and where He does not regenerate, convinces; and where He does not convince, awakens and alarms; and where He neither awakens nor alarms—if such an instance is to be found on the records of time—restrains the wrath of man. His *conservative* influence upon our world is more for its benefit than all other influences combined. And when His work is accomplished, and those varied and extended influences are all withdrawn, the mystery of God will be perfected, the mediatorial reign of Jesus Christ will come to its close, the inhabitants of our favored world will all be fitted for their last account, and will all be called to the last Judgment.

CHAPTER VII.

HER INTEREST IN THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRIZE.

"Come then, and, added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth:
Thou who alone art worthy. 'Twas thine
By ancient covenant ere nature's birth;
And thou hast made it thine by purchase since,
And overpaid its value with thy blood."

Miss Murray lived in the age of Missions. She had reached her womanhood when the first appeal to the American churches was made by the proposed embarkation of the American missionaries for Calcutta, under the direction of the American Board of Commissioners, in the year 1812. The earlier and not less devoted spirit of Elliot and Brainard had well nigh died away, and the few existing missionary institutions in our land, either confined their views to the "New Settlements," or at most extended them to some few tribes of the aboriginal inhabitants of the wilderness. But the time had come when the perishing nations of the earth were cared for, and devout men and women began to think, and pray, and act for the conversion of the heathen.

Nothing roused the characteristic ardor of our departed friend, more than the cries of a dying world. As has been seen from the preceding sketches, there was no want of enthusiasm in her character. What she felt, she felt deeply; and what she did, she did with a single and undivided heart. Her piety was far from being tame and cold; it not only had few blemishes, but great fervor. "How strange is it," says she, in one of her manuscript meditations, "that all should agree in admiring earnestness, perseverance, nay, even *enthusiasm*, in the affairs of the world, while so many frown upon it in the more important affairs of religion! Those who are deeply impressed with a sense of the immortal concerns of the soul, who give up the sinful pleasures of earth, earnestly inquire the way to Him, and are fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, are deemed over-zealous and fanatics. It is thought unreasonable to suppose that God demands any more of our time and thoughts than we can *spare* from the world and its pursuits. But what a perversion of that reason which God has given us, to imagine that the most important affair of our life should demand the least attention, and that the great purpose for which we were sent into the world should scarcely occupy our minds! To whom, O God, should we devote our lives, if not to Thee? to what

should we give the flower of our youth, if not to thy glory? what is worthy our highest love, if Thou art not, who art the fountain of light and life, and the author of every good and perfect gift? In what work should we engage with all our soul, and strength, and mind, if not in making our calling and election sure? For our encouragement, we have set before us the everlasting joys of thy kingdom, and a throne and crown for him that overcometh; while to deter us from forgetfulness of thee, we have the awful sentence against the unprofitable servant, *Bind him hand and foot and cast him into outer darkness.* What should most powerfully constrain us to give God our most ardent love and our whole heart, is his unspeakable gift to us—his only and well beloved Son as the propitiation for our sins. *If we be beside ourselves*, says Paul, *it is for your sakes; for the love of Christ constraineth us.* Who can recompense the love which passeth knowledge? O how should *our* love be enkindled at the thought of *his!* May I never be tempted to think that I can do too much for God; or that there can be any excess of love toward my Heavenly Father; rather may my soul be humbled when I reflect upon my short comings, and that after my best services, I must confess that *it is of the Lord's mercy that I am not consumed.* I lament that

my heart is so cold and indifferent: I am astonished at myself that such a worm of the dust should not have her spirit more humbled within her. How wondrous the thought, that, abject and vile as I am, through rich grace I may be exalted to the dignity of being a worker together with God!"

This characteristic fervor and humility she carried into the missionary cause; there it found an augmented impulse, and its true and proper element. She was not only a well-informed, but a devout observer of the providence of God. I cannot ascertain the date under which she made the following remarks in her diary, not even the year. "What a time of wonders is this! I have seen kings hurled from their thrones and ignominiously slaughtered; nobles cast down and trampled on by the vile. I have seen usurpers rioting upon the spoils of the deposed, and with fire and sword marching to continual victories, and so proud of their own power that they dreamed not of discomfiture. I have seen too, those very conquerors routed and dismayed—those before whom the earth trembled, seeking safety only in flight. I have seen the oppressed rising in their strength from under the yoke of the oppressor, and their rightful rulers again invested with power. This is a wonderful overturning; the times are pregnant

with great events, which will issue in the spread of the gospel and the prosperity of Zion." In May, 1828, she writes as follows: "I have now to record the goodness of God in granting me the desire and prayer of my heart, that when the supplies for suffering Greece should leave our shores, a blessing might go with them in the mission of one who should proclaim to them the glad tidings of the great salvation. This grand object is now accomplished. The hand of God is in it, and especially in raising up one so well qualified for the service. God has been very merciful in opening our way before us, and has blest us his handmaids in this interesting enterprize. Wilt thou not make it a blessing to that unhappy and apostate land? I feel the heavenly reaction of this poor effort in drawing me nearer to the throne of grace, and in the exercise of a stronger faith that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ." Not far from the same time she writes, "The past week has been one of deep interest. The tribes of the land have come up to this city of our solemnities to commemorate the goodness of God, and to declare the wonders he has done for the salvation of so many of our guilty race. These are times of refreshing for God's children. They are heart-enlivening anniversaries. O

may all who are employed in these institutions feel that it is not by might nor by power, but by thy Spirit alone that they can prosper. This is the appropriate work of faith and labor of love; but our appropriate song is, Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but to thy name give glory!" Expressive of the same spirit also, are the following thoughts. "The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Thou hast begun this great work, O Lord, by opening the understandings and hearts of the people. They are moved as it were by one spirit in all parts of the earth, to urge forward the great and glorious work of spreading the savor of Jesus' name in all parts of the habitable world. The mists of ignorance are dispersing, and the Sun of righteousness is arising upon the hitherto dark nations with healing in his beams. O my soul, rejoice thou in the glorious prospect when the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea, and when from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same the Lord's name shall be praised!" Of a kindred character are the following sentences. "The heathen shall be given to thy Son for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. In what a wonderful manner does this prediction ap-

pear to be now fulfilling! The angel is flying through the heavens, having the everlasting gospel to preach to all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues. The Christian world are awaking as from a deep sleep, and with one voice seem to inquire, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? The cry of the poor heathen has entered into their ears, and they seem to see, with Paul, a man entreating them to come over and help them. Thou dost work, and who shall let it." On the departure of a little band of missionaries, in 1820, she writes, "God is walking forth in majesty; his footsteps are marked with mercy and love. He is not only turning the heathen to himself, but he is opening a great effectual door among them, and disposing a number of his devoted servants to go and preach to them the unsearchable riches of Christ. O may thy Spirit go with these beloved men and women, teaching them to conduct themselves with the meekness of wisdom, and holiness, that by their chaste conversation in Christ, and their holy lives, they may win souls to him, and honor that religion they teach!"

The particular missions which most deeply interested her, were the mission to the aboriginees of our own continent, the mission to the Sandwich Islands, and the mission to the Jews. She sympathized most tenderly in the

wrongs which the Indians of the South and West had sustained from our own Government; nor was she slow to express her grief and indignation at the course which it pursued. She felt that the nation was degraded and dishonored, and that it had provoked God's judgments. The red men had few firmer or warmer friends than Miss Murray. Few did more for their moral elevation; and her diary shows how greatly she rejoiced, when, after all the discouragements which attended more modern efforts for their conversion, some of their injured tribes consented to receive the gospel from a people of whom they had so much cause to complain. Her interest in the mission at the Sandwich Islands was early excited by the fact, that among the early missionaries to that people, were her young friends, the Rev. Charles Stuart and his lady, whom she greatly respected and loved. She watched the progress of the mission, and when the intelligence was received, that there had been a public recognition of Christianity as the law of the islands, she was almost frantic with joy. "I have just been reading letters," she says, "from the islands; and the intelligence is as astonishing as it is delightful. How solemn and truly affecting it must have been to have beheld an assembled nation acknowledging the authority of God's word, as

the foundation of their Code of Laws! What an interesting spectacle to see the king of this people present himself before them, profess himself a disciple of the Lord Jesus, publicly receive the seal of his covenant, and in an unreserved manner dedicate himself to God! Here is indeed a nation born in a day—converted from the worship of dumb idols to serve the Living God!" Yet after all her attachment to other departments of the great work, the mission to the Jews was the object which occupied the largest place in her heart. She was a firm believer in the literal restoration of that scattered people to the land which was given to their fathers. She wrote largely on this subject; it waked up all her devotional emotions, and poetic fire. "Great will be the power and grace of God," she says, "when his ancient people shall have the vail taken from their hearts, and the scales from their eyes, and they shall see the king in his beauty. Wonderful indeed will be the day, when Jews themselves shall themselves be the swift messengers to carry the knowledge of salvation to the unconverted Gentile lands. Will not this be as life from the dead?" Again she says, "Yet will I bring again the captivity of Moab in the latter days, saith the Lord. What a glorious era when he shall gather all his captives whither he has scattered them,

and when they shall be the Lord's freemen! Have respect, O God, especially to thine ancient chosen people, that they may be brought in with the fulness of the Gentiles, and so all Israel shall be saved! Has not the day begun to dawn, when his outcasts are beginning to look on him they have pierced?"

The cause of missions is the great cause which is destined to employ the time, the talent, the wealth, the piety of the Christian world. It is a department by itself; a science by itself; it contains more germs of noble thought, more incentives to severe and unwearied application of the intellectual powers, more inducements to a heavenly and disinterested piety, and a stronger stimulus to indefatigable effort than any other department of Christian labor, the pastoral office not excepted. In our own church, much is needed in order to give it the importance and the impulse which it demands. The minds of our churches are accessible to its claims; they are waiting to be taught, and waiting to be *moved.*

CHAPTER VIII.

HER BOUNTY, AND HER INTEREST IN BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

"That virtue known
By the relenting look, whose equal heart
For others feels as for another self;
Of various name, as various objects wake
Warm into action the kindred sense within:
Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,
The lost to reason, the declined in life,
The helpless young that know no mother's hand,
And the grey second infancy of age,
She goes in public families to live,
A sight to gladden heaven."

INSTITUTIONS for the relief of the ignorant, the poor, and the diseased, are for the most part, if not altogether, the fruit of Christianity. With all his love of action which is so natural to man, and which is one of the happiest principles in his physical and mental constitution, it is not benevolent action which naturally occupies his thoughts, nor is self-denying labor the sphere which he spontaneously chooses. "They are all gone out of the way; they are together become *unprofitable;* there is none that *doeth good*, no, not one." They are "wise to do evil, but to do good they have no knowledge."

It is not always easy to distinguish, in actual life, between the philanthropy of the men of the world, and the Christian goodness which is the fruit of God's Spirit. The Christian character is not formed by the mere reformation of the outward conduct. It is not the adoption of correct opinions of Christianity that forms it, nor is it church membership under a faithful ministry. Nor are religious impressions powerfully made, nor strong emotions about divine things, occasionally felt, the sure indications of it. Man is radically apostate. There is an essential and radical difference of character between the righteous and the wicked; no adventitious circumstances, and no outward modifications of his depravity, be they ever so subdued, amiable, and polished, effect the transformation, without which every man lives to himself and dies to himself. Yet is there, in perfect consistency with this supremely selfish spirit, a *philanthropy* to which infidelity itself is not a stranger; and which has a name and a place in minds not enlightened by the truth of God, and where the heart remains unrenewed and unsanctified. Nor is there any stronger proof of the truth of these observations, than the declaration of the Apostle to the church at Corinth, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

To those who are acquainted with the nature and force of the Christian principles which actuated Miss Murray, her conduct was in keeping with her character. Her motives were Christian, and originated from love to God and her neighbor; from an affectionate regard to the divine authority, and a grateful view of her obligations to Jesus Christ. She was not a stranger to the kind and philanthropic impulses of humanity; few possessed more of them, or in greater tenderness and refinement. But she had other and holier impulses; affections which, because they centered in God, expanded themselves upon the creatures he has made.

It was her *religion* that made her charitable, and one of the most useful of women. "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Such was not her character. She had love; she had penitence and zeal; she had religious experience; she was a woman of prayer; but she possessed also a large measure of that "pure and undefiled religion which visits the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keeps itself unspotted from the world." It was not a showy, but an effective religion. And it was her *habitual* character. Not more did it belong to

the employments of every year, and week, and day, to read the Scriptures, to frequent the house of God, and to hold secret intercourse with him, than it did, "as she had opportunity, to do good unto all, especially to those of the household of faith." Her conscience and heart were as thoroughly disciplined to this service, as they were to family worship, or to the devout commemoration of the love and sacrifice of her atoning Lord.

It is not probable that one half her bounty is known; yet enough is known, not only to indicate her liberal heart, but to furnish satisfactory evidence that she habitually sought the divine direction in dispensing her charities. So far as the writer is able to form any judgment of her character in this particular, her only failing was that she sometimes bestowed her bounty too indiscriminately; it cost her pain to refuse, and none to bestow.

Her manuscripts abundantly indicate that she consecrated all her possessions to God, to be employed for him, as his providence might call for them. The following are exemplifications of this spirit. "I would unreservedly dedicate my *all* to thee; and give up all things for Christ's sake." "O Lord, I am less than the least of all thy mercies. I am astonished and confounded when I contemplate myself, that thou hast so loaded me with bless-

ings. Thou hast blessed me with uninterrupted temporal prosperity, and given me abundantly of the good things of this world. I pray to be enabled to remember that I am but a steward; and thou will require of me an account of the manner in which I have distributed the gifts of thy bounty, and whether I endeavor to do all things to thy glory, and thus fulfil the end of my being." Again, she writes, "What are earthly treasures compared with the pearl of great price? O that I may be enabled to use this world as not abusing it, and make a right use of the mammon of unrighteousness!" Again she says, "I know that this world is a snare, and that it becomes us to walk circumspectly. Merciful Father, give me a disposition to work while it is day, feeling with Nehemiah, that I have a great work to do, and that herein thou art glorified, when thy children bring forth much fruit. Give me a heart, O Lord, to devote my substance and strength to thy service, that I may glorify thee in my body and spirit which are thine!" Again she writes, "His grace is not only sufficient for us in adversity, but in prosperity. He can give us an humble spirit, and make us instrumental of good in his hands, by rendering us faithful stewards of the riches he has committed to us, so that our light may shine before men."

I have not, in her voluminous manuscripts, found one solitary record of her bounty; but it abounds with grateful acknowledgments of God's goodness, fervent desires that she might wisely employ it, and not a few thoughts here and there scattered, expressive of her solicitude, her pious fear, lest, amidst all her abundance in temporal things, God should suffer them to ensnare her and send leanness into her soul. She was afraid of overgrown wealth; and has often been heard to say, that "she did not see why people so eagerly desired to be rich." I have myself heard her make the remark, that "she did not know what money was good for, except to give away." There was a period, during some heavy assessments upon her landed property, in which she felt herself cramped in her charities; and I well remember her remark, that "she did not care for it, only as it embarrassed her in some of her subscriptions." She had no thought of hoarding: I do not believe the thought ever seriously entered her mind of a *surplus income.* It was dedicated property. So far from desiring, or having any superfluous income, she often put her industry, her frugality, her invention to the test in order to enlarge her means of doing good. She often gave more than her proportion; and she felt that she must do so, because others gave so little.

Many a time, after having first set a noble example of liberality, has she patiently solicited others for their assistance in promoting some important benevolent enterprise; and, disappointed and chagrined, supplied the necessary amount from her own purse. And the beauty of her charities was that she was so cheerful and so unostentatious a giver.

The demands upon her bounty were numerous. Besides her kindness to individuals, some of whom, until she made them almost her adopted children, were strangers, and besides her acts of kindness to her pastor and his family, which were neither few nor small, her charities were chiefly bestowed on a Society of ladies, instituted for the relief of poor Widows with small children; on the American Bible and Tract societies; on the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; on the Board of Domestic Missions of the Presbyterian church; on the American Education Society, instituted for the assistance of poor and pious men in their preparation for the gospel ministry; on the American Sabbath School Union; on the Society for meliorating the condition of the Jews; and on a local society for the establishment and sustenance of Infant Schools. She was among the founders of some of these institutions; of some of them she was one of the indefatigable and perse-

vering managers till her death; and in all of them she was actively engaged. She was beloved and honored by all associated with her in these societies, and scrupulously conscientious in doing her duty in them all. She devoted herself to them from a conviction of duty, and exercised no small degree of self-denial in the discharge of it. Many things in these spheres of labor were repugnant to her own feelings and habits, and greatly repugnant to her distrust of her own powers; while others were satisfied of her remarkable fitness for the things in which she most doubted herself. That she did not enter upon these duties thoughtlessly, is evident from many passages in her diary, from which we quote only the following paragraph: "My earnest desire is to do all things to God's glory; and now having associated myself with some others for the purpose of administering to the necessities of my fellow-creatures, I humbly pray that I may be influenced by a love to Him. I would have an abiding sense of his presence; that if I should be called at any time to services humbling to the flesh, I may feel that it is better to obey God than man, and to be willing to become a fool for Christ's sake. In this new association, may he grant that harmony and love may prevail; that we may be a band of sisters united in Christ Jesus, our

glorious and blessed Head; that we may be the means of dispensing, not only temporal, but spiritual comfort, thus glorifying our Heavenly Father by imitating the example of our blessed Master."

In these labors of love Miss Murray will long be remembered by her associates. A lady of kindred spirit with her, the widow of the late Divie Bethune, remarked to the writer not long since, with great emphasis, "When we lost Miss Murray, I felt that I had lost my *right hand*. O, sir, she was *true*. She stood by me to the last!" A communication received from this lady is best presented in her own words.

To Rev. Dr. Spring.

Dear Sir:—Indisposition and the multitude of calls on my time at this season, must plead my excuse for not having sooner complied with your request. Be assured that it would afford me much pleasure and gratify my desire to do justice to the character of my highly esteemed and deeply regretted Christian friend, the late Miss Hannah Murray. But I can only enumerate her many charitable deeds, connected with her uniform Christian character and her highly valued friendship, the remembrance of which I still cherish, and leave you to make what use you please of it.

My earliest remembrance of both Miss Murrays is their being among my beloved mother's first pupils in this city. My next is the deep interest taken by Mrs. Susan Ogden as Directress and the Miss Murrays as Managers of the House of Industry; an institution which proved eminently beneficial to those whose husbands were engaged in the war between Great Britain and this country. Not only were the industrious poor preserved from the degradation of street begging or becoming inmates of the alms house, but many learned trades which proved a support to them in after life. Both Miss Murrays were among our highest subscribers in money, and by numerous gifts of fancy articles made by them, added hundreds of dollars to our treasury. It was for the benefit of that institution that the first fancy fair was held in this city. I refer you to the constitution of the society for further information.

Miss Hannah Murray also was a manager in the Sabbath Schools, and when we divided the city into four districts, and maps placed in each for those who would engage in Bible and Sunday School associations, she had a district assigned to her, and submitted to be called on, and to point out districts not yet occupied, to those who wished to be engaged in so good a work, without interfering with others.

In all these labors we were associated; but it was when the solitary widow sought to find employment, in feeding Christ's lambs, that I found Miss Murray all that I wished as the sympathizing friend and treated with the deference and respect she considered I was entitled to.

When the Infant School Society was established, and I have always considered her as one of its founders, I was in hopes that the gentlemen would have got up the society, and that our sex should have been helps meet for them in this service. After waiting more than a year and having had a public meeting, my plans and documents which I had imparted were returned to me, and the reason given that the public School Society declined engaging in the work. I then determined at my own expense to commence a small school, that the system might be made known and schools on a larger scale established. She immediately came forward, and offered time, talents, and substance. Subscribing liberally herself and inducing others to do the same, she asked me how much I would require to open a school. I said if only $300 were collected I would pledge my word to make a beginning. The money was collected, and she became our treasurer, and gave her attention to the institution, and in every way held up my hands while she lived.

She was indeed a judicious counsellor in private, while she held up my hands in public. She had a ready wit, and when any little difference would occur, she would in a playful manner give a turn to the argument that caused what was meant as a frown to result in a smile. She was my neighbor, and when difficulties pressed on me I would stop on my way, and, conversing with her, all my difficulties would vanish, and I would return to my solitary home, mentally saying, "Well, blessed be God, I have one dear friend who stands by me."

During ten years we took sweet counsel together, but the time drew nigh when this dear friend was to be taken from me.

She had a lingering illness, and I was not permitted to see her till all hope of her recovery was past. I then was privileged to sit by her bed, and hold her hand. She could not see me, but felt the pressure of my hand, and heard the sob I could not repress. She said *Who?* On being told, she returned the pressure, and recollecting even in death our long friendship, said with faltering tongue, "Jesus stand by you." Thus departed my dear, faithful friend, Hannah L. Murray, and no doubt received the plaudit, Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. May my latter end be like hers!

The Infant School was not forgotten by her, but to it she bequeathed a legacy of $500.

Yours respectfully,

J. BETHUNE.

The following are the testimonials of some of the societies in which she took an active part, and which show the estimation in which she was held by their respective Boards of Direction. That of the Female Auxiliary Bible Society, of which she was one of the principal founders, I have not been able to procure, as their report for the year in which Miss Murray was taken from us was not published. At a meeting of the Board of the "Infant School Society," held June 15th, 1836, the following resolution was unanimously adopted. "That this Board deeply lament the loss of Miss Hannah L. Murray, their late efficient treasurer. From the commencement of the society, she not only fulfilled the duties of treasurer, but was a most judicious counsellor; and by her uniform cheerfulness and regular attendance, set an example to her associates, which they sincerely hope they may emulate; that when their work is done, it may, like that of their lamented friend, be *well done.*" The following is an extract from the 39th report of the "Widows' Society." While your managers

record, with thankfulness, the many mercies and blessings of the past year, it is with feelings of the deepest sorrow, that they announce the death of their late secretary, Miss Hannah L. Murray. Since the foundation of this institution, she has proved herself one of its warmest friends, and most active, energetic laborers. In her were united the kindest and most tender feelings, with the greatest firmness and decision; and to her superior judgment, the society looked with veneration and respect. In trouble, her firm faith and dependence cheered their drooping spirits; and when their prospects were bright, none rejoiced with a more holy joy. She is now numbered with the dead who have died in the Lord. She rests from her labors, and while her works do follow her, the effects of them will long be felt in the Widows' Society, and prove a strong incentive to others to walk after her example. No longer able to aid the society by her active exertions, she has been mindful of it to the last in the bequest of one thousand dollars."

"The memory of the just is blessed." Such a philanthropist could not be overlooked in her life, nor forgotten in her death. Piety is not always the door to fame, but deeds like hers will be remembered when the "name of the wicked shall rot."

CHAPTER IX.

HER MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

"Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own light, though sun and moon
Were in the great sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to secret, retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings."

EVERYTHING is beautiful in its season. We have alluded to Miss Murray's versatility of genius; nor can we exhibit her true character without presenting the following specimens of her miscellaneous poetry.

A PASTORAL.

"How cool is the evening breeze,
How soft are the strains it conveys,
How mild looks the moon through the trees,
How soothing sweet Philomel's lays.

"Blest season, I hail thee with joy;
Sweet warbler, continue thy strains;
O let no rude passions annoy,
The tranquil delight which now reigns.

"But did *she* not promise to come,
When the moon gently gleam'd on yon tow'r,

And will she unkind let me roam,
Without her, from bow'r to bow'r ?

"O why did she smile when she said,
Dear Henry, my heart is thy own ?
With a kiss the confession I paid,
And trusted in Anna alone.

"But O, if such smiles can deceive,
And sweetness so pure can betray,
Never more woman's vows I'll believe,
Never more hail with transport the day.

"But hark ! sure a rustling is near ;
Why beats so tumultuous my heart ?
'Tis *she*, 'tis her voice that I hear,
'Tis she, and we never will part.

"Ye Powers, watch over our love,
And be our kind guardians still :
My Anna is true, and will prove,
A solace in every ill."

A DREAM.

"My mind on various thoughts had turn'd,
When thus the fate of *man* I mourn'd.
Unhappy being, who art here
Nought but distress and grief to bear !
Why wert thou made ? O hapless man,
There 's nought on earth for thee but pain !

"While thus I mused, my weary eyes
By sleep were made a willing prize ;
The scene was chang'd, the gloom dispell'd,
And every murmuring feeling quell'd ;
My heart with transport seemed to bound,
And all appear'd enchantment round.

Soft music floated on each breeze,
And brighter verdure deck'd the trees:
The violet raised its drooping head,
Its fragrance round the city spread.
Soft was the zephyr on his wing
As in the gentle blush of spring,
And every shrub and every flower
Seemed touch'd by some superior power;
When sudden shone celestial light,
Whose streaming radiance fixed my sight.
My heart with awful rapture glow'd,
While to the earth my face I bow'd:
The silence dread at once was broke,
When thus the heavenly vision spoke.

"Thy plaints are heard, presumptuous youth,
Now listen to the voice of truth;
And know that He who rules the skies,
Makes order from confusion rise,
Bids, from the darkest night profound
His Righteous Sun to shine around,
And when he calls his children hence,
From scenes of vanity and sense,
He crowns them with his richest love
In realms of endless bliss above.

"Thus spoke the heavenly vision fair,
And vanished with the passing air."

TO COL. R——'S WIG.

"Hail, gentle wig! may no rude wight,
E'er twirl thee from thy custom'd height,
But long thy curls in order lay,
Upon a forehead fair as day.
Full often mayst thou keep from harm
The head which thou wert made to warm;

And if a friend her wish could have,
For all thou art a thing so grave,
Thou shouldst with wit inspired be,
To make thy wearer pleased with thee;
Each hair in sympathy should rise,
When scenes of honor greet his eyes;
And when his mind serenely gay,
Thy locks in placid curls should lay;
Thus varying with his varying soul,
But always under his control;
And should thy touch sometimes convey
A thought of her who penn'd this lay,
Then while I live I 'll praise thee well,
And on thy magic virtues dwell."

DREAM OF A DECEASED FRIEND.

"Last night, when on my downy bed
I gently laid my weary head,
The prince of slumbers waved his hand,
And bore me from the blooming land.
I soon was hurried down the tide,
And on the waters deep did ride.
To speed our course the fav'ring gales
Breath'd in the bosom of the sails,
When a fair city rose to view,
Whose glittering spires full well I knew.
In vision blest thy form appear'd,
And thy endearing voice I heard,
Thy opening arms enclos'd me straight,
Our hearts with warmest friendship beat,
How didst thou strain me to thy breast,
While on thy countenance express'd
Was that warm welcome which I know,
Would from thy gentle bosom flow.

While thus encircled by thy arm,
And freed from all that could alarm,
I lay enraptured at thy sight,
And coursing o'er with fond delight,
The pleasures other times had brought,
And tracing every youthful thought—
Some demon, envious of my bliss,
Ere I could take the proffer'd kiss,
Snatch'd from my eyes the vision sweet,
And left me nothing but regret.

"Yet still, dear friend, though lost to view,
My heart will keep thine image true.
Why is it that thy angel form,
So oft in dreams salutes my eye?
Why, but my better part to warm,
And raise my thoughts beyond the sky."

ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

"Lo! Spring appears: behold she comes again
Clad in her blooming robe of varied sweets:
Pleas'd her dread sire to charm, and, smiling, crown
With chaplets green his venerable head.
And by her never-failing powers disperse
The chilling frosts that circle round his brow.
How light she bounds, and by her magic touch
Bids blooming flowers arise to bless her reign;
Bids fragrance sweet perfume the gentle air,
And nature rise in triumph from her bed
Of dull repose; and laughing, hail the warmth
That bade their beauties grow luxuriant.
No long winter's howling wounds the ear,
Nor summer's scorching suns infection breed,
But all is softness, love, and gentle spring."

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

"You ask me to write, but the muses have flown,
And have crush'd all my hopes, all my plans overthrown;
But perhaps if I search in my brain I may find
Some scrap snugly hid, in their haste left behind.

"Aye, here I have found one, but not worth a pin,
'Tis all rumpled without, all confusion within:
But I 'll try to decipher these marks of the Nine,
And when that is ended, declare they are mine.

"They sing of the charms which the mind should adorn,
When beauty is brilliant, and life in its morn;
When the heart is all rapture, the soul all on fire,
And eager to seize what the passions desire.

"When fancy displays all her varied delights,
And fond expectation the young mind invites
To partake of its joys while life's current is warm,
Nor dash from its lips what its troubles can charm.

"O listen, dear maid, to the caution they give:
Trust not to these transports, they always deceive;
But look well to thy heart; for beneath this fair show,
The seeds of corruption and sorrow will grow.

"And strengthen thyself in the strength of the Lord,
And strive for those blessings reveal'd in his word;
And seek those pure pleasures which never can end,
By looking to God, as thy Saviour and friend."

LINES

Occasioned by an olive branch from Bethany, presented to the author by the Rev. Dr. King, missionary from Palestine.

"While on this little olive branch I gaze,
My heart is moved to love, my lips to praise.

What holy recollections fill my mind!
Of triumphs many, and of griefs combined!
How oft the Saviour, 'mid thy kindred shade,
Retir'd from man, for guilty man has pray'd;
Whole nights with fever'd spirit sought his God,
And felt his frame by heavenly strength renew'd.
What blest hosannahs flow'd from every tongue,
When as a conq'ror 'mid th' admiring throng,
The Lord descending from the mount was seen,
While o'er his path was strew'd this peaceful green.
Whene'er I look upon thy silv'ry leaf,
May I remember all my Saviour's grief,
Remember how he agonized for man
And finish'd on the cross his wond'rous plan;
Brought in an everlasting righteousness,
Bequeathing to his friends eternal peace;
Then burst the bands of death, in life appear'd,
With words of comfort his disciples cheer'd,
Then blest them; and while they gazing stood,
Veil'd in a cloud of glory rose to God."

ON REFUSING TO READ HER JOURNAL TO HER SISTER.

"Let not a paltry journal cause
A breach upon love's tender laws,
Nor let thy mind with keenness feel
Those words which in an over zeal
For darling self were uttered;
My foolish heart was fluttered,
And felt as if a feeble fly
Would make its courage faint and die.
But sure I 'd rather wound that heart,
And bid that selfish pride to smart,
Than cause a sister's breast to know
One thought unkind, one painful throe.

Let each ungentle feeling cease,
And love restore our hearts to peace!"

PLACED IN MR. R.'S HAT, IN ANSWER TO HIS DREAM.

"Go to the Druid's cave, there pay thy vow;
And low before his holy altar bow;
But first propitiate the aged sire
With fragrant herbs; then strike the sounding lyre,
And all the woods around with melody inspire.
Then will his soul be roused, and accents fair
Will all the vision of thy dream declare,
And if thy heart be true, and constant prove,
The doves which fluttered in the air above,
Shall flit before thee and pronounce the name
Of her who is to fan the sacred flame."

ON READING A POEM ENTITLED FANNY.

"Dear Croaker, all that thou canst say,
Will never turn me from the way,
That leads to pleasures of the mind,
Pleasures lasting, and refined.
For while I range the copious field,
Which nature and her wonders yield,
My soul enjoys more pure delight,
Receives more knowledge and more light,
Than if I read with studious care,
Ten thousand tales like Fanny fair.
In yon immeasurable space,
My eager eyes with wonder trace,
Unnumber'd worlds, revolving bright,
Some shining in their proper light,
Obedient to their Maker's will,
In sound harmonious speak his skill;

Who with a power divine commands,
And all in perfect order stands.
He, when the orbs began their course,
First gave them their propelling force;
But lest these spheres should erring stray,
Through boundless ether's trackless way,
An equal pow'r, with wondrous art,
He placed within a central part,
Which drew them with a magic sway,
To blend in his superior ray.
And these contending forces join'd,
The wandering planet strait confin'd,
To move in constant circles, round
The glorious centre, it had found.
Here what a flood of light pours in;
What wonders view'd, before unseen;
Which lead the mind with rapid flight,
To soar above these orbs of light;
Till with the mighty thoughts oppress'd,
It finds in God alone its rest.
When calm returning to the earth,
It sees new beauties spring to birth.
His face its glowing charms displays,
Gilt by the sun's refulgent rays:
The different plants, with skill unknown,
Select that ray they call their own;
And deck'd, as by a hand divine,
Graceful, in borrow'd tints they shine.
If we descend its caverns deep,
What precious gems within them sleep:
Spreading around their darksome bed,
The glowing light their crystals shed.
There too, conceal'd from human eye,
The ores in beauteous order lie.
Embedded in their native soil
They rest; until the miner's toil,

Their use, and beauty brings to light,
And clothes them with a surface bright.
Here nature, hidden from our eyes,
In secret works; and bids arise
Those various combinations strange,
Which open such extensive range,
To captivate the eager mind,
And urge it on new truths to find.
Oh! these are themes that fill the soul;
And rule it with a sweet control:
Which bear it as on eagle wing,
To God, the fountain, and the spring,
The source of life, and light, and laws,
The last great end; the first great cause."

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

"Dear Caroline, if poesy had pow'r
To calm the bosom in affliction's hour,
To pluck the sting from disappointment's dart,
Or sooth the sorrows of the wounded heart;
If it could cheer the darksome path of life,
Or lull to rest its never-ceasing strife;
Then, then would I invoke the tuneful band
To pour into my song their accents bland;
To fill my strains with their poetic fire,
And all my verse with harmony inspire;
That I might breathe a lay to grace thy page,
A talisman thy sorrows to assuage,
Which should its never-failing charm impart,
To guard from every ill thy youthful heart.

"But since it owns no magic pow'r like this,
Since it nor pain averts, nor lengthens bliss,
I'll cast th' unprofitable lyre away,
And point thee to that bright and heavenly ray

Which kindles in the soul a sacred fire,
A holy flame which never will expire.
To love divine which fills the mind with joy,
That love which endless ages shall employ;
The spirits blest—who sing in strains untold
Redeeming grace; and strike their harps of gold,
Which clears the mists that circle in our path,
Which calms the raging of unhallowed wrath,
Extracts the anguish from each earthly sting,
And bids sweet peace from every trial spring.

ON READING SOME LINES IN A NEWSPAPER, ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

"Oh! they have left thy brightest fame untold;
And hid from sight thy purest, finest gold.
Thou didst delight to bear the Christian name,
And felt within its spirit's purest flame;
Which bade thee humbly bow before that pow'r
Who had preserved thee in each trying hour:
Whose love was shed abroad within thy heart,
Directing thee to choose that better part
Which neither life, nor death, nor earthly good
Can take from those who in a Saviour's blood
Are wash'd and cleans'd; 'twas this, my friend,
This hope in Jesus which illum'd thy end."

The Poem entitled "The Restoration of Israel," is an original work of Eight Books, containing from five hundred to a thousand lines in each book, and in beautifully harmonious numbers. It is a work of time and effort; our limits allow us to furnish only a few brief specimens. The following is from the introduction:

"God spake the word—My outcasts hither bring,
That they may bow before their Saviour King,
Break every yoke, and burst the prisoner's band,
And speed them onward to the holy land.
This great command through every nation flew,
Kings of the earth were moved by feelings new.
That race, so long the victim of their power,
They pitying view, their abject state deplore,
Recall to mind what sorrows they had borne,
How, peeled and scattered, from their country torn
Loaded with names opprobrious and vile;
Esteemed unworthy of a Christian smile.
That people, once the well-belov'd of God!
Conducted by the pillar and the cloud,
For whom the skies poured down the bread of heaven,
To whom the Lively Oracles were given;
Who could a Moses boast, that face to face,
Held sweet communion with the God of grace;
A royal David, who with stroke profound,
Wak'd the prophetic harp to solemn sound;
A Solomon, who, wisest of his kind,
Search'd all the deep recesses of the mind;
That people blest, from whom the Saviour sprung,
Whose wondrous advent hosts angelic sung;
That people who, with God himself their guide,
Spread terror through the earth, and kings defied;
Who numbered warriors of deathless fame,
Whose bold exploits the palm of victory claim;
Where Maccabæus, like a burning light,
Burst in full splendor on the astonished sight;
While a long line of worthies fills the page,
Who cast their lustre on our distant age."

After representing the nations as obedient to this command, and themselves counselling to hasten the fulfilment of this high decree,

the nation of Israel is presented to the reader's view in the following paragraph:

"But while these thoughts the hearts of princes moved,
The sons of Jacob other feelings proved:
In secret mourned their long neglected state,
Their country and their temple desolate,
Their altars gone, on which no more arise,
The smoke of rams, or bulls in sacrifice.
The Urim, Thummim, Ephod, once their boast,
The Golden Censer, with its incense lost.
The line extinct which gave the rightful Priest,
The hallow'd service of the temple ceased.
They thought upon Jerusalem their joy,
Her desolations every mind employ;
While searching 'mid the prophecies to see,
How long should last their sad captivity;
How long deserted by the God of heaven,
They should like outcasts, through the earth be driven;
How long ere blest Jerusalem should be,
Again inhabited, her children free."

A solemn council of the nation is then called; Ezra addresses the God of their fathers in prayer; a second Cyrus issues the edict for their return; the sixth vial is poured out upon the waters of the Euphrates; the scattered tribes of Israel are invited to assemble under the Russian Eagle; distinguished warriors are described, and a brave female accompanies her lover to the conflict; the army is formed, and in the commencement of the second book, begin their march. This book describes the increase of the army, and its

progress, and brings it before the city of Constantinople.

The third book opens with the following description of this far-famed seat, both of Roman and Moslem power.

"This city rose, by art majestic graced,
Like a strong sentinel by nature placed
To guard the sea, which flow'd on either hand,
And poured its tribute to enrich her land.
Fair in proportion were her buildings seen,
And regal splendor deck'd this stately queen.
And often, as enamored of her grace,
She view'd, complacent, her reflected face,
On the smooth mirror which before her lay,
And form'd a liquid passage to each sea.
Her streets were crowded with a busy throng,
Where oft were heard the tabret, pipe, and song;
Th' industrious citizen his labor plied,
And each to emulate his fellow vied.
When Constantine, the Great, design'd to show
What his munificence and power could do,
He plann'd a city which should bear his name,
To latest ages in the rolls of fame;
The place selected, where Byzantium stood,
And reign'd imperial mistress of the flood.
Within Byzantium's walls the monarch lay,
Fatigued with all the turmoil of the day,
When gentle slumbers o'er his eyelids crept,
And busy fancy wakened as he slept.
Before him stood, in majesty and grace,
The tutelary genius of the place.
A venerable matron's form she wore,
And marks of age upon her visage bore.
And while with wonder he the scene survey'd,
The matron stood confess'd a blooming maid.

With his own hands, he deck'd the beauteous fair,
With regal gems adorn'd her flowing hair;
Upon her brow the crown imperial placed,
And with the insignia of command, he placed
Her polish'd hands. This done, the monarch woke,
But to his mind the vision plainly spoke,
And seem'd to say, Here shall the city rise,
Obedient to his will who rules the skies.
With solemn pomp, the monarch then precedes
A long procession, which he onwards leads;
Nor did he cease, till he had measured round,
Ten ample miles to form its utmost bound.
The space thus mark'd, he drew with liberal hand
The great artificers of every land,
Till he, exulting, saw the fabric rise
Magnificent to his enraptur'd eyes.
In form triangular its base was laid;
Full on the west, its greatest breadth display'd;
Along its northern side, the golden horn
Of Cairo winds, whose placid waves have borne
The richest freights from Arras' distant shore,
And all the fabrics which from Europe pour:
Its southern border wide Marmora laves,
Which fills an ample basin with its waves:
Olympus in the west his summit rears,
And great in towering majesty appears.
But all this glory soon must pass away,
And infidels usurp the Christian's sway.
The crescent now above the cross displays,
Catching on silver horns his dazzling rays.
Mosques occupy the places where once stood
Temples erected to the triune God."

Strong preparations are then made for the defence of the city; the battle rages; the Russian army, and the Jewish, after several incidents

of a personal character, are successful; and the third book closes with the utter destruction of the Mahometan power. The Sultan's death, the dispersion of the Turks, the quiet possession of the conquered city by the conquerors, the burial of the slain, various scenes of suffering depicted, the liberation of the incarcerated harem, an affecting narrative of a Grecian female whom the Sultan had made captive in war, the peaceful possession of the city, and the erection of the hero's tomb over the ashes of one of Israel's leaders, form the principal themes of the fourth book. The fifth book opens with a splendid description of the interior of Constantinople; of the mosque of St. Sophia, and Solyman, and of the sylvan suburbs. Here the army remain twenty days, during which there are some remarkable conversions from Judaism to Christianity, and the nuptials celebrated between a Christian leader and a converted Jewess; after which the troops embark on the sea of Marmora, through the Dardanelles, visit the islands of the Archipelago, pass through the groups of the Ciclades, and land unmolested at Joppa. Here they rest but for a night, and press on, through Ramah, to the vale of Jeremiah, where, with the dawning of the morrow's sun, they set their eyes on the holy city. The sixth book opens with the words:—

"Bright dawn'd the day; a day with hope replete,
When Jacob's sons should plant their weary feet
In blest Jerusalem; that sacred spot,
So long by Gentiles trodden under foot."

The following description of the sun's rising, appears to us true poetry:

"In majesty unclouded rose the sun,
With strength renewed, his golden race to run,
And issuing from the portals of the day,
In splendor bright urged on his glorious way;
Triumphant in his course to glad the earth,
And call a thousand beauties into birth:
Causing the modest lily of the vale,
To raise her drooping head, her sweets exhale;
Deying with deeper blush the fragrant rose,
Bidding the various flowers their charms disclose,
And with a skill to haughty man unknown,
Select that proper ray they call their own.
Thy light and beauty in the diamond shine;
Glow in the ruby; and with tints divine
Brighten the sapphire, and the topaz gild;
And fill with lucid green the emerald;
Blaze in the carbuncle, and spread abroad
A sparkling lustre in their dark abode.
There thy deep-searching beams those wonders cause
Those magical effects of nature's laws,
Which draw together by election strange,
Atoms distinct that near each other range,
And by a mystical affinity,
Unite in crystals beauteous to the eye.
As the great centre, thou art seen to stand,
While worlds unnumbered range on every hand,
In sweet consent by thy attraction drawn,
The force centripetal accordant own:

And faithful as the needle to the pole,
In their harmonious circles round thee roll."

The scenery of Palestine, the new arrangement of the army, and their impassioned zeal, here occupy some pages.

"The weary warriors from their slumbers woke,
As the loud bugle on the silence broke;
In order ranged, the banners waved on high,
And Judah's Lion rose to greet the sky.
They now approach'd Jerusalem belov'd,
Where once their temple stood by God approved:
That temple whither all the tribes repaired,
And where the Lord of hosts his will declared.
Where overshadowing the mercy-seat,
The golden pinions of the cherubs meet;
Where the high priest in holy garments dress'd,
Bore the twelve tribes upon his faithful breast.
Alas how changed! now here profanely rise
The mosque's proud minaret t' insult the skies;
The holy city everywhere defiled
With rites Mahometan and worship wild."

The army then sets forward; not without daily prayers, it passes over "many a craggy rock" and "narrow defile," and rests amid the "charmed culture" of the Terebinthine vale.

"Here they recalled to mind that glorious day,
When Israel's host was set in proud array,
And the huge giant of Philistia's band,
Was seen in bold and haughty scorn to stand,
Raising his impious voice in wrath on high,
The mighty God of Israel to defy.
When armed with sling and stone, the youth appear'd,

While pious confidence his bosom cheered;
Approach'd the champion of the uncircumcised,
His form colossal, but his power despised;
And to the earth his giant carcass bowed
While consternation marked the gazing crowd.

The troops now no longer brook delay; but on nearing the city, they found no preparation for the battle, but entering it by the northern gate, find it abandoned. Here they unite in a song of praise.

"O Lord of hosts, thou art our strength and song,
Might and salvation to thy name belong:
Thou art our God; with joy we now will rear
An habitation for thy glory here.
Our fathers' God, and we will bless thy name,
Exalt thee, and thy wondrous works proclaim,
For Thy right hand hath gained the victory,
And dash'd in pieces the proud enemy.
Thy holy wrath descended; lo, they lie,
Consum'd like stubble by Thy flaming eye.
The Lord of hosts is with us, shout abroad,
Our refuge and our hope is Israel's God!"

The conquering army then visits holy scenes and holy places, and among the rest, Mount Moriah, where the offering up of Isaac is beautifully narrated; and then they visit Gethsemane, and Olivet, and Calvary.

"See him descending from Mount Olivet,
Where wondering crowds strew branches at his feet:
E'en infant voices shout with one accord,
Hosannah to the King, the mighty Lord!

Who in Jehovah's name now comes to shed
The lights of hope around the sinner's head.
Now they behold him struggling up the steep
Of rugged Calvary; now behold him weep,
Not for himself, but for that guilty race
Who with proud scorn reject his proffer'd grace.
Now the raised cross is present to their sight,
Where, suffering, hung the Son of God's delight:
Now strikes their ear that cry of agony,
My God! my God! hast thou forsaken me!
Roused by the sound, the vision disappears,
And lies concealed amid the shade of years."

After a night's repose they go forth again, to view the city.

"Already had the golden orb appear'd,
And tipp'd the mountains, which their summits rear'd
Round blest Jerusalem; and seemed to throw
A solemn shade upon the scene below:
Save where the lofty dome, or slender spire
Caught a bright radiance from the globe of fire,
And peering o'er the gloom which wrapp'd the ground,
Like rich illuminations sparkled round.
While Siloa's fount, and Kidron slept beneath,
Their streams unruffled by a passing breath,
The convents, palaces, and cloisters meet
In contrast with the mosque and minaret:
And every place proclaimed the moslem power,
Which, with a rod of iron, till that hour
Had ruled the land once favored of the Lord,
Not so intending, thus fulfilled His word.
They felt as Nehemiah, when he viewed
The gates consumed by fire, the walls subdued
By ruthless hands; and all a waste was seen,
Where erst their fathers' sepulchres had been."

They are now represented as turning to the predictions of their own prophets, and to the covenant made with David; and while mourning over their desolations, descry a cloud-like army approaching the city. Uncertain who, or what they were, the combined hosts are again assembled to prepare for the conflict.

"While thus prepared, the host still onward drew,
And soon they open to their nearer view:
For lo! are seen in graceful waves to float,
Those well-known standards which the tribes denote!
The crouching Ass, the ravening Wolf appear,
The wily Serpent, Hind as fleet as air:
The fruitful Boughs, o'erspreading all the well,
The wondrous story to their senses tell;
And bid them hail their *long-lost* brothers come
To join them in their loved Jerusalem.

A hymn of general praise then ascends to God for restoring the captivity of Zion; the tribes rest; on the morrow they narrate their past history; and in the midst of this narrative the Moslem forces, gathered in their strength, "with silver crescent waving high," prepare to attack the city. They rush to the battle; the slaughter is fearful; the Moslem flies, and God is honored. The lost tribes resume their narrative, tell of others not restored, and an edict is issued to gather them from the four quarters of the earth. The proposition is discussed by the lost tribes, and among others

by the savages of our own wilderness. Red Jacket is here introduced as opposed to the return, and delivers one of his most bitter invectives against the Christians. But the mass of the tribes regard the intimation as the voice of the Great Spirit, and "file off," over "Kamschatka shores" to the Holy Land. Other tribes fall in on the march.

"And from remotest lands and western coasts,
Are brought a present to the Lord of hosts;
Where the lost ten, so long concealed from sight,
With Benjamin and Judah shall unite."

The seventh book opens with a series of facts illustrating the thought, "They shall look on him whom they have pierced and mourn."

"While nature thus seemed dressed in smiles so gay
The sons of Jacob woke to fast and pray,
Near where the temple once in grandeur stood
Assembled now this wonder-stricken crowd,
To ask direction of the God of heaven,
Confess their sins, and plead to be forgiven."

On this spot they renew their covenant with God, and engage to rebuild the temple, and begin and complete the work according to the description of it given by the prophet Ezekiel. The enraged Moslem makes another attack and is repulsed.

"Behold I am against thee, O most proud!
Thy day is come; death shall thy glory shroud;
For strong is Israel's Saviour, and he comes;
The Lord of hosts his righteous cause assumes;
This is the work of an almighty hand,
That Israel may in peace possess the land."

An earthquake then swallows up the retreating Mahometan army, and a song of triumph is sung to Jehovah's praise. The eighth book opens with a description of the temple, with all its pristine glory restored, save the rod of Aaron, the pot of manna, the Urim and Thummim, the golden censer, and the Shechinah. It is then dedicated with all befitting rites, and prayer; the people bowed their heads, offered their wonted sacrifices, and looked to see "the glory of the Lord fill the house." But no bright Shechinah appeared; they looked toward the mercy-seat, but no answer is given, and the people cry "Is his mercy clean gone forever?"

Shall the proud infidel exulting say,
Where is their God? their boasted hope and stay."

They mourn, and listen, without resentment, to the guilt of their fathers, as set forth by a Christian female, and to solemn protestations against the obduracy of their own unbelief. Her eloquent appeal closes thus:—

"Behold the golden sceptre is set forth,
The token of God's love to sons of earth,

O come and touch it, he exclaims and live,
And far exceeding your requests receive;
Beauty for ashes shall my grace appoint,
The oil of joy for mourning freely grant.
For lo, he says, yet will I once again,
Shake heaven and earth, the mighty roaring main,
And every nation to its centre move,
To manifest my faithfulness and love.
For thus saith the Lord of hosts,—I will now fill
This place with glory, and myself reveal;
For lo, this latter house shall be arrayed
With greater glory than the first displayed;
Here my good Spirit shall descend to bless
The waiting multitudes with heavenly peace;
Here shall a nobler sacrifice be made,
Than smoking bullocks on the altar laid;
The offering of hearts, now broke for sin,
And in the Saviour's precious blood made clean."

They search the scriptures, and the veil is taken off their hearts as they search them. Ben-Joseph wavered, and the tribes are perplexed; and in the midst of this perplexity other Jews from other and far distant lands arrive. Christian Israelites from afar bear testimony to the fulfilment of the Jewish Scriptures in the person of Jesus. America and Britain lend their aid, and Poland too, and from all lands they fly as clouds and as doves to their windows.

"The morning came, when they with one accord
Assembled in the temple of the Lord,
Exhibiting a splendid pageantry,
Of various hues and dazzling brilliancy."

Here Josedec, a converted priest, addresses them, preaching the glorious Gospel of the ever blessed God.

"O never hope the blood of bullocks slain,
Can from your consciences wash out the stain;
For Christ, the Son of God, alone can give,
Rest to your burdened souls, and bid them live.
Lift up your eyes to Calvary and see,
That spotless victim on the accursed tree,
For him hath God exalted to his throne,
By him he sends the promised blessing down.
At his high word the Holy Spirit comes,
And all the darkness of the soul illumes."

Judah and Israel wept. There was deep grief throughout all the assembled tribes. Light filled the temple; all bowed their heads and worshipped.

"Then did the holy place with joy resound,
Then Hallelujahs on each tongue were found,
Then in one song of grateful praise they join,
And raise their voices in a strain divine.
Break forth ye mountains, into hymns of praise,
Ye lofty cedars, high your branches raise,
O leap for joy, ye little hills around,
And send with echoes back the gladsome sound.
Salvation with its blessings has appeared,
And Judah's sons, and Israel's thousands cheered.
Come, faithful souls, who love the Lord, and hear,
While we the wonders of his grace declare;
Astonished while you see before your eyes,
These dry dead bones a living army rise.
Praise ye the Lord, uplift a holy song,

Bid all his saints the wondrous theme prolong,
With timbrel and the harp loud praises sing,
With the high sounding cymbals praise the King,
O praise him for his glory known above,
O praise him for the wonders of his love.
Young men and maidens praise his glorious name,
Kings of the earth, to him ascribe your fame;
Old men and children, raise your feeble voice
To praise the God whom you have made your choice,
And men of might, who live upon his word,
And every thing that breaths, *O praise the Lord!*"

The reader will not be dissatisfied with this brief analysis of this beautiful poem. It furnishes a happy illustration of the taste, piety and enthusiasm of its amiable and indefatigable authoress. We have occupied no small time in condensing it, and have been perpetually struggling with our own feelings in order to bring it even within the compass we have occupied.

Her translations from Anacreon, contain his short piece, called "The Lyre; " his ode "To the Pigeon;" his ode "To Himself;" one "To Cupid," and one "To the Cricket." I will merely transcribe the ode to the Cricket, the ode to the Pigeon, and the one to Cupid:

TO THE CRICKET.

"Hail happy Cricket, chirping thing,
We greet thee with a fond delight,
Enthron'd we see thee like a king,
Upon the branch's top-most height."

"There having sipp'd the nectar'd dew,
With life, and health, and vigor fraught,
To hail the rising sun anew,
Thou pourest forth thy cheerful note.

"All things are thine, what ere thine eye
Surveys amid the verdant fields,
What e'er the forests can supply,
Or every changing season yields.

"By rural swains thou art beloved,
Who gladly hear thy music sweet,
By mortals honored and approved,
As harbinger of summer's heat.

"The muses too delight in thee,
And Phœbus' self his favor shows,
For he has filled with melody
Thy little voice which cheerful flows.

"Ne'er burden'd with the weight of age,
Delighting in the tuneful song;
Son of the earth, yet ever sage,
To thee properties belong.

"Which designate the gods divine,
For passion ne'er disturbs thy race;
And in those little veins of thine
No purple drops are seen to chase.

"Warm, basking in the sunny ray,
No sad forebodings mar thy joy;
But pure and happy is thy day,
While cheerful notes thy hours employ.

ODE XV—TO THE PIGEON.

"Soft and lovely Pigeon say
Whither dost thou wing thy way?

Whence collect those odors sweet
Which my raptured senses greet,
And as thou movest thro' the sky
In rich profusion round thee fly,
With whose errand art thou blest,
And to whom is thy behest?
To Bathyllus, the youth belov'd,
Sovereign of all hearts approved;
By Anacreon I was sent,
And cheerful on my message went;
A present I from Venus came
To the Bard of matchless fame;
For an ode of strains divine,
Sweet chanted at the Paphian shrine;
For Anacreon oft I move,
And execute for him I love
Important messages like these,
That my master I may please;
Behold! e'en now with tender care,
His amorous billedoux I bear.
Oft has he thought to set me free
And bid me fly at liberty:
But I still ready on the wing,
A willing service ever bring;
For why should I with weary flight
Rove over fields and mountain's height;
Or, perch'd on trees that wave in air,
Seek for a scanty pittance there,
While daily from his hand I feed
Upon a dainty meal indeed;
And from the golden goblet sip,
Ere it has touched his thirsty lip,
That luscious draught of rosy wine,
Which mortals love, and gods divine?
Then satisfied I flit around,
But soon am near my master found,

And, with my downy pinions spread,
I shade him while he rests his head;
And as he leans upon his lyre,
I sleep—and music's tones respire.
Now thou hast all, he parting said;
Then soaring high above my head
More chattering or than man or pye
He cut his passage thro' the sky.

ODE XIII—TO HIMSELF.

"Once did my foolish heart desire to know
Those extacies that Cupid can bestow;
And he with all his blandishments and skill
Endeavor'd to persuade me to his will;
But, of a wayward mind in evil hour,
I scorned his efforts, and defied his power.
He in a moment raised his bow with art,
And from the golden quiver drew a dart;
Then for the combat, with a taunting air,
The wary urchin bade me quick prepare,
I, like Achilles, on my shoulder placed
The brazen thorax to protect my breast,
And, with my shield and glittering spear array'd,
With confidence his summons I obey'd.
He twang'd his bow—the ready arrow sped,
And I with trembling from the contest fled;
But he pursued—his arrows soon were spent,
And in a rage—upon his conquest bent—
Transformed himself into a barbed dart,
And swift as lightning shot into my heart!
Ah! now of what avail the shield and spear
Or outward blows!—but beating of the air?
Since all the fury of the battle's strife
Rages within and threats my very life."

ODE XXXIII.—TO CUPID.

"At noon of night, when silent move,
The bright and starry bands,
And Ursa Major turns to prove
Boötes, guiding hands;
When man, from toil and work released,
In gentle sleep reposed,
And earthly cares their pressure ceased,
And weary eyes are closed,
Cupid without with thundering sound
Against my portals beat;
I started—wildly gazed around;
And leaped upon my feet.
Who 's there! I cried; that thus invades
The slumbers of my bed?
I am a little child, he pleads,
Receive me to thy shed;
Dispel thy fears, the door unbar,
For I am cold and wet,
Have lost my way, and wandered far
This dark and moonless night.
Pitying, his mournful tale I heard,
And instant struck a light,
I opened—when a child appear'd
With features rosy bright;
A pair of wings the urchin wore
As soft as cygnet's down;
A quiver o'er his shoulders bore,
And bow which polished shone.
When seated near the cheerful fire,
I rubbed his little hands;
I wrung the water from his hair
And loosed his dripping bands.
Now warmed, he said, Come, bring my bow,
And let us try its power;

How far 'tis injured, I would know,
From drenching of the shower.
He twang'd the string, the arrow flew,
And pierc'd me thro' the heart,
When, springing, with delight he threw
These taunts to increase the smart.
Congratulate me, oh my host,
My bow is safe and sound;
But thou wilt find thy comfort lost,
And own a heartfelt wound."

We have doubted much, if we should give the entire translation of the "Request of Phaæton," translated from the Latin of Ovid. It cannot be given to advantage, in detached parts. It is a highly-finished translation, and reminds me of some of the translations of Milton. But it is too long for this volume, comprising more than five hundred lines.

CHAPTER X.

HER CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss Murray rarely copied her letters. She wrote largely to her friends and others, though there are but few rough sketches of these communications to be found among her papers. Some of these, it is permitted us to transcribe as specimens of her epistolary manner, and of the zeal she felt in her Master's cause. She did not avoid direct personal interviews with those she loved, but often conversed with them on religious subjects, with great sweetness, feeling and effect. She never scrupled to declare her sentiments openly, with great firmness and decision, as well as gentleness and humility. Yet she was, to an unusual degree, diffident. She had ardent desires to bring others into the fold of Christ, and often felt it to be her duty to address them in the language of exhortation, persuasion, and entreaty; and when she felt that she could not so well reach them by conversation, she had recourse to her pen. The following letter is addressed to one of her dear young friends, well known to the

author, and who was for many years one of his beloved flock.

"My dear ——,

"Our conversation on Sunday evening has made a deep impression on my mind; I have revolved it in my thoughts many times, and it appears right to me to give you the result of my reflections.

"You say you do not know whether you ought to continue to partake of the Sacrament or not; and that sometimes you think you will not go to the table. Consider, my dear ——, what this language would speak. It would be an open avowal on your part, that you no longer desire to be a disciple of Jesus. Would it not be a positive rejection of those blessings purchased by the atoning blood of the Lamb of God? Ought you not to be afraid, lest by such a deliberate and voluntary act, you would seal your condemnation, put far from you the blood of sprinkling, and judge yourself unworthy to receive eternal life? Should not your doubts and your consciousness of sin rather urge you now, while it is an accepted time and a day of salvation, diligently to look into your own heart, and with strong supplication and prayer, beseech the Lord of life to send his Holy Spirit into your soul, to cleanse it from all its pollution, and make it a temple

wherein he may delight to dwell? Go to him, dear ——, that he may give you that faith which worketh by love and overcometh the world; that he may give you a true and feeling sense of the evil that is in you, and that repentance which is unto life; that he may enable you to see the preciousness of Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour, and your own absolute and perishing need of his great salvation.

"But while I say this, allow me also to say, God cannot be deceived, and he will not be mocked. Deal honestly with God. His demand is, Give me thy *heart*. Unless you can resolve in his strength to yield *that* to him, you cannot expect his blessing and love. O learn, then, my beloved ——, as a prisoner of hope, to flee to Jesus the strong hold. Turn, O turn; for why wilt thou die? If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him. Will you draw back? May he who is infinite in mercy, and whose compassions fail not, draw thee with the cords of his love; cause Christ to be revealed in thee the hope of glory, and prepare thee for the enjoyment of his glorious presence in his kingdom. This is the fervent prayer of your affectionate friend,

"H. L. Murray."

There is good reason to believe that the following thoughts accompanied the letter.

"The sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which has been handed down to the church from generation to generation, was instituted by the Lord Jesus himself, shortly before he was betrayed. Having supped with his disciples he took the bread and brake it, saying, This is my body which was broken *for you;* thus showing the reason why his body was broken on the cross. He then took the cup, after he had given thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying, Drink ye all of it; this is the New Testament in my blood, shed for many, for the remission of sins; thus signifying the efficacy of his blood to take away sin, when applied by faith to the soul. And then he added, Do this in remembrance of me; for as oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come; thus making it a standing memorial of his death to successive generations. He gave these elements or symbols of his body and blood to his *disciples:* to those who professed to love him; who were desirous of obeying all his commands; who had openly professed their faith in him as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world, and who had devoted their lives and substance to his service. Those therefore who can from the heart call him Lord and Master, and those only; those who are willing to leave all things, should he re-

quire it, and follow him; who look to him as their righteousness and strength, and their Saviour from sin and death; who mourn over their own unrighteousness and ill-desert, and yet rejoice that they can plead his merits and perfect righteousness; have a right to partake of this sweet, yet solemn ordinance. It is for God's children that this table is spread, that, by worthily receiving, their faith and graces may be invigorated, and their hopes confirmed. Those who partake of this ordinance should maintain a holy jealousy of themselves, and be solicitous of walking circumspectly before the world, that they dishonor not their Lord and Master, nor wound the Saviour in the house of his friends. Those who are desirous of uniting themselves to God's family on the earth by an approach to this table, should pray for a spirit of grace and self-examination, that they may discern the Lord's body, and worthily eat of that bread and drink of that cup."

The following letter is addressed to J. B., and is under the date of January 1st.

"The beginning of a new year, my dear J., though generally esteemed a season of rejoicing, ought to be a time of deep and serious reflection to every immortal mind. It should

make every one pause, and think of the days that are gone with those beyond the flood. It should call to mind every opportunity he has had of doing good in the world, and lead him to inquire, whether he has improved it to the glory of God and the comfort and benefit of his fellow-creatures: or whether, by abuse and neglect, these opportunities will, in the great day of account, rise up in judgment against him. He should endeavor to recall to his remembrance all the admonitions that have been proffered to him by tenderness and affection, and inquire whether he has sincerely laid them to heart, or whether they have been as an idle tale. The solemn consideration that one year has elapsed of that portion of time which the Creator of all has allotted to his creatures, should cause him to consider whether he has obtained an interest in that atoning blood which cleanseth from all sin. Wondrous is that truth, that there is One who has opened the way for sinners to return to their offended God; has turned away the flaming sword; who holds out the golden sceptre of his love, and invites them to touch it and live. How is this creature of God, spared another year, affected by this truth? Has he made his peace with God, and is he a welcome guest at the marriage supper of the Lamb? Well, too, may he ask himself, if he

has been diligent and faithful in the discharge of those duties that God has imposed upon him; if he has labored with fidelity to accomplish the work which his Heavenly Father has allotted him, that he may at last be greeted with the soul-cheering salutation, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

"These are subjects of reflection which should frequently occupy the mind, and deeply engage the heart. I know the youthful mind does not readily lend itself to such deep and important concerns; when conscience is troublesome, it is put off with the answer of Felix, 'Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.' But what says the voice of God? Seek me early, and ye shall find me. And what more can the soul desire, than to find Him who is the perfection of beauty, who is glorious in holiness, and perfect in wisdom and truth?

"And now, my dear J., I would plead with you, as a mother with her son, that you would seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, remembering the promise that all other needful things shall be added unto you. Put not off to what you may deem a more convenient season, a dedication of yourself to God who made you, who has preserved and redeemed you. He is now highly exalted as a

Prince and Saviour to give repentance and remission of sins; and he has pledged himself, that whosoever cometh to him he will in no wise cast out, but give him eternal life. Now, then, while it is called to-day, harden not your heart. Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation. Could my prayers for you avail, you would turn with full purpose of heart unto the Lord, and walk worthy of the Christian name. You would glorify God in your body and your spirit, which are His; that when He shall call you to quit this earthly scene, you may have an entrance ministered to you abundantly into His everlasting kingdom.

"That this commencement of a new year may be the beginning of good things to your soul; that you may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; that you may bring forth the fruits of righteousness in your life, and experience that peace of God which passeth all understanding, is the fervent prayer of

"Your true friend,

"H. L. Murray."

The following is a letter addressed to Lindley Murray, of York, in England, on the death of his only brother, John Murray, jun., who departed this life in the city of New York, on

the 3rd day of August, 1819. The character of this venerable man is well known among us for his urbanity and kindness, and his firm adherence to the evangelical portion of the Society of Friends.

"I know that my dear cousin does not need my sympathy. Yet ever since the great loss we have sustained in the death of our beloved cousin John Murray, I have felt a strong desire to communicate with you, and in some degree to express the feelings I entertained for him, and my sense of the great privation which this melancholy event must occasion you. It has appeared to me that this bereaving dispensation would be one which would bear heavily upon you; more especially as he had been the main channel of communication from this country of all that could please and interest you. But it is a comfortable and supporting thought, that when our heavenly Father sees meet to dry up the streams of creature comfort and happiness, he opens to us the full Fountain, and invites us to draw therefrom and be satisfied. He is better to us that sons and daughters, and than any or all of those tender relatives who entwine themselves around our hearts, and add so much to our enjoyment. We should indeed be thankful for them while he lends them to us; but when he pleases to

recall them—we should be still and know that it is the Lord.

"The grief we indulge is undoubtedly selfish, as it is for ourselves alone: for when we calmly contemplate the change our departed friend has made, from a world of sin to a habitation of holiness; from a scene of suffering and trial, to a state of never-ending enjoyment in the presence of God, we must rejoice. And we shall continue to rejoice until the feelings of the flesh draw us back again to a sense of our loss. Even then, how consoling to reflect that he was among the number of those faithful servants who hid not their Lord's talent, but by diligence and watchfulness, gained other talents; who felt the necessity of working while it was day, and with carefulness sought to make his calling and election sure. His self-denying life; his meek and humble worth; his genuine benevolence preached loudly to those around him, and his name now remains as a sweet savor to all who knew him. To us, he ever proved himself a tender and affectionate relative in all the trials to which we have been called, and his memory will ever be dear to us. To our great satisfaction, we were enabled to be much with him in his last illness; and the sweetness and patience with which he bore exceeding suffering will never be forgotten.

Indeed, it seems as if patience had her perfect work in him.

"Our cousin Catharine seems greatly affected, and seems daily more and more to feel what a rich treasure she has lost; while the helpless situation of my dear Mary Perkins renders the trial still more severe. But O, my dear cousin, what a precious promise that is, where God says, 'I will be a Father to the fatherless, and let thy widows trust in me!' And how faithfully has it been fulfilled *to us!* How has the Lord led us step by step, provided for all our wants, opened our eyes in a measure to see the vanity of all things short of himself as our portion, and bid us look to him as our shield and exceeding great reward! O that it may be our constant desire and aim to follow on to know the Lord! May we know more and more of his good pleasure, and from the heart endeavor to do his will on earth, as it is done in heaven; that when called to lay down these tabernacles of clay, we may know that we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

"With love to J. C., I remain,

"Your affectionate Cousin,

"H. L. MURRAY."

The following letters from two of her val-

ued correspondents will not be unacceptable to those who remember her interest in the cause of missions:

"*Egina, 28th May,* 1829.

"To Miss H. L. Murray.

"My Dear Friend—Your interesting letter of December 18th, I received only a few days since, (the 18th inst.,) by the Rev. Mr. Anderson, who was sent out, as you doubtless know, by the American Board, to visit the shores of the Mediterranean. Mr. Robertson, by whom you sent your letter, arrived here last Friday, and left the next day for Lyra, to which place he had sent his baggage from the Ionian Isles. The arrival of so many friends, bringing letters with them from happy America, could not but fill my heart with much joy. Those letters I had in vain looked for, for many long months. Never suppose, for a moment, that a *letter* from *any* friend in *New York* can be "unacceptable;" and much more a letter from that little circle of ladies, by whom I have the honor to be employed.

"I am glad that your interest in Greece is not abated. It is, in some respects, the most interesting field on earth. The loud call for instruction, from every part of the country, appears to me to be something very singular and truly wonderful. Now is the time for

laying *foundations,* on which beautiful superstructures may hereafter arise, and lift their heads towards heaven. I cannot but hope, that God designs to make Greece the means of incalculable good to the whole Eastern world. Long and dark ages of ignorance and tyranny have rolled over her; but I fancy that I see a gleam of light, which I take to be 'the dayspring from on high,' beginning to 'visit' her. She is beginning to arise and shake herself from the dust—beautiful garments to put on, she has not. Those must be, in part, prepared by the fair hands of America and Europe. Garments for the body, you have already prepared in great numbers, and sent in mercy to her. But now the mind—the mind must be adorned. You have prepared a beautiful 'toilette' for the American ladies, and I doubt not that you will feel an interest in preparing one for Greece. (By the way, I have lately forwarded, by the Marquis de Valmey, a copy of 'The American Toilet,' to the Duchess de Broglie, in Paris.) In plain terms, schools must be established for females. Schools, together with the word of God, must produce a happy effect.

"So far as I have, or may have anything to do with education, the Bible must form a part. You know its value, and I need not say anything on the importance of its forming a part

of the education of females, as well as males. I have been led to think more of its importance, from having seen many, who were called accomplished ladies, and who, indeed, had received in many respects a most brilliant education. Music flowed sweetly from under their fingers, they sung in an enchanting manner, moved with grace, and conversed with ease: but the Bible had entered so little into their education, that they scarcely knew which came first, Genesis or Revelation. All this seemed to be well, so long as the sun of prosperity shone upon them, and the flowers of spring lay scattered in their path; but the moment the breath of adversity touched them, these 'daughters of music were brought low.' But I am wandering from what I intended to say to you, when I first took up my pen to answer your letter—and now I have not room to say it. I can only say, that I am willing to confess *more* than you demand, 'that ladies' not only '*sometimes*,' but very often 'know better than gentlemen.' This was certainly the case with regard to the articles which you mention. As to the *tea*, which you had the goodness to send me, there is enough for many months; but I must frankly say, that a cup of tea, made by my own hand, and drank alone, does not relish so well as when taken in company with my friends in New York. Still a

cup of tea is always refreshing. I sometimes think that I can write a better letter, immediately after taking a cup of 'this *soother of cares,*' than at any other time. You will perceive that *this* letter was written in the *middle* of the day, and that no effect of the tea is visible, except that of exciting in the heart of the writer feelings of gratitude, which he would wish now to express to the giver.

"I beg you will present my best regards to your sister, and believe me to be,

"Your sincere friend,

"And very obt., humble servant,

"JONAS KING."

"U. S. SHIP VINCENNES,

"*Harbor of Oahu, Feb.* 21*st,* 1829.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS:—

"It was my intention to have written, long before this time, but I have been so fully occupied, at all times and in all places, as to think there would be '*a more convenient season*' than the passing moment. But in this I am deceived, and perhaps I could not, at any period of my voyage, have attempted to write under circumstances of greater hurry and confusion. The Vincennes has already been at these Islands seven weeks, and we are now within a day of our departure for Canton, and necessarily in much of a bustle.

"I ought to have said in connection with the full occupation of my time, that an additional difficulty in writing arose from the number and variety of scenes and incidents through which we have passed, and the impossibility of readily making a choice of any one in particular as the subject of a communication. Scarce any would fail of interesting you, though many are of the most opposite cast and character. Since our arrival at this group, I have been kept constantly in an almost feverish state of excitement, from the intense interest of passing scenes. Seven weeks in the review seem scarce so many days; and a volume could scarce do justice to all that we have seen and heard. Should Providence grant me the continuance of health, and prolong my life to meet you, I shall be happy in submitting to your perusal a rough sketch, at least, of our visit.

"Your presents to the Princess were most thankfully received—and I have had the pleasure of seeing the neat little work-box in appropriate use, day after day, in my visits among the chieftains. The Princess, who is the hereditary heiress of Maui, was at Lahaina on our arrival, but came to Oahu shortly after, in courtesy to Captain Finch, and from a desire to see me as much as possible during our stay at the Islands. Captain Finch, in return

to the compliment, determined to make a voyage to the windward Islands, to carry her and other chiefs to their respective residences, and we have but just reached Oahu, after accomplishing this object. The party up was very large, and very imposing in *its titles*—consisting of His Majesty, the King, and suite, the Princess and attendants, a queen to *matronize* her, another queen and Madam Boki, the wife of the Governor of Oahu, as companions of the former, the Governors of Maui and Hawaii, and Naihe, Chief Counsellor of State, with his wife, Kapiolani, one of the most interesting personages on this side of the globe, &c. &c., amounting to no less than thirty-five individuals. The Princess intends answering your kind letter immediately, and, if possible, will send her letter down in time to be carried by myself—if not, you may expect to receive it by a first opportunity afterwards. She is a most interesting character, and thus far a most consistent and exemplary member of the Church.

"Indeed, not only hundreds and hundreds of all classes, but the whole nation are in a most interesting and affecting state. On the Island of Hawaii, the one or two solitary missionaries there, amidst its thousands and tens of thousands, cannot (literally) find time for eating and sleeping, such crowds come to them daily, from the most distant parts, to be guided

in the way of eternal life. I never myself have experienced emotions like those I have felt in attending religious meetings with some of these; it was impossible for any one not a stranger to the breathings of a pious spirit, to refrain from tears of deep sympathy, gratitude, and joy; and impressions have been left on my mind that can never be effaced. But all these things must be left for the happy intercourse, *vivâ voce*, which, I trust, in the goodness of God, we shall yet be permitted to enjoy. Time and room are only left to send my best love to your venerated mother, your dear sisters Ogden and Murray, your brother, and to John and Ellen, with kind remembrance and regards to all other friends. My prayers are daily with you all. May we be permitted to meet in happiness again in this world, but above all for that glorious meeting in heaven, where there will be no after separation.

"Your sincere and affectionate Friend,

"CHARLES STEWART."

The following letters have been selected from her correspondence with the late Mrs. Isabella Boyd, of Portland, in the State of Maine. Mrs. Boyd was the niece of the late Rufus King, and the wife of Joseph C. Boyd, Esq., and attached to the Methodist Church. She was an accomplished lady, long remem-

bered by a large circle of friends, and greatly endeared to Miss Murray.

"*New York, Sept.* 16*th*, 1808.

"In reading your letter (I cannot say why) my heart was sensibly struck with my utter unworthiness of any title to be called a child of God; and I felt as nothing and less than nothing, and vanity. Perhaps it was, that you struck that chord to which my heart more strongly vibrates than to almost any other; the deceitfulness of riches, and the responsibility which devolves upon those who possess them. That passage of our Saviour which declares that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven," has always appeared to my mind a solemn and awful saying, and which called for great diligence, watchfulness, and prayer in those whom he had made stewards of the good things of this world, that they might so use, and distribute his bounty, that they might give comfort to their fellow-creatures, and bring glory to his great name. But who is sufficient for these things? We know not how to do anything as we ought, and have need continually to cry unto God to help us, that we bring not dishonor on his name. Surely those who are united in Jesus their

great Head, should pray that each member of His mystical body should so walk, that all who see them, may take knowledge of them that they have been with Him ; that they have set at His feet, and learned of Him, who is meek and lowly in heart. Pray, then, for me, my dear friend, that I may in all things walk worthy the vocation wherewith I am called, and adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour, in all holy conversation.

"The account you give of your Zion is encouraging, and I sincerely hope that the Lord will still continue to lengthen her cords, and strengthen her stakes; and cause her children to break forth on every side. But even in the darkest times, we should not be faint in our hearts, remembering that Zion's God hath said the gates of hell should never prevail against her; that she is precious in his sight, and graven on the palms of his hands; and that her walls are continually before him. When we are gloomy, and despond, it shows how weak our faith and trust are. Oh! what a glorious attainment it is to have a perfect trust in the Lord our God. Feeling that *He* doeth all things well, how peaceful would our passage through this wilderness be, and with what joy should we hail that hour, which should translate us from this scene of trial, to our Father's house, where there are fulness

of joys and pleasures for evermore. But it is not so with us; sin hath marred our comfort, and destroyed our peace, and we dread that which ought to be our greatest joy.

"I feel thankful that the Lord hath enlarged my heart so as to love all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, by whatever name they may be called. Those in whom I most delight are of a different denomination from myself. But if we agree in the one great point, my mind is not troubled about non-essentials. I am entirely of St. Paul's opinion, that a man should be fully persuaded in his own mind; and think that the particular form which is most congenial to his feelings is the best for him. But I cannot set one above another, who have built upon the foundation Christ Jesus, that Rock which can never be moved; and I would with pleasure give the right hand of fellowship to all who are desirous of promoting the Redeemer's kingdom upon earth. We should not fall out by the way, for we have enough to do with our own hearts; and when we look into them we need not be astonished at St. John's caution, 'Little children, keep yourselves from idols.' For no sooner is one cast down than we find another exalted in its place. Oh! that the Lord would cast down within me, every high thought and every proud imagination, and bring every de-

sire of my heart into sweet captivity to the obedience of Christ.

"As to your dear Mary, we feel as if we had been almost cheated out of our visit from her; as uncle Walter has almost monopolized her. And I assure you we hardly think it is quite fair; but he seems to feel as if he had a kind of right to them both. I am sure you will be well satisfied that you consented to her taking this jaunt, as she is so much improved in her health. She begins to get a color, and her cheeks begin quite to *puff out*. I do not wonder that you are loth to part with her, as in her you must lose daughter, companion, and friend. But you must endeavor to console yourself in her absence, by considering that it gives us great pleasure to have her with us, and that she will be better able to discharge her duties, when she returns to you.

"I hope you will never be backward in relating to me any interesting incidents respecting the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom in your portion of the vineyard, as I hope it will be always pleasing to me to hear of the ingathering of souls to the fold of Christ. I fervently pray that the time may soon come, when there shall be but one fold, and one Shepherd, and when all shall be gathered together in one, in Christ Jesus. Farewell, my dear friend, may the Shepherd of Israel

watch over you at all times for good, and, under every trial to which he may call you, give you that peace which passeth all understanding. HANNAH L. MURRAY."

"*New-York, May* 16*th.*

"You know not, my dear Mrs. Boyd, how gratifying your unreserved communications are to me. It makes me feel as if my heart met yours in every line, and enables me to realize that communion of souls, which is one of the highest enjoyments of which we are capable in this earthly pilgrimage, except that of communion with the Father and with the Son and with the Holy Spirit. And perhaps it draws us nearer together than many years of common acquaintance could have done. May the God of all mercy, who doeth as seemeth him good, grant a blessing upon this intercourse of love, as I humbly trust it is, and sanctify it to the comfort, and edification of our souls! Shall I say that your account of yourself has encouraged my heart, and caused some of those feelings which have oft-times oppressed it to pass away, and to make me resigned to walk always in the valley, if it be the will of my gracious God, who knows better what I can bear, than I do myself. I have earnestly desired to have more sensible manifestations of his favor and love than I have

ever yet experienced, and have sometimes almost concluded, from the coldness and stupidity of my heart, that I could have no part or lot in this matter. But our merciful God is near to us, when we have withdrawn ourselves from him by unbelief, and has brought back to my mind so forcibly the recollection of past times, that I have been constrained to exclaim 'whereas I was blind, now I see;' Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief. And to this I cling, and receive it as a token for good. I earnestly desire not to deceive myself, and it is my fervent prayer to him who knoweth all things that he would search me, and try me, and show me the evil that is in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. Oh! it is a precious truth to me that the Lord knoweth our frame, that he remembreth we are but dust, and that when he calls us to trial in the furnace of affliction, he sitteth as the refiner, careful that nothing but our dross should be purged away, and that we should come forth seven times purified from the fire. Oh! what a foundation have true believers to rest upon; that rock of ages which can never be moved; what a high tower to protect them into which they may run and be safe; what a hiding-place from the enemy of their souls; what a retreat of comfort and refreshment in their pilgrimage through this wilderness, which

is to the soul as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. In what a wonderful manner has our gracious God accommodated himself to our weakness by describing the blessings of his favor and love in such language as we can comprehend, and by comparisons with those things which give our finite minds the greatest pleasure, delight, comfort, and security to contemplate. Surely there is no God like unto our God, who is full of mercy and compassion, who doth not willingly grieve or afflict the children of men; but pities them as a father pitieth his children. Hath he not said his angel shall encamp around them; that when they pass through the waters, he will be with them, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow them; that when they walk through the fire, it shall not burn them; neither shall the flame kindle upon them, and that all things, whether prosperity or adversity, sickness or health should all work together for their good? Oh! what inconsistent creatures are we, who have professed to put our trust in this God, to be over careful or thoughtful concerning anything in this life. Well may we exclaim, Lord, increase our faith! Our Heavenly Father deals not with all his children alike, but as he seeth best for them. He hath followed me with mercies all the days of my life, and caused my cup to overflow with blessings, and as it were,

hath left me nothing to ask of him for this life. I am an astonishment to myself when I think that I am not more entirely devoted to His service, and ready to say at all times, Lord here am I, send me; instead of feeling like Moses, and prompt to make excuses continually, when He requires of me what is contrary to the flesh. Surely the long-suffering of the Lord is wonderful, or the command had long since gone forth, 'Cut her down, why cumbereth she the ground.' With gratitude I may say, hitherto the Lord hath helped me, He hath brought me on step by step, opening by degrees my eyes to behold as much as He saw I was able to bear. He has never called me to view Him from those depths in which many souls have been almost overwhelmed; but when sin has been most powerfully set home, the all-sufficient atonement has been clearly revealed. I have never experienced those sensible and glorious manifestations of His love which many of God's dear children enjoy, but I feel that such a slothful, unfaithful servant has no right to expect such marks of favor from their Master. It is those whom He calls to great trials that He thus vouchsafes to comfort and refresh by such special visitations of His love; and by the strength of which, their souls are prepared to endure,

in such a way as to bring glory to His great name.

"You say you know not why you have opened your heart so freely. No doubt it is, that the Lord has designed you as an instrument of good in His hand to my soul, and that though absent in body, we may be united in spirit, and praise the Lord together for His wonderful works. You may be the means of stirring up my mind, of strengthening my faith, of animating me in the heavenly course. And is it not a delightful thought that we may be co-workers with Christ and helpers of those who are endeavoring to walk in that way which leadeth unto life eternal. Then, my dear friend, pray for me, that my views of eternal things may be clear; that I may walk by faith and not by sight; that I may endure as seeing him who is invisible, and that every thought and desire of my heart may be brought into sweet captivity to the obedience of Christ. As Newton says, is there not a centre where we may often meet, and in that love which is the bond of perfectness, mingle our prayers for the prosperity of each other's soul? Oh! what a vast field of pleasure and delight does this idea unfold to the mind.

"As to *our* James, he has found by some means or other the way to our hearts, and I sincerely hope the interest he has excited in

us may be directed towards his everlasting good. I do watch over him, I trust, with a tender care, and would gladly supply the place of his beloved mother, in her absence, if it were in my power. But I know that cannot be; yet in my measure I desire to do him good, and daily ask counsel of *Him* who can give us a mouth and wisdom, that we may be something in *Him* when we are nothing in ourselves. I cannot but think, that he will one day be a great blessing to you; a standard-bearer in the cause of our Redeemer, and one that shall be valiant for the truth upon the earth. This at least is my prayer for him, and it is a subject of very sweet contemplation.

"You see I am hasty in answering your letter, but you know not the selfish motive which actuates me. I am afraid your writing fever will subside, and I am anxious to avail myself of its animating effects as much as I can, not having yet found that my patience is in the least wearied, but that I shall readily and joyfully accept another draught to the same amount.

"A thought has come into my mind, that as riding agrees with you, a jaunt to our city might be beneficial to you, and I hope I need not say, that a visit from *you* would give us all a very peculiar pleasure. And I do not see why

you should not take it into serious consideration. James has just informed me that the vessel sails to-morrow, therefore I must put an end to my lengthy epistle. That our gracious God may continue to lift upon you the light of His countenance, give you that peace which passeth all understanding, and cause you to hear the voice of the bridegroom, that your joy may be full, is the sincere prayer of your friend,

"HANNAH L. MURRAY."

"*New York, July 6th*, 1818.

"You must not apologize to me for not speedily answering my letters. Though it always gives me pleasure to receive these marks of your remembrance, yet I do not wish you to feel our correspondence the least burden upon you. When it is quite convenient, and agreeable, write to me, and I shall be thankful for the communication. I know you must have numberless things to employ your time and attention; and I will not suppose you do not think of me, when I am longer than usual in receiving a letter from you. You will not misunderstand this, but feel it just as I do, and be satisfied that whenever you can write it will give great pleasure to your friend. Before this you will have been made happy in a sight of your dear

James. I rejoiced in his going, and yet did not feel quite pleased that he should go while we were absent from home; but, no doubt, it is all right, and best. I hope you will find him improved in those things which are essential for this life, and I hope also that he may be found progressing towards the kingdom of God. My heart's desire is, that he may be diligently seeking for that pearl of great price, for which he may be willing to give up all that he hath, and to account all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord; that he may be willing to become a fool for Christ's sake, and as a little child set at His feet, and learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart; and account the wisdom of this world as foolishness, compared with that wisdom which cometh from above, and which maketh wise unto salvation. I think, my dear friend, you have great encouragement to hope that God will visit your children in mercy, and adopt them into His holy family—since He has given great and precious promises to the faithfulness of parents, saying that if they will bring up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it. And I do verily believe you are faithful to the souls of your children, and travail with them a second time, that they may be born unto God. And oh

may you, as did Jacob of old, when wrestling with the God of all grace, find favor with Him, and prevail; that in that great day, when the assembled universe shall stand before the Judge, you may be enabled to say, Lord, here am I, and the children thou hast given me.

"I thank you for your caution, but have myself for a long time been aware, both of the sin and danger of impatience under the dealings of God; and endeavor constantly to bring to mind, that He knows what is best for His creatures, and that I should rest satisfied in the knowledge of this truth. But my prayer is, that my faith may be increased and confirmed, that I may say with Job, though He slay me yet will I trust in Him. I am happy to find, by your account, that your Zion is arising from the dust and putting on her beautiful garments. Oh! may the Lord lengthen her cords, and strengthen her stakes, and cause her children to break forth on every side; and may the different denominations of Christians in the midst of her live in unity, and exercise that love towards each other, which is the characteristic of the disciples of Jesus. Remember me affectionately to your family, but especially to my dear James; and tell him I have a scolding in store for him, on account of his delinquency in writing since he left us. Not one line have we had from him

yet. Farewell, and may the God of peace and love abide with you forever.

"HANNAH L. MURRAY."

"*New York, January 6th,* 1820.

"I should have answered your letter, my dear friend, before this, if I could have drawn from my ice-bound brain anything that could please or edify you; but in winter I feel as if it were shut up, and as if there were no passage for the ingress or egress of ideas. In fact, I am perfectly stupid, and do not feel willing that those I esteem should participate in such contracted feelings. But I am not willing you should think me unmindful of you; and would therefore rather risk my reputation as a letter-writer, (*great as it is,*) than the loss of one kind thought from your heart.

"And now, in answer to your letter, I must say I think you deal hardly with yourself. It was perhaps a pleasant idea to you to imagine that you might visit our city; and I do not see that the entertainment of it was wrong, unless you felt yourself restive and rebellious under the knowledge you had of not being able to realize it. I believe we are permitted to make use of everything here below, that can make our passage through this wilderness more comfortable, provided it be always in subserviency to the will of our heavenly Father, and that

He has for this very purpose endowed us with powers capable of feeling and relishing the pleasures and endearments of love and friendship. The only danger is that our perverse hearts will give that portion of our affection to the creature, which is due only to the Creator, who is God over all blessed forever. I am, however, quite of your opinion, that it is profitable to stir up each other's minds to those things that will conduce to our eternal well-being, and to the manifestation of the glory of our God and Saviour, for we cannot be too often reminded of our duty, or urged to the performance of it. At least, I can answer for myself, that I not only need 'line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little,' but that continually repeated, to keep me in the way in which I should go. Oh! how perverse and rebellious we are, and how long-suffering and forbearing is our God! It is in his mercy alone that we can hope.

"We have just now entered on a new year, and with my whole heart I wish it may bring to you an increase of temporal and spiritual comfort, that you may see those who are near and dear to you brought in to be partakers of the blessings of that covenant which is ordered in all things and sure, and which entitles them, through Christ Jesus, to a glorious immortality beyond the grave. Oh! that you may be in-

deed one in Him who is the head; and tell my dear Mary that I often think of her, with earnest desires that she may be a lamb in the fold of that great Shepherd, who laid down His life for the sheep.

"I am pleased to hear you have been as well since your confinement, and even better than you could have expected, and that you have witnessed the faithfulness of God in saying, that as our day is, so shall our strength be. James is well, as I suppose you often hear from himself, and, although not satisfied with his employment, I believe is doing as well as most at this inauspicious moment. Perhaps it is a good discipline for young men not always to do as they wish; nevertheless, we should all rejoice if anything more advantageous should offer. The love and good wishes of the family attend you and yours,

"And believe me,

"With esteem and affection,

"Your friend,

"HANNAH L. MURRAY."

"*New York, May* 1*st*, 1820.

"It gave me great pleasure to hear, by James' last leter, that you had so far regained your health and strength as to be out in the evening; which I believe is no very common thing with you; and must be a cause of rejoicing to all

your family, and to Mary most especially; tell her I congratulate her on the event. The Lord leads us in a way we know not, and perhaps he is about to restore to you that blessing (health) of which you have been so long deprived; and to give you that enjoyment in the latter part of your life which He denied you in the earlier season. But in all events, we have reason to say He doeth all things well. He sees the end from the beginning, and knows what is best suited to humble the peculiarities of our tempers; and to bring every thought of our hearts into sweet captivity to the obedience of Christ. That all his dealings with us may have this happy and salutary effect, is my sincere prayer.

"You have no doubt seen some account of the mission, that left this place about two weeks ago, for the country of the Osage Indians. Their setting out from this city seemed to give a new impulse to the inhabitants, and caused an excitement that I have rarely seen equalled. And if their progress be as prosperous as their commencement was encouraging, they will have friends raised up to bid them God speed during their long journeys, and be received with open arms by the Indians of the desert. Oh! may the Lord go with them, and guide them by his right hand; open a way for them to the hearts of these heathens in our

own borders, and make them the instruments of bringing many souls unto Jesus the great Shepherd of the sheep. May they behold the wilderness bud and blossom as the rose, and those places which were formerly the habitations of cruelty, resound with the praises of our Immanuel. This is the Lord's doing, and is glorious in our eyes, and seems another pledge that God will perform His promise of giving the heathen to his Son for His inheritance, and the utermost parts of the earth for His possession, for the accomplishment of which, all who sincerely love Him will devoutly pray.

"But while the friends of Zion are thus engaged in furthering the designs of their Lord and Master, the enemy of souls seems to be equally active in exciting his followers to hinder their work; and I think one of the most powerful of his engines, is the Socinian heresy. They have collected a church among us, and, a few days since, laid the corner stone of a building for their worship. It is a religion so suited to the natural heart, that I fear it will entangle many, particularly among the youth. I feel anxious about James, as he is fond of reading the controversy on these points, and I think seems a little confused by their subtleties, not having the shield of faith to guard him from these fiery darts. I have advised him not to read anything of the kind,

but you know youthful curiosity is great, and is eager to satisfy itself. I wish you would write him upon this subject and caution him, for what *you* say will have great weight with him; do not speak as if you had heard anything from me, but merely from the circumstance of their having established a church in this city. Now I do not wish you to feel uneasy, as he does not go to hear them, nor incline to their principles, that I know of. I only want you to give him your opinion, and warn him of the danger, as in such cases one cannot be too vigilant. Offer my best love to Mary, and tell her I am rejoiced that she is so much recovered, and hope the warm weather will entirely recruit her. James, I suppose, answered that part of your letter which concerned him, as he could plead not guilty to the charge. The family all join me in kind remembrances to you and yours; and take for yourself the love of your friend,

"HANNAH L. MURRAY."

We may not withhold a few of her many epistolary communications to her much beloved friend, Miss Miranda Southgate, of Maine.

"*New York, June* 10th, 1813.

"You no doubt, my dear Miranda, begin to think as I do, that it is high time your letter

was answered; I will not apologize, because I know you can excuse. I often think of you, and that with the sincerest affection; but on last Sunday I more than ever wished you to be with me. Our dear Mr. Spring gave us a sermon, that, from your last letter, struck me as very appropriate to your state of mind, and I wanted you to be comforted and strengthened by it. He discoursed from these words, 'The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, and in them that hope in His mercy;' and took occasion from them to show the impropriety of those who have a scriptural ground of hope that they have been adopted into the family of God being cast down, or of their desponding, and mistrusting either the faithfulness, power, or willingness of God to receive and bless them—that by this conduct they did not (as they were commanded) make their light to shine before men, but dishonored God by supposing that the blood of Jesus was not sufficient to cleanse from all sin, and that He was not willing to perform the promise He had made of receiving all that came unto Him through Jesus, the way which He had appointed; and that Christians, by indulging this gloom, instead of being active in the cause of their Redeemer, by the depression it occasioned, become useless and unprofitable servants. Shall we not, then, my dear friend,

endeavor after that confidence in His power and mercy, which the Lord taketh pleasure in seeing His people cherish, and hope in that mercy which He has freely offered to all who are willing to accept of it. Oh, Miranda, how far below their privileges do Christians live, and of how much comfort do they deprive themselves by not making an unreserved surrender of all that they are, and all that they have to the Lord, who hath promised to be their God and their Father, and to watch over them to do them good; who hath promised that as their day is so shall their strength be; and that nothing shall be able to pluck them out of His hand. With how much earnestness should we pray, 'Lord increase our faith,' that we may behold Thy glory, that we may see the King in His beauty, and that we may be changed by the transforming influences of the Holy Spirit, from sin and corruption, into the glorious image of God, and be made meet for the employments and enjoyments of heaven. I rejoice with you, my dear Miranda, in the Lord's goodness to your family, that by His all-conquering grace He hath made them willing, in a day of His power, to turn their eyes from this world which is vain and perishing, to those things which are not seen and eternal; and thus in the early part of their lives to devote themselves to His service.

May He grant that at all times they may find His yoke easy, and His burden light, and that they may have joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. I am happy to say, in answer to your question respecting our churches, that at present there seems to subsist a very great harmony, which I sincerely hope may continue and increase, that the Lord God may dwell in the midst of us to bless us.

"Harriet and John are quite well, and desire to be remembered affectionately to you, and little John grows a precious child, and looks very much like his father. Mary and mother join me in sincere love to your dear family, but particularly to our Octavia, for whom we feel a more than common regard. I feel as if I had not said half I wished to say, now I have begun; but my paper reminds me that I have no more room, therefore I must bid you farewell, when I have commended you unto Him who is able to keep you while here, and to present you before His presence with exceeding joy in that day when He maketh up His jewels.

"H. L. Murray.

"Cousin John's family are as well as usual. Lindley is married, and Robert has a daughter. Mr. Bowne's children were well the last time I saw any of the family."

"*New York, December* 14*th,* 1803.

"My heart is daily with you, my dear Miranda, although my pen has been backward in letting you know it. But to you it would be needless to fill half my letter with an apology for not writing, when in fact I have none to offer, except the one which you can form for me, and which you will readily admit. 'Art thou in health, my sister, and has thy soul been prospered in her spiritual journey, since we last conversed together? After being wearied and faint from the heat of the day, hast thou been enabled to sit down under the shadow of the Tree of Life, with great delight; while its fruit was sweet and refreshing to thy taste? Oh! hast thou felt the influence of the north wind, and the breathing of the south upon thy garden, so as to cause the spices thereof to flow forth; and has thy beloved come into his garden, and eat of his pleasant fruit?' If so, truly, thy state is a happy one. But as for me, my dear Miranda, I am like the barren fig-tree, bringing forth no fruit to the praise of Him who hath so abundantly watered me and dug about me, who hath planted me in a rich and bountiful soil, yet when He came, reasonably expecting fruit, has found none. Is it not wonderful that the command has not long since gone forth, 'Cut her down, why

cumbereth she the ground?' But, oh, the gracious intercessor still pleads, and the voice of mercy strikes the sinner's ear, Let her alone this year, peradventure she will bring forth fruit to Thy glory.

Oh, pray for me, my friend, that the Spirit of the Lord may breathe upon me, that I may live; that He would pour out upon me a spirit of grace and supplication, a spirit of meekness and diligence; that I may be aroused from my sloth, and wrestle with Him for the blessing, even life evermore, and have power with Him, and prevail through the strength and merits of our Advocate and Redeemer.

How far short do we all live of the privileges and duties of those who profess to be followers of the Lamb of God! and being so deficient in duty, we cannot wonder that we do not enjoy our privileges, or experience those comforts to which the children of God have a title. By our unfaithfulness we obscure our evidence, and thus bring grief into our souls, and are often tempted to doubt whether we have any right to number ourselves among the disciples of Jesus. Surely it is a just punishment for our disobedience, and we have no right to complain that the Lord withdraws from us, when it is our sins that have separated between us and our God. Let us then, my dear friend, pray for a will wholly resigned to

the requirings of the Lord; ready at all times to say, not my will but thine be done: that we may pass peacefully down the stream of life, and at the close, when death shall summon us to appear before our judge, be enabled to say, Come, Lord, for thy servant is ready.

"Since I last wrote, our dear uncle has been removed from his sore trials in this life. Mother and Mary desire to be affectionately remembered to you and yours. John and Harriet, with all cousin John's family, join in sincere love to you; and Sterlitz begs I will present his best respects. I believe at present there is no truth in the report of Mr. Bowne's marriage; the children are well. Remember me, affectionately, to Octavia,

"And believe me, ever,

"Your sincere friend,

"HANNAH L. MURRAY."

"*New York, August 2nd.*

"Why is my friend in darkness? and although the child of a king, does she go mourning all the day? Let not the tempter enter, when he would persuade you that the blood of Jesus is not sufficient to take away all sin, but look out of yourself, and up to Jesus. If His great love moved him to die for sinners, assuredly he will not cast off those who come unto Him feeling the weight of their iniquities, and from

the heart saying, Lord, save or I perish. Oh, my dear Miranda, gird up the loins of your mind, and remember that when our heavenly Father withholds from us the light of His countenance, and darkness and clouds seem to encompass Him, it is for the trial of our faith. It is to see whether it is for His sake or our own that we have hitherto cleaved to Him, whether we will maintain our integrity, and with Job say, Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. Surely it is not strange that we should trust and rejoice in Him when He lifts up the light of His reconciled countenance upon us; but it is when we walk in darkness and see no light, that we are commanded to trust in the Lord, and stay us upon our God. And remember that we are also told that those who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. Wait upon Him then, my friend, and wrestle with Him for the blessing, and say with Jacob, I will not let thee go except thou bless me. And oh, may He hear, answer, and bless you, may the Sun of Righteousness arise upon you with healing in His beams, and enable you to say, Return unto thy rest, oh my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee! This doubting of his willingness to save me, is my infirmity, I will remember the time of the right hand of the Lord.

"How should I rejoice if at this time I

should have spoken a word in season. And perhaps it may be so; for the Lord often, very often makes use of base and feeble instruments to accomplish his purposes, that all the glory may be given to Him, to whom alone it is due. And shall we not adore Him that He accounts us worthy to be used in any way for His glory, and as instruments of comfort to our fellow-creatures. Oh, my friend, let us endeavor to animate one another in the heavenly course, and pray that we may have strength given us to run with patience the race set before us, looking to Jesus the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is forever set down on the right hand of the Majesty on high; ever ready to succor, strengthen, encourage, and comfort those who are treading the same path. Oh let us think of these things, and may our hearts be animated, our love inflamed, our faith strengthened, and our affections sanctified by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Mary has entirely recovered, and desires to be most affectionately remembered to you. Tell Octavia not to forget us, and offer our kind regards to all your family. Cousin John continues much the same still; he is at present at Rockaway, and is in hopes that the sea-bathing may be useful to him. Our whole family remember you with

great affection, and believe me my heart is deeply interested in your happiness. Adieu, my dear friend, and may the peace of God which passeth knowledge abide with you forever.

HANNAH L. MURRAY."

"*New-York, September 28th*, 1815.

"I have this moment, my loved Miranda, received your letter, and answer it thus early, in order to make a proposition that may perhaps meet with your approbation, and that of your friends. My brother says if you will consent to come round by water, (which he thinks may be very beneficial to you) he will send James Boyd on to accompany you. We have still a month of fine weather to expect, and this climate during the winter may perhaps be more favorable to you than your own. Now consider of it, my dear friend, and let me know as soon as possible your determination. To say it would make us happy to have you with us, would only be telling you what you have long since known. You know not how it delights me to receive a letter from you, and yet I would not have you write if it injures you; for whether you write or not, I shall always think you love me, for this persuasion is too pleasant for me to let go upon slight grounds. But be assured you can never

be too minute with regard to your health, for to me it is an extremely interesting subject; and I humbly pray that God may yet grant you many years of comfort to yourself, and happiness to your friends, and that when we do meet it may be to our mutual edification, and to our more perfect knowledge of that peace which passeth all understanding.

You ask me to pray for you, and say it would lighten the burden that oppresses you, if you knew I was offering my petitions in your behalf. Oh! may that burden then be quickly removed; for daily and nightly, my beloved friend, are my prayers, though weak and imperfect, offered up for you, that He who hath the residue of the Spirit, would pour it out upon you in copious measures; that He would strengthen your faith, and give you such realizing views of the blessedness of the invisible world as should entirely wean your heart from the perishing things of time and sense; that he would lift up upon you the light of His reconciled countenance, and enable you to rejoice in His salvation. And now, my dearest Miranda, perhaps sometimes when you address the throne of grace, and seem not to have a word to say for yourself, your heart may be enlarged to plead for your friend, that she may be enabled to withstand the temptations of the world, to set an exam-

ple of holy life and conversation, and to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things, to remember continually that as God hath given her much, he will require much of her, and above all pray that she may have a humble and teachable spirit, submissive at all times to the will of her Heavenly Father. Surely we cannot ask too great things from Him who hath given His only Son to die for us. With the Apostle we may with confidence exclaim, 'How shall He not with Him also freely give us all things.' Oh let us then continue our trust firmly in Him who is able to do for us better than we can either ask or think. The Lord is now doing wonders, and we daily hear of some new work of power. In Connecticut the youth in an especial manner seem to be visited, and many who before were rebellious are made willing in this day of Almighty Power. Oh, ride forth, victorious Prince, in the chariot of thy gospel, conquering and to conquer, until every knee shall bow at the name of Jesus, and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Accept the united love of our family, and believe me as ever your sincere friend.

"H. L. MURRAY."

"*New York, March 25th,* 1816.

"When I received your letter, my dear Mi-

randa, I did not think as many days would elapse as weeks have passed by, without an acknowledgment from me of the sincere pleasure which a communication from you always affords me. It is really a refreshment to my heart, and a spur to my spirit, and I feel as if we mingled soul with soul, while I read the expressions of your love, and your fervent desires that our friendship may be continued throughout a never-ending eternity. But oh! my loved Miranda, I blush when I think what an unworthy friend you have chosen, how far she falls below the estimate your partial judgment has made, and think that if you could see me as I see myself, you would no longer retain any affection for me. If you could see how cold my heart is towards that God who has been continually pouring blessings upon me, and who alone is worthy to engage the most ardent feelings of our whole soul; if you could see how slothful I am in His service whose service is perfect freedom; you would blush for me, and feel that shame and confusion of face belonged eminently unto me. And it is often with wonder and amazement that I contemplate His goodness in giving me a place in the hearts of some of His dear children; but I trust it is a blessing of which I am truly sensible.

"I know it is always a cause of rejoicing to

you to hear of the increase of the Redeemer's kingdom: and it is with joy unspeakable that I can say, the Lord seems in an especial manner to be pouring out His Spirit upon the youth of our congregation, and blessing the endeavors of our beloved pastor to lead them in the way of truth and life. And this manifestation of His power is arousing His own people to wrestle with Him, for a more abundant display of His grace, and that the preaching of Christ Jesus, and Him crucified may prove the power of God, and the wisdom of God unto the salvation of many, many souls. Oh! my dear friend, how should it rejoice our hearts to see the Lord thus riding forth in the chariot of His Gospel, conquering, and to conquer; and cause us to cry, The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, let the whole earth rejoice. And is not this a wonderful age in which we live, both as it respects the kingdoms of the world, and the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ? Are there not overturnings and overturnings that seem to signify that He is coming whose right it is to take unto Him His great power, and rule King of nations, as He is King of saints. Oh! that you and I, may be ready and willing to say, Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly. Oh! that we may be among those faithful servants, whom when their Lord cometh, He shall find watching! But unto Him alone must we look

for grace and strength to persevere unto the end; and may He in His mercy grant, that we may run not as uncertainly, but so that we may obtain that crown of life, which He will give unto them who love Him in sincerity and truth.

"It is with great pleasure I look forward to this summer, in the expectation of seeing you once more among us. I hope your health may be such as to render it convenient, and proper for you to undertake the journey; but in all things we must submit our wishes and desires to Him who knows what is best for us.

"Mother and Mary, John and Harriet, with James, desire to be affectionately remembered to you and yours, but remember I am not to be left out in the budget of love, but take just as much from me as you can find room for in your heart.

"HANNAH L. MURRAY."

Reference has been had to the early and affectionate intimacy between Miss Murray and Miss Broome, now Mrs. Boggs. The following short letter will be read with interest.

"*New York, September* 10, 1829.

"MY DEAR SALLY:—

"When I called this morning to see you, I was grieved to hear that so many of you were

sick, and should have been glad if in any way I could have administered to your comfort. But I well know that under your present heavy affliction you must look higher than the sympathy of earthly friends, for He who wounds alone can heal. But though I cannot alleviate your sorrows by mingling my tears with yours, I can bear you on my heart to our Father who is in heaven, and plead with Him for Christ's sake to send the Comforter unto you, even the Spirit of Truth, who is able to bring light out of darkness, to calm the perturbed mind, and to pour consolation into the wounded heart. How often, my dear friend, are we called to realize the truth, that this is not our rest; and yet, foolish as we are, we continue to lay our plans for this fleeting life, as if it were the limit of our existence, and the ultimate end of all our actions. But God does not leave us to ourselves, but in faithfulness and in mercy chastises us, cuts off the streams of our earthly comforts, that we may return to the fountain, and feel that there alone we have constant and adequate supplies for every exigence.

"To say that I have felt keenly for you in this bereavement is not necessary; for you know that in your sorrows I am afflicted and in your happiness I have always rejoiced. We have been united from children, I trust,

in a sincere love—and that this love and friendship may be continued, and be cemented by that love which endures throughout an endless eternity, is the sincere prayer of your

"Affectionate

"H. L. Murray.

"Remember us all with tender love and sympathy to your husband and children, and if Mary or myself can be of any service to you I hope you will make use of us."

"*New York, January* 1*st*, 1825.

"To Mrs. Mary Deveaux.

"My dear Mary,—A happy new-year to you all in the best and true sense of the phrase. May old things be done away and all things indeed become new with you. May all creation appear brighter and more glorious, seen through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, and the perspective be gilded by the hopes which spring from a living faith in *Him* who died that such ill-deserving, hell-deserving sinners might obtain not only pardon and acceptance but adoption into the family of God; and be made heirs of an imperishable kingdom, and of a crown of glory which fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens.

"Our winter has scarcely begun, although we have reached the first day of the new year:

the grass still is green, and the weather like the spring—but to-day it is a little lowering, and seems to portend a change. When the bustle is over I will give some account of the company.

"Jan. 3rd. Yesterday we had quite a snow-storm, but to-day it is true winter weather—clear and cold, and is perhaps more healthy than the mild air we have hitherto enjoyed.

"On new-year's day we received the congratulations of many of our friends, and as usual had the satisfaction of entertaining about 20 children, besides all our family. This little company was composed of 8 Springs, 3 Hoffmans, 2 Coxes, and 1 Dickey, with our own little flock, and among the number our dear little Hannah Murray Hoffman was not one of the least agreeable. They seemed greatly to enjoy themselves, both at their own feast and the dolls', which was prepared in great style by Ellen, who had received as a new-year's gift from her grandmother, a beautiful little set of steel ivory-handled knives and forks, which were the admiration of all beholders. Everything was carried on very well, and the children went off full and contented; but I felt a little fearful that their stomachs might complain before morning at the unusual load of sweets imposed upon it. Among the new-year guests was a brother of James Boyd,

who has come to reside in this city, in the store of Mr. Delavan. I think Mrs. Delavan was at Miss Pierce's school at the time Theodosia was in Litchfield; she is a very pretty woman. Susan and her family have been staying with us a few days, but Mr. Ogden is so infirm that he does not like to be very long from home. Beulah is passing the winter with us, quite unexpectedly, as her marriage has been necessarily postponed on account of the indisposition of Mr. W., and it seems now very uncertain when it will take place. We hear frequently from your friend Anne Ustick, who always inquires after you when she comes to town, though you used to bear her such a *grudge*. She enjoys almost uninterrupted health, and makes herself very useful where she is in the Bible cause.

"I thought I would begin the new-year by returning good for evil, for it is now more than a year since we have received a letter from you; I think you must have forgotten how to write. But I must say a few words to my dear Theodosia; and ask her how she is; and whether her soul prospers and is in health; for she is much in my heart, and my prayer to God for her is that she may know by sweet experience what it is to hold communion with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ, and to rejoice in the precious privilege of being permit-

ted to roll her burdens upon the Lord who has promised to sustain her. And would to God, my dear Mary, that you could be induced to cast in your lot with those who have chosen him for their portion, who find his service perfect freedom, and rejoice in the hope of his glory.

"I sincerely congratulate you all in having got into your new house, and wish you much happiness in the enjoyment of its comforts. Kiss the little Charles Dudley for me, and remember me affectionately to his Father. We have lately received a letter from Catharine Beecher requesting us to give her some information respecting you all, and she complains sadly that Theo. has not answered her letter. She has, I believe, the affection of a sister for Theo.

"Mother, Mary, John and Harriet, George, &c. &c., all send you their love and good wishes for the new-year. John and Ellen are well, and grow finely. Farewell, my dear Mary; may the blessing of God rest upon you, and make you such as you should be, prays your affectionate friend,

"HANNAH L. MURRAY."

"*New York, Jan. 3d,* 1833.

"MY DEAR MARY,

"It is very long since we have had one word

of intelligence respecting you—I think nine months. It is six, since Mary wrote to you at the time she sent the articles you desired to have purchased, but although you have been so long silent, yet, as it is new-year, I feel as if I must despatch some little messenger to refresh your memory, and gently advise you that you have still some friends of the name of Murray in the renowned city of Gotham; that they enjoy an unusual degree of health at this present; and that as usual they met in family conclave on the 1st day of January, 1833; but that the younger branches having risen above the title of Misses and Masters, there was no collection of young people, as in years that are past. And now, having spent new-year's day, let me ask how you are, and how you have both been during the season of cholera. It was with us an awful visitation, and carried many unprepared, I fear, to a dreadful reckoning, as it seized particularly upon the intemperate and dissolute in the midst of us.

"We surely have great cause of thankfulness to our heavenly Father, who has preserved us from feeling its power, and who has returned us to our happy home in renewed health and strength. Our summer, independent of the anxiety occasioned by this scourge, was most delightfully passed with our dear Beulah, who seems to be perfectly happy in an excellent

husband, and very affectionate and respectful children. We were very much gratified to find her comfortably and pleasantly situated. The mountain air agreed with us astonishingly, and especially with our dear mother, who, I do not think, has been so well for seven years. She enjoyed herself very much, as she was surrounded by her daughters, for Susan and her Harriet were with us during our stay at Walden. She has presented us with another sweet little niece, whom she calls Mary Murray, and this dear little one has beguiled her mother of many a melancholy reflection, and caused the smile again to illumine her face. They are all well there, as well as at Elizabeth's. John has arrived at the eventful period of twenty-one, and Ellen is fast progressing towards *a grown-up*, (as little Lib would say,) although she continues this winter at Miss M'Clenachan's school.

"And now, my dear Mary, let me wish you a happy new-year in the best sense of the phrase. May old things be done away, and all things become new in your heart! May every inordinate passion and desire be subdued, and every thought of your heart be brought into sweet captivity to the obedience of Christ, and may you sit like Mary of old, at the feet of Jesus, and learn of Him who was meek and lowly in mind! May you be truly thankful for

the great blessing you have left you in your dear and estimable Theodocia, and may you be mutual comforts to each other. My heart's desire and prayer for you is, that you may see the hand of God in all things that have befallen you, that you may acknowledge that He has a right to do what He will with His own, and that you would cast your burdens upon Him with the simplicity and confidence of a child, because He has promised to sustain those who thus comply with His requisition. Now, my dear friend, cast down the weapons of your rebellion, submit to the Lord Jesus, and range yourself under the banner of the cross, that in the last strife you may say, Thanks be unto God who giveth me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"To my dear Theo. I would say, keep close to Him who sticketh closer than a brother; lean upon Him as the beloved of your souls, and listen while He says, Fear not, for I am with thee; be not afraid, for I am thy God; believe in me, and nothing shall be able to pluck thee from my Father's hand, and thou shalt be where I am and behold my glory. This surely is enough to sustain you through this probationary scene, and to excite you to gird up the loins of your mind for the heavenly race, feeling that you can do all things through Him who strengtheneth you.

"Now I must say farewell, requesting you to write soon and let us know how you fare, for we feel very anxious to hear something about you. The love I shall send in a packet, beginning with mother's, as the persons are too numerous to particularize.

"And believe me, always,

"Your sincerely affectionate friend,

"HANNAH L. MURRAY."

We have before adverted to the mutual attachment between Miss Murray and Miss Ann Ustick. The writer had the privilege of being acquainted with the latter named lady. It was but to know her in order to esteem her highly for her intelligence, her frankness, her lady-like deportment, and the Christian simplicity of her character. The letters from Miss Murray to Miss Ustick, which we here subjoin, are indicative of no ordinary attachment and piety.

"*New-York, Feb. 22nd*, 1830.

"MY DEAR, VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"I feel as if I must write, though it were a vain attempt to express my sympathy with you in your recent heavy trial. But you, my beloved Anne, may comprehend it from our unity of heart, from our long, tender and in-

timate friendship, our sincere and heartfelt affection. But come, let us praise the Lord together, for he hath wrought marvellously, he hath wonderfully manifested his faithfulness in fulfiling that precious promise, that as our day is, so shall our strength be, and that His strength shall be made perfect in our weakness. Truly, those who put their trust in Him shall never be confounded. Who is a rock like unto our God? He is a present help in time of trouble. He is a high tower wherein His children in time of danger may run and be safe. He is the support of His people in every time of trial. Oh! my dear Anne, my heart is filled with gratitude on your behalf, and I would call upon my soul and all that is within me, to bless the Lord for His great goodness vouchsafed to you on this great occasion. I think you have every reason to hope that it is a thorough work, as those persons we have been acquainted with, who have submitted to a similar operation, have never been threatened with a recurrence of the disease. I allude to Mrs. P., Mrs. C., and H. R. But under all circumstances I rejoice and am comforted that you are in the hands of a merciful and tender Father who will never put upon you more than He will qualify you to bear. He is often pleased to turn sinners to himself by permitting them to behold the faith, pa-

tience, and fortitude of his children under great and sore trials and afflictions, and by perceiving that they can say from the heart, Thy will be done, even in the midst of the fires. That the great Physician of soul and body will watch over you for good and give healing efficacy to the means used for your recovery, is my earnest and constant prayer; for you are ever on my heart before the Lord.

"But I have only spoken of myself, while all the family have felt an intense interest in your case. Our dear mother desires to be most tenderly and affectionately remembered to you, and to let you know you have been continually in her thought. Harriet, too, has felt deeply for you, and your case has been spread before the Lord morning and evening at the family altar. And shall we not rejoice together that the Lord has heard our prayers, and safely brought you through the deep waters? Mary will add a few lines for herself. And now, my beloved Ann, what can I do better than to commit you unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you spotless before the presence of His Father.

"Yours, in the bonds of Christian love and friendship. "HANNAH L. MURRAY.

"You will believe me, my very dear friend, when I say that you have scarcely been a

minute out of my thoughts for the last week; that now my heart rejoices that the great Deliverer has brought you safely through the severe trial He appointed you, and that, though you must still suffer, there is every reason to believe that you will in a short time be restored to health and usefulness. I do indeed bless God for his goodness to you under your severe trial, and pray that it may result not only in good to your own soul, but also to the souls of those who witnessed the faith and firmness with which a Christian can suffer: for well I know, my beloved Ann, that it was not your own strength: and I thank God for this unquestionable evidence that you are His, bought with His precious blood, and that He will at last place you among His jewels. My tenderest sympathy has been and still is with you, and that you may be speedily restored to us, is the prayer of your truly affectionate

"MARY.

"Remember us all very kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Hartshorn, and the dear girls, and to Mrs. Cairles if she is still with you.

"H. L. M."

"TO MRS. THEODOSIA PETIT, OF DETROIT.

"*New York, May 15th*, 1826.

"We have just, my dear Theodosia, heard

of your great affliction, and heavy bereavement, and I feel constrained to send you the expression of our deep sympathy with you in this very trying dispensation of your Heavenly Father. But while I weep with you, I cannot but rejoice in the mercy of God, which endureth forever, that has been preparing you by His grace to sustain this otherwise overwhelming sorrow, and, I humbly trust, to say, It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth Him good. You, my beloved Theo., will now, I hope, bring to mind all the promises made by a tender Father. You know that though he pleases to try you, yet he himself sits as the refiner, that nothing of the precious metal may be lost, but only purified from all its dross. He has said, I am the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless children; and has also said that all things work together for good to those who love God. How should this gracious promise comfort our hearts! We are so short-sighted that we know not what is best for us; but He who knows our frame, and remembers that we are but dust, apportions our lot to us as He sees will be most beneficial to our souls, and will tend most to his glory. My fervent prayer for you is that you may be able to manifest the excellency of that religion which you profess, as an all-sufficient support in time of trial—a comfort

which the world knows not of in the midst of affliction, and the foundation of a hope which shall never perish. What should we do in this world of trial without that anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that which is within the veil? Oh! my dear Theo., let us cherish that faith and confidence in God, which, in the midst of perils and afflictions, shall enable us to say, 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

"Your mother, I know, will feel keenly this stroke, so sudden and unexpected; but perhaps God in his mercy may sanctify it to her soul, and make it the means of drawing her near unto himself. Give her our tenderest love. We regretted exceedingly Mr. Palmer's departure without our seeing him, but now perceive that it was ordered by an overruling Providence. May we delight to trace His hand in all things, though at first events may appear as trivial; but with Him there is nothing small, nor anything great.

"We all deeply sympathize with you, my beloved Theodosia; and among the rest my dear mother desires me to offer her tender

love and warm sympathy. George, also, and Mrs. Ogden; but I have not room to enumerate, as Mary wishes to add a few lines—but believe me, with the sincerest love, and in the tenderest bonds of Christian affection, your aunt,

"HANNAH L. MURRAY.

"MY BELOVED THEODOSIA,

"You are involved in sudden and deep affliction, and I feel that you are in consequence more dear to my heart than you have ever been. I will not attempt to console you; I leave that to the infinitely kind Being who has in tender love fortified you for this very trying occasion. But I do most truly sympathize with you, while I rejoice that you have an eternal Friend who is more affectionate, more powerful, and more willing to sustain and bless you than any earthly friend could be. Yet I trust you have some tried and confidential individuals to whom you can entrust your concerns, who feel for and love you. How I wish we were near you! but vain is the wish. Write to us as soon as possible, and inform us of your plans, for we feel deeply interested in your welfare.

"What a consolation must it be to you that your dear departed husband was so much respected and beloved by his friends and fellow-

citizens, as the letter of Mr. Trowbridge and the obituary notice of your paper testify.

"Remember me very affectionately to your dear mother, and tell her I pray for her, that God would sanctify this afflictive event to her soul. Tell her also that D.'s money was received, and deposited according to order in the Savings Bank; that two letters have been written, of which no mention has been made, which I fear have miscarried. John will write to you in a few days, and with Harriet desires his affectionate love. More than ever yours, MARY."

"*New York, June 13th,* 1824.

"It is not easy, my beloved Theodosia, to express the heartfelt satisfaction your letter by Mr. Trowbridge afforded us all; for though by William's last communication we were apprized of the important change your mind had experienced, yet we longed for something from your own pen in confirmation of the blessed fact. Oh, my love, you have obtained a treasure, in comparison with which the whole world, with all the pleasures it can offer, is as nothing. You have obtained an interest in the blood of the precious Redeemer, who is able to make you wise unto salvation; to sustain you under every trial His wisdom sees necessary for you, and to give you at last

a crown of rejoicing which shall never fade away. I congratulate you from my heart; I have borne you all more than daily upon my heart before the throne of heavenly grace; and you may judge of the joy I experience that my prayers, in conjunction with many more of your sincere friends have been thus far answered. Yours, my dearest Theo., will now be added to ours, that God's mercy may extend to the other members of your family; that the blessed religion of Jesus might teach them submission to, and cheerful acquiescence in the dispensations of Providence towards her; that *she* might be enabled to see that there is wisdom, goodness, and mercy in all God's dealings with her, although she is discontented under them. Oh, I pray for her emancipation from the tyranny of her own heart. Tell her the only reason I have not written to her is, that my eye is so weak that I write to nobody; but though my pen does not convey my feelings, my heart is as warm towards her as it ever was. Beg her for my sake, for your sake, for her own sake, and above all for God's sake, to endeavor to yield her own will to that of her Maker. I have been very unwell for the last two months, but am beginning to recruit. We shall leave this at 5 to-morrow morning for Saratoga, with a view to benefit my health. God bless you,

and cause you to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"Yours, most affectionately,

"MARY MURRAY.

"My desire, my dear Theo., has been very strong to write to you, ever since the receipt of William's letter, which caused tears of joy to moisten my eyes, and a prayer of thanks to ascend to God for His goodness manifested toward you. Well may we exclaim with the Psalmist, 'Oh! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men;' for who but *He* can change the heart, and bring a clean thing out of an unclean. It is the work of God alone, to open to us the sink of corruption that is within us, and to take the scales from our eyes, that we may behold that precious fountain of our Redeemer's blood, in the which we may wash and be clean. Oh! my dear Theodosia, may we continually repair thither, to wash away all the stains of sin which are upon us.

"We have lately had a letter from James Boyd, in which he speaks of you with the affection of a brother, and rejoices in the precious change which you have experienced. I know of no one that seemed to receive more

pleasure from the intelligence than your uncle John. You know he always loved you very much, and felt a deep interest in you; he sends you his heartfelt love, and prayers for your steadfastness in the faith. Mother, and Harriet, and George, and indeed all the family desire to be kindly remembered to you all. And now, my dear Theo., I would 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 that are sanctified.

"Your affectionate aunt,

"Hannah L. Murray.

"You must make Master Charles Dudley acquainted with his New York relatives, and tell him his aunt Hannah sends him a kiss. I presume you know that one of Mr. S.'s daughters has married a Lieutenant W., and has gone to live in Detroit; his mother is with her at present."

CHAPTER XI.

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL WHILE TRAVELLING,

"O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
And to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody."

We are carried back by the following notices to days that knew nothing of the comfort and expedition of modern travelling. Beginning with the 8th of June, 1808, we have the journal of her tour to Niagara.

"Saying adieu was always a heart-breaking thing to me, and with feelings not very light, I went on board the sloop Experiment for Hudson. The accommodations are the best I have seen; everything was neat and comfortable; nor did I hear a profane word, during the whole of our passage. One of our passengers was the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, a clergyman of Rhinebeck, who there went on shore, and whose good company we were loth to lose. We arrived at Hudson the next evening, after a passage of twenty-four hours, and the next

morning set off for Albany by land. Every time I visit this place, it has fewer charms for me than before. We were obliged to remain here a whole day; for we were informed that all the carriages were employed in the smuggling trade. I need say nothing now of Schenectady, Amsterdam, Palatine, and the Mohawk; and can only say that if we were pleased with our ride of yesterday, we have been enchanted with that of to-day. T. H. and myself have taken a sketch of the rapids of the Mohawk, and were off, as we supposed, for the wilderness. But instead of entering into a wilderness, we found, as far as we proceeded, a well-cultivated and settled land. There are not only beautiful villages, but taste in the buildings; and in one of them, Col. H.'s at Utica, some fine specimens of art. For the whole distance from Schenectady to Utica, I do not think we have lost sight of the Mohawk for more than half an hour at a time. O for a moment of inspiration, that I might paint in colors the gentle windings of this pleasant stream! But the muses have deserted me, and sought in my sister Mary a more promising eléve. But the Mohawk so loudly demands my song, that I must even try to raise my voice.

"Fain would I count thy beauties o'er,
And tell how glides thy wave serene,

How nobly fring'd on either shore,
Thy ever beauteous banks are seen.

"Thy spreading elms majestic raise
Their verdant arms to guard thy stream,
To shield it from the noon-tide blaze,
And temper every scorching beam.

"Thy gentle waves in frolic play,
Now seem the eager gaze to shun,
But soon again in rich display,
Returning in quick rapids run;
Whose curling foam with lustre bright,
Like gems of Indies strike the sight."

"*June* 14*th.*—We left Utica, passed near the Indian village at Canaseraga, and rested for the night at Onondaga Hollow, by some supposed to have been originally a lake. We rode along the banks of the Seneca river to Geneva, from Geneva to Canandaigua, from Canandaigua to Mr. W.'s, at Genesee river, and on the 19th started for Niagara. The country abounds in oak and walnut, and some of them are trees of prodigious growth. We reached Batavia, a large village on the Tonewanta creek. But I cannot stop to be minute in my narrative, till I come somewhat nearer to the most magnificent scene in nature, the Falls of Niagara. No painting, nor spectacle, nor language can give any idea of its grandeur. I beheld it in mute astonishment, and felt it almost sacrilege to speak. The water comes in

such an immense body, that the first idea that struck me was that the river must soon be emptied. As yet we have viewed them only from what is called the 'Table Rock;' they are indeed awfully stupendous; I am not able to give you any description of them at all. We postponed our more minute inspection until to-morrow morning, and rode on the same evening to Newark. There was nothing remarkable in our ride until we came to a hill, at the foot of which lies Queenston, on the British side, and on the west bank of the Niagara river. I think I never saw a more rich and picturesque scene. The mountain, with its grand oaks and chestnuts, through the openings of which you have a fine view of the village and the river—a little lower down, four or five beautiful points and bluffs—in the distance, the great Lake Ontario, stretching three hundred miles in length, and one hundred and twenty in width—a narrow strip of land at the entrance of the lake, resembling, at this distance, a long bridge—all these together form a beautiful picture. And then, as you go on a little farther, the entire lake bursts upon you in all its grandeur. At Queenston we visited the fort, where Col. Proctor treated us with great urbanity, entertained us with a band of music, which wound up with 'God save the King.' The next morning we returned to see

the falls on the American side. If possible, they are more terrific on this side than on the other, although you have not so full a view of them. The noise, which is literally 'the sound of many waters,' is really terrific. But, terrific as it was, we have been in raptures. The whole morning we were sketching the falls in different points of view, so that we shall bring all Niagara to New York with us. It is certainly the sublimest scene in nature; as S. O. says, 'It is nothing to tell; you must see it in order to imagine anything so grand.'

"O Niagara! thou canst show
Thy great Creator's power below
In language which confounds.
It bows us to the earth in awe,
While earth, obedient to his law,
Performs its constant rounds.

"What muse can tell thy mighty force,
When, rolling down thy rapid course,
Thou mak'st all nature shake?
Thy foaming torrent trembling falls,
And thine adamantine walls
With trembling horror break.

"Thy emerald green majestic rolls,
And like a world upon its poles
Its daily course pursues.
Then in a foam thy stream is seen,
Fair contrast with thy liquid green,
Which every wave renews.

"Thou bid'st us raise our thoughts on high,
To Him who dwells above the sky,
And mak'st thy waters roar;
Like fears our trembling hearts invade,
As Israel felt when God display'd,
On Sinai's mount, His power."

"The Niagara river, from the mouth of Lake Erie, to where it empties into Lake Ontario, is thirty-six miles in length. We are now looking toward home; yet, strange to say, I do not feel homesick; I am indeed quite happy amid such scenes. On returning, we rode for miles through our own lands, and they are sufficiently rich and beautiful. My father is much respected here, as he deserves to be everywhere. We returned by Ballston, and of course went to La Grande Maison; but what was our astonishment, when they told us there was not a soul in the house but three French cooks and other servants! We drove to Aldidge's, and soon made our way toward Albany and New-York.

"How doth thy love and mercy shine
Amid the watery deep!
O Lord, I pray, my heart incline,
Thy holy law to keep.

"And may I count thy mercies o'er,
With pleasure ever new,
And learn each day to love thee more,
And serve thee better too.

Then wilt thou thy good Spirit send,
To guide me on my way,
And aid my soul her course to bend
To realms of endless joy."

Her tour from New York to Philadelphia was made in May and June, 1832. From her narrative of this journey we make only a few extracts, and these few because they illustrate some early biographical notices contained in our first chapter. After giving a pleasant description of Newark, Springfield, Bottle Hill, Morristown, and the ridge of mountains in the background, she gives a brief account of Schooley's Mountain, whence the party, consisting entirely of ladies and the coachman, proceeded to Easton. "On the Delaware and the adjacent country," she says, "I feasted my eyes for a considerable time. The sight of the river enlivened me, but I suffered from headache, and thought the whole way of my good Doctor,

And often wish'd for that kind touch
Which eased my aching head so much;
And sigh'd that soothing hand to feel
That knew so well my pains to steal.

"There was nothing remarkable in the ride till we reached Bethlehem, a beautiful settlement of the Moravians; where, among other usages of their own, we learned, that on the

death of any one of the inhabitants, a trumpet is blown from the top of the church, and from the notes that are blown the whole town understands whether it be a man, a woman, a single or a married person, or a child that is deceased. We visited the "Sisters' House," and saw their embroidery. The family now consists of about one hundred sisters. The 'Brothers' House' is entirely deserted; and the institution thought to be on the decline. Persons of any other persuasion than their own cannot possess land in the town, nor are they allowed to be permanent settlers. The population is German. We left Bethlehem the next day, and the road was none of the best; but we behaved like true heroines.

> Jutting stones, nor rocky steep,
> Nor mud, nor mire, though e'er so deep,
> Our wondrous constancy could move,
> Or make us aught of terror prove,
> But calm, serene, we kept our way,
> And travell'd on throughout the day.

We reached Philadelphia in safety, and found ourselves at home amid the affectionate greetings of our Cousin Joseph Lownds and his family. There is One who watches over us, and we are safe.

"*Wednesday, June* 1st. This day I have been highly gratified by a visit to the seat of our forefathers; a spot they inhabited shortly

after they came out from England, with William Penn. My sensations were very pleasant, though uncommon. I seemed, as it were, to bring back the years that were gone, and almost imagined myself among my venerable ancestors. Part of the house is still remaining, which I went over. The beautiful walnut trees from which the place takes its name of Walnut Grove are still standing; and what I consider a very great curiosity is a piony in the garden, which is at least a hundred years old. After traversing the grounds, we entered a house built by one of the descendants, who appropriated one of the rooms to the remains of the ancient furniture, where we drank wine out of the glasses which belonged to our great-great-grandfather, and ate from the same plates which ornamented his cupboard, both of an hundred years' standing. I think I never enjoyed a visit so much. We then took the carriage, and rode through places belonging to the elder branches of the family. The *Old Plantation*, as it was called, was divided into nine parts, one for each child, where each has a house erected. It is quite a remarkable fact, that until within a very few years, this property has continued in the family. We dined with our aged aunt, a truly excellent and valuable woman, who is anxious for the souls as well as the bodies of

those around her, and who is truly one of the salt of the earth. She is herself a Friend; but she loves all who love Jesus in sincerity and truth. The next day we went to Friends' Meeting, and heard Edward Stabler preach, a public Friend, from Alexandria; he gave us truly an evangelical discourse.

"After three weeks in Philadelphia, we were homeward bound. We returned through East Jersey, and on Monday morning bent our course toward Telegraph Hill, where we had the most magnificent view, Niagara excepted, I ever beheld. It was a view of the ocean, with all its vastness, and all its variety of cloud and wave, frigate, gunboat, and fishing smack, block-house and fort, and from which I took a sketch that might be made a beautiful picture by a skilful hand. How exceedingly sublime is this vast expanse of waters; how vast is He who holds them in the hollow of His hand, and whose voice is heard amid the solemn roaring of the surf, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!' We crossed to Brunswick, and felt that we were nearing New York. A delightful sensation was it, when, after an absence of six weeks, we reached Paulus Hook, and from the high grounds near the ferry, caught a glimpse of the city. Queen of cities! I said to myself,

thou excellest them all! When the carriage stopped at the door, we were received with open arms at the Square, and I felt my heart rise in gratitude to God, who had watched over me for good."

Her next extended tour was made in the summer of 1815, to Saratoga and Lake George, and to which reference was made in the preceding chapter. The writer may be allowed to furnish more particulars from her journal of this tour, as Mrs. S. and himself, for a considerable portion of it, were not only of the party, but their invited guests. They are under great obligations to the Murray family, for the pleasure and benefit of this long-remembered tour, during which their social joys were so much augmented by the reciprocal efforts of the whole party, in intellectual and moral improvement. He has often thought, that in the relaxation of the inhabitants of large cities during the heat of summer, no plan could be hit upon that promises more, than some such arrangement as that carried out in this short and delightful tour. The two Miss Murrays, their brother, and his lady,—formed just such a party as was fitted to subserve the true ends of relaxation. *Otium ex laboribus; labores ex otio.* Labor fits us for relaxation, as truly as relaxation fits us

for labor. Miss Murray was not exacting in her expectations from her pastor; but she was nobly generous in anticipating his exhaustion. But we may not detain the reader from a few extracts from her journal.

August 2, 1815. "The proper study of mankind is man." "If this be a truism, the steamboat is certainly one of those places where the study may be pursued to advantage. I have had the opportunity of exercising my skill in physiognomy. On such occasions I am all ear, and, contrary to my usual rule, am content to forego the pleasure of talking, and to be a listener only. We had the most motley groups I ever beheld. It reminded me of Shakespeare's collection of

> 'Blue spirits and white, black spirits and grey,
> Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.'

"At bed time, it was impossible to put your foot on any part of the floor, without walking over legs, arms, or heads. The beauties of the scenery, on this river, have been so often described, that I will not waste my *descriptive powers* upon a subject almost worn threadbare; but although the powers of description may fail, the grandeur and sublimity of the mountains will endure to the end of time. After a delightful passage of only twenty-three

hours, we arrived in the famous city of Albany. We arrived at Ballston just as they were rising from dinner, and time enough to be the gazing stock of the whole company. But we need not complain, for we too made a good use of our eyes. Some seemed as if they had tackled on all their finery at once, lest they should not have another opportunity of displaying it; some looked bold, and some vulgar. Some seem to rank themselves among the very pink of politeness, and though they are not young, have as many airs, I will not say graces, as a miss of fifteen. After dinner, we proceeded to Saratoga; and the first persons we saw, were our dear Mr. and Mrs. S., who came out to meet us, and conduct us to our lodgings, where we recognized several of our steamboat acquaintances. In the evening we attended prayers, though not many availed themselves of the privilege. The next day was the Sabbath: we attended the morning sacrifice with our friends, which prepared us in a measure for the duties of the day; at half-past ten, we assembled in the Long Room at Lewis's, where we heard an instructive discourse from Mr. S. It has been a solemn and profitable Sabbath. On Monday, we were in a continual buzz with comers and goers; but we are quite at home, as Mike says, we think it good to be friendly, and so make ourselves

sociable. We closed the day at nine o'clock with prayer, where we all sang Hotham, which was exceedingly beautiful. We have some great ladies here, some of whom are greatly absorbed in their own dignity; and we have some great men, but the greatest are of the order of *fustian Ambassadors*, and one of them, an ugly, lank Dutchman, does not suffer his tongue to grow stiff for the want of using. We are continually receiving new enforcements, and sometimes get a sight at great oddities.

"*Monday*, 11*th*. This morning we arose at five, and were off for Lake George, our party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. S., Mr. and Mrs. F., and Mr. L., and those who composed our original company. We soon reached Glens Falls.

"Hark! 'tis the dashing water's noise!
It is the solemn cataract's voice;
And now, behold, it strikes the eye
With grave, yet splendid majesty.
Dark are thy craggs, and foamy white
Thy waters rush upon the sight;
And sparkling 'mid the sunny ray
A thousand trembling gems display:
Then headlong tumbling as they go,
With rapid speed unite below,
Where in one placid stream they glide
Through lofty banks on either side,
Crown'd with a rich luxuriant wood
Which storms for ages here withstood;

Then sleeps upon its peaceful bed
Unconscions of the turmoil dread,
Which wraps in foam its rugged head.

"This beautiful cataract seemed to captivate us; the eye seemed never satisfied with gazing at it. It is not a regular sheet of water, but is broken into a hundred little falls, till they seem to be urging one another forward, until they unite with the calm stream below. The character of the rock is very ledgy, and the color that of slate, so that its dark cliffs form a beautiful contrast with the white and foamy spray. A mill which is turned by it renders the scene still more picturesque. It is altogether one of the most enchanting scenes I ever beheld. We saw it after plentiful rains; I could not refrain from exercising my pencil, and we returned with a faint sketch of its beauties. After a late breakfast, at Queensbury, we started for Lake George; the scenery was fine, but the roads very bad. About two miles from our journey's end, the lake burst upon us in full splendor. Before us was an amphitheatre of lofty mountains, covered with wood to their summit, at the foot of which the lake slept peacefully, perfectly calm, and its surface as smooth as a mirror, reflecting nothing but beauty. Three or four rich points stretched out into the stream, and directly in the foreground arose a neat little village,

with its church and spire. The rich glow of the setting sun added to the charms of this magnificent picture, and by contrast deepened the sombre shades upon the mountains. Every mouth was filled with exclamations as the view broke upon us. Words are not adequate to describe the beauty and sublimity of the scene; they lead us to the contemplation of Him who 'weigheth the mountains in scales, and the hills as in a balance,' and who 'taketh up the islands as a very little thing.' Such a banquet His bounty gives us.

"The radiant sun, in rich display,
Is seen the glory of the day;
And onward through the vaulted arch
With steady course pursues his march.
In silent majesty on high,
The silver moon adorns the sky,
And in her train the gems of night
Diffuse around their sparkling light.
The lofty mountains meet the sky,
The forests raise their branches high,
And ocean teems with wonders rare,
And choirs of songsters charm the air.
But though the sun is glorious seen,
And the soft moon, night's milder queen,
And starry gems, with glittering light,
Illume the darkness of the night,
Though woods in endless verdure rise,
And birds with music greet the skies;
Yet, O thou great Original!
How far below thy creatures fall,

Howe'er sublime and fair they be,
They can't in thought compare with thee.

"We put up at Carter's, and soon took a boat for Sea Island, and from this spot I took a picturesque sketch. We closed the day with thankfulness and united prayer. The next day we rambled, visited the ruins of a large fort, a place of some notoriety in the days of Montcalm, but now of little consequence, save to complete a beautiful view of the lake, by making a fine foreground to the picture. The following day we returned to Saratoga, and the next joined our friends at Ballston. Here we all had much conversation, some reading, and a little sport. In the afternoon, Miss B., Mr. S., and myself, set off to take a view of the 'Lover's Leap,' a high, romantic spot, with a little stream running at the bottom. We determined to call it Mount Parnassus, and accordingly installed Mr. S. in the seat of Apollo, and elevated ourselves to the dignity of the muses. We little thought of the mischief we were doing, until, the following day, one of the company discovered it to us in the following verses :—

"To Parnassus in haste the fair Nine had repaired,
For a rumor had stole through the air,
That three mortals, with boldest presumption had dared
In the rights of the muses to share.

"That one had declared over wit she'd preside,
And cause the arch dimple to play,
And another, with dagger and bowl by her side,
Over tears, sighs, and groans would bear sway.

"And so deep was the plot, and the work so complete,
E'en Apollo himself was dethroned!
And a mortal aspired to sit in that seat
Which none but a god had erst owned.

"The Nine were in arms, and besought of their chief
The length of the mischief to know,
He returned with a smile, which afforded relief,
From a visit he'd just made below.

"Where plac'd on a mount, with a stream at its base,
Overshadow'd with high waving trees,
Those three who had given Apollo his chase,
Were seated and chatting at ease.

"While the third, more aspiring, determined to rule
O'er the mind and the talents of men,
To teach them the science that raises the soul
From worthless to heavenly ken.

"In a moment of mirth this sweet spot they had nam'd
From Parnassus, that seat of delight;
And to furnish it out with such guests as it claim'd,
Had exalted themselves to its height,

"To preside o'er the mount as its guardians below,
As the muses of earthly descent,
But dream'd not of causing such wonder and woe,
As aught that the Nine could resent.

"Apollo then laughing exclaim'd, 'Let them reign,
And rule in this lower abode,
Our mountain celestial content to retain,
A spot fit alone for a god.'"

There was a ball in the evening, and we spent a couple of pleasant hours with Mr. and Mrs. S., and closed the day with praise and prayer.

"*August 25th.* I begin to think of home; the very name animates me, and I almost wish I had wings, that I might find myself without effort in dear Hudson Square. Even packing is a pleasant work; everything is delightful that helps us homeward. We bid adieu to *Sans Souci;* and it was not without regret that we said farewell to some very agreeable people. We took the river road by the way of Stillwater to Albany, and were delighted with the banks of the Hudson and a view of the Mohawk in its junction with the former river. We had a glimpse of the falls and the rapids, a beautifully extended and diversified scene. I have been in perfect raptures all the day, and could have stopped every five minutes to take sketches of the scenery. On the 20th we embarked for New York, heard and saw much that interested us, and after a charming passage of twenty hours, reached our beloved home. I shall remember this little jaunt with pleasure, as it has unfolded more and more the character of those I was disposed to love. It is thou, O God of grace, who hast compassed my paths and my lying down, who hast guarded and returned me in

safety; to thy name would I ascribe all honor and praise!

In the year 1821, Miss Murray, with her friends, visited Geneseo, on the Genesee river, in the neighborhood of which the family were proprietors of a large landed estate. We can present but a brief outline of her journal on this tour.

June 1*st*. "Again we are huddled in groups on board the steamboat, handsome and ugly, little and big, great and small in degree, talkers and taciturn, sentimental and romantic. We reached Albany after a tedious passage. It gave a quicker pulse to my heart, to meet two of our early friends, Mrs. S. and Mrs. O. K., who welcomed us with all the affection and warmth of ancient friendship. We spent the Sabbath at Schenectady, and heard Mr. V. in the morning, and in the afternoon, an excellent discourse from a stranger, from the words, 'If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His.' On Monday morning we started at half-past five: the romantic windings of the Mohawk have lost none of their beauty. It was an amusing sight to us to see the people at work upon the canal, they seemed to be so truly in earnest about it. We took up our abode for the night at Little Falls, where my sympathies were excited for a poor old German, who seemed to be in a panic lest

it might thunder; for I have a strong fellow-feeling for those who are afraid of anything. Here again, we found the canal going on briskly. They have fifteen hundred men at work upon it. It is a stupendous work, and no doubt will immortalize the name of De Witt Clinton. On Wednesday we reconnoitered Utica, the place from which all merchants from the West were formerly supplied with their goods. Here we had an interview with a good many Indians of the Oneida tribe. On Friday we embarked on the canal, passed towns and factories, and streams, and were carried through woods and locks, for a distance of eighty-seven miles. After seven miles' ride we reached Auburn, a beautiful town, which has more than quadrupled since our first visit to this part of the State. From Auburn, we passed through several thriving villages, three of which have sprung into existence since our last visit. We spent the Sabbath at the beautiful town of Geneva, crowning the summit of a romantic hill which bounds the Lake. In the afternoon the Annual Report of the General Assembly of our Church was read, giving a narrative of the state of religion. The notices of Virginia were very touching. A law had been passed in that Legislature, forbidding all persons to teach the blacks to read or write under the penalty of fine, or

stripes. Some heroic females determined to instruct these poor degraded beings, and for this purpose established a Sunday School. On the officers of the law demanding the fine, they refused to pay it; but said they were ready to receive *the stripes!* But no man could be found who would inflict them. Was not this enough to cover the framers of the law with shame, and induce them to repeal so scandulous a statute? We were now forty miles from Geneseo, and the garden of the west was before us. From Geneva to Canandaigua, nothing could be more beautiful than our ride; our admiration seemed to have no bounds. Through East and West Bloomfield, Livonia and Lima, we at length stopped at Mr. W.'s door, at Geneseo, where we had a happy meeting, and in a moment the piazza was covered with old friends. The approach to Geneseo is beautiful. Mr. W.'s residence occupies a most magnificent site, being on the slope of the hill, and having before it the village, the flats on the margin of the river, green fields, and enough of forest to give it variety. He seems in all respects to be like the lord of the Manor; for he and his were the first possessors of the land. They came, not sword in hand to make war upon the native tribes, but by fair and honorable purchase, and with the tree-destroying axe, to fell the

children of the forest, and cause the habitations of cruelty to give place to the dwellings of hospitality and peace. We are quite at home, and I hope grateful for the preserving care of our Heavenly Father. While here we visited Mount Morris, which is one of the finest situations I ever saw; near a large and handsome village, where thirteen years ago there were but two or three scattered houses. After viewing and admiring our lands, we rode over to an Indian settlement in the neighborhood, and thence through the woods to take a view of some sublime mountain scenery, and to bring away with us what sketches we could, and where the whole party were as richly entertained as they could have been in the renowned city of Gotham. We returned to Geneseo, where, on Wednesday, I was confined to the house by the rain, and read the Life of Catharine de Medicis. I should be very sorry to see many such women. For though she had great talents and mind, her vices far outbalanced all that was fine or estimable in her character, and France had very little reason to rejoice in her elevation to the throne. The period in which she reigned seemed to be a very remarkable one as it regards women. All the principal kingdoms of Europe were governed by females, and these too of no common stamp. The great Elizabeth

ruled England; Mary, Scotland; Marguirete, part of Italy, and the Low Countries; and Catharine of Austria, Portugal. We gave up our Niagara excursion, and on Thursday morning set our faces toward home. At Auburn, we found our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Perine, and there had the satisfaction of hearing him preach one of his most touching discourses, and in his tenderest manner. It was from that portion of Scripture where the Saviour meets Mary at the sepulchre, and seeing her grief, says to her, *Mary!* when she instantly recognizes Him, and exclaims *Rabboni!* It was a very pathetic discourse, and calculated greatly to encourage those who are seeking Jesus sorrowing, and with the whole heart. We left Auburn on Monday morning, and after some interviews with bright and dull Indians, and Professors of Colleges, canals, rivers, stages, and steamboats, we returned by the way of Saratoga to our own dwelling.

"Now sing, my muse, the varied charms
Of forests bold and cultured farms,
Of rivers where the sun-beams dance,
And lakes that spread a broad expanse;
Of mountains towering to the sky,
And vales that calm beneath them lie;
Adorn'd with many a grazing band
The riches of this Western land.

"Sing of the many rapids' glide
That curls and foams on every side;

And of the lofty grand cascade
That dashes from its rocky bed
To meet, with thundering noise below,
The waters that quiescent flow,
Or mountain in a foaming spray,
Reflect the rainbow's varied ray.
Such glowing beauties grace the land
That's deck'd by nature's partial hand."

"Here I must close my brief narrative of this pleasant tour. What shall I render to the Lord for all his mercies? If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand."

CHAPTER XII.

HER LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH.

"When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load,
Of death, called life; which us from life doth sever.

"Thy works and alms, and all thy good endeavor,
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy and peace forever."

It is well that the people of God must die. To live mindful of death, to become familiar with it in our thoughts, and still more familiar with Him "who through death has destroyed the power of death," is to rob it of its sting.

Miss Murray was not unmindful of the truth, that the great business of time is to prepare for eternity. She had no secular advancement to accomplish; she had even no benevolent arrangement which she was not willing should be frustrated by her unexpected departure from the present world. Her mind was not so occupied with the absorbing interests of earth, nor her busy thoughts so immersed in its cares and pursuits, that if suddenly arrested in her career, there would be

a void which could not be occupied and filled by the more substantial and glorious realities of the unseen world. Life, to her, was but the verge of the grave; time, but the outer court to eternity. More than ten years before her death she wrote the following paragraph in her diary:

"This morning, while upon my bed, the subject of *death* was offered to my contemplation. I thought of the time when my lifeless body would be thus stretched out, and many who had little interest in me in life would come to gaze upon my inanimate clay. And then the thought rushed upon me, While they are thus viewing what was once animated by a living soul, *where will that immortal spirit be?* Will it be enjoying the blessedness of the heavenly world, beholding the glory of God and the Lamb, and uniting in the song to Him that loved us; or will it be cast out from His holy presence, and banished to the blackness of darkness forever, to dwell where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth? O what an awful alternative! who can dwell with devouring fire? who can dwell with everlasting burnings? Yet is this the doom of all those who obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and who die in their sins. O, thou divine Saviour, be merciful to me a sinner! Whenever the summons may arrive,

may I be ready to depart, and may the day of my death be better than the day of my birth. Instead of feeling terror and dismay at the approach of the last enemy, may I be enabled, through thy Spirit, to greet him as the messenger sent to conduct me to my Father's house!"

At another time she writes in a somewhat different strain. "The thoughts of a dying hour have often distressed my mind; which greatly shows the corruption of my nature, or I should desire to go where I may serve the Lord without sin. But on reading some letters from the excellent and pious Newton, the following passage seemed to come to my heart fraught with comfort. 'When the time has arrived which God has appointed for your dismission, I make no doubt that He will overpower all your fears, and give you a comfortable and triumphant entrance into His kingdom.' Grant, Lord, that it may be thus with me; for I will trust in Thee. I cast myself upon Thee that Thou mayest do to me as seemeth Thee good, satisfied that Thou wilt do that which is most for Thy glory. Thou dost make Thy strength perfect in weakness, that the power may be seen to be of God alone. Help me, while I live, to *live* to Thy glory, and Thou wilt not forsake me when I come to *die!*"

Solemn thoughts she also expresses in the following sentences. "The idea of standing before the bar of God fills my mind with extreme awe. I feel how guilty, how unworthy I am, and how utterly unable I should be to support the presence of a pure and holy God. My soul is ready to sink within me when I contemplate the glory and majesty of the Judge who is to pass my sentence. Yet, blessed be His name, in Christ Jesus He is a reconciled God and Father; and though in myself I could not bear the glance of His eye, clothed with my Redeemer's righteousness, I could lift up my head with joy. Glory be ascribed to God for His unspeakable gift, who is made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption!"

It is pleasant to read the following thoughts from her pen, isolated from her diary, and yet found on one of its pages, and headed thus: "*On feeling a great fear of death.*" If I loved God as I ought, I should not thus be kept in bondage all my life-time through fear of death. I deeply lament that I have not clearer views of His glory and excellency, and that my faith is not stronger. Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief! I would have such joy and peace in believing, that at last I may be made a conqueror, and *more* than a conqueror, through Him who hath loved me. When I

contemplate the riches of His grace in Christ Jesus, I sometimes feel strong, and am ready to exclaim, How shall not my heavenly Father, with Him, also freely give me all things?"

With such mingled and subdued emotions as these, she addressed herself to the last conflict. She had for some months struggled with great debility of body, but her last sickness was not of long continuance. Her surviving sister, who had been her companion from childhood, who was not often separated from her for a day, and than whom two sisters were never more devotedly attached, by a mysterious Providence was for the most part separated from her during her last illness. In writing to the author, she says, "Being extremely ill myself, during the last three weeks of my precious sister's life, I was denied the satisfaction and the great privilege of witnessing, except a few moments each day, for the last week, when I was carried from my chamber to see her, the sweet, peaceful, and happy state of her mind. My dear sister and nieces, who were constantly with her, day and night, when there was no longer hope of her recovery, recorded some of her last words; her precious ejaculations, advice, and prayers. She appeared to be constantly in prayer, when not under the influence of narcotics, and frequently in a low, but audible voice. May we

all be as well prepared to meet our God as was that dear sainted one!

"These *dear last words*, recorded by her niece, I now transcribe, with gratitude to God, who has considered my affliction, and with it sent me the greatest consolation of which my mind is susceptible.

"'The first night I set up,' says she, 'with my beloved aunt, she suffered so much as to render it almost impossible for her to converse. When partially relieved, she addressed the throne of grace in a beautiful prayer, composed almost entirely of texts of Scripture. Had I known how soon we should have been called to part with her, every word would have been treasured up. Her language was, Cast me not away from thy presence; take not thy Holy Spirit from me! Put underneath me thine everlasting arms, and support me in the hour of trial! She then stopped, and addressed me, and repeated the hymn,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh."

And then she rehearsed those lines of Watts,

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

Towards morning she said, "I am afraid I give a great deal of trouble; but I hope I do not complain." The day following she slept all the morning; and in the afternoon, feeling weak and exhausted, she said, "How often have I thought of the necessity of preparation for death while we are in health. When upon a dying bed, we cannot always *think* as we would wish to do. I am sure I am very thankful that"—here her voice died away, and when we looked on her, she was in a calm, sweet sleep. Shortly after her brother came in, and I repeated to him the remark she had made with regard to the necessity of preparation for death; when she made an effort to speak, and said, "Yes, I have very often thought of *that*;" then after a short pause, added, "I hope I shall not feel so drowsy to-morrow." For the two succeeding days and nights, owing to the effect of anodynes, and extreme debility, she slept the greater part of the time, and we were fearful that we should not enjoy the satisfaction of hearing her voice again. But He who doth not willingly grieve, nor afflict the children of men, lent a willing ear to our petition, and answered our prayer. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints; and precious to the Christian mourner is the last testimony of the sainted spirit when on the verge of heaven. Our beloved aunt was permitted,

in her death, to leave her testimony to the truth of that holy Gospel in which she herself believed, and by whose precepts her life had been regulated, and by whose promises her hopes were now so sure and stedfast.

"'Two days before her spirit took its flight, the desire that she might not be overcome with sleep was granted; and although extremely weak, she spoke several times, in a clear loud voice. Quite early in the morning, while sister Mary was sitting near her, she sweetly said, "I shall rejoice, when I can go to my Saviour. It is far better to depart and be with Christ, to be with my Saviour—my dear Saviour—where all is joy and peace—peace—peace. I wish that all my friends and acquaintances may meet together in that place, where all is joy and peace; where there is no sin, no sorrow, and be made partakers of that rich repast which he has provided for all who love Him." For several hours after this, she was evidently engaged in prayer, but in so low a voice that we could not understand her. Then again, clearly and audibly, she said, "Glory to God on high, and on earth peace and good will to men! May thy name be glorified on the earth, O Lord God Almighty!" And looking upon those who were assembled around her bed, she added, "May *they* glorify thy name on the earth! May it be glorified

in them and *by* them; and may they be prepared through thy grace—yes, prepared—prepared—prepared!" Shortly after, her brother John said, "I think she will be with us yet some hours." He had scarcely uttered these words, when she raised her hands and eyes to heaven, and with a bright celestial smile, and an expression I cannot describe, for there was nothing earthly in it, she dropped her hands, closed her beaming eyes, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. We listened anxiously for more; but it was the last of the many, many petitions she offered for those she loved on earth. May her fervent effectual prayers for all of us avail before the throne of grace, and through faith in her blessed Redeemer, may we die the death of the righteous, and our last end be like hers!"

Thus lived and thus died, on the third of June, 1836, in the fifty-ninth year of her age, *Hannah Lindley Murray*, leaving a name that is enbalmed in many a bosom, and that bears testimony to the gradual increase of that glorious light which shineth more unto the perfect day. That perfect day she now beholds, and will with increasing joy behold throughout interminable ages. Her life is the evidence of her Christianity, and her death was in delightful coincidence with her life.

We wept when we were told that she was

gone; we wept at her grave; but we also rejoiced. They were sincere mourners who followed her to her last earthly rest; their grief was tender and lasting, and their joy is hallowed, lasting joy. It is not *her* which that venerable vault contains; no, she is not there. None of that lovely mind, none of those winning virtues have crumbled to the dust. That sacred fire has not become extinct, and has only risen to a purer, brighter flame. The loss is ours; the gain is hers. Yet is she not lost even to us. "She being dead, yet speaketh."

There is one among those who survive her to whom the loss is heavy in the last degree. The departed one was her counsellor in difficulties; her comforter in trial; the endeared and interesting participator in all her joys and sorrows; and ever at her side in all her active and sedentary occupations. They seemed as if moved by one mind, and it was their delight to act together in everything. In some brief, but touching thoughts on her death, this afflicted sister says, "Is it strange that I should feel as if I had lost my better half? I know He hath done all things well. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord! Yet, O my precious sister!

"I seem but half myself, bereft of thee;
No one, now thou art gone, to love me best,

For, sister, thou didst love me tenderly,
And full response did follow from my breast.

"I seem but half myself, when pleasure calls,
And bids me tune my feelings to his key;
Without participation pleasure palls,
Now, nought can charm me, sister, without thee.

"I seem but half myself when fancy pleads,
And to some enterprise ingenious tends;
Thy judgment now no more that fancy leads,
And mingled mind no more its influence lends.

"I seem but half myself, when plans of good
My single effort and my thoughts engage;
Plans grateful to thy taste as daily food,
Matured and bettered by thy counsel sage.

"I seem but half myself in prayer and praise,
For, sister, thou didst elevate my frame;
Thy fair example did devotion raise,
And kindle up my lukewarm zeal to flame.

"I seem but half myself, where'er I go,
I seek in vain to find my better part;
I seem but half myself, what'er I do,
And sigh to feel the vacuum in my heart.

"But be it so—for God has so decreed,
And I profess to make His will my own;
I may not from His covenant recede,
No; rather would I die—or live alone!

"Or live alone? Why need I live alone?
God can supply the vacuum He has made,
And though, my sainted sister, thou art gone,
And in the silent cemetery laid,

"The time,—blest season! will, I trust, arrive,
When I shall meet my better self in heaven,
Together in beatitude to live,
No more by death to be asunder riven."

This estimable lady has the sympathies of all who know her, and know her loss. So tender was the bond between the living and the dead, that we were not without our fears that the separation would have been more brief than it has proved. The living lives not in vain, though she lives to mourn. We have often seen her tears, and we have been permitted access to some of her thoughts of mourning. At the close of some pensive thoughts, in reviewing their separation, she cannot suppress emotions which will find a melancholy responding in the bosom of every true mourner. "O shall I ever, dear sister, unite with thee in those pure, elevated, and holy enjoyments? Thou God knowest. O, if it be permitted thee to look down from the heights of the beautiful city, the New Jerusalem, and hold communion and fellowship with the dear ones thou hast left,

"Meet me, dear sister, at the throne of grace,
And aid my earth-born spirit to aspire,
There to commune with thee as face to face.
There to receive from God our souls' desire.

"When earth's grand luminary gilds the day,
Dear sister, meet me, to adore and praise;

And when he burns in his meridian ray,
Help me to emulate his fervent rays.

"Meet me, dear sister, at the eventide
When sage reflection casts her hints abroad,
Then may our spirits meet, and, side by side,
Pay mingled homage to our risen God.

"Meet me, dear sister, in the midnight gloom,
When sickness, sorrow, and distress assail,
Not as the silent tenant of the tomb,
But as the risen saint, thy sister hail.

"To elevate my soul to ardent prayer,
To dissipate the darkness of the night,
That in thy holy breathings I may share,
While God's own Spirit makes my darkness light.

"Meet me, dear sister, on the bed of death,
When flesh and spirit fail, with Jesus come;
And when this clay emits its latest breath,
With Jesus lead me to thy blissful home.

"O might I but such converse entertain
With thee, sweet sister, now no longer here,
My lonely bosom would no more complain,
But haste to meet thee at each hour of prayer."

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. These dear sisters, we believe, will have a happy meeting beyond the grave. Short will be the separation now. For many a long year they bloomed together here in less friendly climes. There the sun shall not light upon them, nor any heat, but they shall bloom together in unfading joy. Comforts were mingled with their sorrows, while the

beloved and departed one was yet below; still they mingle with the calmness and piety of her protracted grief who mourns. They will mingle with it, cheer its dark and lonely hours, and make the death of the living as peaceful as the slumbers of the dead. We live, not to gaze in solemn and pensive silence on the tomb, but, having learned from it life's uncertainty and the world's emptiness, to labor to enter into "that rest."

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

"Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth,
Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen
That labor up the hill of heavenly truth,
The better part, with Mary and with Ruth,
Chosen thou hast."

"She being dead, yet speaketh." Could our departed friend again visit us, who would be the objects of her chief solicitude? and what are the counsels which she would address to them? In conducting this volume to a conclusion, the writer would fain speak in her name, and utter some of the thoughts which she would utter, and, so far as he can catch her spirit, utter them as she herself would utter them. Those who knew her best, can have little doubt that she would address herself

TO THE YOUNG, AND BEAR HER HONEST TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF EARLY PIETY.

Who ever questioned that she loved the young? or whoever doubted that she was honest? She speaks to them in these pages, and her expostulation is, "Remember now

thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh in which thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Such an expostulation is the language of touching tenderness from lips like hers. She was wont to utter it when living; they were words that dropped from her lips like the rain, and distilled as the dew. She thought of the young; she felt that childhood are vanity, and but as the morning blushes of the day, soon to wilt under the scorching sun.

Would, that from her exmaple, the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God might be enbalmed in the living and warm affections of the young! The claims of vital godliness are indeed addressed to men of all classes and all ages; but they are not always addressed to their ingenuousness, their hopes, and the more noble and honorable sentiments of their nature. The God of heaven has special claims upon the young. It is one of the most lovely features of His dispensation of mercy, that its claims meet them at the dawn of their existence; that His redemption stands abreast with their infant apostacy, and the riches of His grace are coeval with their want and woe. 'Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness,' is His kind command. He solicits His reward from the sprightliness of childhood and dewy

youth. There are few, if any, of the young in Christian lands, with whom His Spirit does not strive, into whose minds He does not pour some rays of heavenly light, and to whose awakened sensibilities He has not found access. Most delightful is it when the young listen to such admonitions of heavenly wisdom; nor is it safe to resist such claims as these. There is a deep sea of troubled feeling in some youthful minds, and which, when it subsides, resembles the tranquillity, the calm of death. It is easy then for such a mind to take its swing in the world; it slumbers on, and wakes to learn that it is lost forever.

Youthful piety is specially beloved by God. Its earliest are its sweetest adornments; they are the most artless and transparent. It is as when "the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." The graces of the Spirit are then engrafted on the green, fresh stalk, and before it is withered and riven by the blasts of winter. "In the beauties of holiness, from the womb of the morning, thou hast the dew of thy youth." They may not be the richest and most splendid robes with which youthful piety is adorned; but they are the least sullied; they sparkle like the spangles of the early dew. "I remember thee," says God to His ancient people; "the kindness of thy youth,

the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown. Israel was holiness to the Lord and the first fruits of his increase." How precious the thought to the youthful Christian, that amid all his inexperience and exposures, in all his conflicts with the world, the flesh and the devil, in all his conscious impurities and sins, He whom his young heart has chosen as his portion and refuge, remembers him, and will never leave him, nor forsake him!

Early piety is the most useful piety. There is a vast difference between the growing brightness of that piety which is early entered upon, and the fluctuating dead light of that religion which is commenced in advanced years. It is not often that the light shines brilliantly which is first kindled in a dusky old age; nor is it possible it should shine long. The day gives the brightest promise that rises clear; even though obscured by a passing cloud, it sweeps its strong and steady course brightly to the western sky. One among the many reasons why the great mass of Christian men become pious in their youth, is that God designs to give their piety time to shine, and that they may long remain living exemplifications of His power and grace. All history, all biography, all observation and experience, show that comparatively few be-

come pious much beyond the period of youth. On examining the biography of nearly sixty Christian men and women, who were greatly distinguished for their piety and usefulness, I have found that they all became the subjects of divine grace between ten and twenty-five years of age; and as in the instance of the subject of these Memoirs, with a short and early eclipse, their light shone brighter and brighter to the perfect day. It is not the miserable remnant of a life jaded with pleasure and worn out in sin, that God asks for. His kingdom is not a hospital for the old; it is a house of refuge for the young. For one veteran enemy of God that finds access to it, ten thousand youthful offenders set their faces toward it with penitence and hope.

And how impressively are we taught by the example of our departed friend, that early piety is the happiest piety. It has more just and clearer conceptions of God's truth, and therefore it has stronger hopes. It has a more rich and varied experience of the goodness and mercy of God; of the way in which he leads His people; of the discipline by which He weans them from the world, and trains them up for heaven, and of His unchanging faithfulness, than the piety which is not subjected to this early and long-continued teaching. These are experiences which cannot be

crowded into a short compass: the mind cannot at once grasp them; nor can they ever be so vividly felt as when they make their first impression on the youthful heart. Youthful piety is the only piety that gives full proof of the declaration, that "the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;" it is the only piety that credits the declaration, and prizes it, when the proud and haughty sons and daughters of earth treat it with contempt. The youthful Christian makes religion his joy. It is his relaxation from toil, his comfort in trial; his light in darkness; he is gloomy and depressed only when he does not enjoy it. There is a sort of fatality attending the piety that originates in the later periods of human life, that is almost as fixed as the law of our intellectual and moral nature. No small part of the enjoyments of men arises from visions of the past. There is enough in the retrospect of those who from childhood entered the school of Christ, to fill them with self-abasement and humiliation; but there is something else to look back upon. There is the awakening power of God's truth; there is the begun work of His Spirit, and there is the life-giving influence of His immeasurable grace. And these are precious memories. There is the dawn of light and hope; there are the joys of the new-born

soul, when she first put on her garments of gladness and salvation. There are songs in the night. There are the frequently-recurring scenes of cheered fellowship with God, when the Good Shepherd led her in green pastures and by the still waters. And when in the more advanced period of his history, as his heart becomes sluggish and cold, and the seared leaves of autumn begin to fall, and the winter of life sets in; memory throws her thoughts backward, and is cheered by the sunshine of by-gone years. Yesterday is forgotten; in the more immediate past there is a chasm in which the mind takes little interest; memory alights upon earlier days, and more vivid scenes; and these are made glad by the light of God's countenance. They are balmy breezes, sweet sounds, the lingering echo of early praise, that come across these intervening years. This is one of the rewards of early piety. It relieves the natural imperfections of age, comforts its despondency and sorrows, and cheers its loneliness. On its withered branches still hang the blossoms of the opening year. No man can be refreshed by the retrospect of scenes that never existed. With those who become pious in advanced life, the proximate past is forgotten just as it is with other men; their thoughts are with the days of their youth. And if they were days of

atheistic worldliness and forbidden joy; if the seed-time of life run to waste, and its summer was uncheered and barren; if it was not until autumn or winter that the ground was planted; it is no marvel that the frozen soil yields but a scanty crop of joy. Memory runs back upon time and opportunity lost; the imagination rests upon scenes that are mournful; and if the Sun of righteousness breaks in upon the frozen heart, it makes a sweep low down in the southern sky—the joys are wintry joys, and have none of the freshness of the new-born year.

The young are slow to learn that the winter of life is coming on. We counsel them not to add to it the bitterness and burden of youthful impiety. It were wisdom to sow while "the sun, or the moon, or the stars, or the light be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain." It will be no grief of heart on a dying bed that you were early adopted into the family of God. It will not be matter of regret when God shall bring you into judgment. There is not a youth who reads these pages that must not die. And who among them all will say, when that untried scene arrives, I was pious too early; I was beloved of God, I was happy too soon?

No one can peruse even this imperfect sketch of the character which is here exhibited, without perceiving also THE DIFFERENCE

BETWEEN THE SPIRIT OF THE WORLD, AND THE SPIRIT WHICH IS OF GOD.

No person better knew the enjoyments which wealth and pleasure, worldly accomplishments and station can give, than the subject of these memoirs; none ever more proved the utter insufficiency of them all. She might have enjoyed them even to satiety, and pursued them to the last limit of honor and decorum; but none knew better than she, that all secular and adventitious distinctions are lost and swallowed up in *one* more important and all-absorbing distinction. Earthly distinctions will soon cease. The rich and the poor lie down alike in the grave, and the worms cover them. No poverty is so humble, but death is familiar with its abjectness; no affluence is so splendid, but death draws over it its funeral pall. "Riches profit not in the day of wrath." The rich and the poor must stand at the same judgment seat, and be judged by the same rule, when God "will render to every man according to his works." There "is no respect of persons with God." The difference which His inspecting eye beholds, and which His righteous judgment eternally recognizes, is the difference "between him that serveth God, and him that serveth Him not."

Many a blow is aimed at the interests of

vital piety, but none is projected with a more practiced eye, none inflicts a deeper wound, than that which would fain destroy all essential difference of moral character among men. There is a difference; it is wide and everlasting. And it is one which the character of our departed friend most happily and palpably illustrates. It is no small pleasure to be allowed to refer to her character and example as impressive illustrations of the difference between the spirit of Christianity and the spirit of the world.

It is a mournful fact, that there are those professing godliness, who are distinguished by their profession only. True *religion*, wherever it exists and is acted out, is as truly distinguished from the spirit of the world, as a pure fountain is distinguished from one that is impure and turbid. The reason why the streams are not so easily distinguished is, that, although they flow from different sources and run in a different direction, and fall into a different receptacle at last, they both flow through the same soil, and the purer waters become tinged by the gross and muddy substances through which they flow. Yet, by an impartial inspection of ourselves, and a careful observation of others, we may discern the difference between the precious and the vile.

We learn most things by comparing and

contrasting them with other things. If we look into the Scriptures, we shall see that the spirit of Christianity is different from the spirit of the world in several particulars. It is different in its origin. The spirit of the world is natural to men; it is "of the earth, earthy:" It is the common inheritance of an apostate ancestry. The germ of it is found even in the bosom of a little child, and if it be not counteracted and transformed by more than natural causes, it is sure to "grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength." It is a spirit which is *of* the world, and it is *from* the world. The spirit of Christianity has altogether a different source. It is not natural to men, nor are they born with it; they do not possess it because they are human, but because they are Christian. It is the result of what the Scripture calls the "new birth;" the birth of the mind—by which it has a new spirit, is ushered into a new world, and exists by a new medium and new influences.—"That which is born of the flesh." It is a *re*generation, and one by which its faculties acquire a new development, and in which it sustains new relations, and has new preferences, pursuits, and joys. It lives by God's Spirit, walks by His Spirit, and is led by His Spirit.

These things impart to it a different and a peculiar nature. The spirit of the world par-

takes of the nature of the world; it is like the world, and such as the world approves and patronizes. The spirit of Christianity resembles its adorable Author; it is like Him, and like the heaven whence He came and whither He is gone. The one is the spirit of unbelief, giving no heed to the testimony of God; it is the spirit of disobedience, ever rebellious and disloyal; it is a mercenary and selfish spirit, ever looking to his "gain from his quarter;" it is a proud and lordly spirit, ever aiming at greatness, not goodness. The other is the spirit of faith; it is itself the reception of God's truth. It is an obedient spirit; it is not without law to God, and is under law to Christ. It is a submissive spirit, and prefers the will of God to its own. It is a self-denying and self-renouncing spirit, and its most triumphant victories are over a narrow and selfish mind. It is an humble spirit; it is clothed with humility and the meekness of wisdom is its greatest adornment.

Their different origin and nature give both the spirit of Christianity and the spirit of the world their widely different practical influences. The spirit of the world is fruitful in darkness and error, in perversions of God's truth, and in substituting the notions and traditions of men for the beautiful system of truth which is revealed in the divine oracles.

The spirit of Christianity perceives the truth as it is in Jesus; loves it, feels its power, and is the living expression and witness of it before the world. The spirit of the world falls in with false notions of piety, and rests upon false foundations of hope. It is a subtile spirit: it is under the power of the great Deceiver. When conscience, or interest, or the taste and fashion of the times are not satisfied with open irreligion, it settles down in a worldly religion, and one that is spurious and false. It is zealous, but not in doing the will of God. It is the religion of cold speculation, or of violent impulse. It is righteous overmuch, and so full of self, that the heart in which it dwells has no room for Christ. The spirit of Christianity, on the other hand, is the living, breathing spirit which exerts its conservative influence against the soul-destroying extremes of a hypocritical formality and a delusive impulsiveness. It is zealous for what is right. It glories in Christ; its life is hid with Christ in God; and because it is so, it is a standing rebuke to a world that lieth in wickedness. The spirit of the world fixes the heart on the things of time and sense; it buries them there; it makes man a mere worldling. Christianity, whatever its earthly possessions, has its treasure in heaven, and there its heart is also. The world is the Christian's servant, not his mas-

ter; his pilgrim rest, and not his home. The spirit of the world is hostile to man's highest enjoyment; it knows not the highest and purest sources of joy, because it knows not God. The Christian knows Him and rejoices in him; God is his refuge, his portion, his high tower, and the lifter up of his head. Wide will be the difference between the spirit which is of the world and the spirit which is of God, at the last; and how splendid the triumphs of the Christian spirit! How dim are the lights and how faded the laurels of the world *then!* And then that full song, "Worthy is the Lamb,"—how it sounds forth! Who would live and die the mere creature of earth? There is but this alternative—God or the world. None can choose for us, though eternity hangs upon the choice.

This memoir will have been read in vain, too, if it do not PRESENT SOME EFFECTIVE INCITEMENT TO CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY AND USEFULNESS.

The subject of it revolted from the doom of the slothful. Dross, chaff, tares, barren trees, unfaithful tenants, are the bold images by which the Scriptures describe the unprofitable servant. Such persons are neither the wiser, the better, nor the happier for all the riches of God's goodness, forbearing and long-suffering. They are like the trodden, stony, thorny

ground; hardened against all good impressions from the word, the providence, and the Spirit of God. There is none among them that doeth good, no not one. They "seek their own;" they are "lovers of their own selves;" and though they may be sometimes the occasion, and sometimes the instruments of doing good, "they mean not so, neither in their hearts do they think so."

It is of great importance that men should become converted and Christian men, if they would be useful. Wealth, talents, accomplishments, and station are then employed to good account, and those who possess them live to some good purpose. Then, and not till then, they "live not unto themselves, but to him who died for them and rose again." They are restored to holiness, to happiness, to usefulness. Such a man comes away from scenes of usefulness, mischief and sin, and enters upon scenes of activity and usefulness, that grow brighter and more bright, till, at last, he shines as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever.

The Christian female into whose hands this volume may fall, may be reminded by the example of her whose memory we have endeavored to embalm, that God has given her talents and opportunities for usefulness, and that it is incumbent upon her to employ

them wisely and diligently. Whether occupying the more intimate and responsible relations, or, like our departed friend, unembarrassed by these responsibilities, let it be her meat to do the will of Him that sent her into the world, and finish His work, and she will be beloved, honored, and happy. Usefulness, honor, and joy will strew her path, with flowers; fruits of righteousness will be the ingathering of her harvest. Like an evergreen amid the seared forest, she shall become the glory of the fading year; and when she comes to her grave, it shall be like a shock of corn in its season, fully ripe.

"Herein is my Father glorified," says the greatest of all teachers, "that ye bear *much fruit;* so shall ye be my disciples." There are affections, resembling the religion of the gospel, which are not "the fruit of the Spirit." They evaporate with a discouraged self-righteousness, and a deceived and abandoned hope. They are ardent and excited affections, that depend on natural sympathy and a heated imagination. They are dreamy affections, that are the effect of a morbid sentimentalism and have no fellowship with God's truth. There is a faith that does not "work by love and purify the heart;" and there are even religious joys bordering on extasy, that are vain and delusive, because they impart

neither the strength to do, nor the submission to suffer the will of God. Many a mind is trained to habits of watchfulness and self-control; it is severely schooled by the laws of wisdom, prudence and courtesy; it is the mere creature of policy; and only shows how far a well-governed self-respect and a sound philosophy may restrain hurtful indulgencies, and cultivate the more honorable virtues. Yet in all this there is, at least, no regard to God. The God of heaven has the first place in every pious mind. Piety grows on this parent stock. It is not always alike fruitful; scorching suns, withering storms, may pass over it; the dews may be suspended that are wont to water it; it may grow in the shade, and lose its freshness. Yet is it never dead. By a living faith, it clasps itself around the Tree of Life; and because it does so, it never degenerates into absolute barrenness.

The Christian may be a more uniformly useful character than the wisest moralist, and may live to better purpose. He does not cease to be a well-informed and contemplative Christian, because he is an active Christian. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," he thinks on these things, practises

them, promotes them; himself furnishing a living exemplification of the reality and importance of intelligent, vital, practical godliness.

There is great simplicity and beauty in such a religion, because it is so transparent, and its course so bright and luminous. There is no deep philosophy about it; no far-reaching speculations that are above the reach of common minds; no dark mysteries in which the mind becomes benighted and bewildered. It is not mysterious, it is not rationalism; it is active piety. It speaks for God, when others speak against Him, or are silent; it lives for God, when others live for themselves; it honors God, when others dishonor Him. It is a remarkable fact, that Christianity, in such forms, should have a place in such a world as this. When we see the brighter examples of it, we are constrained to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" Great wisdom and forbearance, great care and pains, great love and power are necessary on God's part to produce and sustain such a religion in the hearts of apostate men. It is above nature, above means, above men. It is like taking a plant from the crevices of the sea-beaten rock, where it has been bruised by the storms, and killed by the frost of a hundred winters, and clothing it with verdure, and making it bud and blossom like the rod of Aaron that was

laid up in the ark. O how does the glory of God shine forth even in the newly-created mind, when it is first decked with righteousness as a garment and arrayed in the beauties of holiness! And when it is progressively beautified, and "girded about with fine linen," and "decked with ornaments," and a "beautiful crown is put on its head;" how radiant is it, through "the comeliness which the Lord God has put upon it!" They are splendid triumphs of His powerful grace, when Christians become thus useful; and never, until transplanted to other and brighter skies, do they more glorify their Father who is in heaven. Sweet is the evidence then, which the Christian has of his own discipleship. "He that followeth after me," says the Saviour, "shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life." And by no doubtful signs, do such Christians indicate their discipleship to others. Others "take knowledge of them, that they have been with Jesus," imbibe His Spirit, and imitate His example. Few persons are so prejudiced against religion, as not to acknowledge its reality when they see it as it was exhibited in the character of the subject of these Memoirs. "All that see them shall acknowledge them, that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed."

Our last remark is, that TRUE PIETY IS THE GLORY OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

Woman's tenderness and delicacy, her dependence and her trials, seem to be the stock on which pure and undefiled religion may be engrafted with the highest promise. The remark has been often repeated, that the number of pious women is far greater than the number of pious men. The female mind more easily subjects itself to those restraints which lop off the excrescences of human wickedness; it is more easily controlled, and has more self-control than the mind of the stronger and more independent sex: and God rewards it.

What Christianity has done for the female sex, has often been the theme of glowing and eloquent narrative, not only in the public celebrations of its progress, but on the pages of instructive history. The individuality, the personality of woman has scarcely been recognized, save in Christian lands. Save in Christian lands, her honor, her fellowship in intellectual and moral culture, and her participation in the progress of human improvement, have scarcely had "a local habitation and a name." Christianity, more than all other causes combined, has assigned to her her true inportance and position, and claims for her the estimation which is due to that class of

minds, which, in the wisdom of God's providence, are destined to exert the earliest, the most permanent, and the most effective influence upon the race. Something she owes to the spirit of chivalry; but she was debased even in the most chivalrous ages. If she is elevated above the degradation of servitude, rescued from the dominion of ignorance, and protected from the blighting corruption of licentiousness; it is because Christianity has been her appointed guardian and protector. If, when in health, she is not beaten with stripes, and when in sickness, she is not abandoned or sent home; if she is not confined to the harem from the cradle to the grave; if her teaching begins and ends not in the "voluptuous coquetry" by which she becomes degraded; if she is no longer an object of traffic, and is not forced to bury herself on the funeral pile of her deceased husband; it is because Christianity has stood forth the avenger of her wrongs, and she finds a sanctuary in the religion of Jesus. The sweet charities of this religion have strong claims upon the heart of woman.

In Christian lands, woman is appreciated; she is honored for her refinement, her virtues, her winning graces, and the power which she exerts upon the whole structure of human society. In her influence upon the intellectual

and moral cultivation of man, she has entrusted to her not the one talent, nor yet the five, but the ten talents. To whom much is given, of them also much will be required. The hold she has on man's affections lays her under obligations to fear God and love His Son, which may not be disregarded, which may not even be impaired, without such a moral degradation of her character, and such a trifling with responsibility, as fills a delicate mind with shame. If an ungodly man is not to be envied, what is there enviable in the character of an ungodly woman? And if true religion is man's glory, what a halo of beauty, of loveliness, of heavenly glory, does it throw around the beauty, the grace, the softness, the love of woman. What a mantle for the female mind! how exquisite the adornment of such a robe! how brilliant the drapery of this unearthly dress! As a daughter, a sister, a wife, a mother, and in all her relations to the church and to the world, such a woman has charms that are unutterably above all the embellishments of earth. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

It is embellished piety which we contemplate in reviewing the character of Miss Murray. And is it too much to say, that they are the claims of piety on the more distinguished

and favored of her sex, that are urged by her example? Whence is it that true godliness is so often shut out from the circles of the gay, the fashionable, the accomplished? It will not always be thus. We reverence piety in the cottages of the poor; it deserves our reverence. But we would see it elsewhere. There are allurements of the world which can be detected only by the observant eye of a well-educated and accomplished piety; there are seductions which none but such a piety can resist or express; there are influences which such a piety alone can exert, and habits and customs which such a piety alone can control. Such a woman occupies a sphere of no enviable kind; she moves within it like the moon walking in her brightness; and though not in the gaudiness of sunlight, her mild beams deck the mountain, the valley, and the plain, give beauty to the clouds, and sublimity to the deep blue vault of heaven. When we read the lives of some eminently pious women, whom the providence of God invited to adorn the higher ranks of human society, our emotions are those of unmingled admiration. It is something beyond even the more instructive narrative of the Christian life when we set down to the biography of the Lady Jane Grey, or Queen Catharine Parr, or Lady Rachel Russel, or the Countess of Huntingdon, or the Vis-

countess Glenorchy, or the Lady Arabella, of Pilgrim memory. It is the poetry of the Christian life that we enjoy, and we seem to be regaling ourselves amid gardens of spices. The present volume addresses itself to those who are bright examples of female excellence, but who have scarcely thought of being bright examples of female piety. I say, of *female excellence*, but ought I not to recall the words? Is not the Bible the standard of excellence? Can true excellence exist where the claims of the Bible are disregarded? There is One who seeth not as man seeth. What is beautiful in man's eye, may be deformed in the eye of God. Human accomplishments, without piety, are insipid things in the eye of God. They are the sculptured marble; but the living Spirit is not there. They are delicate pencilings on the canvas; but they are neither trees, nor shrubs, nor flowers. There is a wide difference between personal accomplishments and piety; nor is it, except in their combination, that piety has the most powerful attractions, or that we find the highest style of woman.

THE END.

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