

LIBRARY
OF THE
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,

AT
PRINCETON, N. J.

DONATION OF
SAMUEL AGNEW,
OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Letter.....

No.

March 13th 1855

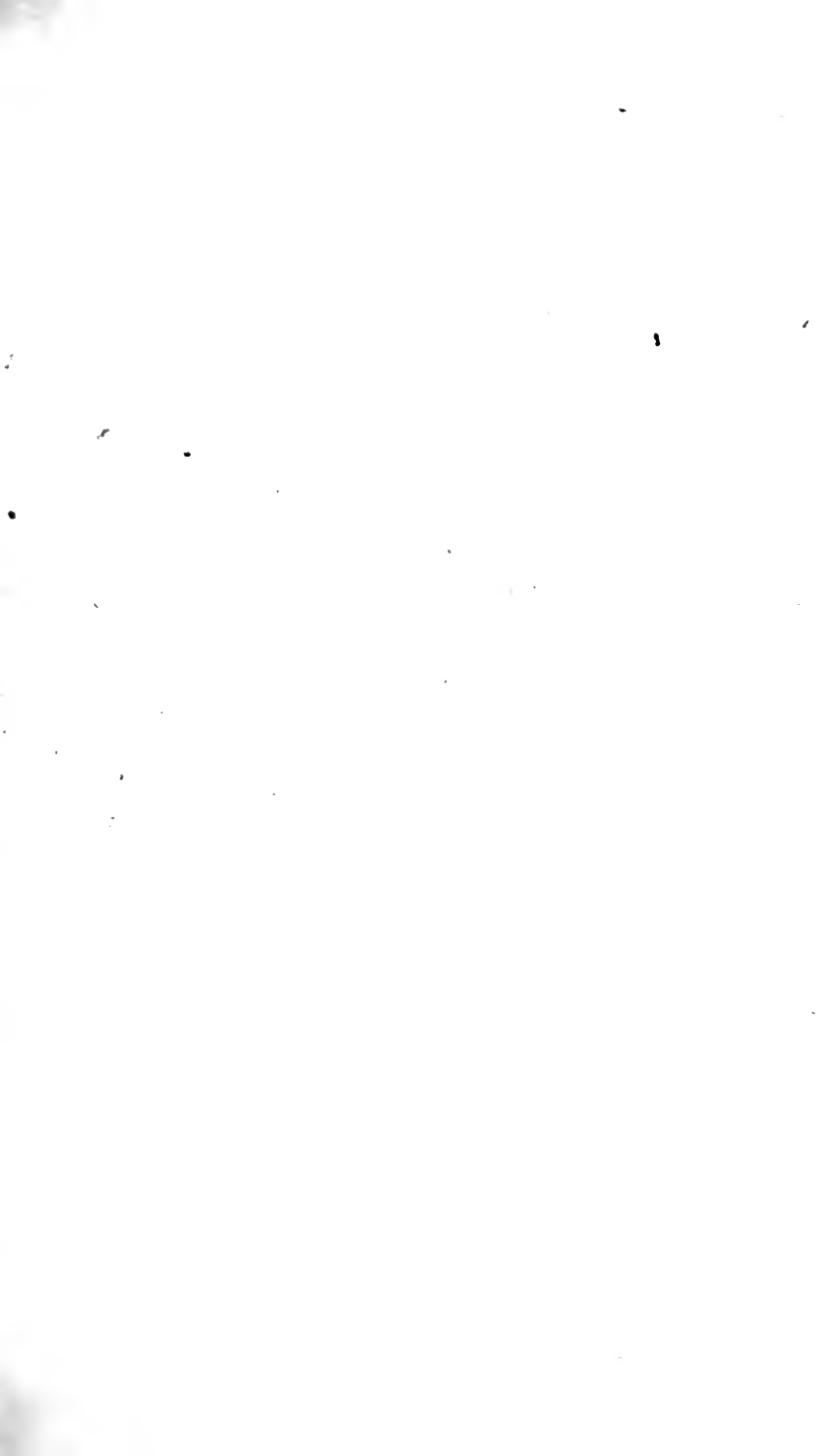
Case,

5CC

Shelf,

3207

Book,









*Approved by the Presb. of
J. Harrold's Presb. 1841* 1730

REMAINS

OF

THE LATE RIGHT REVEREND

DANIEL SANDFORD, D.D. OXON.

BISHOP OF EDINBURGH IN THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH;

INCLUDING

EXTRACTS

FROM HIS DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE,

AND A SELECTION

FROM HIS UNPUBLISHED SERMONS.

WITH A MEMOIR,

BY THE REV. JOHN SANDFORD,

VICAR OF CHILLINGHAM.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

WAUGH & INNES, EDINBURGH:

C. J. & F. RIVINGTON; J. HATCHARD & SON;

WHITTAKER, TREACHER, & CO., LONDON: AND PARKER, OXFORD.

MDCCCXXX.

GLASGOW:
HUTCHISON AND BROOKMAN, PRINTERS, VILLAFIELD.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND

WILLIAM

LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM,

&c. &c. &c.

THE KIND AND CONSTANT FRIEND

OF HER DECEASED HUSBAND,

THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED

AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF GRATEFUL RESPECT,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

MUCH OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

FRANCES CATHERINE SANDFORD.

THESE Volumes are offered to the Friends of BISHOP SANDFORD, in deference to wishes expressed by them immediately on his decease, and, under the conviction, that having been best acquainted with him while living, they were best qualified to estimate the propriety of a posthumous publication.

In deference to the same wishes, they have been carried through the Press with more rapidity than might have been otherwise desirable; but it is hoped not so rapidly as to injure their general acceptance.

The writer of the Memoir is happy to acknowledge his obligation to Bishop Walker for information relative to the Union of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and to the valuable work of the Rev. Mr Skinner of Forfar, for the circumstances of the Church previous to that event. For the particulars of the late Bishop's last illness and death, he is indebted to those who were more happy than himself in being personally present at that affecting and edifying scene.

Chillingham, July 1st, 1830.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

	Page.
The Memoir,	1
The Diary,	109
Letters to Sons during their Education,	257
Letters to Daughters,	315

MEMOIR
OF
BISHOP SANDFORD.

CHAPTER I.

“Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.”—Prov. xx. 2.

It may, perhaps, be considered by some that the life and character of the unobtrusive person, who is the subject of the following pages, can furnish no very interesting materials for Biography, and that, as during his life-time he rather retired from observation, his memory might have been left to the pious recollection of his own communion and personal friends. But, though it is admitted that there was in Bishop Sandford little that challenges the notice of the world, it is yet believed that, as his excellencies were neither few nor common, a record of them cannot be without advantage. His station involved no political importance, and invested him with little worldly distinction; but it insured him capabilities of more than ordinary usefulness, and gave occasion for the display of primitive

virtues. And while such excellence is rarer, it is also worthier commemoration than the more dazzling eminence of those, who, living in the eye of the world, have attracted more of homage than of esteem, and whose lives have been distinguished rather by incident and success than by moral and religious worth.

Daniel Sandford was the second son of the Rev. Dr Sandford, of Sandford Hall, in the County of Salop, and was born at Delville, near Dublin, the residence of Dean Delany, in 1766. His father, who for some years held preferment in the Irish Church, was an amiable and conscientious man. Though the representative of an ancient family, whose landed property, held since the Norman conquest, was still considerable, he had taken holy orders early in life. He officiated as a protestant clergyman in the midst of Roman Catholics, yet he was much and generally loved by his parishioners; and when, in consequence of being obliged to return to England, he resigned his living, they followed him with tears and lamentations for several miles. It may indeed be questioned how far their attachment was disinterested, but it will be readily admitted that their regrets were sincere; for their Rector, during his incumbency, had accepted no remuneration for his services, and it might be reasonably doubted how far his successor would follow his example.

Whatever may have been Dr Sandford's

emoluments from the church, there is, at least, no room for suspecting his attachment to it; for he used to say, that if he had a dozen sons, he should wish to see them all devoted to its service. As it was, of his four sons the two elder entered the ministry; although the two younger embraced the more stirring professions of the navy, and the bar.

In the selection of a profession for his second son, Dr Sandford only anticipated the wishes of the boy himself; for, from his infancy, he manifested the strongest predilection for the ministry, and several anecdotes preserve the memory of his early clerical propensities. Many it appears were the lectures he inflicted on his more wayward associates, and many the indications which enabled the gossips in the neighbourhood to prognosticate his future elevation in the church.

His father did not however live long enough to see these predictions realized: he was removed in early life, and the education of his family thus devolved upon his widow, who was still very young. As far as instruction was concerned, few women were ever better qualified to supply the absence of paternal care than Mrs Sandford. Sister-in-law of Mrs Chapone, of literary celebrity, and little inferior to her in talent, she was disposed to cultivate in her children an intellectual taste, and was herself well qualified to shine in the republic of letters.

In other respects she appears to have been a woman remarkable rather for accomplishment and elegance, than for strength of mind. Sinking under her affliction, and unable to endure the scene of her married life, she almost immediately on her husband's death abandoned Sandford Hall. The old mansion, which had been for generations the pride of the family, was demolished; much valuable timber cut down, and further injury done to the property, from which it has not yet recovered. She herself removed with her family to Bath. Here she was, at that time, sure to meet the refined and cultivated society suited to her taste; and here she first formed an intimacy which, more than any other, contributed to mould the mind and character of her second son.

The name of Bowdler is familiar to every one who is conversant with the literature of his country; and it is associated in the minds of all who ever heard it with sentiments of veneration and respect. In her friendship with the ladies of this family, Mrs Sandford enjoyed the pleasure for which her cultivated mind prepared her; and in one of them her son Daniel found a friend who, for nearly sixty years, displayed towards him a maternal affection, and who has seen him enter before her on his rest.

To this lady's sister, the amiable and accomplished Mrs Harriet Bowdler, piety may now be

permitted to prefer its tribute.* She was a woman of perfect benevolence, of Christian breeding, of unaffected goodness. She aided the cause of religion by her pen, and adorned it by the virtues of youth, and by the cheerfulness of her green old age. It was once said, in allusion to the exuberance of her charity, that all her friends were born before the fall; it might be added that her own character beautifully exemplified the way in which its ruins may be repaired. To have known her was a privilege; to have enjoyed her good opinion an honour that may gild the tomb of departed worth.

Daniel Sandford, when quite an infant, through some awkwardness on the part of his nurse, had suffered a serious injury in his eyes. The celebrated Dr Darwin, who attended his mother, afterwards endeavoured to repair the mischief, but without success. He published, however, in a periodical work, an account of his experiments on this occasion, in which his patient is described as a "sweet and amiable child."

* This exemplary lady died very recently in Bath, only a few weeks after she had thus expressed herself respecting Bishop Sandford to one of his family: "You cannot doubt my affectionate sympathy, or the warm interest which I must ever take in those who were most dear to the blessed saint whom you have lost. I loved him in his childhood, and in his riper years I have looked up to him with heartfelt respect and veneration; but the account which you give of his death makes me lose every other feeling in gratitude to God for such a glorious example, and only *wish*, though I scarcely hope, that my last end might be like his."

At the time of his mother's removal to Bath, the subject of this memoir was only four years old, and was sent with his brothers to the grammar school, where he received his elementary instruction. His mother, however, trusted much more to the natural parts, and assiduous habits of her sons, than to the assistance of masters. It may be questioned how far with most children her plan of education would have answered; but, it appears, that she used to incarcerate them for a certain number of hours every day, and that, on their release, the task was generally found to have been mastered. On the same principle she never allowed her son Daniel the aid of a writing master, and yet it is well known, how beautiful was his penmanship. He used to say himself, and quote Lord Chesterfield in support of his assertion, that any man, with the use of his eyes and fingers, might write what hand he pleased. Mrs Sandford's sons were indeed occasionally very differently employed during these hours of imprisonment from what she supposed, for they were none of them deficient in those mischievous propensities, without which a schoolboy must be either better or worse than the generality of his species. On most occasions, however, the boys were on honour, and she had no reason to regret the confidence reposed in them. Whatever may have been the merit of this domestic system of education, to his intercourse with the Bowdler

family, and to his early introduction into polished and intellectual circles, Mr Sandford owed much of his literary taste, as well as of his elegance of mind and manner. Admitted, when still a boy, to the drawing rooms of the Duchess of Portland, and of the celebrated Mrs Delany, and accustomed to the conversation of the most intellectual persons, he saw and heard every thing that could interest and instruct. Such society must have been very profitable and delightful, and he loved to revert to it in after years, though he always spoke of it with a sigh, as what he should never see again. Not that he was insensible to the intelligence and improvement of modern days, but he thought there was a closer affinity between high breeding and elevated sentiment than many men imagine,—that ruffles and brocade were useful fences of society, and that what the present age gained in ease, it lost in refinement. He sometimes regretted that the days were gone when birth and breeding were preferred to wealth, when the gradations of society were definitively marked, when the gentleman might be known by his address, and the mistress distinguished from her maid. Mr Sandford seems to have been always of a delicate habit; but when about fourteen years old, he had a violent fever, which confined him to bed for several weeks, and greatly impaired his constitution. As the fever reached its crisis, he was, for some time, insensible, and his life was despaired of.

The first sign of returning consciousness was displayed by his shooting a marble which lay on the pillow at a friend who had watched continually by his bed-side. At the laugh which accompanied this exploit, Mrs Sandford clasped her hands, exclaimed, Thank God! and burst into tears. *You* may be thankful, said the lady, but *I* have nearly lost my eye. Throughout his illness this affectionate friend divided with his mother every anxiety; and to her tenderness, under God, he always gratefully attributed his recovery.

Soon after this, it appears, that he was placed at Southampton, together with the present earl of Bristol, under the charge of a clergyman, of the name of Watson, afterwards preferred to the rectory of Rothbury in Northumberland. Mr Watson was an accomplished scholar, and probably did justice to his pupil's education,—but he was a man of coarse mind, and it was greatly to Mr Sandford's satisfaction, that he was removed from his charge, and entered as a commoner at Christ Church in 1784.

CHAPTER II.

“Those that seek me early, shall find me.”—Prov. viii. 17.

AT no period did this noble college present a better opening to a young man of piety and conduct than at this time, when it flourished under the superintendence of that great and good man, Dr Cyril Jackson. Gifted with uncommon powers of discernment, and as steady in his attachment as prompt in the selection of its objects, Dr Jackson understood the characters of all the young men committed to his care, and fixed at once upon those who would do credit to their college, and distinguish themselves in life.

It was no little honour to be favoured with the countenance of such a man; and it was always a source of honest pride to Mr Sandford that, at the commencement of his academic course, and through life, he was distinguished by his friendship. He encouraged him to apply to him on all occasions, frequently directed him privately in his studies, and treated him, at all times, with the most flattering confidence.

In furtherance of the views which this partiality encouraged, Mr Sandford was, at the

request of the Duchess of Portland, appointed by Dr Moss, then Bishop of Oxford, to a studentship of Christ Church. A path was thus opened to any office to which the kindness of the Dean and his own good conduct might introduce him. Nor was he himself wanting in those exertions which might at once justify and advance the intentions of his friend. At a time when there were few of the incentives to study which now inflame the assiduity of youth, when reading had neither the example nor the encouragement it now has, and when he was surrounded by temptations to idleness, did he steadily devote himself to the pursuits, for the prosecution of which he had been sent to college. He had, indeed, all that tenderness of conscience, and all that manly and honourable feeling, which are required to carry a young man through such a scene with consistency and success. He lived in the best society of Christ Church, for his maxim was, that a young man should keep such society or none at all,—but he was never known to indulge in idle expense, or to forget for a moment that, to be respectable, his style must be in keeping, not with that of his companions, but with his own means and expectations.—Nothing can be a greater solecism in taste as well as principle, than for a man of limited means, whom talent or connection has associated with his superiors in rank or affluence, to attempt to vie with them in their own peculiar

province. The man of sense and virtue keeps his own ground. He knows that his recommendation should consist, not in imitation, but in originality; not in extravagant expenditure or attire, but in accomplishment and address. Mr Sandford was, therefore, esteemed as well as liked,—he never *sought* the society of men of rank, but he was always found in it,—for there was no disputing his pretensions, which were those of birth and scholarship. He never concurred in the opinion, that as we descend in the scale of society we shall find virtue and piety increase,—and doubtless his own experience justified his incredulity. Among his intimate associates were the late Earl of Liverpool, and the present Lord Bexley, the latter of whom never forgot his college friendship, and was one of the very first to testify to his widow, after his death, the esteem which he had always entertained for her deceased husband.

Mr Sandford was greatly distinguished while at Oxford for accurate and accomplished scholarship, and especially for the correctness and elegance of his latinity. In 1787, he won the Christ Church prize for Latin composition; and so well was his style known in college, that, on more than one occasion, when he had furnished exercises for his friends, his assistance was immediately detected by the Dean.

Every one knows the influence which waking thoughts exercise on the mind in sleep. Mr

Sandford used to mention an instance which occurred to himself while engaged in the composition of his successful essay. Having been much occupied, before he retired to rest, with some refractory sentiment which he was unable to reduce to words, he dreamed that a form appeared to him, and like Order in the fairy tale, adjusted his entangled thoughts, and clothed them in elegant latinity. On awaking, he availed himself of the suggestion, and the passage was afterwards pointed out to him by the Dean as the happiest in the essay. It does not appear whether he acknowledged at the time the assistance he had received. He used to regret that Latin composition was less insisted on now, than it had been in his youth, as he always considered this accomplishment to be the surest test of scholarship. He himself retained and cultivated his talent for it to the last; and it was the ground of much delightful intercourse in Edinburgh with that accomplished scholar, and amiable man, Dr Gregory.

At the seat of the Duchess of Portland, where he spent his vacations, when not at Windsor with Mrs Delany, he imbibed a taste for botany, which supplied him with an innocent and graceful relaxation in later life. He was an ardent disciple of Linnæus, in this interesting branch of natural history,—and none ever discoursed more sweetly or instructively on such themes, or led the hearts of those who listened

to him with more easy and unaffected piety from nature to its God. He used to roam the fields in the neighbourhood of Oxford in the pursuit of his favourite science, and dedicated to it most of the hours which were not devoted to graver studies. His relaxations were not, however, always of so sylvan a character. His adroitness in the management of an Indian canoe upon the river excited the admiration of his compeers, and was one of the most popular attractions of Christ Church meadow. This was, however, a more perilous enjoyment than his botanical pursuits,—for he was no swimmer, and his exhibitions were attended with some personal risk. On one occasion he was nearly drowned through the spleen—and at another time through the awkwardness—of an associate.

It has been observed, that the present generation will probably revert to academic life with more of pride, but less of kindly feeling, than the former did. A few years ago, too much time was given to society,—with the better order of young men, at the universities, reading is now, perhaps, too exclusively the object. The only desire with these seems to be, to cram, with or without digestion, as much knowledge as possible with a view to a dazzling appearance in the schools. A few succeed,—many more, and those often not the least meritorious, fail of the distinction they aspire to,

—and some, through ill health or nervousness, draw back, when at the very goal, and retire from the scene of their exertions the victims of disappointment and chagrin. Authority has done every thing to regulate this passion,—to secure sound learning as well as brilliancy in the candidates for honours,—but as long as the distinction is so dazzling, youth will consider it the first object of ambition, and covet more the laurel than the knowledge it implies.

But in Mr Sandford's time study was less often carried to excess;—those who read did so rather from literary taste than from desire of distinction; and the result, if less splendid, was, in most cases, more satisfactory. Reading men spent their time as profitably and virtuously then as now, and they could afterwards revert to the university as the scene of much intellectual and innocent happiness, and as the source of many valuable friendships, while their retrospect was seldom clouded by the recollection that their health had been undermined, or their expectations disappointed.

All Mr Sandford's recollections of college life were pleasing, and he used to speak of the six years of his residence at Oxford as the happiest he ever spent.—He was a thorough Christ Church man, and he never discoursed more delightfully than when he spoke of its august walk and classic meadow; of its wits in his own day, the elegant Spencer, and the classic

Canning; of its awful censorship, and venerable Dean. His attachment to the university was, indeed, sincere and constant, and a connection with it was, at any time, a sufficient introduction to his society.

CHAPTER III.

MRS DELANY has been already mentioned as one of the persons who contributed to form Mr Sandford's character. Her house at Windsor was always open to him, and he generally spent a great part of his vacations under her roof. In her drawing-room he used to meet most of the distinguished people of the day, and, by her, he was early introduced to the notice of royalty. The intimacy with which this lady was honoured by the late king and his illustrious consort is well known. They not only allowed her free access to themselves at all times, but were frequently in the habit of visiting her at her own house without intimation. On several of these occasions Mr Sandford was with Mrs Delany when she was thus distinguished, and his own merits aided the recommendation of his friend in securing the favour of the queen. Her majesty condescended to employ him while at Oxford in the translation of a favourite author from the French, and her kindness naturally encouraged hopes of future professional advancement. That these hopes were not subsequently realized was not owing, it will appear, to any want of kind intention on the part of the queen.

His studies at Oxford were interrupted by the illness of his mother:—and, by the permission of the Dean, he left college and confined himself entirely to her sick room. His devotedness at this time greatly injured his health, and almost endangered his life. Never leaving his mother's side, while he felt he could be of any service, he spent the whole day in her room, in which, in the height of summer she had a fire burning, and it was not until he was deprived by paralysis of the use of one of his arms, that the physician could draw him from her apartment. From the stroke of paralysis he speedily recovered, but the illness which accompanied it told severely on his constitution.

No one was ever better fitted by habits and pursuits for academic life than he was. Possessing neither health nor disposition for more public scenes, he loved the seclusion as well as the leisure of the cloister, and had he remained at Christ Church would have enjoyed and adorned the office for which Dr Jackson designed him. But the intentions of his friend were defeated, and his future prospects determined by that common occurrence which spoils so many a hopeful academician.

In 1786, he had become acquainted with Miss Douglas, whose father, after fighting, on the side of the Chevalier, through the forty-five, and sharing the subsequent fortunes of his master, had some years before returned from France, and was then residing at Bath.

Mr Douglas was a man full of chivalrous sentiment, highly accomplished, and of the most courtly address. He was the son of Sir William Douglas, Baronet, of Kelhead in Dumfriesshire, whose representative is the present Marquis of Queensberry. The manner of his introduction to his royal master is singularly illustrative of the state of feeling at that time prevalent in Scotland, and will account for his subsequent devotedness to Charles Stuart. As this prince passed Kelhead on his march into England, Lady Douglas appeared at the foot of the avenue with two of her sons, whom she presented with the following Spartan address: "Please your royal highness, here are my two sons; if they don't do their duty in a manner worthy of their name, hang them on the first tree."

Erskine Douglas accompanied his master in his disastrous expedition, and in his subsequent retreat, and was exposed to many perilous adventures. At one time he and his companions were preserved by the fidelity of a former domestic of his mother's, by whom they were apprized of the treachery of their host, who had sent for troops to secure them. Their retreat was accomplished over the garden wall, which afforded Mr Douglas an opportunity of exhibiting his gallantry in aid of an unfortunate friend, afterwards taken and beheaded. This gentleman was of a corpulent habit, and being unable to climb the wall must have fallen into the hands

of his pursuers, had not his more agile associate assisted him over on his shoulders just as the king's party entered the garden:—one of the fugitives, who was rash enough to return for his purse, was taken. For some time Mr Douglas wandered about in disguise as a female mendicant, and in that character made his appearance at Queensberry House in Edinburgh, and with great difficulty gained admittance to his mother, Lady Douglas, who supplied him with a more suitable attire. Under a feigned name he found an asylum in the houses of different friends, and was sometimes present when his own perils were the subject of conversation. On one occasion, when some one was deploring the fate of poor Erskine Douglas, and expressing a fear lest he had been taken, a young lady in the company betrayed her interest by fainting. However he might have been flattered by such a disclosure on her part, he had sufficient self-command to keep his own secret. After the battle of Culloden, in which he encountered one of his brothers on the opposite side, he made his escape to the continent, where he remained with prince Charles Edward for several years. He never spoke of the prince but with tears in his eyes, as “his dear master.”

Mr Sandford's marriage with this gentleman's eldest daughter in 1790, at the age of twenty-four, was considered by his friends to be justified by his expectations from Windsor. He had

been previously admitted to deacon's orders in Christ Church Cathedral by the bishop of Chester, and immediately on his marriage he removed to Sunbury, from which he served the adjoining curacy of Hanworth.

In the following year he was ordained priest by the amiable and exemplary Porteous, then bishop of London. On this occasion, he strikingly exhibited the deep sense which he entertained of the responsibility of the priestly office. Overcome by his feelings during the celebration of the service, he fainted at the altar, and it was necessary to remove him from the church. Bishop Porteous conveyed him home in his carriage, and ever afterwards distinguished him by his friendship. During his stay at Hanworth he was frequently invited to Fulham, and had opportunities of cultivating an acquaintance which had been so singularly commenced. To know Bishop Porteous was to love him, for he, if any one, adorned by his own virtues the religion he so unweariedly taught, and the hours which Mr Sandford spent in the society of this holy man, were among the most pleasing recollections of his youth.

That he would be disposed to make full proof of his ministry, might be inferred from his previous character. He had, on one occasion, rather a singular opportunity of doing so. Driving home, late at night, he was stopped by a highwayman who, in no very equivocal manner,

intimated his wishes by presenting a pistol to his breast. It is recorded of a venerable but eccentric clergyman still living, that he expostulated so effectually with a footpad, who accosted him in the same way, that the rogue abandoned his vocation, and being received into the household of his admonisher, served him faithfully for forty years. Mr Sandford was not so curious in his choice of his domestics, nor was he so successful in the result of his remonstrance,—but to his purse he appended an admonition which excited the ruffian's surprise, though it elicited no very courteous acknowledgment. “So, then, you are a parson,” quoth he, “and you are a simpleton too, for if you had lighted your lamps, no man would have dared to stop you.” Mr Sandford inquired how he should dispose of any of the same honourable fraternity whom he might encounter on the road. “Oh, say that you gave all your money to the gentleman on the grey horse.”

At the close of this year, Mr Sandford lost his brother John. He was his favourite in the family, and by his piety, furnished one of many instances, that whatever be the peculiar temptations of the navy, there is nothing in the circumstances of that profession incompatible with morals and religion. His boyish passion for the sea was quite enthusiastic, and did not, as is sometimes the case, wear off with the gloss of his uniform. It overcame the objec-

tions of his mother, who long resisted his importunity, and was only induced to yield when she saw his desire was insurmountable. "Daniel," said this determined tar, "I never hide any thing from you, for I know you are to be trusted,—do you see that wall? Over that wall I go this night, and off to Bristol, and I will get on board one of the ships, and away to sea, for I can live no longer on land. Now, don't you go and tell my mother."

"Well," said Mrs Sandford, on her son's forthwith disclosing to her his brother's project, "and what do you think I should do?" "Why, mamma, I would take him to Admiral Darby, and send him to sea like a gentleman."

John Sandford was present at the memorable siege of Gibraltar. He had good hopes of rising in his profession through the interest of his connection, the earl of St Vincent, and his kind friend Admiral Kempenfelt. The latter officer's partiality to him was so great that he was encouraged by it one day respectfully to remonstrate with him on his profane habit of swearing. The Admiral thanked him for his advice, and assured him with an oath that he would not so offend again. It is well known that Admiral Kempenfelt perished in the Royal George when that vessel was sunk, by an extraordinary accident, in harbour. It was a lovely day: the water was studded with pleasure boats, and the decks of the Admiral's ship were covered

with the crew, and with the women who were washing their clothes. John Sandford was standing in a vessel near, and turned to a friend to remark, "if the Royal George takes another such lurch, she will go down." He looked back again, and there was nothing to be seen but a huge black keel, and a raging swell of waters.

CHAPTER IV.

“In doctrine showing uncorruptness.”—Titus ii. 7.

SELF-DENIAL was a grace which Mr Sandford religiously practised. On the other hand, liberality to others assumed, in him, almost the character of weakness. It was scarcely in his nature to refuse a request, and the consequence was, that his was the reward generally assigned to disinterested persons. With the whole of his patrimony, which amounted to some thousand pounds, and which was punctually paid, he parted on the very day he received it, and, except in a solitary instance, the friends who were indebted to him never made even an offer of repayment. Under these circumstances, as a residence at Sunbury proved very expensive, and he had no immediate prospect of preferment, he was induced to entertain the suggestion of Mrs Sandford's relations in Scotland, who recommended a temporary residence in Edinburgh. They kindly represented the advantage which might accrue to an English clergyman of popular talents, who should open a chapel in that city, and be disposed to receive pupils into his house. And

as Mr Sandford thought his friends in England were not likely to neglect his interests during his absence, and was himself averse to no personal exertions, by which he might benefit others, and honourably provide for his family, he quitted his curacy at Sunbury, and took up his residence at Edinburgh in 1792.

At this time the state of society in that city presented an aspect widely different from what it does at the present day. Eminent then, as now, as a seat of learning, and distinguished for the talents of its instructors in every department, the character of Edinburgh as a seat of philosophy was nevertheless extremely questionable. Though Robertson and Blair, while they fascinated the world by their writings, had done much for the principles, as well as for the taste of their fellow-citizens,—though Erskine will ever occupy an elevated rank in the list of Scottish divines, and Stewart and Playfair commanded admiration by their amiable qualities as well as by their talents, yet were the men who now adorn its university and fill its pulpits, reserved for a brighter era,—sceptical opinions dressed in an attractive style, and recommended by the virtues, as well as by the genius of their authors, at that time prevailed to an alarming extent. The young men, fond of speculation, and vain of limited attainments, were easily smitten with doctrines, which they judged to possess the double attraction of originality and of independence. And not a few

of riper years lent their weight of character to views, which were then accredited as the badge of intellect.

When, therefore, Mr Sandford was introduced to the literary circles in Edinburgh, he found them as intellectual and brilliant as those to which he had been accustomed, but characterised at the same time by a very different spirit. The tone of society was altogether dissimilar to that of the circles in which he had moved in England. There conventional rule was supreme—here it was little regarded,—there prescription was every thing—here originality was the zest of conversation,—mind had been the presiding influence among his cultivated associates in the south—but it was mind of a formal character—every thing was regulated by the strictest etiquette, and the same mannerism displayed in sentiment as in carriage or attire. Men thought, as well as expressed themselves by rule, and a crude or paradoxical opinion would have excited as much consternation as a breach in politeness. And though we may marvel at all this, and think what a solecism Dr Samuel Johnson must have been in this well dressed and well bred coterie—yet we must admit that restraint is not without its use—and that if there was less of vivacity and nature, there would be also less of coarseness and of error.

But in Edinburgh the drawing-room was more of an arena where a speaker might hazard any

thing which he had abilities to defend, and where, if a man heard some wise and many witty things, he would also encounter much that was unsound and insidious. As a diffident man Mr Sandford was often embarrassed at the prominence which his religious sentiments gave to him in circles where he was anxious only to listen; yet his reserve ever yielded on such occasions to a sense of duty, and there are persons living who can attest the gentle dignity with which he vindicated truth, when assailed by those whose mental powers were of the most commanding character.

Religion does not always thrive best when its profession is popular; and doubtless, as there were at that time in Edinburgh fewer empirics in theology, male or female, than at present, so there might be many pious Christians who were not the less sincere because they did not court observation. But in general, vital religion was at a low ebb; if men were not sceptical they were indifferent, and even where preaching attracted notice, doctrines were imperfectly unfolded and feebly enforced.

Mr Sandford's views were never marked by the slightest extravagance, but his tone as a preacher was always grave and impressive; and from the first his primitive goodness procured him many friends. Men were weary of mere declamation and moral sentiment—they needed the substantial nutriment of truth, and they wel-

comed a preacher whose views were sober as well as elevating, and who was ever more anxious to edify than to attract. It might indeed be said of his discourses, that they realised the standard proposed by Bishop Burnet, and sent away his hearers thinking of themselves, rather than discussing their instructor.

His congregation at first was chiefly composed of English families residing in Edinburgh, and as the place in which he officiated was of limited dimensions, was necessarily small. The want, however, of increased accommodation soon became apparent, and a proposal was made by the clergy of another episcopal chapel to associate him in their cure. But he declined this offer, and by the exertions of some of his hearers, a subscription was raised in a few days, for the erection of a suitable place of worship. This was opened for divine service in 1797, under the name of Charlotte Chapel, and in it Mr Sandford remained until his removal to St John's in 1818.

CHAPTER V.

“*The lot is cast into the lap.*”—Prov. xvi. 33.

It has often been observed, that there is much of poetry in every day life, and that there are, perhaps, few individuals whose history, if truly narrated, would not exhibit incidents as marvellous as the most interesting fictions of romance. And, indeed, the wonder is, not that such phenomena should occur, but that, considering the multitude of relations in which men are placed, and the variety of circumstances which these relations educe, there should be so much that is monotonous and uniform in the course of life.

Few men enter life with better professional prospects than Mr Sandford did, and few men, in passing through it, have enjoyed likelier opportunities of fortune,—yet it would appear as if God, in a special manner, meant to teach him to walk not by sight, but by faith,—for not one of his most promising prospects was realised, and much of his prosperity came from quarters whence he least expected it.

It was his own pious remark, that there might be that in him which required bodily affliction,—that it was, in fact, the answer to prayer,—and doubtless, every other ingredient in his cup was

mixed with the same gracious intention.—Yet as no man was ever less dependent on affluence for happiness,—so are his disappointments to be regarded rather as occasions for the display of his heavenly mindedness, than as corrections of infirmity.—Happier than his favourite exemplar, Hooker, in some circumstances of his lot, he yet resembled him in primitive disinterestedness and simplicity of mind.

Wealth was not in his horoscope. In early life, he had been urged by a family friend, with fortune, and without children, to make choice of a secular profession.—And his pious preference of the church in this instance, as it afterwards appeared, lost him a bequest of £70,000.

But, perhaps, the incident now about to be narrated is one of the most striking instances of the methods, by which God weaned him from the world, and instructed him to seek his treasure in heaven. One morning in September, 1801, a packet reached him from Bath, which, on being opened, was found to contain a caricature and some other squibs, and was accordingly returned to the Post Office. On the succeeding day arrived a letter bearing the same post mark, and purporting to come from a lady whose name was unknown to any of the family, with information that a solicitor had been inquiring after the family of Sandford—and in particular for himself, at the request of an old gentleman of the same name, possessed of riches, who wished

to present him with a valuable living, and from whom he might cherish further expectations.

Living's seldom go a-begging, and heirs are not often to be sought for when rich old men are in question,—and the present letter was, therefore, naturally considered as a repetition of the witticism of the preceding day, and destined to the same fate. A friend, however, (the Rev. Sydney Smith) to whom the circumstance was mentioned, knew, by name, the old gentleman alluded to, and by his advice an answer was returned,—intimating that Mr Sandford was the person for whom inquiry was made. In reply, the name and address of the solicitor were given, with an episode on the “immense riches” of the old heirless gentleman.—He was very wealthy, —very old,—very ill,—and very anxious for an heir. This was followed by a letter from the solicitor, dictated by his employer, confirmatory and interrogatory, especially as to the number and names of Mr Sandford's children. A second, written in the same way, enclosed a draft for £100, as a testimony of regard, and a proof that the inquiry was not suggested by idle curiosity.

Most men would have been somewhat anxious to come into closer contact with this man of gold, and to have known the nature and extent of his intentions—but Mr Sandford was satisfied to intrust his cause to the disinterestedness of an attorney whom he had never seen, and to the kindly feeling of an old humourist

who had never seen him. He sent the old man a volume of sermons which he had lately published, and dedicated by permission to the Queen, and then felt that he had done all that a gentleman could do to secure the smiles of fortune, and establish himself in the good graces of her favourite.

It would not, perhaps, have been surprising if nothing further had been heard of the patron or of his attorney—but, at the end of six months it was communicated that the former was “in a deplorable state of health, and without hope of alleviation,” and an earnest wish was expressed that Mr Sandford could make it convenient to see him, as a visit might be attended with the greatest advantage. Mr Sandford was, at this time, engaged in watching by the sick bed of a dear friend, and, at first, he determined not to leave home. But the entreaty of his friend prevailed on him to take the journey, at the close of which he was introduced to his opulent namesake. He is described in a letter from Mr Sandford to his wife, as a “handsome good-humoured man of eighty-two, and when out of pain, which was seldom the case, very lively.” The old gentleman expressed himself as pleased with him, and delighted with his sermons, and the agent, who was directed to conduct him over the estate, and to point out the living attached to it, assured him of the extent and certainty of his prospects.

It is amusing, but at the same time delightful to observe the composure with which one, who was never of the world, writes to the confidante of his most secret thoughts, upon a subject which would have agitated most men. The only allusion which he makes to his prospects is this ;—“ unless something very untoward happens, I shall be a ——shire laird,—from what L——— tells me, I am sure of this fine property, in the most lovely county you ever saw.”

From his namesake's house he repaired to Oxford, and took his Doctor's degree ; saw, for the last time, his venerable friend the Dean of Christ Church, and then hurried back to his pastoral charge in Edinburgh. He had made an effort,—but was too delicate to follow up his prospects with the urgency which would have marked a worldly mind. The old man grew worse,—made his will—died—and, instead of his splendid fortune, a legacy of £700 was the reward of Mr Sandford's delicacy.

CHAPTER VI.

“ Though the Lord give you the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more.”—Is. xxx. 20.

DR SANDFORD had now been for some years officiating in Edinburgh as a Presbyter of the English church, and his character was generally known and respected. But his situation had been hitherto anomalous, and one, in which a conscientious and scrupulous mind could not be entirely at ease. He had been officiating as an Episcopal clergyman without the recognition of Episcopal authority. The prelates of his own church were of course neither empowered nor disposed to exercise jurisdiction in Scotland, and, for the sanction of Scottish Episcopacy, he had not yet felt himself at liberty to apply.

The cause of his scruples will be found in the existing circumstances of the church in which he was so soon invited to preside, and involves a point of ecclesiastical history which ought to be interesting to every pious and consistent churchman.

The Episcopal church of Scotland has an indisputable claim to all that respect to which suffering for conscience sake can entitle a com-

munity. It is well known, how, from the enjoyment of ascendancy proudly maintained, and of authority often abused, she was not only deprived of political existence, but degraded to the condition of an outlawed sect.

The change in her position was not less sudden than it was complete. A single interview with royalty, it would appear, decided her fate.* Nor could any other result be expected. The uncompromising reply of her representative Bishop could scarcely incite to a more courteous treatment, in a day when restraints were thought essential to security, and when the policy of toleration was little understood.

She might indeed still have enjoyed immunity on condition of abjuring her former allegiance, but preferring to “stand by it in the face of all dangers and to the greatest losses,”† she with-

* The conversation between William III. and Rose, then Bishop of Edinburgh, is thus related by the latter:—

“My lord, are you going for Scotland?” My reply was, “Yes, Sir, if you have any commands for me.” Then he said, “I hope you will be kind to me, and follow the example of England.” Wherefore, being somewhat difficulted how to make a mannerly and discreet answer, without entangling myself, I readily replied, “Sir, I will serve you, so far as law, reason, and conscience, will allow me.” How this answer pleased I cannot well tell, but it seems the limitations and conditions of it were not acceptable: for, instantly, the prince, without saying any more, turned away from me, and went back to his company.—Skinner’s Ann. of Sc. Episcopacy, Preface, 17.

† Reply of the Bishop of St Andrews to the Duke of Hamilton.—Skinner’s Preface, p. 18.

drew from legal protection, and laid herself open to the attacks of those whom recent injuries had inflamed. These became rulers in their turn, and, with all the bitterness of party irritation, acted as informants, accusers, and judicial functionaries. Fresh jealousies arose, and fresh restraints were enacted. Fines, transportation, and imprisonment, awaited the officiating non-juring minister ; disqualification from civil or military office was the forfeiture incurred by his congregation.

From the reign of Queen Anne to the close of the last century, the penalties were in force, and, though the lenity of a benevolent monarch restrained their execution, the Episcopalians of Scotland were still as an oppressed remnant, who owed their safety to privacy and oblivion. They were not indeed compelled to seek refuge in caves or deserts, but they met in private rooms and concealed closes for congregational worship, and avoided all display of outward ceremonial. Yet they maintained a separate communion, and preserved inviolate Episcopal succession : they endured persecution and survived neglect, and persevered in their hopeless attachment even to the last.

Their allegiance expired only with its object. On the demise of the heir of the House of Stuart in 1788, their political scruples were removed. They acknowledged the right, as they had felt the power, of the House of Brunswick :

they hastened with a free conscience to present their homage, and, with a sincerity which none could question, to promise an attachment as devoted to the reigning family as they had shown to the ancient line. The insertion of the royal names in their Liturgy, as in that of their sister church, was agreed to in Synod, and, from that moment, their loyalty has been unimpeachable.

But the pains and penalties remained in force ; and, though justice required their removal, legal caution retarded relief. After, therefore, a dutiful address to the king on his recovery in 1789, three of the bishops repaired to the English metropolis, to seek redress from the great council of the nation. Very different was the condition of these lowly men from that of the last Scottish bishop who had been admitted to Whitehall. Unknown almost by name to the great officers of state, and equally so to many of their brother prelates—strangers alike to pomp and etiquette, they met not with success, equal either to the merit of their cause, or to their own expectations. The prejudices of a great man, better versed in the temporal than in the spiritual rights of the church, was the effectual hindrance to their suit. A slight informality committed by the bishops ; a want of information which the Lord Chancellor Thurlow did not care to obtain ; a weight of business more important than the relief of a few op-

pressed individuals,—induced him first to move for the postponement of the bill, and afterwards to continue his opposition to it for two successive sessions.

The prelates returned disappointed, and as blame usually attaches to failure, there were not wanting unquiet spirits to impugn the conduct of these venerable men. “Ye take too much upon you,” is the language generally addressed by contumacy to ecclesiastical superiors, especially when, like their prototype of old, they are “very meek above all men upon the face of the earth.”

Yet the bishops acted with the coolness of men who were conscious of rectitude; and having vindicated their conduct, and received from a full synod approbation and thanks, they were appointed members of a committee, which, at this time, was organized to carry on the proceedings with discretionary power. Most valuable and timely aid was also afforded by Providence, in the espousal of their cause by the Hon. Mr Justice Park, (then King’s Counsel,) Dr Gaskin, and Mr Stevens. These gentlemen, unsolicited, formed themselves into a corresponding committee, and to their wise and pious endeavours, is Scottish Episcopacy mainly indebted for the toleration she at present enjoys.

Among other valuable friends whom the goodness of God raised up at this crisis to the Scottish Episcopal communion, were those bright

ornaments of the English bench, the uncompromising Horsley, and the saintly Horne. Feeling, as they did, the deepest concern for the sufferings of this afflicted remnant, and acknowledging, as they could not but do, the validity of the Scottish Episcopal order, they sympathised fully in the grievances of their brethren, and persevered in efforts to obtain redress. The former, especially, engaged with much zeal in the cause of Scottish Episcopacy, and successfully vindicated her character and her claim, when the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, yielding at last with an ill grace, endeavoured to prejudice a petition, which decency forbade him longer to oppose. The master mind of the Bishop of St David's detected at once the weakness of his antagonist, and reduced the question to its simplest form; and so eloquently did he enforce the appeal, that the bill was carried into a committee without a division. There it underwent considerable alterations, and received the royal sanction the last day of session, 1792.

During the whole proceedings, Bishop Horsley omitted no occasion of testifying his respect for the relic of Episcopacy preserved in Scotland, oppressed though it was, and deprived of all civil protection and temporal power. As a churchman, he considered a connection with the state in no way essential to a valid episcopacy. As a churchman too, he distinguished between the political and ecclesiastical power of bishops.

And every one who regards Episcopal government as something more than a mere human polity, entertains this distinction, and is ready to avow that he is bound in conscience to respect the spiritual, far more than the temporal, authority of his diocesan. As a subject, he must render obedience to authority in church and state; as a member of an Episcopal communion, reverence for an order which he believes to be sanctioned by apostolic rule, is to him a christian duty. And if, as in a former revolution, Episcopacy in England should again be severed from the state,—if, as some even now apprehend, a Protestant Episcopal establishment should no longer be thought essential to the British constitution,—if indifference, or scepticism, or error, should so far prevail, that the church, which has been so long regarded as the glory of our land, should be cut off as a useless branch, the conscientious churchman is prepared to adhere to the doctrine and discipline which he has voluntarily embraced; and to prove, that there is that in his religion, which will support him in the day of trial. He is therefore anxious to prove the sincerity of his principles, and to show that they are not to be affected by circumstance and locality. And, in proportion as the sanction is weak and unaided by the secular arm, will a delicate piety be ever more scrupulously respectful, and shun even the appearance of contumacy.

To the national church of Scotland, Episco-

pany was at this time indebted for an important service. The wish so uniformly expressed by the Presbyterian establishment, that the Scottish Episcopalians should be freed from restraint, contributed in no slight degree to their enlargement. It was natural that a man so benevolent as Dr Robertson, should advocate the cause of a suffering community ; and his intimate acquaintance with the history of his country, as well as his virtues and distinguished talents, doubtless added weight to his opinion. Nor were there wanting testimonials from the Presbyterian clergy and laity of Scotland, to the good conduct, loyalty, and protestantism of their fellow subjects—testimonials by no means unimportant ; for such was the ignorance of the English senate, of the principles of Scottish Episcopacy, and such their oblivion of its former estate, that it was gravely proposed, as a question involving discussion, whether a church, agreeing in faith and polity with the ecclesiastical establishment of England, using the same ritual, and once equally authorised by law, was “ fit to be tolerated.”

Yet had Parliament been better informed, bound as they were to guard the existing establishment of Scotland, they could not have been uninfluenced by the sentiments expressed by the members of the Presbyterian church. Their assurance that they apprehended no ill from the relief of Episcopacy, and that they wished the

penalties removed, had considerable effect, and confirmed the friends to extended toleration in the truth and justice of their views.

The Episcopalians of Scotland acknowledged, with gratitude, the relief which God in his mercy had vouchsafed them. They were now free to worship him after the manner of their fathers. The statutes which had so long vexed them were repealed. To the laity nothing was prohibited, except the joining in religious services where prayers for the king should not be offered. And the clergy, too, were virtually relieved; for, though still liable to a mitigated penalty, unless taking the oaths of allegiance and abjuration, and subscribing the Thirty-nine Articles of the English Church; and though none of them immediately conformed to either condition,—no countenance was given to informers, and the Episcopalian minister might safely confide in the benevolence of the public, and in the mild execution of the laws. The oath of abjuration, as far as it was retrospective, the existing bishops and presbyters of the old Episcopal Church of Scotland could not indeed conscientiously take; and though concurring in the doctrines of the English Church, as expressed in her Articles, and adopting her ritual,*

* The Scottish Episcopal Church used, at that time, the form for the administration of the communion which is appointed in the Prayer Book of Edward VI.

with one exception, they did not see the expediency of subscribing her valuable confessional, or the possibility of separating the conditions required by the act.

CHAPTER VII.

“*Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.*”—Rom. iv. 8.

THE penal statutes, however, being thus repealed, a few of the English Clergy presiding over congregations in Scotland, accepted the invitation addressed to them by the superiors in the Scottish Episcopal Church, and acknowledged their respective Diocesans. This step received the approbation of the then Bishop of Durham, and other prelates of the English bench.

Yet as the Episcopal Church of Scotland had not given the pledge demanded of her, and had not adopted the confessional of the Church of England, it could scarcely be expected, that her sons should unite with a communion, of the orthodoxy of which they might indeed be assured, but which could not refer to a permanent standard.*

* From the Reformation to the Revolution, the Scottish Confession which was sanctioned in Parliament, 1560, formed the Confession equally of the Episcopalian and Presbyterian Churches, as they were alternately established. At the Revolution in 1688, the Presbyterian Church adopted the Westminster Confession;—the Episcopalian Church from that period had no Confession.

The mind of Dr Sandford had been for some time affected with the difficulty of his situation. When he first came to Edinburgh, Scottish Episcopacy was just emerging from the cloud under which she had been so long obscured. The penalties were just removed, and from that time the stigma of disaffection was effaced. But though her Bishops and Clergy had some years before tendered their allegiance, and (non-juror, or) Jacobite, and Episcopalian had ceased to be convertible terms, there were still a few who adhered to their old principles, and who refused to do homage to the house of Hanover.

Female fidelity is proverbial; and though the young Chevalier could no longer steal the hearts of the Scottish dames, his beauty and perils had formerly interested them in his cause, and kindled a flame not easily to be extinguished. Soon after the subject of these notices had commenced officiating in Edinburgh, his attention was attracted by the movements of an old lady in his congregation, who was in the habit of starting from her knees during the most solemn parts of divine service. Not suspecting that political scruples were the cause of her conduct, he was on the point of remonstrating, when he was informed, that if he was offended at her indecorum, she was not less so at his conformity; and that in her estimation, prayer for the house of Hanover, as the royal family of England, was little short of sacrilege.

But such sentiments soon became as obsolete in the North, as in the South. The Scottish Episcopal Church had been recognized by the legislature, and her loyalty was no longer questioned. The want of a confessional was esteemed therefore the only bar to a union between her, and English Episcopalians residing in Scotland. It was not however till September, 1803, that this opinion, in which Dr Sandford was not singular, was communicated to the Primus of the Scottish Episcopal College. A correspondence immediately commenced between him and Bishop Skinner, in which he respectfully suggested, that however anxiously a union might be desired, the subscription of the Thirty-nine articles was indispensable to its accomplishment. He stated it, at the same time, as his decided judgment, that, were the Thirty-nine articles made the permanent confessional of the Scottish Episcopal communion, the continuance in separation of the English Clergy, could not be justified on any ground which would bear the scrutiny of ecclesiastical principles.

These communications shortly led to the end so much desired. A synod convened at Laurencekirk, adopted and subscribed the Thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, without addition or alteration, as the permanent standard of the Scottish Episcopal Church, to be hereafter subscribed by all her candidates for orders.

Dr Sandford, without further hesitation, united

himself and his congregation to her communion, acknowledging the Bishop of Aberdeen as his Diocesan,* and accepting and subscribing the terms of agreement proposed. That the English Clergy should be free to use their own Eucharistic Liturgy when officiating in Edinburgh, was an express article of union.

Dr Sandford's address to his congregation on this occasion, was a simple statement of the arguments which had determined his course; in which he at once set forth the benefits of Episcopal surveillance, and proved that a continuation of separation was causeless, and consequently schismatic.

His example was followed by Mr Alison and his congregation; by Mr Morehead, afterwards Mr Alison's coadjutor; and by others of the English Clergy.

Two attempts only were made to disturb the peace of this humble Zion. An officious layman vainly endeavoured to destroy, by a legal process, the union of a Scoto-Anglican congregation; and an English Divine residing in Scotland, displayed his ignorance of Church government by an apology for schism. Legal, however, as well as public opinion was in favour of the union. Its adversaries benefited its cause; the first, by giving occasion to the English bench to testify

* Dr Abernethy Drummond, Bishop of Edinburgh, having lately resigned his charge, the see of Edinburgh was at this time vacant.

their interest in Scottish Episcopacy, by defraying the expense of the legal defence; the latter by eliciting from her constant patron the following decisive opinion.* “The Clergymen of English or Irish ordination, exercising their functions in Scotland without uniting with the Scottish Bishops, are, in my judgment, doing nothing better than keeping alive a schism.” To the judgment of Bishop Horsley it were well if modern separatists deferred.

The see of Edinburgh had been recently vacated by the retirement of Dr Abernethy Drummond, and it was evident that important interests were involved in the appointment of his successor. Very much is it to the honour of the clergy of Scottish ordination, that, under such circumstances, they should have unanimously recommended a stranger to the vacant office. To Dr Sandford Episcopalians were mainly indebted for the union they enjoyed, and his manners, character, and connections, eminently qualified him for the Episcopate of Edinburgh.

The effect, however, of this appointment on his own prospects was at least very questionable; and it was, therefore, only natural that many of his friends should dissuade him from accepting it. Especially did the Dean of Christ Church,

* Letter of Bishop Horsley. Skinner's Annals, 39.

with his wonted sagacity, represent to him the prejudice that might possibly accrue from such a position to his advancement in England. And, as this remonstrance came from one who may be almost said to have held the keys of clerical preferment at that period; who had, in his own person, more than once refused the Episcopal dignity, and had as often named a Bishop, it was calculated to have considerable weight. But Dr Sandford's happiness was involved in what he considered a duty; and to this he would willingly, at any time, have sacrificed his personal interests.

His consecration, accordingly, took place at Dundee, on the 9th of February, 1806. The Primus Bishop Skinner of Aberdeen, Bishop Jolly of Moray, and Bishop Watson of Dunkeld, were the officiating prelates. Mr Walker, the friend of Dr Sandford, and now his successor in the diocese of Edinburgh, preached on this occasion; and his sermon, which excited considerable interest, has been given to the world.

Yet if Bishop Sandford's acceptance of his sacred office was not dictated by motives of worldly prudence, and therefore received no secular reward, his humble spirit could not but have been gratified by the manner of his election. The testimony of one of the most valued friends of Scottish Episcopacy must have given him peculiar pleasure. "With my whole heart," writes the venerable Sir William Forbes, "do I

congratulate you, as well as myself, on the happy election this day of a Bishop of Edinburgh, of the most primitive and exemplary character, to whose conscientious sense of duty, and to whose steady perseverance in the conduct which he believed he ought to pursue, I do verily believe we owe the happy union that has taken place among all who are attached to Episcopal principles ; and which, I doubt not, will, in no long time, become universal all over Scotland.”

The effects of Bishop Sandford’s Episcopate were immediate, and they have been progressive. The present state of that branch of the church over which he presided, contrasted with its condition when he accepted its charge, is perhaps the best criterion of his usefulness.

Yet in England his appointment was regarded in some quarters with suspicion ; and a prelate of the English bench, to whom Dr Sandford was personally known, scrupled not to affirm, that it was both uncanonical and inexpedient. The elevation of an English Presbyterian to an Episcopate in Scotland, it was thought, would lead to questions of great difficulty and delicacy, and it was feared might also excite some jealousy in the National Establishment. These questions of difficulty, however, never occurred ; and the uniform kindness with which Bishop Sandford was always regarded by the Presbyterian ministers of Edinburgh, proved at once his

own fitness for the station he filled, and their superiority to the sentiments of which they were suspected. He was convinced in his own mind of the propriety of his election; and in the correspondence in which he engaged on this subject, whilst he rendered the respect that was due to the station and ability of his opponent, he never compromised his own opinion, or relinquished his own right.

The discussion ceased, and the Bishop of Bangor was probably convinced; yet if he no longer interfered with the elevation of a Presbyter of the English establishment to an Episcopate in an unendowed church, he still regarded the dignity of the one as incompatible with the emolument of the other. To him Bishop Sandford was mainly indebted for the disappointment of his hopes from the highest quarter; for when the illustrious person, by whose commands he had been honoured in his youth, wished to testify her approbation of his character and clerical labours, Dr Sandford's acceptance of a Scottish Episcopate was urged as an insurmountable obstacle to his advancement in his own church. The valuable preferment, therefore, in the vicinity of Windsor, which had been destined for him, was otherwise appropriated. Whatever might have been the feelings with which he heard of this diversion of his royal mistress's patronage, he had too much delicacy to make it a subject of complaint, and too much tender-

ness to communicate it even to those who were most entitled to his confidence. It was through another channel that his own family were informed of it. He himself seemed concerned only to perform the unobtrusive duties of his station ; and the increasing prosperity of the communion over which he presided, was his reward. The proof of this prosperity will be found in the number of clergy under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Edinburgh having increased during his Episcopate from seven to twenty-five ; of whom five, formerly independent, submitted themselves to his control, and seven officiate in congregations recently formed, and sanctioned for the first time by himself. As a member of the Episcopal college, he was ever regarded by his brother prelates with affection and respect, and his assistance in their councils, especially in the preparation of the Canons, by which the Episcopal church of Scotland is governed, will be readily admitted.

Of the sentiments entertained for him by his own clergy, the Memorialist is happy to avail himself of the following testimony, from the pen of one of the most distinguished of their number, the amiable and accomplished author of the *Essay upon Taste*. In an eloquent and affecting discourse delivered by him, in St Paul's Episcopal chapel, on the Sunday succeeding the Bishop's interment, he thus expresses himself: "With the clergy of his own church no acces-

sion of dignity ever raised Bishop Sandford above the brotherhood of the Gospel, or induced him to employ his authority but for the obvious purposes of peace and order. With respect to the clergy of the established church, on the other hand, and of the various religious persuasions with which he was surrounded, no differences, either in doctrine or discipline, ever separated him from uniting with them in every work or labour of Christian love, or from combining with them, whenever the good of man could be consulted, or the glory of God be displayed. In assuming the Episcopal office, indeed, he seemed to assume nothing of it but its duties. The sole spirit which he cherished, and for which he prayed, was that spirit of charity, which thinketh no evil, but which, in the cause of heaven, and of the salvation of man, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. It was by this humble magnanimity, by this spirit of gentleness and moderation, that he conciliated the esteem and affection of the wise and good of every persuasion; so that numbers, whom political apprehensions had separated, now again openly united themselves with the church of their fathers, and that all conscientious members of the church of England willingly joined themselves to those congregations, where they found the doctrines of their own church, and the celebration of their own ceremonies.

“If, therefore, my brethren, we now rejoice in the prosperity of our communion; if it is grateful to us to see those prejudices dispelled which once marred all our usefulness and respectability; if the established church of the country receives us as fellow-servants of the same Lord, and fellow-workmen in the same mighty cause; if we can behold with gratitude the towers of our churches rising amidst the splendid improvements of this city, and testifying the liberality as well as the piety of the country, let it never be forgotten to whom we owe them. Let it be remembered that it is, under God, to the piety, to the wisdom, and to the charity of Bishop Sandford, that the success of that great measure of the union of our churches is justly to be ascribed; and in the calendar of that united church let his name from henceforth be first and foremost enrolled!”

CHAPTER VIII.

“ For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.”—1 Thes. iv. 13.

BISHOP SANDFORD used frequently to remark upon the law of compensation, which characterizes the divine procedure: and in his own experience this appointment was distinctly observable. Bodily affliction was the medicine measured out to him; and a more than ordinary share of domestic happiness was the blessing that counterbalanced it. It is easy to discern the benignity of this arrangement; for he possessed in an eminent degree the passive fortitude which endures pain, but his extreme sensibility might have sunk under family misfortune. Of this there was little in his cup. The prosperity of his children was with him a subject of constant acknowledgment, and he might have felt it to be the reward of his own exemplary character. It used to be his boast that he had seen his children's children, and peace upon Israel; and it was equally a source of rejoicing, that in the case of the only child of seven whom he lost, there had been every thing that could assuage a parent's grief. — Eleanor Sarah, his eldest

daughter, had attained her twenty-first year, when she was seized with the illness which terminated her life. Amiable and accomplished, she was much and generally loved; and at the time of her death was perhaps of all others the child in whom her father most delighted. Of her early piety there are some delightful recollections;—she had well improved her religious advantages, and her friends felt when she was taken away, that she had attained the fitting meetness for her rest. — For some weeks before her death she had been residing, on a visit in Berwickshire, at the seat of Sir James Stuart, in the friendship of whose sisters she thought herself happy. So delicate was her general habit, that her last illness at first excited no serious alarm; and when her family were apprized of it, the Bishop was confined by severe indisposition, and was unable to accompany Mrs Sandford to Allanbank. The intimation of his daughter's danger found him still on a sick bed,—but the following letter will best disclose his feelings :

“Perhaps I am now addressing my partner in the heaviest sorrow we ever yet experienced. Fervently and humbly have I commended myself and all I have to Him who is alone wise and good, and implored his strength and support under a trial which I feel to be approaching. I hardly can believe that I am writing this with any degree of collectedness, for never did a father love a child more intensely than I loved

my Ellen. I feel it to be an increase of my trial, that I am unable to come to you,—that I am unable to see my child, before I lose her on earth. That her humble and pious spirit is in peace, I have no doubt; and blessed, blessed be God, that he gave her such grace, that of her eternal happiness through Christ, we may not fear.

“And what remaineth but to say, the Lord gave and the Lord has taken away, and, blessed be the name of the Lord. This is to sin neither in heart nor in lip, and may the God of consolation enable us to say so. It is a hard task for poor, infirm human nature to part with its blessings,—to the bottom of my heart do I feel it; but I seek for support under the stroke. I write and send E—— under the conviction, broken-hearted as it makes me, that there remain now those duties only to perform in which I ought to have the chief part. If any thing could add to my sorrow, it is my absence from you and from these duties.

“What I went through of apprehensions all day and night I need not say. But prayer is my resource. For your sake, and for that of my children, I will be composed; but I am struck to the earth. Let us pray for one another. God be with you to bless you!”—

The stroke had fallen before this letter reached its destination, and his misgivings were speedily confirmed by the intelligence, that his beloved

child had breathed her last on the twenty-seventh of January, 1815.

Among his papers after his own decease was found the following prayer, which bears date the day on which the information of his bereavement reached him: "The hand of God is upon us for correction and instruction. Pardon, gracious and merciful Father, the infirmity of nature, which shrinks from the trial. O sanctify this visitation to our eternal good. Enable us at thy bidding to sacrifice the sorrows, as well as the joys of this world. Thou gavest, thou hast taken away, —blessed be thy holy name. I acknowledge before thee, in humility and self-abasement, that I have never sufficiently considered the uncertainty of human life; that I have received thy blessings without sufficiently remembering from whose hands they came, and my dependence upon thee. Thou hast been pleased by the removal of my very precious child to teach me my folly and sin. Thou hast taken away the desire of mine eyes with a stroke. To her, I doubt not that the dispensation is one of mercy; and I thank thee, O unfeignedly do I thank thee, my merciful God, that, according to all human judgment, she was prepared for her awful change by the grace which thou hadst given her. As a parent I bless thee for the comfort which during her life I ever experienced from her obedience and dutiful affection. Why, therefore, should I be unwilling to resign

her to thy will? Teach me, blessed Lord, submission. I confess my weakness,—I implore most earnestly that help, which thou alone canst bestow. I feel this sorrow weigh down my heart; support me, for I am nothing but weakness; support me, that I may resign myself, and all my concerns to thee. From the bottom of my heart do I desire to kiss thy rod, and for the remainder of my life in this world to do nothing but with a view to thy glory, and the forwarding the effects of all thy righteous dispensations towards me. Accept, for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, O Father of mercies, of the poor offering which I bring unto thee: it is a broken and feeble, but a contrite spirit. I would not offend thee with my lamentations; teach me to control them. I know, O Lord, that it is of very faithfulness that thou hast caused us to be troubled, that thou dost not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. May I presume to believe, that we are not cast out from thy presence, when thou chastenest; rather may I not hope that this fatherly chastisement is a proof of love; that thou watchest over us for good, and having seen that we required it, hast brought this trial upon us. O give us grace then to accept and to improve thy chastisement. May it wean us from sin, from vanity, from the world. May this solemn experience of the imbecility of our present condition rouse us to a right use of the time lent us; that, having endeavoured

to fulfil thy will, we may be ready when we are also all called away,—that we may hereafter rejoin, and rejoice with her who is gone before us, for ever and ever, in the presence of God and Jesus Christ our Lord.”

It was in this spirit of humble resignation that he bowed his head to the divine infliction. The blow had fallen when he was just hailing the answer to many a prayer, and rejoicing in the virtues and attainments of his child ; but the melancholy which it diffused was purely devotional, and only deepened his wonted piety. He cherished the recollection of his daughter as among the influences which were to draw him nearer God and heaven ; but he never abandoned himself to grief, and his language was that of David, I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me. Such, however, to his feelings, was the sacredness with which her memory was invested, that, till the hour of his death, he was scarcely ever known to breathe her name in conversation, though there were sufficient indications that her image was seldom a stranger to his thoughts.

CHAPTER IX.

“Build the house; and I will take pleasure in it, saith the Lord.”—Hag. i. 8.

*“I have never seen the righteous forsaken.”—Ps. xxxvii.
25.*

THERE has often been an outcry raised against the expensive decoration of churches. This may be sometimes the expression of an honest feeling, but it is as often dictated by penuriousness or selfishness. Especially is it suspicious when it proceeds from those, who are costly in their own appointments, and would seem to imply that decoration is only then to be deprecated, when it is bestowed upon the temple of God. Architectural ornament is a mere accident of worship, and perhaps there may be something more really imposing in the rudest shed, in which public prayer is offered in the wilderness, than in the most splendid fanes of civilized countries; but the same sentiment, which induces the temporary settler to erect his temporary Bethel, would induce him to add decoration when that is within his reach. We should, at least, question the piety of a people, whose churches were the only hovels on the soil.

The Episcopalians of Scotland had been glad a few years before, to worship God in secret, under the humblest roof that could afford them shelter. It was only natural that, under circumstances entirely different, they should wish the character of their religious edifices to correspond with that of the times, and with the condition of their own Church. To this sentiment alone should be attributed the improved appearance of the Episcopal Chapels in Scotland, especially of those recently erected in Edinburgh. It would have been an unpardonable solecism if edifices, in which much of the rank and affluence of Scotland is assembled, had not been somewhat in keeping with the other splendid improvements in the Northern Metropolis.

For twenty years, Bishop Sandford had officiated in the Chapel erected for him soon after he settled in Edinburgh;—in 1818 he had the happiness of consecrating for his congregation the chapel of St John's, which is an elegant specimen of florid Gothic, and forms one of the most striking features of this splendid city. It was built by voluntary contribution, and will long attest the munificent spirit which erected it, and serve as a lasting monument to him, who first officiated within its walls.

Several allusions have been already made to Bishop Sandford's delicate state of health. The illness, under which he laboured for many years,

by which he was tried and purified, and which eventually terminated his life, originated in one of those slight indiscretions, which are so often the foundation of serious complaints.

It was in 1795, that he caught cold through exposure to the rain in thin shoes, and the complaint thus induced, bade defiance to medical skill, and caused him almost continued suffering for thirty-five years.

In 1820, it appeared to have reached its crisis, and, for some weeks his life was despaired of; prayer was offered up for him in the church, and several of his family who were in the South, were sent for to receive his blessing. His sufferings in body were acute, but on such occasions his character always shone forth with peculiar lustre. A few years before, he had undergone a most excruciating operation without a murmur,—in the present instance, though his sufferings frequently amounted to agony, his affiance and composure were not, for a moment, disturbed. He was ready to depart; he could trust God with his family, and he gently expostulated with his weeping children, and bade them not desire that he should live. It appeared likely that life would be at best but a prolongation of suffering, and his other prospect was that of a land, in which there is no more pain.

His family had however cause to adore the loving kindness, which spared him to their pray-

ers. His pains were indeed continued ; but many were his seasons of temporary ease ; he lived to see all his children happy and prospering around him, and at length fell asleep, when he had served God for nearly half a century, and when even his youngest child had been blessed with his affection for nine and twenty years.

He united his eldest surviving daughter in 1816, to the Rev. Charles Lane, and his two younger daughters were afterwards married, the elder to Montague Baker Bere, Esq. of Moorbatch House, Devon, and the younger to James Edmund Leslie, Esq. junior of Leslie Hill, in the county of Antrim. In these marriages, there was all that he could have desired for his children.

It is to the praise of Scottish liberality that, in a Presbyterian University, two of Bishop Sandford's sons should have obtained, the one, the assistance of an exhibition for the prosecution of his studies at Oxford, the other, a permanent appointment as Professor. In the distinction which both obtained at Oxford, Bishop Sandford rejoiced as a father, and as an Oxonian ; and as his approbation had been the incentive, so was it the dearest reward of their labours.

In 1827, his last worldly anxiety was removed by the kindness of the present Bishop of Durham. His friendship with this distinguished

prelate, which began at Oxford, knew no interruption in after years, and his Lordship's early presentation of his youngest son to the Vicarage of Chillingham, could not but be regarded as a most flattering proof of the sincerity and warmth of his regard.

From that moment Bishop Sandford felt that he had no farther room for temporal solicitude; that he had only to praise God for his goodness, and to anticipate with holy watchfulness his own removal from the world. He had often indulged an idea of resigning his Episcopal charge, and spending his declining years in the society of his several children. But it was otherwise appointed—and he retained until the last his connection with a church with which he had been so long and so honourably associated.

CHAPTER X.

“*The end of that man is peace.*”—Psal. xxxvii. 37.

THE leading circumstances of Bishop Sandford's life have been narrated, and the Diary which accompanies this Memoir, will supply the notice of his last years. Many had been his blessings, and in the midst of much bodily affliction, he had ever felt and acknowledged them.

The time was now come when he was to encounter the last enemy, and then inherit the portion for which his comforts as well as his sufferings were intended to prepare him. Mercy and truth had followed him all the days of his life, and they were to uphold him at its close, to light up his expiring features, and wake his dying song.

On Christmas, 1829, he, for the last time, administered the Lord's Supper to his congregation, over which he had presided for thirty-eight years. There was a peculiar sacredness about his manner of dispensing this rite,—an earnest, but subdued devotion, which showed itself in his frequent involuntary tears, in the tremulousness of his voice, in the fervour with which he uttered the words of the affect-

ing and comprehensive blessing. On this occasion he saw two hundred and ninety-four communicants gather round the table, and partook, for the last time in public, of the symbols which he had so often dispensed.

The festivals were to him delightful seasons, and none was more so than that of the nativity, which he always spent in the society of his family. But on that day, on his return from church, he was taken very ill, and retired immediately to bed. He felt himself that it was the breaking up of his frame, the loosing of the pins of his frail tabernacle ; and others saw that he was now ripe, and that the time drew near when he should be gathered to the garner.

God sometimes gives his people intimation of approaching death, and it is evident, from Bishop Sandford's Diary, that he had such a presentiment. As his increasing sufferings promoted this conviction, he retired more frequently to his own rooms, and sat chiefly in his inner apartment. Here he communed with his own heart, and was still ; and here he imbibed strength for his approaching trial. Many who had intercourse with him shortly before his last illness, will remember circumstances which prove that his own mind was occupied with death ; and his family could frequently observe, that however selfishly they might wish to detain him longer amongst them, it was in his own heart to depart and be with Christ. His exposition at

family worship became more than ever impressive, his views more elevating and encouraging, and his conversation more exclusively religious.

On Sunday the 29th of December, he delivered his last sermon, on these words, from Deuteronomy xxxii. 29. "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end." He believed that he was never more to stand up before his people in God's name, and his own words were, "The voice which now addresses you may never again be heard in this place." Within those walls his living voice was heard no more; his ministrations on earth were ended, and he had only now to seal them with the testimony of his dying bed.

On the first of January he became so extremely ill that his physicians were immediately sent for, and one of them, on approaching his bed, exclaimed, "he is just on the wing for eternity." By the application of powerful stimulants, he was, however, partially recovered, and continued for several days to struggle with disease. His sufferings were excruciating, but his was always the triumph of mind over body, and he bore them with perfect resignation. "Lord," said he, "if it be thy will, heal thy servant, if not, take him to thyself." In the language of praise he seemed to find strength and relief; and the words of that noble and

elevating hymn, the *Te Deum*, were continually on his lips. During the most violent paroxysms of pain, he frequently exclaimed, "mercy, all is mercy;" and again, "Christ is my salvation! what mercy in all his dealings! thank God, it is the body that suffers, not the mind!"

There were indeed intervals of ease when his family, who had so often seen him suffer, encouraged hopes of his recovery, and even his physicians were doubtful of the issue. The bishop himself, though he owned that his sufferings were intense, does not appear to have expected that their termination would be immediate. "Go back," said he, on the Tuesday before his death, to one of his sons, whom an intimation of his illness had hurried into Edinburgh, "Go back to your dear wife and children, and to your delightful duties; if I recover, never can I repay this proof of your affection; if I die, you will think of it with comfort." Thus grateful was he to the last for the slightest acts of duty! Immediately afterwards he expressed a wish that other members of his family should not be sent for; "The weather," said he, "is very severe, why should they be exposed to it?"

For several nights one or other of his family had sat up with him, and to them he frequently expressed himself in terms of the liveliest gratitude for the most trifling attentions, while they were, at the same time, blessed in beholding

his beautiful patience and almost continual devotion. On the day preceding his death, although no immediate danger was apprehended, his family remained with him all day, and he seemed deeply affected by their watchful care. "All this kindness," he repeatedly exclaimed, "is the effect of christianity. I must die, for I never can return this debt of gratitude." Then he said, "It flashed across me in the pulpit that I should never preach within those walls again, but they will get a better minister." He spoke of the "forgiveness of sins," as a topic on which he should have wished to expatiate once more; but when it was remarked, as he pursued the train of religious sentiment thus awakened, that his "words were very precious;" his humility, unvaried to the last, was shown in the immediate reply: "Do not tell me so, they are no more precious than those of any other sinner."

A lady of his congregation had sent him a splendid edition of his favourite Milton, thinking he might be amused by the illustrations. It lay on his bed, and he recited several passages with great strength of voice, and with all that chasteness of delivery, which marked his exquisite reading of that poet. Immediately, however, he recurred to his Greek Testament, which was a favourite pocket edition, and which, during his illness, had been continually in his hand. He then repeated the following verses from the 30th chapter of Isaiah, which seemed to occupy

his mind : “ And therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you, and therefore will he be exalted that he may have mercy upon you : for the Lord is a God of judgment : blessed are all they that wait for him. For the people shall dwell in Zion at Jerusalem. Thou shalt keep his house : he will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry ; when he hears it he will answer thee. And though the Lord give thee the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eye shall see thy teachers.” He stopped as if he had forgotten the next verse, and his son-in-law, Mr Lane, took it up : “ And their ears shall hear a word behind them, saying, this is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.” “ Yes,” replied he, “ their ears shall hear a word behind them.”

During the whole of this day, though he suffered under exquisite pain, no complaint escaped him : his anguish was discovered only by involuntary moanings, the convulsive motion of his hands, and the moisture which stood upon his brow. Towards evening his sufferings increased, and large quantities of laudanum were administered to allay the pain. In the night an attack of paralysis ensued, and in the morning it was evident, from a slight affection in his face and from his extreme difficulty in breathing, that

the conflict would soon be at an end. The opiates administered during the preceding day and night had produced partial delirium, and a great degree of stupor, and he did not appear to notice any one; but he had whispered to his son-in-law, "be with me when I die," and his family hung around his bed. The physicians observed, that no relief from this oppression could be hoped for, but that it would gradually increase until all was over.

It would have been a bitter trial to his family to have been severed from him thus, without receiving from him a parting blessing, or hearing the confession of his faith, strong in death. "I could have resigned him to God without a murmur," said one of his daughters, "if he had only blessed me before he died." Mr Lane, who had been throughout the Bishop's illness an unspeakable support to all around him, exhorted them to submission to the good ways of God, until they were able to say, "The Lord's will be done;" and it was then that God heard their prayer, and gave them their desire.

Mr Lane knelt down and pronounced the prayer for a person at the moment of departure. Before he had completed it the Bishop began to speak, at first indistinctly, but soon in a strong and audible voice,—“Dr Abercrombie says I am very ill, that I am dying. I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet

shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." He then said, "O Lord, may my family live in Christian comfort and in Christian hope. I die in the faith of Jesus Christ, and I am going to heaven." Shortly afterwards he added: "Charles, you must read the service:" which his son-in-law understood to intimate a desire that he should officiate at his interment. Much more he said, naming the different members of his family, but so indistinctly that it was not easy to understand his meaning.

Mrs Sandford then requested her son-in-law to propose to him to receive the Lord's supper. He was at that time in great pain, but the moment it was mentioned he replied, "Man shall not live by bread alone:" then asking for his keys, and selecting one, he directed Mr Lane to a particular drawer in which he would find a small service of sacramental plate, given to him by a deceased friend. The first words of the ordinance riveted his attention, and he for some time followed the reader in an audible voice through that lowly and beautiful confession: "Almighty and merciful God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," &c. &c. When his son approached him with the elements, he pressed the bread within his lips, and drank of the cup of blessing with holy fervour.

When they arose from their knees his family approached and kissed him. He murmured

much that was indistinctly heard, and then exclaimed, "I shall leave earth and rise for Christ's sake." Afterwards he turned to his eldest son and said, "you have been a blessing to me; all have been a blessing; take my blessing." His children knelt before him; he spread forth his hands, and laying them on the head of each, invoked a blessing. His sons were hanging over him, and he again placed his hands upon their heads and pronounced with deep emotion: "Son, behold thy mother." He added, while he turned on his wife a look of inexpressible tenderness, "promise;" and then, as if fatigued by his exertions, said, "now I am very weak."

When he again began to speak, it was to reiterate blessings on his absent children; "tell them," said he, "that the blessing of a dying father is upon them, and upon their children; I forget none of them. May God Almighty bless them all!"

His son-in-law having approached to change his position, he caught his hand, and said, "Charles, bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and they will come to Heaven for Christ's sake: when I spoke just now I was much hurried," apparently meaning that he should otherwise have said more. A short time afterwards he repeated, "I die in the faith of Christ, and I pray that my grandchildren may be brought up in the same faith in Christ! May you all live in faith and love!"

From this time until the moment of his death, he was observed at intervals in prayer, lifting up holy hands, though the only words audible to those around him were, "for Christ's sake." Twice he raised his arm to its utmost extent, and pointed with his finger to the Heavens. His last words were a request that his family would pray for him, and his son-in-law continued to pronounce appropriate texts of scripture, until he fell asleep. At eleven o'clock at night, without a struggle, he resigned his breath. A slight flutter, a gentle sigh, and his happy spirit had returned to God. His wife and children gathered round him, and as they looked on the expression which the parting soul had left as the impress of its bliss, they felt more than resigned, and retired praising God.

CHAPTER XI.

“The path of the righteous is as the shining light, that shineth more and more until the perfect day.”—Prov. iv. 18.

IF we would judge favourably of our kind, we must generally be content to consider excellence in its outline, and from a distance. But there are some characters which invite minuter inspection, and which are appreciated in proportion to the accuracy with which they are studied.—Such a character was that before us. It had every thing to gain from intimate acquaintance; for it was in the retirement of his own home, and by his own quiet hearth, that Bishop Sandford was best loved, because best known. In general society there was something constrained in his manner, which was the effect of reserve; but in his own home he was the playful associate of his youngest child. He thought himself wisely, as well as happily employed, when he could promote innocent gaiety, or convey instruction in the form of amusement; and many a winter evening has he beguiled in thus acquainting his children with the truths of history, or initiating them into the secrets of science. His constant aim was to encourage their confidence, and to

induce them to regard him with intimacy, as well as respect; and there was not, therefore, one of their pursuits in which he did not discover interest.

In his intercourse with his sons there was nothing, in the remotest degree, dictatorial; for his instructions were communicated rather in the way of eliciting, than of delivering opinion; and he was glad if, at any time, he could prefer their judgment to his own. Indeed, his very anxiety that their principles should be sound made him desirous, that these should be, as much as possible, the inferences of their own minds. And if there was, at any time, a diversity of sentiment between them, it only afforded him occasion for the display of his unequalled humility and forbearance. In the society of his daughters he was always happy and always delightful; and there never was a more beautiful picture than that exhibited in his intercourse with them. His manner towards women was uniformly that of deference and courtesy,—towards his daughters it united tenderness with respect. The closeness of affinity, which is sometimes considered a plea for indifference, was with him only an argument for more exact and delicate attention.

He used frequently to say, that the gospel was the only true code of honour, and that the Christian was the only real gentleman. His own principles were loftier than were ever learnt in the

school of chivalry, for they were founded not on conventional rule, but on the law of his God, and involved not a readiness to resent imputations, but a religious avoidance of what might provoke them.—His politeness also was that of the good, as well as of the high-bred man; consisting in a quiet and unaffected deference to the feelings and opinions of others, and showing itself not in verbal compliment, but in actual attentions. It was the expression of benevolence, as well as of refinement, and was displayed in all those nameless amenities, which soothe and brighten life, and are intelligible to men of every degree.

He was remarkable for cheerfulness in society, and his conversation was strewn over with anecdotes, in the use of which he was singularly happy. In his latter years increasing deafness narrowed the circle of his associates without destroying his vivacity; for even to the last, during intervals of ease, he was full of chastened wit and social kindness. He had read much and extensively, so that there were few subjects upon which he was not qualified to speak, and his memory was so ready as well as tenacious that he could at any time avail himself of its stores.

To his habits of order and arrangement he doubtless owed much of the facility with which he thus recalled information, as well as much of his correctness in writing and speaking. The exactest method was observable in every thing

about him,—he had been remarkable for it from his childhood, and he had found it to be an element of independence, as well as of power. He considered it indeed a religious duty, and if it be so, it must be confessed, that there was at least one religious duty to which he had a strong bias by nature. In his personal appointments he was as punctilious as in weightier concerns,—judging rightly, that however intrinsically unimportant such things may be, they are not actually so, as society is constituted, and that their neglect is oftener the proof of an ill-regulated, than of a superior mind.

Method is a valuable auxiliary in active life, and Bishop Sandford had, at least, this qualification for its duties; but his humble episcopate involved little business, and he was happy in a partner, on whose energy he could repose all his secular cares. He retired himself as much as he conscientiously could do from such things, and perhaps few men, whose duties have carried them into the world, ever imbibed less of its spirit. Yet with no taste for the minutiae of business, he had the high and independent principle, without which men of abstracted pursuits are often betrayed into imprudence. And, therefore, though his income was at no time more than equal to his expenditure, and his charity was uniform and extensive, he died as he had always lived, without the incumbrance of debt.

Proportion was indeed the key-stone of his character, the true secret of his moral and religious excellence. It was this which gave depth to his humility, and intensity to his devotion, and which distinguished all his transactions with men. It was the rule of his eleemosynary gifts. Charity, like every other grace, was with him not an exhibition, but a principle;—he conscientiously devoted to it a stated portion of his income, and from this deposit no deduction was ever made for other than charitable purposes.—Charity has, however, its influence in the application as well as in the devotion of a sum: he who should think, that the obligations of charity were answered by the mere sacrifice of money, to however large an amount, would greatly err in his estimate of this lovely grace. Charity is not a sum, but a sentiment; and it is the manner, no less than the motive, that distinguishes its value. We may be really as profligate in eleemosynary expenditure as in the abuse of any other talent. But the real Christian gives as a steward who is responsible for the mode, as well as the amount of his gratuity. He has not done his office till he has investigated cases, and adjusted claims, and until he is in some degree convinced that he is about to give for the relief of indigence, and not for the encouragement of imposture.—Much of Bishop Sandford's charity was bestowed in secret; and the objects on whom it was conferred were those towards whom

his delicacy enhanced the obligation. The only anonymous communications he ever addressed were letters of charity, and he felt himself justified in adopting a disguise which saved the feelings of those whom he relieved.

But of all his graces humility was perhaps the most remarkable. In the present day, if there is much parade of humility, there is, alas! but little of its fruit. Its language is often nothing but the cymbal of conceit, and we may look in vain among its exclusive asserters, for either modesty in sentiment, or diffidence of demeanour. Even in confession, there may be an appearance of display. But deep contrition is solitary and sacred. It is sentiment rather than expression,—a sense, not merely an acknowledgment. In his closet Bishop Sandford bowed his head, and the confession of the publican—the miserere of David—he there appropriated peculiarly to himself. Of such feelings he spoke, however, seldom, and with reserve,—for on them his taste, as well as piety, forbade him to expatiate. His humility was indeed the fruit of a meek and contrite spirit: it was felt by others, not emblazoned by himself. It was apparent in demeanour rather than profession. He thought little of his own attainments, even in reference to those of other men.

In a day when novelties are as confidently, as rashly propounded, and ignorance scruples not to hazard its wildest conjectures, the forbearance

of such a man was most edifying and remarkable. Deeply versed in theology himself, and accurate in research, yet was he ever glad to hear the sentiments of others. Few were there from whom he did not desire to learn, and many, his inferiors in spiritual knowledge, received from him a willing and patient attention. How often has he been seen, in social intercourse, listening where he was expected to teach,—asking information from those who would gladly have hung upon his lips, and affording an edifying instance of unaffected humility as well as eagerness for spiritual good.

An unassuming character is not, however, always appreciated, and the nicer shades of sentiment are often misunderstood.—The Bishop was sensitive as well as humble. Attaching little value to his own ministrations, he was sometimes suspicious of the opinion of others; and, where he doubted his acceptance, was ever fearful of intrusion. Yet his estimate of himself was far different from that which was formed of him by others; and if ever he withdrew, it was to the disappointment of those whom he might have thought indifferent to his attention.

Humility is the basis of all Christian hope, and the universal distinction of the children of God. Yet when it proceeds rather from tenderness of conscience, than from the recollection of a course of sin, it is at least a surer criterion of spiritual influence. The mind of Bishop Sandford was

as pure as it was humble,—he had remembered his Creator in the days of his youth, and the fear of God had kept him from presumptuous sin. Yet the stain was upon his heart. He felt and acknowledged it, and the words of the Psalmist were his daily confession, “Against thee, thee only, have I sinned.”

Prayer is the natural expression of want to Him who is able to relieve it, and its fervency is proportioned to the sense of need. The Bishop knew the value of prayer. As a confession of sin, an acknowledgment of blessing, an application for pardon and strength, a medium of communion with God, prayer was peculiarly grateful to his humble and pious spirit. He lived in prayer. How frequent were his addresses is known only to him who reads the heart. “Do you know what it is,” he once said to a beloved child, “to be unable to leave off praying?—oh! I feel sometimes as if I could pray for ever.” His voice was repeatedly heard breathing forth petitions, and its solemnity and sweetness will never be forgotten. A few months before his death, when on a visit to one of his children, the low murmur of prayer was heard proceeding from his chamber during the whole of a sleepless night. Such was his habit in the acutest suffering. Pain was familiar to him,—prayer was its anodyne. His sighs were ejaculations, not complaints. “The body only suffered,” but the soul was refined.—Now is he

before the throne of God, and prayer is lost in praise.

A recognition of God in the ordinary events of life is a more certain evidence of a devotional frame, than any observance of stated offices. We need only refer to the diary of Bishop Sandford to prove the spiritual tone of his mind. God was in all his thoughts. An hour's ease,—the kindness of a friend,—the affection of his children,—a prosperous voyage,—a happy union, were all immediately ascribed to the bounty of heaven. The providence of God was his stay; his mercy, the theme of his sweetest meditation; his praise was ever on his lips.

In the hymns of Zion, and in their own inspired tongue, he took peculiar pleasure. They were the subject of his criticism, and the theme of his devotional addresses. It was his habit to repeat them in his solitary hours: thus did he beguile the watches of the night, and find alleviation for sufferings which human skill could not reach.

Not that his religion was solitary. He loved to encourage in his family the habits which had proved so delightful to himself. With this view, he prepared with beautiful care and accuracy courses of meditations on passages selected for each day in the year, and appended explanatory or devotional notices to bibles interleaved for this purpose: sweet evidences these of his affection, and presents the most valuable to

those on whom they were bestowed. He was indeed ever ready to meet the religious inquirer, and to second the first intimations of interest on spiritual subjects. Nothing pleased him so much as to be applied to for instruction. His conversation had generally a religious bias; and he turned to scriptural inquiry as to the theme most familiar to him, and in which he chiefly delighted.

Yet was his religion quiet and sincere, without affectation or display. It had lived through an age when piety was in disrepute, and it had nothing in it of the verbiage which now so often accompanies profession. Religion was with him a sacred thing, and a light handling of the subject wounded his piety as well as his taste. In the fervour of devotion he never forgot the reverence due to God;—his religion was as chaste as it was humble. His prayers were the aspirations of a soul longing for the enjoyment of infinite perfection; finding in God alone sufficiency, and in communion with him the nearest approach to the happiness of a purer state. And when he drew near that heavenly country, and stood upon the borders of his rest, his eye glanced on the beatific vision,—his spirit glowed with intenser rapture, and he desired to depart and be with Christ.

He applied to God in every need, and he acknowledged his bounty in every enjoyment. Many indeed were his blessings, and for these

he was unceasingly thankful ;—yet the trials with which it pleased God to exercise his faith were received as necessary medicine, and he bowed in submission to his will. — One beloved child, whom piety and sweetness had peculiarly endeared, passed from him, at a time when parental tenderness was enhanced by the pleasure he felt in her society, and when her character had assumed the tone which was worthy of all his interest and regard. How fondly he loved her is remembered by those who can recall the happiness he enjoyed in her society,—the attention he ever paid her,—the long and silent grief with which he mourned her loss. He seldom breathed her name, and his sorrow was the more touching as it sought not the relief of expression. The conduct of pious persons visited with heavy affliction does not always harmonize with their principles : their composure is that of the Quietist, not of the Christian ; they dwell continually on the past, and though they are not impatient, they are disqualified for the discharge of ordinary duties. But Bishop Sandford never indulged in sadness. He was strengthened, not enervated, by affliction. He exemplified himself what he so often beautifully enforced ; and though the impression of sorrow was fresh upon his heart, and the form of the departed lingered in his tenderest recollections, he neither yielded to depression, nor suffered regret for the blessing he had lost to weaken his sense of remaining

mercies. He believed that they should meet again,—he anticipated the union which is now accomplished; and was happy that one of those he loved best on earth was safe in the haven of her rest.

And when death again visited his house, and three of its fairest blossoms were withered before their time, it was his to soothe the mourning parents, and to point them to the hope which had been his own support in a similar and sadder bereavement. He committed his children's children to the tomb in sure and certain hope; and soon did his body sleep with them, and with theirs was his spirit united, and they met in that abode where the weary are at rest.

By his own sufferings his sensibility for others was increased. His letters to persons in affliction are distinguished by that delicate and pious sympathy which is so essential in an approach to the sanctuary of grief. He was indeed disciplined by pain. Though blessed in domestic relations beyond many, still was he tried in the furnace, and the last thirty years of his pilgrimage on earth were a course of protracted endurance; yet an uncomplaining submission evinced his acquiescence in the divine will. That "in his hours of pain and bodily distress he might be preserved from fretfulness and impatience" was his continual prayer; and as he felt his daily necessity, so was he strengthened for his daily trial.

To be affectionate and to be kind, when mind

and body are at ease, are comparatively easy graces ; to endure for a season, when recovery is expected, is a slight trial of patience. But for him there was little hope of relief ;—his figure bent with pain. His premature infirmity bespoke his bodily distress ; the placid expression of his countenance, the composure of his mind. Each succeeding attack loosened the cords of his earthly tabernacle ; yet the struggle was long. A slight amendment was welcomed with gratitude, and cheerfulness accompanied temporary relief. None knew the extremity of his pain ; he wished none to witness it. He suffered without complaint as long as forbearance was possible, and in his agony retired.

At length his hour came. Human infirmity could endure no more. Yet even at the last he thought of others more than of himself ;—he was grateful for every kindness ; he suppressed every murmur ; and the assurance of faith which filled with rapture his departing soul, and burst from his dying lips, was the answer to many a fervent prayer,—“Suffer me not, O Lord, at my last hour, for any pains of death to fall from thee.”

CHAPTER XII.

“And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient.”—2 Tim. ii. 24.

WITH Bishop Sandford, as is seen in the notice of his life, the ministry was the profession of choice. His sense of its responsibility was as deep as his attachment to its duties. He had given at his ordination no equivocal proof of his feelings, and his subsequent course corroborated the promise of his youth. Always remarkable for assiduity,—when admitted to the church he devoted to its service the whole energy of his mind; and though bodily suffering bent his frame, and imparted prematurely to it the feebleness of age, it was never admitted by him at any time as a plea for neglect of duty. Till the last he was engaged in the discharge of functions for which health is generally considered indispensable. When he could no longer endure the fatigue of standing, a support was provided for him in the pulpit; and latterly, when unable to meet the younger members of his flock in public, he assembled them for instruction in his own house.

By such zealous exertions did he evince his anxiety for the welfare of his people,—and he has left his memorial in their hearts. That his earnestness was the effect of conviction none could doubt; his manner conveyed the impression of truth; and few who have witnessed his ministrations will ever forget their unaffected piety, or the solemnity with which they were discharged. In his delivery there was nothing of the artifice which destroys devotion; for though his tone and manner were marked by taste as well as feeling, they were perfectly natural. He spoke in prayer as one who felt that he was addressing God,—that his eye was on him, and his ear heard him,—and that sinful and necessitous himself, he was leading the devotions of others, who partook with him in the same infirmities. *His* congregation could not complain that there was tedium or coldness in a form of worship; for as he found in our incomparable liturgy the sentiments that filled his own heart, so by his beautiful elocution he expounded the spirit in which it was conceived.

He always considered the reading the scriptures to constitute a most important part of public worship; he felt that it was well on such occasions, that besides preferring our own addresses to God, we should listen to his merciful communications to ourselves,—not merely in the expositions of imperfect and fallible men, but in his own word of inspired truth. In reading these

scriptures he himself greatly excelled. Many an obscure passage did he elucidate by the emphasis and inflection of his voice, while to others he imparted in delivery a force and interest unfelt before. He might in this way be considered to comment as he read, and it has been frequently observed, that, enounced by him, the scripture hardly needed further exposition. But it was as a preacher that he was most deservedly esteemed, and that his natural and acquired accomplishments were most eminently useful. The quiet elegance which distinguished him in every thing peculiarly characterized his appearance in the pulpit; and there was a moral tone in his presence, as well as in his voice, which powerfully affected those who heard him. None could distrust his sincerity, and therefore none questioned the authority, with which he spoke; and few disputed principles, of which it was felt that he had himself proved the truth before he propounded them to others. He spoke of the Christian as engaged in a spiritual conflict,—and his hearers knew that such was his own daily exercise,—as way-faring in a strange land, and they knew that he looked for his own home and rest above. They knew that all his illustrations of scripture were drawn from his own experience,—that he enforced no sacrifice which he was not himself disposed to make, and suggested no motive of which he had not himself experienced the power. That God was refining him in the

furnace, none who looked upon his feeble form could doubt; but they believed it was, that he might be a vessel for honour, and that by his own severe sufferings he might be better qualified to speak in season to those who were similarly tried.

It was natural that his tone should be grave; yet his sentiments never partook of severity;—his own horizon was indeed sometimes overcast, but none ever learned from him to associate gloom with religion; and though the gospel was to himself chiefly a solace in pain and depression, it was always exhibited to others not only as an asylum, but as a stay and joy under every circumstance.

He preached Christ; and it was as the substitute and the sacrifice, the hope and the pattern of men; as the Saviour in whose merits alone he placed his own reliance, and on whom alone he wished to fix the faith of others. And as he drew with boldness and precision the great outline of the gospel, so did he fill up with accuracy each particular feature; he descended to the minuter points of practical detail, and, with the doctrine, exhibited the Christian character. He adapted his discourses to the congregation he addressed. It was not so much his office to expose the grosser vices; it was the alienation of the heart which he laboured to correct, a spiritual as well as virtuous life which he inculcated,—the truth, and love, and holiness of the gospel, in opposition

to the insincerity, selfishness, and vanity of the world. He felt that he addressed an intellectual people; and though he ever merged the scholar and the theologian in the minister of Christ, he adopted a style and tone which indicated his respect for, as well as his interest in his congregation. His discourses bore the evidence of previous research; and as he ever deprecated a hasty preparation for the pulpit, so did his own habits afford an edifying example of care in the discharge of this sacred duty. Upon it he concentrated his talents and acquirements; and whilst he abstained from a display of scholastic erudition, and concealed the steps of his own laborious progress, he imparted the results to his hearers, and led them at once to conclusions which had cost him considerable toil. And be it ever remembered, that in the minutiae of biblical research he had always the great end in view,—that it was to discover some spiritual allusion or bring into relief some important doctrine, that he examined the etymologies of oriental tongues, and compared the opinions of learned commentators. The elucidation of scripture was the object to which all his own reading was subservient, and he availed himself of every opportunity of conversing or corresponding about it with others. Its study he knew to be the best preparation for public duties, and he found in it the solace and delight of his leisure hours. The holy book lay always on the table before him, and, in his latter

years, it was seldom that any one entered his apartment without their attention being drawn to its pages. He loved to meditate upon the word of God;—no passage was to him uninteresting,—no difficulty did he leave without investigation. Yet was not his the boldness that measures divine mysteries by human reason, or propounds its own capricious dogmas on the authority of a dubious text. Knowing that no scripture is of private interpretation, he considered each passage in relation to the whole, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. All his stores of knowledge he brought to bear upon the sacred text; and while he looked to the Divine Spirit to illuminate its truths, and to enable him to guide others to their import, he thought with Bishop Horsley, that learning was the handmaid of inspiration, and a talent to be improved to the glory of God. He considered his time well spent in the acquisition of knowledge, which, while it expands the mind, and lifts it up above the littleness of ordinary life, may be consecrated by the Christian to the highest and noblest ends. In history he traced the providence of God,—in science, his goodness,—and his discourses from the pulpit, as well as his social conversation, abundantly proved how important is the judicious application of human learning to illustrate divine truth.

Imagination, undisciplined by study, will be not only eccentric, but jejune. It needs both

the ballast and the nutriment of learning. And surely, in the present day especially, the theologian should be furnished with knowledge, sacred and profane, that he may be able to detect heresy in its newest and most imposing dress, and by sound doctrine to confirm the feeble-minded, and convince gainsayers. Bishop Sandford never yielded to popular delusions; yet was he always ready to examine the arguments of others, and was as mild in the delivery of his opinion as he was correct in judgment. In all public addresses he carefully abstained from controversy. He thought it better, from the pulpit, plainly and authoritatively to declare the truth, and not perplex his hearers, or run the risk of misconception by stating erroneous arguments, even with a view to their refutation.

But it was the sincerity that breathed in every line, that imparted to his eloquence its peculiar charm,—that gave interest even to critical discussion, and energy to a refined and polished manner, and that convinced his congregation that, whatever were the abilities of the preacher, their edification was his chief concern. What he delivered from the pulpit he had learned from God, and his discourses were thus at once a lesson to his hearers, and a test of his own spiritual progress;—and as he drew nearer his end, and waxed riper in knowledge as well as in moral meetness for his change, men felt that he had brighter views, and richer consolations, and

more assured and elevating hopes of coming bliss. Long and humbly had he waited;—at last the answer to many a prayer was given,—faith had its perfect fruit; and his dying experience realized the last words that ever reached his ears, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”

Good taste is not the most striking feature of the present day, and a quiet and unassuming tone accords not with the prevailing appetite; yet few men have enjoyed a more extensive and equal popularity than he did. If he never coveted the ephemeral eclat, which it is so easy to produce, by some extravagance of manner or novelty of opinion, yet was he eminently happy in the affection of many, who were as steady as sincere in their attachment. And even those who forsook the guide of their youth, and sought elsewhere instruction, better suited to their character or state, will confess that he laid well the foundation upon which others have built, and that their first religious impression was the fruit of his labours.

BISHOP SANDFORD’S style was in perfect keeping with the chaste and unaffected tone of his character and mind. His theology he drew from the scriptures; but from the Augustan age of the English church he had caught the diction, as well as the spirit, in which its masters wrote. In the

mould of these great men his own mind was cast ; in their writings he found the depth and substance which satisfied him as a student, and a tone of lowly and unobtrusive piety which harmonized with his own religious feelings. They were the men with whom he was formed to associate, for he had little sympathy with the day in which he lived ; and his sentiments, as well as his manners, belonged to a previous century.

His zeal was not satisfied with the discharge of the ordinary duties of his calling : it was not only on the Sabbath that he met his congregation in public. The services which, through the indifference or the intelligence of the present day, have fallen into desuetude, were observed by him with filial piety ;—and on every occasion, which the wisdom of former days has consecrated, was he to be found, delighting to improve the opportunity to the glory of God. He loved the courts of the outer sanctuary, and delighted to find, at any time, within its walls a brief asylum from the world ;—while from the lives of the holy men, whose faith and virtue the church commemorates, he drew many an edifying and beautiful ensample, for the imitation of his flock. In the passion week he had daily opportunities of addressing them, and the discourses then delivered are offered to the world, in the hope that they may promote in others the sentiments with which he himself regarded this holy season.

There is always danger of mistaking our motives for extraordinary ministrations in the pulpit,—but there is no such risk in those other humble and unobtrusive duties, to which Bishop Sandford patiently devoted himself. Catechetical instruction is out of vogue,—it was the peculiar system of a less enlightened age, which the theological precociousness of the present day does not require: but Bishop Sandford had been educated in a primitive school, and the catechism was his manual. He loved to be surrounded by the lambs of his flock, to lead them early in the green pastures, and beside the still waters, and to imprint upon their plastic minds the lessons which they would hereafter remember amid the temptations of life.

He judged wisely, that even in maturer years many a lesson might be learned in listening to such instructions, and that the elder members of his flock might be edified as well as entertained by it. And doubtless they thought so too, for many lingered round the youthful circle, that hung upon his lips; and those of them who read this record, will remember the interest with which they listened. It was a beautiful picture, which must have moved and mellowed many a heart, and to which even those who did not feel it at the time have afterwards reverted with softening emotions. The bright circle that thronged round that venerable man melted away; some may be at this time profiting by the lessons

he taught them,—some instructing others in what they learnt from him,—some entered before him on their rest. Happiest these!—they have now recovered the friend and guide of their youth,—are singing with him the songs which he taught them to lisp while on earth, and God has wiped away all tears from their eyes.

To some it may appear a dull task to catechize the young : Bishop Sandford did not feel it to be so. He entered with as much energy upon this as upon any other duty, and with perhaps more pleasure ;—he had always great enjoyment in the society of the young ; and they were, in general, greatly attached to him. The diffidence which made him reserved among men did not impede him in his intercourse with those, to whom he saw his conversation was delightful. He was thus admirably qualified for the duties of a catechist ; and the kindness and simplicity of his instructions made a sensible impression.

Every Sunday after morning service, one of two classes attended him at the communion rails, and received instructions corresponding with their respective ages. With the junior class, he employed the time in examination and explanatory remarks upon the catechism ; to the senior class, he delivered short addresses, and besides interrogating them on religious subjects, prescribed written exercises, which he carefully examined at home. Thus he was enabled to

form the taste and style as well as to mould the mind of his pupils; and some of the exercises, which grateful piety has preserved, will show the patient attention which he paid to their spiritual improvement.

It was to be expected that the same affectionate concern, which prompted these exertions, would prolong their continuance. Bishop Sandford's catechetical course embraced a period of several years, and conducted the catechumens through a graduated system of instruction, until they publicly renewed their baptismal engagement, and received from his hands the rite of confirmation.

Before, however, they approached that ordinance, he was in the yearly habit of delivering from the pulpit a course of preparatory lectures, in which he recapitulated previous instructions; and lifting, as it were, the veil, and disclosing to them the dangers of the world upon which they were entering, he dismissed them with his blessing, to make proof of the principles which had been so faithfully instilled.

Public addresses paved the way for more familiar intercourse in private; and those who had been accustomed to Bishop Sandford's exhortations as a catechist, were not slow to seek his counsel in retirement. On quitting for the first time the paternal roof, making choice of a profession, or on any of those occasions on which youth is aided by experience, it was na-

tural that they should repair to one who had so long displayed his interest in their welfare. When such instances occurred, none could be more anxious to receive than he was to impart his blessing; and it was easy to discover in the countenances of those who left him, that his words had been as tender as they were solemn, and that they had not been listened to without emotion.

It must have been truly delightful to Bishop Sandford to trace the spiritual progress of these dear children, to many of whom he had administered the initiatory rite of religion,—to watch their minds unfolding under the influence of truth,—and after laying his paternal hands upon their heads, to place before them the consecrated elements, of which he had laboured to render them worthy recipients;—and when, as would occasionally happen, he was called on to perform over some of them even the last sad service, and he saw their bodies descend into the tomb, would he not feel a melancholy satisfaction in believing that he had discharged to them his duty, and that they were not unprepared for their great change!

Seldom indeed has any life presented a more interesting picture of pastoral relations than his did;—from the cradle of their infants to their own dying bed,—on every occasion which admitted of spiritual improvement, the humblest of his congregation might look for his sympathy

and aid. He was a diffident and sensitive man, who needed encouragement, and shrank from even the appearance of obtrusiveness; but a word or look would at any time secure his attendance. Excessive delicacy may indeed, in many cases, injure ministerial usefulness, but in the circumstances of Bishop Sandford's charge, which was composed, for the most part, of refined and affluent persons, it was most essential.—There is no duty more important and indispensable than that of pastoral visitation; but there is, at the same time, none which requires to be conducted with more delicacy and discretion, or which demands so much elevation with so much tenderness, so much self-suspicion with so much respect for others. If, in pastoral intercourse, there is ever danger lest the minister should merge in the acquaintance, and his visits be regarded merely as complimentary attentions, there is also danger, lest religion should be so exclusively the ground of his connexion, that it should be regarded only as a professional commodity, and his conversation be minuted like his sermons; or lest, by abrupt and unnatural introduction of things serious, he should startle and wound where it is his object to conciliate. We may indeed regret that offence is so easily taken, but in a world where high degrees of spirituality are not often to be found, it is most essential that taste should be associated with piety in the minister of Christ.

And it was to this union that Bishop Sandford owed much of his acceptance. His presence would have been, at any time, sufficient to give a tone to the circle in which he moved; but if he ever sought edification in society, and watched to give the conversation a religious turn, it was in a way so mild and unobtrusive that none could detect the moment of his doing so. An observation on an author, an allusion to a picture, the mention of a friend, a melody, or a flower, any thing that furnished a natural transition, was made by him a vehicle of devotional sentiment.

He indeed neglected nothing which could conciliate for his message a kindly or attentive audience. Offence, he had observed, was more generally taken at the manner in which sentiments were expressed, than at their purport; and he therefore felt, that the gentlest mien and the chastest phraseology became him as a minister of peace.

Delicacy may be sometimes the result of pride, which is punctilious only because it is sensitive; but in Bishop Sandford it had its source in humility. The clerical profession is a passport, but it should never be used as a license. It places the minister in the discharge of his duty on a level with the noblest; but he should never use it as a pretext for wounding the feelings or disregarding the rules of society. Such solecisms

argue an ill-regulated mind; for religion ought to have the same influence as chivalry in refining the character; and it is surely a breach of morals, as well as of politeness, to forget in the exercise of the gravest duty the deference due to rank or station. Religion should teach respect even where taste and education have not done so.—No one ever knew Bishop Sandford take a liberty,—for the courtesy of others, due as it was to his various claims to deference, never rendered him familiar,—and, therefore, the flow of sentiment was never checked by the conviction that reserve was essential to security. It was partly on this account that his society was so much courted by persons of distinction,—and that the highest rank never commanded greater or more general respect, than was always paid to his ungolded and unassuming mitre.

It was observed of the admirable Nelson, that he cultivated whatever might convey to others an amiable impression of religion,—and in this Bishop Sandford resembled him: he loved to see religion dressed in smiles, and felt it to be his duty to encourage cheerfulness, because he thought, in this way, to promote peace and virtue; and would not discourage youth and gaiety by an appearance of moroseness. He strove, therefore, as a pastor, to be agreeable as well as instructive; and men were pleased to see that his graver sentiments did not render him

repulsive, or disqualify him for social enjoyment. Yet he never countenanced frivolity; and, in his most sportive moods, it was evident that his pleasantry was as innocent as it was graceful, and was the relaxation of a religious mind.

Bishop Sandford, however, always wished his visits to be regarded as pastoral. His habits were studious, and therefore sedentary; and if reserve had not disinclined him from promiscuous society, infirmity would have disqualified him. It was, therefore, generally from a sense of duty that he left his own room; and when he did so, it was to visit those by whom his pastoral assistance was required.

To the afflicted he was ever welcome, for there was something soothing in the very stillness of his address, and this inaudible sympathy prepared the heart for consolation. Delicacy taught him to respect the sacredness of grief, and to study the time as well as the topics of condolence; so that sorrow was allowed to have its burst before he addressed the mourner on the duty of submission, or attempted to administer religious comfort. He understood the bewildering effects of deep affliction, and he knew that nature must have way before faith and resignation could be realized. When, however, he approached the house of mourning, none knew better how to improve the season of sorrow, or how to administer the balm provided in the gospel. His manner, at once tender and re-

spectful, bespoke his own sympathy ; but his exhortation carried the afflicted far above the scene of their bereavement and the sympathy of men, to the presence of Him, whom he delighted to describe as afflicting not willingly, and as healing where he has smitten.

It was natural that he should sometimes be applied to, to break to the bereaved the tidings of their loss ; for affection gladly availed itself of one on whose judgment as well as piety it could so implicitly rely. On such occasions he was remarkable for the considerate manner in which he timed his disclosure, as well as for the terms in which it was conveyed ;—and there are those who will remember with gratitude how seasonably it followed some sacred service, by which the soul had immediately before been strengthened and prepared.

In visiting the sick he must have felt his own peculiar fitness for this affecting duty ; and could have experienced nothing of the restraint with which those in health must inculcate submission, or administer comfort to the invalid. Long and painfully exercised himself, he knew both the suffering and the consolations of a sick room, and those, who might have shrunk from a less gentle hand, felt that he could sympathize as well as prescribe, and were anxious to learn from him the secret of his own resignation.

To know indeed the tenderness of his heart, or his excellence as a minister, we must have

seen him in contact with affliction,—in the house of mourning, or by the bed of sickness. There it was that his people learnt the better to appreciate his public ministrations, that they saw how directly his addresses came from the heart, and how truly *his* was the pure and undefiled religion which he taught. Energy in the pulpit is not always a sure test of Christian attainment, for it may be the expression of vanity or of enthusiasm, as well as of a purer sentiment. But the diligence of Bishop Sandford, as it was chiefly displayed in those duties which escape public observation, might be safely admitted as a proof of his sincerity. He might surely have found an easier path to popularity than catechetical instruction or pastoral visitation.

To complete this sketch of his clerical character, it remains only further to notice his inviolable secrecy. No man was ever less disposed to be inquisitive, and no man ever less encouraged inconsiderate communicativeness. Yet as he could not but be sometimes the depository of confidential disclosures, his value as a religious adviser was incalculably enhanced by his Christian reserve. The spiritual state of others was never with him a subject of discussion, far less was it in his nature to discourse on what he could have learnt only in his pastoral capacity. From this he would have been kept at any time by a sense of decency as well as by a sentiment of honour. And it was on this

account that though his delicacy ever shrank from disclosures, his known fidelity invited them; and that as no man was ever more worthy of confidence, none was ever more generally trusted.

D I A R Y .

THERE is no office involving more difficulty than that which devolves on the editor of a Diary. It is because it requires candour as well as delicacy that it is hardly possible in its discharge to afford universal satisfaction.—If the general reader sometimes expects too familiar a development, the personal friend is not unfrequently unnecessarily fastidious.

Reserve has, however, rather to do with the expediency of such a publication than with the manner in which it is conducted. A Diary is chiefly interesting as a portraiture of feelings which are discoverable through no other medium. It is by this means that we are convinced of the reality of virtues which we may hitherto have admired in their outline, and from a distance; or we are encouraged by perceiving that others are no strangers to the trials which we may sometimes believe exclusively our own.

In the Diary of Bishop Sandford, many passages have been repressed, which—though deeply delightful to his nearest relations—were considered of too sacred a character for the public eye. To have given less, would have neither satisfied the Christian world, nor done justice to the memory of him whom it has lost.

D I A R Y .

:כל דרכי הסכנתה: Ps. cxxxix. 3.

Thou art acquainted with all my ways.

1824, Dec. 25.—Received yesterday a present of Mr Erskine's Essay upon Faith. I think that St Paul's definition of faith should be the basis of all such works; for all that can rightly be said on this important subject, may be traced to these words of holy scripture: "Ἔστι δὲ πίστις ἐλπίζομένων ὑπόστασις, πραγμάτων ἔλεγχος οὐ βλεπομένων," "Now faith is the substance of things expected; the evidence [conviction] of things not seen." In discussing this subject we must begin by the definition of terms; now, ὑπόστασις, derived from ὑπὸ, *sub*, under, and ἵστημι, *colloco*, I place,—may be rendered "foundation," with regard to the basis on which a superstructure is raised; and "substance," in reference to the superstructure so raised. Our translators have given to the Greek word this latter signification, conceiving the latter portion of the text to be the elucidation of the former; in which latter portion they render the word ἔλεγχος, "evidence;" clearly considering ἔλεγχος capable of the same double

sense as *ὑπόστασις*,—either the “testimony or proof” which produces “conviction,” or the “conviction” thus produced. The whole subject of faith in its most extensive sense, appears to me involved in these expressions fully opened.

26.—Sunday after Christmas. Preached in the forenoon (Gal. vi. 5,) a discourse for the conclusion of the year, considered as an emblem of the end of life. The weather most exceedingly stormy,—with wind and snow,—consequently the chapel not very well attended. I think that infirm and sickly people may be excused from exposing themselves to the danger of cold in such severe weather; many more make it a reason for staying at home. Health is an important blessing, of which we should be careful, and for which we should be most thankful to the gracious God who bestows it; but in the care sometimes taken of health, even at the expense of more serious duties, I have sometimes thought I saw exemplified the words of the Satirist,

“Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.”—Juv.

For the sake of life neglecting the very causes for which life is granted.

27.—D—— and C—— came to us by dinner time. D—— confirmed my opinion that the Greek word *ἐλπίζω* signifies to expect,—the contemplation of something future, whether good or evil.—*Spero* has the like meaning in Latin.—Wrote on Heb. xi. 1.

30.—In constant and exceeding pain. *Misere mei, O Deus.*

31.— And thus has closed on me the year 1824. Hear, O merciful God, the humble and earnest,—but except for the intercession through which I am permitted to offer them,—the most unworthy prayers, in which I have acknowledged thy continual mercies to me and mine, during this past year,—and my own offences and sins, and negligence and ignorance. Hear them, O Father of mercies, and for Christ's sake grant me, that thy goodness and long-suffering may lead me to repentance, and that the remainder of my pilgrimage may be guided by thy Holy Spirit, and that I may be prepared for the hour when the Son of man cometh. Amen.

1825, Jan. 1.—A new year has opened on me. May the gracious and merciful God, through whose goodness I have, with all my family, been protected and preserved, continue his mercy to us, and above all, keep us by his Spirit in the path of his commandments, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

4.—Very ill indeed; yet I managed to read the forty-fifth Psalm twice or thrice in the Hebrew, in the pretty psalter which dear C—— has procured me. The bible he has sent me is indeed a treasure.

9, First Sunday after Epiphany.—Mr G—— preached in the afternoon on St John, xi. 34, 35. I heard so imperfectly that I can give no ac-

count of his discourse. I could meditate, however, on the subject, and a more affecting and edifying subject cannot be offered to the mind. He "who is our example, that we should follow his steps," has shown us that sorrow, natural and amiable, is not forbidden. At the same time, there is a period to it; and in the conviction of the immortality which he has brought to light through the gospel, the Christian, "who sorrows not as those who have no hope," should find that period. By the way, I know not a passage more appropriate to the subject of my lecture in the forenoon. The whole history of the death and resurrection of Lazarus, and of our Lord's conduct and discourse on the occasion, carries with it marks of authenticity which the meanest understanding may discover. No passages of the blessed gospels are more striking to me in this respect than those of sentiment, in which the affectionate yet dignified feeling, which marked the character of Jesus, is displayed: these could not have been invented. Again, a useful lesson may be drawn from our Saviour's conduct. While he felt, and condescended to express his feelings, he acted also. He teaches us that we must *act*. If we imitate him in sympathizing with the sorrows of our brethren, let us endeavour also to relieve them. This is a lesson to be learned from the history; and so prominent is it, that it scarcely can be called *indirect*.

10.—Owen remarks, that “it is not sufficiently considered how much a minister’s personal religion is exposed to danger, from the very circumstance of religion being his business and employment. He must go through the acts of religion: he must put on the appearance of religion: he must utter the language and display the feelings of religion. It requires double diligence and vigilance to maintain under such circumstances the spirit of religion. I have prayed; I have talked; I have preached: but now I should perish, after all, if I did not feed on the bread which I have broken to others.”—*Cecil.*

11.—Employed over the Septuagint translation of the Psalms. The numeration of the Psalms does not follow the Hebrew: the 9th and 10th psalms are reckoned as one, yet the verses are numbered as belonging to two psalms. At the close there is a psalm which is said to have been composed by David in his combat with Goliath, not in the Hebrew Psalter.

12.— . . . My beloved —— very alarmingly ill. O Father of mercies, and God of all consolation, permit thy wretched and unworthy creature to look up to thee in this hour of trial. O Lord, have mercy on my beloved ——; sanctify this thy visitation to her and to her family. Thy will be done: Thou art the Lord of life and death; only enable me to submit myself to thee, to cast all my care on thee, and sustain me in

this hour of difficulty. Peace, O speak peace to thy weakened servant, now on the bed of sickness. If thou seest fit, restore her to us in health and comfort. If thou hast ordained otherwise, give me and mine hearts submissive to thy will, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

13.—My beloved —, through God's mercy, is much relieved to-day: I had the happiness to hear her voice, which I have not done since Monday. I praise Almighty God for his goodness in restoring her to us, and may His blessing attend her recovery!

19.—Very unfit for study in mind and body Have mercy on me, O Lord, and in thy great goodness ordain the termination of this sad trial, if it be thy will; but οὐχ ὡς ἐγὼ θέλω, ἀλλ' ὡς σύ.

23.—Read the lv. of Isaiah in the Hebrew. Nothing can exceed the affecting mercy of the invitation to sinners in the 7th verse. וירחמנו is scarcely rendered by "He will have mercy on him." It expresses the tenderness of the Father of the prodigal,—“He will receive him with open arms, and affectionate tenderness.”

26.—Read the lives of Cecil, Cadogan, Bacon, and Newton. That of Cecil is greatly the most interesting and pleasing. The Quarterly Review, No. LXII. has found great fault with the life of Newton, accusing his biographer and himself of imputing to extraordinary visitations of the Holy Spirit effects which may be traced to ordinary causes. Newton, however, no where denies the

early advantages of private instruction, and when his heart was opened by the providence of God, for I can think no less, to “the things belonging to his peace,” he acknowledged how much he owed to the excellent parent, who, under the blessing of God, had sown in his heart the seed, which, though for a season hidden, at length sprang up, and bare an hundred-fold. I am no friend to enthusiasm, and still less to spiritual pride, but I do think there was much of especial mercy in the case of Newton.

27.—Prayed with my beloved ——, and read the 12th chapter of St Matthew. I am always struck with the exemplification of faith in the case of the man with the withered hand. Had an ordinary physician bid him stretch forth his hand, he would probably have answered that he could not; but when Jesus commanded, he made the attempt, and in the attempt was healed. Our powers are as inefficient and worthless as the man’s withered hand; but if in faith we endeavour to make the commanded exertion, the Lord will, for Christ’s sake, accept this testimony, and in the attempt we shall be healed.

It has been sometimes questioned whether “the sin against the Holy Ghost” can now be committed. The answer to so awful an inquiry seems to be this. In the malignity of corrupted hearts that imputed Christ’s miracles of mercy to the interposition of the enemy of mankind, the wickedness of the Pharisees consisted. Now it

is a solemn question to be put to the hearts and consciences of those who accuse the evangelists of our blessed Lord of imposture, how far they approach a guilt not very dissimilar to that of the Pharisees, when we consider who he is, who was a liar from the beginning, and is the author or instigator of all falsehood.

30.—Lecture IX. On the example of Christ as an evidence of the authenticity of the gospel-history. I think this evidence is much stronger than is generally observed. It was impossible for the evangelists to have conceived such a character as that of Jesus Christ.

31.—The first thing which occurred to me this day was to receive the most gratifying intelligence of the worth and diligence of my beloved ——. May that almighty and merciful hand, which has been over him for good, still preserve and guide him for Christ's sake. I cannot find words to express my humble and earnest gratitude to the Giver of all good. Innumerable and continual are God's mercies to me, and this mercy is above all delightful. I have been permitted to thank God with my lips, —may I be enabled through His grace to thank Him with the service of my life.

February 1.—*O quam inanes hominum curæ, quantis angoribus vexatus est animus meus,—præterita revolvens,—de præsentibus anxius—de futuris sollicitus—quam vellem Davidis instar me meaque plenissima fide in Dei Optimi Maximi*

manus tradere : ut de me secundum voluntatem suam semper misericordem et benignam decernat. Quam vellem molestiis quibus indesinenter crucior silentium et pacem imponere ! Ἰλάσθητί μοι τῶν ἁμαρτωλῶν, ὁ Θεός.

February 12.—And thus I close this book—a record of—nothing ! Except in as much as it contains the acknowledgment of mercies received, for which may He who can guide the heart of man make me thankful,—and of prayers for spiritual benefits which indeed I want. O Lord, O gracious Father of mercies, hear me, and pity me, for Christ's sake, Amen. Ἰλάσθητί μοι τῶν ἁμαρτωλῶν, ὁ Θεός.

February 15. Tuesday.—During my breakfast I read the 51st Psalm. I think our version of the 4th verse is mistaken,—and I have the authority of Horsley to translate the words in the simplest manner.

That thou mayest be just in thy sentence.

That thou mayest be clear in thy judgment.

March 6. 3d Sunday in Lent.—Read a most affecting discourse of Cooper's on the sacrifice of God. Grant, O Father of mercies, that I may be enabled to offer unto thee this sacrifice, acceptable through Jesus Christ, and that I may be for His sake accepted.

March 18. John iv. verse 14.—The figure of a well of water, springing up into everlasting life, I endeavoured to explain at our evening worship.

It is a most beautiful and affecting symbol of the purifying and exhilarating influence of the Holy Spirit.

April 5, Easter Sunday.—Our public services at this holy season are now concluded. I bless and praise the goodness of Almighty God for enabling me to perform its duties with more comfort, and with less suffering, than I have known for many years. O gracious and merciful Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, accept, for His sake, the poor and humble offering of my life devoted, if Thou wilt grant me grace, to Thee, for its short and uncertain remainder. O sanctify and guide me,—Lead me, because of my enemies, make Thy way plain before me.

28. Saturday.—Negotiis quibusdam nugatoriis, necessariis tamen, implicitus, majorem diei partem consumpsi, multis, eisdemque haud opinato accidentibus, doloribus vexatus fui. Remedium quiddam applicandum est vespero, antequam omnem recuperandæ valetudinis spem abjicio. In D. O. M. manibus sum. De me juxta misericordiam suam decernat.—Quædam de punctis Hebræis Masoreticis didici. Psalmum primum legi Hebraice.

May 28.—Doloribus assiduis et severis vexatus.—quid de me ?

29, *Trinity Sunday*.—Preached on St Matthew xxviii. 19.—a passage declaring this mysterious doctrine in the most authoritative manner. When we contemplate the *time* at which

these words were uttered,—the dignity of *Him* who *spake*, the Christ, risen from the dead, “declared by his resurrection to be the Son of God with power;” just about to ascend up to Heaven and to sit down on the throne of his mediatorial kingdom, at the right hand of the Majesty on high, and the purpose for which these words were uttered, it is impossible not to be moved with them. They contain incontrovertibly the doctrine, in the faith of which we are baptized, and which we are thus bound to believe and profess, of the *Trinity*, and of the *Trinity* in *Unity*. Our Lord says, εἰς τὸ ὄνομα. Had not the *three* persons been *one* God, our Lord would doubtless have not used this form of expression, but as the place would in any other case require, εἰς τὰ ὀνόματα. I am convinced of this, the more I reflect upon it.

31. Tuesday.—I have suffered most severely for these two or three last days. I have begun a system which I trust will be of service, and which I entreat of Him who can alone give strength, to give me resolution to pursue. My sufficiency in self-denial, and in every other thing must come from Him alone.

June 1, Wednesday.—My present condition of body is deplorable,—I have no rest, no ceasing of irritation or anxiety. May He who hath in wisdom and mercy afflicted, support me under this trial for Christ’s sake.

5. 1st Sunday after Trinity.—The collect of this

day is one of the most beautiful and excellent, of these beautiful and excellent compositions. It is in the true spirit of Christian humility and piety, and doubtless, when offered in sincerity of spirit, will be heard by the Father of our blessed and powerful Intercessor. May I and all dear to me, be enabled so to pray for Christ's sake. Amen.

June 9.—In Davison's 2d sermon he speaks of sacrifice as a human invention. I cannot agree with him. Against the notion I would state, 1. St Paul's argument, Hebrews xi. 4. concerning Abel's *faith*, and consequently *sacrifice* more excellent than Cain's. 2. The difficulty of imagining that such a mode of devotion could have been a human invention. 3. From analogy, it would appear that sacrifice was ordained as a type of our blessed Lord's atonement,—the writings of the apostles speak this language, especially the epistle to the Hebrews. Now, if it be supposed that sacrifice was the invention of man, this procedure of divine providence is taken away,—or it must be granted that the Almighty stooped to accommodate His proceedings to the contrivance of man. 4. Again, that the whole arrangement of the Jewish ritual came from God is confessed,—and why should we suppose that the most conspicuous part of it, so wonderfully adapted to the doctrine, to be afterwards unfolded, of Christ's atonement, should have originated from any inferior source. It appears also diffi-

cult otherwise to account for many transactions in the Old Testament,—for the skins wherewith Adam and Eve, for instance, were clothed after the fall,—for the distinction of clean and unclean animals before animal food was allowed to man,—without supposing the ordinance of sacrifice appointed of God. The word הטהורה, clean, pure, Gen. vii. 2. can scarcely be understood in any signification in this text, than that of ceremonial purity. See notes on Van Mildert's Boyle's lectures,—Magee on the Atonement—notes.

June 12.—The more I think on the subject, the more difficulty I find in conceiving it possible that animal sacrifice could have been the *invention* of man. It would appear much more likely that the sacrifice of Cain was the *invention* of man. The whole of that history tends to prove that the sacrifice of Abel, offered, as St Paul says, “in faith,” was “more excellent” than that of Cain, *because* it was the offering ordained of God. There is no instance of a sacrifice *miraculously* consumed that was not an *animal* sacrifice. The *natural* idea of God is of a beneficent being,—the *natural* offering, any thing but a *bloody* sacrifice. The notion of *vicarious* sacrifice could not have been invented. The *quo non hostia ulla dignior vita*,—as we may express it, in allusion to the words of Juvenal,—is not a notion which could have found its way into the mind, but from tradition. The history of mankind is most wonderful; and can be ex-

plained by the Bible alone. We find animal sacrifice among the most savage people. Whence did they acquire the opinion that the supreme Being could be so propitiated? Surely only from their fathers,—some of them cannot count five, yet have *animal* sacrifice; and also a belief of a future state of *retribution*. Is this nature? Is this to be expected from the unassisted reason of minds incapable of counting farther than a magpie? A magpie, it is well known, can count three. If she observe three persons to hide themselves near her nest, and only two to go away, she will not come forth.

June 30.—Here is closed the fifty-ninth year of my life. That mercy which hath followed me all my days, is still watching over me and mine. Good God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, make me deeply thankful for thy innumerable benefits; deeply penitent for my numberless and continued offences and imperfections; and by thy grace, for Christ's sake, enable me so to walk before thee for the remainder of my days, that, in the end, I may obtain everlasting life. Amen.

July 6.—I lent ——— Johnson's Lives. What necessary connection is there between literary ability and worldly indiscretion? Yet these volumes are the history of their almost inseparable union. Pope and Swift, and perhaps Young, and one or two more, are exceptions to a rule which seems almost general.

7, Thursday. — Passed a very pleasant day at lady S——'s villa. I was much pleased with my visit, and most deeply thankful for the great ease of body which Divine Goodness permits me to enjoy.

12, Tuesday. — Faxit Deus O. M. ut prosperum sit iter nostrum : per Dominum nostrum IESUM CHRISTUM. Amen.

13, Wednesday. — Last night we embarked on board the Soho steam packet ; and, after a good night, rose while the vessel was in full action, with a favourable wind, which, however, did not remain with us long.

15, Friday. — By the blessing of God the voyage was performed in fifty-two hours ; and I had the happiness of embracing my beloved — at one o'clock this day. I found a most affectionate letter waiting me from my admirable friend Mrs F. B——. The heat of the day, and the irritation of the journey, have produced a degree of inflammation, and consequent suffering, exceeding any thing I have yet known.

16, Saturday. — I awoke, after much disturbed slumbers, to a sad state of pain ; it drove me at last to my bed. Ease and abstinence, rather repose and abstinence, are the only remedies in which I have any faith. The heat is very oppressive, and, I have no doubt, aggravates my sufferings. However, in patient submission to the will of God, and in thanks to him

for his gracious chastisements, I shall, if I have the grace to practise them, find comfort.

20, Wednesday. — My sufferings were great, but I was much relieved; and setting out on my journey at 4 o'clock, was, by divine mercy, enabled to reach Newbury without much distress, by one o'clock on the morning of

21, Thursday. — I slept much better than usual. After a very pleasant journey we reached Bath, at half-past nine, P. M. Retired to rest full, I trust, of gratitude to Almighty God for his many and gracious mercies to me.

22, Friday.—At one o'clock I embraced my dear, venerable, maternal friend, after a separation of forty-two years. I found her, what she used ever to be to me, the most affectionate of friends. "Happiness will not describe." I passed nearly three hours with her; she is grown older, and time had left its marks, but I should have known her at once wherever I might have seen her. She is not altered, but inasmuch as she is nearer to her reward.

23, Saturday.—Proceeded to Wells.

July 25, Monday. — Examined Judges xi. 31. It does not appear to me that there is any reason for supposing that Jephtha intended to sacrifice his daughter. The conjunction *and* may be rendered "*or*" instead of "*and*;" and the words of the 39th verse put the matter, I think, beyond question. These must allude to the institution of female celibacy; and Jeph-

tha's daughter was the first Jewish nun. I added a short P. S. to my wife's letter to Mrs F. B——, to thank her for the portrait of Mrs Elizabeth Carter, engraved by Caroline Watson. There is no picture in my possession which is likely to call up more pleasing associations. The portrait of Mrs E. Carter reminds me of days long past, when I was admitted to Mrs Delany's drawing room. The name of the engraver brought back, and will continue to bring back, the memory of many a pleasant and instructive evening passed with Caroline Watson, at the house of her amiable and excellent father, who was himself once a distinguished artist and engraver to king George III :

“Hæc meminisse juvat.”

26.—Forsyth's Italy. I am disappointed that he does not give us the epitaph on Antenor at Padua. Evelyn gives it, and in his work it is unintelligible. Forsyth might perhaps have explained it.

July 27, Wednesday. — Saw the cathedral for a minute. In the evening I privately baptized a dying child, which was brought here while my son was on the way to the house of its parents to baptize it.

31, Second S. after Trinity.—Preached at the Cathedral, Heb. xi. 1. In the afternoon preached at St Cuthbert's, 2 Pet. iii. 14.

August 1, Monday.—Attended —— and —— to the cathedral. This venerable building was

begun about the year 1150; and was, as I was told, nearly two hundred years in building. It is certainly very ancient, and, in some parts, very fine. The Chapter house, a very spacious octagon, containing stalls for the Dean, Canons, and fifty Prebendaries, is a magnificent room. The room is supported by one most admirable Gothic pillar, extremely beautiful. The bad taste of some persons not long since *white washed* (O nefandum!) the pillar and the ceiling of this noble room, as well as the rest of the cathedral. (N.B. When this whitewasher, or these whitewashers, die, may their tomb or tombs be built in *modern* Gothic, and kept constantly well white washed! An antiquary's malison is said.) But a portion of the centre pillar in the Chapter house has been scraped, and the original colour of the black marble appears,—just enough to make you execrate the barbarous defilement which has spoiled the whole. The lady's chapel, behind the great altar, is very spacious, and, like the rest of the cathedral, is kept in good order. There are several tombs, of which I could not learn the history, with recumbent statues of the deceased; some of them prelates in their robes. One of these tombs has two statues, recumbent, one above the other;—the upper one, the bishop, whose tomb it adorns, in his robes; the lower one, the same prelate in the form of almost a skeleton. I suppose the figure is designed as a memento to modern

bishops,—“to this complexion ye must come at last.” We went into the crypt beneath the Chapter house: on a stone table there were a small vase, covered with green verdigris rust, said to contain the ashes of some person of consequence; and several skulls. This is a curious room.—The choir is handsome. The pulpit, which I occupied yesterday, is placed directly opposite the bishop’s throne, between the canon’s stalls and the communion table. It is not well placed for commanding the audience. The organ was built by Green in 1786. It is of course a good organ as it is an organ of Green’s; but it is in very bad order. Within the rails of the communion table is a monument of Bishop Kidder, who was killed with his lady by the fall of a stack of chimneys in the palace, while in bed: but, *paratus fuit*.—I have been much pleased with the inspection of this cathedral. There are some “florid windows richly dight,” and the “dim light” they shed was particularly gratifying in this hot day. In the great west window are some specimens of the rich and inimitable colours now unknown to glass painters. There is a very singular and ancient clock, said to be above a thousand years old. It was removed from the abbey of Glastonbury to its present place, and is in good order, serving as the clock of the cathedral. The hours and quarters are *visibly* struck,—*on the outside*, by two stand-

ing figures above the face of the clock in the cathedral yard,—*within*, by a venerable old gentleman, who sits, and thumps away at his ease. The dial plate is divided into twenty-four spaces,—two rows of twelve hours each. The hour hand is a sun with rays, on a long rod. The height of the chancel from the floor to the pitch of the ceiling is seventy-one feet; so of the nave. The arch, a double arch, on which the great centre tower rests, is a very singular specimen of building.

August 2, Tuesday. Called with —— on Mrs ——, a venerable octagenarian,—and more, she is an admirable specimen of a wealthy English old lady: she is “full of good works”—preparing for the reward of faith, which cannot be long delayed. She is somewhat deaf,—one of the warnings which I have had some years. May I make a good use of it!

We had some most acceptable rain this evening, and every thing is refreshed by it; it was accompanied, as I was told, by thunder, but neither Mrs —— nor I were the wiser.

3, Wednesday.—I sent my letter to ——. I hope it will not offend him. I am sure that I desire only to do what is my duty, and what may be for the good of religion.

5.—In reading the xxvii. chapter of St Matthew this evening, I have been more affected than I can express with the awful sufferings of

our blessed Lord. May such impression prove the work of God's Holy Spirit!

Σὺν τῇ ἀφειδῶς ἐὼν αἷμα χέαντι
 ἰλίγ' ἄντα λείπειν ὀάκρνα, τίς
 φθόνος, ὃ βροτέ.

7, Tenth Sunday after Trinity. — Preached at St Cuthbert's in the forenoon. I came home in very great distress of body; and have no resource but patience and abstinence,—with prayer, unworthy prayer, and supplication to Him who knows my sufferings, that he may look with mercy on me, and give me strength to support *whatever his wisdom and mercy shall ordain for me.*—(Heber's Life of Jeremy Taylor.) I read of such Christians with admiration and shame; not that with my best exertions at my best time, I could ever have approached the excellencies of such men, but from a sense of the neglect of the opportunities and powers God has bestowed on me. How shall I stand the great inquiry! Save me, O Lord Jesus Christ; in thy name alone is my help.

August 8, Monday.—Taylor's Life. His idea of "tears forming with the light of heaven a rainbow in the eye, to remind us of God's mercy," is on the very edge of absurdity; yet he has managed to avoid the danger, and render it very poetical. Some modern preachers have endeavoured to imitate Taylor: but this is absurd, and, in their hands, the figurative and poetical expressions of Taylor have produced nothing

but disgust or ridicule. Taylor is the Shakspeare of the pulpit. He has a style of his own, which no feebler minds can attain; — “within that circle none *can* walk but he.”

9, Tuesday. — left us for the day to go to Bath. They set out with rain, but the showers appeared merely flying; and it is better in a journey, as in life, to begin with the dark cloud than to end with it.

Composed a prayer for faith, on which I implore the blessing of God.

Tenebrosus dies; miserere mei, O Deus!

10.—My dear and most valued friend, Mrs F—— B——, who, at her advanced age, has put herself to the trouble of a journey hither, to pass a few days with us, reached Wells this day.

I suffered very much, and the whole of the night was very distressing.

11, Thursday.—I rose somewhat easier than I was yesterday, by Divine goodness bestowed on a most unworthy object. How much I see in myself every day to disapprove of! I could say with Donne, “How must I be changed before I am changed.”

Went with —— to the Deanery to call on Mrs F—— B—— and sat nearly two hours with her. We had much conversation, which interested me greatly.

Received a very satisfactory letter from ——. May I be thankful as I ought for these aids: without them I know not how I should be able

to go on. I have much to depress me; but I require and merit chastisement; I pray earnestly that the dispensations of Divine wisdom and goodness may be sanctified to me, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

12.—Nothing is more striking than the ignorance of many persons in England, concerning the history of a church which was once as much an established church as their own. They know no more of our poor Scottish Episcopal church than they do of a church in Mesopotamia. We must pray that, by the goodness of Divine Providence, the church of England may never be reduced to “first principles,” as the Episcopal church in Scotland has been. In the dispensation of affliction, wherewith it pleased God to visit the Scottish church, good, however, has been brought out of evil; and the steadiness of attachment to the genuine principles of apostolic regimen has been the result of much trial,—persecution at one time, and neglect now.

18, Thursday.—My health is more uncertain and distressing than can be told. I beseech, most humbly beseech the Almighty, through our blessed Lord, to give me a spirit of true pious submission to his holy will. In the midst of my various sufferings and trials, O may faith in Him, and in Jesus Christ whom he has sent, support and guide me, and render my unworthy meditations and prayers acceptable in His sight. Have mercy on me, O Lord, according to thy

great goodness; after the multitude of thy mercies, do away mine offences. May I be enabled to offer up the humble prayer of the publican from my heart; and for Christ's sake, may the supplication be accepted.

20, Saturday.—After a night of great distress, I rose to continued suffering the whole forenoon. May the Almighty support me: but my trial is great for my weakness. I could offer up holy Herbert's prayer; but I am not worthy to use the words of such a man. I dread the duties of to-morrow; but my trust is in Him who never faileth; and if he see fitting, I shall be enabled to perform my duty. To him and him alone I look.

23, Thursday.—2 Corinth. iv. 7, "That the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." If this text teaches us humility, and inculcates the lowly ascription of all our ministerial success to the Holy Author of "every good and every perfect gift," of whom we are only the frail mortal instruments, at the same time it fills us with comfort,—for the good which is done by our ministry being thus referable to the highest and holiest, we are confident that it will be, through His blessing, permanent.

23.—Set out for Bath.

25, Thursday.—Genesis iv. 7. As yet I cannot abandon the literal interpretation of the words, לפתח הטאח רבץ, and I am much surprised that, in all the criticism bestowed on this verse

by Davison and the authors whom he quotes, nothing is said of the word פתח. I do not know of any place in holy scripture where this word is used figuratively; and, unless this can be shown, there is no supporting so strong a metaphor as the advocates of the figurative meaning of the passage contend for. Davison takes no notice of the remainder of the verse. I hope that he would not translate it as Martini does, in his Italian version of the Vulgate. Martini's is, in my opinion, one of the wildest interpretations ever produced. To be sure, it is a version of the Vulgate; but, I think, it is not tenable. In the next place, Martini (after the Vul.) applies the תשובתו, *to sin*—(in the Heb. the suffix is masc. and cannot properly be applied to חטאה). Now the words are remarkable; they are the same as those in which the Lord declares the subjection of Eve to her husband, Genesis iii. 16. I have always thought this passage in the iv. chapter to allude to Abel; and to promise to Cain the continuance of the priority of primogeniture, if he were reconciled to God.

We left Bath at half-past one, and reached Marlborough at half-past seven. I read Davison's Book, very cursorily, on the road. I do not agree with him.

26, Friday. — We left Marlborough and reached Salt hill. I read a good deal of Davison's book on the road, and meditated on it still more. I think that neither he nor the other

commentators have completely examined Gen. iv. 7, in all its expressions and bearings. I am surprised at Magee's omitting the argument from St Paul's declaration, that by his *πλείων θυσία* Abel obtained witness that he was righteous. I am also surprised at Davison's omitting the close of the 7th verse in Genesis iv. and the reasoning to be derived from it. I must repeat my wish to have the word פתח well examined.

I read in the carriage, and afterwards, the 3d and 4th chapters of Genesis in the Hebrew. I retired to rest, full, I trust, of gratitude to the goodness of the Almighty for my improved health; and full, also, I hope, of unqualified filial submission to the will of God.

27, Saturday. — Rose soon after seven; and I hope my prayers will be heard, my sins pardoned, my soul, and spirit, and body sanctified to the service of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Read the 2d chapter of Genesis in the Hebrew. Reached Sunbury at two o'clock.

Mr — very kindly gave me Hele's Devotions; may the use of the book be, for Christ's sake, sanctified to me!

28, Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. — Began the day with serious prayer. Oh! hear me, gracious God, for Christ's sake!

Read some passages of Davison, whom I think as well as Magee to have made a great mistake in not applying the words of the 4th verse of Heb.

xi. already noticed by me in a former page. To be considered righteous in consequence of the acceptance of a sacrifice does certainly appear to me as implying that the sacrifice was expiatory.

29, Monday.—Began the day early in a manner which, I humbly trust, was approved by Him who heareth prayer.

September 3.—Sir —— called, full of zealous kindness. How cordial is it to me to find an old and esteemed friend such as I left him. I am more and more confirmed in my notion of the *ὁὐ περιπερεύεται*, 1 Cor. xiii. 4. as expressing the *consistency* of the Christian character.

4, Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.—My infirmities prevented me from going to the morning service, but, through Divine goodness, I hope I employed myself acceptably in my chamber, till I joined the congregation for the administration of the holy communion, wherein I assisted. I trust this holy service will, through God's mercy in Christ, avail to the strengthening of my soul, and the sanctification of my life. Much do I need the consolation of forgiveness: weak am I, and much do I require that strength which can come from God alone, and of myself, "there is no health in me." I must be sanctified through the grace of God, that I may walk before Him in newness of life. May my prayers be heard, and, for my Redeemer's sake, answered! After family prayers, meditated in my room on the 5th chapter of the Romans.

September 5.—I know not where I met with the remark, which I think a very just one, that in Romans vi. 17. the word ἤτε is to be understood in the same sense as ‘fuit’ in the phrase “Troja fuit;” and that the first clause of the verse, may, therefore, be rendered, “Thanks be to God, that *ye are no longer* the servants of sin:” an assertion corresponding with the 14th verse, ἀμαρτία γὰρ ὑμῶν οὐ κυριεύσει. This freedom from the dominion of sin is the result of the merciful dispensation, through which, οὐ γὰρ ἐστε ὑπὸ νόμον, ἀλλ’ ὑπὸ χάριν. May God grant that they who are admitted to this blessed privilege, may be also preserved from forfeiting it by returning to the miserable servitude from which they are released!

September 9, Friday.—I desire to bless and praise thee, O my God, for the mercies which Thou daily bestowest upon me, and for the degree of ease which is my portion this morning. I am indeed less than the least of Thy mercies; but Thou art ever good and gracious. Make me ever sensible of Thy loving-kindness; and enable me, in a righteous, godly, and sober life, to show forth Thy praise, and my own gratitude.

The exercise of the carriage has done me harm.—I am, alas! a very infirm person at present; and I need the mercy and grace of God to teach me submission to His will. While my friends are gone to their various out of door pursuits, I am left to find my entertainment in books at home; and much ought I to thank God

that my eyes serve me so well. I am never weary of reading. My care must be to prevent myself from contracting such a habit of solitary life as will render me unfit for society. I thank Almighty God with increased earnestness and gratitude for the sincere friends who are left me. Above all, I do indeed bless and praise him for the unshaken regard of my own beloved family. They become more delightful and valuable to me every day. Make me, gracious and holy Disposer of the heart, worthy of Thy continued bounties, especially the blessings which Thou hast allowed me in my dear wife and children, and children's children.

September 10, Saturday.—This day we left the hospitable roof of our kind friends, and reached Eltham at six o'clock, where I once more, and I almost fear for the last time, saw my beloved and excellent friend, Mrs F— B—. We were received with the greatest kindness by the admirable old lady, Mrs B——, who is detained a little longer in this world to show how amiable and venerable is Christian old age.

We reached London at half-past nine. I do not know that I ever felt myself so much fatigued in so short a journey. Somewhat of this was perhaps owing to a dejection of spirits. I could not, unmoved, visit the house where I had spent some happy and pious days with Mr B——, now no more, and I could not look on my dear friend, who appears to me much altered

since I saw her, even but a fortnight since, without some apprehensions. These apprehensions may soon be realized; but it is happy to look forward to the rest which remaineth. May every day which brings me nearer to that time when my life on earth shall close, find me, through God's grace and mercy, fitter for the change!

I retire to my bed, thankful for the preservation vouchsafed me and mine this day, and for all the various comforts and blessings which through Divine goodness have attended me during the period here recorded.—We reached London at half-past nine.

September 11. Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.—Read this evening a sermon of Bishop Horne's on "Life a Pilgrimage."—May God grant that I may continually remember that it is such, and where it ends!

13, Tuesday.—Mascarchas sent to me last evening to inform me that he had received a summons to the Church Missionary Academy at Islington. I hope that God will bless and guide him.—With proper education, I think that he is very likely to become a useful missionary in the East, among the natives.

17, Saturday.—I did not rise till eight o'clock, and then only through necessity, for I had been nearly without sleep. I heartily pray God to cause His chastisements to work together for my good. There is a mansion where the weary are at rest, where the wicked cease from troubling,

where the “former things” which now have power to vex and disturb us “shall be passed away for ever.” As every day brings me nearer to the term of my probation, so, by the blessing of God, and the guidance of His Spirit, may I be prepared more and more for that awful hour!

25, Seventeenth Sun. after Trinity.—Performed some devotions at home; and then sat down to Davison on Primitive Sacrifice. Davison has this disadvantage with me, that I am so prepossessed against the notion of the human origin of sacrifice, that his arguments must be very powerful to persuade me to adopt his opinion. I pray that I may read with candour; and with the same disposition which, I have no doubt, guided him in this discussion, an earnest desire to discover the truth. Kennicot argues, that (in the case of our first parents’ clothing) Adam would not have dared to kill any of God’s creatures without His command; and to this, I think, it might be added, that for a Eucharistic Sacrifice,—and Davison contends that the sacrifices of Cain and Abel were no other, and no more,—man would have been very little likely to kill an animal, but rather to present it before the altar, as Cain presented his fruits, adorned with garlands and tokens of thanksgiving. In Gen. vii., the word rendered “clean” is *הטהור*—in Lev. xi. 5., the word rendered “unclean,” is *טמא*; this is of importance.

In what manner it pleased God to signify His "respect unto Abel and his offering," we are not distinctly told ; that whatever the token were, it was at once understood, is evident from the history. In the xx. Psalm, the words "accept *thy burnt sacrifice*," are ועולהך ירשנה and are often referred to on this subject. In the case of Gideon's sacrifice, Judges vi. 21., and Elijah's, 1 Kings xviii. 38. this divine acceptance was testified by miraculous fire to destroy the sacrifice ; and this is evidently alluded to in the passage quoted from the xx. Psalm, for the word רשן signifies "*in cineres redegit*," see Simonis Dict. Heb.-Chald. subjoined to the first volume of his edition of the Hebrew Bible.

The second lesson of the afternoon on this day, is 1 Cor. x. In the 9th verse are these words, "Neither let us tempt Christ as some of them also tempted, and were destroyed of serpents." On referring to the history, Numbers xxi. 5. we read that the offence was committed against Jehovah. Is it possible for any thing but Socinian blindness and perverseness, to avoid the necessary inference? In the 7th verse of this chapter, the *παίξεν* was evidently a sacred dance performed after the fashion of idolatry, learnt in Egypt, around the altar of the false divinity, and succeeding to a "feast upon the sacrifice." "The people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play," *παίξεν*.

September 29.—Before I was up the Bishop of L——ff called very kindly, and left his speech on the Catholic Question,—the best, in my opinion, which was delivered in the House of Lords, and very greatly superior to any thing pronounced in the House of Commons.

October 1.—Mens mea multis angoribus vexata nequit tranquillari. Tibi O Deus—Tibi O Pater Domini nostri ac Redemptoris Iesu Christi me meaque omnia qualiacunque submisce dico. Pacem da. Κύριε ἐλέησον.

2.—Whitby renders ἐφ' ᾧ, Rom. v. 12, “in whom,” and his support of this interpretation seems to me to be very well reasoned. “*For that all have sinned,*” appears to furnish no illustration of the sentence, that “sin entered into the world, and death by sin,” in consequence of the offence of “one man.” I do not see how this difficulty is to be got over, if you abide by the common version in our bibles. In the margin, indeed, the phrase is rendered as Whitby renders it, ἐφ' ᾧ, *in whom*, and all is consequential and clear.

On the 11th verse, 2 Cor. i. Whitby well observes, “In all his Epistles we have not one petition of the like nature directed to any saint departed; whereas, had he thought them capable of hearing him, and their addresses more effectual for the same ends, we may reasonably think his zeal would have prompted him to put

up his requests to them, and leave us some example of this nature.”

The prohibition of blood to Noah appears to me as implying, at that time, the doctrine clearly stated in Leviticus xvii, “For the life of the flesh is the blood, and I have given it to you upon the altar, to make an atonement for your souls;—for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.” How far this accords with the notion of the *human* origin of bloody sacrifice, is to be considered by those who hold this notion.

5, Wednesday. — I am much more seriously reduced than I had any notion of. Perhaps the voyage may do me some service. In judiciiis Tuæ misericordiæ sis memor oro, O Deus! Converte me, et convertar.

6. — My health appears fast breaking. May He who alone can dispose the heart, fit me for the world whither I believe myself to be approaching. I feel myself very weak to-day. They tell me that such protracted debility has, in most cases, attended the epidemic with which I have been afflicted. Perhaps this may be so with me. But, perhaps, likewise, it is rather a token of approaching death. I would, with all the devotion of my heart and soul, resign myself to the will of God. I know that were I to be judged as I deserve, my destiny would be miserable indeed. But give me grace, O Lord,

to cast myself on thy mercy in Christ Jesus; give me faith in him, and in his meritorious and ever blessed atonement; strengthen my faith, my hope, my charity; and prepare me, by that power wherewith thou alone disposest and rulest the heart and spirit of man, to rejoice in my deliverance from the sin and sorrow of the world; and make me meet for admission into thy everlasting kingdom, for thy mercies' sake in thy blessed Son, our Lord and Saviour.

7th.—I retire to my chamber this night, much better in health than I have been since this disorder first seized me. How are my thanks and praises due to the ever gracious mercy of God! Keep me, oh keep me mindful of thy goodness, O Lord, and of the uncertainty of life; and as thy goodness restores me to my ordinary health, so may thy grace enable me to employ the respite rightly, and to “set my house in order,” that I may be ready to depart when it is thy blessed will. Amen.

October 8th.—What a different meaning has the word “recovery” at twenty-five, and at sixty. This complaint has shaken me to a degree which I shall, perhaps, never recover.

9th.—The second lesson of this morning is Mark xii. In the 11th verse the pronoun *αὐτή* has puzzled some good Greek scholars; according to Greek construction it should be *τοῦτο*. It is, in fact, a Hebraism; it is the Hebrew fem. pronoun taken, without change, from Ps.

cxviii. 23. The second lesson this evening, 2 Cor. viii. contains a declaration applicable to all our services, and suggesting comfort in the midst of acknowledged unworthiness and infirmity, which nothing but the authority of God's word could assure to us, and nothing but his mercy communicate; verse 12, "For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted, according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." It is impossible to express the satisfaction which such a sentence of Divine Goodness yields to those who, the more they meditate on themselves, the more they must be convinced of their being "unprofitable stewards." Yet, unprofitable as they are, He who prepareth the heart hearkeneth unto them, and estimates their service by the standard of his own unutterable mercy.

I read part of Hooker's Sermon on Perpetuity of Faith in the Elect. Hooker considers the conduct of Abraham, Gen. xvii. 17, as a proof of his doubting. I cannot think this. In the first place, he is not reprov'd for it, as Sarah was. In the next place, it appears evident that the patriarch's emotion was exultation; and that it was not offensive to God is, I think, clear, from the name given to the promised child, a name commemorative of this laughing—for such is the meaning of the word Isaac. Surely there is no ground for Hooker's suggestion. Abraham besought God's protection to

Ishmael ; and that his prayer was not considered as a mark of want of faith in the future birth of Isaac, is proved, beyond controversy, by the answer of the Almighty, “As for Ishmael, I have heard thee.” Whatever were the secret sense of the prayer for Ishmael, it had no interference with Isaac, and in this light it was heard and answered. Notwithstanding, then, the authority of Hooker, I shall persist in denying that Abraham laughed through want of faith. On the contrary, I have always considered, and shall continue to consider, this incident as a decisive proof of Abraham’s perfect confidence in the fulfilment of God’s promise.

October 11th.—Trigesimus quintus, ex quo nuptus fui, annus, jam expletus. Deo gratias humillimè ago propter omnia quæ mihi per tot annos feliciter evenerint. May thy chastisements, O Lord, have also their right effect upon me ; may, through thy grace, all things work together to keep me in the path of eternal life, for Christ’s sake. Amen.

Mr Davison lays great weight on the silence of sacred scripture respecting the origin of animal sacrifice. I confess that I do not see much in this argument. The annals of the first years of man are very briefly written. Neither does Moses give any account of the origin of prayer ; yet I cannot but suppose that man was instructed in the duty of prayer. That the institution of the Sabbath is more fully told, is

easily to be accounted for; and I think any reasoning from this peculiarity against the divine institution of sacrifice is ill grounded. Had the day of religious worship been left to the appointment of man, we know, by the example of the heathen world, how uncertain this would have been. Nothing that I find in Davison has shaken my opinion of the divine origin of sacrifice. I do not know whether it has been remarked, but, as far as my recollection goes, I am not aware that the savage nations of the South seas and North America ever used prayer to the great Spirit, even at the time when they offered sacrifice. I remember no prayers, and no account of any addresses to the Deity among them.

11th.—At half-past five o'clock this evening I parted from my beloved daughter. Embarked.

12th, Wednesday.—After a most noisy, and consequently sleepless night, I rose to a good day. The vessel not out of the Thames by 9 o'clock; and, unhappily for us, the wind in the east, portending some swell when we get to sea. My dear —— suffers much from headache. That mysterious influence of the mind on the body is probably the cause of her illness. Whenever her mind is much agitated, as it was yesterday, she invariably suffers in this way.

13th, Thursday.—Rose late after a most disturbed night. I am very poorly indeed, and

suffer very great and continual pain. I am afraid to take opiates; yet from nothing else do I obtain any relief. May He who chastens, chasten in mercy, and graciously enable me to apply his visitation to a right purpose.

14th October.—By the goodness of God I am here restored to my own dwelling in peace and thankfulness, after an absence of three months.

Now then, let me look back; let me not forget the mercies which have attended me. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. I have made two voyages; and, amid all the precautions of human sagacity, the result of experience, the fruit of many sad disasters, let me not be backward to acknowledge the good and gracious Providences which protected us, and the merciful hand that guided us to the haven where we would be. My beloved —— bore her journey well, and when that journey was concluded, it was in the embraces of beloved and tender friends. I was allowed, too, to find my dear grand-children all well and flourishing, and promising, under the Divine blessing, to be a comfort and rejoicing to their pious parents. I had every attention, when I was able to join and enjoy society. I had every gratification from hearing good and gracious sentiments, and from the benevolent respect showed to myself.

From London I went to Bath; and there the affectionate and tender greeting of my best and oldest friend awaited me. Never shall I forget

her kind reception of me. Thence was my course to — to be greeted with pious love by —, and there in the bosom of affection, again delighted and honoured by Mrs B——’s society, did I pass my time; weakened indeed, and distressed by sickness and almost incessant pain, but in the happy enjoyment of affections which I consider as especially blest by God. . .

And have I had nothing to regret—no cloud amid all this sunshine of the heart? Yes, I have had chastisements. But here, here do I declare, that I earnestly desire to submit myself to the will of God in all things; and while I, less than the least of his gracious mercies, desire to bless and praise his holy name for all the good which he hath made to overflow in my cup, I would also ask of Him, who disposeth the heart of man, to give me a new and clean heart, and to inspire me with the grace of resignation to His wise and righteous dispensations, and to teach me to say from the bottom of my heart with penitent Israel, “Nevertheless, Thou art just in all that is brought upon me, for Thou hast done righteously, but I have done wickedly.” Marvellous have been and are the mercies of God, to one so unworthy as myself, and, in the trials which He may think it fitting to subject me to, may I never cease to praise and bless his unwearied goodness, His benefits more in number than I am able to express, and to implore Him so to guide and fashion my heart and mind by His holy counsel,

that all things may work together for my good ; “ and that living and dying, in honour or in dishonour, in good report or in evil report, I may be so conducted by His Spirit, that, after serving him here in humility and obedience, I may be admitted hereafter to stand before His throne in everlasting joy ! Amen and amen.

These and all my thanksgivings and supplications, my prayers and praises, my confessions and resolutions, I humbly offer before the throne of Almighty, and Everlasting, and Unchangeable Grace, through the blessed and powerful intercession of our holy Advocate and Propitiation, JESUS CHRIST, the Son of God, our only and most adorable Saviour and Redeemer.

October 16.—This evening I began my labours in my interleaved Bible.

I retire to my room, imploring God’s pardon of my sins, his merciful sanctification of my soul, and his gracious support under the moral and physical trials to which I look daily ; and some of which I daily endure in my poor infirm body. Such is my constant prayer—to be prepared for my last end.

October 17.—I am very ill this day, and there appears a threatening of something worse. God preserve me !

18.—Wrote an admonition to Sponsors, and sent it to Moir, the printer.

19.—Read —— sermon in favour of the Roman Catholics. I am perfectly satisfied with

his acknowledgment that, if religious errors tend to make men worse members of the state, they are fair objects for human laws and human interference. He grants here all that can be desired ; and he will not pretend that they who uphold the Pope's supremacy, and are bound by allegiance to him, can offer the same security for their good conduct as members of the state with their Protestant fellow-subjects. In granting what he does, he takes off the force of all his own arguments.

I pray God to bless every means employed for the restoring my health. But his holy will be done !

Pursued my work in the interleaved Bible. It is really melancholy to notice the absurd and mean fictions of Deists against the truth. One set of them pretend that Moses copied the old Greek writers, the earliest of whom did not write till about five hundred years *after* the death of Moses.

22d.—This day has begun in pain. Mr —— preached for me. A most melancholy event has taken place ; the loss of a steam vessel on the Clyde, full of passengers, of whom the greater number perished. Among them Mr H. R——, son of Mr P. R——, who has been a member of my congregation thirty-one years. A young man of the name of M^cAlister is among the sufferers. He had made great exertions to obtain a

passage on board the vessel! *Quam cæca mentes hominum.*

Began a letter to my dearest W——, but pain, severe and continual, obliged me to stop. Dr R——'s visit is desirable, as the prosperous gale *ναύτησιν ἐελδομένοισι.*

Dr R—— found me incapable of chirurgical relief, and left me to pursue the course he had recommended, in hopes that the operation of nature would be my friend,—my chastener and therein my friend,—this operation was through the whole of a night of almost agony. Give me patience and submission, O Lord, for thy mercies' sake!

25, Tuesday.—My pain is still great: but, I thank God, tolerable, and my relief cannot, I think, be far distant. May it be accompanied with Divine grace to make a right use of it. Mrs Capt. D—— died yesterday morning.

“Quando ad me veniet?”

By the mercy of God, about nine this evening my distresses were suddenly, in great and chief part, relieved, and I retired to my bed, full of grateful thanksgivings, to enjoy repose which I had not known so long. Oh! that the troubles of my mind could be as speedily repaired,—but I bow in submission,—and, O blessed and holy Lord, let thy chastening be for my eternal good!

26, Wednesday.—The relief increased through the night, and I am now perfectly at ease.

Breve, quidem, solatium istud. Placuit Deo, me iterum morbo isto, quo, anno ab hoc tertio, laboravi, afficere. Fiat voluntas ejus!

October 27.—The remains of Mr H. T. R—— were interred this day. I wrote a letter to his mother, and offered to visit her, if she wished me to do so.

28, Friday.—Received a very kind letter from Mr R. R—— accepting my proposed visit to-morrow. The conduct of his mother and himself under this severe trial is beyond all praise. May it be imitated! Endeavoured to compile a prayer for their service.

29, Saturday.—Began the duties of the day with a visit to Mrs P. R—— and her worthy son. They support their affliction, through the grace of God, most admirably.

30, Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.—Preached in the forenoon, St James iv. 14.

In that passage of the iv. Philippians, the second lesson of this evening, in which St Paul declares his power as proceeding from Christ alone, he gives a comfort and assurance to prayer which is not to be expressed. Above all things do I desire that the merciful and gracious Father of the Lord Jesus Christ would grant to me this assurance—this fulness of faith, wherein I might “cast all my care upon God.” Oh God, hear and answer my prayer!

November 1.—For these two evenings past I have read to my dear —— a sermon of Orton’s

on the duties and comforts of the aged. I beseech, deeply and earnestly beseech of Almighty God to grant that I may not, in the midst of all my advantages, become the victim of *passive impressions*. I am more afraid of this, than of almost any thing,—spiritual indolence I dread above every thing. Preserve me from it, O blessed Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ!

November 2.—I began a letter to my beloved Mrs F—— B—— on the 5th ch. of 2d Corinthians,—that chapter which contains a summary of our hopes, and duties, and obligations to the inestimable love of God, as manifested in our reconciliation to Him through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This portion of sacred Scripture is my joy and comfort. May I ponder over it, and pray over it, and, by the blessed influence of God's Holy Spirit, be taught all I owe to my Redeemer, and what is my bounden duty towards him, and may the "love of Christ really constrain me." May I be accepted in him, and may, by God's grace, the fruits of justification in him show themselves in the improvement of my heart and life! Exaudi, Deus, et precibus meis benigne responde.

November 2.—It is impossible for me to express what I owe to the great mercy of Almighty God, in my restoration to a portion of ease and comfort to which I have been a stranger for so many years. O may my devotion be such as it ought to be, through the grace of God in Jesus Christ. Amen.

3, Thursday.—The night was very heavy with me. O my God, have mercy on me, after thy great goodness, according to the multitude of thy mercies, do away mine offences! I do trust in that mercy which never faileth them who humbly ask it, that comfort will break forth upon me for His sake who died for sinners. For His sake, hear my prayer, O God, and be merciful unto me. Amen.

I began my work this day with my usual portion of my sermon, and then I read the xv. of St Luke, as a preparation for the prayer which I offered before God,—and may it be accepted.

November 4.—Read Sherlock's admirable sermons on Phil. ii. 6. They are beyond my praise.

5, Saturday.—“Man returneth to his dust, and then all his thoughts perish.” This is to be understood of man as a creature formed out of the dust of the earth; and of the thoughts which rise no higher, and are employed solely in things of earth: and in this axiom, thus explained, there is divine truth, every day enforced by awful experience. But the same man is also, through Christ, an immortal being; there is in his frame a soul which is destined to live in happiness or misery for ever, and “the thoughts of the soul, and of all that concerns its better nature, do not perish.” The contrast is as instructive as it is awful.

6, Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.—I read last night to —— Orton's 6th sermon on Isaiah

xlvi. 4. This is by far the most pleasing and useful of the discourses which I have read hitherto; the doctrine is stated with great clearness, and its application remarkably well brought out. In one criticism he appears to be mistaken. The Hebrew word סבל is of a much stronger signification than נשא the word which follows: and the position of this first word is not usual, for it generally follows נשא as importing a greater exertion than implied in this latter word. Such, at least, is the judgment of Parkhurst.

7, Monday.—Set out for Glasgow.

8, Tuesday.—Anxietas me ubique sequitur. O Deus, mihi solatium præbe: Tu solus animum reparare potes, Tu solus remedium solitudinis præbere. Quæ juxta voluntatem Tuam humiliter rogo, benigne imperti. Non quæ mundus dat quæro, sed quæ amor tuus, quæ benignitas tua in Christo fidentibus impertiat ea desidero. Non pompam, nec opes, nec mihi regna peto, sed curarum quæ mentem excruciant requiem; sed in Te solatium; sed spes favoris Tui per Dominum nostrum Iesum Christum. Amen. A precibus meis aurem Tuam ne avertas.

10.—I saw to-day a very good specimen of Iambic and Anapæstic verses from Milton's *Comus*. I was not quite satisfied with the word *καναχή*, in the version of the song "sweet echo," &c. for Milton's word "resounding." I always have understood the word *καναχή* as conveying the

idea of a tinkling sound. Homer uses it to express the sound of a brazen helmet struck by missiles, or trampled on by horses,—and the noise caused by the feet of mules; but on no occasion does he apply it as a term of any *dignity*, if I may so express myself: yet in the Hymn to Apollo, v. 184, we have,

——— τοῖο δὲ Φόρμιγγι
χρυσέου ὑπὸ πλῆκτρον καναχὴν ἔχει ἰμερόεσσαν,

where the sound is *musical*, and so far agrees with the line,

“ And give resounding grace to all heaven’s harmonies.”

Pindar, too, has *καναχαὶ ἀυλῶν*.

12.—When the Psalmist puts the question—“ Who will show us any good ?” his answer is, “ Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.” Without the favour of God, which, to refer to the beautiful figure of the original, is reflected by the mirror of a good conscience, there can be no happiness.

16.—Read —— sermon —— . Authors on subjects such as these should labour to write well and vigorously. The common place remarks which all have heard, and all can suggest to themselves, have no effect. The natural inclination to dulness on spiritual subjects should not be cultivated by a writer. He is a suicide, and destroys himself, and robs himself of the fruit of all his labours; besides, he makes ordinary readers afraid of opening good books, lest they should find all as dull as his.

17, Thursday.—In the last accounts from India, there is a most melancholy return of the number of women burned on the funeral pile of their husbands, in the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta; in the immediate neighbourhood, that is, of the seat of the British Government. This is most shocking. That if proper exertions were made, this wicked practice might be put down, cannot be doubted. One thing seems evident, that few of these poor women are voluntary sufferers: were no force allowed to bring them to the pile, perhaps not one in twenty would burn herself. In the southern parts of India, this appears to be the case. The words of Christ occur to the mind, *ἐκείνος ἀνθρώπου-κτόνος ἦν ἀπ' ἀρχῆς*.—St John viii. 44.

19, Saturday.—St John xi. 48. The holy Scriptures delineate with fidelity the weakness of our fallen nature. The apprehensions of the Jews here expressed, are, in other words, the same which induce worldly persons, at all times, to stifle their convictions, lest the open profession and practice of the faith should injure present interests. May I learn from this true picture of the dispositions which belong to me, as a fallen creature,—and which can be corrected only by the grace of God! I read the last of Orton's sermons to my family. It is undoubtedly the best in the book. The subject animated the good and pious author, and he writes with more vigour and life than in any of

his former sermons. The subject, indeed, is animating. The hopes of eternal blessedness gild the evening of life, and deprive the transitory troubles of the present time of their influence to disturb and vex the mind. But who shall be found meet to partake in the rest of the prophet, and the lot of God's saints? Who are they whose names are indeed written in the book of life?

20, Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.—What a consoling truth is declared to us in the Epistle this day: "JEHOVAH, our righteousness." Besides the assurance that He is the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," here it is expressly asserted that the Redeemer is Jehovah our righteousness, יהוה צדקנו.

The boldest Socinian will not deny that this is the designation of the Messiah; neither can he deny that to the Messiah is here given the incommunicable name of God.

Read ——'s Sermon on Heavenly-mindedness, a very poor and tasteless performance, with none of those high and elevated views of spiritual life which I expected from him; nothing but mere common-place—telling what all know, that this world disappoints, and that the world to come will not do so. I feel, on such occasions, as Johnson describes himself to have felt when his mother made him read a chapter of the Whole Duty of Man. See Boswell's Life of Johnson.

26, Saturday.—I was gratified this day with a most kind letter from my dearest friend, Mrs F—— B——. I pray Almighty God to support this pious servant under her present trial, and to order all for her everlasting good, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

November 29th.—Begun a letter to Mrs B—— on 1 Cor. iii. 12—15.

December 4.—Mr —— did the afternoon duty at St John's Chapel, and preached on repentance from St Matth. iii. 2. By the way I must observe, for the subject occurred to my reflection just at this moment, by a very evident association, that the scene of the Baptist's education, and of his first ministry, was "the wilderness of Judea;" but this wilderness was not, according to the judgment of the excellent Dr Middleton, the scene of our blessed Lord's temptation, as it is generally supposed to have been. Against this notion the learned Bishop of Calcutta argues with great force; and states his own opinion, that our Lord was transported "by the Spirit" into the great desert wherein the Israelites wandered for forty years. If this conjecture be rightly founded, *the place* in which the temptation was, in part, exercised by Satan, gave a peculiar effect to the words quoted by our Lord from the book of Deuteronomy,—words conceived and first pronounced in the very wilderness where Jesus then was. We cannot imagine that the desert of Judea was the place,

for there is no part of it that is not within a short distance of inhabited villages or towns. That the temptation was a *real* transaction, and not a *vision*, as some have conceived, is, I think, evident from the whole narration, the authority of which, it was well observed to me by Dr Falconer of Bath, is the more irrefragable, as the narration must have been communicated by our Lord himself to his disciples, or by the immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Whenever we read the history, let us also bless Almighty God for the wonderful and merciful dispensation, through which his only begotten Son took our nature upon Him; for, in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able also to succour them that are tempted.

December 11.—I think it is to be regretted that our excellent translators of the Holy Bible had not given to the words “*οὐδὲν γὰρ ἑμαυτῶ σὺν-οἶδα,*” 1 Cor. iv. 4. the real meaning which they bear in Greek. There is nothing uncommon in the phrase, “I am not conscious to myself of any thing,” and had this plain version been used, no one would have ever complained of obscurity; and yet I have been often asked the meaning of this passage, which occurs in the epistles of this day, and which, therefore, I noted at this time.

December 12.—I began a sermon on the beautiful words of Isaiah, xl. 12. Such occupations are soothing and delightful, and I like not

to be called from them to engage in the useless contests generated by ungoverned temper.

December 13, Tuesday.—The exposition of Holy Scripture is one of the most arduous duties of the “stewards of the mysteries of God,” and in the discharge of it, I beseech of Almighty God to direct me, while I proceed with “fear and trembling.” I do not know any thing that has distressed me more than the perfect air of ease and indifference, in the German theologians, who treat the word of God, as they would treat the word of fallible and imperfect man.

Sir James Balfour, in his *Annals of Scotland*, relates that the day before his murder, Charles I. looking at his own picture at Whitehall, over which was written “*Carolus Rex*,” observed that this anagram of his name was presently come into his thoughts, namely, “*Cras ero lux*,” “which,” added he, in that spirit of piety which was his comfort and support in all his distresses, “*I hope*, through the mercy of my blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, before the morrow at this time, shall be assuredly verified in me a miserable sinner.” This anecdote carries internal evidence of its own truth.

December 14.—The poor woman Mrs — called. Her tone and language are the most distressing to my ear that I have ever encountered. It is singular, that such a noise, for I can call it no other, remains on the sensorium much longer than an agreeable sound. “*Aures vaporatæ*

sunt quasi tintinnabulo." The poor woman has embarked in lodging letting, and expects me to recommend lodgers. I would not lodge in a house where, as Fergus M'Ivor says, "her counter tenor might be heard every morning admonishing her servants."

December 18.—The lower orders like sermons which contain something above their comprehension. To awaken their attention, they must be convinced that their pastor knows something which they do not know. In Scotland, the lower orders are convinced that they understand the Bible, because it is in English! I have heard of a minister who used to regale his hearers with the original Greek, as he called it; but not knowing a word of Greek, he repeated a sentence of Gaelic. It was in the Lowlands: and Gaelic was *Greek* to them. This *pious* fraud, as he called it, had established his character as a learned man, and an excellent preacher. A Highland gentleman who accidentally was in his church, complimented him in the vestry on his excellent Gaelic. "O sir," said the parson, "I beg you will not betray me; for my people would leave me at once, if they thought I was not more knowing than themselves."

December 20.—Wrote to —— and sent him a crust, namely, the inscription at Padua, from Evelyn's memoirs. If —— can suggest an emendation which shall extort sense from the first line, he will display no little sagacity.

“Inclytus Antenor patriam vox nisa quietem.” &c. &c.

I have tried till I am tired, and can do nothing with it.

Difficilem aliquando provinciam mihi impositam sentio; in te, O Deus, in te solo est solitudinis et curæ remedium. Preces meas benigne exaudi, des mihi vires quas non habeo nisi ex misericordia tua. Mœrorem mitiga—spei frustrationem, severam scilicet et acerbam, tolerabiliorem redde, et præcipue te oro, gratum in me efficias animum, cum omnia quæ in me cumulasti beneficia, recenseo. Nil sum sine beneficio tuo, nec vires, nec virtutem, nec scientiam quamlibet nisi ex abundantia tua possideo!!

22, Thursday.—Read St Paul’s epistle to the Colossians, carefully, twice over, with occasional reference to the Greek. Dr Middleton thinks that the word *πρωτότοκος* may be translated, “begotten before all creatures,”—it is evident that the version in our Bibles does not correspond with the assertion of the next verses. Mr — resolves it into a Hellenism. I like Dr Middleton’s proposal much better.

23.—Read the cx. Psalm critically in Hebrew. Some of Horsley’s version and notes please me much. The last verse seems to me very difficult. That the Psalm is to be understood of the Messiah is declared on the highest authority, and I am surprised at Horsley’s giving, on this point, the authority of Jewish Rabbies only. In the last verse, *the brook* may have one of two

meanings. The general figurative sense of the term is, however, “refreshment,” rather than “sufferings or sorrows,” and I should be much inclined to interpret it of the triumphant progress of the Messiah according to the prophecy in Psalm xlv. 5. and Revelations vi. 2. If the notion of suffering is the right sense, the verse is well explained by the last part of the prophecy in the liii. chapter of Isaiah.

24, Saturday.—Read critically in the Hebrew, the cxvi. and cxvii. Psalms. In Bishop Horsley’s opinion the last Psalm is only an introduction to the cxviii. The division and arrangement of the Psalms, in this portion of the Psalter, in the Septuagint differ considerably from the Hebrew. I confess that in the cxvi. Psalm, I do not see the connection of the fifteenth verse with the context. Horsley says nothing of the verse. It is common with commentators to omit any interpretation of obscure parts, and load the reader with illustrations and explanations of those passages which he can comprehend without their learned aid.

December 26, St Stephen’s day, Monday.—In the second lesson this morning our translators have made an error in rendering the Greek gerund, *ἐκάκωσε τοὺς πατέρας ἡμῶν, τοῦ ποιεῖν ἕκδετα τὰ βρέφη αὐτῶν, εἰς τὸ μὴ ζωογονεῖσθαι*,—instead of our version of this place, “He evil-treated our fathers, so that they cast out their children to the end that they might not live,” it

should be, “He evil-intreated our fathers, by *causing their children to be exposed,*” &c. This is one of a few very rare instances of incorrectness in this noble version of the Holy Scriptures.

27, Tuesday, St John the Evangelist.—This day I ordained —— a deacon. I humbly pray God that He may bless His servant, and enable him by His grace to fulfil the duties of his ministry to the glory of God, and his own salvation.

28, Wednesday.—Oravi ut Deus in misericordia ejus mihi impertiat gratiam, ut patienter et submissee omnia quæ ad me pertineant in manus ejus tradam. Animus meus severo sub onere laborat.

I passed an hour or two this forenoon over——metrical version of the Psalms. The notes are the most valuable part of the publication: of the poetry I cannot say much. It has added another to the many proofs of the difficulty of such an undertaking, and furnished another confirmation of Dr Johnson’s remarks on the subject of devotional poetry in his *Life of Milton*.

1826, Jan. 1. — By the goodness of Almighty God, I am in better health at the opening of this new year, than I was at the same time in the last year. May His mercy preserve me and mine through the time to come, for Christ’s sake!

This day concludes the pleasing visit which my dear D—— and C—— have paid us. Among the numberless subjects of gratitude which I

feel to God, the prosperity and affection of my beloved children is one of the greatest in value and degree. I never see any of them without blessing God for his continued goodness in preserving to me this subject of joy, on which I rest with continual and increasing satisfaction.

4.—Received a letter from Mrs F—— B——. She is, I think, drawing near the end of her pious and holy life. May the God whom she has served support her under the trials of sickness and debility, and comfort her last hour, with that consolation which cometh from him alone! There is another for whom I pray, that under the peculiar and distressing weight of the visitation of Divine Providence, *he* may be enabled to receive the trial with humility and resignation,—that he may look up to the only source of strength and comfort, and that his prayers may be heard by Him who doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.

The famous text, Job xix. 25, 26, 27, is thus:

I know my Redeemer liveth.	} ואני ידעתי גאלי חי
And hereafter on the earth he shall rise up.	} ואחרון על עפר יקום
And hereafter my skin shall cover this [my body.]	} ואחר עורי נקפו זאת
And from my flesh I shall behold Him who was made a curse [for me.]	} ומבשרי אחזה אלוה
Whom I shall behold for myself and not a stranger.	} אשר אני אחזה לי ולא זר

[Though] my entrails be
 consumed within my bo- } : בלו כליתי בחקי
 som.

In our authorized version the second of these verses is much altered. "And although after my skin *worms* destroy this *body*, yet in my flesh shall I see God." The Greek version of the LXX. is here different from our English translation, and differs from the original text in a manner which appears very unaccountable. The words in italics are inserted in the translation in the bible. But for their discrepancy from the original it is not easy to give a reason: the word נקפו is rendered "destroy"—it means to "encompass."

Jan. 6.—Sic ego secretis possim bene vivere sylvis
 Quo nulla humano sit via trita pede:
 Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
 Lumen, et in solis Tu mihi turba locis.

Tibullus iv. 13.

Translated by the Rev. J. Newton.—*Cecil's Life*.

The last of the English lines is awkward; the dactyl at the close is unpleasant to the ear. The original lines are beautiful.

7, Saturday.—During a sleepless night, I endeavoured to throw together a few thoughts on the verses of Tibullus:

IMITATED FROM TIBULLUS.

THOU art my soul's best strength, my God!
 Sustained by thee, I've safely trod
 On Afric's burning shore;

Where human footstep ne'er has been,
 And nought but savage life is seen,—
 Nought heard but ocean's roar.

By Thee illumed, the desert wild
 With peace and heavenly joy has smiled,—
 No solitude was there.
 For thou art every where ; thy hand
 Hath led me in this distant land
 With all a shepherd's care.

What though the pathless waste I tread,
 Where no kind greeting bids me speed,
 And far from man's abode,
 My heart, my tongue I can employ
 In prayer, in praise,—e'en here enjoy
 Communion with my God!

11.—I passed a night of tremendous suffering. But I humbly commit myself unto thee, O God, to dispose of me as thou thinkest fitting, and make me resigned to all thy dispensations for Christ's sake!

15, Second Sunday after Epiphany.—I was obliged to stay at home. May the Almighty, in his great mercy, hear the supplications which I offered, and the confessions which I made, and pardon my offences, and strengthen me under the trials I meet with, for Jesus Christ's sake! אמן.

19.—Ps. liii. 5. אכלי עמי אכלו לחם “Eating up my people *as they would* eat bread.” This is the authorized version. The LXX. is the same. I can account for this only from the Athnach,

which, in the pointed Hebrew, is placed under לַחֵם. This is said by Frey to be equivalent to a colon. In the unpointed Hebrew it might be read, “Devourers of my people, they eat bread, they call not upon God.” That is, they receive God’s blessings in their daily support, but they do not acknowledge their dependence by prayer. It is very evident that our translators read with points; and one of the best means of learning the value of the points, is by comparing the original Hebrew proper names with the translation. In our English version אכלי is considered as the plural masculine of the participle Benoni of אכל, *to devour*. Mudge considers it as the nom. plur. of a derived substantive, אכל, *a devourer*.

25, Wednesday. — Conversion of St Paul. How much is it to be lamented that modern devotion is so cold that it is useless to open our chapels on a saint’s day!

26.—Gracious and most merciful God, who ordainest all things in wisdom and goodness, enable me, I humbly implore thee, to support this heavy trial, and to improve it, by thy blessed help, to good. Thou knowest what is best for me; and bitter as the visitation is, and hard to be supported by my weakness, yet will I cast all my care on thee; and in the faith of thine ever blessed Son, I will hope to be enabled to look forward to that hour which shall relieve me from the sufferings of this state: only render

these, O Lord, available to my salvation, through thy Son, our Lord and Mediator, Jesus Christ. Amen.

February 7.—Nehemiah ix. 23. A passage of the most valuable application. It is the proper tribute of truth and humility for the suffering offender to acknowledge the justice of his punishment; and his proper conduct is such resignation,—a conviction of the righteous dealing of God, and of his own unworthiness.

It is delightful to observe the ameliorating, soothing effects of Christian piety and charity in the last words of such a man as Baxter. E—— and I talked about him a good deal at dinner to-day.

12.—Psalm li. 17. Read Cowper's sermon on this text to my family. No passage of Holy Scripture is more calculated to bring us into a proper frame for devotion, and to comfort us during its offices. Like a similar passage in the xxxi. Psalm, ver. 11, it gives us a view of Divine goodness most consoling. How different is the mercy of God from that of man! To obtain the favour of an offended fellow-worm of the earth, one would not begin by a deep confession of unworthiness of the mercy that is sought. But the Holy Ghost instructed David to utter the declaration above,—to say, as in the xxv. Psalm, "Be merciful unto my sin, for it is great;" and the Apostle says, "God commendeth [*συνίστησι*, establishes, confirms] his mercy toward us, in

that, *while we were sinners*, Christ died for us.”
—Rom. v. 8.

13.—Faxis Deus, Pater Domini nostri Iesu Christi ut gratiæ ejus donis qua minima parte fruar; ut animi mei solitudini, atque molestissimæ ægritudini remedium adhibeatur. Consilii inops—miser peccator—immo in Iesu Christi meritis atque intercessione solam curarum requiem summopere quærens, favorem denique assequar! O Tu, Divine Redemptor, qui tristitiam meam penitus cognoscis, sis mihi propitius obsecro! Pro me intercedas. Amen.

Psalm cxxxix. ver. 3. כל דרכי הסכנתה I shall henceforward make these words the motto of my Diary. God grant that it may avail me!

27.—The contrast between Southey’s delicious style and —— is most striking. I am glad to see that Southey’s answer to the charges of Mr Butler is published. The cause of our excellent Church will gain much from the exertions of such an advocate.

March 5.—Ex profundo clamavi! ad Te, Deus optime, Pater Domini nostri Iesu Christi, ad Te me verto. Condone meis peccatis—refugium mihi præbe—ἀνάπαυσιν—miserrimus sum, mei miseraris—ut aliquando e tenebris in lucem evadam—Nihil, sane, nisi punitionem mereor—attamen, resipiscentem exaudi, Deus, atque per Dominum nostrum et Salvatorem, propitius esto mihi. In Te confido. זמן

6.—My beloved —— is to set out this day from

— on her journey hither. May the blessing and protection of the Almighty be with her, and her dear child, — and may they reach us safely!

8.—Received a visit from the Rev. Mr Daly from Dublin; he convinced me of the great importance of the Irish schools in which the children are taught to read the Scriptures in their native tongue. Nothing will overcome the Romish influence so much as the knowledge of Holy Scripture. This, every day's experience decidedly proves.

18.—Held my general annual confirmation, and confirmed eighty one persons.

22.—The Rev. Wm Kell, minister of St Andrew's Chapel, Kelso, visited me for the purpose of subscribing the Canons, and uniting himself, and his congregation, with their full approbation, to the communion of the Scottish Episcopal Church. I pray Almighty God to bless this act of the Pastor and his flock, and may this union become the instrument and channel of many spiritual blessings to them, for the sake of the Holy Head of this church.

23.—After I was in bed, I received a letter from Mr —; he is in deep affliction at the news of the death of his son, a most truly valuable young man.

24, Good Friday. — Afflicted Mr — called on me at 10 to-day. We agreed that the melancholy disclosure should be delayed till after the second service at the chapel. I attended

chapel of course, in the forenoon. Communicants 120. In the afternoon, I delivered the sixth P. W. lecture; and after service made my purposed visit to Mrs —— a most trying duty it was, but I trust in the goodness of Him who smiteth to support his servants under their affliction.

25.—Delivered the last P. W. lecture. After service I went to Mrs —— and prayed with the afflicted family. I hope that they received some comfort. Began a letter to —— on 1 John v. 16, 17, a very difficult passage.—At two o'clock met a few young persons in the chapel, and discoursed to them on the service of the holy communion.

28, Easter Tuesday.—This day closes the duties of this holy season, and I bless and praise God for his great goodness in enabling me to perform them without interruption or inconvenience.

I had to-day a very long and serious conversation with Mr ——, the minister of the Independent chapel in ——. I lent him Bishop Hall on Episcopacy.

April 1.—I never prayed more earnestly for peace and support than I did this evening. May the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ in great goodness hear me, and have mercy upon me! Indeed I could use the supplication of the Psalmist, הקשיבה אל ובתי כי דלוחי מאד.

But what an inestimable blessing is it, that there is a Friend who changeth not, “who giveth

liberally and upbraideth not.”—Give me, O Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Saviour, that true faith which resteth on thee, in which thy servants cast all their care on thee!

2, First Sunday after Easter.—Obliged to remain at home. But I humbly implore that the prayers which I offered in secret may be heard, and after God’s good pleasure answered.

13.—Dined at Lady ——’s. Met with Mr Baron —— there. After dinner we were talking about ——’s autobiography, and the Baron remarked, that no man could talk five minutes of himself without saying something which he might as well not have said.

21.—Went to Mrs ——, and prayed with her, and read a part of the v. chap. of St John to her, and expounded it.

May 4. — Audi, Deus optime, Pater Domini nostri Iesu Christi, audi preces meas indignas omnino; audi tamen non propter mea merita, sed propter benevolentiam tuam in Iesu Christo.

8.—Visited ——, who appears to be very evidently drawing to her end. May the presence and support of God’s Holy Spirit be with her! But, gracious Father of mercies, may the healthy and the active take warning, and labour to be ready when the dread hour cometh! There is a state which is neither life nor utter insensibility, which is indeed to be deprecated,—when the slumberer cannot be roused to recollection; and prayer is used at the bed-side of the un-

heeding patient ; and the most awful of all hours is stealing on without notice.

20.—I have written again the motto * from the Psalms. O Lord, who thus recordest in thy book all the ways of men, look mercifully on me, and through the aid and guidance of thy Holy Spirit, vouchsafe that “my ways” may be made acceptable before thee, for Christ’s sake. Amen.

25.—Rose after a good night, as good nights are with me, very thankful for the mercies by which I am surrounded ; and I trust, also, deeply sensible of my own unworthiness, and of God’s infinite goodness towards me.

At D—— there is a copy of the large quarto Common Prayer, illustrated by Westall. Every thing must be illustrated now,—so we have the Lord’s prayer, and the Creed, exemplified by an affectation of sentiment and piety, which do not show themselves by external tokens when they really exist. The only print which much pleased me, is one of a domestic group, father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother, with a pretty boy saying his catechism. This is a very pleasing picture ; for the rest I cannot say much.

26.—In reading Gray’s ode again, I am struck with the affectation of feelings which could have had no place in his mind. Surely, however he might have been tired of the world, which at

* See the motto prefixed to this Diary.

his age, then not forty, was abundantly ridiculous, he could not have desired to be immersed in the *Grande Chartreuse*, and condemned to the senseless circle of observances to which the victims of superstition were devoted in that place. A retreat from the follies and distractions of the world is a very different thing from such retirement as monastic institutions afford. And the moment you suspect the sincerity of the poet, though you may admire the classical elegance of his language, all your pleasure in his verses is destroyed. Such are my impressions on a fresh perusal of this much famed ode.

June 14.—Attended Miss —— to the poor blind clarionet-player, who is confined to his bed with a shattered thigh bone,—without hope of recovery; yet not in the immediate prospect of death. He is placid and contented, and waits for his release without murmuring or impatience: he says that he is happier now than he ever was in his life. He is sixty-six years old, and has been blind from his seventh year.

19.—After a painful night, I rose at six o'clock, in order to be ready for the passage boat on the canal, which I reached by seven, when the boat put off. The deck seemed to be crowded by passengers, from whom I escaped into the sitting room. Breakfasted *tête à tête* with a very intelligent Quaker;—we had a good deal of conversation during our meal, and I liked his sentiments very much. The intercourse

which it has fallen to me to have with the members of the Society of Friends has always been very pleasing to me.—I reached Glasgow about nine o'clock, after a voyage of thirteen hours. There was an unhappy man on board evidently labouring under some sad *mental* disease; the tenderness and discretion of his wife were most beautiful. In such cases all the graces and excellencies of the female character are called into exercise; and that amiable woman quite charmed me. What a trial her's must be! yet nothing could exceed the skill and kindness of her management. They had two fine and lovely boys with them. I looked on her with admiration and respect.

20.—I passed a night of the greatest pain. I went out after breakfast to get some books for my grandchildren, and now carry a little library with me. But the recollections of my own childhood make me a “*laudator temporis acti* ;” the spirit of Newberry, the children's friend, is gone! This is not such a trifle as some wise people would, perhaps, think it.

The heat was great, and the motion of the carriage in the journey from Glasgow to Ardeer exasperated my complaints in a sad degree.

Quæ mihi subeunda sint, nescio, oro autem, ut a Te, Deus optime, quæ mihi nunc infelicia videntur, in bonum vertantur per misericordiam Tuam. Oro, ut dum in corpore crucior, ad Te quotidie propius accedam. Confirma mihi, O

Redemptor clementissime, ea quæ sis iis pollicitus, qui ad Te veniant. Me per gratiam Tuam ad Te attrahe, me doceas quæ superna sunt appetere, quæ terrena despiciere; attamen eis sic uti ut omnia quæ mihi in hac vita eveniunt ad meliorem vitam sternant viam. Peccatis meis ignosces, precor,—et ex vanitate humanarum rerum omnem meam curam ad meliora paranda dirigere discam! 128.

21.—After a melancholy day of pain, I was obliged to retire early to bed; I contrived, however, to write in dear ——'s New Testament.

22.—I began again with a little in F——'s book, but I could do little. My day was very mournful and inactive in body, and I am precluded from all enjoyment of this pretty place. But in all times, and on all occasions, may I be enabled to say, οὐχ ὡς ἐγὼ θέλω, ἀλλ' ὡς σύ. This is the only resource; and O gracious God, who despisest not the prayer of the contrite and sorrowful, look down on me in mercy, and strengthen me for the trials yet to come!

24.—I have passed an useless day, not indeed under the sufferance of much pain, but it is now clear to me that it has pleased God that I should be afflicted with a return of former complaints to a very alarming degree. While I am here, nothing but perfect quiet must be my object; with such care, if it be the Divine will, I may be restored; but my present condition is sad. At

the same time, let me bless and praise the mercy of God, for the many comforts that surround me,—for the health and prosperity of my dear children,—for the constant affection and kindness of my excellent and beloved wife, and the many resources of ease under this severe trial,—above all, for the call which every hour makes upon me to prepare myself for leaving this world. Give me, O Lord, Father of mercies, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, an earnest and increasing desire to approach thee, and to be made worthy of thy calling, through our blessed Redeemer!

25.—Met the family at two o'clock, and read the afternoon service,—with great difficulty towards the conclusion. Sometimes infirmity breaks forth with a “quousque, Domine?” But may I rather be animated by the Spirit which dictated the words I have just read in the service of the day,—“I know, O Lord, that of very faithfulness thou hast caused me to be troubled.”

26.—Last evening severe distress obliged me to retire very early to bed; I am much relieved this day, and bless God for his mercies to me, whether his hand is laid on me for correction or withdrawn.—I have bestowed much time on Taylor's Holy Living this morning; I pray to God to give me His grace, that in the remainder of my life on earth I may be right in intention, diligent and dutiful in the employment of my

time, and that, above all, at every moment I may set Him before me, and seek to please and obey him.

28.—The weather is fine, but there is a great apparent want of rain. How doth this resemble the state of my heart!—I want the comforts and refreshment of the dew of God's grace.

30.—This is a solemn evening with me. I cannot see the sixtieth year of my life conclude without much serious thought. May Almighty God, for Christ's sake, pardon my past offences, and through His grace may the uncertain remainder of my days on earth be passed in dutiful submission to his blessed will!

July 1.—By the great and unmerited goodness of God I am brought this day to the beginning of the sixty-first year of my life. O my soul, bless the Lord for all his benefits and continued goodness. May I, O God, through thy Spirit be enabled to walk with thee for the remainder of my pilgrimage; that, forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before, I may press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Jesus Christ. Amen.

Walked a little with my dear W——, who mentioned to me, with the feeling which became her, a remark which she once heard made on Cowper's sermons, "that there is too much (I am afraid to write) of Jesus Christ in them;" the person adding, "that she conceived the proper

ground of acceptance with God at the hour of death, was the remembrance of a well spent life." Now this last sentiment explains the former most melancholy language. But alas! what are they who thus go about to establish their own righteousness, and not rather submit to the righteousness of God?—are they not, by their own daily confession, if that confession be sincerely uttered, "miserable sinners," who have done what they ought not to have done, and have left undone what they ought to have done, in whom is no health? And if this confession be true, where is this dying confidence in a well spent life? Supposing that they could say of their lives that they were such, have they forgotten the express declaration of our blessed Saviour, "And ye, when ye have done all, say we are unprofitable servants; we have done that which it was our duty to do." Indeed, such doctrine is calculated to produce error, and consequently, misery unutterable. The dying sinner,—and on a death-bed few will be bold enough to call themselves any thing else,—the dying sinner, awakened to a deep sense of his unworthiness, of his unfitness of *himself*, to stand before the presence of infinite purity, and holiness, and justice, will not find one moment's comfort in resting on himself,—he will find, then, no stay and support of the soul, but in the blessed atonement of Jesus Christ crucified—on him alone will he rely. By faith he will

come to the great and precious sacrifice, and as the ancient father writes, "drinking of the mysterious stream which flowed from the Redeemer's wounded side," he will be comforted; but not a thought will dwell on his own works as meritorious, not a word of self-confidence will then be uttered: "other foundation of comfort, at that hour, can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. There is none other name under heaven given unto man, whereby we must be saved, but only the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." And they who teach themselves, or are betrayed into believing, that they may rest on any other hope, are miserably deceiving their own hearts, and preparing for themselves confusion, and sorrow, and despair, at the time of the greatest need.

3.—This morning was occupied chiefly with Pyne's Royal Residences, and Lyon's Voyage to the Arctic Regions.

In the first of these works there is much to interest and entertain. I could wish the author had written less like an upholsterer,—the descriptions of splendid furniture, and catalogues of pictures, are very wearying. Occasionally we find anecdotes of former English history which are attractive; no where, however, can be seen a more complete illustration of the well-known story of the dervise in the Eastern palace. These royal residences are truly to be described as caravanseras.

Lyon's book is very curious and pleasing. His style is what it should be; his account of the Esquimaux has interested me very much. There is much in the character of these poor people which makes one wish them well. The history of Crante, to which Capt. Lyon continually refers, must be sought for when I return home; for probably he will say more than Lyon does, of their religious opinions, if they have any.

See Lyon's Journal, 1824, page 372, &c. It is impossible to attribute these notions of a future state to any source but that of tradition. Capt. Lyon says nothing of any belief of a supreme Being, a Creator, among this wretched portion of human nature.

That their account is, as he calls it, "straight forward" and unvarying, is, in my judgment, a direct proof that it is traditionary. And we must look back to the times immediately subsequent to the universal deluge for the origin of the tradition, which the various tribes of mankind bear with them in their wide dispersion. It is observable, that according to St Jude, the notion of a state of retribution might remain from patriarchal tradition. The account which the apostle gives of the prophecy of Enoch is sufficient to establish this point. In the notions of the western tribes in N. America and Mexico, we find a distribution of punishments as well as happiness. The notions of the Esquimaux are incomplete as compared with those just men-

tioned, but this circumstance only strengthens the opinion, that in all cases they are the result of tradition,—of an ancient revelation disfigured and corrupted. We find a very precise account of future retribution among a very savage and stupid tribe, the Chippewa Indians in N. America. The poor Greenlanders appear even lower in the rank of intellect, and it cannot be supposed that at any period such notions were originally invented by man ; for were they so, there would not be the remarkable conformity every where observed, nor would these opinions be found, as *lighted places*, amid the horrible mental darkness by which they are surrounded. The gross, carnal ideas of hunting, eating, and drinking, and pursuing the life in Aad-lec, which was pursued by the individuals while on earth, are natural to man, who cannot raise himself to spiritual things without higher aid, but these are no more gross or carnal than the paradise of Mahomet, and show what man is when left to himself. We observe the same notions prevalent among some of the ancient nations, of whom Herodotus tells us, that at the death of a king or other great man, his slaves and principal attendants are slaughtered on his grave, that he may have his retinue in the other world.

The more we read of these things, the more are we called upon to bless and praise the God of mercy, and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, for his inestimable love in the redemption of the

world, for the means of present grace, and the hope of future glory, and for the holy instruction which hath taught us that God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. While "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which are prepared for them that love God," we learn that our spiritual nature is the nature especially concerned in the blessings of the future state brought to light through the Gospel.

5.—The professor advises me to read Demosthenes with a view to the elucidation of St Paul's style of oratory—*the eloquence of ratiocination*. This remark is of consequence, and on my return home, if it please God that I reach my home in health and spirits, I will apply myself to the Greek orator. I am happy to have such a reason for the reperusal of Demosthenes, of whose writings I am very fond. Much service to Biblical knowledge would result from the undertaking, if my son would employ some time of leisure in an illustration of this matter. A short treatise, or an epistle of St Paul, published with such observations as he would make, would be a very valuable assistance to our sacred studies.

12.—My sorrows are enlarged indeed. The severity of my sufferings is most overpowering. May I have patience and submission to the will of God! What a comfort it is to have a ruler, a will to which we must submit,—especially as the

revealed word, as well as the natural and daily ordinances of his providence, convince us that He is wise and merciful, and that whatsoever he appoints for us, is what, if we were wise as he is, we should choose for ourselves. The prayer of faith, and wisdom, and obedience is the same at all times, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

17.—Wrote in dear ——'s book. This labour is much greater than I apprehended when I undertook it. It does me good, however, and I humbly ask a blessing on my work. The *practical* study of the word of God, I wish chiefly to pursue. It is too late for much merely critical labour, and above all, I do, *ex imo corde*, pray against the influence of passive impressions. May the merciful grace of God preserve me at all times from them, for Christ's sake!

18.—How tremendous must be the pollution and evil of sin, that the Son of God himself became man to redeem us from its penalty, and to rescue us from its dominion! No other sacrifice could avail for this redemption, no voice but his can obtain "gifts for us that the Lord God might dwell among us." The Son of God prayed that the cup of suffering might be removed from him; but it was not possible! What food for meditation is there here! On the other hand, how great is the value of moral goodness in the sight of God, when Jesus Christ came from the glories of Heaven to teach us, and bestow on us the blessed assistance of the Spirit, that we may

practise it! I have been perfectly overcome to-day, with meditation on St Mark, chapter ix, verse 43—49, especially the last verse compared with 2 Corinthians, v. 10. It appears to me mutually to illustrate and be illustrated by the words of Christ himself, recorded by the evangelist. May God Almighty protect and guide me, for Christ's sake!

20.—In the Glasgow Chronicle of this day, I read some extracts from a late publication of Mr R. Haldane's, containing a most shocking description of the state of religious matters in Germany, abundantly confirming Mr Rose's account. The manner in which one of the German professors endeavours to disprove our blessed Lord's miracles, is particularly offensive. He is much more audacious than Semler, and actually accuses our blessed Lord of "fraud!" Alas! how near in actual character does this wickedness approach to the irremissible sin!

21.—Left Glasgow, and embarked in the canal boat. I have had a suffering day, but I praise God for His merciful protection of me thus far towards my home. One might suppose that this creeping navigation was exposed to no danger, yet I was taught the contrary just now. We, by some accident, encountered a large heavy-laden barge on the canal. The concussion was trifling, sufficient, however, to show me, that had we met in the dark, or had not the steersman been very quick in his motions, mischief of a serious nature

might have been the consequence. Thus are we awakened, at every moment, to consider that we are safe only in the ceaseless guardianship of Divine Providence.

Here then I conclude my diary for the last month. Much have I to be grateful for, and I humbly implore of Him who has restored me to my home, that I may be sensible of his goodness, and through his grace lead the remainder of my life in his fear and to his glory, for Christ's sake. Amen.—Praise the Lord, O my soul!

July 23.—I resumed my notes in ——'s New Testament, interrupted by my journey: and I hope that I may have the book ready by the month of October; but this will not be effected without a good deal of daily labour. I pray God to bless my work;—and heal me, O Lord, for I am weak.

24.—After a disturbed night, I have risen to a day which I expect not to be less so. May He whose wise and holy dispensations chasten me in mercy, enable me to submit to my sufferings as I ought!

25.—Wrote a note on the “crown of thorns,” which, I think was probably formed of the leaves of the prickly pear. I cannot help thinking that if the acanthus had been intended, as Pearce supposes, the article would have been introduced. Besides, had the acanthus been intended, I cannot see why the word should be in the plural.

26.—Attended good Mrs —— at one o'clock. I was quite happy to resume my attendance on

this pious lady. She will, I trust, be found ready when her Lord cometh.

August 3.—I rose late this morning in much distress. I applied to a remedy with no immediate good effect. O may I apply myself with still more earnestness to Him who can alone relieve. May He in mercy look upon me!

4.—Dr —— was with me late in the evening yesterday, he gave me hopes of a reduction of this inflammation, which, I thank God, has begun to take place; but I suffer much, and have need of continual prayer for that aid which alone can support me under my bodily trials.—They are, however, and for ever blessed be Almighty goodness, they are *trials*. He who permitteth them will make me a way to escape, that I may be able to bear them.

6.—“Ὅς ἐγενήθη ἡμῖν σοφία ἀπὸ Θεοῦ, δικαιοσύνη τε, καὶ ἁγιασμός, καὶ ἀπολύτρωσις. What a sublime enumeration of the blessings of which Christ is the author! The holy writer is evidently not anxious in this place, about logical arrangement,—higher matters were in his mind: for, in fact, it would appear that the order of the gifts of divine mercy through the blessed Saviour is nearly the very reverse of what is here set down. Much thought must be bestowed on the text, with prayer for God’s blessing on my meditations, before I could venture to place these words in the arrangement to be followed in discussing them: perhaps I should say, σοφία, ἀπολύτρωσις, δικαιοσύνη, ἁγιασμός.

13.—I have, in the exercise of my official duty, thrice lately read in the church the eloquent and instructive reasoning of the Apostle on the resurrection of the body. St Paul's reasoning appears to me in great part to rest on the acknowledgment of our Lord's divinity and incarnation. He was "the Lord from heaven." He was also "the second Adam." But when He united the divine to the earthly nature, He became εἰς πνεῦμα ζωοποιοῦν for a *life-giving* Spirit,—contrasted with the ψυχὴ ζῶσα, in the *first* man who was "from the earth, earthly." As he had power to lay down his life, and power to take it again, so has he the power of raising to a spiritual existence all who live through him. As the same Apostle writes to the Philippians, μετασχηματίσει τὸ σῶμα τῆς ταπεινώσεως ἡμῶν, εἰς τὸ γενέσθαι αὐτὸ σύμμορφον τῷ σώματι τῆς δόξης αὐτοῦ, κατὰ τὴν ἐνεργεῖαν τοῦ δύνασθαι αὐτὸν καὶ ὑποτάξαι ἑαυτῷ τὰ πάντα. Phil. iii. 21: He will change the body of our (present) humiliation, so that it shall be like unto the body of his (present) glory—according to the mighty working of his power to subdue all things to himself. It is to this irresistible power of his inherent divinity that we trust for the accomplishment of this change; and thus they that die in the Lord depart this life in the sublime assurance, that, through their Divine Master, the mortal body, reunited at the great day of restoration to the soul, shall put on immortality. This change is necessary, for flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth

corruption inherit incorruption. But we are assured that this change will certainly take place ; and the sting of death is taken away, and the victory is reft from the grave, through the same Lord Jesus Christ, to whom all things are subjected. Here is the merciful assurance that alone can enable us to meet the king of terrors without dismay, and to resign our souls into his hands who has redeemed us. In this confidence we sorrow not as they who have no hope, when we commit the bodies of those whom we love to the tomb : for as the same holy writer comforts the Thessalonians, “if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.” Let us mark the conclusion : “Therefore, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord ; forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord,” 1 Cor. xv. 58.

O Lord, I humbly beseech thee to endue me with the spirit of charity and meekness—that, knowing my own sins and infirmities, and errors, I may feel with tenderness towards the weakness or mistakes of others. Enable me to walk in the way of thy holy commandments, and to set a good example ; and give me grace, O Lord, while I labour to guide others to do so in the spirit which thou wilt approve and bless ;—but have mercy on me ! and impart to me the strength and wisdom to conduct myself aright, and never to lose sight

of love and charity, while I abide stedfastly by the principles which I have sought from thy holy word. Hear me, O Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

I read to my family this evening Cowper's sermon on Luke xvi. 2, "Give an account of thy stewardship." Here I close this book, with a deep and earnest prayer to Almighty God to pardon the sins and negligences and ignorance of my past life as a steward, in the awful sense in which that word is applicable to me, and to endue me with the grace of his Holy Spirit to amend my life according to his word, that I may be ready when my Lord cometh. I ask this, in a spirit of deep contrition, through the merits of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Sept. 26.—*ערמת*: humiliter quæsitivus Psalmista ægritudine animi vexatus: Sit mihi licitum remedium ærumnis meis suppliciter rogare. O Deus, miserere mei, miserere—neque a precibus meis aurem Tuam benignam avertas.

Nov. 29.—The cloudy state of the atmosphere made it impossible to see the eclipse of the sun this morning. It rained incessantly; and the astronomers sighed, and put away their telescopes. Smoked glass was prepared, and thrown away; and with the eclipse of the sun the hopes of the astronomer were eclipsed likewise. It is to be lamented, that, according to Lord Howth's notion, the Privy Council had not issued an order to put it off to a clearer day. The story alluded

to is well known by all who were acquainted with Ireland in 1785.

A gentleman in Dublin set out to pay a visit, and pass the day at Howth castle. He met the noble owner coming into town to see the eclipse, which he thought would be better seen in the Phoenix park. "I am glad I have met your Lordship," said the gentleman, "and shall save you a useless visit to Dublin, for the eclipse is put off to a future day by order of the Lord Lieutenant." "Is it so?" said Lord Howth: "Well, there is no help for it; so come with me, and pass your day at Howth Castle." This is said to be a positive fact.

Dec. 5.—Ps. xxv. This psalm is beautifully adapted for the subject of prayer. The 11th ver. especially is affecting. What doth it tell of the mercy of Jehovah, that the sinner is encouraged to implore that mercy, not by extenuating, but by fully confessing the greatness of his offence.

למען שמך יהוה וסלחת לעוני כי רב הוא:	}	For thy name's sake, O Jehovah, (<i>i. e.</i> for the sake of him who is thy name,) have mercy on my sin, for it is great.
---	---	---

Were we to ask forgiveness at the hand of a poor sinner like ourselves, we should seek to *lessen*, not to acknowledge, the full extent of our trespass. But not so, when we draw near in contrition to the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. The whole of this sacred hymn may be employed

in private devotion ; and the prayer surely will be accepted by the God of mercy, which is offered in the name of the Redeemer, and in the words of the Holy Ghost.

Dec. 12.—*Οἶκος ἀχειροποίητος*,—the proper object of a Christian's solicitude,—especially do we feel this, when oppressed by the trials and disappointments of this world. Oh ! there is a friend who is unchangeable ; and why do we not give our hearts to that friend ! O *knit* my heart unto thee, O Lord.

1827, Feb. 11.—The remainder of this day I passed in a state of great feebleness, and went to my bed very poorly indeed. *Concedat Deus optimus, ut indicationes haud e longinquo advenientis mortis, humiliter accipiam—atque ad disciplinam mentis et cordis diligenter eis utar.*

March 9.—In reading the prayer-book this morning, I have been much impressed by the admirable composition of the Collect for the ninth Sunday after Trinity,—and cannot but think that the devout soul, which instructs the lips to offer up sincerely the petitions here appointed, will be accepted of Almighty God, for Christ's sake. In acknowledgment of our own imperfection and unworthiness, we are here taught to look up to the Author of every good and every perfect gift, and to ask the mercy, which, above all, he has promised in his holy word to bestow on those who seek him. Grant to us, Lord, the spirit to think and do always such things as be rightful,

that we, who cannot do any thing that is good without thee, may by thee be enabled to live according to thy will, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

April 15.—Easter-day ; communicants 290. I am most humbly thankful to Almighty God for his great mercy and goodness, wherein he has permitted me once more to commemorate the death of my blessed Saviour. Hear my prayers, pardon my sins, sanctify my soul, and enable me for the remainder of my pilgrimage to walk before thee in the path of thy commandments with a quiet mind, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour.

May 5.—I met lately with a remarkable illustration of that passage in the Psalms, “the moon shall not hurt thee by night.” In many oriental countries, and in Egypt, moon-light is considered as very injurious, particularly to the sight. If any one sleeps in the open air during night, unprotected by any shade from the moon-light, it is thought very dangerous ; and even loss of sight is sometimes attributed to it.

May 10.—Received a very sensible reply to my question about the oracle of Delphi, from Mr L——, who is one of the most interesting young men that I ever met with. He very kindly sent me P. Knight’s *Prolegomena in Homerum*.

18, Friday.—I endeavoured to read Dr Russell’s preliminary chapter ; but it must be read very slowly. He mentions his purpose to show

the misrepresentations of chronological truth in the common version of the Heb. S.S. This is a very curious point. I observe the LXX. introduce in the 24th ver. of the 10th chapter of Genesis, a son of Arphaxad, Cainan, who is not mentioned in the Hebrew S.S. The Heb. make Salah the son, the LXX. the grandson of Arphaxad. So does the genealogy in St Luke.

August 16, Thursday.—In the second morning lesson, the xiv. of Acts, ver. 19, the people of Lystra are ready to stone Paul, whom they had just magnified as a divinity. Is not this a proof that even miracles are not of avail, unless joined with faith in those who see them? To my mind, this deduction seems the intended deduction from this most singular and important history.

Sept. 1.—Mr ——'s funeral is to be on Monday. The ancient members of my congregation are dying around me. Quando ad me veniet? O Deus, sis misericors, meque ad mortem obeundam para! In all the dispensations of the Almighty there is infinite mercy. Frequent indispositions make the preliminaries of departure familiar.

5.—Attended Mrs M—— of H——, whom I found confined to bed.

9.—Wrote a long note on Jonah i. 17, from Bishop Jebb. By the way, who can be but pained by the attempts of German theologians to simplify the miracles of S. S. till they destroy

them? Semler began this wicked course, and he has left his poisoned mantle, to corrupt all who succeed him. Thank God, whenever infidels spring up, by Divine goodness defenders of the truth spring up also. The history of Jonah is miraculous; and all attempts to settle what species of fish it was which swallowed him up are worse than absurd.

“Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah.” This is the declaration of the word of God; and with this it becomes us to be satisfied.

וַיִּבְרָא, he appointed. It is nonsense to say that no whales are found in the Mediterranean; be it so,—a fish, whether whale or shark, of capacity to swallow Jonah, *was* found in that sea, and the irresistible power of Jehovah brought it there. Let man bow before his Maker, and lay his hand upon his mouth.

30, Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.—Read the morning prayers, and preached in the drawing-room at Allanton. Preached again at seven in the evening to forty persons collected in the same place. They were the domestic and farm servants, and some of the people from the village.

October 7.—Went to Paisley, and confirmed fifty-two persons. Read one of my own printed sermons to the family in the evening.

10.—Multiply any number by 9, and the sum of the elements of the product is 9, or a multiple of 9: this is universally true. Again, take

any sum of whatever number of figures and reverse it; then subtract the lesser number from the greater, and the remainder will be found exactly divisible by 9: this also is universally true. Again, of three numbers, the difference of the first from the last indicates the number of nines to be found in the said remainder; as in the number 359, reversed 953,—the remainder is 594,= 66×9 , and the difference between 3 and 9 is 6: this is universally true.

12.—Left Glasgow after a week of kindness and hospitality from my dear son and daughter-in-law. Had the happiness to find all well at home.

26.—Wrote some portion of my sermon for Sunday, and then went to ——'s, where I met a most delightful and engaging man, a Protestant clergyman from Switzerland (Geneva), whose conversation gratified me beyond measure. He was introduced to —— by Miss ——.

Called on Miss ——. Her nephew is getting better. Miss —— told me of a friend of her's, whose servant chopped off the first joint of her thumb. The severed piece was brought up in a plate to her mistress, who immediately replaced it, and tied it firmly. The surgeon who was called in did not think proper to remove the dressing, but assured the lady it would never grow; yet, to his astonishment, it did unite, and the finger recovered, and the woman was enabled to use it as before. This is as good as

the story of the Dutchman and his wife, and Taliacotius.

27.—Mr M—— dined unexpectedly at ——’s, and after my own dinner I went to converse with him. He pleased me greatly; there is an unctious, a feeling in his conversation, which is very delightful.

Nov. 1.—This is the Fast day of the established church. I have often wondered at the church of Scotland having such infrequent administrations of the Lord’s supper, considering what their founder Calvin has recorded as his opinion on the subject. “I know not,” says he, “who first introduced the practice of infrequent communions, but I am sure the devil invented it.”

I observe in the Morning Herald an account of a wonderful storm of hail, which fell in some parts of Hindostan, and of which the stones are said to have been *on the next day* as big as pigeon’s eggs. If this be true, it is not astonishing that when they fell they destroyed men and cattle. This event, by the way, removes every objection to the destructive hail mentioned in Joshua. I am inclined to think that the stones which fell at that time, were what modern science terms “meteorolites.” But, supposing them only frozen water, their size would account for the destruction of which they were the miraculous instruments. I consider the miracle to consist in their falling at that particular moment: as in the case of Sennacherib’s army, I

conceive that their destruction was occasioned by a Simoon, or pestilential wind, miraculously employed as the instrument of the Almighty.

3.—I went to dine with my beloved —— and ——, and I had some interesting conversation with my dear ——, whom I love and respect more and more every day. I returned early to my home,—unfit for visiting,—too deaf to have any great comfort in conversation, except I am with one person only; a multitude distract me, and I become perfectly stupid.

9.—Mr H—— of S—— called and made me a very kind and gratifying visit. Mr H—— is a man of great worth and amiability; and I consider myself very happy in his acquaintance. My excellent friend Mr R—— sat with me for sometime. O I hope he did not find his half hour lost to him! I am sure that it was not lost time to me.

9.—To my unexpected and severe sorrow I received this evening a letter from A—— M——, announcing the death of my beloved friend G—— W——. Alas! how suddenly have those hopes been destroyed which his late election to Parliament had awakened! Mysterious are the ways of Divine providence; — clouds indeed, and darkness, are about His throne; but this we know, that righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat. In this faith let us humbly bow before the Judge of all the earth, who ever doeth rightly. He will hear the

humble prayer which is offered up to implore his blessed support to the widow and the family who mourn their deprivation. G—— W—— became my pupil in October 1801, then in the seventeenth year of his age,—one of the most promising and delightful youths whom it was ever my happiness to know. An accidental fall on the 24th December in that year, was the cause of a long and most painful illness, which terminated in incurable lameness. He bore his sufferings (from December to the following June,) with exemplary patience and submission to the will of God. He has left behind him a large family. In September 1826 he put himself to the expense and trouble of a journey hither to pass a week under my roof. On the 9th September I saw him for the last time! His continual engagements interfered with our correspondence; but I believe he loved me as I ever loved him; and no tears were ever more sincere than those which I have shed at his premature removal from a station which he was calculated to adorn by the discretion and good sense of his conduct, and to ennoble by his manly virtues. The narrow list of my friends is thus lessened by a loss which to me can never be repaired.

My dear C——, with affectionate kindness left his company at lady S——'s, to come to me for a short time to express his sympathy in my affliction at Mr W——'s death. How delightful are

the ties of consanguinity when they are thus bound and sanctified by Christian kindness.

16.—This day was made most happy to me by a letter from my dear son, enclosing one from the Bishop of Durham, offering him the vicarage of Chillingham, in Northumberland, which, of course, was accepted with gratitude. Thus hath Divine Providence appointed my son a charge wherein may the blessing of God be with him.

18.—Mr M—— attended the chapel this morning, and found fault with my discourse, because I stated faith to be a requisite for acceptance through Christ. I hope that there is some mistake here. As a foreigner, though by far the best speaker of our language I ever met with among foreigners, he must have misunderstood what I said in some strange manner, for he himself said the same thing to me not long since, and no man can read the Romans without being convinced that faith is indispensable towards justification.

November 20.—C—— gave me a long account of Mr M——'s sermon to-day. After all these people *débitent pour des nouveautés ce que j'ai lu et connu depuis que j'ai lu la Bible. Mais c'est à présent le temps de nouveautés et si un homme se dit le serviteur de Jésus Christ, on le traite en enthousiaste.*

Received a letter from the kind Bishop of Durham, which has increased my gratitude and regard, if possible, but I know not in what terms

to express my thankfulness to Almighty God for this most exceeding mercy, filling up the measure of His goodness to my dear sons. May His fatherly hand ever be over them; and so lead them in the knowledge and obedience of His word, that in the end they may obtain everlasting life through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen. As to myself, I am overcome.

22.—I went to visit a distressed friend who is suffering under some anonymous complaint, which gives his medical friends great alarm. It appears to be situated in that incomprehensible viscus, the spleen. I remember once hearing old Dr W——, with the mild appearance of an old lion tormented with the tooth-ache, utter this charitable wish,—“I wish,” said he, “that more people would die of diseases in the spleen, that we may know what purposes the spleen is intended to answer.” Nothing would have tempted me to trust myself in the old ogre’s hands. It was in Duncan the bookseller’s shop, in the autumn of 1792, the first season I had spent in Edinburgh. I never heard a wish so truly professional.

25.—I went at two o’clock to visit Mr —— Expounded the lv. chapter of Isaiah to him.

The text in St John xiii. verse 7. can hardly be used for the purpose which I once thought it would answer: *μετὰ ταῦτα*, means evidently, soon after, i. e. Thou knowest not *now*, at *this moment*, but thou shalt know *μετὰ ταῦτα* as soon as I have ceased the action in which I am en-

gaged. This is a good lesson to me of the great impropriety of trusting to the best translation, instead of going at once to the original. The Scotch idiomatic use of “afterwards” affords a more correct translation than the authorized version.

Read Horsley’s second sermon on Ephesians iv. 30. I do not know a more able and instructive discussion of a most intricate subject, and which is generally sadly misunderstood.

28.—Went with C—— L—— to Mrs M——. On our return I proposed to go by the St Bernard’s well, but Hygeia was in a bad humour, and induced us to go on till the path was so bad, that we were obliged to make an effort to climb the ascent to the back of Moray Place.—Without the presence and assistance of my dear supporter, I should not have made so wild an experiment. As it was I slipped, and slid, and grasped, and grumbled, and stepped, and stumbled, and should never have reached the summit, but that C——’s footing and his spirits were better than mine. My shoes were two or three pounds heavier with the accretion of mud, and the pleasure of treading on the security of pavement was never more acceptable. But I am too old and feeble for such exertions.

29.—I fear that I am not sufficiently grateful for my preservation from danger yesterday. Had I fallen down the ascent, where we first left the path, I must have suffered severely. I hope I

shall not lose the feelings which occupied my mind last night.

December 13.—*πάσαν τὴν μέριμναν ὑμῶν ἐπιξέριψαντες ἐπ' αὐτὸν, ὅτι αὐτῷ μέλει περὶ ὑμῶν.* It is the blessed office of faith to enable us to obey this kind and most gracious command, and in obedience to it lies the secret of comfort and tranquillity. The beautiful collect of our church on the eighth Sunday after Trinity is conceived in the spirit of this filial trust in God. How I pray and long to obtain it. My course is nearly run. May God of his great goodness give me the spirit to “cast,” under my trials, all my care on him! *πᾶσα δὲ παιδεία πρὸς μὲν τὸ παρὸν οὐ δοκεῖ χαρᾶς εἶναι, ἀλλὰ λύπης· ὕστερον δὲ καρπὸν εἰρηνικὸν τοῖς δι' αὐτῆς γεγεμνασμένοις ἀποδίδωσι δικαιοσύνης.* Heb. xii. 11.

17.—*χαίρετε ἐν τῷ Κυρίῳ.* Κύριος idem significat quod יהוה apud Hebræos. Hebræi enim nomine יהוה sanctissimo nempe Dei nomine, nunquam in colloquio utebantur, sed vice ejus יהוה pronuntiabant, quod LXX per Κύριος exprimebant.

25, Christmas Day.—The communicants were three hundred.

30.—Preached in the forenoon on Revelations xiv. 13. The Christian *ἐπιπίσιον.*

בִּידְךָ עֵתִי “My times are in thy hand.” Psalm xxxi. 15.

1828, January 1.—I will not allow myself to meditate on distressing subjects which might readily present themselves. But I will bless with all my powers. I bless thee, O Lord, and

Father of mercies, for the many comforts with which I am surrounded, and I do humbly beseech thee of thy great mercy to make me daily more thankful ; and above all, to make me daily more fit for that change which cannot now be far distant.

O God, hear my prayer, and direct my heart unto holy things, and bind me unto thee, for Christ's sake. Amen.

3.—I wrote a long letter to Mrs —— and did my best to reply to her inquiries concerning our knowledge of each other in a future state,— and the interest which departed spirits may be supposed to take in the welfare of those whom they have left behind on earth. As to the first of these points I think, that the inferences to be drawn from the words of David (2 Sam. xii. 23.), from the language of our blessed Lord in the parable of Dives and Lazarus (St Luke xvi. 23.), and still more to the purpose in (St Luke xxiii. 43.) the address to the thief on the cross, and from the words of St Paul (Colossians i. 28), warrant us in expecting to know again those with whom we have been familiar in the world.—With regard to the other question, I do not think that Holy Scripture speaks decidedly. A passage in Ecclesiastes (ix. 6.) is adverse to the notion that the departed know what is passing in earth.

6.—Epiphany. Read the lx. chapter of Isaiah in the Hebrew. In 5th. v. of this chapter the words “thine heart shall fear,” are not consist-

ent with the next words “and be enlarged;” a sentiment very little allied to fear. Now the Hebrew words here, are: *ופחד ורחב לבבך* properly means “to agitate,” and in a moral sense “to agitate with any passion, whether fear or joy:”—the collocation of this word with *רחב* requires, therefore, that the text should be rendered, “and thy heart shall beat with joy, and shall be enlarged.” In the Bible called the Comprehensive Bible “published by Bagster,—there is a note on the word “forces,”—“the forces of the Gentiles,”—the Annotator suggests the correction of the margin in our Bibles, “wealth.” The original is *חיל* which appears to me better rendered by “force or strength,” of course used figuratively, than by the marginal substitution of “wealth.”—In the fourth verse of this chapter, “thy daughter shall be nursed at thy side;” there is an allusion to the manner in which, in many places of the east, the women carry their children, namely, *resting on the hip*, the child’s legs embracing the body of its nurse, by whose arm thrown round it, it is thus supported on the hip. See Bp Lowth on this place. The knowledge of oriental manners is often better than a Lexicon to explain Holy Scripture.

7, Monday.—*Κατὰ σάρκα* Romans iv. 1. does not mean as it is generally understood “according to human or fleshly consanguinity,” but is to be joined with the word “*εὐσηζέσθαι*,” and signifies, what advantage did Abraham obtain,

by his works, especially by his obedience to the law of circumcision.

10.—I received a letter from the Rev. Mr West, Seceding Episcopalian pastor at Brechin, expressing his wish to join the communion of the church.

I was much engaged in my lecture for Saturday. This work requires much thought, and I admit, and then reject, and perhaps ultimately fix upon the same expressions to convey as clear ideas as I can of the Apostle's reasoning. But, oh! how delightful is the employment. How every new verse adds to the delight and comfort of the mind! contemplating the course of divine unchangeable grace to fallen man.—To read the Holy Scriptures as they ought to be read, is to live in the cheering presence of God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Every fresh line presents some fresh subject of pious gratitude, and as the plan of infinite mercy is more and more unfolded, the heart is improved, and the understanding enlightened, and under the divine blessing we seem to become more perfect and furnished to all good thoughts and works.

15.—Dear C—— suggested a reason for reading ἐφ' ᾧ in Rom. v. 12. in relation to ἀνθρώπου, and not to θάνατος, which is, in my opinion, unanswerable. If you read ἐφ' ᾧ as relating to θάνατος, you remove the argument from original sin to actual sin, which is quite inconsistent with St Paul's reasoning. By the way, it yet appears to

me that although Bishop Gleig's criticism should be admitted, and *θάνατος* be the antecedent to *ἐφ' ᾧ*, as the terminus ad quem, as in Phil. iii. 12, & iv. 10. yet still the meaning must be that all men are to be considered as sinners in relation to the sin which brought death into the world—for of no other sin is there here any mention.

February 6.—*Μετάνοια*, a change of mind. This does not indicate the cause, but the effect of an operating cause.—On the result of *μετάνοια* in the evangelical sense, see Isaiah lv.—

ἐφ' ᾧ. I am more and more convinced that the margin is right here.

29.—Attended a meeting of the Irish School Society, and at the desire of the committee moved the first resolution. Mr —— seconded in a very good speech. But I do not like this speaking. It appears to me to be nothing but vanity.

March 5.—Attended Miss L—— and administered the Holy Communion to herself and her pious parents.

15.—Sir —— called, and at his desire I attended the sick bed, I fear very soon to be the death bed, of his amiable and pious daughter. I was much delighted with some of her notes on remarks which I had made on several passages of Holy Scriptures.

19.— At nine this morning I received a touching note from Sir ——. The shaft is sped. His daughter is removed to heaven. May we learn to watch and prepare!

29.—Held my general confirmations, and confirmed one hundred and two persons, Good Friday Communicants one hundred and fifty.

April 6.—Easter-day. Administered to four hundred and thirty seven communicants.

20.— 2 Sunday after Easter. Preached in the forenoon on Colossians iii. 3. The text contains one of the most sublime doctrines of our holy religion. I could almost call it an esoteric doctrine,—but blessed be God, there are no such doctrines in the peculiar sense originally given to that expression.

I am concerned to hear this morning of the death of Sir ——'s son, Captain ——. I understood that he died on board the vessel which was bringing him home! Thus is the sentence fulfilled at all seasons of life *ὄψε, ἢ μεσονυκτίου, ἢ ἀλεκτροφοβνίας, ἢ πρῶι*. St Mark xiii. 35. How forcible ought to be the merciful admonition, *γρηγορεῖτε οὖν!* (ib.) In this case, above all, we experience the dangerous influence “of passive impressions.”—(See Butler's Analogy, &c. Part 1. chapter v. p. 103. 8vo. Edition, Edinburgh 1804.)

The passage of this great man's immortal work to which I here refer, is one of the most interesting and valuable admonitions that occur in the whole treatise. It opens the way to reflections of unspeakable importance.

Young somewhere in his Night Thoughts has this remark,

“ All men think all men mortal but themselves.”

Well do these words deserve attention.—

We are presented with a very instructive instance of the vanity of passive impressions in the first lesson of this day. Numbers xxiii. 10. When Balaam uttered the memorable prayer, “ let me die the death of the righteous,” he was under the influence of such impressions, and we know what was his end. God has appointed us to *action* in this state—the period when contemplation may safely occupy us, is to come. There are, I suppose, few men who will not allow the truth of Butler’s discussion of this subject;—I am sure that I do from sorrowful and humiliating experience. In ordinary life, in matters with which we are familiar every day, we may see the danger of yielding to passive impressions. It is remarkably shown in those persons who are easily moved to tears by a pathetic incident in a work of fiction, and yet are as hard as stones to the calamities of real life.

Our blessed Saviour has been pleased to warn us on this subject in his parable on the sower. Let the Christian reader follow out the meditations that present themselves to the mind on the case of the seed sown on stony ground.

21.—Among other interesting subjects of conversation in which I was engaged this day, the notion was alluded to that our blessed Lord’s sufferings were to be contemplated in the light of punishment. This I denied, for punishment

is the infliction of justice upon guilt, but, in the case of our Lord, this notion cannot be for a moment admitted. He was the just (the just one) suffering for the unjust. The pains of the cross were borne by the Holy Sufferer as an atonement for others, and could not have been efficient as such had the sufferer been liable to punishment. It is of the very essence of the redemption, that "He who knew no sin, was made sin for us."

In the Psalm of this day, the cv. there is a remarkable difference between the Prayer Book, and Bible translations. In the 28th verse of this Psalm, the Hebrew is thus: *שלה השך ויהשך ולא מרו את דבריי*; *Bible*: He sent darkness and made it dark, and they rebelled not against his word. *Old Version*: He sent darkness, and it was dark, and they were not obedient unto his word. The Septuagint reads, *Ἐξάπέστειλε σκότος καὶ ἐσκότασε, καὶ οὐ παρεπίκραναν τοὺς λόγους αὐτοῦ*. Marg. (*ὅτι*) *οὐ literis minoribus scriptam*.

It is difficult to account for such a discrepancy as this between the two versions. It must be occasioned by the sense given to the word *מרי*. The usual meaning of the word *מרה*, if *מרו* is to be considered as a form of that verb, is *to rebel*. But the Septuagint seems to have derived the word from *מר*.

Perhaps the translators of the Old (Prayer Book) version, looked upon it as derived from *ירה*. See Parkhurst under *מרה*. A gentleman

called on me to arrange about preaching for the Naval and Military Bible Society. We appointed Wednesday the 30th instant.

29, Tuesday.—I rose very late to try with an aching back, and trembling hands, and a most confused head, to prepare for to-morrow's sermon.

30.—Rose late, but in time for chapel at two o'clock. I went there, and am most grateful that I was enabled to do so. I preached for the Naval and Military Bible Society,—a discourse on the character of Cornelius. Acts x. 2. My sermon, as good Bishop Hall would say, was "better taken than given." I never was more exhausted, and I was very glad of my dear son-in-law's assistance home.

May 2.—The Test Act is repealed. The emancipation of the Roman Catholics will follow. The spirit of spurious liberality is predominant, and will have its way. I fear that when it is too late, we shall (that is, those who are alive a few years hence, but not I,) hear it said, "Who could have thought it?" when the wild boar is revelling in the enclosures of the vineyard. Lord Clarendon's History has been written in vain for some men. Nevertheless it is, as the wise and good man who wrote it, says of it, *κτῆμα ἐς αἰεί*. Nothing sometimes provokes one more than to hear people talk of this or that continental nation, who have made no differences, and admit all sects alike into secular office. Let them do as they choose: such policy will not do for

Britain; nor was it by such lax conduct that the State and Church of Britain have become the admiration and envy of the world. But liberality will be her destruction, I mean modern liberality, not Christian charity; whose appearance modern liberality attempts to assume, but it will not do: and then the mask will fall, or be taken off, and then—*ἄρρητ' ἀρρήτων*.

14.—*ζηλ*, Hence Canaanite, zealous; this epithet St Luke with great wisdom renders in his gospel, *Ζηλωτήν*. The late Bishop Newton who wrote on the Prophecies, ventured on some occasion from a passage in the Apocalypse to predict the ruin of the Turks at a certain period. The good Bishop outlived that period, and so did the Turkish power, and Bishop Newton very candidly confessed his mistake. This is an useful anecdote.

20.—I wrote a letter to the professor yesterday, chiefly about the Triads or Trinities of Plato. I do not imagine that in the doctrines of Plato there is any approach to the Christian doctrine. Dr King seems to think much the same. I have begun to prepare a sermon for Trinity Sunday, on Hebrews ix. 14.—a practical view of the doctrine, showing *1st*, The united consent of the Three Persons of the blessed Trinity in the redemption of man, and *2dly*, The practical admonition to be drawn from it.

Do not you find yourself continually inclined to forget that inanimate things have no volition?

Yes, I do, but so did Dean Swift, a wiser man than I, who used to say that nothing was more provoking than the perverseness of inanimate things.

22.—“Let us have no wishes, but commit ourselves entirely to the disposal of him who so well knoweth how to order all things right.”

These were the words of a dying Christian. May God give me grace to make them the rule of my heart!

After a night of much pain, I rise to a day of anticipated suffering. May I be strengthened to endure it! May the love of God be evermore kindled in my heart, for in the midst of judgment there is mercy. I pray to be enabled humbly to wait the appointment of Divine Providence. This is, at present, hard to my feebleness, but God will strengthen me. Save me, O Lord.

23.—In Dr Thomas Jackson's works, volume 3. page 413. is a most interesting elucidation of Hebrews iv. 12, 13. showing that the *λόγος τοῦ Θεοῦ* is not the written word of Scripture, but the WORD himself.

This is new to me, but the more I contemplate it, the more am I delighted and convinced.

I passed some time to-day in reading Dr Walker's most excellent lecture on the interpretation of Scripture. Some of his views are most valuable and useful, and there is a tone of real piety in the whole which is edifying and instructive.

24.—I am by no means of Erskine's opinion as to the first verses of the vi chapter of Romans, nor do I agree with him in his notion that in the v chapter *κρίμα* signifies "a state of condemnation."

25.—Whitsunday, communicants 180. Nothing can be more interesting than the comparison of those two great events, the dispersion and the gathering of the nations of the world, effected by the same miracle, the "gift of tongues," at Babel, and at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost.

It has always appeared to me likewise, as a remarkable proof that the apostles were no enthusiasts, that they were commanded by our Lord to *wait* the promise of the Father, and they did wait. This is not enthusiasm, which, ever ardent and violent, would not have waited.

June 1, Trinity Sunday.—The mysterious doctrine of the ever blessed Trinity in Unity, is an object of faith; but like all other objects of faith it bears with it most important moral application. The *unity* of the three Divine persons of the Holy Trinity in the salvation of man,—the *Trinity* of the relation of the Creator, the Redeemer, and the Sanctifier of man. Communicants 150.

3.—Docuisti me, Domine, quod sine te nulla eveniunt bona: sine te nulla est in hominibus gratia vel potestas. Ex imo corde, tibi propter hanc tuam misericordiam benedico.

Γεγυμνασμένοι. The figure here is taken from the schools of the ancients in the exercises of the Palæstra. They whom the Apostle describes by this term are such as have not only been disciplined, but have profited under the teaching.

The words אבני הברר, “stones of hail,” seem to imply, I think clearly, that the stones which destroyed the enemies of Israel, were not meteoric stones, but really hail stones, as they are translated in our version.

8.—*Quæ doceas, Domine, mihi des intelligentiam cernere.*

16, Wednesday.—Set out at seven this morning in the canal boat for Glasgow.

Tasso's rule of despatch :

“Rapido si, ma rapido con legge.”

I have gained this, at least, in my tedious voyage.

17.—At Glasgow. At two o'clock I set out for Rothsay in the steam packet.

I reached Rothsay pier after a voyage of five hours and a half, glad to escape from the steam boat.

In the cabin, to which I was driven by the rain, I met a man who, with Muckersy's Gener's Letters in his hand, and with Muckersy's name on the title page, asked me whether I knew who Mr Gener was! The same sage asked me afterwards whether I had ever read the books written by one Waverley. I said that I had read most of the works which went by the name of the Waverley

novels, and he answered, "Ay,—what a clever man that Waverley must be!"

July 20.—Set off in the Ewing steam boat with the professor at three P. M. for Greenock. *Pluvio cadente turba in camera inferiore colligitur, ubi nemo nisi cum necessariis suis loquitur, more Britannico.*

38.—Parted with my dear companion at eleven o'clock. He went to join an expected party at home; while I was left like Ariadne to mourn for my departed Theseus. I embarked at half-past twelve on the Toward Castle, very untoward to me. I left Mr — in expectation of his son and his daughter-in-law; but for me, at this hour, there is neither "placens uxor," nor children, nor sacred home,—and both Horace and Thomson may assist me in my lamentations.

September 2.—*במסתר*, in some copies *מסתיר*; in either case it is, I think, the participle Hiphil of the verb *סתר*,—and I should render it "as one that hideth." This reading is strengthened by the reading *פניו* in some MSS. instead of *פנים*, the common reading, which is followed in our authorized version, "we hid, as it were, our faces from Him." The LXX. read *ὅτι ἀπέσχερα-πται τὸ πρόσωπον αὐτῶν*, which is not very accurate, for *פניו* can scarcely agree with *מסתר*.

9.—In reading the xxx. psalm, 8th ver. I find the reading *להררי* preferred instead of the ordinary reading *להרר* by Houbigant, Kennicott, and Lowth, and Horsley. It seems to have

been the reading of the Septuagint—in such matters an almost indisputable authority. The letters γ and γ are so easily confounded, that I am the more inclined to adopt this proposed change.

8.—I had some conversation with Mr — about ἐφ' ᾧ in St Paul's Ep., Rom. v. 12. He thinks that Bishop Lloyd rendered it “inasmuch,” or to that purpose. I am not yet satisfied about the passage, or the two next verses. I confess I am much inclined to Mr Perrot's explanation of the 14th ver.—the words ἐπὶ τῷ ὁμοιώματι τῆς παραβάσεως Ἀδάμ, he understands to signify that they had not committed any offence prohibited under the revealed penalty of death, as Adam did: hence that ὁ θάνατος ἐβασίλευσεν ἀπὸ Ἀδάμ μέχρι Μωσέως, in fact that they who died, died in consequence of the imputation of Adam's sin. If this be the just interpretation, it explains the manner of our acceptance through Christ, who was typified by Adam; and the meaning of the last verse of the 5th chap. of the 2 Cor. “that we are made the righteousness of God in Christ.”

May the ὁμοίωμα τῆς παραβάσεως Ἀδάμ be considered as the commission of an offence of which the consequences extended to others? I do not remember it so interpreted by any commentator, and therefore presume that the idea has no foundation. In Scriptural interpretation, what is *new* is seldom what is *just*.

13. I am very weak and ill: this is approaching to my great climacteric. May he who alone can draw the heart make me his, for the sake of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Oh may I be fitted to appear before Him! resting on the merits of my Saviour, for without that support who can stand?

16.—In the LXX. Deut. xiv. 2, and xxvi. 18, the Alexandrian word *πεξιοῦστος* occurs, in the sense of *peculiar*; it is used *once* in the New Testament, Titus ii. 14, in the same sense.

In His hands are all things well ordered and sure. In these few words are comfort, and support, and guidance, and a strong staff to steady the halting and faltering steps of our unfaithful nature. In the silence of the night when only *one* eye seeth me, and only *one* ear heareth my prayers and sighs, on such assurance do I humbly rest. None but he knoweth my inward pain.

October 9, Thursday.—Went to —— to read the funeral service; the deceased was just thirty-five,—in the midst of cheerfulness and apparently good health, he was suddenly called away. May it please Almighty God to give me a spirit of preparation and recollection, that I may not depart this life by that dreadful event which Young describes as a “slow sudden death.”

15.—In the lxviii. Psalm, 4, are these words, סלו לרכב בערבות. In our version in the Bible these are rendered, “extol him that rideth upon the heavens.” To this version there seems one

great objection, namely, that it is not consistent with the ל. I consider this objection as fatal to such a version. The translation which Horsley supports, from Lowth and Dr Chandler, &c. is, “prepare the way for Him who rideth through the wilderness.” This translation is greatly confirmed by a passage in Isaiah, not noticed by Parkhurst, chap. lvii. 14, and leaves no doubt on my mind. The words are translated in our Bible, “cast ye up, cast ye up.” I do not think that any of the critics renders ערבות rightly,—why should not this be “thick darkness?” “Prepare the way for Him who rideth on clouds and thick darkness.”—See Psalm xviii. 10, for a like figure. The word there is ערפל; and when it is considered that letters of the same organ are mutually interchangeable, I think the affinity between this word and that in the lxviii. Psalm will be seen,—ג and פ are both labials, ה and ל are both linguals.

26.—On my arrival on Friday, I was informed of the great loss which I have sustained in the death of ——. He had been long ill, and was I trust well prepared for the awful change. O may Almighty God forgive my sins, negligences, and ignorance, and prepare me for the same end of my course, for Christ’s sake. May the protection and blessing of the Almighty attend his mourning family!

38.—The Presbyterian Fast. I pray to God to make me truly fast in spirit, and to submit

myself with humility to the correction of his holy hand.

31. — sent me Bate's translation of the Pentateuch, &c. He can give me no instruction about cutting the reeds; they are used in writing Persic, &c. The only Jew whom he ever saw write Hebrew held the reed in his fist.

.....
 Quid tum postea?

Si mihi, si liceat producere leniter ævum
 Nec pompam, nec opes, nec mihi regna petam.
 Vellem, ut divini pandens mysteria verbi,
 Vitam in secreto rure quietus agam.
 Adsint et Graiæ comites Latiaëque Camœnæ,
 Et lepidâ faveat conjuge lætus Hymen.
 Tum satis; æternum spes, cura, dolorque valet,
 Hoc tantum superest discere—*posse mori*.

These beautiful lines are more soothing to my mind than can be told. Did I presume to form a wish, such should I desire to be the case of my last years; but the "divini mysteria verbi" may be pursued every where,—and oh the "posse mori" we must seek in the Gospel of Christ; and the comfort which is the peace of God, is the same every where.

The author of the above lines was Cyril Jackson, D. D., formerly Dean of Christ Church. He was allowed by God's providence to close his useful life in peace and retirement from the world, and to prepare himself for the grave with charity and holy meditation, till he fell as a shock

of corn in full season, ripe for eternal life. Ὁ μακαρίτης.—Truly enviable are such a life and such a death.

22.—Mr — called. I shall be much afflicted if this excellent, and learned, and amiable man be ruined by attaching himself for life to our poor church. I must write to — about him.

Ὁ καιρὸς τῆς ἐμῆς ἀναλύσεως ἐφέστηκε τὸν ἀγῶνα τὸν καλὸν ἠγώνισμαι, τὸν δρόμον τετέλεκα, τὴν πίστιν τετήρηκα. Quam acerbis pœnitentiæ lacrymis hæc sunt mihi legenda. Eheu! eheu! quæ apostolus de se recordatus! quam fidenter ad præmium fidei sese attollit! Nequaquam mihi ita recordanda est vita mea! O Deus optime! Pater Domini nostri Iesu Christi—tuam misericordiam oro. Per Salvatorem nostrum Te oro, resipiscentem exaudi. Amen.

30.—My present condition reminds me of Hugo Arnott, who was one day, while panting with the asthma, looking out of his window, and was almost deafened by the noise of a brawling fellow who was selling oysters. “The extravagant rascal!” said Hugo, “he has wasted in two seconds as much breath as would have served me for a month.”

December 1.—I have offered instruction in Hebrew to the candidates for orders in our church. My class met for the first time this day. I prayed for a blessing on our labours, and then proceeded to instruct my young friends in the letters.

It has been said, that a very curious and interesting book might be composed, if any man of ordinary experience, and acquaintance with men of letters, were to set down but one anecdote which he had either heard or read, every day ; I here begin such a collection, and will write one anecdote till I am dry.

ANECDOTE 1.—The famous Dr Clarke, one of the most learned men of his time, was one day amusing himself with some seniors of his own kind and standing, with feats of agility, jumping over chairs and tables, and playing like mere schoolboys ; some one knocked at the door ; Clarke reconnoitred from his study window, and observing that the well known Beau Nash had come to pay him a visit, he called out to his merry companions, “ Boys, be serious, here comes a fool.”

ANEC. 2.—The grandfather of the present Earl of Balcarras, was a benevolent man, with more of what the French call *bonhomie* than most men, as the following fact will show. His lordship was a skilful agriculturist, and among other fruits of his skill he was particularly proud of a field of turnips which were of unusual size. One day his lordship was walking in this field and admiring its produce, when he discerned close to the hedge a woman who was a pensioner of the family, but who, forgetting her duty and obligations, had stolen a large sackful of the precious turnips, and was making the

best of her way home, when she was thus caught in the manner, as the lawyers say. The worthy nobleman very justly reproached the woman with her dishonesty and ingratitude, reminding her that she would have received a sackful of turnips had she asked for it in a proper way, instead of stealing his favourites. The woman silently courtesied at every sentence, and confessed her offence, but pleaded her large family. The good man was at last mollified, and was leaving the field, when the woman, who had dropped her prize on his lordship's first accosting her, and was now with difficulty endeavouring to lift it on her back again, called to him, "O, my lord, my lord, do ye gi'e me a haund and help the poke on my back, for it's unco heavy, and I canna get it up by mysel." Thus she bespoke the earl, who actually turned back, and *did* assist the woman to load herself with the stolen turnips!

3.—I am ill in body and in mind; I have but one resource, and that is in the confession of the penitent people of Israel.

May He who knows my distress be pleased, in his infinite goodness, to cause that in this severe chastisement I may find the means of spiritual improvement, and may hereafter meet with the peaceable fruit that his word promises to those who are exercised thereby.

4. — The late pious John Newton was once told by an obstinate Unitarian, who proceeded

in his inquiries on their precious principle, that we are not required to believe what we cannot understand, that he had read the New Testament, but could find there no proof of the doctrine of the Trinity. Newton knew to whom he was talking, and answered by saying, "Do you know what happened to me last night?" "Well," said his opponent, "what?" "Why," said Newton, "when I was going to my room last night, I wondered what ailed my candle, that I could not light it, and on examination, I found that I had been attempting to light it with the extinguisher on."

.....

5.—A Jacobite surgeon, who escaped from the battle of Culloden, settled for several years in England—where he gained by his profession a sufficiency to retire and spend his latter days in his own country. He preserved his political principles to the last, and often used to tell of his practice in England with exultation, and say, "The Hanoverian rogues—aye, aye, I revenged Culloden upon them."

.....

The great moral satirist Hogarth was once drawing in a room where many of his friends were assembled, and among them my mother—she was then a very young woman. As she stood by Hogarth, she expressed a wish to learn to draw caricature. "Alas, young lady," said Hogarth, "it is not a faculty to be envied. Take my ad-

vice, and never draw caricature—by the long practice of it, I have lost the enjoyment of beauty. I never see a face but distorted; I never have the satisfaction to behold the human face divine.” We may suppose that such language from Hogarth would come with great effect—his manner was very earnest, and the confession is well deserving of remembrance.

.

8.—Nothing was ever more excellent and dignified than the reception which our late good king gave to the American ambassador, (Mr Adams) after the declaration of the independence of the United States. When Mr Adams was presented, the king said to him, “Sir, I was the last man in my kingdom to agree to the independence of the American states: and you may depend upon me, that I shall also be the last man in my kingdom to consent to the violation of that independence.” Adams was so much overpowered by the delicacy as well as the magnanimity of the king, that he could with difficulty restrain his tears; and bowing deeply and reverently, retired without a word. He told a friend afterwards, that he could not speak, he was quite overpowered.

9.—The late Skelton, author of “Deism Revealed,” was not less remarkable for his kind and liberal disposition, than for learning and talents. In his parish there was a small congregation of Dissenters, to whose minister Skelton showed

great good will. He frequently asked him to his table ; and always called him brother. One day when they were dining together, Skelton said to him, “ Brother, it were well that you and I should show our congregations our regard for each other publicly. Now, you know, I cannot ask you to preach for me, but there is no law against my preaching for you ; so I will preach at your meeting house to-morrow.” The good man was delighted, and Skelton preached—but the consequence was, that half the dissenters left their meeting house and went to church : and such was their preference of Skelton’s preaching, that the poor minister was soon left without a congregation. Skelton called on him—“ Brother,” he said, “ what did your people pay you ?” “ Fifty pounds a year.” “ Come away with me.” He took his friend to an attorney, and settled fifty pounds on him for life ! This was told me by my mother, who knew Skelton.

.

I am taking some pains to instruct others, and have been long instructing myself in the Hebrew language, under a vain notion that a knowledge of the original language of Holy Scripture is necessary to enable a man to expound it—but I am mistaken ; a young man, apparently of mean rank, called on me to inquire how he might obtain orders in the church of England. Instead of shutting his mouth with a *title*, I was silly enough to talk with him ; and I ventured to suggest

the necessity of some learning to enable him to do his duty, as he acknowledged he read neither Greek nor Latin.—He answered with somewhat of contempt, “ You seem to know little of spiritual religion.—Where the Spirit instructs we want no Greek and Latin.”—He gave me to understand he was all but actually inspired. Such is an enthusiast.

.

When the late Archbishop Markham was examined for deacon’s orders, he was questioned, as was then the custom, in Latin.—The chaplain who examined was not very able as a scholar.—The first question that he asked was, *Quis fuit primus diacōnus?* Markham answered, *Stephānus, sed Stephānus fuit primus diacōnus.* The chaplain was frightened, and went to the bishop, to whom he wished to consign the examinand, saying, “ Sir, here is a youth whom I wish your lordship would undertake to examine yourself; he is too much for me, he found me out in a false quantity at the first word.” This was what Markham wanted, for he was affronted at being turned over to a chaplain.

.

When the great Bentley, afterwards so distinguished, was examined for deacon’s orders, he expected that the bishop would himself examine him; and his displeasure at what he considered neglect, he vented in such answers as the following :

Chaplain. Quid est fides?
Bentley. Quod non vides.
C— Quid est spes?
B— Quod non habes.
C— Quid est charitas?
B— Maxima raritas.

This is said to have been enough to satisfy the chaplain, who took the rhymer to the bishop.

21, Fourth Sunday before Advent.—I preached with much difficulty. The subject of my sermon was the history of St Thomas, with a particular reference to the gospel of the day, and the answer of Jesus “describing the faith of such as do not see, yet believe.” Bp Horsley has written two admirable discourses on the faith of St Thomas.

.

25, Christmas day,—communicants three hundred. I do not think that I ever was so much fatigued as I was with the duty of this day.

31.—My dear E—— returned for a day or two; I thank God that I close this year, through his unspeakable goodness, with such prospects of happiness for one of the best of sons. May the blessing of him who has promised his mercy to those who observe his fifth commandment, ever attend my dear and excellent E——.

1829, January 1.—Began this year, as usual, in the house of God, and humbly I implore, that his blessing, which has been so marvellously bestowed on me and mine, may still continue with us, for

his sake in whom alone I dare approach the throne of mercy.

6.—I have been much agitated about my dear grandson—but by the great mercy of Almighty God he appears to be better this morning. His pious and excellent father made me very happy by his account of the state of the dear boy's mind. Such is, through the Divine blessing, the result of bringing up in the fear of the Lord: but all is in the hands of Him, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways.

9.—The Hebrew class as usual. One of my young friends, who bids fair to be a good Hebraean, had got into the lazy habit of writing Hebrew like English, and beginning the word backwards. I mentioned to him the mischief which I had myself in my early days of Hebrew study suffered from the practice, and I hope that he will be secured from giving way to it.

Mr Cerf, a Polish Jew, was introduced to me by ——. I cannot understand his English, still less his French, and not at all his German.—He tells me that he is convinced that Jesus is the Messiah—but he wants more proof. I have lent him “Leslie's Short Method,” and that I think will satisfy him.

While talking with—— to-day of the metaphysical poetry of George Herbert, &c. I mentioned the very splendid passage of Cowley's prose in his discourse on the character of O. Cromwell. I was not surprised to find that it was new

to —, for it was new to me many years since. Sir — first pointed it out, and I have since met with many well read men who were not acquainted with it. It begins, “For what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth,” &c. &c. I do not know any passage of pure English more worth attention. It would, I think, look well in Latin.

24.—I hear that — has “gone to her rest,” the beautiful and truly christian expression in which it is the manner of the lower orders to describe the awful change from time to eternity. May the peace which is of God be hers!—These lessons come home. I am older—yet I am spared. *הנני יהודה.*

Countersigned — testimonials, the young man who was frightened at Hebrew. I dare say he will pass his examination for orders with credit, although he knows no more of Hebrew than I did when I was examined for my B. A. at Oxford, and was asked, “Quot literæ apud Hebræos?” “Viginti et duo.” “Optime,” said the examining master, “Satis est! !”

26.—T. L. is recovering, but it hath pleased the Almighty that another of my dear grandchildren should be attacked with this epidemic, and this is the day, perhaps the hour, of crisis. I know not what to pray, but in these words, “Not as I wish, but as thou wilt.” Anxious and awful is the suspense.

27.—The crisis hath taken place! and it hath

been the will of God to remove our dear James to eternal blessedness. Of this no Christian can doubt. May it please Him who ordereth all things, and who can alone guide our hearts, to sanctify this visitation to us, that it may be blessed to us, as an instrument to draw us nearer to him, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

28.—Our dear mourners are in a truly christian frame of mind. May the grace and blessing of Almighty God continue with them; and may he, in his mercy, sanctify this visitation to us all. Many mourners are there at this awful time. In one house a mother, and daughter of eighteen, are departed, and another daughter is still in danger, and the husband and father ill also.

מִכָּאֵל Michael, who is like unto God. This name is very remarkable. There appears to be no doubt that the archangel Michael, is, indeed, He who was in the beginning with God, and was God; Bishop Horsley supports this notion, with his usual sagacity and vigour, I think in his sermon on the Watchers and the Holy Ones.

31.—Read the funeral service for the burial of my beloved grandson, and attended the inhumation, in the hope which we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth within the veil. For ever blessed be thy Holy name, O Father of mercies, who didst send forth thy Son, our holy Redeemer, through whom the sting is taken

from death, and the grave despoiled of its victory!

“It is the heaviest stone,” says the amiable Sir Thomas Browne, “that melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature; or that there is no farther state to come, unto which this seems progressioned, and otherwise made in vain.” The Christian faith leaves no room for this miserable anticipation. “We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,—the dead shall rise incorruptible, and we shall be changed.” Such is the comfortable declaration of eternal truth through Jesus Christ our Lord,—Himself the first fruits of them that rose from the dead. He hath opened the gate of everlasting life to mankind, and when we leave this world we know assuredly that we shall rise again.

February 1.—A cold which I caught, as I always do, by the melancholy duties yesterday, has kept me at home very ill.

It is an ennobling and awakening consideration, that in a certain measure, even to those in whom the work of eternal life is but begun, may be applied the animating words of St Paul, “Ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels,” &c. Hebrews xii. 22—24.

This is the most glorious anticipation which can fill the mind of the Christian. In proportion to the strength of this persuasion, must be the comfort with which the spirit struggles with the streams

of the Jordan, which must be passed before we arrive at the land of promise.

2.—This has been a very bad day with me, nec corpore, nec mente sanus. But it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.

I am reading Watts' sermons seriously; may the blessing of God be with me in the study.

12.—It has pleased the Almighty Disposer of the universe to visit us with a fresh trial,—our dear Henry has closely followed his beloved brother! I do not trust myself to express the deepness of my sorrow, and of my sympathy with the dear parents of these sweet children. I am particularly comforted under a trial, which is severer to me than will ever be supposed, by their truly Christian submission to a very severe trial. Two more engaging and promising children I never knew. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

15.—Job ii. 9. בֵּרַךְ אֱלֹהִים וּמָתָהּ. Why these words should have been rendered, "Curse God, and die," appears very unaccountable. There seems to be no objection to considering the words בֵּרַךְ and מָתָהּ as participles Benoni, and to translating them as Parkhurst does, "Blessing God, and dying." The previous words are translated as a question עוֹד מִדְּוִיָּק בְּתַמְתְּךָ "Still art thou persevering in thy rectitude? Blessing God, and perishing?"

It is very common to omit the ך in both par-

tics, and therefore ברך and נות may, without any violence, be considered such; and this at least preserves the reading from the unintelligible appearance which it bears in our authorised version. What induced our translators to render the 4th verse of the lxxix Psalm in the Prayer Book, “We are become an open shame to *our enemies?*” The Hebrew is לשבנינו which is rightly translated in the Bible version, “to those round about us.” —In the LXX τοῖς γείτοσι. Is it possible that they read לשנאים. This reading is not noticed that I can find.

13.—I had a visit yesterday from a gentleman in search of a register of his own baptism in the year 1800. His name was not found in my register, but it had a place in my recollection, for I remember his grandmother well. She was a frequent visitor of my excellent mother. She lived in Brock-street, Bath. The gentleman recognised Brock-street as the place of his grandmother’s residence; but as she has been dead many years, he could not apply to her to confirm my recollections. I hardly know why; but I looked on the young man, all *be-mustachiod* as he was, with good will, as related to persons and scenes of happy and innocent remembrance.

April 3.—Went with ——— to a shop in Waterloo-place, where I left them, and they promised to meet me at the Exhibition, whither I went accordingly; but after remaining there half an hour, I found that these faithless women,

like the rest of their sect (some say sex), had led me into a disappointment. I returned home alone, remembering what has been long ago said by the poet (Euripides, I think), that the promises of women are written in water, never to be trusted but in a hard frost, or when they hope to get something from you!

18.—Preparing for my excursion to Chillingham.

19.—Reached my dear son's house in the evening. I am quite delighted with the vicarage.

29.—From the Sunday evening until this date I was confined almost to my bed, and wholly to my two rooms by illness. It is a happiness to me to find my dear son is well off in a medical adviser. This is a matter also of great consequence to me, who hope to be much here while J—— is here. May God bless him and his dear wife and children! Had my health been good I should set down these few days among the happiest in my life. Dear —— is a perfect blessing to me: I am delighted with him and all about him.

.

June 5.—Left this dear place and its most beloved inhabitants, and reached home much fatigued.

14.—I preached in the forenoon on Heb. ix. 14. A fresh argument against the human origin of sacrifice arises from the comparison in this text and the context.

26.—Preparations for my voyage.

27.—Embarked.

28.—Very ill with the rough weather all day.

29.—Now, as I am writing, we are some way up the Thames against tide, in hopes of landing by eight, P. M.—which we succeeded in, and by the kind provision of our dear —— reached happily the end of our journey.

July 1.—*Per immeritam, omnino, eheu, immeritam Dei bonitatem, sexagesimus et quartus annus vitæ meæ hodie auspiciatur. Concedas, obsecro, O Deus, ut reliquam vitæ partem ita, Tua gratia subveniente, transigam, ut per merita Domini nostri et Salvatoris, præteritorum condonationem obtineam!*

14.—Read ii. and iii. of St John. The evangelist says of the miracle at Cana, that “Jesus manifested his glory, and that his disciples believed on him.” The holy writer cannot express himself thus without reason; I consider, therefore, that he designed to show, that although, from the declaration of St John the Baptist, and from their own observation, they had become satisfied that Jesus was, indeed, he of whom Moses and the prophets did write, yet their conviction had not amounted to that which is properly termed faith, until they saw this miraculous testimony to his character. And Nicodemus justly tells us in the next chapter, that this power of working miracles, was the expected and most forcible demonstration of his commission from

God. This appears to be the natural progress of the understanding, and confirms what I have always thought, namely, that the lower orders are, in fact, much less credulous than we generally consider them.

15.—A fine day in spite of St Swithun. St Martin was worse behaved. The alteration of style leaves us at the mercy of each of these worthies. If we escape St Martin, we suffer by St Swithun, and *vice versa*. This is rather cruel. But Popish saints are not likely to be kind, even after Catholic emancipation, to such inveterate Protestants.

17.—The greatest moral evil and suffering that we can be exposed to is the being forsaken of God,—the being cast out of his presence. This, with awe be it spoken, appears to have made part of our Lord's suffering when he cried with a loud voice, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Yet this state of spiritual dereliction is voluntarily embraced by those who, according to the emphatic language of Holy Scripture, live without God in the world.

The words of Almighty mercy in the following passage of the 50th Psalm contain a precept, and a promise, which I would willingly, indeed, and most earnestly apply to myself: Ps. l. 15.—Help me, O Father of mercies, to call on thee acceptably, through our blessed Intercessor. Prepare my heart, and let thine ear incline unto my supplication.

.

I have undesignedly left a blank page ; but blank it shall not continue, if I am permitted to fill it. I say *permitted* : Darwin was cut off in the middle of a sentence in a letter to his friend Edgeworth, in which he was proposing a visit to him, and laying out time which was not his own ! Let me take warning. Something most important to my spiritual welfare, as well perhaps, as temporal, seems to be at hand. May God Almighty grant, that though he may purge me with hyssop, though the correction be most severe, I may be made clean. The chastening hand is upon me, may it be for good !

There is an old proverb, “ it is a long lane which hath no turning.” I am apt to remember this proverb, and to derive some comfort from it. I cannot believe that my present trial will last much longer ; but I pray for submission to Him who knoweth what is best for me. I need correction, and I should bless the hand which administers it ; for I remember the words of the apostle, Heb. xii. 11. May I be found among those who are exercised, and then shall I taste the fruit of righteousness.

20.—Oh that He who knoweth my heart would bring me unto him !

23.—In the second lesson this morning, the xi. of St John’s gospel—the affection of Thomas for our blessed Lord is very striking. He was, as is proved by the little said of him, a man of

rather slow capacity: such men are often difficult to be persuaded of facts which others may consider very probable and credible; and we know this was, remarkably, the case with Thomas. But the same description of men are also very steady in their attachments; and this is beautifully shown in Thomas. When Jesus expressed his resolution to visit Lazarus, notwithstanding the violence of the Jews, Thomas said, "Let us also go, that we may die with him." This is very touching. "We cannot defend our master against such powerful enemies, but we can testify our zeal and our attachment by adhering to him to the last. We cannot resist the power of the Jews, but we can die with our Lord."

I make it my earnest prayer to Almighty God, that whatever he may see fitting to make my trial, I may be enabled to cast all my care on him. I would humbly address to Almighty Wisdom and Power the supplication of the collect for the eighth Sunday after Trinity, leaving it to Him to judge what is profitable for me, and what is hurtful. This most truly Christian prayer sets before us our duty in the most affecting and instructive manner.

26.—I read to the family this evening a sermon of ——. It is a good composition; but so meagre in all that might interest a poor sinner desirous of wholesome truth to comfort and direct, that, in fact, I felt my time lost in

reading, my lungs exercised to no purpose in speaking, and the attention of my hearers wasted in listening to a discussion which could do no good. It will be useful to myself, if it please God that I should preach any more, to find that nothing can be of any use that has not Jesus Christ for its basis, and that does not draw us nearer to him.

August 2, Seventh Sunday after Trinity.—The collects for this week and the next are nearly a summary of Christian duties and feelings. In the former we implore the Author of all spiritual good, to bestow on us the powers whereby we are alone enabled to perform our duty, and to uphold us in the path of righteousness and obedience: in the latter, we are instructed with humility and faith to commit ourselves, body and soul, to the direction of Him, who alone knows unerringly what is really profitable, and what may be really hurtful to us.

In my present trouble I can find ease and support in nothing but following the direction of the holy Apostle, 1 Peter v. 8, and in praying for the faith and submission taught in the collect for the eighth Sunday after Trinity, and in which we are encouraged by the word of God in the 50th psalm, ver. 15.

3.—I can conceive such a perfect union of the Christian's soul with the will of God, as to be perfectly reconciled to suffering. This I consider one of the highest attainments of the

spiritual life ; I may truly call it the highest attainment, for, were we once such, we should be entirely free from the dominion of sin, and even in the sad case of suffering in consequence of sin, the heart thus subdued to the will of God would be necessarily in a state pleasing to Him, and therefore happy.

4.—Rose with an humble prayer to Him who knows my affliction, that he would through his merciful grace enable me to use it rightly.

“Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” That knowledge of which our Lord here spake was a knowledge which would produce a clearer acquaintance with the law of God,—draw us more surely to love and obey the will of God, and therefore, “constrain us, only by the love of God and Christ.”

.

September 1.—When I read in the papers that such a man after sentence of death behaved himself with great propriety, and began to prepare himself for his departure, it must come into the mind, that we are all of us offenders under sentence of death, and that as we do not know when this sentence will be executed, it is great folly and presumption not to prepare ourselves also, for an event at the same time certain and uncertain : certain that it will happen, uncertain when it will please God that it shall happen. But the Christian, for our blessed Redeemer’s sake, is permitted to consider death,

not so much the punishment of sin, for to the believing Christian his sin is forgiven for the sake of Christ, as the entrance into everlasting felicity. It is in this confidence that the Apostle declares, “we had rather be absent from the body and present with the Lord;”—to have this sentiment really effective in the heart, I consider the fullest perfection of the Christian character. See that most delightful and edifying exposition of the Christian system in the 5th chap. of the 2 Epist. to the Corinthians.

2.—Very poorly all day; I grew much worse towards night.

3.—The night past awfully,—in pain and tossing.

4.—Rather better, but in pain.

6, Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.—I had a bad night. I was afraid to attend the distant chapel.

I had some pleasant conversation with —— after dinner. Nothing, no, nothing delights me like this interchange of mind with such pleasing friends as dear —— and my other beloved sons and sons-in-law. They will never know how I love and value them.

9.—Very poorly; at night in most serious pain indeed. After many hours of most severe distress, I at last gained some ease; for which, praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.

WHEN ON bed of pain I lie
Through the night with waking eye,
And to Thee for help I cry,
Hear me, O Lord !

Thy kind mercy flies apace,
Hide not from me then thy face ;
Aid my weakness with thy grace,
And hear me, Lord !

When my nature lies opprest,
And to thee I sue for rest,
Think not scorn of my request,
But hear me, Lord !

When to thee, through Christ, I pray
That thy dealings day by day
May advance me on thy way,
Hear me, O Lord !

Taught by thy beloved Son,
All impatience may I shun,—
Not my will, but thine, be done,
Thy will, O Lord !

In this world of good and ill,
Thus may I, obedient still,
Strive my duty to fulfil ;
And accept me, Lord !

Then at the tremendous hour,
When the enemy hath power,
And the shades of death do lour,
Hear me, O Lord !

When the debt of sin I pay,
And the spirit flits away
From its falling house of clay,
Hear me, O Lord !

When at last I sink beneath
 The resistless stroke of death,
 Let me with my latest breath
 Praise thee, O Lord!

[As a specimen of the Bishop's powers of versification on lighter topics, a little poem is here inserted, which he composed while on a visit at Marcus Cottage, the residence of an intimate and most valued friend: the verses themselves will explain the circumstance which gave rise to them.]

THE SPRITE'S VISIT.

I SCARCE had laid me down to rest
 When Jaspar's* Sprites my couch infest;
 One twitched my ear, one pulled my arm—
 "Nay, my good sir, we mean no harm;
 We wish but gently to remind you
 Of certain claims that fairly bind you."

"And what are these?" I straight replied,
 To one who just had pinched my side.
 "But look about," the spirits said,
 "And see what stands beside your bed.
 Pray who has thus adorned your room?
 Where got you all that rich perfume?
 While all is chilled with this East wind,
 And scarce a floweret *we* can find,
 Your table shows a sight as gay
 As can be seen on summer day."

"Those flowers to kindest friends I owe,—
 (I wish you would not plague me so,)"

* See Madame D'Arblay's Wanderer.

And straightway I shall let them hear,
Their gift how sweet to me, how dear."

"You must do more," said fairy voice,
"Or else be pinched, so take your choice."
"Do what?" said I. "Why court the muse,
She will not sure her help refuse ;
But aid you with an humble lay,
The kindly present to repay."

"The muse,—alas ! these ladies nine
Are slight acquaintances of mine ;
They seldom deign to call my way ;
And when they do, they will not stay,
They give no time to ask a boon,—
I bow, they courtesy—and are gone."

"Come, come, good sir, we part not so,
You must obey, and that you know ;
So pray sit up, get pen and ink,
And write before you sleep a wink.
You're dull, we see, so for this time,
We'll find the subject, you find rhyme.

"You've often read, we must presume,
The story's told by David Hume,
How the Pope sent to English John,
Four rings of gold with precious stone ;
The sapphire, em'rald, ruby there,
And topaz bright of yellow glare ;
And by the story you're apprized,
Of what those stones emblemized.
Now prithee, Sir, these flowers behold,
And surely you need not be told,
That you may learn as well from them,
Whate'er was taught by precious gem ;
For here the ruby's lively red,
Shows the geranium's beauteous head ;

Here is the ray of em'rald sheen
 Match'd by the myrtle's vivid green ;
 And seems the violet's lovely blue,
 Like sapphire of celestial hue ;
 While the gay jonquil's yellow bright,
 Beams with the topaz' golden light."

"Stop, stop, good sprites, I need no more,
 Nor call the Muses to my door,
 I am not quite so dull of head,
 As not to know that what you've said
 Is not of gems, or flowerets meant,
 But qualities they represent.
 You bid me thus in grateful verse,
 The praises of my friends rehearse ;
 Those emblematic tints display,
 The proper subjects of my lay ;
 And the bright blossoms seem to tell,
 The virtues which at Marcus dwell.

"But, my dear fairies, much I fear,
 Such tribute would offend their ear ;
 For merit true we always find
 To its own praises disinclined.
 So to obtain release from you,
 And satisfy my feelings too,
 We'll change this language, if you please,
 Into good wishes, such as these.

"May those bright powers which quaint monks view,
 In em'rald gem, and sapphire blue,
 O'er my kind friends exert their force,
 And guide them in their earthly course ;
 And may they, when transplanted hence,
 Meet Faith and Hope's glad recompense !
 The ruby's lively hues, they say,
 Do gracious Charity portray ;

The topaz doth an emblem prove,
 Of the kind deeds of peace and love.
 Long, long may these their choicest store,
 Of blessings upon Marcus pour ;
 And give its inmates long to know,
 The truest bliss of man below,
 Health, friends, tranquillity, content,
 And conscience of their lives well spent,
 May,"—" Hold, enough," the spirits said,
 " For this night you have saved your head."

D. S. 1814.

12.—Left our dear friends and embarked on board the Soho, at six P. M. and landed, by the blessing of God, at Newhaven, on Tuesday the 15th, at twelve.

.

26, Saturday.—Left Edinburgh with my dear wife and son, and after a prosperous journey reached our haven at Chillingham, all well.

27.—Preached in the forenoon in Chillingham Church, which is greatly improved, and is now a very neat little parish temple.

.

October 16.—Confirmed in the Chapel at Kelso 14.

17.—Returned home.

November 18.—Very ill for some days.

26.—I am by God's goodness to me somewhat better, and have spirits to begin a sermon for next Sunday, on lv. of Isaiah, 7th verse.

27.—I gave Miss H—— Southey's Colloquies to read, especially that part of the 2d volume in

which he treats of Bequinage. I cannot see why something of the kind might not be tried here. It appears to me that on lady Carnegie's school something might be engrafted, so as to produce able and willing nurses for the sick poor.

.

December 5.—How much I desire to pray with the Publican and with the beseeching father, “Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.” May this supplication be heard at the throne of grace!

6, Second Sunday in Advent.—I waked after a short and confused sleep, so ill, that I was obliged to ask my dear C—— to supply my place at the altar. I have had a most suffering day. May God, for Christ's sake, look on me in pity,—yet who am I to ask such mercy? yet the deeper my humiliation, I trust for my Redeemer's sake, the sooner will it reach the throne of grace. I have no prayer but the prayer of the Publican, —may that prayer be heard. I was unable to do more than read a few verses, and say a few words, and offer a short prayer with my family, and dismiss them to, I trust, better rest than I hope for.

7.—After such a night as I expected, I rose very poorly.

9.—I have read nearly the whole of the first vol. of Calamy's Life. He introduces occasionally some mention of the Socinians. I do not know whether it is worth while to set down a thought which has

come into my mind on this subject. It is this, that there are numberless passages in Sacred Scripture, which assert the Divine nature of our blessed Redeemer, in a manner utterly incompatible with his being a mere man, but there are none which assert his manhood in a manner inconsistent with his Divinity. The Socinians cannot, with all their ungrammatical pains, destroy the force of the first set of passages.

17.—Wrote an acknowledgment of the attention of the vestry, about the allotment of the burial ground. God grant that I may be fit to occupy it. Oh! I would surrender myself to Him, I would humble myself under the mighty hand of God. Have mercy, O Lord, on a miserable sinner, and give me the grace of that holy sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation.

Fourth Sunday in Advent.—Preached in the forenoon, and returned home much exhausted. There was a collection for the Senior Female Society. I preached on Hebrews xi. 16. and at the conclusion of my sermon took notice of the charity.

25, Christmas day.—Communicants 294. After my return home I was taken very ill, and passed the rest of the day, not in the enjoyment of my family, but in bed.

Sunday after Christmas day.—Preached in the forenoon, Deuteronomy xxxii. 29. a sermon for the conclusion of the year.

WHEN the fight of grace is fought ;—
 When the marriage vest is wrought ;—
 When faith hath chased cold doubt away,
 And hope but sickens at delay ;

When Charity, imprison'd here,
 Longs for a more expanded sphere,
 Doff thy robes of sin and clay ;
 Christian ! rise, and come away !

Awkward and slight as these lines may be, they direct the mind to the contemplation of that state most of all to be desired and envied, when the servant of Christ, his period of trial and discipline drawing to a close, is permitted to understand and adopt the holy words of the apostle, (2 Cor. v.) “ We are confident, and willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord.” It is said by the same holy writer, that through Christ we are delivered from that fear, which keepeth the natural man in bondage—the fear of death, Heb. ii. But these lines express *more* than this mere deliverance,—they delineate, roughly, the feelings of a soul far above that “ fear,” awakened to a sentiment of glory and happiness reserved for such as fall asleep in Jesus. The discipline of God’s grace, through the Holy Spirit which hath sealed the Christian unto the day of redemption, hath overcome the enemy ; he now lingereth no longer attracted by things here, and already anticipates the blessings to the experience of which he is approaching ! The WEDDING GARMENT is put on !

Happy! blessed Son of Faith! thou art no longer crippled in thy path with the cold doubts of natural weakness : these are at an end—thou art approaching to that fruition, which Hope hath taught thee to expect and long for! Thou art under the blessed influence of the grace which is the sublimest excellence of Christ's religion, inasmuch as it maketh Christians like unto their Master,—unto him, whose charity was not satisfied until he had laid down his life for us. Thou art instructed to desire the society of just men made perfect, of every clime, and nation, and degree. These are ready to welcome thee to the joy of thy Lord, to the heavenly Jerusalem, to the house not made with hands, and thou, by the support of the Holy Spirit, with the blessing of thy God art ready to say, so come Lord Jesus!—Amen, Amen.

The Diary ends here.

LETTERS.

LETTERS

TO

HIS SONS DURING THEIR EDUCATION.

Edinburgh, October 22, 1813.

MY DEAR D——,

I am much pleased with the account you give me of your kind reception at Runcorn, and hope, that by your own diligence and good conduct, you will merit the continuance of your god-father's instructions. On many accounts your removal into Cheshire, this winter, will, I hope, be very much to your advantage. My constant employment would have prevented me from attending to you, and without daily attention, at this critical period, you could make no progress in Greek. Under Mr Keyt, I trust your progress will be equally creditable to him and yourself; he used to be a sound scholar, and it would be strange to suppose, that the added experience of twenty years had impaired his knowledge or his powers of communication. In this important point therefore, you are at present within reach of all that I could wish for you, and it remains for you to make a good use of the opportunity.

I am surprised to find Mr Keyt use Moore's Grammar. As far as mere accident goes, I think Moore's plan certainly excellent; his third declension is admirable, but the Grammar is only a fragment, and much indeed falls to be supplied from the *viva vox* of the teacher, or from some other grammar. I send you Virgil, Horace, and Tibullus, and lament that I have not a Cicero de Officiis to send; but Mr Keyt can probably put you in the way of procuring books from London or Liverpool, and I do not think it worth while to delay the present box, while any books may be sought for in Town; and for the future, I am sure it will be an economy both of time and money, to purchase what you want in England. I thought your prize Quintilian too fine for a jaunt into Cheshire, and it is not very probable that Mr Keyt may require you to read an author usually reserved for a later period. Rollin is one of the only scholars I know of, who made Quintilian an elementary book. I hope Mr Keyt will not allow your versification to be neglected; as a means of improvement in writing prose Latin, verse is to be practised.—Mr K. will, I doubt not, require you frequently to abridge what you read; and the more you do so, the better for you. At your time of life, it is infinitely better than original composition.

I am pleased at the arrangement of your day. Of hours thus regularly disposed of, the fruit will, I hope, be good. Your threat of reading a

Greek play before Christmas, is indeed magnificent, and, if you execute it, you are not likely to fall under the censure justly bestowed on a class, who, you know, read the *Electra* of Sophocles as a “*brag*;” but neglected more important matters. What you read, I have no doubt you will read to good purpose, and not before you ought to read it.

The Classical Journal has teemed, of late, with dissertations on the words of Nestor, *Iliad*, α'. v. 282. ἀτὰρ ἔγωγε Δίσσομι' Ἀχιλλῆϊ μεθέμεν χόλον, κ. τ. λ. in your next let me know what Mr Keyt says of *λίσσομαι* with a dative case. I am against it I confess, and consider Nestor as only pressing his suit again upon Agamemnon.

Assure Mr Keyt of my affectionate regards, in which all here join; and, with the kindest remembrances from all here, and with my earnest prayers for God's blessing upon you and your studies, and your prospects, I am, my dear D——, your affectionate father and most sincere friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Wellington in France for ever!

Edinburgh, November 5, 1813.

MY DEAR D——,

I am delighted with your sensible and manly style of writing, and feel regard and grati-

tude which I cannot express towards my valuable friend, to whose kind instructions you are so much indebted. Your progress in Greek is to my heart's content. You know my earnest desire that you should be a good Greek scholar,—you are within reach of the fountain, and you may remember one of your own quotations, “juvat integros accedere fontes,” &c. May every success attend you, my dear son. You are too well acquainted with the beautiful passage of Cicero pro Archia, c. 7. to need my reminding you of more than the first words, “Hæc studia adolescentiam agunt,” &c. some read “alunt,” and I am not sure whether that is not the better reading. If you knew the heartfelt gratification which it gives your parents to witness your improvement, and the earnestness with which they offer their prayers to God for blessings on you, your kind heart would rejoice indeed.

The opinions of the critics, who, in the Classical Journal, have tormented the line of Homer, which I mentioned in my last, are too prolix to be written here. Suffice it to say, that they are pretty nearly balanced in point of number, I do not think so in point of authority; for I take it, Homer knew his own language at least as well as any modern Greek scholar, and it is observable, that the verb *λίσομαι* occurs nearly fifty times in the poems of Homer with an accusative, and there is only this *one* instance, if this be one, of its conjunction with the dative. Let the vicar

of Runcorn consider this, and as I am not unwilling to bow to him as a much more practised Greek scholar than I am, whatever, after careful examination of Seber, he pronounces, that I will not refuse to allow, though not without endeavouring at least, most respectfully, to justify my dissent. I would construe the passage as if Nestor were only addressing Agamemnon with more earnestness, led as I am to this judgment by the force of *αὐτὰρ* and *ἔγωγε*. "Ἐγωγε "I, that Nestor whom Theseus, Cæneus, and a thousand other big-fisted fellows always regarded, *I* beseech you Agamemnon to remit your wrath against Achilles, who is the great support of the Greeks," &c. &c. I know I have a host against this exposition, but I have not a *πραδὴν ἐλάφοιο* in this matter at present. When I have heard your answer upon this matter, I will send you for your entertainment, a passage in the New Testament, and another crust from the first Iliad to work upon.

I am glad to hear that you do not neglect your Latin verse. Although I do not wish you to be nothing but a Latin poet, the practice of verses is so important to a Latin scholar, that at your time of life, you should be very much employed in it. By the by, I hope you will be able to read what I write, for I am obliged to write as fast as I can, as my time is occupied from morning to night. I have three pupils, who keep me at work, as I keep them at work, and I am now making the best of a presbyterian fast-day to be

in time for you to-morrow, for I would not fail in my duty of writing to you, for any bribe that could be offered me. I only wish you may have a fourth part of the pleasure in reading that I have in writing to you.

Well, I congratulate you on the Continental news. Buonaparte will probably, by this time, be able to understand experimentally, the meaning of a passage, which I read not above two hours ago, in the first Philippic of Demosthenes, who tells the Athenians of Philip *κύκλω πανταχῆ ἡμᾶς περιστοιχίζεται*. The Scholiast on this passage tells you, that *περιστοιχίζεται* is a *μεταφορά*, taken from the chace, and means “hemming in a wild beast.” The Bavarians are commanded by a very great rascal, a Frenchman at heart, general Wrede; but I hope his troops, who, they say, are good and well-principled, will keep him in order.

I hope you have written to my dear ——. He is very home-sick, as they call it, and has already begged to come here at Christmas. He will be comforted by a kind letter from you;—and early in life cultivate the affections of your family, my dearest son, for they are the fastest friends, and the friends who will remain ever the most attached. With every affectionate and paternal blessing, my dear D——, your affectionate father and friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, Nov. 19, 1813.

MY DEAREST D——,

Perhaps it is superfluous for me to mention Heyne's opinion on Il. ζ', 480. He disapproves, as I cannot help doing, the introduction of ἰδών to supply the sense, and govern ἀνιόντα, and has recourse, as Dawes had recourse before him, to the so called *Attic* formula, by which εἰπεῖν is found with an accusative: vid. Eurip. Andromeda, 646, “τί δὴτ' ἂν εἴποις ΤΟΥΣ ΓΕΡΟΝΤΑΣ ὡς σοφοί:” in Pind. Ol. xiv. 32, you will see the same construction. This makes sense of the passage in question; and I am inclined, perhaps, to be contented with it.

For my Homeric crust you must condescend to go back to Il. α', v. 567, and tell me what you make of ἄσσον ἰόνθ', which I cannot make out, and which no commentator satisfies me about. I am not convinced about the Dative in the same Il., v. 283, by appeals to Homer's omnipotence. As I do not find that in other places he has exerted this attribute, I am not willing to acknowledge it here; especially as I think I can make better sense of the passage without such a violent supposition: the whole, in my humble opinion, depends on αὐτὰρ and ἔγωγε. I presume Mr Keyt looks upon the ἐνθάδ' ἄτμιμος ἐὼν as incorrigible—v. 170; if in the line before you might read τ' οἶω instead of σ' οἶω, you might explain it easily. This was the proposal of Lord

Monboddo; but said he, the worst of it is, we have no MS. to support such a reading.

My Biblical difficulty I beg leave to submit to your kind friend and able instructor, with an earnest request, that, when he has leisure, which I much wish him to have, to write me a few lines, he will notice it. The difficulty is more than verbal. I showed the passage to a friend lately, and he was not aware of it before. It is in St Luke, chap. xxii. ver. 31, 32,—“*Εἶπε δὲ ὁ Κύριος Σίμων, Σίμων, ἰδοὺ, ὁ Σατανᾶς ἐξήτήσατο ἙΜΑΣ, τοῦ σινιάσαι ὡς τὸν σῖτον. Ἐγὼ δὲ ἐδέηθην περὶ ΣΟΥ, ἵνα μὴ ἐκλείπῃ ἡ πίστις ΣΟΥ. Καὶ ΣΥ ποτε ἐπιστρέψας στήριξον τοὺς ἀδελφούς ΣΟΥ.*” Of course the difficulty lies in the change of number. Commentators, of course also, give one no assistance.

Having thus despatched the Greek part of my letter, (by-the-by, you improve much in writing Greek,) I go on to assure you of the satisfaction which I derive from the progress you are making. My debt to Mr Keyt cannot be repaid. I cannot express my gratitude to him, any more than the comfort which I feel whenever I turn my thoughts to my beloved youth at Runcorn. I am delighted to find you reading a portion of theology already. Under your godfather’s direction you will become a sound theologian; and God Almighty bless you in all you are now doing with such good guidance, to qualify yourself for the sacred profession, in which it will be

my comfort to see you engaged, if your heart be in it.

I am always glad to hear that you have exercise of the body as well as the mind; yet I have some awkward apprehensions about a leaping pole with your wrist. I suppose it is quite strong, or you would hardly expose it to such violent exercise.

Believe me, with my fervent prayers for God's blessing on you, my dear D——, your affectionate father and sincere friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Greatly do we all rejoice in the prospect of Buonaparte's fall, it seems approaching; pray read with this view the 73d psalm.

Edinburgh, December 3, 1813.

MY DEAR D——,

You may well say "Orange boven." Merciful and wonderful are the changes which a few short months have produced. Heartily do I rejoice in the prospect which the goodness of Divine providence has opened to our view; and still more shall I rejoice, if, from the judgments that they have witnessed, the inhabitants of the continent learn righteousness.

In the midst of this joy I have, however, been very differently occupied, in visiting the house

of mourning. I do not know that the papers will have informed you of the death of your friend and school-fellow — —. He was seized, when apparently in the highest health and strength, with a typhus fever, and in twelve days, notwithstanding the activity and skill of the best physicians in Carlisle, was taken away. He died on the 21st of last month. His afflicted father returned on Wednesday the 24th from performing the last melancholy duties. The poor boy retained his understanding, with little suspension, to the last; and his mind was properly occupied. He was improving very much under Mr Fawcet's care,—and his loss is most intensely lamented by his family; especially, I think, by his father. A solemn lesson does this dispensation teach to the young. No youth could appear more likely to live to manhood than — — did, on the very day when the fever broke out upon him. “Boast not thyself, young man, of the morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.” Lay this to your heart, my beloved son. Let your departed school-fellow speak to you from the grave, to remind you of the uncertainty of life; to counsel you not to waste the hours which are lent to you, to be recalled you know not when; but to prepare yourself, now in the time of youth and vigour, to meet that awful Lord, who cometh at an hour which we know not of,—at the cock-crowing, at the time of advanced life, at the evening, in

the maturity of manhood and strength, or in the *morning*, in the early days of activity and cheerfulness and hope.

At present, under the care of your excellent preceptor, your hours will be well employed; and I pray God that you may reap the fruit of your diligence. I hope, my dear son, that Mr Keyt will have no reason to complain of childishness in you. “Homo, res sacra,” says the old philosopher; seriousness of mind and deportment is to be expected at your time of life; be cheerful, but be manly,—and as you are no more a schoolboy, forget schoolboy manners. It is not to be said what satisfaction a sensible man like Mr K. will receive from sobriety of manner. I know that no good can be imparted or received without it; and you cannot expect to reap the advantages which you otherwise may reap from your present situation without it. But *hæc hactenus*.

I do not approve of your *Ἀχιλλῆα*, there is no MS. authority for it; and I am sturdy enough to persevere in thinking, that the sense is better without such a change. I am afraid your *Διοκλῆα* will by no means bear you out. Mr Keyt said nothing about *ἄσσον ἰόνθ'*;—I am unwilling to intrude upon his time with these things; and I believe you and I must keep them between ourselves. On the passage in St Luke, however, I will hope, at some time or other, to hear something.

So you are reading Livy. I am much mistaken if you do not find some cramp passages now and then, which will cost you trouble. I doubt not that you abridge as you go on. This is an exercise of memory and composition to which you have already been accustomed, and if you go to Christ Church, you will find it indispensable there.

Your account of your wrist is pleasing. I do not know how you use your leaping pole; if you rest it under the arm-pit, beware lest you amuse the natives of Runcorn with a dislocated shoulder: this has happened to leapers with poles; but from the little I remember of the exercise, I imagine that the said leapers must have been very awkward. Miss C——'s brother, who is here now, tells me that dislocation of the shoulder was no uncommon occurrence at Eton. If you use your pole in the manner of which I speak, I confess that I shall be uneasy; therefore, let me know how you use it. A dislocated *humerus* is worse than dislocation of the wrist and fracture of the *radius*.

Your letter to F—— reached us after my last was departed. Do not throw your desk into the Mersey, but give it to your mathematical master when you have done with it; it will probably be very acceptable to him. Your account of the live family to S—— was very amusing; I think you might make a catalogue of them in an epigram of longs and shorts, very well.

Adieu;—in the course of next week I must write to you again, a more *substantial* letter than this; but I am confined just now with a bad cold. We are pleased to hear that you have had a kind letter from Mrs S——. Pray, my dear boy, learn in good time not to neglect writing to your friends,—many a friend has been lost by such folly and idleness.

Your mother, &c. send love and kindest regard, and believe me, my dearest D——, your affectionate father,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, December 15, 1813.

MY DEAR D——,

I write to you before my usual day of writing, because I happen to have to-day leisure for a few lines, and because I wish as soon as possible to satisfy your mind about your visit to Sandford-hall.

I write a letter to Mr Keyt, acquainting him with my wish that you should have his permission to visit your aunt.

I depend upon your caution while you are at Sandford. The proverb is, “*alieno periculo, cautus fio.*” You may say “*meo ipsius periculo cautus factus sum.*” You have had one fall from a horse, beware of another. Your mother is as anxious upon this subject as I am; and trusts,

with me, to your promise that you will not do any thing rash. I beg you to avoid hunting and leaping on horseback. Your own spirits are lively; I fancy that my nephew's are of the same description; therefore there is abundant reason for the admonitions which I give you.

It gives me comfort to hear of your progress in Greek. If it please God that we meet in summer, I shall have a companion who can talk with me about Greek and Latin, and will feel interested in my observations. I wish to see your version of Hector and Andromache, in English. I will not compare it with Pope's, inasmuch as that part of his translation of the Iliad, is perhaps the best executed of the whole. How do you render *δακρυόεν γελάσασα*? I am sorry to say, that Hector does not express himself with so much feeling as he ought to have done, in his answer to Andromache's beautiful expostulation—

ἦ καὶ ἐμοὶ τὰδε πάντα μέλει, γύναι·

but Homer is right in putting such language into his mouth. By the by, the scene in 1st Hen. IV. between Percy and his wife, has some resemblance with this roughness of Hector's. Read it with this view. "And so far I will trust thee, gentle Kate," is but a scurvy answer to all her affectionate solicitude about him. But, as in Homer, the painting is just. Shakspeare is the only poet whom I can compare with Homer, for he is the only one who may be spoken of as the

critic speaks of Homer, “ τὸν κάλαμον εἰς νοῦν ἔβρεχε.”

I have been lately amused and entertained a good deal with Madame de Stael’s new work on Germany. A short poem of Lessing’s which she translates, I have got one of your sisters to copy, and request you at your leisure to try how it would look in long and short verse in Latin. I think it will suit that verse, and that language. I need not say that no other occupations are to be neglected for the sake of this ; but you may find some amusement in it.

Upon your return from Shropshire, I should wish you, with Mr Keyt’s approbation, to begin French ; and, my dearest boy, pray work hard. What you learn well at this time of your life will stick by you, and “ *experto crede,*” a language is not easily learned after youth. Get all manner of knowledge ; let your mind be like the question bag which used to entertain us so much : store up every thing you can in it ; only in order—not carelessly. At present your chief object is Greek, hard Greek. What you learn of other things, learn slowly, because you have not much time for them, and take no step till you have secured the preceding. Superficial grammar is the ruin of learning.

Above all, my dearest D——, be “ sober-minded.” The only objection which I have to much association and much correspondence of young people with one another, is, that in their

conversation and their letters, they are too apt to think that *cheerfulness* cannot exist without *levity*. Now, levity is unbecoming a man of sense, a gentleman, and a Christian. Do not consider this as an observation of “old square toes.” I hope I am as cheerful with my sons as need be ; but I hope also I give them no example of levity, which young writers generally think witty, but which is *always* vulgar, and too often *licentious*.

I wish to hear from you before you leave Runcorn. Let us know when you go, and how you go, and when you are to return : and I hope you will not allow any thing to detain you beyond the time which Mr Keyt fixes for your return. Nothing is more trifling than the trick of prolonging holidays. With all affectionate remembrances from the rest, believe me, my dearest D——, your affectionate father and sincere friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Do you think you could try a Latin letter. I am reading Cicero with great attention, especially the epistles, in order to qualify myself for such a correspondence, and not to spoil your Latin by any solecisms of mine.

Edinburgh, 28th Dec. 1813.

My dear D——,

Although I shall not send this letter probably till Friday, yet forasmuch as “occasion is bald behind,” which words I consider to be a pretty close translation of the Latin proverb “post est occasio calva,” I will take “occasio” in front, and thank you for your letter from Preston Brook, which I received to-day.

I trust that you reached Sandford Hall in safety, and that we shall soon hear from you how you found your aunt and cousins.

In looking back to your last letter from Run-corn, I find a question about πλατύς as applied to the Hellespont. The usual translation of πλατύς is, as you well know, “wide or broad” an epithet not very applicable, it would seem, to the sea which Leander in old time, and Lord Byron in modern days could swim across. It is suggested by a late traveller (Mr Walpole, see Clarke’s Travels, vol. II. p. 70. note) that πλατὺς Ἑλλησποντος is the *Salt Hellespont*. Πλάτύς in this sense is used four times by Aristotle, in Meteor. Lib. II. e. g. Καὶ διὰ τοῦτο τὰ τε νότια ὕδατα ΠΛΑΤΥΤΕΡΑ. Duval Arist. Tom. 1. p. 556. c. again τοῦ μετοπώρου ΠΛΑΤΕ’Α τὰ ὕδατα, id. p. 556. d. again id. p. 556. e. πλατύ occurs again two or three lines after in the same place, e. used throughout as synonymous with ἄλμυρος, *salt*. Hesychius, to whom I have referred, gives the same meaning. Damm, in his Lexicon Homericum, is

said not to take notice of this sense of *πλατύς*, nor is it, so far as I can learn, mentioned by Stephanus; yet it is clear, that you can translate it by no other word than *salt*, in the passages quoted from Aristotle's Meteor. The chapter is on the causes of the saltness of the sea. I have examined Aristotle myself, and you may depend upon the accuracy of the quotations which I send you. I think they do authorise us to render *πλατὺς Ἑλλάσποντος*, *the salt Hellespont*.

I observe in the same letter of yours another subject of remark. You talk of “troubling me with *minutiæ*.” My dear son, nothing that concerns any of my children is a *minutia* to me. In your case every slightest thing is of consequence; and with regard to your classical improvement, I am anxious about the smallest matters. Remember the words of the great Samuel Clarke, in his preface to his edition of Homer; I quote from memory, therefore may not be accurate,—“*Ex judicii consuetudine in rebus minutis diligenter adhibita, pendet sæpissime, etiam et in maximis, vera atque accurata scientia.*” This ought to be a motto with young students, who are often inclined to treat these “*minutiæ*” as they generally treat halfpence, i. e. take no account of them. But halfpence are the elements of pounds, and grammatical *minutiæ* the elements of sound learning.

Pounds put me in mind of arithmetic, and that

of the wonderful American boy. He is here just now, and is much visited. I have not been near him, nor do I think much of going. I have no skill in giving questions, and knowing from better authority what he can do, I am inclined to be contented. Leslie puzzled him, and so have other persons; and it is generally observed, that he discovers a question and answers it at once, or not at all. Like a tiger, if he misses his first spring, he does not try another.

I do not like to interrupt your amusements at Sandford with versification, and therefore do not send the translations from Lessing, till the first cover to Runcorn. You shall then have them; and I expect that you will make a very pretty poem in the Latin tongue out of them.

I am in a state of despondency about public affairs. I fear sadly that Austria will prove treacherous, and that all will end in a hollow armed truce; for a peace while Buonaparte in power can be nothing better. I set about my sermon for the general thanksgiving with no great satisfaction. The good which Providence has bestowed, is likely, as usual, to be rendered vain by the weakness and wickedness of man; and all the blood spilt, and the magnificent skill and bravery of Lord Wellington and his most gallant army, to be useless.

I have other letters to write to-day, and a number of abstracts of catechetical lectures to look over, so you must allow me to conclude

now, and to assure you how truly I am, my dear D——, your affectionate father and friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, January 15, 1814.

MY DEAR D——,

I am much obliged to you for keeping to your regular day in writing to me, though you had so many enticements to draw you away from your employment. I did not, however, receive your letter till Wednesday, and I find by the post mark that it did not leave Shrewsbury till Sunday.

I cannot ascertain when you will receive this, for the storm has rendered the roads somewhere impassable. The arrival of the English mails is very late and irregular; I received your last at eight P. M. instead of eleven A. M., and our London papers made their appearance last night instead of yesterday morning. Come when they will, however, such papers are welcome.—The progress of the allies is consoling to me, although I am glad that they are not of your mind, and do not retaliate upon the French the miseries which they have inflicted. They are Christian warriors. How comfortably do Lowth's beautiful lines come to my remembrance,—they are part of his admirable translation of the prophecy of the fall of Babylon. The whole poem

is to be found in his lectures *de Poesi Heb.*; and Mr Keyt will, I dare say, be kind enough to show them to you. The lines to which I allude particularly begin the poem:

Ergone insolentis corrui imperi
 Insana moles? occidit urbium
 Regina victrix, nec subacto
 Efferam jam dominatur orbi.

When shall I see such lyrics from my dear son? yet of such a sight I do not despair. I know no man more capable of putting you in the way of reaching this versification than the vicar of Runcorn. Cultivate his kindness, my dear D—, you owe every attention to him, and if you labour with manly perseverance, he will not be sparing of his attentions to you. But, especially, be manly, and “sober-minded.” The pursuits of learning and taste should raise us above trifling; you must be, under the blessing of Divine Providence, “*artifex tuæ fortunæ*;” and the habits of seriousness, the most important moral habits, must be acquired, before you are removed, if you ever be so, into a scene where their strength will be tried.

I have had a very severe attack of my old and painful complaint since I wrote last. For two or three days I suffered egregiously; my duty was done for me on Sunday, and I was enabled by that respite, to venture out on Thursday afternoon to preach. I have not been so well

since ; the weather is so intensely cold. I am obliged to avoid cold, “cane et angue pejus,” and totally abstain from wine. Next Sunday my duty is provided for, and I stay at home, sitting *into* the fire, until the 23d, before which day I trust we shall have milder air. I suppose you have been well pinched in Cheshire ; but you are, thank God, strong, and can bear it. I have often thought how mercifully God has ordained my situation, for in a cold parish church in England I should not be able to do any duty except in the summer.

I have no doubt you had a vigorous, patriotic address from my good friend on Thursday last ; and better than the rest of the service. The choice of psalms and lessons was good ; but the prayers !—alas, alas, the liturgical spirit is gone.

Adieu, my dear son ; all here join in affectionate kind wishes ; and believe me ever your affectionate father and friend,

D. SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, March 11, 1814.

MY DEAR D——,

You must be contented with an English letter from me to-day, for I am encumbered with business and peculiarly incapable from continual uneasiness, to do any thing that requires much thought, with much comfort to myself. I long

for the day which, if it so pleases God, will release me by confining me, as I am without hope of recovery, but by undergoing the operation of which I spoke in my last. I think it right, however, to tell you that, though the word is tremendous, the pain will be comparatively trifling, and very short, nothing to what I have often suffered from the use of caustic, and still less, in comparison to the pain which you underwent under Mr Kerr's hands when he set your arm. Your sufferings must have been acute.—“Then Satan,” says Milton, “first knew pain.” I do not mean to compare you to Satan, or Buonaparte, who stands next to him in my catalogue of iniquity; but the line came into my head, and so I set it down, as a school-boy writes his theme, “to fill up.”

I have read your letter to your mother. You must, my dear son, confine yourself to your studies, and let me counsel you above all things, to do every thing which Mr K. wishes you to do, with the utmost attention. He is a particular man in some things; but your prudence, and, I may add, your duty, is to yield to these injunctions which you may think unnecessary or precise, without murmuring. The time of your confinement to such regulations, may be forgotten in your diligence at your studies; and as you are certainly under very great obligations to Mr K., the greatest regularity and even *punctilious* observance of his wishes, is required at your hands. I would not advise you to flatter

any man; but attention and seriousness Mr Keyt has a right to expect from you, and by compliance with his wishes, he will be gratified and your own improvement advanced.

A man who was determined to seek for allegory in every thing, might undoubtedly frame a specious allegory from the fifth Iliad.—Valour guided by Wisdom, repelling the effeminate indulgences of Love, and repelling also every thing approaching to savage cruelty in warfare; but as P. P. clerk of this parish says, “These are conceits of men delighting in vain imaginations, rather than in the truth.” Homer, I believe, thought no more of an allegory, than of a plumb-pudding. I think Pope, in some of his notes, starts the notion, and I mentioned it to you, in hopes of seeing how you could call the authors of it fools, and knaves, and stupid Bœotian rascals, in good Latin.

I hope you can read this, which is more than I would undertake to do,—I write with much pain, no poor man in the inquisition ever was more plagued in a gentle way than I am,—I thank God I do not lose my temper, but you would lose yours if I gave you the plague of reading much more. Adieu, therefore, and God bless you, prays your ever affectionate father and friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Hurra! Cossacks in Paris, Crown Prince and Blucher beating Buonaparte,—were this to go on

I should be out of my wits with satisfaction. I long for Buonaparte to αἵματος ἄσαι "Αρηα ταλαύρινον πολεμιστήν.

Edinburgh, March 19, 1814.

MY DEAREST D——,

Although I have not much time to spare on this day for a letter, yet as your mother wishes me to write to you, and has a cover, I am very ready to lay aside my lecture on the stocks, and to assure you of the heartfelt gratification with which I read your sentiments in your letter to her received to-day. These, my dear son, are the sentiments which, ripened into action, and regulating your conduct, will make you a blessing to your parents and your family, and lead you to comfort and honour. The *νηπιότης* of former days you have now laid aside; and you may depend on every exertion on my part to assist your progress. During the period which you have spent at Runcorn, you have laid a foundation of steadiness and diligence, on which I have no fears, if God grant me health and strength, to raise a superstructure honourable to both of us.

I did not know that your lines to Miss Robertson had not been noticed by your mother, and in my last I left myself no room to tell you that I was much pleased with many of them. I do not pretend to say that I should not advise you

in some passages, “*incudi reddere versus.*” To continue to speak in Horace’s words, there are perhaps some “*ambitiosa ornamenta,*” which I should tell you “*recidere,*” and some “*parum clara*” to which I would have you “*dare lucem.*” Towards you, “*fiam Aristarchus,*” and I am far from saying “*cur ego amicum offendam in nugis.*” You are, I bless God, “*summus amicus meus,*” and I have no backwardness in criticisms, which I am sure you will receive in good part, and will give me some credit for the restraint which I put on my parental feelings, in qualifying any praise I bestow on what you write, for I am very grateful to Almighty God for the talents which he has bestowed on you ; and unless you know that God has bestowed them on you, I do not see how you can be made sensible of the responsibility under which you stand to labour in their improvement. Praise I hope will act upon you, as it acts, and I am thankful that it does so, on me, to make you humble, not vain. For the ablest man that ever lived must remember, that “*all he has, he has received ;*” and he must always stand in fear lest he may find more reason than Grotius had, to apply to himself what that great man said of his own labours, “*Heu ! vitam perdidit, operose nil agendo.*” A man has no more reason to be proud of his talents, than he has to be proud of being six feet high, and as strong as one of the pugilistic champions of the day. I shall send you, if the verses are not

gone to Miss R., a sheet of criticism in the next cover on Friday. I recommend you much at this period of your life to compose occasionally, both in verse and prose. "A man," says Johnson, "should begin to write soon, for, if he waits till his judgment is matured, his inability, through want of practice to express his conceptions, will make the disproportion so great between what he sees, and what he can attain, that he will probably be discouraged from writing at all." This is a very sensible remark, and I beg you to profit by it. I find desuetude a great enemy to my ease in writing, and now force myself to the weekly composition of a sermon, and just at present a lecture too, to cure myself. In writing Latin, I feel the effects of want of custom prodigiously, and I should not be surprised if you had discovered in my "epistola" more than one proof of the "currens calamus," though I trust Priscian's head was not injured. I mention all this to assure you of the sincerity with which I advise you to write "*dum ætas et sororum fila trium patiuntur atra.*"

I sat down with an intention to write a few lines : the interest with which I write to you has beguiled me into filling my paper. Your mother adds her letter, and her blessing to mine, which I fervently bestow upon you, imploring that direction for you which shall guide you with "counsel" in this life, and after that "receive you into glory." Adieu, my beloved son, and

believe me ever your affectionate father and faithful friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

My best regards to Mr Keyt.—Buonaparte at his old tricks—running away : ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχίσεται. The French accounts of Blucher's repeated defeats, after being *annihilated*, are very amusing. The Corsican, when other trades fail, may set up an "Academia mentiendi."

Edinburgh, March 21, 1814.

MY DEAR D——,

Mr Miller has just now called to tell us that he sets off to-morrow for London, and means to take Runcorn in his way. I cannot but avail myself of the opportunity of thanking you for the fresh proof, which your letter received yesterday afforded me, of your improvement. Your sentiments are all that I could wish, and I anticipate, if it shall please God, great delight in a twelvemonth's reading with you after you leave Runcorn, which I mean you to do at any rate after another winter. One year of assiduous study with me will, I hope, prepare you well for an honourable admission at Christ Church. We must exert every nerve to keep you at college, till you are able to keep yourself; and the time to that independence will not be long, if you be serious, diligent, and well con-

ducted. But neither at Christ Church, nor any where else, can you expect to proceed without these qualifications. You will go to Oxford with many advantages ; it will depend upon yourself to make the right use of them.

I wish you to send me, weekly, a specimen of themes or verses, and I will return my opinion of them ; and will not spare criticism. You know the friendly heart and hand which criticise, and need not therefore fear a desire to find fault, or on the other hand either a blind partiality, or any inclination to refuse praise where it is due. How you can possibly improve either in verse or prose composition, without the correction of your preceptor, is to me somewhat problematical. What my excellent friend has perhaps no time to do, I will endeavour to perform. You will, however, gain a great deal by reading so much Greek and Latin, and elegance may be added afterwards where there is a foundation. Where there is but superficial knowledge to work upon, elegance is like the colours of an air bubble which a boy blows with a tobacco pipe, very pretty, but very evanescent. I suppose you have a good deal of practice in Latin prose : about that I am as anxious as Latin verse. You must keep up the honour of your name for Latin prose in themes. Let me have a theme sent me, under cover to Lord Napier. It will not, I hope, be very troublesome to you to write now and then two copies of your compositions ; and send one

to Aristarchus. Many kind inquiries after you were made lately by Mr Pillans. I hope you do not forget your Roman Antiquities: you will find that sort of knowledge of very great consequence to you. I feel upon the subject of your improvement something like Horace's whetstone,

“ *Acutum*

Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.”

Every exertion I can make shall be bestowed on it; and I shall take the Greek Classics into my daily reading to be prepared for my beloved son; and, as I go on, shall write notes for your use. I have my doubts about the plan of reading Greek and Latin without grammatical exercise; it may enable a man to acquire a ready use of the language, but his knowledge will scarcely be to be depended upon, and I am almost sure he will not be able to communicate it well. The true plan is a patient, steady acquisition of first principles; the progress is slow but sure,—the one man catches the meaning of Greek as a greyhound catches a hare: the other follows it like a well bred hound, and is sure to come up with it at last, and to hold it fast when he has come up with it. You will smile at this comparison, but I have no time to alter or to amend it.

Take the Herodotus by all means, and let me

have the pleasure to find the interleaves well covered with remarks. Take the opportunity which Herodotus will give you to become master of the Ionic dialect. Tell me whether the Oxford edition has the Ionic Lexicon of Æm. Portus: I have it not, but am told it is very useful. Thucydides will give you the Attic in perfection, and Sophocles also: with the latter of whom I have lately entered into a league of very close friendship and intimacy. The study for your sake will become doubly pleasing.

I gave you a Greek line about Buonaparte's leaving his troops to fight it out without his help. The gentleman is fond of this. Egypt and Russia have already borne witness to his speed; and, I think, Dresden too. If the French can submit to a man who tarnishes their "gloire," they are far sunk indeed. Yet I have seen so much lately in "Grimm's Letters," of the frivolousness and corruption of French minds, that I shall not wonder at any thing: and I do not yet give up those ideas of which I lately wrote to you; the event will show. We are rejoicing at Blucher's success; and we rejoice still more at what we hear of Lord Wellington at Bayonne. Poor Sir T. Graham, you will have seen, failed through treachery: *Dutch* treachery! I have no room nor time to say all I would on that subject, which comprehends much. I am ready to say with the old father, "credo, quia impossibile

est." Other pens in this house are spilling ink in your service ; therefore I conclude, with every blessing to you, and believe me ever, my dear D——, your affectionate father and friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, January 10, 1817.

MY DEAR D——,

I think that among new faces, and in a strange place, you will be glad to be greeted by your sincerest friends, and encouraged to the exertions which your present situation calls for, by the assurance of the interest which they feel in every thing that concerns you. I write this, therefore, to meet you at Oxford, and to give you my affectionate blessing on your entrance on a course, which I trust, by the goodness of Almighty God, will conduct you to happiness and honour.

I suppose you arrived safe at Christ Church, after the usual adventures of a journey, a little embarrassed with the new world about you ; but likely, I hope, before your reply to this can reach me, to appreciate the comforts and the happiness of your destiny.

You have much reason, my dearest son, to be happy ; God has mercifully bestowed on you a good constitution and good talents ; you are, through his goodness, who enables me to place

you in it, in a situation where your talents may be exercised and improved, where you may gain knowledge and learning, and make friends; you are introduced to respectable men, whose countenance will be an honour and a benefit to you; you are within reach, (if you manage matters with discretion,) of the first society the kingdom affords of your own age; you will find every encouragement to diligence and good conduct, with the prospect of the most gratifying recompense; and you have left behind you parents and dear friends who pray for every blessing upon you, and who will rejoice from the bottom of their hearts at every occurrence which advances your welfare.

Such, my dear D——, is your situation; and a little experience in my beloved Oxford will convince you how happily every thing is provided for you. I have no doubt of the kindness of heart with which you will think upon the friends who have placed you in this situation; and of the manly, sensible resolution with which you will prepare yourself to do your part, in return for the mercies which Providence has bestowed upon you.

I believe that in our last conference, I gave you all the advice which it was necessary I should give you, as to your conduct at Christ Church. I have no inclination to weary you with advice and admonitions; and therefore do not intend to call upon you to *read* here what you so

lately *heard* ; and heard, I am convinced, with a thorough intention of abiding by my counsel. Indeed, I can give you only *general* counsel ; *particular* circumstances will bring their own direction with them, if you remember the topics of that *general* advice, in which I know, from experience, that I am right. I have therefore only to desire you, with my best blessing and prayers for your happiness, 1st, Never to allow yourself for a moment to forget the purposes with which you are now at Oxford ; nor the truth, that on *your own proper conduct* you must now chiefly rest. 2d, Never to forget, that your first year at college, and the habits of that year, will have a main influence on your future life and prospects. 3d, In the pursuit of your improvement, to proceed steadily and resolutely, without turning to the right hand or to the left ; and 4th and lastly, To be cautious and slow in forming intimacies, to seek the best society or none, and to be vigilant in *self-government*, after what restrictions your own good sense and good principles see it fitting to prescribe for your own direction.—Do thus, my dearest son, commend yourself daily to the protection of Almighty God and the guidance of his Holy Spirit ; and whatever be your lot in life, you will secure to yourself the greatest of all blessings—the satisfaction of a good conscience “ towards God and towards man.”

I long to hear your account of your first

feelings at the sight of our venerable Alma Mater. Proud I am to say *our* Alma Mater. It is a gratification to me that I cannot express, to have a son at Oxford, and above all at Christ Church, and a son too who promises to do me so much credit. Tell me how you like —, how you like the Dean,—how Drs Pett and — especially receive you,—where your rooms are, and every thing else, great and little, that concerns you; for you can tell me nothing in which I shall not feel the greatest interest. I shall expect you to write to *me* once a fortnight, on the day when you have the most leisure; tell me about your studies, your sentiments, your intentions, your companions, “*ut quasi votivâ tabulâ vita omnis pateat.*” I have reserved my remarks on Hercules to a future time; many I have yet to make, “*vir bonus ac prudens,*” you know the rest.

I leave a portion of my paper for your dear mother’s pen, who will like to send you a few lines; and I beg you ever to believe me, my dearest D——, your affectionate father and true friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, January 21, 1817.

MY DEAR D——,

Your welcome letter came this morning, and made us all very happy; I wish you could

have seen the countenance of dear W—— when she brought it to me,—there was an earnestness of affection and interest about you in it, which spoke much to me of that regard for each other which my beloved children possess; and the conviction of which will, whenever the period arrives, soften the solicitude of my departing hour, and while I live, will make me a most happy father. Your letter has been read and read again, till all, I believe, could repeat it.

I am delighted with all you tell me of ——. Let me give you a sketch of his disposition: Where a pupil has talents and industry, he pays him every attention, and exerts himself for his good; where he is stupid or idle, I am told he lets him remain stupid and idle;—in his intercourse with his pupils, he is, my informant says, what Shakspeare says of the great founder of Christ Church, “lofty and sour to those who loved him not; but to the men that sought him, mild as summer.”—You have begun well, and as I have no doubt of your talents or of your industry, well you will go on.

It gives me much comfort, my dear son, to read one short sentence in your letter, in which you express your confidence, that with God’s blessing all will go well with you at Christ Church. I believe with full conviction, that by His aid, you will endeavour to secure that blessing, and of the rest I have then no doubt. “*Possumus, quia posse videmur.*” From the manner in

which you express yourself, and the spirit with which you appear to me to view your situation, I am confident, that as you now have my kindest affection, so you will soon by your conduct acquire my respect. Perhaps I am slow before I bestow that; but when once bestowed, I am more than equally slow in retracting it. Henceforth, my dear son, we must feel towards one another, and write to one another, with the free unreserved confidence of friends. In the course of honourable diligence and learning which you have now entered, may God's blessing attend you,—from me, to the utmost of my means, be assured you shall never want the assistance and encouragement which I can give you.

I find Christ Church, the last to depart from the canonical hour of three o'clock for dinner, has at length yielded to the fashion of the times, and you dine at four. I hope you admire the hall: in size it is not equal to many other rooms of the same description in Europe, but in architectural proportion it is admirable; the ceiling is very fine, and the Gothic pillar that supports the roof of the staircase, dwells upon my recollection as an object of especial beauty. I wish to hear your opinion of the cathedral and the meadow—my favourite walk.

I suppose the college is in full activity now since the 18th. Tell me whom you know; and whether Mr G. has introduced you to any young men. I rejoice to hear that you have had

already such pleasing communications ; it is a good sign of both of you, that your first conversation was a long one, and that it was *not* on the subject of Greek and Latin.

I am writing on my sofa, and in an awkward posture.—You were scarcely gone before I had a fresh attack of cold and fever, which exasperated my old complaints. By the gentle and judicious treatment of Mr Abercrombie, I am now, however, so much recovered, that I really entertain more than usually sanguine hope that my perfect restoration is certain. I never went to my bed with such grateful exhilaration as last night ; and I have passed to-day, and mean to pass to-morrow, in the application of Mr A.'s mild prescriptions, rather from a desire to fulfil the Scottish proverb, and “be lang ill to be sune well,” than from any apprehension that confinement is indispensable. You will be glad to hear this, and therefore I tell you ; but if things turn out as I humbly hope in God's mercy they will, neither you nor any one else, can be a judge of *my proper feelings*, after *twenty* years of almost constant suffering.

As your mother is to write in this frank, I will indulge my infirmities, and bid you farewell. E—— is busy and going on well. By-the-by, I hope you will write *often* to him, and cultivate him ; his interest in you shows itself, without words, very strongly now and then ; and I certainly do judge more from a look or an ac-

tion, than from speechifying. Adieu,—God bless you.

D. SANDFORD.

The three rules of health for a student, which conducted the author of them to a green old age,—he was a bright green at eighty, eyes and all :

1. Never study by an open window.

2. Study as much standing, as you can conveniently.

3. Never go to bed with cold feet.

To these I add,—Go to bed early and rise early. Use your mind and your strength as you would your horse : never whip, and spur, and overwork them.

“ Amici fures temporis.”

Edinburgh, January 24, 1817.

MY DEAR D——,

Your communication to Leslie to-day has been made “publici juris” among us by his kindness, and has given us all much pleasure. The loneliness, which is one of the saddest troubles of a freshman, is now removed, and in the most desirable manner, by your admission into good society. Now, my dear son, I hope that you will find Christ Church all I wish you to find it, and that you will be more comfortable than you evidently were when you wrote your last letter to me. But now, too, is the critical time when your self-denial will be tried. I told you in my last that I have the most unlimited confidence

in your prudence as well as your affection; and therefore I am not going to put on a grave face, and read a long lecture about dissipation and idleness, &c., but simply to mention one thing, in which I am justified by long experience, namely, whatever rules you lay down with Mr ——'s advice, with whom I suppose you are on the best footing, do not add the qualifying clause "except on particular occasions;" it is nothing but a trap for yourself, for "particular occasions" are always occurring. I certainly wish you to enjoy society, as well as books, and am glad that you have already made some pleasing acquaintance, and I only desire to guard you against laying down rules, which in the nature of a college life it may not be very easy to observe: it is only providing one's self with an additional source of remorse, which is very unnecessary.

Sir James Riddell called on me yesterday. His handsome present, of which Willie has informed you, will release one of the books which you carried from Edinburgh, and I am happy to think you will be possessed of a much better book. Of course you will, like a man of business, acknowledge the receipt of the bill sent you by the post of yesterday, not to mention the letters which accompany it. By-the-by, I hope your next letter will be to my dear E——; I cannot tell you how grateful I am for his progress,—he is daily getting forward in the most

honourable manner. O my beloved son, if you knew the unspeakable comfort I feel in the well-doing of my sons, you would envy me the gratification which I enjoy just now in his good progress, and my hopes, founded, I am glad to say, on experience, of yourself. Your career at college here was highly honourable to you; I doubt not that it will be the same at Oxford. I know your candour, and therefore you will tell me if you are not happy; but I hope, indeed I hope, that before a month is at an end, you will tell me you are happy, ay, and very happy. I was much longer lonely and uncomfortable than you. You have scarcely been a week without acquaintance,—I had none that I cared about for a much longer time. In the ordinance of Providence you cannot expect to live always with the relations you love and who love you; and I do not think I could have found a happier situation for you than I have done, and I trust you will tell me that you are comfortable and satisfied, soon. The college may become, if such be the will of God, the passage to all you could wish, or could be wished for you. Remember, my dearest son, that when we have “devised our steps,” and taken with prudence the best means to get forward in life that our situation affords, we must then humbly commit the issue to Him “who directeth our way.” Trust in Him, pray to him, and obey him, and he will protect, and as he sees it good, promote you. We cannot, you

know, command success, but we can do our best to deserve it; and what is more, we can, taught by the word of God, reap good even from disappointment. I believe, and earnestly hope, you will become attached to your academical duties and an academical life; and so feeling you will perform your duties with spirit: and take, as a precious companion, the assurance that Almighty God will never forsake those who serve him with singleness of heart.

Believe me, dearest —, your affectionate father and sincere friend.

D. SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, April 28, 1817.

MY DEAREST D——,

I am sorry that as your letter of the 23d reached me on Sunday, it was not in my power to write by return of post, to assure you that while your conduct is so exemplary and truly gratifying to my heart, you need not fear my displeasure at a few pounds spent in *proper* and *rational enjoyment*. You deserve, my dear son, much more than it is in my power to bestow upon you. Your "*furlough*" from the dean and your tutor was honourable to you, and still more honourable was the modest use which you made of it. You have made your own way, my beloved son; a little at first were you assisted by me; but I could not have enabled you to *deserve* the

reputation you have ; and a more pleasing proof of the opinion your friends at Christ Church hold of you, could not have been given, than the event of which your letter to-day informs me. To be thought fit to stand for a scholarship, where the candidates may be bachelors, as well as undergraduates, shows sufficiently how high you stand. Your chance of succeeding is, I fancy, very slight ; but I care not comparatively for your success ; even should you gain the prize, I hardly know whether I shall be more gratified than I am by having you thought capable of contending for it. I shall be well pleased to hear from you of the event of Tuesday ; and of this I am persuaded, that whether you are a craven scholar or not, you will have done yourself honour.

I have only one thing on the subject of money to say, and that is, I beseech you as you love me, never to make a moment's difficulty about sending for money ; you deserve all that I can do for you, and you must not allow yourself to be uneasy ; I have a confidence unbounded in your discretion and affection, and there is no sacrifice, were I called upon, which I am not, which I would not make for your comfort and progress. So now we know one another's minds, and never make another difficulty. I show you that I consult my own convenience by telling you when you are to have the money you want, and therefore pray be easy on the subject. How often

have I repeated the word “easy?”—pray, be “aisy,” my dear.

I am not so anxious about your obtaining the prize, as about your not sending an inaccurate fifty lines,—*opere in longo, fas est obrepere somnum*,—but not in a composition so straitened in point of room. You would have written more easily an epic poem on Hercules. I am sure you will sympathize with my anxiety; indeed my anxiety, *without apprehension*, is alive about you day and night. I am going to work *omnibus viribus*, with J—— to read Greek and Latin till he goes to Glasgow, and he is *inflamed* with your credit, just as I wish him to be. Oh! what good your conduct has done, in making all your family and friends happy about you, and exciting in J—— all the feelings which do good, for they are combined with affectionate triumph in you. If my *band of sons* be knit together, I have no fears; for, although I cannot give my daughters fortunes, I can leave them faithful and kind protectors. You can imagine the glistening eyes with which your letter to-day was read. I have known men stand for the C. S., but I never heard of any so young at Oxford as yourself; and you could not have had a greater honour bestowed on you by your college. I am sure you will not allow a disappointment to vex you, for you have already received the most material part in being appointed and advised by your tutor to stand.

Your mother wishes to have the remainder of my paper ; and, as I have nothing more to add, I will here conclude with the assurance of the affection and blessing of your father,

D. SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, May 29, 1817.

MY DEAREST D——,

I congratulate you on your honours as an uncle ; our dear Fanny was delivered of a daughter about half an hour ago, and is doing, as the phrase is, as well as can be expected. It is somewhat singular, that a child of *Charles Lane* should be born on the 29th day of May, the Restoration. She is a true *King's-Bromley Lane*, God bless her.

I am more pleased than I can tell you with your letter of this day. The dignity of candour with which you speak of Mr B——'s verses has given me ten times more pleasure than to hear you had won the prize. Upon receiving the Oxford paper from Yonge yesterday, I find that Mr B—— is the son of a man for whom I had the highest regard ; he was surgeon at Sunbury when I resided there, a man of great abilities and excellent character. His mother, who is also dead (once Miss Shergold), was one of the sweetest women I ever knew. I do not know another young man, next to yourself, in whose honour I could rejoice more. I wish you knew

him, to tell him so. I am on all accounts glad to hear of this young man's character and abilities. His aunt, Miss Shergold, if she still bears that name, is a most valuable and excellent woman; and has been as a mother to Mr B——'s children. If any accident bring you near B——, do tell him I wish him well with all my heart,—your mother joins me, from our sincere regard to his excellent parents.

The whole of your letter is pleasing to me. Your observations on the subject, and determinations to exert yourself the more for your disappointment, do you the highest honour. Your quotation from the poem is well, and the "Athos" line I liked much. The letter itself is at Fanny's, and I cannot quote the words; but there was merit in the thought. I have done with the subject now, shutting it up by saying, that in your conduct since your first letter, you have exhibited to me a proof of right feeling and of right mind, that I shall never forget, and shall never cease to be grateful for to Him, "who ruleth the heart." My dearest son, you may win or lose prizes, but you can never lose "the peace" which arises from the sense of doing your duty. We cannot command events; but it is a sign of a well disciplined mind and heart, to conduct ourselves to the utmost of our power well, and submit the event to the guidance of wisdom greater than our own,—*you* will not misunderstand me.

D. SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, January 24, 1818.

MY DEAR D——,

I am glad to hear of your safe return to the Old Library after a happy vacation ; and I have no doubt that, through God's grace, you will endeavour to purchase to yourself another happy vacation at the close of the current term, by the same industry and good conduct which produced such an honourable and pleasing conclusion of your last term. I cannot, however, forbear expressing some regret at your determination not to write for either of the prizes. You say that you have no chance of winning one ; now, will you allow me to observe, that the merit of the institution of the prizes, does not, in my opinion, arise from the prize itself, but from the exercise in which the pursuit of it engages so many vigorous young minds ? The honour of the laurel can descend but on one head ; but the good arising from the studies, and the meditation, and the exertion necessary to contending for it, is equally and efficiently extended to *all* who contend. In comparison with this *effect*, the prize itself sinks to nothing. A thousand circumstances may rob you of the honour of victory ; but nothing can deprive you of the benefit arising from the contest.—In this way the subject should be considered. To estimate the advantage arising from the institution, I ask not who is successful, but how many have written ?

150 young men may write for the Latin verse, one gets the prize ; but 150 have been induced to read and think, invent and compose, and are all gainers in the end.

Had you determined to exert yourself in the Latin verses, I intended to write to you very fully on the subject. “The siege and destruction of Jerusalem by Titus,” is, in whatever light viewed, one of the finest and most fruitful topics that could have been proposed,—the tremendous fulfilment of prophecy uttered by Moses, before the Israelites had even entered the land of Canaan,—the fulfilment of the prophecies of our Lord and Saviour,—the subject of a description by Josephus, which is one of the most affecting pieces of writing ever produced by the eloquence of man. Bear with my pedantry while I quote one short passage : it is from the fifth chapter of the sixth book of the Jewish war ; which chapter is entitled, “*Ἡ τῶν Ἰουδαίων ἐκ τοῦ Ναοῦ καιομένου ταλαιπωρία.*” I am particularly struck with the following words, *τῶν τε γὰρ Ρωμαϊκῶν ταγμάτων ἀλαλαγμὸς ἦν συμφερομένων, καὶ τῶν στασιαστῶν πυρὶ καὶ σιδήρῳ κεκυκλωμένων κραυγῇ, τοῦ τε ἀπολειφθέντος ἄνω λαοῦ τροπὴ τε μετ’ ἐμπλήξεως εἰς τοὺς πολεμίους, καὶ πρὸς ΤΟ ΠΑΘΟΣ οἰμωγαί· συνεβόα δὲ τοῖς ἐπὶ τοῦ λόφου τὸ κατὰ τὴν πόλιν πλῆθος· ἤδη δὲ πολλοὶ τῶν λιμῶν μαραινόμενοι καὶ μεμυκότες, ὡς εἶδον τὸ τοῦ ναοῦ πῦρ, εἰς ὄδυρμους πάλιν καὶ κραυγὴν εὐτόνησαν· συνήχει δ’ ἡ τε περῶν, καὶ τὰ πέριξ ὄρη, βαρυτέρην ποιῶντα τὴν ὄρμηίν· ἦν δὲ τοῦ θορύβου τὰ πάθη φοβερώτερα.*

I envy not the obtuseness of that man who can read this portion of Josephus' History unmoved. His account of the miseries and crimes of the famine is full of all the dark and overpowering dignity of Æschylus,—when compared with the prophecy of Moses in the xxviii chapter of Deuteronomy, it is a confirmation of the truth of God's word to make unbelievers repent and adore. The passage which I have quoted, presents images of horror and distraction that almost *deafen* me as I read. You know, (to illustrate the feelings I experience by a familiar example,) Hogarth's picture of the enraged musician,—it stuns you to *look at it*. Such is the effect of this passage from Josephus on me.

Edinburgh, January 27, 1818.

MY DEAR D——,

I am much pleased with some parts of your letter to your mother received yesterday. But I am not by any means sure that you are doing the best and wisest of all things, by committing yourself so unreservedly to the guidance of that *chivalric* sentiment of honour, of which you speak so earnestly. You will be much more secure if you take religion for your director and *ruler*. “Before honour,” says the wisest of inspired men, “is humility,”—the distinguishing Christian virtue. The origin of *honour* is human

compact and opinion ; the source of religion is Divine. The effect of the principles in practice is as different as their origins. Much as I respect the sentiments of the Chevalier Bayard, the Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, I should have infinitely less confidence in the votary of honour, than in the humble unpretending Christian. The man of honour *may* perform the duties, and fulfil the obligations of life ; but I know that the genuine faithful Christian *will* perform them on principles which the opinions of the world cannot effect. There is a secret root of pride in this *honour* which I am alarmed at. The man of honour says, I must do nothing *beneath myself* ; nothing to *disgrace myself*, i. e. to disgrace myself in the opinion of other *men of honour*. Now here is pride, and here is the setting up a measure of right and duty other than the law of God. The consequences of such a proceeding are clear, and they are exemplified in the *daily lives* of *men of honour*. Take, O take, my beloved son, the precepts of Him who died to save you, for your guide.—He will tell you that in the two commandments, Love to God and to *your neighbour*, you will find the source of all moral duty,—these precepts contain all that the law of honour contains, and much more. “ In keeping of these you will have great reward, even the tranquillity of a conscience void of offence toward God and man,” a reward not always the result of a life of *honour* merely. Do

not imagine by this that I despise the sentiment as an instrument of good,—let it be under the control of Christianity, and it will do no harm. But I would, nevertheless, wish my son to walk by a higher rule. A man of honour disdains a falsehood—well, a Christian does the same from a nobler principle, “Lying lips are an abomination to the God whose he is, and whom he serves.” But, a man of honour may be a drunkard, a debauchee, a seducer, without losing his character. He may revile his God and Saviour—he may profane the sabbath—break the commandments of the second table—without forfeiting this distinction. All this while what is his real state? He is dishonoured, disgraced, wretched, and miserable, in the eyes of every one who judges by the only law which will not deceive us. The only true honour which I know any thing about is the honour of a Christian,—the high and holy distinction of one who is taught of God, and guided by God’s Spirit,—who lives every day as in the presence of the judge to whom he is accountable, and who has the power to decide his eternal destiny. Forgive me for all this admonition, my dear son, but I am indeed very anxious to do the little good that may yet be in my power to you, and others most dear to me; and to warn you against taking counsel from the deception of your own heart, or the vain opinions of the world; rather than from that law by which we are to be judged at the

last day. I beg you to do me the favour to get and read Sir Richard Steele's beautiful little book, called "The Christian Hero." I think no writer has ever set this important question in a more interesting light. I recommend the book to you most earnestly, and pray God to bless your perusal of it. It is, I suppose, easily to be found in your booksellers' shops; if not, you will probably find it in the College Library. I once thought of publishing a new edition of it, it is very valuable.

You may judge of the sincerity and earnestness with which I write to you on this point, when I tell you that I am oppressed with business and very unequal to it; yet I could not omit an opportunity of doing good, or at least attempting to do good to my dear son. Adieu, my dear son, with love from all here, and with my prayers for God's blessing on you, I am your affectionate father and most sincere friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

The chapel is recovering fast, the damage will not, I trust, exceed £250.

Edinburgh, May 26, 1821.

MY DEAREST —,

It is not easy for me to express the satisfaction with which I read your last kind letter; and observed the just and pious views with which you contemplate your future pro-

fession. I pray that the blessing of Almighty God may attend you ; that you may be assisted by his Holy Spirit to fulfil the purposes with which you undertake its sacred duties ; and that, above all, you may be permitted, with humble confidence in his mercy, to look forward, “in all the chances and changes of this mortal life,” to the reward annexed to his blessed promise, “*γίνου πιστός ἄχρι θανάτου· καὶ δώσω σοι τὸν στέφανον* ΤΗΣ ΖΩΗΣ.” In the studies of your profession you will find the noblest subjects for the exercise of your talents,—in its offices, the most truly gratifying employment of your time, your understanding, and your heart,—in its ultimate recompense, the most elevating object of pursuit worthy ambition, and exposed to no casualty or failure.

I need not, I am sure, tell you, that if you decide on this important step, after due deliberation, I shall receive you with paternal affection as the most delightful companion in my studies as a clergyman. I do want some clerical friend with whom to converse on those topics which are not of general acceptance, but to you and me are essential. I shall rejoice in your advancement ; and while you gain a better reward from the inward consciousness of exertions in your duty, I anticipate the distinction as a minister of God’s word, which you will justly acquire. In the present day, such distinction is of importance, as an instrument of good. Personal satisfaction, a wise and good man will

scarcely find in the applause of crowds; but he will contemplate popularity, if he attain it, as such a man will do, without any sacrifice of conscience and truth, as a readier means of extending the good he desires to do to wider circles.

I have this morning received a most gratifying letter from ——, and a very amusing one. He is reading a great deal; and I trust he does not assume the appearance of good spirits to conceal any harm which his health may receive from his industry.—I am indeed proud of my sons, and most grateful to Almighty God for such blessings.

I am still where you left me; but intend to try myself on my feet next week. The length of my confinement has rendered it now very tedious; and I am inclined to think, that as to improvement I am stationary. Nevertheless, it is not without hope of recovery, that I look to the termination of my imprisonment,—my first attempt is to be made on the 9th next month: I must be on my feet, however, some days before that time, &c. &c.

D. SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, June 3, 1821.

MY DEAREST D——,

Real joy is not loquacious. A few words will assure you of my delight in your

most deserved success; of which the news from yourself, dear F——, and dear J——, has made us all wild to-day. You have done us all good. Could you have seen the happy faces round my bed this morning, you would have been pleased. Sarah had got hold of the letters, and seeing a word, “vicit,” on the corner of John’s, she tore it open, and came bursting into my room with—“D—— has won the prize!”

I am indeed gratified in the most sensible manner, and am most thankful for the mercies bestowed on me through my own beloved children. Let me assure you, that more than with your academic honours am I gratified with the kind share you so affectionately expressed, in the satisfaction which I and your dear mother would receive from them. Again, I cannot express the comfort I felt in dear J——’s fraternal exultation. These things are to a parent more delightful than any external distinction. Well may I be proud and happy in my children,—and your amiable and affectionate regard for each other and your happy parents, well repays all anxieties and exertions for you. I fear you have interfered with the sobriety of dear W——’s mind to-day;—I never saw dear E—— look more delighted. What a sight to me, who had just been asking for you all the blessings of Him “who maketh men to be of one mind in an house!”

I am desired to cease, that this may go to the

post immediately,—so God bless you all, prays
your exulting, happy, and affectionate father,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

LETTERS

TO

HIS DAUGHTERS.

Edinburgh, May 1, 1810.

MY DEAREST F——,

By the time that you receive this, you will be safe under the hospitable roof, to which you have been, with so much cordiality, invited. I cannot express all that I feel towards Mrs ——; of her tender care I am sure that my dear girl will be sensible, and I need not call upon her to be grateful, for she wants no monitor but her own good heart.

I am glad to hear you were so well employed on Sunday at Lancaster; but I did not know that there was a cathedral there. It is no bishop's see. It is itself in the diocese of Carlisle. The book which Mrs —— had the goodness to put into your hand, is, I fancy, a very old and favourite friend of mine, known by the name of "Gastrell's Institutes." If I am right, you will find it a summary of Christian doctrines and duties, arranged under separate heads, and

drawn up in the words of Scripture. It was a great favourite of my dear mother's, and many a happy hour have I passed in reading it with her. If you can get a copy, it is well worth your buying, as I shall be glad to have it in the house. I should wish you to read Paley's Evidences, with which Mrs — will furnish you, and half an hour in the morning will be well bestowed on the perusal of it; and another half-hour now and then, when you are quite well, and quite at leisure, in sending me some remarks. Paley's Natural Theology ought, in point of order, to be read first; but I believe you must wait to read that, till you and I can sit down to it together; some anatomy is required, which I can furnish you with, and without which you cannot read the book to any good purpose.

I am, by God's blessing, daily recovering; and in the afternoon of Sunday did the whole duty; an exertion which, you know, I have not made for many months. I was fatigued, more from heat than any other cause. In the excellent climate to which you are removed, you will, I suppose, talk of the beauties and enjoyments of May, a language in Scotland used by those only who are licensed to deal in fiction, namely poets.

I expect to hear from my sweet child some account of a Cumberland lake. Write to me a long story, at your leisure, (five minutes a day will do a great deal in a week,) of your observa-

tions on the country, &c. You will gain much in drawing, if you will follow the instructions and example of Miss ——, who has learned chiefly from the best of all teachers, Nature herself, and her own excellent taste. I do not pretend to be critically acquainted with drawing,—but every one who has not been spoiled by bad instruction can form a judgment of the effect of drawing as a picture of Nature, and I think Miss ——'s drawings the best I ever saw. I have no doubt of your improvement at ——, and I have many reasons which I might give you, to urge you to acquire this pleasing art. These reasons amount in number to some hundreds!! two will at present suffice,—as a first very strong inducement to my beloved ——, I will mention that she will give me great pleasure by drawing well,—as a second reason, that she will furnish herself with a valuable and elegant source of amusement.

I need not enumerate all who send their love and best wishes to you; you know who they are, and none of them more fervently prays that God may bless, protect, and guide you, than your affectionate father and sincere friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, May 17, 1810.

MY DEAREST F——,

We were much gratified by the packet from ——, which I received to-day. I trust

that, through the blessing of God, we shall not be disappointed in the hopes you give us of restored health and strength—the greatest blessing, next to a good conscience, that this life affords. You ask kindly for an account of me,— I hope that I may look forward to some health and ease yet ; but I have been much distressed by the late bad weather and biting east winds, which find their way to me, although I venture to expose myself to them as little as possible. I am glad to think that my dear child is not within their reach.

I am pleased with your account of your pursuits, and most truly obliged to Mrs ——, for the kindness with which she allows you to read to her. You are now, my sweet child, in a situation where you may gain much improvement, if you do not neglect your advantages. What I have much admired in Mrs ——'s notions on the subject of improvement, when I have conversed with her in Edinburgh, is the method which she has adopted, and taught her daughters to adopt, in the management of time and occupations. During your happy days at ——, you may gain much, my love, by following their example. Among those persons, (and young ladies are generally supposed to be of the description,) who have no settled employments methodically arranged and pursued, it appears to me that one of the most common faults is want of arrangement in their occupations, which draws

after it many bad consequences, and especially a carelessness of time itself. From this consequence, and several others as bad, you may learn to guard yourself by the advice of your kind friend. I wish you, my beloved child, to gain this good lesson where you now are. No acquisitions of value can ever be made by that fluttering, butterfly way of going from one subject to another, without permitting the mind to exert its attention, which is so common among young people. If this once become a settled habit of the mind, adieu to all sound knowledge or real improvement. What is really valuable in knowledge must be sought for below the surface,—the French express it well, “il faut approfondir.” If in the time of life to which you are arrived, this habit be not gained of fixed attention and regular distribution of time and occupation, we are apt to get into a dislike of every thing that requires thought and labour, (and nothing is truly valuable that does not require both,) and to be contented with frivolous pursuits,—“a youth of folly” ending in an “age of cards.” From this danger I wish my dear girl to be defended; and one reason which strongly induced me to consent to your excursion with Mrs —, was my confidence that you would learn this from your friends where you are. I do not give you any farther directions about what you are to read, I leave that to Mrs —, but I will give you my earnest direction that

whatever you are about, you *employ* your whole attention—do not wander—do not trifle—rather lay down a book than read it carelessly, and if Mrs — is so good as to point out any arrangement of your employments, keep steadily to it,—if your health permit, you *must* then make a progress. I think that the want of *mind* and *attention* in your studies at —, made the time you passed there of no use to you. At Miss W——’s it appeared to me that you were getting into a right course; and now, with the helps you have, you may get rid of volatility, and do a great deal in a little time. I do not want you to read a great deal; but I wish you to avail yourself of the present opportunity to *open* your mind on all occasions; and, from the examples about you, to think the time lost in which you are not making some acquisition of knowledge or *observation*. Some people go through life in a cloud:—muzzing always, like the girl in the Alps, who had lived till ten years old at the foot of a mountain, and when a traveller chanced to ask her what was the name of it, she looked up, and said in her patois, “Dear me, I never saw that hill before! I do not know what they call it.” This ridiculous story is related somewhere, and there is a good moral in it. I fancy such inobservant young persons might be picked up almost every where. I expect my dear girl to become a sensible woman, fond of reading and conversation, and thus (I am very selfish, you see,) quali-

fied to make me as delightful a companion by her intelligence and observation, as she always will be by her affection and amiability.

I have written a great deal on this subject ; but it is one of so much consequence, that I am sure my dear —— will read what I have written with attention. I am sure that if you ask Mrs ——'s opinion on this matter you will find her agree with me, for I am much mistaken if she would not at once declare that the neglect of method and attention is the crying sin of the young of the present day.

Your mother sends you medical advice and direction, so I will not add any thing on that subject, although I feel so much interested in it. Your affectionate father and friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

June 12th, 1810.

MY DEAREST CHILD,

Your interesting letter which I received to-day gave me much distress, at the same time that it also gave me pleasure. To know that my sweet girl suffers so much and so unceasingly is very afflicting, as, on the contrary, her pious and affectionate sentiments are as consolatory to me. We cannot, my dear child, command health or life ; they and every thing belonging to us are in the hands of a higher power ;—but we can do a great deal towards acquiring habits of submission

and resignation to the will of God : we can labour to make a right use of the dispensations of His providence, and, by so doing, alleviate present suffering, and excite future hope. If this good use be made of sickness, we shall find it far from the gloomy disconsolate state which they, who do not know how to use it, are apt to think it,—and, whether it please God to restore us to health, or protract our trial, we shall bless His gracious goodness for the visitation. You are certainly acquainted with the exhortation in the office for the sick,—read it often, my love, it contains, in a small space, all the topics upon which a pious mind would wish to meditate.

Before I say more to you of yourself, I have a mind to cheer you by a good account of myself. I know you must have suffered from your mother's sad account of me, and am therefore desirous that you should know with the same sincerity, that I have much reason to bless God for His goodness to me. I do not fancy that there will be any need of the operation with which I was threatened, as I am very much improved within these few days. Had there been reason for performing it, or should there be yet reason for it, my beloved child must not be alarmed at the word operation. I learn, by experience, that these things are much magnified by imagination, and I assure you that till things mended with me so much as they have done lately, I suffered, *without wincing*, more pain,

every hour, than any surgeon could give me by all that was intended to be done. I had no alarm about the pain ; I dreaded the confinement. However, should it take place, I am provided with a resource, for I am anxious to learn Arabic, and had destined the acquisition of the grammar to the employment of my leisure during my imprisonment. But I believe I shall not have such an opportunity of adding to my stock. Be, therefore, at ease about me : for should the worst take place, there is nothing but confinement that is unpleasant. I care not for John Bell and his lancet, I assure you.—I desire you will be assured that I here tell you “the truth, and nothing but the truth.”

I hope that the weather with you is as our weather, which is more like June than is usual in Scotland. Farmers are bellowing like their own bulls for rain ;—and E—— brought us word yesterday, that, by an inspection of the best meteorological journals, there had not occurred so long a drought since the time of the Spanish Armada, an odd epoch upon such an occasion.

My beloved child may readily suppose that I am rejoiced at her account of her religious reading. I have often considered it as one of the greatest blessings of sickness, that it turns our thoughts, and fashions our taste to the studies of all the most important and the most delightful. I know that “it is good for me that I have been

afflicted," and I assure you that, in the midst of all that severe pain which I suffered two years ago, I would not have exchanged my comfort in the Psalms for all the enjoyments of good health, if that good health had been to lead to carelessness of religious thoughts and duties. The commentary of Horne should be familiar to you. I found comfort unspeakable from the daily perusal of the Psalms appointed for the day, with the good Bishop's meditations on them. They raised my mind above the body, and I felt even in my severest distress, support and consolation from the conviction that submission to God's will, and patience under trial, were means of qualifying us for the "better things to come," of which we have assurance in the gospel. I had a practice of repeating under my worst fits of pain, certain texts of Scripture; how they relieved the paroxysm is not to be told. The chief one was,—“Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous, nevertheless, afterwards, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby.” Heb. xii.

That my beloved F—— at this, and every period of her life, may find true comfort and true Christian elevation of mind from such meditations, is the ever fervent prayer accompanied with every blessing that tenderness and affection can pronounce over her, of her father and sincerest friend.

Your mother adds some lines from herself, so I will say no more, than that to-day (13th June,) I am continuing easier, and my prospects of ultimate recovery, I hope, improve. Keep up your spirits, my love, this is a religious duty.

E—— is going to Cramond ; —— is well and gone to —— ; W—— working and reading French ; D—— gone to the High School, whence he will come back to talk nonsense which he calls wit, and repeat scraps of plays, some of his own, and some borrowed. S—— is well and active ; it is not easy to say what she is doing, or will do next minute. J—— is at Latin and Lindsay's. He gained great credit at the examination, repeated Cato, and was called the *Orator*. The good ladies at the examination remarked, “Ey, the *Bishop's* son is a great orator : Ey, and so was Master *Dunnul*.”

July 9, 1810.

MY DEAREST F——,

Your letter produced in me a mixed sensation of satisfaction and distress. While I am grieved at the continuance of your illness, yet I am convinced that you have not any symptoms that are alarming. If it please God to spare you to us, your constitution will, I hope, become stronger, and I am sure you will find your mind, the better part of you, im-

proved by the discipline of this visitation of our heavenly Father.

I am convinced that your friends are right in wishing you to exert yourself, and do every thing but think of your complaints. I am getting better every hour, but still, I have now and then relapses, which might make me indulge myself in withdrawing myself from activity, if I were not convinced that I should only be so much the worse for it, and every day more and more unfit for exertion. I have not, I never had, nor perhaps would it be good for me to have strong health; but I find that it is easier to exert myself and to do my duties than I should certainly do, if I were to yield to my complaints, and my health and spirits are consequently improving. Though I cannot climb Arthur's seat, I can climb into my own pulpit, which is all I wish to do. You and I, I hope, shall have many a pleasant walk together; and many a happy and improving hour together. I, once in a very deplorable state of health, set myself to learn mathematics, and I found the attention requisite at first very painful, yet by perseverance and by some violence to the "natural man," it became easy—my studies became delightful, and most evidently useful to my spirits and my health. At this moment when I am most distressed with my complaints, I find a page of Hebrew well conned over with the Lexicon, the best remedy against languor and despondency. I wish my

very beloved —— to take some of this physic, and I am almost sure she will find the advantage of the prescription, and I shall consider myself as having a right to the title of doctor of medicine as well as divinity ;—and as I practice without fees, I expect to have plenty of patients.

Edinburgh, August 10th, 1810.

MY DEAREST F——,

Your letter of yesterday I could not answer on the moment, otherwise a day should not have elapsed without bearing to you the assurances of our affectionate sympathy in your late pains. I am grateful beyond measure to my invaluable friend for her *maternal* kindness, and above all do I thank her for her benevolent exertions in visiting you when she was herself so poorly. This was not only an act of the tenderest good will ; but my sweet child will acknowledge herself to have learnt from it a valuable christian lesson—that our indulgence of ourselves is to be postponed to the acts which may give comfort to our friends and fellow-creatures, when they are in a situation to call for our kind offices. You are in a good school to learn this lesson, of which the practice is essential to domestic happiness, “the only bliss that has survived the fall.” You may show this letter to Mrs W., for I am not able to write to her to-day,

and I wish her to know how I estimate her goodness to you, which, while it soothes your present sufferings, does so without weakening your mind; and gives you comfort, while it teaches you by her example, the fortitude which is as necessary on the little, as on the great occasions of life. It is the neglect of such examples that produces the unpleasant, imbecile character of a valetudinarian. To your amiable friends who have their share in these acts of real kindness, as well as in your gratitude, pray say every thing from us that is affectionate and grateful. . . .

It is too much the practice of the present day to educate young women only for the drawing-room, but the mind has no part in such institution; I am comforted more than I can say, when I reflect that such is not the education that has been pursued at L——,

Adieu, my beloved child. Assure all our kind friends again and again of our regards, and believe me, with love from all, your affectionate father and faithful friend,

D. SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, October 30, 1811.

MY DEAREST F——,

I received your letter by Mr —— to-day, and hasten to assure you that I should have written to your friend Miss —— by this time,

had I not been told that she was not yet gone to Cheltenham. I shall now lose no time in doing so, although she does not require any consolation or exhortation from me, and I can do no more than say for myself, what I have no doubt you have said for me, that she has my very sincerest sympathy in her affliction. It must have been very gratifying to you to see so much of her, and I daresay she was no less pleased.

I would caution my sweet girl not to let her sensibility overcome her too much. I fear Miss ——'s departure distressed you too severely, and you must be on your guard, when you part with other friends who have been kind to you. To feel is amiable; but to feel too keenly is injurious both to mind and body; and a habit of giving way to sensibility, which we should endeavour to regulate, though not to eradicate, may end in a morbid weakness of mind, which may appear to romantic persons very gentle and very interesting; but will undoubtedly render the victims of it very useless in society. Our feelings were given us to excite to *action*, and when they end in themselves they are impressed to no one good purpose that I know of. This is the chief reason why novels are so dangerous to young persons. My dear —— will be persuaded that I say this from motives of the tenderest affection to her, and because I would have her not stifle the good and amiable emotions of her heart, but direct them rightly. I would not

have my child become one of those, of whom it may be said, that they feel and *only feel*. It is the most absurd and useless of all characters.

I am glad to find that you have Watts, and recommend you to proceed in noting down *from memory* what you read. Do this with attention and patience, without hurry. Take time to it. Young people, and especially girls, injure their habits of attention to a great degree, by doing things in a hurry, which *will not be done in a hurry*. We male creatures have one advantage, in the study of mathematics, which requires close, patient, and undivided attention; and the attention which we are taught to bestow on Euclid's Elements, we learn to transfer to other things; and this is the whole secret of the observation that men generally reason better than women. They do so, I believe, generally, and only because they are obliged, while they are learning to be men, to cultivate the habit of attention.

Your Mother, &c. unite in kindest love to you, with my dear ——'s affectionate Father and sincerest friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, January 24th, 1812.

MY DEAREST F——,

I have been out of town for a day or two, at the marriage of Miss —— of ——, and returned yesterday, too late to write by the post

of this morning, which I should otherwise have done, and entreated you not to permit your imagination to suggest to you any unfounded notions of my forgetfulness of my dear child. I have been very much occupied of late in my preparations for lectures on the Psalms, Catechism, &c., and have allowed myself to delay from time to time to write to you, as I always intended. Let this be my reason for my silence. I fear, if you are not inclined to be very candid, you will not consider it as an apology. But the best apology, says Harry Erskine, for not writing, is to write immediately; therefore I say no more.

I am most happy and thankful to hear of my beloved daughter's amended health, and above all that your experience of the mercy of renovated strength is accompanied by such a pious sense of the Hand to whose bounty you owe that and every other blessing. While you thus raise your heart to the First great Cause of your enjoyments, you are not likely to forget the instruments which He has used to communicate His bounties to you, and to fail in the sentiments and expressions of gratitude to your kind and hospitable friends. Observe in this, as in every thing else that occurs in our intercourse with each other, how God, by making man the instrument of good to man, binds us together in charity and love. He who confers a kindness, and he who acknowledges the debt, thus alike contribute to the same gracious end!

It gives me much pleasure to see the right dispositions of your mind towards the great duty which I pray that God may enable you to perform aright at the approaching festival of Easter. I hope to be spared to give you my instructions before you approach the Holy Table, but it gives me great delight to observe that you have already many just notions on the subject. The participation of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is a duty so commanded by our Blessed Saviour, that I do not see how any who call themselves Christians can be easy under the neglect of it. If it were limited to the mere commemoration of His death, this would be the case; but still more is it enforced upon us by the benefits of which it is the channel and instrument. When we meet again I shall wish to explain this matter more fully to you than I could attempt to do in a letter. It is on account not only of the "remembrance of Christ's death;" but of that death as a sacrifice, and "of the benefits whereof we are partakers thereby," that we are required alike by the direction of our Lord and Master, and the sense of our own sins and infirmities, to attend the altar. Yet the bare performance of this duty, however externally regular, is of no avail to us; but must rather increase our condemnation; upon this plain principle, that grace unimproved will be withdrawn, and the neglect of it must enhance our guilt,—and in consequence of another established fact in our nature, that religious

observances, unless they are improved, so as to meliorate the heart and conduct, are very apt to produce the directly contrary effect. It is hence that I would most earnestly press upon all Christians not to think more of their preparation of mind, *before* they come to the communion, than of their conduct *after* it: and yet no mistake is more common. It is common, because to the weakness of the human heart it is very natural. Multitudes are anxious and regular in outward performances, who do not always remember that the spirit of such acts of religion is to be carried into all parts of ordinary life, the scenes in which the effects of religious duties are to be visible. It is comparatively easy for a time to withdraw from the world, and to commune with our own hearts; the difficulty which should rouse all our vigilance and exercise all our caution is to preserve the devotional spirit in the daily and hourly engagements of life. This difficulty I most earnestly pray to Almighty God, that my dearest —— may be enabled to overcome by the continued and unimpaired energy of a religious spirit. The trial must last through life, but the recompence of victory is eternal,—not bounded by the frail and uncertain tenure of our present existence.

I have had a very pious and interesting letter from your amiable friend Miss —— . She expresses more obligations to me than I deserve at her hands. I shall endeavour soon to write to

her again. Few persons have been so severely tried as she has been; but “whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.” If she continue to support her trial as she has been enabled to do, hers will be the portion which “eye hath not seen nor ear heard.” I was favoured by Miss —— with a copy of some lines on the “heart’s ease,” written by Mr Lowes, which I am delighted with. What a loss to the world was such a young man! It is probable that the mind which produced the lines of which I speak, has left behind many other proofs of piety and elegance. If you have been favoured by Miss —— with any such, I shall be very much pleased to see them when you join us.

Adieu, my beloved ——; once more let me entreat you not to imagine that I can neglect intentionally a daughter, (you know I have a partiality for daughters,) and a daughter whom I love so dearly. Believe me, with all love from all to yourself, ever, my dear child, your affectionate Father and faithful friend.

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, Nov. 2d. 1814.

I have been much gratified by your kind letter, my dear girl, and by the sentiments of affection towards me which you express, and which your conduct uniformly proves are not pro-

duced only by absence ; but are real and sincere. I expect little beyond the precincts of my own domestic circle ; but within that sacred precinct, it is the greatest delight and solace of my life to meet with the returns of affection. I have not hitherto, blessed be God, been disappointed of this comfort from any of my beloved children, and least of all from my sweet F——, in whose tender regard for me I have very great satisfaction. While I live, and retain my senses, I do not think my children will, any of them, complain of my insensibility to this their duty and love ; but I am, from disposition and natural temper, more inclined to prove my affection by acts than words, and if I have been negligent in writing to you, you must set it down, my love, to this account, as well as to the many interruptions which have lately broken in upon me.

Since I returned from —— you know how my time and thoughts have been engaged among afflicted friends. The sad affliction which befel the ——s came upon me immediately upon my return. Then another family occupied me—and after my return from —— I had much to do ;—now poor lady —— requires my attention, and hers is a very sad case.

I am glad to find both from yourself and —— that your excursion into Dumfries-shire has been pleasant to you, and that you have been so *fêté* ; yet I am not less glad to find that you are ready to come home to your father and mother. We

shall receive you with much delight. I begin to lay plans for improvement and information, &c. for the winter—and you must not laugh at me if I say that I seriously wish to become your pupil in Perspective, and to learn, if possible, to sketch a barn-door and a pig-stye. I have learned from —— to open my eyes, and I see beauties in lights and shades and outlines of hills and other picturesque objects, which give me great delight : and you and I shall find yet another hold upon one another by our common taste for landscape.

I suppose, and am glad to suppose, that you arrange matters so as to come with Miss —— . Alas ! what will she say to her former friend, the miserable, abandoned Lady —— ! Many things have lately occurred to shock a Christian beyond expression—and nothing can be more shocking than this elopement : except that there are found persons from whom better things might be expected, so lost to right feeling and sound principle as to justify this wickedness, “ Nevertheless when the Son of man cometh, shall he find *faith* on the earth ? ” How often and how lamentably has this text occurred to my mind of late ! How fervently do I pray the Father of spirits to preserve my beloved children from the “ corruption that is in the world through sin. ” They can be preserved only by faith in God, in Christ, and steadfast endeavours to obey his commandments. That this grace and every other blessing may be

bestowed on my dearest — is the earnest prayer of her affectionate Father and friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

January 17, 1814.

MY DEAR S——,

You ask me about the Crown Prince's letter to his son's tutor. I confess my mind was so much more occupied with the Crown Prince's military operations, that I read the letter you mention with rapidity, and can give no opinion of it, farther than that it appeared to me at the time a very sensible one. I am delighted with this hero's humane conduct towards the suffering exiles from Hamburgh;—to wield arms against the oppressor with one hand, and with the other to extend mercy and support to the oppressed, is truly great—it is the spirit of a Christian warrior: and we may trust that the blessing of heaven will accompany such a man. What a contrast this to the infamous Davoust. The most pleasing thing I have seen in the papers for a great while is Segur's proclamation to the people of the department de l'Aube, which in the gipsy jargon of the Revolution, means a part of Champagne, which the Austrians are about to enter; and neither Segur nor his wicked master can rouse the people to arms, probably for a very good reason, namely, that the late conscription has left very few capable of bearing arms, and

that they, as well as the rest of their countrymen, are backward to expose themselves only to preserve the tyranny of Buonaparte. The hour of dreadful restitution is perhaps, through the will of God, arrived, and dreadful will it be to a wretch like Buonaparte, who has no inward principle of virtue and good conscience to support him under the trial.

I am writing politics to my little girl ; but the politics of the present day are of the utmost moment.—You are reading Rollin, who will show you how divine Providence brought about the Revolutions in the Old World—the same irresistible power and infinite wisdom are producing the wonderful events of this day, and many a good sermon may be read now in a Gazette and a Newspaper. Well will it be for all of us, if we apply the lesson to our own hearts, and learn from it, in our own circumstances and condition, that there is no sure protection but in the path of duty, and no sure comfort under any trial but “in a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man.”

My best blessing attend you, my dear child, in all your studies ; in which I feel no doubt of your improvement. Remember that “*le génie, c’est le travail,*”—here is a maxim of sovereign truth in a few words.

Adieu my dear ——, and believe me ever your affectionate Father and friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, January 31, 1814.

MY DEAR S——,

Your progress in Rollin is very satisfactory. Your opinion of the Carthaginians is, I think, very just. To the savageness of that period they added a mean dirty policy, more like little retail shopkeepers, than great merchants, who ought to be liberal and generous minded. Their great opponents, and ultimately conquerors, were not a whit better in my judgment. I do not remember the time, thanks to the wholesome instructions of my excellent mother, when I did not hold the Romans in just abhorrence. A few characters of virtue occasionally appeared among them; but they were, as Dr Valpy says, “only the coruscation of meteors, which served but to show the darkness of the storm.” The general character of these celebrated Romans, whom schoolboys are taught to consider the patterns of every thing good and great, was detestable. Even in their most conspicuous actions there is a paradoxical virtue, which looks very like wickedness. The savage cruelty of the first Brutus, who witnessed the execution of his own sons, and bid defiance to the feelings of a parent, is not atoned for by the pretence of patriotism. And the conduct of Regulus, which has been so frequently extolled as the noblest effort of a great mind, was, in my

opinion, nothing but the result of a criminal vanity. Contempt of life is a savage symptom; where it prevails—as it does now amongst the Turks—the people are always barbarous and wicked. However, from the portion of ancient history which you are now reading, as from all that you are yet to read, you may learn what will confirm the awful history of the fall of man, and of his sad inclination to evil, unless controlled and restrained to good. There was even left to the Gentiles, “in the times of ignorance,” sufficient light to lead them to such a portion of truth as would have guided them to virtue; but on that light they wilfully turned their backs—their philosophers, by the exertions of natural reason operating upon “the witness without which God never left them,” of his being, and power, and goodness, attained to many just notions of the Deity, and of the present duties and future hopes of man: but of these notions they made no right use—“they liked not,” as St Paul says, “to retain God in their knowledge,” and kept the people in blindness, “wilfully deceiving others,” so that all their discoveries did no good, and they were corrupt, as well as those whom they should have taught better things. But, as the word of God declares, “they were without excuse.” How much more so are those who, in the full light of christianity, lead heathen lives. Yet such there are, living proofs of the depravity to which man

may become subject through his own blindness and negligence of divine grace. Past history and present experience alike, to a sensible observer, confirm the truth of holy writ. Let us, my dearest child, remember that they do so, and labour to make the proper use of their admonitions. We know who hath said, “He that hath, (i. e. retaineth and improveth,) to him shall be given and he shall have more abundance; and from him who hath not, (that is, who neglects and wastes his advantages,) shall be taken away even that he hath.” In the case of the philosophers of the Gentile world, this was exemplified in the most striking manner. Their abuse of the advantages bestowed on them involved them in all the horrible impurities and corruptions of idolatry;—their negligence of the truths which were accessible to them, at length terminated in the dissemination of the doctrines of the Epicurean philosophy (the prevalent and fashionable system in the time of our Lord) which, denying a Providence, removed the Creator from the government and inspection of His creatures, and led, by no long course to downright Atheism, the last desolating corruption—the sum of the wiles and temptations of the great enemy of mankind. And in later times, want of faith, produced and supported by the same principle (namely, the neglect of God’s merciful instructions), leads to the same end, in conduct at least, though not perhaps in words. There are few, or no *specu-*

lative Atheists,—there are, alas ! too many practical Atheists.

May God Almighty bless and guide my dear child, in all her studies, that they may, as they are calculated to do, make her a better Christian every day, a more faithful servant of Him whose grace will guide her here—whose ineffable mercy promises blessings inconceivable hereafter. Thus prays from the bottom of his heart, my dear ——’s affectionate Father and sincere friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, August 25th, 1814.

MY DEAREST S——,

I hasten to answer your two questions.

1. With respect to the word “Selah,” which occurs above seventy times in the Psalms, and three times in the prophet Habakkuk ; it is derived from a Hebrew word or root “*sel*,” which signifies to raise, or elevate. “Selah” was, most probably, a note of music, or a direction to the singers in the temple service, to raise their voices or instruments where it is inserted. Thus, the Septuagint, the Greek translation of the Old Testament, constantly renders it by a word which signifies *a variation in singing and melody*. Perhaps you may wonder at a word of this sort occurring in a prophetic writing ; but you will recollect that many of the Psalms themselves are prophecies, containing predictions of the future

kingdom of the Messiah—and also many allusions to the future fortunes of the Jews themselves: and it has been well remarked that nothing can be more interesting, than to observe the worshippers in the temple chanting in the service of divine worship the hymns in which their own history in times to come was portrayed by the hand of inspiration. Of the nature of a psalm or divine song is the third chapter of Habakkuk, in which this word “Selah” occurs three times, verses 3, 9, 13. In the first verse you will observe that it is called “a prayer of Habakkuk the prophet upon ‘Shigionoth.’” This hard word is derived from a root, signifying “to run wild (as a plant),” “to expatriate (as an exile).” You will see in the title of the seventh Psalm, a word derived from the same root, “Shiggaion,” signifying “wanderings”—the Psalm being composed at the time when David was flying from the persecutions of Saul. The word “Shigionoth” in Habakkuk seems to allude both to the *deviations* of the Jewish people from God’s law, and also their *wanderings*, or being removed from their land on that account,—and that the “Prayer” was designed for the Temple-service we learn from the last verse, in which it is directed “to the chief musician.” The term “Shigionoth” is preserved in the text of our Bibles, because, I believe, it was taken on account of the words of the last verse, to signify some instrument of music, as “Heginoth,”

and many other like terms ; but in the margin you will see, “according to variable songs or tunes,” and you may not perhaps go far wrong if you were to read the verse, “a prayer or intercession of Habakkuk the prophet, on the wanderings or transgressions ;” a version which will express every allusion contained in the word, on which I have sent you this formidable criticism.

2. Your next question concerning the translations of the Psalms, may be answered in much shorter space. The translation in the Common Prayer Book is the earlier of the two : and was printed originally in the Bible called Cranmer’s Bible. The translation in the Bible was made in the reign of James I. of England. In my opinion it is the more correct of the two. I have compared them both with the Hebrew original in many Psalms, and, as far as I am entitled to give an opinion on the subject, my preference is certainly to the translation in the Bible. They are both beautiful.

Having now, I hope, sufficiently answered your questions, I thank you for proposing them. I am always pleased with such applications from any person, much more so, when they come from one of my own children. While I am upon the subject, I will add, that I would recommend to you to keep a paper by you, on which you may write down any Biblical difficulties which occur to you in your reading the holy Scriptures, and

I shall be always delighted to give you any aid I can. You have no notion how much I gain by such questions proposed to me. Many things may be difficulties to ordinary readers which my professional studies have made familiar to me; and it is therefore of the greatest use to me, as a Clergyman, to have such difficulties pointed out. I have asked many of my friends to pursue the plan which I have recommended to you, but have not found them persevere in keeping such a paper. A chance question now and then reaches me; but I am confident that, especially in the Epistles, difficult places are heard, not marked, and the desire of having them interpreted perhaps never awakened in the mind. I hope this will never be your case—and under your present valuable instructor it is not likely to be so.

Adieu my beloved child, and believe me your affectionate Father,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

On looking again at what I have said about “Shigionoth,” I find that I have one observation more to make—and that is, that if the marginal translation in the Bible be correct, and the “prayer” be “according to variable songs or tunes,” you will see at once the propriety of the word “Selah,” marking the *change* of song or measure. It is singular that in the Septuagint, which is a translation of the greatest authority,

no notice is taken of “Shigionoth,” nor of “the chief musician” in the last verse. The word “Selah” is rendered as usual—and the whole called simply the “prayer of Habakkuk.”

Edinburgh, Nov. 9, 1814.

MY DEAREST E——

I wish to devote this letter to useful subjects, after premising my great satisfaction at the accounts you give of your own improvement, and entreating you not to lose any strength you pick up, by neglecting to go out every day that is *go-out-able*. Could I have ventured out to-day I should have paid a second morning visit to poor Mrs L—— C—— who, as the papers probably have told you, has lost her eldest son in his way home from Halifax. This is the third calamity of the same kind in my congregation within two months; and on the day after I had accounts of L—— C——’s death, I received accounts of the loss of Mr L. of B’s fourth son, supposed to be drowned in an American prize which he commanded. He has not been heard of since December, and his family are reconciled to his death. The sight of so much affliction, my dear child, is very distressing. In the instances with which I have been acquainted, I have been, however, much comforted and edified with the fortitude my friends have shown under trial. Poor —— retains the violence of grief

the longest ; but I do not mean by that to say that she does not make a great deal of exertion. Much of her grief appears to me, at times, to arise from a source from which it ought not to be permitted to arise, namely from the picture which her imagination draws of the sufferings which her son underwent before his death : perhaps this is very natural, but it is very distressing, and should not be indulged. The longer I live, the more I am convinced of the danger of an ill-regulated imagination. It is the cause, in many cases, of the severest misery. The imagination and the judgment appear to be the antagonist faculties in the mind, and in proportion as the influence of the one or the other preponderates, the course of life will be cheerful or gloomy, and the conduct prudent, or the contrary. It is this circumstance that renders novels which address the imagination alone, or at least principally, so hurtful to young minds, which are sufficiently inclined of themselves to give way to the delusions of imagination.

Your inclination and your taste, my dear ——, lead you to prefer more useful studies—and above all, I bless God for it, you have a desire to employ a due portion of your time in the best of all reading, religious reading. As the foundation of all religious knowledge must be laid in the study of the word of God, the Scriptures are to be made the chief object of your reading, and the guide and text book, if I may so speak, to every

thing else. The Bible, you know, presents itself to us under two principal points of view,—1. As the authentic record of the history of the Almighty's merciful dealings with mankind for their restoration, their redemption from sin and death, and their eternal salvation through the atonement of Jesus Christ. 2. As the code of laws which are to regulate our moral conduct during our present state of probation and discipline, with a reference to that eternal life which Christ has purchased for us. In conducting our study of the holy Scriptures with respect to the first of these views, we must have recourse to external aid, such as commentators, historians, &c. With respect to the last, "he may run that readeth." The precepts of the gospel are so plain that the simplest understanding may comprehend them. I conceive that the Psalms, the greater part of the book of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and, above all, the history of our Lord and Saviour and his apostles in the New Testament, and especially the discourses of our Lord, should make a *regular part of daily devotional* reading, accompanied with prayer to the great Author of revelation for his prevenient and assisting grace, that we may not only read, but understand, and not only understand, but labour to practise what his word commands. In the historical study of the Bible, we should certainly begin with the first book of Moses, and proceed regularly to the end of the historical books; for to begin the

study of the history of our religion at the beginning of the New Testament will unavoidably lead to confusion. This remark, plain as it is, is more neglected than can be imagined, and the consequence of its neglect is, at the best, a very imperfect knowledge of what we read. I will endeavour, as fast as my occupations will permit, to send you a few observations of my own on each book of scripture as you go on,—beginning, of course, with Genesis. It would be of great use to you and gratification to me, if you would keep a piece of paper by you when you read, and mark down any difficulties which occur to you, of whatever kind, and now and then send me a page, and this will give me the opportunity of sending you deliberate answers. I say difficulties of whatever kind, for they may be various, some may occur in words, others in transactions recorded, and these should never be allowed to pass unsatisfied if possible.

I have written you a hurried letter, but I hope not an unintelligible one. You must occasionally send me a *long* sheet of your remarks and judgments as you read, and, above all, you must very candidly ask any questions or directions you may require: and when you have received my next, you must as candidly tell me whether I express myself clearly to you; for in the beginning of Genesis some of those topics occur upon which the perverseness, or ignorance, or enthusiasm of men have most erred. I pray God that his

Spirit and blessing may accompany you. Adieu, and believe me, my beloved child, your affectionate father and friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, December 8, 1814.

MY DEAREST E——,

Although I do not write to you so frequently as I could wish to do, yet my heart is full of anxiety about you. It is my foible, you know, to have a most especial attachment to my daughters; to her who was the first of these treasures, who has never given me a moment's uneasiness but by her delicate health, who has been my dear nurse and comforter in many a sickness, this attachment cannot be inferior to that I bear her sisters, dear girls as they are.—I think of you much, I pray for you, and could my prayers and anxieties about you give you health, you would be as stout as a female Hercules.

Your anxious desire to attend the holy communion on Sunday last cannot be otherwise than approved by me, and had I known how you were engaged at the same hour in which I was occupied in the holy duties in my chapel, it would have added to the comfort which I felt at seeing your dear mother, E—— and F—— at the altar. I have no inclination to suppress the feeling with which I administer the sacrament to my own beloved family; and I could not do it if I had

the inclination. There is a sacred union in attending this duty together which gratifies me beyond expression, and I think with pleasure that you were joining us in "spirit, though in body you were absent from us." At the same time, my beloved child, you must not run such a risk again. In a case like yours, when such a journey, especially in winter, may be very injurious, you ought to stay at home, rather than expose your health, of which it is a duty to take care. Read the last Rubrick at the end of the office for the Communion of the sick, for the judgment of the Church on this matter.

Adieu, my beloved —, and believe me ever most truly, your affectionate Father and friend,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, Oct. 5, 1819.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

. I am very glad to hear that you had such a pleasant visit at Merton. My heart and good will are frequently directed thither. I can never forget the kind attention shown me by my excellent friends, when I was not able to visit them. You will assure them of my sense of their goodness, and of my gratitude for it. My late visit to England abounded, indeed, in instances of kindness from many quarters, which are remembered with much gratification.

You will expect me to say something of myself. I have occasionally suffered from irritation, but not very severely; and I am now tolerably at ease, and in hopes of gaining ground. I am better to-day than I generally am on Monday, and am writing very comfortably by a good fire, which is a pleasant companion on this rainy day. Yesterday was a bad day, but this is a great deal worse; "a good writing and sermonizing day," say I; "I will sit down and begin my Tuesday's packet, for my dearest Fanny." Dear W—— is just gone up stairs with Leslie's "Short Method with the Deists." She is reading what I call *my* course of theological study. And now I mention it, I do not know that you have the list of books in the order in which I recommend them to be read, and as they are all in C——'s library, I will set them down—premissing that each book ought, in my opinion, to be read at least twice, before proceeding to the next, in order that its contents may be well digested,—the management of the intellectual *stomach*, and the *digestive organs* of the understanding, being as important to the mental health and improvement, as Mr Abernethy's management of the physical organs. You are to begin then, with 1st, "Paley's Natural Theology;" then proceed to 2d, "Leslie's Short Method with the Deists;" this incomparable little tract is found in the books of our Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, by itself: it is also in the first volume of "Leslie's Works in folio," in

the first volume of "The Scholar Armed," and in "Bishop Randolph's Theological Manual," which I presume C—— has, as every Oxford man either has or ought to have it. 3d, "Paley's Evidences," during the perusal of which, at the proper place, is to be read, 4th, "Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*," the most invaluable work Paley ever produced. The whole course is concluded with Bishop Butler's immortal work, "The Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion, to the constitution and course of Nature." These few books, well studied, will, by the blessing of God, convince and confirm—convince any honest and candid inquirer of the truth of our blessed religion, and confirm those who believe, by showing them how irrefragable are the evidences of the divine origin of Christianity. I think that these books ought to be read before you undertake the systematic reading of the Holy Bible. I know you read a portion of Scripture daily—but I wish you to read the Holy Bible regularly, and when you have finished the course of which I speak, I will, if you desire it, give you my advice about the reading the Jewish Scriptures, and point out some other religious reading, which I think you will find of great benefit—and observe, that in a *course* of reading you have this advantage, that as one topic succeeds another according to a regular connection, you are infinitely more likely to remember what you read, than when you read the very same books, without attention to the order in which

you peruse them. After the course has been once carefully accomplished, you may take up any one of the books as you please, and pursue a particular topic to the exclusion of others, but this desultory reading at first would do more harm than good—I see this illustrated constantly in the matter of historical reading; through want of method, people forget chronology and other matters which would have been fixed in the memory by the natural force of connexion, had they read according to a plan. I am often reminded of Hamilton's droll tales—Belier, mon ami, ayez la bonté de commencer par le commencement.—I have just been interrupted by a conversation with Mr R——, and he has unintentionally confirmed what I say, for he has read a great deal of English history—O, yes, Hume, and Goldsmith, and all that—but he cannot say that he remembers much about it!—

.

I am glad you had so pleasant a day at Richmond; to your tutored eye, the splendid prospect from the hill would be much improved by the strong contrast of light and gloom—the prospect is the most rich I ever saw, and to me who have more pleasure in cultivated beauty, than in the terribly sublime of Glencroe or Glenco, it is the most delightful view I know. Some day I hope you will compare with it the view from Windsor Castle Terrace, which is another great favourite with me.

I am gratified by the satisfaction expressed by my good friends at my performance at Mary-le-bone church. I was a little annoyed at their *all* kneeling down, however, especially as I had mentioned the mistake, if you remember, to Miss P—.

You will, I dare say, let me know whether Mr W. C—— says any thing about my letter to him.

. How often do I find it necessary to remark, that in the better stations of life, cultivation of mind is actually necessary to amiableness; without cultivation, selfishness, sordid mean selfishness is sure to show itself in some form or other. This is not the case with the lower orders who are to work for their bread, and the reason why is not difficult of discovery; but in nine cases out of ten in better life, a man of uncultivated mind, who is without elegant literature, or elegant pursuits, degenerates into a mere selfish brute. . . .

Let me hear all about you, for all is interesting to my beloved F——'s affectionate Father,

D. SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, October 13—19, 1819.

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER,

. I am quite satisfied on the subject of my health, and only offer up my own, and beg your prayers for me, that whatever be the will of God, I may be resigned, and cheerful under suffering, if that is still to be

my condition; or gratefully earnest to employ “the residue of my life in his fear and to his glory,” if it please him to restore me to ease and activity.

So dearest Thomas is really on his feet and saying Willie Wastle—a rhyme that has very remarkable efficacy in assisting young gentlemen to use their powers. You have probably heard that the vessel in which Mr H. W——ms came, was run aground almost close to Leith pier, by the awkwardness of the pilot, and received such injury as to fill with water: fortunately the weather was perfectly calm, or she would have gone to pieces in sight of port. The passengers were landed with some difficulty and in much confusion in the dark in boats. Had the accident happened in the middle of the night, with any wind, the consequences might have been dreadful. So little, my beloved daughter, can we poor mortals see: who would have anticipated danger in the harbour? yet there it was. I am frequently reminded of Cowper’s remark:—“It is a sort of paradox, but it is true, we are never more in danger than when we think ourselves most secure; nor in reality more secure than when we seem to be most in danger.” (See, I beg you, Hayley’s *Life of Cowper*, vol. ii. p. 48, and particularly p. 37.) The anecdote in the last of these places, related of Captain Cook, you will find told in *Hawksworth’s voyages*, vol. i. p. 285, 4to edition. London, 1773. It is, that

in one of the high southern latitudes, in the midst of a dark and stormy night, a flash of lightning just showed Cook a vessel which he had by this means time to avoid, or they must both have perished!—they never met again! There is much food for meditation here. . . . We are rejoicing at the event of Carlisle's trial, as it has been reported to us. I never read any thing so horrible and disgusting as his blasphemy. The Chief Justice had more patience than I should have had. If, as the standers by can behold the *last convulsions* of death on the face of the departed, their ears could also hear the *first dreadful shriek* of an *infidel* soul, when it enters on the eternal state, and finds that, which it has been its living object to deride and blaspheme, actually existing, how would they be penetrated with horror! (Monday.) I have just breakfasted with a good appetite, and am preparing for chapel. It is a fine day, but exceedingly cold, and I am sorry to say that I have no hope of a congregation to keep me warm. There is no excuse for unoccupied people, especially young women, if they neglect this duty—and so I have told them, and shall tell them again when occasion serves.—I may perhaps send you an extract from my lecture of to-day, as it contains some observations on St Luke's Gospel which will probably please you, and I hope convince you.—I have long thought that the general notion, that St Luke received his information from others was

erroneous—I am persuaded that it is so, by very critical examination of his preface, as well as the Gospel itself, and I have endeavoured in this lecture to explain my reasons.

Adieu, ever your affectionate Father,

D. SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, Oct. 23, 1819.

MY BELOVED F——,

That my letters may not become mere gossip I shall here amuse myself with writing a few words on the subject of St Luke's Gospel. I know that it will appear extraordinary to some, that I should here assert, that from the words of St Luke's preface to his gospel, I should be inclined to draw a conclusion very different from that which is generally received, and to judge that the Evangelist *neither derived from others his information as to the events of our Saviour's ministry, nor in that preface had any intention of declaring that he did.* On the contrary, it has long been my opinion, that in the words of that preface he asserts *his own personal acquaintance with the facts which he relates.* In support of this opinion, I shall bring forward two proofs; the first a negative proof, and the second a positive proof. The words to which I allude in the consideration of the first proof, are found in the second verse of the preface. From this verse it is argued, that St Luke attributes his

own knowledge, and the authority of the history which he is about to write, to the communications of eye-witnesses, from whom he is considered as here declaring that he had received his information—this argument is looked upon as conclusive, and the opinion that St Luke was not himself *personally* acquainted with the events which he relates is accordingly, very universal, and inveterate—nevertheless I cannot forbear observing, that this sense of the words would scarcely occur to any one who had not been taught to look for it; especially if the whole passage be read in its connexion of parts, one with the other. Now, it is to be remembered that when St Luke determined to write his gospel, many spurious and absurd histories of our Lord's ministry and life were in circulation.—To the authors of these no evil intention is attributed; but their narratives were full of fantastic errors. In order to put an end to their deceptions, the Evangelist prepared himself for his task; and in this preface he explains to his friend Theophilus, that he was moved to it by the attempts of those who had “taken in hand” to give an account of our blessed Lord's ministry, assuming that they related nothing but what was most “surely believed” as rested on the testimony of “eye witnesses.”—These incorrect narrators asserted that they “set forth in order the declaration” of nothing but what had such authority to recommend it. This was their plea; and so St Luke

tells us ; but he evidently had no respect for that plea ; for in the very next verse he proceeds to contrast his own qualifications as a sacred historian with those of the writers whose “attempts” his correcter narrative was to supersede. Of the sources of St Luke’s knowledge *nothing* is to be learned from these two first verses. They form my *negative proof*—the Evangelist says nothing of himself here. In corroboration of these remarks I may observe, that the English phrase “taken in hand” is a very correct version of the Greek word employed by St Luke : at the same time it is to be mentioned, that this word in the original is used as frequently to signify *attempts* which *do not succeed* in their object, as those which do succeed ; and it so happens, that the Evangelist, who is the *only* writer of the New Testament who uses the word, uses it in *three* places *only*, and in *two* of these (Acts ix. 29 ; Acts xix. 13.) he evidently designs to describe attempts which failed of success. If his use of this word were the same, then, in the passage before us, in the 1st. verse of his preface to his gospel, it follows, that, as I have already stated, his purpose was to contrast the *inefficiency* of these histories of our Lord, with the authority and correctness of his own narrative. In the 3d verse, the Evangelist proceeds to describe his own pretensions—“It seemed good unto me also,” &c. As my explanation of these words depends on a critical examination of the original text, which

can be understood by those only who are well acquainted with the Greek language, I must request your confidence in me, that I will state to you nothing but that which every good scholar in that language will allow, while I set before you the result and not the detail of that examination. —Now you are to learn that the phrase “*having had understanding of*” is expressed in the original by a single word, which word properly signifies to “attend, to accompany,” in the sense in which a servant is said to “attend or accompany” his master, walking along with him, of course never losing sight of him, but watching him, and waiting on his motions. St Luke, in describing his acquaintance with the transactions of the gospel history, makes use of this term. He says that he had accompanied the events which he is about to relate, and had become acquainted with them *intimately* from the very first.—If these words do not signify that certainty which arises from personal knowledge and actual inspection, I scruple not to say, that no words which the holy writer could employ would have conveyed that sense.—Yet it is said, “in his introduction to his gospel, Luke appears to intimate that he was not himself an eye-witness of the things which he is about to relate,” and the reverend Prelate whose words I quote (Bp. of Lincoln) expresses but the opinion which has generally prevailed. How groundlessly it has prevailed, will appear, I think, beyond a doubt, when I set before you the whole passage

in connexion, rendered, as it may with great propriety be rendered, “forasmuch as many have taken in hand, with but little success, to deliver a narration of those things which are most surely believed among us, assuming to be a narration according to the report of those who were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word; I who accompanied, and was perfectly acquainted with all those things from the very first, have,” &c.

St Luke was thus eminently qualified for the important duty of an Evangelist; and, accordingly, under the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Spirit, he did compose the gospel which occupies the third place in the order of the histories of our Lord, supplying in several places discourses and parables of our Lord and incidents of his ministry which are not found in the two former gospels. From what has been said you will perceive the grounds of my acquiescence in the opinion that St Luke was one of the seventy. That he was the companion of Cleopas in his journey to Emmaus, appears likewise probable; and perhaps there are some parts of the history of that transaction which bear the marks of a writer who was *personally* present. I cannot conclude without observing that in many other parts of St Luke’s gospel there appears internal evidence of his presence at the transactions which he relates. This is to me very striking in the history of the seventy disciples (ch. x.), in the parable of the prodigal son, and the discourse

which precedes it, and in many other passages, especially in the affecting narrative of our Saviour's tenderness towards the woman who was a sinner and a penitent (ch. vii.) ; there is a delicate and graphical minuteness in this little history which betokens, I think, that the writer beheld with his own eyes the scene which he describes, and felt in his own breast the impressions which his simple and pathetic language conveys to all who read it now.

Edinburgh, November 9, 1819.

MY BELOVED F——,

I address this to you at your new residence, and shall be very happy to hear that you find it comfortable. I hope it is warm. Your English houses are not famous for being so,—indeed I have suffered more from cold in London than I ever did in Edinburgh.

I find from your letter to W—— that C—— visits the sick poor much. While he takes care not to expose himself heedlessly to infection, I shall be always glad to know that he is so employed, for it is a duty that he will perform peculiarly well. His gentleness and his tender manner must endear him to his parishioners—and the kindness bestowed on the poor when they are sick, has a strong effect in general on their minds, and disposes them to listen to their Pastor's advice ; and these are times in which no-

thing must be omitted that may conciliate the lower orders, and guide them to good and preserve them from evil. The Hunts, and Watsons, and Thistlewoods of the day, will not attend the sick poor and hear their little story, and relieve their wants, and such a good and kind man as our dear C—— may therefore have a great influence, which he will use to good purpose. He is attended by my prayers for him and my blessing on his useful and important duties. I see that the society for promoting christian knowledge has published Watson's answer to Paine, in a cheap form; a member may have it for 6d. a copy. This is well: and it is well to have such a book to distribute where you think there is any danger of Paine's poison—but I think great care should be taken in the distribution. Unless you actually find that there has been mischief done, or have very good reason to think that it will be attempted, I would not give Watson's book. It is better to keep from the uneducated the knowledge of objections, although you can furnish them with answers to those objections. I am afraid that the objection is always more plain and intelligible than the answer. For this reason I have made it a rule in my sermons never to introduce an objection, which cannot be disposed of in as few words, or nearly as few, as it is stated. The errors which arise from imperfect hearing and imperfect attention are continual. You remember my story of Dr Brunton, which I had from

his friend Mr D. He was preaching to young people, and advising them to *meditate* much on the being and attributes of God,—on the fall of man, &c. &c. He received the next day, at his desire, many notes which his youthful auditors took of the discourse, and not a few of them had stated “*many doubt* much” of the being and attributes of God, &c. &c. This, which I have on such good authority, has determined me, as it determined Dr Brunton, to be very cautious in what I say, where it is possible I may be misunderstood. It was but in last passion week that I said in my last lecture, that the soul remained in a state of “sensibility” after death until the resurrection. A person who heard me, and thought she heard me very correctly, went to Mrs M. and said, “the Bishop told us to-day that the soul remains in a state of ‘*insensibility*’ after death”—“I think,” said she, “he said so; but, as this was not his doctrine last year, I fancy that I have made a mistake, and wish you would ask him.” Mrs M. did ask me, and I set the mistake right; but, had not the good lady be-thought herself of this direct appeal to myself, she might have gone away with the notion that I was a supporter of the doctrine which I had taken pains in that very lecture to confute.

I am going this day to perform the last duties to my excellent friend Mrs D., who has quietly changed a mortal for an immortal state, without suffering, at the venerable age of eighty-

four. Such a gentle departure is enviable. You remember Dr Johnson's lines on his friend Levett,

“ Then with no throbs of fiery pain,
“ No cold gradations of decay,” &c.

Mrs D. fell asleep a few days since, and her sleep terminated on Friday last! I trust that she fell asleep in the Lord! She could not be sensible at the close to the duty and affection shown her, but her daughters were with her, and the G. has been here for some days. Immediately after I leave her house, I go to Mrs M., to administer the holy communion to her, at an age, I believe, more advanced than Mrs D.'s. As we see our friends and fellow creatures proceeding towards the goal of life, and gradually migrating one after another, we must be somewhat hard and blind, if we turn not our thoughts to that same termination of our own pilgrimage. I read the other night to my family a sermon of Venn's, on the words of the Psalmist, “ Wherefore hast thou made all men for nought?” I was much pleased; and they who listened to me were not less so. I recommend the sermon to your perusal, should Venn's volume come in your way. But — has not gotten them, and I suppose he must not ask — for any thing so evangelical. Believe me, with best regards to dearest —, your affectionate Father,

DANIEL SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, November 19—23, 1819.

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER,

I trust that you have not been distressed at Fulham with such very bad weather as we have had here till yesterday. None of us like it but *our* dear philosopher, who says she enjoys a bad day. Her favourite pursuits can indeed be carried on as well in rain, as in any other weather. She draws her chair *into* the fire, with her little table at her right hand, and her book before her; and thus she rejoices to sit the whole morning. I made her a present yesterday of a very neat little common-place book, in which I had made an index after Locke's method; and she was going to work upon it immediately. After all, though she is too fond of staying at home, and in her room, she is a dear valuable creature; and when I now and then get her into my room by ourselves, for a sober conversation, I am quite delighted. I do not tell her, though, how I admire her, for fear of her being injured by it—yet I have a notion that she finds it out. I believe that your *sect* are not always the last to discover such things. You and I, my love, think so exactly alike upon this subject, that, while I do not know how I shall ever be able to part with her, even to you, so neither do I know how you will be able to let her come back again. She came into the drawing-room just now, and I had a glimpse

of the lady muffled up against the cold of a fine frosty day, and going to her music lesson at Robertson's. She says that she learns a great deal—it is certain that she is, at a certain regular time every day, very diligent in her work in writing chords, &c. at home, and I suppose that she is equally diligent at school. I know you will not blame me for writing half a page on this subject. Would we were nearer to each other, that we might both enjoy our treasure! A treasure indeed she is! I would not have it imagined that I undervalue our dear S——, who is a very fine sensible creature—but she is of a very different turn from W——. They never cross one another's path—of course they will always be the best and kindest friends. S—— amuses and pleases me very much: she has a great deal of lively humour, and like her dear sister, is always cheerful: but it is a cheerfulness of another character—and W——'s sober pursuit of improvement, and her habits of reading, bring her more frequently into contact with me. You have no notion what sensible evenings we pass. After tea and generally a little music, I bring my book. I have done with the *Paradise Lost*, and this evening finish the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which R—— desired to have read: for the four youths are part of my audience. When the reading is over, we retire into my study for more serious occupation; I read and expound my chapter, and then we separate; with the sa-

tisfaction of having been, at least, elegantly and innocently employed.

R—— is a very old acquaintance of mine. He ought not to have preached “a very indifferent sermon,” for no man can compose a better. I think his text a very unfortunate one: he could have found the same meaning in other words, and to select such a text is bad taste. There are persons in whom it might provoke a smile, and that is a bad introduction to a sermon.

Edinburgh, December 21, 1819.

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER,

As I cannot have the gratification of seeing you among my flock in my chapel, I have thought that I cannot employ a few letters more usefully than in giving you my ideas on the subject which at present occupies a great deal of my attention, namely, the internal evidence of the Christian Scriptures. It is a subject of great importance, and the evidence is of great value also, as the discernment of the higher parts of it appears by the word of God to be reserved for those who labour to lead pious and holy lives, and as it appears from the same authority to be the fruit of the influence of the Spirit. For the first of these assertions I appeal to the words of our blessed Saviour, “If any man will (is willing to) do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.” (St John vii. 17.) For

the latter to the words of the Psalmist, “open mine eyes that I may discern the wondrous things of thy law.” Psal. cxix. 18.

The most popular writer on this subject is Soame Jenyns. His work is in every book shop, and in almost every library; and as far as it goes it is a good book; but it takes only a partial view of the subject. Paley in his *Evidences* vol. ii. has some good remarks on the subject, but he is also very brief in the consideration of it—there is a very pretty piece which treats of a branch of it, in the second volume of the *Scholar Armed*, p. 353; an extract from Bp Taylor’s *Ductor Dubitantium*, very short also—and finally Mr Miller, in his admirable, but obscure, *Bampton Lectures* for 1818, has treated the internal evidence in a very powerful and original manner. His style is involved, and occasionally almost unintelligible; but the matter repays the trouble of studying to make out his meaning—these are the principal writers with whom I am acquainted—there are many others: I believe that Maltby, in his work on the *Evidences*, has a good deal about it; but Maltby’s book I have never read. I have seen it only casually. You will, if you read the works I have mentioned, and they are all worth reading carefully, observe that I have not borrowed much. Indeed I have purposely, for a reason which will appear immediately, abstained from reading any thing but the *New Testament*, when I began to write.

I state the question thus—Besides the external evidence, such as miracles, the accomplishment of prophecy, the testimony of history to the truth of the facts of Christianity, may we not expect to find in the writings themselves which compose the Christian Scriptures, internal evidence of these truths? We know that the four gospels, for instance, are *genuine*, i. e. written by the authors whose names they bear; we are persuaded from the characters, the lives, the doctrines, and the *deaths* especially of these authors, that the four gospels are *authentic*, i. e. relate matters of fact, as they really happened.—But supposing a person so situated as not to be able to acquire the knowledge of this external evidence, further than the books themselves furnish in the accomplishment of prophecy, may he not expect to find those marks of truth in the writings which he would look for in an uninspired composition? and farther, may not he who is already convinced of the inspiration and truth, expect in a diligent examination to find in the style and manner of the writers the marks of candour and truth—and in the character of our Lord, and in the precepts and doctrines of the Scriptures, evidence that the revelation is from God? To these questions I answer in the affirmative, and proceed to consider the subject under the topics alluded to. Laying aside every book but the New Testament, I proceed in the first place, to inquire what marks of

truth are to be discerned in the style and manner of the sacred penmen.

1. Now every one knows, that in a narrative of facts, independently of the arguments resulting from the presence or absence of external testimony to the truth of the facts related, our confidence in the narrative is unavoidably, and as it were instinctively attracted or repelled by the style and manner of the writer.—We say of an author at once, from a feeling which we do not always stop to analyse and examine, that he writes like one who is telling the truth, or the contrary. In a long and various history of actions and discourses, when we find the writer deliver himself in a plain and simple manner, without curious and artificial arrangement; recounting what he tells, almost heedless of the connection of his story; bringing forward with the same readiness that which might lessen his own character, as that which may do him honour; and evidently more anxious to communicate information, than studious of the reception which his narrative may experience; when we discover no attempts to anticipate, and guard against objections; no laboured expressions of astonishment when he relates any thing extraordinary; no appeals, however naturally they might have been introduced, to awaken and engage our sensibilities; we are ready to pronounce such a writer candid and sincere, and to give him credit, although he tell us of many things which surpass

our own knowledge and experience. If such a writer tell us of the most singular events, the satisfaction we derive from our *feeling* of his integrity convinces us that he tells what he *knows*, and as he knows it; and knowledge and integrity in the testifier are the proper grounds of credibility.*

2. The Holy Spirit, who accompanied the Evangelists in their work of recording the events of the ministry of Jesus, according to the promise of their Lord, "guided them into all truth," and "brought all things to their remembrance whatsoever he had said unto them;" but they were still left at liberty to write after their own dispositions, and in their ordinary style—of some, the language is full of the peculiarities of expression which characterize the Hebrew and Syriac idioms,† the latter of which was their vernacular tongue.—Now in the narrative of the gospels, we do, I think, meet with all the characteristics which I have just enumerated as the marks of truth. There is the utmost artlessness and simplicity. There is nothing like artificial and studied arrangement. While there is a general attention to the order of events, there is, at the same time, occasionally an obscurity arising from

* See Bp Pearson on the Apostles' Creed, article 1. "*I believe.*"

† Had the historian of our Lord's Crucifixion invented the story, he would most probably have quoted the 22d Ps. "Eli," &c. in Hebrew—but our Lord spoke Syriac or Syro-Chaldaic, and the quotation is in that language, not Hebrew.

the neglect of that exact order, which obscurity is indeed immediately corrected by a careful comparison with the other gospels; but which is never found in an invented story. It is in such circumstances that truth asserts her own privileges. Fiction, always distrustful, always suspicious of detection, durst not follow her. It is farther to be remarked, that the Evangelists, with the utmost candour and openness, relate those instances which human policy might have counselled them to conceal, of their own dulness of understanding on many occasions; of their own faults, especially Peter's denial of the Lord, the treachery of Judas, and the general and pusillanimous defection of the rest. Nothing can be more striking than the confession of their ignorance of the meaning of our Saviour's prediction of his resurrection, while the Jews appear to have understood him when he spake of that wonderful event even in figurative terms. It has also been often remarked, that the Evangelists speak of the astonishing miracles of Christ with a degree of coldness. There is no attempt to produce an impression: nothing like even the pardonable amplification which might have been looked for from the eye-witnesses of such events—far less do we meet with any rhetorical ornaments; any laboured pathetic descriptions. There is pathos; and that the most deep and affecting; but it is in the matter, not the manner, of the relation, for pure and unvarnished is the simplicity of the few

words in which it is comprised—many passages of the history of Jesus cannot be read without the tenderest, or the most agitating emotion ; but such passages derive not their force from any art and contrivance of the writer. I must not venture to introduce any particular illustrations of this topic. I must leave them to be noticed, as they cannot fail to be, by the attentive reader. Such a reader will not pass over many minute *touches of reality and nature*, many undesigned coincidences with each other in the Holy Evangelists, which, together with the instances which have been already pointed out, conspire to make up the first branch of internal evidence, arising from the style and manner of those sacred writers. Believe me, my beloved — your affectionate Father,

D. SANDFORD.

Edinburgh, Dec. 24th, 1819.

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER,

In a narrative of *real* transactions written with the plainness and simplicity of the Evangelical writers, we may expect to find minute circumstances, touches of natural sentiment, remarks arising from things actually before the eyes of the relater, or delivered from eye-witnesses, which would not occur to the composer of invented story, and which in all uninspired narratives are considered as decisive marks of truth. You

remember (to make my illustration as familiar as possible) the story of — being brought to my chapel by his nurse when he was a little child. The remark which he made on seeing me was sufficient to convince any one that the child had been at the chapel, and had actually seen what he related.* Now, I say these minute, undesigned, marks of truth continually occur in the gospel history. You must consent to accompany me in a pretty minute examination of the four gospels. This argument must arise from the induction of many particulars.

1. *Minute circumstances.*—St Matthew c. viii. 15. “She arose and *ministered unto them.*” This incident is very important as a proof of the miraculous recovery of Peter’s wife’s mother. They who recover from a fever in the ordinary course regain their strength by slow degrees. Here the recovery of strength was immediate. But I bring forward this passage now as containing an incident very unlikely to find a place in an invented story, and on the contrary most *natural* to be remarked by an eye-witness of a real event. It was calculated to make a deep impression.

C. ix. 20. “*Touched the hem of his garment.*”

* He said, “I saw papa in his shirt.” Had he said, “in a surplice,” or in a “white gown,” it might have been supposed that he had been taught what to say. But the words which he used were evidently his own, and he had actually seen what he described according to the impression made upon him. This will show you the sort of passages which belong to this illustration.

—The whole of this interesting miracle bears indubitable marks of truth—but the words I mark, and the whole of the next (21) verse are the points to which I would here draw the attention.

C. xi. 2. “In *the* prison.” St Matthew gives no account of John’s imprisonment before he thus speaks of *the* prison—the account of Herod’s treatment of John Baptist is given in the xiv. chapter. Here is *truth*. C. xiv. 19. “sit down on *the* grass.” Dr Maltby, if I remember rightly, observes on St John, c. vi. 10. “now there was much grass in the place,”—“this is the remark of an eye-witness.” The same may be said of this passage in St Matthew. C. xvii. 4. Peter’s proposal to make three tabernacles, &c., could never have been *invented*. But I have more to say of this when we come to the correspondent passage of St Mark’s gospel.

St Mark c. iv. 38. “On a *pillow*.”—We know that St Mark was assisted in his gospel by St Peter. He was in the ship with Jesus, and is not this little passage the description of an eye-witness?

C. v. 31. “*Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou, Who touched thee?*”

32. “*And he looked round about to see her that had done this thing.*” I am sure that I need not make any remark here.

C. v. 41. “*Talitha-cumi.*”—St Matthew and St Luke both give the history of this miracle—

but neither of them were present. Peter *was* present, and can any thing be more natural than his repeating to Mark the very words which the Lord used?

42. "*For she was of the age of twelve years.*"—This is the relation of Peter, and evidently that of an eye witness.

vi. 39. "*On the green grass,*" (see St Matt. xiv. 19.)

vi. 40. The expressions here "*in ranks, by hundreds and by fifties*" were never invented—they are the language of an eye witness.

ix. 3. "*So as no fuller on earth can white them.*"—This is the description which a man of low rank would give, and is exactly what you may expect from a fisherman of Galilee.

x. 50. "*And he casting away his garment rose and came to Jesus.*"—Would any one have thought of mentioning this circumstance who had not seen it?

xi. 4. "*In a place where two ways met.*"—This little circumstance is not noticed by St Matt. and St Luke; our Lord had on many occasions distinguished Peter, and he was probably one of the *two* disciples. I should be much inclined to say that he certainly was, from the remark here quoted. Peter and John were the *two* employed at another time to prepare for the passover, (St Mark xii. 8.) and we may presume Peter was also one on this occasion.

xii. 42. "*She threw in two mites, which make*

a farthing.”—I must really content myself with merely giving the passages, for I hope that it is unnecessary for me to say any thing of them, such as this especially, to show them to be *undesignated* marks of veracity.

C. xiv. 40. (*For their eyes were heavy*), to say nothing of the candour shown in the relation of this incident, not honourable to the sleepy disciples, I would ask, is not this little parenthesis truth itself.* Fiction would never have put it there. See also v. 51, 52.

67. *The same* who kept the door, and had admitted Peter with John (St Mark c. xviii. 16, 17.)

69. “A maid,” Gr. *ἡ παιδίσκη*, *the maid*, namely she who had spoken before, v. 67. and most probably from what she said.

xv. 29. “*Wagging their heads.*”

xvi. 3. “*And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone,*” &c.—I lay my hand on this—nothing can be more natural, more what truth is—yet could it have been feigned? no, such a conversation would never have entered the mind of a forger. I could enlarge on this, but I will not, for I have yet two gospels to go through, before I come to examine them in the

* It is Peter who communicated this incident to Mark, and can there be any thing more natural than his saying, when relating this scene, “Indeed our eyes were so heavy we could scarcely keep them open.”

same detail, to show the *touches of natural sentiment* and some *undesigned coincidences in the narrative of our Lord's history*, and also make some observations on the manner in which our blessed Saviour's miracles are related. In the meantime I shall stop here. You must look at the gospels yourself; and if, as is more than probable, I have omitted any thing under this head of internal evidence, you must let me know.

Edinburgh, January 4th, 1820.

MY BELOVED —,

The first passage to our present purpose which occurs in the gospel of St Luke is in the fourth chapter, where the Evangelist gives a very remarkable account of our blessed Lord's visit to Nazareth and its synagogue. I shall transcribe the observations of Mr Dunster on this passage. "The account of our Lord's actually commencing his ministry in the city of Nazareth, "*where he had been brought up,*" is related by none of the other Evangelists, being only slightly referred to by St Matthew. But the particular circumstances of our Lord *standing up to read; of the book being delivered to him; of his opening it; of his closing it and giving it again to the minister; of his sitting down; of the eyes of all being fastened upon him;* these are all related by St Luke in a certain manner, which conveys to us strongly that every thing

which is here related to have passed, actually did pass in the presence of the writer ; and that all these successive actions were, by various incidental circumstances, of *look, manner, and effect*, impressed on his mind." These valuable remarks I find quoted in Bishop Gleig's edition of Stackhouse's History of the Bible (vol. iii. p. 93, note,) and I transcribe them with much satisfaction, according, as they do, with my own sentiments, and expressing them better than I could do.

v. 2. "*The fishermen were gone out of them, and were mending their nets.*"—Here is a circumstance which confirms to my mind the opinion which, on another occasion, I stated at large, that St Luke *personally* attended our Lord.

They were *mending their nets* ; this is just what a painter would represent in a picture of the sea-side, because he represents objects as they *are seen* ; but when more important matter pressed on the mind of a *writer*, so minute a circumstance would scarcely have been noticed but by an eye-witness. It is placing the scene before the eye.

v. 19. "*House top through the tiling.*"—You know that in the houses in Palestine, there is from the roof, a stair on the outside leading to the street—the bearers of the sick man not finding entrance by the ordinary passage, went up this outer staircase, and let the patient down through *the tiles*, that is, by the door or opening

in the roof which communicated with the house. Now all this is *real*, and *fact*, and not like any thing invented. You must observe that as the outer stair was used *only* by the family, the departure from ordinary custom made it the more remarkable.

vi. 15. Zelotes. In St Matthew's gospel, c. x. Simon is called "the Cananite;" so it should be spelt not "Canaanite"—the expression in St Matthew is I think intended, (as many learned men remark) to signify the *zeal* and *vivacity* of Simon's character, being derived from a Hebrew word of that signification—St Luke writing for Gentile converts, uses a correspondent Greek term "Zelotes." This is to me very striking; it is also a strong proof that the meaning of the term "Cananite" is what I tell you—for otherwise I think he would not have used any word but that which St Matthew employed—but as that, though it might have intimated to a foreigner the *country* of Simon, either Cana or Canaan, would not have been understood in its real sense; St Luke very naturally translates it into Greek.

vii. 4, 5. He was worthy, &c. &c. This is like an *actual* message, reported by one who *heard it delivered*. vii. 15. "And he that was dead *sat up* and *BEGAN TO SPEAK*"—surely this is the account of a real transaction—Christ's *touching the bier, and they that bare him stood still*, is the same. I have already remarked to you that I

consider the affecting narrative from the 36th verse to the end of this chapter, as bearing proofs of being written by one who was present, and the more I read it the more I am convinced of it: see particularly verses 40 and 44.

viii. 35. There is a minuteness in the account of the demoniac, which is the undesigning correctness of truth—I am struck with the description in this 35th verse, the man who “wore no clothes” was now “clothed, and in his right mind”—The next words are truth itself, “and they were afraid.” In the same chapter, 46 v. there is an undesigned coincidence with St Mark’s gospel worth attending to—in St Mark’s account he says “Jesus perceived that virtue was gone out of him”—the manner in which St Luke relates the same would incline me to think that he himself was one of “the multitude that thronged and pressed Jesus.”

xiv. 14. (*For there were about five thousand men*) *make them sit down by fifties in a company.* These things are not, I think, likely to find their way into an invented tale.

xi. 20. The opinion pretty generally holden, that St Luke was one of the seventy, is much confirmed by this passage—there is no account of the seventy but in this gospel.

x. 39. “*Sat at Jesus’ feet.*”—This is not like the methodists of this day who “sit under Mr such-a-one,” but is the description of Mary’s attitude of humble attention, it is a picture—the

next verse is all nature and truth. xi. 38. “ *The Pharisee marvelled that he had not washed before dinner,*” consider this in all its bearings, and then say whether it can be supposed to have originated in the imagination of a forger.

END OF VOL. I.

GLASGOW :
HUTCHISON AND BROOKMAN, PRINTERS.

